

# As You Like It

## 5.3

*Enter Touchstone the clown and Audrey*

**TOUCHSTONE** Tomorrow is the joyful day, Audrey, tomorrow will we be married.

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

5

*Enter two Pages*

**FIRST PAGE** Well met, honest gentleman.

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

**SECOND PAGE** We are for you. Sit i'th' middle.

**FIRST PAGE** Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, 10  
or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the  
only prologues to a bad voice?

**SECOND PAGE** I'faith, i'faith, and both in a tune, like two  
gipsies on a horse.

**BOTH PAGES** (*sing*)

It was a lover and his lass, 15  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,  
That o'er the green cornfield did pass  
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding ding,  
Sweet lovers love the spring. 20  
Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding ding, 25  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,  
How that a life was but a flower,  
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time, 30  
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding ding,  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,  
For love is crowneAd with the prime, 35  
In spring time, the only pretty ring-time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding ding,  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

**TOUCHSTONE** Truly, young gentlemen, though there was  
no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very 40  
untunable.

**FIRST PAGE** You are deceived, sir, we kept time, we lost  
not our time.

**TOUCHSTONE** By my troth, yes, I count it but time lost to  
hear such a foolish song. God b'wi'you, and God mend 45  
your voices. Come, Audrey.  
*Exeunt severally*