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AS YOU LIKE IT
The Pitt Press Shakespeare for Schools

AS YOU LIKE IT

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, GLOSSARY AND APPENDIX

BY

A. W. VERITY, M.A.

SOMETIMES SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE;
EDITOR OF 'THE CAMBRIDGE MILTON FOR SCHOOLS.'

STEREOTYPED EDITION.

CAMBRIDGE:
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

1900

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PREFACE.

I HAVE the pleasure to acknowledge my great obligations to Dr Furness's Variorum Edition of As You Like It. Much of the matter of this edition is drawn from his.

I have given, from Dr Furness's reprint, extracts from Lodge's Rosalynde which are sufficiently full to make (with the help of some connecting sentences) a continuous story. The extracts deserve careful attention, not only from their relation to the play, but from their intrinsic interest as specimens of a particular type (the Euphuistic) of Elizabethan prose. They might, I think, be used as a separate reading-lesson, as well as studied in connection with the text.

The metrical "Hints" aim at giving in a small compass the gist of what is commonly agreed upon as to the development and variations of Shakespeare's blank verse. It is almost superfluous to mention my obligations to Dr Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, which deals more or less with the subject-matter of each of the sections of the "Hints." I also owe something to other writers, and must thank two friends who kindly read the proof-sheets of the excursus, and made various suggestions as to its arrangement and scope, and on points of detail.

The Indexes were compiled for me.

A. W. V.

November, 1899.

A. Y. L.
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INTRODUCTION.

I.

DATES OF THE PUBLICATION AND COMPOSITION OF THE PLAY.

As You Like It was first published, so far as we know, in 1623, in the first folio edition\(^1\) of Shakespeare's plays. It is considered to have been printed with remarkable accuracy, so that the text presents few difficulties of reading.

The date of the composition of As You Like It can be fixed approximately. It was written between the end of 1598 and the middle of 1600. The evidence bearing on the question of its date points conclusively to 1599 or the early part of 1600. It is as follows:

1. The Register of the Stationers' Company mentions As You Like It and three other plays, viz. Henry V., Much Ado About Nothing, and Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humour, as works which are "to be staied," i.e. not published till the Stationers' Company were satisfied that the publisher in whose name the works were entered was the undisputed owner of the

\(^1\) The first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, and the earliest authority for the text of many besides As You Like It; indeed, but for it they would be lost.
copyright. The month in which this entry referring to As You Like It was made on the Register is given (August 4), but not the year. The preceding entry, however, on the Register is dated May 27, 1600, while later entries referring respectively to the three other plays, viz. Henry V., Much Ado About Nothing and Every Man in His Humour, are dated August 14 and August 23, 1600, and these three plays were printed in 1600—1601. It is certain, therefore, that the intervening entry on the Register mentioning As You Like It belongs to August, 1600. And so this entry furnishes a limit in the one direction.

2. On the other hand, As You Like It can scarcely have been written before 1598. It contains a quotation (the line "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?" III. 5. 79) from Marlowe's poem Hero and Leander, which was not published till 1598, though Marlowe died in 1593. The presence of this line in As You Like It cannot be explained by the supposition that Shakespeare had seen a manuscript copy of Hero and Leander (though it was then a not uncommon practice for poets to circulate their works in MS. among their friends), or heard it recited. The manner in which the quotation is introduced implies that Hero and Leander was so well-known that the line would be recognised by the audience.

3. Further, As You Like It is not included in the list of Shakespeare's plays given by Francis Meres in his Palladis Tamia, published in the autumn of 1598.

1 Furness makes it seem highly probable that the simple reason why these four plays were "staied" (the technical term for the process) was that the publisher who sought permission from the Stationers' Company to print them bore an evil name as a piratical printer. Eventually, not one of the four plays was published by him.

2 Or Wit's Treasury. It is a sort of contemporary (1598) survey of literature and art. The passage referring to Shakespeare runs:

"As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare among ye English is the
INTRODUCTION.

Thus the positive external and internal evidence on the subject warrants the inference that the play was written not earlier than 1598 and not later than 1600. We may with confidence assign its composition to 1599 or the early part of 1600. Many authorities prefer the former date (1599); to others (and personally I agree with them) the latter seems rather more probable. It is certain that Henry V. was written in 1599, and Much Ado About Nothing between 1598 and 1600; and there is good reason for supposing that the latter preceded As You Like It. If, therefore, in accordance with the evidence bearing on their dates of composition, we assign Henry V. and Much Ado to the year 1599, it appears more natural to assign As You Like It to the early part of 1600, where it fills a place not otherwise occupied in the chronology of Shakespeare’s works. Either way, it is a difference of only a few months.

II.

FURTHER SUPPOSED EVIDENCE AS TO DATE.

It should be added that two passages in As You Like It have been thought by some writers to contain allusions which affect the question of its date.

1. The first is Celia’s sarcastic remark (1. 2. 79—81) about the “silencing” of the wit of fools. Some writers have detected in this an allusion “to the burning of satirical books by public authority 1st of June, 1599” (Fleay).

2. The second passage is Rosalind’s warning that she “will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain” (IV. 1. 129). These words (note “the fountain”) most excellent in both kinds for the stage: for Comedy, witness his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love labors lost, his Love labours wonne, his Midsummers night dreame, and his Merchant of Venice; for Tragedy, his Richard the 2, Richard the 3, Henry 4, King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet.”
sound rather like an allusion to a well-known fountain, and some have supposed that Shakespeare had in mind a fountain with a statue of Diana which was set up in 1596 on the Eleanor Cross in Cheapside. Stow in the edition of his *Survey of London* published in 1598 speaks of the fountain as then perfect and in use, whereas in a later edition (1603) he describes it as "now decayed." "It is evident, therefore," says Halliwell, "that if Shakespeare alludes to the Cheapside fountain, the words of Rosalind must have been penned somewhere between the year 1596, when it was erected, and 1603, when it had been allowed to go to ruin. At the same time, it should be remembered that the image of a fountain-figure weeping was an exceedingly common one, and that Diana was a favorite subject with the sculptors for such an object."

Each, however, of these conjectured allusions is doubtful: each, at the most, can only be regarded as a small piece of subsidiary testimony in favour of the conclusion to which the other evidence pointed independently—namely, that the period 1599—1600 may be accepted confidently as the date of *As You Like It*.

III.

EVIDENCE OF METRE, STYLE AND TONE.

The metrical characteristics, the style and diction, and the tone of *As You Like It* all accord with this date.

Compared with the blank verse of plays like *Richard II.*, the blank verse of *As You Like It* is of that freer type which illustrates Shakespeare's variations.

1 Furness, p. 301.

2 See pp. 234—239. *As You Like It* contains a not inconsiderable amount of "run-on" lines and "double endings," as the student can see for himself. Compare the famous speech "All the world's a stage" (II. 7. 138—165). In the number of its "light and weak endings" it comes between *Much Ado* and *Twelfth Night*. Furness, pp. 303, 304.
INTRODUCTION.

of the regular type; yet not in the same degree as that of plays like Macbeth and King Lear which are known to belong to a later period—still less, of plays like The Tempest and The Winter's Tale. The influence of rhyme is still seen, as in all the plays of Shakespeare's middle period. There is much prose, as in Much Ado (1599) and Twelfth Night (1601).

The style and diction are essentially those of the dramatist's middle period. To quote Dowden's familiar summary:

"In Shakespeare's earliest plays the language is sometimes as it were a dress put upon the thought—a dress ornamented with superfluous care; the idea is at times hardly sufficient to fill out the language in which it is put; in the middle plays (Julius Caesar serves as an example) there seems a perfect balance and equality between the thought and its expression. In the latest plays this balance is disturbed by the preponderance or excess of the ideas over the means of giving them utterance."

Thus in The Tempest some of Prospero's speeches are abrupt and irregular, one idea following another with a rapidity which breaks through the restraint of verbal construction. Matter in fact gets the better of manner, and we have to look to the general drift of a passage and not scrutinise too closely the grammatical relation of its different parts. Again, there is a compression of thought into a small space, and often a subtlety of thought, which create not indeed obscurity but a certain difficulty. But it is far otherwise with As You Like It. As a conspicuous example of its evenness and lucidity of style one might well cite Jaques's speeches in Act II. scene 7.

As You Like It has been aptly termed one of Shakespeare's "three sunny or sweet-time comedies." We need no other testimony than its tone of joy and pleasantry to feel that its place among Shakespeare's works is in that bright particular group which unites the radiant wit of Much Ado About Nothing with the diverting mirth and tender sentiment of Twelfth Night.
IV.

WAS "AS YOU LIKE IT" WRITTEN IN HASTE?

Some critics see in this play traces of hasty composition; they point to the following slips and discrepancies. In I. 2. 73—76, there appears to be some confusion between the two Dukes. Again, two characters bear the same name, Jaques; and that the awkwardness of this was felt by the dramatist, or by the editors of the 1st Folio, may be inferred from the Folio's stage-direction after V. 4. 146, which describes Orlando's brother Jaques as "the second brother"—no doubt, to prevent confusion with "the melancholy Jaques." It is by an obvious error that Celia is called the "taller" of the two girls (I. 2. 250). The description of Touchstone as "the clownish fool" (I. 3. 125) and "the roynish clown" (II. 2. 8) has been thought inconsistent with the later representation of him as an ex-courtier (II. 7. 36, V. 4. 39—46) and wit. To which, however, it might be replied that Touchstone represents an Elizabethan court-jester, and these wearers of the motley whom social custom designated 'clowns' and 'fools' were often clever, well-educated men; while the First Lord's contemptuous tone (II. 2. 8) may well be a piece of diplomatic and personal spite quite in harmony with the circumstances. And whether or not any of the last scene (e.g. the part of Hymen) is below the level of the rest of the piece must be a matter of individual opinion.

Against these trivial slips (some, maybe, the printer's handiwork) and supposed blemishes we have to set the brilliant workmanship which distinguishes the play as a whole; the clearness and absolute consistency of the characterisation in general (not excluding, I should have said, the part of Touchstone); and the ingenious unfolding of the action at the outset—always a signal test of a playwright's skill. Moreover, though As You Like It, being the dramatisation of a very diffuse, long-winded story, is itself somewhat diffuse, yet the several

1 See note on I. 2. 250.
parts are balanced and the characters contrasted with a care which seems irreconcilable with this theory of hurried composition. One may with justice, therefore, be loth to use the word ‘haste’ in connection with a work which for many readers is the high-water mark of Shakespearian comedy.

V.

THE SOURCE OF THE PLAY.

Shakespeare evidently laid little stress on originality of plot and incident. It is in the treatment of incident and the delineation of character that his dramatic genius is shown pre-eminently. He often takes some existing story and shapes it anew to finer issues, re-creating its characters and adding others. As You Like It is an instance. The play is founded on a work entitled Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacie, written by the poet Thomas Lodge on a "Rosalynde" voyage to the Canary Islands and published in 1590. Rosalynde is a primitive type of novel, similar in its pastoral character to Sidney’s Arcadia and imitative (as the title implies) of the pretty but affected style of Lyly’s Euphues. We give elsewhere in this volume full extracts from Rosalynde, and they should furnish a fairly adequate impression of the indebtedness of the play to the novel. Here we may note how Shakespeare adds to and deviates from his material.

VI.

VARIATIONS FROM THE SOURCE.

Three characters of As You Like It—two of them among its master-creations—are entirely new: Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey have no counterpart in Rosalynde. Several of the names are changed. 'Rosader' and 'Saladin,' the two brothers of the novel, become respectively 'Orlando' and 'Oliver'; 'Alinda' is changed to 'Celia,' and 'Montanus' to 'Silvius.' In the novel the rival Dukes are not related; Shakespeare makes them brothers, in order

1 Nearly all the points enumerated have been given by other writers.
that the relations between them may be parallel to those between Orlando and Oliver. In the novel Alinda (Celia) is exiled by her father on account of her constancy to her friend (but not cousin) Rosalynde; in the play Celia's banishment is a voluntary act of devotion. Lodge's Rosalynde is disguised as her friend's page; in the play the companions set forth as brother and sister: the alteration makes their being together in the Forest seem more probable. On the other hand, whereas Celia's marriage with the undeserving Oliver jars somewhat on our sense of what is fit, the novel supplies a motive for Alinda's preference by representing Saladin (Oliver) as gallantly saving her and her friend from a band of robbers who are just about to overcome their champion Rosader (Orlando). Shakespeare, however, omits the episode of the attack and rescue so that no discordant note should disturb the repose of this sylvan asylum where the exiles "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." In the novel, when Saladin (Oliver) wakes after the slaughter of the lion he does not recognise his preserver Rosader (Orlando) and confides to him as to a stranger the whole story of his wrong-doing towards his brother and his bitter repentance: Shakespeare avoids what would have seemed a feeble repetition of Orlando's failure to recognise the disguised Rosalind. In the play Rosalind is given much greater prominence than in the novel; this is done by subordinating the character of Orlando, who (as Rosader) is of equal importance in Rosalynde. At the outset the progress of the action is far swifter in the play; the novelist describes in leisurely fashion the quarrels and reconciliations of the brothers, the expulsion of Saladin from the castle and his return with the sheriff: the dramatist gets his characters into the Forest as rapidly as probability allows. At the close of *As You Like It* the usurping Duke repents (as conveniently as Oliver) and resigns his ill-won dignities; in *Rosalynde* he is defeated in battle and killed by his rival. Here, as in the omission of the attack by the robbers, Shakespeare's purpose is to admit nothing that could distress: no cloud must dim the serene horizon, and (as Prospero felt) repentance is better than revenge.
ANOTHER POSSIBLE SOURCE.

Lodge's *Rosalynde* was itself founded partly on *The Tale of Gamelyn*. This old work was at one time ascribed to Chaucer and classed as *The Cook's Tale* among *The Canterbury Tales*, but is now supposed to date from the middle of the 14th century. Attempts have been made to show that Shakespeare had read this *Tale* as well as Lodge's novel. True, the *Tale*, which is not given in any of the extant original (black-letter) editions of Chaucer, was not printed, apparently, till the beginning of the 18th century: but if it was known through some MS. to Lodge, it might equally well be known to Shakespeare. *As You Like It*, however, does not contain anything deserving the title of 'incident' which is in the *Tale* but not in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, while the verbal resemblances (ever a most unsatisfactory form of evidence) between the play and the *Tale* are very trivial. The fact is that Lodge himself was only indebted to the *Tale* for just the early events of his novel.

The contents of the *Tale* may be summarised thus: Gamelyn (the Rosader of Lodge's *Rosalynde* and the Orlando of *As You Like It*), "the youngest son of a dead knight who has favoured him in his will, is maltreated by his elder brother till he grows stout enough to rebel and chastises his brother's servants. After defeating a mighty champion at a wrestling match, he falls again, through treachery, into his brother's power, and would have been starved to death had he not been delivered by Adam Spencer, his father's old servant, the very type of the devoted Teutonic retainer. With their good oaken staves they cudgel the elder brother and a body of Churchmen whom he was feasting in his hall, and they serve similarly a company of four and twenty young men sent by the sheriff to capture them. They then ride off to the forest, where they join a company of merry outlaws, of whom Gamelyn becomes king. He is indicted
by his elder brother, who is sheriff; but he turns the tables upon him, and hangs sheriff, judge, and jury. In spite of this he makes his peace with the king, who creates him ‘chief justice of all his free forest’." And we are told briefly that he marries "a wife both fair and good."

Thus it will be seen that the resemblance between Lodge’s novel and the Tale does not extend beyond the earlier adventures of Rosader: his courtship of the disguised Rosalynde, and the pastoral episode of Montanus (the ‘Silvius’ of As You Like It) and Phebe are peculiar to Lodge, and (so far as is known) purely his own invention. Hence it is only in three or four of the introductory scenes of As You Like It that there can be any question at all of similarity between Shakespeare’s story and that of the pseudo-Chaucerian Tale. From the point where Orlando joins the Duke’s exiled band (II. 7) the play parts company with the Tale. On the whole, therefore, while admitting the possibility that the Tale was known to Shakespeare, we may with certainty describe Rosalynde, Euphues’ Golden Legacie as the real source of the subject-matter of As You Like It.

VIII.

WHAT DO WE MEAN BY “SOURCES”?

Now, while it is proper always to recognise Shakespeare’s obligations where they exist, we must be very careful not to over-estimate them. The word “source” or “original” will mislead us unless we ask ourselves what constitutes the greatness of one of his plays, and consider how little that greatness is due

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1 F. S. Boas, Shakspeare and his Predecessors, p. 329.
2 Lodge may have drawn them from some Italian novel, but there is no evidence to this effect (Furness).
3 Saviolo’s Practise can scarcely be ranked as a source, though the student should note it in this connection; see pp. 199, 200.
to its nominal source: how such qualities as characterisation (ever the crown of the dramatist’s art), humour and wit, poetry and pathos and tragic intensity, deft manipulation of plot and underplot and varied relief, are Shakespeare’s own gift, never the inspiration of another. This is in truth a vital point, and on it Dr Furness has some valuable remarks, written indeed with reference to King Lear, but applicable (mutatis mutandis) to all Shakespeare’s plays of which some “original” has been unearthed.

“What false impressions are conveyed in the phrases which we have to use to express the process whereby Shakespeare converted the stocks and stones of the old dramas and chronicles into living, breathing men and women! We say ‘he drew his original’ from this source, or he ‘found his materials’ in that source. But how much did he ‘draw,’ or what did he ‘find’? Granting that he drew from Holinshed, or whence you please, where did he find Lear’s madness, or the pudder of the elements, or the inspired babblings of the Fool? Of whatsoever makes his tragedies sublime and heaven-high above all other human compositions,—of that we find never a trace....When, after reading one of his tragedies, we turn to what we are pleased to call the ‘original of his plot,’ I am reminded of those glittering gems, of which Heine speaks, that we see at night in lovely gardens, and think must have been left there by kings’ children at play, but when we look for these jewels by day we see only wretched little worms which crawl painfully away, and which the foot forbears to crush only out of strange pity."

1 I do not mean by quoting this passage to imply that Lodge’s Rosalynde is a contemptible work. It has merits of a sort (e.g. a flow of ornate diction, sometimes indeed too copious) and is probably the best of all the “sources” used by Shakespeare. But As You Like It owes nothing to it apart from the bare idea of the plot and underplot; and what Furness says as to the general relation of Shakespeare’s plays to their respective “sources” is a truth that cannot be impressed too strongly on students, especially young students.
THE TITLE OF "AS YOU LIKE IT."

The title of the play seems an echo of some words of Lodge in his preface to *Rosalynde*. Addressing his "Gentlemen Readers" he warns them not to expect a work of great learning or eloquence, or any striking love-poem: they must accept his Tale for what it is worth, and recollect the circumstances under which it was composed.

"To be briefe Gentlemen, roome for a fouladier, & a failer, that giues you the fruits of his labors that he wrought in the *Ocean*, when euerie line was wet with a surge, & euerie humorous passion counter-checkt with a storme. If you like it, fo: and yet I will be yours in duetie, if you bee mine in fauour."

But though suggested probably by this passage, the title *As You Like It* must have been used by Shakespeare with a special signification. Some think that he had in view the happy drift of the play, in particular its *dénouement* which brings such content to all that each might have said to the other 'this is indeed as you like it.' Others interpret the title as a glance at the careless ease of the forest-life which the play pictures—a life unfettered by the artificial restraints of society, and untainted by its graver evils. But maybe Shakespeare was referring, rather, to the character of the piece itself, and meant the title and the epilogue to be a sort of playful plea for its acceptance. *As You Like It* is a mixture of comedy and romance, with occasional touches of seriousness. The poet's pen follows the free bent of his fancy. Unappreciative criticism might object that in some things fancy has passed the limits of probability and truth, e.g. in incidents such as Orlando's wooing of Rosalind in her disguise and the sudden "conversions" of the usurping Duke and Oliver, in the assemblage together of so many diverse characters under circumstances so peculiar and the picture of their unruffled,
blissful forest-life, and in the presentment of “the uses of adversity” as ever “sweet.” The poet seems to forestall objection by saying: ‘Here is the piece: interpret it in any spirit you like.’

So in the epilogue Rosalind regrets humorously that it is not “a good play,” but charges the ladies “to like” as much of it as pleases them, and the men to imitate their indulgence. Much the same spirit of genial indifference to censorious criticism seems to have given Twelfth Night its secondary title What you Will.

X.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

The scene of Lodge’s Rosalynde is laid in France, and the chief portion of the story takes place in “the forest of Arden” (i.e. the Ardennes). This district (says Hunter) “is the woody country about Namur, Liège, and Luxembourg, watered by the Meuse. ...
The Forest of Arden was a favourite spot for the lovers of field-sports. In those days there was an air of religion thrown over everything. In the midst of the Forest was a little chapel, dedicated to Saint Herbert, the patron saint of hunters, with a shrine to which people went on pilgrimage¹.... The name and district were familiar to Englishmen. When Spenser speaks of it, it is as the ‘famous Ardeyn²’...Shakespeare did not himself select the Forest of Arden for the scene of his story from amongst other forests of Europe. It is the scene of the incidents in the novel from which he wrought, but he would not value the name the less because it was that of the mother³ from whom he sprang,

¹ Cf. Astrophel (Spenser’s Pastorall Elegie on Sir Philip Sidney):

“Into a forest wide and waste he came,
Where store he heard to be of savage prey.
So wide a forest and so waste as this,
Nor famous Ardeyn, nor foul Arlo, is.”

² We are reminded of the allusions to a “chapel” (III. 3. 39) in the Forest and to its “religious” recluses (III. 2. 315, V. 4. 156).

³ Mary Arden.
and of the forest country of Warwickshire, in and around which his family had been seated for many generations."

Nay, we cannot doubt that Shakespeare was thinking, and knew that his hearers and readers would think, of the Forest of Arden of his own county.

Furness notes that Drayton, himself a Warwickshire man and friend of Shakespeare, who is said to have entertained him and Ben Jonson at Stratford in the spring of 1616 (just before Shakespeare’s death), has a long description in the Thirteenth Song of Polyolbion of the Forest of Arden in Warwickshire, and that this description reveals the manifest inspiration of Shakespeare’s play. Drayton pictures the beauty and expanse of the Forest ("the greatest" of all in Britain), the troops of deer that roam its lawns and glades, the hunting-scenes that wake its echoes, and the "homely cells" of "old religious" (III. 2. 315) men who have sought in the dim "circles" (V. 4. 34) a harbour of rest. And these descriptions serve "not only to show the deep impression on him which his friend Shakespeare’s As You Like It had made, so that we seem to hear the very echo of the words of Jaques and of the Duke, but to show that to Drayton as well as to every listener at the play the ‘Forest of Arden’ was no forest in far-away France, but was the enchanted ground of their own home. That Shakespeare intended it to be so regarded, and meant to keep his audience at home, no matter in what foreign country soever the scene be laid, may be detected, I think, in the allusion to ‘Robin Hood,’ a name around which clustered all the romance of forest life. Let that name be once uttered as a key-note, and every charm of a life under the greenwood tree, be it in the forest of Sherwood or of Arden, is summoned up and the spell of the mighty magician begins" (Furness).

It may be observed here that two of the names in As You Like It have distinctively Warwickshire associations. French says: "It is very probable that Shakespeare took the name of his knight  

1 The traditional scene of the exploits of Robin Hood and his band.
[Sir Roland de Boys] from an old but extinct family of great note in Leicestershire and Warwickshire, whose memory was long preserved in the latter county, Sir Ernald or Arnold de Boys, Arnold being easily transposed to Roland, and thence we have Orlando. The manor of *Weston-in-Arden* was held by Sir Ernald de Boys, temp. Edw. I., paying yearly to the Earl of Leicester 'one hound called a Brache, and seven pence in money for all services.' There were four generations in succession of the lords of the manor of *Weston-in-Arden*, each of whom is called Sir Ernald de Bosco, or de Boys¹. The name 'Jaques' also belongs to Warwickshire².

**XI.**

**ASPECTS OF THE PLAY.**

"Upon the whole, *As You Like It* is the sweetest and happiest of all Shakespeare's comedies. No one suffers; no one lives an eager, intense life; there is no tragic interest in it as there is in *The Merchant of Venice*, as there is in *Much Ado About Nothing*. It is mirthful, but the mirth is sprightly, graceful, exquisite; there is none of the rollicking fun of a Sir Toby here; the songs are not 'coziers' catches' shouted in the night-time, 'without any mitigation or remorse of voice'³, but

¹ Furness, p. 2.

² See pp. 114, 115. The name 'Audrey' is also said to occur in Warwickshire parish-registers of Shakespeare's time as a Christian name; but it was not peculiar to that county. In fact, it was associated more with East Anglia, being the popular corruption of *Etheldreda* ('noble strength'), the name of the foundress of Ely Cathedral. We see it also in the word *tawdry*, originally *tawdry lace*, i.e. lace bought at *St Awdry's* fair, held at Ely and elsewhere on *St Awdry's* day, Oct. 17—Skeat.

³ "Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice?" (Malvolio to Sir Toby and his companions, *Twelfth Night*, II. 3. 96—98).
the solos and duets of pages in the wild-wood, or the noisier chorus of foresters. The wit of Touchstone is not mere clownage, nor has it any indirect serious significances; it is a dainty kind of absurdity, worthy to hold comparison with the melancholy of Jaques. And Orlando in the beauty and strength of early manhood, and Rosalind—

'A gallant curtle-axe upon her thigh,
A boar-spear in her hand,'

and the bright, tender, loyal womanhood within,—are figures which quicken and restore our spirits as music does, which is neither noisy nor superficial, and yet which knows little of the deep passion and sorrow of the world.

Shakspere, when he wrote this idyllic play, was himself in his Forest of Arden. He had ended one great ambition,—the historical plays,—and not yet commenced his tragedies. It was a resting-place. He sends his imagination into the woods to find repose. Instead of the court and camps of England and the embattled plains of France, here was this woodland scene, where the palm tree, the lioness, and the serpent are to be found; possessed of a flora and fauna that flourish in spite of physical geographers. There is an open-air feeling throughout the play. The dialogue, as has been observed, catches freedom and freshness from the atmosphere. After the trumpet tones of *Henry V* comes the sweet pastoral strain, so bright, so tender. Must it not be all in keeping? Shakspere was not trying to control his melancholy. When he needed to do that, Shakspere confronted his melancholy very passionately, and looked it full in the face. Here he needed refreshment, a sunlight tempered by forest-boughs, a breeze upon his forehead, a stream murmuring in his ears” (Dowden).

“We see always the shady dark-green landscape in the background, and breathe in imagination the fresh air of the forest. The hours are here measured by no clocks, no regulated recurrence of duty or toil; they flow on unnumbered in voluntary occupation or fanciful idleness, to which every one addicts himself according to his humour or disposition; and
this unlimited freedom compensates all of them for the lost conveniences of life. One throws himself down solitarily under a tree, and indulges in melancholy reflections on the changes of fortune, the falsehood of the world, and the self-created torments of social life; others make the woods resound with social and festive songs to the accompaniment of their horns. Selfishness, envy, and ambition have been left in the city behind them; of all the human passions, love alone has found an entrance into this wilderness, where it dictates the same language to the simple shepherd and the chivalrous youth, who hangs his love-ditty to a tree” (Schlegel).

Shakespeare, indeed, with the memory of his Stratford days revived, “has painted a picture of a simple, natural mode of life as bright and fresh as ever quickened the weary soul of a worn-out citizen at the very first breath of the woods and the mountains. Through these scenes, in praise of which all lovers of Shakespeare unite, is wafted the refreshing earthy smell of the woods¹ and the vivifying breeze from the mountains. Like the outlaws of the popular ballad, like Robin Hood and his comrades, the exiled Duke and his faithful friends forget under the boughs of the Forest of Ardennes loss and vexation, envy and ambition, with care and sorrow in their train....The whole piece through, the arrows of wit are aimed at the follies and weaknesses of the world of rank and fashion, the target for the merriment of the fool as well as for the acrid sarcasm of the misanthrope; and, if without bitterness, at least one and all of the healthier natures there turn their backs on it” (Kreyssig²).

We hear, indeed, of past troubles, but only as a memory beside which the pleasure of the present stands out. The woodland joy and the simple life are made the anodyne of the world’s pain; the alchemy which translates the uses of

¹ The only work known to me in which one gets the same feeling is The Woodlanders. There too one has the lights and shades, the pulsation and exhilarating joy and mysteries, of a Forest.

² Furness, pp. 420, 421.
adversity into sweetness, and reveals to man "good in everything."

"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 shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

And to this forest-Elysium "love alone, of all the human passions, has found an entrance," for *As You Like It* is "as much a love-poem as *Romeo & Juliet*, with this difference: that it deals with happy love, while the Veronese story deals with love crossed by misadventure and crowned with death. It is as full of imagination, of the glad rapture of the tender passion, of its impulsiveness, its generosity, its pathos. No 'hearse-like airs,' indeed, come wailing by, as in the tale of those 'star-crossed lovers,' to warn us of their too early 'overthrow.'...Still, the love is not less deep, less capable of proving itself strong as death; neither are the natures of Orlando and Rosalind less touched to all the fine issues of that passion than those of 'Juliet and her Romeo.'

Is not love, indeed, the pivot on which the action of the play turns,—love, too, at first sight? Does it not seem that the text the poet meant to illustrate was that which he puts into Phebe's mouth: 'Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?' Love at first sight, like that of Juliet and Romeo, is the love of Rosalind and Orlando, of Celia and Oliver, and of Phebe herself for Ganymede" (Lady Martin).

XII.

THE CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY.

"The two cousins, Rosalind and Celia, seem at first glance like variations of the two cousins, Beatrice and Hero, in the play Shakespeare has just finished [i.e.
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Much Ado About Nothing]. Rosalind and Beatrice in particular are akin in their victorious wit. Yet the difference between them is very great; Shakespeare never repeats himself. The wit of Beatrice is aggressive and challenging; we see, as it were, the gleam of a rapier in it. Rosalind's wit is gaiety without a sting; the gleam in it [has] a sweet radiance; her sportive nature masks the depth of her love...From the moment of Beatrice's first appearance she is defiant and combative, in the highest of spirits. We are introduced to Rosalind as a poor bird with a drooping wing; her father is banished, she is bereft of her birthright, and is living on sufferance as companion to the usurper's daughter, being, indeed, half a prisoner in the palace, where till lately she reigned as princess. It is not until she has donned the doublet and hose, appears in the likeness of a page, and wanders at her own sweet will in the open air and the green-wood, that she recovers her radiant humour, and roguish merriment flows from her lips like the trilling of a bird...She is as sensitive as she is intelligent, in this differing from Portia¹, to whom, in other respects, she bears some resemblance, though she lacks her persuasive eloquence, and is, on the whole, more tender, more girl-like. She faints when Oliver, to excuse Orlando's delay, brings her a handkerchief stained with his blood; yet has sufficient self-mastery to say with a smile the moment she recovers, 'I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited.' She is quite at ease in her male attire, like Viola and Imogen after her...She is unrivalled in vivacity and inventiveness. In every answer she discovers gunpowder anew, and she knows how to use it. What Rosalind says [IV. i. 141, 142] of women in general applies to herself in particular: you will never find her without an answer until you find her without a tongue. And there is always a bright and merry fantasy in her answers. She is

¹ Were the comparison worked out, it could be shown, I think, that Portia (in The Merchant of Venice) is more distinguished by masculine and matured power of intellect and general force of character. We can imagine Rosalind at Belmont, but hardly among the advocates in the Trial-chamber at Venice.
literally radiant with youth, imagination, and the joy of loving
so passionately and being so passionately beloved. And it is
marvellous how thoroughly feminine is her wit. Too many of
the witty women in books written by men have a man's
intelligence. Rosalind's wit is tempered by feeling" (Brandes).

There is little to add to this analysis. Stress, however, must
be laid on Rosalind's deep capacity of love and sensibility, on
her impulsiveness and sense of humour; and it will not be
amiss to mark some illustrations of these qualities. Thus, the
story of the old man and his three sons evokes her instant
sympathy, and she rebukes the callous flippancy of the courtier
(i. 2. 115, 123—125). Eager as Celia to save the youthful
challenger from a similar fate, she shows a greater delicacy in
seeking to befriend him: if he will but listen to their persuasions
and withdraw, they will so contrive that his "reputation shall
not therefore be misprised" (i. 2. 161—163). After the wrestling
she yields to a natural impulse of admiration and by her token
and her manner shows him a favour which can scarcely be
misread. Downcast at the sentence of banishment, her buoyant
spirit is revived by Celia's scheme, and she pictures with joy
the possibilities of their adventurous masquerade (i. 3. 109—
126). A hint as to the identity of the mysterious rhymester who
haunts the forest and abuses the young plants with his foolish
carving (III. 2. 328—330) excites a "most petitionary vehemence"
of entreaty: she must know at once who it is: she cannot
brook "one inch of delay more" (176); and when she is told,
overwhelms her companion with a torrent of questions and
comments: "Do you not know I am a woman? when I
think, I must speak" (226, 227). Nor will she be reasoned
with when Orlando is late at his tryst: "never talk to me: I
will weep" (III. 4. 1); but if Celia thinks that she can
presume to blame the laggard lover, why Celia is vastly mis-
taken (III. 4. 7—14)! One cannot indeed doubt of Rosalind's
sensibility and truly girlish impulsiveness and impetuosity.

And then the charm of her sunny humour! Hers is
the keenest sense of fun, and this sense coupled with a
clever brain and aptitude of speech yields a wit which is
ever kindly (save with Jaques, IV. 1), and would not "kill a fly" (IV. i. 90). How intensely she enjoys the comedy of her "curing" Orlando: the humour of the thing appeals to her almost as much as the delight of his presence and of hearing his avowals of love. Even in the moment of bare recovery from her swoon her spirit of mirth ripples into exquisite irony (IV. 3. 173, 174). And over all her blitheness of bearing and spontaneous grace is cast an atmosphere of perfect delicacy, so that any rendering of the part of Rosalind which so took advantage of the "doublet and hose" as to turn the character into a sort of hoyden or "romp" would be the grossest caricature of the dramatist's purposes.

Lastly, her merriment and whimsical impulses are but eddies on the stream of a nature that is really deep in its tenderness and love. Ever and anon we are made conscious of this nature—perhaps most in the scene of the mock-marriage (IV. i) where mirth almost trembles into tears of joy, and at the close where very bliss seals her lips.

Everyone in As You Like It must have loved Rosalind: the cruel Duke himself did; and generations of readers and playgoers have been in love with her; and so it will be always.

Of the chivalrous Orlando we may truly say—and what better thing could be said?—that we feel him to be worthy of Rosalind. He is so essentially a man—strong, brave, modest and tender. He challenges the famous wrestler, wins the match, and lightly dismisses it as a trifle, to which he never refers again. Rather than bear with treatment which he regards not merely as an injustice to himself but a shame to his noble lineage and his father’s memory, he will go forth and seek his fortunes in that spirit of self-reliance and adventure “which still sends our men all over the world.” He has the tenderness which often characterises strength—witness his care of Adam (II. 6 and 7)—and the delicacy which springs from “noble innocence of heart.” He is too manly to cherish a grudge (IV. 3. 127—132); too generous to envy the happiness of others (V. 2. 1—16); too sensible to adopt the “careless desolation” (III. 2. 348) of the sentimentalist lover; too sensible also, and
too modest, idly to "rail against the world" (III. 2. 254): "I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults." The strong men of life, and so of Shakespeare's plays (the very mirror of life and human nature) are no talkers, though they may speak and write powerfully enough when need is; and Orlando's speeches, considering how often he is present, fill a comparatively small space: yet, like Henry V., Shakespeare's ideal man of action, he has the gift of powerful, moving eloquence (II. 3. 56—68, 7. 105—118), and can give sharp enough retorts when he chooses (III. 2. 230—270). "There is a breath of fresh air about him, and the energy of a healthy, active life, which carries one away to the country out of the artificial life of the Court. No wonder Rosalind liked him. She must have felt from the first that he was a man likely to be a support to her through life." And not Rosalind alone was drawn to him, but Celia too, and the Dukes, and even Jaques (though his advances were repelled); while the old servant who knew him best gave up all for his sake, and the unworthy brother was shamed by his generosity into repentance and amendment. Truly, Orlando and Rosalind stand for youth and freshness and all that is of fair promise.

One is apt to overlook Shakespeare's secondary characters. Their lesser lights are lost in the greater, or at least pale their fires beside the fuller radiance. Thus Celia is eclipsed somewhat by Rosalind and gets less attention than she well merits. For hers is really a very charming character. The action of her father in seizing the dukedom has placed her in a position in which filial duty seems incompatible with loyalty to the cousin whom she loves so. Yet she must somehow have reconciled these conflicting obligations, and if at last she has to choose between them, the fault lies with circumstances. She is unswerving in her love of Rosalind, for whom she sacrifices everything and faces unknown perils. She is less impulsive than her companion and more conventional in her sense of strict decorum: thus she seems to think that Rosalind is a bit too frank towards Orlando after the wrestling,

- 1 Leopold Shakspere, p. lviii.
and gently cuts short the interview (i. 2. 233). There is a touch of seriousness in her good-humoured remonstrance, "you have simply misused our sex in your love-prate" (IV. i. 169, 170). The reason is that she has less sense of humour than her cousin and, therefore, looks at a situation more from its serious side. She has an alert, resourceful brain: the scheme of escape to the Forest of Arden is hers (i. 3. 103), and it is she who suggests provision for the journey (128—132). In witty speech she holds her own (and hers is a more caustic wit than Rosalind's), while she has sheer genius for teasing. The real charm of her nature may be inferred from Rosalind's devotion, from her influence over Touchstone (i. 3. 127, 128), and her conquest of Oliver. One of the most diverting things about Celia is the airy cynicism which she is pleased to affect and which meets with a nemesis so swift and sweeping. She marvels at the "possibility" (i. 3. 25) of "love at first sight"; smiles at love's alarms and anxieties and the weakness of "youth and folly" (III. 4. 41, 42); holds "the oath of a lover" very cheap indeed. And then the whirligig of time shatters the house of cards (v. 2. 28—38), and with the exquisite irony of unconsciousness the other pair of lovers proceed in their turn to wonder at the "very wrath of love"—Orlando even asking in Celia's own words "is 't possible?" (v. 2. 1).

Jaques has often been compared with Hamlet. He is (says one critic) "like the first light and brilliant pencil-sketch for Hamlet." In his utterances, as in those of Hamlet, some people hear the voice of Shakespeare himself. Jaques has, indeed (as Furness well remarks), one point of resemblance to Hamlet: his character has provoked an extraordinary diversity of opinion. Some of the judgments pronounced on Jaques seem contradictory, mutually exclusive: we can scarcely believe that they have reference to the same character.

Thus one criticism proceeds on these lines: "Jaques is nothing more than an idle gentleman given to musing and making invectives against the affairs of the world, which are more remarkable for the poetry of their style and expression than the pungency of their satire. His famous description
[II. 7. 142—165] of the Seven Ages is that of a man who has seen but little to complain of in his career through life.... Such pictures of life do not proceed from a man very heavy at heart...not one of them presents a single point on which true melancholy can dwell.... Shakespeare designed Jaques to be a maker of fine sentiments, a dresser forth in sweet language of the ordinary common-places or the common-place mishaps of life."

The amiable, prosy moralist, tolerably contented with life and with himself on the whole, whom this interpretation pictures, is not the Jaques of our next criticism.

It represents Jaques as a misanthrope whose chief pleasure is to deride humanity and all its affairs; as one who, like the miserable, beaten Macbeth, and the Persian dreamer, can see in life nothing but a poor masquerade in which "all the men and women are merely players"—helpless puppets of a mocking Fate. His speech on the Seven Ages has been called "a passage full of inhuman contempt for humanity and unbelief in its destiny, in which not one of the seven ages is allowed to pass over its poor sad stage without a sneer.... He has seized the occasion to sneer at the representatives of the whole human race." Three of his pictures (it is argued) represent man as a pitifully weak object: the lover's devotion is turned into ridicule and the paltriest motive imputed to the soldier: no period or aspect of life is made gracious or honourable. Surely such an epitome of human experience bespeaks a saturnine and embittered spirit which loves to dwell on life's darker phases and finds not good but evil in everything. This is the harsh verdict on Jaques.

There is again the semi-contemptuous estimate which refuses to take him or his "melancholy" very seriously—not more seriously, e.g., than Rosalind does (IV. i. i—34). It regards Jaques as a dilettante trifler with life; "a perfectly idle seeker for new sensations, and an observer of his own feelings"; in short, a self-conscious sentimentalist who is sad because he

1 "Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more" (Macbeth, V. 5. 24—26).
2 Cf. Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyám, LXXVII. LXXIX.
thoroughly enjoys it, and who plumes himself on his peculiar "melancholy" (IV. i. 10—18) as a picturesque attitude which distinguishes him from the common herd. "Tears are a great luxury to him; he sips the cup of woe with all the gust of an epicure." And we must not let ourselves be deceived by these moods of artificial emotion, "this melancholy prepense and cultivated."

Personally I think that the harsh verdict, somewhat modified, is right. Jaques is not, indeed, the misanthrope (like Timon of Athens) who turns his back on humanity in fierce hatred of its vices and follies. His invectives against society have not the ring of the sæva indignatio of the true satirist. But he is out of sympathy with his fellows. He seems to be a man of great intellectual and imaginative power, and even great sensibilities, who has made nothing of life. The Duke's words (II. 7. 65—68) indicate one cause of his failure; his sensibilities are another. And so the world has become for him "a miserable world" (II. 7. 13), but fit to "rail at" (III. 2. 254) and discover fresh "matter" of disgust in. No doubt he cultivates his mood of "misery" (III. 2. 255): that is ever the way with morbid, hyper-sensitive temperaments; but the feeling itself, though consciously indulged, is real. Everything about Jaques breathes the spirit of weariness and discontented unrest. This spirit drives him to seek now seclusion (II. i. 29—32), now diversion, whether it be in the company of a "motley" or a "convertite" (V. 4. 180, 181): the stranger the company the better for his purpose of finding distraction. As for his fellow-mortals in the mass, he is out of tune, "compact of jars," a discord amid the harmonious happiness of others (V. 4. 180—192). So he avoids the Duke (II. 5. 31), and desires that Orlando and himself may be "better strangers" (III. 2. 235); ridicules what average humanity holds most precious ("The worst fault you have is to be in love," III. 2. 258); in very scorn of his fellows says that a fool's is the only possible existence (II. 7. 34); and at the close spoils the momentary graciousness of his farewell by a parting gibe (V. 4. 187, 188) and churlish refusal (191). Surely, a sad, embittered genius!
Touchstone has been called “a mixture of the ancient cynic philosopher with the modern buffoon.” His particular gift is an acid wit, and his function in the play is to exercise this wit in burlesquing most of those with whom he is brought in contact. Thus his solemn fooling anent the flight of time is a sort of travesty of Jaques’s sombre meditations: “the motley fool is as wise as the melancholy lord whom he parodies.” His recollections of his courtship of “Jane Smile” (II. 4. 42—51) are a manifest caricature of the “shepherd’s passion” (II. 4. 55), and of Rosalind’s too. His very marriage, so grotesquely ill-assorted is the partner of his choice, tends (in Hazlitt’s words) to “throw a degree of ridicule on the state of wedlock itself” and consequently on the others over whom Hymen speaks his blessing. Before an audience of courtiers Touchstone dissects the shifts and shams of a courtier’s life. He serves, in fact, as a sort of “comic Greek chorus” in commenting on what takes place and showing up the weaknesses of the other dramatis personae. And all is done under the guise of fooling. He takes the fullest advantage of the privilege of his uniform. It is the freedom of speech which Jaques claimed (II. 7. 47—49):

"I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have."

Much of the humour of the part of the Shakespearian Clown or Fool lies in the sudden revelation (or reminder) to the victims of his fantastic pleasantry that he is only in name a “fool.” “This is not altogether fool, my lord,” says Kent in King Lear (I. 4. 165) after one of the Fool’s bitterest sallies. And Rosalind is moved to a somewhat similar comment: “Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of” (II. 4. 52). But the Duke understood Touchstone best; his definition of the court-jester’s duty and method could not be improved: “He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit” (V. 4. 102, 103).

It has been wittily said of Touchstone: “He is undoubtedly slightly cracked, but the very cracks in his brain are chinks
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which let in light."

When one considers, however, the effectiveness of his fooling, the unvarying versatility with which it is suited to its subject, and the insight into character and life which its appositeness argues, one feels sceptical as to the existence of these alleged "cracks." Certainly any of Touchstone's acquaintances who presumed too confidently that he was one of "Nature's naturals" (I. 2. 44) must have regretted the error. A few more such "naturals" would add much to the gaiety, if not the comfort, of society. One can scarcely venture to say more than that he has become an eccentric,—partly, no doubt, from the very need of his profession that he should always be quibbling with words and ideas and creating diversion out of the trivialities of the moment.

Touchstone is altogether more intellectual than his boisterous forerunners in the early comedies, and wittier (but less good-humoured) than Feste in Twelfth Night, of whose poetical temperament he has no trace. With the tender, wistful being whom Lear calls his "Fool" and who is, to some undefinable extent, an "innocent," Touchstone has little in common; nor are the parts they play similar. For Touchstone's presence, while it adds much, is not indispensable to the action of As You Like It: his wit is rather a contributory interest than an essential element; whereas the "folly" and pathos of Lear's follower are woven into the very texture of the tragedy.

Phebe and her Silvius are characterised in accordance with the whole spirit of the episode of which they are the central figures. Phebe is the typical "Arca-
dian coquette" and Silvius the hapless swain ("wasting in despair") of the conventional pastoral school. The "shepherd's passion" of adoration, the "gorgeous nymph's" disdain, are cast in the approved model of that bucolic verse and romance than which there is nothing more artificial and affected in

1 Leopold Shakspere, p. lviii.

2 "Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool" (v. 4. 100, 101). Feste has this indispensable qualification; cf. Twelfth Night, iii. i. 67—75.
the whole scope of literature. Some critics, indeed, regard the episode as “a diverting parody of the sentimentalism of pastoral poetry”; as if Shakespeare deliberately set about caricaturing this style by representing it in an exaggerated form. Perhaps it were safer to look on the episode as a ‘study’ in the pastoral manner, an imitation carried out with a full sense of its humorous aspects. But, whatever the precise view we take of it, the episode is clearly meant to be a foil, on the one hand to the frank, healthily natural love-making of Rosalind and Orlando, on the other to the rustic courtship of Audrey and her admirer.

“A very amusing effect is produced by the contrast between the frank and free bearing of the two princesses in disguise, and the scornful airs of the real shepherdess.”

Audrey and William and Corin (despite his hackneyed name) are as genuine pieces of rusticity as the country-folk of Mr Hardy’s Wessex. Audrey (the very name, with its plain Anglo-Saxon ring, marks her as no Dresden-china shepherdess like Phebe) may be “ill-favoured,” and she frankly, if somewhat superfluously, confesses herself ignorant of things “poetical”—but she means business: she is not going to let a trifling affaire with the ill-used William stand in the way of a more ambitious match (v. 1. 8, 9), nor does she show any false delicacy about keeping her dilatory admirer to his word (v. 1. 1—4). Captivated by his wit, though dimly (if at all) conscious of its meaning, she makes an excellent butt for his pleasantry: still, those laugh best who laugh last (v. 4. 131, 132).

There is no more beautiful character in the play than old Adam, the type of perfect feudal devotion and generosity, of trust in Providence (II. 3. 43—45) and endurance (II. 6. 12—16). In his loyal heart live the virtues of a simpler generation:

“O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world:”

and in him age is indeed reverend. His simple character

1 Mrs Jameson.
speaks for itself. For the lover of Shakespeare's works it has this peculiar interest, that, according to an ancient tradition which there is no reason to doubt, the part of Adam was played by the poet himself. "Think" (says Coleridge) "of the scene between Adam and Orlando; and think again, that the actor of that part had to carry the author of that play in his arms!"

There is some reason (cf. Sonnets 110, 111) for believing that Shakespeare disliked the profession of actor. Perhaps this dislike had something to do with the disappearance of old Adam so early in the piece. After the close of the Second Act we do not see him again, nor is any allusion made to him: the Duke's words (II. 7. 196—198) are the last mention of him: then he simply drops out of the action, like the Fool in King Lear, III. 6. 92. But the Fool's withdrawal is foreshadowed in his last speech, and clearly explained by the references to his fragile delicacy, which has succumbed under the afflictions of that fearful night on the heath; while there would be no place for him in the scheme of King Lear as its tragedy deepens into extremity of terror and despair. Here it is difficult to explain

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1 It rests on the authority of the 18th century antiquary Oldys, who collected a great deal of information about the writers of the 17th century. He meant to write a Life of Shakespeare, and in his notes for it says: "One of Shakespeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of King Charles II, would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother Will, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays." And when he was a very old man, some actors of the time of Charles II questioned him about his immortal brother's connection with the stage; but all he could recollect was having once seen Shakespeare "act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song" (Furness, pp. 129, 130). This brother must have been Gilbert Shakespeare, the second of the three brothers (Lee, Life of Shakespeare, pp. 44, 283). The poet was the eldest son.
the disappearance of a character like Adam. We feel that we ought to see him at the end rejoicing in the good fortune of the young master whom he had served so well. "Poetic justice" demands it, i.e. the principle that in poetry at least people should reap the just results, good or bad, of their deeds.

Le Beau seems to be meant as a type of the affected courtier satirised more than once by Shakespeare (cf. Osric in Hamlet, and Bushy in Richard II.); perhaps from personal experience in his relations with the Court, and his noble patrons like Southampton. The name Le Beau was meant to indicate his character and also to label him distinctively as a Frenchman. Compare the satirical account of a Frenchman in The Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 58—70. It was the sort of pseudo-patriotism with which now and then Shakespeare deigned to humour his audience. The finicking Frenchman is one of the stereotyped and traditional figures of the English theatre. Perhaps he is no further removed from the truth than the Englishman of the French stage.

Le Beau's warning (i. 2. 239—245) shows that he is kind enough at heart; for he need not have troubled about Orlando. Also, he can talk simply when he discards the courtier-like airs which he thinks it necessary to assume in presence of the princesses.

Oliver himself is quite uninteresting—not so the part that he plays. His "conversion" (iv. 3. 135—137), after he has been painted in such black colours in Scene 1 of the play, is very sudden, and thinly motivated; but something must be attributed to the mysterious atmosphere of the enchanting Forest of Arden. Shakespeare meant that this idyllic comedy should work up to a climax of perfect content, and the loyal Celia has to be rewarded in some way (though we cannot really believe Oliver to be worthy of her). It must be remembered, however, that the dramatist has been careful to represent Oliver as having passed through the chastening discipline of trouble. In fact, his "conversion" is an illustration of the Duke's words—"Sweet are the uses of adversity."
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XIII.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

The following is the story of the play in Lambs' Tales from Shakespeare. The young student (for whose benefit primarily it is inserted) will notice that the Tale omits some of the characters of the play, e.g. Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey, Silvius and Phebe. It does not profess to follow the play with minute accuracy, but gives a most vivid and true sketch of the events. The Tale retains much of the original language, and a good many of the difficult words in it are explained in the Notes. See the Index for them.

During the time that France was divided into provinces (or dukedoms as they were called) there reigned in one of these provinces an usurper, who had deposed and banished his elder brother, the lawful duke.

The duke, who was thus driven from his dominions, retired with a few faithful followers to the forest of Arden; and here the good duke lived with his loving friends, who had put themselves into a voluntary exile for his sake, while their land and revenues enriched the false usurper; and custom soon made the life of careless ease they led here more sweet to them than the pomp and uneasy splendour of a courtier's life. Here they lived like the old Robin Hood of England, and to this forest many noble youths daily resorted from the court, and did fleet the time carelessly, as they did who lived in the golden age. In the summer they lay along under the fine shade of the large forest trees, marking the playful sports of the wild deer; and so fond were they of these poor dappled fools, who seemed to be the native inhabitants of the forest, that it grieved them to be forced to kill them to supply themselves with venison for their food. When the cold winds of winter made the duke feel the change of his adverse fortune, he would endure it patiently, and

A. Y. L.
say, "These chilling winds which blow upon my body are true counsellors; they do not flatter, but represent truly to me my condition; and though they bite sharply, their tooth is nothing like so keen as that of unkindness and ingratitude. I find that howsoever men speak against adversity, yet some sweet uses are to be extracted from it; like the jewel, precious for medicine, which is taken from the head of the venomous and despised toad." In this manner did the patient duke draw a useful moral from everything that he saw; and by the help of this moralising turn, in that life of his, remote from public haunts, he could find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The banished duke had an only daughter, named Rosalind, whom the usurper, duke Frederick, when he banished her father, still retained in his court as a companion for his own daughter Celia. A strict friendship subsisted between these ladies, which the disagreement between their fathers did not in the least interrupt, Celia striving by every kindness in her power to make amends to Rosalind for the injustice of her own father in deposing the father of Rosalind; and whenever the thoughts of her father's banishment, and her own dependence on the false usurper, made Rosalind melancholy, Celia's whole care was to comfort and console her.

