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## As You Like It Act 1

[00:01:39] As I remember, Adam,  
 [00:01:41] it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will  
 [00:01:43] but poor 1,000 crowns  
 [00:01:45] and, as thou sayest,  
 [00:01:47] charged my brother on his blessing  
 [00:01:49] to breed me well:  
 [00:01:50] and there begins my sadness.  
 [00:01:52] My brother Jaques he keeps at school,  
 [00:01:54] and report speaks goldenly of his profit.  
 [00:01:57] For my part, he keeps me rustically at home,  
 [00:01:59] or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept;  
 [00:02:02] for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth  
 [00:02:05] that differs not from the stalling of an ox?  
 [00:02:07] Oh, his horses are bred better,  
 [00:02:10] for besides that they are fair with their feeding,  
 [00:02:12] they are taught their manage  
 [00:02:14] and to that end riders dearly hired.  
 [00:02:15] But I his brother gain nothing under him but growth,  
 [00:02:20] for the which his animals on his dunghills  
 [00:02:22] are as much bound to him as I.  
 [00:02:24] Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me,  
 [00:02:26] the something that nature gave me  
 [00:02:28] his countenance seems to take from me.  
 [00:02:30] He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother,  
 [00:02:34] and as much as in him lies  
 [00:02:35] mines my gentility with my education.  
 [00:02:37] This is it, Adam, that grieves me;  
 [00:02:39] and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me,  
 [00:02:43] begins to mutiny against this servitude.  
 [00:02:45] I will no longer endure it,  
 [00:02:49] though yet, I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.  
 [00:02:52] Yonder comes my master, your brother.  
 [00:02:54] Now, sir, what make you here?  
 [00:02:56] Nothing.  
 [00:02:58] I am not taught to make anything.  
 [00:03:00] What mar you then, sir?  
 [00:03:02] Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made,  
 [00:03:05] a poor unworthy brother of yours with idleness.  
 [00:03:08] Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.  
 [00:03:10] Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them?  
 [00:03:13] What prodigal portion have I spent  
 [00:03:14] that I should come to such penury?  
 [00:03:16] Know you where your are, sir?  
 [00:03:18] O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.  
 [00:03:20] Know you before whom, sir?  
 [00:03:22] Aye, better than him I am before knows me.  
 [00:03:24] I know that you are my eldest brother;  
 [00:03:26] and in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me.  
 [00:03:29] The courtesy of nations allows you my better,  
 [00:03:31] in that you are the first-born;  
 [00:03:32] but the same tradition takes not away my blood  
 [00:03:34] were there 20 brothers betwixt us.  
 [00:03:36] I have as much of my father in me as you,  
 [00:03:38] albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.  
 [00:03:41] What, boy.  
 [00:03:46] Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.  
 [00:03:48] Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?  
 [00:03:50] I am no villain.

[00:03:51] I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.  
 [00:03:53] He was my father,  
 [00:03:55] and he is thrice a villain  
 [00:03:56] that says such a father begot villains.  
 [00:03:58] Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat  
 [00:04:01] till this other hand had pulled out thy tongue for saying so.  
 [00:04:04] Thou hast railed on thyself.  
 [00:04:05] Sweet masters, be patient.  
 [00:04:06] For your father's remembrance, be at accord.  
 [00:04:09] Let me go, I say!  
 [00:04:10] I shall not till I please.  
 [00:04:12] You shall hear me.  
 [00:04:14] Ah!  
 [00:04:16] My father charged you in his will to give me good education.  
 [00:04:19] You have trained me like a peasant,  
 [00:04:21] obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities.  
 [00:04:24] The spirit of my father grows strong in me,  
 [00:04:26] and I will no longer endure it!  
 [00:04:27] Therefore,  
 [00:04:29] allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman,  
 [00:04:32] or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament.  
 [00:04:35] With that, I will go buy my fortunes.  
 [00:04:37] And what wilt thou do?  
 [00:04:38] Beg when that is spent?  
 [00:04:41] Well, sir, get you in.  
 [00:04:43] I will not long be troubled with you.  
 [00:04:46] You shall have some part of your will.  
 [00:04:56] I pray you, leave me.  
 [00:04:59] I shall no further offend you than becomes me for my good.  
 [00:05:06] Get you with him, you old dog.  
 [00:05:07] Is "old dog" my reward?  
 [00:05:10] Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.  
 [00:05:12] God be with my old master.  
 [00:05:14] He would not have spoke such a word.  
 [00:05:16] Is it e'en so?  
 [00:05:32] Begin you to grow upon me?  
 [00:05:35] I will physic your rankness,  
 [00:05:37] and yet give no thousand crowns neither.  
 [00:05:47] Holla, Dennis!  
 [00:05:48] Calls your worship?  
 [00:05:49] Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?  
 [00:05:52] So please you,  
 [00:05:53] he is here at the door and importunes access to you.  
 [00:05:56] Call him in.  
 [00:05:59] 'Twill be a good way, for tomorrow the wrestling is.  
 [00:06:15] Good morrow to your worship.  
 [00:06:18] Good Monsieur Charles,  
 [00:06:20] what's the new news at the new court?  
 [00:06:22] There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news.  
 [00:06:25] That is, the old duke has been banished  
 [00:06:27] by his younger brother the new duke,  
 [00:06:28] and three or four loving lords  
 [00:06:30] have put themselves into voluntary exile with him,  
 [00:06:32] whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke.  
 [00:06:34] Therefore, he gives them good leave to wander.  
 [00:06:37] Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter,  
 [00:06:39] be banished with her father?  
 [00:06:40] Oh, no, for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,  
 [00:06:43] being ever from their cradles bred together,  
 [00:06:45] that she would have followed her exile or have died to stay behind her.

[00:06:49] She is at the court  
[00:06:50] and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter,  
[00:06:53] and never two ladies loved as they do.  
[00:06:57] Where will the old duke live?  
[00:07:00] They say he is already at the forest of Arden  
[00:07:02] and a many merry men with him,  
[00:07:04] and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England.  
[00:07:06] They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day  
[00:07:09] and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.  
[00:07:11] What, you wrestle tomorrow before the new duke?  
[00:07:14] Marry, do I, sir,  
[00:07:16] and I came to acquaint you with a matter.  
[00:07:20] I am given, sir, secretly, to understand  
[00:07:22] that your younger brother Orlando  
[00:07:24] hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall.  
[00:07:27] Tomorrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit;  
[00:07:30] and he that escapes me without some broken limb  
[00:07:32] shall acquit him well.  
[00:07:33] Your brother is but young and tender;  
[00:07:36] and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him  
[00:07:38] which I must for my own honour if he come in.  
[00:07:41] Therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal  
[00:07:44] that either you might stay him from his intendment  
[00:07:47] or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into,  
[00:07:50] in that it is a thing of his own search  
[00:07:52] and altogether against my will.  
[00:07:54] Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me,  
[00:07:57] which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite.  
[00:08:03] I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein  
[00:08:06] and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it,  
[00:08:11] but he is resolute.  
[00:08:14] And thou wert best look to't,  
[00:08:16] for if thou dost him any slight disgrace,  
[00:08:19] or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee,  
[00:08:22] he will practise against thee by poison,  
[00:08:25] entrap thee by some treacherous device  
[00:08:27] and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life  
[00:08:31] by some indirect means or other;  
[00:08:36] for, I assure thee--  
[00:08:38] and almost with tears I speak it--  
[00:08:42] there is not one so young and so villainous  
[00:08:44] this day living.  
[00:08:45] I am heartily glad I came hither to you.  
[00:08:50] If he come tomorrow, I'll give him his payment.  
[00:08:53] And so, God keep your worship.  
[00:08:56] Farewell, good Charles.  
[00:09:02] Now will I stir this gamester:  
[00:09:05] I hope I shall see an end of him,  
[00:09:08] for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he.  
[00:09:14] Yet he's gentle, never schooled yet learned,  
[00:09:18] full of noble device, all sorts enchantingly beloved--  
[00:09:22] indeed, so much in the heart of the world  
[00:09:24] and especially of mine own people, who best know him,  
[00:09:27] that I am altogether misprized.  
[00:09:32] But it shall not be so long.  
[00:09:38] This wrestler shall clear all.  
[00:09:41] Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy hither,  
[00:09:45] which now I'll go about.  
[00:10:08] Oh.  
[00:10:18] I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

[00:10:22] Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of,  
 [00:10:26] and would you yet I were merrier?  
 [00:10:28] Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father,  
 [00:10:31] you must not learn me to remember any extraordinary pleasure.  
 [00:10:36] Herein, I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee.  
 [00:10:43] If my uncle, thy banished father,  
 [00:10:46] had banished thy uncle, the duke my father,  
 [00:10:48] so thou hadst still been with me,  
 [00:10:50] I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine.  
 [00:10:53] So wouldst thou if the truth of thy love to me  
 [00:10:56] were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.  
 [00:10:59] Well, I will forget the condition of my estate  
 [00:11:02] to rejoice in yours.  
 [00:11:08] You know my father hath no child but I,  
 [00:11:11] nor none is like to have;  
 [00:11:14] and truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir,  
 [00:11:17] for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce,  
 [00:11:20] I will render thee again in affection.  
 [00:11:23] By mine honour, I will,  
 [00:11:25] and when I break that oath, let me turn monster.  
 [00:11:31] Therefore, my sweet Rose,  
 [00:11:32] my dear Rose...  
 [00:11:37] be merry.  
 [00:11:39] From henceforth, I will, coz,  
 [00:11:41] and devise sports.  
 [00:11:44] Ah.  
 [00:11:45] Let me see.  
 [00:11:48] What think you of falling in love?  
 [00:11:53] Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal,  
 [00:11:58] ah, but love no man in good earnest  
 [00:12:02] nor no further in sport neither  
 [00:12:04] than with the safety of a pure blush  
 [00:12:07] thou mayst in honour come off again.  
 [00:12:09] What shall be our sport, then?  
 [00:12:11] Let us sit and mock  
 [00:12:14] the good housewife Fortune from her wheel  
 [00:12:16] that her gifts henceforth may be bestowed equally.  
 [00:12:19] I would we could do so,  
 [00:12:20] for her benefits are mightily misplaced,  
 [00:12:23] and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake  
 [00:12:25] in her gifts to women.  
 [00:12:26] 'Tis true,  
 [00:12:28] for those she makes fair, she scarce makes honest,  
 [00:12:31] and those she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoredly.  
 [00:12:34] Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's.  
 [00:12:39] Fortune reigns in the gifts of the world,  
 [00:12:41] not in the lineaments of Nature.  
 [00:12:43] No?  
 [00:12:46] How now, wit!  
 [00:12:47] Whither wander you?  
 [00:12:49] Mistress, you must come away to your father.  
 [00:12:51] Were you made the messenger?  
 [00:12:53] No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.  
 [00:12:55] Where learned you that oath, fool?  
 [00:12:57] Of a certain knight  
 [00:12:58] that swore by his honour they were good pancakes  
 [00:13:01] and swore by his honour the mustard was naught.  
 [00:13:03] Now I'll stand to it.  
 [00:13:04] The pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good,  
 [00:13:07] and yet was not the knight forsworn.

[00:13:08] How prove you that  
[00:13:10] in the great heap of your knowledge?  
[00:13:12] Aye, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.  
[00:13:13] Stand you both forth now.  
[00:13:15] Oh.  
[00:13:16] Stroke your chins,  
[00:13:18] and swear by your beards that I am a knave.  
[00:13:20] By our beards, if we had them, thou art.  
[00:13:22] By my knavery, if I had it, then I were;  
[00:13:24] but if you swear by that that is not,  
[00:13:27] you are not forsworn.  
[00:13:28] No more was this knight swearing by his honour,  
[00:13:31] for he never had any;  
[00:13:33] or if he had, he had sworn it away  
[00:13:34] before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.  
[00:13:37] Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?  
[00:13:39] One that old Frederick, your father, loves.  
[00:13:42] My father's love is enough to honour him.  
[00:13:44] Enough; speak no more of him.  
[00:13:45] You'll be whipped for taxation, one of these days.  
[00:13:48] The more pity that fools may not speak wisely  
[00:13:50] what wise men do foolishly.  
[00:13:54] By my troth, thou sayest true,  
[00:13:56] for since the little wit that fools have was silenced,  
[00:13:59] the little foolery that wise men have  
[00:14:01] makes a great show.  
[00:14:07] Ah, here comes Monsieur Le Beau.  
[00:14:10] With his mouth full of news.  
[00:14:11] Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their young.  
[00:14:14] Then shall we be news-crammed.  
[00:14:15] All the better.  
[00:14:17] We shall be the more marketable.  
[00:14:19] Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau.  
[00:14:21] What is the news?  
[00:14:22] Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.  
[00:14:24] Sport!  
[00:14:25] Of what color?  
[00:14:27] What color, madam?  
[00:14:28] How shall I answer you?  
[00:14:29] As wit and fortune will.  
[00:14:30] Or as the Destinies decree.  
[00:14:31] Well said.  
[00:14:33] That was laid on with a trowel.  
[00:14:37] You amaze me, ladies.  
[00:14:39] I would have told you of good wrestling  
[00:14:41] which you have lost the sight of.  
[00:14:42] Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.  
[00:14:44] I will tell you the beginning,  
[00:14:46] and if it please your ladyships, you may see the end;  
[00:14:49] for the best is yet to do.  
[00:14:50] Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.  
[00:14:52] There comes an old man and his three sons.  
[00:14:54] I could match this beginning with an old tale.  
[00:14:57] Three proper young men of excellent growth and presence.  
[00:15:00] The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler,  
[00:15:03] which Charles, in a moment,  
[00:15:04] threw him and broke three of his ribs  
[00:15:06] that there is little hope of life in him.  
[00:15:08] So he served the second and so the third.  
[00:15:10] Yonder they lie,

[00:15:12] the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them  
[00:15:16] that all the beholders take his part with weeping.  
[00:15:18] Alas.  
[00:15:20] But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?  
[00:15:22] Why, this that I speak of.  
[00:15:24] Thus men may grow wiser every day.  
[00:15:26] It is the first time that ever I heard  
[00:15:27] breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.  
[00:15:29] Or I, I promise thee.  
[00:15:31] But is there any else  
[00:15:32] longs to see this broken music in his sides?  
[00:15:35] Is there yet another dotes upon rib breaking?  
[00:15:38] Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?  
[00:15:41] They are ready to perform it.  
[00:15:55] Come on.  
[00:15:56] Since the youth will not be entreated,  
[00:15:58] his own peril on his forwardness.  
[00:16:06] Is yonder the man?  
[00:16:08] Even he, madam.  
[00:16:09] Alas, he is too young,  
[00:16:11] and yet he looks successfully.  
[00:16:13] How now, daughter and cousin.  
[00:16:16] Are you crept hither to see the wrestling?  
[00:16:18] Aye, my liege, so please you give us leave.  
[00:16:20] You will take little delight in it,  
[00:16:22] I can tell you.  
[00:16:23] There is such odds in the man.  
[00:16:24] In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him,  
[00:16:28] but he will not be entreated.  
[00:16:29] Speak to him, ladies.  
[00:16:30] See if you can move him.  
[00:16:32] Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.  
[00:16:34] Do so; I'll not be by.  
[00:16:35] Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.  
[00:16:40] I attend them with all respect and duty.  
[00:16:48] Young sir, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?  
[00:16:51] No, fair princess.  
[00:16:52] He is the general challenger.  
[00:16:53] I come but in as others do  
[00:16:55] to try with him the strength of my youth.  
[00:16:56] Young gentleman,  
[00:16:59] your spirits are too bold for your years.  
[00:17:03] You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength.  
[00:17:05] If you saw yourself with your eyes  
[00:17:08] or knew yourself with your judgment,  
[00:17:11] the fear of this adventure  
[00:17:12] would counsel you to a more equal enterprise.  
[00:17:17] We pray you, for your own sake,  
[00:17:20] to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.  
[00:17:24] Do, young sir.  
[00:17:26] Your reputation shall not therefore be misprized.  
[00:17:29] We shall make it our suit to the duke  
[00:17:30] that the wrestling may not go forward.  
[00:17:32] I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts,  
[00:17:35] wherein I confess me much guilty  
[00:17:37] to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing,  
[00:17:40] but let your fair eyes and gentle wishes  
[00:17:43] go with me to my trial,  
[00:17:44] wherein if I be foiled,  
[00:17:46] there is but one shamed that was never gracious;

[00:17:48] if killed, but one dead that was willing to be so.  
[00:17:52] I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me;  
[00:17:56] the world no injury, for in it I have nothing;  
[00:17:59] only in the world I fill up a place  
[00:18:01] which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.  
[00:18:05] The little strength I have, I would it were with you.  
[00:18:10] And mine to eke out hers.  
[00:18:13] Fare you well.  
[00:18:15] Pray heaven I be deceived in you.  
[00:18:18] Your heart's desires be with you.  
[00:18:24] Come, where is this young gallant  
[00:18:26] that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?  
[00:18:29] Ready, sir,  
[00:18:31] but his will hath in it a more modest working.  
[00:18:34] You shall try but one fall.  
[00:18:36] No, I warrant, your grace,  
[00:18:37] you shall not entreat him to a second  
[00:18:39] that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.  
[00:18:41] You mean to mock me after.  
[00:18:43] You should not have mocked me before.  
[00:18:45] But come your ways.  
[00:18:48] Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!  
[00:18:55] I would I were invisible,  
[00:18:57] to catch the strong fellow by the leg.  
[00:19:35] Hold.  
[00:20:12] O excellent, young man!  
[00:20:20] If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye,  
[00:20:22] I can tell who should down.  
[00:20:34] No more. No more.  
[00:20:36] Yes, I beseech your grace.  
[00:20:38] I am not yet well breathed.  
[00:20:39] How dost thou, Charles?  
[00:20:41] He cannot speak, my lord.  
[00:20:44] Bear him away.  
[00:20:47] What is thy name, young man?  
[00:20:49] Orlando, my liege,  
[00:20:52] the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.  
[00:20:57] I would thou hadst been son to some man else.  
[00:20:59] The world esteem'd thy father honourable,  
[00:21:02] but I did find him still mine enemy.  
[00:21:04] Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed  
[00:21:07] hadst thou descended from another house,  
[00:21:09] now fare thee well.  
[00:21:10] Thou art a gallant youth.  
[00:21:13] I would thou hadst told me of another father.  
[00:21:17] Were I my father, coz, would I do this?  
[00:21:19] I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,  
[00:21:21] his youngest son,  
[00:21:22] and would not change that calling to be adopted heir to Frederick.  
[00:21:25] My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,  
[00:21:29] and all the world was of my father's mind.  
[00:21:32] Had I before known this young man his son,  
[00:21:34] I should have given him tears unto entreaties  
[00:21:36] ere he should thus have ventured.  
[00:21:38] Gentle cousin,  
[00:21:40] let us go thank him and encourage him.  
[00:21:43] My father's rough and envious disposition  
[00:21:45] sticks me at heart.  
[00:21:56] Sir...  
[00:22:02] you have well deserved.



