

RSC ASSOCIATE SCHOOLS
PROGRAMME

PLAYMAKING
FESTIVAL

**AS YOU
LIKE IT**
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY ROBIN BELFIELD

IN COLLABORATION WITH REGIONAL THEATRES

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THEATRE

NEW VIC THEATRE

THE GRAND
THEATRE | BLACKPOOL

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NORTHERN
STAGE



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Theatre

INTER+MISSION
YOUTH THEATRE

THE
MARLOWE

THEATRE ROYAL
ROYAL CONCERT
HALL

HALL
for CORNWALL

SILHOUETTE YOUTH THEATRE

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YORK
THEATRE
ROYAL

The Associate Schools programme is our partnership programme with regional theatres and schools across England. It is built around the principle of schools working in local partnerships to develop communities of practice inspired by Shakespeare's work. Each local partnership consists of a theatre partner (either the RSC or the school's local theatre) and a Lead Associate School who in turn recruits a number of Associate Schools. The programme aims to enrich the teaching, learning and enjoyment of Shakespeare's work across the country.

The Associate Schools programme also supports young people to perform Shakespeare's plays, engaging with his work as actors and theatre makers; exploring character and staging, making interpretive choices and speaking the language with understanding and confidence. This Playmaking pack - an abridged version of William Shakespeare's *As You Like It* - has been created for young people and teachers. It is designed to support performances that will take place across the country through the Associate Schools programme and with our Stratford Schools partnership.

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This Playmaking Pack is an abridged version of *As You Like It*.

Some characters and their names have been edited in terms of gender and pronouns used. We support you to edit these yourself to fit the company you are working with.

As well as the usual scene divisions, this script has been broken down further into units of action for ease in rehearsals.

Dramatis Personae

DUKE SENIOR, in exile in the forest of Arden

ROSALIND, his daughter

DUKE FREDERICK, his usurping brother

CELIA, Frederick's daughter

TOUCHSTONE, the court jester

AMIENS, a lord attending on Duke Senior

JAQUES, a lord attending on Duke Senior

LE BEAU, a courtier attending on Frederick

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick

OLIVER

JAQUES

ORLANDO

]

the three sons of Sir Rowland de Bois

ADAM, an old servant of Sir Rowland, now in service to Oliver

DENNIS, servant to Oliver

CORIN, an old shepherd

SILVIUS, a young shepherd, in love with Phoebe

PHOEBE, a shepherdess

WILLIAM, a countryman, in love with Audrey

AUDREY, a goatherd

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a country clergyman

HYMEN, god of marriage

Lords, Pages, Attendants

ACT 1. SCENE 1

*The Castle of the Le Bois Family.
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 sayest, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

ADAM

Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

Know you where you are, sir?

ORLANDO

O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

OLIVER

Know you before whom, sir?

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 I have as much of my father in me as you, albeit I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

OLIVER

(Raises his hand to hit him) What, boy!

ORLANDO

(Grabs him) Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

OLIVER

Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORLANDO

I am no villain: 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 villains.

ADAM

Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLIVER

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: 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. (*Lets him go*)

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 for my good.

Exeunt with ADAM.

2

OLIVER

Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

DENNIS

Calls your worship?

OLIVER

Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

DENNIS

So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

OLIVER

Call him in.

Exit DENNIS.

'Twill be a good way, and tomorrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

CHARLES

Good morrow to your worship.

OLIVER

Good Monsieur Charles, what's the news at the new court?

CHARLES

The old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him.

OLIVER

Is Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

CHARLES

O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, would have followed her exile; she is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter.

OLIVER

Where will the old duke live?

CHARLES

They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England.

OLIVER

Do you wrestle tomorrow before the new duke?

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 disguise against me to try a fall. Tomorrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well.

OLIVER

I'll tell thee, Charles, he is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion. I had as soon thou didst break his neck as his finger.

CHARLES

I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come tomorrow, I'll give him his payment.

Exit.

OLIVER

Farewell, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him. This wrestler shall clear all.

Exit.

3

ACT 1 SCENE 2

*The French Court.
Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

CELIA

I pray thee Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

ROSALIND

Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier?

