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AS YOU LIKE IT

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT, M.A.

HON. D.C.L., LL.D. AND LITT.D.

VICE-MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

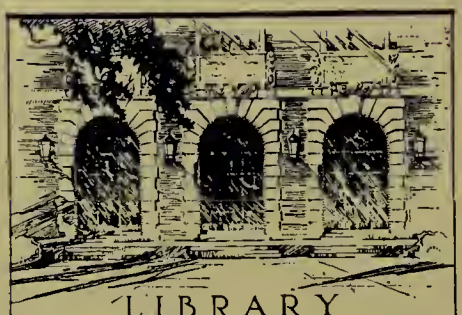
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AS YOU LIKE IT

W. A. WRIGHT

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.

PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD



LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK

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PREFACE.

WITH regard to the origin and date of this most delightful and popular of Shakespeare's Comedies there is but little uncertainty. The registers of the Stationers' Company contain the following entry among others which are found on two leaves at the beginning of vol. C:—

4. Augusti

As you like yt / a booke
Henry the ffift / a booke
Euery man in his humour / a booke
The commedie of muche A doo about nothing a booke /
} to be staied.

These are all under the head of 'my lord chamberlens menns plaies.'

The year is not given, but the date of the previous entry is 27 May 1600, and that of the following 23 January 1603, and as the other plays mentioned in the entry were printed in 1600 and 1601, it may be fairly conjectured that the year to be supplied is 1600. The play was probably written in the course of the same year. It is not mentioned by Meres in the list of Shakespeare's plays which he gives in Palladis Tamia, and it contains a quotation (iii. 5. 80) from Marlowe's Hero and Leander, which was first published in the year 1598. Now Meres's book was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 7th of September 1598, and therefore between that date and 4 August 1600, we have to put the three plays Henry V, Much Ado about Nothing, and As You Like It, which are all mentioned in the memorandum made under the latter date, while apparently they were not published when Meres wrote. Again,

4/3/41 g. J. R. McColl

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whereas of the other plays, Every Man in his Humour and Henry V are entered again on 14 August, and Much Ado about Nothing on 23 August 1600, there is no corresponding entry for As You Like It, which so far as is known did not appear in print till the publication of the first folio in 1623. In the case of the other three plays the difficulty which caused them to be stayed was speedily removed, and we can only conjecture that As You Like It was not subsequently entered because the announcement of its publication may have been premature and the play may not have been ready. Of internal evidence from the play itself there is nothing decisive. See notes on iv. 1. 134, and iii. 2. 326. There may possibly be a reference in v. 2. 63 ('By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician') to the severe statute against witchcraft which was passed in the first year of James the First's reign. Again in iv. 1. 164 ('by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous') we might imagine the Act to restrain the Abuses of Players (3 James I. chap. 21, quoted in notes to the Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 99) to be pointed at. But both these would give dates too late, and they may easily have been added at some subsequent representation of the play, which was mainly composed, as I think, in the year 1600, and after the other plays which are mentioned with it in the entry at Stationers' Hall. I am inclined to conjecture that the stay of publication of As You Like It may have been due to the fact that the play was not completed, because even in the form in which it has come down to us there are marks of hasty work, which seem to indicate that it was hurriedly finished. For instance the name of Jaques is given to the second son of Sir Rowland de Boys at the beginning of the play, and then when he really appears in the last scene he is called in the folios 'Second Brother' to avoid confounding him with the melancholy Jaques. Again, in the first Act there is a certain confusion between Celia and Rosalind which is not all due to the printer, and gives me the impression that Shakespeare himself, writing in haste, may not have clearly distinguished

between the daughter and niece of the usurping Duke. I refer especially to i. 2. 74, 75, which stands thus in the first folio:

'*Clo.* One that old *Fredericke* your Father loues.
Ros. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him,' &c.

Theobald was the first to see that the last speaker must be Celia and not Rosalind, while Capell proposed to substitute 'Ferdinand' for 'Frederick' in the Clown's speech, supposing the former to be the name of Rosalind's father. It may be said of course that this is a printer's blunder, and I cannot assert that it may not have been. But it would be too hard upon the printer to attribute to him the slip in i. 2. 255, where the first folio reads, in Le Beau's answer to Orlando's enquiry which of the two was daughter of the Duke,

'But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,'

when it is evident from the next scene that Rosalind is the taller, for she says, as a justification of her assuming male attire (i. 3. 112),

'Because that I am more than common tall.'

Again, Orlando's rapturous exclamation 'O heavenly Rosalind!' comes in rather oddly. His familiarity with her name, which has not been mentioned in his presence, is certainly not quite consistent with his making the enquiry of Le Beau which shewed that up to that time he had known nothing about her. Nor is Touchstone, the motley-minded gentleman, one that had been a courtier, whose dry humour had a piquancy even for the worn-out Jaques, at all what we are prepared to expect from the early description of him as 'the clownish fool,' or 'the roynish clown.' I scarcely know whether to attribute to the printer or to the author's rapidity of composition the substitution of 'Juno' for 'Venus' in i. 3. 72. But it must be admitted that in the last scene of all there is a good deal which, to say the least of it, is not in Shakespeare's best manner, and conveys the impression that the play was finished without much care.

The title 'As You Like It,' as well as the main incidents,

were taken from a novel by Thomas Lodge,[1] which was first printed in 1590. Another edition appeared in 1592, and from the reprint of this in Mr. Collier's Shakespeare's Library (2 vols., 1843) all the quotations in the present volume have been made. The title is, 'Rosalynde. Euphues golden Legacie, found after his death in his Cell at Silexedra. Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes, nursed vp with their Father in England. *Fetcht from the Canaries by T. L. Gent.*' The writer who signs himself in full 'Thomas Lodge' in the Dedication of his book to Lord Hunsdon, professes to have written it to beguile the time during a voyage to 'the Ilands of Terceras and the Canaries' with Captain Clarke. In the same Dedication he calls himself a soldier and a scholar. 'To the Gentlemen Readers,' he says, 'Heere you may perhaps finde some leaves of Venus mirtle, but hewen down by a souldier with his curtlaxe, not boght with the allurement of a filed tongue. To bee briefe, gentlemen, roome for a souldier and a sailer, that gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrote in the ocean, when everie line was wet with a surge, and every humorous passion countercheckt with a storme. *If you like it*, so; and yet I will bee yours in duetie, if you be mine in favour.' It can scarcely be doubted that the words I have printed in italic suggested the title of the play, the incidents of which so closely follow the course of the novel, and therefore it is only necessary to mention Tieck's theory that it was intended as an answer on the part of Shakespeare to a piece of bombast in the Epilogue to Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels:

> 'I'll only speak what I have heard him say,
> "By —— 'tis good, and if you like't you may."'

He further suggests that Ben Jonson as Asper in Every Man out of his Humour, criticises Shakespeare's comedy, and that

[1] Lodge's novel is itself to some extent taken from the Tale of Gamelyn, which is put in some editions of Chaucer in the gap left by the unfinished Cook's Tale.

the latter may have adopted the title of As You Like It as a kind of mocking reply. Capell argued from the use of the word 'pantaloon' which he found in The Travels of Three English Brothers, a piece which was printed in 1607, that this was about the date of our play. But the evidence from the Stationers' Hall Registers is conclusive against this.

