

Handwritten notes:
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11/11/17

**CHEEK BY JOWL'S 1994 PRODUCTION OF
AS YOU LIKE IT**

by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE COMPANY

ORLANDO	Scott Handy
OLIVER	Jonathan Chesterman
JAQUES de BOYS	Sean Francis
THE DUKES	David Hobbs
CELIA	Simon Coates
ROSALIND	Adrian Lester
TOUCHSTONE	Peter Needham
CHARLES/CORIN	Paul Kissaun
SILVIUS	Gavin Abbott
AUDREY/ADAM	Richard Cant
WILLIAM/HYMEN <i>/Amiens</i>	Rhashan Stone
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT	Steve Watts
JAQUES	Michael Gardiner
PHOEBE	Wayne Cater
DIRECTOR	Declan Donnellan
DESIGNER	Nick Ormerod
COMPOSER & MD	Paddy Cunneen
MOVEMENT DIRECTOR	Sue Iefton
LIGHTING DESIGNER	Judith Greenwood
COMPANY STAGE MANAGER	Marcus Bray
PRODUCTION MANAGER	Jon Howes
WARDROBE MANAGER	Rachel Dickson
DEPUTY STAGE MANAGER	Paula Spinks
ADMINISTRATIVE DIRECTOR	Barbara Matthews
MARKETING MANAGER	Ruth Ingledow
ADMINISTRATOR	Roy Luxford
OFFICE ASSISTANT	Gaye Kynoch

"AS YOU LIKE IT" PROP. SETTING LIST

(over script)

STAGE LEFT

Orlando's books

eye reader: martext tape

Black duvet rolled: books
handmirror
brush
gold tin
4 x lipsticks
gold cigarette case:
cigarettes
black eye liner
small patterned metal tin
clear box: tic tacs
perfume sprayer

Black rope

Hymen's orange box: 5 X wedding songs

Large metal bucket: 1/4 full water
flannel

Orlando's black duffel bag (padded)

Trunk

Leather suitcase

Martext box case

Barbour bag

Tatty rucksac: full bottle of whiskey
tatty veil

Black vanity case: red nose

Glass of brandy

3/4 cigar

Lighter

Ashtray: water

Medal on black ribbon

Black blindfold

Slap apparatus

Bloody hankerchief

Cream handtowel

Stone (dark oval, for Wayne)

Small bunch of daffodils

Red nose (Corin's)

Banishment letter in envelope

Phebe letter

3 X Orlando poems

4 X clothes pegs

Pencil

~~Corin's stick~~ (dark brown Y)

Hymen's stick (gold Y)

Tuba

Tenor sax.: stand

Guitar: stand

Water to drink

QUICK CHANGE

2 X large stones

6 X smaller stones

"AS YOU LIKE IT" PACKING LIST

MARTEXT BOX

- ✓ Martext board
- ✓ Purple neck sash
- ✓ Black bible
- ✓ 10 X stones
- ✓ 2 X medals
- ✓ Orlando's knife
- ✓ Spoon
- ✓ Martext tape
- ✓ Audrey tape
- ✓ Tape recorder
- ✓ Hipflask
- ✓ 3 X specs (Rosalind, Duke & Martext)
- ✓ 2 X cigarette cases
- ✓ Portable gold ashtray
- ✓ Small patterned tin
- ✓ Clear box: tic tacs
- ✓ Perfume sprayer
- ✓ Bloody handkerchief
- ✓ Pipe
- ✓ Metal comb
- ✓ Black purse: coins
- ✓ 4 X lipsticks
- ✓ Black blindfold
- ✓ Lighters
- ✓ Eye liner pencil
- ✓ Rosalind's gold chain
- ✓ Pocketwatch chain

TOUCHSTONE'S RUCKSAC

- ✓ Books
- ✓ Liberty notebook
- ✓ 2 X glass ashtrays
- ✓ 2 X candles in wood
- ✓ Brush
- ✓ Handmirror
- ✓ ~~Gold tin~~ tin (large)
- ✓ 2 X bunches of daffodils
(and single daffodil)
- ✓ Empty whiskey bottle
- ✓ Audrey's tatty veil
- ✓ Brown pouch, weighted

BLACK VANITY CASE

- ✓ 5 X gold masks
- ✓ 10 X red noses
- ✓ 6 X button hole rose buds
- ✓ Clothes pegs

BRAZIER

- ✓ 3 X legs
- ✓ 2 X buckets
- ✓ White sheet
- ✓ Brown blanket
(personal stereo)

ROPE BOX

- ✓ Sling
- ✓ Flannel
- ✓ Cream hand towel
- ✓ Black duffle bag
- ✓ Brazier cloth

PROP CASE: OTHER

- ✓ Blue cushion
- ✓ Audrey blanket
- ✓ Corin's gift
- ✓ 2 X meshes
- ✓ 4 X brandy glasses
- ✓ 2 X low crates
- ✓ Gope drum

CONSUMMERABLES BOX

- Phebe letters
- Rosalind poems
- Celia Poems
- Orlando paper
- Banishment letters
- Envelopes
- Wedding songs
- Jaques songs
- Wedding check list
- Camel cigarettes
- Consulate cigarettes
- Cigars
- Lighters
- Rose buds
- Burnt sugar solution
- Pencils
- Slap apparatus
- Tissue

WHICKER BASKET

- Hymen box
- Leather bag: sticks
metal pan
- Consummerables box

"AS YOU LIKE IT" PERSONAL PROPS

Simon Coates (Celia): small black purse: coins
(in winter coat inside pocket)

Michael Gardiner (Jaques): silver cigarette case: 5 X cigs
small, gold portable ashtray
lighter
Orlando poem
(inside pocket of spring coat)
song words "If it do ..."
(inside pocket of winter coat)

David Hobbs (Dukes): gold-rimmed specs
medal on blue ribbon

Peter Needham (Touchstone): 2 X red noses
wedding ring

Steve Watts (Martext etc): horn-rimmed specs
(top pocket of vicars costume)

Wayne Cater (Phebe): cream handbag

Good evening ladies & g & welcome to the Albany Theatre.
Please take your seats ~~for~~^{as} this evening's perf
of AS YOU LIKE it will commence in 3 mins
Please take your seats at this evening's perf will
commence in 3 mins. Thankyou

"AS YOU LIKE IT" PACKING LIST

LEATHER SUITCASE

Flute
3 X drumsticks
3 X trumpet stands
3 X sax. stands
Trombone stand
Guitar stand
Flute stand
2 X marracas
Scraper and stick
Company alto sax.

INSTRUMENTS

3 X sax.s
Trombone
3 X trumpets (in 2 boxes)
Guitar
Tuba
Snare drum
(Flute)
(scraper)
(marracas)
(gope drum)

OTHER

3 X sticks (Hymen, gold; Corin, brown Y; Audrey, rags.)
Black duvet - wardrobe skip
Celia's wrist watch - me.
Wedding ring - wardrbe jewellery

"AS YOU LIKE IT" PROP. SETTING LIST

STAGE RIGHT

3 X large stones
Menthol cigarette Water to drink.
Lighter
Mud in bowl
Brown pouch: weighted
Red book: bookmark
Wedding checklist
4 X button hole rosebuds
Lighter: large flame
Celia's poem, "Why should this.."
Rosalind's poem, "From the east.."
White arm sling
Corin's gift (Blooded wrapped meat)
Single daffodil
~~Orlando's knife~~
2 X candles in wooden holders
Brazier pan: mushrooms
 spoon
Martext board: 2 X candles
 small black bible: menthol cigarette
 purple neck sash
 lighter
3L → ~~Black tape recorder:~~ Martext tape
 (set after intro.)
Audrey tape
Brazier: sticks
 peat
 matches
 bucket
 2 X meshes (large and small)
Cloth on brazier
Snare drum: drum stick
2 X alto sax.s: stands
3 X trumpets: stands
Trombone: stand
Flute: stand
Gope drum: 2 X marracas
 scraper and stick
White sheet and brown blanket folded together
2 X low wooden crates
Audrey's stick (rags on the end)
Blue cushion (D.R.)
Paper for Rosalind
Pencil
QUICK CHANGE
Celia: wristwatch
 hipflask
 pearls and earrings
 make-up
Rosalind: specs
 gold chain
 2 X books (1 thick)
 Liberty notebook: pencil
 make-up
Tissue

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records and the role of the auditor in this process. It highlights the need for transparency and accountability in financial reporting.

The second part of the document provides a detailed overview of the audit process, including the selection of audit procedures and the use of sampling techniques. It also discusses the challenges faced by auditors in a complex and dynamic business environment.

2. Audit Procedures

This section outlines the various audit procedures used to verify the accuracy of financial statements. It includes a discussion on the use of analytical procedures, substantive testing, and the importance of professional judgment in determining the scope and nature of the audit.

AS YOU LIKE IT

I.i

JAQUES: All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,

ENTER ORLANDO AND ADAM

ORLANDO: As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion that my father bequeathed me by will, a poor thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, 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, but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me, and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

OLIVER: Dennis!

ADAM: Yonder comes my master, your brother.

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

OLIVER: Now, sir, what make you here?

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

OLIVER: What mar you then, sir?

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

OLIVER: Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught a while.

ORLANDO: 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,

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 Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

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

① 1911年

1911

1911年

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 of a thousand crowns 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 will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

OLIVER: Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM: Is 'Old Dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! He would not have spoke such a word.

EXEUNT ORLANDO AND ADAM

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 tomorrow the wrestling is.

ENTER CHARLES

CHARLES: Good morrow to your worship.

1900

1900

1900

1900

1900

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

CHARLES: There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him.

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

CHARLES: O, no; for the new Duke has a daughter Celia and that lady so loves her cousin, Rosalind being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile or have died to stay behind her; she is at the court and never two ladies loved as they do.

OLIVER: Where will the old Duke live?

CHARLES: They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.

OLIVER: What, you wrestle tomorrow before the new Duke?

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

10/10/10

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10/10/10

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 tomorrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so God keep your worship!

