

As You Like It

3.2

Enter Orlando with a paper

ORLANDO

Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
And thou thrice-crown'd queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind, these trees shall be my books, 5
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. 10

Exit

Enter Corin and Touchstone the clown

CORIN And how like you this shepherd's life, Master
Touchstone?

TOUCHSTONE Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a
good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it
is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very 15
well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile
life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me
well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious.
As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well;
but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much 20
against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee,
shepherd?

CORIN No more but that I know the more one sickens,
the worse at ease he is, and that he that wants money,
means, and content is without three good friends; that 25
the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that
good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause
of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned
no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding
or comes of a very dull kindred. 30

TOUCHSTONE Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast
ever in court, shepherd?

CORIN No, truly.

TOUCHSTONE Then thou art damned.

CORIN Nay, I hope. 35

TOUCHSTONE Truly thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

CORIN For not being at court? Your reason?

TOUCHSTONE Why, if thou never wast at court thou never sawest good manners. If thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd. 40

CORIN Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country 45 as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court but you kiss your hands. That courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.

TOUCHSTONE Instance, briefly; come, instance. 50

CORIN Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

TOUCHSTONE Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? And is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, 55 I say. Come.

CORIN Besides, our hands are hard.

TOUCHSTONE Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance. Come.

CORIN And they are often tarred over with the surgery of 60 our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

TOUCHSTONE Most shallow, man. Thou worms' meat in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed, learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, 65 the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

CORIN You have too courtly a wit for me. I'll rest.

TOUCHSTONE Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man. God make incision in thee, thou art raw. 70

CORIN Sir, I am a true labourer. I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness;

glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and
the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and
my lambs suck. 75

TOUCHSTONE That is another simple sin in you, to bring
the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get
your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to
a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelve-
month to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram, out of all 80
reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this,
the devil himself will have no shepherds. I cannot see
else how thou shouldst scape.

CORIN Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new
mistress's brother. 85

Enter Rosalind as Ganymede

ROSALIND (reads)
`From the east to western Ind
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth being mounted on the wind
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined 90
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.'

TOUCHSTONE I'll rhyme you so eight years together,
dinner, and suppers, and sleeping-hours excepted. It 95
is the right butter-women's rank to market.

ROSALIND Out, fool.

TOUCHSTONE For a taste:
If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind. 100
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Wintered garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind, 105
Then to cart with Rosalind.
`Sweetest nut hath sourest rind',
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind. 110

This is the very false gallop of verses. Why do you infect yourself with them?

ROSALIND Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

TOUCHSTONE Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

ROSALIND I'll graft it with you, and then I shall graft it 115
with a medlar; then it will be the earliest fruit i'th'
country, for you'll be rotten ere you be half-ripe, and
that's the right virtue of the medlar.

TOUCHSTONE You have said; but whether wisely or no, let
the forest judge. 120

Enter Celia, as Aliena, with a writing

ROSALIND

Peace, here comes my sister, reading. Stand aside.

CELIA (*reads*)

Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No.
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show. 125
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some of violated vows 130
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend.
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I `Rosalinda' write,
Teaching all that read to know 135
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven nature charged
That one body should be filled
With all graces wide-enlarged. 140
Nature presently distilled
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty. 145
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have 150
And I to live and die her slave.'

ROSALIND O most gentle Jupiter! What tedious homily of
love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and
never cried 'Have patience, good people.'

CELIA How now, back, friends. Shepherd, go off a little. 155
Go with him, sirrah.

TOUCHSTONE Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable
retreat, though not with bag and baggage, yet with
scrip and scrippage.

Exit with Corin

CELIA Didst thou hear these verses? 160

ROSALIND O yes, I heard them all, and more, too, for
some of them had in them more feet than the verses
would bear.

CELIA That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

ROSALIND Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear 165
themselves without the verse, and therefore stood
lamely in the verse.

CELIA But didst thou hear without wondering how thy
name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

ROSALIND I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder 170
before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-
tree; (*showing Celia the verses*) I was never so berhymed
since Pythagoras' time that I was an Irish rat, which
I can hardly remember.

CELIA Trow you who hath done this? 175

ROSALIND Is it a man?

CELIA And a chain that you once wore about his neck.
Change you colour?

ROSALIND I prithee, who?

CELIA O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet. 180
But mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and
so encounter.

ROSALIND Nay, but who is it?

CELIA Is it possible?

ROSALIND Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary 185
vehemence, tell me who it is.

CELIA O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful-
wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out
of all whooping!

ROSALIND Good my complexion! Dost thou think, though 190
I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and
hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a
South Sea of discovery. I prithee tell me who is it
quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst
stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man 195
out of thy mouth as wine comes out of a narrow-
mouthed bottle±±either too much at once, or none at
all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I
may drink thy tidings.

CELIA So you may put a man in your belly. 200

ROSALIND Is he of God's making? What manner of man?
Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

CELIA Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROSALIND Why, God will send more, if the man will be
thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou 205
delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

CELIA It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's
heels and your heart both in an instant.

ROSALIND Nay, but the devil take mocking. Speak sad
brow and true maid. 210

CELIA I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROSALIND Orlando?

CELIA Orlando.

ROSALIND Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet
and hose! What did he when thou sawest him? What 215
said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What
makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he?
How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see
him again? Answer me in one word.

CELIA You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first, 'tis 220
a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To
say ay and no to these particulars is more than to
answer in a catechism.