I shall now give in full the chief passages from Lodge's novel, with the references to the corresponding portions of the play. These will shew that Shakespeare not only followed the plot but adopted also the phraseology of his predecessor. The story introduces us to Sir John of Bordeaux, a valiant knight of Malta, who in the prime of his youth had fought sundry battles against the Turks. On his deathbed he summoned his three sons and divided his estate between them, in a speech of great length, filled with quaintnesses and good advice.

'First, therefore, unto thee Saladyne, the eldest, and therefore the chiefest piller of my house, wherein should bee ingraved as wel the excellency of thy fathers qualities, as the essentiall fortune of his proportion, to thee I give foureteene ploughlands, with all my mannor houses and richest plate. Next, unto Fernandine I bequeath twelve ploughlands. But, unto Rosader, the youngest, I give my horse, my armour, and my launce with sixteene ploughlands; for if the inwarde thoughts be discovered by outward shadows, Rosader wil exceed you all in bountie and honour.' Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader, are the Oliver, Jaques, and Orlando of the play, and Sir John Bordeaux becomes Sir Rowland de Boys. After the old knight's death, Saladyne, in a lengthy soliloquy, considers with himself how he may lay hands on the portions of his brothers, who are both under age. His father's last wishes being only verbal and not expressed in writing were to be disregarded, and he then proposes to deal with his brothers, beginning with the younger. In this way we are introduced to the state of things revealed by Orlando in the opening scene.

Act I, Scene 1. 'Let him know litle, so shall he not be

able to execute much: suppresse his wittes with a base estate, and though hee be a gentleman by nature, yet forme him anew, and make him a peasant by nourture. So shalt thou keepe him as a slave, and raigne thy selfe sole Lord over all thy fathers possessions. As for Fernandyne, thy middle brother, he is a scholler and hath no minde but on Aristotle: let him reade on Galen while thou riflest with golde, and pore on his booke til thou doest purchase landes: witte is great wealth; if he have learning it is enough, and so let all rest.

'In this humour was Saladyne, making his brother Rosader his foote boy for the space of two or three yeares, keeping him in such servile subjection, as if he had been the sonne of any country vassal. The young gentleman bare all with patience, til on a day, walking in the garden by himselfe, he began to consider how he was the sonne of John of Bourdeaux, a knight renownied[1] for many victories, and a gentleman famozed for his vertues; how, contrarie to the testament of his father, hee was not only kept from his land and intreated as a servant, but smothered in such secret slaverie, as hee might not attaine to any honourable actions. As, quoth hee to himselfe (nature woorking these effectuall passions) why should I that am a gentleman borne, passe my time in such unnatural drudgery? were it not better either in Paris to become a scholler, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a souldier, then to live a foote boy to my own brother? nature hath lent me wit to conceive but my brother denied mee art to contemplate: I have strength to performe any honorable exployt, but no libertie to accomplish my vertuous indevours: those good partes that God hath bestowed upon mee, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscuritie; the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardnes. With that casting up his hand he felt haire on his face,[2] and perceiving his beard to bud for choler hee

[1] So the reprint; ? *renowmed.*

[2] See Gamelyn, 82:

'Gamelyn stood on a day in his brotheres yerde,
And bygan with his hond to handlen his berde.'

began to blush, and swore to himselfe he would be no more subject to such slaverie. As he was thus ruminating of his melancholie passions in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne study, and to forget his wonted reverence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirha (quoth he) what is your heart on your halfepeny, or are you saying a dirge for your fathers soul? what, is my dinner readie?[1] At this question Rosader, turning his head ascance, and bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, hee made this replie. Doest thou aske mee (Saladyne) for thy cates? aske some of thy churles who are fit for suche an office: I am thine equal by nature, though not by birth, and though thou hast more cardes in the bunch, I have as many trumpes in my handes as thy selfe. Let me question with thee, why thou hast feld my woods, spoyled my manner houses, and made havocke of suche utensalles as my father bequeathed unto mee? I tell thee, Saladyne, either answere mee as a brother, or I wil trouble thee as an enemie.

'At this replie of Rosaders Saladyne smiled, as laughing at his presumption, and frowned as checking his folly: he therfore tooke him vp thus shortly: What, sirha, wel I see early pricks the tree that wil proove a thorne: hath my familiar conversing with you made you coy, or my good lookes drawne you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedie such a fault, and I wil bend the tree while it is a wand. In faith (sir boy) I have a snaffle for such a headstrong colt. You, sirs, lap[2] holde on him and binde him, and then I wil give him a cooling carde for his choller. This made Rosader halfe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, hee laide such loade uppon his brothers men that hee hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladyne

[1] Gamelyn, 90:

'Afterward cam his brother walkynge thare,
And seyde to Gamelyn, "Is our mete yare?"'

[2] lay, ed. 1598.

seeing Rosader so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safetie, and tooke him to a loaft adjoyning to the garden, whether Rosader pursued him hotlie.'

This scene is closely copied from Gamelyn, except that the weapon in the latter is a pestle and not a rake. The brothers are at length apparently reconciled, but Saladyne was only biding his time.

'Thus continued the pad hidden in the strawe, til it chaunced that Torismond, king of France, had appointed for his pleasure a day of wrastling and of tournament to busie his commons heades, least, being idle, their thoughts should runne uppon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished king. A champion there was to stand against all commers, a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength: so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely overthrowing them which hee incountred, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them outright. Saladyne hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fal to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead, first by secret meanes convented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his clawes hee would never more returne to quarrel with Saladyne for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as (*quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum*) taking great gifts for litle gods, tooke the crownes of Saladyne to performe the stratagem. Having thus the champion tied to his vilanous determination by oath, hee prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus:—He went to yoong Rosader (who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and gazed no lower then vertue commanded him), and began to tel him of this tournament and wrastling, how the king should bee there, and all the chiefe peeres of France, with all the beautiful damosels of the countrey. Now, brother (quoth hee) for the honor of Sir John of Bourdeaux, our renowned father, to famous that house that never hath bin found without men approoved in chivalrie, shewe thy resolution to be peremptorie. For my-

selfe thou knowest, though I am eldest by birth, yet never having attempted any deedes of armes, I am yongest[1] to performe any martial exploytes, knowing better how to survey my lands then to charge my launce: my brother Fernandyne hee is at Paris poring on a fewe papers, having more insight into sophistrie and principles of philosophie, then anie warlyke indeveurs; but thou, Rosader, the youngest in yeares but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength, and darest doo what honour allowes thee. Take thou my fathers launce, his sword, and his horse, and hye thee to the tournament, and either there valiantly cracke a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of activitie.'

Rosader eagerly avails himself of his brother's offer, and thought every mile ten leagues till he came to the place appointed.

Act I, Scene 2. 'But leaving him so desirous of the journey, to Torismond, the king of France, who having by force banished Gerismond, their lawful king that lived as an outlaw in the forest of Arden, sought now by all meanes to keep the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne turnament, wherunto hee in most solemne maner resorted, accompanied with the twelve peers of France, who, rather for fear than love, graced him with the shew of their dutiful favours. To feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistring objects, he had appoynted his owne daughter Alinda to be there, and the fair Rosalynd, daughter unto Gerismond, with al the beautifull dammoselles that were famous for their features in all France.'

Shakespeare has added a touch of his own in making the rightful and usurping dukes brothers, as in The Tempest. The novel, after describing the beauties of Rosalynd, proceeds with the account of the wrestling.

[1] Compare i. 1. 43.