EXIT

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

EXIT

I.ii

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/were merrier. Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

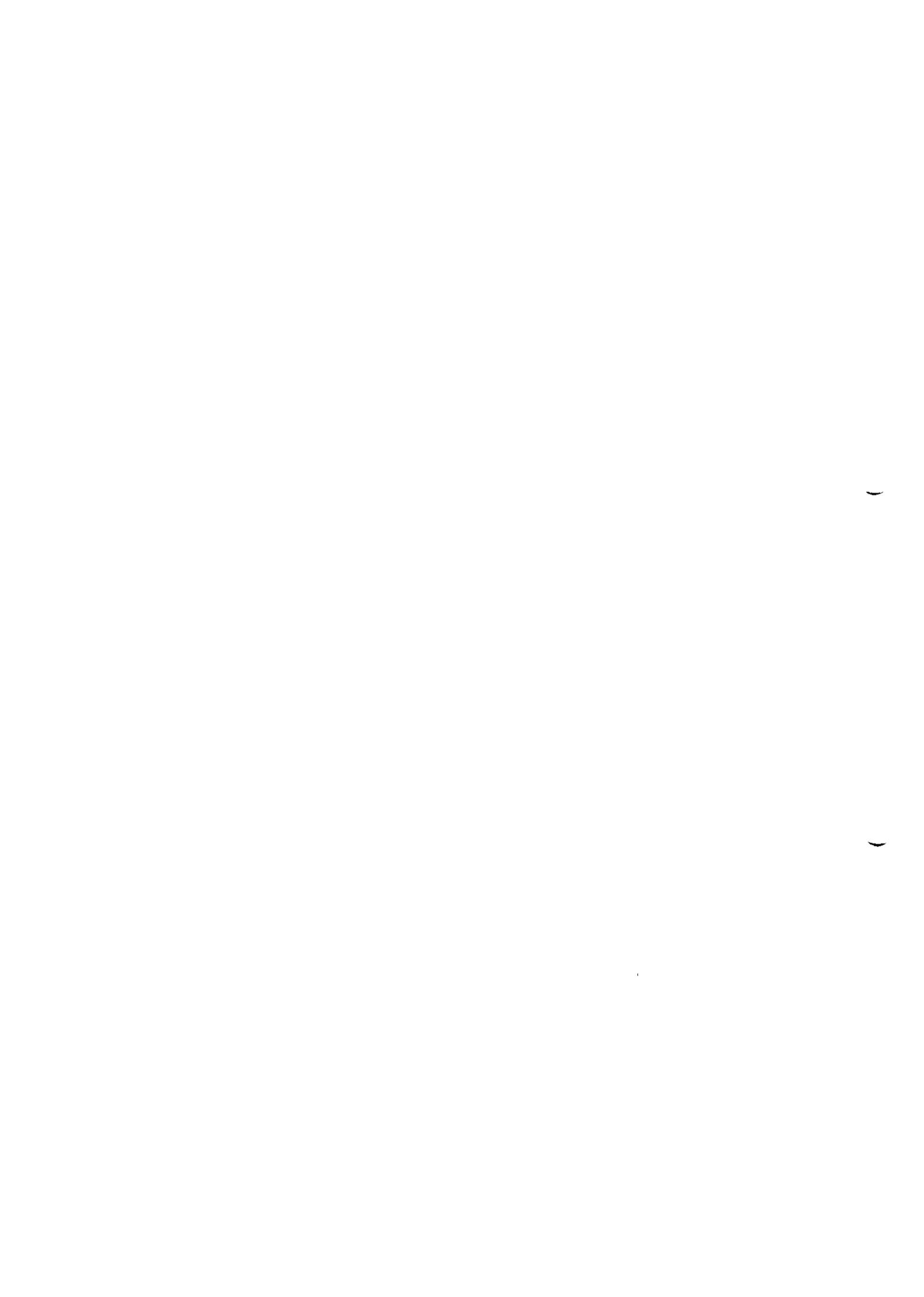
CELIA: Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so 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 all 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 prithee do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in 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 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.

ENTER TOUCHSTONE

CELIA: No; when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

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

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

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

CELIA: Were you made the messenger?

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

CELIA: Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCHSTONE: Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes now I'll stand to it the pancakes were naught 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 forthnow: 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 honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes.

CELIA: Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

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 whipped for taxation one of these days.

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

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

ENTER LE BEAU

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. Bonjour, Monsieur Le Beau, what's the news?

BEAU: Fair Princess, you have lost much good sport.

CELIA: Sport? Of what colour? (sort?)



BEAU: What colour (sort) madam, how shall I answer you? I.ii

ROSALIND: 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 lovest thy old smell.

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.

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.

CELIA: Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

BEAU: There comes an old man and his three sons -

CELIA: I could match this beginning with an old tale.

BEAU: Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence -
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?

BEAU: Why, this that I speak of.

TOUCHSTONE: Thus men 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.

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4. 4. 1911

5. 5. 1911

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(ROSALIND: But is there any else longs
to see this broken music in his sides?
Is there yet another dotes upon rib breaking?)

CELIA: Shall we stay and see this wrestling cousin.

BEAU: You must if you stay here for
here is the place appointed for the
wrestling and they are ready to perform it.

ENTER LORDS, DUKE FREDERICK AND ORLANDO.

(DUKE: Come along.)

ROSALIND: Yonder sure they are coming.

CELIA: Let us now stay and see it.

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

ROSALIND: Is yonder the man?

BEAU: Even he, madam.

CELIA: Alas, he is too young; yet he looks successfully.

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

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

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

CELIA: Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

DUKE: Do so: I'll not be by.

HE STANDS ASIDE.

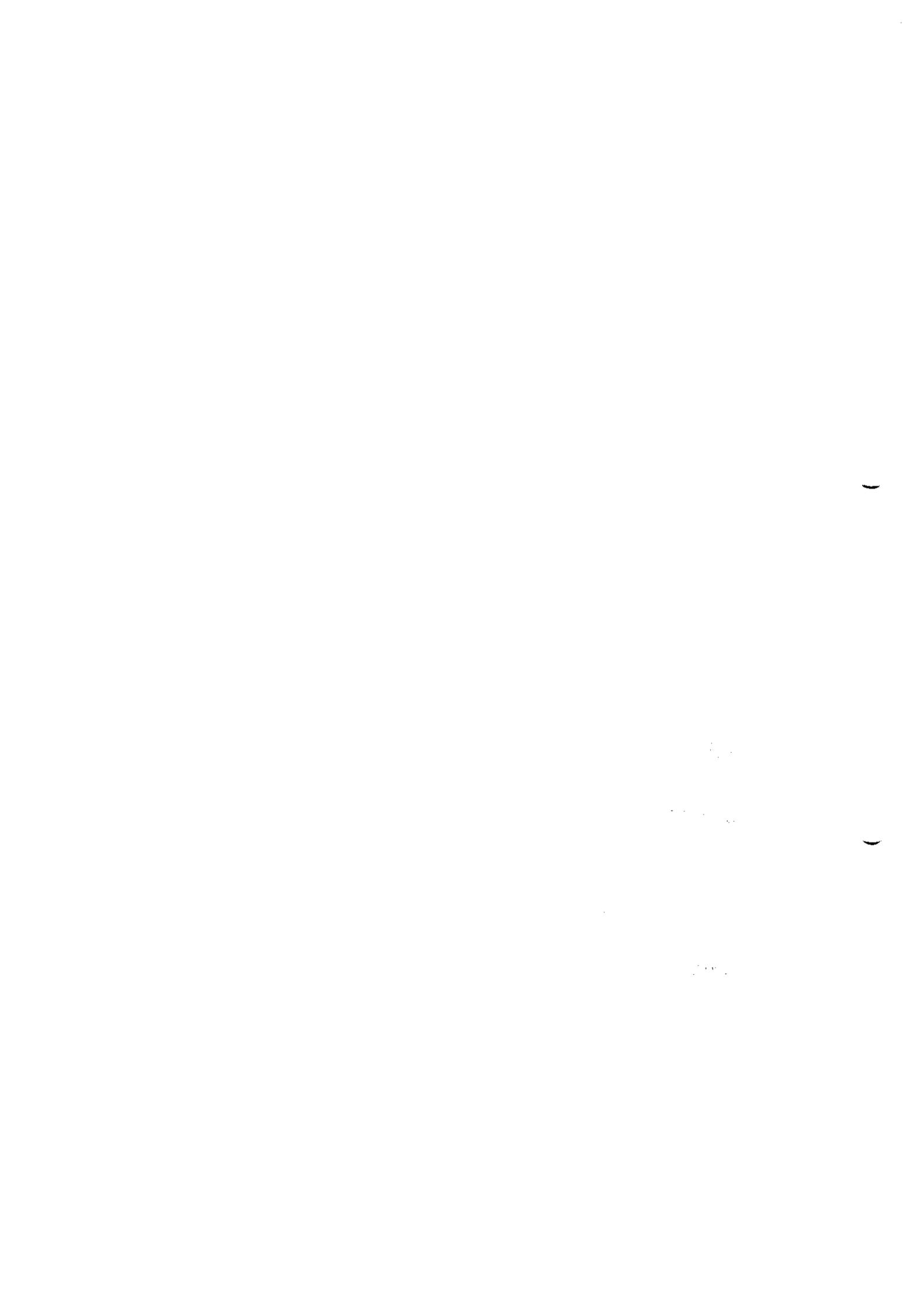
BEAU: Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for
you.

ORLANDO: I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROSALIND: Young man, have you challenged Charles the
wrestler?

ORLANDO: 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 judgement, 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 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 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: You shall try but one fall.

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

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



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

ORLANDO AND CHARLES WRESTLE. CHARLES IS THROWN.

DUKE: No more, no more.

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

DUKE: How dost thou, Charles?

BEAU: He cannot speak my Lord.

DUKE: Bear him away.

LORDS CARRY CHARLES AWAY.

DUKE: What is thy name, young man?

ORLANDO: Orlando, my leige; the youngest son of Sir
Rowland de Boys.

DUKE: I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteemed thy father honourable.
But I did find him still mine enemy.
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed
hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee wel, thou art a galant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

EXIT DUKE AND TOUCHSTONE.

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

ORLANDO: I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son, and would not change that calling
to be adopted heir to Frederick.

ROSALIND: My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul
And all the world was of my father's mind.
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties
Ere he should thus have ventured.



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

ROSALIND: (TAKES 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.
(TO CELIA) Shall we go, coz?

CELIA: Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ROSALIND AND CELIA BEGIN TO WITHDRAW.

ORLANDO: Can I not say 'I thank you'? My better parts
Are all thrown down,

ROSALIND: He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes:
- Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

CELIA: Will you go, coz?

ROSALIND: (Have with you.) (TO ORLANDO) Fare you well.

EXEUNT ROSALIND AND CELIA.

ORLANDO: What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

ENTER LE BEAU.

ORLANDO: O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Not Charles but something weaker masters thee.

10/10/10

10/10/10

10/10/10

10/10/10

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BEAU: Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconsters 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?

BEAU: Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners,
But yet indeed the lesser's his daughter;
The other is daughter to the banished Duke,
And here detained by her usurping uncle
To keep his daughter company, whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
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.

ORLANDO: Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,
From tyrant Duke unto tyrant brother.
But heavenly Rosalind.

EXIT ORLANDO.



I.iii

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: But is all this for your father?

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

CELIA: They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in
holiday foolery. If we walk not in 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: Is it possible on such a sudden
you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir
Rowland's youngest son?

ROSALIND: The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

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

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

CELIA: Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?

ENTER DUKE AND LORDS.

ROSALIND: Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. - Look, here comes the Duke.

CELIA: With his eyes full of anger.

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

ROSALIND: Me, uncle?

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

ROSALIND: I do beseech your grace,
That may the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic -
As I do trust I am not - then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

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

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

- DUKE: 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 banished him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord,
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What'S that to me? My father was no traitor;
Then, good my leige, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.
- CELIA: Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
- DUKE: Ay, Celia, we stayed her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.
- CELIA: I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her. If she be a traitor,
Why so am I: we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned. played, eat together,
And whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans
Still we went coupled and inseparable.
- DUKE: She is too subtle for thee, and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more
virtuous when she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her; she is banished.

