

As You Like It

By William Shakespeare

An Abridged Version
for Eleven Actors

Adapted by
Scott Kaiser

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CAST of CHARACTERS

Actor 1: Rosalind
Actor 2: Celia
Actor 3: Orlando
Actor 4: Touchstone
Actor 5: Jaques
Actor 6: Phebe
Actor 7: Duke Frederick, Silvius
Actor 8: Charles, Duke Senior, William
Actor 9: Adam, Oliver
Actor 10: Corin, Martext, Hymen
Actor 11: Amiens, Audrey

Estimated Run Time: 77 minutes

SCENE 1

(Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.)

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. You know my father hath no child but I; and truly when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection. By mine honor I will, and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

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

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

(Enter TOUCHSTONE.)

CELIA: Wit, wither wander you?

TOUCHSTONE: Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CELIA: Were you made the messenger?

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

CELIA: Where learned you that oath, fool?

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

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

ROSALIND: Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

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

CELIA: By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

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

(Enter Duke FREDERICK, ORLANDO, and CHARLES the wrestler.)

FREDERICK: Come on. Since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness. How now, daughter and cousin? Are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

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

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

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. We pray you for your own sake to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

ROSALIND: Do young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprized: we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

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

CELIA: And mine to eke out hers.

ROSALIND: Fare you well.

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.

FREDERICK: You shall try but one fall.

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

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

ROSALIND: Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

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

(They wrestle.)

ROSALIND: O excellent young man!

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

(CHARLES is thrown.)

FREDERICK: No more, no more.

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

FREDERICK: How dost thou Charles?

CELIA: He cannot speak my lord.

FREDERICK: What is thy name, young man?

ORLANDO: Orlando my liege, the youngest son of Sir Roland de Boys.

FREDERICK: I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honorable,
But I did find him still mine enemy.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth—
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

(Exit FREDERICK and CHARLES.)

CELIA: Were I my father, coz, would I do this?
Gentle, cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him.
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd.
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

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

CELIA: Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORLANDO: Can I not say, 'I thank you'?

ROSALIND: Did you call sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

CELIA: Will you go, coz?

ROSALIND: Have with you. Fare you well.

(Exit ROSALIND and CELIA.)

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!
Either Charles, or something weaker masters thee.
But heavenly Rosalind!

(Exit ORLANDO.)

SCENE 2

(Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.)

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

ROSALIND: Not one to throw at a dog.

CELIA: But is all this for your father?

ROSALIND: No, some of it is for my child's father.

CELIA: Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

ROSALIND: O they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

(Enter Duke FREDERICK.)

Look, here comes the Duke.

CELIA: With his eyes full of anger.

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

ROSALIND: Me, uncle?

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

ROSALIND: I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

FREDERICK: Thus do all traitors.
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

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

FREDERICK: Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

ROSALIND: So was I when your Highness took his dukedom,
So was I when your Highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord,
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? My father was no traitor.

CELIA: Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

ROSALIND: Why, whither shall we go?

CELIA: To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.

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

CELIA: I'll put myself in poor and mean attire;
The like do you. So shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.

ROSALIND: Were it not better,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand,
A swashing and a martial outside
As many other mannish cowards have?

CELIA: What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

ROSALIND: I'll have no other name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

CELIA: 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.
Now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment.

(Exit CELIA and ROSALIND.)

SCENE 3

(Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.)

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 would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny prizer of the humorous Duke?
Your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

ORLANDO: Why, what's the matter?

ADAM: O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
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.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place;
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.

ORLANDO: What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food,
Or with a base and boist'rous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
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,
All this I give you. Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

ORLANDO: O good 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.

ADAM: Master, go on; and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost four-score
Here lived I, but now live here no more.

(Exit ORLANDO and ADAM.)

SCENE 4

(Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and TOUCHSTONE.)

ROSALIND: O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

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

ROSALIND: I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman.

