THE BEN GREET SHAKESPEARE

FOR YOUNG READERS AND AMATEUR PLAYERS
TOUCHSTONE

"I'll rhyme you so eight years together"
The Ben Greet Shakespeare
For Young Readers and Amateur Players
As You Like It

Garden City, New York
Doubleday Page & Company
A FEW GENERAL RULES OR CUSTOMS OF ACTING

The letters R and L indicate the position of players on the stage facing the audience. R 1, L 1 are the entrances nearest the front. Go up means from the audience; go down is toward the audience. R C is the right side of the centre, — and so forth.

When the characters enter, the person speaking generally comes second.

Do not huddle together; do not stand in lines; and do not get in such angles that you cannot be seen by the sides of an audience.

Stand still — keep the leg nearest the audience back, gesticulate seldom and with the hand farthest from the audience. Do not point to your chest or heart when you say I, my and mine, nor to your neighbor when saying thou, thy, and thine, unless absolutely necessary.

Try to reverse the usual acting of the present day and eliminate the personal pronoun
as far as possible (Shakespeare does it all the time). Occasionally the pointing gesture is necessary — but seldom.

Do not try to say more than six words, or at most eight, in one breath. Careful punctuation and accent are harmonious and necessary. Whatever you do, sound the last two or three words of the line or sentence: dropping the voice is the worst fault of our best actors. Do not speak to your audience or at your audience, but with your fellow actors, remembering, of course, that you have invisible listeners, and that the last man in the house wants to hear and see.

Do not imitate our star actors. Try to be natural, spontaneous, and original. At the same time, keep control of yourself and your emotions. To appear to be, and not really to be the character you are acting, is, perhaps, the perfection of the art.

Don't fidget your hands and feet — forget them, and let them be where the good Lord has placed them.

These few hints will be useful for all plays. I shall give more intimate notes as we go along.
The diagrams show the positions, entrances, etc.

The plays are cut to the length of an ordinary performance. Lines can be restored or further cut, if desirable, always remembering that a play given on what we will always call the Shakespeare stage should be given more rapidly, with no pauses between scenes or between entrances and exits, and with possibly only one intermission (of perhaps five minutes), as near as possible halfway through; and most of the plays can be acted in their entirety in about three hours, some of them in much less time — one or two of them take much more. If we cannot quite reduce ours to the happy medium of two hours, we must get as near it as possible. It is better to send your friends away wanting more, than to have them go home yawning! This is a word to the wise.

As to stage setting, it can be done in lots of ways: with scenery, or with screens, or curtains, or in the open air. Strange as it may appear, the plays of Shakespeare are equally effective whichever way we may choose to give them. I imagine most good plays will bear that test.
RULES OR CUSTOMS OF ACTING

Remember that Shakespeare is the most perfect English. Do not imitate some of those professors, especially teachers of what is called Elocution and Expression, if by any chance they happen to pronounce it in up-to-date American or cockney British, or tell you it was conceived in any other brogue, accent, or pronunciation than the purest of pure English. There are a few mistakes in his plays, and some printer's errors, about which volumes have been written. Study the humanity, the heart, the English of Shakespeare, as of the Bible — those two wonderful Books of the same generation — the one splendidly revised and perfected by many scholars, the other produced in a state of nature and yet almost perfect — study them, my young friends, inwardly digest your Bible and outwardly demonstrate your Shakespeare: you will then start in life pretty well equipped.
The space between the footlights and drop or folding curtain can be reduced to any dimension.
AS YOU LIKE IT
**CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY**

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<td>Corin, Silvius, shepherds.</td>
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<td>usurper of his dominions.</td>
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<td>Touchstone, a clown.</td>
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^1^ Means “pause.”
I am presuming that the stage is a small one. These are general directions for all stages: at the back is the drop; about two or three feet from the wall we must avoid, as much as possible, having people walk behind, as it shakes the cloth. Therefore the farther forward the drop is, the better.

Three "wings" each side, three or four feet apart, are enough for any scene, and if there is any stage space to spare let it be from the footlights to the first wing. Try and have a stage cloth of light brown, an indefinite colour, which can remain all through the play. A few footlights and one or two "borders" are necessary. "Borders" are the overhead lights.

If the play is in the open air and on an natural stage much the same positions can be used. If it
ACT I

SCENE I. Orchard of Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam from L i, or they can be discovered.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou say'st, charg'd 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. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master your brother.
is on a built stage the exits and entrances must all be from one right, one left, and possibly one centre entrance, and regulated accordingly. If an Elizabethan setting, the position and business are same as open air stage.

First Scene — An Orchard.

The scene can be a plain wood, drop or front scene with or without a little house piece L. If you use house piece have a practicable door. In open air plays the scene is not changed. Pieces of rustic seats or stumps of trees are scattered around R C, L C, and up stage R. This scene and the next two scenes are often omitted in open air; play beginning with the banished Duke's entrance.

It is allowable to cut long speeches, as long as their meaning is not lost. Also a very slight alteration of scenes is justifiable where time and space are limited. This rule stands for all the plays.

Noblemen should always be followed as far as possible by one or two attendants. Royal personages by more.

1Puts his right hand on Orlando's left shoulder, then both hands.

2Puts his right hand on Oliver's chest and makes him kneel.
AS YOU LIKE IT

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

Enter Oliver with Dennis from R i.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

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

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

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

[Dennis goes off R.

DENNIS, OLIVER, ORLANDO, ADAM.

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

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

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me.


Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this. [Takes him by the throat.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains.
1Going to back of them as if to intercede.
2Let him go. Oliver rises with gesture of disgust, brushes himself down, etc.
3Goes to door of cottage L.
4Going toward door.
5Goes to R 1; turns toward C R.
Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

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

Oli. 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.

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

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam (who remains C). 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, affectionately, L r.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. (Turns and calls.) Holla, Dennis!
Notes about gesture, etc.—When there are no movement directions, it is always best for the performer to keep still. Use very few gestures, so that those that are necessary do not lose their effect. Do not emphasize pronouns, and never point to your chest to indicate a personal pronoun.

Notes about “make up”—Use very little; whatever you do, don’t paint your lips a dark red! A very little red — the natural colour — should be used. Do not blue or gray your eyelids or you will look like a parrot. Be careful of blue or green lights; they turn the red or brown make-up black.
Enter Dennis R 1.

Den. Calls your worship?
Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?
Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

[Exit Dennis L 1.

Oli. Call him in. 'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles R 1.

Cha. R. Good morrow to your worship.
Oli. L. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?
Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banish'd 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.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?
Cha. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her
cousin, so loves her, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her.

_Oli._ Where will the old Duke live?

_Cha._ 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._ (Coming to C.) What, you wrestle tomorrow before the new Duke?

_Cha._ 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 disguis'd against me to try a fall. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in.

_Oli._ Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace he will practise against thee by poison, entrap
Have the seat placed just behind the front drop; the sundial LC is ornamental, but not essential.

A seat for Duke Frederick on platform, or, if no platform, up stage RC.

The platform is not necessary; it makes the scene more important, and it can be used in the forest scenes, covered with green or brown baize or burlap.
AS YOU LIKE IT

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.

