

As You Like It

As You Like It

By William Shakespeare

Edited by John McIlvain to be a narrator free version suitable for junior high school/high school productions. Entrances, exits and minimal stage directions are included.

The following version of *As You Like It* was first performed by 6th grade students at Portledge School in May 1997. The play was edited to significantly reduce both the running time and the cast size. This version consists of 17 scenes and has a slightly over an hour running time. Most of the songs have been retained (and were sung in the first production). Some changes were made to accommodate the make up of the original cast. Indeed the Duke was played by a girl and so became a Duchess. (for this version, please email jmcilvain@portledge.org/). Some of the more dramatic changes are indicated below. The original act and scene numbers are indicated at the beginning of each scene. In general, my goal was to produce a narrator free version suitable for junior high school productions. Much of the original's complexity remains along with some of its bawdy humor. As with the original, there are numerous short scenes and consequently many entrances and exits. On a curtained proscenium stage, some of these scenes could be performed in front of the curtain or a drop. The first production was performed in an open space that had different levels. A goal was to have minimal disruptions between scenes. Initially, we had planned to perform outdoors near a suitable forest, but we found no way to overcome the problem of inaudibility.

Note some the lines of Adam in Scene 2 (I.ii) are Le Beau's in the original, some are Adam's from (II iii). In scene 3 Rosalind gives Celia her name, instead of Celia naming herself. Scene 4 conflates IIIi and IIIi and lines in the former that are a Lord's are given to Oliver). Scene's 5 and 6 are IIvi and IIiv. The order reversal allowed for the Duke to take the songs of Amiens and run IIv and IIvii as one scene (The original production featured a Duke (Duchess) with a fine voice. This also made it easier to double the role of the two Dukes. Some of Corin's lines in Scene 6 (IIiv) are given to Silvius (Corin, along with Amiens and several of the Lords, has been written out of this version. In scene 8 IIIiii and IIIii are also reversed and conflated to allow Orlando time to reappear (see IIIi above). The second part of IIIiii has Jaques "mistaken" for a vicar (Sir Oliver Martext) and placed where Vi appears in the original (The Audrey/Touchstone with William who does not appear in this version) Scene 12 is only alluded to in *As You Like It*; here it replaces IVii. Both scenes serve the purpose of having time pass, thus setting up Rosalind's impatience (scene 13, IViii). In the last scene, Jaques de Boys' lines are given to Adam. (In the first production of this version they actually went to Charles because Adam (having a good voice) had to double as Hymen. One way to simplify these "changes" would be to write Amiens (and thus Hymen) back into the play.

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CAST, IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

ORLANDO, younger brother of Oliver:
ADAM, servant to Orlando:
OLIVER, Orlando's older brother:
CHARLES THE WRESTLER:
ROSALIND, Celia's best friend and daughter of Duke Sr.
CELIA, daughter of Duke Freda:
TOUCHSTONE, clown:
DUKE FREDERICK, sister of Duke Senior, usurper of his lands:
SILVIUS, a shepherd in the forest of Arden:
DUKE SENIOR, living in exile in the forest of Arden:
JAQUES, a lord attending Duke Senior in Arden
AUDREY, a goat-herd
PHEBE, a shepherdess
LION
HYMEN, the god of marriage:

The opening scenes take place in and around the court; the remainder of the play is set in the forest of Arden.

Scene 1

(Act 1, scene 1)

(Orchard of Oliver's house. Enter Orlando and Adam)

ORLANDO: No, no, no, Adam! I will no longer endure it!
ADAM: Shh, young master. Comes your brother Oliver.
ORLANDO: My aunt by his will charged my brother breed me well.
ADAM: Gentle Orlando, shout not so!
ORLANDO: Yet, Oliver stays me here at home, unkempt, uneducated . . .
ADAM: Your brother, the enemy of all your graces, comes.
ORLANDO: He lets me feed with his hinds, but bars me the place of a brother. Call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth? His horses are bred better.
ADAM: O, unhappy youth
ORLANDO (reaching the steps): The spirit of my father begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it.
OLIVER: Now sir, what make you here?
ORLANDO (dryly): Nothing, Oliver, nothing. I am not taught to make anything.
OLIVER: Marry sir, be better employed.
ORLANDO: Shall I keep your hogs, brother, and eat husks with them?
OLIVER (angry): Know you before whom you are sir?

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ORLANDO: Ay, better than him I am before knows me.

OLIVER: What, boy, you turn from me?

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 hand had pulled out thy tongue for saying so.

ADAM: Sweet masters, be patient for thy father's remembrance-

OLIVER: Let me go, I say.

ORLANDO: You shall hear me! My father charged you in his will to give me good education. But you have trained me like a peasant and I will no longer endure it. Therefore give me the thousand crowns my father left me, with them I will go buy my fortunes.

OLIVER: And what wilt thou do? Beg when they are spent?

You shall have your thousand crowns. (To Adam) Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM (muttering): Is "old dog" my reward? I have lost my teeth in your service.

ORLANDO: Come, Adam.