One day, when Celia was talking in her usual kind manner to Rosalind, saying, "I pray you, Rosalind, my sweet cousin, be merry," a messenger entered from the duke, to tell them that if they wished to see a wrestling match, which was just going to begin, they must come instantly to the court before the palace; and Celia, thinking it would amuse Rosalind, agreed to go and see it.

In those times wrestling, which is only practised now by country clowns, was a favourite sport even in the courts of princes, and before fair ladies and princesses. To this wrestling match, therefore, Celia and Rosalind went. They found that it was likely to prove a very tragical sight; for a large and powerful man, who had been long practised in the art of wrestling, and had slain many men in contests of this kind,
was just going to wrestle with a very young man, who, from his extreme youth and inexperience in the art, the beholders all thought would certainly be killed.

When the duke saw Celia and Rosalind, he said, "How now, daughter and niece, are you crept hither to see the wrestling? You will take little delight in it, there is such odds in the men¹: in pity to this young man, I would wish to persuade him from wrestling. Speak to him, ladies, and see if you can move him."

The ladies were well pleased to perform this humane office, and first Celia entreated the young stranger that he would desist from the attempt; and then Rosalind spoke so kindly to him, and with such feeling consideration for the danger he was about to undergo, that instead of being persuaded by her gentle words to forego his purpose, all his thoughts were bent to distinguish himself by his courage in this lovely lady's eyes. He refused the request of Celia and Rosalind in such graceful and modest words, that they felt still more concern for him; he concluded his refusal with saying, "I am sorry to deny such fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein if I be conquered there is one shamed that was never gracious; if I am killed, there is one dead that is willing to die; I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; for I only fill up a place in the world which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

And now the wrestling match began. Celia wished the young stranger might not be hurt; but Rosalind felt most for him. The friendless state which he said he was in, and that he wished to die, made Rosalind think that he was like herself, unfortunate; and she pitied him so much, and so deep an interest she took in his danger while he was wrestling, that she might almost be said at that moment to have fallen in love with him.

The kindness shown this unknown youth by these fair and

¹ Probably the correct reading in I. 2. 140 is man; see note.
noble ladies gave him courage and strength, so that he performed wonders; and in the end completely conquered his antagonist, who was so much hurt, that for a while he was unable to speak or move.

The duke Frederick was much pleased with the courage and skill shown by this young stranger; and desired to know his name and parentage, meaning to take him under his protection.

The stranger said his name was Orlando, and that he was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Sir Rowland de Boys, the father of Orlando, had been dead some years; but when he was living, he had been a true subject and dear friend of the banished duke: therefore, when Frederick heard Orlando was the son of his banished brother's friend, all his liking for this brave young man was changed into displeasure, and he left the place in very ill humour. Hating to hear the very name of any of his brother's friends, and yet still admiring the valour of the youth, he said, as he went out, that he wished Orlando had been the son of any other man.

Rosalind was delighted to hear that her new favourite was the son of her father's old friend; and she said to Celia, "My father loved Sir Rowland de Boys, and if I had known this young man was his son, I would have added tears to my entreaties before he should have ventured."

The ladies then went up to him; and seeing him abashed by the sudden displeasure shown by the duke, they spoke kind and encouraging words to him; and Rosalind, when they were going away, turned back to speak some more civil things to the brave young son of her father's old friend; and taking a chain from off her neck, she said, "Gentleman, wear this for me. I am out of suits with fortune, or I would give you a more valuable present."

When the ladies were alone, Rosalind's talk being still of Orlando, Celia began to perceive her cousin had fallen in love with the handsome young wrestler, and she said to Rosalind, "Is it possible you should fall in love so suddenly?" Rosalind replied, "The duke, my father, loved his father dearly." "But," said Celia, "does it therefore follow that you should love his
son dearly? for then I ought to hate him, for my father hated his father; yet I do not hate Orlando."

Frederick being enraged at the sight of Sir Rowland de Boys' son, which reminded him of the many friends the banished duke had among the nobility, and having been for some time displeased with his niece, because the people praised her for her virtues, and pitied her for her good father's sake, his malice suddenly broke out against her; and while Celia and Rosalind were talking of Orlando, Frederick entered the room, and with looks full of anger ordered Rosalind instantly to leave the palace, and follow her father into banishment; telling Celia, who in vain pleaded for her, that he had only suffered Rosalind to stay upon her account. "I did not then," said Celia, "entreat you to let her stay, for I was too young at that time to value her; but now that I know her worth, and that we so long have slept together, rose at the same instant, learned, played, and eat together, I cannot live out of her company." Frederick replied, "She is too subtle for you; her smoothness, her very silence, and her patience speak to the people, and they pity her. You are a fool to plead for her, for you will seem more bright and virtuous when she is gone; therefore open not your lips in her favour, for the doom which I have passed upon her is irrevocable."

When Celia found she could not prevail upon her father to let Rosalind remain with her, she generously resolved to accompany her; and leaving her father's palace that night, she went along with her friend to seek Rosalind's father, the banished duke, in the forest of Arden.

Before they set out, Celia considered that it would be unsafe for two young ladies to travel in the rich clothes they then wore; she therefore proposed that they should disguise their rank by dressing themselves like country maids. Rosalind said it would be a still greater protection if one of them was to be dressed like a man; and so it was quickly agreed on between them, that as Rosalind was the tallest, she should wear the dress of a young countryman, and Celia should be habited like a country lass, and that they should say they were brother and
sister, and Rosalind said she would be called Ganymede, and Celia chose the name of Aliena.

In this disguise, and taking their money and jewels to defray their expenses, these fair princesses set out on their long travel; for the forest of Arden was a long way off, beyond the boundaries of the duke's dominions.

The lady Rosalind (or Ganymede as she must now be called) with her manly garb seemed to have put on a manly courage. The faithful friendship Celia had shown in accompanying Rosalind so many weary miles, made the new brother, in recompense for this true love, exert a cheerful spirit, as if he were indeed Ganymede, the rustic and stout-hearted brother of the gentle village maiden, Aliena.

When at last they came to the forest of Arden, they no longer found the convenient inns and good accommodations they had met with on the road; and being in want of food and rest, Ganymede, who had so merrily cheered his sister with pleasant speeches and happy remarks all the way, now owned to Aliena that he was so weary, he could find in his heart to disgrace his man's apparel, and cry like a woman; and Aliena declared she could go no farther; and then again Ganymede tried to recollect that it was a man's duty to comfort and console a woman, as the weaker vessel; and to seem courageous to his new sister, he said, "Come, have a good heart, my sister Aliena; we are now at the end of our travel, in the forest of Arden." But feigned manliness and forced courage would no longer support them; for though they were in the forest of Arden, they knew not where to find the duke: and here the travel of these weary ladies might have come to a sad conclusion, for they might have lost themselves, and perished for want of food; but providentially, as they were sitting on the grass, almost dying with fatigue and hopeless of any relief, a countryman chanced to pass that way, and Ganymede once more tried to speak with a manly boldness, saying, "Shepherd, if love or gold can in this desert place procure us entertainment, I pray you bring us where we may rest ourselves; for this young maid, my sister, is much fatigued with travelling, and faints for want of food."
The man replied, that he was only a servant to a shepherd, and that his master's house was just going to be sold, and therefore they would find but poor entertainment; but that if they would go with him, they should be welcome to what there was. They followed the man, the near prospect of relief giving them fresh strength; and bought the house and sheep of the shepherd, and took the man who conducted them to the shepherd's house to wait on them; and being by this means so fortunately provided with a neat cottage, and well supplied with provisions, they agreed to stay here till they could learn in what part of the forest the duke dwelt.

When they were rested after the fatigue of their journey, they began to like their new way of life, and almost fancied themselves the shepherd and shepherdess they feigned to be; yet sometimes Ganymede remembered he had once been the same lady Rosalind who had so dearly loved the brave Orlando, because he was the son of old Sir Rowland, her father's friend; and though Ganymede thought that Orlando was many miles distant, even so many weary miles as they had travelled, yet it soon appeared that Orlando was also in the forest of Arden: and in this manner this strange event came to pass.

Orlando was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys, who, when he died, left him (Orlando being then very young) to the care of his eldest brother Oliver, charging Oliver on his blessing to give his brother a good education, and provide for him as became the dignity of their ancient house. Oliver proved an unworthy brother; and disregarding the commands of his dying father, he never put his brother to school, but kept him at home untaught and entirely neglected. But in his nature and in the noble qualities of his mind Orlando so much resembled his excellent father, that without any advantages of education he seemed like a youth who had been bred with the utmost care; and Oliver so envied the fine person and dignified manners of his untutored brother, that at last he wished to destroy him; and to effect this he set on people to persuade him to wrestle with the famous wrestler, who, as has been before related, had killed so many men. Now, it was this
cruel brother's neglect of him which made Orlando say he wished to die, being so friendless.

When, contrary to the wicked hopes he had formed, his brother proved victorious, his envy and malice knew no bounds, and he swore he would burn the chamber where Orlando slept. He was overheard making this vow by one that had been an old and faithful servant to their father, and that loved Orlando because he resembled Sir Rowland. This old man went out to meet him when he returned from the duke's palace, and when he saw Orlando, the peril his dear young master was in made him break out into these passionate exclamations: "O my gentle master, my sweet master, O you memory of old Sir Rowland! why are you virtuous? why are you gentle, strong, and valiant? and why would you be so fond to overcome the famous wrestler? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you." Orlando, wondering what all this meant, asked him what was the matter. And then the old man told him how his wicked brother, envying the love all people bore him, and now hearing the fame he had gained by his victory in the duke's palace, intended to destroy him, by setting fire to his chamber that night; and in conclusion, advised him to escape the danger he was in by instant flight; and knowing Orlando had no money, Adam (for that was the good old man's name) had brought out with him his own little hoard, and he said, "I have five hundred crowns, the thrifty hire I saved under your father, and laid by to be provision for me when my old limbs should become unfit for service; take that, and he that doth the ravens feed be comfort to my age! Here is the gold; all this I give to you: let me be your servant; though I look old I will do the service of a younger man in all your business and necessities." "O good old man!" said Orlando, "how well appears in you the constant service of the old world! You are not for the fashion of these times. We will go along together, and before your youthful wages are spent, I shall light upon some means for both our maintenance."

Together then this faithful servant and his loved master set out; and Orlando and Adam travelled on, uncertain what
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course to pursue, till they came to the forest of Arden, and there they found themselves in the same distress for want of food that Ganymede and Aliena had been. They wandered on, seeking some human habitation, till they were almost spent with hunger and fatigue. Adam at last said, "O my dear master, I die for want of food, I can go no farther!" He then laid himself down, thinking to make that place his grave, and bade his dear master farewell. Orlando, seeing him in this weak state, took his old servant up in his arms, and carried him under the shelter of some pleasant trees; and he said to him, "Cheerly, old Adam, rest your weary limbs here awhile, and do not talk of dying!"

Orlando then searched about to find some food, and he happened to arrive at that part of the forest where the duke was; and he and his friends were just going to eat their dinner, this royal duke being seated on the grass, under no other canopy than the shady covert of some large trees.

Orlando, whom hunger had made desperate, drew his sword, intending to take their meat by force, and said, "Forbear and eat no more; I must have your food!" The duke asked him, if distress had made him so bold, or if he were a rude despiser of good manners? On this Orlando said, he was dying with hunger; and then the duke told him he was welcome to sit down and eat with them. Orlando hearing him speak so gently, put up his sword, and blushed with shame at the rude manner in which he had demanded their food. "Pardon me, I pray you," said he: "I thought that all things had been savage here, and therefore I put on the countenance of stern command; but whatever men you are, that in this desert, under the shade of melancholy boughs, lose and neglect the creeping hours of time; if ever you have looked on better days; if ever you have been where bells have knolled to church; if you have ever sat at any good man's feast; if ever from your eyelids you have wiped a tear, and know what it is to pity or be pitied, may gentle speeches now move you to do me human courtesy!"

The duke replied, "True it is that we are men (as you say) who have seen better days, and though we have now our habitation
in this wild forest, we have lived in towns and cities, and have
with holy bell been knolled to church, have sat at good men’s
feasts, and from our eyes have wiped the drops which sacred
pity has engendered; therefore sit you down, and take of our
refreshment as much as will minister to your wants.” “There
is an old poor man,” answered Orlando, “who has limped after
me many a weary step in pure love, oppressed at once with two
sad infirmities, age and hunger; till he be satisfied, I must not
touch a bit.” “Go, find him out, and bring him hither,” said
the duke; “we will forbear to eat till your return.” Then
Orlando went like a doe to find its fawn and give it food; and
presently returned, bringing Adam in his arms; and the duke
said, “Set down your venerable burthen; you are both wel-
come”: and they fed the old man, and cheered his heart, and
he revived, and recovered his health and strength again.

The duke inquired who Orlando was; and when he found
that he was the son of his old friend, Sir Rowland de Boys, he
took him under his protection, and Orlando and his old servant
lived with the duke in the forest.

Orlando arrived in the forest not many days after Ganymede
and Aliena came there and (as has been before related) bought
the shepherd’s cottage.

Ganymede and Aliena were strangely surprised to find the
name of Rosalind carved on the trees, and love-sonnets,
fastened to them, all addressed to Rosalind; and while they
were wondering how this could be, they met Orlando, and they
perceived the chain which Rosalind had given him about his
neck.

Orlando little thought that Ganymede was the fair princess
Rosalind, who, by her noble condescension and favour, had so
won his heart that he passed his whole time in carving her name
upon the trees, and writing sonnets in praise of her beauty: but
being much pleased with the graceful air of this pretty shepherd-
youth, he entered into conversation with him, and he thought
he saw a likeness in Ganymede to his beloved Rosalind, but
that he had none of the dignified deportment of that noble
lady; for Ganymede assumed the forward manners often seen
in youths when they are between boys and men, and with much
archness and humour talked to Orlando of a certain lover,
"who," said he, "haunts our forest, and spoils our young trees
with carving Rosalind upon their barks; and he hangs odes
upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles, all praising this same
Rosalind. If I could find this lover, I would give him some
good counsel that would soon cure him of his love."

Orlando confessed that he was the fond lover of whom he
spoke, and asked Ganymede to give him the good counsel he
talked of. The remedy Ganymede proposed, and the counsel
he gave him, was that Orlando should come every day to the
cottage where he and his sister Aliena dwelt: "And then,"
said Ganymede, "I will feign myself to be Rosalind, and you
shall feign to court me in the same manner as you would do
if I was Rosalind, and then I will imitate the fantastic ways
of whimsical ladies to their lovers, till I make you ashamed
of your love; and this is the way I propose to cure you."

Orlando had no great faith in the remedy, yet he agreed to
come every day to Ganymede's cottage, and feign a playful
courtship; and every day Orlando visited Ganymede and Aliena,
and Orlando called the shepherd Ganymede his Rosalind, and
every day talked over all the fine words and flattering compli-
ments which young men delight to use when they court their
mistresses. It does not appear, however, that Ganymede made
any progress in curing Orlando of his love for Rosalind.

Though Orlando thought all this was but a sportive play
(not dreaming that Ganymede was his very Rosalind), yet the
opportunity it gave him of saying all the fond things he had in
his heart, pleased his fancy almost as well as it did Ganymede's,
who enjoyed the secret jest in knowing these fine love-speeches
were all addressed to the right person.

In this manner many days passed pleasantly on with these
young people; and the good-natured Aliena, seeing it made
Ganymede happy, let him have his own way, and was diverted
at the mock-courtship, and did not care to remind Ganymede
that the lady Rosalind had not yet made herself known to the
duke her father, whose place of resort in the forest they had
learnt from Orlando. Ganymede met the duke one day, and had some talk with him, and the duke asked of what parentage he came. Ganymede answered that he came of as good parentage as he did, which made the duke smile, for he did not suspect the pretty shepherd-boy came of royal lineage. Then seeing the duke look well and happy, Ganymede was content to put off all further explanation for a few days longer.

One morning, as Orlando was going to visit Ganymede, he saw a man lying asleep on the ground, and a large green snake had twisted itself about his neck. The snake, seeing Orlando approach, glided away among the bushes. Orlando went nearer, and then he discovered a lioness lie crouching, with her head on the ground, with a cat-like watch, waiting till the sleeping man awaked (for it is said that lions will prey on nothing that is dead or sleeping). It seemed as if Orlando was sent by Providence to free the man from the danger of the snake and lioness; but when Orlando looked in the man's face, he perceived that the sleeper who was exposed to this double peril, was his own brother Oliver, who had so cruelly used him, and had threatened to destroy him by fire; and he was almost tempted to leave him a prey to the hungry lioness; but brotherly affection and the gentleness of his nature soon overcame his first anger against his brother; and he drew his sword, and attacked the lioness, and slew her, and thus preserved his brother's life both from the venomous snake and from the furious lioness: but before Orlando could conquer the lioness, she had torn one of his arms with her sharp claws.

While Orlando was engaged with the lioness, Oliver awaked, and perceiving that his brother Orlando, whom he had so cruelly treated, was saving him from the fury of a wild beast at the risk of his own life, shame and remorse at once seized him, and he repented of his unworthy conduct, and besought with many tears his brother's pardon for the injuries he had done him. Orlando rejoiced to see him so penitent, and readily forgave him: they embraced each other; and from that hour Oliver loved Orlando with a true brotherly affection, though he had come to the forest bent on his destruction.
INTRODUCTION.

The wound in Orlando's arm having bled very much, he found himself too weak to go to visit Ganymede, and therefore he desired his brother to go and tell Ganymede, "whom," said Orlando, "I in sport do call my Rosalind," the accident which had befallen him.

Thither then Oliver went, and told to Ganymede and Aliena how Orlando had saved his life: and when he had finished the story of Orlando's bravery, and his own providential escape, he owned to them that he was Orlando's brother, who had so cruelly used him; and then he told them of their reconciliation.

The sincere sorrow that Oliver expressed for his offences made such a lively impression on the kind heart of Aliena, that she instantly fell in love with him; and Oliver observing how much she pitied the distress he told her he felt for his fault, he as suddenly fell in love with her. But while love was thus stealing into the hearts of Aliena and Oliver, he was no less busy with Ganymede, who hearing of the danger Orlando had been in, and that he was wounded by the lioness, fainted; and when he recovered, he pretended that he had counterfeited the swoon in the imaginary character of Rosalind, and Ganymede said to Oliver, "Tell your brother Orlando how well I counterfeited a swoon." But Oliver saw by the paleness of his complexion that he did really faint, and much wondering at the weakness of the young man, he said, "Well, if you did counterfeit, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man." "So I do," replied Ganymede, truly, "but I should have been a woman by right."

Oliver made this visit a very long one, and when at last he returned back to his brother, he had much news to tell him; for besides the account of Ganymede's fainting at the hearing that Orlando was wounded, Oliver told him how he had fallen in love with the fair shepherdess Aliena, and that she had lent a favourable ear to his suit, even in this their first interview; and he talked to his brother, as of a thing almost settled, that he should marry Aliena, saying, that he so well loved her, that he would live here as a shepherd, and settle his estate and house at home upon Orlando.
"You have my consent," said Orlando. "Let your wedding be to-morrow, and I will invite the duke and his friends. Go and persuade your shepherdess to agree to this: she is now alone; for look, here comes her brother." Oliver went to Aliena; and Ganymede, whom Orlando had perceived approaching, came to inquire after the health of his wounded friend.

When Orlando and Ganymede began to talk over the sudden love which had taken place between Oliver and Aliena, Orlando said he had advised his brother to persuade his fair shepherdess to be married on the morrow, and then he added how much he could wish to be married on the same day to his Rosalind.

Ganymede, who well approved of this arrangement, said that if Orlando really loved Rosalind as well as he professed to do, he should have his wish; for on the morrow he would engage to make Rosalind appear in her own person, and also that Rosalind should be willing to marry Orlando.

This seemingly wonderful event, which, as Ganymede was the lady Rosalind, he could so easily perform, he pretended he would bring to pass by the aid of magic, which he said he had learnt of an uncle who was a famous magician.

The fond lover Orlando, half believing and half doubting what he heard, asked Ganymede if he spoke in sober meaning. "By my life I do," said Ganymede; "therefore put on your best clothes, and bid the duke and your friends to your wedding; for if you desire to be married to-morrow to Rosalind, she shall be here."

The next morning, Oliver having obtained the consent of Aliena, they came into the presence of the duke, and with them also came Orlando.

They being all assembled to celebrate this double marriage, and as yet only one of the brides appearing, there was much of wondering and conjecture, but they mostly thought that Ganymede was making a jest of Orlando.

The duke, hearing that it was his own daughter that was to be brought in this strange way, asked Orlando if he believed the shepherd-boy could really do what he had promised; and
while Orlando was answering that he knew not what to think, Ganymede entered, and asked the duke, if he brought his daughter, whether he would consent to her marriage with Orlando. "That I would," said the duke, "if I had kingdoms to give with her." Ganymede then said to Orlando, "And you say you will marry her if I bring her here." "That I would," said Orlando, "if I were king of many kingdoms."

Ganymede and Aliena then went out together, and Ganymede throwing off his male attire, and being once more dressed in woman's apparel, quickly became Rosalind without the power of magic; and Aliena changing her country garb for her own rich clothes, was with as little trouble transformed into the lady Celia.

While they were gone, the duke said to Orlando, that he thought the shepherd Ganymede very like his daughter Rosalind; and Orlando said he also had observed the resemblance.

They had no time to wonder how all this would end, for Rosalind and Celia in their own clothes entered; and no longer pretending that it was by the power of magic that she came there, Rosalind threw herself on her knees before her father, and begged his blessing. It seemed so wonderful to all present that she should so suddenly appear, that it might well have passed for magic; but Rosalind would no longer trifle with her father, and told him the story of her banishment, and of her dwelling in the forest as a shepherd-boy, her cousin Celia passing as her sister.

The duke ratified the consent he had already given to the marriage; and Orlando and Rosalind, Oliver and Celia, were married at the same time. And though their wedding could not be celebrated in this wild forest with any of the parade or splendour usual on such occasions, yet a happier wedding-day was never passed: and while they were eating their venison under the cool shade of the pleasant trees, as if nothing should be wanting to complete the felicity of this good duke and the true lovers, an unexpected messenger arrived to tell the duke the joyful news, that his dukedom was restored to him.

The usurper, enraged at the flight of his daughter Celia, and
hearing that every day men of great worth resorted to the forest of Arden to join the lawful duke in his exile, much envying that his brother should be so highly respected in his adversity, put himself at the head of a large force, and advanced towards the forest, intending to seize his brother, and put him with all his faithful followers to the sword; but, by a wonderful interposition of Providence, this bad brother was converted from his evil intention; for just as he entered the skirts of the wild forest, he was met by an old religious man, a hermit, with whom he had much talk, and who in the end completely turned his heart from his wicked design. Thenceforward he became a true penitent, and resolved, relinquishing his unjust dominion, to spend the remainder of his days in a religious house. The first act of his newly conceived penitence was to send a messenger to his brother (as has been related) to offer to restore to him his dukedom, which he had usurped so long, and with it the lands and revenues of his friends, the faithful followers of his adversity.

This joyful news, as unexpected as it was welcome, came opportune to heighten the festivity and rejoicings at the wedding of the princesses. Celia complimented her cousin on this good fortune which had happened to the duke, Rosalind’s father, and wished her joy very sincerely, though she herself was no longer heir to the dukedom, but by this restoration which her father had made, Rosalind was now the heir: so completely was the love of these two cousins unmixed with anything of jealousy or of envy.

The duke had now an opportunity of rewarding those true friends who had stayed with him in his banishment; and these worthy followers, though they had patiently shared his adverse fortune, were very well pleased to return in peace and prosperity to the palace of their lawful duke.
AS YOU LIKE IT.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, living in banishment.
FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.
AMIENS, lords attending on the banished Duke.
JAQUES, lords attending on the banished Duke.
LE BEAU, a courtier attending on Frederick.
CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.
OLIVER, sons of Sir Roland de Boys.
JAQUES, sons of Sir Roland de Boys.
ORLANDO, sons of Sir Roland de Boys.
ADAM, servants to Oliver.
DENNIS, servants to Oliver.
TOUCHSTONE, a clown.
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.
CORIN, shepherds.
SILVIUS, shepherds.
WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.
A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.
CELIA, daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a shepherdess.
AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

Scene—First (and in act ii. sc. 3), near Oliver's house; afterwards, partly in the usurper's court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. OLIVER'S orchard.

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 Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This
is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

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

[Adam retires.]

Enter Oliver.

Oliver. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orlando. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oliver. What mar you then, sir?

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

Oliver. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile!

Orlando. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oliver. Know you where you are, sir?

Orlando. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oliver. Know you before whom, sir?

Orlando. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oliver. What, boy!

Orlando. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.
Oliver. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orlando. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Roland de Boys; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. [Coming forward] Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oliver. Let me go, I say.

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

Oliver. And what wilt thou do—beg?—when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

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

Oliver. Get you with him, you old dog!

Adam. Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[Exeunt Orlando and Adam.

Oliver. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!
Enter Dennis.

Dennis. Calls your worship?

Oliver. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Dennis. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oliver. Call him in. [Exit Dennis.] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Oliver. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Charles. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oliver. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Charles. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oliver. Where will the old duke live?

Charles. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.
Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

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

Oliver. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbarest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

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

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

Scene II. A lawn before the Duke's palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Celia. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.
Rosalind. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. 5

Celia. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Rosalind. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Celia. You know my father hath no child but I, nor
none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

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

Celia. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Rosalind. What shall be our sport, then?

Celia. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Rosalind. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

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

Rosalind. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune’s office to Nature’s: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

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

Enter Touchstone.

Rosalind. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature’s natural the cutter-off of Nature’s wit.
Celia. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you? 50

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Celia. Were you made the messenger?

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

Rosalind. Where learned you that oath, fool?

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

Celia. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Rosalind. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touchstone. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave. 65

Celia. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

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

Celia. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touchstone. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Celia. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one 75 of these days.

Touchstone. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.
SC. 11.]  

**As You Like It.**

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

Rosalind. With his mouth full of news.

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

Rosalind. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Celia. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter Le Beau.

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

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Celia. Sport! of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

Rosalind. As wit and fortune will.

Touchstone. Or as the Destinies decree.

Celia. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Rosalind. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Celia. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Celia. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Rosalind. With bills on their necks,—"Be it known unto all men by these presents."

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him,
and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Rosalind. Alas! Touchstone. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of. Touchstone. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Celia. Or I, I promise thee. Rosalind. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

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

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke Frederick. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Rosalind. Is yonder the man? Le Beau. Even he, madam. Celia. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully. Duke Frederick. How now, daughter, and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Rosalind. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.
SC. II.]  AS YOU LIKE IT.  13

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

Celia. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.  [Duke goes apart.  145
Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls
for you.

Orlando. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Rosalind. Young man, have you challenged Charles the
wrestler?

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

Celia. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for
your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's
strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew your-
self with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would
counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for
your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over
this attempt.

Rosalind. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not
therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke
that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orlando. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard
thoughts: wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair
and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes
and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be
foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if
killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my
friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world
no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill
up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

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

_Celia._ And mine, to eke out hers.

_Ros._ Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

_Celia._ Your heart's desires be with you!

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

_Orlando._ Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

_Duke Frederick._ You shall try but one fall.

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

_Orlando._ You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

_Rosalind._ Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

_Celia._ I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.  

_Rosalind._ O excellent young man!

_Celia._ If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.  

_Duke Frederick._ No more, no more.

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

_Duke Frederick._ How dost thou, Charles?

_Le Beau._ He cannot speak, my lord.

_Duke F._ Bear him away.  

_Orlando._ Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Roland de Boys.

_Duke Frederick._ I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
The world esteem’d thy father honourable,  
But I did find him still mine enemy:  
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,  
Hadst thou descended from another house.  
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:  
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exeunt Duke Frederick, Train, and Le Beau.

Celia.  Were I my father, coz, would I do this?  

Orlando.  I am more proud to be Sir Roland’s son,  
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,  
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

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

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

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

Celia.  Ay.  Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orlando.  Can I not say, I thank you?  My better parts  
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up  
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Rosalind.  He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Celia. Will you go, coz?
Rosalind. Have with you. Fare you well.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue? 235
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter Le Beau.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved 240
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than 1 to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this,—
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here were at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orlando. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[Exit Le Beau.

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

[Exit.

SCENE III. A room in the palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Celia. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy!
not a word?

Rosalind. Not one to throw at a dog.

Celia. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me 5
with reasons.

Rosalind. Then there were two cousins laid up; when
the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad
without any.

Celia. But is all this for your father?

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

Celia. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in
holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our
very petticoats will catch them.

Rosalind. I could shake them off my coat: these burs
are in my heart.

Celia. Hem them away.
Ros. I would try, if I could cry "hem," and have him.

Celia. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Rosalind. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Celia. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Roland's youngest son?

Rosalind. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

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

Rosalind. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Celia. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Rosalind. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

Celia. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, and get you from our court.

Rosalind. Me, uncle?

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

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

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

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

_Duke F._ Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

_Ros._ So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

_Celia._ Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

_Duke Frederick._ Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

_Celia._ I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

_Duke F._ She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

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

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

[Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.

_Celia._ O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

_Rosalind._ I have more cause.

_Celia._ Thou hast not, cousin; Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

_Rosalind._ That he hath not.

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

_Rosalind._ Why, whither shall we go?

_Celia._ To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

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

_Celia._ I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

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

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

_Ros._ I’ll have no worse a name than Jove’s own page; And therefore look you call me Ganymede. But what will you be call’d?

_Celia._ Something that hath a reference to my state; No longer Celia, but Aliena.

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

_Celia._ He’ll go along o’er the wide world with me; Leave me alone to woo him. Let’s away, And get our jewels and our wealth together; Devise the fittest time and safest way To hide us from pursuit that will be made After my flight. Now go we in content To liberty, and not to banishment. [Exeunt.
ACT II.

SCENE I.  The Forest of Arden.

_Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and other Lords, in the dress of foresters._

Duke senior.  Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile, 
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet 
Than that of painted pomp?  Are not these woods 
More free from peril than the envious court? 
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam, 
The seasons’ difference, as the icy fang 
And churlish chiding of the winter’s wind, 
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body, 
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say, 
“This is no flattery; these are counsellors 
That feelingly persuade me what I am.”

Sweet are the uses of adversity, 
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, 
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head: 
And this our life, exempt from public haunt, 
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, 
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing: 
I would not change it.

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

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

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

Duke senior. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
“Poor deer,” quoth he, “thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:” then, being there alone,
Left and abandon’d of his velvet friends;
“’Tis right,” quoth he; “thus misery doth part
The flux of company:” anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; “Ay,” quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens; 'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?" Thus most invectively he pierceth through The body of the country, city, court, Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse, To fright the animals and to kill them up, In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke s. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting Upon the sobbing deer.
Duke senior. Show me the place: I love to cope him in these sullen fits, For then he's full of matter.
First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A room in the palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them? It cannot be: some villains of my court Are of consent and sufferance in this.
First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her. The ladies, her attendants of her chamber, Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.
Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing. Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman, Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

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

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Before Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orlando. Who's there?
Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Roland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orlando. Why, what's the matter?
Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors! within this roof  
The enemy of all your graces lives:  
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—  
Yet not the son—I will not call him son  
Of him I was about to call his father)—  
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means  
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,  
And you within it: if he fail of that,  
He will have other means to cut you off:  
I overheard him and his practices.  
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:  
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.  

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?  
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.  
Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?  
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce  
A thievish living on the common road?  
This I must do, or know not what to do:  
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;  
I rather will subject me to the malice  
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.  

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,  
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,  
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse  
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,  
And unregarded age in corners thrown:  
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;  
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:  
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;  
I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business and necessities.

Orlando. O good old man, how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion,  
And having that, do choke their service up  
Even with the having: 'tis not so with thee.  
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,  
That cannot so much as a blossom yield  
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.  
But come thy ways; we'll go along together;  
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.  
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore  
Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;  
But at fourscore it is too late a week:  
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better  
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.  

[Exeunt.]
Scene IV. The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind in boy's clothes, Celia drest like a shepherdess, and Touchstone.

Rosalind. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

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

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

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

Touchstone. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

Rosalind. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

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

Rosalind. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here;
A young man and an old in solemn talk.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

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

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

Corin. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

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

Corin. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.  

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

Exit.  

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

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

Rosalind. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.  

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

Rosalind. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion  
Is much upon my fashion.  

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.
Celia. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touchstone. Holla, you clown!
Rosalind. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Corin. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Corin. Else are they very wretched.

Rosalind. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

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

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

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

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

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

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

_Corin._ Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like, upon report, The soil, the profit and this kind of life, I will your very faithful feeder be, And buy it with your gold right suddenly. 

[Exeunt.

**Scene V. Another part of the forest.**

_Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others._

_Song._

_Amiens._ Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

_Jaques._ More, more, I prithee, more.
_Ami._ It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

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

_Ami._ My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

_Jaques._ I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo: call you 'em stanzos?
Amiens. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

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

Amiens. More at your request than to please myself.

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

Amiens. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.

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

Song.

Who doth ambition shun, [All together here. 35
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 shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

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

Amiens. And I'll sing it.

Jaques. Thus it goes;
If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
SCENE VI. Another part of the forest.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orlando. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerely; and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [Exeunt.]
Scene VII. Another part of the forest.

A table set out. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and others.

Duke senior. I think he be transform'd into a beast; For I can no where find him like a man.

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

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

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Enter Jaques.

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

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

_Duke senior._ What fool is this?

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

_Duke s._ Thou shalt have one.

_Jaques._ It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They must most laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The “why” is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man’s folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

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

_Jaques._ What, for a counter, would I do but good?

_Duke s._ Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

_Jaques._ Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

_Enter Orlando with his sword drawn._

_Orl._ Forbear, and eat no more!

_Jaques._ Why, I have eat none yet.

_Orlando._ Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.
Jaques. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke s. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaques. An you will not be answered with reason, I
must die.
Duke s. What would you have? Your gentleness shall
force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orlando. I almost die for food; and let me have it.
Duke s. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,—
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke s. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little while,
While, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke senior. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort!

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

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

Duke s. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

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

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

Song.

Amiens. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly: 180  
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!  
This life is most jolly.  
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.  
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! &c.

_Duke s._ If that you were the good Sir Roland's son,— 190  
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 duke  
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,  
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,  
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.  
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand.  

[Exeunt.]
ACT III.

SCENE I.  A room in the palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Oliver, Lords, and Attendants.

*Duke F.* Not see him since?  Sir, sir, that cannot be: But were I not the better part made mercy, I should not seek an absent argument Of my revenge, thou present.  But look to it: Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is; Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more To seek a living in our territory. Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands, Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth Of what we think against thee.

*Oliver.* O, that your highness knew my heart in this! I never loved my brother in my life.

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

SCENE II.  The Forest of Arden.

Enter Orlando with a paper, which he hangs on a tree.

*Orl.* Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love: And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she.  [Exit.]

Enter Corin and Touchstone.

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

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

Corin. No more but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

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

Corin. No, truly.

Touchstone. Then thou art damned.
Corin. Nay, I hope,—

Touchstone. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Corin. For not being at court? Your reason.

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

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

Touchstone. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Corin. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

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

Corin. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touchstone. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Corin. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touchstone. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Corin. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

[ACT III.


Corin. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.—But here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, reading a paper.

Ros. “From the east to western Ind
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.”

Touchstone. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Rosalind. Out, fool!

Touchstone. For a taste;
If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?
Rosalind. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touchstone. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Rosalind. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touchstone. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, reading a paper.

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

Cel. [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, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
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.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged;
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
    Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
    Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
    By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
    To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
    And I to live and die her slave."

Rosalind. O most gentle Jupiter! what tedious homily
of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and
never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

Celia. How now! back, friends: shepherd, go off a
little: go with him, sirrah.

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

Celia. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some
of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Celia. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Rosalind. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear
themselves without the verse, and therefore stood
lamely in the verse.

Celia. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy
name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Rosalind. I was seven of the nine days out of the
wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a
palm-tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras'
time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Celia. Trow you who hath done this?
Rosalind. Is it a man?

Celia. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change your colour?

Rosalind. I prithee, who?

Celia. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Rosalind. Nay, but who is it?

Celia. Is it possible?

Rosalind. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Celia. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

Rosalind. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Celia. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rosalind. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

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

Rosalind. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow and true maid.
Celia. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.
Rosalind. Orlando?
Celia. Orlando.

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

Celia. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

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

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

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

Celia. Give me audience, good madam.

Rosalind. Proceed.

Celia. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

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

Celia. Cry "holla"! to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Rosalind. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Celia. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.
Rosalind. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

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

Rosalind. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[Celia and Rosalind retire.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

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

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

Jaques. God be wi' you! let's meet as little as we can.

Orlando. I do desire we may be better strangers.

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

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

Jaques. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orlando. Yes, just.

Jaques. I do not like her name.

Orlando. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaques. What stature is she of?

Orlando. Just as high as my heart.

Jaques. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

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

Jaques. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.
Orlando. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

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

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

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

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

Jaques. There I shall see mine own figure.

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

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

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

[Exit Jaques. Celia and Rosalind come forward.]

Rosalind. [Aside to Celia] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orlando. Very well: what would you?

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

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

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

Orlando. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

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

Orlando. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?
Rosalind. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se’nnight, Time’s pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orlando. Who ambles Time withal?

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

Orlando. Who doth he gallop withal?

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

Orlando. Who stays it still withal?

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

Orlando. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

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

Orlando. Are you native of this place?

Rosalind. As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orlando. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Rosalind. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.
Orlando. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Rosalind. There were none principal: they were all like one another as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orlando. I prithee, recount some of them.

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

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

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

Orlando. What were his marks?

Rosalind. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not;—but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother’s revenue:—then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-devise in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

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

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

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

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

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

Orlando. Did you ever cure any so?

Rosalind. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.
Orlando. I would not be cured, youth.
Rosalind. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.
Orlando. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.
Rosalind. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?
Orlando. With all my heart, good youth.
Rosalind. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go?

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Another part of the forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind.

Touchstone. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?
Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?
Touchstone. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.
Jaques. [Aside] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!
Touchstone. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.
Audrey. I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?
Touchstone. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

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

Touchstone. I do, truly.

Audrey. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

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

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

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

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

Audrey. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touchstone. Amen!—Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

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

Sir Oliver. Is there none here to give the woman?

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

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

Jaq. [Coming forward] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touchstone. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't:
how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

_AJaques._ 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.

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

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

_AJaques._ Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

_Touchstone._ Come, sweet Audrey: we must be married. Farewell, good Master Oliver: not—

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee:

but,

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[Exeunt _Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey._

_Sir Oliver._ 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [Exit.]
Scene IV. Another part of the forest.
Before a cottage.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Rosalind. Never talk to me; I will weep.
Celia. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider
that tears do not become a man.
Rosalind. But have I not cause to weep?
Celia. As good cause as one would desire; therefore 5
weep.
Rosalind. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.
Celia. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his
kisses are Judas's own children.
Rosalind. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour. 10
Celia. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the
only colour.
Rosalind. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the
touch of holy bread.
Celia. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a 15
nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously: the
very ice of chastity is in them.
Rosalind. But why did he swear he would come this
morning, and comes not?
Celia. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him. 20
Rosalind. Do you think so?
Celia. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-
stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as con-
cave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.
Rosalind. Not true in love? 25
Celia. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.
Rosalind. You have heard him swear downright he was.
Celia. "Was" is not "is:" besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the 30 forest on the duke your father.

Rosalind. I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Celia. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a punytilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his 40 staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

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

Celia. Well, and what of him?

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

Rosalind. O, come, let us remove: The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. Bring us to this sight, and you shall say I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [Exeunt. 55
Scene V. Another part of the forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

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

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, behind.

Phebe. I would not be thy executioner: I fly thee, for I would not injure thee. Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye: 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things, 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: Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush, The cicatrice and capable impressure Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

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

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

_Rosalind._  [Coming forward] And why, I pray you?
Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees, and thank heaven, fasting, for a good man’s love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So, take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

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

_Rosalind._ He’s fallen in love with your foulness, and she’ll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I’ll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

_Phebe._ For no ill will I bear you.

_Rosalind._ I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
’Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock. [Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

_Phebe._ Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
“Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?”

_Silvius._ Sweet Phebe,—

_Phebe._ Ha, what say’st thou, Silvius?

_Silvius._ Sweet Phebe, pity me.

_Phebe._ Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

_Silvius._ Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both exterminated.
Phebe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would have you.

Phebe. Why, that were covetousness.

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

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

Phebe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere-while?

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

[Exeunt.]
ACT IV.

Scene I. The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

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

Rosalind. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaques. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Rosalind. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

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

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

Jaques. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

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

Jaques. Yes, I have gained my experience.

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

Enter Orlando.

Orlando. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!
Jaques. Nay, then, God be wi’ you, an you talk in blank verse!

Rosalind. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

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

Rosalind. Break an hour’s promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o’ the shoulder, but I’ll warrant him heart-whole.

Orlando. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Rosalind. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orlando. Of a snail!

Rosalind. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head,—a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: and I am your Rosalind.

Celia. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.
Rosalind. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orlando. I would kiss before I spoke.

Rosalind. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orlando. How if the kiss be denied?

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

Orlando. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Rosalind. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress.—Am not I your Rosalind?

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

Ros. Well, in her person, I say,—I will not have you.

Orlando. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Rosalind. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have so lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.
Orlando. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Rosalind. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But 90 come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orlando. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orlando. And wilt thou have me?

Rosalind. Ay, and twenty such.

Orlando. What sayest thou?

Rosalind. Are you not good?

Orlando. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orlando. Pray thee, marry us.

Celia. I cannot say the words.

Rosalind. You must begin,—"Will you, Orlando,"— 105

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. 110

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

Orlando. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Rosalind. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes 115 before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orlando. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Rosalind. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.
Orlando. For ever and a day.

Rosalind. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orlando. But will my Rosalind do so?

Rosalind. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orlando. O, but she is wise.

Rosalind. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman’s wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and ’twill out at the key-hole; stop that, ’twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orlando. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—“Wit, whither wilt?”

Rosalind. Marry, you shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband’s occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

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

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

Orlando. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o’clock I will be with thee again.

Rosalind. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me:
'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orlando. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

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

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

Rosalind. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [Exit Orlando.

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

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

Celia. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Rosalind. No, that same wicked son of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love: I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando; I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Celia. And I'll sleep. [Exeunt.}
Scene II. Another part of the forest.

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaques. Which is he that killed the deer?
A Lord. Sir, it was I.
Jaques. Let’s present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer’s horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?
Forester. Yes, sir.
Jaques. Sing it: ’tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Song.

For. What shall he have that kill’d the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home;
[The rest shall bear this burden.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn:
It was a crest ere thou wast born;
Thy father’s father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Another part of the forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Rosalind. How say you now? Is it not past two o’clock? and here much Orlando!
Celia. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta’en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Silvius. My errand is to you, fair youth; My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: [Giving a letter. I know not the contents; but, as I guess By the stern brow and waspish action Which she did use as she was writing of it, It bears an angry tenour: pardon me, I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Rosalind. Patience herself would startle at this letter, And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all: She says I am not fair; that I lack manners; She calls me proud, and that she could not love me, Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will! Her love is not the hare that I do hunt: Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well, This is a letter of your own device.

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

Rosalind. Come, come, you are a fool, And turn’d into the extremity of love. I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand, A freestone-colour’d hand; I verily did think That her old gloves were on, but ’twas her hands: She has a housewife’s hand; but that’s no matter: I say she never did invent this letter; This is a man’s invention, and his hand.

Silvius. Sure, it is hers.

Rosalind. Why, ’tis a boisterous and a cruel style, A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

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

Rosalind. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.

[Reads.

"Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"

Can a woman rail thus?

Silvius. Call you this railing?

Rosalind. [Reads]

"Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing?

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me."

Meaning me a beast.—

"If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
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.
Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. 

_[Exit Silvius._

_Enter Oliver._

_Oli._ Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know, Where in the purlieus of this forest stands A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees?
_Cel._ West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom: The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream Left on your right hand brings you to the place. But at this hour the house doth keep itself; There’s none within.
_Oliver._ If that an eye may profit by a tongue, Then should I know you by description; Such garments and such years:—“The boy is fair, Of female favour, and bestows himself Like a ripe sister: the woman low, And browner than her brother.” Are not you The owner of the house I did inquire for?
_Celia._ It is no boast, being ask’d, to say we are.
_Oliver._ Orlando doth commend him to you both; And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin; are you he?

_Rosalind._ I am: what must we understand by this?

_Oliver._ Some of my shame; if you will know of me 95
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

_Celia._ I pray you, tell it.

_Oliver._ When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay crouching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was 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 he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Rosalind. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there, Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oliver. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so; But kindness, nobler ever than revenge, And nature, stronger than his just occasion, Made him give battle to the lioness, Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling From miserable slumber I awaked.

Celia. Are you his brother?

Rosalind. Was it you he rescued?

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

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

Rosalind. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oliver. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two, Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place;— In brief, he led me to the gentle duke, Who gave me fresh array and entertainment, Committing me unto my brother's love; Who led me instantly unto his cave, There stripp'd 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 recover'd him, bound up his wound; And, after some small space, being strong at heart, He sent me hither, stranger as I am, To tell this story, that you might excuse His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

*Celia.* Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

*[Rosalind faints.]*

*Oliver.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

*Celia.* There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

*Oliver.* Look, he recovers.

*Ros.* I would I were at home.

*Celia.* We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

*Oliver.* Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.

*Rosalind.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

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

*Rosalind.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

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

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

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

*Oliver.* That will I, for I must bear answer back

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

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

*[Exeunt.*
ACT V.

SCENE I. The Forest of Arden.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

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

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

Touchstone. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Audrey. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Touchstone. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter William.

William. Good even, Audrey.

Audrey. God ye good even, William.

William. And good even to you, sir.

Touchstone. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

William. Five and twenty, sir.

Touchstone. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

William. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?
William. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. "Thank God"; a good answer. Art rich?

William. Faith, sir, so so.

Touchstone. "So so" is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

William. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. 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." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

William. I do, sir.

Touchstone. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

William. No, sir.

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

William. Which he, sir?

Touchstone. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better 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'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.
Audrey. Do, good William.  
William. God rest you merry, sir. [Exit.  

Enter Corin.  

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

Touchstone. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey. I attend, I 60 attend. [Exeunt.  

SCENE II. Another part of the forest.  

Enter Orlando and Oliver.  

Orlando. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?  

Oliver. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the 5 poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was 10 old Sir Roland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.  

Orlando. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for 15 look you, here comes my Rosalind.
Enter Rosalind.

Rosalind. God save you, brother.

Oliver. And you, fair sister. [Exit.

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

Orlando. It is my arm.

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

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

Rosalind. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orlando. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Rosalind. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never anything so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasoinal brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame:" for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

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

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

Orlando. I can live no longer by thinking.
Rosalind. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then,—for now I speak to some purpose,—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is, and without any danger.

Orlando. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Rosalind. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

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

Rosalind. I care not, if I have: it is my study To seem despiteful and ungentle to you: You are there follow’d by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what ’tis to love.

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

_Phebe._ And I for Ganymede.

_Orlando._ And I for Rosalind.

_Rosalind._ And I for no woman.

_Silvius._ It is to be all made of faith and service;

And so am I for Phebe.

_Phebe._ And I for Ganymede.

_Orlando._ And I for Rosalind.

_Rosalind._ And I for no woman.

_Silvius._ It is to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes;

All adoration, duty, and observance,

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,

All purity, all trial, all observance;

And so am I for Phebe.

_Phebe._ And so am I for Ganymede.

_Orlando._ And so am I for Rosalind.

_Rosalind._ And so am I for no woman.

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

_[To Rosalind._

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

_[To Phebe._

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

_Rosalind._ Who do you speak to,—“Why blame you, me to love you?”

_Orlando._ To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

_Rosalind._ Pray you, no more of this; ’tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [To Silvius]

I will help you, if I can: [To Phebe] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [To Phebe]

I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: [To Orlando] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfy man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [To
Silvius] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [To Orlando]
As you love Rosalind, meet: [To Silvius] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

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

Phebe. Nor I.

Orlando. Nor I. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Another part of the forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

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

Audrey. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touchstone. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Second Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Second Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.
It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In 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, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring-time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring-time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touchstone. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [Exeunt.
Scene IV. Another part of the forest.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke senior. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?
Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged: 5 [To the Duke] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, You will bestow her on Orlando here?
Duke s. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Rosalind. [To Orlando] And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?
Orlando. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. 10

Rosalind. [To Phebe] You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?
Phebe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Rosalind. But if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phebe. So is the bargain.

Rosalind. [To Silvius] You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will? 15
Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Rosalind. I have promised to make all this matter even. Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter; You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter: 20 Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me, Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd: Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.]

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

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

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaques. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these 35
couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very
strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touchstone. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaques. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the
motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the 40
forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touchstone. If any man doubt that, let him put me
to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered
a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with
mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had 45
four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaques. And how was that ta'en up?

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

Jaques. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this 50
fellow.

Duke senior. I like him very well.

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

_Duke s._ By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

_Touchstone._ According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

_Jaques._ But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

_Touchstone._ Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lied: this is called the Counter-check Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

_Jaques._ And how oft did you say his beard was not so well cut?

_Touchstone._ I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

_Jaques._ Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?
Touchstone. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too with an "if." I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an "if," as, "If you said so, then I said so;" and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your "if" is the only peace-maker; much virtue in "if."

Jaques. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke senior. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, 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 Duke senior] To you I give myself, for I am yours.
[To Orlando] To you I give myself, for I am yours.
Duke s. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.
Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

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

Ros. [To Duke s.] I'll have no father, if you be not he:
[To Orlando] I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
[To Phebe] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
[To Orlando and Rosalind] You and you no cross shall part:
[To Oliver and Celia] You and you are heart in heart:
[To Phebe] You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
[To Touchstone and Audrey] You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!
Duke s. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me, 
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree!

Phebe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine; 
[To Silvius] Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

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

Duke senior. Welcome, young man; 
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding: 
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other 
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom. 
First, in this forest let us do those ends 
That here were well begun and well begot: 
And after, every of this happy number 
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us 
Shall share the good of our returned fortune, 
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime forget this new-fall’n dignity,  
And fall into our rustic revelry. 
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all, 
With measure heap’d in joy, to the measures fall.  

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly, 
The duke hath put on a religious life, 
And thrown into neglect the pompous court? 

Jaques de Bois. He hath. 

Jaques. To him will I: out of these convertites 
There is much matter to be heard and learn’d. 

[To Duke s.] You to your former honour I bequeath; 
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:  

[To Or.] 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 Touch.] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage 
Is but for two months victuall’d. So, to your pleasures: 
I am for other than for dancing measures. 

Duke senior. Stay, Jaques, stay. 

Jaques. To see no pastime I: what you would have 
I’ll stay to know at your abandon’d cave. [Exit.  

Duke s. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites, 
As we do trust they’ll end, in true delights.  

[A dance.

EPILOGUE.

Rosalind. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, ’tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a
case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor
cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play!
I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not
become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I’ll begin to
with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love
you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please
you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear
to women (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you
hates them), that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many
of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that
liked me, and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure,
as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet
breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[Exeunt.]
NOTES.

G. = Glossary. Several other abbreviations used sometimes in the Notes are explained at the beginning of the Glossary, in which they occur more frequently. They should be observed; see p. 174.

By "the Folio" is meant the 1st Folio Edition of Shakespeare's plays, published in 1623.

ACT I.

Scene 1.

For the commencement of the story in Lodge's Rosalynde see Extracts 1 and 2.

1—4. In the 1st Folio there is no stop after fashion, and the text might be interpreted: "This kind of legacy, a poor thousand crowns, was bequeathed me by my father's will; and it was charged my brother to educate me well"—Moberly. The change of construction, however, from the personal to the impersonal is awkward. It seems better to insert some stop after fashion, and take bequeathed and charged as each a preterite the subject of which, he (i.e. Orlando's father), is omitted. Omission of the subject where the context shows who the subject is occurs often in Shakespeare. Here the omission seems effective and natural because Orlando is continuing a conversation begun off the stage, and talking with evident excitement. Some think that Shakespeare wrote he or a (=he) before bequeathed; either might have dropped out easily in the printing.

2. poor a thousand crowns; best explained as merely a transposition of the adjective (cf. 1. 2. 1) = a poor thousand crowns. Or the expression might possibly be formed on the analogy of many a; cf. Germ. manch ein. crown = five shillings.
4. bread me, bring me up. In 9 the sense is 'kept.'