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

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

EXIT DUKE WITH LORDS.

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

ROSALIND: I have more cause.

CELIA: Thou hast not, cousin.
Prithee, be cheerful; knowest thou not the Duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?

ROSALIND: That he hath not.

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

ROSALIND: Why, whither shall we go?

CELIA: To seek your father 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
And with a kind of umber smirch my face.
The like do you; so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.

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

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

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

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

ROSALIND: But, cousin, what if we assayed to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court:
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

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.

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(1000 - 1000) / 4 = 0

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II.i

ENTER DUKE AMIENS AND LORDS.

DUKE: 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 but 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.

AMIENS: 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: Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

FIRST LORD:

Indeed, my lord,

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The melancholy Jaques grieves at that
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
Today my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antick root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,
To the which place a poor sequestered stag
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brook
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE:

But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

FIRST LORD: O, yes, into a thousand similes.

And most invectively he pierceth through
The body of country, city, court,
Yea, and of this forest our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assigned and native dwelling place.

DUKE:

Show me the place;

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

EXEUNT.

Act II. sc. 2.

(Or: who's there?)

Adam: what my young master? Oh you memory of old Sir Rowland
why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
why would you be so fond to overcome the bonny prize of
the humorous duke?

Or: 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 lodgings where you use to lie,
And you within it. I ~~heard~~ overheard him and his practices
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

II.ii

ENTER ORLANDO AND ADAM FROM OPPOSITE SIDES.

ORLANDO: Who's there?

ADAM: What, my young master? 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 father -
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodgings where you used to lie,
And you within it. I overheard him, and his practises. 45
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Mathematics

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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 boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do.

ADAM: But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father, *which I did store to be my foster nurse*
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.
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

ORLANDO: O good ^{old man} Adam. *How well in thee appears the constant service of the antique world*
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
~~Come we'll go along together.~~ *your ways we'll go along together*



II.iii

ENTER DUKE FREDERICK WITH LORDS.

DUKE: Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be; some villains at 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 abed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

SECOND LORD: My lord, the roynish clown at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh is also missing.

THIRD LORD: Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles,
And she believes wherever they are gone
That youth is surely in their company.

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

EXEUNT.

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II.IV

ENTER ROSALIND AS GANYMEDE, CELIA AS ALIENA AND TOUCHSTONE.

ROSALIND: O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

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

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

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

TOUCHSTONE: For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you.

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.

ENTER CORIN AND SILVIUS.

ROSALIND: Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

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

SILVIUS: O Corin, that thou knewest how I do love her!

CORIN: I partly guess, for I have loved ere now.

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

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CORIN: Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SIVIUS: O, thou didst then never love so heartily.

If thou rememberest not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved.

Or if thou hast not stood as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved.

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

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

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

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

ROSALIND: Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

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

ROSALIND: Jove, Jove! This shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

At the end of the day, I was
tired but happy.

Page 10

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.

ROSALIND: Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

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

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

CORIN: Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale.

ROSALIND: What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

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

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

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

CORIN: Assuredly the thing is to be sold.
Go with me. If you like upon report
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.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of subscribers. The names are written in a cursive hand, and the addresses are listed below them.

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ACT II scene v

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: 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;
but that they call 'compliment' is like th'encounter of
two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily,
methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me
the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not,
hold your tongues.

AMIENS: The duke has been all this day to look (for) you.

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

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

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

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, located in the upper right quadrant of the page.

(AMIENS: And I'll sing it)

JAQUES: Thus it goes:

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

AMIENS: What's that 'ducdame'?

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

EXEUNT

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and titles.

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4. The third part of the document is a list of names and titles.

5. The fourth part of the document is a list of names and titles.

(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. (RAISING HIM) For my sake
be comfortable; hold death a while at the arm's end. I
will here be with thee presently, and if I bring thee not
something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if
thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my
labour. Well said! Thou lookest cheerly, 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.
Cheerly, good Adam!

EXEUNT.



II.vii

ENTER DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS AND LORDS DRESSED AS FORRESTERS OR OUTLAWS.

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

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

DUKE: If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly dischord in the spheres.
Go, seek him, tell him I would speak with him.

ENTER JAQUES.)

DUKE: 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'th'forest,
A motley fool - a miserable world! -
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down, and basked him in the sun,
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it, with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock.'
'Thus we may see', quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven,
And so from hour to hour we ripe, and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like Chanticleer
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool: motley's the only wear!

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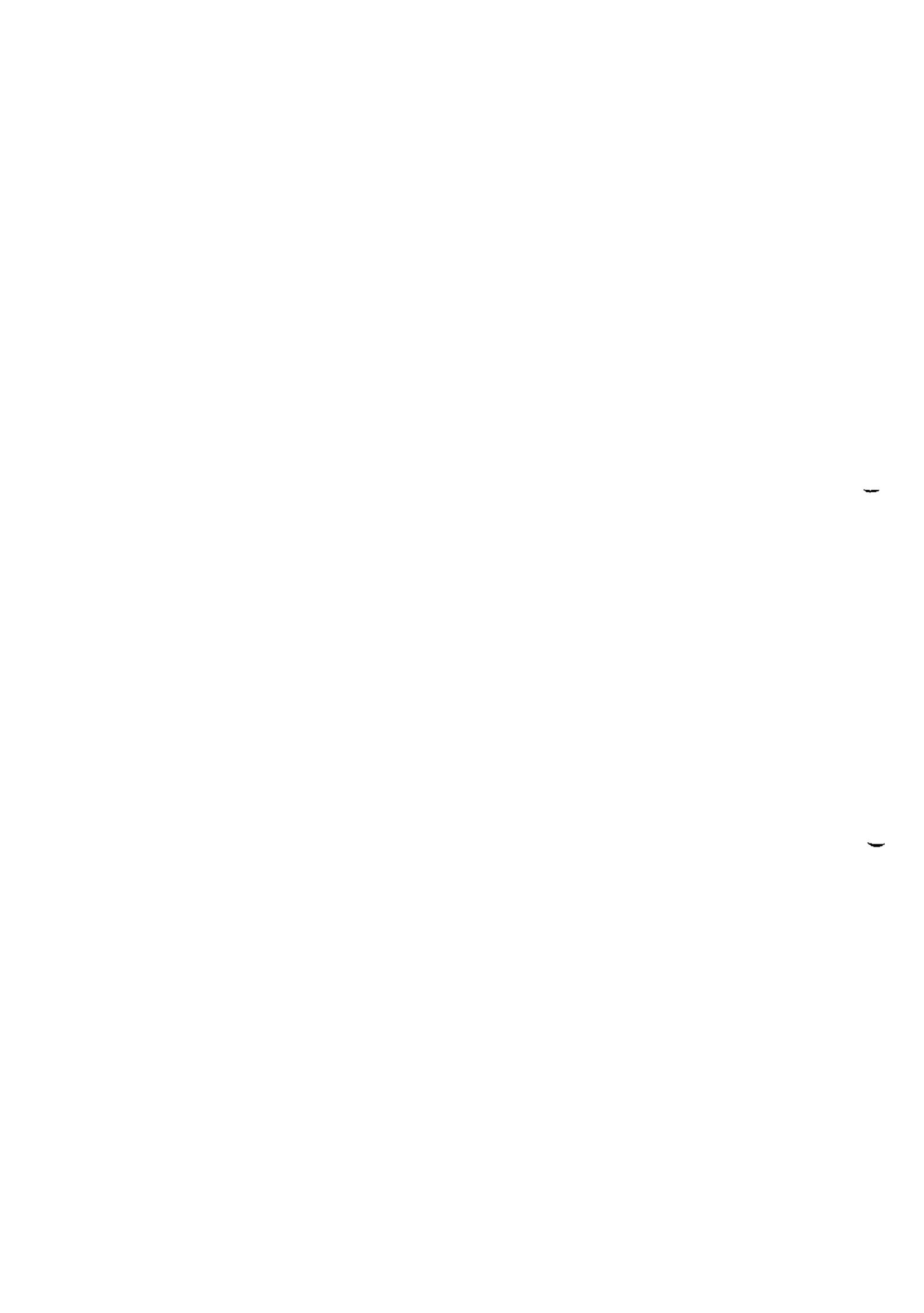
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DUKE: What fool is this?

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

DUKE: Thou shalt have one.

JAQUES: It is my only suit -
 Provided that you weed your better judgements
 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 anatomized
 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 th'infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.



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

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

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

JAQUES: Why, who cries out on pride
 That can therein tax any private party?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
 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 mettle of my speech?
 There then, how then, what then? Let me see wherein
 My tongue hath wronged him: if it do him right,
 Then he hath wronged himself; if he be free,
 Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies.
 Unclaimed of any man.

ENTER ORLANDO.

ORLANDO: Forbear, and eat no more.

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JAQUES: Why, I have eat none yet.

ORLANDO: Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

JAQUES: Of what kind should this cock come of?

DUKE: Art thou thus emboldened, man, by thy distress
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seemest so empty?