'At last when the tournament ceased, the wrastling beganne, and the Norman presented himselfe as a chalenger against all commers, but hee looked lyke Hercules when he advaunst himselfe agaynst Acheloüs, so that the furie of his countenance amazed all that durst attempte to incounter with him in any deed of activitie: til at last a lustie Francklin of the country came with two tall men, that were his sonnes, of good lyniaments and comely personage: the eldest of these dooing his obeysance to the king entered the lyst, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such furie, that not onely hee gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage; which the yoonger brother seeing, lepte presently into the place, and thirstie after the revenge, assayled the Norman with such valour, that at the first incounter hee brought him to his knees: which repulst so the Norman, that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so stearnely to the yoong Francklin, that taking him up in his armes hee threw him against the grounde so violently, that hee broake his necke, and so ended his dayes with his brother.'

Shakespeare deviates slightly from the story in giving the old man three sons, who are grievously hurt but not killed outright. In the novel the father exhibits the most stoical fortitude; but Shakespeare, following nature, and in this agreeing with the Tale of Gamelyn, describes the 'pitiful dole' the old man made which moved the tears of the beholders. When Gamelyn reaches the spot where the wrestling was, he lighted off his horse,

> 'And ther he herd a frankeleyn wayloway syng,
> And bigan bitterly his hondes for to wryng.'

I prefer to consider this a coincidence rather than an instance in which Shakespeare has deserted the novel to follow the metrical tale. The latter was not printed in his time, though of course he may have seen it in manuscript or the story may have been dramatised elsewhere. There is not, however, suffi-

cient evidence to shew that Shakespeare was indebted to any other original than the novel. But to proceed with the narrative. Rosader offers to avenge the fate of the franklin's sons.

'With that Rosader vailed bonnet to the king, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the companie then the combatant, he cast his eye upon the troupe of ladies that glistered there lyke the starres of heaven; but at last Love willing to make him as amourous as hee was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynd, whose admirable beautie so inveagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, hee stood and fedde his lookes on the favour of Rosalyndes face; which shee perceiving, blusht, which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashful redde of Aurora at the sight of unacquainted Phaeton, was not halfe so glorious.

'The Normane seeing this young gentleman fettered in the lookes of the ladyes drave him out of his memento with a shake by the shoulder. Rosader looking backe with an angrie frowne, as if hee had been wakened from some pleasaunt dreame, discovered to all by the furye of his countenance that hee was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetnesse of his visage, with a general applause of favours, they grieved that so goodly a yoong man should venture in so base an action; but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to bee graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his memento by the Norman, he roughly clapt to him with so fierce an incounter, that they both fel to the ground, and with the violence of the fal were forced to breathe: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whome Saladyne had appoynted him to kil; which conjecture made him stretch every limbe, and try every sinew, that working his death hee might recover the golde which so bountifuly was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but stil cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to incourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might have

made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalynd so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman hee ranne upon him and braved him with a strong encounter. The Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader, calling to minde the beautie of his new mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fal to his house by his misfortune, rowsed himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling uppon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yelded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie.'

The play from this point differs considerably from the novel, not so much in the action itself as in the motives for it. For instance, in the play the duke's animosity is kindled against Orlando when he finds that he is the son of Sir Rowland de Boys;

'I would thou hadst been son to some man else.'

Whereas in the novel, after the wrestling it is said, 'but when they knew him to bee the yoongest sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux, the king rose from his seat and imbraced him, and the peeres intreated him with all favourable curtesie.' Again, Rosalynd in the novel, though she ends by being in love with Rosader, begins by flirting with him: 'she accounted love a toye, and fancie a momentary passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke, and therefore feared not to dally in the flame; and to make Rosader know she affected him, tooke from her necke a jewel, and sent it by a page to the yong gentleman,' who sends her a sonnet in return. Rosader, like Gamelyn, takes to the forest solely on account of the quarrel with his brother. On his return from the wrestling in triumph he finds his brother's gate shut against him, and the only servant who took his part was 'one Adam Spencer, an English man, who had beene an old and trustie servant to Sir John of Bourdeaux.' All this is from the Tale of Gamelyn, which the novel closely follows up to the point when 'Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret waies

that led through the vineyards, stole away privily through the province of Bourdeaux, and escaped safe to the forrest of Arden.' Gamelyn after escaping to the forest, becomes an outlaw, like Robin Hood, while the fortunes of Rosader have some resemblance to those of Orlando.

Act I, Scene 3. Rosalind's banishment, which in Shakespeare is due to the hasty humour of a capricious man, is in the novel attributed to the jealousy of Torismond that she might marry one of the peers of France, who in her right would attempt the kingdom. 'To prevent therefore had I wist in all these actions, shee tarryes not about the court, but shall (as an exile) eyther wander to her father, or else seeke other fortunes. In this humour, with a sterne countenance ful of wrath, he breathed out this censure unto her before the peers, that charged her that that night shee were not seene about the court: for (quoth he) I have heard of thy aspiring speeches, and intended treasons. This doome was strange unto Rosalynd, and presently covred with the shield of her innocence, she boldly brake out in reverent tearms to have cleared herself; but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his lords plead for Rosalynd, although her beauty had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath pourtrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalynd amazed, Alinda, who loved her more than herself, with grief in her hart and teares in her eyes, falling down on her knees, began to intreat her father thus.' Then follows 'Alindas Oration to her father in defence of Rosalynde,' which has little in common with Celia's; and here again Shakespeare adds a touch of his own, for the result of Alinda's speech is not only that the sentence against Rosalynd is confirmed, but that Alinda is included in it. The incident of the stealthy flight of the two cousins which supplies a motive for the banishment of Oliver is the invention of the dramatist, and he was enabled in this way to bring in his own creation, Touchstone, for whom, as for the other two original characters in the play, Jaques and Audrey, the story serves as a framework. After the

sentence of banishment had been pronounced, Alinda endeavours to cheer the spirits of Rosalynd, and the story proceeds:

'At this Rosalynd began to comfort her, and after shee had wept a fewe kinde teares in the bosome of her Alinda, shee gave her heartie thankes, and then they sat them downe to consult how they should travel. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company, saying, it would bee their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth Rosalynd) art thou a woman, and hast not a sodeine shift to prevent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very wel become the person and apparel of a page: thou shalt bee my mistresse, and I wil play the man so properly, that (trust me) in what company so ever I come I wil not be discovered. I will buy me a suite, and have my rapier very handsomly at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page wil shew him the poynt of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up al their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and Rosalynd in all hast provided her of robes; and Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede, they traveiled along the vineyardes, and by many by-waies, at last got to the forrest side, where they traveiled by the space of two or three dayes without seeing anye creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and payned with many passionate sorrowes.'

They found, as in the play, verses written on the trees, but they were the verses of Montanus, the Silvius of Shakespeare; and in the course of their journey they came upon a place where two flocks of sheep did feed.

Act II, Scene 4. 'Then, looking about, they might perceive where an old shepheard sate (and with him a yoong swaine) under a covert most pleasantly scituated.' These were Coridon and Montanus, 'a young man and an old in solemn talk,' which the travellers overheard. When it was over, 'Aliena stept with Ganimede from behind the thicket; at whose sodayne sight the shepheards arose, and Aliena saluted them thus:

Shepheards, all haile (for such wee deeme you by your flockes), and lovers, good lucke, (for such you seeme by your passions) our eyes being witnesse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by love, yet by fortune, I am a distressed gentlewoman, as sorrowfull as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you of perplexed thoughts. Wandring this way in a forrest unknown, onely I and my page, wearied with travel, would faine have some place of rest. May you appoint us any place of quiet harbour (bee it never so meane) I shall bee thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whosoever shall be mine host. Coridon, hearing the gentlewoman speake so courteously, returned her mildly and reverently this answere.