4, 5. My brother Jaques; a character who does not appear till the very end (v. 4. 147). The awkwardness of having two characters named Jaques is obvious.

at school; probably = 'at the University,' the second brother being evidently (as he is Orlando's senior) older than a schoolboy. For school referring to a university cf. Hamlet, i. 2. 113, where the king censures Hamlet's intention, 'In going back to school in Wittenberg' (then a well-known university). The description of the second brother as a student is from Lodge's Rosalynde.

6. his profit, progress in his studies. Prospero's teaching made Miranda "more profit" (verb), i.e. make progress, than other princesses—The Tempest, i. 1. 172. Note Orlando's praise of his brother. Jealousy is quite foreign to his generous nature.

7. stays; needlessly changed by Warburton to sties, i.e. keeps me like a pig. But Orlando merely substitutes stays for keeps because, though he remains at home, he is in truth unkept.

11. are taught their manage, are broken in and trained. See manage in the Glossary.

12. hired; the auxiliary are is easily supplied from 11.

13. the which; cf. F. lequel. Often in Shakespeare, and sometimes rather more formal and precise than the simple relative. Cf. The Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 1—5, "Three thousand ducats...For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound." See 11. 1. 33.

14. bound, indebted, under an obligation.

16. countenance, authority; cf. King Lear, v. 1. 62, 63, "we'll use his countenance for the battle." Cf. 'to countenance' = to authorise or approve a thing. Oliver uses his authority as the elder and wealthier brother to the disadvantage of Orlando.

17. hinds, farm-servants, labourers. the place, i.e. from the place.

18. mines, undermines. gentility, gentle birth; cf. 1 Henry VI. v. 4. 8, "I am descended of a gentler blood." F. gentil, 'well-born.'

26. make, do; cf. Hamlet, i. 2. 164, "And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?"; ii. 2. 277, 278, "what make you at Elsinore?" Orlando purposely misunderstands Oliver.

28. mar; referring to the common combination 'make or mar,' where we see the influence of alliteration in the formation of proverbial sayings and phrases.

29. Marry, why! (said bitterly); see G.
be naught awhile. Editors show that this was a common Elizabethan expletive=a plague, a mischief, on you. Otherwise one would be inclined to take it as a colloquialism, like the modern slang, 'clear out, make yourself scarce.'

Other allusions in Shakespeare to the Parable of the Prodigal Son (Luke xv.) are i Henry IV. IV. 2. 37, 38 ("tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating druff and husks"), and 2 Henry IV. II. 1. 157.

prodigal portion=portion of a prodigal. So "a prodigal course"=the course of a spendthrift, Timon of Athens, III. 4. 12; "sterile curse"=the curse of sterility, Julius Caesar, I. 2. 9. In such phrases (common in Shakespeare) the adjective defines the character or sphere of the noun. The general sense here is, 'What portion have I spent like a prodigal?'

orchard; see G.

him; put for he through attraction to whom understood.

in the gentle condition of blood, i.e. being yourself a gentleman (see 18) by birth. so, i.e. to be your "brother."

is nearer to his reverence, i.e. "your being older than I gives you a nearer claim to the respect which was due to him"—Schmidt. Orlando admits that Oliver as the eldest son represents his father and may therefore claim, as it were by right of inheritance, some of the reverence which was paid to Sir Roland. The admission is characteristic of Orlando's fairness.

boy; meant, of course, contemptuously. Oliver evidently speaks with increased anger. He is provoked by the defiant tone of Orlando's last speech rather than by any particular words.

too young in this, too young to adopt this superior tone as of one much older. He emphasises his protest by seizing Oliver by the throat.

thou hast railed on thyself, i.e. by disparaging his father in saying that he had "begot villains."

Sweet masters, be patient. Similarly in Lodge's Rosalynde the old servant plays the part of peacemaker between the brothers.

Cf. Orlando's first speech.

obscuring and hiding, etc., i.e. not letting him associate with his equals, by whose refined society he would be influenced.

exercises, pursuits, especially martial exercises, horsemanship, etc. Cf. Spenser's description of an accomplished Elizabethan gentleman in The Faerie Queene, II. 4. 1. In King John, IV. 2. 57—60, the,
nobles say that the people censure John for keeping Arthur uneducated and denying him "The rich advantage of good exercise."

66. allottery, allotment, portion, i.e. the "thousand crowns" (2).

78. to grow upon me=our colloquialism 'to get too many for,' i.e. become unmanageable.

79. rankness; literally that physical condition for which the old remedy was 'bleeding' (or 'blood-letting'). Cf. Julius Caesar, III. 1. 152, "Who else must be let blood, who else is rank?" (i.e. too full of blood). Hence the general idea 'exuberance,' and so here 'too high spirit, presumption.' The metaphor is from "physic," not "grow" in 78.

84. So please you; an impersonal construction; literally 'if, on condition that, it pleases you' (dative).

88. Good morrow; much commoner in Shakespeare as a salutation than our "good morning."

89—110. This dialogue tells us much that is essential to an understanding of the plot, and rouses an interest in certain characters, especially Rosalind, before we make their acquaintance. It is an epitome of the existing circumstances (1) at the court, (2) in the Forest of Arden, the two main scenes of the action. Observe the naturalness of its introduction. Oliver would be likely to begin with some such questions about the court, to which the wrestler belongs, rather than broach his scheme at once and so excite suspicion in Charles.

89. the new, i.e. the latest.

92, 93. Similarly Prospero, Duke of Milan, was thrust from his dukedom by his brother, and exiled (The Tempest, I. 2).

96. good, willing: the Duke is glad enough that they should be absentees from their estates, of which he gets the revenues.

97, 98. A natural question; for Rosalind would be a conspicuous figure at the court, and we hear later (in I. 2. 258, 259 and 3. 74, 75) how her position roused popular interest and sympathy.

99. the duke's daughter. Charles of course means the usurping Duke, though Oliver (97) referred to the old Duke.

101. to stay; a gerundial infinitive='at staying,' i.e. being made to stay; it shows the old locative sense of to='at' or 'in.'

102. beloved of, i.e. by; of='by' is common after the past participle; cf. Julius Caesar, II. 1. 156, "Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar."

106. the forest of Arden; see Introduction.
107. *a many.* An extension of the noun-use of *many,* e.g. "A manye of us were called together," Latimer's *Sermons*; "a many of our bodies," *Henry V.* iv. 3. 95. Probably due in some degree to the influence of *many a* (adjective) and *a few.*

108. *the,* i.e. the famous. *of England*; inserted because the speaker is, at least nominally, a foreigner.

109. *fleet;* "to make to pass lightly and swiftly"—Schmidt. Rarely transitive as here. See G.

110. *the golden world,* i.e. the fabulous Age of Gold, when Saturnus, according to classical mythology, was king, and the earth was full of peace, prosperity and innocence. Cf. Milton's *Nativity Ode,* 135, "Time will run back, and fetch the Age of Gold."

114, 115. *to come in,* i.e. into the ring; to present himself as a competitor against all comers; cf. i. 2. 152 ("I come but in").

115. *a fall,* a round, a bout; the technical term in wrestling, which was a commoner sport in England in olden times than it is now. Devonshire and Cumberland were famous for wrestling matches.

117. *shall,* must, will have to.

119. *to foil,* to defeat; see G. Perhaps another word specially associated with this sport; cf. i. 2. 168, ii. 2. 14.

*as I must*; Charles has the true self-confidence of the professional versus the amateur.

121. *withal,* with it, i.e. what he has just said.

127, 128. *by underhand means,* i.e. indirectly, not openly; implying that open discussion would only have made his "stubborn" (129) brother more bent on challenging the wrestler. What follows (147—156) shows how much truth there is in Oliver's words.

130. *an envious emulator,* a jealous envier. *emulator*; see G.

131. *contriver,* cf. *Julius Cesar,* ii. 1. 157, 158, "we shall find of him (i.e. in him) a shrewd contriver* = plotter.


133. *lie*; see G.

134. *thou wert best,* thou hadst best. This idiom represents an impersonal construction changed into a personal. Thus "*I* were best" (*Cymbeline,* iii. 6. 19) would in earlier English have been "*me* were best" = "to me it were best." People misunderstood that (1) *me* was a dative, (2) the sentence was impersonal, and substituted *I,* which seemed more correct. The impersonal constructions so largely used in Old English were becoming less familiar to the Elizabethans.

A. Y. L.
mightily grace himself on thee, win great glory at your expense.  

practise, plot; cf. 2 Henry VI. ii. 2. 171, (they) "Have practised dangerously against your state." So the noun in ii. 3. 26, and King Lear, ii. 1. 75, "To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice." Spenser uses practick = deceitful, treacherous; cf. The Faerie Queene, ii. 3. 9, "In cunning sleightes and practick knavery."

indirect, base, lawless; see G.

but brotherly, i.e. with all brotherly reserve; wishing, as his brother, to put the case as favourably as possible.

anatomize; literally 'dissect' and so 'lay bare' = thoroughly expose; cf. II. 7. 56. Gk. āvarōula, 'dissection, cutting up'; āvā+ τέμνεω.

go, walk.

stir this gamester, i.e. incite Orlando (cf. 155) to challenge Charles: the very opposite of what Oliver said he had done (126—129). gamester. Some interpret it 'frolicsome fellow,' as in Henry VIII. i. 4. 45; others 'one who is disposed to try his fortune at this game' (i.e. of wrestling).

than he; an example of the irregular syntax that we get so often in Shakespeare.

This admission of Orlando's good qualities has been considered unnatural by some; I do not see why, as Oliver is talking to himself. At any rate it serves to give us the real reason of Oliver's hatred of Orlando, viz. jealousy begotten of a sense of inferiority.

gentle; probably in the sense 'a thorough gentleman'; cf. 40.

device, fancies, imagination. sorts, classes; cf. "all sorts and conditions of men" in the Prayer-Book. enchantingly, as if through some charm; see G.

misprised, despised; see G.

thither; implying rather purpose than place; 'to it,' i.e. to the wrestling. go about, see to.

Scene 2.

Enter Rosalind and Celia. It is difficult to imagine a position more delicate than that of these two cousins and bosom-friends, the one aware that her father has been shamefully treated and that she has been displaced by her friend, the other ashamed of her father's action and utterly unwilling to be benefited by it. But the perfect loyalty of Rosalind to her friend, and the perfect unselfishness and uprightness of
intention of Celia, who means to redress the wrong when her chance comes, prevent any break in their intimate relations.

The charm of Rosalind is so great that she rather diverts attention from Celia. Yet the latter is a very delightful character in her way and well deserving of careful study.

3. *I were merrier.* Rowe inserted the *I,* which the context shows to be necessary. Some think that the real cause of Rosalind's low spirits is that she has observed the Duke's change of feeling towards herself and sees trouble looming ahead.

5. *learn,* teach; see G.

8. *so,* provided that; cf. II. 3. 30.

11. *so righteously tempered,* of the same pure, unalloyed quality as my love for you.


14, 15. *nor none;* the emphatic double negative frequent in Shakespeare; cf. 23, II. 3. 50.

21. *falling in love.* These words not only strike a sort of keynote, for the whole action of the play is a series of variations on the theme, but they rather suggest that Rosalind is in a somewhat sentimental frame of mind—attuned, as it were, for what follows. This way of suggesting that a character is in what one may call the 'right frame of mind' is a natural dramatic device much used by Shakespeare. Thus in the first interview between Brutus and Cassius in *Julius Caesar* (i. 2.) we see that Brutus is ready, from his previous meditations on the state of Rome (I. 2. 39—42) and the conflict of duties in which he finds himself, to be moved by Cassius's appeal and by the offer of the crown to Caesar; just as Macbeth is by the Witch's prophetic address—"All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter," *Macbeth,* i. 3. 50.

23. *love no man in good earnest.* The remark is characteristic of Celia, who is an airy personage with a pretty turn for smart sayings, and rather affects a cynicism which is really quite foreign to her nature. But Time has something in store for her when his famous whirligig comes "full circle" and brings those revenges which belong to Act v. of a play.

24. *pure,* i.e. that has no real cause of shame.

27—32. Referring to the common representation of Fortune as a blindfolded goddess turning a wheel. The blindness is a symbol of her wayward, seemingly blind, dispensation of favours; the wheel an emblem of mutability. See Fluellen's description in *Henry V.* III. 6. 33—40.
27. *housewife;* commonly pronounced *husif,* whence *hussy.* Applied jestingly to Fortune.

35. *ill-favouredly,* in an ugly fashion. There is no need to change to *ill-favoured.* For much the same adverbial turn of phrase cf. 135; II. 6. 13; II. 7. 11. See *favour* in the Glossary.

36—38. i.e. it is Nature, not Fortune, who awards one person good looks and another ugly looks: Fortune only deals in worldly, temporal gifts, such as wealth, power, etc. Celia, however, shows that a piece of ill fortune, such as falling into the fire, may spoil Nature's work.

40—50. The oft recurrence in these lines of the word *wit* is suggestive. *As You Like It* has been happily called "one long festival of gaiety and wit, a soulful wit that vibrates into feeling." And in this "festival of wit" Touchstone is a fit performer—indeed "essential to the scheme: for the Fool's stupidity is the grindstone of wit, and the Fool's wit is the touchstone of character. Hence his name"—Brandes.

41. *flout,* mock at; cf. III. 3. 73, V. 1. 12.

42. *to cut off the argument,* to stop the discussion.

43. *there,* in that respect, in acting so; some would read *then,* to correspond with the following *when.*

44, 45. i.e. when Fortune sends a natural fool (that is to say, one who is a fool and does not merely play the part with professional skill) to interrupt the exercise of our natural wit.

natural, a fool; see G. Touchstone is described thus "for the sake of the alliteration and a punning jingle on words; but he is undoubtedly an artificial fool"—Douce.

47. *perceiving;* so many editors read, though the 1st Folio has *perceiveth.* Others keep *perceiveth,* but insert *and* before *sent.*

48, 49. *reason of,* talk about. Cf. F. *raisonner,* 'to argue, discourse.' *for our whetstone,* as an object on which to sharpen our "dull" wits.

50. *wit! whither wander you?* Alluding to the proverbial expression "wit, whither wilt?" Cf. IV. i. 141.

53, 54. It is a piece of Touchstone's fooling or "wit" to say that he is not "a messenger"—but was only sent to them.
55. fool; the curt form of address usual in speaking to Fools, i.e. professional court-jesters. Kent always addresses the Fool in King Lear thus; while the king himself uses endearing terms, such as "my pretty knave," "my boy."

58. naught, bad; see G. stand to it; cf. the phrase to say something and 'stick to it.'

74—76. My father's love. The 1st Folio assigns the speech to Rosalind. Most editors think that it belongs to Celia, because Frederick was her father's name (73); cf. 212 and v. 4. 150. The name of Rosalind's father is not mentioned; he is commonly called "Duke Senior" in the 1st Folio; but it is not likely that the brothers had the same name. The change from Rosalind to Celia seems necessary, and may be justified by many cases where the 1st Folio plainly assigns speeches to wrong characters. As for the epithet "old Frederick," which appears inconsistent with the fact that Celia's father was the younger brother, Steevens notes that it was often used (and still is) as a colloquial "unmeaning term of familiarity." Perhaps this tone of familiarity is what makes Celia bid Touchstone to take care (75, 76).

Another view is that the Folio is right in assigning this speech (74—76) to Rosalind, but that in 73 the name should be Ferdinand. The name Ferdinand in a slightly different form occurs in Lodge's Rosalynde, but not as that of either of the Dukes. Practically, however, it is a mere supposition that Shakespeare called Rosalind's father Ferdinand.

75. whipped. Doran (History of Court Fools, p. 91) refers to more than one anecdote and play which illustrates the use of the whip when a Fool's tongue ran on too freely. Even Lear is made to warn his favourite "Take heed, sirrah; the whip!" when the Fool's satire is too outspoken (King Lear, i. 4. 123).

taxation, satire; see tax in the Glossary.

77, 78. The antithesis between the "wisdom of the Fool" (i.e. the professional jester) and the "folly of the wise man" is one of the traditional features of the literature of Court-Fools. Cf. King Lear, II. 4. 76—84; Twelfth Night, III. 1. 67—75.

79—81. These words sound like an allusion to some incident of Shakespeare's own time. They have been variously interpreted as a reference to (1) some recent restraint imposed upon the theatrical companies by the Puritan authorities of London, such as the "inhibition" glanced at in Hamlet, II. 2. 346, or (2) "the burning of Satirical books by public authority 1st June, 1599."
In Shakespeare's plays and in Elizabethan plays generally there is (I believe) a considerable element of what has been called "topical allusion"—allusion, that is, to topics and events of the time, literary customs, pastimes, fashions, current jokes, etc.

Enter Le Beau. For the scene of the wrestling in Lodge's romance see Extract 3.

89. Some think that Le Beau should be made to speak in a mincing way and mispronounce sport=spot: hence Celia's question "of what colour?" But perhaps she only means 'of what kind, description?' a sense which colour could bear.

93. the Destinies, the Fates, Lat. Parcae—Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos, whose work was summed up in the line, Clotho colum retinet, Lachesis net, et Atropos occat, i.e. Clotho holds the spindle, Lachesis weaves man's fate upon it, and Atropos cuts the web (and thus brings man's life to an end). They are the "Sisters Three" of A Midsummer-Night's Dream, v. 343, 344, where Thisbe invokes them just before she stabs herself, and The Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 65, 66. There, as here, Shakespeare seems rather to laugh at the frequent mention and introduction of the Destinies in contemporary poetry.

94. laid on with a trowel, i.e. "too heavy a mass of big words [has been] laid upon a light subject"—Johnson; such phrases as "the Destinies decreeing" should be reserved for really serious matters. But Touchstone's pompous tone was, of course, ironical.

95. amaze; a stronger word in Elizabethan English than now, implying 'to astound, utterly bewilder.'

99, 100. to do; the gerund; cf. phrases like 'a house to let,' 'water to drink.' This was the old idiom; cf. Chaucer, Second Nun's Tale, 437, "'Your might,' quod she, 'ful litel is to drede,'" i.e. to be feared.

102—114. See the story of the "Francklin" and his three sons in Lodge's Rosalynde (Extract 4). Shakespeare mentions the incident because it increases the interest of Orlando's contest with Charles. It shows that the champion is wrestling his very best (i. 1. 115—124), and that therefore Orlando will be incurring great risk when he "comes in" as challenger. Still more important dramatically, it will heighten Rosalind's anxiety for Orlando, and her admiration when he succeeds. To excite her sympathy thus is the first step towards rousing a stronger feeling.

102. There comes. A singular verb preceding a plural subject is common in Shakespeare, especially with the phrase there comes. Cf. Cymbeline, iv. 2. 371, "There is no more such masters." Coming
first, before the plural subject has been mentioned, the singular verb appears less unnatural. It is as though the author had not, when he wrote the verb, decided what the subject was to be—Abbott.

103. Celia means that Le Beau has begun in a well-worn style like "Once upon a time."

104. proper, fine, handsome; cf. III. 5. 49, 112.

106, 107. With bills, with papers containing the public announce-

109. which Charles; the which is added to define the subject

110. that there is, i.e. so that.

113. dole, lamentation; see G.

115. Alas! "It is often by such apparently slight touches as these

123. is there any else longs? i.e. who longs. Omission of the

123, 124. broken music. "Some instruments such as viols, violins, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which, when played together, formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result is no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music'"—Chappell. Cf. Henry's

125. Shall we see this wrestling? Perhaps this should be uttered in such a tone as to indicate her wish not to see it after what she has
just heard—Cowden Clarke. But the wrestlers are already in sight (129, 130), and perhaps curiosity gets the better of Celia.

133. Is yonder the man? The question is asked in a tone of mingled astonishment and concern. She has just heard of Charles’s prowess and now sees that his new challenger is but a stripling.

135. looks successfully, has a successful look about him, i.e. as if he were likely to succeed. The verb look=‘to appear’ is often combined thus with an adverb, whereas we should use an adjective. See II. 6. 13; II. 7. 11.

136. cousin, niece; see G.

140. such odds in the man, so great a superiority in the wrestler, Charles. odds; literally ‘difference’; hence sometimes the difference of superiority. Its commonest sense in Shakespeare is ‘advantage’; cf. Richard II. III. 4. 89, ‘And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.’ Probably the Duke mentally contrasts Charles’s ‘manhood’ with Orlando’s ‘youth,’ to which he refers several times (131, 141, 199, 207). Some editors change man to men, and explain ‘so great a difference between the two men.’

145. by, present, near. Cf. Richard II. II. 1. 211, ‘I’ll not be by the while: my liege, farewell.’

146. the princess calls. So the 1st Folio. Some editors change to the princesses call (or princess’, a shortened form of the plural); because of them in Orlando’s reply. But, as Knight argues, when Orlando says them he may look towards Celia and Rosalind, and the look would make his meaning quite plain. Possibly indeed them in Orlando’s reply should be emphasised as if he thought that the courtier had given Celia prominence over Rosalind, and wished to imply that in his eyes the daughter of the banished Duke was as much a ‘princess’ as the daughter of the usurper. He addresses Rosalind thus just after (151), whereas Le Beau, whether by accident or not, has applied the title only to Celia (89).

156, 157. with your eyes...with your judgment. What she means is, ‘if you would use your eyes and discretion.’ There is no need to change your to our. fear, fearfulness, desperate character of.

162. misprised; cf. I. 1. 154, and see G.

163. go forward, take place.

165. wherein; perhaps=as regards this matter wherein. The antecedent, however, might be ‘thoughts,” the general sense being ‘in which I deserve to stand condemned, for refusing’ etc. Some read herein. deny, refuse; cf. IV. 1. 64.
167—173. Orlando’s speech not only excites commiseration and increases their interest in him, but also wakes a fellow feeling in Rosalind: she too is the victim of adverse circumstances. The parallel between Rosalind and Orlando as regards their positions is brought out clearly in several suggestive touches like this.

168. *never gracious*, never had any grace shown him; unfortunate.
176. *eke*; see G.
177. *deceived*, i.e. in her fear as to his being beaten.
183. *try but one fall*; cf. I. i. 115.
186. *You mean*. Some insert *an* *if you mean*; but Charles is evidently confident of success; so Orlando says ironically, ‘Of course you are going to mock me after the wrestling: still, why not have waited just a minute till it was all over?’

187. *come your ways*, come on; cf. *come away* = ‘come here, come to me,’ as in Twelfth Night, II. 4. 52, “Come away, come away, death.” So *go your way* (IV. 3. 69) = *go along*.

188. *Hercules*; apostrophised as the god of strength.

speed, helper; common in such phrases. Cf. Henry V. v. 2. 194, “Saint Denis be my speed!” So the verb *speed* = ‘to help, favour,’ as in *Godspeed*.

Charles and Orlando wrestle. Cf. Extract 5 from Lodge’s Rosalynde.

195, 196. *well breathed*, put to the full exertion of my strength; from *breathe* in the sense ‘to exercise,’ as in Hamlet, v. 2. 181, “’tis the breathing time of day with me.”

201. *de Boys*. This was the name of a distinguished Warwickshire family; see Introduction.

204. *still*, ever, always; see G. *mine enemy*; because Sir Roland was the friend of the other Duke (213).

209. Surely Celia’s remark is a very happy way of disclaiming sympathy with her father’s bearing towards Orlando.

210. *more proud*, i.e. than he would be of being “descended from another house” (206), however noble.

211. *His youngest son*, i.e. even his youngest. *calling*, position. Some interpret it ‘title, appellation.’

213. *My father loved Sir Roland*. Here is another link of sympathy between Rosalind and Orlando. See I. 3. 28; II. 7, 194, 195.

214. i.e. all the world (cf. 203) had the same opinion of Sir Roland as Rosalind’s father had.

218. *go thank*; cf. the use of F. *aller*, e.g. *aller voir*, go to see.
219. envious, full of ill-feeling, malignant; from the stronger sense of envy = 'malice' which is common in Elizabethan writers.

220. Sticks, stabs me to the heart.

222. justly; "exactly, accurately"—Schmidt. Cf. Henry V. II. 1. 120, "most justly paid" (said of a debt).

Giving him a chain. The 1st Folio has no stage-direction; but we see from III. 2. 161, 162, what her gift to him was. In Lodge's Rosalynde she sends the jewel; cf. Extract 6.

224, 225. Cf. Orlando's speech 167—173. Now it is his turn to feel sympathy with Rosalind.

224. out of suits with, out of favour with; from the idea of failing in one's suits, i.e. petitions, requests, to a person. Steevens takes suit = 'livery,' with the general sense "turned out of Fortune's service, and stripped of her livery"; and perhaps there is a quibble on suit = livery. Schmidt says "no more in the service and attendance of fortune"; regarding suits as a reference to the feudal term suit and service, i.e. full allegiance to a liege lord.

225, 226. No doubt, Rosalind is surprised that Orlando does not express any thanks.

229. a quintain; a wooden figure at which to tilt. "It was generally made in the likeness of a Turk or Saracen, armed at all points, bearing a shield upon his left arm, and brandishing a club or sabre with his right. Hence this exercise was called by the Italians 'running at the armed man, or at the Saracen.' The quintain thus fashioned was placed upon a pivot, and so contrived as to move round with great facility. In running at this figure it was necessary for the horseman to direct his lance with great adroitness, and make his stroke upon the forehead between the eyes or upon the nose; for if he struck wide of these parts, especially upon the shield, the quintain turned about with much velocity, and, in case he was not exceedingly careful, would give him a severe blow upon the back with the wooden sabre held in the right hand; which was considered as highly disgraceful to the performer, while it excited the laughter and ridicule of the spectators"—Strutt (in Furness). 'Tilting at the quintain' was a favourite old English sport. quintain; see G.

232, 233. Rather a broad hint at her feelings. Celia thinks Rosalind has said quite enough and carries her off ("Will you go, coz?").

235. passion, feeling; see G.

236. urged conference; showed that she wished Orlando to converse with her, i.e. by her question in 231.
237. *thou art overthrown*; echoing her words in 232. Looking back we feel that the whole incident of the wrestling was exactly suited to bring hero and heroine together; so that they should unconsciously pass the first stage of that “love at first sight,” which is a leading idea of the play.

238. Or...or. A common usage; cf. *Julius Caesar*, v. 5. 3, “He came not back: he is or ta’en or slain.”

242. condition, i.e. of mind; his mood, temper.

243. misconstrues; the 1st Folio has misconsters, a common Elizabethan form.

244. humorous; probably = ‘capricious,’ from humour in the sense ‘a whim, passing fancy.’ So in *King John*, III. i. 119, Fortune is termed “her humorous ladyship,” and in *Henry V*. ii. 4. 28, the Dauphin, speaking contemptuously of Henry, says that the crown of England is borne “By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth.”

The Duke’s peculiarity was well known (ii. 3. 8). It is illustrated by his bearing towards Rosalind (i. 3) and Orlando, and his sudden change of purpose and life (v. 4. 150—161).

245. than I; the same irregularity as in i. 1. 150.

250. smaller. The 1st Folio has taller, an undoubted mistake; cf. i. 3. 109—111, and iv. 3. 87, where Celia is described as “low,” i.e. short. Smaller resembles taller in the matter of letters and, if written indistinctly in the ms., might have been misread by the printer. Some prefer shorter, but it sounds unpleasant with daughter.

255—261. This is to prepare us for the next Scene. Such hints are very suggestive from the point of view of the structure of a play.

257. argument, reason, cause.

262. in a better world, i.e. when things have righted themselves; implying probably the hope that the old Duke will come into his own again. Cf. *Richard II*. iv. 1. 78, “As I intend to thrive in this new world,” i.e. in the new order of things, with a new king (viz. Bolingbroke).

How did the usurper, whom no one speaks well of, manage to oust his amiable brother? What we see of the old Duke afterwards makes us think that he must have neglected his official duties like Prospero in *The Tempest*, and been too studious and contemplative. He may, like Prospero, have let his brother gradually acquire too much power and by the judicious exercise of it raise a party of supporters.

265, 266. An example of the rhymed couplet so often used to
indicate the close of a scene; cf. I. 3. 132, 133; II. 3. 67—76 and 7. 198, 199.

265. smother, the dense, smothering (i.e. suffocating) smoke. Cf. Dryden’s translation of the Aeneid, II. 827, “Amid that smother Neptune holds his place” (referring to the sack and burning of Troy). Orlando’s words sound like an allusion to a proverbial phrase.

267. But heavenly Rosalind! The thought of her compensates for all his anxieties. This again is an ingenious reaching forward; an intimation as to the future drift of the action.

In Lodge’s Rosalynde (see Extract 7) Saladyne treats Rosader ill at first on his return from the wrestling, but then for a time they are reconciled. The course of events is necessarily made more rapid in the play than in the novel.

Scene 3.

1. Cupid! Celia knows the cause of Rosalind’s moodiness.

10. for your father. “The reason which Rosalind had given for her sadness in Scene 2. Imagine the ironical accent on ‘father’”—Moberly.

11. my father’s child, i.e. herself. The 1st Folio has child’s father, which (apart from its indelicacy) seems out of harmony with the context.

13. bur, or burre; the prickly, clinging head of the burdock plant.

14, 15. A jesting rebuke to Rosalind for her encouragement of Orlando (I. 2. 223—233).

18. Hem them away, i.e. cough them away.

19. Some think that there is a reference to a game. Rosalind quibbles on hem pronounced almost like him.

24. a fall, being thrown; it keeps up the metaphor of wrestling.

25. is it possible? The questioner is destined to realise the ‘possibility’ of such things (Act v). The laugh is then with Rosalind.

28. This should be spoken with just a touch of humour, showing that it appeals to Rosalind’s own sense of comedy.

30. By this kind of chase, according to this line of argument.

31. dearly, intensely; see dear in the Glossary.

33. Celia, in her whimsical, ironical way, suddenly changes and asks whether Orlando does not “deserve” to be hated by her (I suppose, she means because her father and his were enemies). Rosalind chooses to take Celia’s meaning differently, as if she had asked ‘Is he not a very deserving young man?’ To omit the first not would simplify the passage much.
Enter Duke Frederick. What follows is a speedy fulfilment of Le Beau's prediction (I. 2. 255—261) and an illustration of his remark (I. 2. 244) as to the Duke's temper. For Rosalynde's banishment see Extracts 8 and 9 from Lodge.

37. 38. *with your safest haste*, with all the haste that your safety demands. cousin; cf. I. 2. 130.

39. *if that.* That is often in Shakespeare added to conjunctions without affecting the sense; cf. 'since that' (III. 5. 91), 'though that,' 'when that,' 'lest that.' There may be an ellipse, e.g. *if it is the case that.* be'st; see be in the Glossary.

43. i.e. if I know my own sentiments and thoughts.

49. *purugation, exculpation, clearing themselves of guilt; a legal word. Lat. purgare, 'to purify.'*

50. are; more vivid than the stricter sequence. *grace;* used as in the expression *state of grace,* i.e. virtue, freedom from offence.

54. Here again the parallel between Rosalind and Orlando is suggested. The Duke distrusts her simply because she is her father's daughter, just as he was displeased with Orlando for being his father's son (I. 2. 202—208).

58. *derive, inherit.*

59. *no traitor.* "In speaking this I could never help laying a slight emphasis on these last words. For what but a traitor had the Duke himself been? The sarcasm strikes home"—Lady Martin (one of the great representatives of Rosalind on the stage in the past).

61. *to think, i.e. as to. my poverty, I,* being poor; abstract for concrete.

62. *Dear sovereign.* The formality of the address is significant.

66. *remorse, compassion;* see G.

67, 68. This shows that the Duke's usurpation dates back some years. Cf. II. 1. 2 ("old custom").

69—72. Cf. the description of the two girl friends Hermia and Helena in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream,* III. 2. 201—214.

69. *still, ever, always;* cf. 72 and I. 2. 204.

70. *an, one.* The words are the same.

71. It has been noted that in classical mythology the *swan* was sacred to *Venus,* not *Juno* (whose sacred bird was the peacock—cf. The *Tempest,* IV. 1. 74). In matters of mythology Shakespeare is not impeccable. Probably most of what we knew about it came from Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses."


76—78. An argument that fails entirely with Celia, in whom, as in Orlando, there is no trace of jealousy.

76. she robs thee; a cool inversion of the fact! seeing that Rosalind’s place in the kingdom has really been taken by the unwilling Celia.

77. show, appear. virtuous, endowed with merits.

79. doom, judgment, sentence.

83. provide yourself, make provision for your leaving.

84. If you outstay the time; cf. 39.

93. Which teacheth thee, i.e. which should teach you; or ‘which would teach you’ (if you had it). The change me is quite needlessly attracted to the nearer subject I.

95. heir; it is a sign of Celia’s feelings towards the Duke that she does not say daughter.

98. change, i.e. of circumstances; your banishment. Some would read charge = burden.

101. I’ll go along with thee. In the novel Alinda (=Celia) is banished by the King; see Extract 8. Celia’s voluntary exile in the play adds to the charm of her character.

103. It is curious that Rosalind herself does not think of this expedient. Celia has a very alert brain.

107. umber, a brown pigment; see G. smirch; akin to smear; cf. Germ. schmieren.

109—117. For a somewhat similar but more elaborate scene compare The Merchant of Venice, III. 4. 60—78, where Portia proposes to Nerissa that they shall dress up as “young men” and thus disguised go to Venice to see the trial. In a note there Furness writes: “The Elizabethan audiences seemed to find especial pleasure in seeing female characters disguised as men, to judge from the lightness with which, throughout the drama, women slipped into doublet and hose. Rosalind and Imogen [in Cymbeline] occur to us at once; in Beaumont and Fletcher there are many more of these disguises than in Shakespeare.” Brandes says: “the fact that female parts were played by youths had, of course, something to do with the frequency of these disguises.” (See the Epilogue, 16, note.)

Perhaps too the device was a favourite because it gives such scope for the use of that “irony” which arises when the audience know facts of the story which the characters, or some of them, are
supposed not to know. Thus in *Twelfth Night* the humour and interest of the scenes in which Viola is with Olivia and Orsino turn largely upon the fact that they do not know her to be a girl while the audience does. Shakespeare purposely makes Olivia and Orsino say things which have for the audience a point whereof the speaker is quite unconscious. In the same way many of Viola’s remarks (cf. III. 1. 169—172) contain veiled allusions to her sex which the audience perceives at once, whereas Olivia or Orsino sees no allusion at all. It is a dramatic artifice which Greek dramatists employ much for tragic effect.

110. This line helps to disprove the Folio’s reading in i. 2. 250.

111. *suit me all points*, dress myself in all respects.

“*Him, her, me, them*, etc. are often used in Elizabethan, and still more often in early English, for *himself, herself, etc.*”—Abbott. The addition of *self* (‘same’) only emphasises the reflexive sense.

112. *curtle-axe*, a short sword; see G.

113. *a boar-spear*; described as having a very broad strong blade, with a cross-bar to prevent the spear passing through the animal. Unlike the ordinary spear it was not generally thrown but used in staying the rush made by the boar on the hunter—*Furness*.

115. *We, I. swashing, swaggering*; see G.

117. i.e. cowards who put a bold face on and disguise the fear that they really fear. *outface it*. The *it* is a cognate accusative referring to the action expressed or implied by the verb. Abbott notes that *it* is often added thus to “nouns or words that are not generally used as verbs, in order to give them the force of verbs”; cf. “duke it,” *Measure for Measure*, III. 2. 100=play the duke.

120. *Ganymede*; a youth who was carried up to Olympus by an eagle and became the cup-bearer of Jupiter.

122. i.e. a name that will suggest her *alienated* state (as *Aliena* does).

123. Scan “* Nó long | er Cé | lià, | but Ál | ié | na*”; the last syllable being redundant. For *Celia*=three syllables cf. 63. The scansion of *Aliéna* corresponds with the Latin *Aliéna* (‘strange, *alienated*’). Some think that Shakespeare ignored the long e in *Aliéna* and meant the line to be scanned “* Nó long|er Cé|l(i)a, bút | Al|éna*.”

124. *assay’d*, tried; see G.

127, 128. The Court-Fools were often on intimate terms with their masters and mistresses. The Fool in *King Lear* was devoted to Cordelia, and “pined much” at her going (i. 4. 79, 80). This is but
AS YOU LIKE

112

IT.

[ACT

natural, seeing that the Fool was often a clever
"
on the condition that his " fooling was witty.

much

Touchstone's credit that he sacrifices
ship

II.

man who held his post
And it must be put to

for his mistress's

companion-

Hudson.
See

content... banishment.

132, 133.

ACT
Scene
The

now

I.

2.

265, 266, note.

II.
1.

Forest of Arden concerning which our
by more than one allusion (i. i. 106 no,
I.
Henceforth, except in two very brief interludes (n. 2,
103).
3.
in. i), the Forest is the sole scene of the action ; and the play breathes
"
"It is the spirit
the very spirit of the woods and woodland life.
"of
old
the
Mr
The
sentimentality
English popular poetry.
Boas)
(says
action

curiosity has

been

shifts to that

stirred

of the orthodox pastoral is entirely absent, and in its place we have
the ruddy vigour, the leaping pulse and play of the open-air life that
'
Never has the indescribable charm of
loves to live i' the sun.'

outdoor existence found more matchless expression, and as we let it
penetrate us in all its power, we apply to the dramatist the words used
of Wordsworth by Matthew Arnold :
'He laid us as we lay at birth

On

the cool flowery lap of earth.
Smiles broke from us, and we had ease;
The hills were round us, and the breeze

Went

o'er the sun-lit fields again;

Our foreheads
1.

Scan

exile, as often;

limit of thy dear exile."

Paradise,

by our

So

felt
cf.

in

the wind and rain.'"
Richard II. I. 3. 151, "The dateless
Paradise Lost, x. 484, "Placed in a

exile."

2.

old custom, long familiarity;

5.

the penalty of

seasons

Adam;

cf.

I. 3.

67, note.

probably this means the change of

=" the season's difference"

in 6; the reference being to the old

Man

only one season, namely balmy
and that the change of seasons introducing
cold, etc. was part of the penalty which Adam's sin brought on himself
and his posterity. For but the ist Folio has not. See p. 190.

belief that before the Fall of
spring, prevailed

on

earth,


6. as, namely, to wit.


8. Which, as to which.

11. feelingly persuade me, convince me through my feelings (or 'in a way that may be felt').

what I am, i.e. that a duke is but a mortal, after all. Cf. the great passage on the vanity of kingship in *Richard II*. iii. 2. 160—177.

12. Sweet are the uses. The line represents one aspect of the play, just as "Who ever loved?" etc. (iii. 5. 79) represents another. As to its sentiment cf. Bacon's Essay Of Adversity. Shakespeare's plays teem with passages and phrases which have passed into the currency of common thought and proverbial speech. *Hamlet* especially is full of lines that have become "household words." There are numerous instances in this play. Note this line and 15—17.

the uses, the results, the benefits from.

13, 14. i.e. adversity, which is like the toad that wears, etc. The form of the expression is exactly similar to *The Merchant of Venice*, ii. 9. 26—29:

"the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall."

13. venomous. This popular belief as to the toad occurs again in *Richard II*. iii. 2. 14—16.

14. Editors quote various Elizabethan illustrations of the superstition that the toad has a stone inside its head, commonly called the toadstone and supposed to have peculiar medicinal efficacy, especially as an antidote to poison: hence "precious." "Thomas Lupton, in his *First Booke of Notable Things*, bears repeated testimony to the virtues of the 'Tode-stone, called Crapaudina.' In his Seventh Book he instructs us how to procure it; and afterwards tells us: 'You shall knowe whether the Tode-stone be the ryght and perfect stone or not. Holde the stone before a Tode, so that he may see it; and if it be a ryght and true stone, the Tode will leape toarde it, and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that man should have that stone.'"—Steevens. The belief in this mythical gem may have arisen from the peculiar brightness of a toad's eye.

A. Y. L.
15—17. The Duke’s words are a beautiful summing up of the thought, or rather moral experience of every discerning, thoughtful man, that Nature is full of wonderful lessons and teaching for humanity, i.e. in her order, her adaptation of means to ends, her adherence to law (cf. Tennyson often). The power of a passage like this, as of a poem like Gray’s *Elegy*, is in its expressing with such beauty that which appeals to universal experience. Cf. Pope’s definition of wit (*Essay on Criticism*, 297, 298):

“True Wit is Nature to advantage dress’d,
What oft was thought, but ne’er so well express’d.”

15. exempt, remote, away from.
18. *I would not change it.* The 1st Folio gives these words to Amiens; but many editors believe, from the context and rhythm of the passage, that they were meant to form the close of the Duke’s speech.
19. *translate;* used with the radical idea ‘to change,’ as in to *translate* a book, i.e. change it into another tongue. ‘How happy for you that you can change the harshness of fortune by regarding it in so amiable a light.’

21. *us;* the ethic dative.
22. *irks,* pains. Literally *irk* = to tire; from a Scandinavian root ‘to press, to force’; cognate with *urge.* *Dappled,* spotted, with patches of dark colour.

23. *burghers;* see G. Malone notes that Lodge in his *Rosalynde* speaks of “the citizens of wood,” meaning forest-animals. Cf. 55.
24. Scan *confines,* the Latin accentuation (*confinia*).

*forked heads,* i.e. arrows commonly called *forkheads,* having two pointed prongs stretching outwards like a fork; probably not the same as ‘barbed’ arrows. Cf. *King Lear*, I. i. 145—147:

“*Lear.* The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft.

*Kent.* Let it fall rather, though the fork invade

The region of my heart.”

A less probable explanation is that *forked heads* here means the antlers of the deer, which they use in butting each other.
26. *melancholy;* a marked epithet like this (repeated in 41) serves to define the leading trait of a character who is as yet unknown to the audience. The whole description of Jaques interests us in him beforehand, and prepares us.

*Jaques;* a dissyllable, as always in Shakespeare (who often sounds *e* final in French names); cf. *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, ii. 1. 42, “Of Ja|ques Fal| conbridge, | solemn | nizéd.” In the spellings *Jaques* and *Jakes,*
pronounced alike, each as a monosyllable, it was a not uncommon surname in Shakespeare's own county: hence perhaps his use of it (cf. 1. 2. 201, note). Probably he meant it to be rendered Jake's; but on the modern stage it is always pronounced Jaq-wes. (Furness.)

27. in that kind, in that respect.

31, 32. How vivid the reference to the root makes the picture. A detail like this arrests the eye of imagination and helps it to realise the whole description. It is like the famous "one red leaf" in Coleridge's Christabel or the blackening bean-sheaf in Crabbe's picture of a sad landscape seen by a sad man (Tales of the Hall).

Scan antique, as in II. 3. 57; so in Spenser always; cf. The Faerie Queene, II. 7. 16, "The antique world, in his first flowring youth."

33. the which; more definite than the simple relative; cf. I. i. 13. sequester'd, separated from the others. Cf. Titus Andronicus, II. 3. 75, "Why are you sequester'd from all your train?" The word is now used of locality, e.g. 'a sequestered nook,' i.e. secluded, out of the way.

38—40. Whether this is true to natural history is disputed. It represents a belief of Shakespeare's time; cf. Hamlet, III. 2. 282, "Why, let the stricken deer go weep." Cf. Thomson's pathetic description in Autumn (452—455) of a stag at the end of a chase:

"he stands at bay,
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish."

Thomson's Seasons has several very vivid sporting-scenes.

40. fool; sometimes a kindly term of pity=poor thing, poor innocent. Thus Lear (v. 3. 305) is probably referring to Cordelia in his dying moan, "And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!"

42. the extremest verge, the very edge.

43. Augmenting it with tears. Cf. 3 Henry VI. v. 4. 8, "With tearful eyes add water to the sea." Thomson describes (Spring, 1030—1032) how a disconsolate lover seeks a secluded stream and

"on the bank,
Thrown amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears."

44. moralize, find a moral meaning in it; or 'make it the text of a moral discourse.'

46. needless; in the active sense 'having no need' (i.e. of the tears).

49. being there, i.e. as regards his being there.
50. velvet, i.e. with coats smooth as velvet. Some interpret it 'delicate, soft.'

51, 52. i.e. misfortune soon separates 'a stream' of people; they steal off in different directions (having important engagements, etc.), and the miserable man finds himself alone.

55. citizens; cf. "burghers" in 23.

56, 57. look upon, i.e. look with indifference on, instead of comforting. So Richard reproaches those present at his deposition; cf. Richard II. iv. 1. 237, 238:

"Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself."

57. that poor and broken bankrupt. "A few dates will show the painful reality of this simile to Shakespeare. His own father had been bankrupt at Stratford. From 1579 he had been 'warned,' and had ceased to attend the market. In 1586 he was superseded in his position as alderman; and in 1592, seven years before this play was acted, it is mentioned that he 'coome not to churche for feare of processe for debt'"—Moberly.

broken; the common word for 'become bankrupt'; cf. Richard II. ii. 1. 257, "The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man."

59. The body of; the whole constitution of.

62. up; intensive in force, =to kill them off. Cf. 'to eat up,' 'burn up,' etc., where the adverb indicates completeness.

65, 66. This description must have recalled to many readers the story of Sterne and the dead donkey.

67. cope, meet, come across; not with any idea of 'contest.' See G.

68. matter, i.e. interesting matter, good sense; cf. v. 4. 181.

Scene 2.

"The use of these short scenes deserves remark. The present one, with the usurper's troubles and suspicions, affords a strong contrast to the 'quiet and sweet style' of the banished Duke in the last scene. The same double progress of the plot is skilfully exhibited in Act III. Sc. 1. Act II. Sc. 5 and Act IV. Sc. 2, which have little to do with the plot, are still very effective, as showing the various aspects of the 'golden' life in the forest, and the pursuits in which days 'flee' away there"—Moberly.

3. i.e. have connived at the escape and permitted it.

sufferance; here in the same sense as in 'to do a thing on sufferance,'
i.e. through the permission of someone. More often used passively in Shakespeare = suffering, distress; cf. Julius Caesar, II. 1. 115, "The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse."

8. roynish, low, base; see G. It has been objected that this very contemptuous estimate of Touchstone is inconsistent with the later characterisation of him as an ex-courtier (V. 4. 39—46) and polished wit. But the force of a depreciatory remark depends much on the speaker. This "Second Lord" may often have suffered under the lash of Touchstone's sarcasm. Knowing that his enemy will now be out of favour he seizes the poor revenge of calling bad names. The licensed jester would not be very popular among the courtiers whom he made the butt of his caustic wit for their master's amusement.

13. Scan wrestler as three syllables (wrest-e-ler).

14. foil; cf. I. 1. 119.

17. that gallant, i.e. Orlando = "that youth" in 16.

19. suddenly, quickly, at once. Cf. Julius Caesar, III. 1. 19, "Casca, be sudden" (i.e. deal the blow quickly).

20. quail, falter, be slack. A needless change is fail.

Scene 3.


7. fond to, foolish as to. fond; see G.

8. bonny; a compliment in general terms like 'rare,' 'fine.' To commend the prowess of Charles is to compliment his vanquisher. Moreover, Charles may have been popular. He had shown good nature in coming to warn Orlando (I. 1. 112—124). Warburton needlessly proposed bony, as descriptive of Charles' strength (cf. "sinewy," II. 2. 14) and bulk.

priser, champion, one who contends for a prize: cf. 'prize-fighter.' humorous; cf. I. 2. 244; IV. 1. 18.

12. No more do yours, i.e. no more do your good gifts serve you. "Virtues are traitors, and 'no more' good service does Orlando get from his graces than if they were his enemies"—Furness.

15. Perhaps Shakespeare had in mind the story of Hercules being consumed by the robe (dipped in the blood of the Centaur and thereby "envenomed") which Deianira sent to him. As the story is told fully in Ovid's Metamorphoses, IX. it might well be familiar to Shakespeare through Golding's translation. For a fine allusion to the story see Paradise Lost, II. 542—546.
23. use, are wont.
25. to cut you off, to kill, destroy; cf. the Bible often, e.g. I Kings xiii. 34, "And this thing became sin unto the house of Jeroboam, even to cut it off, and to destroy it from off the face of the earth."
26. practices, plots; cf. the verb in I. 1. 136.
27. no place, i.e. for you. Some think that place has an old sense, 'mansion, dwelling-place,' and is thus used in antithesis to butchery = a shambles, a slaughter-house.
30. so, provided that; cf. I. 2. 8.
36. Scan subject = make myself liable to.
37. a diverted blood; literally 'a blood turned aside from its natural course into an evil channel'; hence 'an unnatural, unbrotherly instinct.' He uses blood so as to get the word-play on bloody (bloody-minded).
39. thrifty; a transferred epithet; 'the wages which I thriftily saved.'
41. lame, incapacitated for work.
42. thrown, i.e. lie thrown.
50. Nor...not; cf. I. 2. 14, 15, 23.
57. antique; scan as in II. 1. 31.
58. i.e. when servants worked hard from a sense of duty, not merely for the sake of wages. meed; see G. The 1st Folio has neede, corrected in the 2nd (1632).
60. promotion. Scan the -ion as i-on; that is, sounding the i instead of slurring it into the next syllable, which is stressed lightly. In Shakespeare and in Milton's early poems, the termination -ion especially with words ending in ction, such as 'perfection,' 'distraction,' is often treated as two syllables, especially at the end of a line. In Middle English poetry the termination -ion was always two syllables. See ii. 7. 41, 151.
61, 62. i.e. cease their efforts as soon as they have gained the advancement for which they laboured.
65. husbandry, cultivation; as in 2 Henry VI. III. 1. 33, "They'll choke the herbs for want of husbandry" (said of weeds). Cf. husband-man, a tiller of the ground.
66. come thy ways; cf. I. 2. 187.
67—76. As rhyme serves to mark the close of a scene, so it is used to mark the close of a period in a man's life. It serves that purpose here. It gives the effect of a formal-leaving, a break with the past. The break being greater in the case of the old man, the longer portion of rhyme and the last word are naturally assigned to him.
68. *some settled low content,* some fixed, though humble, way of life such as may content us. *settled,* i.e. not a vagrant’s life, as Orlando had pictured before (31—33).

74. *too late a week;* cf. our idiom ‘a week too late’; the inversion here being due to the rhyme. Of course *a week* is a humorous understatement of the case. The whole line has the ring of a proverb. Some interpret ‘too late in the week.’

Scene 4.

*Enter Rosalind.* With her arrival in the Forest her character reveals itself fully. “From the earlier scenes we should scarcely guess that the dramatist destined Rosalind for so pre-eminent a part. In the palace of Duke Frederick she is overshadowed by Celia, and her fits of melancholy, coupled with the sudden surrender of her heart to the scarcely seen Orlando, might seem to indicate that in her we have yet another of Shakspeare’s sentimentalists. But from the moment that she arrays herself in her masculine attire, with a gallant curtle-axe upon her thigh, and a boar-spear in her hand, she seems transformed, though in truth it is her real nature that now displays itself under the shelter of her disguise. Henceforth it is she who takes the lead; though she is as wearied as Celia by the journey to the forest, she feels that she ‘must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat.’ On no one does the air of Arden work so powerfully. The very spirit of the woodlands seems to enter into her being and to thong her pulses with its glad fulness of life.”—Boas.

1. *weary.* The 1st Folio has *merry;* but Touchstone’s reply seems to show that *weary* was the word which Rosalind used. Those who retain *merry* explain either that it is used ironically or that Rosalind assumes a cheerful air to keep up Celia’s spirits. But in her next remark Rosalind frankly admits her weariness.

4. Cf. 1 Henry IV. ii. 4. 55, 56, “I’ll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart” (to do it).

6. *the weaker vessel,* i.e. Celia. Cf. 1 Peter iii. 7, “giving honour unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel.”

*doublet,* the ordinary Elizabethan name for a jacket. Literally a ‘double,’ i.e. inner garment, as compared with the overcoat or outer garment. *hose,* knee-breeches.

9. *I cannot go no further;* for the double negative cf. 1. 2. 14, 15.

10, ii. *rather bear with you than bear you.* Editors cite similar
quibbles on bear, e.g. in Richard III. III. 1. 128, "You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me" (i.e. 'to endure me,' not 'to be forbearing with').

II, 12. Touchstone uses the common expression to bear one's cross, i.e. endure suffering and trouble (cf. Matthew x. 38), in quibbling allusion to cross = a piece of money. "The ancient penny, according to Stow, had a double cross with a crest stamped on it, so that it might easily be broken in the midst, or in four quarters. Hence it became a common phrase when a person had no money about him, to say, he had not a single cross. As this was certainly an unfortunate circumstance, there is no end to the quibbling on this poor word"—Gifford. Cf. 2 Henry IV. I. 2. 250—253:

"Falstaff. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound?
Chief Justice. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses."

