



**Sample Pages from
As You Like It**

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As You Like It

A PLAY IN ONE ACT ADAPTED BY
John Minigan

FROM THE ORIGINAL BY
William Shakespeare



As You Like It

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Characters

MALE

ORLANDO: Youngest son of the late Sir Rowland, later in love with Rosalind.

OLIVER: Eldest son of the late Sir Rowland, later in love with Celia.

TOUCHSTONE: A clown in the court of Duke Frederick, later in love with Audrey.

* **SILVIUS:** A poetic shepherd, in love with Phebe.

* **ADAM:** Servant to Orlando.

* **CHARLES:** Wrestler for Duke Frederick.

* **SIR OLIVER MARTEXT:** A country vicar.

* **JACQUES (DE BOYS):** Second son of the late Sir Rowland.

* **WILLIAM:** A country bumpkin.

FEMALE

ROSALIND: Daughter of Duke Senior, later in love with Orlando. Disguises herself as a male page, Ganymede.

CELIA: Daughter of Duke Frederick, later in love with Oliver. Disguises herself as Aliena.

PHEBE: A shepherdess who falls in love with Ganymede.

AUDREY: A woman from the country.

EITHER MALE OR FEMALE

* **DUKE FREDERICK:** (or Duchess Frederica) Ruler of the court; he sent Duke Senior, his brother, into exile in the Forest of Arden.

* **DUKE SENIOR:** (or Duchess Senior) Sent into exile and living happily in the Forest of Arden. Friend of the late Sir Rowland.

JACQUES: Lord attending Duke Senior. Pronounced JAY-kweez

* **CORIN:** (or Corinne) An older shepherd.

* **LE BEAU:** Servant of Duke Frederick.

* **HYMEN:** Lord attending on Duke Senior in disguise as the God of Marriage.

LORDS/LADIES: Attending both Dukes.

* - these characters may be doubled, with one performer playing more than one of these roles.

A NOTE ON DOUBLING

Much double-casting is possible. First, one performer may play both Dukes. One actor may play Adam and Corin.

One may play Charles, Silvius and attendant lords. One may play Sir Oliver Martext, Jacques de Boys, William and attendant lords. One performer may play Le Beau, Hymen and attendant lords or ladies.

Other combinations are also possible, but the double-casting above would allow the nineteen speaking parts to be handled by a minimum cast of twelve: 6 males, 4 females and 2 of either gender.

NOTES ON GENDER SWITCHING

If casting creates Duchess Frederica and Duchess Senior, substitute “Duchess” for “Duke” in the dialogue, change the relevant references from “brother” to “sister,” “uncle” to “aunt” and “father” to “mother.” Also, replace personal pronouns such as “he” “him” and “his” with “she” “her” and “hers.”

Pronoun substitutions are also necessary to cast Jaques female, and a change in title, from “Monsieur” to “Madame.”

To cast Corin as Corinne, again change pronouns and change the beginning of Rosalind’s final line in Scene 5 from “Prithee, shepherd,” to “Prithee, shepherdess.”

To cast Le Beau female, substitute “Madame Le Beau” in Scene 2 for “Monsieur Le Beau.”

SCENE 1. Orchard of Oliver's house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

ORLANDO: **It was bequeath'd me by will a thousand crowns, and charged my brother to breed me well:** and there begins my sadness. My brother Jacques **he** keeps at school, and he stays me here at home **unkept**. His horses are bred better; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him. The spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude.

Enter OLIVER.

OLIVER: Now, sir! **What make you here?**

ORLANDO: I am not taught to make anything.

OLIVER: Marry, sir, be better employ'd. Know you where you are, sir?

ORLANDO: O, sir: here in your orchard.

OLIVER: Know you before whom, sir?

ORLANDO: I know you are my eldest brother; and, you should know me. I have as much of my father in me as you.

OLIVER: What, boy!

ORLANDO: Come, come, elder brother, **you are too young in this.**

ORLANDO grabs OLIVER by the throat.

OLIVER: Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORLANDO: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. **Wert thou not my brother,** I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so.

ADAM: Sweet masters, be patient.

ORLANDO: My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peasant. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore give me the poor **allottery** my father left me; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

OLIVER: Well, sir, you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me. Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM: Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, **I have lost my teeth in your service.**

As You Like It begins in the French court of Duke Frederick. Orlando complains that since the death of his father, Sir Rowland de Boys, Orlando's oldest brother (Oliver), has acted against Sir Rowland's request that Orlando be educated. Orlando has become merely a laborer for Oliver, while Jacques, the middle brother, is getting an education. Adam, his father's old servant, listens.

It ... well: Sir Rowland's will gave Orlando money and a promise of education, to be guaranteed by Oliver; Orlando has received neither from his brother.

he: Oliver

unkept: without any of the benefits I should have here

What ... here?: What are you doing here? Orlando replies with the usual meaning of "make"

Oliver uses "sir" to speak to his brother, which is both formal and probably sarcastic. Orlando picks up the use of the word, too. Why does Orlando do this? Is he mocking? Is he trying to speak boldly but respectfully?

you ... this: you are too inexperienced in fighting

Wert ... brother: if you were not my brother

Adam, an old servant of Orlando and Oliver's father, is distressed to see the brothers fight. Oliver, as head of the household, is his boss, but later lines show his loyalty to Orlando is greater. Does he have any influence on the brothers as they fight?

allottery: share, amount

I ... service: Adam, who is 80, has grown old serving the family

old duke: Duke Senior
his ... duke: Duke Frederick

the duke's: Duke Senior's

disposition ... me: a plan to come in to fight me without revealing his identity (the fierce Charles wrestles for the entertainment of the court and battles all who wish to try their skill)

loath: unwilling **foil:** defeat

I ... lief: I would be just as pleased if

I'll ... payment: I'll take care of him; I'll defeat him
God keep: God bless

device: actions and plans
of ... beloved: he charms all kinds of people
clear all: take care of everything for me

Rosalind, the daughter of the banished Duke Senior, is living in the house of her uncle, Duke Frederick, who banished her father. How does she feel about her uncle? How does Celia feel? She has asked Rosalind to stay and live with them, but how will she respond to her father's political maneuvers?

coz: cousin, relative

Rosalind is sad as the scene begins, but Celia manages to cheer her up quickly.

render: give, provide

Exit ORLANDO and ADAM. Enter CHARLES the wrestler.