'Faire mistresse, wee returne you as hearty a welcome as you gave us a courteous salute. A shepheard I am, and this a lover, as watchful to please his wench as to feed his sheep: ful of fancies, and therefore, say I, full of follyes. Exhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot; for love admits neither of counsaile nor reason. But leaving him to his passions, if you be distrest, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost with calamitie: pray for you I may, but releeve you I cannot. Marry, if you want lodging, if you vouch to shrowd your selves in a shepheards cottage, my house for this night shall be your harbour. Aliena thankt Coridon greatly, and presently sate her downe and Ganimede by hir, Coridon looking earnestly upon her, and with a curious survey viewing all her perfections applauded (in his thought) her excellence, and pitying her distresse was desirous to heare the cause of her misfortunes, began to question her thus.

'If I should not (faire Damosell) occasionate offence, or renew your griefs by rubbing the scar, I would faine crave so much favour as to know the cause of your misfortunes, and why, and whither you wander with your page in so dangerous forest? Aliena (that was as courteous as she was fayre) made this replie. Shepheard, a friendly demaund ought never to be offensive, and questions of curtesie carry priviledged

pardons in their forheads. Know, therefore, to discover my fortunes were to renew my sorrowes, and I should, by discoursing my mishaps, but rake fire out of the cynders. Therefore let this suffice, gentle shepheard: my distress is as great as my travaile is dangerous, and I wander in this forrest to light on some cotage where I and my page may dwell: for I meane to buy some farme, and a flocke of sheepe, and so become a shepheardesse, meaning to live low, and content mee with a country life; for I have heard the swaines saye, that they drunke without suspition, and slept without care. Marry, mistress, quoth Coridon, if you meane so you came in good time, for my landlord intends to sell both the farme I tyll, and the flocke I keepe, and cheape you may have them for ready money: and for a shepheards life (oh mistres) did you but live a while in their content, you would say the court were rather a place of sorrow then of solace. Here, mistresse, shal not fortune thwart you, but in mean misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breedes no beggery, so it can bee no extreame prejudice: the next yeare may mend all with a fresh increase. Envy stirres not us, we covet not to climbe, our desires mount not above our degrees, nor our thoughts above our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers: as wee exceed not ill [? in] dyet, so we have inough to satisfie: and, mistresse, I have so much Latin, *satis est quod sufficit.*

'By my trueth, shepheard (quoth Aliena) thou makest mee in love with your countrey life, and therfore send for thy landlord, and I will buy thy farme and thy flocks, and thou shalt still under me bee overseer of them both: onely for pleasure sake I and my page will serve you, lead the flocks to the field, and folde them. Thus will I live quiet, unknowne, and contented. This newes so gladded the hart of Coridon, that he should not be put out of his farme, that putting off his shepheards bonnet, he did hir all the reverence that he might. But all this while sate Montanus in a muse, thinking of the crueltie of his Phœbe, whom he wooed long, but was in no

hope to win. Ganimede, who stil had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughtes, tooke delight to see the poore shepheard passionate, laughing at love, that in all his actions was so imperious. At last, when she had noted his teares that stole down his cheekes, and his sighes that broke from the center of his heart, pittying his lament, she demaunded of Coridon why the yong shepheard looked so sorrowfull? Ah sir (quoth he) the boy is in love.'

After listening to an amorous sonnet from Montanus, Aliena and Ganimede accompanied Coridon to his cottage,

'Where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Aliena and Ganimede glad of so contented a shelter, made merry with the poore swaine; and though they had but countrey fare and course lodging, yet their welcome was so greate, and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had beene in the court of Torismond. The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearyed with the toyle of unaccustomed travaile; but assoone as they got up, Aliena resolved there to set up her rest, and by the helpe of Coridon swapt a bargaine with his landslord, and so became mistres of the farme and the flocke, her selfe putting on the attyre of a shepherdesse, and Ganimede of a yong swaine: everye day leading foorth her flockes, with such delight, that she held her exile happy, and thoght no content to the blisse of a countrey cottage.'

The narrative now goes back to the fortunes of Rosader, who like Orlando is driven from home by the harshness and jealousy of his brother, but the story at this point has nothing in common with the play, except that Rosader takes with him his father's servant old Adam Spencer and makes for the forest of Arden.

Act II, Scene 6. 'But Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret waies that led through the vineyards, stole away privily through the province of Bourdeaux, and escaped safe to the forrest of Arden. Being come thether, they were glad they had so good a harbor: but fortune (who is like the

camelion) variable with every object, and constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them myrrours of her mutabilitie, and therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the bywaies to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into the thicke of the forrest, where they wandred five or sixe dayes without meate, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieve them; and hunger growing on so extreame, Adam Spencer, (being olde) began to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader laye as feeble and as ill perplexed: which sight made him shedde teares, and to fall into these bitter tearmes.'

He then rails on fortune in good set terms with many quaint conceits, and finally proposes to take his own life in order to diminish the misfortunes of Rosader. What follows is instructive as showing a contrast to Shakespeare's tender treatment of the same scene.

'As he was readie to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him chaunge colour, hee rose up and went to him, and holding his temples, said, What cheere, maister? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these wordes Rosader lifted up his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer, began to weep. Ah, Adam, quoth he, I sorrow not to dye, but I grieve at the maner of my death. Might I with my launce encounter the enemy, and so die in the field, it were honour, and content: might I (Adam) combate with some wilde beast, and perish as his praie, I were satisfied; but to die with hunger, O, Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames! Maister (quoth he) you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live without meate; seeing therefore we can finde no foode, let the death of the one preserve the life of the other. I am old, and overworne with age, you are yoong, and are the hope of many honours: let me then dye, I will presently cut my veynes, and, maister, with the warme blood relieve your fainting spirites; sucke on that till

I ende, and you be comforted. With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife, when Rosader full of courage (though verie faint) rose up, and wisht A. Spencer to sit there til his returne; for my mind gives me, quoth he, I shall bring thee meate. With that, like a mad man, he rose up, and raunged up and downe the woods, seeking to encounter some wilde beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or else pledge his life in pawn for his loyaltie.

Act II, Scene 7. 'It chaunced that day, that Gerismond, the lawfull king of France banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crue of outlawes lived in that forest, that day in honour of his birth made a feast to all his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lymon trees. To that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crue of brave men, having store of that for want of which hee and Adam perished, hee stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the company thus:—

'Whatsoever thou be that art maister of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreame distresse may: know, that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forrest for want of food: perish wee must, unlesse relieved by thy favours. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meate to men, and to such as are everie way worthie of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and incounter with mee in any honorable point of activitie whatsoever, and if hee and thou proove me not a man, send me away comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword; for rather wil I dye valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame. Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was mooved with so great pitie, that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hand and badde him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eat his fill, but [be] the lord of the feast. Gramercy, sir

(quoth Rosader) but I have a feeble friend that lyes hereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger then my selfe, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumme, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I wil gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tels him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go; wherupon Rosader got him up on his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship; and Rosader, having Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer.'

In the conversation that follows Rosader and Gerismond make themselves known to each other, and the latter hears of his daughter's banishment.