[00:22:04] If you do keep your promises in love  
 [00:22:06] but justly as you have exceeded all promise,  
 [00:22:10] your mistress shall be happy.  
 [00:22:23] Gentleman, wear this for me...  
 [00:22:29] one out of suits with fortune,  
 [00:22:31] that would give more but that her hand lacks means.  
 [00:22:39] Shall we go, coz?  
 [00:22:41] Aye.  
 [00:22:43] Fare you well, fair gentleman.  
 [00:22:51] Can I not say I thank you?  
 [00:22:54] My better parts are all thrown down,  
 [00:22:55] and that which here stands up is but a quintain,  
 [00:22:58] a mere lifeless block.  
 [00:23:01] He calls us back.  
 [00:23:03] My pride fell with my fortunes.  
 [00:23:06] I'll ask him what he would.  
 [00:23:10] Did you call, sir?  
 [00:23:16] Sir, you have wrestled well  
 [00:23:21] and overthrown more than your enemies.  
 [00:23:27] Will you go, coz?  
 [00:23:31] Have with you.  
 [00:23:33] Fare you well.  
 [00:23:38] What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?  
 [00:23:42] I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.  
 [00:23:45] O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown,  
 [00:23:50] or Charles or something weaker masters thee.  
 [00:23:55] Good sir...  
 [00:23:58] I do in friendship counsel you to leave this place.  
 [00:24:00] Albeit you have deserved high commendation,  
 [00:24:02] true applause, and love,  
 [00:24:04] yet such is now the duke's condition  
 [00:24:05] that he misconstrues all that you have done.  
 [00:24:07] The duke is humorous.  
 [00:24:09] What he is indeed more suits you to conceive than I to speak of.  
 [00:24:12] I thank you, sir, and pray you, tell me this:  
 [00:24:14] which of the two was daughter of the duke  
 [00:24:16] that here was at the wrestling?  
 [00:24:17] Neither his daughter if we judge by manners,  
 [00:24:20] and yet indeed, the smaller is his daughter.  
 [00:24:22] The other is daughter to the banish'd duke  
 [00:24:24] and here detain'd by her usurping uncle to keep his daughter company,  
 [00:24:27] whose loves are dearer than the natural bond of sisters;  
 [00:24:29] but I can tell you that of late  
 [00:24:31] this duke hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece  
 [00:24:33] grounded upon no other argument  
 [00:24:35] but that the people praise her for her virtues  
 [00:24:37] and pity her for her good father's sake;  
 [00:24:39] and on my life,  
 [00:24:40] his malice 'gainst the lady will suddenly break forth.  
 [00:24:43] Sir, fare you well.  
 [00:24:44] Hereafter, in a better world than this,  
 [00:24:46] I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.  
 [00:24:48] I rest much bounden to you; fare you well.  
 [00:24:52] Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,  
 [00:24:54] from tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother,  
 [00:24:59] but heavenly Rosalind--  
 [00:25:12] Why, cousin!  
 [00:25:18] Why, Rosalind!  
 [00:25:22] Cupid have mercy, not a word?  
 [00:25:25] Not one to throw at a dog.

[00:25:26] Perth, no, thy words are too precious  
[00:25:28] to be cast away upon curs.  
[00:25:32] Throw some of them at me.  
[00:25:33] Come, lame me with reasons.  
[00:25:35] Then there were two cousins laid up  
[00:25:37] when the one should be lamed with reasons  
[00:25:39] and the other mad without any.  
[00:25:42] But is all this for thy father?  
[00:25:44] No, some of it is for my child's father.  
[00:25:48] Ah.  
[00:25:51] O, how full of briers is this working-day world!  
[00:25:56] They are but burs, cousin,  
[00:25:58] thrown upon thee in holiday foolery.  
[00:26:00] If we walk not in the trodden paths,  
[00:26:03] our very petticoats will catch them.  
[00:26:05] I could throw them off my coat.  
[00:26:07] These burs are in my heart.  
[00:26:09] Ahem-- hem them away.  
[00:26:10] I would try,  
[00:26:12] if I could cry "hem" and have him.  
[00:26:15] Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.  
[00:26:18] O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.  
[00:26:22] O, a good wish upon you,  
[00:26:24] and you shall try in time in despite of a fall;  
[00:26:28] but turning these jests out of service,  
[00:26:30] let us talk in good earnest.  
[00:26:33] Is it possible on such a sudden  
[00:26:36] that you should fall into so strong a liking  
[00:26:38] with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?  
[00:26:40] The duke my father loved his father dearly.  
[00:26:43] But does it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly?  
[00:26:46] By this kind of chase, I should hate him,  
[00:26:48] for my father hated his father dearly.  
[00:26:51] Yet, I hate not Orlando.  
[00:26:52] No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.  
[00:26:55] Why should I not?  
[00:26:57] Does he not deserve well?  
[00:26:59] Let me love him for that.  
[00:27:00] Do you love him because I do.  
[00:27:16] Mistress,  
[00:27:17] dispatch you with your safest haste,  
[00:27:19] and get you from our court.  
[00:27:26] Me, uncle?  
[00:27:27] You, cousin.  
[00:27:28] Within these 10 days,  
[00:27:31] if that thou be'st found  
[00:27:32] so near our public court as 20 miles,  
[00:27:35] thou diest for it.  
[00:27:37] I do beseech your grace,  
[00:27:38] let me the knowledge of my faultbear with me.  
[00:27:40] If with myself I hold intelligence  
[00:27:45] or have acquaintance of mine own desires,  
[00:27:49] if that I do not dream or be not frantic--  
[00:27:51] as I do trust I am not--  
[00:27:53] then, dear uncle, never so much as in a thought unborn  
[00:27:56] did I offend your highness.  
[00:27:59] Thus do all traitors.  
[00:28:01] If their purgation did consist in words,  
[00:28:03] they are as innocent as grace itself.  
[00:28:06] Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

[00:28:09] Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.  
 [00:28:13] Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.  
 [00:28:15] Thou art thy father's daughter;there's enough.  
 [00:28:18] So was I when your highness took his dukedom.  
 [00:28:22] So was I when your highness banish'd him.  
 [00:28:24] Treason is not inherited, my lord;  
 [00:28:26] or if we did derive it from our friends,  
 [00:28:28] what's that to me?  
 [00:28:29] My father was no traitor.  
 [00:28:32] Then, good my liege,  
 [00:28:36] mistake me not so much to think my poverty is treacherous.  
 [00:28:41] Dear sovereign, hear me speak.  
 [00:28:43] Aye, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,  
 [00:28:46] else had she with her father ranged along.  
 [00:28:48] I did not then entreat to have her stay.  
 [00:28:51] It was your pleasure and your own remorse.  
 [00:28:55] I was too young that time to value her,  
 [00:28:58] but now I know her.  
 [00:28:59] If she be a traitor, why, then so am I,  
 [00:29:03] for still, we slept together, rose in an instant,  
 [00:29:06] learn'd, play'd, eat together;  
 [00:29:09] and wheresoever we went, like Juno's swans,  
 [00:29:12] still we went coupled and inseparable.  
 [00:29:19] She is too subtle for thee;  
 [00:29:21] and her smoothness, her very silence,  
 [00:29:25] and her patience speak to the people;  
 [00:29:26] and they pity her.  
 [00:29:28] Thou art a fool.  
 [00:29:29] She robs thee of thy name,  
 [00:29:31] and thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous  
 [00:29:34] when she is gone.  
 [00:29:35] Open not thy lips!  
 [00:29:37] Firm and irrevocable is my doom which I have pass'd upon her.  
 [00:29:40] She is banish'd.  
 [00:29:41] Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege.  
 [00:29:44] I cannot live out of her company.  
 [00:29:45] You are a fool.  
 [00:29:48] You, niece, provide yourself.  
 [00:29:49] If you outstay the time,  
 [00:29:51] upon mine honour and in the greatness of my word,  
 [00:29:54] you die.  
 [00:30:11] O my poor Rosalind...  
 [00:30:19] whither wilt thou go?  
 [00:30:21] Wilt thou change fathers?  
 [00:30:23] I will give thee mine.  
 [00:30:24] Oh, I charge thee,  
 [00:30:25] be thou not more grieved than I am.  
 [00:30:27] I have more cause.  
 [00:30:29] Thou hast not, cousin.  
 [00:30:32] Prithee, be cheerful.  
 [00:30:34] Know'st thou not,  
 [00:30:35] the duke hath banish'd me, his daughter?  
 [00:30:40] That he hath not.  
 [00:30:41] No, hath not?  
 [00:30:44] Rosalind lacks then the love which teaches thee  
 [00:30:46] that thou and I am one.  
 [00:30:49] Therefore, devise with me how we may fly,  
 [00:30:54] whither to go and what to bear with us;  
 [00:30:57] and do not seek to take your charge upon you,  
 [00:31:01] to bear your griefs yourself and leave me out,

[00:31:06] for by this heaven,now at our sorrows pale,  
[00:31:08] say what thou canst; I'll go along with thee.  
[00:31:11] Why, whither shall we go?  
[00:31:14] To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.  
[00:31:20] Alas, what danger will it be to us,  
[00:31:23] maids as we are, to travel forth so far?  
[00:31:26] Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.  
[00:31:30] I'll put myself in poor and mean attire  
[00:31:34] and with a kind of umber smirch my face;  
[00:31:36] the like will you.  
[00:31:38] So shall we pass along and never stir assailants.  
[00:31:41] Would it not be better,  
[00:31:43] because that I am more than common tall,  
[00:31:46] that I should suit me all points like a man?  
[00:31:51] A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,  
[00:31:55] a boar spear in my hand;  
[00:31:57] and in my heart lie there  
[00:31:59] what hidden woman's fear there will.  
[00:32:01] We'll have a swashing and a martial outside  
[00:32:05] as many other mannish cowards have  
[00:32:07] that do outface it with their semblances.  
[00:32:10] What shall I call thee when thou art a man?  
[00:32:14] I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,  
[00:32:17] and look you therefore, call me Ganymede,  
[00:32:20] but what will you be call'd?  
[00:32:22] Something that hath a reference to my state.  
[00:32:26] No longer Celia, but Aliena.  
[00:32:31] Oh, shh.  
[00:32:36] But, cousin,  
[00:32:38] what if we assay'd to steal the clownish fool  
[00:32:40] out of your father's court?  
[00:32:42] Would he not be a comfort to our travels?  
[00:32:44] He'll go o'er the wide world with me.  
[00:32:47] Leave me alone to woo him.  
[00:32:50] Let's away and get our jewels and our wealth together,  
[00:32:54] devise the fittest time and safest way to hide us from pursuit  
[00:32:57] that will be made after my flight.  
[00:33:00] Now go we in content  
[00:33:04] to liberty and not to banishment.

**As You Like It Act 2**

[00:33:37] Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
 [00:33:42] hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
 [00:33:46] than that of painted pomp?  
 [00:33:49] Are not these woods more free from peril  
 [00:33:52] than the envious court?  
 [00:33:54] Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
 [00:33:56] the seasons' difference,  
 [00:33:58] as the icy fang and churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
 [00:34:02] which, when it bites and blows upon my body,  
 [00:34:04] even till I shrink with cold,  
 [00:34:06] I smile and say, "This is no flattery.  
 [00:34:11] "These are counsellors  
 [00:34:12] that feelingly persuade me what I am."  
 [00:34:16] Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
 [00:34:19] which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
 [00:34:22] wears yet a precious jewel in his head,  
 [00:34:26] and this our life exempt from public haunt  
 [00:34:29] finds tongues in trees,  
 [00:34:32] books in the running brooks,  
 [00:34:35] sermons in stones,  
 [00:34:38] and good in every thing.  
 [00:34:41] I would not change it.  
 [00:34:43] Happy is your Grace  
 [00:34:45] that can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
 [00:34:47] into so quiet and so sweet a style.  
 [00:34:50] Come, shall we go and kill us venison?  
 [00:34:54] And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,  
 [00:34:58] being native burghers of this desert city,  
 [00:35:02] should in their own confines with the forked heads  
 [00:35:05] have their round haunches gored.  
 [00:35:08] Indeed, my lord,  
 [00:35:09] the melancholy Jaques grieves at that,  
 [00:35:11] and in that kind  
 [00:35:12] swears you do more usurp  
 [00:35:14] than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.  
 [00:35:16] Today, my Lord of Amiens and myself  
 [00:35:18] did steal behind him as he lay along  
 [00:35:20] under an oak whose antique root peeps out  
 [00:35:22] upon the brook that brawls along this wood,  
 [00:35:24] to the which place a poor sequester'd stag  
 [00:35:27] that from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt  
 [00:35:29] did come to languish,  
 [00:35:30] and indeed, my lord,  
 [00:35:32] the wretched animal heaved forth such groans  
 [00:35:34] that their discharge did stretch his leathern coat almost to bursting,  
 [00:35:37] and the big round tears  
 [00:35:39] coursed one another down his innocent nose  
 [00:35:41] in piteous chase;  
 [00:35:42] and thus, the hairy fool  
 [00:35:44] much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
 [00:35:47] stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
 [00:35:49] augmenting it with tears.  
 [00:35:51] But what said Jaques?  
 [00:35:52] Did he not moralize this spectacle?  
 [00:35:54] O, yes, into a thousand similes:  
 [00:35:57] first, for his weeping into the needless stream,  
 [00:36:00] "Poor deer," quoth he,  
 [00:36:02] "thou makest a testament as worldlings do,

[00:36:04] giving thy sum of more to that which had too much";  
[00:36:07] then, being there alone,  
[00:36:09] left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,  
[00:36:12] "'Tis right," quoth he,  
[00:36:13] "thus misery doth part the flux of company"  
[00:36:16] anon a careless herd full of the pasture,  
[00:36:18] jumps along by him and never stays to greet him;  
[00:36:21] "Aye," quoth Jaques, "Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;  
[00:36:25] "'tis just the fashion.  
[00:36:26] "Wherefore do you look  
[00:36:28] upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"  
[00:36:30] Thus most invectively,  
[00:36:32] he pierceth through the body of the country, city, court,  
[00:36:36] yea, and of this, our life,  
[00:36:37] swearing that we are mere usurpers, tyrants,  
[00:36:40] and what's worse,  
[00:36:41] to fright the animals and to kill them up  
[00:36:43] in their assign'd and native dwelling place.  
[00:36:46] And did you leave him in this contemplation?  
[00:36:48] We did, my lord,  
[00:36:50] weeping and commenting upon the sobbing deer.  
[00:36:52] Show me the place.  
[00:36:53] I love to cope him in these sullen fits,  
[00:36:56] for then he's full of matter.  
[00:37:07] Can it be possible that no man saw them?  
[00:37:10] It cannot be.  
[00:37:12] Some villains of my court  
[00:37:14] are of consent and sufferance in this.  
[00:37:16] I cannot hear of any that did see her.  
[00:37:18] The ladies, her attendants of her chamber, saw her abed,  
[00:37:20] and in the morning early,  
[00:37:22] they found the bed untreaured of their mistress.  
[00:37:24] My lord, the roynish clown,  
[00:37:25] at whom so oft your grace was wont to laugh,  
[00:37:27] is also missing.  
[00:37:29] Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,  
[00:37:30] confesses that she secretly o'erheard  
[00:37:32] your daughter and her cousin  
[00:37:34] much commend the parts and graces of the wrestler  
[00:37:36] that did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;  
[00:37:38] and she believes, wherever they are gone,  
[00:37:40] that youth is surely in their company.  
[00:37:44] Send to his brother.  
[00:37:45] Fetch that gallant hither.  
[00:37:48] I'll make him find him.  
[00:37:50] Do this expediently!  
[00:37:53] And let not search and inquisition  
[00:37:55] quail to bring again these foolish runaways.  
[00:38:11] Who's there?  
[00:38:12] What? My young master?  
[00:38:13] O, my gentle master,  
[00:38:15] your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
[00:38:18] Know you not, master, to some kind of men  
[00:38:20] their graces serve them but as enemies?  
[00:38:22] No more do yours.  
[00:38:23] Your virtues, gentle master,  
[00:38:25] are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
[00:38:27] O, what a world is this  
[00:38:29] when what is comely envenoms him that bears it?  
[00:38:32] Why, what's the matter?