OLIVER: I will give no thousand crowns. Charles!

CHARLES: Good morrow to your worship.

OLIVER: What's the new news at the new court?

CHARLES: The **old duke** is banish'd by **his younger brother the new duke**.

OLIVER: Can you tell if Rosalind, **the duke's** daughter, be banish'd with her father?

CHARLES: No, she is at the court.

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: You wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

CHARLES: Marry, do I, sir; and your younger brother Orlando hath a **disposition to come in disguised against me**. Your brother is but young and tender; I would be **loath** to **foil** him.

OLIVER: I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; a villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore **I had as lief** thou didst break his neck as his finger; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living.

CHARLES: If he come, **I'll give him his payment: God keep** your worship!

OLIVER: Farewell, good Charles.

Exit CHARLES.

My soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; full of noble **device**; **of all sorts enchantingly beloved**; but this wrestler shall **clear all**.

Exit.

SCENE 2. Lawn before the Duke's palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

CELIA: I pray thee, Rosalind, my **coz**, be merry.

ROSALIND: Dear Celia, teach me to forget a banish'd father.

CELIA: You know my father hath no child but I, and when he dies, what he hath taken away from thy father, I will **render** thee again; therefore, my sweet Rose, be merry.

ROSALIND: I will, coz, and **devise sports**. What think you of falling in love?

CELIA: Love no man in earnest. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

LE BEAU: Fair princess, **you have lost much good sport**.

CELIA: Sport! Of what **colour**?

LE BEAU: Colour, madam! How shall I answer you? I would have told you of good wrestling and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

ROSALIND: Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

LE BEAU: You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for it.

CELIA: Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us stay and see it.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, ORLANDO, CHARLES and LORDS and LADIES.

ROSALIND: Is yonder the man?

LE BEAU: Even he, madam.

CELIA: He is too young!

DUKE FREDERICK: How now, daughter, and **cousin**! Are you crept **hither** to see the wrestling?

ROSALIND: Ay, my **liege**.

DUKE FREDERICK: You will take little delight in it. In pity of the challenger's youth, **I would dissuade** him, but he will not be **entreated**.

ROSALIND: Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

ORLANDO: I come, as others do, to try the strength of my youth.

CELIA: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. We pray you for your own sake, **give over** this attempt.

ROSALIND: Do, young sir.

ORLANDO: If I be foil'd, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: in the world I fill up a place, which may be **better supplied** when I have made it empty.

ROSALIND: Fare you well.

CHARLES: Where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

ORLANDO: **An** you mean to mock me after, you should not have mock'd me before: but **come your ways**.

devise sports: come up with pastimes

you ... sport: you have missed fine entertainment

colour: type

Rosalind sees Orlando and wonders if he is the appointed challenger for Charles, the wrestler.

How do Frederick and Rosalind feel about each other? For Frederick, Rosalind is the daughter of the brother he banished and he may suspect she dislikes or mistrusts him. Does she? How will the action on stage indicate the possible tension between them?

cousin: here used as a general term for relative
hither: here

liege: ruler, leader

Rosalind calls the Duke her ruler, rather than her relative. Is this a sign of respect or a sign that she feels no family affection for him?

I ... dissuade: I wish I could convince him not to try
entreated: persuaded

give over: give up on

better supplied: better off

An: if

come your ways: come begin

Care should be taken with actor safety during this wrestling match, but, when well executed, it can be both exciting and funny to see a powerful Charles knocked out by youthful Orlando. Use of a trained fight choreographer is recommended.

In most productions, Charles is unconscious or otherwise incapacitated.

esteem'd: valued, considered

The mood shifts quickly, from celebration and awe at Orlando's victory, to the Duke's anger at the defeat of Charles by the son of a man he did not like. How does Orlando feel, since his only aim in challenging Charles was to gain a strong reputation?

Does Rosalind tell this to Celia? To the retreating Duke? To Orlando? Each would have its own meaning.

well deserved: earned better treatment than my father gave you

There are opportunities for wonderful comic moments in Orlando's inability to speak to Rosalind. How long does Rosalind wait before suggesting that she and Celia leave?

Ay: yes

My ... down: Orlando jokes that, as he threw Charles, Rosalind has thrown him

Again, Orlando's inability to respond to Rosalind can be quite funny—and also a key connection to what happens later in the play.

Le Beau, whose name, appropriately, means "the good," warns Orlando that the Duke is angry and should be avoided.

ROSALIND: Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

ORLANDO and CHARLES wrestle.

O excellent young man!

CHARLES is thrown.

DUKE FREDERICK: No more, no more. 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 Boys.

DUKE FREDERICK: The world **esteem'd** thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy.
Fare thee well. I would thou hadst told me of another father.

*Exit DUKE FREDERICK and his court, leaving
ORLANDO, ROSALIND and CELIA.*

ORLANDO: I am proud to be Sir Rowland's son —
His youngest son — and would not change that calling.

ROSALIND: My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul.

CELIA: Sir, you have **well deserved**.

ROSALIND gives ORLANDO a chain.

ROSALIND: Gentleman, wear this for me.

Pause.

Shall we go, coz?

CELIA: **Ay.** Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ROSALIND and CELIA begin to exit.

ORLANDO: Can I not say, I thank you? **My better parts are all thrown down.**

ROSALIND: He calls us back: I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?

Pause.

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown more than your enemies. Fare you well.

Exit 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!

Enter LE BEAU.

LE BEAU: Good sir, leave this place. The duke **misconsters** all you have done.

ORLANDO: Which of the two was daughter of the duke?

LE BEAU: The smaller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke. Sir, fare you well.

ORLANDO: 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.

