

# As You Like It

## 1.1

*Enter Orlando and Adam*

**ORLANDO** As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayst, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well—and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit. For my part, he keeps me rustically at home—or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better, for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their mane—Age, and to that end riders dearly hired. But I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it. 5 10 15 20

*Enter Oliver*

**ADAM** Yonder comes my master, your brother.

**ORLANDO** Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. 25

*Adam stands aside*

**OLIVER** Now, sir, what make you here?

**ORLANDO** Nothing. I am not taught to make anything.

**OLIVER** What mar you then, sir?

**ORLANDO** Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness. 30

**OLIVER** Marry, sir, be better employed, and be nought

awhile.

**ORLANDO** Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with 35  
them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should  
come to such penury?

**OLIVER** Know you where you are, sir?

**ORLANDO** O sir, very well; here in your orchard.

**OLIVER** Know you before whom, sir? 40

**ORLANDO** Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I  
know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle  
condition of blood you should so know me. The courtesy  
of nations allows you my better, in that you are the  
first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my 45  
blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have  
as much of my father in me as you, albeit I confess  
your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

**OLIVER** (*assailing him*) What, boy!

**ORLANDO** (*seizing him by the throat*) Come, come, elder 50  
brother, you are too young in this.

**OLIVER** Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

**ORLANDO** I am no villein. I am the youngest son of Sir  
Rowland de Bois. He was my father, and he is thrice  
a villain that says such a father begot villeins. Wert 55  
thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from  
thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for  
saying so. Thou hast railed on thyself.

**ADAM** (*coming forward*) Sweet masters, be patient. For  
your father's remembrance, be at accord. 60

**OLIVER** (*to Orlando*) Let me go, I say.

**ORLANDO** I will not till I please. You shall hear me. My  
father charged you in his will to give me good  
education. You have trained me like a peasant,  
obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like 65  
qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me,  
and I will no longer endure it. Therefore allow me such  
exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the  
poor allottery my father left me by testament. With  
that I will go buy my fortunes. 70

**OLIVER** And what wilt thou do±±beg when that is spent?  
Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with  
you. You shall have some part of your will. I pray you,

leave me.

**ORLANDO** I will no further offend you than becomes me 75  
for my good.

**OLIVER** (to Adam) Get you with him, you old dog.

**ADAM** Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my  
teeth in your service. God be with my old master, he  
would not have spoke such a word. 80

*Exeunt Orlando and Adam*

**OLIVER** Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me? I will  
physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns  
neither. Holla, Denis!

*Enter Denis*

**DENIS** Calls your worship?

**OLIVER** Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to 85  
speak with me?

**DENIS** So please you, he is here at the door, and impor-  
tunes access to you.

**OLIVER** Call him in.

*Exit Denis*

'Twill be a good way. And tomorrow the wrestling is. 90

*Enter Charles*

**CHARLES** Good morrow to your worship.

**OLIVER** Good Monsieur Charles±±what's the new news at  
the new court?

**CHARLES** There's no news at the court, sir, but the old  
news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger 95  
brother, the new Duke, and three or four loving lords  
have put themselves into voluntary exile with him,  
whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke;  
therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

**OLIVER** Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be 100  
banished with her father?

**CHARLES** O no; for the Duke's daughter her cousin so  
loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together,  
that she would have followed her exile, or have died  
to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less 105  
beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never  
two ladies loved as they do.

**OLIVER** Where will the old Duke live?

**CHARLES** They say he is already in the forest of Ardenne,

and a many merry men with him; and there they live 110  
like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many  
young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the  
time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

**OLIVER** What, you wrestle tomorrow before the new  
Duke? 115

**CHARLES** Marry do I, sir, and I came to acquaint you with  
a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that  
your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to  
come in disguised against me to try a fall. Tomorrow,  
sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me 120  
without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your  
brother is but young and tender, and for your love I  
would be loath to foil him, as I must for my own  
honour if he come in. Therefore out of my love to you  
I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you 125  
might stay him from his intendment, or brook such  
disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing  
of his own search, and altogether against my will.

**OLIVER** Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which  
thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself 130  
notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by  
underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it;  
but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the  
stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition,  
an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret 135  
and villainous contriver against me his natural brother.  
Therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst  
break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look  
to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he  
do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise 140  
against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous  
device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life  
by some indirect means or other. For I assure thee±±  
and almost with tears I speak it±±there is not one so  
young and so villainous this day living. I speak but 145  
brotherly of him, but should I anatomize him to thee  
as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look  
pale and wonder.

**CHARLES** I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he

come tomorrow I'll give him his payment. If ever he 150  
go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And  
so God keep your worship.

**OLIVER** Farewell, good Charles.

*Exit Charles*

Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end  
of him, for my soul±±yet I know not why±±hates 155  
nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled,  
and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts  
enchancingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the  
heart of the world, and especially of my own people,  
who best know him, that I am altogether misprized. 160  
But it shall not be so long. This wrestler shall clear all.  
Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither,  
which now I'll go about.

*Exit*