OLIVER: I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. (He thinks a moment.) The Duke' wrestler I will speak to him. He is here at the door. 'Twill be a good way; and today the wrestling is. Holla, Monsieur Charles

CHARLES: Calls us your worship?

OLIVER: Good Monsieur Charles, you wrestle today before the new Duke, Frederica?

CHARLES: Marry do I sir.

OLIVER: My brother Orlando hath a disposition to come against you.

CHARLES: Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loath to break his limbs. Therefore, stay him from his intendment.

OLIVER: I'll tell thee, Charles, he is fill of ambition and envious, a villainous contriver against me, his brother. Therefore, I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. (He pulls out some money) I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite.

CHARLES: If he come today, I'll give him his payment.

OLIVER: Farewell, good Charles.

CHARLES (bowing): God keep your worship

OLIVER: This wrestler shall clear all, brother, and I shall see an end of you. *(They exit)*

Scene 2

(Act 1, scene 3; Act 2, scene 3)

(Duke's courtyard - enter Celia and Rosalind with Touchstone)

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

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ROSALIND: Dear Celia I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? Can you teach me to forget a banished mother? Will you teach me to forget the condition of my estate?

CELIA: You know Duke Frederica, my mother, hath no child but I. Truly when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy mother, I will render thee again. Therefore my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

ROSALIND: From henceforth I will, coz.

CELIA: Here comes our fool. Bon jour, Touchstone, what's the news?

TOUCHSTONE: They are ready to perform the wrestling.

ROSALIND: Is yonder the challenger who would risk his life? (She points to ORLANDO)

TOUCHSTONE: Even he, madam.

ROSALIND: Alas, he is too young to die.

DUKE: How now daughter and cousin, are you crept here to see the wrestling?

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

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

ROSALIND: Call him hither, good my Touchstone.

TOUCHSTONE: Monsieur the challenger, the Princess calls for you.

ORLANDO: I attend them with all respect

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

ORLANDO: I come but in as others do.

CELIA: Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years; you have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. Three men have little hope of life in them. We pray you to embrace your own safety and to give over this attempt.

ROSALIND: Do young sir, your reputation shall not be despised.

ORLANDO: Let your gentle wishes go with me to my trial wherein if I be killed, there is but one dead that is willing to be so. I do my friends no wrong for I have none to lament me.

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

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

ORLANDO (*stepping toward him*): Ready, sir.

CROWD: Look to it, Look to it, go forward ... Go forward! Go forward! -Try for a hold . . . (*They wrestle*)

ROSALIND: O excellent young man- (*The crowd cheers and taunts the wrestlers.*)

CROWD: Good sport, good sport ... Throw him

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CROWD: The best is yet to do- Ah the knave- Wilt thou not . . . Throw him! Throw ... He foiled him! He foiled him!

ROSALIND AND CELIA (clutching each other): Orlando!

CROWD: Foil him again! Again— give him his payment ...Break his limbs Break his limbs

O poor Orlando, thou are overthrown.

Or Charles or something weaker masters.

CELIA: 'tis Charles, sweet coz. Not Orlando.

TOUCHSTONE (*to the Duke*): Charles cannot speak, my Lady.

DUKE: Bear him away. (Turns to Orlando, very friendly): What is thy name, young man?

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

DUKE: I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteemed thy mother honorable

But I did find her still mine enemy.

Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another home.

But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth.

CELIA: Were I my father, would I do this? Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him..

My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart. (*To Orlando*) Sir, you have well deserved. (*She curtsies. On an impulse, Rosalind removes the gold chain about her neck and gives it to Orlando.*)

ROSALIND: Wear this for me, one out of suits with Fortune,

That could give more but that her hand lacks means.

Shall we go, coz?

CELIA: Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORLANDO: Can I not say, I thank you?

ROSALIND (eagerly): He calls us back I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?

CELIA: Will you go, coz? (*Enter Adam*)

ROSALIND (*leaving reluctantly*): Fare you well. (*Exit Rosalind and Celia*)

ORLANDO (*smitten*): What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

ADAM (*urgently*): Good master, the Duke hath taken displeasure 'gainst your gentle self.

ORLANDO: Pray you tell me this,

Which of the two was daughter of the Duke?

ADAM: The taller is his daughter,

The other is daughter to the banished Duke.

O, my gentle master, your brother hath heard your praises,

And this night he means to burn the lodgings where you lie.

His speaks with the Duke even now—

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So leave this place, I prithee.

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

ADAM: The Forest of Arden, where the banished Duke still holds his sway.

I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved as comfort to my age.
All this I give you. Only let me go with you;
I'll be your servant

ORLANDO (embracing him): O good old man, how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world.
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion.
But come thy ways! We'll go along together.

ADAM: Master, I will follow thee to the last gasp. (*They exit*)

Scene 3

(*Act 1, scene 3*)

(*A room in the Duke's palace. Enter Rosalind and Celia.*)

CELIA (*teasing*): Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into
so strong a loving with Orlando?

ROSALIND (*hedging*): The Duke, my father, loved his father dearly.

CELIA: Then I should hate him for my father hated his father clearly.