[00:38:33] O unhappy youth, come not within these doors.  
 [00:38:36] Within this roof, the enemy of all your graces lives.  
 [00:38:39] Your brother--no, no brother-- yet the son--yet not the son--  
 [00:38:41] I will not call him son of him I was about to call his father--  
 [00:38:44] hath heard your praises,  
 [00:38:45] and this night,  
 [00:38:47] he means to burn the lodging where you use to lie  
 [00:38:49] and you within it.  
 [00:38:50] If he fail in that,  
 [00:38:51] he hath other means to cut you off.  
 [00:38:53] I overheard him and his practises.  
 [00:38:54] This is no place.  
 [00:38:56] This house is but a butchery.  
 [00:38:57] Abhor it; fear it; do not enter it.  
 [00:39:00] Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?  
 [00:39:02] No matter whither so you come not here.  
 [00:39:05] What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?  
 [00:39:07] Or with a base and boisterous sword  
 [00:39:09] enforce a thievish living on the common road?  
 [00:39:11] Oh, but do not so.  
 [00:39:13] I have 500 crowns,  
 [00:39:15] the thrifty hire I saved under your father,  
 [00:39:18] which I did store to be my foster nurse  
 [00:39:19] when service should in my old limbs lie lame  
 [00:39:22] and unregarded age in corners thrown.  
 [00:39:24] Take that,  
 [00:39:26] and he that doth the ravens feed,  
 [00:39:28] yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
 [00:39:31] be comfort to my age.  
 [00:39:33] Here is the gold.  
 [00:39:34] All this I give you.  
 [00:39:37] Let me be your servant.  
 [00:39:38] Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty.  
 [00:39:41] I'll do the service of a younger man  
 [00:39:43] in all your business and necessities.  
 [00:39:45] O good old man,  
 [00:39:49] how well in thee appears  
 [00:39:51] the constant service of the antique world,  
 [00:39:53] when service sweat for duty, not for meed!  
 [00:39:57] But, poor old man,  
 [00:39:58] thou prunest a rotten tree that cannot so much as a blossom  
 [00:40:02] yield in lieu of all thy pains and husbandry,  
 [00:40:08] but come thy ways.  
 [00:40:12] We'll go along together.  
 [00:40:13] Master, go on,  
 [00:40:15] and I will follow thee to the last gasp  
 [00:40:17] with truth and loyalty.  
 [00:40:20] From 17 years till now almost fourscore here lived I  
 [00:40:24] but now live here no more.  
 [00:40:27] At 17 years, many their fortunes seek,  
 [00:40:29] but at fourscore, it is too late a week.  
 [00:40:33] Yet fortune cannot recompense me better  
 [00:40:35] than to die well and not my master's debtor.  
 [00:40:58] O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits.  
 [00:41:01] I care not for my spirits if my legs were not weary.  
 [00:41:05] I could find it in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel  
 [00:41:09] and cry like a woman,  
 [00:41:11] but I must comfort the weaker vessel  
 [00:41:13] as doublet and hose  
 [00:41:15] ought to show itself more courageous to petticoat.



[00:41:17] Therefore courage, good Aliena!  
[00:41:20] Pray you, bear with me.  
[00:41:22] I cannot go no further.  
[00:41:23] For my part,  
[00:41:24] I'd rather bear with you than bear you,  
[00:41:27] yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you,  
[00:41:29] for I think you have no money in your purse.  
[00:41:33] Well...  
[00:41:36] this is the forest of Arden.  
[00:41:38] Aye, now am I in Arden,the more fool I.  
[00:41:43] When I was at home, I was in a better place,  
[00:41:45] but travellers must be content.  
[00:41:49] Aye, be so, good Touchstone.  
[00:41:51] Look you, who comes here--  
[00:41:54] a young man and an old in solemn talk.  
[00:41:57] That is the way to make her scorn you still.  
[00:42:04] O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her.  
[00:42:10] I partly guess, for I have loved ere now.  
[00:42:14] No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,  
[00:42:19] though in thy youth  
[00:42:20] thou wast as true a lover  
[00:42:21] as ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow.  
[00:42:29] But if your love were ever like to mine--  
[00:42:33] as sure I think did never man love so--  
[00:42:37] how many actions most ridiculous  
[00:42:40] hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?  
[00:42:42] Into a thousand that I have forgotten.  
[00:42:47] O, thou didst then never love so heartily.  
[00:42:51] If thou remember'st not the slightest folly  
[00:42:54] that ever love did make thee run into,  
[00:42:56] thou hast not loved.  
[00:42:59] Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
[00:43:02] wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,  
[00:43:05] thou hast not loved.  
[00:43:09] Or if thou hast not broke from company abruptly  
[00:43:13] as my passion now makes me,  
[00:43:14] thou hast not loved.  
[00:43:17] O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!  
[00:43:27] Alas, poor shepherd.  
[00:43:29] Searching of thy wound,  
[00:43:31] I have by hard adventure found mine own.  
[00:43:35] And I mine.  
[00:43:37] I remember, when I was in love,  
[00:43:39] I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that  
[00:43:42] for coming a-night to Jane Smile;  
[00:43:45] and I remember the kissing of her batlet  
[00:43:48] and the cow's dugs  
[00:43:50] that her pretty chopp'd hands had milked;  
[00:43:53] and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her,  
[00:43:55] from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again,  
[00:43:59] said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake."  
[00:44:04] Ah, we that are true lovers run into strange capers;  
[00:44:09] but as all is mortal in nature,  
[00:44:11] so is all nature in love mortal in folly.  
[00:44:14] Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.  
[00:44:17] Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit  
[00:44:18] till I break my shins against it.  
[00:44:21] Oh, Jove, Jove,  
[00:44:24] this shepherd's passion is much after my own fashion.  
[00:44:27] And mine,



[00:44:29] but it grows something stale with me.  
[00:44:32] I pray you,  
[00:44:33] one of you question yond man  
[00:44:35] if he for gold will give us any food.  
[00:44:38] I faint almost to death.  
[00:44:39] Holla, you clown!  
[00:44:42] Peace, fool.  
[00:44:43] He's not thy kinsman.  
[00:44:44] Who calls?  
[00:44:45] Your betters, sir.  
[00:44:48] Else are they very wretched.  
[00:44:50] Peace, I say.  
[00:44:55] Good even to you, friend.  
[00:44:58] And to you, gentle sir,  
[00:45:01] and to you all.  
[00:45:05] I prithee, shepherd,  
[00:45:07] if that love or gold  
[00:45:09] could in this desert place buy entertainment,  
[00:45:11] bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.  
[00:45:14] Here's a maid with travel much oppress'd  
[00:45:19] and almost faints for succor.  
[00:45:21] Fair sir,  
[00:45:22] I pity her and wish for her sake more than for mine own  
[00:45:26] mine fortunes were more able to relieve her,  
[00:45:28] but I am shepherd to another man  
[00:45:30] and do not shear the fleeces that I graze.  
[00:45:33] My master is of churlish disposition  
[00:45:36] and little reaks to find the way to heaven  
[00:45:38] by doing deeds of hospitality.  
[00:45:40] Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed  
[00:45:45] are now on sale,  
[00:45:47] and at our sheepecote now,  
[00:45:48] by reason of his absence,  
[00:45:50] there is nothing that you will feed on;  
[00:45:52] but what is, come see;  
[00:45:55] and in my voice, most welcome shall you be.  
[00:45:58] What is he shall buy the flock and pasture?  
[00:46:01] That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,  
[00:46:03] that little cares for buying any thing.  
[00:46:08] I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
[00:46:10] buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,  
[00:46:14] and thou shalt have to pay for it of us.  
[00:46:15] And we will mend thy wages.  
[00:46:18] I like this place  
[00:46:20] and willingly could waste my time in it.  
[00:46:22] Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.  
[00:46:26] Go with me.  
[00:46:27] If you like upon report the soil, the profit,  
[00:46:30] and this way of life,  
[00:46:32] I will your very faithful feeder be  
[00:46:35] and buy it with your gold right suddenly.  
[00:46:44] Under the greenwood tree  
[00:46:46] who loves to lie with me  
[00:46:49] and turn his merry note  
[00:46:52] unto the sweet bird's throat.  
[00:46:54] Come hither, come hither, come hither.  
[00:46:57] Here shall he see no enemy  
[00:47:00] but winter and rough weather.  
[00:47:08] More, more, I prithee, more.  
[00:47:12] It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

[00:47:15] I thank it.  
 [00:47:17] More, I prithee, more.  
 [00:47:19] I can suck melancholy out of a song  
 [00:47:22] as a weasel sucks eggs.  
 [00:47:25] More, I prithee, more.  
 [00:47:26] My voice is ragged.  
 [00:47:28] I know I cannot please you.  
 [00:47:29] I do not desire you to please me;  
 [00:47:31] I do desire you to sing.  
 [00:47:33] Come, more; another stanza.  
 [00:47:37] Call you 'em stanzas?  
 [00:47:38] What you will, Monsieur Jaques.  
 [00:47:40] Nay, I care not for their names.  
 [00:47:42] They owe me nothing.  
 [00:47:43] Will you sing?  
 [00:47:45] More at your request than to please myself.  
 [00:47:47] Well then, if ever I thank any man,  
 [00:47:49] I'll thank you.  
 [00:47:51] Come, sing,  
 [00:47:52] and you that will not, hold your tongues.  
 [00:47:54] Well, I'll end the song.  
 [00:47:56] Sirs, cover the while.  
 [00:47:57] The duke will drink under this tree.  
 [00:47:59] He hath been all this day to look you.  
 [00:48:02] And I have been all this day to avoid him.  
 [00:48:06] He is too disputable for my company.  
 [00:48:08] I think of as many matters as he,  
 [00:48:11] but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them.  
 [00:48:15] Come, warble, come.  
 [00:48:20] Who doth ambition shun  
 [00:48:23] and loves to live i' the sun,  
 [00:48:25] seeking the food he eats  
 [00:48:28] and pleased with what he gets?  
 [00:48:31] Come hither, come hither, come hither.  
 [00:48:34] Here shall he see no enemy  
 [00:48:36] but winter and rough weather.  
 [00:48:43] I'll give you a verse  
 [00:48:44] to this note that I made yesterday  
 [00:48:46] in despite of my invention.  
 [00:48:47] And I'll sing it.  
 [00:48:49] Thus it goes:  
 [00:48:52] If it do come to pass  
 [00:48:55] that any man turn ass,  
 [00:48:59] leaving his wealth and ease,  
 [00:49:01] a stubborn will to please--  
 [00:49:04] ducdame, ducdame, ducdame--  
 [00:49:08] there shall he see gross fools as he,  
 [00:49:12] and if he will, come to me.  
 [00:49:15] What's that "ducdame"?  
 [00:49:22] 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle.  
 [00:49:30] Oh, I'll go sleep if I can.  
 [00:49:33] If I cannot,  
 [00:49:35] I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.  
 [00:49:42] If it do come to pass  
 [00:49:44] that any man turn ass,  
 [00:49:47] leaving his wealth and ease,  
 [00:49:50] a stubborn will to please--  
 [00:49:52] ducdame, ducdame, ducdame--  
 [00:49:55] here shall he see gross fools as he,  
 [00:49:58] and if he will, come to me.

[00:50:21] Dear master, I can go no further.  
[00:50:26] O, I die for food.  
[00:50:29] Here lie I down and measure out my grave.  
[00:50:35] Farewell, kind master.  
[00:50:40] How now, Adam.  
[00:50:42] No greater heart in thee?  
[00:50:44] Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little.  
[00:50:49] If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage,  
[00:50:51] I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee.  
[00:50:57] For my sake, be comfortable.  
[00:51:00] Hold death awhile at the arm's end.  
[00:51:02] I will here be with thee presently,  
[00:51:05] and if I bring thee not something to eat,  
[00:51:07] I will give thee leave to die.  
[00:51:08] But if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour.  
[00:51:12] Well said.  
[00:51:14] Thou lookest cheerly,  
[00:51:17] and I will be with thee quickly.  
[00:51:20] Yet thou liest in the bleak air.  
[00:51:23] Come, I will bear thee to some shelter,  
[00:51:27] and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner  
[00:51:29] if there live any thing in this desert.  
[00:51:32] Cheerly, good Adam.  
[00:51:44] I think he be transform'd into a beast,  
[00:51:47] for I can no where find him like a man.  
[00:51:48] My lord, he is but even now gone hence.  
[00:51:50] Here was he merry, hearing of a song.  
[00:51:52] If he, compact of jars, grows musical,  
[00:51:55] we shall have shortly discord in the spheres.  
[00:51:59] How now, monsieur.  
[00:52:01] What a life is this,  
[00:52:02] that your poor friends must woo your company?  
[00:52:05] What?  
[00:52:07] You look merrily.  
[00:52:10] A fool, a fool.  
[00:52:15] I met a fool in the forest,  
[00:52:19] a motley fool.  
[00:52:21] Oh, a miserable world.  
[00:52:23] As I do live by food,  
[00:52:25] I met a fool who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun  
[00:52:29] and rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,  
[00:52:33] in good set terms,  
[00:52:35] and yet a motley fool.  
[00:52:37] "Good morrow, fool," quoth I.  
[00:52:39] "No, sir," quoth he.  
[00:52:41] "Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune,"  
[00:52:46] and then he drew a dial from his poke,  
[00:52:49] and, looking on it with lackluster eye,  
[00:52:51] says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock.  
[00:52:55] Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags.  
[00:53:00] "'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,  
[00:53:02] "and after one hour more 'twill be eleven,  
[00:53:04] "and so from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,  
[00:53:07] "and then from hour to hour, we rot and rot,  
[00:53:12] and thereby hangs a tale."  
[00:53:15] But when I did hear the motley fool  
[00:53:17] thus moral on the time,  
[00:53:19] my lungs began to crow like chanticler  
[00:53:21] that fools should be so deep-contemplative,  
[00:53:25] and I did laugh sans intermission

[00:53:29] an hour by his dial.  
 [00:53:31] O noble fool.  
 [00:53:34] A worthy fool.  
 [00:53:36] Motley's the only wear.  
 [00:53:38] What fool is this?  
 [00:53:39] A worthy fool, one that hath been a courtier,  
 [00:53:43] and says if ladies be but young and fair,  
 [00:53:46] they have the gift to know it.  
 [00:53:49] And in his brain,  
 [00:53:50] which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
 [00:53:53] after a voyage,  
 [00:53:54] he hath strange places cramm'd with observation  
 [00:53:58] the which he vents in mangled forms.  
 [00:54:02] O that I were a fool.  
 [00:54:06] I am ambitious for a motley coat.  
 [00:54:09] Thou shalt have one.  
 [00:54:10] It is my only suit,  
 [00:54:13] I must have liberty withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
 [00:54:17] to blow on whom I please,  
 [00:54:20] for so fools have.  
 [00:54:21] Invest me in my motley.  
 [00:54:24] Give me leave to speak my mind,  
 [00:54:26] and I will, through and through,  
 [00:54:28] cleanse the foul body of the infected world  
 [00:54:31] if they will patiently receive my medicine.  
 [00:54:34] Fie on thee.  
 [00:54:35] I can tell thee what thou wouldst do.  
 [00:54:38] What, for a counter, would I do but good?  
 [00:54:41] Most mischievous foul sin in chiding sin,  
 [00:54:46] for thou thyself hast been a libertine  
 [00:54:50] as sensual as the brutish sting itself,  
 [00:54:53] and all the embossed sores and headed evils  
 [00:54:57] which thou with licence of free foot hast caught  
 [00:55:00] wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.  
 [00:55:03] Why, who cries out on pride  
 [00:55:04] that can therein tax any private party?  
 [00:55:08] Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea  
 [00:55:10] till that the wearer's very means do ebb?  
 [00:55:13] What woman in the city do I name  
 [00:55:15] when that I say the city woman bears the cost of princes  
 [00:55:18] on unworthy shoulders?  
 [00:55:19] Who can come in and say that I mean her  
 [00:55:21] when such a one as she such is her neighbour?  
 [00:55:24] Or what is he of basest function  
 [00:55:27] that says his bravery is not of my cost  
 [00:55:30] thinking that I mean him  
 [00:55:31] but therein suits his folly to the mettle of my speech?  
 [00:55:34] There then;  
 [00:55:36] how then?  
 [00:55:37] What then?  
 [00:55:38] Let me see wherein my tongue hath wrong'd him.  
 [00:55:41] If it do him right, then he hath wrong'd himself.  
 [00:55:44] If he be free,  
 [00:55:45] why then my taxing, like a wild goose, flies,  
 [00:55:48] unclaim'd of any man.  
 [00:55:51] Forbear, and eat no more!  
 [00:55:53] Why, I have eat none yet.  
 [00:55:54] Nor shalt not till necessity be served.  
 [00:55:56] Of what kind should this cock come of?  
 [00:55:59] Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress

[00:56:02] or else a rude despiser of good manners  
 [00:56:05] that in civility thou seem'st so empty?  
 [00:56:07] You touch'd my vein at first.  
 [00:56:09] The thorny point of bare distress  
 [00:56:11] hath ta'en from me the show of smooth civility.  
 [00:56:13] Yet, am I inland bred and know some nurture.  
 [00:56:15] But forbear, I say.  
 [00:56:17] He dies that touches any of this fruit  
 [00:56:19] till I and my affairs are answered.  
 [00:56:21] And you will not be answered with reason, I must die.  
 [00:56:24] What wouldst thou have?  
 [00:56:28] Thy gentleness shall force  
 [00:56:30] more than your force move us to gentleness.  
 [00:56:33] I almost die for food, and let me have it!  
 [00:56:36] Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.  
 [00:56:40] Speak you so gently?  
 [00:56:44] Pardon me, I pray you.  
 [00:56:45] I thought that all things had been savage here  
 [00:56:47] and therefore put I on  
 [00:56:48] the countenance of stern commandment.  
 [00:56:50] But whate'er you are that in this desert inaccessible  
 [00:56:54] under the shade of melancholy boughs  
 [00:56:56] lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,  
 [00:56:58] if ever you have look'd on better days,  
 [00:57:01] if ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,  
 [00:57:04] if ever sat at any good man's feast,  
 [00:57:06] if ever from your eyelids wiped a tear  
 [00:57:08] and know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,  
 [00:57:11] let gentleness my strong enforcement be.  
 [00:57:14] In the which hope I blush and hide my sword.  
 [00:57:19] True is it that we have seen better days,  
 [00:57:23] Ho, ho, ho, ho.  
 [00:57:25] Therefore, sit you down in gentleness  
 [00:57:27] and take upon command what help we have  
 [00:57:30] that to your wanting may be minister'd.  
 [00:57:32] Then but forbear your food a little while  
 [00:57:34] whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn and give it food.  
 [00:57:36] There is an old poor man  
 [00:57:38] who after me hath many a weary step limp'd in pure love.  
 [00:57:40] Till he be first sufficed,  
 [00:57:42] oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,  
 [00:57:44] I will not touch a bit.  
 [00:57:45] Go find him out,  
 [00:57:47] and we will nothing waste till you return.  
 [00:57:49] I thank ye,  
 [00:57:50] and be blessed for your good comfort.  
 [00:57:56] Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy.  
 [00:58:01] This wide and universal theater presents more woeful pageants  
 [00:58:05] than the scene wherein we play in.  
 [00:58:07] All the world's a stage  
 [00:58:10] and all the men and women merely players.  
 [00:58:14] They have their exits and their entrances,  
 [00:58:17] and one man in his time plays many parts,  
 [00:58:21] his acts being seven ages:  
 [00:58:24] at first the infant,  
 [00:58:26] mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;  
 [00:58:30] and then the whining schoolboy  
 [00:58:32] with his satchel and shining morning face,  
 [00:58:34] creeping like snail unwillingly to school;  
 [00:58:38] and then the lover, sighing like furnace,

[00:58:41] with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow;  
[00:58:46] then a soldier,  
[00:58:47] full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,  
[00:58:51] jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
[00:58:54] seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth;  
[00:58:59] and then the justice,  
[00:59:00] in fair round belly with good capon lined,  
[00:59:05] with eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
[00:59:09] full of wise saws and modern instances,  
[00:59:14] and so he plays his part.  
[00:59:17] The sixth age shifts  
[00:59:19] into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
[00:59:23] with spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
[00:59:27] his youthful hose, well-saved,  
[00:59:30] the world too wide for his shrunk shank,  
[00:59:35] and his big, manly voice  
[00:59:38] turning again toward childish treble,  
[00:59:41] pipes and whistles in his sound.  
[00:59:47] Last scene of all  
[00:59:49] that ends this strange, eventful history,  
[00:59:56] is second childishness  
[00:59:59] and mere oblivion,  
[01:00:02] sans teeth,  
[01:00:05] sans eyes,  
[01:00:07] sans taste,  
[01:00:11] sans everything.  
[01:00:23] Set down your venerable burden.  
[01:00:32] And let him feed.  
[01:00:35] I thank you most for him.  
[01:00:37] So had you need.  
[01:00:40] I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.  
[01:00:44] Welcome; fall to.  
[01:00:52] I will not trouble you as yet  
[01:00:53] to question you about your fortunes.  
[01:00:57] Give us some music,  
[01:00:59] and, good cousin, sing.  
[01:01:07] Blow, blow, thou winter wind.  
[01:01:13] Thou art not so unkind  
[01:01:17] as man's ingratitude.  
[01:01:21] Thy tooth is not so keen  
[01:01:26] because thou art not seen,  
[01:01:31] although thy breath be rude.  
[01:01:34] Heigh-ho.  
[01:01:36] Sing, heigh-ho  
[01:01:39] unto the green holly.  
[01:01:44] Most friendship is feigning.  
[01:01:49] Most loving, mere folly.  
[01:01:55] Then, heigh-ho, the holly,  
[01:01:58] this life is most jolly.  
[01:02:05] Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
[01:02:10] that dost not bite so nigh  
[01:02:15] as benefits forgot.  
[01:02:18] Though thou the waters warp,  
[01:02:24] thy sting is not so sharp  
[01:02:28] as friend remember'd not.  
[01:02:31] Heigh-ho.  
[01:02:33] Sing, heigh-ho  
[01:02:37] unto the green holly.  
[01:02:41] Most friendship is feigning.  
[01:02:46] Most loving, mere folly.

[01:02:51] Then, heigh-ho, the holly,  
[01:02:55] this life is most jolly.  
[01:03:03] If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son  
[01:03:07] as you have whisper'd faithfully you were,  
[01:03:10] and as mine eyes doth his effigies witness  
[01:03:13] most truly limn'd and living in your face,  
[01:03:16] be truly welcome hither.  
[01:03:18] I am the duke that loved your father.  
[01:03:21] Good old man,  
[01:03:25] thou art right welcome as thy master is.

## As You Like It Act 3

[01:03:39] Not see him since?  
 [01:03:42] Sir, sir, that cannot be!  
 [01:03:45] But were I not the better part made mercy,  
 [01:03:49] I should not seek  
 [01:03:51] an absent argument of my revenge, thou peasant.  
 [01:03:55] So look to it!  
 [01:03:57] Find out thy brother wheresoe'er he is!  
 [01:04:01] Seek him with candle!  
 [01:04:03] Bring him dead or living within this twelvemonth,  
 [01:04:07] or turn thou no more  
 [01:04:09] to seek a living in our territories.  
 [01:04:11] Thy lands and all things  
 [01:04:13] that thou dost call thine worth seizure  
 [01:04:16] do we seize into our hands  
 [01:04:18] till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth  
 [01:04:22] of what we think against thee.  
 [01:04:24] O that your highness knew my heart in this.  
 [01:04:27] I never loved my brother in my life.  
 [01:04:29] More villain thou.  
 [01:04:33] Well, push him out of doors!  
 [01:04:38] And let my officers of such a nature  
 [01:04:40] make an extent upon his house and lands.  
 [01:04:43] Do this expediently, and turn him going!  
 [01:04:56] Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:  
 [01:05:00] And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey  
 [01:05:04] with thy chaste eye from thy pale sphere above  
 [01:05:08] thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.  
 [01:05:14] O Rosalind,  
 [01:05:20] these trees shall be my books,  
 [01:05:23] and in their barks, my thoughts I'll character  
 [01:05:26] that every eye which in this forest looks  
 [01:05:30] shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.  
 [01:05:35] Run, run, Orlando.  
 [01:05:38] Carve on every tree  
 [01:05:40] the fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.  
 [01:06:00] Uh.  
 [01:06:02] And how like you this shepherd's life,  
 [01:06:04] Master Touchstone?  
 [01:06:06] Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself,  
 [01:06:08] it is a good life,  
 [01:06:09] but in respect that it is a shepherd's life,  
 [01:06:13] it is naught.  
 [01:06:15] In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well,  
 [01:06:17] but in respect that it is private,  
 [01:06:21] it is a very vile life.  
 [01:06:23] Now, in respect it is in the fields,  
 [01:06:25] it pleaseth me well;  
 [01:06:26] but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious.  
 [01:06:29] As is it a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well;  
 [01:06:32] but as there is no more plenty in it,  
 [01:06:35] it goes much against my stomach.  
 [01:06:38] Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?  
 [01:06:41] No more but that I know the more one sickens,  
 [01:06:44] the worse at ease he is  
 [01:06:46] and that he that wants money, means, and content  
 [01:06:50] is without three good friends;  
 [01:06:53] the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn;  
 [01:06:57] that good pasture makes fat sheep



[01:07:00] and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun;  
 [01:07:04] that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art  
 [01:07:08] may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.  
 [01:07:13] Such a one is a natural philosopher.  
 [01:07:16] Wast ever in court, shepherd?  
 [01:07:17] No, truly.  
 [01:07:19] Then thou art damned.  
 [01:07:20] Nay, I hope.  
 [01:07:22] Truly, thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg,  
 [01:07:24] all on one side.  
 [01:07:25] For not being at court?  
 [01:07:28] Oh, your reason?  
 [01:07:29] Why, if thou never wast at court,  
 [01:07:31] thou never sawest good manners;  
 [01:07:32] if thou never sawest good manners, thy manners must be wicked;  
 [01:07:35] and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation.  
 [01:07:37] Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.  
 [01:07:39] Not a whit, Touchstone:  
 [01:07:41] those that are good manners at the court  
 [01:07:43] are as ridiculous in the country  
 [01:07:45] as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court.  
 [01:07:49] You told me that you salute not at the court,  
 [01:07:51] but you kiss your hands.  
 [01:07:53] That courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.  
 [01:07:57] Instance, briefly; come, instance.  
 [01:07:59] Why, we are still handling our ewes,  
 [01:08:03] and their fells, you know, are greasy.  
 [01:08:05] Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat?  
 [01:08:07] And is not the grease of a mutton  
 [01:08:09] as wholesome as the sweat of a man?  
 [01:08:11] Shallow, shallow.  
 [01:08:12] A better instance, I say; come.  
 [01:08:14] Besides, our hands are hard.  
 [01:08:16] Your lips will feel them the sooner.  
 [01:08:18] Shallow again.  
 [01:08:19] A more sounder instance, come.  
 [01:08:21] And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep:  
 [01:08:25] and would you have us kiss tar?  
 [01:08:28] The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.  
 [01:08:32] Most shallow man,  
 [01:08:34] thou worm's meat in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed.  
 [01:08:38] Learn of the wise, and perpend.  
 [01:08:41] Civet is of a baser birth than tar,  
 [01:08:44] the very uncleanly flux of a cat.  
 [01:08:47] Mend the instance, shepherd.  
 [01:08:49] You have too courtly a wit for me.  
 [01:08:52] I'll rest.  
 [01:08:54] Wilt thou rest damned?  
 [01:08:57] God help thee, shallow man.  
 [01:09:01] God make incision in thee.  
 [01:09:04] Thou art raw.  
 [01:09:06] Sir, I am a true laborer.  
 [01:09:10] I earn that I eat,  
 [01:09:12] get that I wear,  
 [01:09:14] owe no man hate,  
 [01:09:15] envy no man's happiness,  
 [01:09:17] glad of other men's good,  
 [01:09:19] content with my harm,  
 [01:09:21] and the greatest of my pride  
 [01:09:23] is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

[01:09:27] That is another simple sin in you,  
 [01:09:29] to bring the ewes and the rams together  
 [01:09:32] and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle.  
 [01:09:35] If thou beest not damned for this,  
 [01:09:37] the devil himself will have no shepherds.  
 [01:09:38] I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.  
 [01:09:57] "From the east to western Ind,  
 [01:10:01] "no jewel is like Rosalind.  
 [01:10:05] "Her worth, being mounted on the wi--  
 [01:10:08] "wind,  
 [01:10:10] "through all the world bears Rosalind.  
 [01:10:15] "All the pictures fairest lined  
 [01:10:16] "are but black to Rosalind.  
 [01:10:19] "Let no face be kept in mind  
 [01:10:21] but the fair of Rosalind."  
 [01:10:24] I'll rhyme you so eight years together,  
 [01:10:27] dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted.  
 [01:10:29] This is the right butter-women's rank to market.  
 [01:10:32] Out, fool.  
 [01:10:33] For a taste:  
 [01:10:35] If a hart do lack a hind,  
 [01:10:37] let him seek out Rosalind.  
 [01:10:39] If the cat will after kind,  
 [01:10:41] so be sure will Rosalind.  
 [01:10:43] Winter garments must be lined.  
 [01:10:45] so must slender Rosalind.  
 [01:10:48] They that reap must sheaf and bind;  
 [01:10:50] then to cart with Rosalind.  
 [01:10:52] Sweetest nut hath sourest rind.  
 [01:10:54] Such a nut is Rosalind.  
 [01:10:56] He that sweetest rose will find  
 [01:10:59] must find love's prick and Rosalind.  
 [01:11:02] This is the very false gallop of verses.  
 [01:11:05] Why do you infect yourself with them?  
 [01:11:07] Peace, you dull fool.  
 [01:11:09] I found them on a tree.  
 [01:11:11] Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.  
 [01:11:14] I'll graff it with you,  
 [01:11:15] and then I shall graff it with a medlar.  
 [01:11:17] and then, it will be the earliest fruit of the country;  
 [01:11:20] for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe,  
 [01:11:22] and that's the right virtue of the medlar.  
 [01:11:24] Ooh, you have said, but whether wisely or no,  
 [01:11:26] let the forest judge.  
 [01:11:28] Peace, here comes my sister, reading.  
 [01:11:30] Let's stand aside.  
 [01:11:35] "Why should this a desert be?  
 [01:11:37] "For it is unpeopled?  
 [01:11:39] "No.  
 [01:11:41] "Tongues I'll hang on every tree  
 [01:11:44] that shall civil sayings show."  
 [01:11:46] Hmm.  
 [01:11:48] "But upon the fairest boughs  
 [01:11:49] "or at every sentence end  
 [01:11:51] "will I Rosalinda write,  
 [01:11:55] "teaching all that read to know  
 [01:11:56] "the quintessence of every sprite  
 [01:11:59] "heaven would in little show.  
 [01:12:01] "Therefore, Heaven Nature charged  
 [01:12:04] "that one body should be fill'd

[01:12:06] "with all graces wide-enlarged.  
[01:12:10] "Nature presently distill'd Helen's cheek but not her heart,  
[01:12:15] "Cleopatra's majesty,  
[01:12:17] "Atalanta's better part,  
[01:12:20] "sad Lucretia's modesty.  
[01:12:22] "Thus Rosalind of many parts  
[01:12:26] "by heavenly synod was devised  
[01:12:29] "of many faces, eyes, and hearts  
[01:12:31] "to have the touches dearest prized.  
[01:12:35] "Heaven would that she these gifts should have  
[01:12:37] and I to live and die her slave."  
[01:12:41] O most gentle pulpiter!  
[01:12:44] What tedious homily of love  
[01:12:46] have you wearied your parishioners withal  
[01:12:48] and never cried, "Have patience, good people."  
[01:12:50] How now.  
[01:12:52] Back, friends.  
[01:12:54] Shepherd, go off a little.  
[01:12:56] Go with him, sirrah.  
[01:12:58] Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat,  
[01:13:01] though not with bag and baggage,  
[01:13:03] yet with scrip and scrippage.  
[01:13:06] Didst thou hear these verses?  
[01:13:08] O, yes, I heard them all and more too,  
[01:13:10] for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.  
[01:13:14] But didst thou hear without wondering  
[01:13:16] how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?  
[01:13:19] I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder  
[01:13:22] before you came,  
[01:13:23] for look you here what I found on a palm tree.  
[01:13:27] I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time  
[01:13:30] that I was an Irish rat that I can hardly remember.  
[01:13:35] Trow you who hath done this?  
[01:13:37] Is it a man?  
[01:13:39] Mm-hmm.  
[01:13:40] And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck.  
[01:13:45] Change you color?  
[01:13:47] I prithee, who?  
[01:13:48] O Lord, Lord.  
[01:13:50] It is a hard matter for friends to meet,  
[01:13:51] but mountains may be removed with earthquakes  
[01:13:54] and so encounter.  
[01:13:55] Nay, but who is it?  
[01:13:58] Is it possible?  
[01:13:59] Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence,  
[01:14:03] tell me who it is.  
[01:14:04] O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful.  
[01:14:08] Wonderful, and yet again wonderful,  
[01:14:10] and after that, out of all hoping.  
[01:14:13] Good my complexion, dost thou think,  
[01:14:15] though I am caparisoned like a man,  
[01:14:16] I have a doublet and hose in my disposition?  
[01:14:19] One inch of delay more is a South sea of discovery.  
[01:14:23] I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace.  
[01:14:27] I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth  
[01:14:30] that I may drink thy tidings.  
[01:14:32] So you may put a man in your belly.  
[01:14:35] Is he of God's making?  
[01:14:36] What manner of man?  
[01:14:38] Is his head worth a hat or his chin worth a beard?

[01:14:40] Nay, he hath but a little beard.  
[01:14:43] Why, God will send him more if the man will be thankful.  
[01:14:46] Let me stay the growth of his beard  
[01:14:48] if you delay me not the knowledge of his chin.  
[01:14:53] No.  
[01:14:55] It is young Orlando  
[01:14:59] that tripped up the wrestler's heels  
[01:15:01] and your heart both in an instant.  
[01:15:03] Nay, but the devil take mocking.  
[01:15:05] Speak, sad brow and true maid.  
[01:15:08] I' faith, coz, 'tis he.  
[01:15:13] Orlando?  
[01:15:14] Orlando.  
[01:15:17] Oh.  
[01:15:19] Oh.  
[01:15:23] Alas the day!  
[01:15:24] What shall I do with my doublet and hose?  
[01:15:27] Oh.  
[01:15:28] What did he when thou sawest him?  
[01:15:30] What said he?  
[01:15:31] How looked he?  
[01:15:32] Wherein went he?  
[01:15:33] What makes he here?  
[01:15:35] Did he ask for me?  
[01:15:36] Where remains he?  
[01:15:37] How parted he with thee?  
[01:15:38] And when shalt thou see him again?  
[01:15:40] Answer me in one word.  
[01:15:42] You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first.  
[01:15:45] 'Tis a word too great  
[01:15:47] for any mouth of this age's size.  
[01:15:48] Oh, but--but doth he know that I am in this forest?  
[01:15:52] And in man's apparel?  
[01:15:54] Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?  
[01:15:58] It's as easy to count atomies  
[01:16:01] as to resolve the propositions of a lover,  
[01:16:03] but take a taste of my finding him,  
[01:16:05] and relish it with good observance.  
[01:16:09] I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.  
[01:16:13] It may well be called Jove's tree  
[01:16:18] when it drops forth such fruit.  
[01:16:20] Give me audience, good madam.  
[01:16:22] Proceed.  
[01:16:25] There lay he, stretched along like a wounded knight.  
[01:16:29] Oh, though it be pity to see such a sight,  
[01:16:31] yet it well becomes the ground.  
[01:16:34] Cry holla to thy tongue, I prithee.  
[01:16:36] It curvets unseasonably.  
[01:16:39] He was furnished like a hunter.  
[01:16:42] O, ominous.  
[01:16:44] He comes to kill my heart.  
[01:16:45] I would sing my song without a burden.  
[01:16:48] Thou bringest me out of tune.  
[01:16:49] Do you not know I am a woman?  
[01:16:51] When I think, I must speak.  
[01:16:54] Sweet, say on.  
[01:16:55] You bring me out.  
[01:16:58] Soft.  
[01:16:59] Comes he not here?  
[01:17:04] 'Tis he.