Enter Silvius. The episode of Silvius and that disdainful 'nymph' Phebe is intentionally cast in the high-flown style affected by the pastoral writers; the style indeed of Lodge's Rosalynde (see Extracts 11, 14 and 20). In the novel this pastoral episode is much more prominent than in the play; on the other hand the description of the woodland life of the Duke is fuller in the play.

Silvius, Corin (cf. A Midsummer-Night's Dream, II. 1. 66), and Phebe are all common names in pastoral poetry.

24. as ever sigh'd; a proverbial description; cf. II. 7. 146, 147; v. 2. 77, 78.

25. were; the preterite subjunctive, used to express doubt.

28. fantasy = fancy, i.e. love, love-thoughts. Cf. v. 2. 88. Fancy, short for fantasy, Gk. φαντασία, 'imagination,' often means 'love' in Shakespeare; cf. III. 2. 332; III. 5. 29, and The Merchant of Venice, III. 2. 63, 64:

"Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head."
It specially connotes "the romantic and imaginative side of love"; the feeling which Orsino in Twelfth Night describes, I. 1. 14, 15:

"so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical."

His own feeling for Olivia is exactly fancy: he imagines himself greatly in love with her, but she had captivated his imagination rather than won his heart, and he afterwards transfers his affections calmly to Viola.

35. wearying; so the 2nd Folio (1632); the 1st Folio has wearing.
Elizabethan writers seem to have regarded *wear* and *weary* as synonymous, though they are of different origin—*Furness*.

38. *passion*, feeling (i.e. of love, as the context shows); see G.

40. *searching of*, i.e. in hearing (a-hearing) you probe your wound. Cf. Julius Caesar, v. 3. 38, "And then I swore thee, *saving of* thy life," i.e. a-saving (in the act of saving) thy life, I made thee swear; and *King Lear*, II. i. 40, 41, "Here stood he...*mumbling of* wicked charms." This idiom, not uncommon, represents a combination of two idioms, (1) the verbal noun preceded by the preposition 'a,' or 'on,' or 'in,' and followed by of, (2) the present participle governing the noun that follows: e.g. (1) 'a-mumbling of charms' = in the act of doing so, (2) 'mumbling charms.'

It is perhaps best to treat *searching* as the present participle and of as a redundant preposition which has survived from the use of the verbal noun. See II. 7. 4.

41. *adventure*, experience; or 'accident.'

42. *And I mine.* This is made exquisitely ridiculous on the stage, as Touchstone speaks in a simpering, grotesque, lackadaisical manner, so as to burlesque Rosalind's sentimental remark. Cf. the extravagant stuff that follows.

45. *ballet*, a small staff, used by laundresses in beating linen; also called a *batling-staff* or a *bat-staff*. The 1st Folio has *batler*, the later Folios the commoner form *batlet*; each is a diminutive of *bat*.

46. *chopped*, i.e. *chapt*; see G.

47. *peascod*; properly the husk or pod that holds the peas, but here the husk and its contents. Editors show that green pease was a favourite present of rustic lovers, and that there were various superstitious beliefs and practices with reference to it; e.g. a lover would select some peascod growing on the stem, snatch it away quickly, and then look to see if all the peas were still in the husk: if they were, he considered it a good omen and gave the husk to his lady-love.

*cods*, peas; properly the husks.

48. *giving her them*, i.e. presenting them to the peascod as if it were Jane Smile.

50, 51. i.e. as everything in nature is subject to death, so is all nature when in love deadly (i.e. very, extremely) foolish. Touchstone quibbles on *mortal*, (1) subject to death, (2) deadly; *mortal* in the latter case having its colloquial sense 'extreme,' which comes naturally from the idea 'deadly, fatal.'

54. *break my shins against it*; "till I find to my cost the truth of
some of my own aphorisms”—Moberly. Perhaps ‘till I stumble on it unawares,’ i.e. say a clever thing without intending to, as when a man makes a clever joke and does not see it. Touchstone is speaking ironically: convention regards the Fool as a fool, whereas he knows that generally his critics are the real fools.

“Touchstone’s wit takes always and with every one a caustic turn:” he does not even spare Celia (I. 2. 75), though so much attached to her, as his leaving the court shows—Boas.

55, 56. Perhaps a quotation from some ballad. Collier read Love, Love!

58—94. Cf. Extracts 12—15 from Lodge’s Rosalynde.

61. thy kinsman; because Touchstone said “you clown.”

65. if that; cf. I. 3. 39.

68. Here’s a young maid, i.e. Celia; but the words (as the audience know) are equally true of the speaker, and this point should be brought out by a whimsical look towards the audience. In fact, here begins that comic “irony” introduced by Rosalind’s assumption of male attire.

69. i.e. and she faints; the subject being readily supplied from 68.

73. A variation on the proverbial Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves. the fleecees that, i.e. of the sheep that.

75. recks, troubles, cares; see G.

77. cote, shepherd’s cottage; it is a parallel form to cot but now only used in compounds, e.g. sheep-cote, 78.

80. That you will feed on, i.e. that you will like to eat. He sees that the travellers belong to a different class from himself.

81. my; somewhat emphatic; as far as Corin’s welcome goes, though his master is so inhospitable.

82. What is he? A common phrase in Shakespeare. It is not that what is put for who, but that the speaker enquires as to the rank or condition of the person. A natural first question to ask in times “when the distinction between ranks was much more marked than now”—Abbott. shall, is going to.

85. if it stand with, if it is consistent with (the same metaphor, consist coming from Lat. consistere, ‘to stand with’).

87. have to pay, i.e. receive from us the wherewithal to pay. They had brought “jewels” and other “wealth” (I. 3. 129).

89. waste, spend; see G.

93. feeder, i.e. of the flock which they are to buy (86); their shepherd. Cf. “bounds of feed” (pastures) in 77; so the shepherd in
The Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 169, speaks of "a worthy feeding" = good pasturage. Some interpret it 'servant, menial,' as perhaps in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 109; others suggest factor = agent in buying the place.

Scene 5.

3. *turn his merry note*; it has been well interpreted "to adapt or modulate his note to the sweet bird's song, following its changes." It appears that 'to *turn a tune or a note* ' was a phrase current among vulgar musicians; some say that it implied correct singing. The obvious, but needless, change here is *tunes*, i.e. attunes his note to that of the bird, makes it sound in concert with. Cf. The Two Gentlemen of Verona, v. 4. 4—6:

"Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes."

But the sense there is not quite the same as here.

10. *melancholy*; they know Jaques's character well; cf. ii. 1. 26.

14. *ragged*, rough, uneven; see G. Amiens knows Jaques's fault-finding, sarcastic temperament—"compact of jars" (ii. 7. 5).

16, 17. *stanza*; see G. His question sounds like a satirical hit (by Shakespeare) at the Elizabethan taste for quasi-Italian terms, especially in art and fashions.

19, 20. There is thought by some to be a glance at Lat. *nomina*, 'names,' as in *nomina facere*, 'to enter debts in an account-book.'

23. *that*; the demonstrative; cf. The Tempest, iii. 2. 106, 107:

"And *that* most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter,"

i.e. *that* is. So in "we speak *that* we do know." The omission of *that* (relative) was probably due, for emphasis, to its identity with *that* (demonstrative). See Abbott, p. 164. Some, however, explain that *that*, originally the neuter singular of the definite article, is simply used for *what* in such places as this.

23, 24. *is like the encounter*; because of their grimaces and grinning when they meet. *dog-apes*; "dogfaced baboons"—Dyce.


28. *cover*, lay the table; as the Duke is coming thither to dessert (59, 60). Cf. The Merchant of Venice, iii. 5. 56—58:

"Lorenzo. Then bid them prepare dinner.
Launcelot. That is done too, sir; only, 'cover' is the word," i.e. the proper word to use.
30. *to look you*, i.e. *to look for you*. See II. i. 66—69.

32. *disputable*, disputatious, fond of arguing. In Elizabethan writers the termination *-able*, now commonly passive, was often active=*-ful*. Cf. *deceivable* =deceptive, deceitful, *Richard II.* II. 3. 83, 84:

> "Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
> Whose duty is deceivable and false,"

We still have ‘changeable,’ ‘peaceable.’

36. *to live i' the sun*, to live a free, open-air life, enjoying heaven’s sunshine; while the ambitious man is in his study or office, strenuously applying himself to the attainment of fame or wealth, or is intriguing at court for favour.

43. *to this note*, to suit this tune.


47—50. A sarcastic hit at the lords and others who had given up their wealth and position to follow the banished Duke (i. i. 93—110). Very likely Jaques is one of these "voluntary exiles" and is therefore mocking himself too, in his cynical way.

51. *Ducdame*. This is probably a corruption of a Gaelic phrase used originally in an ancient British game but afterwards turned into a sort of song-burden or refrain like ‘Hey nonino.’ Jaques may pronounce it in such a way as to suggest a quibble on *duc damné* (meaning ‘a plague on the Duke,’ i.e. for having brought them to this Forest of Arden). See also p. 191.

56. *Greek*; said humorously. Or Jaques may use *Greek* to imply that *ducdame* was as much "Greek" to him (cf. *Julius Caesar*, i. 2. 287), i.e. something unintelligible, as to Amiens.

58. *the first-born of Egypt*; a glance at *Exodus* xi. xii. ("all the first-born in the land of Egypt"). The point of Jaques’s remark lies in "first-born," and it is to me clear that he alludes to the Duke as the "first-born" of the two brothers, and is hinting, with a touch of bitterness, that the elder brother should not have allowed himself to be ousted from his dukedom by the younger. Thus interpreted, the remark carries on the idea of regret at his "voluntary exile" implied by 47—50. Jaques would not care to put his thoughts too plainly into words; so uses the phrase "the first-born of Egypt" as a sort of humorous synonym for 'elder brothers.'

59. *banquet*; the Elizabethan word for the dessert of fruit and sweetmeats after a feast. Cf. *The Taming of the Shrew*, v. 2. 9, 10,
"my banquet...after our great good cheer." This is the reference in 
Richard II. i. 3. 67, 68:
"Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet."

Scene 6.

See Extracts 16 and 17 from Lodge’s Rosalynde. Shakespeare omits a detail (Adam’s proposal to Rosader in Extract 17) the mention of which would have been distasteful on the stage.

5. comfort, i.e. thyself; be comforted, take heart.
6. uncouth, strange, uncanny; see G.
7. conceit, imagination, fancy; see G. Adam is not really so near dying as he fancies himself to be.
8. comfortable, full of comfort = cheerfulness. Cf. Timon of Athens, III. 4. 70—72, “my lord leans wondrously to discontent; his comfortable temper has forsook him.”

12, 13. thou lookest cheerfly; cf. I. 2. 135; II. 7. 11.

Scene 7.

1. I think he be. In Shakespeare “be expresses more doubt than is after a verb of thinking”—Abott.
2. I can no where find him; cf. II. 5. 29—37. like a man, in human shape.
4. hearing of; see note on II. 4. 40.
5. compact of jars, composed of discords; a good description of Jaques’s sarcastic, churlish temperament, which makes him clash with ordinary mortals. compact; cf. A Midsummer-Night’s Dream, v. 1. 7, 8:
“The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.”

jars; cf. the verb jar = ‘to be discordant, out of tune’ (referring figuratively to Lear’s madness) in King Lear, iv. 7. 16, 17, where Cordelia prays to the gods:
“The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up,
Of this child-changed father!”

6. i.e. they may expect things to be reversed, the most improbable things to happen.

discord in the spheres. An allusion to the notion, said to have originated with Pythagoras and described by Plato in the Republic (x. 616, 617), of the “music of the spheres.” As popularly understood and referred
to, it was that the rapid revolution of each planet in its “sphere” or orbit (i.e. a circular space round the central Earth) produced a sound, and the combination of the sounds a harmony. Poetry is full of allusions to “the great sphere-music of stars and constellations” (Tennyson, Parnassus). It was a favourite idea with Milton (who studied the Ptolemaic theories of the “spheres” deeply, and adopted it for the astronomical system of Paradise Lost). Cf. The Nativity Ode, 125—132; the Ode At a Solemn Music, Arcades, 62—73 (where he imitates Plato closely); Comus, 1021 (“the sphery chime”). In Shakespeare the most beautiful allusion to the “music of the spheres” is in The Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 60—62:

“There’s not the smallest orb which thou behold’st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.”

11. *merrily*! said with emphasis; implying ‘not with your usual air of “melancholy”’.

13. *motley*, dressed in motley, i.e. particoloured clothes; see G. For a description of the Elizabethan Fool’s dress see p. 192.

*a miserable world*. Perhaps Jaques means that compared with “a motley fool” the rest of the world are “miserable.” The sentiment would be the same as in 33, 34, 42, 43; a mixture of irony and bitter comment and nonsense. Johnson, however, explains: “‘A miserable world’ is a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the sight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fragility of life.”

17. i.e. he railed in *good* set terms, though he was but a fool.

19. An allusion to the proverb that “Fortune favours fools” (Fortuna favet fatuis). “The proverb, Coleridge wittily and wisely suggests, has something the same meaning as Sterne’s saying, ‘God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb’”—Moberly.

20. *dial*; used by the Elizabethans of any instrument for measuring time; here = a pocket sun-dial, or perhaps a watch. “Pocket-watches were brought from Germany into England about 1580”—Malone.

21. *pocket*; literally a small *pouch*; a diminutive of *poke*; cf. F. poche.

Of course, Jaques imitates the Fool’s manner of speaking and his gestures (e.g. in holding out the dial), and enunciates the solemn fooling with a fine assumption of oracular wisdom. As far as Jaques is concerned, this scene (especially 138—165) is the scene of the play; the great test of an actor’s capacity.

28. *And thereby hangs a tale*, and something more might be said
on the subject, i.e. as to the brevity of life. This proverbial phrase occurs elsewhere in Shakespeare, generally with a quibble.

29. moral; probably the adjective used = moralising; cf. King Lear, iv. 2. 58, where Goneril sneers at her husband as “a moral fool,” i.e. moralising. Some, however, take it here as a verb = ‘moralise.’

30. lungs; the seat of spontaneous laughter; cf. The Tempest, ii. 1. 173—175, “these gentlemen...are of such nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.” chanticleer; literally ‘clear-singer’ (F. chanter, ‘to sing’).

32. sans. It is thought that F. sans (Lat. sine, ‘without’) was originally used in English only with words of French origin, like intermission, and then with any words, as in 165.

34. Motley’s the only wear, a Fool’s dress is the only proper one (cf. 44 and iii. 4. 12, 12); in other words, ‘a Fool’s profession is really the only one that a wise man could think of adopting.’

39. dry; implying ‘stupid.’ remainder; used adjectively.

40. strange places, queer nooks, out-of-the-way corners. Some interpret places = topics, subjects of argument; cf. the similar use of Gk. τόπος and Lat. locus. But it is a rare meaning, which is not found elsewhere in Shakespeare, and does not fit well with “cramm’d.”

41. observation, i.e. of life; experience. the which; referring to “observation.” Note the scansion of observation as five syllables; cf. 151.

42. mangled; referring to Touchstone’s abrupt, jerky way of dropping his remarks.

44. It is my only suit. A quibble on the two senses ‘it is the only dress I care to wear’ (cf. 34), and ‘it is my only petition, all I ask.’

46. rank, as if it were a “weed” (45).

48. Withal, i.e. together with his Fool’s dress, which would be useless without freedom to say what he pleased; a freedom as full as that of the wind which “bloweth where it listeth.” charter, privilege, i.e. of liberty, as the context shows. Cf. Henry V. i. 1. 48, “the air, a charter’d libertine,” i.e. privileged.

50. galled, made to “smart” (54).

55. Not to. These words are not in the 1st Folio. They seem necessary to the context (as to the metre), the general sense being that of the old proverb about “the cap fitting.” You may know perfectly well that, though no name is mentioned, some piece of satire applies to you, but if you show any annoyance you show that the “cap fits,” and are as foolish as the man who said that he felt sure some people were talking about him because they laughed so! The politic thing to do is
to feign complete unconsciousness that you are the person aimed at, and
laugh as if you found the satire highly diverting.

Apart from the defective metre, the reading of the 1st Folio appears
indefensible, because "he doth very foolishly... seem senseless" can only
mean that the man does look foolish in trying to seem unconscious,
and thereby practically admits that the satire applies to him: in that
way the wise man's folly would be laid bare by the Fool's sarcastic
hits, which is the very thing that he should avoid. (The explanation,
like many others, is due to Theobald.)

bob, a rap, smart blow; see G.
56. anatomized; cf. I. I. 141.
57. the squandering glances, the random sallies; the shafts of satire
which the Fool shoots at a venture, and of which a sensible man will
not make himself a target by saying 'that remark applies to me?'
63. for, i.e. making a wager for. counter; see G.
64. Most mischievous foul sin. "You would do foul sin in chiding
others; for your former profligacy would make you corrupt the world,
not amend it, by your experience. To converts like you silence is
more suitable than the part of a moral and social reformer"—Moberly.
Jaques does not really reply to the Duke's retort; he evades the
issue. He had asked for the privilege to "cleanse" the world (60);
now he merely says that a satirist in ridiculing a class of people does
not necessarily do offence or injustice to the individual sinner.

65—68. The lines have a significant bearing on the "melancholy"
of Jaques.
66. embossed, swollen, grown to a 'head'; cf. "headed." Cf.
King Lear, II. 4. 227, "A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle."

evils, diseases. Schmidt compares Macbeth, IV. 3. 146, "What's
the disease he means? 'Tis called the evil" (i.e. the "king's evil" =
scarfoula).

70. tax; cf. 85, I. 2. 75, and see G. party, person, individual.
72. weary very; so the 1st Folio, with the sense "until its
[pride's] very means, being exhausted or weary, do ebb"—Halliwell.
The transposition of the adjective weary seems awkward, but the sense
is fair. The best emendations are "weaver's very" and "very very."
Some think that the printer misplaced very and weary.
74. the city-woman, the citizen's wife (of a pushing type).
75. the cost of princes, i.e. expenditure such as befits only princes.
Cf. 2 Henry VI. I. 3. 83, "She bears a duke's revenues on her back"
(a line also in Marlowe's Edward II., said of Gaveston).
78–81. i.e. if some low-class fellow says, 'well, you haven't got to pay for my smart clothes,' is it not he himself who applies my remarks to his own foolish extravagance?

78. *function*, employment, occupation; scan as three syllables.

81. *mettle*, character, quality; it is another spelling of *metal* (Lat. *metallum*), but used only figuratively='character, temper,' as in 'on his mettle.' Cf. King John, II. i. 401, "An if thou hast the mettle of a king."

82. *There then*, etc. 'Take such a case as that! how have I offended? What is the injustice you talk of?'

83, 84. *if it do him right*, if what I say does apply to him, it is he who has done himself harm by admitting that the satire is true.

*free*, i.e. of the fault; guiltless.

*Enter Orlando.* Cf. Extract 18 from Lodge.

88. *Nor...not*; see 1. 2. 14, 15, note.

93. *vein*, mood, temper; like "I am not in the vein" (for it), Richard III. IV. 2. 122.

95. *inland*; used to denote 'not so much remoteness from the sea or the frontier, as a seat of peace and peaceful civilization; perhaps opposed to mountainous districts as the seats of savage barbarousness'—Schmidt. Cf. III. 2. 316. The opposite to *inland* in this sense was *upland* or *uplandish*; cf. Puttenham's *Art of Poesy*, "Any uplandish village or corner of a realm, where there is no resort but of poor rustic people" (Arber's ed. p. 157). So Shakespeare always uses *mountaineer* as a term of contempt; cf. Cymbeline, IV. 2. 120, "call'd me traitor, mountaineer." People's feelings with regard to mountains and wild scenery have altogether changed from the ancient distaste for them.

96. *nurture*, good-breeding, training. Prospero complains that "nurture" is altogether wasted on Caliban (The Tempest, IV. 1. 189). Sir Guyon left the babe Ruddymanc to be trained in all "gentle noriture," The Faerie Queene, II. 3. 2. O.F. *noriture*; Lat. *nutritura*.

98. i.e. till my needs are satisfied.

103. *and*, and so.

112–115. Repetition (one of the most effective of literary devices) often gives, as here, the note of pathos. Two exquisite illustrations of this occur in Richard II. III. 3. 147–154, and IV. 1. 204–210:

'I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty’s rites.”

112. look’d on; cf. the more familiar “seen better days” in the Duke’s reply, 119.

113. knoll’d; a variant form of knell. Cf. Macbeth, v. 8. 50, “And so, his knell is knoll’d.”

124. upon command, at your own bidding.

130. sufficed, satisfied; cf. King John, i. i. 191, “And when my knightly stomach is sufficed.”

131. weak evils; the adjective is used proleptically=evils that are “causes of weakness”—Caldecott.

133. waste, consume.

136—142. The comparison of life with a drama is not peculiar to Shakespeare; nor is the division of a man’s career into “seven ages.” See pp. 193—196.

137. pageants; see G.

138—165. One of the half-dozen most quoted speeches in all Shakespeare; ranking with Portia’s “The quality of mercy” (The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 184); Hamlet’s “To be, or not to be” (iii. i. 56), and Antony’s “Friends, Romans, countrymen” (Julius Caesar, iii. 2. 78). There is nothing more pictorial in effect in Shakespeare’s plays than this passage. The seven pictures are drawn with extraordinary clearness and vivid force, and their subjects appeal to universal experience. Hence the impression made by the lines.

144. Some editors insert And before then. But the omission of an unstressed syllable at the beginning of a line before a stressed or accented syllable is a recognised variation of the normal blank verse. Cf. the licence which Chaucer sometimes allows himself of making one syllable stand for the first foot—thus “~Twén | ty bok | es, clad | in blak | or reed” (The Prologue, 294). Here the then bears some emphasis as introducing the next stage.

148, 149. Editors refer to the description in Henry V. iii. 5. 70—85 of the mock soldiers who at home pretend to have been through the thick of the fighting abroad, and describe it “in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths,” and assume “a beard of the general’s cut,” to impress people.

The Elizabethans were very particular “in the fashion of their beards, and a certain cut or form was appropriated to the soldier, the
bishop, the judge,' etc.—Malone. Cf. v. 4. 67—70; Epilogue 16, 17. Furness shows that 'the nice customs of beards' were a subject of satire with Elizabethan writers.

*like the pard;* perhaps implying 'rough, shaggy,' unlike the precise, trim-looking judge (152—154).

151. bubble, i.e. fleeting and empty; used as an adjective. Scan reputat-ion.

152. justice, judge.

153. good capon. This is a satirical allusion to an Elizabethan practice. 'It was the custom to present magistrates with presents, especially, it would seem, with capons, by way of securing their good will and favour. This fact heightens the satire of Jaques's portrait of an Elizabethan J.P. It gives force and meaning to what seems vague and general. Wither, describing the Christmas season with its burning 'blocks,' its 'pies,' &c., goes on to sing how:

'Now poor men to the justices
With capons make their errants;
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their warrants.'

That is, the capon was a tribute fully expected and as good as exacted; it was 'understood' it should be duly paid in. Singer cites a member of the House of Commons as saying, in 1601: 'A Justice of the Peace is a living creature that for half a dozen chickens will dispense with a dozen of penal statutes'—Hales. It seems even that capon justices was a term of contempt for bribe-taking judges.

155. saws, sayings; see G. modern instances, trite illustrations, hackneyed proofs. Shakespeare always uses modern = commonplace, common, trite; a natural sense, since that which is 'in the mode' becomes 'commonplace, trite.' So Ross in Macbeth, iv. 3. 169, 170, describing the terrible state of Scotland, speaks of it as a place

"where violent sorrow seems

A modern ecstasy," i.e. because it is so common. Constance in King John, iii. 4. 42, speaks of death as a power "Which scorns a modern invocation," i.e. is deaf to ordinary entreaties. instances, illustrations or proverbial sayings such as people always mention in proof of a statement.

157. pantaloon, dotard; see G.

162. his, its; see G.

165. Sans; cf. 32.

Re-enter Orlando with Adam. This incident will ever be asso...
cated with the tradition that Shakespeare himself acted the part of Adam. See Introduction.

173. The appropriateness of this famous song to its context and the skilful manner of its introduction scarcely need comment.

174. unkind; it often means ‘unnatural, contrary to kind’ (i.e. nature, species); so here the idea may be ‘unnatural unkindness.’

177. Because thou art not seen, i.e. because “thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult”—Johnson. The wind is an impersonal, invisible force whose “unkindness” does not inspire that sense of personal wrong and grief which the ingratitude of a friend excites, and which his presence keeps alive in us by reminding us of the past.

186. warp. The radical idea of the word is “to throw, cast, and hence, to twist out of shape”—Skeat; hence unseasoned wood is said to warp, i.e. get crooked, out of the straight direction (cf. III. 3. 56, 57). And so the wind warps the surface of a pool by ruffling the water and blowing it into ridges, i.e. out of its previous flat shape. Similarly a wind is said to ‘curl’ or ‘crisp’ a surface; cf. Byron, Childe Harold, IV. 211, “I would not their vile breath should crisp the stream.” Some, however, think that warp here refers to the action of frost on the water.

188. friend remember’d not; literally ‘the not-remembering of a friend,’ i.e. the forgetful neglect, or intentional dropping, of him. It is a terse phrase like occisus Caesar, ‘the death of Cæsar.’ Shakespeare has the idiom often, e.g. in Julius Caesar, I. 1. 77, 78:

“These growing feathers pluck’d from Cæsar’s wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,”
i.e. the plucking of these feathers. Some, however, explain ‘thy sting is not so sharp as what an unremembered friend feels.’

190. were; as though Orlando had lost the position.

192. effigies, likeness, effigy. The word (Lat. effigies) was not yet fully naturalised in English; it does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare.

193. limn’d; see G.


the residue of your fortune, the rest of your experiences. These lines (195, 196) remind us of the close of The Tempest, V. i. 300.

196—198. Good old man. Nothing more is seen or heard of Adam.
ACT III.

Scene 1.

1. Not see him since? Cf. II. 2. 17—21.
2. were I not...made mercy, i.e. were I not composed of mercy (= naturally inclined to) rather than harshness.
   the better part; perhaps ‘an accusative of respect’ = as regards the chief part of my nature. Abbott thinks that a preposition is omitted, e.g. in.
3. 4. argument Of my revenge, object on which to inflict my revenge.
10. seize; the legal term for taking possession of property forfeited in any way. Thus Richard “seized” the property of the exiled Bolingbroke at Gaunt’s death, Richard II. ii. 1 60, 209, 210.
11. quit, acquit; see G.
12. what we think against thee. What does he think? Observe the “poetic justice” of this incident. Oliver’s treatment has driven his brother from home, and now Orlando’s absence brings suspicion and punishment on Oliver.
16. officers of such a nature, i.e. officers such as execute duties of the kind.
17. Make an extent; strictly, this means in law to issue a writ of execution by which a house and lands are seized; the Latin term being extendi facias. Here make an extent upon means ‘make a seizure of,’ as the Duke is evidently (9, 10) going to seize Oliver’s home and land without any legal formality such as issuing a writ.
   Shakespeare’s partiality for legal terms and accuracy in using them indicate a considerable knowledge of law, which gave rise to the conjecture that as a youth he may have been in an attorney’s office. But his use of technical terms in general is very correct. King Lear shows that his medical knowledge was great; yet the medical profession have not, I believe, claimed him as a doctor. The Trial-scene in The Merchant of Venice is always quoted as a specially striking illustration of his legal lore. Note the instances in the play.
18. expediently, with all expedition, i.e. quickly. Cf. expedient=
hasty; expedience = haste (Richard II. i. 4. 39; i. 1. 287). So in King John, ii. 60, "His marches are expedient to this town," and 223, "with much expedient march." Lat. expedire, 'to make ready, to forward.'

*turn him going*; as we might say, 'send him packing.'

Scene 2.

Shakespeare has brought his hero and heroine to the Forest and we know of course that they must soon meet. For their meeting in Lodge's Rosalynde see Extract 19.

2. thrice-crowned; because the goddess addressed was supposed to rule in three capacities—as Luna (the Moon-goddess) or Cynthia in heaven, Diana on earth, Proserpina or Hecate in Hell. Cf. A Midsummer-Night's Dream, v. 391, "By the triple Hecate's team." So Ovid, Metamorphoses, vii. 177, speaks of Diana as diva triformis.

4. Diana, the maiden goddess of the chase, type of virginity (cf. "chaste," 3), was attended by a band of "nymphs" vowed to maidenhood, and Orlando likens Rosalind to one of them as being unwedded.

*that my full life doth sway*, i.e. who rules my life fully, completely.

6. character, write; see G.

8. virtue, merit, excellent qualities.

10. unexpressive, inexpressible; see G. she, woman; cf. Twelfth Night, i. 5. 259, "Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive." So he = man; cf. iii. 2. 361, "I am that he, that unfortunate he."

13—21. Touchstone uses the same humour of mystifying the shepherd as afterwards with William (v. i). On the stage the device is rendered more effective by the expression of deepening bewilderment which slowly overspreads the bucolic countenance.

18. spare, frugal.

19. humour, taste or disposition; see G.

20. stomach; in both the literal sense and figurative ("inclination").

20, 21. Hast any philosophy in thee? Touchstone evidently considers his dissertation on the shepherd's life highly philosophic, and enquires whether Corin has appreciated its philosophy.

25. property, special quality; cf. the Prayer-Book, "whose property is always to have mercy."

28. complain of, i.e. of the want of, in respect of.

30. a natural philosopher, a born philosopher, one who has the philosophic faculty by instinct ("nature"), not by training ("art").
Of course Touchstone quibbles on natural = a fool (cf. i. 2. 44); his words having the secondary meaning, 'a very foolish sort of philosopher.' But Corin does not see the quibble. Now natural philosophy = natural science.

35, 36. i.e. hopelessly ruined and lost, as an egg that is utterly spoilt in the roasting by being done all on one side only—Malone.

38, 39. There is a glance at the derivation of courtesy from court. Cf. Greene's Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, iii. 67, "His courtesy gentle, smelling of the court"; and George Herbert, The Church-Porch, "Courtesie grows in court." See Comus, 321—326.

39, 40. Touchstone quibbles again, using manners to mean, first 'polite behaviour,' then 'conduct' (Lat. mores).

41. parlous; the vulgar pronunciation of perilous, which is often scanned like parlous.

49. Instance, your proof, please. Cf. ii. 7. 155.

50, 51. still, constantly. fells, fleeces. See each in G.

58. more sounder. Double comparatives and superlatives, to give emphasis, are frequent in Shakespeare. Cf. The Tempest, i. 2. 19, "I am more better than Prospero," and The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 251, "How much more elder art thou than thy looks!" So in Julius Caesar, iii. 1. 121, "With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome," and iii. 2. 187, "This was the most unkindest cut of all."

59. surgery, surgical treatment; see G.

61. civet, a perfume of which the chief ingredient is disagreeable, as Touchstone's replies show (64).

64. perpend, reflect, consider; an affected word which Shakespeare puts in the mouth only of Clowns and characters like the bombastic Pistol (Henry V. iv. 4. 8).

68. God make incision in thee! may heaven heal thee! The metaphor is from the old practice of bleeding a patient in illness like fevers. Cf. Richard II. i. i. 153—157:

"Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision.
Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed."

raw; unripe, and so figuratively, 'untutored, inexperienced.' Cf. Lat. immittis.

69. that I eat, i.e. that that; cf. ii. 5. 23.

70. owe, bear towards, feel; see G.
71. content with my harm; “resigned to my evil”—Knight. Corin means that he does not complain in the day of adversity.

75. Ind; a common poetic form; cf. Paradise Lost, II. 2, “Outshine the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.”

79. lined, drawn, delineated.

80. black; referring to the Elizabethan dislike of dark complexions; cf. III. 5. 44—46. to, compared to; from the notion ‘in relation to.’

Cf. Hamlet, 1. 2. 139, 140:

“So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr.”

82. fair = fairness, beauty; adjective as noun. Cf. Sonnet 16, “Neither in inward worth nor outward fair.”

85. the right butter-women’s rank to market. The Folio reads rank, and the word seems to have its common sense ‘row, line, file,’ as in (‘ranks of troops’). Now the prominent thing in Orlando’s poem is the rhyme (all in ind), and apparently it is the rhyme that Touchstone ridicules. For (1) he says “I’ll rhyme you” (i.e. for you), and (2) he repeats the rhyme in ind throughout his poem. Here he seems to mean, ‘Why, the rhymes follow each other as monotonously as a string of countrywomen riding along the highway to market.’ Lower down (96), with this picture of the butter-women jogging along still fresh in his thoughts, he remarks ‘this is indeed a jog-trot sort of verse.’

Some editors change rank to rate (= pace), making the comparison lie between “the hobbling metre of Orlando’s verses and the ambling, shuffling pace” of the horses. Another suggestion is rack, an old word = to amble. But a change of text is always undesirable without absolute need for it, and rank gives very fair sense.

right, true, regular, proper; cf. 103.

90. kind, its species.

96. false gallop; a technical phrase, said of a horse when in galloping it lifts the left fore-leg first, instead of the right.

100. graff; see G.

101. medlar. The same quibble (medlar and meddler) occurs elsewhere in Shakespeare.

earliest. “If the medlar were graffed with the forwardness of the clown, instead of being one of the latest, it would be ‘the earliest fruit,’ and rotten before it was half ripe”—Collier.

103. right virtue, true character—just what a medlar should be (viz. ‘rotten,’ i.e. overripe) to be eatable.

108. Reads; of course, these are more verses of Orlando.
109. *For,* because.

111. *civil;* "grave or solemn"—Stevens; from its common sense 'decorous, sober.'

113. *his,* its; see G. *erring:* in the literal sense 'wandering, roaming' (Lat. *errare*); as in Hamlet, i. i. 154, "The extravagant and wandering spirit hies," where each adj. means 'roaming.' Cf. Dryden's *Aeneid,* ii. 814, "Around your house the greedy Grecians err."

114, 115. Editors compare *Psalm* xxxix. 6 (Prayer-Book), "Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long" (Authorised Version, "as an handbreadth")—Buckles in, confines, limits.

119. *sentence end.* The inflection 's is omitted for euphony with words like *sentence, justice,* which sound as if they ended in *s.*

122. *The quintessence,* the best and purest part of; see G. *sprite:* in the sense of its uncontracted form *spirit* = mind, soul; the rhyme requires *sprite."

123. *in little.* The current phrase in Shakespeare's time for having one's portrait painted *in miniature* was to be "painted in little"—Malone.

124. *charged,* bade.

126. *wide-enlarged,* i.e. in their fullest measure.

128. *Helen,* of Troy; a proverbial type of beauty;

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

Cf. Sonnet 53, "On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set." To the Elizabethan playgoer Helen was most familiar through the famous scene (xiv.) in Marlowe's *Faustus,* where she is made to appear to the magician.

*but not her heart,* because she was faithless to her husband Menelaus.

129. *Cleopatra,* the heroine of Shakespeare's last historical masterpiece, *Antony and Cleopatra;* that "serpent of old Nile," as Antony is made to call her (i. 5. 25). See the exquisite descriptions of Helen and Cleopatra in Tennyson's *A Dream of Fair Women.*

*majesty;* cf. Horace's description of Cleopatra as *non humilis mulier* (Odes, i. 37. 32).

130. *Atalanta's better part;* probably this means "Atalanta's exquisite symmetry and proportion of form"—Hudson; that is, a beauty of *form* corresponding with the beauty of *face* already (128) mentioned. See p. 197.

131. *Lucretia,* the Roman matron whose "sad" story is told in Shakespeare's *Lucrece.*
133. *heavenly synod,* an assembly of the gods; cf. “Heaven” in 123.

135. *touche*, traits, features; cf. v. 4. 27.

138. *Jupiter.* Some read *pulpiter,* i.e. preacher, which fits the context admirably. But the change, though it would make Rosalind’s exclamation much more pointed, is not absolutely necessary. Cf. her exclamation *Jove, Jove!* in II. 4. 55. *hymn* of, discourse about. Gk. φυλλα, a living together; hence ‘conversation,’ and so ‘instruction.’

144. *scrip;* the common word for a shepherd’s bag; see G.

151. *without;* used quibblingly = ‘not with’ + ‘outside of.’

154. *should be hanged,* i.e. could come to be.

155. *the nine days,* i.e. of the proverbial expression ‘a nine days’ wonder,’ where *nine* is merely a significant number, being a multiple of *three.* Rosalind means that she had nearly got over her first feeling of surprise at finding her name on the trees.

157. *palm-tree.* Shakespeare did not mean us to be critical about the “flora and fauna” of his somewhat ideal Forest of Arden. Otherwise we might draw up a quaint catalogue—oak-trees (II. 1. 31), palms, olives (IV. 3. 77), willows (IV. 3. 79), with deer (II. 1. 22—25), lions and snakes (IV. 3. 108—115), and sheep.

157, 158. The superstition about *Irish rats* being *rhymed* to death was a stock Elizabethan joke. Cf. Ben Jonson’s *Poetaster,* “Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats.” The superstitious Irish peasantry attributed to their bards the power “to rime either man or beast to death,” according to Scott’s *Discoverie of Witchcraft,* 1584. Halliwell says: “The power of the Irish satirist to rhyme men to death is frequently referred to and is the subject of various ancient legends.” The great dread in which the Irish peasants held their bards, regarding them as a priestly caste, is mentioned by Spenser in his *View of the Present State of Ireland* (1595). It appears that in parts of France there are still men “whose sole occupation is to lure insects and reptiles by song to certain spots where they meet with destruction.... [Compare] the serpent-charmers of the east.” I suppose we might also compare the legend of the Piper of Hamelin, made immortal by Browning’s poem. (Furness, pp. 155, 156.)

157. *Pythagoras;* the Greek philosopher of the 6th century B.C., supposed to have first taught the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, e.g. that the souls of some human beings pass after their death into animals and those of animals into some men. Compare *Twelfth Night,* IV. 2. 54—60:

“*Clown.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wildfowl?
Malvolio. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.
Clown. What thinkest thou of his opinion?
Malvolio. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion."

So in The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 130—138, Gratiano thinks that Shylock's cruel soul must once have been a wolf's, since his desires "Are wolfish, bloody, starved and ravenous." Rosalind laughingly suggests that her soul once dwelt in an Irish rat.

158. that, i.e. at the time that, when (Lat. quum). Cf. Genesis ii. 17, "In the day that thou eatest thereof."

159. Trow you, do you know? can you guess? Properly 'to believe, hold true' (A.S. tréowe).

164—166. An allusion to the proverb "Friends may meet, but mountains never greet"—Steevens. encounter, come together; cf. F. rencontrer.

168. Is it possible? i.e. that Rosalind cannot guess.

173. out of all hooping, beyond all exclaiming about; cf. our colloquial expression 'too wonderful for words.' Editors cite the similar Elizabethan phrases out of all cry and out of all ho. See G.

174. Good my complexion! an inversion of the order, good having a vague meaning like 'dear' or 'poor' (said endearingly). She must feel that she has "changed colour" (162), and exclaims, 'My poor cheeks!' implying perhaps 'Spare my blushes' or 'Can't you see how pale I am?'

Some think that she is appealing to her complexion not to betray her (but it had done so, 162); others that she remonstrates with it and means 'plague on it.' Some have changed good to Od's, the asseveration (corrupted from God's) which Rosalind uses in III. 5. 41; IV. 3. 17.

177. a South-sea of discovery. Not much was then known about the South-sea, i.e. the Pacific, so that the name might be used figuratively for 'a vast expanse.' Perhaps therefore the purport of Rosalind's remark is 'another moment's delay means that I shall set forth on a boundless sea of conjectures and questions as to who the man is.' It is also possible, I think, that she means 'delay an instant more and I will start on a voyage of discovery through the Forest to find him.' Another suggested explanation is that a minute's delay will bring so many questions from Rosalind that for Celia to answer them all will be like a long voyage of discovery. Of course, the remark (whatever its precise sense be) was suggested to Shakespeare by the voyages of discovery then beginning to be made to the Pacific, and would
remind his audience of them. Some have (needlessly) changed of to off, with the sense 'if you delay me one inch of time longer, I shall think this secret as far as a South-sea (i.e. a very long way) from discovery.' (Furness, pp. 158, 159.)

182, 183. Is he of God's making? a glance at the old joke of 'a tailor making a man' who is more remarkable for his clothes than his personal endowments of figure etc. Cf. King Lear, ii. 2. 59, 60, "You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee."

187. stay, wait for.

192. speak sad brow and true maid, speak seriously and as a true maid should. For the form of expression (a cognate accusative) cf. Henry V. v. 2. 156, "I speak to thee plain soldier," i.e. in the style of one. See again 250. sad; see G.

196. Alas the day! i.e. alas for. Cf. "woe the day!" (The Tempest, i. 2. 15); "woe is me!"


202. Gargantua's mouth. Gargantua is the voracious giant in the work of the French humorist Rabelais. One of Gargantua's feats was to swallow five pilgrims, with their staves, in a salad. There was no English translation of Rabelais in Shakespeare's time, but parts of his romance had been adapted and published in England in the form of chap-books (i.e. stories with rough illustrations) about Gargantua and his exploits, and from the references to them were evidently very popular. Indeed, Gargantua was an Elizabethan synonym for a "great throat." (Furness, p. 161.) Some critics believe that the Clown's jesting in Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 22—25, is an imitation of Rabelais. Randolph in his amusing play Hey for Honesty makes Penia ("the goddess of Poverty") say: "Marry, I keep men spare and lean, slender and nimble; mine are all diminutives, Tom Thumbs; not one Colossus, not one Garagantua amongst them." In his humorous lines to Shirley he says that his muse is unable to

"strain
Garagantuan lines to gigantise thy vein."

The spelling 'Garagantua' was common amongst 17th century writers, but incorrect.

204. ay and no, i.e. merely 'yes' and 'no.'
207. Looks he freshly? Cf. 1. 2. 135.
209. atomies, motes in a sunbeam; see G.
209, 210. to resolve the propositions, to answer the questions.
210, 211. *take a taste*, i.e. just let me tell you how I found him and draw your own conclusions. Celia is going to describe how Orlando lay beneath the tree in an attitude and with an air that bespoke the disconsolate lover (217, 218); but Rosalind keeps interrupting.

213. The *oak* was sacred to Jupiter; cf. Vergil, *Georgic* III. 332, "*magna Jovis quercus*"; *The Tempest*, v. I. 45 ("Jove's stout oak").

217, 218. Of course, Celia is speaking in a mock-romantic, satirical-sentimental style.

220. *becomes*, befits.

221. *holla*; literally 'stop, stay!' from F. holh = ho! an interjection + là (‘there’). It is similarly used of a rider speaking to his horse (cf. "*curvets"*) in *Venus and Adonis*, 283, 284:

> "What becketh he his rider's angry stir,
> His flattering 'Holla,' or his 'Stand, I say'?
>

223. *heart*; a quibble on *hart*, a stag. The lovesick Orsino in *Twelfth Night*, I. i. 18—23 makes the same jest. See too *Julius Caesar*, III. i. 207—209.

224. *without a burden*. Rosalind keeps cutting in, as if she were 'bearing the burden,' i.e. singing the under-song or refrain, of a song.

228. *comes he not here?* Naturally Celia sees him first; Rosalind is too engrossed to be looking about. For a moment Rosalind shrinks from meeting Orlando. She wishes to regain her composure. Probably too she is still (cf. 196, 197) a little uneasy as to her disguise.

Dramatically the point of her withdrawal is that it gives her time not only to decide on her bearing towards Orlando but also to hit on her ingenious scheme (369—397). So in *The Merchant of Venice* Portia, no doubt, arranges beforehand that plot of the rings with which the comedy winds up. In each case the heroine has the advantage of being prepared. We must understand that Rosalind and Celia, though they retire to the back of the stage, are still within earshot of Orlando; so that the declaration of his love is overheard.

231. *lief*, soon; see G.

234. *God be wi' you*; printed *God buy you* in the 1st Folio. The expression was corrupted into many forms, e.g. goodbye.

238, 239. *moe*; see G. *ill-favouredly*, in an ugly way.

241. *just*, just so, you are right.

248, 249. A reference to the *posies* of rings. "The *poesy* or *posy* (for the two words are the same) of a ring was a motto or rhyme inscribed upon its inner side. The fashion of putting such posies on
rings prevailed from the middle of the 16th to the close of the 17th centuries. In 1624 a little book was published with the quaint title, *Love's Garland, or Posies for Rings, Handkerchiefs, and Gloves; and such pretty tokens, that lovers send their loves* (Rolfe). The posy of the ring that Nerissa gave Gratiano was "Love me, and leave me not," *The Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 150.

250. i.e. I answer you quite in the style of the painted cloths—that is, 'pithily, tersely.' Cf. "speak...true maid" (191, 192).

"Painted cloth, used as hangings for rooms, was cloth or canvas, painted in oil, representing various subjects, with devices and mottoes or proverbial sayings interspersed”—Dyce. These hangings were much cheaper than tapestry. Their subjects were often taken from Scripture, a favourite one being 'Dives and Lazarus'; cf. 1 Henry IV. iv. 2. 27, 28, "slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth."

As a sample of the inscriptions Dyce quotes some lines "copied from the walls of a room at the Star Inn in Rye in the year 1653," e.g.

"Sure God is just, whose stroake delayed long
Doth light at last with paine more sharpe and strong."

253. *Atalanta*; cf. 130.

256, 257. There could not well be anything more suggestive of the difference between them than Orlando's reply to Jaques's proposal.

256. *breather*, living being. Cf. Sonnet 81, "When all the breathers of this world are dead."

261, 262. i.e. I was looking for a fool (Touchstone) when I came across you—and I need not go any further.

266. *cipher*; quibbling on "figure" in Jaques's last speech.

*Exit Jaques.* One is always glad that the dramatist lets Orlando (and Rosalind in iv. 1) have so decisive a victory in the war of wit.

272. *under that habit*, in that guise.

279, 280. A similar passage is Richard II. v. 5. 50—60.

283, 284. Cf. again Richard II. (i. 3. 260, 261):

"Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.
Bolingbroke. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten."

284. *who*; an instance of the constant neglect of the inflection in questions where the pronoun precedes the preposition.

288. *trots hard*; this would now mean 'trots fast,' but the context (290, 291) shows that 'slowly' is the sense required; from *hard*='with difficulty, heavily,' as when we speak of a sick person 'breathing hard.' Some interpret *trot hard*='to trot at an uneasy, tiring pace,' which makes Time's course seem slow.
290. *a se'nnight,* a week; *seven nights.*

291. *year,* the inflection is often neglected; cf. *The Tempest,* 1. 2. 53, "Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since."

300, 301. though he go, i.e. *Time. softly;* and so 'slowly.' *he thinks himself,* i.e. the thief does. The reply reminds us of the fearful code of punishment in force then and long after. The death-penalty for many offences was not abolished till this century. Cf. some of the stories in Hardy's fine *Wessex Tales.*

303. the *vacation,* the Long Vacation, as barristers now call it, when the law-courts in London are not sitting.

308. *skirts...fringe...petticoat,* a pretty simile, which her keen sense of humour suggests. Some gesture, such as touching her own doublet and hose lightly, should accompany the remark; a gesture, lost of course on Orlando, but not on Celia. Here in fact is a hint of the "irony" for which her disguise gives such scope. Cf. 318, 319, where she thanks God that she is not a woman.

311. *kindled,* brought forth; the regular term for the littering of rabbits. Shakespeare's "early literary work proves that while in the country he eagerly studied birds, flowers, and trees, and gained a detailed knowledge of horses and dogs. All his kinsfolk were farmers, and with them he doubtless as a youth practised many field sports. Sympathetic references to hawking, hunting [stag- and fox-hunting], coursing, and angling abound in his early plays and poems"—Lee.

313. *purchase,* acquire. *removed,* remote, out of the way.

315. *religious,* probably here and in v. 4. 156, the word has its specially ecclesiastical sense 'monastic, belonging to some religious order'; cf. Richard II. v. 1. 23, "And cloister thee in some religious house." So we may interpret "an uncle of mine, who is an aged monk or hermit"—Moberly.

316. *inland,* cf. II. 7. 95, note. *courtship,* court-life and manners.

317, 318. *there,* at court. *read...lectures,* utter strong warnings.

319. *touched,* infected.

320. *taxed,* charged; see G.

327, 328. Perhaps an allusion to *Matthew* ix. 12.

328. *There is a man haunts,* i.e. *who haunts.* Cf. i. 2. 123, note; iv. 1. 77; v. 1. 6, 7.

329. *abuses,* misuses, puts to a wrong use.

332. *fancy-monger,* dealer in love; cf. ii. 4. 28, note.

333. *quotidian,* a kind of fever; see G.

338, 339. *cage of rushes,* i.e. prison.
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341. blue, i.e. with dark, livid circles about the eye, such as come from exhaustion or weeping. Cf. Lucrece, 1586, 1587:
   “And round about her tear-distained eye
   Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.”
So “blue-eyed hag” (Caliban’s mother) in The Tempest, i. 2. 269.

342. unquestionable, loth to converse; cf. question = conversation, iii. 4. 32. For the termination -able in an active sense cf. ii. 5. 32, note.

345. having, possession, what you own; see G. a younger brother’s revenue. Orlando would appreciate the comparison fully!

346—348. Editors show by various quotations that these “marks” (337) were the orthodox indications of love among Elizabethan gallants. Hamlet was “ungartered” (ii. 1. 80) when he behaved so oddly to Ophelia that Polonius concluded he must be “mad for her love.”

346. bonnet, hat, cap; see G.

349. point-devise, faultless in your dress; an adverb used as adjective; see G. accoutrements, dress. Of course, she likes Orlando all the better for being trim and not affecting the “desolated,” unkempt style of suitor.

357. give the lie to, belie, are false to. Commonly ‘to charge with telling a lie, accuse of falsehood.’

361. he; cf. she in 10.

365. Nowhere in the play is her sense of humour more conspicuous than here where she takes this lofty, philosophic tone, though all the while just as “mad” as he.

366. Shakespeare alludes several times to the practice of confining madmen in a dark house or room—a supposed cure for lunacy—and fettering them. Cf. The Comedy of Errors, iv. 4. 95—97:
   “Mistress, both man and master is possess’d;
   I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
   They must be bound and laid in some dark room.”
Malvolio is treated thus in Twelfth Night when they pretend that he is mad.

373. moonish, variable, full of changeable moods, as if affected by the changes of the moon.

375. apish, i.e. capricious as a monkey.

376. for every passion something, i.e. a bit inclined to every sort of feeling, yet never really anything definite.

379. entertain him, be genial towards him.

381. living, real. The “madness” of love (she means) is a delusion, something that can be “cured” (367); unfortunately in this
case the "cure" resulted in a real sort of "madness." I see no reason to change living into loving.

383. merely monastic, quite out of the world. merely; see G.

384. liver; then supposed to be the seat of the passions, especially of love; cf. Orsino in Twelfth Night, II. 4. 100, 101, speaking of women's love:

"Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate."

Cf. jecur uicerosum in Horace, Odes, I. 25. 15.

388, 389. if you would but...come...and woo me. Cf. Extract 21 from Lodge.

390, 391. Though Orlando does not want to be cured (387), and of course does not expect to be, yet the mere pretence of being with Rosalind and making love to her is too attractive for him to be able to refuse the "youth's" offer. And then he is insensibly drawn towards the "youth" by his resemblance to Rosalind (v. 4. 28, 29), the tones of his voice, though disguised, etc. And this resemblance makes him, quite unconsciously, fall more and more in love with the real Rosalind, while her substitute is "professing to cure" him (369). For her the scheme has the charm that it enables her to hear from his own lips his all unsuspecting protestations of love and his pleading.

Scene 3.

3, 4. feature, shape, form, general appearance; not (as now) used of the face alone. F. fauteur, 'make,' Lat. factura. The word is unknown to Audrey, who replies 'what do you mean by features?' It is odd that she uses the plural, instead of simply repeating the word she does not understand. An ingenious change is what's feature? i.e. what is that word feature? Compare her enquiry what "poetical" is, 14, 15. Some editors think that there is a jesting allusion in the question and reply, of which the key is lost.

5, 6. goats...capricious...Goths. Touchstone quibbles (1) on the literal sense of capricious = 'frisky as a goat,' Lat. caper, (2) on goats and Goths. The latter is spelt Gothes in the 1st Folio.

The allusion is to Ovid's banishment, A.D. 9, to Tomi, a town on the Black Sea (Pontus Euxinus) near the mouths of the Danube, where he wrote the Tristia, Ex Ponto, etc. The inhabitants of this country, the Geta, were in later times identified with the Goths (a German tribe) because the latter conquered and occupied the country of the Geta.

