

As You Like It by William Shakespeare

Dramaturgy Bernie C Byrnes

Synopsis:

As You Like It subverts the traditional rules of romance. Gender roles, nature and politics are confused in a play that reflects on how bewildering and utterly silly life can be.

The year is 1967, the 'summer of love', Women's Liberation is to the fore. Duchess Senior has been forced into exile from the court by the usurping Duke Frederick. She takes refuge in the Forest of Arden with a band of faithful followers. Rosalind, her daughter, is kept uneasily at court as a companion to her cousin Cecil, Frederick's son.

Orlando de Boys, the youngest daughter of the late Sir Rowland de Boys, has been kept in poverty by her brother Oliver since their father's death. Orlando decides to wrestle for her fortune at Frederick's court, where she sees Rosalind and they fall in love.

The Duke banishes Rosalind, fearing that she is a threat to his rule. Cecil, refusing to be parted from his cousin, goes with Rosalind to seek Duchess Senior in the Forest. For safety they disguise themselves - Rosalind as the boy Ganymede and Cecil as his sister Aliena - and persuade the fool Touchstone to accompany them.

On hearing of a plot by her brother to kill her, Orlando also flees to the Forest and takes refuge with the exiled Dutchess. Posting love lyrics through the forest, Orlando encounters Rosalind disguised as Ganymede. She challenges her love-sick state and suggests that she should prove the strength of her love by wooing Ganymede as if 'he' were Rosalind.

Elsewhere in the Forest love also blossoms: the shepherd Silvius suffers unrequited love for Phebe, who has fallen for Ganymede, while Touchstone is pursuing the goat-herd Audrey.

Oliver, sent into the Forest to hunt down Orlando, has his life saved by his sister, becomes filled with remorse for his past behaviour and falls in love with Aliena.

Frustrated by the pain of her love for Rosalind, Orlando is unable to continue wooing Ganymede, so Ganymede promises 'he' will conjure up the real Rosalind and that all the lovers will finally be wed...

Cast:

ORLANDO (F) – an independent young woman, kept down-at-heel by her brother Oliver, the only daughter of Rowland de Boys.

OLIVER (M) - an upper class lipping twit. The eldest son of Rowland de Boys.

ADA (F) – Sir Rowland de Boys' old retainer, nursemaid to the de Boys children.

CHARLEY (F or M playing F) – a large professional wrestler dressed in as a Mexican Wrestler. (plus a lady of the forest)

CECIL (M VERY camp) – cousin to Rosalind, son of Duke Frederick

ROSALIND (F) – an independent young lady, daughter to the banished duchess Senior, cousin to Cecil, niece to Duke Frederick

ROSALIND (M) – Rosalind’s alter-ego Ganymede.

TOUCHSTONE (M) – a foolish rake. Likes the ladies and drink and enjoying life.

LE BEAU (F) – a gossip. Fancies herself an ‘it’ girl. (plus F chorus in Act 2)

DUKE FREDERICK (M) – a duke. Fancies himself an important man. Father to Cecil, uncle to Rosalind and (though it is never really made known, lover to the late wife of the late Roland de Boys and father to the youngest de Boys boy)/ also

JAQUES DE BOYS (M) – Youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. A bit of an idiot.

DUCHESS SENIOR (F) – the banished Duchess. Kind, wise, has found a new and peaceful life in the forest. (plus lady wrestler)

JAQUES (M) – a melancholy courtier who is not enjoying banishment, (plus Lord at the wrestling)

CORIN (M) – an old shepherd (plus Lord)

SILVIUS (M) – a young shepherd (plus Lord)

AUDREY (F) – a goatherd (plus lady wrestler)

PHEBE (F) – a silly shepherdess (plus lady wrestler)

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT (M) – a forest mystic

(M chorus) DUKE FREDERICK’S LORDS / Beatnicks of the forest / apple pickers

(F chorus) DUCHESS SENIOR’S LADIES of the forest / Wrestlers / apple pickers

Music. Lights. An orchard of Oliver's house. It is a glorious English summer day in August 1967. A crowd mill about picking fruit etc. Enter ORLANDO (F), and ADA (F). Ada is dressed like an old fashioned maid. **Music fades.**

ORLANDO

As I remember, Ada, my father charged my brother, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My younger brother, he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home.