Cha. 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!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [Charles exits R i.] 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 school’d and yet learned, full of noble device, 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 R i.]

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1If there is a terrace they come from R and down steps. Rosalind comes first and Celia follows; they go L C.

Note A.—This is a splendid lesson in pronouns. As a general law do not emphasize the personal pronoun or make any gesture of pointing to yourself or others. It is bad manners, bad grammar, and bad art. This one speech is written as the exception to the rule.

2They walk about a little L C to L and then back to C. Then sit R C.
Scene II. Lawn before the Duke’s palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind, R C.\(^1\)

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

Ros. 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. (A)

Cel. Herein I see thou lov’st 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 had’st been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.\(^2\)

Cel. 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. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.
Note A.—In standing upon the stage always let the foot next to the audience be drawn back; also gesticulate when necessary with the hand farthest from the audience. But don’t gesticulate at all unless necessary.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. (Crosses R.) What think you of falling in love? (The rest can be spoken if desirable)

Cel. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter Le Beau and Touchstone from R C and down steps and bow elaborately, Rosalind R, Celia R C seated, Le Beau C, Touchstone L C.

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

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport. (See note A.)

Cel. Sport! of what colour?

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

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.

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

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

(Celia sits first — then Rosalind.)
1 Celia sighs and sits L of seat R C.
2 Rosalind sits R of seat R C.
Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons.¹

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, so he served the second, and so the third.² Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. L. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. C. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. 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. (Crosses to R C.)

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.
Trumpets heard off up L. Celia and Rosalind rise and curtsey to the Duke.

From L terrace or L 3, then come down to C. Orlando follows and goes L, with Dennis and other attendants, taking off jacket and shoes. Charles goes down R. The crowd disperse L side; two female attendants go down behind seat R; Duke goes up to seat on terrace C or up C.

Crosses to Orlando.

Flourish.¹ Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.²

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

Ros. R. Is yonder the man?
Le Beau. R C. Even he, madam.
Cel. R C. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. C. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?
Ros. R. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you; there is such odds in the man. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. R C. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I’ll not be by.

Le Beau.³ (calls.) Monsieur the challenger,⁴ the princess calls for you.

Orl. L C. I attend them with all respect and duty.
Ros. R C. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

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

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

Ros. R. 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.

Orl. L C. 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 foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, 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.
1Slight curtsey.
2Slight curtsey.

When the Duke speaks Rosalind and Celia resume their places on the seat R.

A: Charles is up R and has in the meantime taken off jacket, etc. If there are extras, let four soldiers come down with pikes or halberds, and stand each corner of stage as if to mark off a “ring.” Trumpets sound. There are three “rounds” of the wrestling. In the first two Orlando seems to get the worst of it. Celia and Rosalind speak after each round, so giving a short pause between. The crowd naturally get more excited; when Charles is thrown they break through, which causes the soldiers to step forward and surround Charles, who is thrown at the feet of the princesses.

3After first round.
4After second round.
Ros. R. The little strength that I have, I would it it were with you.

Cel. R C. And mine, to eke out hers.

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

Orl. L U. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. C. 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.

Orl. An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mock'd me before: but come your ways. [They wrestle: A—

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

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

Ros. O excellent young man!

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

[Wrestle the third time.

[Shouts. Charles is thrown.

Duke F. (rising.) No more, no more.
1Goes forward kneels over Charles.
2Pause, whilst Charles is carried by soldiers followed off L by crowd.
3Goes up steps to C off LU. Orlando goes up to finish his dressing, assisted by Dennis or some other young man friend. The princesses rise.
4Rosalind motions the waiting woman to go off R 2. Orlando, who is now fully dressed, goes down to L C.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Orl. L C. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breath'd.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege: the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. 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 pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou had'st told me of another father.

[Exeunt Duke Fred., Le Beau, etc. up L.

Cel. R C. 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 deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.
1. Orlando kneels.
2. Celia touches her on right arm; Orlando rises, curtsey.
3. Rosalind stops a moment as if a little shy, then goes a little to C.
4. Orlando remains R C till they go off.
5. Both curtsey again as they go off R i.

Note.—The curtsey or courtesy, was not a low one, like the later French curtsey, or court bow. It was a slight inclination of the head, the knees just bent. Shakespeare and the writers of his time are very insistent on court manners and court etiquette.

Observe the colons: they always seem to indicate some movement or stage business.

6. Orlando seems rooted to the ground, then goes slightly to R, as if looking after them.
Ros. Gentleman.

[Crosses to C, giving him a chain from her neck. Wear this for me,¹ one out of suits with fortune, That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.² Shall we go, coz?

Cel. R C. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. 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.

Ros. He calls us back³: I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir? Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?⁴

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.⁵

Orl.⁶ I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown! Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter Le Beau on platform L 3

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Pause. Orlando stops and turns R C; Le Beau comes down C.

Moves to C.

Le Beau goes quickly up the C steps.

Le Beau makes a bow not too elaborate and exits L 3. After his exit Orlando goes slowly to L, takes chain in his hand, sighs and exits.

Note.—It is customary for Celia to be slightly shorter than Rosalind, although the Folio has Celia the taller. Orlando, of course, refers to the Duke, the banished Duke. Le Beau, naturally as a courtier, mistakes his meaning. Hence the seeming mistake. But Shakespeare seldom made mistakes; they are mostly left to his commentators, and alas often to his players.
AS YOU LIKE IT

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

Orl.  I thank you, sir²: and, pray you, tell me this: Which of the two was daughter of the Duke That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau.  Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners; But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter: The other is daughter to the banish’d Duke.

Sir, fare you well: Hereafter, in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl.  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 brother³: But heavenly Rosalind!⁴  (Looking at chain.)  [Exit L r

33
There need be no change of scene; merely a slight pause about fifteen seconds. If music is used in the play a few bars can be played — plaintively.

1Rosalind comes on R2, goes slightly to L as if half looking after Orlando, then sighs as he has sighed (without, of course, knowing it), and goes to sundial down L C. Celia follows after short pause, looks around and playfully watches Rosalind, then comes down and throws her arms around her. If there is no sundial let Rosalind cross to R and throw herself on the seat; and Celia comes to her there; then they both sit or they can stand — as Duke comes on very quickly. The Duke's entrance and manner must strike a tragic note.

Note.—The value of a slight pause should not be underestimated — but it is dangerous to indulge in too much, especially in dialogue. It is useful to make a slight interval between one person's exit and another person's entrance, such as in this case.
Enter Celia and Rosalind.¹

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

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

Ros. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. 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.

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

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

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

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords, L3 and comes down C.

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

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Note.—In all places where the lines are cut it is, of course, optional to restore them. The purpose of these books is to help students to an actual representation. The question of time, etc., must be left to personal circumstances. In this particular instance there is no reason why the Shakespeare dialogue should not be given, but at any rate it must be spoken rapidly, not "doled out."

1Rosalind goes up R to back of seat weeping.
2Spoken somewhat timidly.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Ros. (quickly rising). Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin;
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it. (Goes down slightly to L.)