7. ill-inhabited, ill-lodged. Such knowledge as the reference to
Ovid seems out of place in the mouth of "a motley." Abbott explains inhabited = 'made to inhabit,' i.e. passive; but perhaps it is active ('dwelling in a wrong place'), the termination -ed being treated as if it were -ing.

8. Jove in a thatched house. "Once upon a time, Jupiter and Mercury, assuming the appearance of ordinary mortals, visited Phrygia; but no one was willing to receive the strangers, until the hospitable hut of Philemon and Baucis was opened to them, where the two gods were kindly treated." In return, Jupiter saved them from a flood by which the land was visited, made them guardians of his temple near; and finally let them die at the same moment and be changed into trees—Classical Dictionary. The story of Philemon and Baucis is told in Ovid's Metamorphoses, VIII., and the description of their hut as rendered in Golding's translation probably suggested thatched here and in Much Ado About Nothing, II. 1. 102:

"Don Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched." (Furness, p. 183.)

11, 12. a great reckoning, etc. "To have one's poetry not understood is worse than the bill of a first-class hotel in a pot-house"—Moberly.

17, 18. Two constructions seem to have run into one, viz., 'what they swear may be said to be feigned' + 'what they swear, it may be said they feign.'

19. you. Touchstone affectionately uses thou (5, 13); Audrey is too much in awe of her mystifying lover to venture beyond the formal you.

25. foul, not fair, not attractive; often used in contrast to 'fair.'

30, 31. Sir Oliver Martext. Cf. "Sir Topas the curate" in Twelfth Night, and "Sir Hugh Evans, a Welsh parson" in The Merry Wives of Windsor. The title Sir was formerly applied to clergymen because "dominus, the academical title of a Bachelor of Arts, was usually rendered by Sir in English at the Universities....Therefore, as most clerical persons had taken that first degree [namely, B.A.], it became usual to style them Sir"—Nares. The title dominus is still retained at Cambridge, being abbreviated in the official class-lists to Ds. Martext is the sort of descriptive name that we get sometimes in Thackeray and Dickens.

40. to give, i.e. to give her away, as in the marriage-service.

41. I will not take her on gift; because "people don't give away what is of real use"—Moberly. Touchstone cannot resist joking, even at his own wedding, about his bride.

46. God 'ild, i.e. yield, literally 'pay, reward'; a form of thanks.
NOTES.

48. toy, a trifling matter; see G. be covered, put your hat on. Jaques has naturally removed it, thinking that the service is about to begin. Cf. v. i. 16, 17.

50. bow, a yoke for oxen; now obsolete in this sense.

51. the falcon her bells. A bell was fastened by a leathern strap round each leg of a hawk as a means of tracing her when she was at large. The best of these bells were made at Milan. In all breeds of hawk the female bird is larger and more powerful than the male, and therefore more used; cf. her. The favourite English sort for hawking was the peregrine falcon.

54. a good priest, i.e. proper, worth calling one. Jaques speaks as if he thought Sir Oliver a sham priest.

57. warp; cf. ii. 7. 186.

58. I am not in the mind but, I am not so sure that it would not be better for me. The phrase seems equivalent to ‘I am doubtful if I were not better’ etc.

63. we must be married, i.e. in a church (as Jaques said, 53); not here “under a bush.” Whether Touchstone’s intentions are quite as definite as he would have Audrey believe may perhaps be doubted after his last speech (spoken aside).

65—71. These lines are obviously a quotation from some well-known ballad; probably changed a little to fit the occasion. Steevens says: “In the Stationers’ Registers, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered the ballad of ‘O sweete Olyver, leave me not behinde the (i.e. thee).’ Again on Aug. 20, ‘The answere of O sweete Olyver.’”

69. Wind, i.e. wend, go.

Scene 4.

7—9. It was a common belief that certain colours of the hair indicate certain characteristics. Tradition assigned red hair to Judas; hence it was thought a mark of a treacherous, “dissembling” (7) disposition.

11, 12. your. Shakespeare often uses your colloquially (cf. Latin iste), to indicate some person or thing known to everyone; e.g. in Hamlet, III. 2. 3, “if you mouth it, as many of your players do,” i.e. the players whom you and everybody know—Abbott.

the only; cf. ii. 7. 34.

14. holy bread, sacramental bread.

15. cast, cast off; discarded. Of course, the whole idea will not bear strict analysis. The later Folios have chast (i.e. chaste), which
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Furness thinks the right reading. Diana, the type of chastity; cf. III. 2. 4, note.

16. winter's sisterhood, i.e. some religious sisterhood dedicated to the utmost austerity of life.

23. concave, hollow.

32. I met the duke yesterday. Furness quotes the criticism: “Rosalind's neglecting so long to make herself known to her father, though not quite proper, is natural enough. She cannot but be aware that in her disguise she is acting a perilous part, which yet is so delightful that she cannot prevail on herself to forego it, as her father would certainly have commanded her to do.” She is prettily excused in Lamb's Tale.

question, conversation; cf. III. 2. 342, and v. 4. 157. So in King Lear, iv. 3. 26, “Made she no verbal question?”=did she not say anything?

33. We see later (v. 4. 26, 27) why the Duke was particularly interested in Rosalind.

37. brave, fine.

39—41. traverse, crossways. puny, unskilled; literally ‘younger’; see G. on one side; which would, of course, make the horse swerve. “As breaking a lance against his adversary's breast, in a direct line, was honourable, so the breaking it across his breast was, as a mark either of want of courage or address, dishonourable”—Warburton.

39. his lover, his mistress.

41. noble; said ironically.

43. We revert to the courtship of Corin and his Phebe (II. 4).

45. Who you saw; Corin's grammar is something rustic.

48. a pageant, a scene which is as good as any play; a spectacle; see G.

Scene 5.

Enter Silvius and Phebe. It has been well remarked that, unlike the other sets of lovers, they speak in verse only, and that this gives a certain “idealistic flavour to their sentiments.” It fits the high-flown style of their love-episode, and is, in fact, a delicate bit of characterisation. Indeed, one would almost expect the dainty Phebe to use rhyme alone. The parallel scene (a striking example of the highly decorative pastoral style) in Lodge's Rosalynde is given in Extract 20.

3. For the probable scansion see p. 239.
5. Falls, lets fall. The verb is often transitive in Shakespeare; cf. Lucrece, 1551, "For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds."

6. But begs; literally 'except that he begs'; so 'without begging.'

7. dies and lives. Editors show that this was a common inversion (\(\nu\sigma\tau\varepsilon\rho\omicron\,\pi\omicron\omicron\tau\omicron\rho\omicron\nu\omicron\)) of the familiar phrase live and die, which means simply 'to spend one's whole life'; cf. v. 2. 11, 12. Apparently the sense here is 'he whose whole existence is by means of shedding blood,' i.e. depends on it, is entirely bound up in it. If we take lives='gets his livelihood'—a sense which it does not naturally bear in this phrase—then the other part of the whole phrase seems pointless; moreover it is always awkward to interpret a familiar phrase, still more a part of it, in an unfamiliar way.

11. sure, surely.

13. atomies; cf. III. 2. 209, and see G.

17. swoon; spelt swound; another common form was sound, used even as late as Dryden's time. Cf. Palamon and Arcite, i. 55, 56:

"The most in years of all the mourning train
Began; but sounded first away for pain."

19. to say, by saying; or 'lie not so far as to say.'

23. The cicatrice, the mark; strictly the scar left by a wound. Lat. cicatrix, 'a scar.'

capable; probably passive='receivable'; capable impressure meaning 'the indentation receivable from the rush on which the palm is pressed.' Some take it actively='receptive or retentive of'—thus, 'the indentation which receives easily, or which retains, the shape of the rush pressed upon it.' Many adjectives are used both actively and passively in Shakespeare. Either way, capable has the literal idea of Lat. capere, 'to take, to receive.' Its common Shakespearian sense is 'susceptible to'; cf. King John, III. 1. 12, "For I am sick and capable of fears.'

26. Nor...no; see I. 2. 14, 15.

29. fancy, love; cf. III. 2. 332.

31—34. It is a favourite use of dramatic "irony" of situation to make a character use very confident and defiant language when just on the brink of experiencing that which is the very opposite of what he anticipates. Technically the "irony" is more complete when the audience know that the confidence is groundless and the speaker's discomfiture at hand. Cf. Julius Caesar, III. 1, where Cæsar is made to use the most exalted language about himself when we know that he is just about to be struck down by the conspirators; and Richard II. III. 2.
54—62, where Richard speaks in a vein of triumphant confidence when he is on the verge of knowing what the audience know already and feel that he must shortly know, viz. that the Welsh army on which his hope rests has dispersed.

36. *and all at once* = "and that, too, all in a breath"—Steevens. Editors show that it was a common phrase; cf. Middleton's play *The Changeling*, iv. 3, "Does love turn fool, run mad, and all at once?"

37. *no beauty.* Several editors change to *some beauty*; as if Rosalind allowed that Phebe does possess just a little, but nothing out of the common (40, 41), certainly not enough to give her cause to be "proud and pitiless" (38).

40, 41. *the ordinary*, the average run of Nature's cheap goods. Her language (cf. 58) is purposely commonplace to express contempt.

36. *sale-work*; things made for general sale (i.e. not specially ordered), hence wrought with no particular care—Schmidt.

44—46. One of the countless references in Elizabethan writers to the current depreciation of dark hair and complexion. Cf. the "dark woman" series of Shakespeare's Sonnets, especially 127, 130. When Lysander in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* spurns the dark-complexioned Hermia he says, "Away, you Ethiop!" and "out, tawny Tartar, out!" (III. 2. 257, 263). The prejudice is thought to have arisen out of flattery to Queen Elizabeth, who was fair. We see in *The Merchant of Venice*, III. 2. 92—96 and Sonnet 78, how dark-haired ladies were apt to remedy their defect.

45. *bugle*; which resemble a bugle = a tube-shaped, black-glass-bead; used on the trimming of dresses.

48. *south*; the rainy, stormy wind; which "Foretells a tempest and a blustering day," I Henry IV. v. 1. 6. Cf. Paradise Lost, x. 738—740.

49. *properer*, handsomer; cf. 53, 112; I. 2. 104.

51. makes; some editors change to *make*; but makes has been well explained as agreeing with the singular idea in what precedes, e.g. 'tis the fact of there being such fools as you who marry plain wives that makes' etc.

52. *ill-favour'd*, ugly; cf. I. 2. 35, and The Faerie Queene, II. 4. 4, "And eke her face ill-favourd, full of wrinckles old."

53. *out of you*, i.e. not out of her glass.

59. *Cry the man mercy*, beg pardon of him; literally 'cry to him for mercy.' The phrase was common; cf. King Lear, III. 4. 176; III. 6. 54. So *cry grace* in Lear, III. 2. 58, 59.
60. *Foul is most foul*, etc.; ugliness shows at its worst, when, in spite of itself ("being foul"), it presumes to scoff. Cf. Johnson’s paraphrase, “the ugly seem most ugly, when, *though* ugly, they are scoffers.” The construction runs thus: ‘foulness is most foul...to be’ = is most foul *in being a scoffer*. *foul*; cf. III. 3. 25.

64. *your*; a simpler reading would be *her*; but perhaps Rosalind looks contemptuously towards Phebe as she says “*your* foulness,” and then (65) turns away.

66. *sauce her*; as we might say colloquially, ‘give her a dressing,’ where the metaphor is similarly from cooking.

75, 76. *though all the world*; “though all mankind could look on you, none could be so *deceived* as to think you beautiful but he”—Johnson. *abused*; see G.

78. *saw*, saying; see G. *of might*, i.e. to be a wise saying. ‘Now I realise the force of your words.’

79. “*Who ever loved?*” etc. See p. 198.

82. *gentle*. This is Phebe’s first sign of grace and relenting. The “time” she spoke of (31—34) has come very soon. Her falling in love with Ganymede is a swift working of Nemesis.

83. i.e. if you are really sorry for some one, you would like to relieve his trouble.

86. *exterminated*, exterminated.

90. *it is not that*, it is not the case that, you must not suppose that.

91. *since that*; cf. I. 3. 39, note.

97. *in such a poverty of grace*, so destitute of all favour from you.

104. *bounds*; cf. “*bounds of feed,*” II. 4. 77.

105. *carlot*, rustic, husbandman; see G.

107. *peevious*; perhaps ‘saucy, forward’; see G.

115. *not very tall*, i.e. for a youth (as Phebe supposes Ganymede to be), though Rosalind is “*more than common tall*” for a girl (I. 3. 110).

118. *more lusty*, i.e. deeper.

120. *the constant red*, i.e. of the lips. *mingled damask*, i.e. the mingled red and white of a fresh complexion. *damask*; see G.

121. *be*; a good illustration of Abbott’s remark that *be* is often used of a class or kind of persons and things.

122. *in parcels*, bit by bit; dwelling on each feature.

130. *that’s all one*, that is no matter. *omittance is no quittance*; a proverb = you may leave a thing undone but not have done with it: you may want later on to take it up again.

135. *passing*, very, surpassingly; an adverb.
ACT IV.

Scene 1.

3. This conversation with Rosalind shows that in a great measure Jaques’s melancholy is something assumed rather than spontaneously and keenly felt; a sort of picturesque ‘pose’ which serves to mark him as one apart from the crowd; an invention on which he prides (15—18) himself as the patentee and sole possessor. Yet it has, I think, a certain element of reality, to which the Duke’s words (II. 7. 65—68) were a clue. His “melancholy” is in part that disgust with self and the world which is the nemesis of choosing the wrong path.

6, 7. betray, expose. every modern censure; “every commonplace, hackneyed criticism”—Furness: for everybody has a sarcastic fling at the man who is always in the dumps or who bores people by incessant jocularity. modern; cf. II. 7. 155. censure; see G.

11. emulation, i.e. anxious rivalry with other scholars, fear lest another should win more fame in the learned world.

12, 13. “The courtier’s melancholy is from pride, which puts him out of sympathy with his kind;...the soldier’s from disappointed ambition”—Moberly.

13. the lawyer’s; meaning, I think, the air of great seriousness and anxiety which he considers it “politic” (i.e. wise) to assume, so that he may be supposed to be concerned in cases of the highest interest and pondering over deep legal problems.

14. nice; perhaps ‘fastidious, dainty,’ so that she is discontented with her surroundings; some interpret ‘silly, trifling,’ as implying that her “melancholy” is purely an affectation.

16. simples, ingredients; see G.

16—18. ‘My melancholy,’ says Jaques, ‘is the contemplation, under diverse aspects, of my travels, in regard to which my frequent reveries wrap me in a most whimsical dejection.’ What he means is put simply in Rosalind’s words “And your experience makes you sad!” He represents himself as the traveller and observer who has seen too much of the “human tragedy.”

17. in which; referring, I think, rather to “travels” than “contemplation.” The 1st Folio has “by often rumination,” changed to my in the later Folios.

30—34. Addressed to Jaques as he is moving away. Rosalind is
annoyed with Orlando for being late, and ignores, for a while, his greeting and presence. Her speech is Shakespeare's satire on the affectations of the Elizabethan traveller. Cf. the sarcastic sketch of a "picked man of countries" (i.e. an affected traveller) in *King John*, I. i. 189—204, where editors refer to the picture of "An Affectate Traveller" in Overbury's *Characters* (1614).

30. *list*; as if the traveller were so used to talking French and Italian that his native English had become quite strange to him.

31. *wear strange suits*. It was a stock subject of satire that the travelling Englishman imitated foreign fashions and mixed them all up together. Cf. Portia's description of her English suitor Falconbridge, the young baron: "How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where"—The *Merchant of Venice*, I. 2. 79—82. In his Essay *Of Travel* Bacon says: "When a Traveller returneth home...let his Travel appeare rather in his Discourse than in his Apparell or Gesture [i.e. bearing]...and let it appeare that he doth not change his Country [i.e. native] Manners for those of Forraigne Parts."

*disable*, i.e. disparage your own country (as travellers are apt to); cf. v. 4. 73.

32, 33. i.e. wish you had been born a Frenchman or Italian and had not got an English cast of face.

34. *swam in a gondola*, i.e. been to Venice, the great resort of English travellers. In Elizabeth's reign many English of all classes visited Italy, as one can see from travellers' narratives and the constant allusions in plays of the period. One of Portia's suitors is "the young baron of England." Indeed, for an English noble to travel in Italy was almost as common then as in the last century to make "the grand tour" of Europe. People like Ascham (*Schoolmaster*) thought that the custom was not altogether desirable. The Italians had an uncomplimentary proverb about the English traveller who affected Italian ways. With the dramatists, the imitation of Italy, especially in things relating to fashionable life, dress, amusements, was a constant subject of satire. Cf. *Richard II*. II. 1. 21—23, where Shakespeare is thinking of his own time when he makes York blame the king for heeding only foolish things, such as:

"Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation."

The remark here is a "topical" allusion.
38. within an hour. The time is evidently the morning (cf. 147—150); the same morning as in III. 4, when they were expecting Orlando.

43. clapped; either by way of friendly encouragement, as in Much ADO About Nothing, i. i. 261; or by way of arrest from a court officer, as in Cymbeline, v. 3. 78 (where, however, the word is “touch”—Furness. The former interpretation seems better; though the latter is favoured by the legal word “warrant” just after.

54. leer, complexion; see G.

60. gravelled, at a loss; the same metaphor (i.e. of a ship run aground) as in the colloquial use of ‘stranded.’

61. when they are out, when they cannot think for the moment what to say. Cf. Coriolanus, v. 3. 40, 41:

“Like a dull actor now,

I have forgot my part, and I am out.”

71. I take some joy to say you are. “He feels the atmosphere of Rosalind about him, without knowing why”—Moberly. And Orlando ought by his actions to suggest that at times he almost forgets that Ganymede is not “his Rosalind.”

75. by attorney, by proxy, not in your own person. attorney; see G.

76, 77. there was not any man died, i.e. who died; cf. III. 2. 328, note. videlicet, that is to say (Lat. videre licet).

78—80. Troilus...Leander; “patterns” of faithful lovers. For Troilus see the exquisite lines in The Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 1—6:

“The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh’d his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.”

The story of Troilus and Cressida, not really classical since it had its origin in certain late Latin forgeries, was one of the most popular of mediaeval tales; told in many romances, ‘histories’ and poems, such as Chaucer’s Troilus and Criseyde, Lydgate’s Troy-Book and Caxton’s Destruction of Troy. The Trojan priest Calchas, having deserted to the Greek camp before Troy and left his daughter behind, persuaded the Greeks to exchange the Trojan hero Antenor for her; she was brought to the Greek camp by Diomede, and eventually preferred him to her old Trojan lover Troilus, son of Priam king of Troy, thereby becoming
a type of the faithless woman. Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* seems to have been preceded by more than one play on the subject.

78. *had his brains dashed out.* Really, Troilus was slain by the spear of Achilles—"*infelix puer atque impar congressus Achilli*"; see the pathetic picture of his death in *Aeneid* i. 474—478.

80. *Leander,* of Abydos on the Troad; who swam each evening across the Hellespont to see *Hero* at Sestus, but one stormy night was drowned. Byron emulated his exploit. Cf. one of his Letters: "This morning [May 3, 1810] I swam from *Sestos* to *Abydos.* The immediate distance is not above a mile, but the current renders it hazardous...I attempted it a week ago, and failed—owing to the north wind, and the wonderful rapidity of the tide—though I have been from my childhood a strong swimmer. But, this morning being calmer, I succeeded, and crossed the 'broad Hellespont' in an hour and ten minutes." For the Elizabethans the story of *Hero* and *Leander* had become specially famous through Marlowe's poem.

85. *the chroniclers...found.* Perhaps *found* has the common sense 'made out' and so 'represented, stated.' More probably, however, it is used in the legal sense, as when a jury *find* a man guilty or not guilty. We might paraphrase thus: 'contemporary historians brought in the foolish verdict that *Hero* of Sestus was the cause of the good youth's death.'

Some editors change *chroniclers to coroners.* But the change is needless because *found* can be taken figuratively in this legal sense with *chroniclers.* Further, only *one* coroner holds an enquiry, where necessary, into the circumstances of a person's death, and Shakespeare is too accurate in his use of legal terms to have used the plural *coroners.*

91. *coming-on;* cf. the colloquial use of 'stand off' (adj.).

101. *See Extract 22 from Rosalynde.*

106. *to wife;* a common idiom in which *to* = 'equivalent to,' 'for.' Cf. the Prayer-Book, "I take thee to my wedded wife"; and *Luke* iii. 8, "we have Abraham to our father."

114. *ask you for your commission,* ask you what authority you have to take her. Orlando has "taken" (113) his bride without her being "given" to him, according to the proper form.

115, 116. *there's a girl goes before the priest,* i.e. *who* goes. Rosalind means that she does not wait for the priest to put the question "wilt thou have this Man to thy wedded husband?" It is part of Shakespeare's reverence that as few words as possible of the actual religious service are spoken.
126. a Barbary cock-pigeon. The kind of pigeon called a barb, like
the kind of horse also so called, is said to have come from the Barbary
States, on the Mediterranean coast of Africa.

127. against rain, i.e. when rain is coming; birds show in various
ways that they are aware of an approaching fall of rain. Thomson, an
accurate observer of nature, brings out this fact vividly more than once
in The Seasons; cf. the storm in Winter, 137—147.

new-fangled, fond of what is new; implying ‘inconstant, capricious.’
See G.

129. Diana in the fountain. See Introduction. “The image of
a fountain-figure weeping was an exceedingly common one, and Diana
was a favourite subject with the sculptors for such an object”—Halliwell.
Cf. Drayton’s Epistles:

“Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands,
Naked Diana in the fountain stands.”

131. hyen, hyena. sleep; needlessly changed to weep by some as
an antithesis to “be merry.”

136. make, shut; cf. Germ. zumachen, to shut, lit. ‘make to.’

141. “Wit, whither wilt?” Steevens says that this proverbial
exclamation (cf. I. 2. 50) was commonly used when any one was either
talking nonsense or talking too much, i.e. monopolising the conversation.

144. her husband’s occasion, i.e. an occasion (= opportunity) against
her husband. The wife does something wrong, the husband complains,
and then, if she is a true woman, she will (according to Rosalind)
make out that it was all his fault! Accusation is a needless change.

145. breed it, bring it up to be a fool.

149. I must attend the duke; cf. III. 4. 30, 31.

158. oaths that are not dangerous; thought to be an allusion (inserted
at a later date) to the statute of James I. forbidding profanity on the
stage, passed in 1605. In 1 Henry IV. III. 1. 252—255, Hotspur
laughs at his wife for using mild little asseverations like “‘in good
sooth,’ and ‘as true as I live,’ and ‘as God shall mend me.’”

161. pathetical; perhaps ‘pitiful’; some say ‘persuasive, exciting
pity or affection.’

163. gross, huge, mighty.

167. justice, judge; cf. II. 7. 152.

170—172. i.e. people shall know that you are a woman and thus
see how shamefully you have disgraced your sex.

176. the bay of Portugal; a term still in use among sailors “to
denote that portion of the sea off the coast of Portugal from Oporto
to the headland of Cintra”; where the extreme depth of the water made it “practically unfathomable” in Shakespeare’s time. “The history of Portugal engaged a good deal of attention between 1578 and 1602.” More than one expedition was made to Portugal and the Spanish coast. (Furness, pp. 225, 226.)

A fresh scene, introducing another set of characters in fresh surroundings, always conveys the impression of an interval. So this scene, though very brief, helps to suggest the flight of Orlando’s “two hours” (iv. 1. 147, iv. 3. 1, 2). It also brings before us again that woodland aspect of the play which has lately been overshadowed by the love-making.

180. thought; perhaps ‘melancholy, dejection,’ as in Twelfth Night, ii. 4. 115, “she pined in thought.” spleen, impulsiveness.

181. that blind boy. This notion of Cupid’s blindness is mediæval rather than classical. An explanation of it is offered by Helena in A Midsummer-Night’s Dream, i. 1. 234, 235:

“Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing’d Cupid painted blind.”

Scene 2.

The scene opens with the same situation as in iii. 4.

9, 10. Phebe’s anger was evidently a feint to deceive Corin and make him believe that what she was writing was “a very taunting letter” (iii. 5. 131). Really, “the contents” are in a very different key.

16. and that, i.e. and says that; the verb being easily supplied from “calls.”

17. phœnix; the mythical bird anciently supposed to exist in Arabia. According to legend, only one phœnix was alive at a time; “unica semper avis,” says Ovid, Amores ii. 6. 54; cf. Paradise Lost, v. 272, “A phœnix...that sole bird.” And it sat upon one particular
tree, of which there was only one specimen; cf. "On the sole Arabian tree," The Phænix and the Turtle, 2. The fullest classical account of the phoenix is in Pliny's Natural History, x. 2.

"Od's my will! "Are not all these oaths, in which Rosalind indulges with marked freedom, her attempts to assume a swashing and a martial outside? Before she donned doublet and hose she uttered none. 'Faith' was then her strongest affirmation, but from the hour she entered Arden we hear these little oaths from Ganymede"—Furness.

23. turn'd. One meaning of turn in Shakespeare is "to bring, to place in a state or condition"—Schmidt. So turn'd here means 'brought.' Corin's is a very bad case indeed!

24. 'You are foolish' (she expostulates) 'to be so in love with Phebe: she is not so very attractive—why, look at her hand, as brown as leather or sandstone!'

29. hand, handwriting.

33. Like Turk to Christian, like some infidel challenging a Christian knight to mortal combat in the Crusades.

34. giant-rude, hugely, monstrously rude. Compound adjectives are frequent; cf. King John, iv. 1. 76, 77:

"Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rude?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still."

35. Ethiop, black; see G. in their effect, i.e. worse in their import than they may seem to be at first sight. Fully to realise the blackness of them you must 'read between the lines' a bit, as Rosalind proceeds to do, in the hope of disguising from Corin that it is really a confession of Phebe's love for Ganymede.

37. So please you, if, provided that, it pleases you. so; cf. i. 2. 8.

39. Phebe's me, plays "the cruel Phebe" with me. Cf. 'to hector' = to behave in an overbearing style; from Hector, the Trojan hero.

40. Of course, Phebe's letter is meant as a caricature of the conventional type of pastoral love-poetry—Boas. Cf. Extract 11.

47. man; emphatic, in antithesis to "god" (40); but it suits Rosalind to pretend that another antithesis ("beast," 49) was intended.

48. vengeance, harm.

50. eyne; see G.

53. aspect, appearance; the word is probably used in reference to its astrological sense=the position of a planet in the heavens and its 'influence.' Cf. Sonnet 26:

"Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect";
and the description in *Troilus and Cressida*, l. 91, 92, of the sun whose

"medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil."

To compare the youth's eyes with stars would be quite in the manner of Phœbe's effusion. On the accentuation—*aspect*—see the Glossary.

55. *prayers*; scan as two syllables.
58. *scal up*, i.e. let him be the confidential bearer of your decision.
59. *kind*, nature, natural inclination.
67, 68. *make thee an instrument*; because Phœbe had used Silvius as her messenger, and deceived him too as to the character of the message: hence "false strains."
70. *a tame snake*; a common term of contempt for a poor-spirited fellow.
75. *pray you*; the omission of *I* in such phrases of address is common; cf. *prithee* = *I pray thee*.
76. *purlieus*, outskirts; see G.
78. *the neighbour bottom*, the neighbouring dell. In some dialects (e.g. the New Forest) *bottom* is still in common use for a dell, low lying ground; cf. *Comus*, 532, "this bottom glade."
79, 80. i.e. leave on your right the row of willows that border the stream and you will come to the place.

A little research might compile a list of the chief features of the Forest that are mentioned, e.g. the Duke's cave (II. 7. 196), Rosalind's cottage, the oft-mentioned stream, etc.

83. *may profit by a tongue*, may take advantage of a description.
86. *favour*, countenance; see G. *bestows himself*, bears himself.
87. *a ripe sister*, an elder sister of Celia. The phrase alludes to the somewhat girlish appearance which Rosalind must present, in features, figure and movement, despite her disguise. The pause in the middle of the line makes up for the absence of a stressed syllable.
88. *browner*, darker; see G. Celia had stained her face (I. 3. 107); else Orlando would have recognised her.
89. *owner*; we might have expected *owners*; cf. *we* in Celia's reply. But though Oliver means perhaps both, yet he addresses Celia on whom his looks and thoughts are bent—as we may fairly infer from what follows (v. 2).
91. *doth commend him to*, sends his compliments to. The common Elizabethan formula for 'give my regards to,' 'remember me to,' was *commend me to*. 
93. napkin, handkerchief; cf. 97 and see G.

101. Chewing the food; the metaphor in ‘chewing the cud,’ but there is no need to change food to cud. fancy, love, thoughts about love.

102—132. For the adventure with the lion see Extract 23 from Lodge.

112. indented; Schmidt says ‘forming a zigzag,’ i.e. in the direction of its course along the ground. I think that the reference is rather to the undulating, up-and-down motion of the snake’s body. Thus Milton speaks of a snake moving “with indented wave,” Paradise Lost, IX. 496.


116—118. Editors quote many illustrations of this belief in the noble generous nature of the lion, the king (cf. “royal”) of beasts. Cf. Extract 23 from Lodge. Similar is the superstition that “the lion will not touch the true prince,” 1 Henry IV. II. 4. 300.

122. render him, describe him as being.

129. i.e. natural instinct prevailing over Orlando’s good reasons for not helping his unjust brother.

131. hurtling, loud noise; see G.

132. I awaked. How artfully the information that he is Orlando’s brother is conveyed. They are not told till his description has roused their sympathy with him.

134. contrive, plot; cf. contriver, I. I. 131.

140. recountments, the stories they had to tell each other of their respective experiences.

141. As, as for instance. The usurping Duke had evidently carried out his threats against Oliver (III. 1).

159. Cousin; in her agitation Celia forgets their supposed relationship; still it shows a good deal of self-control that she said “Ganymede” (157) and did not betray their position by exclaiming “Rosalind.”

163. you a man! A note of “irony” which reaches its height in Rosalind’s delightful reply “So I do” (173).

165. sirrah; “sometimes nothing more than a sort of playful familiar address”—Dyce; but generally contemptuous.

a body, a person, anyone. Then a common use (perhaps rather familiar); cf. The Two Gentlemen of Verona, I. 2. 18, “unworthy body as I am”; and The Comedy of Errors, III. 2. 90, 91, “what is she?” “A very reverent body.”
169. a passion of earnest, a real feeling.

The close of the scene requires exquisite acting since Rosalind is at once deeply moved, physically weak still, determined not to betray herself by breaking down, and tickled by the comedy of her pretence of counterfeiting. The scene is full of light and shade.

ACT V.

Scene 1.

4. the old gentleman, i.e. Jaques; she refers to his ridicule of Sir Oliver Martext in iii. 3. 52—57. Jaques and Adam are described as the "old" men of the play. The measureless contrast between them!

7. lays; for the omission of who cf. iii. 2. 328.

8. interest in, claim on; Audrey means that she had not pledged herself to marry William.

12. we shall be flouting; now for some sallies of sarcasm! (i.e. at each other and at the world in general). hold, restrain ourselves, keep from flouting.

14. God ye, i.e. God give ye good even.

17. be covered; cf. iii. 3. 48.

25. so so, pretty well, nothing to boast of; cf. iii. 5. 116.

31—34. A hint that Touchstone himself means to enjoy the grapes in this case, i.e. that William must resign his supposed claim to Audrey. Perhaps the remark was suggested to Touchstone by William's open-mouthed astonishment at this unexpected rivalry—Capell.

41. doth empty the other; and William is to be that other, and go away empty-handed.

46. the vulgar, the common tongue understood of the people; cf. 'the vernacular'=the native dialect of a country.

51. translate, change, transform.

53. bastinado, a sound cudgelling; see G. bandy, contend with; see G.

54. policy, scheming.

58. seeks; attracted to the nearer subject.

Scene 2.

1. Is't possible? Of all the delightful things in this fascinating play not the least delightful, surely, is the sublime unconsciousness of the lovers. To Orlando, as to Rosalind (28—38), the very idea of "love
at first sight” is—in the case of others—a source of astonishment that human nature should be so illogical and inconsequent; and apparently the obvious tu quoque never occurs to either.

The circumstances under which Oliver (=Saladyne) and Celia (=Aliena) are brought together in Lodge’s Rosalyndé are more exciting; see Extract 24.

4. persever; the common Elizabethan form, accented perséver. Cf. King John, ii. 421, “Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.”

8. consent. Oliver thinks that Orlando might influence Rosalind (Celia’s supposed brother) against the match. I do not see why else he should ask for Orlando’s consent.

11. estate upon, settle on, make over to.

17. you; to Oliver whom Rosalind scarcely knows; thee to her Orlando (20).

18. fair sister. Why “sister,” seeing that Rosalind is still dressed as a youth, i.e. Ganymede? (1) Some editors think that Oliver enters into their jest and addresses Ganymede thus in the assumed character of his brother’s bride; (2) others say that Celia has told him Rosalind’s secret. Johnson says: “I know not why Oliver should call Rosalind ‘sister.’ He takes her yet to be a man. I suppose we should read: ‘And you, and your fair sister.’” But (1) gives good sense.

27. greater wonders, i.e. Oliver’s sudden falling in love with Celia; cf. 1—15. The idea that Oliver has discovered Rosalind’s secret and told Orlando, and that it is the “wonder” to which Orlando refers here, seems to me most improbable.

28. where you are, what you are referring to.

30. Caesar’s thrasonical brag. The allusion is to the famous despatch Veni, vidi, vici (“I came, I saw, I conquered”), in which Julius Caesar announced to the Roman Senate his defeat, near Zela, B.C. 47, of Pharnaces, king of Pontus. Cf. Cymbeline, iii. 1. 22—24:

“A kind of conquest

Caesar made here [i.e. in Britain]; but made not here his brag
Of ‘came’ and ‘saw’ and ‘overcame.’”

Craik justly remarks: “It is evident that the character and history of Julius Caesar had taken a strong hold of Shakespeare’s imagination. There is perhaps no other historical character who is so repeatedly alluded to throughout his plays.” thrasonical, boastful; see G.

35. degree. “Used here in its original sense as derived from the Latin gradus, and French degré, a step; which affords the pun with the
word 'stairs' immediately after”—Cowden Clarke. Cf. Coriolanus, 11. 2.
28, 29, "his ascent is not by such easy degrees."

37. incontinent, immediately.
38. clubs cannot part them. This refers to the old custom, when
any quarrel or affray occurred in the London streets, of crying out
Clubs! Clubs! by way of calling for persons armed with clubs,
especially the London apprentices, to come and separate ("part") the
combatants, and thus preserve the public peace. Cf. Titus Andronicus,
11. 1. 37, where two brothers are quarrelling and some one says, "Clubs,
clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace." Sometimes the cry was
only an excuse for creating a disturbance. "The great long club," as
described by Stow, on the necks of the London apprentices, was as
characteristic as the flat cap of the same quarrelsome body in the days
of Elizabeth and James"—Knight. Shakespeare has London in his
thoughts when he arms the Roman plebs "with bats and clubs"
in Coriolanus, 1. 1. 57.

40. In Shakespeare nuptial is commoner than nuptials. Con-
versely he more than once uses funerals with a singular sense; cf.
Julius Caesar, v. 3. 105, "His funerals shall not be in our camp."
47. I can live no longer by thinking. Surely, a very beautiful
and true touch. At the sight of the real lovers’-happiness of Oliver and
Celia (40—44), the comedy of Orlando’s own mock-courtship has
become a pain instead of a "joy" (iv. 1. 71).

48—117. See Extracts 25 and 26 from Lodge.

49. 50. I speak to some purpose, what I now say is really important.
She is going to be in earnest and drop the jest of being his Rosalind.

51. conceit, intellect, mental capacity; such as will enable Orlando
to understand the strange story and promise which she is about to tell
him. See conceit in the Glossary.

53—55. neither do I labour, etc. Rosalind is not boasting of her
magical powers; she only mentions them because it is to Orlando’s
advantage that he should believe that she possesses them.

57. converse, have ‘conversation’ with, associate = Lat. conversari;
the ordinary Shakespearian sense. So in the heading to the 2nd chapter
of Acts, "who afterwards devoutly and charitably converse together."

59. gesture, bearing, behaviour; Lat. gerere, ‘to bear.’

63, 64. human as she is. "That is, not a phantom, but the real
Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the
rites of incantation"—Johnson.

66. tender, value.
67. though I say I am a magician, though I endanger my life by announcing myself a magician. This is generally thought to allude to an Act of Parliament, passed in the reign of Elizabeth, by which the practice of witchcraft was visited with severe penalties, and made punishable in certain cases by death. An even more stringent Act was passed in 1603.

68. bid, invite; as in the parable of the marriage of the king’s son, Matthew xxii. 3, 9. Cf. Lycidas, 118, “the worthy hidden guest.”

Enter Silvius and Phebe. Their entrance is so timed as to prevent Orlando asking Rosalind any questions.

72. To show the letter. As a matter of fact, Rosalind had read it out; cf. iv. 3. 6—74.

73. study, aim, desire (Lat. studium).

82. for no woman. The “irony” of the situation ought perhaps to be emphasised by a slight stress on woman (as in 107), and a glance towards Orlando.

88. fantasy, imaginative thoughts and longings; cf. ii. 4. 28.

89. passion, deep feeling; see G.

90. observance; in its old, stronger sense “reverential attention”—Schmidt. The Folios have the word again in 92, but probably the repetition is merely a printer’s error. It has been variously changed in 92, e.g. to obedience and deservance.

97. to love, i.e. for loving; literally ‘at’ or ‘in,’ love being properly a gerund.

103, 104. like the howling of Irish wolves; “which all howl in one key, as you all talk in one tune”—Moherly. Rosalind means that their rhapsodies about love are as wearisomely monotonous as the howling of wolves must be. It is said that wolves were not exterminated in Ireland till the beginning of the 18th century. Shakespeare refers to them when he makes Hotspur say “I had rather hear Lady, my brach [i.e. his hound], howl in Irish,” i Henry IV. III. i. 240, 241.

against the moon; cf. A Midsummer-Night’s Dream, v. 1. 378, 379:

“Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon.”

Scene 3.

4, 5. dishonest, not proper. to be a woman of the world, to be married. Cf. the phrase “to go to the world” = to be married; as in Much Ado About Nothing; ii. 1. 330—333, where Beatrice says that
every one is getting married but herself: “Thus goes every one to the world but I... I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!”

10. _clap into't roundly_, begin it straight off, without any of those preliminaries (such as clearing the throat) and excuses to which bad singers have recourse.

12. _the only_, those prescribed by custom, the proper; _cf._ 11. 7. 34.

13. _in a tune_, i.e. in _one_ tune, meaning perhaps that they should sing in unison; but on the stage the song is taken as a duet. What is thought to be the original air to which the song was sung has been preserved.

16. _hey... ho... hey nonino_. These are frequent refrains or burdens in old ballads; _cf._ the song at the end of _Twelfth Night_:

“When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain.”

So _Hey nonny, nonny_ (short for _nonino_) comes in the refrain of the beautiful song “Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more” in _Much Ado About Nothing_, 11. 3.

18. _the only pretty ring-time_, i.e. for the exchange of lovers’ and wedding rings; since “in the spring a young man’s fancy” etc. For _ring_ the Folio has _ruig_; Steevens suggested _riug_, and a copy of the song afterwards found in an old MS. volume of ballads proved that he was right.

25. _carol_; _see_ G.

27. “Man cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not,” _Job_ xiv. 2. “For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away,” _1 Peter_ i. 24.

31. _the prime_; a favourite Elizabethan word for that which is first (Lat. _primus_) and greatest, hence the “height of perfection, the flower of life”—Schmidt. _Cf._ _Sonnet_ 3:

“Thou art thy mother’s glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime”;

and _The Faerie Queene_, 11. 12. 75, “Gather therefore the Rose whilst yet is prime.”

33, 34. The general sense is: “though the words of the song were trifling, the music was not (as might have been expected) good enough to compensate their defect”—Steevens. _ditty_, the words; _see_ G.

_untuneable_. Some think that this is a mistake for _untuneable_ because the Page answers “we kept time, we lost not our time.” But _untuneable_ said of a performance in which the two singers take part
implies ‘discordant, not in tune’ rather than ‘without tune’; and the Page might well think that Touchstone meant to criticise not the melody itself but the discord arising from their incorrect rendering of it; so he would naturally answer ‘there was no discord, we kept time.’ In his retort Touchstone sneers at their voices, as if the fault lay with their singing, not with the melody.

Scene 4.

For the closing scenes of the novel see Extracts 27—30.

4. *As those that fear they hope*; “as those who are apprehensive that they are deceiving themselves by indulging a secret hope, although they know they fear the issue”—Grant White. Cf. another paraphrase: “As those who dread that they may be hoping without foundation, knowing that they really fear.” The line represents the frame of mind of a man who knows that in his heart of hearts he is afraid, and who fears that he may yet be cherishing a false, foolish hope. No change of text is wanted; the best suggested is their for they (“fear their hope, know their fear”).

5. *whiles our compact is urged*, while I re-state our agreement. Scan *compact*; cf. the adjective in II. 7. 5.

18. *even*, smooth; the metaphor of clearing away obstacles and levelling ground. Cf. 25, 105.

21. The 1st Folio has “Keep you your word, Phebe.” Most editors omit the you, which makes the scansion almost impossible unless we take Phebe as a monosyllable. No doubt, the printer had lines 19, 20 in his thoughts. Repetition of this sort is just the kind of printer’s error likely to occur.

27. *lively touches*, traits that closely resemble, that vividly suggest. Cf. III. 2. 135.

28, 29. The lines account for the “joy” (iv. 1. 71, 72) which Orlando has taken in the pretended courtship of Ganymede, begun at first as a mere jest.


32. *desperate*, hazardous, daring.

34. The line quickens one’s sense of the vastness of the forest. There are recesses which the Duke and his companions have evidently not penetrated, though they have lived here so long.

*Enter Touchstone.* His entrance on the scene and the humorous discourse that ensues are designed to fill the interval while Rosalind and Celia are getting ready for the finale.
35. toward, about to take place. Cf. Hamlet, v. 2. 376, “what feast is toward?” and A Midsummer-Night’s Dream, III. 1. 81, “What, a play toward! I’ll be an auditor.”

40. motley-minded, a motley (i.e. whimsical fool) in mind as in dress.

43. purgation, test, examination; properly ‘exculpation, clearing from a charge,’ as in I. 3. 49. measure, a stately Elizabethan dance, appropriate to courts and therefore familiar to the ex-courtier. See G. 45. undone three tailors; a stock piece of satire against needy courtiers and spendthrifts, in Elizabethan plays.

The fact that Touchstone’s satirical summary of a courtier’s indisensable gifts and graces is addressed to an audience of courtiers illustrates exactly the “liberty” (II. 7. 47) allowed the Elizabethan jester. Cf. the Duke’s words, 102, 103.

47. ta’en up, made up; cf. 95.

53. God ‘ild you; cf. III. 3. 46. I desire you of. In this common phrase desire=ask, entreat, and of=as regards; so the literal sense of Touchstone’s remark is ‘I entreat you in respect of the same,’ meaning ‘I am glad to hear that you are pleased with me and hope you will continue to be.’

56. blood, passion, impulse. breaks, i.e. the oath of fidelity which he “swears” (55) in matrimony. ill-favoured, uncomely, not beautiful.

59. your...your; cf. III. 4. 11. foul, ugly; cf. III. 3. 25—28.

61. swift, quick in his replies. sententious, full of pithy sayings (Lat. sententiae).

62, 63. According to the fool’s bolt. Probably this alludes to the proverb “a fool’s bolt [arrow] is soon shot.” The Duke has called Touchstone “swift” and he replies satirically, ‘Of course, you would expect a Fool to be quick in shooting his arrow’ (i.e. making his retort). such dulcet diseases. Schmidt interprets this “such sweet mortifications.” Touchstone may mean that proverbs like that about the fool’s bolt are a nuisance in conversation; that the man who is “Full of wise saws and modern instances” (II. 7. 155) is rather apt to be a bore in ordinary society. A fantastic phrase like dulcet diseases is of a piece with the whimsical, exaggerated style which we have found Touchstone adopt more than once (e.g. in v. 1). For diseases it has been suggested that we should read discourses.

66. a lie seven times removed; that is, a lie which passed through six stages till it reached the seventh, viz. the lie direct. “In Touchstone’s calculation the quarrel really was, or rather depended upon, the
lie direct, or the seventh cause. Six previous causes had passed without a duel; there were six modes of giving the lie, none of which had been considered sufficient to authorise a combat; but the seventh, the lie direct, would have been the subject of the quarrel, and this is also what is to be understood by a 'lie seven times removed.' The absurdity of the dispute just terminating before the necessity of fighting had arrived, and of there being two lies of higher intensity than the countercheck quarrelsome is evidently intentional"—Halliwell.

67. seeming; adverbial = in a more seemly way.
68. did dislike, said that I disliked.
73. Quip, a smart satirical saying; see G. disabled, disparaged; cf. IV. 1. 31.
78. Circumstantial, indirect because involved in a number of details; not stated with downright plainness.
87. we quarrel in print, by the book. Shakespeare is thought to allude to a treatise on duelling and its rules and code of honour, published in 1594 by a certain Vincentio Saviolo, Italian fencing-master of the Earl of Essex. It is to be noted that the delightful titles of the various degrees of lie, viz. "the Retort Courteous" (now a proverbial expression), "the Quip Modest" etc., are entirely Shakespeare's own invention. See p. 199.
88. books for good manners. There were many "books for good manners." Editors mention several, e.g. Caxton's Book of Curtesye; Rhodes' Boke of Nurture (cf. II. 7. 96). The courtier Osric describes Laertes as "an absolute gentleman...the card or calendar of gentry," i.e. as good as a hand-book of polite manners (Hamlet, v. 2. i. 114).
95. justices, judges; cf. II. 7. 152. take up; cf. 47.
98. swore brothers. A reference to a mediæval custom. Two men would swear to share each other's fortunes on some adventure or campaign and were called fratres jurati ("brothers bound by an oath"). Hence sworn brother = bosom friend. Cf. Much A.do About Nothing, i. i. 72, 73, "Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother"; and Richard II. v. 1. 20:

"I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death."
99. virtue, efficacy, power.
100, 101. he's as good at any thing, i.e. an all-round genius as a wit, never at a loss.
102, 103. He uses his folly, etc. A complete definition of the
method which the professional jester should adopt when he exercised the perilous privilege of satirising society or hinting (like the Fool in Lear) at his master's faults.

* a stalking-horse; the real or artificial horse used by a fowler in stalking (i.e. getting near to) game. Cf. the verb in Much Ado About Nothing, ii. 3. 95, 96, "stalk on, stalk; the fowl sits."

* presentation, screen, shelter.

"Enter Hymen; as we may conjecture from old stage-directions, in a saffron-coloured robe, and crowned with roses and marjoram, with a torch in his right hand"—Moberly. Probably we should understand that there are attendants on Hymen, who afterwards sing the marriage-hymn (137). This episode of the introduction of Hymen, the classical god of marriage, forms a brief Masque. The Masque was a kind of musical play which was in vogue, especially as a private entertainment, about the time that As You Like It was written, but did not reach its zenith till the reign of James I. Masques were composed for special occasions, particularly weddings; hence Hymen is a very frequent character in them. The theme of a marriage-masque would naturally be a representation of wedded happiness and prosperity. Cf. the Masque in The Tempest enacted before the lovers. Milton (whose Comus is the most famous of Masques) had in mind a wedding-masque when he wrote in L'Allegro, 125—128,

> "Then let Hymen oft appear
> In saffron robe, with taper clear,
> And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
> With Masque and antique pageantry."

* Still music, i.e. soft. Music was a great feature in Masques.

105. made even; cf. 18, 25.

106. Alone together, are in a state of harmony, agree; see G. and cf. Coriolanus, iv. 6. 72, 73:

> "He and Aufidius can no more atone
> Than violentest contrariety" (i.e. things exactly opposite).

110, 111. The 1st and 2nd Folios have "his hand"; changed in the later Folios to her, no doubt, rightly. In the next line some editors alter his (the original reading) to her, making the construction run "join her hand with the hand of him whose heart is within her bosom, i.e. whose affection she already possesses." But we may quite well find the antecedent of whose in "her hand" and say "join with his the hand of her whose heart is within his bosom, i.e. whose affection he already possesses." Indeed, the fact that Rosalind loves Orlando is from the
Duke's point of view a stronger reason for uniting them than the fact that Orlando loves Rosalind.

115. *sight*; so the 1st Folio. "The answer of Phebe makes it probable that Orlando says: 'If there be truth in shape,' that is, 'if a form may be trusted'; if one cannot usurp the form of another"—Johnson. But there is a certain force in making Orlando repeat the Duke's very words. Orlando is astonished at the sudden turn of things, and in moments of astonishment people are apt to repeat mechanically something just heard, as if the mind could not at once take in or start a fresh idea.

126. *If truth holds true contents*; "that is, if there be truth in truth, unless truth fails of veracity"—Johnson. They will all be united in matrimony if they are all true to their word.

130. *to your lord*, i.e. as, for; cf. IV. i. 106.

131. *sure*, joined, wedded.


137. *Juno*, the patroness of marriage. "As Jupiter was the protector of the male sex, so Juno watched over the female sex. She was supposed to accompany every woman through life, from the moment of her birth to her death...she was believed especially to preside over marriage. Women in childbed invoked Juno to help them, and newly-born children were likewise under her protection"—Classical Dictionary. Cf. the epithets *jugalis* and *pronuba* (both = 'nuptial') applied to Juno. She appears in the Masque in The Tempest, and pronounces her blessing on the lovers (IV. i. 106—109).

144. *Even daughter, welcome*. This is spoken to Celia. The Duke has called her *niece* (143), but here (144) corrects himself as it were: 'nay, I should call thee daughter, and I give thee as warm a welcome as to my own daughter.' The rhyme accounts for the curious turn of the expression. Some read *daughter-welcome* = as welcome as a daughter; but it is an awkward word.

146. *combine*, bind.

Enter Jaques de Boys. The 1st Folio has *Enter Second Brother*, obviously to prevent confusion with the other Jaques.

152. *Address'd*, made ready; see G. *power*, army; commoner in the plural. Cf. *Richard II.* ii. 3. 34, "What power the Duke of York had levied there."

153. *In his own conduct*, under his personal command.

156. *an old religious man*; i.e. a hermit, religious recluse; cf. 177 and III. 2. 315.
157. question, conversation; cf. III. 4. 32. The usurping Duke's "conversion" is as sudden and startling as Oliver's. It is consistent, however, with the description of his capricious character in the second scene of the play. See I. 2. 244, note.

160. restored; probably the construction is 'he was converted (157) and he restored.' Some take it absolutely—'all their lands being restored.'

161. Scan exiled; cf. II. 1. 1.

162. engage, pledge; cf. The Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 162, "And I to thee engaged a prince's word." F. gage, a pledge.

165. at large, with no restrictions; he is to be absolute lord again of the whole dukedom.

166. do those ends, complete those designs; meaning the marriage-festivities (174, 175, 193, 194).

168. every, everyone, each; used sometimes as a pronoun by Shakespeare. Cf. Antony and Cleopatra, i. 2. 38, "every of your wishes." It is a compound of ever + each.

169. shrewd, hard; see G.

171. states, i.e. estates, perhaps in the general sense 'fortunes,' not 'lands' alone. Whatever property and rank each has lost through fidelity to the Duke shall now be restored.

175. With measure heap'd in joy = "joyful in the highest degree"—Schmidt; from measure implying 'a full measure, a great amount.' Cf. Romeo and Juliet, II. 6. 24, 25:

"Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine!"

In "to the measures fall" there is one of the common word-plays on measure = a dance.

176. by your patience, excuse me a moment, please. Probably Jaques says this to the Duke and then turns to the new-comer—Capell.

177. put on a religious life, adopted a hermit's life, become a recluse.

178. pompous, used only in a good sense by Shakespeare, viz. stately, splendid.

181. matter; cf. II. 1. 68.

182. bequeath, leave.

183. deserves; singular because the two nouns form a single idea, 'patient goodness.'

184. It is to be remembered to Jaques's credit that he bears Orlando no ill-will, in spite of their disagreement (III. 2. 230—270).
185. great allies; referring to Oliver’s new-made connections with the court.

192. Exit Jaques. The reason and manner of his going are wonderfully suggestive. See some remarks on his character in the Introduction.

Epilogue.

Shakespeare seems to have avoided the use of Epilogues. The only plays in which examples occur are *All’s Well That Ends Well*, *Henry V.*, *Troilus and Cressida* and *The Tempest*; the doubtful works *Henry VIII.* and *Pericles*; *As You Like It* and *2 Henry IV.* (these last two Epilogues being in prose). Practically too Puck’s final speech in *A Midsummer-Night’s Dream* is an Epilogue.