ADA

Yonder comes your brother.

ORLANDO

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

Enter OLIVER (M) an upper class lisping twit.

OLIVER

Now, Madam! What make you here?

ORLANDO

Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

OLIVER

What mar you then?

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

Marry, be better employed, and be naught awhile. *(he finds his joke terribly funny)*

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?

ORLANDO

Yes, very well; here in your orchard.

OLIVER

(playing to the apple-picking crowd) Know you before whom, madam?

ORLANDO

Ay, better than him I am before knows me.

OLIVER

What! Why you...

They fight like only brothers and sisters do. She gets the better of him (of course) the tussle ends with her sat on his chest, pinning him down with a hand around his throat. She slaps him with his own hand a few times.

ORLANDO

Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

OLIVER

Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORLANDO

I am no villain; 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.

ADA

Be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLIVER

Let me go, I say.

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

And what wilt thou do? Beg, when that is spent? (*finds this hysterical*)

She lets go.

OLIVER

Well, madam, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your inheritance: I pray you, leave me.

ORLANDO

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

Exeunt ORLANDO

OLIVER

(to the crowd) Everybody go away.

The apple-pickers leave slowly. Oliver man-handles them on their way muttering insults and claiming that he 'let her win' until only ADA remains.

OLIVER

Get you with her, you old dog. Go on, shoo! Shoo!

ADA

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.

ADA goes to exit.

OLIVER

(to off-stage) Oi, you!

Ada thinks he is talking to her and turns back.

OLIVER

(to Ada) Not you, go away old woman. *(to off stage)* You! Come here.

Ada exits. An apple-picker comes back on.

Apple Picker

What?

OLIVER

What!

Apple Picker

What...Sir

OLIVER

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

Apple Picker

Yes...Sir

OLIVER

Well! Call her in.

*Exit Apple-picker. **Music**. Enter CHARLEY (F or M playing F) dressed in a Mexican Wrestlers' outfit plus lady wrestlers in GLOW outfits. Some business. **Music ends**.*

CHARLEY

Good morrow to you.

OLIVER

Good morrow Charley, what's the new news at the new court?

CHARLEY

There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duchess is banished by her younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving ladies have put themselves into voluntary exile with her, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke.

OLIVER

Can you tell if Rosalind, the duchess's daughter, be banished with her mother?

CHARLEY

O, no; for the duke's son, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that he would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own son.

OLIVER

Where will the old duchess live?

CHARLEY

They say she is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry women with her; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many more flock to her every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

OLIVER

Will, you wrestle to-morrow before the duke?

CHARLEY

Marry, do I, and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, secretly to understand that your sister Orlando hath a disposition to come against me to try a fall.

To-morrow, I wrestle for my credit; and she that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit her well. Your sister is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil her, as I

must, for my own honour, if she come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay her from her intendment or brook such disgrace well as she shall run into, in that it is a thing of her own search and altogether against my will.

OLIVER

Charley, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my sister's purpose herein and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade her from it, but she is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charley: she is the stubbornest young person, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me her natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break her neck as her finger.

CHARLEY

I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If she come to-morrow, I'll give her her payment: if ever she go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so God keep your worship!

OLIVER

Farewell, good Charley.

Music Exit CHARLEY and wrestlers Music fades.

I hope I shall see an end of Orlando; for my soul, hates nothing more than she. She'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 her, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all.

Music. Exit Oliver. Lights. A Lawn before the Duke's palace. Enter CECIL (M VERY camp) and ROSALIND (F). Music fades.

CECIL

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

ROSALIND

Dear Cecil, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could

teach me to forget a banished mother, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

CECIL

If my aunt, thy banished mother, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy mother 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.

CECIL

You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy mother 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. What shall be our sport, then?