Ros. (quickly to C). I do beseech your grace,
(kneels)
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
(Speech continued if desired.)

Duke F. Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.
Thou art thy father's daughter: there's enough.¹

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

[Kneels C.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake, (C to L.)
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse²:
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,
1Celia makes movement.
2Rises with great dignity.
3Duke goes up to steps, Celia crosses to R down.
4Pause ten seconds, then Celia goes to up C, looking appealingly after Duke, Rosalind sinks on seat R.
AS YOU LIKE IT

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.¹ Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass’d upon her; she is banish’d.

_Cel._² Pronounce that sentence then on me,
my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

_Duke F._ You are a fool.³ You, niece, pro-
vide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords L 3.

_Cel._⁴ O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou
go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev’d than I
am.

39
1Comes down to L of seat R.
2Kneels by her.
3Rises.
4Still seated.

Note b.—Do not alter this grammar; even if it be doubtful, even incorrect, it is too expressive and beautiful. These three lines give a general idea of the accenting of iambic metre. The emphatic words are so clearly defined. This rule should be adopted in nearly all Shakespeare verse; we should then escape the horrible, even false emphasis, so usually adopted by our Shakespearian actors.

5Touchstone is heard singing and laughing off L.
**AS YOU LIKE IT**

*Ros.* I have more cause.

*Cel.* Thou hast not, cousin; Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* 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; For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale, Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us, Maids as we are, to travel forth so far! Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*(Note b.)*

*Cel.* I'll pût myself in poër and mèan attirè And with a kind of umber smîrch my facè; The like do you; so shall we pass alâng And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* *(rises).* Were it not better,
The two women attendants should cross at back of stage casually, then listen; They form a valuable pivot to the plot (see text).

Takes the stage to L, (a) then L C.

Celia crosses to R C.

Crossing laughingly to Celia.

(b) Touchstone is still singing off L (p.p).

(c) She crosses here and goes up steps.

Note.—(a) The expression, "taking the stage" which should be indulged in rarely, means crossing with much freedom.

(b) Read the line as if BUT were omitted; then get the word Al-ee-an-a—Celia-Aliena.

(c) Do not let Rosalind speak these lines; they are Celia's. She is sacrificing her birthright for love of her cousin. Whatever you do don't indulge in the star system in school.
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.

_Cel. R C._ What shall I call thee when thou
art a man?

_Ros. L C._ 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?

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

_Ros._ But, cousin, what if we assault'd to steal
The clownish Fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

_Cel._ 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.
1On platform C.

Note.—In open air plays these first scenes are usually omitted. They can of course be given either on the same stage—or by moving the audience to a different part of the ground. This is a clumsy thing to do; audiences are good-natured, especially when their young friends—the actors—are doing their best.

2If there is a change of scene this is the same cloth as used for scene I. It is easier for stage purposes; it brings the events closer together and does little violence to the text. It leaves the last four acts entirely in the forest.

3Orlando comes on first and calls; Adam comes from cottage L I.

4Matter in parenthesis optional.
AS YOU LIKE IT

To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment.

[Exeunt C.

SCENE III. Before OLIVER's house. Same as scene I.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. R. Who's there?
Adam. L. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
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?

Orl. R C. Why, what's the matter?
Adam. L C. 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
Adam can have the satchel with the money as he is expecting Orlando and like all thoughtful people anticipates his action.

2Kneels.
AS YOU LIKE IT

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.
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?

Orl. 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 sav'd under your father,
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold¹;
All this I give you.² Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;

47
Orlando lovingly lifts him up, if he lets him kneel at all, which is doubtful.

(Special Notes on omitted lines.)

(a) All the lines omitted can of course be spoken, but these few strong words practically cover the meaning and we must not prolong our play by beautiful word paintings.

(b) The few lines of Adam can always be restored in a fairly complete representation and can be written into the prompt book. Shakespeare himself played this part at Wilton, Salisbury, where the play was written, in 1599. The Pembroke family long possessed a letter describing some plays given at Wilton at this time with the words "the man Shakespeare is with us." Baconians read, mark, learn!
AS YOU LIKE IT

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 kindly¹; let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. 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,
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.

[Exeunt.]
Notes.—This scene can open with singing. The glee, "Forester sound the cheerful horn," is appropriate. There are many others.

The diagram gives the most convenient setting for these scenes, either on the boards or in the open air. In the Theatre the play can be divided into acts as written. In the Folio—the best authority—no scenes are indicated.

Rustic stools or logs are about the stage. It is one of the meeting places of the Duke and his men.
ACT II

SCENE I. The forest of Arden.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens and two or three Lords, like foresters.

Duke S. 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 season's 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,
Musicians should be hidden in the open air either side of stage.

For instrumental accompaniment the "Pastoral Symphony" is fine. Avoid, if possible, using ultra-modern or ragtime melodies.

The Duke can be discovered C, Amiens L; Lord R; others are grouped, naturally, mostly in front of the Duke, so that he would not address his speech to the back cloth, or to any cattle or poultry that may be around in the wood — meadow, park or garden. This is a very important point in acting. Have your characters well and naturally placed.

1Be careful not to give these words to any but Amiens or one of the Lords. It is not the Duke's in the Folio, and the Folio rarely errs.

2Pronounced Ja-quez.

3Duke laughs and sits under tree R C.

Note a.—Never allow Jaques to speak this speech. It came to be a custom with stars to do this either from economy, ignorance, or vanity. No self-respecting student or manager would stand for it nowadays.
AS YOU LIKE IT

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.

Ami.¹ I would not change it. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. 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 gor’d.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord, (a)
The melancholy Jaques² grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish’d you.³
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,
Note b.—The scanning of the lines where the name Jaques appears differs so much that custom has agreed to call this character Ja-quez much as it calls our heroine Ros-a-lind (not "Rosa-lined").
AS YOU LIKE IT

Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques, (b)
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. S. 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 mak'st a testa-
ment
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,
"'T is right:" quoth he, "thus misery doth part
The flux of company": anon a careless herd,
Full of pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth
Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
1 All laugh.
2 Amiens generally speaks this line.
3 Rises.
4 They can go off singing the glee or part song or to music.
5 After a slight pause music dying away.

Touchstone appears as if keeping watch, beckons to Rosalind and Celia, who enter and lean on Touchstone. Rosalind R, T C, C L. Touchstone carries three good sized bundles L, varying coloured serges.

Note (a.)—The Folio says “merry”; it is a much better reading, especially for Touchstone’s reply.
'T is 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.¹

_Duke S._ And did you leave him in this
contemplation?

_Sec. Lord. L._² We did, my lord, weeping and
commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

_Duke S. R C._³ 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 up to C, then off R U.]⁴

_Enter Rosalind as Ganymede,⁵ Celia as
Aliena, and Touchstone L._

_Ros._ O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits! (a)⁵
_Touch._ I care not for my spirits, if my legs
were not weary. (Drops bundles and helps
Celia to log L.)
1Drops on the ground L of log L.
2Goes behind tree L C.