2, 3. the lord the prologue. In the Elizabethan theatre "the actor who spoke the Prologue appeared in a long (black) cloak, with a laurel-wreath on his head, probably because this duty was originally performed by the poet himself"—Brandes.

3, 4. good wine needs no bush. The proverb arose from the very old custom of placing a bunch of ivy over the door of a wine-seller or inn as a sign that wine was to be had within. Ivy was chosen from its connection with Bacchus, the god of wine; cf. *L’Allegro*, 16, "ivy-crowned Bacchus," and the description in *Comus*, 54, 55, of "his clustering locks
With ivy berries wreathed."
The proverb means that without any such sign people will soon find out where good wine is to be got and go there: hence the general sense (contradicted apparently by modern experience) that 'a good thing needs no advertisement.'

6—8. "Rosalind says, that good plays need no Epilogue; yet even good plays do prove the better for a good one. What a case, then, was she in, who had neither presented them with a good play, nor had a good Epilogue to prejudice them in favor of a bad one!"—Mason.

8. insinuate, ingratiate myself.

9. furnished, attired; cf. III. 2. 222.

11—16. I charge you...the play may please. Malone interprets: "'I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to approve as much of this play as affords you entertainment; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women to follow or agree in
opinion with the ladies; that between you both the play may be successful.' The words 'to follow, or agree in opinion with, the ladies,' are not, indeed, expressed, but plainly implied in those subsequent: 'that, between you and the women, the play may please.' In the Epilogue to 2 Henry IV. the address to the audience proceeds in the same order: 'All the gentlewomen here have forgiven [i.e. are favourable to] me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.'"

12. as please you, as it may please you to like; subjunctive.

16. If I were a woman. In the Elizabethan public theatres female parts were played by young men or boy-actors, a fact which probably had some bearing on the plots of plays (1. 3. 109, note). Cf. Coriolanus, II. 2. 100, "When he might act the woman in the scene." So in Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 216—220, Cleopatra, describing the fate which will befall herself and her attendants if they are taken prisoners to Rome, says:

"the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian rebels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness,"

where "squeaking" is scornfully applied to a boy's high-pitched treble. After the Restoration the practice of women acting in public (at private entertainments like Masques it had been quite usual) was legalised by a Royal Patent issued in 1662.

In the case of a character like Rosalind who disguises herself as a youth the boy-actor found himself, as Dowden says, in a difficult situation, for he had to pretend to be what he really was; but he must not play his assumed, yet natural, part of boy in such a way as to make the audience forget that he was supposed to be a girl in disguise. His real boyishness of bearing and manner had to be modified to a girl's counterfeit boyishness. The position, in fact, was rather comic.

18. liked, pleased; see G. defied, disliked, could not bear; from the sense 'refuse, reject.'
GLOSSARY.

Abbreviations:

A.S. = Anglo-Saxon, i.e. English down to about the Conquest.
Middle E. = Middle English, i.e. English from about the Conquest to about 1500.
Elizabethan E. = the English of Shakespeare and his contemporaries (down to about 1650).
O.F. = Old French, i.e. till about 1600. F. = modern French.
Germ. = modern German. Gk. = Greek.

NOTE: In using the Glossary the student should pay very careful attention to the context in which each word occurs.

abuse, III. 5. 76, 'to deceive,' like F. abuser. See Cymbeline, III. 4. 123, "my master is abused," and I. 4. 124, "you are abused" = 'mistaken, deceived.' Also 'to misuse' (III. 2. 329). Lat. abuti.

accoutrement, III. 2. 349, 'dress.' F. accoutrer, 'to dress, array'; perhaps from O.F. coustre, a sacristan who had custody of the vestments of a church and helped the priest to put them on; cf. Lat. custos.

address, v. 4. 152, 'to prepare.' Cf. The Winter's Tale, IV. 4. 53, "Address yourself to entertain them sprightly."

an. Note that — (1) an is a weakened form of and (d often drops off from the end of a word: cf. lawn = laund); (2) and = 'if' was a regular use till about 1600. Cf. Bacon, Essays (23), "they will set an house on fire, and it were but to roast their egges"; Matthew xxiv. 48, "But and if that evil servant shall say." The 1st Folio (1623) often has and where modern texts print an.
The phrase *and if* or *an if* really = ‘if if,’ since *and* or *an* by itself expresses the condition: *if* was added to strengthen it. How *and* or *an* came to have the meaning ‘if’ is doubtful; perhaps because the cognate Scandinavian word *enda* was also used = ‘if.’

**argument**, III. i. 3, ‘object,’ from the common meaning ‘subject, theme,’ the literal sense of Lat. *argumentum*. Milton calls the subject of *Paradise Lost* “this great argument” (i. 24).

**aspect**, iv. 3. 53. Shakespeare always accents *aspect*. Many words retained in Elizabethan E. the French accent, which (roughly speaking) was that of the original Latin words. By “accent” one means, of course, the stress laid by the voice on any syllable in pronouncing it. Thus Milton wrote “By policy and long *procés* of time” (*Par. Lost*, ii. 297); cf. French *procès*, Lat. *processus*. So Shakespeare scans *access*, *edit*, *exile* (ii. 1. 1), when it suits him.

**assay**, i. 3. 124, ‘to try.’ Except in *King Lear*, i. 2. 47 and *Sonnet* 110 Shakespeare, like Milton, uses *assay*, not *essay*. O.F. *essai* or *assai* (a variant form) = Lat. *exagium*, Gk. ἐξάγειν, ‘a weighing, trial of weight.’

**atomy**, III. 2. 209, III. 5. 13 = *atom*, from Gk. ἄτομος, ‘indivisible, too small to cut.’ Cf. the description of Queen Mab in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 4. 57, “Drawn with a team of little atomies.”

**atone**, v. 4. 106, ‘to agree, be in harmony’; oftener transitive = ‘to reconcile,’ as in *Othello*, iv. i. 244, “I would do much to atone them.” The central religious idea of *atonement* is reconciliation. Formed from *at one*, used in phrases like ‘to make, to set, at one,’ i.e. bring into a state of oneness, harmony. Cf. *The Faerie Queene*, II. i. 29, “So beene they both at one” (i.e. reconciled).

**attorney**, literally ‘one appointed,’ and so ‘one appointed to *act for another*: hence the contrast between doing a thing ‘in person,’ i.e. yourself, and ‘by attorney,’ i.e. through a substitute (iv. i. 75). From an O.F. verb *atorner*, ‘to turn to,’ hence ‘to appoint.’ Cf. *Richard III*. v. 3. 83, “I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother”—meaning, ‘as her substitute, proxy.’

**bandy**, v. i. 53, ‘to contend’; a term of tennis = ‘to strike the ball to and fro,’ hence ‘to exchange,’ e.g. looks, words, reproaches. Perhaps from F. *bande*, ‘a side’ (the ball passing from side to side).

**bastinado**, v. i. 53, ‘a sound beating’; Spanish *bastonada*. Akin to *baton*, F. *baton*, ‘a rod.’ Cf. *King John*, II. i. 463, “He gives the bastinado with his tongue!” (i.e. rates us soundly).

The termination -o indicates a foreign origin, usually Italian or
Spanish. Often it belongs to the original Italian or Spanish word which was introduced into Elizabethan E. without any change of form; cf. Italian duel and Spanish renegado. This is especially the case with Italian words. But sometimes the termination -o has been substituted for the Italian or Spanish termination -a through the general tendency to naturalise words in one uniform way. Thus Italian ‘corante’ becomes ‘coranto,’ and Spanish ‘barricada’ becomes ‘barricado,’ because most words introduced into English from those languages end in -o. As these words get more familiar they are apt to lose this mark of their foreign extraction and assume, often through the influence of a parallel French form, an English tone. So ‘barricado’ (Twelfth Night, IV. 2. 41) has changed to ‘barricade’ which sounds much less foreign; cf. F. barricade.

be. The root be was conjugated in the present tense indicative, singular and plural, up till about the middle of the 17th century. The singular, indeed, was almost limited in Elizabethan E. to the phrase “if thou beest” (I. 3. 39), where the indicative beest has the force of the subjunctive; cf. The Tempest, v. 134, “if thou beest Prospero.” For the plural, cf. Genesis xlii. 32, “We be twelve brethren,” and Matthew xv. 14, “they be blind leaders of the blind.”

beholding, ‘indebted, under an obligation.’ Cf. The Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 106, “Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?” (i.e. will you lend the money?). Confused with the p. p. behelden = ‘held,’ and so ‘held by a tie of obligation,’ i.e. indebted.

bill, i. 2. 106, ‘a written paper, notice’; cf. the diminutive billet. A bill was so called from its seal (Lat. bulla); cf. bull = ‘papal edict,’ likewise named from the bulla or seal.

bob, ‘a blow, knock,’ hence figuratively ‘a smart rap’ (II. 7. 55); cf. the verb in Troilus and Cressida, ii. 1. 76, “I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones.” The same word as bob, ‘to move in a jerky way,’ as in ‘to bob up.’

bonnet, III. 2. 346, ‘a covering for the head,’ equally of men as of women; cf. Lycidas, 104, “His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge.”


burden, III. 2. 224, ‘a refrain,’ i.e. the word or words recurring in a song, generally at the end of each stanza. From F. bourdon,
‘a droning sound, as of bees’; cf. the older spelling, e.g. in Spenser’s *Pastoral Æglogue*, “And seem to beare a bourdon to their plaint.” Confused with *burden*, ‘a load.’

**burgher**, II. 1. 23; properly ‘a freeman of a *burgh* = *borough*,’ i.e. one who enjoys full rights of citizenship. A.S. *burg* = ‘a fort’; softened to *bury* in names like *Canter-bury*. Cf. Germ. *burg*.


**carol**, v. 3. 25, ‘a song.’ Low Lat. *carola*, ‘a chain or circlet, e.g. of pearls,’ also ‘a dance’; from Lat. *corolla*, ‘a wreath.’ Apparently the connection of sense is (1) a wreath or circlet, (2) by metaphor, a dance in a circle, (3) a song accompanying the dance, (4) any song, but especially a Christmas song.

**censure**, IV. 1. 7. The original sense, common in Elizabethan E., of the verb was ‘to judge’ = Lat. *censere*. So *censure* = ‘judgment’; cf. *Hamlet*, i. 3. 69, “Take each man’s censure, but reserve thy judgment.” As we are apt to judge others unfavourably, *censure* comes to mean ‘blame.’ Words tend to deteriorate in sense.

**character**, III. 2. 6, ‘to write, inscribe.’ Gk. χαρακτῆρ, ‘a stamp on a coin, seal, etc., engraved mark.’ For a good instance of its strict use cf. *The Faerie Queene*, v. 6. 2:

> “Whose character in th’ Adamantine mould
> Of his true heart so firmly was engraved.”

**cheerly**, II. 6. 13; the form always used by Shak.; now poetic; cf. Tennyson, *The Lady of Shalott*, “Hear a song that echoes cheerly.”

**chopped**, II. 4. 46, i.e. *chapt*; cf. *Julius Caesar*, i. 2. 246, “the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chopped hands.” Middle E. *choppen* or *chappen* = ‘to cut; hence, to gape open like a wound made by a cut’—Skeat.

**clown**, II. 4. 60; of Scandinavian origin, meaning originally ‘a log.’ Cf. Swedish *klunn*, ‘a log,’ *kluns*, ‘a clownish fellow.’ Akin to *clumsy*.

**con**, III. 2. 248, ‘to learn by heart’; cf. *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 186, “I have taken great pains to con it” (viz. a speach). Often used of an actor committing his part to memory; cf. Wordsworth’s *Ode, Intima-"
tions of Immortality, 102, "The little actor cons another part." Cognate with A.S. *cunanan*, 'to know,' *cunning*, can.

**conceit**, v. 2. 51, 'intellect, mental faculty'; or 'imagination' (II. 6. 7). As most people have favourable conceptions of themselves, the notion 'self-conceit' (not a Shakespearian sense) came in; cf. Romans xii. 16, "Be not wise in your own conceits."

**cope;** through O.F. from Lat. *colaphus*, 'a blow with the fist,' whence F. *coup*, 'a blow.' So *cope* = 'to come to blows with,' hence 'to meet, encounter' (n. i. 67).

**counter,** II. 7. 63. Counters were round pieces of base metal used in calculations; cf. The Winter's Tale, IV. 3. 38, "I cannot do't [the sum] without counters." Applied contemnously to anything worthless. From Late Lat. *computatorium*, from *computare*, 'to calculate.'

**counterfeit,** literally 'to make in opposition to' (Lat. *contra* + *facere*): hence 'to imitate,' because one way of 'opposing' a thing is to make something just like it; then 'to feign' (III. 5. 17).

**cousin;** used by Shakespeare of any degree of kinship (except the first, as father, son); e.g. = 'niece' (i. 2. 136). Sometimes it is merely a friendly title "given by princes to other princes and distinguished noblemen"—Schmidt.

**curtle-axe,** i. 3. 112, 'a short sword,' F. *coutelas*; cf. Lat. *culturllus*, 'a knife.' Cf. Henry V. iv. 2. 20, 21, where the French Constable says that the English have

"Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain."

The termination -*as* in F. *coutelas* is seen in the other English form *cutlass*; it got corrupted into -*axe* from a similarity of sound which made people think that the weapon was a sort of *axe*. 'Popular etymology,' i.e. common and incorrect notions as to the origin of words, influences the form often; cf. *crayfish*, where -*fish* is a corruption of -*visse* in F. *écrevise*.

**damask.** The Syrian city of Damascus was famous for its red roses, and a favourite species called the "Damask rose" was (and is) much cultivated in England. Cf. Bacon, Natural History, "Damaske-Roses... have not been known in England above an hundred years, and now [1627] are so common." In Shakespeare *damask* implies red, or red and white mixed, as in III. 5. 120 and Sonnet 130, "I have seen roses damask’d, red and white."

**dearly,** i. 3. 31, 'intensely, bitterly.' The general Elizabethan sense of *dear* is 'that which affects us closely, whether in a good or
bad way.' Shakespeare often applies it to that which is strongly disagreeable; e.g. in Henry V. ii. 2. 181, "all your dear offences," i.e. grievous, and in Hamlet, i. 2. 182, "my dearest foe." The sense may have been influenced by confusion with A.S. déor, 'grievous.'

ditty, v. 3. 34, 'song'; strictly, as here, the words, not the music. Through the French from Lat. dictatum, 'a thing dictated.'
dole, i. 2. 113, 'grief, sorrow'; hence doeful. Cf. Hamlet, i. 2. 13, 'In equal scale weighing delight and dole.' Cf. Lat. dolor, 'grief.'
doom, i. 3. 79, 'sentence, judgment.' Cf. doomsday; A.S. doman, 'to judge.' We get the same root (= 'to lay down,' hence 'decide') in Gk. ὄρος, 'law,' from τίθημι, 'I lay down, set.'
eke, i. 2. 176, 'to supplement, eke out'; cf. eke= 'also,' Germ. auch. A nickname is an ekename (i.e. an extra one). A.S. ecen, 'to increase,' akin to Lat. angere.

emulator, i. 1. 130, 'envier.' Shakespeare uses emulation to connote the bad side of rivalry, i.e. jealousy, envy. Cf. too Galatians v. 20, "variance, emulations, wrath," where the Revised Version changes to 'jealousies.' Lat. emulari, 'to strive to equal.'

enchantingly, i. 1. 151, 'as if through some spell.' Enchant in Shakespeare has the two meanings, 'to bewitch,' and 'to delight' (as in modern E.). Enchant and charm are very similar in derivation—one from Lat. cantus, the other from carmen—and in the weakening of their respective meanings, as belief in magic decreased.

Ethiop, iv. 3. 35, 'black.' Literally Ethiope = 'a native of or pertaining to Ethiopia, the name anciently given to a large and indefinite tract lying south of Egypt; hence a negro' (Stanford Dictionary). Dark complexions being unpopular in Shakespeare's time, Ethiope was applied to dark people, especially women, as a term of contempt. Cf. III. 5. 44—46, note.
eyne, iv. 3. 50; an old form of the plural of eye, where -ne is the termination which we get in oxen, brethren, children. Chaucer has even; cf. The Prologue, 152, "hir eyen greye as glas." Elizabethan poets use eyne (or cyn) almost entirely for the sake of rhyme; cf. The Faerie Queene, i. 4. 21, where the rhyme is swyne...cyne...fyne etc. Shakespeare has eyne thirteen times—only twice in an unrhymed passage.

favour; often = 'face, features' (v. 4. 27). So well-favoured = 'of good looks, handsome,' as in Genesis xxix. 17, "Rachel was beautiful and well favoured." Cf. ill-favoured, III. 5. 51; ill-favouredly, i. 2. 35. Favour meant (1) 'kindness,' (2) 'expression of kindness in the face,' (3) the face itself.
fell, III. 2. 51, 'a skin'; generally a skin with the hair or wool on, i.e. an animal's; closely related to *pell*, 'a skin, hide,' Lat. *pellis*.

foll, A.S. *fel*, 'fierce, cruel'; akin to *felo*, properly 'a fierce, savage man,' then 'one who robs with violence,' and so any robber.

fleet, i. i. 109, 'to make to pass quickly'; akin to *float* from A.S. *fleotan* and *fleot*. Cf. the adj. *fleot* = 'swift.'

foil, i. i. 119, 'to defeat.' O.F. *foiler*, 'to trample under foot,' just as a *fuller* is wont to trample on (Lat. *folare*) or beat cloth; hence 'to treat like a beaten enemy.' We see the original sense of *foil* in *The Faerie Queene*, v. ii. 33:

"Whom he did all to peeces breake, and foyle
In filthy durt, and left so in the loathely soyle."

fond, ii. 3. 7, 'foolish'; its old meaning. Cf. *King Lear*, iv. 7. 60, "I am a very foolish fond old man"; so in the Prayer-Book, 'Articles,' xxii., "a fond thing vainly invented." Hence *fondly* = 'foolishly'; cf. *Lycidas*, 56, "Ay me! I fondly dream." Originally *fond* was the p. p. of a Middle E. verb *fonna*, 'to act like a fool,' from the noun *fon*, 'a fool.' The root is Scandinavian.

gondola, iv. i. 34; a diminutive of Ital. *gondola*, 'a boat,' from Gk. *kôvdo*, 'a drinking vessel'; named from the shape. The Lady Phaedria took Sir Guyon in "her small gondelay" across the Idle Lake in *The Faerie Queene*, ii. 6. 11.

graft, III. 2. 100; the more correct form = F. greffer. Cf. 2 *Henry IV*, v. 3. 2, 3, "we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting." Usually Shakespeare has the common form *graft*; cf. *Macbeth*, iv. 3. 51; *Coriolanus*, ii. 1. 206. It "is a corrupt form for *graft*; and due to confusion with *graffed*, pp."—Skeat.

handkercher, iv. 3. 97. A *kerchief* was originally 'a cloth to cover (couvrir) the head (O.F. *chef* from *caput*). Gradually the notion of 'head' was lost, and the word came to mean simply 'covering': hence *hand-kerchief, neck-kerchief*.

having, iii. 2. 345, 'property, possessions.' Cf. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii. 2. 73, "the gentleman is of no having"; *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4. 379, "I'll lend you something: my having is not much."

his; this was the ordinary *neuter* (as well as masculine) possessive pronoun in Middle E. and remained so in Elizabethan E. Cf. *Genesis* iii. 15, "it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise *his* heel." There was also a use, not common, of *it* (Middle E. *hit*) as a possessive, though uninflected; especially in the phrase *it own*. Cf. *The Tempest*, ii. 1. 163, "of it own kind," and the Bible of 1611 in *Leviticus* xxv. 5,
"Of it owne accord." This possessive use of *it* without *own* to strengthen it seems to have been somewhat familiar in Elizabethan E., applied especially to children; cf. *The Winter’s Tale*, III. 2. 101, "The innocent milk in *it* most innocent mouth."

Then from the possessive use of *it* uninflected there arose, about the close of the 16th century, the inflected form *its* in which -s is the usual possessive inflection, as in *his*. This new form *its* came into use slowly, the old idiom *his* being generally retained by Elizabethans. There are no instances of *its* in Spenser or the Bible (1611), and only three in Milton’s poetical works (Paradise Lost, I. 254, IV. 813, Nativity Ode, 166). *Its* does not occur in any extant work of Shakespeare printed prior to his death; hence it seems not improbable that the nine instances in the 1st Folio (five in a single play, *The Winter’s Tale*) were due to the editors or printers of the Folio.

**hoop**, III. 2. 173, ‘to shout with wonder and surprise.’ O.F. *houper*; cf. ‘hooping-cough.’ Also spelt *whoop*, from the old tendency to prefix *w* to words beginning with *h* or *r*. Cf. *whot* = *hot* in Spenser; and *wrapt* for *rapt* (‘ enraptured’). Sir Walter Ralegh’s contemporaries sometimes wrote his name *Wraivly*.

**humour.** It was an old belief that all existing things consist of four elements; that in the human body these elements appear as four humours—fire = choler, water = phlegm, earth = melancholy or black bile, air = blood; and that a man’s ‘temperament’ or nature depends upon the way in which these humours are ‘tempered,’ i.e. mixed, in him. So in Elizabethan E. humour often has a wider sense than now, e.g. ‘prevailing temper, disposition.’ Cf. the titles of Ben Jonson’s comedies, *Every Man in his Humour* and *Every Man out of his Humour*.

**hurtle**, IV. 3. 131, ‘to clash’; the frequentative verb of *hurt* in its old sense ‘to dash’; cf. F. *heurter*, ‘to dash, strike against.’ The word implies violent, rushing motion and the noise made thereby. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, II. 2. 22, “The noise of battle hurled in the air.”


**learn**, I. 2. 5, ‘teach’; as in the Prayer-Book. Cf. *Psalm* xxv. 4, “Lead me forth in thy truth, and learn me,” and 8, "such as are gentle, them shall he learn his way." In Old English the word had both senses—‘to learn’ (as now) and ‘to teach’ (cf. Germ. *lehren*).
leer; originally = 'the cheek' or 'the countenance, complexion'; then 'a look,' especially 'a sly look.' A.S. hléor, 'cheek,' 'face.'

lief, 'dear'; cf. "my liefest liege" = 'my dearest lord,' 2 Henry VI. iii. 1. 164. Akin to Germ. lieb; cf. lieb haben, 'to hold dear.' "I had as lief not" (i. 1. 133) may be analysed—'I would consider (= have) it as pleasant a thing not to.'

liege, i. 2. 138, 'lord, sovereign'; properly 'free,' O.F. ligé from the Teutonic root seen in Germ. ledig, 'free.' "A liege lord was a lord of a free band, and his lieges were privileged free men, faithful to him, but free from other service" (Skeat). Gradually liege lost the notion 'free,' and came to mean 'subject'; partly through confusion with Lat. ligatus, 'bound.'

like, Epilogue, 'to please'; the original sense. Cf. 'if you like,' literally 'if it please you.' So in King Lear, ii. 2. 96, "His countenance likes me not"; and in King John, ii. 1. 533, "It likes us well." A.S. lician, "to please, lit. to be like or suitable for"—Skeat.

limn, ii. 7. 193, 'to paint'; a contracted form from O.F. enluminer, 'to illuminate, paint' (Lat. illuminare).

manage, i. 1. 11; the regular term for training and handling horses. Cf. the description in Henry VIII. v. 3. 21—24 how "wild horses" should be 'broken in' (as we say) and made to "obey the manage." So in 1 Henry IV. ii. 3. 52, "Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed." O.F. 'manege, a controlling with the hand' (main).

marry, corrupted from the name of the 'Virgin Mary'; cf. "by'r lady" = 'by our Lady,' i.e. the Virgin. Such expressions dated from the pre-Reformation times in England. The common meanings of marry are 'indeed, to be sure,' and 'why' as an expletive.

measure, v. 4. 175; properly 'a slow, stately dance,' like the minuet; cf. 'to tread a measure.' Used of any kind of dance, slow or quick.

meed, ii. 3. 58, 'a reward.' "Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed," Lycidas, 84. From the same root as Gk. μασθαν, 'pay.'

merely, iii. 2. 383, 'absolutely, quite'; cf. Hamlet, i. 2. 137. So mere = 'absolute, unqualified': e.g. "his mere enemy," The Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 265; "the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet," i.e. complete destruction, Othello, ii. 2. 3, 4. Lat. merus, 'pure, unmixed.'

methinks; methought. These are really impersonal constructions such as were much used in pre-Elizabethan E.; their meaning is, 'it seems,' or seemed, to me.' The pronoun is a dative, and the verb is not the ordinary verb 'to think' = A.S. þancan, but an obsolete impersonal
vern ‘to seem’ = A.S. hyrcan. These cognate verbs got confused through their similarity; the distinction between them as regards usage and sense is shown in Milton’s Paradise Regained, ii. 266, “Him thought he by the brook of Cherith stood” = ‘to him it seemed that’ etc. Cf. their German cognates denken, ‘to think,’ used personally, and the impersonal es dünkt, ‘it seems.’ For the old impersonal constructions cf. Spenser, Prothalamion, 60, “Them seem’d they never saw a sight so fayre.”

misprise, 1. i. 154, ‘to despise, think nothing of’; F. mépriser (Lat. minus + pretiare). Cf. Much Ado About Nothing, III. i. 51, 52:

“Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on.”

Distinct from misprised = ‘mistaken’ and misprision = ‘error, mistake’ in A Midsummer-Night’s Dream, III. 2. 74, 90; F. méprendre.

moe, III. 2. 238. Middle E. mo from A.S. mā, ‘more, others,’ indicated number; more, from A.S. māra, ‘greater,’ indicated magnitude; now more serves both purposes. The root of each is that which we get in the verb may. In Elizabethan E. moe is frequent; cf. Much Ado About Nothing, II. 3. 72, “Sing no more ditties, sing no moe.”

motley; properly (1) the fool’s dress (II. 7. 34); sometimes (2) the fool himself, as in Sonnet 110, “made myself a motley”; cf. III. 3. 49. Also (3) used as an adjective = ‘dressed in motley’ or ‘particoloured’; cf. Henry VIII., Prologue 16, “a motley coat.” So in II. 7. 13, 43. O.F. mattelé.

napkin, IV. 3. 93, ‘handkerchief,’ as always in Shakespeare. The handkerchief which leads to such trouble between Othello and Desdemona is called a ‘napkin’; cf. Othello, III. 3. 287, 290. F. nappe, ‘cloth’+diminutive suffix kin; cognates napery, ‘table-linen,’ apron (=a napron).

natural, I. 2. 44, ‘fool.’ Trinculo calls Caliban “a natural,” The Tempest, III. 2. 37. Still used so, especially by Scotch people. It seems a kindly, euphemistic word = ‘one who is in a natural, i.e. undeveloped, state’; cf. idiot from Gk. ἰδιώμας, ‘an uneducated man’; whereas fool is contemptuous = ‘one who puffs out his cheeks like a wind-bag’ (Lat. follis).

naught, I. 2. 58 = naughty, which is always used by Shakespeare = ‘bad, good for naught’; cf. The Merchant of Venice, v. 91, “So shines a good deed in a naughty world.” Cf. Proverbs vi. 12, “A naughty person, a wicked man.” Naught = ne, the old negative + aught.

new-fangled, IV. 1. 127; ‘fond of what is new’; from Middle E.
newe + fangel, 'ready to seize, take up' (cf. fang, 'a talon, claw'). Later used passively = 'newly invented, novel'; cf. Milton's Vacation Exercise, 19, "Not those new-fangled toys and trimming slight."

nice; Lat. nescius, 'ignorant.' It first meant 'foolish,' as in Chaucer, then 'foolishly particular, fastidious, discontented with everything,' as in IV. 1. 14; then 'subtle,' since fastidiousness implies drawing fine, subtle distinctions. The original notion 'foolish' often affects the Elizabethan uses of nice, which is noticeable as having improved in sense.

orchard, I. 1. 37, in Shakespeare commonly, if not always, = 'garden.' This was the original sense, orchard being = wort-yard, 'herb-garden'; wort = 'herb, plant.' Cf. Marlowe's Hero and Leander, II. 288, "the orchard of th' Hesperides," i.e. the 'garden.'

owe; properly 'to have, possess,' and so 'to bear towards, feel for' (III. 2. 70). Cf. Venus and Adonis, 523, "if any love you owe me." For owe (akin to own) in its original sense 'to possess' cf. Macbeth, I. 4. 10, "To throw away the dearest thing he owed." The varied use of the word is well illustrated by King John, II. 1. 247, 248:

"To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely this young prince."

pageant, II. 7. 137, 'a show, spectacle'; originally = the moveable scaffold on which the old 'mystery-plays' and shows were acted. Lat. pagina, 'a page,' also 'a plank of wood,' and later 'a scaffold of planks' fastened together; cf. Lat. pangere, 'to fasten'—Skeat.

pantaloons, II. 7. 157, 'a dotard, an old fool.' Properly the pantaloons was "a comic character of the Italian stage (of Venetian origin, and taken typically of Venice, as Policinello, i.e. 'Punch,' of Naples), wearing slippers, spectacles, and a pouch, and invariably represented as old, lean, and gullible"; so called from St Pantaloon the patron saint of Venice. Similarly zany, 'a stupid imitator' (Ital. zanni), was originally a stock-character of Italian comedies, being a subordinate buffoon who had to imitate clumsily the tricks and humours of the chief clown. Cf. too harlequin, another of the habitual characters of the old Italian comedies. The fact that these three words connected with Italian comedy became naturalised in English is an illustration of the great influence of Italy on England in Shakespeare's time.

passion; any strong emotion, feeling, especially great grief; cf. King Lear, v. 3. 198, "'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief." Lat. passio, 'suffering, feeling,' from pati, 'to suffer.'

peevish, III. 5. 107, 'silly, childish,' or 'saucy, forward.' Shakespeare often applies the word thus, without any notion of ill-temper or
fretfulness, to children; cf. Richard III. iv. 2. 100, "When Richmond was a little peevish boy." The original idea was 'making a plaintive cry,' as the peewit does.

point-devise or point-device, III. 2. 349, 'faultlessly trim'; implying 'finical, too particular.' Short for the old phrase at point device = 'with great exactitude,' from 'O.F. à point devis = literally 'according to a point devised,' i.e. very precisely. For the stricter adverbial use cf. Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 176, "I will be point-devise the very man," i.e. precisely as she wishes.

prevent, 'to anticipate, forestall'; cf. Psalm cxix. 148, "Mine eyes prevent the night watches," and I Thessalonians iv. 15, "we which are alive...shall not prevent them which are asleep," i.e. rise before. Lat. prevenire, 'to come before.'


purchase. First to hunt after (F. pour + chasser); "then to take in hunting; then to acquire; and then, as the commonest way of acquiring is by giving money in exchange, to buy." For the sense 'to acquire,' see III. 2. 313, and I Timothy iii. 13, "they that have used the office of a deacon well purchase to themselves a good degree" (Revised Version 'gain').

purlieu, IV. 3. 76; used in its strict sense = 'the open ground on the borders of a forest.' Sometimes land which had been taken from its owner and made part of a forest was disafforested and restored to him or his successor. The process by which this was done was called perambulatio = 'a walking over the land to settle its boundaries'; then the land itself came in legal Latin to be called perambulatio, rendered in Old French by pourallee. The English form purlieu, from pourallee, was due to a wrong association with F. pur lieu, Lat. purus locus, 'a clear space,' i.e. clear of trees. Satan is likened in Paradise Lost, iv. 404, to a couching tiger

"who by chance hath spied
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play."

quintain, I. 2. 229; allied to Lat. quintana, a street in a Roman camp separating the fifth (Lat. quintus) company of a legion from the sixth, and serving as the market and business-place of the camp: hence, no doubt, the scenes of martial exercises and trials of skill, such as 'tilting at the quintain'—Skeat.

quintessence, III. 2. 122, 'the best and purest part of a thing.' Lat. quinta essentia, 'the fifth essence,' i.e. that fifth and purest 'element' of
which some of the ancient philosophers supposed that the heavenly bodies consisted. It must be scanned here _quintessence_.


_quit_, iii. i. 11, ‘to acquit.’ To be _quit_ of a thing is to be _quiet_ from it. Lat. _quietus_, used in Late Lat. = ‘clear of a debt’ (i.e. at rest from it).

_quotidian_, iii. 2. 333, ‘a fever, the paroxysms of which return every day’ (Lat. _quotidianus_, ‘daily’); Mrs Quickly in _Henry V_. ii. 1. 124, describes Falstaff as “shaked of a burning _quotidian_.”

_ragged_, ii. 5. 14, ‘rough,’ lit. _rugged_ (akin to _ragged_ and _rough_). Often used of stone; cf. 3 _Henry VI_. v. 4. 27, “a ragged fatal rock,” and _Richard II_. v. 5. 21, “my ragged prison walls.”

_rascal_, the sporting-term (from F. _racaille_, ‘rabble’) for ‘a lean deer not fit to hunt or kill.’ Cf. i _Henry VI_. iv. 2. 48, 49:

“If we be English deer, be then in blood,
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch.”

_reck_, ii. 4. 75, ‘to care’; always used personally by Shakespeare; cf. _Troilus and Cressida_, v. 6. 26, “I reck not though I end my life to-day.” In other writers sometimes impersonal; cf. _Lycidas_, 122, “What recks it them? What need they? They are sped.” In the Articles of Religion (xvii) _wretchlessness_= ‘carelessness’ has the same origin, viz. A.S. _récan_, ‘to care,’ the _w_ having been prefixed from false analogy.

_remorse_, i. 3. 66, ‘pity’; cf. _The Merchant of Venice_, iv. 1. 20, “Thou’lt show...mercy and remorse” (said to Shylock). A commoner meaning in Shakespeare than ‘compunction, regret’ (literally ‘biting again,’ viz. of conscience—Lat. _remordere_).

_roynish_, ii. 2. 8; properly ‘scabby, scurvy’; hence used as a term of great contempt= ‘wretched, low,’ like the cognate word _ronyon_, ‘a mangy creature.’ Cf. _The Merry Wives of Windsor_, iv. 2. 194, 195, “you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon!” and _Macbeth_, i. 3. 6, “the rump-fed ronyon.” Cf. F. _rogneux_ from O. F. _roigne_, Lat. _robigo_, ‘scab.’

_sad_, iii. 2. 191, ‘grave, serious,’ without any notion of sorrow. Cf. _Henry V_. iv. 1. 318, “the sad and solemn priests”; and Milton, _Paradise Lost_, vi. 541, “in his face I see sad resolution.” The original sense was ‘sated,’ A.S. _sad_ being akin to Lat. _satis_, ‘enough.’
saw, II. 7. 155, III. 5. 78, 'a saying, proverb'; A.S. sagu, 'a saying.' Cf. 2 Henry VI. 1. 3. 61, "holy saws of sacred writ."

scape; originally short for escape, it became an independent form and should be printed scape, not 'scape. Literally 'to slip out of one's cape' (Lat. ex + cappa), and so 'to steal off'; cf. F. échapper.


shrewd, v. 4. 169; the past participle of schrewen, 'to curse'; hence in Elizabethan E. its common sense 'bad.' Cf. "foul shrewd news" = 'very bad news,' King John, v. 5. 14; "a shrewd turn" = 'a bad turn,' All's Well That Ends Well, III. 5. 71. The good sense 'clever,' 'sharp' is rare in Shakespeare. From the noun shrew = A.S. scrèfwa, "a shrewmouse, fabled to have a very venomous bite"—Skeat.

signior, III. 2. 268; the Ital. equivalent of monsieur and sir (F. sire); cf. also F. seigneur. The original of them all is Lat. senior.

simple, IV. 1. 16, 'a single (i.e. simple) ingredient in a compound, especially in a compounded medicine'; hence a 'medicinal herb'; cf. "culling of simples," Romeo and Juliet, v. 1. 40.

stanzo, II. 5. 16; Ital. stanza, a stave of verses, "so called from the stop or pause at the end of it"—Skeat. Low Lat. stantia, 'a stopping-place,' from the stem of stare, 'to stand.'

still. The radical meaning of the adj. still is 'abiding in its place'; hence = 'constantly, ever' (I. 2. 204), as an adverb. Cf. "the still-vexed Bermoothes," i.e. continually disturbed by storms, The Tempest, i. 2. 229.

surgery, III. 2. 59, 'surgical treatment'; F. chirurgie, from Gk. χειρουργία, 'surgery,' literally 'working with the hand' (χειρ + ἔργον).

swashing; I. 3. 115, 'swaggering'; cf. swash-buckler, 'a boastful, bullying fellow,' and swasher in Henry V. III. 2. 30, "I have observed these three swashers." Strictly swash = 'to strike forcibly' ; cf. Romeo and Juliet, I. 1. 70, "thy swashing blow" (i.e. smasching).

tax, II. 7. 70, 'to censure'; cf. Hamlet, I. 4. 18 (it) "Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations," i.e. censured by them, and Much Ado About Nothing, I. 1. 46, "You tax Signior Benedick too much." Now more common in 'to tax with' an offence, i.e. charge with (Lat. taxare, 'to charge'); cf. III. 2. 320. Hence

taxation, 'censure, satire' (I. 2. 75).

thrasonical, v. 2. 30, 'boastful, bragging.' Cf. Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 10—14: "his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory,... his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and
thrasonical." Thraso is the name of a character in Terence's comedy *Eunuchus*; he is a boastful soldier, and came to be taken as a type of braggadocio, like Captain Bobadil in Ben Jonson's comedy *Every Man in his Humour*.

toy, iii. 3. 48, 'a trifle.' Cf. 2 Henry IV. ii. 4. 183, "Shall we fall foul for toys?" i.e. quarrel about trifles. Akin to Germ. _zeug_, 'stuff, trash'; e.g. in _spielzeug_, 'playthings.'

umber, i. 3. 107. "F. ombre, short for _terre d'ombre_, lit. 'earth of shadow,' a brown earth used for shadowing in paintings"—_Skeat_. Lat. _terra_, 'earth' + _de_, 'of' + _umbra_, 'a shade, shadow.'

uncouth, ii. 6. 6; A.S. _uncū_, 'unknown'—from _un_, 'not' + _cū_, the p. p. of _cunnan_, 'to know.' Shakespeare and Milton use _uncouth_ = "not known, not familiar, strange, and hence, filling the soul with dismal apprehensions"—_Schmidt_. Thus Satan's journey through Chaos is an "uncouth way," "this uncouth errand" (*Paradise Lost*, ii. 407, 827).

unexpressive, iii. 2. 10, 'inexpressible.' Cf. _Lycidas_, 176, "And hears the unexpressive nuptial song," and Milton's _Nativity Ode_, 115, 116:

"Harping in loud and solemn quire
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir."

In modern E. the suffix _ive_ is active = 'able or inclined to'; Elizabethan writers treated it as both active and passive. So _uncomprehensible_ = 'incomprehensible,' _Troilus and Cressida_, iii. 3. 198; and _insuppressive_ = 'not to be suppressed,' _Julius Caesar_, ii. 1. 134. The use of the adjectival terminations was less defined and regular then than now.

villain, i. 1. 50; a feudal term which has deteriorated. Originally _villeins_ (Lat. _villani_, from _villa_, 'a country estate') were a class of labourers or serfs who owed agricultural service to their lords. Hence the Elizabethan use of _villain_ = 'bondman, slave'; cf. _Lucrece_, 1338, "The homely villain court'sies to her low" (i.e. the 'groom' of line 1334). Then 'slave' passed into 'wretch, rascal.'

virtue, v. 4. 99, 'power, efficacy'; cf. _Sonnet_ 81, "You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen." So _virtuous_ = 'full of efficacy'; cf. Milton's _Comus_, 621 ('virtuous plant and healing herb'). Lat. _virtus_, 'worth, manly excellence' (_vir_, 'a man').

waste, ii. 7. 133, 'to consume'; hence 'to spend,' as time (ii. 4. 89). Cf. _The Merchant of Venice_, iii. 4. 12, (companions) "That do converse and waste the time together"; and _A Midsummer-Night's Dream_, ii. 1. 57, "A merrier hour was never wasted there."
APPENDIX.

I.

Act i. Scene 2. ll. 104—107.

"Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Rosalind. With bills on their necks,—'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'"

Farmer thought that the words with bills on their necks belong to Le Beau’s speech, and that we should print (as do some editors):

"Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence, with bills on their necks,—

Rosalind. 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'"

He supposed that Le Beau uses bill = ‘a forester’s bill, a chopper,’ and that Rosalind, catching him up, quibbles on the other word bill = ‘a written paper, an advertisement.’ He referred to the following passage in Lodge’s Rosalynde: “poor Ganimede, on a day sitting with Aliena in a great dumpe, cast vp her eye, and saw where Rosader [= Orlando] came pacing towards them with his forrest bill on his necke.” It has been shown also that other Elizabethan writers speak of bills and similar implements being borne on the neck (i.e. shoulder). Thus in Sidney’s Arcadia a character is described as “with a sword by his side, a Forrest bill on his necke.”

Farmer’s theory is very ingenious, and the illustrations given in support of it most apt. But (1) it involves a rather considerable change; (2) the young men would not be very likely to bring these implements to a wrestling match; (3) a quibble on bills would divert attention from, and so weaken the effect of, the quibble on presence and presents: one joke (like the proverbial nail) drives out another.
Some editors, without transferring the words to Le Beau, hold that there is a quibble on bills, i.e. that Rosalind uses it in the sense ‘written papers’ but alludes quibblingly to bill=‘a forester’s bill’ and to the custom of carrying it on the neck. Personally, I believe that Johnson is right in thinking that the only quibble intended is that on presence and presents.

II.

Act II. Scene i. ll. 5, 6.

“Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons’ difference.”

(1) Instead of but the 1st Folio has not. Theobald made the change and suggested that the penalty of Adam meant “the being sensible of the difference of the seasons.” It was an old idea, taught by some of the Church-Fathers, that before the Fall of Man only one season, viz. genial spring, prevailed in Eden. Milton refers to this idea in three passages of Paradise Lost, viz. iv. 268, where he speaks of “the eternal spring” that Adam and Eve enjoyed in Eden; v. 394, 395; and x. 677—679, where he dwells on the deterioration in the physical universe after the Fall and describes one astronomical theory as to how the relation of the Earth to the Sun was altered by the Almighty so as

“to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime: else had the spring
Perpetual smiled on Earth with vernant flowers.”

Theobald’s interpretation seems to me certain. Note that it gives an excellent antithesis between the “perils” and “envy” of the court (4) and the far lighter evils of mere cold. It is the same kind of antithesis as runs through the Song “Blow, blow, thou winter wind” (11, 7. 173). This antithesis is lost in the other interpretations, (2) and (3), mentioned below. The misprint not for but occurs elsewhere in the 1st Folio.

(2) Some editors retain not and explain: “here we do not feel the penalty of Adam, the difference of the seasons, because the slight

1 Thomson, influenced perhaps, as so often, by Milton, refers to the same idea in Spring, 317—330, where he is describing the Earth’s Golden Age.
physical suffering that it occasions only raises a *smile*, and suggests a moral reflection *(10, 11)*—Harness. But the Duke does "feel" the "winter's wind"—so "feelingly" *(11)* indeed as to be made to realise that a duke is after all but a mortal, whom Nature treats like other mortals. It is the very keenness of the physical discomfort that suggests the moral reflection in *10, 11*. Yet this discomfort is nothing compared to the evils of court-life.

(3) Some editors, again, retain *not* but interpret the *penalty of Adam* as a reference to the curse of toil and sorrow pronounced on Adam in *Genesis* iii. 17—19 (especially the words "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread"). "The Duke" (says Whiter) "justly consoles himself and his companions with the reflection that *their* banishment into those woods was not attended with the penalty pronounced on Adam,—a life of pain and of labour; but that, on the contrary, it ought to be considered as a philosophical retirement of ease and independence." But the remark does not seem very appropriate as addressed to those who are leading a life which, after all, cannot be without its hardships and labour. Moreover, this interpretation necessitates a change of punctuation, viz. a colon or semicolon after *Adam*; and it leaves *the seasons' difference* practically without any construction, unless we take it as put in very loose apposition to line *10*. (Furness, pp. 61—65.)

III.

Act 11. Scene 5. l. 51.

"Ducdame, ducdame."

This is probably a corruption of a Gaelic phrase meaning 'this ground is mine,' used as a challenge in some old British game like 'Tom Tidler's ground,' in which a boy would take up his position on a hill and dare his comrades to drive him from it. "This old British phrase" (says Dr Mackay) "continued to be used in England by children and illiterate people long after the British language had given way to the Saxon English, and was repeated by boys and girls in the game now called 'Tom Tidler's Ground' so lately as forty years ago, when I heard it used myself by children on the Links of Leith and the Inches of my native city of Perth." Of course, in time the real meaning and correct form of the original Gaelic would be lost, and *ducdame, ducdame* seems to have been used as the burden of a song (like "Hey
nonino”), i.e. just as Jaques uses it here. Thus in a M.S. of *Piers the Ploughman* Halliwell found the phrase *dusadam-me-me* in a passage where the best texts have the song-burden “How, trolly, lolly”; and *dusadam-me-me* certainly looks like a variation of *dudame*. It should be observed that this explanation of the expression *dudame* as originally connected with a game gives a key to Jaques’s otherwise quite unintelligible words, an “*invocation, to call fools into a circle.*” (*Furness*, pp. 98–100.)

All the old theories—such as *duc ad me* (‘bring him to me’), *huc ad me,*—may be dismissed. But the explanation that Jaques pronounces *dudame* as if it were *duc damné* is ingenious. In fact it seems to me quite likely that he uses this old song-burden *dudame* with a quibbling reference to *duc damné*; the thought in his mind being ‘a plague on the Duke for bringing us all here’; cf. II. 5. 58, note. But if he does hint at *duc damné*, he is careful (56, 57) not to say so.

IV.

Act II. Scene 7. l. 13.

“A Motley Fool.”

One of the ordinary dresses of an Elizabethan Fool was as follows: “The coat was motley or particoloured, and attached to the body by a girdle, with bells at the skirts and elbows, though not always. The breeches and hose close, and sometimes each leg of a different colour. A hood resembling a monk’s cowl, which, at a very early period, it was certainly designed to imitate, covered the head entirely, and fell down over part of the breast and shoulders. It was sometimes decorated with asses’ ears, or else terminated in the neck and head of a cock, a fashion as old as the fourteenth century. It often had the comb or crest only of the animal, whence the term *cockscomb* or *coxcomb* was afterwards used to denote any silly upstart. This fool usually carried in his hand an official sceptre or bauble, which was a short stick ornamented at the end with the figure of a fool’s head, or sometimes with that of a doll or puppet. To this instrument there was frequently annexed an inflated skin or bladder, with which the fool belaboured those who offended him or with whom he was inclined to make sport; this was often used by itself, in lieu, as it would seem, of a bauble.... It was not always filled with air, but occasionally with sand or pease.... A large purse or wallet at the girdle is a very ancient part of the fool’s
dress. Tarlton, who personated the clowns in Shakespeare's time, appears to have worn it”—Douce. The part of Touchstone is ordinarily dressed thus on the modern stage, except that he does not carry the skin mentioned by Douce.

V.

Act ii. Scene 7. ll. 138—142.

“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.”

Shakespeare is fond of this comparison. It would appeal to him in his double capacity as dramatist and actor. In The Merchant of Venice, I. i. 77—79, he makes Antonio say:

“I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.”

Cf. again Lear's words (iv. 6. 186, 187):

“When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools”;

and Sonnet 15:

“When I consider everything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment.”

The idea is not peculiar to Shakespeare. It is one of those world-wide immemorial thoughts which occur independently to many minds. The Greek epigram expressed it in four words: σκηνή πᾶς ὁ βίος. Other Elizabethan writers had used it. Malone quotes from The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice, 1597:

“Unhappy Man!
Whose life's a sad continuous tragedie,
Himself the actor, in the world the stage,
While as the acts are measured by his age.”

In connection with Shakespeare the comparison has this special interest, that the motto placed over the entrance to the Globe Theatre on the Bankside (the theatre with which Shakespeare was associated from
the time of its erection in 1599 till his final retirement to Stratford) was "Totus mundus agit histrionem" ("every one's a player"). We can imagine how as the actor began to declaim this famous passage in *As You Like It* the thoughts of many of the audience would turn to the familiar inscription. Shakespeare indeed may well have had the motto in his mind when he wrote the lines. We have seen, however, that he had used the comparison previously in *The Merchant of Venice* (1596).

The antiquary Oldys, who lived in the last century, collected some curious old stories and traditions about Shakespeare, such as the tradition that he played the part of Adam in this piece; and amongst his notes are certain "Verses of Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, occasioned by the motto to the Globe Theatre—*Totus mundus agit histrionem*." These are the verses:

"Jonson. If, but stage actors, all the world displays,
Where shall we find *spectators* of their plays?

*Shakespeare.* Little, or much, of what we see, we do;
We are all both *actors* and *spectators* too."

Mr Gollancz says: "It should be noted that Jaques' moralising is but an enlargement of the text given out to him by the Duke:

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

Now 'this wide and universal theatre' reminds one strongly of a famous book which Shakespeare may very well have known, viz. Boissard's *Theatrum Vitae Humanae* (published at Metz, 1596), the opening chapter of which is embellished with a remarkable emblem representing a huge pageant of universal misery, headed with the lines:

*'Vita Humana est tanquam
Theatrum omnium miseriarum';

beneath the picture are words to the same effect:

*'Vita hominis tanquam circus vel grande theatrum'? "

The parallel is interesting as an illustration; but the whole idea was evidently so widespread and common that it would be arbitrary to attribute Shakespeare's familiarity with it to any particular source.

1 The source of the quotation has been found in the fragments of Petronius Arbiter, a writer of the Silver Age of Latinity (died A.D. 66). His words are "*non duco contentionis fumum dum constet inter nos, quod fere totus mundus exerceat histrionem*" (or *histrioniam*, according to another reading).

The words “his acts being seven ages” have led to the question whether in Shakespeare’s time plays were ever divided into seven acts. But a striking comparison need only be true and apposite in its main aspects; we must not press the parallel to the extent of seeking to prove the literal accuracy of every detail. “It was sufficient for Shakespeare that a play was distributed into several acts, and that human life long before his time had been divided into seven periods” (Malone). As a matter of fact, most Elizabethan plays are only divided into scenes in the extant editions (Steevens).

VI.

Act ii. Scene 7. ll. 142—165.

“The Seven Ages of Man.”

This also was an ancient conception, peculiar to no particular writer. “The merit of Shakespeare is not that he invented this distribution, but that he has exhibited it more brilliantly, more impressively, than had ever been done before. The beauty and tenderness of the thought that life is a kind of drama with intermingling scenes of joy and sorrow, together with the justness of the sentiment, would have kept this forever in the public view; but the multitude would probably by this time have wholly lost sight of the distribution of life into periods, if it had not been embalmed in these never-to-be-forgotten lines. If it be asked how Shakespeare became acquainted with this distribution of human life,...it might be sufficient to answer that the notion floated in society, that it was part of the traditionary inheritance of all”—Hunter.

The division of life into periods (ten) is said to occur in some Greek verses attributed to Solon. It was made also by the Greek writers Hippocrates (b.c. 460—357) and Proclus (A.D. 412—485), each of whom recognised seven periods, though they differed as to their respective limits. As regards the division made by the latter, Malone says: “In The Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is said to have divided the lifetime of man into seven ages; over each of which, one of the seven planets was supposed to rule: ‘The first age is called Infancy, containing the space of four years. The second age continueth ten yeares until he attaine the age of fourteene: this age is called Childhood. The
third age consisteth of eight yeares, being named by our auncients Adolescencie or Youthhood; and it lasteth from fourteene till two and twenty yeares be fully compleat. The fourth age paceth on, till a man have accomplished two and forty yeares, and is tearmed Young Manhood. The fifth age, named Mature Manhood, hath (according to the said author) fifteene yeares of continuance, and therefore makes his progress so far as six and fifty yeares. Afterwards, in adding twelve to fifty-sixe, you shall make up sixty-eight yeares, which reach to the end of the sixth age, and is called Old Age. The seventeenth and last of these seven ages is limited from sixty-eight yeares, so far as four-score and eight, being called weak, declining, and Decrepite Age. If any man chance to goe beyond this age (which is more admired, i.e. wondered at, than noted in many), you shall evidently perceive that he will returne to his first condition of Infancy againe.’”