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

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

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

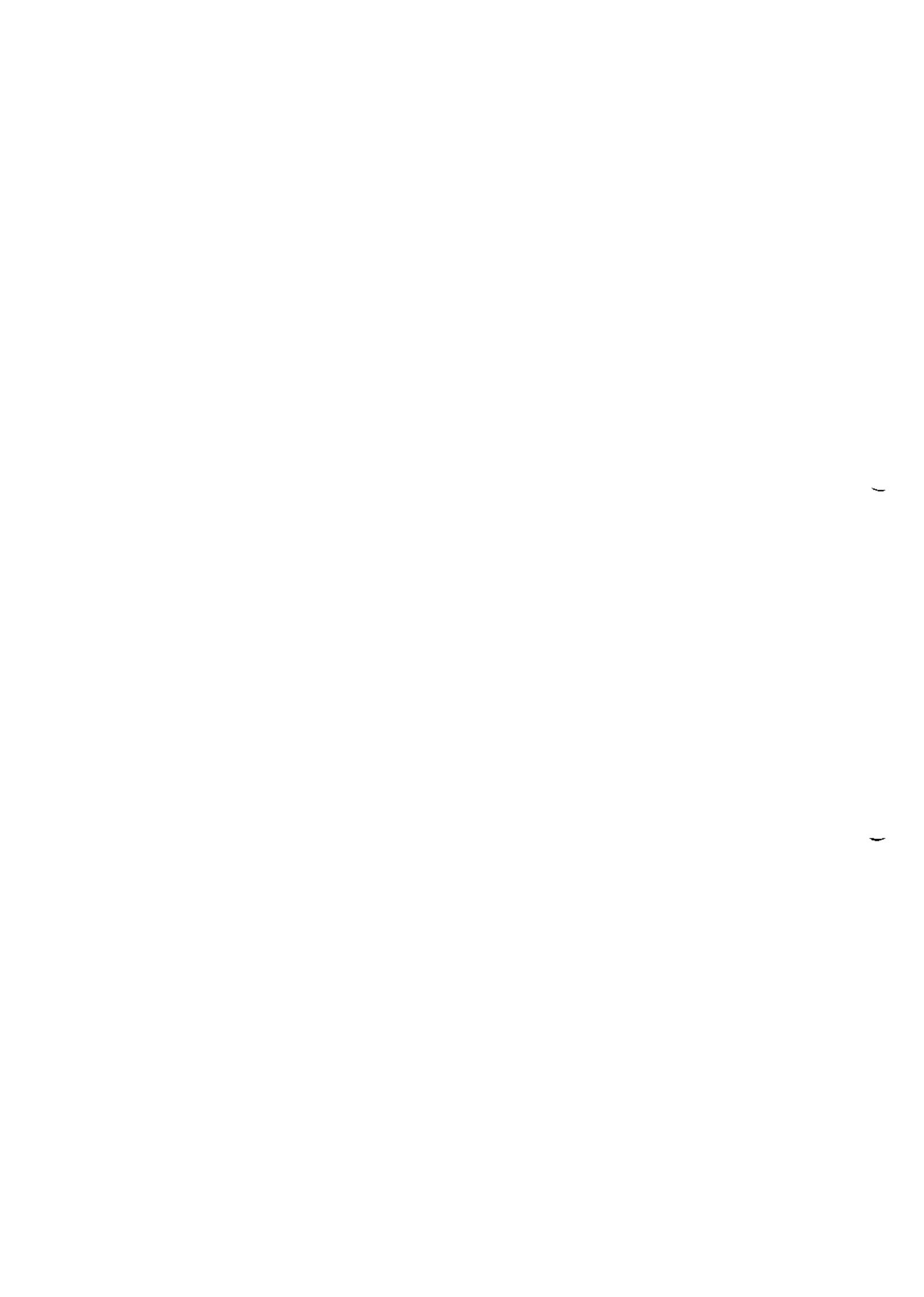
ORLANDO: I almost die for food, and let me have it.

DUKE: Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

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

Chapman, 1911

1911



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 schoolboy, 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 canon's mouth; and then, the justice,
 In fair round belly, in good capon lined,
 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 slippered pantaloan,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound; last Scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

ENTER ORLANDO WITH ADAM.

DUKE: Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
 And let him feed.

14. 5/1/2017

15. 5/1/2017

ORLANDO: I thank you most for him,

ADAM: So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

DUKE: Welcome, fall to. I will not trouble you
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music and, good cousin, sing.

AMIENS: (SINGS) Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Hey-ho, sing hey-ho, unto the green holly,
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then hey-ho, the holly,
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Hey-ho, sing hey-ho, unto the green holly,
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then hey-ho, the holly,
This life is most jolly.

DUKE: If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have wispered faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limned and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke
That loved your father. The residue of your fortune,
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.

AMIENS: (SINGS) Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Hey-ho, sing hey-ho, unto the green holly,
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly
Then hey-ho, the holly,
This life is most jolly.

Mathematics

1. The area of a square is 144 sq. units. Find the side length.

2. A rectangle has a length of 10 units and a width of 6 units. Find its perimeter.

3. A circle has a radius of 5 units. Find its circumference.

4. A right-angled triangle has legs of length 3 units and 4 units. Find the hypotenuse.

5. A cube has a side length of 3 units. Find its volume.

6. A cylinder has a radius of 2 units and a height of 5 units. Find its surface area.

7. A sphere has a radius of 3 units. Find its volume.

8. A cone has a radius of 4 units and a height of 6 units. Find its volume.

9. A rectangular prism has a length of 8 units, a width of 3 units, and a height of 5 units. Find its surface area.

ACT III scene i

ENTER DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS AND OLIVER.

DUKE: Not seen your brother since? Sir, sir, that cannot be.
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it,
Find out thy brother whereso'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 loved my brother in my life.

DUKE: More villain thou. - Well, push him out of doors,
and turn him going.

EXEUNT



III.ii

ENTER ORLANDO.

ORLANDO: Hand 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 witnessed everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive spe.

EXIT.

ENTER CORIN AND TOUCHSTONE.

CORIN: And how like you the shepherds 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 that it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in
respect that it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a
spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but there is no
more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach.
Hast any philosophy in thee shepherd?

CORIN: No more 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 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: Why, if never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

CORIN: Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour in the country is most mockable at the court.

TOUCHSTONE: Instance, briefly; come, instance.

11-11-11

11-11-11

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!

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 to betray a twelvemonth old she lamb to a
crooked-pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable
match. If you be not damned for this, the devil
himself will have no shepherds. I cannot see else how
thou shouldst 'scape.

ENTER ROSALIND.

ROSALIND: (READS) From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.

TOUCHSTONE: Here comes young Master Ganymede, your new
mistress's brother.

ROSALIND: (READING CONT.) Her worth being mounted on the wind
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but dull 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 a cat will after kind,
Such a cat Rosalind.
Wintered garments must be lined,
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?

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

TOUCHSTONE: Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

(ROSALIND: ~~I'll graff it on you, and then I shall graff it on a medlar;~~)

(TOUCHSTONE: You have said; but whether wisely or not let the forest judge.)

ENTER CELIA WITH A WRITING.

ROSALIND: Peace, here comes my sister, reading. Stand aside.

CELIA: (READS) Why should this a desert be?
 For it is unpeopled? No,
 Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
 That shall civil sayings show.
 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 charged
 That one body should be filled
 With all graces wide-enlarged.
 Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heavenly synod was devised,
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest prized.
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.

(ROSALIND: O most gentle Jupiter what tedious homily of love.)

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

TOUCHSTONE: Come shepherd, let us make an honour-
 able retreat not with bag and baggage.

EXIT TOUCHSTONE AND CORIN.

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: But didst thou hear them 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 be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

CELIA: Trow you who hath done this?

ROSALIND: Is it a man?

CELIA: And a chain that you once wore about his neck! Change you colour?

ROSALIND: I prithee, 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 prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

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

ROSALIND: Dost thou think, though I am comparised like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery. I prithee tell me who is it I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

CELIA: So you can 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.

CELIA: I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROSALIND: Orlando?

CELIA: Orlando.

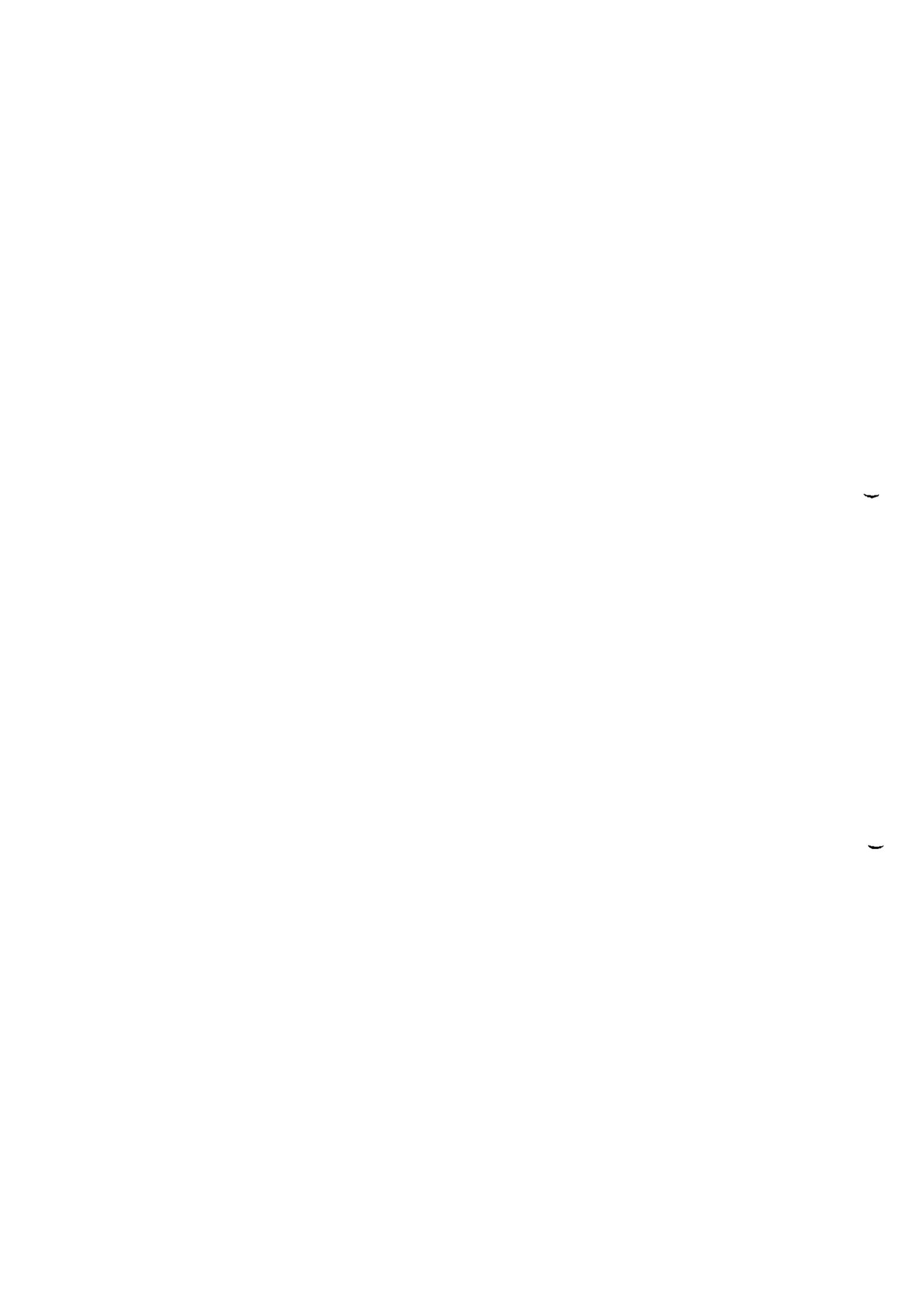
ROSALIND: Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

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? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

CELIA: It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a dropped acorn.

ROSALIND: It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops 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 prithee; 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 chorus. Thou bringest me out of tune.

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

ENTER ORLANDO AND JAQUES.

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

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

CELIA AND ROSALIND STAND BACK.

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-favouredly.

JAQUES: Rosalind is your love's name?