CECIL

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.

CECIL

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

Enter TOUCHSTONE (M)

TOUCHSTONE

Master, you must come away to your father.

CECIL

Were you made the messenger?

TOUCHSTONE

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

CECIL

Urgh. Here comes Le Beau.

ROSALIND

With a mouth full of news.

CECIL

Which she will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Enter LE BEAU (F)

Bon jour, Le Beau: what's the news?

LE BEAU

Here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

CECIL

Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Enter the Duke and Lords CHARLEY and lady wrestlers (noisily).

*Enter ORLANDO who sees Rosalind. **Music. Lights.** They fall instantly in love.*

Music fades Lights

DUKE FREDERICK

How now! Are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

ROSALIND

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

DUKE FREDERICK

You will take little delight in it, I can tell you;
In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain
dissuade her, but she will not be entreated.
Speak to her, see if you can move her.

ROSALIND

(to Orlando) What? Have you challenged Charley the wrestler?

ORLANDO

No, fair princess; she is the general challenger: I
come but in, as others do, to try with her the
strength of my youth.

CECIL

Young lady, your spirits are too bold for your
years. We pray you, for your own sake, to
embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

ROSALIND

Do! Your reputation shall not be misprised:
we will make it our suit to the duke
that the wrestling might not go forward.

ORLANDO

I beseech you, punish me not with your hard
thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny
so fair and excellent a lady any thing. But let
your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my
trial: wherein if I be foiled, I shall do the
world no injury, for in it I have nothing.

Rosalind sighs loudly and does a mini swoon. Cecil catches her.

ROSALIND

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

*Music Lights. WRESTLING MATCH. Eventually Orlando and Charley wrestle.
CHARLEY is thrown. Music ends. Lights.*

DUKE FREDERICK

No more, no more. How dost thou, Charley?

LE BEAU

She cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE FREDERICK

Bear her away. What is thy name?

ORLANDO

Orlando, my liege; I am the daughter of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Gasps – Frederick does a mini-swoon. A Lord catches him.

LORD

(to Frederick) She's the spitting image of her mother isn't she?

DUKE FREDERICK

I would thou hadst been daughter to some man else:
The world esteem'd 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 well.
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

Exeunt all but Orlando, Rosalind and Cecil.

ORLANDO

That was a bit of an over-reaction...

ROSALIND

My mother loved Sir Rowland as her soul,
And all the world was of my mother's mind:
Had I before known before you were his child,
I should have given you tears unto entreaties,
Ere you should thus have ventured.

Giving her a chain from her neck

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

CECIL

Ay. Fare you well.

They begin to exit.

ORLANDO

(to herself) Can I not say, I thank you?

ROSALIND

She calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask her what she would. Did you call, madam?

Awkward silence.

ROSALIND

Have with you. Fare you well.

Exeunt ROSALIND and CECIL

ORLANDO

What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Re-enter LE BEAU

LE BEAU

Good madam, 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 misconstrues all that you have done.

ORLANDO

I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

Exit LE BEAU

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:
But heavenly Rosalind!

*Music Exit Rosalind. Lights. A room in the palace. Enter CECIL and ROSALIND.
Music fades.*

CECIL

Let us talk in good earnest: is it
possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so
strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's daughter?

ROSALIND

The duchess, my mother, loved her father dearly.

CECIL

Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his daughter
dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate her,
for my father hated her father dearly, although I seem to
remember he really liked her mother...

ROSALIND

No, faith, hate her not, for my sake. Look, here comes the duke.

CECIL

With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords

DUKE FREDERICK

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

ROSALIND

Me, uncle?

DUKE FREDERICK

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

ROSALIND

Did I offend your highness.

DUKE FREDERICK

Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

ROSALIND

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

DUKE FREDERICK

Thou art thy mother's daughter; there's enough.

ROSALIND

So was I when your highness took her lands;
So was I when your highness banish'd her:

CECIL

Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

DUKE FREDERICK

No Cecil! We stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her mother ranged along.
She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

CECIL

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK and Lords

CECIL

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?