Editors refer to many other places where the same idea occurs, e.g. Sir Thomas Browne’s Vulgar Errors, iv. 12 (where he discourses on “the great climacterical year of our lives,” viz. sixty-three). In most cases the number of periods given is seven; sometimes ten, or even fourteen. The division has supplied artists with subjects. An illuminated English MS. dating from the early part of the 14th century; a monumental Brass, dated 1487, in a Church at Ypres in Belgium; an Italian engraving of the 16th century (in which the representation of the seven stages of life seems from Staunton’s description to have much in common with Shakespeare’s seven figures); and, most famous of the examples, the mosaic pavement of one of the side-chapels of the Cathedral at Siena in Italy: these have been mentioned by various editors as examples of the pictorial treatment of this old-world idea. And Henley (the last century scholar) says: “I have seen, more than once, an old print, entitled, ‘The Stage of Man’s Life,’ divided into seven ages. As emblematical representations of this sort were formerly stuck up, both for ornament and instruction, in the generality of houses, it is more probable that Shakespeare took his hint from thence, than from Hippocrates or Proclus.” There is indeed a print in the British Museum which gives representations of seven figures entitled Infans, Pueritia, Adolescencia, Juventus, Virilitas, Senectus, Decrepitas.

Whatever his original source of suggestion, the passage is one of the many examples how Shakespeare’s genius so treated that which was once a common property as to make it henceforth absolutely his own. For to think of the “Seven Ages of Man” is assuredly to think of these lines. (Furness, pp. 122—124.)
Atalanta’s better part.”

The reference must be to the swift-footed beautiful Arcadian maiden, daughter of Jasus; cf. again 253. The legend about Atalanta is that “she required every suitor who wanted to win her, to contend with her in the foot-race. If he conquered her, he was to be rewarded with her hand, if not, he was to be put to death. This she did because she was the most swift-footed of mortals, and because the Delphian oracle had cautioned her against marriage.” At last she was beaten by a suitor named Milanion who had been given three golden apples by Aphrodite (Venus) which he dropped one after another in the race and which Atalanta stopped to pick up, so greatly did their beauty charm her—Classical Dictionary. The story is told beautifully in William Morris’s The Earthly Paradise.

Atalanta’s characteristics clearly were her chastity, beauty, cruelty and swiftness of foot. So better part has been variously taken to mean (1) her chastity, (2) her beauty, (3) both qualities; as distinguished from and “better” than her other two characteristics. But Rosalind’s beauty of face is implied in 128, and her maiden modesty in 131. A reference therefore to either of these qualities of Atalanta would not add any fresh grace to the description of Rosalind. Probably, then, better part means Atalanta’s beauty of form, the symmetrical elegance of shape by which the swift Arcadian maid may be presumed to have been distinguished. Then we get a fourfold “grace” in Rosalind, of complexion (128), bearing (129), form (130), character (131). Some think that the whole description in 128—131 was suggested to Shakespeare by representations, in painting or tapestry, of these four famous figures of antiquity—Helen, Cleopatra, Atalanta, Lucrece; such subjects being greatly in favour, through the feeling for the classics which the Renaissance had created.

The phrase better part occurs in Macbeth, v. 8. 18 (“For it hath cow’d my better part of man”), and is said to be common in Elizabethan writers. It was often “used in the sense of the soul or mind, or sometimes for the head, the seat of the intellect or soul”; and one suggested interpretation
of it here is Atalanta's "spiritual part" (in implied contrast with her mere fleetness of foot). But probably part means simply 'characteristic, quality,' and the whole phrase refers to Atalanta's physical endowment. (Furness, pp. 149—153.)

VIII.

Act iii. Scene 5. ll. 78, 79.

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

The second line, which sums up the whole idea and representation of love in this play, is a quotation from Marlowe's Hero and Leander; cf. i. 175, 176:

"Where both deliberate, the love is slight;
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?"

By quoting it Shakespeare has made it proverbial; and in his way of introducing the line (cf. "dead shepherd") there seems, as Dyce says, a note of regret for Marlowe's early and unhappy death.

Though entered on the Stationers' Register in 1593, Hero and Leander was first published in 1598. It achieved an instant popularity, a second edition being required in 1598, and the manner in which Shakespeare brings in the line "who ever loved" etc. shows that it was a quotation which would be readily recognised. Indeed, "we are told" (says Mr Boas) "that rowers used to sing the poet's couplets as they plied their sculls on the Thames, and that

'Men would shun their sleep in still dark night
To meditate upon his golden lines.'"

Christopher Marlowe (1564—1593) was the greatest of the earlier dramatists. Practically, he created the form of the tragic drama and its instrument, blank verse; leaving Shakespeare to develop and perfect each. His influence on Shakespeare's earlier style was considerable.

The Jew of Malta was the forerunner of The Merchant of Venice, as Edward II. of Richard II.; in Barabas we have the rough prototype of Shylock, while Edward II., in the weakness of his character and the circumstances of his downfall, was manifestly the model on which Shakespeare improved in delineating Richard. Again, Marlowe's peculiar method of making the whole action of a play depend on a single character (Tamburlaine, Barabas, Faustus) who entirely over-
shadows all the other *dramatis persona*, and of drawing that character, is followed in *Richard III.*; the fiery, rhetorical style of which is also essentially Marlowesque. And Marlowe probably had some share in *Henry VI.*, Parts II. and III. Shakespeare makes Sir Hugh Evans in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (III. i) quote, or rather slightly misquote, a stanza of Marlowe’s famous lyric, “Come live with me”; and refers thrice (*Richard II.* IV. 1. 281; *All’s Well That Ends Well*, i. 3. 74, 75; *Troilus and Cressida*, II. 2. 82) to the vision of Helen of Troy in *Faustus* Xiv. And other reminiscences of Marlowe’s works might be mentioned, e.g. *Romeo and Juliet*, v. i. 8, which must be an echo of *Hero and Leander*, II. 3.

IX.

Act v. Scene 4. 1. 87.

“We quarrel in print, by the book.”

It is generally recognised that Shakespeare here refers to the treatise on the use of the rapier, and the rules and code of honour of duelling, by Vincentio Saviolo, fencing-master of the Earl of Essex. Saviolo’s *Practise*, as this “manual of the art of self-defence” was called, appeared in 1594, dedicated to Essex. It is divided into two Books. The first deals with “the use of the Rapier and Dagger” and explains the technical terms etc. of fencing. “The Second Book treats ‘Of Honor and Honorable Quarrels,’ and these are the ‘quarrels in print’ to which it is supposed Touchstone alludes; in especial there is ‘A Discourse most necessarie for all Gentlemen that haue in regarde their honors touching the giuing and receiuing of the Lie, wherevpon the Duello & the Combats in diuers sortes doth insue, & many other inconueniences, for lack only of the true knowledge of honor, and the contrarie: & the right vnderstanding of wordes, which heere is plainly set downe.’ Whereupon, to guard us from these ‘inconveniences’ and impart to us ‘a right understanding of wordes,’ Saviolo proceeds to discourse ‘Of the manner and diversitie of Lies’”—Furness.

First comes the “Lie certain,” which seems to answer to Touchstone’s “Lie Direct”; then, “the conditionall Lie,” corresponding with the “Lie circumstantial.” Saviolo says: “Conditionall Iyes be such as are giuen conditionally: as if a man should saie or write these wordes, If thou hast saide that I haue offered my Lord abuse, thou
lyest: or if thou saiest so heerafter, thou shalt lye. And as often as thou hast or shalt so say, so oft do I and will I say that thou doest lye. Of these kinde of lyes giuen in this manner, often arise much contention in words, and diuers intricate wordy battailes, multiplying wordes vpon wordes whereof no sure conclusion can arise.” “By which he means,” says Warburton, “they cannot proceed to cut one another’s throats, while there is an IF between.”

It seems that there were other works of the same character, e.g. *The Booke of Honor and Armes, wherein is discoursed the Causes of Quarrell, and the nature of Injuries, with their Repulses*, &c. 4to, 1590; hence those of Shakespeare’s audience who were unacquainted with the particular book by Vincentio Saviolo would nevertheless fully appreciate the point of Shakespeare’s satirical reference to the etiquette of the Duello and the ingenious devices by which a pair of courtly cowards might make a very brave show in words, yet not actually commit themselves to fight. The delightful titles of the various degrees of lie, viz. “the Retort Courteous,” “the Quip Modest” etc., are entirely Shakespeare’s own invention. (Furness, pp. 275, 276.)

Mr Lee thinks that Shakespeare drew “hints for the scene (I. 2) of Orlando’s encounter with Charles the Wrestler” from Saviolo’s *Practise.*
EXTRACTS FROM LODGE’S “ROSALYNYDE.”

ACT I.

“He bars me the place of a brother.” Scene i. ll. 1—80.

1. The story of Rosalynde begins thus.

Sir John of Bordeaux, a most famous knight, had three sons, Saladyne (= Oliver), Fernandyne, and Rosader (= Orlando), who excelled his brothers much in natural gifts and promise. Sir John died and left Fernandyne and Rosader, being not yet “come to years,” under the guardianship of Saladyne; and to his younger sons he bequeathed more than to their elder brother. This roused the jealousy of Saladyne, especially against Rosader who, though youngest, received most under his father’s will. And so Saladyne resolved to deprive his brothers, in particular Rosader, of their dues, as far as he could. And thus we find him saying to himself:

“‘Thy Brother Rosader is young, keepe him now in awe, make him not check mate1 with thy selfe: for Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit2. Let him knowe little, so shall he not be able to execute much; suppresse his wittes with a base estate, and though hee be a Gentleman by nature yet forme him a-new, and make him a peasant by nourture3: so shalt thou keepe him as a slaue, and raign thy selfe sole Lord ouer al thy Fathers possessions. As for Fernandyne thy middle brother he is a scholer, and hath no minde but on Aristotle, let him reade on Galen4 while thou rifest with gold, and pore on his booke til thou doost purchase lands: wit is great wealth, if hee haue learning it is enough; and so let all rest.’

In this humour was Saladyne making his brother Rosader his foote

1 equal. 2 ‘too great familiarity breeds contempt.’ 3 bringing up, training; cf. 2. 7. 96. 4 a celebrated Greek writer on medicine (A.D. 130—200).
boy, for the space of two or three yeares, keeping him in such servile
subjection, as if hee had been the sonne of any countrie vassall. The
yong Gentleman bare al with patience, til on a day walking in the
garden by himself, he began to consider how he was the son of John
of Bourdeaux, a knight renowned for many victories, & a Gentleman
famozed for his vertues, how contrarie to the testament of his father,
he was not only kept from his land, and intreated as a servuant, but
smothered in such secret slauerie, as he might not attaine to any
honourable actions. 'Ah,' quoth he to himselfe, (nature working these
effectuall passions) 'why should I that am a Gentleman borne, passe my
time in such vnnaturall drudgerie? were it not better either in Paris to
become a scholler, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a souldier,
than to liue a foote boy to my own brother: nature hath lent me wit
to conceiue, but my brother denied me arte to contemplate: I haue
strength to performe any honorable exployte, but no libertie to ac-
complish my vertuous indeuours: those good partes that God hath
bestowed vpon me, the enuie of my brother dooth smother in obscuritie:
the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardnesse.' With that
casting vp his hand he felt haire on his face, and perceiuing his beard
to bud, for choler hee began to blush, and swore to himselfe he would
bee no more subiect to such slauerie. As thus he was ruminating of
his melancholie passions, in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing
his brother in a browne studie, and to forget his wonted reuerence,
thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. 'Sirha (quoth hee) what
is your heart on your halfe penie, or are you saying a Dirge for your
fathers soule? what is my dinner readie?' At this question Rosader
turning his head ascance, and bending his browes as if anger there had
ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, he made
this replie. 'Doest thou aske me (Saladyne) for thy Cates? aske some
of thy Churles who are fit for such an office: I am thine equall by
nature, though not by birth; and though thou hast more Cardes in the
bunch, I have as many trumps in my hands as thy selfe. Let me
question with thee, why thou hast feld my Woods, spoyled my Manner
houses, and made hauock of such vtenials as my father bequeathed
vnto me? I tell thee, Saladyne, either aswere me as a brother, or
I will trouble thee as an enemie.'

Thereupon ensued a hot dispute, but Saladyne promised amend-
ment, and the brothers were reconciled.

1 lackey, menial. 2 moving, stirring. 3 to understand. 4 from anger.
5 bow, obeisance. 6 viands. 7 peasants. 8 manor.
EXTRACTS FROM LODGE’S “ROSALYNTDE.”

“This wrestler shall clear all.” Scene i. ll. 82—156.

2. “It chaunced that Torismond King of France had appoynted for his pleasure a day of Wrastling and of Tournament to busie his Commons\(^1\) heads, least being idle their thoughts should runne vpon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished King; a Champion there was to stand against all commers a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength; so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely ouerthrowing them which he encountred, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them outright. Saladyne hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fall to the ground\(^2\), but to take oportunitie by the forehead: first by secret meanes contended\(^3\) with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to swere, that if Rosader came within his clawes he should neuer more returne to quarrell with Saladyne for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as \textit{(Quis nisi mentis inops oblatum resputit aurum)}\(^4\) taking great gifts for little Gods, tooke the crownes of Saladyne to performe the stratagem. Hauing thus the Champion tied to his vilanous determination by oath, he prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus. Hee went to young Rosader, (who in all his thoughts react at honour, and gazed no lower than vertue commaunded him) and began to tell him of this Tournament and Wrastling, how the King should be there, and all the chiefe Peeres of France, with all the beautiful damosels of the Country: ‘now brother (quoth he) for the honor of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux our renowned father, to famous\(^5\) that house that neuer hath been found without men approued in Cheualrie, shewe thy resolution to be peremptorie. For my selfe thou knowest though I am eldest by birth, yet neuer hauing attempted any deedes of Armes, I am yongest to performe any Martiall expoytes, knowing better how to survey my lands, than to charge my Launce: my brother Fernandyne he is at Paris poring on a fewe papers, hauing more insight into Sophistrie and principles of Philosophie, than any warlike induerous: but thou Rosader the youngest in yeares, but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength and darest doo what honour allowes thee; take thou my fathers Launce, his Sword, and his Horse, and hie thee to the Tournament, and either there valiantlie crack a speare, or trie

\(^1\) people’s. \(^2\) a metaphor from tennis. \(^3\) made an agreement. \(^4\) “who but a madman scorns gold when it is offered him?” \(^5\) to bring fame to.
with the Norman for the palme of actiuitie. The words of Saladyne were but spurre to a free horse; for hee had scarce vterred them, ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly, that he promised in what he might\(^1\) to requite his courtesie. The next morowe was the day of the Tournament, and Rosader was so desirous to shew his heroicall thoughts, that he past the night with little sleepe: but assoone as Phoebus had vailed\(^2\) the Curteine of the night, he gat him vp; and taking his leave of his brother mounted himselfe towards the place appoynted, thinking euery mile ten leagues till he came there."

The Tournament and Wrestling. Scene 2.

3. "Torismond the King of France, who hauing by force banished Gerismond their lawfull King that liued as an outlaw in the Forrest of Arden, sought now by all meanes to keepe the French busied with all sportes that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne Tournament, whereunto he in most solemne manner resorted, accompanied with the twelue Peeres of France, who rather for feare than loue graced him with the shewe of their dutifull favours: to feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistring\(^3\) objects, he had appoynted his owne daughter Alinda to be there, & the faire Rosalynd daughter vnto Gerismond, with all the beautifull damosels that were famous for their features in all France...As euery mans eye had his seuerall suruey\(^4\), and fancie was partiall in their lookes, yet all in general applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on the face of Rosalynd: for vppon her cheekes there seemed a battaile betweene the Graces, who should bestow most favours to make her excellent."

"There comes an old man and his sons." Scene 2. ll. 102—114.

4. "This Rosalynd sat I say with Alinda as a beholder of these sportes, and made the Cavaliers crack their lances with more courage: many deeds of Knighthoode that day were performed, and many prizes were giuen according to their seuerall deserts: at last when the tournament ceased, the wrastling began; and the Norman presented

\(^1\) as far as he could. \(^2\) drawn aside, literally 'lowered.' \(^3\) glittering, brilliant. \(^4\) was directed towards some particular lady.
himselfe as a challenger against all commers; but he looked like Hercules when he aduaunst himselfe against Acheloüs; so that the furie of his countenance amased all that durst attempt to encounter with him in any deed of actiuitie: till at last a lustie of the Countrie came with two tall men that were his Sonnes of good lyncaments and comely personage: the eldest of these dooing his obeysance to the King entered the lyst, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such furie, that not onely hee gaue him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage: which the younger brother seeing, kept presently into the place, and thirstie after the reuenge, assayed the Norman with such valour, that at the first encounter hee brought him to his knees: which repulst so the Norman, that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so stearnely to the young Francklin, that taking him vp in his armes he threw him against the ground so violently, that he broake his neck, and so ended his dayes with his brother. At this vnlookt for massacre, the people murmured, and were all in a deepe passion of pittie; but the Francklin, Father vnto these, neuer changed his countenance; but as a man of a courageous resolution, tooke vp the bodies of his Sonnes without any shew of outward discontent. All this while stoode Rosader and sawe this tragedie: who noting the vndoubted vertue of the Francklins minde, alighted of from his horse, and presentlie sat downe on the grasse, and commaunded his boy to pull off his bootes, making him readie to trie the strength of this Champion.”

Rosader overthows the Champion. Scene 2. ll. 131—199.

5. “But when they all noted his youth, and the sweetenesse of his visage, with a generall applause of favours, they grieued that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action: but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to be graced with the palme of victorie.” Meanwhile Rosader, seeing Rosalynde, was lost in admiring looks, till the wrestler shook him by the shoulder: whereupon Rosader “roughlie clapt to him with so

1 terrified.  2 strong.  3 farmer, freeholder.  4 the enclosed space of the contest, the lists.  5 at once.  6 valour.  7 straightway.  8 threw himself on the Norman.
fierce an encounter, that they both fell to the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breathe¹: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whom Saladyne had appoynted him to kil; which coniecture made him stretch euerie limb, & trie euerie sinew, that working his death he might recouer² the golde, which so bountifullly was promised him. On the contrarie part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but still cast his eye vpon Rosalynd, who to incourage him with a fauour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might haue made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalynd so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman hee ran vpon him and braued³ him with a strong encounter; the Norman receiued him as valiantly, that⁴ there was a sore combat, hard to iudge on whose side fortune would be prodigall⁵. At last Rosader calling to minde the beautie of his new Mistresse, the fame of his Fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fall to his house by his misfortune, roused himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling vpon his Chest with so willing a waight, that the Norman yeelded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie.”

“Wear this for me.” Scene 2. ll. 199—238.

6. “The death of this Champion; as it highlie contented the Franck-lin, as a man satisfied with reuenge, so it drue the King and all the Peeres into a great admiration, that so young yeares and so beautifull a personage, should containe such martiall excellence: but when they knew him to be the yongest Sonne of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, the King rose from his seate and imbraced him, and the Peeres intreated⁶ him with al fauourable courtesie, commending both his valour and his vertues, wishing him to goe forward in such haughtie deedes, that he might attaine to the glorie of his Fathers honourable fortunes. As the King and Lordes graced him with embracing, so the Ladies fauored him with their lookes, especially Rosalynd, whome the beautie and valour of Rosader had alreadie touched; but she accounted loue a toye⁷, and fancie⁸ a momentarie passion, that it was taken in with a gaze, might bee shaken off with a winck; and therefore feared not to dallie in the flame, and to make Rosader knowe she affected⁹ him; tooke from hir

¹ take breathing time. ² win. ³ challenged. ⁴ so that. ⁵ would award the victory. ⁶ treated. ⁷ trifle. ⁸ partiality, liking. ⁹ liked.
neck a Iewell, and sent it by a Page to the young Gentleman. The Prize that Venus gane to Paris was not halfe so pleasing to the Troian, as this Iemme was to Rosader: for if fortune had sworne to make him sole Monark of the world, he would rather haue refused such dignitie, than haue lost the iewell sent him by Rosalynd. To retourne her with the like he was vnfurnished, and yet that hee might more than in his lookes discouer his affection, he stept into a tent, and taking pen and paper wrît this fancie. This sonnet he sent to Rosalynd, which when she read, she blusht, but with a sweete content."

Rosader returns home.

7. "Rosader, triumphing in the glory of this conquest, accom-panied with a troupe of young Gentlemen, that were desirous to be his familiares, went home to his brother Saladyne, who was walking before the gates, to heare what successe his brother Rosader should haue, assuring him selfe of his death, and deuising how w't dissimuled sorrow, to celebrate his funeralls; as he was in this thought, hee cast vp his eye, & sawe where Rosader returned with the garlande on his heade, as hauing won the prize, accompanied with a crew of boone companions; greeued at this, hee stepped in and shut the gate. Rosader seeing this, and not looking for such vnkinde intertaynement, blusht at the disgrace, and yet smothering his grieue with a smile, he turned to the Gentlemen, and desired them to holde his brother excused, for hee did not this vpon any malicious intent or niggardize, but being brought vp in the countrie, he absented him selfe, as not finding his nature fit for such youthfull companie. Thus hee sought to shadow abuses proffred him by his brother, but in vayne, for he could by no meanes be suffered to enter: whereupon hee ran his foote against the doore, and brake it open; drawing his sworde and entring bouldly into the Hall, where hee founde none (for all were fled) but one Adam Spencer an English man, who had been an olde and trustie servant to Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux: he for the loue he bare to his deceased Maister, fauored the part of Rosader, and gaue him and his such intertaynement as he could....[But] Rosader swore to be reuenged on the discourteous Saladyne: yet by the meanes of Adam Spencer, who sought to continue friendship and amitie betwixt the brethren, and through the flattering submission of Saladyne, they were once agayne reconciled.”

1 love-poem. 2 or from inhospitality. 3 to conceal the insults.
Rosalynde is banished. Scene 3. ll. 37—85.

8. The same day, after Rosalynde returned to the palace, "Torismond came in with his daughter Alinda, and manie of the Peeres of France, who were enamoured of her beautie: which Torismond perceiuing, fearing least her perfection might be the beginning of his preijudice, and the hope of his fruite ende in the beginning of her blossomes, hee thought to banish her from the Court: 'for,' quoth he to himselfe, 'her face is so full of fauour, that it pleades pitie in the eye of euerie man; her beautie is so heauenly and deuine, that she will prooue to me as Helen did to Priam: some one of the Peeres will ayme at her loue, ende the marriage, and then in his wiues right attempt the kingdome. To preuent therefore had I wist in all these actions, she carrieth not about the Court, but shall (as an exile) either wander to her father, or els seeke other fortunes.' In this humour, with a stearne countenance full of wrath, hee breathed out this censure vnto her before the Peeres, that charged her that that night shee were not scene about the Court: 'for (quoth he) I haue heard of thy aspiring speaches, and intended treasons.' This doome was strange vnto Rosalynde, and presently couered with the shield of her innocencce, shee boldly brake out in reuerend tearmes to haue cleared her selfe: but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his Lordes plead for Rosalynde, although her beautie had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath portraied in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalynde amazed, Alinda who loued her more than her selfe, with griefe in her heart, & teares in her eyes, falling downe on her knees, began to intreate her father."...But in vain; for he answered:

'Thou fonde girle measurest all by present affection, & as thy heart loues thy thoughts censure: but if thou knewest that in liking Rosalynd thou hachest vp a bird to pecke out thine owne eyes, thou wouldst intreate as much for her absence, as now thou delightest in her presence. But why do I alleadge policie to thee? sit you downe huswife and fall to your needle: if idlenesse make you so wanton, or libertie so malipert, I can quicklie tie you to a sharper taske: and you (maide) this night be packing either into Arden to your father, or whether best it shall content your humour, but in the Court you shall not abide.'

1 harm. 2 excites. 3 if only I had known = regret. 4 sentence, decision. 5 at once. 6 respectful. 7 much moved. 8 foolish. 9 judge. 10 set before you what is expedient. 11 impertinent.
This rigorous replie of Torismond nothing amazed\(^1\) Alinda, for still she prosecuted\(^2\) her plea in the defence of Rosalynd, wishing her father (if his censure\(^3\) might not be reuerst) that he would appoint her partner of her exile; which if he refused to doo, either she would (by some secret meanes) steale out and followe her, or els end her daies with some desperate kinde of death. When Torismond heard his daughter so resolute, his heart was so hardened against her, that he set downe a definitiue and peremptorie sentence that they should both be banished: which presentlie was done. The Tyrant rather choosing to hazard the losse of his only child, than any waies to put in question\(^4\) the state of his kingdome: so suspicius and feareful is the conscience of an vsurper. Well, although his Lords perswaded him to retaine his owne daughter, yet his resolution might\(^5\) not bee reuerst, but both of them must away from the court without either more companie or delay. In he went with great melancholie, and left these two Ladies alone. Rosalynd waxed very sad, and sat downe and wept. Alinda she smiled, and sitting by her friende began thus to comfort her."

"I'll go along with thee." Scene 3. ll. 86—133.

9. "'Cheerelie woman, as wee haue been bedfellowes in royaltie, we will be fellowe mates in pouertie: I will euer bee thy Alinda, and thou shalt euer rest\(^6\) to me Rosalynd: so shall the world canonize our friendship, and speake of Rosalynd and Alinda, as they did of Pilades and Orestes. And if euer Fortune smile and wee returne to our former honour, then folding our selues in the sweete of our friendship, wee shall merelie say (calling to minde our forepassed miseries); Olim haece meminisse inuabit\(^7\).

At this Rosalynd began to comfort her\(^8\); and after shee had wept a fewe kind\(^9\) teares in the bosome of her Alinda, she gaue her heartie thanks, and then they sat them downe to consult how they should trauell. Alinda grieued at nothing but that they might haue no man in their companie: saying, it would be their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. 'Tush (quoth Rosalynd) art thou a woman, and hast not a sodaine shift to preuent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would

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\(^1\) daunted. \(^2\) continued. \(^3\) decision. \(^4\) to risk, hazard. \(^5\) could. \(^6\) continue to be. \(^7\) 'one day this will be a pleasant reminiscence.' \(^8\) herself. \(^9\) natural.

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very well become the person and apparell of a page, thou shalt bee my Mistris, and I will play the man so properly, that (trust me) in what company so euer I come I will not be discouered; I will buy mee a suite, and haue my rapier very handsomely at my side, and if any knaue offer wrong, your page will shew him the point of his weapon.' At this Alinda smiled, and vpon this they agreed, and presentlie gathered vp all their Jewels, which they trussed\(^1\) vp in a Casket, and Rosalynd in all hast prouided her of roabes, and Alinda (from her royall weedes\(^2\)) put her selfe in more homelie attire. Thus fitted to the purpose, away goe these two friends, hauing now changed their names, Alinda being called Alicna, and Rosalynd Ganimede."

**ACT II.**

"**Well, this is the Forest of Arden.**" Scene 4.

10. "They traualled\(^3\) along the Vineyards, and by many by-waies; at last got to the Forrest side, where they traualled by the space of two or three daies without seeing anie creature, being often in danger of wild beasts, and payned with many passionate sorrowes. Now the black Oxe began to tread on their feete\(^4\), and Alinda thought of her woned royaltie: but when she cast her eyes on her Rosalynd, she thought euerie danger a step to honour. Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a Fountaine, compast\(^5\) with a groue of Cipressc trees, so cunninglie and curiouslie planted, as if some Goddesse had intreated Nature in that place to make her an Arbour. By this Fountaine sat Aliena and her Ganimede, and foorth they pulled such victualls as they had, and fed as merilie as if they had been in Paris with all the Kings delicates\(^6\): Aliena only grieuing that they could not so much as mee with a shepheard to discourse\(^7\) them the way to some place where they might make their aboade. At last Ganimede casting vp his eye espied where on a tree was ingrauen certaine verses: which assoone as he espied, he cried out; 'bee of good cheere Mistris, I spie the figures of men; for herc in these trees be ingrauen certaine verses of shepheards, or some other swaines that inhabite here about.' With that Aliena start vp joyfull to heare these newes; and looked, where they found carued in the barke of a Pine tree this passion\(^8\)' which we will omit.

\(^1\) packed. \(^2\) robes, dresses. \(^3\) travelled. \(^4\) i.e. they began to get very weary and footsore. \(^5\) surrounded. \(^6\) delicacies. \(^7\) to tell. \(^8\) love-poem.
"O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!" Scene 4. ll. 19—39.

11. "'But come,' quoth Ganimede, '(seeing we have found here by this Fount the trackt of Shepheards by their Madrigals and Roundelaiies) let vs forward; for either we shall finde some foldes, sheepecoates, or els some cottages wherein for a day or two to rest.' 'Content' (quoth Aliena) and with that they rose vp, and marched forward till towards the euen: and then comming into a faire valley (compassed with mountaines, whereon grewe many pleasant shrubbs) they might descrie where two flocks of sheepe did feede. Then looking about, they might perceiue where an old shepheard sat (and with him a yong swaine) vnder a couert most pleasantlie scituated. In this glorious Arbour sat these two shepheards (seeing their sheepe feede) playing on their pipes many pleasant tunes, and from musick and melodie falling into much amorous chat: drawing more nigh wee might descrie the countenance of the one to be full of sorowe, his face to be the verie portraiture of discontent, and his eyes full of woes, that liuing he seemed to dye: wee (to heare what these were) stole privilie behind the thicke, where we ouerheard this discourse.

A pleasant Eglog betweene Montanus and Coridon.

Coridon.

_Say shepheards boy, what makes thee greet so sore? Why leaues thy pipe his pleasure and delight? Yong are thy yeares, thy cheekes with roses dight: Then sing for ioy (sweet swaine) and sigh no more._

This milke white Poppie and this climbing Pine Both promise shade; then sit thee downe and sing, And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring, Till Phoebus daine all Westward to decline.

Montanus.

_Ah (Coridon) vnmeet is melodie To him whom proud contempt hath ouerborne: Slaine are my ioys by Phoebes bitter scorne, Farre hence my weale and nere my ieopardie._

1 path. 2 could. 3 talk about love. 4 so that. 5 thicket. 6 weep.
7 adorned. 8 to set.
Loues burning brand is couched in my brest,
Making a Phoenix of my faintfull hart:
And though his furie doo inforce my smart,
Ay\(^1\) blyth am I to honour his behest.
Preparde to woes since so my Phoebe wills,
My lookes dismayed\(^2\) since Phoebe will disdaine:
I banish blisse and welcome home my paine;
So streanie my teares as showers from Alpine hills.

Deuoyd of rest, companion of distresse,
Plague to my selfe, consumed by my thought;
How may my voyce or pipe in tune be brought?
Since I am reft of solace and delight.”

“Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.”

Scene 4. ll. 58—81.

12. “The shepheards hauing thus ended their Eglogue, Aliena stept with Ganimede from behinde the thicket: at whose sodaine sight the shepheards arose, and Aliena saluted them thus; ‘Shepheards all haile, (for such wee deeme you by your flockes) and Louers, good lucke; (for such you seeeme by your passions) our eyes being witnesse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by Loue, yet by Fortune, I am a distressed Gentlewoman, as sorrowfull as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you of perplexed thoughts: wandring this way in a forrest vnknownen, onely I and my Page, wearied with travaaille would faine haue some place of rest. May\(^3\) you appoint vs anie place of quiet harbour\(^4\), (be it neuer so meane) I shall be thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whosoeuer shall bee mine hoste.’ Coridon hearing the Gentlewoman speak so courteously returned her mildly and reuerentlie this aunswere.

‘Faire Mistres, we returne you as heartie a welcome, as you gaue vs a courteous salute. A shepheard I am, & this a louver, as watchful to please his wench, as to feed his sheep: full ofancies, and therefore (say I) full of follies. Exhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot; for Loue admits neither of counsaile, nor reason. But leaning him to his passions, if you be distrest, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost w\(^1\) calamitie: pray for you I may, but releeue you I cannot:

\(^{1}\) ever. \(^{2}\) dismayed. \(^{3}\) if you can tell us of. \(^{4}\) shelter.
marry, if you want lodging, if you vouch\(^1\) to shrowd\(^2\) your selves in a shepheard's cottage, my house (for this night) shall be your harbour.' Aliena thankt Coridon greatly, and presently\(^3\) sate her downe and Ganimede by her. Coridon looking earnestly vpon her, and with a curious survey viewing all her perfections, applauded (in his thought) her excellence, and pitying her distresse, was desirous to heare the cause of her misfortunes, began to question with her."

"Buy thou the cottage." Scene 4. ll. 82—94.

13. "'If I should not (faire Damosell) occasionate offence, or renue your griefes by rubbing the scarre, I would faine craue so much fauour, as to know the cause of your misfortune: and why, and whether\(^4\) you wander with your page in so dangerous a forrest.' Aliena (that was as courteous as she was faire) made this reply; 'Shepheard, a friendlie demaund ought neuer to be offensiu\(^5\), and questions of courtesie carrie priuiledged pardons in their forheads. Know therfore, to discover\(^6\) my fortunes were to renue my sorrowes, and I should by discoursing my mishaps, but rake fier out of the cinders. Therefore let this suffice (gentle shepheard) my distresse is as great as my trauell is dangerous, and I wander in this forrest, to light on some cottage where I and my Page may dwell: for I meane to buy some farme, and a flocke of sheepe, and so become a shepheardesse, meaning to liue low, and content me with a countrey life: for I haue heard the swaynes say, that they drunke without suspition, & slept without care.' 'Marry Mistres (quoth Coridon) if you meane so you came in a good time, for my landlords intend to sell both the farme I till, and the flocke I keepe, & cheap you may haue them for readie money: and for a shepheardes life (oh Mistresse) did you but liue a while in their content, you would saye the Court were rather a place of sorrowe, than of solace. Here (Mistresse) shall not Fortune thwart you, but\(^7\) in meane misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breedes no beggerie, so it can bee no extreame prejudice\(^8\): the next yeare may mend al with a fresh increase. Enuie stirres not vs, wee couet not to climbe, our desires mount not aboue our degrees, nor our thoughts aboue our fortunes. Care cannot harbour\(^9\) in our cottages, nor doo our homely couches know broken slumbers: as we exceede not in diet,

\(^1\) deign. \(^2\) to shelter. \(^3\) at once. \(^4\) whither. \(^5\) to cause offence. \(^6\) to disclose, reveal. \(^7\) except in trivial misfortunes. \(^8\) harm. \(^9\) dwell.
so we have enough to satisfy: and Mistres I have so much Latin, *Satis est quod sufficit*.

'By my troth shephered (quoth Aliena) thou makest me in loue with your countrey life, and therefore sende for thy Landslord, and I will buy thy farme and thy flockes, & thou shalt still (vnder me) be ouerseer of them both: onely for pleasuresake I and my Page will serue you, lead the flockes to the field, and folde them: thus will I liue quiet, vnknowen, and contented.' This newes so gladded the hart of Coridon, that he should not be put out of his farme, that (putting off his shepheards bonnet) he did her all the reverence that he might.'

"Jove, Jove! this shepherds passion!" Scene 4.

14. "But all this while sate Montanus in a muse thinking of the crueltie of his Phoebe, whom he woed long, but was in no hope to winne. Ganimede who still had the remembrance of Rosader in hir thoughts, tooke delight to see the poore shepherd passionate, laughing at loue that in all his actions was so imperious. At last when shee had noted his teares that stole downe his cheekes, and his sighes that broake from the center of his heart, pittyng his lament, she demaunded of Coridon why the young shephered looked so sorrowfull? 'Oh sir (quoth he) the boy is in loue.' 'Why (quoth Ganimede) can shepheards loue?' 'I5 (quoth Montanus) and ouerloue, els shouldst not thou see me so pensiue. Loue (I tell thee) is as precious in a shepheards eye as in the lookes of a King, and we countrey swaynes intertain fancie with as great delight, as the proudest courtier doth affection.'... 'What is the cause then,' quoth Ganimede, 'that Loue being so sweete to thee, thou lookest so sorrowfull?' 'Because,' quoth Montanus, 'the partie beloued is froward: and hauing courtesie in her lookes, holdeth disdaine in her tongues ende.' 'What hath she then,' quoth Aliena, 'in her heart?' 'Desire (I hope Madame),' quoth he: 'or els my hope lost, despaire in Loue were death.' As thus they chatted, the Sunne being readie to set, and they not hauing folded their sheepe, Coridon requested she would sit there with her Page, till Montanus and he lodged their sheepe for that night. 'You shall goe,' quoth Aliena, 'but first I will intreate Montanus to sing some amorous Sonnet, that hee made when he hath

1 'what suffices is enough.' 2 pen the shep at nightfall. 3 cap. 4 asked. 5 Ay, yes. 6 love too much. 7 cherish love.
been deeply passionate.’ ‘That I will’ quoth Montanus: and with that he began....

Montanus had no sooner ended his sonnet, but Coridon with a lowe courtesie rose vp and went with his fellow and shut their sheepe in the foldes: and after returning to Aliena and Ganimede, conducted them home wearie to his poore Cottage. By the way there was much good chat with Montanus about his loues; he resoluing1 Aliena that Phoebe was the fairest Shepherdice in all France, and that in his eye her beautie was equall with the Nimphs.”

“And how like you this shepherd’s life?”

15. “With this they were at Coridons cotage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Alinda and Ganimede glad of so contented a shelter, made merrie with the poore swayne: and though they had but countrey fare and course2 lodging; yet their welcome was so great, and their cares so litle, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had been in the court of Torismond. The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearied with the toyle of vnaccustomed trauaile3: but assoone as they got vp, Aliena resolued there to set vp her rest4, and by the helpe of Coridon swept5 a bargane with his Landslord, and so became Mistres of the farme & the flocke: her selfe putting on the attire of a shepheardesse, and Ganimede of a yong swaine: euerie day leading foorth her flocks with such delight, that she held her exile happie, and thought no content to6 the blisse of a Countrey cottage. Leaving her thus famous amongst the shepheards of Arden, againe to Saladyne.”

Saladyne again and Rosader.

16. Meanwhile, Saladyne had made a cruel plot against Rosader, being ever envious of his brother’s qualities, and jealous of the fame he had won at the wrestling. For on a morning very early Saladyne with his servants surprised Rosader being yet asleep and fettered him, and withal bound him to a post in his great hall; and then invited his friends to a banquet that they might mock at Rosader as a lunatic. But the old servant Adam Spencer secretly loosed Rosader’s fitters and

1 informing. 2 coarse, humble. 3 travel. 4 to make her abode, to go no further. 5 struck a bargain. 6 to be compared with.
these two suddenly fell upon Saladyne and his guests and drave them away. Whereon Saladyne sought help of the Sheriff of the Shire, who came with a body of men to cast out Rosader and set Saladyne in his former estate again. Rosader, however, from the battlements saw them approach and made ready with Adam Spencer.

"No sooner came Saladyne and the Sheriffe to the gates, but Rosader vnlookt for leapt out and assailed them, wounded manie of them, and caused the rest to giue backe, so that Adam and hie broke through the prease\(^1\) in despite of them all, and tooke theyr way towards the forest of Arden. This repulse so set the Sheriffs heart on fire to reuenge, that he straight raysed\(^2\) al the countrey, and made Hue and Crie after them. But Rosader and Adam knowing full well the secrete wayes that led through the vineyards, stole away priuely through the province of Bourdeaux, & escaped safe to the forest of Arden. Being come thither, they were glad they had so good a harbour\(^3\): but Fortune (who is like the Camellion) variable with euerie obiect, & constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them myrrours of her mutabilitie, and therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the bywaies to get to Lions, they chaunced on a path that led into the thicke of the forrest, where they wandred five or sixe dayes without meat, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieue them: and hunger growing on so extreame, Adam Spencer (being olde) began first to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader laye as feeble and as ill perplexed: which sight made him shedde teares, and to fall into bitter tearmes."

Rosader and Adam in the Forest of Arden. Scene 6.

17. "As he was readie to go forward in his passion\(^4\), he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him change colour, he rise vp and went to him, and holding his temples, saide, 'What cheere master? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death.' At these words Rosader lifted vp his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer began to weepe. 'Ah Adam,' quoth he, 'I sorrowe not to die, but I grieue at the manner of my death. Might I with my launce encounter the enemie, and so die in the field, it were honour, and content: might I (Adam) combat with

\(^1\) press, throng.  \(^2\) sent the alarm through.  \(^3\) refuge, shelter.  \(^4\) laments.
some wilde beast, and perish as his prey, I wer satisfied; but to die with hunger, O Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames.' "Master (quoth hee) you see wee are both in one predicament, and long I cannot liue without meate, seeing therefore we can find no foode, let the death of the one preserve the life of the other. I am olde, and ouerworne with age, you are young, and are the hope of many honours: let me then die, I will presently cut my veynes, & master with the warme bloud relieue your fainting spirits: sucke on that till I ende, and you be comforted." With that Adam Spencer was readie to pull out his knife, when Rosader full of courage (though verie faint) rose vp, and wisht Adam Spencer to sit there till his retourne: 'for my minde giues me,' quoth he, 'I shall bring thee meate.' With that, like a mad man he rose vp, and ranged vp and downe the woods, seeking to encounter some wilde beast with his rapier, that either he might carrie his friend Adam food, or els pledge his life in pawne of his loyaltie."

"Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table."

Scene 7. ll. 87—134, 166—199.

18. "It chaunced that day, that Gerismond the lawfull king of France banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crue of Outlawes liued in that forest, that day in honour of his Birth made a Feast to all his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table vnder the shadowe of lymon trees. To that place by chance Fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crue of braue men hauing store of that, for want of which he and Adam perished, he stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the companie thus.

'Whatsoere thou bee that art master of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously, as a man in extreame distresse may; knowe that I and a fellow friend of mine, are heere famished in the forrest for want of foode: perish we must vnlesse relieued by thy fauours. Therefore if thou be a Gentleman, giue meate to men, and to such men as are euerie way worthie of life; let the proudest squire that sittes at thy table, rise & encounter with me in anie honourable point of actiuitie what soeuer, and if he and thou proue me not a man, send me a way comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will haue amongst you with my sword; for rather will I die valiantly, than perish with so cowardly an extreame.' Gerismond looking him

1 at once. 2 makes me believe. 3 large body. 4 plenty.
earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a Gentleman in so bitter a passion, was mouued with so great pitie; that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hand and bad him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eate his fill, but be Lord of the feast. ‘Gramercie sir (quoth Rosader) but I haue a feeble friend that lies heereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger than my selfe, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crum, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will rumme and fetch him, and then I will gratefully accept of your proffer.’ Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tells him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble he was that hee could not goe: whereupon Rosader got him vp on his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond & his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship; and Rosader hauing Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer. Well to be short, those hungrie squires fell to their victualls, and feasted themselues with good delicates, and great store of wine.” And Gerismond told Rosader how that he was the banished king; and Rosader told him of Rosalynde’s exile. Rosader then became one of Gerismond’s foresters, and was very diligent in his master’s behalf; yet his thoughts were ever filled with the memory of his Rosalynde, in whose honour he would compose pretty love-fancies and carve them on the trees; till at length it chanced that he met her and Aliena in the Forest.

ACT III.

“In these and such like passions, Rosader did euerie daye eternize the name of his Rosalynde: and this day especiallie when Aliena and Ganimede (inforced by the heate of the Sunne to seeke for shelter) by good fortune arriued in that place, where this amorous forrester registred his melancholy passions; they saw the sodaine change of his looks, his folded armes, his passionate sighes; they

1 fine, handsome. 2 bidding. 3 in Gerismond’s stead. 4 many thanks. 5 walk. 6 immortalise. 7 carved on a tree.
heard him often abruptly call on Rosalynde: who (poore soule) was as hotly burned as himselfe, but that she shrouded\(^1\) her paines in the cinders of honorable modestie. Whereupon, (gessing him to be in louse, and according to the nature of their sexe, being pitifull in that behalfe\(^2\)) they sodainly brake off his melancholy by their approach: and Ganimede shooke him out of his dumpes thus.

‘What newes Forrester? hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not man for so small a losse, thy fees\(^3\) was but the skinne, the shoulder, and the hornes: tis hunters lucke, to ayme faire and misse: and a woodmans fortune to strike and yet goe without the game.’

‘Thou art beyond the marke Ganimede,’ quoth Aliena, ‘his passions are greater, and his sighs discover\(^4\) more losse; perhaps in trauersing these thickets, he hath seen some beautifull Nymph, and is growen amorous.’ ‘It maye bee so (quoth Ganimede) for heere he hath newly ingrauen some sonnet: come and see the discourse of the Foresters poems.’ Reading the sonnet ouer, and hearing him name Rosalynd, Aliena lookt on Ganimede and laught, and Ganimede looking backe on the Forrester, and seeing it was Rosader blusht, yet thinking to shroud\(^5\) all vnder hir pages apparell, she boldly returned to Rosader, and began thus.

‘I pray thee tell me Forrester, what is this Rosalynde, for whom thou pinest away in such passions? Is shee some Nymph that waites vpon Dianaes traine, whose chastitie thou hast decyphred\(^6\) in such Epethites? Or is shee some shepheardesse, that haunts these plaines, whose beautie hath so bewiched thy fancie, whose name thou shaddowest\(^7\) in coeur vnder the figure of Rosalynde, as Ouid did Iulia vnder the name of Corinna? Or say me for sooth, is it that Rosalynde, of whom we shepheards have heard talke, shee Forrester, that is the Daughter of Gerismond, that once was King, and now an Outlaw in this Forrest of Arden.’ At this Rosader fecht a deepe sigh, and said, ‘It is shee, O gentle swayne, it is she, that Saint it is whom I serue, that Goddesse at whose shrine I doo bend all my deuotions: the most fairest of all faires, the Phenix of all that sexe, and the purifie of all earthly perfection.’ ‘And why (gentle Forrester) if she bee so beautifull and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy thoughts? Happely she resembleth the rose, that is sweete but full of prickles? or the serpent Regius that hath scales as glorious as the

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1. hid.
2. on account of that.
3. reward.
4. reveal.
5. hide.
6. described.
7. dost conceal.
Sunne, & a breath as infectious as the *Aconitum* is deadly? So thy Rosalynde, may be most amiable, and yet vnkinde; full of fauour, and yet froward: coy without wit, and disdainefull without reason.'

'O shepheard (quoth Rosader) knewest thou her personage graced with the excellence of all perfection, beeing a harbour wherein the Graces shroude their vertues: thou wouldst not breathe out such blasphemie against the beauteous Rosalynde....Ah shepheard, I haue reacht at a star, my desires haue mounted aboue my degree, & my thoughts aboue my fortunes. I being a peasant haue ventred to gaze on a Princesse, whose honors are too high to vouchsafe such base loues.'

'Why Forrester (quoth Ganimede) comfort thy selfe: be blythe and frolicke man,...faint heart neuer wonne faire Ladie. But where Hues Rosalynde now, at the Court?'

'Oh no (quoth Rosader) she liues I knowe not where, and that is my sorrow; banisht by Torismond, and that is my hell: for might I but find her sacred personage, & plead before the barre of her pitie the plaint of my passions, hope tells mee shee would grace me with some fauour; and that woulde suffice as a recompence of all my former miseries.'

Thereon Rosader described to them all the beauties of his Rosalynde and his great love; which did but increase Rosalynde's love for him.

"Whoever loved, that loved not at first sight?" Scene 5.

20. On a day, as Rosalynde and Aliena sat watching their flocks, "they might espie where Coridon came running towards them (almost out of breath with his hast). 'What newes with you (quoth Aliena) that you come in such post? 'Oh Mistres (quoth Coridon) you haue a long time desired to see Phoebe the faire Shepheardesse whom Montanus loues: so nowe if it please you and Ganimede but to walke with me to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a Fountaine; he courting with his Countrey ditties, and she as coy as if she helde Lone in disdain.'

The newes were so welcome to the two, that vp they rose, and went with Coridon. Assoone as they drew nigh the thicket, they might espie where Phoebe sate, (the fairest Shepheardesse in all Arden, and he the frollickst Swaine in the whole Forrest) she in a peticoate of

1 perverse, self-willed. 2 to accept. 3 a metaphor from pleading in a court of law. 4 haste. 5 bonniest.
scarlet, couered with a greene mantle; and to shrowde her from the Sunne, a chaplet of roses: from vnder which appeared a face full of Natures excellence, and two such eyes as might haue amated\(^1\) a greater man than Montanus. At gaze vpon this gorgeous Nymph sat the Shepheard, feeding his eyes with her fauours\(^2\), woong with such piteous lookes, & courting with such deep straind sighs, as would haue made Diana her selfe to haue been compassionate.” But Phoebe rejected all his entreaties.

“‘Yet Montanus (quoth she) I speake not this in pride, but in disdaine; not that I scorne thee, but that I hate Loue: for I count it as great honour to triumph ouer Fancie\(^3\), as ouer Fortune. Rest thee content therefore Montanus, cease from thy loues, and bridle thy lookes; quench the sparkles before they grow to a further flame: for in louing me thou shalt liue by losse, & what thou vtterest in words, are all written in the winde\(^4\). Wert thou (Montanus) as faire as Paris, as hardie as Hector, as constant as Troylus, as louing as Leander; Phoebe could not loue, because she cannot loue at all: and therefore if thou pursue me with Phoebus, I must flie with Daphne.’

Ganimede ouer-hearing all these passions of Montanus, could not brooke\(^5\) the crueltie of Phoebe, but starting from behinde the bush said; ‘And if Damzell you fled from me, I would transforme you as Daphne to a bay\(^6\), and then in contempt trample your branches vnder my feete.’ Phoebe at this sodaine replie was amazed, especially when she saw so faire a Swaine as Ganimede; blushing therefore, shee would haue been gone: but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted\(^7\) his replie thus. ‘What Shepheardesse, so fayre and so cruel? Disdaine beseeemes not cottages, nor coynes maides: for either they be condemned to bee too proude, or too froward. Take heede (faire Nymph) that in despising Loue, you be not ouer-reacht with Loue....Because thou art beautifull, be not so coye: as there is nothing more faire, so there is nothing more fading, as momentary as the shadowes which growes from a clowdie Sunne....Beautie nor time cannot bee recalde, and if thou loue, like of\(^8\) Montanus: for as his desires are manie, so his deserts are great.’

Phoebe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deeplie enamoured on his perfection, as Montanusinueigled with hers: for her eye made survey of his excellent feature, which she found so rare, that she thought the ghost of Adonis had been leapt from Elizium in the shape of a Swaine.”

\(^1\) overcome. \(^2\) features. \(^3\) love. \(^4\) i.e. wasted. \(^5\) bear with. \(^6\) laurel. \(^7\) continued. \(^8\) let your liking fall on.
"Nay, you must call me Rosalind."

21. Now one morning Rosalynde and Aliena encountered Rosader again, and he read them some of his sonnets to Rosalynde; and at the midday shared their meal. "Assoone as they had taken their repast, Rosader giving them thankes for his good cheere, would haue been gone: but Ganimede, that was loath to let him passe out of her presence, began thus; 'Nay Forrester,' quoth he, 'if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in loue, let me see how thou canst wooe: I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt bee as thou art Rosader; see in some amorous Eglogue, how if Rosalynde were present, how thou couldst court her: and while we sing of Loue, Aliena shall tune her pipe, and playe vs melodie.' 'Content,' quoth Rosader. And Aliena, shee to shew her willingnesse, drewe foorth a recorder, and began to winde it. Then the louing Forrester began:" paying court as if to Rosalynde, while Ganimede made reply in Rosalynde's place.

ACT IV.

"Come, sister, you shall marry us." Scene i. ll. 101—168.

22. "When thus they had finished their courting Eglogue in such a familiar clause, Ganimede as Augure of some good fortunes to light upon their affections, beganne to be thus pleasant; 'How now Forrester, haue I not fitted your turn? haue I not plaide the woman handsomely, and shewed my selfe as coy in graunts, as courteous in desires, and been as full of suspition, as men of flatterie? And yet to salue all, iumpt I not all vp with the sweete vnion of loue? Did not Rosalynde content her Rosader?" The Forrester at this smiling, shooke his head, and folding his armes made this merrie replie.

'Truth gentle Swaine, Rosader hath his Rosalynde: but as Ixion had Iuno, who thinking to possesse a goldesse, onely imbraced a clowde: in these imaginarie fruitions of fancie, I resemble the birds that fed themselves with Zeuxis painted grapes; but they grewe so

1 flute. 2 to blow. 3 style. 4 playful, jesting. 5 as men are full of flattery. 6 to salve, remedy. 7 did I not altogether harmonise with?