SCENE 3. A room in the palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

CELIA: Why, cousin; why, Rosalind, is **all this** for your father?

ROSALIND: No, some of it is for **my child's father**.

CELIA: 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: I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly.

ROSALIND: Love him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

CELIA: With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with LORDS.

DUKE FREDERICK: **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,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.

DUKE FREDERICK: Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

ROSALIND: My father was no traitor.

DUKE FREDERICK: Celia; we **stay'd** her for your sake,
Else had she with her father **ranged along**.

CELIA: If she be a traitor, why, so am I.

DUKE FREDERICK: She is too **subtle** for thee.

misconsters: misinterprets

Le Beau warns Orlando that Frederick suspects Orlando of being a danger to him. Rather than immediately flee, Orlando asks which girl was Rosalind, a sign of how completely she has captured his imagination.

Some editions have Le Beau say that "the taller is his daughter," but Celia, the duke's daughter, is generally cast with a smaller actress because of Rosalind's discussion of her height in the next scene.

smother: very dense smoke ("from the frying pan into the fire" is the modern equivalent)

tyrant brother: Oliver, to whom Orlando must now return, since the Duke did not give him any praise or increased status for defeating Charles

Rosalind: Orlando has not heard Rosalind's name, but he has heard of her (their fathers were friends)

all this: Rosalind is again sad, though not for her banished father this time. Celia, always perceptive about Rosalind, knows why.

my child's father: my hoped-for future husband (Orlando)

Mistress: formally referring to Rosalind
dispatch ... haste: get going as quickly as you can
get your from: leave

beseech: beg

Let ... me: let me know what I have done wrong as I leave

stay'd: held; also, endured

ranged along: traveled into banishment

For Celia to claim to be a traitor means that she rejects Frederick both as her father and as her ruler. How difficult is this for her to say? Celia's anger and determination have built while Rosalind and Frederick spoke. How does she speak?

How does Frederick take his daughter's claim to be a traitor?
subtle: clever, devious

You are a fool: Her father shifts from insulting Celia with "Thou art" to the formal "You are"—the change is a sign of his increasing anger and frustration with her

Let ... heir: Celia rejects Frederick as her father

Say ... canst: no matter what you say

my uncle: Rosalind's father, Duke Senior

poor ... attire: shabby clothing

The ... you: you do the same

stir assailants: be in danger of attack from thieves

suit me all points: disguise myself completely

Ganymede: the name of the god Jove's page

Aliena: hinting at her strange or foreign disguise

assay'd: tried, attempted

in content: happily

your praises: the way people (except the Duke) praised your wrestling, as well as your other qualities

five hundred crowns: a large sum, possibly Adam's life savings, which he offers: he would rather be Orlando's servant than retire on the money

lusty: in excellent health

For ... blood: Adam credits his vitality to never drinking alcohol when he was young

Thou art a fool: Firm and irrevocable is my doom. She is banish'd.

CELIA: I cannot live out of her company.

DUKE FREDERICK: **You are a fool.** You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, you die.

Exit DUKE FREDERICK and LORDS.

CELIA: **Let my father seek another heir.**
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

ROSALIND: Whither shall we go?

CELIA: To seek **my uncle** in the forest of Arden.
I'll put myself in **poor and mean attire**,
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: **Ganymede.** But what will you be call'd?

CELIA: No longer Celia, but **Aliena**.

ROSALIND: But, cousin, what if we **assay'd** 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;
Leave me alone to woo him. Now go we **in content**,
To liberty, and not to banishment.

They exit.

SCENE 4. Before Oliver's house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

ADAM: O my gentle master!

ORLANDO: Why, what's the matter?

ADAM: Your brother hath heard **your praises**; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it. Do not enter it.
I have **five hundred crowns**:
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and **lusty**:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.
I'll do the service of a younger man.

ORLANDO: O good old man!

Thou art not for the fashion of these times: we'll go along together.

ADAM: From seventeen years till now almost **fourscore**
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is **too late a week**.

They exit.

SCENE 5. The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND as GANYMEDE, CELIA as ALIENA, TOUCHSTONE.

ROSALIND: O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

TOUCHSTONE: **I care not for my spirits**, if my legs were not weary.

ROSALIND: Courage, good Aliena!

CELIA: I pray you, bear with me; I **cannot go no** further.

TOUCHSTONE: I had rather bear with you than **bear you**.

ROSALIND: Well, this is the forest of Arden.

TOUCHSTONE: Now am I in Arden; when I was at home, I was in a better place.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

ROSALIND: Look you, who comes here.

SILVIUS: If thou remember'st not the slightest **folly**
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not **broke from company**
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

Exit SILVIUS on the run.

ROSALIND: This shepherd's passion is much **upon my fashion**.

CELIA: Question yond man, if he for gold will give us any food: I faint almost to death.

ROSALIND: I prithee, shepherd, bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for **succour**.

CORIN: I wish my fortunes were more able to relieve her;

Thou ... times: you are too good for the way people live now

fourscore: eighty (Adam's age)

too ... week: too late a time

Many Shakespeare plays include scenes in an idyllic setting critics call the "Green World." This Green World, the Forest of Arden, is very different in feeling from the political and personal strain of the court. However, Rosalind, Celia and Touchstone arrive too exhausted to appreciate the beauty and lack of stress in their new environment.