CELIA

You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection. By mine honour, I will, and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

ROSALIND

From henceforth I will, coz.

Enter LE BEAU.

LE BEAU

Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CELIA

Were you made the messenger?

LE BEAU

No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CELIA

Sport? Of what colour?

LE BEAU

What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

ROSALIND

As wit and fortune will.

LE BEAU

You amaze me, ladies. I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

ROSALIND

Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

LE BEAU

I will tell you the beginning, and if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do: and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

CELIA

Yonder, sure they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

4

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, ORLANDO, CHARLES and ATTENDANTS.

DUKE FREDERICK

Come on. Since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness. How now, daughter and cousin! Are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

ROSALIND

Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

DUKE FREDERICK

You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies, see if you can move him. *(He stands aside)*

ROSALIND

Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

ORLANDO

No, fair princess, he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

CELIA

Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. We pray you for your own sake to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

ROSALIND

Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

ORLANDO

I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial.

ROSALIND

The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

CELIA

And mine, to eke out hers.

ROSALIND

Fare you well.

CELIA

Your heart's desires be with you!

CHARLES

Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

ORLANDO

Ready, sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

DUKE FREDERICK

You shall try but one fall.

CHARLES

No, I warrant your grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

ORLANDO

You mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before. But come your ways.

ROSALIND

Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

CELIA

I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

They wrestle.

ROSALIND

O excellent young man!

CELIA

If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

Shout (from the wrestling match). CHARLES is thrown down.

DUKE FREDERICK

No more, no more.

ORLANDO

Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

DUKE FREDERICK

How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU

He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE FREDERICK

Bear him away. (*Charles is carried out*) What is thy name, young man?

ORLANDO

Orlando, my liege, the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

DUKE FREDERICK

The world esteemed thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy. I would thou hadst told me of another father.

Exit DUKE with others.

5

Celia, ORLANDO and ROSALIND remain.

ROSALIND

(To Celia) My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

CELIA

(To Rosalind) Let us go thank him and encourage him.
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.

ROSALIND

(Gives him a chain from her neck) Gentleman,
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
(To Celia) Shall we go, coz?

CELIA

Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.

ORLANDO

What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue? I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference. O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown! Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

6

Enter LE BEAU.

LE BEAU

Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done.

ORLANDO

I thank you, sir; and pray you tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?

LE BEAU

But yet indeed the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banished duke.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well.
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

ORLANDO

I rest much bounden to you. Fare you well.

Exit LE BEAU.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.
But heavenly Rosalind!

Exit.

7

ACT 1 SCENE 3

*The French Court.
Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

CELIA

Why, cousin? Why, Rosalind? Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

ROSALIND

The duke my father loved his father dearly.

CELIA

Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

ROSALIND

No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

CELIA

Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?

ROSALIND

Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do.
Look, here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE with LORDS.

CELIA

With his eyes full of anger.

DUKE FREDERICK

(To Rosalind) Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

ROSALIND

Me, uncle?

DUKE FREDERICK

You, cousin
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

ROSALIND

I do beseech your grace. Did I offend your highness?

DUKE FREDERICK

Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

ROSALIND

Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

DUKE FREDERICK

Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

ROSALIND

So was I when your highness took his dukedom,
So was I when your highness banished him;
Treason is not inherited, my lord.

CELIA

Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

DUKE FREDERICK

Ay, Celia, we stayed her for your sake.
She is too subtle for thee, and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. She is banished.

CELIA

Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

DUKE FREDERICK

You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

Exeunt DUKE and others.

CELIA

O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Prithee be cheerful; know'st thou not the duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

ROSALIND

Why, whither shall we go?

CELIA

To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

ROSALIND

Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

CELIA

I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face.
The like do you. So shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.

ROSALIND

Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?

CELIA

What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

ROSALIND

I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be called?

CELIA

Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

ROSALIND

But, cousin, what if we assayed to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

CELIA

He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment.

Exeunt.

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ACT 2 SCENE 1

The Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS and two or three LORDS, like foresters.

DUKE SENIOR

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?

AMIENS

I would not change it.