Note.—In entrances the person who is speaking generally follows the person spoken to. I give you a few general rules in stage business; they can of course be varied or used at discretion: Let me impress upon young actors to use very little gesture; else when gesture action and expression are necessary, they are ineffective. It is also unnecessary to move often upon the stage; continual crossing, sitting, rising, or fidgetting do not impress.

3Silvius is restless; Corin reasons with him. They go to log or seats, down R.
Ros. 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.

Touch. (crosses to L). 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. [Celia carries the purse on girdle.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

(X to R.)

Touch. 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.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter Corin¹ and Silvius² from R 2. Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.²

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.³

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I did love her!

59
1Sits R.; extreme R on log R.
2Sits on log.
3Rises.
4Coming from behind tree, going across a little to C.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.¹
Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou can'st not guess,²
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?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. 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 lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company³
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[Exit off R I. Corin looks after him pityingly.

Ros.⁴ Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.
Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

61
1Still taking it easily; he is sleepy.
2Saluting (peasants are innately well mannered.)
AS YOU LIKE IT

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man

If he for gold will give us any food:

I faint almost to death.

Touch. (kneels L). Holla, you clown!

Ros. C. Peace! Fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. (returning to R). Who calls?

Touch. L. Your betters, sir.

Cor. R. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. C. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

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

Ros. C. 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.

Cor. 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:
Here the girls and Touchstone count the money in Celia's satchel.

They joyfully discover enough money to buy the cottage.

Touchstone stirs himself, begins to pack up.

Goes up to C.

Distant singing is heard and continues p.p. whilst Touchstone collects the bundles and goes after Corin. He piles them one by one on his back, then remembers the Princesses, and goes to log for Celia; she rises, sighs, leans on Touchstone.

Rosalind sighs and also leans on Touchstone, for they love him very much; they all sigh joyfully and stroll off to their new-found home. As they disappear off R U, Amiens sings louder and enters up L 3, followed by the others and eventually by Jaques from up L.
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,¹ 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. C.* What is he that shall buy his flock
    and pasture?

*Cor. R.* That young swain that you saw here
    but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.²

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

*Cel. L C.* And we will mend thy wages.
    I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.³

*Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me⁴: 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.⁵

[Exeunt R.]

65
There are several settings to this song. It is natural for Amiens to sing to his own lute.

Amiens wanders down R. Jaques comes on LU.

Sits on log L C.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

Song

Ami. 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.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. 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.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another
     stanzo: call you 'em stanzos?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

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

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.
1Jaques can show his musical taste by half dozing during this chorus. It gives a pretty effect for the chorus to be sung softer and softer; they see him asleep and gradually gather round and shout the last word in his ears, which wakes him up; they all laugh.

2Waking up.

3Jaques can either sing it very much off the key, or he can speak it in a somewhat mock "elocutionary" style. It is intended to be humorous.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. 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.

Jaq. 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
And loves to live i' th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather. [All together here.

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

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes: 3

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
He beckons, they gather around, they all laugh and disperse. He rises and goes off still half asleep. They go off singing, laughing, or if played with change of scene to prepare a repast.

Note.—Gallons of ink have been used upon the character of Jaques. He is a delightful fellow, posing as cynic. Whatever he may have been at court, he is not a dandy now. As a mild suggestion I would suggest he looks clean, but with untidy clothes. If he lives nowadays, he will probably go to a dinner party or pose in the front row of a playhouse, in a red necktie. No real cynic would follow his master into exile, and probably spend his last crown in his service.

In theatre a front landscape cloth. In open air they come on after short pause.

After slight pause.  

He just drops out of Orlando’s arms from sheer weariness.

Kneels to him.

Rises.

Adam smiles.

Goes off a little to R.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that “ducdame”?
Jaq. 'T is a Greek invocation,¹ to call fools into a circle. I’ll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I’ll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I’ll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepared. [Exeunt severally R and L.

Enter Orlando and Adam from L U or L.²

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food!³ Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee?⁴ Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm’s end; I will here be with thee presently⁵; 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.⁶ Well said! thou look ’st cheerly, and I’ll be with thee quickly.⁷
1Returns.
2If possible Orlando should take Adam in his arms like a little child and carry him off R.

In theatre all are discovered seated around a table at R C. If open air they enter up R. Brown bread, fruit, wine and light food on table. It is lunch time.

This group can be regulated by numbers. The Duke, the Lords, and Amiens would sit R C; others around stage R and L.

Jaques roars with laughter. Jaques can go over to table and help serve Duke; or he can "pose" in the centre.
Yet thou liest in the bleak air; come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [Exeunt.

A table set out. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and Lords, like outlaws.

Duke S. 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. Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques from up L. First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

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

Jaq. C. A Fool, a Fool! I met a Fool i' th' forest, A motley Fool; — a miserable world!
He secures an apple anyway, as his share of the luncheon.

2 With apple.

3 He still laughs.

4 He takes the stage to right (or left).
As you like it

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:
'T is but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 't will 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.
1 A general movement of defence among the Foresters. Spears, swords, daggers, knives, should be got ready; the Duke does not move.

2 Jaques is getting hungry.

3 Still seated.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn, from up L.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.¹

Jaq. R. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. C. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Duke S. R C. 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. C. 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.² But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Duke S.³ R C. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. 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;

77
This speech makes a profound impression on all.

Duke here rises and invites Orlando to sit.
AS YOU LIKE IT

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 wip'd a tear
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.¹

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 wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd²:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. C. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, 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
1Kisses Duke’s hand.
2All are deeply concerned.
3He goes off joyfully R, slight pause, whilst the people go up quietly to look after Orlando. Jaques goes from L then gets down right.
4Jaques can either remain seated by the Duke at the table, or he can quite as well go over to the log L C, and gradually enters into his speech. For pity’s sake don’t use much action; the acts explain themselves.

Note.—It is important that in a scene like this all on the stage should appear interested. All drop any idea of eating and help the general effect. But no individual should appear aggressive. The Duke gives the keynote.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Limp’d in pure love: till he be first suffic’ed,
Oppress’d with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S R C. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye,¹ and be blest for your good
comfort?² [Exit.³

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

Jaq.⁴ 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.
And then the whining school-boy, with his
satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress’ eyebrow. Then a soldier
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,

81
Then Adam and Orlando come on from up L. The men take Adam and lead him round in front of Duke and table, to a seat R of table marked X. The Duke takes Orlando, sits with him at the upper side R C, Orlando nearest to audience, probably with his back to it.

1Please don't emphasize "he."
2Slight pause. (●)
3Is led to table down R.
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 lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part.¹ The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every
thing.²

Re-enter Orlando with Adam, from L U.
Duke S. Welcome. (Rises.) Set down your
venerable burthen,
And let him feed.
Orl. R C. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.³

83
Amiens stands near Duke and sings.

N. B.—Avoid being “operatic”!

This song has a jolly chorus; all sing.

They rise and come down. Duke C, Orlando

L C.
Duke S. 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

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

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not
Heigh-ho! sing, etc.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke

85
Orlando surprised, kneels.

Adam also tries to kneel.