I ... spirits: I wouldn't worry about my spirits

Touchstone is a "clownish fool," combining the intentional comedy of the professional clown/entertainer and the truth-telling qualities of a court fool

cannot ... no: the double-negative is used for emphasis

bear you: carry you

Silvius is so in love with Phebe that he can't keep himself from speaking poetry about her and about love in general.

folly: foolish behavior

Wearing ... praise: annoying the listener by praising the one you love

broke from company: left other people behind—Silvius often exits running, shouting Phebe's name

upon my fashion: like the way I feel for Orlando

succour: (lack of) relief

sheep-cote: shepherd's cottage

From this point in the play on, many scenes are quite brief. The pace of the action and sense of momentum in the story can be preserved by letting scenes flow quickly from one to the next, even when the settings differ. Entrances and exits can even overlap to allow for an exciting sense of the plot's rising action.

uncouth: uncivilized

yield: produce, provide me

Cheerly: with good cheer

The banished Duke and his men (except Jaques) seem quite happy to have left the backbiting politics of the court for the natural "Green World" of the forest.

peril: danger

Here ... Adam: Here we feel only the penalty Adam felt in the Bible story — the experience of Nature and a sense of knowing how we are just a mortal part of it.

churish: rude, impolite **chiding:** gentle scolding

feelingly: through my senses

adversity: hardship

exempt ... haunt: removed from the more public world of the court

Jaques, one of the Duke's followers, is philosophical, witty, and loves his own intellect and sadness

I ... forest: Jaques is surprised and delighted to have met Touchstone, a court fool, so far from court

motley: patched together of different colored cloth — referring to Touchstone's patched clothing

courtier: a member of Duke Senior's court before the banishment

Invest ... motley: give me the quality of motley; give me a fool's patched coat (with a pun on "vest" as an article of clothing)

give me leave: allow me

And at our **sheep-cote** now, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
Most welcome shall you be.

They exit.

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, and measure out my grave.

ORLANDO: Why, how now, Adam! Live a little. If this **uncouth** forest **yield** any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner. **Cheerly**, good Adam!

They exit.

SCENE 7. The Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE SENIOR and LORDS, like outlaws. They set out food.

DUKE SENIOR: Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Are not these woods more free from **peril** than the envious court?

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
And **churlish chiding** of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
"This is no flattery; these are counselors
That **feelingly** persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of **adversity**;
And this our life, **exempt from public haunt**,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Enter JAQUES.

Why, how now, monsieur! You look merrily!

JAQUES: A fool, a fool! I met a **fool i' th'forest**,
A **motley** fool; one that hath been a **courtier**;
O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE SENIOR: Thou shalt have one.

JAQUES: **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.

DUKE SENIOR: Thou thyself hast been a **libertine**.

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

ORLANDO: **Forbear**, and eat no more!

JAQUES: Why, I have **eat** none yet.

ORLANDO: Forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

JAQUES: An you will not be **answer'd 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: Speak you so gently? Pardon me:
I thought that all things had been savage here.
But forbear your food a little while,
There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath limp'd in pure love: till he be first **sufficed**,
I will not touch a bit.

DUKE SENIOR: We will nothing waste till you return.

Exit ORLANDO.

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.
And 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 the soldier,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel.
And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good **capon** lined,
Full of wise **saws** and modern **instances**. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and **slipper'd pantaloon**,

th'infected: the infected

libertine: one who indulges in immoral pleasures

The Duke implies that Jaques was once in need of the very "cleansing" Jaques now plans to perform as a truth-telling fool

Forbear: refrain, stop eating

eat: eaten

Orlando, thinking the Duke's band are criminals and savage, threatens them

answer'd ... reason: calmed by words

In production, Jaques often "calls Orlando's bluff," taking a bite of food

Your ... gentleness: You will gain more from us by being gentle than by using force

Orlando, who has been angry and somewhat fierce in many of his scenes in the court, meets true kindness and immediately changes — it is a key change, and one of the first instances of the way the actions of people in the Forest of Arden (and the forest itself) can transform people.

sufficed: given enough

Jaques picks up the image of the "wide and universal theatre" and expands it to talk about how people move through seven ages in life, ending with a description that matches the arrival of the weakened Adam. This is one of the most famous speeches in any Shakespeare play and, by the end, a clear expression of Jaques' fairly pessimistic view of life.

Mewling: crying

satchel: bag (of books)

capon: castrated rooster, sought after as food

saws: sayings **instances**: examples

slipper'd pantaloons: Pantaloons or Pantalones were foolish old characters in Italian comedies

pouch ... side: Pantalone carried his money in a pouch

oblivion: nothingness; forgetfulness

Sans: without

So ... need: You need to speak my thanks

I ... father: as opposed to Duke Frederick, who disliked Sir Rowland

Duke Frederick seems convinced that Orlando is working against him and demands that Oliver find Orlando. Although the location is now in the court and not the forest, it is best to keep the pace moving quickly, without blackouts or movement of scenery.

him: Orlando

Thy ... hands: Frederick seizes Oliver's lands, the former property of Sir Rowland

More ... thou: Not loving your brother makes you even worse (ironic, given Frederick's treatment of Duke Senior)

expediently: quickly

Orlando, feeling free in the forest, hangs poems he has written to Rosalind on the forest's trees, never suspecting that Rosalind is in the forest to find them.

character: write, carve letters or characters

chaste: pure

unexpressive: impossible to express or describe

Ind: Indies

With spectacles on nose and **pouch on side**;
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 every thing.

Enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

DUKE SENIOR: Welcome. Let him feed.

ORLANDO: I thank you most for him.

ADAM: **So had you need:**
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

DUKE SENIOR: You were the good Sir Rowland's son.
Be truly welcome hither: **I am the duke,**
That loved your father. Good old man,
Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

They exit.

SCENE 8. A room in the palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, and OLIVER.

DUKE FREDERICK: Not see **him** since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
Find out thy brother; bring him dead or living.
Thy lands do we seize into our hands.

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

DUKE FREDERICK: **More villain thou.**
Do this **expediently.**

They exit.

SCENE 9. The Forest of Arden.

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

ORLANDO: 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 witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the **chaste**, and **unexpressive** she.

*Exit ORLANDO. Enter TOUCHSTONE and ROSALIND,
with a paper, reading.*

ROSALIND: "From the east to western **Ind**,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined

Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind."

TOUCHSTONE: I'll **rime** you so eight years together. For a taste:
"Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest **rind**,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest **rose** will find,
Must find love's **prick** and Rosalind."
This is the very false gallop of verses.

ROSALIND: I found them on a tree.

TOUCHSTONE: Truly, the tree **yields** bad fruit.

Exit TOUCHSTONE. Enter CELIA, with a paper.

CELIA: Didst thou hear these verses?