ROSALIND But doth he know that I am in this forest, and
in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the 225
day he wrestled?

CELIA It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the
propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding
him, and relish it with good observance. I found him
under a tree, like a dropped acorn±± 230

ROSALIND It may well be called Jove's tree when it drops
forth such fruit.

CELIA Give me audience, good madam.

ROSALIND Proceed.

CELIA There lay he, stretched along like a wounded 235
knight±±

ROSALIND Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well
becomes the ground.

CELIA Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee: it curvets
unseasonably.±±He was furnished like a hunter±± 240

ROSALIND O ominous±±he comes to kill my heart.

CELIA I would sing my song without a burden; thou
bringest me out of tune.

ROSALIND Do you not know I am a woman? When I
think, I must speak.±±Sweet, say on. 245

Enter Orlando and Jaques

CELIA You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

ROSALIND 'Tis he. Slink by, and note him.

Rosalind and Celia stand aside

JAQUES (to Orlando) I thank you for your company, but,
good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

ORLANDO And so had I. But yet for fashion' sake, I thank 250
you too for your society.

JAQUES God b'wi'you; let's meet as little as we can.

ORLANDO I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQUES I pray you mar no more trees with writing love-
songs in their barks. 255

ORLANDO I pray you mar no more of my verses with
reading them ill-favouredly.

JAQUES Rosalind is your love's name?

ORLANDO Yes, just.

JAQUES I do not like her name. 260

ORLANDO There was no thought of pleasing you when
she was christened.

JAQUES What stature is she of?

ORLANDO Just as high as my heart.

JAQUES You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been 265
acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them
out of rings?

ORLANDO Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,
from whence you have studied your questions.

JAQUES You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of 270
Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me, and we
two will rail against our mistress the world, and all
our misery?

ORLANDO I will chide no breather in the world but myself,
against whom I know most faults. 275

JAQUES The worst fault you have is to be in love.

ORLANDO 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue.
I am weary of you.

JAQUES By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found
you. 280

ORLANDO He is drowned in the brook. Look but in, and
you shall see him.

JAQUES There I shall see mine own figure.

ORLANDO Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

JAQUES I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signor 285
Love.

ORLANDO I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good
Monsieur Melancholy.

Exit Jaques

ROSALIND (*to Celia*) I will speak to him like a saucy lackey,
and under that habit play the knave with him. (*To* 290
Orlando) Do you hear, forester?

ORLANDO Very well. What would you?

ROSALIND I pray you, what is't o'clock?

ORLANDO You should ask me what time o' day. There's
no clock in the forest. 295

ROSALIND Then there is no true lover in the forest, else
sighing every minute and groaning every hour would
detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

ORLANDO And why not the swift foot of time? Had not
that been as proper? 300

ROSALIND By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces
with divers persons. I'll tell you who time ambles
withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal,

and who he stands still withal.

ORLANDO I prithee, who doth he trot withal? 305

ROSALIND Marry, he trots hard with a young maid
between the contract of her marriage and the day it is
solemnized. If the interim be but a se'nnight, time's
pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

ORLANDO Who ambles time withal? 310

ROSALIND With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man
that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because
he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because
he feels no pain, the one lacking the burden of lean
and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden 315
of heavy tedious penury. These time ambles withal.

ORLANDO Who doth he gallop withal?

ROSALIND With a thief to the gallows; for though he go
as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon
there. 320

ORLANDO Who stays it still withal?

ROSALIND With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep
between term and term, and then they perceive not
how time moves.

ORLANDO Where dwell you, pretty youth? 325

ROSALIND With this shepherdess, my sister, here in the
skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORLANDO Are you native of this place?

ROSALIND As the coney that you see dwell where she is
kindled. 330

ORLANDO Your accent is something finer than you could
purchase in so removed a dwelling.

ROSALIND I have been told so of many; but indeed an old
religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was
in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship 335
too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him
read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am
not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy
offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex
withal. 340

ORLANDO Can you remember any of the principal evils
that he laid to the charge of women?

ROSALIND There were none principal; they were all like

one another as halfpence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it. 345

ORLANDO I prithee, recount some of them.

ROSALIND No. I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. 350
If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORLANDO I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell 355 me your remedy.

ROSALIND There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man in love, in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORLANDO What were his marks? 360

ROSALIND A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not±±but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. 365
Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man. You are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself 370 than seeming the lover of any other.

ORLANDO Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROSALIND Me believe it? You may as soon make her that you love believe it, which I warrant she is apter to do 375 than to confess she does. That is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORLANDO I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of 380 Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROSALIND But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

ORLANDO Neither rhyme nor reason can express how
much. 385

ROSALIND Love is merely a madness, and I tell you,
deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen
do; and the reason why they are not so punished and
cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers
are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel. 390

ORLANDO Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to
imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every
day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a
moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, 395
longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow,
inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion
something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys
and women are for the most part cattle of this colour±±
would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain 400
him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit
at him, that I drave my suitor from his mad humour
of love to a living humour of madness, which was to
forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a
nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him, and this 405
way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean
as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one
spot of love in't.

ORLANDO I would not be cured, youth.

ROSALIND I would cure you if you would but call me 410
Rosalind and come every day to my cot, and woo me.

ORLANDO Now by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me
where it is.

ROSALIND Go with me to it, and I'll show it you. And by
the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. 415
Will you go?

ORLANDO With all my heart, good youth.

ROSALIND Nay, you must call me Rosalind.±±Come, sister.
Will you go?

Exeunt