DUKE SENIOR

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native creatures of this desert city,
Should have their round haunches gored.

FIRST LORD

Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And in that kind swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.

DUKE SENIOR

And did you leave him in this contemplation?

SECOND LORD

We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon a wounded deer.

DUKE SENIOR

Show me the place.

FIRST LORD

I'll bring you to him straight.

Exeunt.

9

ACT 2 SCENE 2

*The French Court.
Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with LORDS.*

DUKE FREDERICK

Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

FIRST LORD

I cannot hear of any that did see her.

SECOND LORD

Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

DUKE FREDERICK

Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither.
If he be absent, bring his brother to me.
I'll make him find him.

Exeunt.

10

ACT 2 SCENE 3

*The Castle of the De Bois Family.
Enter ORLANDO and ADAM from opposite sides.*

ORLANDO

Who's there?

ADAM

What, my young master? O, my gentle master!
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?

ORLANDO

Why, what's the matter?

ADAM

O, unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors! For your brother
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it. If he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.

ORLANDO

Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

ADAM

No matter whither, so you come not here.

ORLANDO

What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boist'rous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?

ADAM

But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father.
Be comfort to my age. Here is the gold.

ORLANDO

O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together.

ADAM

Master, go on, and I will follow thee.

Exeunt.

11

ACT 2 SCENE 4

The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND disguised as Ganymede, CELIA disguised as Aliena, and TOUCHSTONE.

ROSALIND

Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

TOUCHSTONE

Ay, now am I in Arden, the more fool I. When I was at home, I was in a better place, but travellers must be content.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

ROSALIND

Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here: a young man and an old in solemn talk.

They stand aside.

CORIN

That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SILVIUS

O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

CORIN

I partly guess, for I have loved ere now.

SILVIUS

No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

CORIN

Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SILVIUS

O, thou didst then never love so heartily!
If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved. O Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoebe!

Exit.

ROSALIND

Alas, poor shepherd! Searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

TOUCHSTONE

And I mine. We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

ROSALIND

Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

TOUCHSTONE

Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

CELIA

I pray you one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food.
I faint almost to death.

TOUCHSTONE

(To Corin) Holla, you clown!

ROSALIND

Peace, fool, he's not thy kinsman.

CORIN

Who calls?

TOUCHSTONE

Your betters, sir.

CORIN

Else are they very wretched.

ROSALIND

Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

CORIN

And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

ROSALIND

I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed
And fainted for succor.

CORIN

Fair sir, I pity her
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her.
But I am shepherd to another man.

ROSALIND

I pray thee if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

CELIA

And we will mend thy wages. I like this place
And willingly could waste my time in it.

CORIN

Assuredly the thing is to be sold.
Go with me: if you like upon report
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

Exeunt.

12

ACT 2 SCENE 6

*The Forest of Arden.
Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

ADAM

Dear master, I can go no further.
O, I die for food! Here lie I down.

ORLANDO

Why, how now, Adam? If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert.

Picks up ADAM. Exeunt.

ACT 2 SCENE 7

The Forest of Arden.

*Enter DUKE SENIOR, JACQUES and LORDS, like outlaws,
and ORLANDO from opposite sides.*

DUKE SENIOR

Why, how now, monsieur!

ORLANDO

(Draws his sword) Forbear, and eat no more.

JACQUES

Why, I have eat none yet.

ORLANDO

Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

JACQUES

Of what kind should this cock come of?

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. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answerèd.

JACQUES

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

ORLANDO

(Sheathes his sword) I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment.

DUKE SENIOR

True is it that we have seen better days:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be ministered.

ORLANDO

Then but forbear your food a little while.
There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
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 blest for your good comfort.

Exit.

14

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;
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
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,
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,
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

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,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything

15

Enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome. Set down your venerable burden, and let him feed.

ORLANDO

I thank you most for him.

ADAM

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome, fall to. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

Exeunt.

16

ACT 3 SCENE 1

*The French Court.
Enter DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS and OLIVER.*

DUKE FREDERICK

Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth
Of what we think against thee.