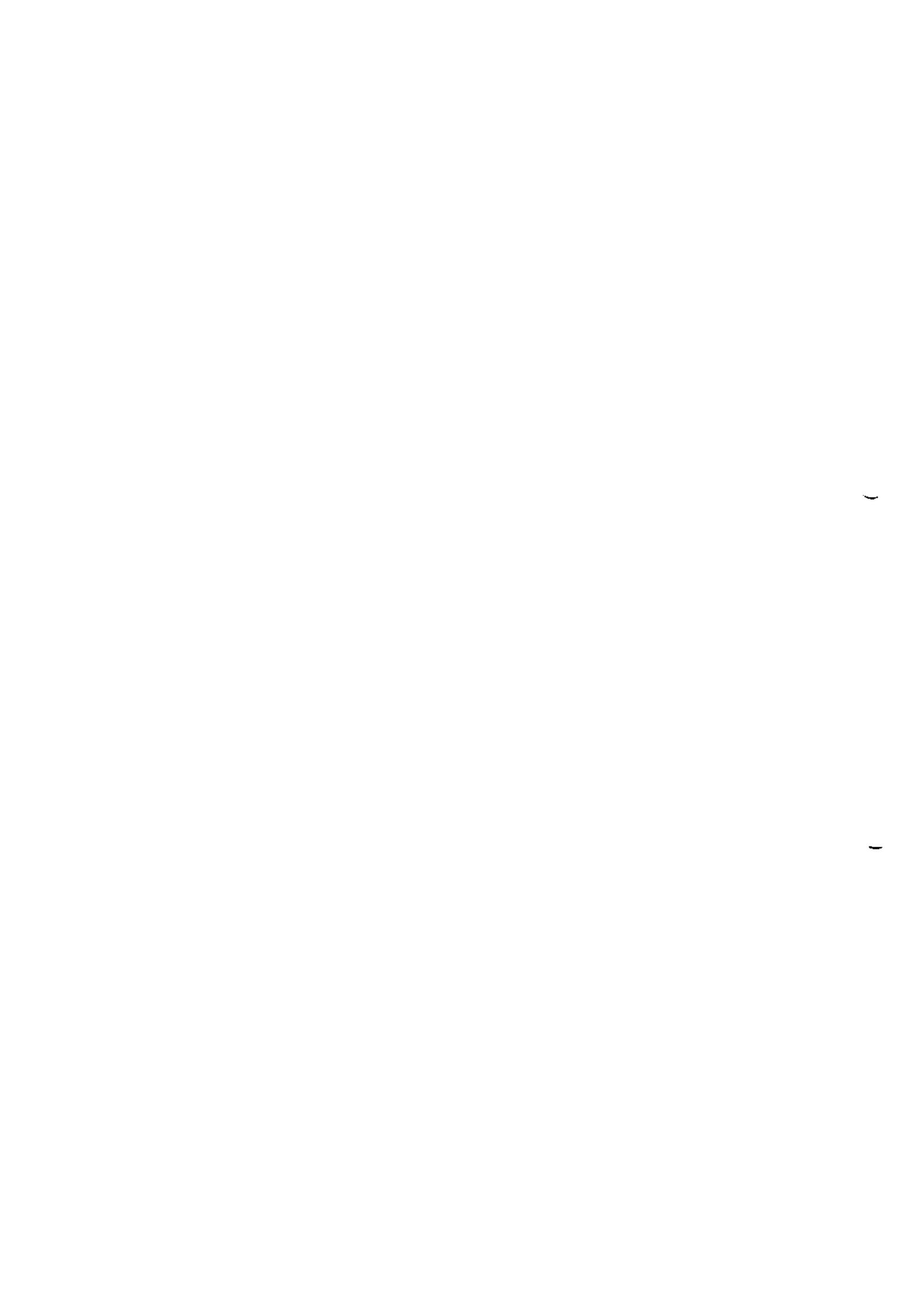
ORLANDO: Yes, just.

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 goldsmith's wives, and conned them out of rings?

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

JAQUES: You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Atlanta'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 worse 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 Signor Love.

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

EXIT JAQUES.

ROSALIND: (TO CELIA) I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. - Do you hear forester?

ORLANDO: I hear 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.

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

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

ORLANDO: I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

ROSALIND: Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized. If the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

ORLANDO: Who ambles Time withal?

ROSALIND: With a priest that lacks latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain, the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

ORLANDO: Who gallops Time withal?

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

ORLANDO: Who stays it still withal?

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

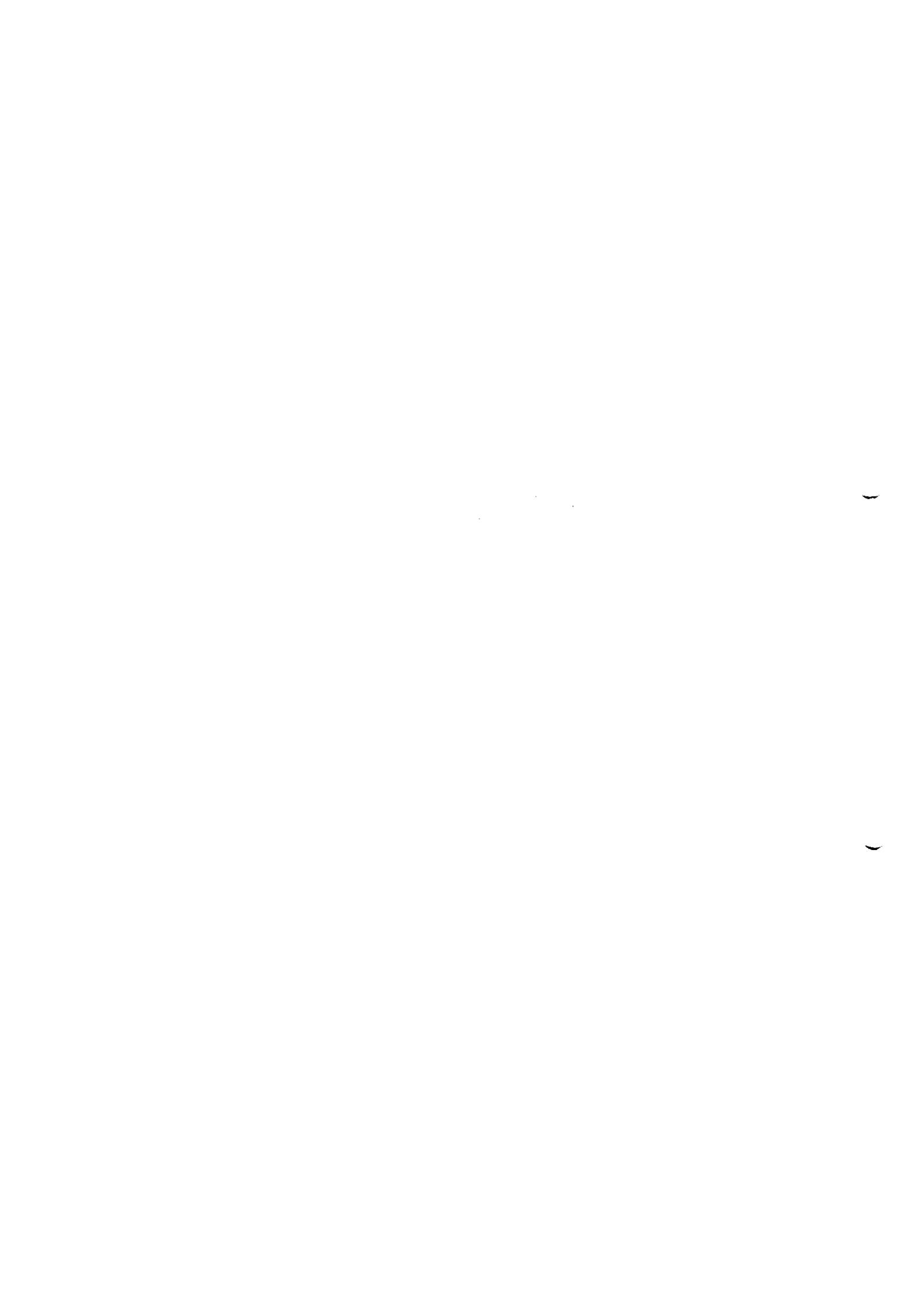
ORLANDO: Where dwell you, pretty youth?

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

ORLANDO: Are you native of this place?

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

ORLANDO: 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 thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

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

ROSALIND: There were none principal, they were all like one another as halfpence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till he fellow-fault came to match it.

ORLANDO: I prithee, recount some of them.

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

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

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

ORLANDO: What were his marks?

ROSALIND: A lean cheek, which you have not; a tired 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 a beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungartered, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device in your acoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

ORLANDO: Good 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 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 hand of
Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

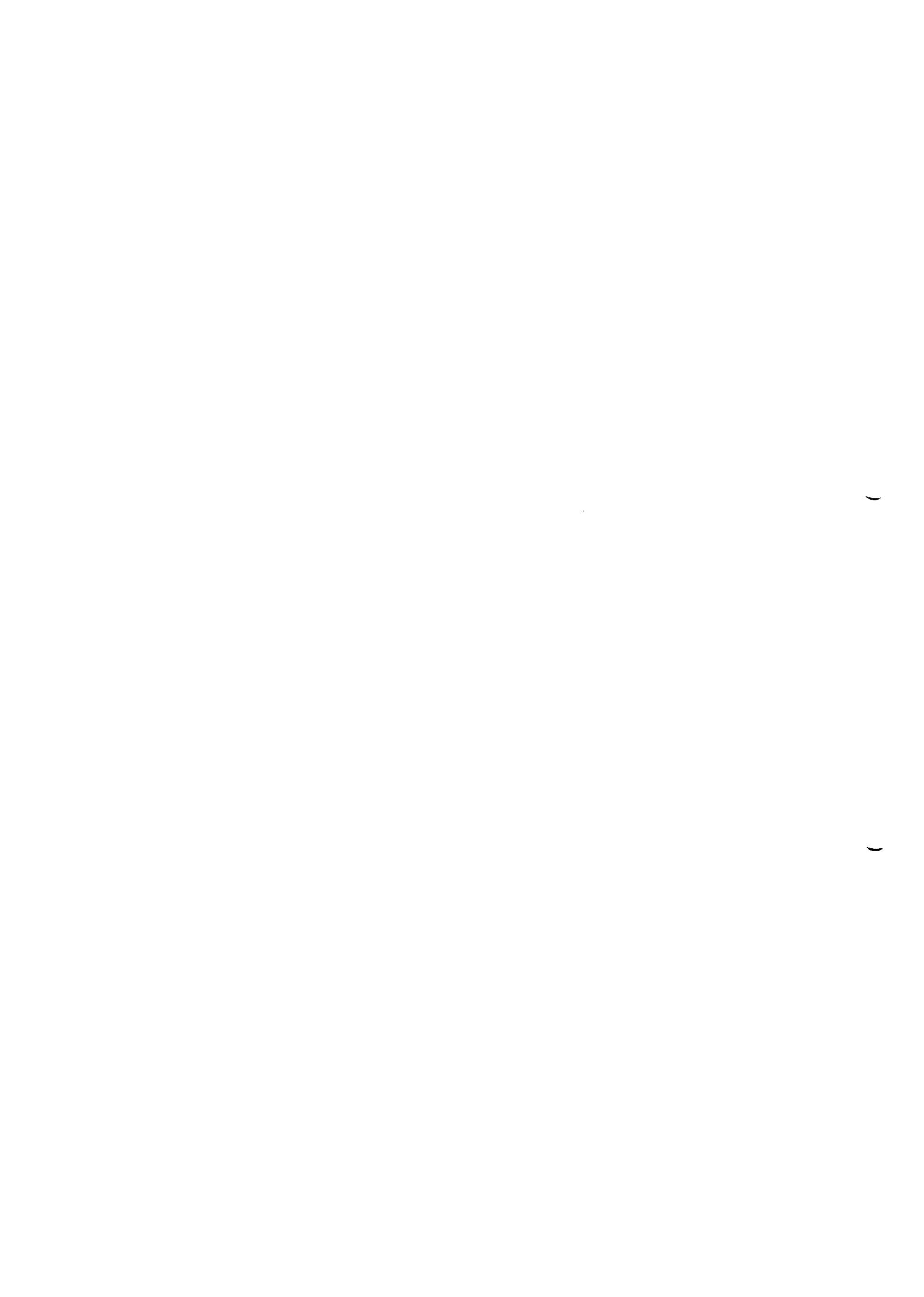
ROSALIND: And are you so much in love as your rhymes
speak?