[01:17:09] Slink by, and note him.  
[01:17:13] Oh!  
[01:17:16] I thank you for your company,  
[01:17:17] but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.  
[01:17:20] And so had I, but yet, for fashion sake,  
[01:17:22] I thank you too for your society.  
[01:17:24] God by you.  
[01:17:25] Let's meet as little as we can.  
[01:17:27] I do desire we may be better strangers.  
[01:17:31] I pray you,  
[01:17:33] mar no more trees  
[01:17:34] with writing love songs in their barks.  
[01:17:38] I pray you, mar no more of my verses  
[01:17:41] with reading them ill-favoredly.  
[01:17:44] Rosalind is your love's name?  
[01:17:46] Yes, just.  
[01:17:48] I do not like her name.  
[01:17:50] There was no thought of pleasing you  
[01:17:51] when she was christened.  
[01:17:54] What stature is she of?  
[01:17:55] Just as high as my heart.  
[01:17:59] You are full of pretty answers.  
[01:18:00] Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives  
[01:18:03] and conned them out of rings?  
[01:18:04] Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth  
[01:18:07] from whence you have studied your questions.  
[01:18:09] You have a nimble wit.  
[01:18:10] I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels.  
[01:18:14] Will you sit down with me?  
[01:18:16] And we two will rail against our mistress the world  
[01:18:19] and all our misery.  
[01:18:21] I will chide no breather in the world except myself,  
[01:18:24] against whom I know most faults.  
[01:18:26] The worst fault you have is to be in love.  
[01:18:29] 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue.  
[01:18:32] I am weary of you.  
[01:18:34] By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.  
[01:18:37] He is drowned in the brook.  
[01:18:38] Look but in, and you shall see him.  
[01:18:42] There I shall see mine own figure.  
[01:18:44] Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.  
[01:18:51] I'll tarry no longer with you.  
[01:18:54] Farewell, good Signior Love.  
[01:18:57] I am glad of your departure.  
[01:18:58] Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.  
[01:19:04] I'll speak to him like a saucy lackey  
[01:19:06] and under that habit play the knave with him.  
[01:19:11] Do you hear, forester?  
[01:19:14] Very well.  
[01:19:16] What would you?  
[01:19:17] I pray you, what is't o'clock?  
[01:19:22] You should ask me what time o' day.  
[01:19:25] There's no clock in the forest.  
[01:19:27] Then there is no true lover in the forest,  
[01:19:29] else sighing every minute and groaning every hour  
[01:19:32] would detect the lazy foot of Time  
[01:19:34] as well as a clock.  
[01:19:35] And why not the swift foot of Time?  
[01:19:38] Had not that been as proper?  
[01:19:40] By no means, sir.

[01:19:42] Time travels in divers paces with divers persons.  
 [01:19:45] I'll tell you who Time ambles withal,  
 [01:19:48] who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal,  
 [01:19:52] and who he stands still withal.  
 [01:19:53] I prithee, who doth he trot withal?  
 [01:19:58] Marry, he trots hard with a young maid  
 [01:20:01] between the contract of her marriage  
 [01:20:03] and the--the--and the day that it is solemnized,  
 [01:20:06] for if the interim be but a se'nnight,  
 [01:20:08] Time's pace is so hard it seems the length of seven year.  
 [01:20:11] Who ambles Time withal?  
 [01:20:14] With a priest that lacks Latin  
 [01:20:16] and a rich man that hath not the gout,  
 [01:20:19] for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study;  
 [01:20:22] the other lives merrily because he feels no pain,  
 [01:20:26] the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning,  
 [01:20:29] the other feeling no burden of heavy tedious penury.  
 [01:20:32] These, Time ambles withal.  
 [01:20:37] Who doth he gallop withal?  
 [01:20:38] With a thief to the gallows,  
 [01:20:39] for though he go as soft as foot can fall,  
 [01:20:42] he thinks himself too soon there.  
 [01:20:44] Who stays it still withal?  
 [01:20:51] With lawyers in the vacation,  
 [01:20:55] for they sleep between term and term  
 [01:20:57] and then they perceive not how Time moves.  
 [01:21:00] Where dwell you, pretty youth?  
 [01:21:03] With this shepherdess,  
 [01:21:09] my sister,  
 [01:21:10] here in the skirts of the forest  
 [01:21:12] like fringe upon a petticoat.  
 [01:21:14] Are you native of this place?  
 [01:21:16] As the cony you see dwell where she is kindled.  
 [01:21:19] Your accent is something finer  
 [01:21:20] than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.  
 [01:21:24] I have been told so of many,  
 [01:21:27] and indeed, an old religious uncle of mine  
 [01:21:30] taught me to speak,  
 [01:21:32] who was in his youth an inland man,  
 [01:21:34] one that knew courtship too well,  
 [01:21:37] for there he fell in love,  
 [01:21:38] and I have heard him read many lectures against it,  
 [01:21:40] and indeed, I thank God I am not a woman,  
 [01:21:45] to be touched with so many giddy offences  
 [01:21:48] as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.  
 [01:21:50] Can you remember any of the principal evils  
 [01:21:52] that he lay to the charge of women?  
 [01:21:54] There were none principal.  
 [01:21:55] They were all like one another as half pence are,  
 [01:21:57] the one fault seeming monstrous  
 [01:21:59] till his fellow fault came to match it.  
 [01:22:01] I prithee, recount some of them.  
 [01:22:03] No, I will not cast away my physic  
 [01:22:06] but upon those that are sick.  
 [01:22:08] There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants  
 [01:22:13] with carving "R-R-Rosalind" on their barks,  
 [01:22:16] hangs odes upon hawthorns, elegies upon brambles,  
 [01:22:21] all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind.  
 [01:22:25] If I could meet that fancy-monger,  
 [01:22:28] I would give him some good counsel,

[01:22:29] for he hath the quotidian of love upon him.  
 [01:22:32] I am he that is so love-shaked.  
 [01:22:37] I pray you, tell me your remedy.  
 [01:22:39] There is none of my uncle's marks upon you.  
 [01:22:42] He taught me how to know a man in love,  
 [01:22:44] in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.  
 [01:22:47] And what were his marks?  
 [01:22:49] A lean cheek, which you have not;  
 [01:22:52] a blue eye and sunken, which you have not;  
 [01:22:54] an unquestionable spirit, which you have not;  
 [01:22:56] a beard neglected, which you have not;  
 [01:22:59] but I pardon you for that,  
 [01:23:02] for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue.  
 [01:23:05] Then your hose should be ungartered,  
 [01:23:08] your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned,  
 [01:23:10] your shoe untied,  
 [01:23:11] everything about you  
 [01:23:13] demonstrating a careless desolation;  
 [01:23:18] but you are no such man.  
 [01:23:20] You are rather point-device in your accoutrements  
 [01:23:23] as loving yourself  
 [01:23:25] than seeming the lover of any other.  
 [01:23:26] Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe,  
 [01:23:29] I love.  
 [01:23:30] Me, believe it?  
 [01:23:34] You may as soon make her that you love believe it,  
 [01:23:38] which, I warrant, she is apter to do  
 [01:23:41] than to confess that she does.  
 [01:23:43] That is one of the points in which women  
 [01:23:45] still give the lie to their consciences.  
 [01:23:48] But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees  
 [01:23:54] wherein Rosalind is so admired?  
 [01:23:56] I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind,  
 [01:23:59] I am that he,  
 [01:24:02] that unfortunate he.  
 [01:24:04] But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?  
 [01:24:10] Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.  
 [01:24:14] Ah, ha, ha!  
 [01:24:16] Love is merely a madness and, I tell you,  
 [01:24:20] deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do,  
 [01:24:23] and the only reason they are not so punished and cured  
 [01:24:26] is that the lunacy is so ordinary  
 [01:24:28] the whippers are in love too.  
 [01:24:32] Yet I profess curing it by counsel.  
 [01:24:39] Did you ever cure any so?  
 [01:24:41] Yes, one, and in this manner:  
 [01:24:46] he was to imagine me his love,  
 [01:24:50] his mistress,  
 [01:24:52] and I set him every day to woo me,  
 [01:24:56] at which time would I, being but a moonish youth,  
 [01:25:03] grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking,  
 [01:25:07] proud, fantastical, full of tears, full of smiles,  
 [01:25:12] for every passion something and for no passion truly anything  
 [01:25:15] as boys and women are for the most part  
 [01:25:17] cattle of this color;  
 [01:25:20] now like him, now loathe him;  
 [01:25:22] then entertain him, then forswear him;  
 [01:25:24] now weep for him, then spit at him  
 [01:25:26] that I drove my suitor from his mad humor of love  
 [01:25:31] to a living humor of madness,



[01:25:33] which was to forswear the full stream of the world  
[01:25:37] and live in a nook merely monastic.  
[01:25:39] And thus did I cure him,  
[01:25:42] and so will I take it on me  
[01:25:46] to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart,  
[01:25:50] that there shall not be one spot of love in it.  
[01:25:54] I would not be cured, youth.  
[01:25:55] I would cure you if you would but call me Rosalind  
[01:26:03] and come to my cote every day and woo me.  
[01:26:12] Now, by the faith of my love, I will.  
[01:26:18] Tell me where it is.  
[01:26:19] Go with me to it, and I will show it to you,  
[01:26:21] and by the way,  
[01:26:22] you shall tell me where in the forest you live.  
[01:26:26] Come; will you go?  
[01:26:27] With all my heart, good youth.  
[01:26:29] Nay, you must call me Rosalind.  
[01:26:36] Come, sister, will you go?  
[01:26:52] Come apace, good Audrey.  
[01:26:54] I will fetch up your goats, Audrey.  
[01:27:04] And how, Audrey?  
[01:27:06] Am I the man yet?  
[01:27:08] Doth my simple feature content you?  
[01:27:10] Your features! Lord warrant us!  
[01:27:13] What features?  
[01:27:15] I am here with thee and thy goats  
[01:27:16] as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid,  
[01:27:18] was among the Goths.  
[01:27:20] O knowledge ill-inhabited,  
[01:27:22] worse than Jove in a thatched house.  
[01:27:24] When a man's verses can't be understood  
[01:27:27] or a man's good wit seconded  
[01:27:29] with the forward child understanding,  
[01:27:31] it strikes a man more dead  
[01:27:33] than a great reckoning in a little room.  
[01:27:36] Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.  
[01:27:39] I do not know what "poetical" is.  
[01:27:42] Is it honest in deed and word?  
[01:27:44] Is it a true thing?  
[01:27:45] No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning;  
[01:27:49] and lovers are given to poetry,  
[01:27:51] and what they swear in poetry  
[01:27:53] may be said as lovers they do feign.  
[01:27:56] Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?  
[01:27:59] I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest.  
[01:28:03] Now, if thou wert a poet,  
[01:28:05] I might have some hope thou didst feign.  
[01:28:08] Oh, would you not have me honest?  
[01:28:09] No, truly--  
[01:28:12] unless thou wert hard-favored,  
[01:28:14] for honesty coupled to beauty  
[01:28:15] is to have honey a sauce to sugar.  
[01:28:18] A material fool!  
[01:28:19] Well, I am not fair,  
[01:28:21] and therefore, I pray the gods make me honest.  
[01:28:24] Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut  
[01:28:26] were to put good meat into an unclean dish.  
[01:28:29] I am not a slut,  
[01:28:30] though I thank the gods I am foul.  
[01:28:33] Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness.



[01:28:36] Sluttishness may come hereafter.  
[01:28:38] But be it as it may be,  
[01:28:42] I will marry thee,  
[01:28:44] and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Martext,  
[01:28:47] the vicar of the next village,  
[01:28:49] who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest  
[01:28:51] and to couple us.  
[01:28:53] I would fain see this meeting.  
[01:28:54] Well, the gods give us joy!  
[01:28:56] Amen.  
[01:28:58] Oh, a man may, if he were of a fearful heart,  
[01:29:01] stagger in this attempt,  
[01:29:03] for here we have no temple but the wood,  
[01:29:05] no assembly but horn-beasts.  
[01:29:08] But what though?  
[01:29:09] Courage.  
[01:29:11] As horns are odious, they are necessary.  
[01:29:13] No, as a walled town is more worthier than a village,  
[01:29:16] so is the forehead of a married man  
[01:29:18] more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor.  
[01:29:21] Sir Oliver Martext,  
[01:29:22] you are well met.  
[01:29:24] Will you dispatch us here under this tree?  
[01:29:26] Or shall we go with you to your chapel?  
[01:29:27] Yes, yes, yes.  
[01:29:30] I-I-Is there none here to give the woman?  
[01:29:33] I will not take her on gift of any man.  
[01:29:35] Truly, sir, she must be given,  
[01:29:37] or the marriage is not lawful.  
[01:29:39] Proceed, proceed.  
[01:29:42] I'll give her.  
[01:29:43] Good even, good Master What-ye-call't.  
[01:29:45] How do you, sir?  
[01:29:46] You are very well met.  
[01:29:48] I am very glad to see you--  
[01:29:50] even a toy in hand here, sir.  
[01:29:52] Nay, pray be covered.  
[01:29:53] Will you be married, motley?  
[01:29:55] As the ox hath his bow, sir,  
[01:29:56] and the horse his curb and the falcon her bells,  
[01:29:58] so a man hath his desires;  
[01:30:01] and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.  
[01:30:05] Will you, being a man of your breeding,  
[01:30:06] be married under a bush like a beggar?  
[01:30:09] Get you to church, and have a good priest  
[01:30:11] that can tell you what marriage is.  
[01:30:13] This fellow will but join you together  
[01:30:15] as they join wainscot,  
[01:30:17] and then one of you will prove a shrunk panel  
[01:30:19] and, like green timber, warp--  
[01:30:25] warp.  
[01:30:27] I am not in the mind,  
[01:30:28] but I were better to be married of him than of another,  
[01:30:31] for he is not like to marry me well,  
[01:30:33] and not being well-married,  
[01:30:34] it will be a good excuse for me hereafter  
[01:30:36] to leave my wife.  
[01:30:39] Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.  
[01:30:43] 'Come, sweet Audrey.  
[01:30:45] We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

[01:30:47] Farewell, good Master Oliver,  
 [01:30:49] not, "O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver,  
 [01:30:51] leave me not behind thee,"  
 [01:30:52] but, "Wind away;  
 [01:30:53] "Begone, I say,  
 [01:30:54] I will not to wedding with thee."  
 [01:31:00] 'Tis no matter.  
 [01:31:02] There's ne'er a fantastical knave of them all  
 [01:31:05] shall flout me out of my calling.  
 [01:31:19] Never talk to me.  
 [01:31:21] I will weep.  
 [01:31:22] Do, I prithee,  
 [01:31:24] and yet have the grace to consider  
 [01:31:26] that tears do not become a man.  
 [01:31:29] Have I not cause to weep?  
 [01:31:31] As good a cause as one could desire.  
 [01:31:34] Therefore, weep.  
 [01:31:35] His very hair is of the dissembling color.  
 [01:31:39] Something browner than Judas's marry.  
 [01:31:42] His kisses are Judas's own children.  
 [01:31:45] I' faith, his hair is of a good color.  
 [01:31:47] An excellent color.  
 [01:31:49] Your chestnut was ever the only color.  
 [01:31:52] And his kissing is as full of sanctity  
 [01:31:55] as is the touch of holy bread.  
 [01:31:57] A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously.  
 [01:32:02] There is the ice of chastity in them.  
 [01:32:07] But why did he swear he would come this morning  
 [01:32:10] and comes not?  
 [01:32:12] Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.  
 [01:32:15] Not true in love?  
 [01:32:17] When he is in, but I think he is not in.  
 [01:32:19] But you have heard him swear downright he was.  
 [01:32:21] "Was" is not "is."  
 [01:32:25] Besides, the oath of a lover  
 [01:32:28] is no stronger than the words of a tapster.  
 [01:32:30] They are both the confirmer of false reckonings.  
 [01:32:35] Oh, he attends here in the forest  
 [01:32:38] on the duke thy father.  
 [01:32:40] I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him.  
 [01:32:43] He asked me of what parentage I was.  
 [01:32:45] I told him of as good as he, and so he laughed and let me go.  
 [01:32:49] But what talk we of fathers  
 [01:32:52] when there is such a man as Orlando?  
 [01:32:55] O, there's a brave man.  
 [01:32:58] He writes brave verses, speaks brave words,  
 [01:33:01] swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely,  
 [01:33:05] quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover.  
 [01:33:10] But all's brave  
 [01:33:11] that youth mounts and folly guides.  
 [01:33:14] Mistress and master,  
 [01:33:16] you have oft inquired  
 [01:33:17] after the shepherd who complain'd of love  
 [01:33:19] who you saw sitting by me on the turf,  
 [01:33:22] praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  
 [01:33:24] that was his mistress.  
 [01:33:25] Well, and what of him?  
 [01:33:27] If you would see a pageant truly play'd  
 [01:33:29] between the pale complexion of true love  
 [01:33:31] and the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,

[01:33:34] go hence a little, and I shall conduct you  
[01:33:36] if you will mark it.  
[01:33:38] O, come, let us remove.  
[01:33:40] The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.  
[01:33:42] Oh.  
[01:33:46] Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me.  
[01:33:51] Do not.  
[01:33:56] Phebe.  
[01:34:01] Say that you love me not,  
[01:34:03] but say not so in bitterness.  
[01:34:05] The common executioner,  
[01:34:07] whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,  
[01:34:09] falls not the axe upon the humbled neck  
[01:34:11] but first begs pardon.  
[01:34:13] Will you sterner be than he  
[01:34:15] that dies and lives by bloody drops?  
[01:34:18] I would not be thy executioner.  
[01:34:20] I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
[01:34:28] Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye.  
[01:34:31] 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,  
[01:34:33] that eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things  
[01:34:36] who shut their coward gates on atomies  
[01:34:38] should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers.  
[01:34:41] Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,  
[01:34:43] and if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.  
[01:34:48] Counterfeit to swoon.  
[01:34:51] Why now, fall down.  
[01:34:52] Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame.  
[01:34:58] Lie not to say mine eyes are murderers.  
[01:35:02] Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.  
[01:35:06] No, I am sure,  
[01:35:07] there is no force in eyes that can do hurt.  
[01:35:10] O dear Phebe,  
[01:35:13] if ever as that ever may be near  
[01:35:16] you meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,  
[01:35:19] then shall you know the wounds invisible  
[01:35:21] that love's keen arrows make.  
[01:35:23] But till that time, come not thou near me,  
[01:35:27] and when that time comes,  
[01:35:29] afflict me with thy mocks.  
[01:35:31] Pity me not,  
[01:35:32] as till that time, I shall not pity thee.  
[01:35:35] And why, I pray you?  
[01:35:37] Who might be your mother  
[01:35:40] that you insult, exult-- and all at once--  
[01:35:43] over the wretched?  
[01:35:45] What though you have no beauty--  
[01:35:47] as, by my life, I see no more in you  
[01:35:48] than without candle may go dark to bed--  
[01:35:52] must you be therefore proud and pitiless?  
[01:35:56] Why, what means this?  
[01:35:57] Why do you look on me?  
[01:35:59] I see no more in you  
[01:36:00] than in the ordinary of nature's sale-work.  
[01:36:07] 'Od's my little life,  
[01:36:08] I think she means to tangle my eyes too.  
[01:36:11] No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it.  
[01:36:14] 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
[01:36:19] your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream  
[01:36:22] that can entame my spirits to your worship.