Act III, Scene 1. 'The flight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing that Saladyne was sole heire of the landes of Sir John of Bourdeaux, desirous to possesse suche faire revenewes, found just occasion to quarrell with Saladyne about the wrongs he proffered to his brother; and therefore, dispatching a herehault, he sent for Saladyne in all poast haste. Who marveiling what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein hee had offended his highnesse; but imboldened with his innocence, he boldly went with the herehault unto the court; where, assoone as hee came, hee was not admitted into the presence of the king, but presently sent to prison.'

Here he indulges in a remorseful soliloquy on the wrongs he had done to Rosader.

'In the depth of his passion, hee was sent for to the king, who with a looke that threatened death entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was? Saladyne made answer, that upon some ryot made against the sheriffe of the shire, he was fled from Bourdeaux, but he knew not whither. Nay, villaine (quoth he) I have heard of the wronges thou

hast proffered thy brother, since the death of thy father, and by thy means have I lost a most brave and resolute chevalier. Therefore, in justice to punish thee, I spare thy life for thy fathers sake, but banish thee for ever from the court and countrey of France; and see thy departure be within tenne dayes, els trust me thou shalt loose thy head. And with that the king flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladyne greatly perplexed; who grieving at his exile, yet determined to bear it with patience, and in penaunce of his former follies to travaile abroade in every coast till he had found out his brother Rosader.'

Act III, Scene 2. Rosader wanders through the forest carving the praises of his mistress upon the trees, and meets with the disguised Ganimede and Aliena. On one of these occasions, 'Ganimede, pittying her Rosader, thinking to drive him out of his amorous melancholy, said, that now the sunne was in his meridionall heat, and that it was high noone, therefore wee shepheards say, tis time to go to dinner; for the sunne and our stomackes are shepheards dials. Therefore, forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answere whatsoever thou wantest in delicates. Aliena tooke the entertainment by the ende, and tolde Rosader hee should bee her guest. He thankt them heartily, and sat with them downe to dinner, where they had such cates as countrey state did allow them, sawst with such content, and such sweete prattle, as it seemed farre more sweet than all their courtly junkets. Assoone as they had taken their repast, Rosader, giving them thankes for his good cheare, would have been gone; but Ganimede, that was loath to let him passe out of her presence, began thus: Nay, forrester, quoth she, if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst wooe: I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt bee as thou art, Rosader. See in some amorous eglogue, how if Rosalynd were present, how thou couldst court her; and while we sing of love, Aliena shall tune her pipe and plaie us melodie.'

Then follows 'the wooing eglogue' which is somewhat tedious and certainly supplied Shakespeare with no hint. But in the novel as in the play (Act IV, Scene 1) there is the mock wedding, in which Aliena plays the priest. 'And thereupon (quoth Aliena) Ile play the priest: from this daye forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt cal Ganimede wife, and so weele have a marriage.' Here, as elsewhere in the story, it is worth while observing that Aliena takes the lead, which is in keeping with her position with regard to Rosalynd who acts as her page. Shakespeare, by making them pass as brother and sister, gives the greater prominence to Rosalind, whose character throughout is the stronger.

Act IV, Scene 3. 'All this while did poore Saladyne (banished from Bourdeux and the court of France by Torismond) wander up and downe in the forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lyons, and so travail through Germany into Italie: but the forrest beeing full of by pathes, and he unskilfull of the country coast, slipt out of the way, and chaunced up into the desart, not farre from the place where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forest did affoord, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as nature had provided and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne began to ceaze upon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkasses; and yet desirous to have some foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a deere that but slightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great haste. He spyed where a man lay a sleepe, and a lyon fast by him; amazed at this sight, as he stoode

gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereuppon drawing more nigh, he might easily discerne his visage, perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so unexpected a chance, marvelling what should drive his brother to traverse those secrete desarts, without any companie, in such distresse and forlorne sorte. But the present time craved no such doubting ambages, for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away, and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon.'

After much debate with himself Rosader finally resolves upon acting the nobler part.

'With that his brother began to stirre, and the lyon to rowse himselfe, whereupon Rosader sodainly charged him with the boare speare, and wounded the lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to have a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gave him a sore pinch on the brest, that he had almost faln; yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparks of Sir John Bourdeaux remained, he recovered himselfe, and in short combat slew the lion, who at his death roared so lowd that Saladyne awaked, and starting up, was amazed at the sudden sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweet a gentleman wounded.'

Saladyne ultimately recognizes Rosader. 'Much ado there was betweene these two brethren, Saladyne in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiving and forgetting all former injuries; the one submisse, the other curteous; Saladyne penitent and passionate, Rosader kynd and loving, that at length nature working an union of their thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of unkindnesse, to talke of the country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his brother began to have a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humor Rosader conducted him to Gerismonds lodge, and presented his brother to the king, discoursing the whole matter how all had hapned betwixt them. . . . Assoone as they had

taken their repast, and had wel dined, Rosader tooke his brother Saladyne by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the forrest, and what content they enjoyed in that mean estate. Thus for two or three dayes he walked up and downe with his brother to shew him all the commodities that belonged to his walke. In which time hee was mist of his Ganymede, who mused greatly (with Aliena) what should become of their forester.'

An incident in the novel, which accounts for the sudden falling in love of Saladyne and Aliena, is altogether omitted by Shakespeare. A band of robbers attempt to carry off Aliena, Rosader encounters them single-handed, but is wounded and almost overpowered, when his brother comes to the rescue. While Ganimede is dressing Rosader's wounds, Aliena and Saladyne indulge in some 'quirkes and quiddities of love,' the course of which is told with considerable detail. Aliena's secret is soon extorted from her by Ganimede.

Act III, Scene 5. 'With this Ganimede start up, made her ready, and went into the fields with Aliena, where unfolding their flockes, they sate them downe under an olive tree, both of them amorous, and yet diversely affected, Aliena joying in the excellence of Saladyne, and Ganimede sorrowing for the wounds of her Rosader; not quiet in thought till shee might heare of his health. As thus both of them sate in their dumpes, they might espie where Coridon came running towards them (almost out of breath with his hast). What newes with you (quoth Aliena) that you come in such post? Oh, mistres (quoth Coridon) you have a long time desired to see Phœbe, the faire shepheardesse whom Montanus loves; so now if you please, you and Ganimede, to walk with mee to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a fountaine, he courting her with her countrey ditties, and she as coy as if she held love in disdaine.' Concealed in a thicket, they overhear the passionate pleadings of Montanus, and Phœbe's disdainful rejoinder:

'Wert thou (Montanus) as faire as Paris, as hardy as Hector,

as constant as Troylus, as loving as Leander, Phœbe could not love, because she cannot love at all: and therefore if thou pursue me with Phœbus I must flie with Daphne.

'Ganimède overhearing all these passions of Montanus, could not brooke the crueltie of Phœbe, but starting from behind the bush said: And if, damzell, you fled from mee, I would transforme you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches under my feet. Phœbe at this sodaine replye was amazed, especially when shee saw so faire a swaine as Ganimede; blushing therefore, she would have bene gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus: What, shepheardesse, so faire and so cruell? Disdaine beseemes not cottages, nor coynesse maids; for either they be condemned to be too prowd, or too froward . . . . Love while thou art yoong, least thou be disdained when thou art olde. Beautie nor time cannot be recalde, and if thou love, like of Montanus; for if his desires are many, so his deserts are great.

'Phœbe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deeply enamored on his perfection as Montanus inveigled with hers.'

