AS YOU LIKE IT 11/6/14

The Dame - Rich. Lives in a penthouse at resort
Frederica - Her sister. Rich. Lives in a penthouse at resort
Rosalind - Daughter to Dame. Masquerades as a surfer boy
Celia - Daughter to Frederica. Masquerades as a surfer girl
Amelia - Rich friend of the Dame
Jacqueline - Rich friend of the Dame. Hates the tropics
Vivian - Rich friend of the Dame
Marie - Rich friend of the Dame

Touchstone - Resort comedian. Loves the beach
La Belle - Rich, gossipy friend of Frederica
Diana - Rich, gossipy friend of Frederica
Charles - Prize Fighter. Chic magnet

Oliver - Oldest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. Preppy
Jaques De Boys - Middle son of Sir Rowland de Boys. Preppy
Orlando - Youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. Romantic
Adam - Old friend of Orlando
Dennis - Resort Concierge

Miss Olivia Martext - Justice of the Peace
Corrine - Island native. Hair weaver
Silvius - Island native. Fisherman
Phoebe - Island native. Photographer
Audrey - Island native. Bead seller
William - Island native. In love with Audrey
River Maiden - Goddess of love

Settings:
Jamaica. The Court Resort and Arden Beach
ACT I

PROLOGUE – SONG

ONE

The Court Resort.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM

ORLANDO.
As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion
bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns,
and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his
blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my
sadness. My brother Jacqueline he keeps at school:
for my part, he keeps me rustically at home.
His horses are bred better; 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. 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.

Enter Oliver

Yonder comes my brother. Go apart, Adam.

OLIVER. Now, sir! what make you here?

ORLANDO. Nothing; I am not taught to make any thing.

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 have as much of my father in me as you.

OLIVER. [Threatening Orlando] 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. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so.

OLIVER. Let me go, I say.

ORLANDO. I will not, till I please; you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament.

OLIVER. And what wilt thou do? Beg, when that is spent? I pray you leave me. Get you with him, you old dog.

Exit ORLANDO and ADAM

OLIVER. Holla, DENNIS!

Enter DENNIS

DENNIS. Calls your worship?

OLIVER. Was not Charles, the wrestler, here to speak with me?

DENNIS. He is here at the door.
OLIVER. Call him in. [Exit DENNIS]

Enter CHARLES, LA BELLE and DIANA

CHARLES. Good morrow to your worship.

OLIVER. Good Monsieur Charles! What's the new news at the new Court?

LA BELLE. There's no news at The Court, sir, but the old news; the old Dame is banished by her younger sister the new Dame;

OLIVER. Can you tell if Rosalind, her daughter, be banished with her mother?

DIANA. O, no; for the Dame's daughter, her cousin, Celia, so loves her, that she would have followed her exile. She is at the court.

OLIVER. Where will the old Dame live?

CHARLES. They say she is already at Arden, and many merry ladies with her.

OLIVER. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Dame?

CHARLES. Marry, do I, sir.

LA BELLE. I understand that your younger brother, Orlando, comes.

CHARLES. I would be loath to foil him.

OLIVER. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me. There is not one so young and so villainous this day living.
ALL. God keep your worship!

Exit

OLIVER. Farewell. Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, hates nothing more than he.

Exit

TWO

CELIA. I pray thee, Rosalind, be merry.

ROSALIND. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of. Unless you could teach me to forget a banished mother.

CELIA. If thy mother, had banished my mother, I could have taught my love to take thy mother for mine. My sweet Rose, be merry.

ROSALIND. From henceforth I will. Enter TOUCHSTONE

CELIA. How now, wit! Whither wander you?

TOUCHSTONE. Mistress, you must come away to your mother.

CELIA. Were you made the messenger?

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

CELIA. Enough, speak no more; you'll be whipt for taxation one of these days.

TOUCHSTONE. The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.
CELIA. Here comes La Belle and Diana.