ROSALIND (*grasping Celia's hands, pleading*): No faith, hate him not, for my sake. Do
you love him because I do? Look, here comes the Duke.

CELIA: With his eyes full of anger.

DUKE (*To Rosalind*): Mistress, get you from our court!

ROSALIND: Me, uncle?

DUKE: You, cousin.

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

ROSALIND: I do beseech your Grace.

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If that I do not dream, then dear Uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

DUKE: Thus do all traitors.

If their purgation did consist in words
They come up innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice that I trust thee not.

ROSALIND: Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

DUKE (breaking in): Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

CELIA: Dear sovereign, hear me speak

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DUKE: She is too subtle for thee and her smoothness
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people and they pity her.
Thou art a fool. She robs thee of thy name.
Open not thy lips. She is banished.

CELIA: I cannot live out of her company.

DUKE: You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself.
If you outstay the time, you die! (*Exits*)

CELIA: Rosalind, whither shall we go?

ROSALIND: The Duke hath banished me, not you.

CELIA: Shall we be sundered? Shall we part?
No! Let my father seek another heir.
Do not seek to take your charge upon you
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out.
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

ROSALIND: Why, whither shall we go?

CELIA (promptly): To seek my aunt, thy mother, in the Forest of Arden.

ROSALIND: Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are?

CELIA: I'll put myself in poor and mean attire;
The like do you.

ROSALIND: Were it not better because that I am tall
That I did suit me all points like a man?

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

ROSALIND: Ganymede. And you
Something that hath reference to my your state,
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

CELIA: Touchstone-we'll take him with.
Leave me alone to woo him. So let's away
And get our wealth together.

(Exit Rosalind and Celia)

Scene 4

(Act II scene 2; Act 3, scene 1)

(Room at Duke's palace – enter Duke and Oliver.)

DUKE: Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be.

OLIVER: I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies the attendants of her chamber
Saw her abed and in the morning early
Saw her untreasured of their mistress.

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Also the roynish clown, to whom so oft your grace was wont to laugh,
Is also missing.

DUKE: Find them suddenly
Let not your search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

OLIVER: My lord, Perhaps where they have gone my brother
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles
now is also in their company.

DUKE: Find out thy brother where so'er he is;
Seek him with candle, bring him dead or living.
Within this twelvemonth or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.

OLIVER: Oh that your Highness knew my heart in this.
I never loved my brother in my life.

DUKE: More villain thou! *(They exit)*

Scene 5

(Act 2, scene 6)

(On the road to Arden forest, Enter Orlando and Adam)

ADAM: Dear master, I can go no further. Here I lie down and measure out my grave.
Farewell, master.

ORLANDO: Why how now Adam, no greater heart in thee? Cheer thyself a little. If this
uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it food to
thee. Come I will bear thee to some shelter and thou shalt not die for lack of dinner,
if there live anything in this desert. Cheerily, Good Adam.

(They exit)

Scene 6

(Act 2, scene 4)

(Same. Enter Rosalind as Ganymede, Celia as Aliena, Touchstone.)

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

TOUCHSTONE (dragging Celia): For my part, I had rather bear with you than to bear
you.

ROSALIND (sitting): So this is the Forest of Arden.

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

ROSALIND: Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here, a young man in
love.

(Silvius, a shepherd, enters. He carries a pair of gloves.)

SILVIUS (to the gloves): O Phebe, how I do love you! (He kisses the fingers of the
gloves)) O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe . . .

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ROSALIND: Alas poor shepherd, searching of thy wound
I have by hard adventure found my 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 at night to Jane Smile. 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.

CELIA: I pray you, let us question yon man,
If he for gold will give us any food.
I faint almost to death.

TOUCHSTONE: Holla, you clown!

SILVIUS: Who calls?

TOUCHSTONE: Your betters, sir.

ROSALIND (to *Touchstone*): Peace, fool. He's not thy kinsman.
I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in the desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we might rest ourselves and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed.

SILVIUS: Fair sir, I pity her and wish
My fortunes were more able to relieve her.
But my master is of churlish disposition.
Besides, his cotes, his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale.

CELIA (*rising*): I like this place, and willingly could waste my time in it.

ROSALIND (*noticing a cottage off left*): Maybe with gold we'll buy us yonder cottage,
too.

SILVIUS: Assuredly the thing is to be sold.
If you like the soil, the profit and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

TOUCHSTONE: Good even to you my friend. (*all exit*)

Scene 7

(*Act 2, scene 5; Act 2, scene 7*)

(*The forest. Enter the Duke and Jaques*)

DUKE: (singing) *Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to be with me
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet birds throat
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy,*

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But winter and rough weather.

JAQUES: More I prithee, more.

DUKE: It will make thee more melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

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

DUKE: My voice is ragged. I know I cannot please you.

JAQUES: I do not desire you to please me, I desire you to sing.

DUKE: Well, I'll end the song.

JAQUES: Come warble, come.

DUKE: *Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither
Here he shall see
No enemy,
but rough weather.*

(enter Orlando)

DUKE SR: Now, Jaques, my brother in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp?