In the issue she sends a letter to Ganimede by Montanus which brings about an interview, in some respects resembling

Act V, Scene 2. 'I am glad, quoth Ganimede, you looke into your own faults, and see where your shoo wrings you, measuring now the pains of Montanus by your owne passions. Truth, q. Phœbe, and so deeply I repent me of my frowardnesse towards the shepheard, that could I cease to love Ganimede, I would resolve to like Montanus. What if I can with reason perswade Phœbe to mislike of Ganimede, wil she then favour Montanus? When reason (quoth she) doth quench that love I owe to thee, then will I fancie him; conditionally, that if my love can bee supprest with no reason, as being without reason, Ganimede will onely wed himselfe to Phœbe. I graunt it, faire shepheardesse, quoth he; and to feed thee with the sweetnesse of hope, this resolve on: I wil never marry my selfe to woman but unto thy selfe.'

Ganimede then goes in search of Rosader, whom she finds with Saladyne and Aliena sitting in the shade and recovering from his wounds.

'I had not gone abroad so soone, quoth Rosader, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which, on Sunday next, must bee solemnpnized betweene my brother and Aliena. I see well where love leads delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serves where both the parties are willing. Truth, quoth Ganimede; but a happy day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalynd. Ah, good Ganimede (quoth he), by naming Rosalynd, renue not my sorrowes; for the thought of her perfections is the thrall of my miseries. Tush; bee of good cheare, man, quoth Ganimede: I have a friend that is deeply experienst in negromancy and magicke; what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage. I wil cause him to bring in Rosalynde, if either France or any bordring nation harbour her; and upon that take the faith of a yoong shepheard.'

Act V, Scene 4. The day arrived for the wedding of Saladyne and Aliena, and the guests where assembled, when there 'came in Montanus, apparalled all in tawny, to signifie that he was forsaken: on his head hee wore a garland of willow, his bottle hanged by his side, whereon was painted dispaire, and on his sheephooke hung two sonnets, as lables of his loves and fortunes.' Gerismond read the sonnets and heard the story of his loyalty and Phœbe's cruelty from Rosader. He then, 'desirous to prosecute the ende of these passions, called in Ganimede, who knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the christall of his face with a ruddie brightnesse. The king noting well the phisnomy of Ganimede, began by his favours to cal to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader, that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him why he sighed so sore? Because, Rosader (quoth hee), the favour of Ganimede puts mee in minde of Rosalynde. At this word Rosader sight so deeply, as though his heart would have burst. And whats the matter (quoth Gerismond) that you quite mee

with such a sigh? Pardon me, sir (quoth Rosader), because I love none but Rosalynd. And upon that condition (quoth Gerismond) that Rosalynd were here, I would this day make up a marriage betwixt her and thee. At this Aliena turnd her head and smilde upon Ganimede, and shee could scarce keep countenance. Yet shee salved all with secrecie; and Gerismond, to drive away his dumpes, questioned with Ganimede, what the reason was he regarded not Phœbes love, seeing she was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine? Ganimede mildly answered, If I shuld affect the faire Phœbe, I should offer poore Montanus great wrong to winne that from him in a moment, that hee hath labored for so many monthes. Yet have I promised to the bewtiful shepheardesse to wed my selfe never to woman except unto her; but with this promise, that if I can by reason suppresse Phœbes love towards me, she shall like of none but of Montanus. To that, q. Phœbe, I stand; for my love is so far beyond reason, as wil admit no persuasion of reason. For justice, q. he, I appeale to Gerismond: and to his censure wil I stand, q. Phœbe. And in your victory, q. Montanus, stands the hazard of my fortunes, for if Ganimede go away with conquest, Montanus is in conceit loves monarch: if Phœbe winne, then am I in effect most miserable. We wil see this controversie, q. Gerismond, and then we will to church: therefore, Ganimede, led us heare your argument. Nay, pardon my absence a while (quoth shee), and you shall see one in store.

'In went Ganimede and drest her self in womans attire, having on a gowne of greene, with kirtle of rich sandall, so quaint, that she seemed Diana triumphing in the forrest: upon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gave her such a grace that she looked like Flora peakt in the pride of all her floures. Thus attired came Rosalind in, and presented hir self at hir fathers feete, with her eyes full of teares, craving his blessing, and discoursing unto him all her fortunes, how shee was banished by Torismond, and how ever since she lived in that country disguised.'

The part of Hymen in the play is in the novel performed by the priest at the church, and all ends happily. In the midst of the wedding festivities, 'word was brought in to Saladyne and Rosader that a brother of theirs, one Fernandine, was arived, and desired to speake with them.' He brings the news to Gerismond that the twelve peers of France were up in arms to recover his right, and Torismond was ready to bid them battle. Gerismond with Saladyne and Rosader joined the peers in battle. Torismond's army was put to flight and himself slain. Gerismond made Rosader his heir apparent, restored to Saladyne his father's land, and appointed Fernandine his principal secretary, Montanus lord over all the forest of Arden, Adam Spencer captain of the king's guard, and Coridon master of Alinda's flocks.

It is unnecessary to point out in detail the manner in which Shakespeare dealt with the story on which he founded his play, and which he made as it were a framework for his own creations, Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey. Enough has been given to enable the reader to do this for himself.

The character of Adam has a personal interest in connexion with Shakespeare, because an old tradition which was current in the last century attributed to the poet the performance of this part in his own play.

From Oldys's collections for a life of Shakespeare, which covered several quires of paper, Steevens extracted the following story, which must be taken for what such gossip is usually worth.

'One of Shakespeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of *K. Charles II*, would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother *Will*, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatic entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued it seems so long after his brother's death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity

at this time of the most noted actors to learn something from him of his brother, &c., they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them [*Charles Harte*; see Shakespeare's Will], this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects) that he could give them but little light into their enquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother *Will*, in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song.'

To the same effect Capell writes:—

'A traditional story was current some years ago about Stratford,—that a very old man of that place,—of weak intellects, but yet related to Shakespeare,—being ask'd by some of his neighbours, what he remember'd about him; answer'd,—that he saw him once brought on the stage upon another man's back; which answer was apply'd by the hearers, to his having seen him perform in this scene the part of Adam.'

This story came to Capell from Mr. Thomas Jones of Turbich (or Tarbick) (in Worcestershire), and Malone suggests that he may have heard it from Richard Quiney (died 1656, æt. 69) or Thomas Quiney, Shakespeare's son-in-law, who lived till 1663 or thereabouts, or from one of the Hathaways.

The comparison of the world to a theatre, and the division of man's life into seven ages, though best known from Shakespeare, are not of his own invention. In the old play

of Damon and Pythias (Dodsley's Old Plays, ed. Hazlitt, iv. 31) the following passage occurs:

> 'Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage,
> Where many play their parts: the lookers on, the sage
> Philosophers are, saith he, whose part is to learn
> The manners of all nations, and the good from the bad to discern.'

Cervantes has the same comparison in Don Quixote (part ii, cap. 12).

We find in Arnold's Chronicle (ed. 1811), p. 157, quoted by Staunton:

> 'The vij. Ages of Mā liuing ī the World.
> The furst age is infancie and lastith from y^{e} byrth vnto vij. yere of age. The ij. is childhod and endurith vnto xv. yere age. The iij. age is adholocencye and endurith vnto xxv. yere age. The iiij. age is youthe and endurith vnto xxxv. yere age. The v. age is manhod and endurith vnto l. yere age. The vi. age is [elde] and lasteth vnto lxx. yere age. The vij. age of mā is crepill and endurith vnto dethe.'