8 but only as.
leane with pecking at shaddowes, that they were glad with Aesops Cocke to scrape for a barley cornell: so farreth it with me, who to feede
my selfe with the hope of my Mistres fauours, sooth my self in thy
sutes,
and only in conceipt reape a wished for content: but if my
food be no better than such amorous dreames, Venus at the yeares
ende, shall finde mee but a leane louver. Yet doo I take these follies
for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections doo deuine some
unfaineled ende of ensuing fancies.’ ‘And thereupon (quoth Aliena) Ile
play the priest, from this day forth Ganimed shall call thee husband,
and thou shalt call Ganime wife, and so weele have a marriage.’
‘Content’ (quoth Rosader) and laught. ‘Content’ (quoth Ganime)
and changed as redde as a rose: and so with a smile and a blush, they
made vp this iesting match, that after prooude to a marriage in earnest;
Rosader full little thinking he had woood and wonne his Rosalynde.
But all was well, hope is a sweete string to harpe on: and therefore let
the Forrester a while shape himselfe to his shaddow, and tarrie Fortunes
leasure, till she may make a Metamorphosis fit for his purpose.
I
digresse, and therefore to Aliena: who said, the wedding was not
worth a pinne, vnless there were some cheere, nor that bargaine well
made that was not striken vp with a cuppe of wine; and therefore she
wilde Ganime to set out such cates as they had, and to drawe out her
bottle, charging the Forrester as hee had imagined his loues, so to
conceipt these cates to be a most sumptuous banquet, and to take a
Mazer of wine and to drinke to his Rosalynde: which Rosader did;
and so they passed awaye the day in manie pleasant deuices”; and at
sunset parted.

Rosader saves Saladyne. Scene 3. ll. 98—132.

23. Meantime the unjust Torismond seeking to get possession of
Saladyne’s broad lands had charged him with driving away his brother
Rosader and thus robbing the King of a most brave and resolute
chevalier; and as punishment Torismond had banished Saladyne from
his dominions for ever; who being now repentant set forth to seek out
his lost brother. And while Rosader was thus courting Ganymede
as Rosalynde, “poore Saladyne did wander vp and downe in the

1 in paying court to thee.  2 imagination.  3 feigned.  4 forebode.
5 proved to be.  6 content himself with this pretence of marriage.  7 completed.
8 hade.  9 to imagine.  10 bowl.
Forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lions, and so trauell through Germanie into Italy: but the Forrest being full of by-pathes, and he vnskilfull\(^1\) of the Countrey coast\(^2\), slipt out of the way, and chaunced vp into the Desart, not farre from the place where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladyne wearie with wandering vp and downe, and hungrie with long fasting; finding a little caue by the side of a thicket, eating such frute as the Forrest did affoord, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as Nature had prouded, and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungrie Lion came hunting downe the edge of the groue for pray\(^3\), and espying Saladyne began to ceaze vpon him: but seeing he lay still without anie motion, he left\(^4\) to touch him, for that Lions hate to pray on dead carkasses: and yet desirous to have some foode, the Lion lay downe and watcht to see if hee would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure\(^5\), fortune that was careful ouer her champion, began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (hauing striken a Deere that but lightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the groue with a Boare speare in his hand in great hast, he spied where a man lay a sleepe, and a Lion fast by him: amazed at this sight, as hee stood gazing, his nose on the sodaine bled; which\(^6\) made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereuppon drawing more nigh, hee might easely discerne his visage, and perceiued by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne: which draue Rosader into a deepe passion\(^7\), as a man perplexed at the sight of so vnxpected a chaunce, maruelling what should drue his brother to trauerse those secrete Desarts without anie companie in such distresse and forlorne sort. But the present time craued no such doubting ambages\(^8\): for either he must resolue to hazard his life for his reliefe, or els steale awaye, and leaue him to the crueltie of the Lion. In which doubt, he thus briefly debated with himselfe": whether he should now have revenge on Saladyne by suffer-ing him to be the prey of the lion or should save him like an honourable knight; the which he did, slaying the lion (to his own hurt) and after-ward reconciling himself to Saladyne. And for two or three days Rosader was with Saladyne shewing him all the pleasures of the Forest but much missed of his Ganymede.

\(^1\) ignorant of danger, careless. \(^2\) region, district. \(^3\) prey. \(^4\) ceased. \(^5\) ignorant thoughts. \(^6\) as it was thought an omen. \(^7\) feeling. \(^8\) perplexed.
ACT V.

"Say with me, I love Aliena." Scene 2. ll. 1—40.

24. Yet, meeting Ganymede and Aliena one day in the Forest, he excused himself: "to tell you the truth (faire Mistresse, and my good Rosalynde) my eldest Brother by the injurie of Torismond is banished from Bourdeaux, and by chance hee and I met in the Forrest." And heere Rosader discoursed vnto them what had hapned betwixt them: which reconmience made them gladde, especially Ganymede.

And while they were discoursing thus a band of robbers fell on them and Rosader was grievously wounded; but it chanced that Saladyne was passing that way, who threw himself valiantly on the crew and slew several, so that the others fled. Then Ganymede, after dressing up Rosader's wounds, "lookt earnestly vpon Saladyne, and said; 'Trulie Rosader, this Gentleman fauours you much in the feature of your face.' 'No meruaile (quothe hee, gentle Swaine) for tis my eldrest brother Sala-
dyne.' 'Your brother?' quothe Aliena, (& with that she blusht) 'he is the more welcome, and I holde myselfe the more his debter: and for that he hath in my behalfe done such a pece of seruice, if it please him to doo me that honour, I will call him servuant, and he shall call me Mistresse.' 'Content sweet Mistresse,' quothe Saladyne, 'and when I forget to call you so, I will be vnmindfull of mine owne selfe.' 'Away with these quirkes and quiddities of loue,' quothe Rosader, 'and giue me some drinke, for I am passing thirstie, and then wil I home for my wounds bleede sore, and I will haue them drest.' Ganimeade had teares in her eyes, and passions in her heart to see her Rosader so pained, and therefore sted hastely to the bottle, and filling out some wine in a Mazer, shee spiced it with such comfortable drugs as she had about her, and gaued it him; which did comfort Rosader: that rising (with the helpe of his brother) he tooke his leaue of them, and went to his Lodge. Ganimeade assoone as they were out of sight ledde his flockes downe to a vale, and there vnder the shaddow of a Beech tree sate downe, and began to mourne the misfortunes of her sweete heart.

And Aliena (as a woman passing discontent) seuering her selfe from her Ganymede, sitting vnder a Lymon tree, began to sigh out the passions of her newe Loue, and to meditate with her selfe."

1 resembles. 2 jesting conceits and subtleties about. 3 very. 4 bowl. 5 comforting. 6 so that. 7 sweetheart, lover. 8 very discontented.
"I will marry you, if ever I marry woman."  Scene 2.  ll. 71—117.

25. Meanwhile Phebe fell extreme sick for love of Ganymede who coming to her cottage rebuked her for her folly and willed her that she should be more merciful to Montanus, who was there. "I am glad (quoth Ganymede) you looke into your owne faults, and see where your shooe wrings you, measuring now the paines of Montanus by your owne passions." 'Truth,' quoth Phoebe, 'and so deeply I repent me of my frowardnesse toward the Shepheard, that could I cease to loue Ganimed, I would resolue to like Montanus.' 'What if I can with reason perswade Phoebe to mislike of Ganime, will she then fauour Montanus?' 'When reason (quoth she) doth quench that loue that I owe to thee, then will I fancie him: conditionallie, that if my loue can bee supprest with no reason, as beeing without reason, Ganime wil onely wed himselfe to Phoebe.' 'I graunt it faire Shepheardesse,' quoth he: 'and to feede thee with the sweetnesse of hope, this resolue on: I will neuer marrie my selfe to woman but vnto thy selfe': and with that Ganime gaue Phoebe a kisse & such words of comfort, that before Ganime departed she arose and made him and Montanus such cheere, as could be found in such a Countrey cottage. Ganime in the midst of their banquet rehearsing the promises of either in Montanus fauour, which highly pleased the Shephearde. Thus all three content, and soothed vp in hope, Ganime tooke his leaue of his Phoebe & departed, leaving her a contented woman and Montanus highly pleased."

"I can do strange things."  Scene 2.  ll. 48—70.

26. And as Ganymede went homeward across the Forest-lawns he encountered the lovers Aliena and Saladyne, and Rosader too, and "saluted them all, and especially Rosader, saying that hee was glad to see him so well recouered of his wounds. 'I had not gone abroade so soone,' quoth Rosader, 'but that I am bidden to a marriage, which on Sunday next must bee solempnized betweene my brother and Aliena. I see well where Loue leads delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serues, where both the parties are willing.' 'Truth,' quoth Ganime: 'but a happie day should it be, if Rosader that day

1 feel towards.  2 love.  3 on the condition that.  4 be sure of this.  5 repeating.  6 both.
might be married to Rosalynde.' 'Ah good Ganimede (quoth he) by naming Rosalynde renewe not my sorrowes: for the thought of her perfections, is the thrall of my miseries.' 'Tush, bee of good cheere man,' quoth Ganimede, 'I haue a friend that is deeply experienst in Negromancie and Magicke, what arte can doo shall bee acted for thine advantage: I will cause him to bring in Rosalynde, if either France or anie bordering Nation harbour her; and vpon that take the faith of a young Shepheard.' Aliena smilde to see how Rosader frownde, thinking that Ganimede had iested with him.... Thus they past away the day in chat, and when the Sunne began to set, they tooke their leaues and departed: Aliena providing for their marriage day such solemne cheere and handsome roabes as fitted their countrey estate, & yet somewhat the better, in that Rosader had promised to bring Gerismond thether\(^1\) as a guest. Ganimede (who then meant to discouer her selfe before her father) had made her a gowne of greene, and a kirtle\(^2\) of the finest sendall\(^3\), in such sort that\(^4\) she seemed some heauenly Nymph harboured\(^5\) in Countrey attire.

Saladyne was not behind in care to set out the nuptials, nor Rosader vnmindfull to bid guests, who inuited Gerismond and all his Followers to the Feast; who willinglye graunted; so that there was nothing but the daye wanting to this marriage. In the meane while, Phoebe being a bidden guest, made her selfe as gorgeous as might be to please the eye of Ganimede; and Montanus suted himselfe with the cost of many of his flocks to be gallant\(^6\) against\(^7\) that day; for then was Ganimede to giue Phoebe an answere of her loues, and Montanus either to heare the doome of his miserie, or the censure of his happinesse. In these humours the weeke went away, that\(^8\) at last Sundaye came.''

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**The Wedding-morn.** Scene 4.

27. "Thether repaired Phoebe with all the maides of the forrest to set out the bride in the most seemeliest sort\(^9\) that might be: but howsoeuer she helpt to pranke\(^10\) out Aliena, yet her eye was still\(^11\) on Ganimede, who was so neate in a sute of gray, that he seemed Endymion when hee won Luna with his lookes, or Paris when he plaide the Swaine to get the beautie of the Nymph Oenone. Ganimede

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\(^1\) thither. \(^2\) petticoat. \(^3\) rich silk. \(^4\) so that. \(^5\) clad. \(^6\) smart. 
\(^7\) when the day should come. \(^8\) so that. \(^9\) way. \(^10\) array, adorn. 
\(^11\) constantly, ever.
like a prettie Page waited on his Mistresse Aliena, and overlooke\textsuperscript{1} that al was in a readinesse against the Bridegroome Saladyne shoulde come. Who attired in a Forresters sute came accompanied with Gerismond and his brother Rosader early in the morning; where arrived, they were solemnly entertained by Aliena and the rest of the Countrey Swaines, Gerismond verie highly commending the fortunate choyce of Saladyne, in that he had chosen a Shepheardesse, whose vertues appeared in her outward beauties, being no lesse faire than seeming modest.

Ganimede comming in and seeing her Father began to blush, Nature working affects\textsuperscript{2} by her secret effects: scarce could she abstaine from teares to see her Father in so lowe fortunes: he that was wont to sit in his royall Pallaice, attended on by twelue noble peeres, now to be contented with a simple Cottage, and a troupe of reveelling Woodmen for his traine. The consideration of his fall, made Ganimede full of sorrowes: yet that shee might triumph ouer Fortune with patience, and not anie way dash\textsuperscript{3} that merrie day with her dumpes, shee smothered her melancholy with a shaddow\textsuperscript{4} of mirth: and verie reuerently welcomed the King, not according to his former degree, but to his present estate, with such diligence, as Gerismond began to commend the Page for his exquisite person, and excellent qualities.

As thus the King with his Forresters frolickt it among the shepheards, Coridon came in with a faire mazer full of Sidar\textsuperscript{5}, and presented it to Gerismond with such a clownish salute, that he began to smile, and tooke it of the old shepheard verie kindly, drinking to Aliena and the rest of her faire maides, amongst whom Phoebe was the foremost. Aliena pledged the King, and drunke to Rosader: so the carrowse went round from him to Phoebe, &c. As they were thus drinking and readie to goe to Church, came in Montanus apparailed all in tawney\textsuperscript{6}, to signifie that he was forsaken; on his head he wore a garland of willowe\textsuperscript{7}, his bottle hanged by his side whereon was painted despaire, and on his sheephooke hung two sonnets as labels\textsuperscript{8} of his loues & fortunes.

Thus attired came Montanus in, with his face as full of griefe, as his heart was of sorrowes, shewing in his countenance the map\textsuperscript{9} of extremities. Assoone as the Shepheards saw him, they did him all the honour they could, as being the flower of all the Swaines in Arden: for

\textsuperscript{1} saw.  \textsuperscript{2} deeply stirring her. \textsuperscript{3} damp, mar. \textsuperscript{4} pretence. \textsuperscript{5} a large bowl of cider. \textsuperscript{6} dark yellow. \textsuperscript{7} the emblem of rejected love. \textsuperscript{8} symbols. \textsuperscript{9} the very picture of despair.
a bonnier boy was there not seene since the wanton Wag\textsuperscript{1} of Troy that kept sheep in Ida. He seeing the king, and gessing it to be Gerismond, did him all the reverence his countrey curtesie could affoord. Insomuch that the King wondering at his attire, began to question what he was. Montanus overhearing him made replie," telling all the tale of Phebe's cruelty and her passion for Ganymede.

"Some lively touches of my daughter's favour."

28. "Gerismond desirous to prosecute the ende\textsuperscript{2} of these passions, called in Ganymede: who knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the Christall of his face with a ruddie brightnesse. The King noting well the phisnomy of Ganymede, began by his fauours to cal to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader that was passing\textsuperscript{3} familiar with Gerismond, demanded\textsuperscript{4} of him why he sighed so sore? 'Because Rosader (quoth hee) the fauour of Ganymede puts mee in minde of Rosalynde.' At this word, Rosader sight\textsuperscript{5} so deeply as though his heart would haue burst. 'And what's the matter (quoth Gerismond) that you quite\textsuperscript{6} mee with such a sigh?' 'Pardon mee sir (quoth Rosader) because I loue none but Rosalynd.' 'And vpon that condition\textsuperscript{7} (quoth Gerismond) that Rosalynd were here, I would this day make vp a marriage betwixt her and thee.' At this Aliena turnd her head and smilde vpon Ganymede, and shee could scarce keep countenance. Yet shee salued\textsuperscript{8} all with secrecie, and Gerismond to druide away such dumpes, questioned with Ganymede, what the reason was he regarded not Phoebes loue, seeing she was as faire as the wanton\textsuperscript{9} that brought Troy to ruine. Ganymede mildly answered, 'If I shuld affect\textsuperscript{10} the fair Phoebe, I should offer poore Montanus great wrong to winne that from him in a moment, that hee hath labored for so many monthes. Yet haue I promised to the bewtiful shepheardesse, to wed my selfe neuer to woman except vnto her: but with this promise, y\textsuperscript{4} if I can by reason suppress Phoebes loue towards me, she shall like of none but of Montanus.' 'To y\textsuperscript{4},' quoth Phoebe, 'I stand, for my loue is so far beyond reason, as it wil admit no persuasion of reason.' 'For iustice,' quoth he, 'I appeale to Gerismond': 'and to his censure\textsuperscript{11} wil I stand,' quoth Phoebe. 'And in your victory,' quoth Montanus, 'stands the hazard of my fortunes: for if

\begin{itemize}
  \item \textsuperscript{1} Paris.
  \item \textsuperscript{2} to get to the bottom of the whole story.
  \item \textsuperscript{3} very.
  \item \textsuperscript{4} asked.
  \item \textsuperscript{5} sighed.
  \item \textsuperscript{6} reply to me.
  \item \textsuperscript{7} if only.
  \item \textsuperscript{8} remedied.
  \item \textsuperscript{9} Helen of Troy.
  \item \textsuperscript{10} care for.
  \item \textsuperscript{11} judgment, decision.
\end{itemize}
Ganymede go away with conquest, Montanus is in conceit loues Monarch, if Phoebe winne, then am I in effect most miserable.' 'We will see this controuersie,' quoth Gerismond, ' & then we will to church: therefore Ganymede let vs heare your argument.' 'Nay, pardon my absence a while (quoth shee) and you shall see one in store.' In went Ganymede, and drest herself in womans attire, hauing on a gowne of greene, with kirtle of rich sandall, so quaint\(^1\), that she seemed Diana triumphing in the Forrest: vpon her head she wore a chaplet of Roses, which gave her such a grace, \(^2\) she looked like Flora pearkt\(^3\) in the pride of all hir floures. Thus attired came Rosalind in, & presented her self at her fathers feete, with her eyes full of teares, crauing his blessing, and discoursing vnto him all her fortunes, how shee was banished by Torismond, and how euer since she lived in that country disguised.'

"Here's six that must take hands."

29. "Gerismond seeing his daughter, rose from his seat & fel vpon her necke, vtering the passions of his ioy in watry plaints druien into such an extasie of content, that hee could not vutter one word. At this sight, if Rosader was both amazed & ioyfull, I refer my selfe to the judgement of such as haue experience in loue, seeing his Rosalynd before his face whom so long and deeply he had affect\(^3\). At last Gerismond recovered his spirites, and in most fatherly tearmes entertained\(^4\) his daughter Rosalynd, after many questions demanding of her what had past betweene her and Rosader. 'So much sir (quoth she) as there wants nothing but your Grace to make vp the marriage.' 'Why then (quoth Gerismond) Rosader take her, shee is thine, and let this day solemnize both thy brothers and thy nuptials?'; Rosader beyond measure content, humbly thanked the king, & imbraced his Rosalynde, who turning to Phoebe, demanded if she had shewn sufficient reason to supresse the force of her loues. 'Yea,' quoth Phoebe, '& so great a perswasuie, that if it please you Madame and Aliena to give vs leave, Montanus and I will make this day the thirde couple in marriage.' She had no sooner spake this word, but Montanus threw away his garland of willow, his bottle, where was painted dispare, & cast his sonnets in the fire, shewing himselfe as frolicke\(^5\) as Paris. At this Gerismond and the rest smiled, and concluded that Montanus and Phoebe should keepe their wedding with the two brethren. Aliena

\(^1\) dainty. \(^2\) decked. \(^3\) loved. \(^4\) welcomed. \(^5\) merry.
seeing Saladyne stand in a dumpe, to wake him from his dreame began thus. 'Why how now my Saladyne, all a mort, what melancholy man at the day of marriage? perchaunce thou art sorrowfull to thinke on thy brothers high fortunes, and thyne owne base desires to chuse so meane a shepheardize. Cheare vp thy heart man, for this day thou shalt bee married to the daughter of a King: for know Saladyne, I am not Aliena, but Alinda the daughter of thy mortal enemie Torismond.' At this all the company was amazed, especially Gerismond, who rising vp, tooke Alinda in his arms, and said to Rosalynd: 'is this that faire Alinda famous for so many vertues, that forsoke her fathers court to liue with thee exilde in the country?' 'The same,' quoth Rosalynde. 'Then,' quoth Gerismond, turning to Saladine, 'lolly Forrester be frolick, for thy fortunes are great, & thy desires excellent, thou hast got a princesse as famous for her perfection, as exceeding in proportion.' 'And she hath with her beauty won (quoth Saladyne) an humble seruant, as full of faith, as she of amiable fauour.' While euery one was amazed with these Comicall euentes, Coridon came skipping in, & told them that the Priest was at Church and tarried for their comming. With that Gerismond led the way, & the rest followed, where to the admiration of all the countrey swains in Arden, their mariage were solemnly solemnized. As soone as the Priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made all things in readiness. Dinner was provided, & the tables being spread, and the Brides set downe by Gerismond, Rosader, Saladyne, & Montanus that day were seruitors: homely cheare they had, such as their country could affoord: but to mend their fare they had mickle good chat, and many discourses of their loues and fortunes. About mid dinner, to make them mery Coridon came in with an old crowd, and plaid them a fit of mirth, to which he sung a pleasant song.'

Enter "the Second Son."

30. "As they were in the midst of all their iollitie, word was brought in to Saladyne and Rosader, that a brother of theirs, one Fernandyne was arriued, and desired to speake with them. Gerismond ouer hearing this newes, demaunded who it was? 'It is sir (quoth Rosader) our middle brother, that lyues a Scholler in Paris: but what fortune hath driuen him to seek vs out I know not.' With that Saladyne went and met his brother, whom he welcommmed with all

1 all in the dumps.  2 beauty of figure.  3 much.  4 fiddle.  5 a merry tune.
curtesie, and Rosader gaue him no lesse friendly entertainment: brought hee was by his two brothers into the parlour where they al sate at dinner. Fernandyne as one that knewe as manic manners as he could points of sophistrie, & was aswell brought vp as well lettered, saluted them all. But when hee espied Gerismond, kneeling on his knee he did him what reuerence belonged to his estate: and with that burst foorth into speaches”; telling how the Twelve Peers of France were up in arms to recover the crown for their true King, and how Torismond was nigh at hand with an army to quell them. Thereon Gerismond with Rosader and Saladyne armed himself and rode in haste to where the battle was already joined. Torismond was slain and his army put to flight; Saladyne and Rosader doing deeds worthy of that valiant knight Sir John of Bordeaux their sire. “The Peeres then gathered themselues together, and saluting Gerismond their king, conducted him royallie into Paris, where he was receiued with great joy of all the citizens. Assoone as all was quiet and he had receiued againe the Crowne, hee sent for Alinda and Rosalynde to the Court, Alinda being verie passionate\(^1\) for the death of her father: yet brooking it with the more patience, in that she was contented with the welfare of her Saladyne. Well, assoone as they were come to Paris, Gerismond made a royall Feast for the Peeres and Lords of his Lande, which continued thirtie dayes, in which time summoning a Parliament, by the consent of his Nobles he created Rosader heire apparant to the kingdom, he restored Saladyne to all his fathers lande, and gaue him the Dukedome of Nameurs, he made Fernandyne principall Secretarie to himselfe: and that Fortune might euerie way seeme frolick, he made Montanus Lord ouer all the Forrest of Arden: Adam Spencer Captaine of the Kings Gard, and Coridon Master of Alindas Flocks.”

“\(^{31}\) As You Like It.”

31. “Here Gentlemen may you see in Euphues golden Legacie, that such as neglect their fathers precepts, incurre much preiudice; that diuision in Nature as it is a blemish in nurture, so tis a breach of good fortunes; that vertue is not measured by birth but by action; that yonger bretheren though inferiour in yeares, yet may be superiour to honours: that concord is the sweetest conclusion, and amitie betwixt brothers more forceable than fortune. If you gather any frutes by this Legacie, speake well of Euphues for writing it, and me for fetching it.”

\(^{1}\) much grieved.
I. Regular Type of Blank Verse.

Blank verse\(^1\) consists of unrhymed lines, each of which, if constructed according to the regular type, contains five feet, each foot being composed of two syllables and having a strong stress or accent on the second syllable, so that each line has five strong stresses, falling respectively on the even syllables, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Here is an example from *As You Like It*:

"With eyes | sevēre | and beard | of formal cut" (II. 7. 154).

The rhythm of a line like this is a "rising" rhythm.

Blank verse prior to Marlowe, the great Elizabethan dramatist whose work influenced Shakespeare, was modelled strictly on this type. Further, this early blank verse was what is termed "end-stopt": that is to say, there was almost always some pause, however slight, in the sense, and consequently in the rhythm, at the close of each line; while the couplet was normally the limit of the sense. As an example of this "end-stopt," strictly regular verse, take the following extract from the first play written in blank verse, viz. the tragedy called *Gorboduc* (1561):

"Why should I live and linger forth my time,
In longer life to double my distress?
O me most woeful wight! whom no mishap
Long ere this day could have bereaved hence:
Mought not these hands by fortune or by fate
Have pierced this breast, and life with iron reft?"

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1 The metre is sometimes called 'iambic pentameter verse,' but this and other terms and the symbols of Greek prosody should be avoided, since classical metres, Greek and Latin, are based on a different principle from English prosody. The basis of classical metre is the "quantity" of syllables, and this is represented by the symbols \(-\) (long syllable) and \(\sim\) (short). The basis of English metre is stress or accent (i.e. the stress laid by the voice on a syllable in pronouncing it); and stress should be represented by the symbols ' (strong stress) and ` (weak).
If the whole of *As You Like It* were written in verse of this kind the effect, obviously, would be intolerably monotonous. Blank verse before Marlowe was intolerably monotonous, and in an especial degree unsuited to the drama, which with its varying situations and moods needs a varied medium of expression more than any other kind of poetry. Marlowe's great service to metre, carried further by Shakespeare, was to introduce variations into the existing type of the blank decasyllabic measure. In fact, analysis of the blank verse of any writer really resolves itself into a study of his modifications of the "end-stopped" regular type.

II. Shakespeare's Variations of the Regular Type.

The chief variations found in Shakespeare (some of them often combined in the same line) are these:

1. *Weak stresses.* As we read a passage of blank verse our ear tells us that the stresses or accents are not always of the same weight in all the five feet of each line. Thus in the line

   "And chir|lish chijding of | the win|ter's wind" (II. 1. 7)

we feel at once that the stress in the 3rd foot is not equal to that which comes in the other feet. A light stress like this is commonly called a "weak stress." Two weak stresses may occur in the same line—rarely together. The favourite place for a weak stress is the last foot, and the use of weak stresses at the end of a line increases in Shakespeare's blank verse, the tendency of which (as we shall see) is more and more to let the sense and rhythm "run on" from line to line. It is perhaps with prepositions that the weak stress, in any foot, occurs most frequently. Here are lines with weak stresses:

   "And, on | my life, | his má|lice 'gainst | the lá|dy
   Will súd|denly | break fórth. | Sir, fáre | you wéll"

   (I. 2. 260, 261).

   "The bón|ny prí|ser of | the hú|m'rous dú|ke" (II. 3. 8).

   "Are mére | usú|pers, tý|rants and | what's wórse" (II. 1. 61).

   "Good sír, | I dó | in friénd|ship coú|sel you
   To l’éave | this pláce" (I. 2. 239, 240).

   "And háv|ling thát, | do chóke | their sér|vice úp
   E’én with | the háv|ling (II. 3. 61, 62).

It may not be amiss to remind the young student that in reading a passage of Shakespeare aloud he should be careful to give the weak
stresses as weak, i.e. not lay the same emphasis indiscriminately on all
the stressed syllables.

2. Inverted stresses\(^1\). The strong stress may fall on the first of
the two syllables that form a foot—as in

“Firm and | irré vocâble is | my doóm” (I. 3. 79).
“Swéet are | the úses òf | advér sity” (II. 1. 12).
“Sémons | in stônes | and goód | in év’ry thing” (II. 1. 17).
“Like fóg|gy soùth, | pußing | with wind | and raín” (III. 5. 48).
“Yeá, and | of this | our life; | sweáring | that wé” (II. 1. 60).

Inversion of the stress is most frequent after a pause: hence the
foot in which it occurs most often is the first (i.e. after the pause at the
end of the preceding line). There may be two inversions in one line,
as the last two of the examples show; but they are seldom consecutive.
This shifting of the stress *emphasises* a word. It also varies the
regular “rising rhythm” of the normal blank verse by a “falling
rhythm.”

3. Extra syllables. Instead of ten syllables a line may contain
eleven or even twelve. An extra syllable, unstressed, may occur at
any point in the line before or after a pause: hence it is commonest
in the last foot (the end of a line being the commonest place for a
pause), and frequent about the middle of a line (where there is often a
break in the sense or rhythm). Compare

“But cóme | thy way’s; | we’ll gó | alóng | togeth|er” (II. 3. 66).
“Hére’s a | young maid | with trá|vel múch | opprés’s’d,
And fáints | for súc(cour). |
Fair sír, | I pílly hér” (II. 4. 68, 69).

“Néver | so múch | as in | a thóught | unbórñ
Did Í | offénd | your high(ness). |

Thús do | all tra|tors”

(I. 3. 47; 48).

“And wé | will ménd | thy wá(ges). | I líke | this pláce”

(II. 4. 88).

“Jéalous | in hón(our), | súdden | and quíck | in quár|rel”

(II. 7. 150).

“If thou | remém|ber’st nót | the slíght|est fól|ly” (II. 4. 31).

\(^1\) Cf. Mr Robert Bridges’s work, *Milton’s Prosody*, pp. 19—21, where Milton’s
use of inversions is fully analysed and illustrated in a way that helps the study of
Shakespeare’s inversions.
An extra syllable, unstressed\(^1\), at the end of a line, as in the first and last of these examples, is variously called a “double ending” and a “feminine ending.” The use of the “double ending” becomes increasingly frequent as Shakespeare’s blank verse grows more complex. “Double endings” increase\(^2\) from 4 per cent. in *Love’s Labour’s Lost* to 33 in *The Tempest*, middle plays having a percentage of about 18. The percentage of “double endings” is therefore one of the chief of the metrical tests which help us to fix the date of a play. In fact the use of “double endings” is the commonest of Shakespeare’s variations of the normal blank verse. The extra syllable at the end of a line not only gives variety by breaking the regular movement of the ten-syllabled lines, but also, where there is no pause after it, carries on the sense and rhythm to the next line.

Sometimes two extra syllables occur at the end—less commonly, in the middle—of a line. See III. 5. 47, and cf. *The Tempest*, v. i. 234:

“*And móre | dívérístý | of souínds, | all hóríble.*”

4. *Unstopt* (or *Run-on*) verse. The blank verse of Shakespeare’s early plays shows clearly the influence of the rhymed couplet which he had used so much in his very earliest work. In his early blank verse the rhyme indeed is gone, but the couplet form remains, with its frequent pause of sense and consequently of rhythm at the end of the first line, and its still more frequent stop at the end of the second. Lines of this type mark only the first step in the evolution of blank verse: freedom in the expression of sense and varied rhythm are still absent; and freedom and variety come only when the sense “runs on” from one line to another.

If at the end of a line there is any pause in the sense, however slight—such a pause for instance as is marked with a comma—the line is termed “end-stopt.” If there is no pause in the sense at the end of the line it is termed “unstopt” or “run-on.” There is a progressive increase of “unstopt” verse in the plays. The proportion of “unstopt” to “end-stopt” lines is in *Love’s Labour’s Lost* only 1 in 18 (approximately); in *The Winter’s Tale* it is about 1 in 2. The amount, therefore, of “unstopt” verse in a play is another of the metrical tests by which the period of its composition may be, to some extent, inferred.

\(^1\) An extra syllable that bears or would naturally bear a stress is rare in Shakespeare. The use of such syllables at the end of a line is a feature of Fletcher’s verse, and the frequent occurrence of them in *Henry VIII*. one of the metrical arguments that he wrote a good deal of that play. Milton has one or two instances in *Comus*; cf. 633, “Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this (soft).”

\(^2\) The metrical statistics in these “Hints” are taken from various sources.
The rhythm of a line depends greatly on the sense: where there is any pause in the sense there must be a pause in the rhythm. The great merit of "unstopt" blank verse is that the sense by overflowing\(^1\) into the next line tends to carry the rhythm with it, and thus the pauses in the rhythm or time of the verse, instead of coming always at the end, come in other parts of the line.

5. A Syllable slurred. "Provided there be only one accented syllable, there may be more than two syllables in any foot. 'It is he' is as much a foot as 'tis he'; 'we will serve' as 'we'll serve'; 'it is over' as 'tis o'er.'

Naturally it is among pronouns and the auxiliary verbs that we must look for unemphatic syllables in the Shakespearian verse. Sometimes the unemphatic nature of the syllable is indicated by a contraction in the spelling. Often, however, syllables may be dropped or slurred in sound, though they are expressed to the sight" (Abbott).

This principle that two unstressed syllables may go in the same foot with one stressed syllable is very important because feet so composed have a rapid, almost trisyllable effect which tends much to vary the normal line. This licence is specially characteristic of the later plays. See II. 7. 12, 95, IV. 3. 97; and compare

"Bút that | the séa, | monting | to the\(^2\) wél'kin's chéek"

(The Tempest, I. 2. 4).

"And héré | was léft | by the sail'ors. Thou, | my slávé"

(The Tempest, I. 2. 270).

"Him that | you tém'd, sir, | 'The goód | old lórd, | Gonzálo'"

(The Tempest, V. 1. 15).

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1 The overflow is helped by the use of "light" and "weak" endings to a line. "Light endings" are monosyllables on which "the voice can to a small extent dwell": such as the parts of the auxiliary verbs, be, have, will, shall, can, ó; pronouns like I, we, thou, you, he, she, they, who, which etc.; and conjunctions such as when, where, while. "Weak endings" are those monosyllables over which the voice passes with practically no stress at all—e.g. the prepositions at, by, for, from, in, of, on, to, with; also and, but, if, nor, or, than, that: all words which go very closely with what follows and therefore link the end of one line with the beginning of the next. The use of these endings belongs to the later plays. "Light endings" are first numerous (21) in Macbeth (1606), and "weak endings" (28) in Antony and Cleopatra (1608). Some of the early plays have neither "light endings" nor "weak." Some have a very few "light endings." Of "weak endings" no play has more than two up till Antony and Cleopatra. The proportion of these endings—"light" and "weak"—is therefore another of the metrical tests applied to the later plays (Ingram).

2 Sometimes in such cases the Folio prints th', showing that the word was meant to be slurred (Abbott).
“My Ré__gan coún|sels well: | cóme out | o’ the stór|m”  
(Lear, II. 4. 312).

“I’ the lást | night’s stór|m | I súch | a fél|low sáw”  
(Lear, IV. 1. 34).

“Let me sée, | let me sée; | is not | the leaf | turn’d dówn?”  
(Julius Cæsar, IV. 3. 273):

similar to which is As You Like It, II. 7. 82:

“There then; | how then? | what then? | Let me sée | whérein.”

6. A Syllable omitted. As a line may contain an extra unstressed syllable, so it may, conversely, lack an unstressed syllable, after a pause. This variation occurs oftenest in the first foot. An instance, I think, is

“Thén | the whì|ning schoól|boy with | his sá|tch|el”  
(II. 7. 144—see the note there).

7. A Stress omitted. There may be only four stresses where there is any pause or interruption in a line, e.g.

“I have | more cause. |  
Thou hást | not coús|in —” (I. 3. 89).

“Lìke a | ripe sís|ter: — | the wóm|an lów” (IV. 3. 87).

Sometimes a gesture, movement, or entrance of another character may be supposed to fill the blank. Thus Oliver may be supposed to turn from Rosalind to Celia.

8. A Foot omitted. An extension of 6 and 7 is the omission of a whole foot where there is a strong pause, e.g.

“a pál|try | ríng  
That shé | did give, | — | whose pó|sy wás”  
(The Merchant of Venice, V. I. 147, 148).

9. Lines of irregular length. Shakespeare uses lines of three feet often (I. 2. 234, 267; I. 3. 62, 102; II. 7. 11, 69 etc.); less frequently, lines of two feet (II. 7. 35; IV. 3. 82), especially to break the course of some passionate speech (II. 4. 33, 36); half-lines occasionally (III. 5. 86, 136); brief questions and exclamations, which metrically need not count; and rarely lines with six stresses, i.e. Alexandrines¹ (the type of verse which ends each stanza in The Faerie Queene).

There is, I think, no genuine Alexandrine in As You Like It. There are several lines which look like Alexandrines (“apparent Alexandrines,”

¹ So called either from Alexandre Paris, an old French poet, or from the Roman d’Alexandre, a 12th century poem about Alexander the Great, written in rhymed lines of six feet, in couplets. It is the metre of French tragedy (e.g. of the tragedies of Racine and Corneille).
as Abbott calls them) but which on examination are found not to have six unmistakable stresses. Thus in each of the following lines one syllable or more can be slurred or treated as extra-metrical.

(a) “Shall we | go, cóz? |
Ay. Fare | you well, | fair gén|l’mán1”
(I. 2. 226).

(b) “I cán | not spéak | to hér, | yet shé | urg’d cón|f’rence”
(I. 2. 236).

(c) “The flúx | of cóm(pany): | anón, | a cáre|less hér’d”
(II. 1. 52).

(d) “This is | no pláce; | this house | is bút | a bút|ch’ry”
(II. 3. 27).

(e) “That lóv’d | your fáth(ér): | the rés’|due of | your fór|tune”
(III. 7. 195).

(f) “In bit|ténéss. | The cóm|mon é|x|cu|tioner2”
(III. 5. 3).

(g) “I sée | no móre | in yoú | than in | the órd|n’ry”
(III. 5. 40).

(h) “You foól|ish shép|herd, whéré|fore dó | you fó|l|low her”
(III. 5. 47).

(i) “Than thát | mix’d in | his chéek; | ’twas jút | the díff’|rence”
(III. 5. 119).

(j) “And hé | did rén|der hím | the móst | unná|t’ral”
(IV. 3. 122).

Again, some seemingly six-foot lines are really “trimeter couplets”:
that is, “couplets of two verses of three accents each...often thus printed
as two separate short verses in the Folio....Shakespeare seems to have
used this metre mostly for rapid dialogue and retort, and in comic and
the lighter kind of serious, poetry” (Abbott). Cf. II. 1. 49, 68, II. 7. 87,
III. 5. 71, IV. 3. 25 (noting the context in each case).

These, then, are the chief modes by which Shakespeare diversifies
the structure of regular blank verse. The first five are by far the most
important; every student should grasp them thoroughly, and observe
the illustrations of them that occur in any play (especially the later plays)
that he may be studying.

1 In this and similar cases, such as (b), (d), the symbol ’ is intended to show
that a vowel is ignored in the scansion, though heard more or less in pronunciation.
There is no means of marking the different degrees of slurring: thus, conf’rence
represents with fair accuracy the pronunciation which must be given to conference in
line (b), whereas res’due in line (e) would over-emphasise the slurring sound required
in residue.

2 Slurred into something like execú-shner.
And he must, of course, remember that scansion depends much on the way in which a writer abbreviates or lengthens sounds, as the metre requires.

Abbreviation comprises all the cases in which a syllable does not count metrically—whether it be elided ¹, contracted, or slurred ². Many abbreviations belong to everyday speech, others to poetical usage.

Of lengthening of sounds the most important example is the scansion of a monosyllable as a whole foot ³.

For full details the student must refer to the standard authority, viz. Dr Abbott’s *Shakespearian Grammar*, pp. 344—387.

### III. Accent.

The accentuation of some words differs in Elizabethan and in modern English. The influence of the Latin words ⁴ from which they came still affected a good many words when Shakespeare wrote.

Instances that occur in *As You Like It* are

‘aspect’ (see the Glossary), ‘compact’ (II. 7. 5, v. 4. 5), ‘exile’ (II. i. 1, v. 4. 161), ‘subject’ (II. 3. 36), ‘persever’ (v. 2. 4).

Also ⁵, there is an important class of disyllabic words—adjectives and participles—like ‘obscure,’ ‘extreme,’ ‘complete,’ ‘forlorn,’ in which the accent is variable in Shakespeare and Milton. Normally accented on the second syllable, they throw the accent on to the previous syllable when they are followed immediately by a stressed syllable, e.g. a monosyllable like *grave*. Cf.

“Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry’s blood”

\[(2\text{ Henry VI. IV. i. 50)}\];

and

“A little little grave, an obscure grave”

\[(Richard II. III. 3. 154).\]

“Is yond despis’d and ruinous man my lord”

\[(Timon of Athens, IV. 3. 465)\];

and

“The pangs of despis’d love, the law’s delay”

\[(Hamlet, III. i. 72)\].

¹ Cf. “Sto’d on | é’|eXTRe’mest vérge” etc. (II. i. 42).
² Cf. the foot-notes on p. 239.
³ Cf. “Peace, | I say, | Good é|ven” etc. (II. 4. 63).
⁴ See Abbott, pp. 388—392.
⁵ Schmidt, *Shakespeare Lexikon*, pp. 1413—1415; Bridges, pp. 52—61.
Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 273,
   "Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift,"
and 421,
   "She that has that is clad in complete stée."

**IV. Shakespeare's use of Rhyme.**

In his early plays Shakespeare uses the rhymed couplet¹ very largely; but gradually the amount of rhyme declines, so that the proportion of rhymed couplets in a piece is one of the surest indications of the period to which it belongs.

Is there much rhyme? the play is early.
Is there little rhyme? the play is late.

"In *Love's Labour's Lost* there are about two rhymed lines to every one of blank verse. In *The Comedy of Errors* there are 380 rhymed lines to 1150 unrhymed. In *The Tempest* two rhymed lines occur; in *The Winter's Tale* not one" (Dowden).

In applying the rhyme test we must exclude the cases where there is a special reason for the use of rhyme. Thus the rhyme of the Masque in Act IV. of *The Tempest* has no bearing whatsoever on the date of the play, because Masques were usually written in rhymed measures. Similarly all songs such as we get in *As You Like It*, *The Tempest*, and *The Winter's Tale* must, of course, be excluded.

Let us consider for a moment the reasons which led Shakespeare to adopt blank verse and gradually abandon rhyme.

As a medium of dramatic expression blank verse, of the varied Shakespearian type, has these points of superiority over rhyme.

1. **Naturalness.** Rhyme is artificial. It reminds us, therefore,—perhaps I should say, never lets us forget—that the play is a play,—fiction and not reality—because in real life people do not converse in rhyme. Especially in moments of great emotion does rhyme destroy the illusion of reality: we cannot conceive of Lear raving at Goneril in rhymed couplets. Blank verse on the other hand has something of the naturalness of conversation, and naturalness is a very great help towards making fiction appear like truth.

2. **Freedom.** The necessity of rhyming imposes restraint upon a writer such as blank verse obviously does not involve, and often forces him to invert the order of words or even to use a less suitable word. The

¹ i.e. of five feet in each line; cf. i. 3. 132, 133.
rhythm too of the rhymed couplet tends strongly to confine the sense within the limits of the couplet, whereas in the blank verse of a skilful writer the sense "runs on" easily from line to line. In fact, in the rhymed couplet the verse is apt to dominate the sense; while in blank verse the sense finds unfettered expression. And so blank verse has not only something of the naturalness but also something of the freedom of conversation.

3. Variety. In a paragraph of rhymed couplets the pauses in the sense and therefore in the rhythm are monotonous. We constantly have a pause at the end of the first line and almost always a pause at the end of the second. With the uniformity of a passage composed in this form contrast the varied rhythms of such blank verse as that of The Tempest, where the pauses are distributed with ever-changing diversity of cadence.

Again, the rhyme of a long narrative poem when read, or of a short lyric when recited, has a pleasing effect; but in a long spell of spoken verse I think that the sound of rhyme, though at first agreeable to it, gradually tires the ear.

What rhyme we do get in Shakespeare's later plays is mainly at the end of a scene, when it serves to indicate the conclusion, and (less commonly) at the close of a long speech, when it forms a kind of climax. As to the former use (cf. I. 2. 265, 266, note) Dr Abbott says: "Rhyme was often used as an effective termination at the end of the scene. When the scenery was not changed, or the arrangements were so defective that the change was not easily perceptible, it was, perhaps, additionally desirable to mark that a scene was finished."

And just as rhyme often marks the close of a scene so it sometimes marks the close of a chapter in a man's career, and suggests farewell. A striking example of this use of rhyme occurs in As You Like It, II. 3. 67—76. Similarly in Richard II. II. 2. 142—149, the rhyme expresses the feeling of the King's favourites that their period of prosperity is over and they are parting for ever; while in v. 5. 110—119, it emphasises the tragedy of the close of Richard's life. Again, in King Lear (a comparatively late play, 1605—1606) the banished Kent is made to use rhyme in his leave-taking (I. 1. 183—190).

One other noticeable purpose of rhyme is found in plays as late as

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1 There was no movable scenery; the only outward indication of the locality intended was some stage 'property'—e.g. "a bed to signify a bed-chamber; a table with pens upon it to signify a counting-house; or a board bearing in large letters the name of the place"—Dowden.
Othello (about 1604) and Lear, viz. to express moralising reflections on life and give them a sententious, epigrammatic effect. Dowden instances Othello, i. 3. 202—219, and ii. i. 149—161. This use of rhyme is natural because proverbial wisdom so often takes a rhymed form. Maxims stick better in the memory when they are rhymed.

**V. Shakespeare’s use**¹ of Prose.

Shakespeare’s main uses of prose are illustrated fully in *As You Like It* (rather more than half the play being written in prose):

1. For parts where a conversational, rather than a tragic or poetical, effect is desired; 2. for comic scenes.

1. The former use is so frequent in *As You Like It* that it is needless to particularise. The transitions, however, from prose to verse and verse to prose in the same scene should be noticed. Thus in the second scene of the play prose gives way to verse at the point where the action takes a more serious turn in the usurping Duke’s speech to Orlando (i. 2. 202), the romantic incident of Rosalind’s offering him the necklace, and Le Beau’s warning. Similarly in the third scene prose is used at the outset where the two girls are chatting together in a bantering style, but verse at the entrance of the usurping Duke. Indeed, except for a few colloquial sentences at his first appearance (i. 2. 131—145), the usurping Duke, being from his position a tragic character, speaks only in verse; as does the exiled Duke, being a poetical character viewed solely in a poetical light.

Other examples of the transition from prose to verse at points where the appearance of another character on the scene introduces a serious or purely poetical element might be quoted; e.g. ii. 4. 17, iii. 4. 43, iv. 3. 6, where the introduction or mention of the pastoral episode of Silvius and Phebe is as a signal for prose to yield to verse. The alternations of prose and verse in the last scene of the play are very suggestive, and the reason in each case should be carefully considered.

2. Touchstone’s share illustrates the use of prose for comic parts. He is the comic character of the piece, and his speech is exclusively in prose².

¹ Strictly, it does not come under the heading “metre”; but it is convenient to treat the subject here. See Abbott, p. 429.
² Of course, his “rhyme” (iii. 2. 88—95) is no part of his normal “speech.”
Prose is commonly assigned to characters of humble position, e.g. servants. Audrey speaks only in prose; indeed, she "does not know what poetical is" (III. 3. 14, 15). By a beautiful touch the old servant Adam is made to use verse in that scene (II. 3) where his grandeur of loyalty and self-sacrifice obliterates all thought of mere rank and makes the situation essentially poetical.

Other uses of prose by Shakespeare, not found in As You Like It, are for letters, proclamations, etc., and occasionally (as though even blank verse were too artificial) for the expression of extreme emotion and mental derangement (cf. King Lear, III. 4).
HINTS ON SHAKESPEARE’S ENGLISH.

The following elementary hints are intended to remind young students of some simple but important facts which they are apt to forget when asked to explain points of grammar and idiom in Shakespeare’s English.

To begin with, avoid using the word “mistake” in connection with Shakespearian English. Do not speak of “Shakespeare’s mistakes.” In most cases the “mistake” will be yours, not his. Remember that things in his English which appear to us irregular may for the most part be explained by one of two principles:

(1) The difference between Elizabethan and modern English;
(2) The difference between spoken and written English.

(1) As to the former: what is considered bad English now may have been considered good English in Shakespeare’s time. Language must change in the space of 300 years. Elizabethan English, recollect, contains an element of Old English, i.e. inflected English that had case-endings for the nouns, terminations for the verbs, and the like. By the end of the 16th century most of these inflections had died out, but some survived, and the influence of the earlier inflected stage still affected the language. Often when we enquire into the history of some Elizabethan idiom which seems to us curious we find that it is a relic of an old usage. Let us take an example.

There are numerous cases in Shakespeare where a verb in the present tense has the inflection -s, though the subject is plural; cf. the following lines in Richard II. ii. 3. 4. 5:

“These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome.”
The verbs *draws* and *makes* appear to be singular; but probably each is plural, in agreement with its plural antecedents *hills* and *ways*; *s* = *es* being the plural inflection of the present tense used in the Northern dialect of Old English. In the Southern dialect the inflection was *eth*; in the Midland *en*. When Shakespeare was born all three forms were getting obsolete; but all three are found in his works, *eth*¹ and *en*² very rarely, *es* or *s* many times. His use of the last is a good illustration (a) of the difference³ between Shakespearian and modern English, (b) of one of the main causes of that difference—viz. the influence of a still earlier inflected English.

(2) A dramatist makes his characters speak, and tells his story through their mouths: he is not like a historian who writes the story in his own words. The English of a play which is meant to be spoken must not be judged by the same standard as the English of a History which is meant to be read. For consider how much more correct and regular in style a book usually is than a speech or a conversation. In speaking we begin a sentence one way and we may finish it in another, some fresh idea striking us or some interruption occurring. Speech is liable to constant changes, swift turns of thought; it leaves things out, supplying the omission, very likely, with a gesture; it often combines⁴ two forms of expression. But a writer can correct and polish his composition until all irregularities are removed. Spoken English therefore is less regular⁵ than written English; and it is to this very irregularity that Shakespeare’s plays owe something of their lifelike reality. If Shakespeare made his characters speak with the correctness of a copybook we should regard them as mere puppets, not as living beings.

Here is a passage taken from *Henry V*. (iv. 3. 34—36); suppose that comment on its “grammatical peculiarities” is required:

“That he which hath no stomach to this fight,

Let him depart.”

¹ Cf. *hath* and *doth* used as plurals. See Abbott, p. 237.
² Cf. *wax-en* in *A Midsummer-Night’s Dream*, ii. 1. 56: see G. to that play.
³ Another aspect of it is the free Elizabethan use of participial and adjectival terminations. Cf. “disputable,” ii. 5. 32; “unexpressive,” iii. 2. 10; “unquestionable,” iii. 2. 342; “ill-inhabited,” iii. 3. 7.
⁴ Cf. iii. 3. 17, 18.
⁵ Cf. i. 1. 149, 150; i. 2. 245; i. 3. 50; iii. 2. 284.
Two things strike us at once—"he which" and "That he...let him depart." "He which" is now bad English; then it was quite regular English. The student should say that the usage was correct in Elizabethan English, and give some illustration of it. The Prayer-Book will supply him with a very familiar one.

"That he...let him depart." A prose-writer would have finished with the regular sequence "may depart." But Henry V. is supposed to say the words; and at the moment he is deeply stirred. Emotion leads him to pass suddenly from indirect to direct speech. The conclusion, though less regular, is far more vivid. This brief passage therefore exemplifies the difference (a) between Elizabethan English and our own, (b) between spoken English and written. It is useful always to consider whether the one principle or the other can be applied.

Three general features of Shakespeare's English should be observed:

(1) its brevity,
(2) its emphasis,
(3) its tendency to interchange parts of speech.

Brevity: Shakespeare often uses terse, elliptical turns of expression. The following couplet is from Troilus and Cressida (i. 3. 287, 288):

"And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!"

Put fully, the second line would run, "That means not to be, hath not been, or is not in love." Cf. again Richard II. v. 5. 26, 27:

"Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,
That many have and others must sit there";

i.e. 'console themselves with the thought that many have sat there.'

This compactness of diction is very characteristic of Shakespeare. For note that the omission of the italicised words, while it shortens the form of expression, does not obscure the sense, since the words are easily supplied from the context. That is commonly the case with Shakespeare's ellipses or omissions: they combine brevity with clearness. Cf. the omission of the relative pronoun, a frequent and important ellipse, in i. 2. 123; III. 2. 328; IV. i. 77; II 5; V. i. 7.

Emphasis: common examples of this are the double negative (i. 2. 14, 15, 23; II. 3. 50; II. 4. 9; II. 7. 88; III. 5. 26; V. 4. 83, 120), and the double comparative or superlative (III. 2. 58).
Parts of speech interchanged: in Shakespearian English "almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech...You can 'happy' your friend, 'malice' or 'foot' your enemy, or 'fall' an axe on his neck" (Abbott). Cf. "natural," I. 2. 44; "reason," I. 2. 48; "velvet," II. 1. 50; "moral" (perhaps a verb), II. 7. 29; "remainder," II. 7. 39; "bubble," II. 7. 151; "she," III. 2. 10; "line," III. 2. 79; "fair," III. 2. 82; "little," III. 2. 123; "he," III. 2. 361; "ordinary," III. 5. 40; "passing," III. 5. 135; "vulgar," v. 1. 46; "incontinent," v. 2. 37; "nuptial," v. 2. 49; "seeming," v. 4. 67; "every," v. 4. 168.
I. INDEX OF WORDS AND PHRASES.

This List applies to the Notes only; words of which longer explanations are given will be found in the Glossary. The references are to the pages.

Abbreviations:  adj. = adjective.  adv. = adverb.  n. = noun.  trans. = transitive.  vb = verb.

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