First Lord takes Adam. They go off up L.
If a curtain falls, a picture is formed. Jaques is still asleep.

(An Interval or end of Act.)

Note.—There may be a short interval or pause in either theatre or open air. It is an advantage to play these forest scenes rather rapidly; the action is quick. If in theatre the lights should be a little checked as if it was very early morning, six o'clock possibly. In Shakespeare's day we awoke earlier and slept earlier.

Orlando can be discovered if in the theatre lying on the log L C, finishing his verse. He then hangs it on the trees.

Note.—Music of a "Pastoral" nature.

The moon.

A slight pause before the she. (In the Folio she is spelt with two "ee's."!)

Touchstone goes across to C; he evidently knows all about these love affairs and he sees Orlando disappearing.

He goes to log R and sits.
AS YOU LIKE IT

That lov’d 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.

Enter Orlando, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,
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 (2) and Touchstone (1) up L

Cor. And how like you this shepherd’s life,
Master Touchstone?
"Touchstone lies on the green sward R C."
AS YOU LIKE IT

Touch. C. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. R. 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.

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

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court,
This beautiful speech can be spoken in full.

Note—The pronunciation of this name must be left to individual discretion. Dr. H. H. Furness, our greatest living authority, approves of "Rozzalind" from English custom, although the verse rather inclines toward Rosa-lined.

Rosalind should enter with one or two papers. The sonnets hang on the trees as thick as berries.

Note.—In this couplet the rhymes are equal.

Ind rhymes with lind.

Wind rhymes with lined.

Linde, lin’d or limned with lind.

Mind rhymes with lined.

So that the play of words is upon the last syllable.

Coming forward with one of the sonnets which he steals from one of the trees unseen by Rosalind.
thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother. (They rise and go behind tree R.)

Enter ROSALIND\(^2\) from L U, with a paper, reading.

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

Touch.\(^3\) 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.

Ros. Out, Fool!
Comes down C. Rosalind gets behind tree
L C. Touchstone is R C with Corin.

Note.—In this couplet only one line. Kind
rhymes with lind, so that we have little to guide
us except custom, which if only for sweetness of
sound is sometimes adopted.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Touch. 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.
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?
Ros. C. Peace, you dull Fool! I found them on a tree.
Touch. R C. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Enter Celia, with a writing, from up L.

Ros. Peace.
Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel.¹ [Reads.] Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil saying show:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
1 She gives a significant sigh.
2 Rosalind covers Celia’s eyes, then they both laugh. Touchstone comes to RC as if to join in the family conference.
3 Touchstone motions Corin to go off.
4 Touchstone realizes he has to go. So he makes a virtue of necessity, but he flourishes the sonnet as he goes off dancing, with the old shepherd.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind\(^1\) of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros.\(^2\) O most gentle Jupiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cri'd, Have patience, good people!

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little.\(^3\) Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd,\(^4\) let us make an honourable retreat, though not with bag an baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[Exeunt Corin and Touchstone R 3.

Cel. R C. Didst thou hear these verses?
Ros. L C. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for look here what I found on a palmtree.
Cel. Trow you who hath done this?
Ros. Is it man?
Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

95
Getting impatient.
Catching hold of Celia.
Crossing to R C.
Crossing to L C.
Coaxing her.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Ros. I prithee, who?

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

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

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

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

Ros. Good, my complexion! Dost thou think, though I am caparision’d like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? Is he of God’s making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. R. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. L. 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.

Cel. R C. It is young Orlando, that tripp’d up the wrestler’s heels and your heart both in an instant.
This business must be very carefully done. Rosalind bends her knees and quietly tries to pull her short skirt over her legs. Then the girls laugh.

As quick as it is possible to speak.

Gasping.

Crosses to L C, pointing to tree R.

Crosses to R C.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Ros. L C. Nay, but the Devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 't is he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

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

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 't is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size.

Ros. R C. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as fresh as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. L C. 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 dropp'd acron.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.
1 Curtseying apologetically.
2 Catching hold of Celia sweetly.
3 Kissing her, Orlando and Jaques talking outside.
4 The girls go up, Rosalind putting Celia’s skirt in front of her knees.
   Rosalind and Celia watch this scene from behind trees or bushes up R.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Cel.¹ Give me audience, good madam.
Ros. R C. Proceed.
Cel. L C. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.
Ros. R. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.
Cel. L. He was furnished like a hunter.
Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.
Cel. R C. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring’st me out of tune.
Ros.² Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak.³ Sweet, say on.
Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter ORLANDO (2) and JAQUES(1) from L.

Ros. 'T is he: slink by, and note him.⁴
Jaq. I thank you for your company; but good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.
Orl. L. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.
Jaq. R. God b’ wi’ you; let’s meet as little as we can.
Orl. L. I do desire we may be better strangers.

101
1Orlando is carving Rosalind on a piece of a branch in his hands.
2Jaques peeps at the carving.
3He sits R.
4Puts branch on his heart and sighs. Rosalind smiles from behind tree.
AS YOU LIKE IT

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

Orl.¹ I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq.² Rosalind is your love’s name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq.³ I do not like her name.

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

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl.⁴ Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. R. You are full of pretty answers. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orl. C. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

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

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

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

Orl. He is drown’d in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

103
1Rises.
2As Jaques goes off Orlando laughs and goes off L.
3Up R.
4Comes down, then takes fright.
5Forester should be said loudly.
6A slight but only momentary start from Orlando.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Jaq. R. There I shall see mine own figure.
Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.
Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [Exit Jaques R i.

Ros. [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?

Orl. Very well: what would you? (returning L.)

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?
Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. 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.

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

Ros. C. 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.
Sits on log L C; Celia gathers wild flowers up R.

Pronounced “sennite.”

Rosalind takes the stage to R. during these speeches.

Creeping up to him.

Celia comes down from R U; Orlando raises cap. Celia R C, Ros. C, Orlando L.
Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?
Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.
Orl. Who ambles Time withal?
Ros. 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.
Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?
Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.
Orl. Who stays it still withal?
Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceived not how Time moves.
Orl. C. Where dwell you, pretty youth?
Ros. C. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.
Orl. L. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so remov'd a dwelling.
1Rosalind, sitting, is puzzled what to say. Celia whispers to tell her she had an uncle once who possibly was a Bishop.

2Taking stage R; Celia, laughing at the fun, goes quickly off for bluebells.

3She also peeps at wood which Orlando carves at interval.
Ros. C. 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 touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils laid to the charge of women?

Ros. C. 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.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. C. 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.
1Rises, rather interested; otherwise Orlando treats Rosalind very casually. He thinks he is a rather "fresh" youth.
2Rosalind looks him up and down.
3Goes very close to see the beginnings of beard.
4Looks him well over.
5Takes stage R.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Orl.¹ I am he that is so love-shak’d: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros.² 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.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. C. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not³; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother’s revenue⁴: then your hose should be ungarter’d, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton’d, your shoe unti’d and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. L C. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. C. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it⁵; which I warrant she is apter to do than to confess she does: that
Coming again.

Crosses to R C.

Big sigh; but of concealed joy. It attracts Orlando's attention. The speech is given very freely by Rosalind.