CELIA: I pray you bear with me; I cannot go no further.

ROSALIND: Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

TOUCHSTONE: Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but travelers must be content.

ROSALIND: Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

(Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.)

CORIN: That is the way to make her scorn you still.

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

CORIN: I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

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

CORIN: Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SILVIUS: O, thou didst then never love so heartily!
If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd;
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd;
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

(Exit SILVIUS.)

ROSALIND: Alas, poor shepherd! Searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

TOUCHSTONE: And I mine.

CELIA: I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food.

TOUCHSTONE: Holla, you clown!

ROSALIND: Peace, fool.

CORIN: Who calls?

TOUCHSTONE: Your betters, sir.

CORIN: Else are they very wretched.

ROSALIND: Peace, I say. *(To CORIN)* Good even to you, friend.

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

ROSALIND: I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succor.

CORIN: Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her.
My master is of a churlish disposition,
And takes no pains to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cottage, flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now
By reason of his absence there is nothing
That you will feed on. But what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

(Exit CORIN, ROSALIND, CELIA and TOUCHSTONE.)

SCENE 5

(Enter ADAM and ORLANDO.)

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? If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. For my sake be comfortable. I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter. Cheerly, good Adam!

(Exit ADAM and ORLANDO.)

SCENE 6

(Enter DUKE Senior and AMIENS.)

DUKE: Now, my co-mate and brother 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 counselors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
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.

AMIENS: Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

(AMIENS sings.)

*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.*

(JAQUES reveals himself.)

JAQUES: More, more, I prithee, more.

AMIENS: It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

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

AMIENS: My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.

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

AMIENS: What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

JAQUES: Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

AMIENS: More at your request than to please myself.

JAQUES: Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you.

(AMIENS sings.)

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

(Enter ORLANDO, with sword drawn.)

ORLANDO: Forbear, and eat no more.

JAQUES: Why, I have eaten none yet.

ORLANDO: Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

JAQUES: Of what kind should this cock come of?

DUKE: 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: The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility. But forbear, I say;
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answerèd.

JAQUES: If you will not be answerèd with reason, I must die.

DUKE: What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

ORLANDO: Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you;
I thought that all things had been savage here.
Then but forbear your food a little while.
There is an old poor man
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

DUKE: Go find him out.
And we will nothing waste till you return.

ORLANDO: I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!

(Exit ORLANDO.)

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

JAQUES: All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
Then the whining 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 honor, 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.

(Enter ORLANDO with ADAM.)

DUKE: 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: Welcome;
Give us some music, good cousin, sing.

(AMIENS sings.)

AMIENS:
*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.*

*Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly,
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

*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.
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

DUKE: If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
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.

(Exit ORLANDO, AMIENS, DUKE, JAQUES and ADAM.)

SCENE 7

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 nothing. 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. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

CORIN: No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and 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.

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

CORIN: No, truly.

TOUCHSTONE: Then thou art damn'd.

CORIN: For not being at court? Your reason.

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

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

TOUCHSTONE: Instance, briefly; come, instance.

CORIN: Why, we are always handling our ewes; and their fleeces, you know, are greasy.

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

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

TOUCHSTONE: Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man!

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

(Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading.)

ROSALIND:

*From the east to western Inde,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.*

TOUCHSTONE: I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted.

ROSALIND: Out, fool!

TOUCHSTONE: For a taste:

*If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect yourself with them?

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

TOUCHSTONE: Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

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

(Enter CELIA.)

CELIA:

*Why should this a desert be,
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree
That shall civil sayings show;
And upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,*

*Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know.*

ROSALIND: O most gentle Jupiter!

CELIA: How now! Shepherd, go off a little; go with him, sirrah.

TOUCHSTONE: Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat.

(Exit CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.)

CELIA: Know you who hath done this?

ROSALIND: It is a man.

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

ROSALIND: I prithee, who?

CELIA: O Lord, Lord! Change you color?