[01:36:25] You foolish shepherd,  
 [01:36:28] why do you follow her  
 [01:36:30] like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?  
 [01:36:34] You are a thousand times a properer man than she a woman.  
 [01:36:38] 'Tis such fools as you  
 [01:36:39] as makes the world full of ill-favor'd children:  
 [01:36:43] 'Tis not her glass but you that flatters her;  
 [01:36:46] and out of you, she sees herself more proper  
 [01:36:48] than any of her lineaments can show her.  
 [01:36:50] But, mistress, know yourself.  
 [01:36:53] Down on your knees and thank heaven, fasting,  
 [01:36:56] for a good man's love,  
 [01:36:59] for I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
 [01:37:04] sell when you can.  
 [01:37:06] You are not for all markets.  
 [01:37:08] Cry the man mercy.  
 [01:37:10] Love him.  
 [01:37:11] Take his offer.  
 [01:37:12] Foul is most foul being foul to be a scoffer.  
 [01:37:18] So take her to thee, shepherd.  
 [01:37:20] Fare thee well.  
 [01:37:21] Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together.  
 [01:37:26] I'd rather hear you chide than this man woo.  
 [01:37:29] He's fallen in love with your foulness,  
 [01:37:31] and she'll fall in love with my anger.  
 [01:37:33] If it be so,  
 [01:37:34] as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks,  
 [01:37:37] I'll sauce her with bitter words.  
 [01:37:40] Why look you so on me?  
 [01:37:42] For no ill will I bear you.  
 [01:37:44] I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
 [01:37:49] for I am falser than vows made in wine.  
 [01:37:53] Besides, I like you not.  
 [01:37:54] I-If you will know my house,  
 [01:37:55] 'tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.  
 [01:38:00] Sister, will you go?  
 [01:38:03] Shepherd, ply her hard.  
 [01:38:05] Come, sister.  
 [01:38:06] Shepherdess, look on him better,  
 [01:38:08] and be not proud.  
 [01:38:10] Though all the world could see,  
 [01:38:12] none could be so abused in sight as he.  
 [01:38:14] Come, to our flock.  
 [01:38:21] Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
 [01:38:27] "Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?"  
 [01:38:33] Sweet Phebe--  
 [01:38:35] Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?  
 [01:38:37] Sweet Phebe, pity me.  
 [01:38:42] Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.  
 [01:38:45] Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.  
 [01:38:47] If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
 [01:38:50] then by giving love,  
 [01:38:52] your sorrow and my grief were both exterminated.  
 [01:38:55] Thou hast my love.  
 [01:38:57] Is not that neighborly?  
 [01:38:58] I would have you.  
 [01:39:00] Why, that were covetousness.  
 [01:39:03] Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,  
 [01:39:07] and yet it is not that I bear thee love,  
 [01:39:09] but since that thou canst talk of love so well,

[01:39:12] thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
 [01:39:14] I will endure,  
 [01:39:15] and I'll employ thee too.  
 [01:39:17] But do not look for further recompense  
 [01:39:19] than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.  
 [01:39:21] So holy and so perfect is my love  
 [01:39:27] and I in such a poverty of grace  
 [01:39:29] that I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
 [01:39:32] to glean the broken ears  
 [01:39:33] after the man that the main harvest reaps.  
 [01:39:37] Loose now and then a scatter'd smile,  
 [01:39:41] and that I'll live upon.  
 [01:39:42] Know'st now the youth that spoke to me erewhile?  
 [01:39:48] Not very well, but I have met him oft,  
 [01:39:52] and he hath bought the cottage and the bounds  
 [01:39:54] that the old carlot once was master of.  
 [01:39:56] Think not I love him, though I ask for him.  
 [01:40:00] 'Tis but a peevish boy.  
 [01:40:02] Yet he talks well.  
 [01:40:05] But what care I for words?  
 [01:40:08] Yet words do well when he that speaks them  
 [01:40:11] pleases those that hear.  
 [01:40:14] It is a pretty youth-- not very pretty--  
 [01:40:18] but, sure, he's proud,  
 [01:40:20] and yet his pride becomes him.  
 [01:40:22] He'll make a proper man.  
 [01:40:24] The best thing in him is his complexion,  
 [01:40:28] and faster than his tongue did make offence,  
 [01:40:31] his eye did heal it up.  
 [01:40:33] He is not very tall.  
 [01:40:34] Yet for his years, he's tall.  
 [01:40:37] His leg is but so-so, and yet 'tis well.  
 [01:40:41] There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
 [01:40:45] a little riper and more lusty red than that mix'd in his cheek.  
 [01:40:48] 'Twas just the difference  
 [01:40:49] betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.  
 [01:40:54] There be some women, Silvius,  
 [01:40:55] had they mark'd him in parcels as I did,  
 [01:40:58] would have gone near to fall in love with him,  
 [01:41:00] but, for my part, I love him not nor hate him not,  
 [01:41:04] and yet I have more cause to hate him than to love him.  
 [01:41:08] For what had he to do to chide at me?  
 [01:41:12] He said mine eyes were black and my hair black  
 [01:41:17] and, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me.  
 [01:41:20] I marvel why I answer'd not again.  
 [01:41:24] But that's all one.  
 [01:41:25] Omittance is no quittance.  
 [01:41:28] I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
 [01:41:30] and thou shalt bear it.  
 [01:41:31] Wilt thou, Silvius?  
 [01:41:32] Phebe, with all my heart.  
 [01:41:34] I'll write it straight.  
 [01:41:35] Go with me, Silvius.

## As You Like It Act 4

[01:41:43] I prithee, pretty youth,  
 [01:41:45] let me be better acquainted with thee.  
 [01:41:47] They say you are a melancholy fellow.  
 [01:41:49] I am so.  
 [01:41:51] I do love it better than laughing.  
 [01:41:53] Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows  
 [01:41:57] and betray themselves to every modern censure  
 [01:42:00] worse than drunkards.  
 [01:42:02] Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.  
 [01:42:04] Why then, 'tis good to be a post.  
 [01:42:06] I have neither the scholar's melancholy,  
 [01:42:08] which is emulation;  
 [01:42:10] nor the musician's, which is fantastical;  
 [01:42:13] nor the courtier's, which is proud;  
 [01:42:15] nor the soldier's, which is ambitious;  
 [01:42:18] nor the lawyer's, which is politic;  
 [01:42:21] nor the lady's, which is nice;  
 [01:42:24] nor the lover's, which is all these;  
 [01:42:29] but it is a melancholy of mine own,  
 [01:42:32] compounded of many simples,  
 [01:42:35] extracted from many objects,  
 [01:42:38] and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels,  
 [01:42:42] in which my often rumination  
 [01:42:45] wraps me in a most humorous sadness.  
 [01:42:50] A traveller.  
 [01:42:52] By my faith, you have great reason to be sad.  
 [01:42:56] I fear you have sold your own lands  
 [01:42:58] to see other men's.  
 [01:42:59] Then, to have seen much and to have nothing,  
 [01:43:02] is to have rich eyes and poor hands.  
 [01:43:04] Yes, I have gained my experience.  
 [01:43:07] And your experience makes you sad.  
 [01:43:09] I'd rather have a fool to make me merry  
 [01:43:11] than experience to make me sad--  
 [01:43:13] and to travel for it too--  
 [01:43:15] Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind.  
 [01:43:18] Nay, then, God by you, and you talk in blank verse.  
 [01:43:21] Farewell, Monsieur Traveller.  
 [01:43:22] Look you, lisp and wear strange suits,  
 [01:43:25] disable all the benefits of your own country,  
 [01:43:27] be out of love with your nativity,  
 [01:43:29] and almost chide God for making you  
 [01:43:32] that countenance you are,  
 [01:43:33] or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.  
 [01:43:36] How now, Orlando.  
 [01:43:40] Where have you been all this while?  
 [01:43:43] You, a lover,  
 [01:43:44] and you serve me such another trick,  
 [01:43:46] never come in my sight more.  
 [01:43:48] My fair Rosalind,  
 [01:43:49] I come within an hour of my promise.  
 [01:43:53] Break an hour's promise in love?  
 [01:43:56] He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts  
 [01:44:00] and break but a part  
 [01:44:01] of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love,  
 [01:44:04] it may be said of him  
 [01:44:05] that Cupid hath clapped him o'er the shoulder,  
 [01:44:07] but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

[01:44:09] Pardon me, dear Rosalind.  
 [01:44:12] Nay, and you be so tardy,  
 [01:44:15] come no more in my sight.  
 [01:44:17] I had as lief be wooed of a snail.  
 [01:44:20] Of a snail?  
 [01:44:21] Ay, of a snail,  
 [01:44:22] for though he comes slowly,  
 [01:44:23] he carries his house on his head--  
 [01:44:25] a better jointure, I think,  
 [01:44:26] than you make a woman.  
 [01:44:28] Besides, he carries his destiny with him.  
 [01:44:32] What's that?  
 [01:44:33] Why, horns, which such as you  
 [01:44:35] are fain to be beholding to your wives for.  
 [01:44:38] Virtue is no horn maker,  
 [01:44:40] and my Rosalind is virtuous.  
 [01:44:42] And I am your Rosalind.  
 [01:44:45] It pleases him to call you so.  
 [01:44:47] He hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.  
 [01:44:49] Come, woo me, woo me,  
 [01:44:56] for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent.  
 [01:45:02] What would you say to me now,  
 [01:45:04] an I were your very, very Rosalind?  
 [01:45:09] I would kiss before I spoke.  
 [01:45:11] Nay, you were better to speak first,  
 [01:45:14] and when you were gravelled for lack of matter,  
 [01:45:16] then you might take occasion to kiss.  
 [01:45:18] Very good orators, when they are out, they spit,  
 [01:45:20] and for lovers lacking-- God warn us--matter,  
 [01:45:23] the cleanliest shift is to kiss.  
 [01:45:25] How if the kiss be denied?  
 [01:45:27] Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.  
 [01:45:30] What, of my suit?  
 [01:45:31] Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit.  
 [01:45:35] Am not I your Rosalind?  
 [01:45:38] I take some joy to say you are,  
 [01:45:39] because I would be talking of her.  
 [01:45:43] Well then, in her person,  
 [01:45:47] I say I will not have you.  
 [01:45:49] Then, in mine own person, I die.  
 [01:45:53] No, faith, die by attorney.  
 [01:45:58] The poor world is almost 6,000 years old,  
 [01:46:02] and in all that time,  
 [01:46:04] there was not any man died in his own person,  
 [01:46:07] videlicet, in a love-cause.  
 [01:46:09] Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club,  
 [01:46:12] although he did what he could to die before,  
 [01:46:14] and he is one of the very patterns of love.  
 [01:46:17] Leander, he would have lived for many a fair year,  
 [01:46:20] though Hero had turned nun,  
 [01:46:21] had it not been for a hot midsummer night,  
 [01:46:24] for, good youth, he went but forth  
 [01:46:26] to wash him in the Hellespont  
 [01:46:27] and there being taken of a cramp was drowned,  
 [01:46:30] and the foolish chronicles of that age  
 [01:46:32] did find it "Hero of Sestos."  
 [01:46:36] But these are all lies.  
 [01:46:38] Men have died from time to time,  
 [01:46:41] and worms have eaten them, but not for love.  
 [01:46:45] I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind,



[01:46:47] for, I protest, her frown might kill me.  
 [01:46:50] By this hand, it will not kill a fly.  
 [01:46:58] But come,  
 [01:47:02] now I will be your Rosalind  
 [01:47:05] in a more coming-on disposition,  
 [01:47:09] and ask me what you will.  
 [01:47:11] I will grant it.  
 [01:47:12] Then love me, Rosalind.  
 [01:47:16] Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.  
 [01:47:22] And wilt thou have me?  
 [01:47:24] Aye, and 20 such.  
 [01:47:26] What sayest thou?  
 [01:47:29] Are you not good?  
 [01:47:30] I hope so.  
 [01:47:31] Why, can one desire too much of a good thing?  
 [01:47:36] Come, sister, you must be the priest and marry us.  
 [01:47:41] Give me your hand, Orlando.  
 [01:47:49] Well, sister, what do you say?  
 [01:47:50] Pray thee, marry us.  
 [01:47:52] Well, I cannot say the words.  
 [01:47:53] You must begin, "Will you, Orlando"--  
 [01:47:57] Go to.  
 [01:48:01] Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?  
 [01:48:07] I will.  
 [01:48:08] Aye, but when?  
 [01:48:09] Why now; as fast as she can marry us.  
 [01:48:11] Why, then, you must say,  
 [01:48:12] "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."  
 [01:48:17] I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.  
 [01:48:23] I might ask you for your commission,  
 [01:48:25] but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband.  
 [01:48:34] Oh.  
 [01:48:35] There's a girl goes before the priest,  
 [01:48:38] and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.  
 [01:48:40] So do all thoughts.  
 [01:48:42] They are winged.  
 [01:48:48] How long would you have her after you have possessed her?  
 [01:48:52] Forever and a day.  
 [01:48:54] Say the "day" without the "ever."  
 [01:48:57] No, no,  
 [01:49:00] Orlando, men are April when they woo,  
 [01:49:02] December when they wed.  
 [01:49:04] Maids are May when they are maids,  
 [01:49:06] but the sky changes when they are wives.  
 [01:49:11] I will be more jealous of thee  
 [01:49:14] than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen,  
 [01:49:17] more clamorous than a parrot against rain,  
 [01:49:19] more new-fangled than an ape,  
 [01:49:21] more giddy in my desires than a monkey.  
 [01:49:23] I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,  
 [01:49:28] and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry.  
 [01:49:32] I will laugh like a hyena,  
 [01:49:36] and that when you are inclined to sleep.  
 [01:49:38] But will my Rosalind do so?  
 [01:49:40] By my life, she will do as I do.  
 [01:49:42] O, but she is wise.  
 [01:49:44] Else she would not have the wit to do this.  
 [01:49:47] The wiser, the waywarder.  
 [01:49:48] Make the doors upon a woman's wit,  
 [01:49:50] and it will out at the casement.