ORLANDO *(to Adam)*: Stay here, I'll be with thee quickly. *(He draws a knife)*

DUKE SR: Is not this wood of Arden
More free from peril than the envious court?
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything:
I would not change it

JAQUES: Thou art too disputable for my company. I think of as many matters as you, but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them.

ORLANDO *(flashing his sword)*: Forbear, and eat no more!

JAQUES: Why, I have eat none yet.

ORLANDO: Nor shalt not, till necessity be served. *(But he collapses, weak from hunger)*

DUKE SR. *(sympathetically)*: Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy distress?

ORLANDO: Forbear, I say! He dies that touches any of this fruit!

DUKE SR.: What would you have?

ORLANDO: I almost die for food.

DUKE SR. *(offering the basket)*: Sit down and feed, and welcome.

ORLANDO *(ashamed)*: Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you.

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'tis true that we have seen better days
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered.
Therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take command upon what help we have.

ORLANDO: There is an old poor man.
Till he be first sufficed, I will not touch a bit.

DUKE: Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste a bit.

ORLANDO: I thank thee. (*He exits*)

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

JAIQUES (*appearing right*): All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like a 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 pod capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered 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. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

(*Enter Orlando with Adam.*)

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

ORLANDO: I thank you most for him.

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

DUKE. Welcome, fall to. I will not
As yet question about your fortunes.
Good cousin, sing.

JAQUES sings (*or Duke with Jaques playing*)

*Blow Blow thou winter wind.
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho, sing heigh ho, unto the green holly
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly
Then heigh ho, the holly,
This life is most jolly.*

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

(*applause*)

DUKE SR.: And who might our appreciative guest be?

ORLANDO: I am Orlando, the son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

DUKE SR. (*delighted*): Sir Rowland's son! I the Duke that loved your father.

And this, Sir Jaques. (*To Adam*) Good old man
Thou art as welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand
And let me all your fortunes understand. (*All exit*)

Scene 8

(*Act 3, scene 3; Act 3 scene 2*)

(*The forest. Enter Audrey and Touchstone*)

AUDREY: And how you like this shepherd's life Mr. Touchstone?

TOUCHSTONE: Truly goat-herd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it's a shepherds life, it is naught.

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In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well, but in respect that it is private a very vile life. Hast any philosophy in thee, Audrey.

AUDREY: No more than that I know good pasture makes good sheep and that a great cause of night is lack of sun.

TOUCHSTONE: Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, my goat-herd?

AUDREY: No truly.

TOUCHSTONE: Then thou art damned.

AUDREY: For not being in court? Your reason.

TOUCHSTONE: Well, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawst good manners; if thou never sawst good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickedness is a sin, and sin is damnation, thou art in a parlous shape, Audrey.

AUDREY: Not a wit. Those that are good manners in a court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is mockable at court. You kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were goatherds.

TOUCHSTONE: Instance, briefly; come, instance.

AUDREY: When we are handling nannies their fells, you know, are greasy. Besides are hands are hard.

TOUCHSTONE: Your lips will feel them sooner. Shallow. A more sounder instance.

AUDREY: You have a too courtly wit for me. I'll rest. My greatest pleasure is to see my nannies graze and the kids suck.

TOUCHSTONE: Another sin in you, to bring your nannies and billies together. and to get your living by the copulation of cattle. I thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no goatherds.

AUDREY: Farewell, new friend. I have not time for this.

(They exit. Orlando enters with paper which he places on 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 in which this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando! Carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

(He exits, Enter Rosalind and Celia in their disguises. Rosalind is reading from a sheet of paper which she holds in her hand.)

ROSALIND *(reading aloud)*:

*From the east to western Inde
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fairest Rosalind.*

CELIA *(laughing)*: Truly the tree yields bad fruit.

ROSALIND: *If the cat will after kind,*

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So be sure will Rosalind."

CELIA: (taking sheet from tree) "*Sweetest nut hath sourest rind.
Such a nut is Rosalind."*

ROSALIND: "Such a nut is . . ."

TOUCHSTONE: This one I spied him place:
*"If a hart do lack a hind
Let him seek out Rosalind
He that sweetest Rose will find
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind."*

This is the very false gallop of verses. Why do you infect yourself with them?

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

CELIA: *Why should this desert be,
For it is unpeopled? No.
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
But upon the fairest boughs
Or at every sentence end
Will I Rosalinda write
Teaching all that read to know
Helen's cheek but not her heart?*

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

CELIA: Trow you who hath done this?

ROSALIND: Is it a man?

CELIA (*nodding*): With a chain that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?

ROSALIND: I prithee who is it?

CELIA: O Lord, Lord! It is a hard matter for friends to meet.

ROSALIND (*rising, more insistent*): But who?

CELIA: Is it possible?

ROSALIND! Prithee now, tell me who it is.

CELIA: O Wonderful. Wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again
wonderful, and after that....

ROSALIND (*overlapping*): One inch of delay more...

CELIA: 'tis ... Orlando!

ROSALIND: Orlando?

CELIA Orlando.