OLIVER

O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

DUKE FREDERICK

More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors,
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently and turn him going.

Exeunt.

17

ACT 3 SCENE 2

*The Forest of Arden.
Enter ORLANDO with a paper.*

ORLANDO

Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crownèd 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,
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.

Exit.

18

Enter ROSALIND (as Ganymede) with a paper.

ROSALIND

(Reading) 'From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.'

TOUCHSTONE

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.

Enter CELIA (as Aliena) with a paper.

ROSALIND

Peace! Here comes my sister, reading.

CELIA

Didst thou hear these verses?

Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

ROSALIND

O, yes, I heard them all.

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 before you came, for look here what I found on a palm-tree.

CELIA

Trow you who hath done this?

ROSALIND

Is it a man?

CELIA

And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck.

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 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

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 day he wrestled?

CELIA

Give me audience, good madam.

ROSALIND

Proceed.

CELIA

There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Cry 'holla' to the tongue, I prithee. It curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

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.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

CELIA

Soft! Comes he not here?

ROSALIND

(Aside to Celia) 'Tis he. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. *(To 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.

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. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks. 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 me your remedy.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROSALIND

Love is merely a madness, and I profess curing it by counsel.

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. And thus I cured him.

ORLANDO

I would not be cured, youth.

ROSALIND

I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote 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. Will you go?

ORLANDO

With all my heart, good youth.

ROSALIND

Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go?

Exeunt.

19

ACT 3 SCENE 3

The Forest of Arden.

Enter TOUCHSTONE, AUDREY, and JAQUES behind.

TOUCHSTONE

When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

AUDREY

I do not know what 'poetical' is. Is it honest in deed and word?
Is it a true thing?

TOUCHSTONE

No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning, and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers, they do feign.

AUDREY

Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

TOUCHSTONE

I do truly, for thou swear'st to me thou art honest. Now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

AUDREY

Would you not have me honest?

TOUCHSTONE

No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured, for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

JAQUES

(Aside) A material fool!

AUDREY

Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

TOUCHSTONE

But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

JAQUES

(Aside) I would fain see this meeting.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Here comes Sir Oliver. Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

SIR OLIVER

Is there none here to give the woman?

TOUCHSTONE

I will not take her on gift of any man.

SIR OLIVER

Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

JAQUES

(Steps forward) Proceed, proceed I'll give her.

TOUCHSTONE

Good even, good Master What-ye-call't. How do you, sir? You are very well met.

JAQUES

Will you be married, motley?

TOUCHSTONE

As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires so wedlock would be nibbling.

JAQUES

And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is.

TOUCHSTONE

Come, sweet Audrey: we must be married, or we must live in bawdry. 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.

TOUCHSTONE

Farewell, good Master Oliver.

SIR OLIVER

'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

Exeunt separately.

20

ACT 3 SCENE 4

The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND (as Ganymede), CELIA (as Aliena) and CORIN.

CORIN

Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complained of love.

CELIA

Well, and what of him?

CORIN

If you will see a pageant truly played,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

ROSALIND

Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

Exeunt.

21

ACT 3 SCENE 5

*The Forest of Arden.
Enter SILVIUS and PHOEBE.*

SILVIUS

Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me, do not, Phoebe.

*Enter ROSALIND (as Ganymede), CELIA (as Aliena) and CORIN.
They stand aside.*

PHOEBE

I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.

SILVIUS

O dear Phoebe, If ever, as that ever may be near,
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

PHOEBE

But till that time come not thou near me.

ROSALIND

(Steps forward) And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
(To Silvius) You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favoured children.
'Tis not her glass but you that flatters her.
(To Phoebe) But mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.

PHOEBE

Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

ROSALIND

Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock. Exeunt Rosalind, Celia & Corin

PHOEBE

Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

SILVIUS

Not very well, but I have met him oft.

PHOEBE

Think not I love him, though I ask for him:
'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? Yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
There be some women who would have gone near
To fall in love with him. But, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not. And yet
Have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it. Wilt thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS

Phoebe, with all my heart.

PHOEBE

I'll write it straight:
The matter's in my head and in my heart.
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius.