ROSALIND. With her mouths full of news.

CELIA. Bon jour, ladies. What's the news?

LA BELLE. Fair Princess, you have lost much good sport.

CELIA. Sport! of what colour?

LA BELLE. I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

ROSALIND. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

LA BELLE. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end.

DIANA. There comes an old man and his three sons-
   The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Dame's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs. So he serv'd the second, and so the third.

TOUCHSTONE. But what is the sport, madame, that we have lost?

LA BELLE. Why, this that I speak of.

TOUCHSTONE. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport.

CELIA. Or I, I promise thee.

ROSALIND. Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?
LA BELLE. You must, if you stay here.

CELIA. Yonder, they are coming.

Enter ALL

FREDERICA. How now, daughter and cousin! Are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

ROSALIND. Ay, madame; so please you give us leave.

FREDERICA. You will take little delight in it, there is such odds in the man. 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 Madame La Belle.

FREDERICA. Do so; I'll not be by. [FREDERICA goes apart]

LA BELLE. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princess calls for you.

ORLANDO. I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROSALIND. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

ORLANDO. No, fair Princess; he is the general challenger. I come but in, as the others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

CELIA. Young gentleman, 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, young Sir. Your reputation will not be misprised.

ORLANDO. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be kill'd, there is 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.

CHARLES. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

ORLANDO. Ready, sir.

FREDERICA. You shall try but one fall.

ROSALIND. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

CELIA. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [They wrestle]

ROSALIND. O excellent young man! [CHARLES is thrown. Shout]

FREDERICA. No more, no more.

ORLANDO. Yes, I beseech your Grace; I am not yet well breath'd.
FREDERICA. How dost thou, Charles?

LA BELLE. He cannot speak, my lord.

FREDERICA. Bear him away.

[Exit Charles and townspeople]

What is thy name, young man?

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

FREDERICA. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

Exit DAME, LA BELLE and DIANA

CELIA. Were I my mother, 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 Frederica.

ROSALIND. My mother lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my mother's mind;

CELIA. My mother's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.

ROSALIND. Gentleman, [Giving him a chain from her neck]
Wear this for me. Shall we go, coz?

CELIA. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORLANDO. Can I not say 'I thank you'?
ROSALIND. He calls us back.

CELIA. Will you go, coz?

ROSALIND. Have with you. Fare you well.

Exit ROSALIND and CELIA

ORLANDO. I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.
   O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Re-enter LA BELLE and DIANA

LA BELLE. Good sir, we do in friendship counsel you
   To leave this place.

ORLANDO. I thank you, sir; and pray you tell me this:
   Which of the two was daughter of the Dame
   That here was at the wrestling?

LA BELLE. Neither her daughter, if we judge by manners;
   But yet, indeed, the smaller is her daughter;

DIANA. The other is daughter to the banish'd Dame.
   But we can tell you that of late Frederica
   Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst her gentle niece.

LA BELLE. Sir, fare you well.

ORLANDO. Fare you well.

Exit LA BELLE and DIANA

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant Dame unto a tyrant brother.
But heavenly Rosalind!
THREE

CELIA. Why, Rosalind! Not a word?

ROSALIND. Not one to throw at a dog.

CELIA. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

ROSALIND. My mother lov'd his father dearly.

CELIA. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly?

Enter FREDERICA with LA BELLE and DIANA

ROSALIND. Look, here she comes.

CELIA. With her eyes full of anger.

FREDERICA. Mistress, get you from our court.

ROSALIND. Me, aunt?

FREDERICA. You, niece.

ROSALIND. I do beseech your Grace, let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.

FREDERICA. Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

ROSALIND. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.

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

CELIA. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
FREDERICA. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake.

CELIA. If she be a traitor, why so am I.

FREDERICA. She is too subtle for thee. She is banish'd.

CELIA. I cannot live out of her company.

FREDERICA. You are a fool. If you outstay the time, you die.