CECIL

To seek my aunt in the forest of Arden.

ROSALIND

Alas, what danger will it be to us, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

CECIL

I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;

He exits and comes back on in a half done up frock, sporting a handbag and a ladies hat over his previous clothes. He shows off his new look. (NB As the play goes on he gets more glamorous and well dressed with every entrance. His make up becomes more perfect, his men's shoes are replaced by court shoes and tights etc etc.)

CECIL

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?

*She exits **Music** The character re-appears in an identical outfit played by a male actor. Business. **Music Fades**.*

CECIL

Wow! What shall I call thee?

MALE 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 call'd?

CECIL

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

ROSALIND

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

CECIL

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.

Aliena can't resist touching Ganymede up a bit.

ROSALIND

Get off! It's still me.

Music Exeunt Lights. Before OLIVER'S house. Evening. Enter ORLANDO and ADA, meeting from opposite sides. Music fades.

ORLANDO

Who's there?

ADA

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, mistress, to some kind of ladies
Their graces serve them but as enemies?

ORLANDO

Why, what's the matter?

ADA

O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
the enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother this night he means
to burn the lodging where you use to lie
and you within it: if he fail of that,
he will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practises.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORLANDO

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

ADA

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?

ADA

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

When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Here is the gold;
And all this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty.

ORLANDO

O good lady, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
Aye come thy ways; well go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

ADA

Madam, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

*Music Exeunt **Lights**. The Forest of Arden. Enter a group of men and women dressed like poets/foresters/druids/beatniks/drunks and weirdoes. They enter from a tent (loads of them) and fill the stage. It looks every inch the 'summer of love'. Eventually, enter DUCHESS SENIOR **Music fades**.*

DUCHESS SENIOR

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?

COURTIER

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.'

COURTIER 2

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 every thing.

DUCHESS SENIOR

I would not change it.

COURTIER 3

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

Music. Exeunt by drifting away in groups. Lights. A room in the palace. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords. Music fades.

DUKE FREDERICK

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

First Lord

I cannot hear of any that did see them.
The attendants of their chamber,
Saw them abed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their inhabitants.

Second Lord

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

Third Lord

Hisperia, the master's' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your son and his cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charley;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That lady is surely in their company.

DUKE FREDERICK

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

Music Exeunt Lights. The Forest of Arden. Enter Ganymede and TOUCHSTONE carrying Aliena. Music fades.

ROSALIND

O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

TOUCHSTONE

I care not for my spirits, it's my legs!

ROSALIND

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

CECIL

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

Touchstone drops Aliena

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 travellers
must be content.

ROSALIND

Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter CORIN (OM) and SILVIUS (YM)

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

CORIN

That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SILVIUS

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

CORIN

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 sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine--
As sure I think did never man love so--
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

CORIN

Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SILVIUS

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

Exit

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 batlet and the cow's dugs that her
pretty chopt hands had milked; 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.

TOUCHSTONE

And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

CECIL

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!

Enter Corin

CORIN

Who calls?

ROSALIND

Good even to you, friend.

CORIN

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

ROSALIND

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

Cecil does his best to look winsome.

CORIN

Fair sir, I pity her
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven
by doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see.
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

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 any thing.

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.

CECIL

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.

Music Exeunt Lights. The forest. *Enter ORLANDO and ADA.*

ADA

Dear mistress, I can go no further.

ORLANDO

Why, how now, Ada! If this uncouth forest yield any
thing savage, I'll bring it for food to thee.
For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at
the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently.

Exeunt both. Enter DUCHESS SENIOR and ladies drifting back on. Music fades.

DUCHESS SENIOR

I think Jaques be transform'd into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

First Lady

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

DUCHESS SENIOR

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

Enter JAQUES

First Lady

He saves my labour by his own approach.

DUCHESS SENIOR

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

JAQUES

A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool

DUCHESS SENIOR

What fool is this?