ROSALIND: Nay, I prithee 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!

ROSALIND: Good my complexion! Dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

CELIA: So you may put a man in your belly.

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

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

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 looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here?

Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

CELIA: You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first.

ROSALIND: But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel?

CELIA: I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

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

CELIA: He was furnished like a hunter.

ROSALIND: O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

CELIA: Give me audience, good madam.

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

CELIA: You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

(Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.)

ROSALIND: 'Tis he. Slink by, and note him.

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

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

JAQUES: 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.

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

JAQUES: Rosalind is your love's name?

ORLANDO: Yes, just.

JAQUES: I do not like her name.

ORLANDO: There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

JAQUES: You have a nimble wit. 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: I'll tarry no longer with you; farewell, good Signior Love.

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

(Exit JAQUES.)

ROSALIND: *(Aside to CELIA)* I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. *(To ORLANDO)* 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. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

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

ROSALIND: My uncle taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORLANDO: What were his marks?

ROSALIND: A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not.

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; 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.

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

ORLANDO: Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND: Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

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

ROSALIND: Go with me to it, and I'll show it you. Will you go?

ORLANDO: With all my heart, good youth.

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

(Exit ORLANDO, ROSALIND and CELIA.)

SCENE 8

(Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; with JAQUES behind.)

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

AUDREY: Your features! Lord warrant us! What features?

TOUCHSTONE: Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

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

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

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

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

AUDREY: Would you not have me honest?

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

AUDREY: 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: Amen. Here comes Sir Oliver.

(Enter Sir Oliver MARTEXT.)

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

MARTEXT: Is there none here to give the woman?

TOUCHSTONE: I will not take her on gift of any man.

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

JAQUES: *(Revealing himself)* Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

TOUCHSTONE: Good even, good Master What-ye-call't; how do you, sir? You are very well met.

JAQUES: Will you be married, motley?

TOUCHSTONE: As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires.

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

TOUCHSTONE: *(Aside)* I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

JAQUES: Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

TOUCHSTONE: Come, sweet Audrey; We must be married or we must live in bawdry. Farewell, good Master Oliver.

(Exit JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.)

MARTEXT: 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

(Exit MARTEXT.)

SCENE 9

(Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.)

ROSALIND: Never talk to me; I will weep.

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

ROSALIND: But have I not cause to weep?

CELIA: As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

ROSALIND: Why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

CELIA: Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROSALIND: Do you think so?

CELIA: 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 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.' Who comes here?

(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 th' 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?

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,
Should be call'd 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.

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.

PHEBE: 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?—
'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!—
No faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your silken hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
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'd rather hear you chide than this man woo.

ROSALIND: I'll sauce her with bitter words. (*To PHEBE*) 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.
Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister, to our flock.

(Exit ROSALIND and CELIA.)

PHEBE: Dear shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:
'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'

SILVIUS: Sweet Phebe.

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 neighborly?

SILVIUS: I would have you.

PHEBE: Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too.
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

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

PHEBE: Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

SILVIUS: Not very well; but I have met him oft.

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.
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black,
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me.
I marvel why I answer'd not again;
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS: Phebe, with all my heart.

PHEBE: I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart;
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius.

(Exit SILVIUS and PHEBE.)

SCENE 10

(Enter ROSALIND and CELIA, followed by ORLANDO.)

ROSALIND: Why, how now, Orlando! Where have you been all this while? You a lover!
An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

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

ROSALIND: Break an hour's promise in love!

ORLANDO: Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROSALIND: Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as lief be woo'd 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: Why, horns.

ORLANDO: 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 humor, and like enough to consent. Am not I your Rosalind?

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

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

ORLANDO: Then, in mine own person, I die.

ROSALIND: No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in a love-cause. Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

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

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

ORLANDO: Then love me, Rosalind.

ROSALIND: Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays, and all.

ORLANDO: And wilt thou have me?

ROSALIND: Ay, and twenty such.

