

# As You Like It

## 4.2

*Enter Jaques and Lords dressed as foresters*

**JAQUES** Which is he that killed the deer?

**FIRST LORD** Sir, it was I.

**JAQUES** *(to the others)* Let's present him to the Duke like  
a Roman conqueror. And it would do well to set the  
deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory. 5  
Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

**SECOND LORD** Yes, sir.

**JAQUES** Sing it. 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it  
make noise enough.

**LORDS** *(sing)*

What shall he have that killed the deer? 10  
His leather skin and horns to wear.  
Then sing him home; the rest shall bear  
This burden.

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;  
It was a crest ere thou wast born. 15  
Thy father's father wore it,  
And thy father bore it.

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

*Exeunt*