ROSALIND: O, yes.

CELIA: Without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd
upon these trees? **Trow** you who hath done this?

ROSALIND: Is it a man?

CELIA: And a chain, that you once wore, about your neck. **Change
you color?**

ROSALIND: Nay, tell me who it is.

CELIA: O wonderful, wonderful, and yet again wonderful!

ROSALIND: Take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

CELIA: So you may **put a man in your belly**.

ROSALIND: What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? His chin worth
a beard?

CELIA: Nay, he hath a little beard.

ROSALIND: **Let me stay the growth of his beard if thou 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**.

CELIA: I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROSALIND: Orlando?

CELIA: Orlando.

ROSALIND: What shall I do with my **doublet and hose**? Doth he know

*Touchstone mocks what he thinks are the bad poems Rosalind
has found.*

rime: rhyme, create poems

So ... Rosalind: for Rosalind to be "lined" would mean that
she would be pregnant

rind: peel or skin

rose: a pun on Rosalind

prick: thorn, and a sexual pun

This ... verses: these verses are poor, with inept rhythms

yields: produces

Trow: know

Change ... color: Are you blushing?

*Early in the play, Celia and Rosalind discussed falling in love as
a "sport" or entertainment. Celia is, at this point, very amused
by Rosalind's love and by Orlando's poems. No doubt she is
also pleased to have discovered his identity before Rosalind
and to therefore have the upper hand over her clever cousin.
How excited is Rosalind to have an admirer — especially when
she suspects, from Celia's teasing hints, that he is Orlando?*

put ... belly: drink in the name (but also a sexual joke)

*Celia, with the upper hand, can now make Rosalind squirm a
little and beg for the truth of her admirer's identity.*

Let ... chin: I'll wait to hear about his beard if you tell me
whose chin he has — that is, who he is.

sad ... maid: seriously and truly

*Rosalind's excitement that Orlando is in the forest writing
poems to her is altered by her realization that she is stuck in a
male disguise.*

doublet and hose: man's clothing

stretch'd: stretched

it ... ground: it makes the ground more attractive

Cry ... tongue: get your tongue's attention (to make it stop)

'Tis: it is

Slink by and note him: Sneak out of sight and watch what he does

Mar: damage

ill-favour'dly: with a bad attitude about them

christen'd: baptized and given a name

figure: image

Melancholy: sadness, gloominess (just as Jaques says that Orlando is Love personified, Orlando says that Jaques is gloominess embodied)

is't: is it

Rosalind, in the safety of her disguise, can approach Orlando and challenge his love for her — and Orlando, because he does not know it is her, is not as tongue-tied as he was in their first scene together.

that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel?

CELIA: I found him under a tree, **stretch'd** along, like a wounded knight.

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

CELIA: **Cry 'holla,' to thy tongue.**

ROSALIND: Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak.

CELIA: Soft! Comes he not here?

ROSALIND: **'Tis he. Slink by and note him.**

CELIA and ROSALIND hide. Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

JAQUES: Let's meet as little as we can.

ORLANDO: I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQUES: **Mar** no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

ORLANDO: Mar no more of my verses with reading them **ill-favour'dly.**

JAQUES: Rosalind is your love's name?

ORLANDO: Yes.

JAQUES: I do not like her name.

ORLANDO: There was no thought of pleasing you when she was **christen'd.**

JAQUES: What stature is she of?

ORLANDO: Just as high as my heart.

JAQUES: You are full of pretty answers. I was seeking a fool when I found you.

ORLANDO: He is drown'd in the brook: look in, and you shall see him.

JAQUES: There I shall see mine own **figure.**

ORLANDO: Which I take to be a fool.

JAQUES: Farewell, Signior Love.

ORLANDO: Adieu, good Monsieur **Melancholy.**

Exit JAQUES. CELIA and ROSALIND come forward.

ROSALIND: I will speak to him. Forester? 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 lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect Time as well as a clock.

ORLANDO: Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROSALIND: With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the **skirts** of the forest.

ORLANDO: **Your accent is something finer.**

ROSALIND: An old uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in love. I have heard him read many lectures against woman.

ORLANDO: Can you remember the evils that he laid to women?

ROSALIND: I will not cast away my **physic** but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that hangs **odes** upon **hawthorns**, **deifying** the name Rosalind: I would give him some good **counsel**.

ORLANDO: I am he.

ROSALIND: My uncle taught me how to know a man in love; you are not.

ORLANDO: What were his marks?

ROSALIND: A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; then your **hose** should be ungarter'd, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. You are no such man. But are you he that hangs the verses on the trees?

ORLANDO: I am that unfortunate he.

ROSALIND: Love is merely a madness. Yet I profess curing it.

ORLANDO: Did you ever cure any?

ROSALIND: Yes, one. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I be **changeable**, proud, **apish**, shallow, full of tears, full of smiles; now like him, now **loathe** him; then entertain him, then **forswear** him; now weep for him, then spit at him. And thus I cured him; and this way will I wash your liver clean.

ORLANDO: I would not be cured, youth.

ROSALIND: I would **cure** you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to woo me.

ORLANDO: I will.

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

They exit.

skirts: outskirts

Your ... finer: You speak better than one would expect from a young shepherd

physic: medicine

odes: poems written in praise

hawthorn: a type of tree **deifying:** making it seem god-like

counsel: advice

Rosalind, confident that Orlando does not know her true identity, is free to test how much Orlando really loves her.

hose: stockings

changeable: likely to change, fickle

apish: ridiculous; acting in imitation of someone else

loathe: hate

forswear: vow to avoid

Rosalind proposes that Orlando come to "Ganymede" every day, and that "he" will pretend to be Rosalind.

When this occurs, Rosalind will be a girl "playing" the role of a boy who is "playing" a girl. Adding to this clever construction on Shakespeare's part is that, in his day, women were not allowed to act on stage — so, in the original production, a male actor played the female Rosalind pretending to be a male, Ganymede, pretending to be a woman!

cure: clever Rosalind is probably punning: she will cure him of his love, but to "cure" something is also to preserve it

Celia, so witty early in this scene, says absolutely nothing when Rosalind speaks to Orlando. Why? Is she jealous? Worried that Rosalind is getting in over her head? Worried about losing her friend to Orlando? Although Celia has no lines in the end of this scene, her presence on stage is a great opportunity to make the relationship between Celia and Rosalind more rich and textured.