Softening.

She gets rather close to him, as if having a big boy's joke. All this scene is done with more action and gesture than all the rest of the part put together.
AS YOU LIKE IT

is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences.¹ But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

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

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

Orl. L C. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.²

Ros.³ C. 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 punish'd and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too.⁴ Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. C. Yes, one; and in this manner.⁵ 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, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something

113
Orlando goes to him—then.
Then runs away.
Big sigh of depreciation from Orlando. It's too much for him.
At "heart" Ganymede claps his hands.
Looks at him, then shakes head; Celia returns up R.
Hesitating, then making up his mind.
Celia goes off R. Holds out left hand, Orlando puts his right hand into it with a bang.
Rosalind coaxingly puts Orlando's arm round her waist. Orlando repeats "Rosalind." He affirms it with Rosalind, and they go off laughing.
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; how 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 cur'd 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.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

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

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

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

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

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

[Exeunt.
1. They dance on to C.
2. Audrey here munches an apple.
3. After each of her speeches Audrey tries to munch the apple; each time Touchstone puts up the palm of his hand between to prevent her.
4. Here they struggle for the apple which Touchstone secures. Places in pouch.
Enter Touchstone and Audrey from L2 or 3.¹

Touch. R C. 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. L C. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. R C. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.² Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. L C. I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?³

Touch. 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.

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

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

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly,⁴ unless thou wert hard-
1Note (a).—The word “slut” in English is merely a person who is not fond of soap and water—Shakespeare so meant it—Audrey should not be at all a dirty-looking person. She should be attractive but very rustic. Let her munch an apple or bread;—but not a turnip.

2Audrey jumps with joy.

3She executes a war dance around the Clown; eventually, at his forbidding finger, drops penitent onto the log L C.

4They sing and dance off up L.

Note.—The scene with Martext can be easily given, Jaques also appearing, but there is no value in it and we have got so far on in our play that it is unnecessary to introduce such characters however humorous they may be.
favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

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

_Touch_. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut⁴ were to put good meat into an unclean dish. (_She turns away._)

But, be it as it may be, I will marry thee,² and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis’d to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

_Aud._³ Well, the gods give us joy!

_Touch_. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! No: as a wall’d town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor:

Come, sweet Audrey⁴
O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:
Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

_[Exeunt Touchstone and Audrey._

119
Rosalind paces up and down L to R, Celia bantering her.
Laughingly.
Re-enter Rosalind and Celia from R U.

Ros. L. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. L C. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. R C. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. C. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. L C. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. C. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in. [Crosses to R.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. C. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him: he ask’d me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh’d and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. R. O, that’s a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave
Looking off up L.

Note.—Corin's little scene is not necessary.

Phebe crosses to R; Silvius follows; Rosalind and Celia go up R and watch.

Silvius drops down to L C.

There is too much of Phebe.
AS YOU LIKE IT

oaths and breaks them bravely. Who comes here?

Enter Silvius (2) and Phebe (1) up L.

Sil. L C. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. (The common executioner,
Whose heart th' 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?

Rosalind, Celia, watch behind.

Phe. R C. 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:
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.

Sil. (Crosses to L C.) 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.
She takes hold of Phebe and swings her round into Silvius’s arms; then runs up C.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Phe. R C. 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.

Ros. C. (Coming forward.) And why, I pray
you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What! though you have
no beauty —
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed —
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
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, shepherd¹: fare you well.

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1 Phebe breaks away and follows Rosalind.
2 Fiercely.
3 Celia goes up to R. Rosalind goes down to Silvius at L.
4 Goes back to C, then stops and looks at Phebe.
5 Slight pause, looking after Rosalind.
AS YOU LIKE IT

_Phe._1 Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together: I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

_Ros._2 C. 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, 
'T is at the tuft of olives here hard by. Will you go, sister? Shepherds, ply her hard. Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better, And be not proud: though all the world could see, None could be so abus'd in sight as he. Come, to our flock.

[Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, up R.]

_Phe._5 Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might, "Who ever lov’d that lov’d not at first sight?"

_Sil._ Sweet Phebe,—

_Phe._ (Sits log R C). Ha, what say’st thou, Silvius?

_Sil._ R C. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

_Phe._ Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?
Standing over her.
As if she had been listening.
Poor Silvius is disappointed again.
Phebe sits all the time.
Rises.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Sil. I would have you.
Phe. 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 em-
ploy'd.

Sil.\(^1\) R C. 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.
Phe.\(^2\) Know'st thou the youth that spoke to
me erewhile?

Sil.\(^3\) Not very well, but I have met him oft;
Phe.\(^4\) Think not I love him, though I ask for
him;
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?
I marvel why I answer'd not again\(^5\):

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1Coaxingly.
2So gladly; to do any small or great service.
3She crosses up L.
4Puts out her hand, he gladly takes it, they go off.
   In theatre this scene ends Act 3. In open air
   the scenes are continuous except for a short musical
   piece of two or three minutes for resting the audi-
   ence. The audience want an occasional break as
   well as the actors, for they often suffer long and
   are long-suffering!
5Rosalind comes on first, looks around and is
   very annoyed. After a few moments she sits on
   log R, then Orlando comes on, taking it easily.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. L C. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. 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 L.

Enter Rosalind from R, and Orlando from L.

Orl. L C. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Ros. R C. 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.

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

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

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no
1Crosses to tree L C.
2He goes to her.
3Bumps down on log L C.
more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head.

Ros.¹ Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent.² What would you say to me now, an I were your very, very Rosalind?

Orl. R C. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. L C. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

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

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

Ros. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. 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. [Crosses to R C.]

Orl. (Crosses to L C.) Then in mine own person I die.³
(Matter in parentheses may be omitted.)

\(^1\)Taking stage R.

\(^2\)Closes to C R.

\(^3\)Closes to C L.
Ros. 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 dash'd 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 liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd 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 drown'd: and the foolish coroners 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.¹

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly.² But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl.³ Then love me, Rosalind.

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

¹
²
³
Clapping both hands on his shoulders.

2. Taking stage R.

3. Celia comes down C, Rosalind puts Celia’s hood on her. Rosalind R C, Celia C, Orlando L C.

4. This should be chanted — even intoned.

5. Chanting in fun.

6. Spoken.

7. Spoken.

8. Rosalind kisses Celia.

9. Celia swings hands; then sighs; Orlando sighs; Celia leaves their hands; they still swing; then Orlando discovers what he is doing; thinks it foolish, drops hand; and all laugh. Rosalind goes R, Celia up C, Orlando L.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Orl. And wilt thou have me? (Kneels.)
Ros. Ay, and twenty such.
Orl. What sayest thou? (Rises quickly.)
Ros. Are you not good?
Orl. I hope so.

Enter Celia up R.

Ros. 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?
Orl. L C. Pray thee, marry us.
Cel. C. I cannot say the words.
Ros. R C. You must begin, Will you, Orlando ——
Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?
Orl. I will.
Ros. Ay, but when?
Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.
Ros. Then you must say, I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.
Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.
Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband.
Note.—Stage "business" is action, sometimes during a speech, sometimes in silence. The swinging of the hands at the mock marriage is called business.