Exeunt.

22

ACT 4 SCENE 1

The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND (as Ganymede) and CELIA (as Aliena), and ORLANDO from opposite sides.

ROSALIND

Why, how now, Orlando, where have you been all this while? You a lover? An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

ORLANDO

My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

ROSALIND

Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o'th'shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

ORLANDO

Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

CELIA

It pleases him to call you so, but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

ROSALIND

Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

ORLANDO

I would kiss before I spoke.

ROSALIND

Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss.

ORLANDO

How if the kiss be denied?

ROSALIND

Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

ORLANDO

Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

ROSALIND

Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

ROSALIND

But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition. And ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORLANDO

Then love me, Rosalind.

ROSALIND

Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

ORLANDO

And wilt thou have me?

ROSALIND

Ay, and twenty such. Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

ORLANDO

Pray thee marry us.

CELIA

I cannot say the words.

ROSALIND

You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando —'

CELIA

Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

ORLANDO

I will.

ROSALIND

Ay, but when?

ORLANDO

Why now, as fast as she can marry us.

ROSALIND

Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife'.

ORLANDO

I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROSALIND

I might ask you for your commission, but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

ORLANDO

So do all thoughts: they are winged.

ROSALIND

Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

ORLANDO

Forever and a day.

ROSALIND

Say 'a day', without the 'ever'. No, no, Orlando. Men are April when they woo, December when they wed. Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.

ORLANDO

For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

ROSALIND

Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

ORLANDO

I must attend the duke at dinner. By two o'clock I will be with thee again.

ROSALIND

Ay, go your ways, go your ways. Two o'clock is your hour?

ORLANDO

Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROSALIND

If you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetic break-promise and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

ORLANDO

With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

ROSALIND

Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu.

Exeunt.

23

ACT 4 SCENE 3

The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND (as Ganymede) and CELIA (as Aliena), and SILVIUS with a letter.

SILVIUS

(To Rosalind) My errand is to you, fair youth.
My gentle Phoebe bid me give you this.

ROSALIND

(Reads letter) Patience herself would startle at this letter
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners.
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

SILVIUS

No, I protest, I know not the contents.
Phoebe did write it.

ROSALIND

Come, come, you are a fool
And turned into the extremity of love.

SILVIUS

Sure, it is hers.

ROSALIND

Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style.

SILVIUS

So please you, for I never read it yet,
Yet heard too much of Phoebe's cruelty.

ROSALIND

She Phoebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes:
(Reading) 'Art thou god to shepherd turned,
That a maiden's heart hath burned?'
Can a woman rail thus?

SILVIUS

Call you this railing? Call you this chiding?

CELIA

Alas, poor shepherd!

ROSALIND

Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee. If she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word, for here comes more company.

Exit SILVIUS.

24

Enter ROSALIND (as Ganymede) and CELIA (as Aliena).

ROSALIND

How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

CELIA

I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep.

Enter OLIVER.

OLIVER

Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?

CELIA

West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom.

OLIVER

Are not you the owner of the house I did inquire for?

CELIA

It is no boast, being asked, to say we are.

OLIVER

Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind

Shows bloody handkerchief.

He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

ROSALIND

I am. What must we understand by this?

OLIVER

When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again.
But mark what object did present itself.
Under an old oak, a wretched ragged man,
O'ergrown with hair, lay sleeping on his back.
By the by, a lioness, lay couching, head on ground,
With catlike watch when the sleeping man should stir.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

CELIA

O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

OLIVER

And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

ROSALIND

But to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the sucked and hungry lioness?

OLIVER

Nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

CELIA

Are you his brother?

ROSALIND

Was't you he rescued?

CELIA

Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

OLIVER

'Twas I, but 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

ROSALIND

But, for the bloody napkin?

OLIVER

The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
But now I must bear answer back to
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

ROSALIND

Will you go?

Exeunt.

ACT 5 SCENE 2

The Forest of Arden.

Enter ORLANDO with his arm in a sling and OLIVER.

ORLANDO

Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? That but seeing, you should love her? And loving, woo? And wooing, she should grant? And will you persevere to enjoy her?