[01:49:51] Shut that, 'twill out through the keyhole.  
 [01:49:54] Stop that,  
 [01:49:55] 'twill fly with the smoke out of the chimney.  
 [01:49:58] For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.  
 [01:50:03] Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.  
 [01:50:07] I must attend the duke at dinner.  
 [01:50:08] By two o'clock, I will be with thee again.  
 [01:50:10] Well...  
 [01:50:14] go your ways, go your ways.  
 [01:50:17] I knew what you would prove.  
 [01:50:19] My friends told me as such, and I-I-I thought no less:  
 [01:50:24] 'Twas that flattering tongue of yours won me.  
 [01:50:29] Well, 'tis but one cast off, and so, come, death!  
 [01:50:35] Two o'clock is your hour?  
 [01:50:36] Aye, sweet Rosalind.  
 [01:50:38] By my troth, and so God mend me,  
 [01:50:40] and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous,  
 [01:50:43] if you break one jot of your promise  
 [01:50:46] or come one minute behind your hour,  
 [01:50:47] I will think you the most pathological break-promise,  
 [01:50:50] the most hollow lover,  
 [01:50:52] and the most unworthy of her you that call Rosalind  
 [01:50:54] that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful,  
 [01:50:57] and so, beware my censure,  
 [01:50:59] and keep your promise.  
 [01:51:02] With no less religion  
 [01:51:04] than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind.  
 [01:51:08] So, adieu.  
 [01:51:09] Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders,  
 [01:51:17] and let Time try. Adieu.  
 [01:51:35] You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate.  
 [01:51:39] We must have your doublet and hose  
 [01:51:41] plucked over your head  
 [01:51:42] to show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.  
 [01:51:45] O coz, coz, coz,  
 [01:51:53] my pretty little coz,  
 [01:51:56] if thou didst know  
 [01:51:58] how many fathom deep I am in love.  
 [01:52:04] But it cannot be sounded.  
 [01:52:06] My affection hath an unknown bottom,  
 [01:52:10] like the bay of Portugal.  
 [01:52:12] Or rather, bottomless,  
 [01:52:14] for as fast as you pour affection in,  
 [01:52:16] it runs out.  
 [01:52:17] No, that same wicked bastard of Venus  
 [01:52:22] that was begot of thought,  
 [01:52:24] conceived of spleen, and born of madness,  
 [01:52:27] that blind rascally boy  
 [01:52:30] that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out,  
 [01:52:32] let him be judge how deep I am in love.  
 [01:52:38] Oh...  
 [01:52:42] I tell thee, Aliena,  
 [01:52:45] I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando.  
 [01:52:52] I'll go find a shadow and sigh until he come.  
 [01:52:57] And I'll sleep.  
 [01:53:11] Which is he that killed the deer?  
 [01:53:12] Sir, it was I.  
 [01:53:15] Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror,  
 [01:53:17] and it would do well  
 [01:53:19] to set the deer's horns upon his head

[01:53:21] for a branch of victory.  
 [01:53:22] Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?  
 [01:53:24] Yes, sir.  
 [01:53:25] Sing it!  
 [01:53:26] 'Tis no matter how it be in tune  
 [01:53:28] so it make noise enough.  
 [01:53:30] What shall he have that kill'd the deer?  
 [01:53:34] His leather skin and horns to wear.  
 [01:53:36] Then sing him home.  
 [01:53:39] Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;  
 [01:53:41] It was a crest ere thou wast born.  
 [01:53:44] Thy father's father wore it,  
 [01:53:47] and thy father bore it.  
 [01:53:49] The horn, the horn, the lusty horn  
 [01:53:52] is not a thing to laugh to scorn.  
 [01:53:57] How say you now?  
 [01:53:58] Is it not past two o'clock?  
 [01:53:59] And here much Orlando.  
 [01:54:02] I warrant you,  
 [01:54:03] with pure love and with troubled brain,  
 [01:54:05] he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep.  
 [01:54:12] My errand is to you, fair youth;  
 [01:54:16] My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this.  
 [01:54:20] I know not the contents, but, as I guess  
 [01:54:22] by the stern brow and waspish action  
 [01:54:24] that she did use as she was writing of it,  
 [01:54:26] it bears an angry tenor.  
 [01:54:30] pardon me:  
 [01:54:31] I am but as a guiltless messenger.  
 [01:54:35] Patience herself would startle at this letter  
 [01:54:37] and play the swaggerer.  
 [01:54:38] Bear this, bear all.  
 [01:54:41] She says I am not fair, that I lack manners.  
 [01:54:43] She calls me proud and that she could not love me  
 [01:54:46] were man as rare as phoenix.  
 [01:54:49] 'Od's my will.  
 [01:54:51] Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.  
 [01:54:54] Why writes she this to me?  
 [01:54:56] Well, shepherd, well,  
 [01:54:59] this is a letter of your own device.  
 [01:55:01] No, I protest, I know not the contents.  
 [01:55:05] Phebe did write it.  
 [01:55:07] Come, come, you are a fool  
 [01:55:09] and turn'd into the extremity of love.  
 [01:55:12] I saw her hand.  
 [01:55:13] She has a leathern hand,  
 [01:55:14] a freestone-color'd hand.  
 [01:55:17] I verily did think that her old gloves were on,  
 [01:55:20] but 'twas her hands.  
 [01:55:22] She has a huswife's hand; but 'tis no matter.  
 [01:55:25] I say she never did invent this letter.  
 [01:55:28] this is a man's invention and his hand.  
 [01:55:31] Sure, it is hers.  
 [01:55:32] Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style.  
 [01:55:36] A style for challengers.  
 [01:55:38] Why, she defies me as Turk to Christian.  
 [01:55:41] Will you hear the letter?  
 [01:55:42] So please you, for I never heard it yet,  
 [01:55:45] yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.  
 [01:55:48] She Phebes me.

[01:55:50] Mark how the tyrant writes.  
 [01:55:54] "Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,  
 [01:55:56] that a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"  
 [01:55:58] Can a woman rail thus?  
 [01:56:00] Call you this railing?  
 [01:56:02] "Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
 [01:56:05] warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"  
 [01:56:07] Did you ever hear such railing?  
 [01:56:11] "Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
 [01:56:14] "that could do no vengeance to me.  
 [01:56:15] "Whiles you chid me, I did love.  
 [01:56:20] "How then might your prayers move?  
 [01:56:22] "He that brings this love to thee  
 [01:56:25] "little knows this love in me,  
 [01:56:27] "and by him, seal up thy mind  
 [01:56:30] "whether that thy youth and kind  
 [01:56:32] "will the faithful offer take of me  
 [01:56:34] "and all that I can make,  
 [01:56:35] "or else by him, my love deny,  
 [01:56:38] and then I'll study how to die."  
 [01:56:44] Call you this chiding?  
 [01:56:46] Alas, poor shepherd.  
 [01:56:48] Do you pity him?  
 [01:56:50] No, he deserves no pity.  
 [01:56:52] Wilt thou love such a woman?  
 [01:56:54] What, to make of thee an instrument  
 [01:56:56] and play false strains upon thee?  
 [01:56:59] Not to be endured.  
 [01:57:03] Well, go thy ways to her,  
 [01:57:06] for I see love hath made thee a tame snake,  
 [01:57:10] and say this to her.  
 [01:57:12] If she love me, I charge her to love thee.  
 [01:57:14] If she will not, I will never have her  
 [01:57:16] unless thou entreat for her.  
 [01:57:19] If you be a true lover, hence,  
 [01:57:21] and not a word,  
 [01:57:24] for here comes more company.  
 [01:57:28] Good morrow, fair ones.  
 [01:57:31] Pray you, if you know,  
 [01:57:32] where in the purlieus of this forest  
 [01:57:34] stands a sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?  
 [01:57:36] West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom.  
 [01:57:41] A rank of osiers by the murmuring stream  
 [01:57:44] left on your right hand brings you to the place.  
 [01:57:48] But at this hour the house doth keep itself.  
 [01:57:50] There is none within.  
 [01:57:53] If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
 [01:57:55] then should I know you by description.  
 [01:57:58] Such garments and such years--  
 [01:58:01] "The boy is fair, of female favor,  
 [01:58:03] "and bestows himself like a ripe sister;  
 [01:58:05] the woman low and browner than her brother."  
 [01:58:09] Are not you the owner of the house I did inquire for?  
 [01:58:11] It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.  
 [01:58:15] Orlando doth commend him to you both,  
 [01:58:18] and to that youth he calls his Rosalind  
 [01:58:20] he sends this bloody napkin.  
 [01:58:21] Are you he?  
 [01:58:22] I am.  
 [01:58:24] What must we understand by this?

[01:58:25] Some of my shame.  
 [01:58:27] If you will know of me what man I am  
 [01:58:29] and how and where and why this handkercher was stain'd.  
 [01:58:32] I pray you, tell it.  
 [01:58:34] When last the young Orlando parted from you,  
 [01:58:37] he left a promise to return again within an hour,  
 [01:58:39] and pacing through the forest,  
 [01:58:41] chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,  
 [01:58:43] lo, what befell.  
 [01:58:45] He threw his eye aside,  
 [01:58:47] and mark what object did present itself.  
 [01:58:50] Under an oak whose boughs were moss'd with age  
 [01:58:53] and high top bald with dry antiquity,  
 [01:58:55] A wretched ragged man o'ergrown with hair  
 [01:58:57] lay sleeping on his back.  
 [01:59:00] About his neck,  
 [01:59:01] a green and gilded snake had wreathed itself  
 [01:59:04] who with her head nimble in threats  
 [01:59:05] approach'd the opening of his mouth,  
 [01:59:07] but suddenly, seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself  
 [01:59:10] and with indented glides did slip away into a bush,  
 [01:59:13] under which bush's shade,  
 [01:59:16] a lioness with udders all drawn dry lay couching,  
 [01:59:18] head on ground with catlike watch,  
 [01:59:20] when that the sleeping man should stir,  
 [01:59:23] for 'tis the royal disposition of that beast  
 [01:59:25] to prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.  
 [01:59:28] This seen, Orlando did approach the man  
 [01:59:30] and found it was his brother, his elder brother.  
 [01:59:33] O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,  
 [01:59:35] and he did render him the most unnatural amongst men.  
 [01:59:39] And well he might so do,  
 [01:59:40] for well I know he was unnatural.  
 [01:59:42] But to Orlando, did he leave him there,  
 [01:59:44] food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?  
 [01:59:47] Twice did he turn his back and purposed so,  
 [01:59:50] but kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
 [01:59:52] and nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
 [01:59:55] made him give battle to the lioness,  
 [01:59:56] who quickly fell before him  
 [01:59:58] in which hurtling from miserable slumber,  
 [02:00:03] I awaked.  
 [02:00:05] Are you his brother?  
 [02:00:06] Wast you he rescued?  
 [02:00:08] Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?  
 [02:00:10] 'Twas I, but 'tis not I.  
 [02:00:12] I do not shame to tell you what I was,  
 [02:00:13] since my conversion so sweetly tastes,  
 [02:00:16] being the thing I am.  
 [02:00:17] But, for the bloody napkin?  
 [02:00:18] By and by.  
 [02:00:20] When from the first and last, betwixt us two,  
 [02:00:22] tears our recountments had most kindly bathed  
 [02:00:25] as how I came into that desert place--  
 [02:00:27] in brief, he led me to the gentle duke,  
 [02:00:29] who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
 [02:00:31] committing me unto my brother's love,  
 [02:00:33] who led me instantly unto his cave,  
 [02:00:35] there stripp'd himself,  
 [02:00:36] and here, upon his arm,

[02:00:38] the lioness had torn some flesh away,  
[02:00:40] which all this while had bled,  
[02:00:41] and now he fainted  
[02:00:43] and cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.  
[02:00:46] Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,  
[02:00:48] and, after some small space, being strong at heart,  
[02:00:51] he sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
[02:00:53] to tell this story  
[02:00:55] that you might excuse his broken promise  
[02:00:57] and to give this napkin dyed in his blood  
[02:00:59] unto that shepherd youth that he in sport doth call his Rosalind.  
[02:01:06] Why, how now, Ganymede,  
[02:01:09] sweet Ganymede.  
[02:01:10] Many will swoon when they do look on blood.  
[02:01:12] There is more in it.  
[02:01:15] Cousin Ganymede.  
[02:01:17] Look, he recovers.  
[02:01:18] Oh.  
[02:01:21] Would I were at home.  
[02:01:22] We'll lead you thither.  
[02:01:24] I pray you, will you take him by the arm?  
[02:01:27] Be of good cheer.  
[02:01:29] Wert you a man, you lack a man's heart.  
[02:01:32] I do so, I confess it.  
[02:01:35] Ah, ah, ha, ha, sirrah,  
[02:01:38] a body would think this was well counterfeited.  
[02:01:41] I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.  
[02:01:44] Ah!  
[02:01:45] This was not a counterfeit.  
[02:01:47] There is too great testimony in your complexion  
[02:01:50] that it was a passion of earnest.  
[02:01:52] Counterfeit, I assure you.  
[02:01:53] Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.  
[02:01:56] Oh.  
[02:01:58] So I do,  
[02:02:01] but, in faith,  
[02:02:03] I should have been a woman by right.  
[02:02:05] Come, you look paler and paler.  
[02:02:08] I pray you, draw homeward.  
[02:02:10] Good sir, go with us.  
[02:02:15] Will you go?

**As You Like It Act 5**

[02:02:26] We shall find a time, Audrey.  
[02:02:29] Patience, gentle Audrey.  
[02:02:30] Faith, the priest was good enough,  
[02:02:32] for all the old gentleman's saying.  
[02:02:34] A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey,  
[02:02:36] a most vile Martext.  
[02:02:44] But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest  
[02:02:46] lays claim to you.  
[02:02:48] Aye, I know who 'tis.  
[02:02:49] He hath no interest in me in the world.  
[02:02:52] Here comes the man you mean.  
[02:02:54] It is meat and drink to me to see a clown.  
[02:02:56] By my troth, we that have good wits  
[02:02:57] have much to answer for.  
[02:02:59] We shall be flouting; we cannot hold.  
[02:03:01] Good even, Audrey.  
[02:03:02] God ye good even, William.  
[02:03:04] And good even to you, sir.  
[02:03:06] Good even, gentle friend.  
[02:03:07] Cover thy head, cover thy head.  
[02:03:08] Nay, prithe, be covered.  
[02:03:11] How old are you, friend?  
[02:03:12] F..  
[02:03:13] Five and twenty, sir.  
[02:03:15] A ripe age.  
[02:03:16] Is thy name William?  
[02:03:18] William, sir.  
[02:03:19] A fair name.  
[02:03:20] Wast born i' the forest here?  
[02:03:21] Ay, sir, I thank God.  
[02:03:22] "Thank God"--a good answer.  
[02:03:24] Art rich?  
[02:03:25] Faith, sir, so-so.  
[02:03:27] "So-so" is good, very good, very excellent good,  
[02:03:30] and yet it is not.  
[02:03:31] It is but so-so.  
[02:03:33] Art thou wise?  
[02:03:34] Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.  
[02:03:36] Why, thou sayest well.  
[02:03:37] You do love this maid.  
[02:03:38] I do, sir.  
[02:03:39] Give me your hand.  
[02:03:46] Art thou learned?  
[02:03:47] No, sir.  
[02:03:48] Then learn this of me.  
[02:03:51] To have is to have,  
[02:03:52] for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink,  
[02:03:55] being poured out of a cup into a glass,  
[02:03:57] by filling the one doth empty the other,  
[02:04:00] for all your writers do consent that ipse is he.  
[02:04:03] Now, you are not ipse.  
[02:04:07] I am he.  
[02:04:12] Which he, sir?  
[02:04:13] He, sir, that must marry this woman.  
[02:04:15] Therefore, you clown, abandon--  
[02:04:17] which is in the vulgar "leave"--  
[02:04:19] the society--which in the boorish is "company"--  
[02:04:21] of this female-- which in the common is "woman"--

[02:04:24] which together is  
[02:04:25] abandon the society of this female,  
[02:04:27] or, clown, thou perishest;  
[02:04:29] or, to thy better understanding, diest;  
[02:04:32] or, to wit, I kill thee;  
[02:04:33] make thee away,  
[02:04:34] translate thy life into death,  
[02:04:36] thy liberty into bondage.  
[02:04:37] I will deal in poison with thee or in bastinado or in steel.  
[02:04:41] I will bandy with thee in faction.  
[02:04:43] I will o'errun thee with policy.  
[02:04:45] I will kill you a hundred and fifty ways!  
[02:04:49] Therefore, tremble and depart!  
[02:04:53] Do, good William.  
[02:04:54] God rest you merry, sir.  
[02:04:56] Ah! Oh, Ee-yah!  
[02:04:59] Our master and mistress seeks you.  
[02:05:02] Come, away, away.  
[02:05:04] Trip, Audrey. Trip, Audrey.  
[02:05:09] I attend. I attend.  
[02:05:15] Is't possible that on so little acquaintance  
[02:05:18] you should like her?  
[02:05:19] That but seeing, you should love her?  
[02:05:21] And loving, woo?  
[02:05:22] And wooing, she should grant?  
[02:05:24] And will you persevere to enjoy her?  
[02:05:26] Neither call the giddiness of it in question,  
[02:05:28] nor the poverty of her, the small acquaintance,  
[02:05:31] nor my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting;  
[02:05:34] but say with me, I love Aliena.  
[02:05:37] Say with her that she loves me.  
[02:05:39] Consent to it both that we may enjoy each other.  
[02:05:42] It shall be to your good,  
[02:05:45] for my father's house and all the revenue  
[02:05:47] that was old Sir Rowland's will I bestow upon you  
[02:05:50] and here live and die a shepherd.  
[02:05:52] You have my consent.  
[02:05:54] Let your wedding be tomorrow.  
[02:05:56] Thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers.  
[02:06:00] Go you, and prepare Aliena,  
[02:06:02] for look you,  
[02:06:03] here comes my Rosalind.  
[02:06:05] God save you, brother.  
[02:06:07] And you, fair sister.  
[02:06:15] O, my dear Orlando,  
[02:06:17] how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.  
[02:06:20] It is my arm.  
[02:06:22] I thought thy heart had been wounded  
[02:06:24] with the claws of a lion.  
[02:06:25] Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.  
[02:06:28] Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon  
[02:06:33] when he showed me your handkerchief?  
[02:06:35] Aye, and greater wonders than that.  
[02:06:38] O, I know where you are.  
[02:06:41] Nay, 'tis true.  
[02:06:44] There was never anything so sudden  
[02:06:46] as the fight of two rams  
[02:06:48] or Caesar's thrasonical brag of "I came, saw, and overcame,"  
[02:06:53] for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked,  
[02:06:59] no sooner looked but they loved,