Touchstone, the court fool, has become interested in the country maid Audrey. She should be the opposite of everything a sophisticated city person would find attractive.

apace: quickly **the man:** the man you love

Truly ... poetical: Touchstone is initially upset that Audrey lacks courtly sophistication

honest: here meaning "pure" or "virtuous"

A ... fool: a fool who knows what he's saying; a clever fool

fair: light-haired and with a pale complexion

vicar: priest **couple:** marry

Sir Oliver's name indicates that he is a bad priest — or perhaps only a lay person in disguise — because he will "Mar" the "text" or biblical passage he preaches. What choices in costume or characterization will you make to convey that he is not a "good priest"?

You ... met: I'm happy to see you

be covered: Audrey has a habit of "uncovering" when meeting authority figures — in some productions, she hides her face with her skirts, revealing her petticoats or slip; in others, she simply uncovers her head by taking her cap off

bow: collar (Touchstone refers to his desires as the yoke around his neck)

wainscot: paneling on the lower half of a wall—its joints do not need to be secure

warp: twist, become misshapen

SCENE 10. The Forest of Arden.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAKUES behind.

TOUCHSTONE: Come **apace**, good Audrey: am I **the man** yet?

AUDREY: What?

TOUCHSTONE: **Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.**

AUDREY: I do not know what "poetical" is: is it honest?

TOUCHSTONE: No, truly.

AUDREY: Would you not have me **honest**?

TOUCHSTONE: No, truly.

JAKUES: *(aside)* **A material fool!**

AUDREY: Well, I am not **fair**; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

TOUCHSTONE: Truly, to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

AUDREY: I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

TOUCHSTONE: Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! Sluttishness may come hereafter. But I will marry thee: Sir Oliver Martext, the **vicar**, hath promised to meet me in this place, and to **couple** us.

JAKUES: *(aside)* I would see this meeting.

AUDREY: Well, the gods give us joy!

TOUCHSTONE: Amen. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT: Is there none here to give the woman? She must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

JAKUES: *(coming forward)* Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

TOUCHSTONE: **You are very well met:** *(to AUDREY)* nay, pray **be cover'd**.

JAKUES: Will you be married, motley?

TOUCHSTONE: As the ox hath his **bow**, sir, so man hath his desires.

JAKUES: Get you to church and have a good priest: this fellow will but join you together as they join **wainscot**; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber **warp**, warp.

TOUCHSTONE: *(aside)* He is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

JAKUES: Let me counsel thee.

TOUCHSTONE: Come, sweet Audrey:
 We must be married, or we must live in **bawdry**.
 O brave Oliver,
 I will not to wedding with thee!

Exit JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT: 'Tis no matter.

Exit.

SCENE 11. The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

ROSALIND: Never talk to me; I will weep.

CELIA: Have the grace to consider that **tears do not become a man**.

ROSALIND: But have I not cause to weep?

CELIA: As good cause as one would desire: therefore weep.

ROSALIND: But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

CELIA: There is no truth in him.

ROSALIND: Not true in love?

CELIA: Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

ROSALIND: You have heard him swear he was.

CELIA: "Was" is not "is." He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely. Who comes here?

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

SILVIUS: Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me.

PHEBE: Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
 Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
 And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
 I am sure, there is no force in eyes
 That can do hurt.
 Come not near me: I shall not pity thee.

ROSALIND: 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?
 Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
 No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
 'Tis not your inky brows, your **bugle eyeballs**,
 That can **entame** my spirits to your worship.

bawdry: obscene or immoral conditions (a bawd is a prostitute or one who arranges prostitution)

In what sense is Oliver "brave"? In some productions, he is clearly not a priest, so his bravery is trying to pass for a priest to perform a false marriage for Touchstone's benefit — so that he could later leave Audrey. Or is Touchstone merely being sarcastic about "Sir Oliver's" bravery. Both could be effective choices in a production.

tears ... man: tears do not make a man look good (and Rosalind is pretending to be a man)

Although Celia was silent when Rosalind and Orlando were together, her dialogue here shows that she was listening to and interpreting their conversation. Why is she now so outspoken? Is she providing Rosalind with a "reality check" about her relationship? Is she jealous that Rosalind is paying more attention to Orlando than to her?

Silvius, so love-struck in his first appearance, is still desperate to win Phebe's affection. How does Phebe show her "scorn" for Silvius? Does she ignore him? Turn away from him? Yell at him? There is much comic potential in the desperation of the lovesick shepherd for the scornful country girl.

exult: celebrate

How much of Rosalind's anger is because she sees that Phebe could have a man who loves her, while Rosalind is trapped in her Ganymede disguise and therefore cannot really have a relationship with Orlando? Does some of her anger also result from Celia's doubts about Orlando's love?

I ... too: Rosalind realizes that Phebe, thinking Rosalind is a man, is attracted to him

bugle eyeballs: beady eyes

entame: ensnare, capture

ill-favour'd: ugly

chide: scold

For ... wine: Rosalind hints that her appearance is false

ply ... hard: keep working on winning Phebe's love

Rosalind now gets to pretend to be Ganymede pretending to be Rosalind, and she will act in the ways she described earlier, to "cure" Orlando. Just as pretending to be male was a great comic opportunity for an actress, making fun of "romantic" behavior provides much opportunity for comedy.

An: if

holiday humor: festive mood

like enough: likely

six thousand years: the possible age of the earth if computed from the Bible

in a love-cause: for the sake of love

disposition: attitude, outlook

Rosalind, in her responses to Orlando's role-play, makes fun of his romantic notions of dying for love or that he is unique. Does Orlando enjoy the wit of "Ganymede" or does he object to the characterization of Rosalind?