A good deal of the literature of this subject has been collected by Mr. Winter Jones, in an interesting paper which he published in the Archæologia (xxxv. 167–189) on a block print of the fifteenth century which is in the British Museum. The so-called verses of Solon, quoted by Philo, *De opificio mundi*, are there given, as well as the passage in which Philo attributes to Hippocrates the division of man's life into seven periods. In the Mishna (Aboth, V. 24) fourteen periods are given, and a poem upon the ten stages of life was written by the great Jewish commentator Ibn Ezra. The Midrash on Ecclesiastes i. 2 goes back to the seven divisions. The Jewish literature is very fully given by Löw in his treatise *Die Lebensalter in der Jüdischen Literatur*. Sir Thomas Browne devotes a chapter of his Vulgar Errors (iv. 12) to a consideration of the various divisions which have been proposed. Some verses of an early German poem on the ages of man's life are quoted by Mr. Winter Jones and illustrated by quaint woodcuts. The subject was one with

which Shakespeare might have become familiar from many sources, and as an instance of one of the forms in which it is emblematically treated I would refer to the pavement of the Cathedral of Siena, of which a description is given by Professor Sidney Colvin in the Fortnightly Review for July 1875 (pp. 53, 4). After describing other portions he says, 'And then, about 1473, begins a period of immense activity. One little set of emblems in the south transept, defaced but singularly beautiful, belongs to this period, and differs strangely from all the other work done in it. The seven ages of man are shewn in single white figures set in squares or diamonds of black. These ages are not divided as usual: four divisions are given to the time before manhood, as if to draw out as much as possible that season when life is life indeed. There is no mewling and puking, nor any whining schoolboy: *Infantia* is a naked child playing among flowers; *Pueritia* an Italian boy in short cloak and cap walking in the fields; the season of youth is spun out, always among flowers, through *Adolescentia* and *Juventus;* manhood is not a soldier full of strange oaths and bearded like a pard, but a studious citizen walking with open book; *Decrepitas* moves, over a land flowerless at last, on crutches to his open grave.'

I cannot conclude this Preface without especially mentioning a work which marks an era in Shakespeare literature, the Shakespeare Lexicon of Dr. Alexander Schmidt of Königsberg. My own obligations to it are too numerous to record, for I have used it constantly and always with advantage. It is a book which every real student of Shakespeare should have at hand.

W. A. WRIGHT.

TRINITY COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE,
2 *October*, 1876.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

III. 2. 243. The statement that 'moe' is used *only* with the plural requires a slight modification. So far as I am aware there is but one instance in Shakespeare where it is not immediately followed by a plural, and that is in The Tempest, v. 1. 234 (first folio), 'And mo diversitie of sounds.' But in this case also the phrase 'diversity of sounds' contains the idea of plurality.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, living in banishment.
FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.
AMIENS, } lords attending on the banished
JAQUES, } duke.
LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.
CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.
OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
ORLANDO, }
ADAM, }
DENNIS, } servants to Oliver.
TOUCHSTONE, a clown.
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.
CORIN, } shepherds.
SILVIUS, }
WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.
A person representing Hymen.
ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke.
CELIA, daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a shepherdess.
AUDREY, a country wench.
Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.
SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Orchard of Oliver's house.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Orl. 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. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders are dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives

* as a condition of obtaining his blessing.

me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

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

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

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

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

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

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

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

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

According to report, Shakespeare once played the part of Old Adam in this play.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; 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 pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

serf, boundsman.

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

for the sake of your father's memory

Oli. Let me go, I say.

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

portion

wise

Oli. 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.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

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

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

encroach

urge *Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

exuberance, hence insolence.

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

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

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

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

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

Cha. There 's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, 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, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

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

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. 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: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as

I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

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

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he 's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Lawn before the Duke's palace.*

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

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

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. 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.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily

misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

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

Ros. 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.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

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

to be done

handsome.

grief, lamentation.

I assure thee.

anyone.

* cf. note. Some instruments such as viols, flutes, violins, etc. were made in sets of four, which when played together formed a "consort". If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for corresponding ones in another the result was

Flourish. *Enter* DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and* Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling? 141

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

Duke F. 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.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you. 150

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

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

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt. 163

Ros. 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.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard

thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

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

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you?

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

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

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

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

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

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*They wrestle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout. Charles is thrown.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

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

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick, train, and Le Beau.*

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. 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.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Orl. 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.

Re-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.
The duke is humorous: what he is indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. 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. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;
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.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well. [*Exit Le Beau.*
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother; 270
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in the palace.*

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father? 10

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections. 20

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden,

you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. 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.

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

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

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

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

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

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

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

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there 's enough

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her; she is banish'd.

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

Duke F. 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 Frederick and Lords.*

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

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

Cel. 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.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

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

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

Ros. 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?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, *and two or three* Lords, *like foresters.*

Duke S. 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?
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 counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.
I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
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 banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much': then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
''Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company': anon a careless herd,

Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what 's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in the palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

Duke F. 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.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;

And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before* OLIVER'S *house.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous duke?
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?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father—
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.

I overheard him and his practices. plots.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
residence Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it. slaughter-house.
dwelling-place

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

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.
blood diverted from the course of nature

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
prolepsis The thrifty hire I saved under your father, hire I gained by
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse thrift.
When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
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,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed! reward.
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.

But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
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:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND *for* GANYMEDE, CELIA *for* ALIENA, *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore courage, good Aliena!

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. 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.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

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

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine—
As sure I think did never man love so—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
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.*

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

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears 'Wear these for my sake.' 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.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

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

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

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

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

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

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

Ros. 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 oppress'd
And faints for succour.

Cor. 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
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. 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.

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

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo: call you 'em stanzos?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that 'ducdame'?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the firstborn of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI. *The forest.*

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. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. 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, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The forest.*

A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, *and* Lords *like* outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast:
For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune':
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd

With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
[Not to] seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley: give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function
That says his bravery is not of my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

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

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are

That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church
And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!

[*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. 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 school-boy, 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 slipper'd 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.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

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

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, *and* OLIVER.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:

Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
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 brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

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

Duke F. 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.*

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned 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 witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

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

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect

it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? 21

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

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd? 31

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

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

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd. 41

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

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

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

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come. 52

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

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

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

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

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

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

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

Enter ROSALIND, *with a paper, reading.*

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

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

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

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

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

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

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

Enter CELIA, *with a writing.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. [*Reads*]

Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;

Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

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

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

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

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

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

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees? 160

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour? 169

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! It is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

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

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping! 179

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard? 190

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thank-

ful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

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

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. 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.

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

Ros. 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?

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

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

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

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

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

Cel. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

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

Orl. I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

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

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure. 269

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

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*

Ros. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o' clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there 's no clock in the forest. 281

Ros. 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.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal. 290

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal? with.

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

seven nights - a week

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

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

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

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

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

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

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

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

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

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

Ros. There were none principal: they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that

are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: 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.

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

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

Orl. What were his marks?

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

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

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

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

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

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the

lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

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

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. 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?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *behind.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

Touch. 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.

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

Touch. 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.

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

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

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

Jaq. [*Aside*] A material fool!

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

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

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

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. 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.

Jaq. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.* Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver. 52

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

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 Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

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

Jaq. [*Advancing*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her. 59

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

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

Jaq. 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: 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. 73

* technical term for a deer lean and out of condition.

Touch. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for 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.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—
O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:
but,—
Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey.*

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun

of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously: the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

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

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that 's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all 's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft enquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,

Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *behind.*

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,

Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
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.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. 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,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
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:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
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:

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

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

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
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 and Corin.*

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'*

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

* From Marlowe's poem Hero & Leander

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

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

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. 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.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:

I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. 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.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. 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.