[02:07:03] no sooner loved but they sighed,  
[02:07:05] no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason,  
[02:07:08] no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy;  
[02:07:11] and in these degrees  
[02:07:12] have they made a pair of stairs to marriage  
[02:07:16] which they will climb incontinent  
[02:07:18] or else be incontinent before marriage.  
[02:07:20] They are in the very wrath of love,  
[02:07:25] and they will together.  
[02:07:28] Clubs cannot part them.  
[02:07:31] They shall be married tomorrow,  
[02:07:34] and I will bid the duke to the nuptial,  
[02:07:37] but, O, how bitter a thing it is  
[02:07:39] to look into happiness through another man's eyes.  
[02:07:42] By so much the more shall I tomorrow  
[02:07:44] be at the height of heart-heaviness  
[02:07:45] by how much I shall think my brother happy  
[02:07:48] in having what he wishes for.  
[02:07:50] Why then, tomorrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?  
[02:07:56] I can live no longer by thinking.  
[02:07:58] I will weary you then no longer with idle talking.  
[02:08:06] Know of me then, I can do strange things.  
[02:08:11] I have, since I was three year old,  
[02:08:13] conversed with a magician  
[02:08:15] most profound in his art and yet not damnable.  
[02:08:21] If you do love Rosalind  
[02:08:24] so near the heart as your gesture cries it out,  
[02:08:28] when your brother marries Aliena,  
[02:08:30] shall you marry her.  
[02:08:34] I know into what straits of fortune she is driven,  
[02:08:37] and it is not impossible to me,  
[02:08:39] if it appear not inconvenient to you,  
[02:08:44] to set her before your eyes tomorrow,  
[02:08:47] human as she is and without any danger.  
[02:08:52] Speakest thou in sober meanings?  
[02:08:55] By my life, I do, which I tender dearly,  
[02:08:58] although I say I am a magician.  
[02:09:00] Therefore, put you in your best array,  
[02:09:03] and bid your friends,  
[02:09:04] for if you will be married tomorrow, you shall,  
[02:09:07] and to Rosalind, if you will.  
[02:09:13] Here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.  
[02:09:18] Youth, you have done me much ungentleness  
[02:09:21] to show the letter that I writ to you.  
[02:09:22] I care not if I have.  
[02:09:25] It is my study to seem despiteful and ungentle to you.  
[02:09:28] You are there followed by a faithful shepherd.  
[02:09:30] Look on him; love him.  
[02:09:33] He worships you.  
[02:09:35] Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.  
[02:09:41] It is to be all made of sighs and tears,  
[02:09:46] and so am I for Phebe.  
[02:09:48] And I for Ganymede.  
[02:09:49] And I for Rosalind.  
[02:09:51] And I for no woman.  
[02:09:54] It is to be all made of fantasy,  
[02:09:57] all made of passion,  
[02:09:59] and all made of wishes,  
[02:10:02] all adoration, duty, and observance,  
[02:10:08] all humbleness,

[02:10:11] all patience and impatience,  
[02:10:16] all purity,  
[02:10:20] all trial,  
[02:10:23] all obedience;  
[02:10:25] and so am I for Phebe.  
[02:10:28] And so am I for Ganymede.  
[02:10:30] And so am I for Rosalind.  
[02:10:32] And so am I for no woman.  
[02:10:36] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?  
[02:10:39] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?  
[02:10:41] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?  
[02:10:44] Who do you speak to, "Why blame you me to love you?"  
[02:10:46] To her that is not here nor doth not hear.  
[02:10:48] I pray you, no more of this.  
[02:10:50] It is like the howling of Irish wolves  
[02:10:52] against the moon.  
[02:10:55] I will help you, if I can.  
[02:10:58] I would love you, if I could.  
[02:11:01] Tomorrow, meet me all together.  
[02:11:05] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman,  
[02:11:07] and I'll be married tomorrow.  
[02:11:09] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man,  
[02:11:14] and you shall be married tomorrow.  
[02:11:16] I will content you,  
[02:11:18] if what pleases you contents you,  
[02:11:19] and you shall be married tomorrow.  
[02:11:21] As you love Rosalind, meet;  
[02:11:22] as you love Phebe, meet;  
[02:11:24] and as I love no woman, I'll meet.  
[02:11:26] So fare you well.  
[02:11:27] I have left you commands.  
[02:11:30] I'll not fail, if I live.  
[02:11:32] Nor I.  
[02:11:33] Nor I.  
[02:11:37] Tomorrow is the joyful day, Audrey.  
[02:11:39] Tomorrow will we be married.  
[02:11:41] I do desire it with all my heart,  
[02:11:43] and I hope it is no dishonest desire  
[02:11:46] to desire to be a woman of the world.  
[02:11:50] Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.  
[02:11:53] Well met, honest gentleman.  
[02:11:54] By my troth, well met.  
[02:11:55] Come, sit, sit, in a song.  
[02:11:57] We are for you; sit i' the middle.  
[02:11:59] It was a lover and his lass--  
[02:12:02] with a hey and a ho and a hey nonino  
[02:12:05] and a hey noni nonino--  
[02:12:09] that o'er the green corn fields did pass  
[02:12:12] in springtime, in springtime, in springtime,  
[02:12:16] the only pretty ring time,  
[02:12:19] when birds do sing  
[02:12:21] hey ding a ding a ding,  
[02:12:22] hey ding a ding a ding,  
[02:12:24] hey ding a ding a ding.  
[02:12:25] Sweet lovers love the spring.  
[02:12:29] Between the acres of the rye--  
[02:12:32] with a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,  
[02:12:36] and a hey noni nonino--  
[02:12:39] these pretty country folk would lie  
[02:12:42] in springtime, in springtime, in springtime,

[02:12:47] the only pretty ring time  
 [02:12:50] when birds do sing  
 [02:12:52] hey ding a ding a ding,  
 [02:12:54] hey ding a ding a ding,  
 [02:12:56] hey ding a ding a ding.  
 [02:12:57] Sweet lovers love the spring.  
 [02:13:01] This carol they began that hour--  
 [02:13:04] with a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,  
 [02:13:08] and a hey noni nonino--  
 [02:13:11] how that a life was but a flower  
 [02:13:14] in springtime, in springtime, in springtime,  
 [02:13:19] the only pretty ring time  
 [02:13:22] when birds do sing  
 [02:13:23] hey ding a ding a ding,  
 [02:13:25] hey ding a ding a ding,  
 [02:13:26] hey ding a ding a ding.  
 [02:13:28] Sweet lovers love the spring.  
 [02:13:31] And therefore take the present time--  
 [02:13:34] with a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,  
 [02:13:38] and a hey noni nonino--  
 [02:13:42] for love is crowned with the prime  
 [02:13:45] in springtime, in springtime, in springtime,  
 [02:13:50] the only pretty ring time  
 [02:13:53] when birds do sing  
 [02:13:54] hey ding a ding a ding,  
 [02:13:56] hey ding a ding a ding,  
 [02:13:57] hey ding a ding a ding.  
 [02:13:59] Sweet lovers love the spring.  
 [02:14:03] Truly, young gentlemen,  
 [02:14:04] though there was no great matter in the ditty,  
 [02:14:06] yet the note was very untunable.  
 [02:14:08] You are deceived, sir.  
 [02:14:09] We kept time, lost not our time.  
 [02:14:11] By my troth, yes,  
 [02:14:12] I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song.  
 [02:14:15] God by you, and God mend your voices.  
 [02:14:19] Come, Audrey.  
 [02:14:27] Dost thou believe, Orlando,  
 [02:14:29] that the boy can do all this that he hath promised?  
 [02:14:32] I sometimes do believe and sometimes do not  
 [02:14:35] as those that fear they hope and know they fear.  
 [02:14:39] Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged.  
 [02:14:47] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,  
 [02:14:50] you will bestow her on Orlando here?  
 [02:14:52] That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.  
 [02:14:56] You say you will have her when I bring her?  
 [02:14:59] That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.  
 [02:15:04] You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?  
 [02:15:06] That will I should I die the hour after.  
 [02:15:09] But if you do refuse to marry me,  
 [02:15:12] you will give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?  
 [02:15:15] So is the bargain.  
 [02:15:16] You say you'll have Phebe if she will?  
 [02:15:18] Though to have her and death were both one thing.  
 [02:15:23] I have promised to make all this matter even.  
 [02:15:27] Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;  
 [02:15:31] You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter.  
 [02:15:35] Keep your word, Phebe, to marry me  
 [02:15:38] or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd.  
 [02:15:40] Keep your word, Silvius,

[02:15:42] to marry her if she do refuse me.  
 [02:15:46] And from hence I go to make these doubts all even.  
 [02:15:54] I do remember in this shepherd boy  
 [02:15:57] some lively touches of my daughter's favor.  
 [02:15:59] My lord, the first time that I ever saw him  
 [02:16:02] methought he was a brother to your daughter.  
 [02:16:04] There is, sure, another flood toward,  
 [02:16:06] and these couples are coming to the ark.  
 [02:16:08] Here comes a pair of very strange beasts  
 [02:16:11] which in all tongues are called fools.  
 [02:16:13] Salutation and greeting to you all!  
 [02:16:16] Good my lord, bid him welcome.  
 [02:16:17] This is the motley-minded gentleman  
 [02:16:19] I have so often met in the forest.  
 [02:16:21] He hath been a courtier, he swears.  
 [02:16:23] If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation.  
 [02:16:26] I have trod a measure.  
 [02:16:28] I have flattered a lady.  
 [02:16:29] I have been politic with my friend,  
 [02:16:31] smooth with mine enemy.  
 [02:16:32] I have undone three tailors.  
 [02:16:34] I have had four quarrels and like to have fought one.  
 [02:16:37] And how was that ta'en up?  
 [02:16:39] Faith, we met and found our quarrel  
 [02:16:41] was upon the seventh cause.  
 [02:16:43] How seventh cause?  
 [02:16:45] Good my lord, like this fellow.  
 [02:16:47] I like him very well.  
 [02:16:48] God 'ild you, sir.  
 [02:16:49] I desire you of the like.  
 [02:16:52] I press in here, sir,  
 [02:16:53] amongst the rest of the country copulatives,  
 [02:16:55] to swear and to forswear  
 [02:16:57] according as marriage binds and blood breaks,  
 [02:17:00] a poor virgin, sir,  
 [02:17:02] an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own;  
 [02:17:05] a poor humor of mine, sir,  
 [02:17:07] to take that that no man else will.  
 [02:17:10] Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir,  
 [02:17:12] in a poor house--  
 [02:17:13] as your pearl in your foul oyster.  
 [02:17:15] Faith, he is very swift and sententious.  
 [02:17:17] But, for the seventh cause--  
 [02:17:18] how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?  
 [02:17:20] Upon a lie seven times removed--  
 [02:17:24] bear your body more seeming, Audrey--  
 [02:17:27] as thus, sir:  
 [02:17:29] I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard.  
 [02:17:33] He sent me word  
 [02:17:35] if I said his beard was not cut well,  
 [02:17:37] he was in the mind it was.  
 [02:17:40] This is called the Retort Courteous.  
 [02:17:43] If I sent him word again "It was not well cut,"  
 [02:17:46] he would send me word, he cut it to please himself.  
 [02:17:50] This is called the Quip Modest.  
 [02:17:52] If again "It was not well cut," he disabled my judgment.  
 [02:17:56] This is called the Reply Churlish.  
 [02:17:59] If again "It was not well cut,"  
 [02:18:01] he would answer I spake not true.  
 [02:18:03] This is called the Reproof Valiant.

[02:18:05] If again "It was not well cut," he would say I lie.  
[02:18:07] This is called the Countercheque Quarrelsome,  
[02:18:10] and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.  
[02:18:14] And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?  
[02:18:16] I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial,  
[02:18:19] nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct,  
[02:18:20] and so we measured swords and parted.  
[02:18:25] Is not this a rare fellow, my lord?  
[02:18:28] He's as good at anything and yet a fool.  
[02:18:31] He uses his folly like a stalking-horse  
[02:18:34] and under the presentation of that,  
[02:18:35] he shoots his wit.  
[02:19:23] Then is there mirth in heaven  
[02:19:25] when earthly things made even atone together.  
[02:19:30] Good duke, receive thy daughter.  
[02:19:34] Hymen from heaven brought her,  
[02:19:36] yea, brought her hither  
[02:19:38] that thou mightst join her hand with his  
[02:19:40] whose heart within his bosom is.  
[02:19:45] To you, I give myself, for I am yours.  
[02:19:51] To you I give myself, for I am yours.  
[02:20:01] If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.  
[02:20:07] If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.  
[02:20:11] If sight and shape be true,  
[02:20:14] why then, my love, adieu.  
[02:20:19] I'll have no father if you be not he.  
[02:20:22] I'll have no husband if you be not he...  
[02:20:28] nor ne'er wed woman if you be not she.  
[02:20:32] Peace, ho.  
[02:20:33] I bar confusion.  
[02:20:35] 'Tis I must make conclusion  
[02:20:38] of these most strange events.  
[02:20:42] Here's eight that must take hands  
[02:20:44] to join in Hymen's bands  
[02:20:47] if truth holds true contents.  
[02:20:52] You and you no cross shall part.  
[02:21:05] You and you are heart in heart.  
[02:21:14] You to his love must accord  
[02:21:17] or have a woman to your lord.  
[02:21:24] You and you are sure together  
[02:21:27] as the winter to foul weather.  
[02:21:33] Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,  
[02:21:36] feed yourselves with questioning  
[02:21:39] that reason wonder may diminish  
[02:21:42] how thus we met and these things finish.  
[02:21:49] Wedding is great Juno's crown,  
[02:21:52] O blessed bond of board and bed.  
[02:21:54] 'Tis Hymen peoples every town.  
[02:21:56] High wedlock then be honored.  
[02:21:59] Honor, high honor, and renown  
[02:22:02] to Hymen, god of every town.  
[02:22:14] O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me.  
[02:22:18] Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.  
[02:22:22] I will not eat my word now thou art mine.  
[02:22:26] Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.  
[02:22:36] Let me have audience for a word or two.  
[02:22:38] I am the second son of old Sir Rowland  
[02:22:41] that bring these tidings to this fair assembly.  
[02:22:47] Duke Frederick,  
[02:22:49] hearing how that every day

[02:22:51] men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
 [02:22:53] address'd a mighty power,  
 [02:22:55] which were on foot, in his own conduct,  
 [02:22:58] purposely to take his brother here  
 [02:22:59] and put him to the sword,  
 [02:23:01] and to the skirts of this wild wood, he came,  
 [02:23:04] where, meeting with an old religious man,  
 [02:23:07] after some question with him  
 [02:23:10] was converted  
 [02:23:12] both from his enterprise  
 [02:23:14] and from the world,  
 [02:23:16] his crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother  
 [02:23:19] and all their lands restored to them again  
 [02:23:21] that were with him exiled.  
 [02:23:25] This to be true,  
 [02:23:27] I do engage my life.  
 [02:23:36] Welcome, young man.  
 [02:23:38] Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding.  
 [02:23:46] To the one his lands withheld  
 [02:23:51] and to the other a land itself at large,  
 [02:23:55] a potent dukedom.  
 [02:23:58] First, in this forest, let us do those ends  
 [02:24:00] which here were well begun and well begot:  
 [02:24:03] and after, every of this happy number  
 [02:24:06] that have endured shrewd days and nights with us  
 [02:24:10] shall share the good of our returned fortune  
 [02:24:13] according to the measure of their states.  
 [02:24:18] Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity  
 [02:24:20] and fall into our rustic revelry.  
 [02:24:23] Play, music!  
 [02:24:24] And you, brides and bridegrooms all,  
 [02:24:26] with measure heap'd in joy,  
 [02:24:28] to the measures fall.  
 [02:24:30] Sir, by your patience.  
 [02:24:35] If I heard you rightly, the duke hath put on a religious life  
 [02:24:39] and thrown into neglect the pompous court?  
 [02:24:42] He hath.  
 [02:24:45] To him will I.  
 [02:24:48] Out of these convertites,  
 [02:24:49] there is much matter to be heard and learn'd.  
 [02:24:57] You to your former honor I bequeath.  
 [02:25:00] Your patience and your virtue well deserves it.  
 [02:25:05] You to a love that your true faith doth merit.  
 [02:25:11] You to your land and love and great allies.  
 [02:25:19] You to a long and well-deserved bed.  
 [02:25:26] And you to wrangling,  
 [02:25:28] for thy loving voyage is but for two months victuall'd.  
 [02:25:32] So, to your pleasures.  
 [02:25:35] I am for other than for dancing measures.  
 [02:25:37] Stay, Jaques, stay.  
 [02:25:41] To see no pastime I, what you will have,  
 [02:25:45] I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.  
 [02:25:55] Proceed, proceed.  
 [02:25:57] We will begin these rites as we do trust they'll end,  
 [02:26:02] in true delights.  
 [02:26:56] It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue,  
 [02:26:58] but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue.  
 [02:27:03] If it be true that good wine needs no bush,  
 [02:27:06] 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue.  
 [02:27:08] Yet to good wine, they do use good bushes,

[ 02:27:12] and a good play proves the better  
[ 02:27:13] by the help of good epilogue.  
[ 02:27:16] What a case am I in then that am neither a good epilogue  
[ 02:27:20] nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play.  
[ 02:27:23] I am not furnished like a beggar.  
[ 02:27:25] Therefore, to beg will not become me.  
[ 02:27:30] My way is to conjure you,  
[ 02:27:35] and I'll begin with the women.  
[ 02:27:37] I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men,  
[ 02:27:44] to like as much of this play as please you;  
[ 02:27:47] and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women--  
[ 02:27:52] as I perceive by your simpering none of you hates them--  
[ 02:27:55] that between you and the women, the play may please.  
[ 02:28:01] If I were a woman,  
[ 02:28:04] I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me,  
[ 02:28:09] complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not;  
[ 02:28:12] and as many of you as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths  
[ 02:28:17] will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy,  
[ 02:28:22] bid me farewell.