Although Orlando does not know he is actually speaking with Rosalind, how does "Ganymede's" wit impress him? Are his feelings toward the "false" Rosalind growing enough that they will make him love her when she reveals her true identity?

You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of **ill-favour'd** children:
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.

PHEBE: Sweet youth, I had rather hear you **chide** than this man woo.

ROSALIND: I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falsier than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. Shepherd, **ply her hard.**
Shepherdess, look on him better.

Exit PHEBE and SILVIUS. Enter ORLANDO.

ORLANDO: Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

ROSALIND: Where have you been?

ORLANDO: I come within an hour of my promise.

ROSALIND: **An** you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. But come, woo me, woo me; for I am now in a **holiday humor** and **like enough** to consent. Am not I your Rosalind?

ORLANDO: I take some joy to say you are.

ROSALIND: Well, I will not have you.

ORLANDO: Then I die.

ROSALIND: No, faith. The poor world is almost **six thousand years old**, and in all this time there was not any man died **in a love-cause**. Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love. But, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on **disposition**. Ask me what you will.

ORLANDO: Love me, Rosalind.

ROSALIND: Yes, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

ORLANDO: And wilt thou have me?

ROSALIND: And twenty such.

ORLANDO: What?

ROSALIND: Are you not good?

ORLANDO: I hope so.

ROSALIND: Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

CELIA: I cannot say the words.

ROSALIND: "Will you, Orlando..."

CELIA: 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: Now tell me how long you would have 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. I will be jealous, clamorous, giddy. I will weep for nothing when you are disposed to be merry. I will laugh when thou art inclined to sleep.

ORLANDO: But will my Rosalind do this?

ROSALIND: She will do as I do.

ORLANDO: O but she is wise.

ROSALIND: Or else she could not have the wit **to do this**. **Make** the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the **casement**; shut that, and 'twill out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORLANDO: For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee. I must **attend** the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

ROSALIND: I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

ORLANDO: Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROSALIND: If you come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind: therefore keep your promise.

Exit ORLANDO.

O my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how deep I am in love! But my affection hath an unknown bottom, **like the bay of Portugal**.

CELIA: Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

ROSALIND: I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando; I'll find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

CELIA: I'll sleep.

Exit.

How does Celia feel about having to "marry" the two? Is her claim not to be able to say the words because she does not know the marriage ceremony or because she does not want to play along? Does she support Rosalind in her "courting" with Orlando or not?

April: warm and pleasant

December: cold and stormy

Rosalind's claim to be jealous, etc. is the fulfillment of the promise she made Orlando earlier. Is she trying to keep him out of love? Is she toying with him? Is she truthful in predicting the behavior she would show when married?

to do this: to pretend in this way

Make: make fast or close tight

casement: window

Rosalind talks about the power of women's wits. Is this a new discovery based on her ability to trick Orlando or something she has always known?

attend: be with

Rosalind's melodramatic statements poke fun at Orlando's earlier claim that he would die for love. Her sudden switch to "two o'clock" emphasizes the silliness of his earlier statement.

like ... Portugal: the bay of Portugal was believed to be extremely deep

Celia maintains her cynical outlook and is unwilling to participate in Rosalind's romantic mood. Is the "role play" Rosalind has set up exhausting Celia?

recompense: payment, compensation

Is Phebe's contradictory speech meant to indicate her confusion about her feelings for "Ganymede" or is she trying to be diplomatic for the sake of Silvius?

Is Silvius happy to deliver the letters to Ganymede, since they are to be "taunting"? Is he worried about Phebe's feelings for Ganymede?

straight: right away

Orlando had promised to return but has not done so. How upset is Rosalind as the scene begins? Celia seems to have been proven right about Orlando's lack of true love, so, as the scene begins, her cynical point-of-view seems to be justified.

Does the arrival of Silvius make her shift from love-sick woman into her male "Ganymede" role?

device: devising, creation

Although Rosalind claims that Phebe's letter is insulting, her reading aloud will indicate that it is very complimentary – that Phebe has fallen deeply in love with "Ganymede."

Silvius says he has not heard the letter – does that mean that he is illiterate and can only know its contents if they are read to him? Or has he read it secretly before delivering it?

SCENE 12. The Forest of Arden.

Enter PHEBE and SILVIUS.

PHEBE: "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"
Silvius, since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for **recompense**.

SILVIUS: Loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

PHEBE: Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me?

SILVIUS: Not very well.

PHEBE: It is a pretty youth; not very pretty:
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so-so; and yet 'tis well:
There be some women, would have gone near
To fall in love with him.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS: Phebe, with all my heart.

PHEBE: I'll write it **straight**;
Go with me, Silvius.

They exit.

SCENE 13. The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND AND CELIA.

ROSALIND: Is it not past two o'clock?

CELIA: He hath taken his bow and arrows, and is gone forth... to sleep.

Enter SILVIUS.

SILVIUS: My gentle Phebe bid me give you this.

He gives ROSALIND a letter.

ROSALIND: She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud. Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own **device**.

SILVIUS: No, Phebe did write it.

ROSALIND: This is a man's invention.

SILVIUS: It is hers.

ROSALIND: Will you hear the letter?

SILVIUS: So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

ROSALIND: "Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"
Can a woman **rail** thus?

SILVIUS: Call you this railing?

CELIA: Alas, poor shepherd!

ROSALIND: Wilt thou love such a woman? Well, go, and say to her: if she
love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never
have her.

Exit SILVIUS. Enter OLIVER.

OLIVER: Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, where in this forest stands
a sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees?

CELIA: West of this place. But at this hour there's none within.

OLIVER: I know you by description; are not you the owners of the
house?

CELIA: We are.

OLIVER: **Orlando doth commend him to you both;**
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody **napkin**. Are you he?

ROSALIND: I am: what must we understand by this?

OLIVER: Some of my shame:
Orlando left a promise to return
And, pacing through the forest,
Lo, what befell!
Under an oak, a wretched ragged man,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with **her** head approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it did slip away
Into a bush: under which a lioness lay **couching**:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

CELIA: I have heard him speak of that brother;
The most unnatural that lived 'mongst men.