JAQUES

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

DUCHESS SENIOR

Thou shalt have one.

JAQUES

give me leave to speak my mind,
and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
if they will patiently receive my medicine.

DUCHESS SENIOR

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

JAQUES

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

DUCHESS SENIOR

Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,

JAQUES

But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO with a knife

ORLANDO

Forbear, and eat no more.

JAQUES

Why, I have eat none yet.

ORLANDO

Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

DUCHESS SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
of smooth civility: But forbear, I say:
he dies that touches any of this fruit

DUCHESS SENIOR

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.

DUCHESS SENIOR

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

ORLANDO

Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
and therefore put I on the countenance
of stern commandment.

DUCHESS SENIOR

Sit you down in gentleness
and take upon command what help we have
that to your wanting may be minister'd.

ORLANDO

Then but forbear your food a little while,
There is an old poor woman,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till she be first sufficed,
oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

DUCHESS SENIOR

Go find her out,
and we will nothing waste till you return.

ORLANDO

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

Exit

DUCHESS SENIOR

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

JAQUES

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.

COURTIER 1

At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

COURTIER 2

And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

COURTIER 3

And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

COURTIER 4

Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.

Duchess Senior

And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part.

COURTIER 5

The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.

JAQUES

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADA

DUCHESS SENIOR

Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,
and let her eat.

ORLANDO

I thank you most for her.

ADA

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

DUCHESS SENIOR

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

SONG. Possibly a dance.

DUCHESS SENIOR

If that you were the good Sir Rowland's daughter,
as you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
and as mine eye doth his effigies witness
most truly limn'd and living in your face,
be truly welcome hither: come to my cave and tell me all.
Good lady, thou art right welcome as thy mistress is.
Support her by the arm. Give me your hand,
and let me all your fortunes understand.

*Music Exeunt all through the tent **Lights.** A room in the palace. Enter DUKE
FREDERICK, Lords, and OLIVER. **Music fades.***

DUKE FREDERICK

Not see her 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 sister, wheresoe'er she is;
seek her with candle; bring her 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 sister's mouth
of what we think against thee.

OLIVER

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

DUKE FREDERICK

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

Music Exeunt Lights. The forest. Enter ORLANDO, with a love letter to Rosalind, which he pins to a tree.

ORLANDO

Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she.

Exit Orlando

Music fades. Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun.

TOUCHSTONE

Most shallow man!

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

Enter Male ROSALIND, with a paper, reading

ROSALIND

From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Enter CECIL, with a writing

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE

CECIL

Didst thou hear these verses?

Rosalind

Hang on.

He exits ducking into the tent. Female Rosalind enters from the tent looking more comfortable as if shaking off a restricting disguise.

Female Rosalind

That's better. Go on...

CECIL

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.

CECIL

That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.
But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

ROSALIND

I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree.

CECIL

Trow you who hath done this?

ROSALIND

Is it a man?

CECIL

No a lady, and a chain, that you once wore, about her neck.
Change you colour?

It dawns on her who wrote them.

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

ROSALIND

Orlando?

CECIL

Orlando.

ROSALIND

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

Business

But doth she know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks she as freshly as she did the day she wrestled?

CECIL

I found her under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

ROSALIND

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

CECIL

There lay she, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

ROSALIND

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

CECIL

Soft! Comes she not here?

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES. Rosalind dives into the tent.

Female ROSALIND

(to Cecil poking her head out from inside the tent) 'Tis she: slink by, and note her.

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

ORLANDO

I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

Rosalind is your love's name?

ORLANDO

Yes.

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

There I shall see mine own figure.

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

Exit JAQUES

FEMALE ROSALIND

[to Cecil popping her head out from inside the tent] I will speak to her, like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with her.

She pulls her head back in and then Male Rosalind exits the tent

MALE ROSALIND

Do you hear, forester?

ORLANDO

Very well: what would you?

ROSALIND

I pray you, what is't o'clock?

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

By no means.

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

(flattered) I have been told so of many:

Rosalind realises she has been being girlish so machos up. Cecil encourages her.