ROSALIND: Alas the day. What shall I do? Doth he know that I am in the forest and
with a man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as the day he wrestled? Answer me!

CELIA He was furnished like a hunter.

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

CELIA Soft! Comes he not here.

ROSALIND: 'tis he: slink by, and note him (*They hide. Enter Orlando with Jaques*)

As You Like It

JAQUES: God be with 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 love songs.

ORLANDO: I pray you mar no more of my verses by reading them ill favouredly.

JAQUES: Rosalind's thy 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: You have a nimble wit. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

ORLANDO: A fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

JAQUES: I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

ORLANDO: He is down by a brook.

There I shall seek my own figure. Farewell good Signor Love.

ORLANDO: Adieu good Monsieur Melancholy. (*Jaques exits*)

ROSALIND: (To Celia) I will play the knave with him . . . Do you hear forester?

ORLANDO: Very well. What would you?

ROSALIND: I pray you, what is it o'clock?

ORLANDO: There's no clock in the forest- Do I know you? Your face . . .

ROSALIND: Ganymede.

ORLANDO: Are you native of this place?

ROSALIND: I dwell here in the Forest with this shepherdess, my sister Aliena.

ORLANDO: Your accent is something finer than you could purchase here.

ROSALIND: An old uncle taught me to speak one that knew the court well. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind" on their barks. If I could meet him, I would give him some good counsel.

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

ROSALIND: There is none of the marks upon you of a man in love

ORLANDO: What are his marks?

ROSALIND: A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; (Her hand cups his chin.) a beard neglected which you have not.

ORLANDO: Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love- Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROSALIND: Love is merely a madness.

ORLANDO: Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND: Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love and woo me. At which time would I like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him. And thus I cured him. And in this way will I cure you.

As You Like It

ORLANDO: I would not be cured, youth.

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

ORLANDO: Now, by the faith of my love, I will.

Tell me where you live.

ROSALIND: Go with me and I'll show you

Now you must call me Rosalind.

ORLANDO: With all my heart good shep . . . sweet Rosalind. *(They exit)*

Scene 9

(Act 3 scene 3; Act 3, scene 5)

(The forest. Enter Jaques shaking his head. He leans against a tree. Enter Touchstone and Audrey who do not notice him.)

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

AUDREY *(giggling)*: Your features? Lord warrant us. What features?

TOUCHSTONE: I am here with thee and thy goats, as the poet Ovid was among the Goths.

JAQUES *(aside)*: O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

TOUCHSTONE *(turning left)*: Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

AUDREY *(swinging her pails)*: 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 the gods had made me poetical?

TOUCHSTONE: I do truly. For thou swearest to me thou art honest. If thou were a poet I might have some hope thou didst feign.

AUDREY: Would thou not have me honest?

TOUCHSTONE: No truly, for honest coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

AUDREY: Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

TOUCHSTONE: Truly and to cast away honesty on a foul slut were to put good meat into a foul dish.

AUDREY: I am not a slut, although I thank the Gods I am foul.

TOUCHSTONE: Praise be the gods for thy foulness; the rest may come hereafter. Well, be it as it may be, I will mate thee. *(He turns back to her. She flings her arms about him.)*

AUDREY: Well, the gods give us joy!

As You Like It

TOUCHSTONE: Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt.
But what though? Courage! Come, sweet Audrey. We must be married. (*They exit.
Jaques remains*)

JAQUES: A material fool. I would fain see this marriage. (*Exits*)

Scene 10

(*Act 3, scene 4; Act 3, scene 5*)

(*The forest. Enter Rosalind and Celia in disguise.*)

ROSALIND: Never talk to me! I will weep.

CELIA: Tears do not become a man.

ROSALIND: But have I not cause to weep?

CELIA: Yes. Therefore weep.

ROSALIND: His hair is of the dissembling color.

CELIA: Something browner than Judas's.

ROSALIND: And his kissing full of sanctity.

CELIA: As the touch of holy bread.

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

CELIA: There is no truth in him.

ROSALIND): No truth in him!

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". He attends here in the forest on the DUKE, your father.

ROSALIND: I met the Duke yesterday and had much question wit him. I told him I was of as good parentage as he, so he laughed and let me go. But what we talk of mothers, when there's such a man as Orlando.

CELIA: O, that's a brave man. He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely athwart the heart of his lover. But who comes here? Our shepherd that complained of love and a shepherdess.

ROSALIND: O come, let us remove.

The sight of lovers feedest those in love. (*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
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon.

PHEBE: I would not be thy executioner.

I fly thee for I would not injure thee.
Thou tellest there is murder in my eye.
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if my eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
Now counterfeit to swoon why now fall down

As You Like It

Or if thou canst not, O for shame, for shame,
Lie not to say my eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound my eye hath made in thee,
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; but now my eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not.

SILVIUS: O dear Phebe. If ever
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shalt thou know the wounds invisible that love's keen arrows make.