OLIVER: And well I know he was unnatural.

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

OLIVER: Twice did he turn his back;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling

rail: attack bitterly

Is Rosalind amused? Is Celia? And how will Silvius react when he learns that the supposedly taunting letter is actually a love-note and he realizes that "Ganymede" is his rival for Phebe's affection?

Up to this point, Oliver has been a very unsympathetic, cruel character. He has, however, been "converted" by his first experience in the forest. How differently does he act in this scene? Is the difference physical? Is it clear in the tone of his voice? Does he keep his identity secret from them because he is aware of how people have thought of him?

Orlando ... both: Orlando sends his greetings to both of you

napkin: bandage

Oliver begins by talking about his "shame," but then tells his story as if it happened to someone else. He describes himself as "wretched." Does that refer to how he now feels about his former cruel behavior? Does he speak about himself in the third person because he views the "sleeping Oliver" as a different person, since he has now changed so much?

her: the snake's

couching: waiting to attack

How does Oliver feel to hear himself described in this way?

Oliver's reference to Orlando's "kindness" and "noble" actions show how much he has changed his feelings for his brother.

Oliver now uses "I," making his identity clear. Is it an error? Is it purposeful?

since ... am: because I am now so happy to be a changed man

We will shortly learn that Oliver and Celia have fallen in love and plan to marry, so their love is born in this scene. What in Oliver makes him attractive to Celia—is it the suddenness of his conversion? Why does she give up her cynicism about love so quickly?

swoon: faint

counterfeited: pretended, play-acted

Rosalind first tries to cover up the “unmanly” nature of her fainting at the sight of blood by saying it was an act, but then she hints that she is actually female. Does Oliver have any suspicions based on her fainting or is he too focused on Celia, with whom he is falling in love? And does the sudden affection between Celia and Oliver show in Celia’s final invitation to him, and his acceptance? How does Rosalind feel about Celia inviting Oliver to go with them?

For Touchstone to be sure he can marry Audrey, he must get rid of his rival, the country bumpkin William. He does so by using his wit to out-talk him.

In their previous scene, Touchstone did not seem interested in a real marriage with Audrey. Now, he fights a battle of wits with witless William in order to win her. Has his affection deepened?

From miserable slumber I awaked.

CELIA: Are you his brother?

OLIVER: I do not shame to tell you what I was, **since my conversion So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.**
Upon his arm, the lioness had torn some flesh away, which all this while had bled.
I bound up his wound;
He sent me hither to tell this story, and to give this napkin,
Unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

ROSALIND faints.

CELIA: Why, how now, Ganymede! Sweet Ganymede!

OLIVER: Many will **swoon** when they do look on blood.

CELIA: There is more in it.

ROSALIND: I would I were at home.

OLIVER: You lack a man’s heart.

ROSALIND: Tell your brother how well I **counterfeited**.

OLIVER: This was not counterfeit.

ROSALIND: Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLIVER: Well, counterfeit to be a man.

ROSALIND: So I do.

CELIA: Good sir, go with us.

OLIVER: That will I.

ROSALIND: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting. Will you go?

They exit.

SCENE 14. The Forest of Arden.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

TOUCHSTONE: We shall find a time, Audrey.

AUDREY: Faith, the priest was good enough.

TOUCHSTONE: A most wicked Sir Oliver. But Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

AUDREY: Ay, here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

WILLIAM: Good even, Audrey.

AUDREY: Good even, William.

TOUCHSTONE: Is thy name William?

WILLIAM: William, sir.

TOUCHSTONE: You love this maid?

WILLIAM: I do, sir.

TOUCHSTONE: Give me your hand. Art thou **learned**?

WILLIAM: No, sir.

TOUCHSTONE: Then learn this: drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do **consent** that '**ipse**' is he: now, you are not 'ipse,' for I am he.

WILLIAM: Which he, sir?

TOUCHSTONE: He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon (which is in the vulgar leave) the society (which in the boorish is company) of this female (which in the common is woman); which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or (to wit) I kill thee: I will deal in poison with thee, or in **steel**; I will o'er-run thee with **policy**; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

AUDREY: Do, good William.

WILLIAM: God rest you merry, sir.

Exit.

TOUCHSTONE: **Trip**, Audrey, **I attend**.

They exit.

SCENE 15. The Forest of Arden.

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

ORLANDO: Is't possible, on so little acquaintance, you should love and she should grant?

OLIVER: I love Aliena: it shall be to your good; for all the **revenue** that was old Sir Rowland's, will I **estate** upon you, and here live a shepherd.

ORLANDO: You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow: Invite the duke, and **all's** followers.

Enter ROSALIND.

ROSALIND: God save you, brother.

OLIVER: And you, fair sister.

Exit OLIVER.

ROSALIND: Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon?

ORLANDO: **And greater wonders than that.**

Some scholars suggest that the boy from rural Stratford-upon-Avon, William Shakespeare, is poking fun at himself by naming the play's "country bumpkin" William.

learned: educated

consent: agree **ipse:** himself
Touchstone uses the Latin word "ipse" to confuse the very uneducated William.

In order to be as clear as he can be to the uneducated William, Touchstone translates his courtly language into "vulgar," "boorish," "common" terms.

steel: daggers or swords **policy:** cleverness

Trip: move, go **I attend:** I'm coming with you

revenue: money, total amount
estate: give as in a will

all's: all his

Why does Orlando call "Ganymede" sister? Is it because he knows she is pretending to be Rosalind — his possible future sister-in-law? Simply because "Ganymede" is pretending to be female? Or did her fainting make him suspect she is really a woman? And, no matter what he means, what does Rosalind think he's implying? How does she react to the word — does it make the scene that follows more tense for her? Is this part of why she makes the decision she will make by the end of this scene?

And greater wonders than that: What has Oliver told Orlando? Is the "greater wonder" that he loves "Aliena" or that he suspects that Ganymede is not who "he" says he is? And, again, what does Rosalind think he means?



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