Exit FREDERICA, LA BELLE and DIANA

ROSALIND. Why, whither shall we go?

CELIA. To seek my aunt at Arden.

ROSALIND. Alas, what danger will it be to us, Maids as we are, to travel forth so far.

CELIA. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire, The like do you; so shall we pass along,

ROSALIND. Were it not better, That I did suit me all points like a man?

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

ROSALIND. Look you call me Ganymede. But what will you be call'd?

CELIA. No longer Celia, but Aliena.

ROSALIND. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal The clownish fool out of The Court?

CELIA. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me; Let's away. Exit
FOUR

FREDERICA. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
   It cannot be; some villains of The Court
   Are of consent and sufferance in this.

LA BELLE. I cannot hear of any that did see her.

DIANA. My lady, the clown is also missing.

LA BELLE. 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;

DIANA. And she believes, wherever they are gone,
   That youth is surely in their company.

FREDERICA. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither.

FIVE

ORLANDO. Who's there?

ADAM. O my sweet master! O you memory
   Come not within these doors; within this roof
   The enemy of all your graces lives.
   Your brother hath heard your praises; and this night he means
   To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
   And you within it.

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

ADAM. I have five hundred crowns,
   The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

SIX
Arden Beach

ROSALIND. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

CELIA. I pray you bear with me; I can go no further.

ROSALIND. Well. This is Arden.

TOUCHSTONE. Well. Now am I in Arden, the more fool I.

Enter AUDREY, CORRINE and SILVIUS

ROSALIND. Look you, who comes here.

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

SILVIUS. O Corrine, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

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

SILVIUS. No, Audrey, thou canst not guess,
0, thou didst then never love so heartily!
If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd;
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd;
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.
0 Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoebe!

Exit Silvius
ROSALIND. Jove, Jove! this passion
Is much upon my fashion.

TOUCHSTONE. And mine.

CElia. I pray you, one of you question her
    If she for gold will give us any food;
    I faint almost to death.

ROSALIND. Holla!

CORRINE. Who calls?

TOUCHSTONE. Good even to you... friend.

AUDREY. And to you, gentle sir.

ROSALIND. I prithee, bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.
    Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd.

CORRINE. Fair sir, I pity her,
    And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
    My fortunes were more able to relieve her.

AUDREY. What is, come see,
    And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

CElia. I like this place,
    And willingly could waste my time in it.

HAPPY REGGAE SONG

SEVEN

ADAM. Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food!
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. 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!

EIGHT

DAME. Now, my co-mates and friends 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?

AMELIA. I would not change it.

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

AMELIA. Indeed, my lady.

VIVIAN. The melancholy Jacqueline grieves.
    And, swears you do more usurp
    Than doth your sister that hath banish'd you.

MARIE. To-day we did steal behind her as she lay along
    Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
    Upon the brook that brawls along this wood!

DAME. And did you leave her in this contemplation?

AMELIA. We did, my lady.

DAME. Show me the place;
    I love to cope her in these sullen fits,
For then she's full of matter.
Go seek her; tell her I would speak with her.

Enter JACQUELINE

VIVIAN. She saves my labour by her own approach.

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

JACQUELINE. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' th' forest,

MARIE. What fool is this?

JACQUELINE. O worthy fool! O that I were a fool!

VIVIAN. But who comes here? 

Enter ORLANDO

ORLANDO. Forbear, and eat no more.

JACQUELINE. Why, I have eat none yet.

ORLANDO. They die that touches any of this fruit
    Till I and my affairs are answered.

JACQUELINE. An you will not be answer'd with reason, I must die.

DAME. 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.

DAME. 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.
DAME. Sit you down in gentleness,
    And take upon command what help we have
    That to your wanting may be minist'red.

ORLANDO. Then but forbear your food a little while,
    There is an old poor nurse
    Who after me hath many a weary step
    Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,
    I will not touch a bit.