But...er...ah...indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was...a...er

CECIL and ROSALIND

..in his youth...an inland man.

CECIL

Yes!

ROSALIND

That's got it.

Awkward pause

ROSALIND

There is a person 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 she that is so love-shaked: I pray you tell me
your remedy.

Rosalind and Cecil have a girlie moment.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

What were his marks?

Throughout the next speech Rosalind touches her up a bit

ROSALIND

A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue eye and
sunken, which you have not, an unquestionable
spirit, which you have not, hair neglected,
which you have not; then your hose should be ungartered,
Your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned,
your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a
careless desolation; but you are no such person; you
are rather point-device in your accoutrements.

Rosalind sighs love-struck then covers it with a cough.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROSALIND

Love is merely a madness, I profess curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO

Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND

Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; I drove 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 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.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

With all my heart.

ROSALIND

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

*MUSIC Exeunt **Lights** The forest. Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY **Music fades.***

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

Your features! Lord warrant us! what features!

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

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

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

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness!
Sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may
be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been
with Sir Oliver Martext, the mystic,
who hath promised to meet me in this place
of the forest and to couple us.

AUDREY

Well, the gods give us joy!

TOUCHSTONE

Amen. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a forest mystic clearly very stoned with JAQUES and the forest folk.

TOUCHSTONE

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

The crowd make 'hey man a wedding. That's so cool.' They put flower garlands on TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

Is there none here to give the woman?

TOUCHSTONE

I will not take her on gift of any man.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

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

CROWD

Yeah...

JAQUES

Proceed, proceed I'll give her.
But will you, being a man of your breeding, be
married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to
church, and have a good priest that can tell you
what marriage is: this fellow will but join you

together as they join wainscot; then one of you will
prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp.

TOUCHSTONE

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

'Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

MUSIC *Exeunt JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, SIR OLIVER, AUDREY and the crowd.*

Lights.

INTERVAL

MUSIC Lights. *The forest. Enter Female ROSALIND and CECIL music fades,*

ROSALIND

Never talk to me; I will weep.

CECIL

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?

CECIL

As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

ROSALIND

Her very hair is of the dissembling colour.

CECIL

Something browner than Judas's marry, her kisses are
Judas's own children.

ROSALIND

I' faith, her hair is of a good colour.

CECIL

An excellent colour: your (*insert actor hair colour*) was ever the only colour.

ROSALIND

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

CECIL

She 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 she swear she would come this morning, and
comes not?

CECIL

Nay, certainly, there is no truth in her.

ROSALIND

Do you think so?

CECIL

No.

ROSALIND

And not true in love?

CECIL

Yes, when she is in; but I think she is not in.

ROSALIND

You have heard her swear downright she was.

CECIL

'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. She attends here in the forest on the duchess your mother.

ROSALIND

I met the duchess yesterday and had much question with her: she asked me of what parentage I was; I told her, of as good as she; so she laughed and let me go. But what talk we of mothers, when there is such a woman as Orlando?

CECIL

O, that's a brave woman! She writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely. But who comes here?

Rosalind does a speedy change into the male Rosalind. Enter CORIN

CORIN

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

CECIL

Well, and what of him?

CORIN

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

ROSALIND

O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.

Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

They hide. Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE

SILVIUS

Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
in bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

PHEBE

I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

SILVIUS

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

PHEBE

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

ROSALIND

What! Must you be proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this?
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:

Music from Act 1. Lights PHEBE falls instantly in love with Ganymede.

PHEBE

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

ROSALIND

Why look you so upon me?
I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.

Exeunt ROSALIND, CECIL and CORIN

PHEBE

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

Exit PHEBE

SILVIUS

Sweet Phebe,--

MUSIC** Exeunt SILVIUS **Lights.** The forest. Enter Male ROSALIND, CECIL, and JAQUES **Music fades.

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's contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me 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.

JAQUES

Yes, I have gained my experience.

ROSALIND

And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO

ORLANDO

Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JAQUES

Nay, then, God be wi' you.