OLIVER

Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting. But say with me, I love Aliena. Say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other.

ORLANDO

You have my consent. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter Rosalind as Ganymede.

ROSALIND

God save you, brother.

OLIVER

And you, fair 'sister'.

ROSALIND

O my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

ORLANDO

It is my arm.

ROSALIND

I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORLANDO

Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

ROSALIND

Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkerchief?

ORLANDO

Ay, and greater wonders than that. Oliver and Aliena shall be married tomorrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I tomorrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

ROSALIND

Why then, tomorrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

ORLANDO

I can live no longer by thinking.

ROSALIND

I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her.

ORLANDO

Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

ROSALIND

By my life, I do. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends, for if you will be married tomorrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

26

Enter SILVIUS and PHOEBE.

PHOEBE

Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

ROSALIND

I care not if I have. It is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd.
Look upon him, love him: he worships you.

PHOEBE

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

SILVIUS

It is to be all made of sighs and tears,
And so am I for Phoebe.

PHOEBE

And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And I for no woman.

SILVIUS

It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance,
And so am I for Phoebe.

PHOEBE

And so am I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And so am I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And so am I for no woman.

PHOEBE

(To Rosalind) If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

SILVIUS

(To Phoebe) If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ORLANDO

If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ROSALIND

Who do you speak to? 'Why blame you me to love you?'

ORLANDO

To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

ROSALIND

Pray you no more of this. *(To Silvius)* I will help you if I can. *(To Phoebe)* I would love you, if I could. *(To all)* Tomorrow meet me all together. *(To Phoebe)* I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married tomorrow. *(To Orlando)* I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married tomorrow. *(To Silvius)* I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married tomorrow. *(To Orlando)* As you love Rosalind, meet. *(To Silvius)* As you love Phoebe, meet. And as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands.

SILVIUS

I'll not fail, if I live.

PHOEBE

Nor I.

ORLANDO

Nor I.

Exeunt.

27

ACT 5 SCENE 4

The Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE SENOIR, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, CELIA (as Aliena).

DUKE SENIOR

Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORLANDO

I sometimes do believe and sometimes do not,
As those that fear they hope and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND as Ganymede, SILVIUS and PHOEBE.

ROSALIND

Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
(To Duke Senior) You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE SENIOR

That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

ROSALIND

(To Orlando) And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

ORLANDO

That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

ROSALIND

(To Phoebe) You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

PHOEBE

That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROSALIND

But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

PHOEBE

So is the bargain.

ROSALIND

(To Silvius) You say, that you'll have Phoebe, if she will?

SILVIUS

Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROSALIND

I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter,
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter.
Keep you your word, Phoebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd.
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her
If she refuse me. And from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.

DUKE SENIOR

I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

ORLANDO

My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

JAQUES

There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

TOUCHSTONE

Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQUES

Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest. He hath been a courtier, he swears.

DUKE SENIOR

I like him very well.

28

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND and CELIA as themselves.

HYMEN

Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.

ROSALIND

(To Duke Senior) To you I give myself, for I am yours.
(To Orlando) To you I give myself, for I am yours.

DUKE SENIOR

If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

ORLANDO

If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

PHOEBE

If sight and shape be true, why then, my love adieu!

ROSALIND

(To Duke Senior) I'll have no father, if you be not he. *(To Orlando)*
I'll have no husband, if you be not he. *(To Phoebe)* Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

HYMEN

Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events.
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
(To Orlando and Rosalind) You and you no cross shall part;
(To Oliver and Celia) You and you are heart in heart.
(To Phoebe) You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord.
(To Touchstone and Audrey) You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.—

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish
How thus we met, and these things finish.

DUKE SENIOR

(To Celia) O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

PHOEBE

I will not eat my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

29

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

JAQUES DE BOIS

Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Addressed a mighty power, which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

DUKE SENIOR

Welcome, young man.
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heaped in joy, to th'measures fall.

Exeunt all but ROSALIND.

ROSALIND

It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue, but I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you. And I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women — as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them — that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not. And I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

Exit.