

As You Like It

2.7

Enter Duke Senior and Lords dressed as outlaws

DUKE SENIOR

I think he be transformed into a beast,
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

FIRST LORD

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

5

Enter Jaques

FIRST LORD

He saves my labour by his own approach.

DUKE SENIOR

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

10

JAQUES

A fool, a fool, I met a fool i'th' forest,
A motley fool±±a miserable world!±±
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
`Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. `No, sir,' quoth he,
`Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'

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And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye
Says very wisely `It is ten o'clock.'
`Thus we may see', quoth he, `how the world wags.
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven.

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And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, 30
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
A worthy fool±±motley's the only wear.

DUKE SENIOR What fool is this? 35

JAQUES

O worthy fool!±±One that hath been a courtier,
And says `If ladies be but young and fair
They have the gift to know it.' And in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed 40
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE SENIOR

Thou shalt have one.

JAQUES

It is my only suit,
Provided that you weed your better judgements 45
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please, for so fools have;
And they that are most galleÁd with my folly, 50
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Seem aught but senseless of the bob. If not, 55
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley. Give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th'infected world, 60
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

DUKE SENIOR

Fie on thee, I can tell what thou wouldst do.

JAQUES

What, for a counter, would I do but good?

DUKE SENIOR

Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin;
For thou thyself hast been a libertine, 65
As sensual as the brutish sting itself,
And all th'embossed sores and headed evils
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

JAQUES Why, who cries out on pride 70
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name
When that I say the city-woman bears 75
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost, 80
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein
My tongue hath wronged him. If it do him right,
Then he hath wronged himself. If he be free, 85
Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaimed of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with sword drawn

ORLANDO

Forbear, and eat no more!

JAQUES Why, I have eat none yet.

ORLANDO

Nor shalt not till necessity be served.

JAQUES Of what kind should this cock come of? 90

DUKE SENIOR

Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

ORLANDO

You touched my vein at first. The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show 95
Of smooth civility. Yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say.

He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

JAQUES An you will not be answered with reason, I must 100
die.

DUKE SENIOR

What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

ORLANDO

I almost die for food; and let me have it.

DUKE SENIOR

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table. 105

ORLANDO

Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you.
I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible, 110
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knolled to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast, 115
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

DUKE SENIOR

True is it that we have seen better days, 120
And have with holy bell been knolled to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered.
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have 125
That to your wanting may be ministered.

ORLANDO

Then but forbear your food a little while
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man
Who after me hath many a weary step 130
Limped in pure love. Till he be first sufficed,
Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger,

I will not touch a bit.

DUKE SENIOR Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

ORLANDO
I thank ye; and be blessed for your good comfort! 135
Exit

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

JAQUES All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players. 140
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy with his satchel 145
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard, 150
Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut, 155
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide 160
For his shrunk shank, and his big, manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion, 165
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
Enter Orlando bearing Adam

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome. Set down your venerable burden
And let him feed.

ORLANDO I thank you most for him.

ADAM So had you need; 170
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome. Fall to. I will not trouble you
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music, and, good cousin, sing.

[AMIENS] (*sings*)

Blow, blow, thou winter wind, 175
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude. 180

Hey-ho, sing hey-ho, unto the green holly.
Most friendship is feigning, most loving, mere folly.

Then hey-ho, the holly;
This life is most jolly.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, 185
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.

Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not. 190

Hey-ho, sing hey-ho, unto the green holly.
Most friendship is feigning, most loving, mere folly.

Then hey-ho, the holly;
This life is most jolly.

DUKE SENIOR (*to Orlando*)

If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son, 195
As you have whispered faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limned and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke
That loved your father. The residue of your fortune, 200
Go to my cave and tell me. (*To Adam*) Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is.±±

(*To Lords*) Support him by the arm. (*To Orlando*) Give
 me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.
 Exeunt