ROSALIND (*advancing*): And why I prey you?
Who might be your mother
That you insult, exult, and all at once
Over the wretched? What, though you have no beauty
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
What means this? Why do thou look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary.
I think she means to tangle my eye too.
No, faith proud mistress, hope not after it.
'tis not your bugle eyes, nor you cheek of cream
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her?
You are a thousand times properer man
Than she a woman. 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favoured children.
'tis not the glass but you that flatters her.
But mistress know thyself down on your knees;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Call the man mercy, love him, take his offer.
Fare you well.

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

ROSALIND: He's fallen in love with your foulness. (*To Silvius*) and she'll fall in love
with my anger. (*To Phebe*) Why look you so in that way?

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.
Come sister Shepherdess, look on him better
And be not proud.

(*She exits with Celia*)

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

SILVIUS: Sweet Phebe! Pity me.

PHEBE: Why, I am sorry for thee gentle Silvius.

As You Like It

Thou hast my love, is that not neighborly.

SILVIUS: I would have you.

PHEBE: Why that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
But since that thou can talkst of love so well
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure. And I'll employ thee, too.
But do not look for further recompense.

SILVIUS: So holy and perfect is my love
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
The plenteous harvest reaps.

PHEBE: Knowst thou the youth that spoke to me erstwhile?

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.

PHEBE; Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
‘tis but a peevish boy—yet he talks well—
But what care I for words? Yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth—yet not so pretty—
But sure he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man.
He's not very tall, yet for his years he's tall.
His leg's but so; and yet 'tis well.
There was a pretty redness in hi lips
A little riper and more lusty red
Than mixed in his cheek.
There must be some woman, Silvius, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: nor hate him not,
but for my part, I love him not; and yet
I have more cause to love him than to hate him.
For what had he to do to chide at me?
And now I am remembered scorned at me.
I marvel why I answered not again.
But that's all one. Omittance is not quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it, wilt thou Silvius?

SILVIUS: Phebe, with all my heart.

PHEBE: I'll write it straight
The matter's in my head and in my heart.
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me Silvius. (*They exit.*)

As You Like It

Scene 11

(Act 4, scene 1)

(The part of the forest where Rosalind first saw Silvius. She approaches Jaques who is near the cottage.)

JAQUES: I pray thee 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.

CELIA: Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, 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 a melancholy of my own extracted from the sundry contemplation of my travels in which my often rumination wraps me in silence. I have gained my experience.

ROSALIND: And your experience makes you sad.

(Enter Orlando near cottage)

CELIA: Who comes here?

ORLANDO: Good day and happiness dear Rosalind!

JAQUES: Nay then good by.

CELIA: Farewell Monsieur Traveler.

ROSALIND (scolding): 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 (turning to him): And you serve me such another trick! never come in my sight more.

ORLANDO: Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROSALIND: Come, woo me, woo me. For now I am in a holiday humor and like to consent. What would you say to me now, and I were your very very Rosalind?

ORLANDO: I would kiss before I spoke.

ROSALIND (withdrawing her face): Nay you were better speak first. But come, ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORLANDO: Then love me, Rosalind.

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

ORLANDO: And wilt thou have me?

ROSALIND: I will not have you.

ORLANDO: Then in my own person I die for love.

ROSALIND: Nay, faith die by attorney. This poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man in his won person died in a love cause. Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love. But I will have you.

As You Like It

ORLANDO: What sayest thou?

ROSALIND: Are you not good?

ORLANDO: I hope so.

ROSALIND: Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Give me your hand, Orlando. (*He obeys as he gets on his knees.*) Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

ORLANDO: I will.

ROSALIND: Then you must say, (*She is serious.*) "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

ORLANDO (serious too): I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROSALIND (raising him): And I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband.

Now tell me now, how long would you have her

After you possessed her?

ORLANDO: Forever and a day.

ROSALIND: Say a day without the ever. No, no, Orlando, men are April when they woo, December when they wed. Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wed. I will be more jealous than a cock pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot. I will weep for nothing, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry. I will laugh like a hyene when you are disposed to sleep.

ORLANDO: But will my Rosalind do so?

ROSALIND: She will do as I do.

ORLANDO: For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee. I must attend the Duke.

ROSALIND: Alas, dear love . . .

ORLANDO: By two o'clock I will be with thee again.

ROSALIND: Ay, go your ways, go your ways. I knew what you would prove. That flattering tongue of your won me. Two o'clock is your hour?

ORLANDO: My sweet Rosalind.

ROSALIND: By my troth, if you 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 whom you call Rosalind. Therefore, keep your promise!

ORLANDO: With no less religion than if thou were indeed my Rosalind, adieu!

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

ROSALIND: Coz, coz, coz! How deep I am in love. My affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

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

ROSALIND: I tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of sight of Orlando. I'll sigh till he come.

CELIA: And I'll sleep. (*They exit*)

Scene 12

As You Like It

(Deeper in the forest. Enter a tired Oliver. A Lion appears and pounces on him; he shouts, Orlando rescues him but gets wounded. Oliver helps him off. . .)

Scene 13

(Act 4, scene 3)

(The forest. Enter Celia with Rosalind who begins pacing.)

ROSALIND: How say you now? It is not past two o'clock and here much Orlando!