¹Laughs loudly.

²Trumpet or horns heard in distance off up L.
AS YOU LIKE IT

_Ros. L._ Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possess'd her.

_Orl. L._ For ever and a day.

_Ros._ (crosses to C). 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 dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen,¹ and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

_Orl. R._ But will my Rosalind do so?

_Ros. C._ By my life, she will do as I do.

_Orl._ O, but she is wise.

_Ros._ 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 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney. (Crosses to R.)²

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1Distant horns or singing is still heard off up L.
2Sits on log R.
3Weeps. He goes and takes hands from eyes; she laughs.
4Horns nearer or singing.
5She beckons and he comes over. She signals for him to kiss her hand. He laughingly does so.
Horns sound very near up L, or singing louder.
6As Orlando exits Rosalind kisses back of her hand.
7Goes off up R.
8Gives a big yawn and drops down under tree LC to sleep.

If in theatre a landscape of forest cloth same as Scene 2, Act 2, is used, or the same scene can be used all through with perhaps a variation in the lighting, all scenes being full daylight till the fainting scene when there should be a sunset effect.
AS YOU LIKE IT

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

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

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.¹

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;² that flattering tongue of yours won me.³ Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind. (Crosses up to L.)⁴

Ros. 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.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind⁵; so adieu! [Exit Orlando up L.⁶

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

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! I'll tell thee, Aliëna, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.⁷

Cel. And I'll sleep.⁸ [Exeunt.
1They are heard singing as scene changes. They come on in irregular procession, sometimes carrying a dead deer.

2This song should be sung either to one of the old catches or to Arne's setting.

3At end they march off singing. This scene should be given if possible, as it makes a pleasant "interlude."

Note.—In Knight's "Shakespeare's" is given the quaintest music to the Forester's song. It is taken from a work entitled "Catch that Catch Can; or a Choice Collection of Catches, Rounds, etc., collected and published by John Hilton." Hilton was of Shakespeare's time, and whether or not this air was actually sung when "As You Like It" was given, the music is contemporaneous with the play. It is a round written for four basses.
AS YOU LIKE IT

SCENE II.

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters, from R I.¹

Jaq. C. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. L C. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. C. 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?

For. Yes, sir.

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

SONG.²

For. What shall he have that kill the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear.
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.

Then sing him home;
the rest shall bear this burthen.

Exeunt.*

¹ Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters, from R I.
² SONG.
³ Exeunt.
At end of song Rosalind comes from R, seeks for Celia, and finds her asleep behind tree L. She wakes her, they laugh, and Silvius comes on.

\(^1\)Celia looks over letter, she is R, Celia R, Rosalind C, Silvius L.
Enter Silvius, from L.

Sil. L C. My errand is to you, fair youth; My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: It bears an angry tenour: pardon me; I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. C. Patience herself would startle at this letter\(^1\) And play the swaggerer; Well, shepherd, well, This is a letter of your own device.

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

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style, A style for challengers. Will you hear the letter? Sil. L C. So please you, for I never heard it yet; Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. C. 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?

Sil. Call you this railing?

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1Gives him letter. Looks at him; he stands dejected.
2Celia R, Oliver C, Rosalind L.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Ros. (Reads.)

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

Did you ever hear such railing? (To Celia.)

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

Meaning me a beast.

Sil. L C. Call you this chiding?

Cel. R C. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. C. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity,

Wilt thou love such a woman? 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. (X to L.)

[Exit Silvius, L I.]

Enter Oliver, from up L.²

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheepcote fenc'd about with olive trees?

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1 A little overcome.

2 This is one of the most difficult speeches in Shakespeare. It is almost impossible to condense. It must therefore be left to the student’s discretion.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Cel. R. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There’s none within.

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

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

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

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

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

Cel. (Still R to R C.) I pray you, tell it.

Oli. 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 overgrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd 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 't is
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.
   Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd amongst men.
1Horrified crosses to Rosalind.
2Rosalind horrified, crosses to Celia, they meet RC.
3Rosalind is by now much affected.
4Lights get lower.
AS YOU LIKE IT

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

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

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and pur-
pos’d 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. (Crosses
to L.)

Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was ’t you he rescu’d?

Cel. Was ’t you that did so oft contrive to
kill him?

Oli. ’T was I: but ’t is not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion.
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

(When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath’d,
As how I came into that desert place —)
\textit{Celia R C, Rosalind C, Oliver L C.}
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.

[Rosalind swoons]

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

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

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.
1 Oliver takes Ganymede's left arm, supporting him, Celia on R.
2 With faint smile.
3 Lights lower.
4 Very faintly.
5 Hitting her on shoulder. She lurches forward on to their arms.
6 They move up stage a little.
7 She gives a lurch and falls round into Oliver's left arm. They gently let her down on to the ground.

In theatre this scene ends Act 4. In open air Rosalind is supported (perhaps carried off, between Oliver and Celia).

Soft music, "pastoral," can be played. The lights are lowered half, with a reddish-amber glow.

Three minutes interval or less.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Cel. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?¹

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth; you a man! you lack a man's heart.

Ros.² 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.³

Ros.⁴ C. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.⁵

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

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.⁶

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

Ros. I shall devise something: but I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?⁷

[Exeunt.]
This scene is transposed to give Rosalind and Celia time to change costume.

1 Or they can be discovered seated on log L C.

2 Oliver rises.

3 She comes down.

4 Laughing.

5 Slight pause; fears Oliver suspects her sex!
AS YOU LIKE IT

SCENE (same). The forest.

Enter Orlando and Oliver\(^1\) from L.

Orl. Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing, you should love her? and loving woo?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you and here live and die a shepherd.

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

Enter Rosalind\(^2\) up R.\(^3\)

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. (Goes up C.) [Exit.\(^4\)

Ros.\(^5\) O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. (sitting L). It is my arm.

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

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1 Trying to change the subject.
2 Rises and crosses to R. He sits on log R.
3 Orlando sighs and puts hand on heart.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Orl. L C. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

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

Orl. L C. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are; for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they look'd, no sooner look'd but they lov'd, no sooner lov'd but they sigh'd, no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy;

Orl. 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.

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

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. I have since I was three year old convers'd 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
1Rises excitedly.
2Orlando R, Rosalind C, Phebe L C, Silvius L.
Note.—This quartette scene must be played with intensity and animation.
3Looking at Phebe.
4Looking yearningly at Ganymede.
5Phebe moves toward Ganymede; he waves her off. This business is repeated each time.
it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, Therefore, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe from L.

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

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

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

Phe. L C. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to love.

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

Phe. L C. And I for — Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for — no woman.
1 Emphasize this "all."
2 Stopping her ears.
3 Going down L to him.
4 Remains between Silvius and Phebe.
5 Crosses to Orlando, who is R.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And I for — Ganymede.
Orl. And I for Rosalind.
Ros. And I for — no woman.
Sil. 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.
Phe. And so am I for — Ganymede.
Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.
Ros. And so am I for — no woman.
Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 't is like
the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.
[To Sil.] I will help you, if I can: [To Phe.]
I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet
me all together. [To Phe.] I will marry you,
if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-
morrow: [To Orl.] I will satisfy you, if ever
I satisfi'd man, and you shall be married to-
morrow: [To Sil.] I will content you, if what
pleases you contents you, and you shall be
married to-morrow. [To Orl.] As you love
Running up to C up R.
Goes off L I.
Goes off up L.
Goes off R I.