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

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

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

[The following speech performed By Jacqueline, Vivian, Marie And Amelia]

JACQUELINE. All the world's a stage,
    And all the men and women merely players;
    They have their exits and their entrances;
    And one man in his time plays many parts,
    His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
    Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
    Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
    And shining morning face, creeping like snail
    Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
    Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
    Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
    Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO with ADAM

DAME. Welcome; fall to. I will not trouble you
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, dance.

SONG AMELIA dances while they eat at campfire

DAME. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the Dame
That lov'd your father. Good old nurse,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.
NINE
The Court

FREDERICA. Not see him since! Sir, sir, that cannot be.
   Find out thy brother wheresoe'er he is;
   bring him dead or living
   Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
   To seek a living in our territory.

OLIVER. O that your Highness knew my heart in this!
   I never lov'd my brother in my life.

FREDERICA. More villain thou.

Ten
The beach

ORLANDO. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love.
   0 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.

   Enter CORRINE and TOUCHSTONE
   Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree,
   The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

   Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper

   Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper

   ORLANDO. 'From the east to western Inde,
      No jewel is like Rosalinde.
      Let no face be kept in mind
      But the fair of Rosalinde.'

   TOUCHSTONE. I'll rhyme you so.

   ROSALIND. Out, fool!
TOUCHSTONE. For a taste:
   If a hart do lack a hind,
   Let him seek out Rosalinde.
   Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
   Such a nut is Rosalinde.

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

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

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

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

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:
   Some, of violated vows
   'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
   But upon the fairest boughs,
   Or at every sentence end,
   Will I Rosalinda write,
   Teaching all that read to know
   The quintessence of every sprite
   Heaven would in little show.
   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.

TOUCHSTONE. Come, let us make an honorable retreat.

Exit CORRINE and TOUCHSTONE

CELIA. Didst thou hear these verses?

ROSALIND. O, yes, I heard them all.

CELIA. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

ROSALIND. I was never so berhym'd.

CELIA. Trow you who hath done this?

ROSALIND. I prithee, who?

CELIA. O Lord, Lord! It is young Orlando.

ROSALIND. Orlando?

CELIA. Orlando.

ROSALIND. Alas the day!

What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he?
Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

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

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

CELIA. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.
    There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.
ROSALIND. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

CELIA. Soft! comes he not here? Enter ORLANDO and JACQUELINE

ROSALIND. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

JACQUELINE. 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.

JACQUELINE. God be wi’ you; let’s meet as little as we can.

ORLANDO. I do desire we may be better strangers.

JACQUELINE. 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.

JACQUELINE. Rosalind is your love's name?

ORLANDO. Yes, just.

JACQUELINE. I do not like her name.

ORLANDO. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen’d.

JACQUELINE. You have a nimble wit. The worst fault you have is to be in love.
ORLANDO. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue.

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

ORLANDO. The fool is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see.

JACQUELINE. There I shall see mine own figure.

ORLANDO. Which I take to be a fool.

JACQUELINE. I'll tarry no longer with you; farewell, good Signior Love.

ORLANDO. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Mistress Melancholy.

Exit JACQUELINE

ROSALIND. [Aside to CELIA] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey. Do you hear, sir?

ORLANO. Very well; what would you?

ROSALIND. Are you he that hangs the verses on the trees wherein Rosalind is so admired?

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

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

ORLANDO. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROSALIND. Love is merely a madness; yet I profess curing it by counsel.
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.

ROSALIND. Go with me and, by the way, you shall tell me where you live. Will you go?

ORLANDO. With all my heart, good youth.

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

ELEVEN

The beach.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JACQUELINE behind

TOUCHSTONE. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

AUDREY. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features!

TOUCHSTONE. I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Miss Olivia Martext, who hath promised to meet me in this place and to couple us.

JACQUELINE. [Aside] I would fain see this meeting.

AUDREY. Well, the gods give us joy!