CELIA: I'll warrant you he has ta'en bows and arrows, and is gone to sleep. Look who comes here.

SILVIUS: My errand is to you fair youth.
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this.
I know not its contents. Pardon me.
I am but a guiltless messenger.

ROSALIND: She says I am not fair, that I lack manners.
She calls me proud. God's my will
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes me so to me? *(To Celia)*
I say she never did invent this letter.
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

SILVIUS: Sure, it's hers.

ROSALIND: Woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention.
Will you hear the letter?

SILVIUS: So please you for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

ROSALIND *(reading)*:
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make,
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

SILVIUS: Call you this chiding?

CELIA: Alas poor shepherd!

ROSALIND: Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity. What, wilt thou love such a woman? To make thee an instrument and play false strains on thee! Not to be endured. I see love hath made thee a tame snake; if she love me, I charge her to love thee. Hence, for hear comes company. *(Exit Silvius; enter Oliver)*

OLIVER: Good morrow fair ones. Pray if you know

As You Like It

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A cottage fenced about with pine trees?

CELIA: by the murmuring stream, but at this hour none stands within.

OLIVER: If an eye may profit by a tongue
Then I should know you by description.
Such garments and such years. "The boy is fair,
Of female favor, 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 enquire for?"

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

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

ROSALIND: I am. What must we understand by this?

OLIVER: Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how and why and where
This handkerchief was stained.

CELIA: I pray you tell it.

OLIVER: When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour and pacing through the forest
Chewing the fruit of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside
And mark what object did present itself.
Under an old oak, whose boughs were mossed with age,
A wretched, ragged man o'er grown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back. Into a bush, under which a bushes shade
A lioness lay couching head on ground, with catlike watch
When the sleeping man should stir; for "'tis
The royal disposition of the beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

CELIA: O I have heard him speak of that same brother,
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

OLIVER: And well that might be so,
For well I know he was unnatural.

ROSALIND: But Orlando! Did he leave him there,
Food to the sucked and hungry lioness?

OLIVER: Twice did he turn his back and purposed so,
But kindness, nobler than revenge,

As You Like It

Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awake.
And here I live.

CELIA: Are you his brother? That did so oft contrive to kill him

OLIVER: T'was I. But 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes.

ROSALIND: But the bloody napkin? Orlando?

OLIVER: In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke
Who gave me fresh array,
Committing me unto my brother's love,
Who led me instantly unto his cave
There stripped himself and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away.
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried in fainting upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recovered him, bound up his wound
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger that I am, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

(Rosalind swoons)

CELIA *(kneeling)*: Why, how now, Ganymede? Sweet Ganymede!

OLIVER: Look, he recovers. You a man? You lack a man's heart.

ROSALIND *(Pretending)*: This was well counterfeited. I pray you tell your brother how
well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho;

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

ROSALIND: I' faith, I should have been a woman by right. *(They exit)*

Scene 14

(Act 3, scene 3- second half)

(The forest. Enter Jaques. Touchstone and Audrey come up to him)

TOUCHSTONE: Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very
well met. I am very glad to see you. *(As if Jaques was the vicar)* Will you dispatch us
here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

JAQUES: Will you be married, motley?

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

JAQUES: And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a
beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is.

As You Like It

TOUCHSTONE: (*Aside*) Not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

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

TOUCHSTONE: 'Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

(*They exit*)

Scene 15

(*Act 5, scene 2*)

(*The forest. Enter Orlando and Oliver.*)

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

OLIVER: Neither call the giddiness of the question, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, her sudden consenting. But say with me I love Aliena; say with her 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 tomorrow. Go you and prepare your Aliena, for look here comes my Rosalind. (*Enter Rosalind*)

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

ORLANDO: It is my arm.

ROSALIND: Thy brother came . . . but look you at your brother and my sister. No sooner met but they love. Clubs cannot part them.

ORLANDO: They have made a pair of stairs to marriage. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes.

ROSALIND: If you do love Rosalind so near the heart, when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her. It is not impossible to me to set her before your eyes tomorrow.

ORLANDO: Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

ROSALIND: By my life, I do

(*Enter Phebe and Silvius*)

PHEBE: (*to Rosalind*) Sweet youth . . .
Good Silvius, tell this youth what it is to love

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

PHEBE: And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO: And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND: And I for no woman.

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

As You Like It

PHEBE: And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO: And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND: And I for no woman.

SILVIUS: It is to be all made of passion,
And so am I for Phebe!

PHEBE: And so am I for Ganymede!

ORLANDO: And so am I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND: And so am I for . . . (*Suddenly she stops short.*) Pray you, no more of this;
'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. Tomorrow meet me all
together. (*To Phebe*) I will marry you if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married
tomorrow. (*To Orlando*) I will satisfy you if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be
married tomorrow. (*To Silvius*) I will content you if what pleases you contents you,
and you shall be married tomorrow. So meet me all tomorrow

SILVIUS: I shall not fail if I live.

PHEBE: Nor I.