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.

Exit JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Break an hour's promise in love! She 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 her that Cupid

hath clapped her o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant
her heart-whole.

ORLANDO

Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

***MUSIC** – ROSALIND tries to get ORLANDO to kiss her by playing romantic tricks
on her. ORLANDO is kind but not interested. **MUSIC ENDS***

ROSALIND

I am your Rosalind.

CECIL

It pleases her to call you so; but she 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.

*They almost kiss. By this time CECIL has settled the other side of ROSALIND. As
ROSALIND turns round CECIL tries to kiss him.*

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 her beloved mistress?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

What, of my suit?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Then in mine own person I die.

ROSALIND

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,

ORLANDO

And wilt thou have me?

ROSALIND

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.

CECIL

I cannot say the words.

ROSALIND

You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando--'

CECIL

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

ORLANDO

I will.

ROSALIND

Ay, but when?

ORLANDO

Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROSALIND

I do take thee, Orlando, for my wife also.
Now tell me how long you would have her after you
have possessed her.

ORLANDO

For ever and a day.

CECIL

Nay, you might keep that cheque 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?

CECIL

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 wife's occasion.

ORLANDO

For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

ROSALIND

Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

ORLANDO

I must attend the duchess 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

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

ORLANDO

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

Exit ORLANDO

ROSALIND

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

CECIL

And I'll sleep.

MUSIC** Exeunt **Lights** The forest. Enter JAQUES and Ladies **Music fades

JAQUES

Which is she that killed the deer?

Lady 1

Sir, it was I.

JAQUES

Let's present him to the duchess, like a Roman conqueror; Have you no song, Lady, for this purpose?

Lady 2

Yes, sir.

JAQUES

Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it
make noise enough.

SONG.

JAQUES

Enough, enough! Come, let's away.

*Music Exeunt all. **Lights** Enter ROSALIND and CECIL **Music fades.***

ROSALIND

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

CECIL

I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, she
hath ta'en her bow and arrows and is gone forth to
sleep. Look, who comes here.

*Enter SILVIUS with a letter. It clearly smells of bad perfume and poo. SILVIUS loves
it, ROSALIND gags a bit.*

SILVIUS

My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
I know not the contents;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Rosalind reads the letter

ROSALIND

Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?
Will you hear the letter?

SILVIUS

So please you, for I never heard it yet.

ROSALIND

Reads outloud

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!

CECIL

Alas, poor shepherd!

ROSALIND

Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! Not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

Exit SILVIUS Enter OLIVER

OLIVER

Good morrow, pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?

CECIL

West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom (*hiwarious*):
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.

OLIVER

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

CECIL

It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

OLIVER

Orlando doth commend her to you both,
And to that youth she calls her Rosalind
She sends this bloody napkin. Are you she?

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 handkercher was stain'd.

CECIL

I pray you, tell it.

OLIVER

When last the young Orlando parted from you
She 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! She threw her eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, Lay sleeping on his back:
about his neck a green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
but suddenly, seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness lay couching, head on ground,
with catlike watch, When that the sleeping
man should stir; for 'tis the royal disposition
of that beast to prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was her brother, her elder brother.

CECIL

O, I have heard her speak of that same brother;
And she did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

But, to Orlando: did she leave him there,
Food to the hungry lioness?

OLIVER

Twice did she turn her back and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than her just occasion,
Made her give battle to the lioness,

Who quickly fell before her: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

CECIL

Are you her brother?

ROSALIND

Wast you she rescued?

CECIL

Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill her?

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.

MUSIC from before. Lights. ALIENA and OLIVER fall instantly in love. MUSIC fades.

ROSALIND

Ahem! But, for the bloody napkin?

OLIVER

When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place:--
In brief, she led me to the gentle duchess,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my sister's love;
Who led me instantly unto her cave,
And here upon her arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now she fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd her, bound up her wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
She sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
Her broken promise, and to give this napkin
Dyed in her blood unto the shepherd youth
That she in sport doth call her Rosalind.