TOUCHSTONE. Amen. Here comes Miss Olivia.
Enter MISS OLIVIA MARTEXT

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

MISS OLIVIA MARTEXT. Is there none here to give the woman?

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

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

JACQUELINE. [Advancing]
    Proceed, proceed I'll give her.

TOUCHSTONE. [Aside] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of her than of another: for she 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.

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

Exit JACQUELINE, TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

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

TWELVE

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 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; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as 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'.
   O, he's a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely. Who comes here?

Enter CORRINE

CORRINE. Mistress and master, you have oft enquired
   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.

CELIA. Well, and what of him?

CORRINE. 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.

THIRTEEN

SILVIUS. Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phoebe.
   Say that you love me not; but say not so
   In bitterness, as a common executioner.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORRINE, at a distance

PHOEBE. I would not be thy executioner;
   I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
   Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye.
   'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
   That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
   Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
   Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
   Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
   And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
   Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
   Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
   Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
   Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.

SILVIUS. O dear Phoebe,
   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.

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

ROSALIND. [Advancing]
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
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;
So take her to thee. Fare you well.

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

ROSALIND. He's fall'n in love with your foulness, and she'll fall
in love with my anger. Why look you so upon me?

PHOEBE. 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.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.

Exit ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORRINE

SILVIUS. Sweet Phoebe.

PHOEBE. Ha?

SILVIUS. Sweet Phoebe, pity me.

PHOEBE. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Know'st 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.

PHOEBE. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? Yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth- not very pretty;
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
And, now I am rememb'red, scorn'd at me.
I marvel why I answer'd not again;
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS. Phoebe, with all my heart.

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

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

ROSALIND. They say you are a melancholy lady.

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

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

Enter ORLANDO

ORLANDO. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JACQUELINE. Nay, then, God be with you.

ROSALIND. Farewell, Mistress Traveller. [Exit JACQUELINE] Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?

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

ROSALIND. I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

ORLANDO. Of a snail!

ROSALIND. Come, woo me, woo me; ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORLANDO. Then love me, Rosalind.

ROSALIND. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays, and all. Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.

CELIA. I cannot say the words.
ROSALIND. You must begin 'Will you, Orlando'-

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

ORLANDO. I will.

ROSALIND. Ay, but when?

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

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

ORLANDO. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROSALIND. I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her.

ORLANDO. For ever and a day. 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.

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 Dame; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

ROSALIND. Ay, go your ways, go your ways. Keep your promise.

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

Exit ORLANDO

CELIA. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate.

ROSA LIND. I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

CELIA. And I'll sleep.

SONG AND BEACH DANCE

FIFTEEN
Enter ROSALIND and CELIA

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

CELIA. Look, who comes here. 

Silvius. My errand is to you, fair youth; My gentle Phoebe did bid me give you this.

ROSA LIND. Why writes she so to me? This is a letter of your own device.

Silvius. No, I protest, I know not the contents; Phoebe did write it.

ROSA LIND. She Phoebes me: [Reads]
Can a woman rail thus?

Silvius. Call you this railing?

CELIA. Alas, poor shepherd!
ROSALIND. He deserves no pity. Well, go your way to her, and say this to her— that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

Exit SILVIUS

Enter OLIVER

OLIVER. Good morrow, fair ones; pray you, if you know, Where stands a cote fenc'd about with olive trees?

CELIA. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom.

OLIVER. Are not you the owner of the house?

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

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

ROSALIND. I am.

OLIVER. When last the young Orlando parted from you, He left a promise to return again Within an hour; and Mark what object did present itself. Under an oak, a wretched ragged man, Lay sleeping on his back. A lioness, Lay, head on ground, with catlike watch. Orlando did approach the man, And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

CELIA. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother; And he did render him the most unnatural That liv'd amongst men.
ROSALIND. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there?

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

CELIA. Are you his brother?

ROSALIND. Was't you he rescu'd?