ORLANDO: Nor I. (*They exit*)

Scene 16

(*Act 5, scene 3*)

(*The forest. Audrey and Touchstone*)

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

AUDREY: And 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.

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

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

*This carol they began the hour
 With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino
 How that life was but a flower,
 In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,*

As You Like It

Sweet lovers love the spring.

*And therefore take the present show,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with prime
in spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

(They exit)

Scene 17

(Act 5, scene 4)

(The forest. Enter Duke Sr., Orlando, Oliver, Celia, Jaques.)

DUKE SR: 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: Hear me all. Patience once more. *(She speaks to Duke Sr.)* You say, if I
bring in your Rosalind, you will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE SR.: That Would I.

ROSALIND (to Orlando): And you say you will have her when I bring her?

ORLANDO: That would I.

ROSALIND (to Phebe): You say you'll marry me, if I be willing?
But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this shepherd?

PHEBE: So is the bargain.

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

(Exit Rosalind and Celia)

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

ORLANDO: My Lord, the first time I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter.
But my lord this boy is forest born.

JAQUES: There is another flood toward, and these couples are coming toward the ark.
Here comes a pair of very strange beasts. *(enter Touchstone and Audrey)*

TOUCHSTONE: Salutation and greeting to you all.

As You Like It

JAQUES: Good my Lady, bid him welcome. He hath been a courtier, he swears.

TOUCHSTONE: If any man doubt that, let me put him to a purgation. I have flattered a lady, been politic with my friend, smooth with my enemy,

DUKE SR.: I like him very well.

TOUCHSTONE: Good sir, I desire you of the like. I press in here sir, amongst the rest of country copulatives, to swear and forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin sir, an ill favored thing, but mine own; a poor humor of mine sir to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in a foul oyster.

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

TOUCHSTONE: According to the fool'd bolt sir, and such dulcet diseases,

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

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

(Enter Rosalind transformed)

HYMEN: Then there is wit in heaven

When earthly things made even

Atone together.

Good DUKE receive thy daughter.

ROSALIND: *(to the Duke)* To you I give myself, for I am yours.

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

ROSALIND: *(to Orlando)* To you I give myself, for I am yours.

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

PHEBE: If sight and shape be

Why then, my love adieu!

HYMEN: Peace ho! I bar confusion.

“‘tis I must make conclusion

Of these strange events.

Here wight that must take hands

To join with wedding 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.

Song: *Wedding is great Juno's crown
O blessed bond of board and bed
“‘tis Hymen people every town;
High wedlock then be honored.*

As You Like It

*Honor, high honor and renown
To Hymen God of every town.*

PHEBE: (*to Silvius*) I will not eat my word now thou art mine.
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

DUKE: Play, music, and you brides and bridegrooms all.
With measure heaped in joy, to the measures fall...
Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQUES: Go to your pleasures.
I am for other than for dancing measures.
(*Enter Adam out of breath*)

DUKE: Proceed.

ADAM: I prithee
Let me have audience for a word or two.
I bring these tidings to assembly.
Duke Frederick to catch his brother here and put him to the sword
To the edge of this valed wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
Was Converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true
I do engage my life,
And so adieu.

DUKE SR.: Welcome old man.
Thou offerest fairly to thy masters wedding.
Meanwhile forget our new found dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry,
Play music, and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to measures fall.

JAQUES: Sir by you patience. If I heard you rightly
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect his pompous court?

ADAM: He hath, my Lord.

JAQUES: Then to him will I.

(*To Duke Sr.*) You to your former honor I bequeath
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it.
(*To Orlando*) You to a love that your true faith doth merit.
(*To Oliver*) You to your land and love and great allies.
(*To Silvius*) You to a long and well deserved bed.
(*To Touchstone*) And you to wrangling. So to you pleasures.
I am for other than for dancing measures.

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

As You Like It

ROSALIND: (*to the audience*) It is not the fashion to see the lady in the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord in the prologue. I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you. And I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering none of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may have pleased. And I am sure, will when I make my curtsy, bid me fare well.

THE ORIGINAL CAST, IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

ORLANDO, younger brother of Oliver: *Vince Tona*
ADAM, servant to Orlando: *Jonathan Backhaus*
OLIVER, Orlando's older brother: *Dashiell Mitchell-Brody*
CHARLES THE WRESTLER: *Joe Dottino*
ROSALIND, Celia's best friend and daughter of Duchess Sr: *Emily Hoyler*
CELIA, daughter of Duchess Freda: *Alicia Perry*
TOUCHSTONE, clown: *Tommy Gimbel*
DUCHESS FREDA, sister of Duchess Senior, usurper of her lands: *Lynn Gray*
SILVIUS, a shepard in the forest of Arden: *Michael Yaturo*
DUCHESS SENIOR, living in exile in the forest of Arden: *Lynn Gray*
JAQUES, a lord attending Duchess Senior in Arden: *Verlaine Brunot*
AUDREY, a goat-herd: *Amanda Solomon*
PHEBE, a shepherdess: *Emily Wellington*
LION: *Joe Dottino*
HYMEN, the god of marriage: *Jonathan Backhaus*