If an open air built stage or an Elizabethan stage, both of which can only have two exits, one R and one L upper stage, with a possible third C. These quick exits must be manipulated accordingly.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Rosalind, meet:  [To Sil.] as you love Phebe, meet^: and as I love — no woman, I’ll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I’ll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [Exeunt in all directions.]
ACT III.

SCENE II. The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey from L i.

Touch. R C. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. L C. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman’s saying.

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

Aud. L C. Ay, I know who ’t is: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Touch. R C. 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.

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In theatre, landscape cloth if desired.

1William bobs and takes off hat.
2Audrey bobs.
3Touchstone bobs.
4Puts hat on William's head each time.
5He generally has very red hair. Touchstone doesn't like his red head; but William wishes to be polite.
6He gives hand, Touchstone reads his palm. Audrey giggling also reads hers.
Enter William, from R I or R U.

Will. R. Good even, Audrey. (Bobbing.)

Aud. L. God ye good even, William. (Bobs.)

Will. R. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. C. Good even, gentle friend. (Bobbing.) Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five — and twenty, sir. (Takes off hat.)

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' th' forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

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

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

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

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

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. You do love this maid?

Will. I do sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?
Drops hand, becomes very fierce.

He drives William around stage, pointing his bauble at each movement. Audrey follows around, imitating Touchstone. They go round once, finishing at RC as they go off. William returns, making tremendous strides and following them. Here may follow the Pages scene and the duet. It is pretty, but delays action.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. 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. I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. (Runs off R.) [Exit.]

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey. (To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey: to-morrow will we be married.)

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart. Here comes two of the banish’d Duke’s pages.

Enter two Pages from R.

First Page. R C. Well met, honest gentleman.
In theatre this would be the forest drop.

Note.—Original MS. of this song is in the Library of Mr. Marsden Perry at Providence, R. I. There are imitations.

1They all sit on ground. Pages R C, Touchstone and Audrey L C.

2Chorus each time.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Touch. C. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song. ¹

Sec. Page. R. We are for you: sit i' th' 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?

Sec. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG²

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

Second Boy. Between the acres of the rye,
   With a hey, and a' ho, and a hey nonino,
   These pretty country folks would lie,
   In the spring time, etc.

First Boy. 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, etc.

Second Boy. 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, etc.

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1 All get up.

2 The boys laugh and sing off to R the refrain. "Hey ding-a-ling" and dancing. (Then Touchstone and Audrey do the same singing and dancing off L.)

3 Theatre all discovered on. Open air. All enter from R and L.

4 Orlando is left of Duke
AS YOU LIKE IT

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

First Page. You are deceiv'd, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God b' wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. The forest.

Enter Duke senior, C; Amiens, Jaques, up R: Orlando L C, Oliver L, Silvius, and Phebe come on L.

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

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

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

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him Me thought he was a brother to your daughter.
1 Touchstone and Audrey are heard off L U.
2 Comes down C to R.
3 Coming down C to L.
4 Audrey is very awkwardly dressed in a lady-jester’s costume. She attracts the attention of Duke and others.
AS YOU LIKE IT

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.¹

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaq.² There is, sure, another flood toward,
and these couples are coming to the ark. Here
comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in
all tongues are called fools.

Touch.³ Salutation and greeting to you all!

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

Touch. C. If any man doubt that, let him
put me to my purgation.

Jaq. Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ield you, sir; I desire you the
like.⁴ 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

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1 Audrey gets into various positions.
2 Puts Audrey on log L, then goes C.
AS YOU LIKE IT

dwells in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey.¹ (Aside to her.)

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

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey²:—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 call'd 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 call'd 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 call'd the Reproof Valiant. If again "it was not well cut," he would say, I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

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They all laugh, with free action suiting the words.

Note.—These speeches of Touchstone can be omitted and it is rather advisable to do so, or our play is apt to get long, especially in the open air. If retained, they must be delivered rapidly, precisely and with a good free action.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Jaq. R C. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. C. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measur’d swords and — parted.¹

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. 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 peacemaker; much virtue in If. (Goes over to Audrey at L.)
Note.—If the masque of Hymen is introduced it should be simple but picturesque; no elaborate dresses to be used, but rough and coarse garments made as daintily as possible. There should be music. Hymen is represented as a youth holding a torch, in "clasic" costume of white with a bay or blossom wreath.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Jaq. R C. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing and yet a Fool.

Duke S. 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.

Ros. (To Duke). To you I give myself for
I am yours.
(To Orl.) 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.

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

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:
1Celia comes down C as she goes up, Oliver goes to her from R.
2On horseback if possible.
3A general movement.
4Be careful that the young man who plays this part can speak well, and learn the speech thoroughly. It is one of the pitfalls of the stage.
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

_Duke S. C._ O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!

Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

_Enter Jaques de Boys._

_Jaq. de B._ Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
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 restor'd to them again
That were with him exiled. This is to be true,
I do engage my life. (Kneels to Duke.)

_Duke S._ Welcome, young man;
1. Hymen's speech here if "Masque" given.
2. Jaques down R. Orlando and Rosalind go up a little R C to Celia and Oliver.
   If desirable introduce the Masque.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding;
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.

(X to L.)

Enter Rosalind with Hymen

Duke S. 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 endur'd shrewd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meanwhile, 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 th' measures fall.

Jaq. R. Sir, by your patience — If I heard you rightly (to Jaques De Boys),
The Duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq de B. R C. He hath. (Jaques crosses to R of Duke.)
Crosses to Duke, who is L C.

These lines of Jaques can be omitted if the play has become too long.

A dance can be given here — or after the speaking of the Epilogue. If a theatre the curtain can fall. If in open air a dance and chorus can follow, or the song. "It is as a Lover" can be used. If Hymen is introduced the ending should be classical; Hymen leading off Rosalind, Orlando, Celia, and Oliver with his train. Then the Duke would follow with his "Merry Men," the rear made up of Touchstone, Audrey, Silvius, Phebe, William and other rustics.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and
learn'd.²

[To Duke.] You to your former honour I
bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:
[To Orl.] You to a love that your true faith
doth merit:
[To Oli.] You to your land and love and
great allies:
[To Sil.] You to a long and well deserved bed:
[To Touch.] And you to wrangling; for thy
loving voyage
Is but two months victuall'd.
So, to your pleasures (going up C):
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. L C. Stay, Jaques, stay.
Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would
have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

[Exit R U.

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

[A dance.³

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Note. The dance can be given after the epilogue, if desirable. It is quite picturesque to dance to the singing instead of to modern instruments.
EPILOGUE spoken by Rosalind.

Ros. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 't is true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women — as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them — that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[Exeunt.]
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