ORLANDO: Neither rhyme nor reason can express how
much.

ROSALIND: Love is merely a madness and, I tell you,
deserves 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: Have you ever cured 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; for every passion
something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys
and women are for the most part cattle of this colour;
would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain
him, then forswear him; then weep for him, then spit
at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of
love to a living humour of madness - which was, to
forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a
nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him, and this
way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a
sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of
love in't.



ORLANDO: I would not be cured, youth.

ROSALIND: I would cure you, if you would but call me
'Rosalind', and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

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

ROSALIND: Go with me to it and I'll show it to you: and by
the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live.
Will you go?

ORLANDO: With all my heart, good youth.

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

EXEUNT.

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ENTER TOUCHSTONE AND AUDREY, FOLLOWED BY JAQUES.

TOUCHSTONE: Come apace, good Audrey. I will fetch up
your goats, Audrey. And now, 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 thatched house!

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 do
swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

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

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

AUDREY: Would you not have me honest?

TOUCHSTONE: No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured: 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; slutishness 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.

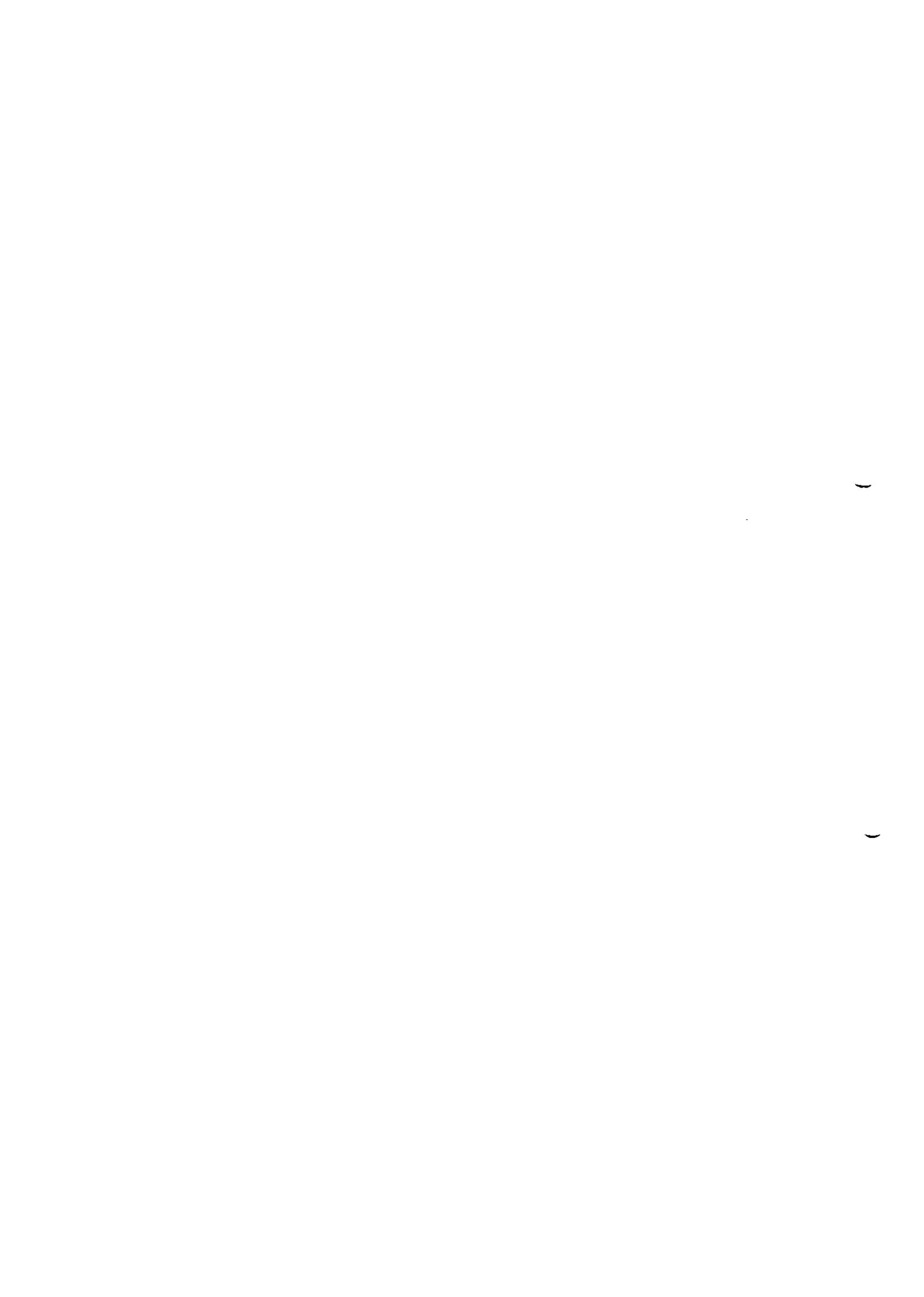
JAQUES: (ASIDE) I would feign see this meeting.

AUDREY: Well, the gods give us joy.

TOUCHSTONE: 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.

ENTER SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

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



SIR OLIVER: Is there none here to give the woman?

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

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

JAQUES: (COMING FORWARD) Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

TOUCHSTONE: Good even good master what-ye-call't

How do you sir?

You are very well met.

God ild you for your last company

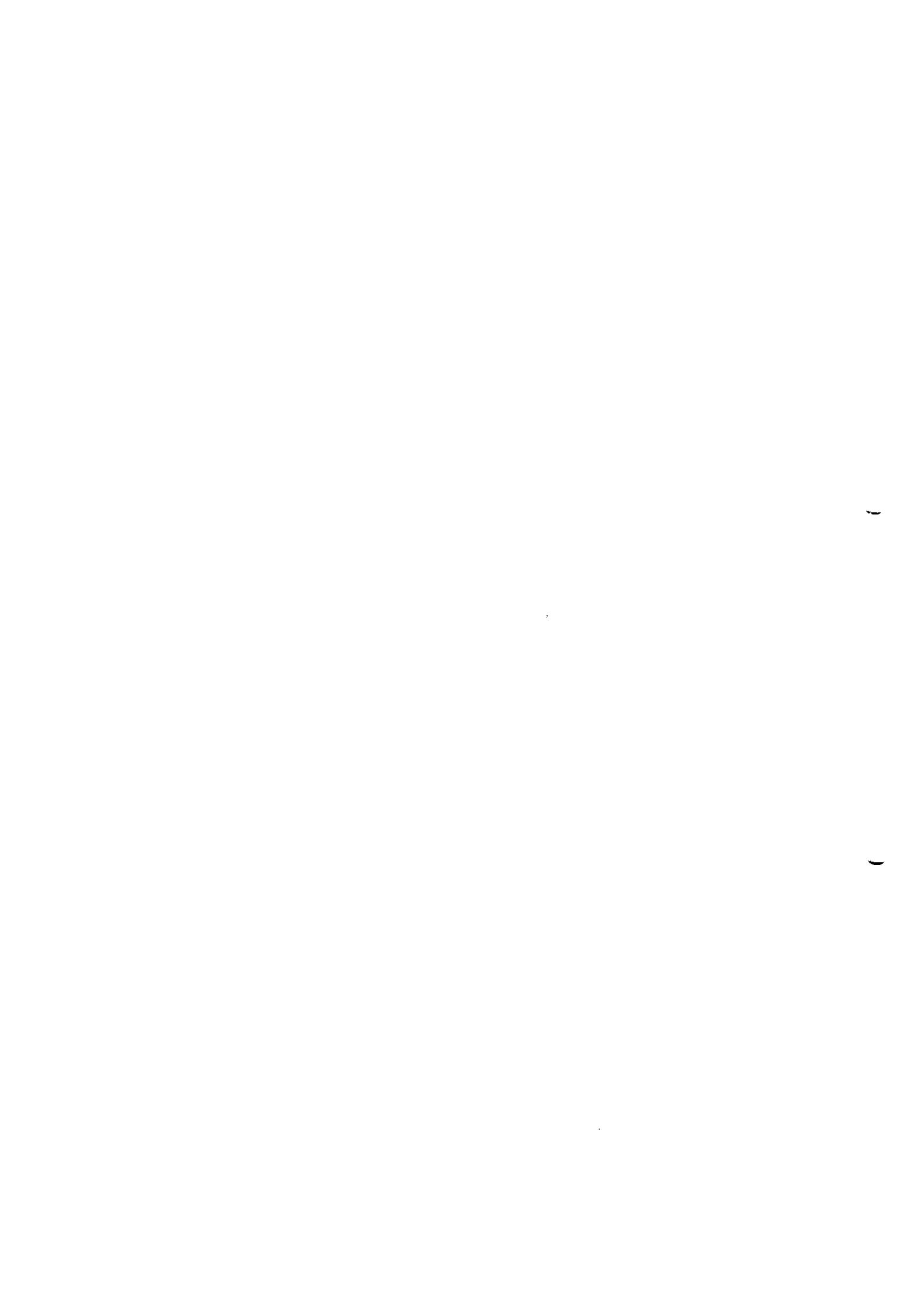
I am very glad to see you.

Just a toy in hand here so. Nay pray be covered.

JAQUES: Will you be married motley?

TOUCHSTONE: As the ox hath his bow, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells so man has his desires and as pigeons bill so wedlock would be nibbling.