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

OLIVER. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I.

ROSALIND. But for the bloody napkin?

OLIVER. The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled; and he fainted.  
I recover'd him, and bound up his wound.  
He sent me hither to tell this story,  
That you might excuse  
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,  
Dy'd in his blood, unto the youth  
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.  

[ROSALIND swoons]

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

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

CELIA. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

OLIVER. Look, he recovers.

ROSALIND. I would I were at home.
CELIA. We'll lead you thither.
    I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

OLIVER. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man!
    You lack a man's heart.

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

SIXTEEN

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

TOUCHSTONE. Patience, gentle Audrey.

AUDREY. Faith, the priest was good enough.

TOUCHSTONE. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

AUDREY. I know who 'tis. Here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM

WILLIAM. Good even, Audrey.

AUDREY. Good even, William.

TOUCHSTONE. Is thy name William?

WILLIAM. William, sir.

TOUCHSTONE. Art rich?

WILLIAM. So so.

TOUCHSTONE. 'So so' is good.

WILLIAM. Ay, sir.
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?

WILLIAM. No, sir.

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

AUDREY. Do, good William.

WILLIAM. God rest you merry, sir. Exit

Enter CORRINE

CORRINE. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

TOUCHSTONE. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. Exit
SEVENTEEN

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?

OLIVER. It shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue will I estate upon you.

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

Enter ROSALIND

ROSALIND. God save you, brother.

OLIVER. And you, fair sister.

ROSALIND. 0, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

ORLANDO. It is my arm.

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

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

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

ORLANDO. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROSALIND. Tis true.
ORLANDO. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Dame 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. Believe then, if you please, that if you do love Rosalind when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her.

ORLANDO. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

ROSALIND. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly. I am a magician.

Enter SILVIUS and PHOEBE

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

PHOEBE. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness To show the letter that I writ to you.

ROSALIND. I care not if I have. Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

PHOEBE. 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 Phoebe.

PHOEBE. And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO. And I for Rosalind.
ROSALIND. And I for no woman.

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

PHOEBE. Nor I.

ORLANDO. Nor I.

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

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

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHOEBE

ROSALIND. You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
   You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DAME. 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. You say you'll marry me, if I be willing?

PHOEBE. 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?

PHOEBE. So is the bargain.

ROSALIND. You say that you'll have Phoebe, if she will?

SILVIUS. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
ROSALIND. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.  
    From hence I go, to make these doubts all even.  

Exit ROSALIND and CELIA

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

ADAM. My lady, the first time that I ever saw him  
    Methought he was a brother to your daughter.

    Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

JACQUELINE. 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!

JACQUELINE. 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.

MUSIC

    Enter RIVER MAIDEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA

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

ROSALIND. [To DAME] To you I give myself, for I yours.

To ORLANDO

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

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

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

PHŒBE. 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 husband, if you be not he:
    Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

MISS OLIVIA MARTEXT. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
    'Tis I must make conclusion
    Of these most strange events:
    Here's eight that must take hands
    To join in Hymen's bands,
    If truth holds true contents.
    You and you no cross shall part:
    You and you are heart in heart
    You to his love must accord,
    Or have a woman to your lord:
    You and you are sure together,
    As the winter to foul weather.

RIVER MAIDEN AND MISS OLIVIA MARTEXT.
    While a wedlock-hymn we sing,
    Feed yourselves with questioning;
RIVER MAIDEN. That reason wonder may diminish,  
    How thus we met, and these things finish.

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

PHOEBE. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;  
    Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

    Enter JAQUES DE BOYS

JAQUES DE BOYS. I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,  
    Dame Frederick, was converted.  
    Her crown bequeathing to her banish'd sister,  
    And all their lands restored to them again  
    That were with him exiled. This to be true,  
    I do engage my life.

DAME. Welcome, young man;  
    Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:  
    Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,  
    With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

    SONG
    BOWS