ORLANDO: 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?

ORLANDO: I will.

ROSALIND: Ay, but when?

ORLANDO: Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROSALIND: Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

ORLANDO: I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROSALIND: And I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

ORLANDO: For ever and a day.

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 hyena, 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.

(A trumpet sounds.)

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. Two o'clock is your hour?

ORLANDO: Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROSALIND: By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind. Therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

ORLANDO: With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind; so, adieu.

ROSALIND: Adieu.

(Exit ORLANDO.)

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

ROSALIND: O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

CELIA: Look who comes here.

(Enter SILVIUS.)

SILVIUS: My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this.
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.
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;
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

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

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

SILVIUS: Sure, it is hers.

ROSALIND: Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style: a style for challengers. Women's gentle brain could not drop forth such giant-rude invention. Wilt thou love such a woman? 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. 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 this forest stands
A cottage fenc'd about with olive trees?

CELIA: West of this place, down by the murmuring stream.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

OLIVER: 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
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,
Mark what object did present itself:
Under an old oak, a wretched ragged man,
Lay sleeping on his back,
And a lioness, with catlike watch,
Lay couching, head on ground,
When that the sleeping man should stir.

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 hungry lioness?

OLIVER: Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

CELIA: Are you his brother?

ROSALIND: Was't you he rescu'd?

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

ROSALIND: But for the bloody napkin?

OLIVER: By and by.
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled;
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!

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: I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

OLIVER: Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

ROSALIND: So I do; but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

CELIA: Come, you look paler and paler; pray you draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

(Exit ROSALIND, CELIA, and OLIVER.)

SCENE 11

(Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.)

TOUCHSTONE: We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

AUDREY: Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

TOUCHSTONE: 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.

WILLIAM: Good ev'n, Audrey.

AUDREY: God ye good ev'n, William.

WILLIAM: And good ev'n to you, sir.

TOUCHSTONE: Good ev'n, gentle friend. 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' th' forest here?

WILLIAM: Ay, sir, I thank God.

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.' You do love this maid?

WILLIAM: I do, sir.

TOUCHSTONE: Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILLIAM: 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 WILLIAM; Enter CORIN.)

CORIN: Our master and mistress seeks you; come away, away.

TOUCHSTONE: Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey. I attend, I attend.

(Exit TOUCHSTONE, AUDREY, and CORIN.)

SCENE 12

(ENTER ORLANDO and ROSALIND.)

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 showed me your handkerchief?

ORLANDO: Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROSALIND: O, I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true. There was never any thing so sudden. 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. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

ORLANDO: They shall be married tomorrow; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial.
But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!

ROSALIND: Why, then, tomorrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

ORLANDO: I can live no longer by thinking.

ROSALIND: I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me then—for now I speak to some purpose. 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.

ORLANDO: Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

ROSALIND: By my life, I do. Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married tomorrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

(Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.)

ROSALIND: Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

PHEBE: 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 spiteful 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.

PHEBE: And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO: And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND: And I for no woman.

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

PHEBE: 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 obedience;
And so am I for Phebe.

PHEBE: And so am I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO: And so am I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND: And so am I for no woman.

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

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

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

ROSALIND: Why do you speak too, 'Why blame you me to love you?'

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

ROSALIND: Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. *(To SILVIUS)* I will help you if I can. *(To PHEBE)* I would love you if I could. Tomorrow meet me all together. *(To PHEBE)* I will marry you if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married tomorrow. *(To ORLANDO)* I will satisfy you if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married tomorrow. *(To SILVIUS)* I will content you if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married tomorrow. *(To ORLANDO)* As you love Rosalind, meet. *(To SILVIUS)* As you love 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.

PHEBE: Nor I.

ORLANDO: Nor I.

(Exit ORLANDO, PHEBE, SILVIUS, and ROSALIND.)

END OF EXCERPT

For final pages, please contact: Scott@ScottKaiserShakespeare.com