JAQUES: And will you, being a man of your breeding be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church and find 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: I am not in the mind but I were as well 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, Audrey. Farewell, good Sir Oliver. Not

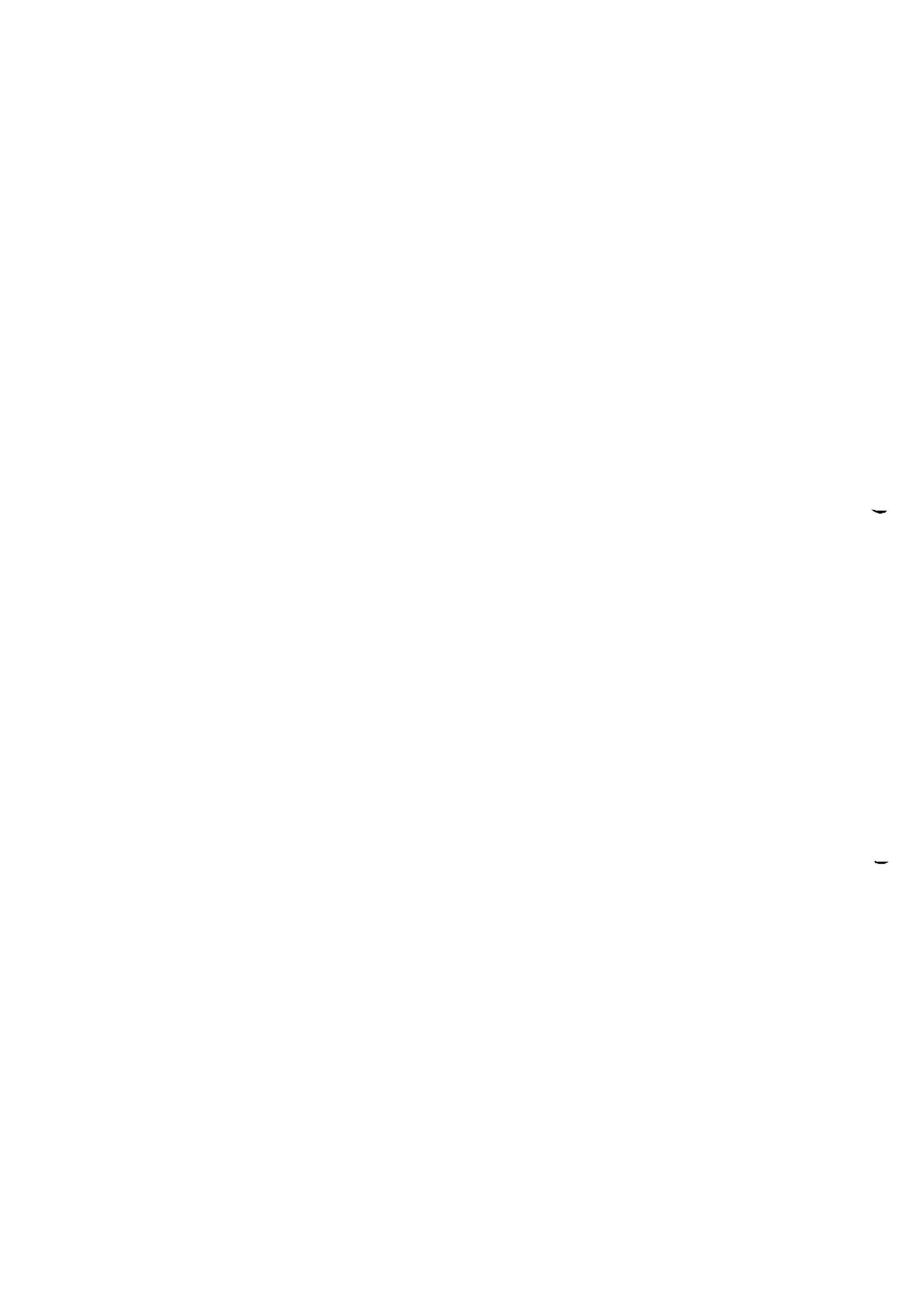
O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee

but

Wend away,
Be gone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

SIR OLIVER: (ASIDE) 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

EXEUNT.



III.iv

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: His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

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

ROSALIND: I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

CELIA: An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

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

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

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

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

ROSALIND: 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 hollow 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 forest on the Duke your father.

ROSALIND: I met my father 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 puisny tilter that spurs his horse but on one side breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides.



III.v

ENTER SIVIUS 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'accustomed 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 AND CELIA.)

PHEBE: I would not be thy executioner.
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tellest 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 gate 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 no 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,
 Than 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: (COMING FORWARD)
 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. 'Ods my little life,
 I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
 No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
 'Tis not your furrowed brow, your foul silk hair
 Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of ash
 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-favoured children.
 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.

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

ROSALIND: (TO PHEBE) He's fallen in love with your foulness,
(TO SILVIUS) and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it
be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks,
I'll sauce her with bitter words. (TO 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. (TO SILVIUS) If you will know
my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by. -
Will you go, sister? - Shepherd, ply her hard. -
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.

EXIT ROSALIND AND CELIA.

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

SILVIUS: Sweet Phebe -

PHEBE: Ha, what sayest 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 extermined.

PHEBE: Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

SILVIUS: I would have you.

PHEBE: Why, that were covetousness.
 Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
 And yet it is not that I bear thee love;

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
 Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
 I will endure, and I'll employ thee too.
 But do not look for further recompense
 Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.

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 brokenears after the man
 That the main harvest reaps. Loose now and then
 A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.

PHEBE: Knowest thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

SILVIUS: Not very well, but I have met him oft,
 And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
 That the old carlot once was master of.

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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 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 mixed in his cheek; 'twas just the difference

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they marked 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 foul and my hair foul

And, now I am remembered, scorned at me;

I marvel why I answered not again.

But that's all one: omittance is no quittance;

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

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.

SILVIUS: Phebe!

PHEBE: Go with me Silvius.

EXEUNT.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names.

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JAQUES: I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

ROSALIND: They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQUES: I am so: I do love it better than laughing.

ROSALIND: 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 lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

ROSALIND: A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

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JAQUES: Yes, I have gained my experience.

ENTER ORLANDO.

ROSALIND: And your experience has made you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad - and to travail for it too!

ORLANDO: Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JAQUES: Nay then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse. 43000

ROSALIND: Farewell, Monsieur Traveller. Look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. 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? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o'th'shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole. 43100

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

ORLANDO: Virtue is no 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?

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

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, out 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.

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 his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned, and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos'. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

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.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including the names of the authors and the titles of their works. This list is organized in a structured manner, likely serving as a table of contents or a list of references.

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 indeed I take thee, Orlando, for 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.

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 hyen, and that when thou art 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 'twill out at the key-hole; 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?'

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

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

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 must 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.

ROSALIND: Well by my troth and in good faith and so God mend me and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

ORLANDO: With no less religion than if you wert indeed my Rosalind. So, adieu.

ROSALIND: Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu!

EXIT ORLANDO.

CELIA: You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

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ROSALIND: O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou
didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it
cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown
bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.

CELIA: Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour
affection in, it runs out.

ROSALIND: No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that
was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of
madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses everyone's
eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how
deep I am in love. 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.

(JAQUES: Which is he that killed the dear?)

CELIA: And I'll sleep.

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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.)

LORDS: SING - What shall he have that killed the deer?
 His leathern skin and horns to wear.
 Then sing him home,
 Take thou no scorn to wear the horn,
 It was a crest ere thou wast born,
 Then sing him home.
 The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
 Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.
 The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
 Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

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ENTER ROSALIND AND CELIA:

ROSALIND: How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?
And here much Orlando!

CELIA: I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain
he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to
sleep.

SILVIUS: Good sir.

CELIA: O look who comes here.

SILVIUS: My errand is to you, fair youth:
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this.

SILVIUS GIVES ROSALIND A LETTER WHICH SHE READS.

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!
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own invention.

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



CELIA: Alas, poor shepherd!

ROSALIND: Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity. -
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, unless thou entreat for her. If
you be a true lover, hence, and not a word, for here
comes more company.

EXIT SILVIUS AND ENTER OLIVER.

OLIVER: Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheepcote fenced about with olive trees?

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

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OLIVER: If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
 Then should I know you by description.
 Such garments and such years: Are not you
 The owner of the house I did inquire for?

CELIA: It is no boast, being asked, to say we are.

OLIVER: Orlando doth commend him to you both,
 And to that youth he calls his 'Rosalind'
 He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

ROSALIND: 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 hankercher was stained.

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 mossed with age
 And high top bald with dry antiquity,
 A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
 Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck
 A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
 Who with her head nimble in threats approached
 The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
 Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself
 And with indented glides did slip away
 Into a bush: under which bush's shade
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
 Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch
 When that the sleeping man should stir;
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

CELIA: Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

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.
When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place -
I'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 stripped himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now Orlando fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recovered him, bound up his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in this 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.

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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, a body would
think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your
brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

OLIVER: This was no counterfeit, there is too great testi-
mony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

ROSALIND: Counterfeit, I assure you.

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

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

CELIA: Pray you, draw
homewards. - Good sir, go with us.

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

ENTER TOUCHSTONE AND AUDREY.

TOUCHSTONE: We shall find a time, Audrey
Patience gentle Audrey.

ROSALIND: ~~Will~~ you go?

EXEUNT.



(TOUCHSTONE: We shall find a time, Audrey
Patience gentle Audrey)

(ROSALIND: ~~Will you go?~~)

AUDREY: Faith that 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. ☺

WILLIAM: Good even, Audrey.

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, prithee, be covered. How old are
you, friend?

WILLIAM: Five-and-twenty, sir.

TOUCHSTONE: A ripe age. Is thy name William?

WILLIAM: William (Willem), 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 sayest 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?

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WILLIAM: No, sir.

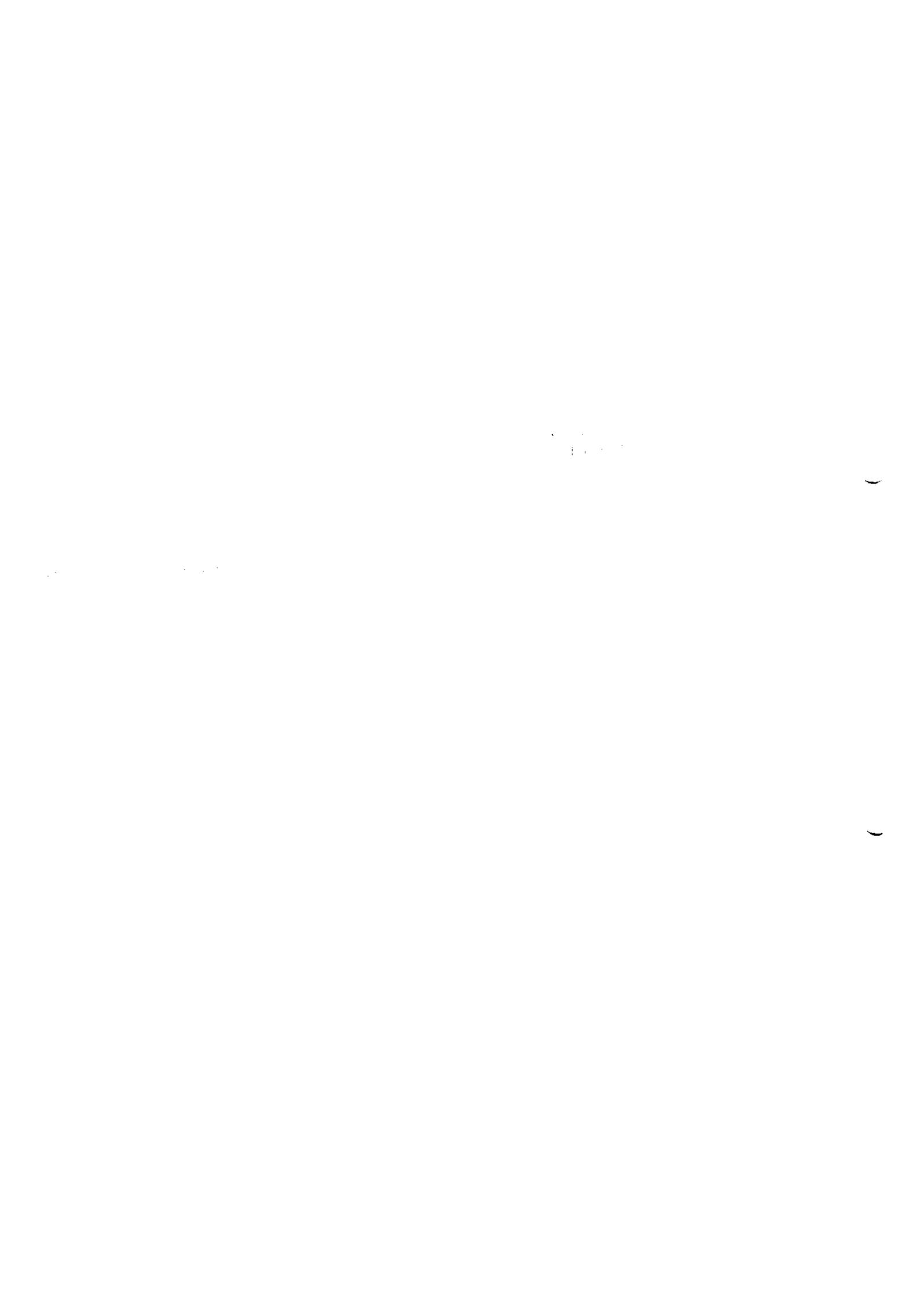
TOUCHSTONE: Then learn this of me. To have is to have.
For it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out
of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the
other; for all your writers do consent that 'ipse' is he.
Now, you are not 'ipse', for I am he.