ROSALIND swoons

CECIL

Why, how now, Ganymede! Sweet Ganymede!

OLIVER

Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

CECIL

There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

OLIVER

Look, he recovers.

ROSALIND

I would I were at home.

CECIL

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 sister how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

OLIVER

This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

ROSALIND

Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

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

CECIL

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

OLIVER

That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my sister.

ROSALIND

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

***MUSIC** Exeunt **Lights**. The forest. Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY. **Music fades**.*

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world.

TOUCHSTONE

Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend.

***Music**. Exeunt Audrey and Touchstone **Lights** Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER **Music fades**.*

ORLANDO

Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? That but seeing you should love her? And loving woo? And, wooing, she should grant? And will you persevere to enjoy her?

OLIVER

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

ORLANDO

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

Enter Male ROSALIND

ROSALIND

God save you, brother.

OLIVER

And you.

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 handkerchief?

ORLANDO

Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROSALIND

O, I know! Your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

I can live no longer by thinking.

ROSALIND

I will weary you then no longer with idle talking.
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.
Therefore, put you in your
best array: bid your friends; for if you will be
married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

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: it is my study
To seem spiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

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.

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.

SILVIUS

It is to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion and all made of wishes,

All adoration, duty, and observance,

All humbleness, all patience and impatience,

All purity, all trial, all observance;

And so am I for Phebe.

PHEBE

And so am I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And so am I for Rosalind.

PHEBE

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

SILVIUS

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Who do you speak to, '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. To-morrow meet me all together.

To ORLANDO

I will satisfy you, and you shall be married to-morrow:

To SILVIUS

I will content you, if what pleases you contents
you, and you shall be married to-morrow.

To ORLANDO

As you love Rosalind, meet:

To SILVIUS

as you love Phebe, meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands.

SILVIUS

I'll not fail, if I live.

PHEBE

Nor I.

ORLANDO

Nor I.

MUSIC *Exeunt **Lights** The forest. Enter DUCHESS SENIOR, JAQUES, ORLANDO,
OLIVER, and CECIL **Music fades***

DUCHESS SENIOR

Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORLANDO

I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Male ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE

ROSALIND

Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUCHESS SENIOR

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

ROSALIND

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

You say, that 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 duchess, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive her daughter:
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her.
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

Exeunt ROSALIND and CECIL

DUCHESS SENIOR

I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

ORLANDO

My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

JAQUES

There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

TOUCHSTONE

Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQUES

Good my lady, 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.

DUCHESS SENIOR

I like him very well.

TOUCHSTONE

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

DUCHESS SENIOR

By my faith, he is very swift and sententious. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Female ROSALIND wearing a wedding dress, and CECIL dressed as a man again.

ROSALIND

[To DUCHESS SENIOR] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

To ORLANDO

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

DUCHESS SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

PHEBE

If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

ROSALIND

I'll have no mother, if you be not she:
I'll have no wife, if you be not she:

DUCHESS SENIOR

(to Cecil) O my dear nephew, welcome thou art to me!

Oliver looks horrified, Cecil shrugs and goes to hold Oliver's hand. He is so shocked he accepts it. Oliver considers the situation for a minute as the others look on. Cecil kisses Oliver gently on the cheek. Oliver shrugs and accepts the situation happily.

(to Rosalind) 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.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS (the same actor as Duke FREDERICK but in a wig)

JAQUES DE BOYS

Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,

(crowd - He looks A LOT like Frederick. Maybe that's what the feud was)

That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
women of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His sister here and put her to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd sister,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with her exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Stunned and slightly awkward silence followed by comments like 'by Jove, I never saw that coming' and 'I know, tidy even by Shakespearean standards', 'huzzah', 'gin', 'gin', 'seriously, that bit's in the original', 'no', 'yah, must have been an off day', 'Sorry who is he again?' etc etc.

DUCHESS SENIOR

Welcome...young...man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy sisters' wedding:
To one her 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-fall'n dignity
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

MUSIC. Lights.

Bows

The End