WILLIAM: Which he, sir?

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 understand-
ing, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away,
translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage.
I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in
steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run
thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty
ways - therefore tremble and depart.

AUDREY: Do, good William.

* WILLIAM: God rest you merry, (sir).



ACT V scene ii

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.

ENTER ROSALIND.

ORLANDO: You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow. Thither will I invite the Duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

ROSALIND: God save you, brother.

OLIVER: And you, fair sister.

EXIT OLIVER.

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 hankercher?

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 Ceasar's brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame'. For your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they climb incontinent or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.



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

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

ORLANDO: I can live no longer by thinking.

ROSALIND: 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; Speakest 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 tomorrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

ENTER SILVIUS AND PHEBE.

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:
You are there followed 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: 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? 177

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 SILVIUS) I will content you if what pleases you contents you and you shall be married tomorrow. (TO ORLANDO) I will satisfy you if ever I satisfied man 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. 178

SILVIUS: I'll not fail, if I live.

PHEBE: Nor I.

ORLANDO: Nor I.

EXUENT.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names.

2. The second part is a list of dates.

3. The third part is a list of times.

4. The fourth part is a list of locations.

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ACT V scene iii

TOUCHSTONE: Tomorrow is the joyful day, Audrey.
Tomorrow will we be married.

AUDREY: I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it
is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the
world? Here come three of the banished Duke's pages (lords).

ENTER THREE PAGES (LORDS)

FIRST PAGE: Well met, honest gentlemen.

TOUCHSTONE: by my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and
a song.

SECOND PAGE: We are for you.

FIRST PAGE: Shall we clap into it roundly?

SECOND PAGE: Like five gypsies on a horse.

PAGES: SONG

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

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,
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 spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

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

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

TOUCHSTONE: By my troth, yes: I count it but time lost to
hear such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend
your voices! Come Audrey.

EXEUNT.

ACT V scene iv

ENTER CELIA WHO SETS CHURCH WITH THREE PAGES FROM PREVIOUS SCENE AND CORIN. ENTER ORLANDO AND BANISHED DUKE.

DUKE: 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 JAQUES, SILVIUS, PHEBE, OLIVER AND ROSALIND.

ROSALIND: Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged.
(TO THE DUKE) You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE: 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?

PHEBE: So is the bargain.

ROSALIND: (TO SILVIUS)
You say you'll have Phebe, if she will?

SILVIUS: Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROSALIND: I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd;
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry Phebe
If she refuse me - and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

EXEUNT ROSALIND AND CELIA.



ENTER AUDREY AND TOUCHSTONE.

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.

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 made up?

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

JAQUES: How seventh cause? - Good my lord, like this fellow.

DUKE: I like him very well.

TOUCHSTONE: God 'ild you, sir, I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. Bear your body more seemly Audrey. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own, a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

DUKE: By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.



JAQUES: But for the seventh cause. How did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

TOUCHSTONE: Upon a lie seven times removed.

And 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 I cut it to please myself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut' I disable your judgement: this is called the reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut', he would answer, you spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut', he would say, 'you 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.

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JAQUES: Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCHSTONE: 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 seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an 'If'. I knew seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an 'If': as, 'If' you said so, then I said so'; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your 'If' is the only peace-maker; much virtue in 'If'.

(___ are Touchstone's lines said by Audrey in C by J prod.)



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

DUKE: He uses his folly like a stalking horse, and under the
presentation of that he shoots his wit.

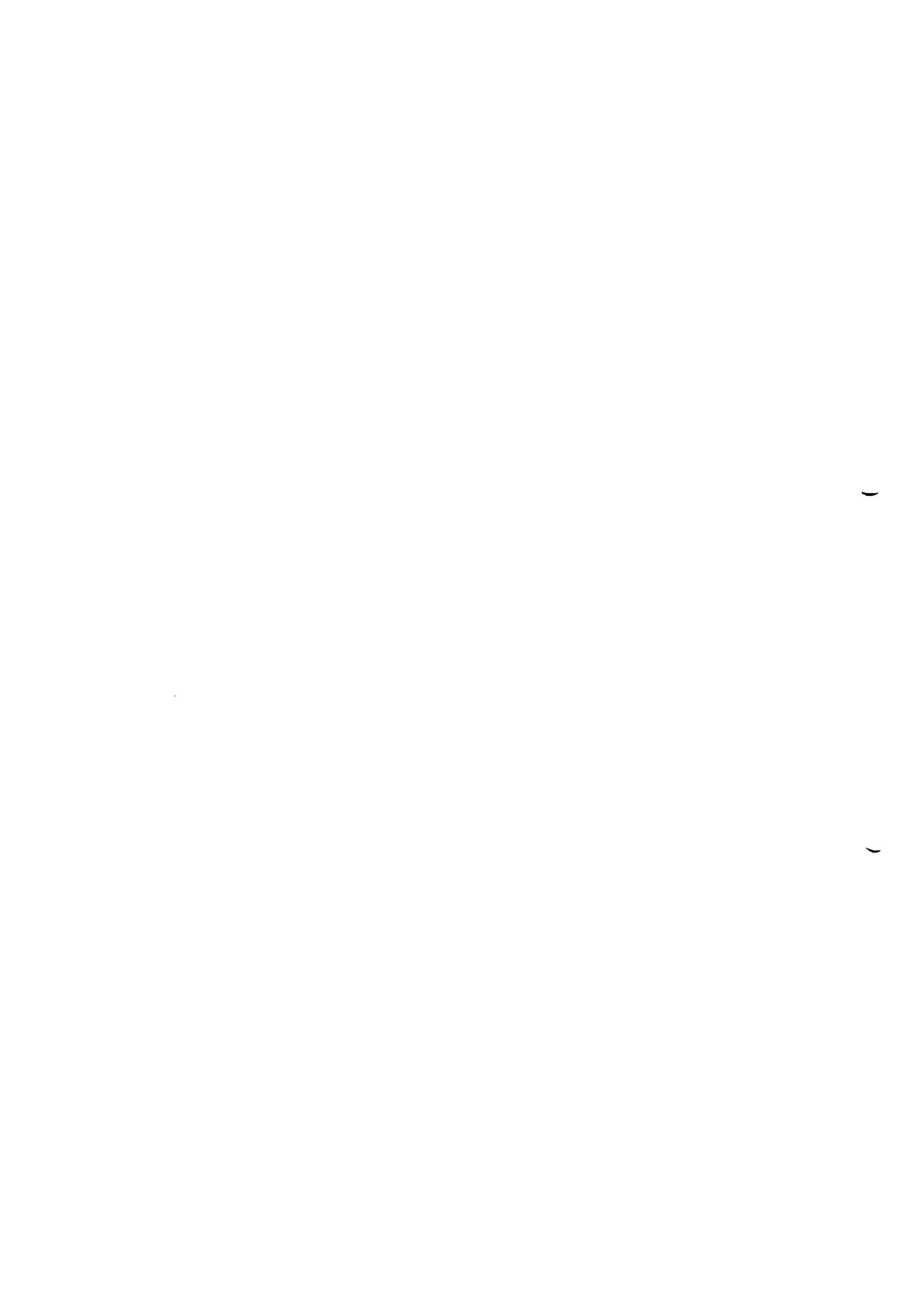
ENTER A MASQUER REPRESENTING HYMEN AND ROSALIND (AND CELIA)

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

ROSALIND: (TO ORLANDO) To you I give myself, for I am yours.
(TO DUKE) To you I give myself, for I am yours.

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

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



ROSALIND: I'll have no husband if you be not he
I'll have no father if you be not he
Nor ne'er wed woman if you be not she.

PHEBE: If sight and shape be true
Why then my love adieu.

HYMEN: SINGS
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 AND SILVIUS)
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord;
(TO AUDREY AND TOUCHSTONE)
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish
How thus we met, and these things finish.

DUKE: O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.



PHEBE: (TO SILVIUS)

I will not eat my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. (Exit)

ENTER JAQUES DE BOYS, BROTHER TO OLIVER AND ORLANDO.

JAQUES DE BOYS:

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,
Addressed a mighty power (army), 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 banished brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

DUKE:

Welcome young man.

Thou offerest 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 endured 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-fallen dignity,
And fall into a rustic revelry:
Play, music, and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heaped in joy, to th'measures fall.

30-4)

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 BOYS: He hath.

JAQUES: To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learned.
(TO THE DUKE)
You to your former honour I bequeath:
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it;
(TO ORLANDO)
You to a love that your true faith doth merit;
(TO OLIVER)
You yo your land, and love, and great allies;
(TO SILVIUS)
You to a long and well deserved bed;
(TO TOUCHSTONE)
And you to wrangling, for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victualled. -So to your
pleasures:
I am for other than dancing measures.

DUKE: Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQUES: To see no pastime, I. What you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave.

DUKE: Proceed, proceed. We'll begin these rites
As we do trust they'll end in true delights.

HYMEN/AMIENS SINGS

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

ALL SING (EXCEPT AMIEN AND JAQUES):

Wedding is great Juno's crown,
O blessed bond of board and bed;
'Tis Hymen peoples every town
High wedlock

JAQUES AND AMIENS HUG THEN THE TANGO BEGINS!

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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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