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

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

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife. anticipates

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

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

Ros. 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?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

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

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

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

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well in her person I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person; videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of

that is to say.

love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

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

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. 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?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

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

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

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

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. 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.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

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

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. 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. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt?'

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

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

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

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

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind. 163

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise and the most hollow lover 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. 171

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

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit Orlando.*

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal. 183

Cel. Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come. 191

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter JAQUES, Lords, *and* Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

For. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home;
[*The rest shall bear this burden.*
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

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

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

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Ods my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand: I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter:
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

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

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads*] Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*Reads*]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make:
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! 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.*

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. 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?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream

Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

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

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

Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And 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.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescued?

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

Oli. '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.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place:—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. [*Rosalind swoons.*

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

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

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. 'Thank God'; a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured 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.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. 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, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

Orl. 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 persever to enjoy her?

Oli. 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: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and all 's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

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

Orl. It is my arm.

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

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

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame': for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no

sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, 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 to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

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

Ros. 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.

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

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. 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 Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

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

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

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

Ros. Why do you speak too, 'Why blame you me to love you?'

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

wolves still existed in Ireland.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can: [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I 'll be married to-morrow: [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I 'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I 'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

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

immodest, unvirtuous — to be married

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

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

Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice? shall we set about it directly.

Sec. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The forest.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

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

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

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

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

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

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

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. 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 your word, Phebe, 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 S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Jaq. 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.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. 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.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases. "The fool's bolt is soon shot."

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgement: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well

cut,' he would say, I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so'; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, *and* CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. 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.

Ros. [*To duke*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.
[*To Orl.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

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

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

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. 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.
You and you no cross shall part:
You and you are heart in heart:
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
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.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

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

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaq. de B. 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,
Address'd 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 banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. 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.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To Duke*] You to your former honour I bequeath;

Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:
[*To Orl.*] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:
[*To Oli.*] You to your land and love and great allies:
[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:
[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victualled. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. 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. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

ACT I.

Scene I.

The play was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it is divided into Acts and Scenes.

1. *upon this fashion*, after this fashion. See ii. 4. 56.

1, 2. *bequeathed me by will.* This is the reading of the folios, in which we may either understand 'bequeathed' as a participle or as the past tense. In the latter case we must supply the nominative 'he' or 'my father.' In the former a stronger stop must be placed at 'fashion.' For instances of the omission of the nominative see v. 4. 153, Abbott, § 399; Hamlet, ii. 2. 67; Lear, ii. 4. 42, 293, &c., and the notes on those passages. Johnson would put a full stop at 'me.' Warburton substitutes 'my father' for 'fashion.'

2. *poor a thousand.* For this transposition of the indefinite article see Abbott, § 422; The Tempest, iv. 1. 123, 'So rare a wonder'd father.'

3. *on his blessing*, as a condition of obtaining his blessing. So Heywood, The English Traveller (Works, iv. 49): 'This doe vpon my blessing.' Compare Othello, ii. 3. 178:

'Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.'

And better, Timon of Athens, iii. 5. 87:

'Urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure.'

Ib. to breed, to educate, bring up. Compare The Merchant of Venice, ii. 1. 3:

'The burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.'

And Measure for Measure, iv. 2. 135: 'A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred.'

4. *Jaques.* In the last scene where only he appears he is called 'Second Brother' in the folios, to avoid confusion with the melancholy Jaques.

5. *he keeps at school.* For 'school,' in the sense of university, compare Hamlet, i. 2. 113:

'For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire.'

5. *goldenly*. Compare Macbeth, i. 7. 33:

'He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people.'

Ib. profit, proficiency.

11. *manage*, the training and breaking in of a horse, from Fr. *manége*. Compare 1 Henry IV, ii. 3. 52:

'Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed.'

And Richard II, iii. 3. 179.

Ib. dearly hired. For the omission of 'are' see Hamlet, iii. 3. 62:

'But 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.'

And Abbott, § 403.

13. *the which*. See The Tempest, i. 2. 137; Abbott, § 270.

15. *countenance*, favour, regard, patronage. Compare Coriolanus, v. 6. 40:

'He waged me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.'

And Hamlet, iv. 2. 16: 'Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities.'

16. *hinds*, servants (A.S. *hina*), or farm-labourers. It is used still in the North for a farm bailiff. Chaucer (Prologue, l. 603) spells the word 'hyne':

'Ther nas ballif, ne herde, ne other hyne,
That they ne knewe his sleight and his covyne.'

Compare Merry Wives of Windsor, iii. 5. 99: 'A couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane.'

Ib. bars me, excludes me from.

17, 18. *mines my gentility*, undermines the gentleness of my birth and so destroys it. For 'mine' in this sense see Hamlet, iii. 4. 148:

'Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen.'

26. *what make you here?* what do you here? As in Hamlet, i. 2. 164:

'And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?'

For the play upon the words 'make' and 'mar,' and the two senses of 'make,' compare Love's Labour 's Lost, iv. 3. 190–192:

'*King*. What makes treason here?
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.'

29. *Marry*, an exclamation, from the name of the Virgin Mary, used as an oath. Here it keeps up a poor pun upon 'mar.'

31, 32. *be naught awhile*, as explained by Warburton, 'is only a north-country proverbial curse, equivalent to *a mischief on you*.' Mason supported Warburton's explanation by a reference to Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, ii. 1: 'Leave the bottle behind you, and be curs'd awhile.' Gifford, in his note on this last-mentioned passage, quotes further A Tale of a Tub, ii. 1: 'Peace, and be naught!' And Steevens refers to an instance of the whole phrase in the old interlude of The Storie of King Darius (1565):

'Come away, and be nought awhyle,
Or surely I will you both defyle.'

33. Referring to Luke xv. The story of the prodigal son was exhibited in puppet shows (see Winter's Tale, iv. 3. 103), and was the subject of the decorations of walls (2 Henry IV, ii. 1. 157).

34. *what prodigal portion have I spent?* what portion have I prodigally spent? See ii. 3. 39.

39. *him I am before*, he whom I am before. Compare The Tempest, v. 1. 15:

'But chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old Lord, Gonzalo."'

And Hamlet, ii. 1. 42. See Abbott, § 208.

41. *The courtesy of nations.* This expression led Theobald to conjecture that 'courtesy' was the true reading in a very similar passage in Lear, i. 2. 4:

'Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother.'

45. *your coming before me is nearer to his reverence*, the fact of your being the eldest born brings you nearer in descent to our father, and so to the respect due to him.

47. *What, boy?* Oliver attempts to strike him, and Orlando in return seizes him by the throat.

48. *too young*, too raw and inexperienced in trials of strength. It occurs in just the contrary sense in Much Ado about Nothing, v. 1. 119: 'Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.'

51. *I am no villain*, no serf or bondman; with a play on the other meaning. See note on Lear, iii. 7. 79, and Lucrece, 1338:

'The homely villain court'sies to her low.'

57. *for your father's remembrance*, for the sake of your father's memory.

65. *such exercises as may become a gentleman.* Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 3. 30–33:

'There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,

And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.'

66. *allottery*, portion.

Ib. testament, will.

67. *go buy*. See i. 2. 223, and Hamlet, i. 5. 132, and note:

'And for my own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.'

77. *spoke*. See Abbott, § 343, and note on Lear, i. 1. 228.

78. *grow upon*, encroach. Compare Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 107:

'Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south.'

79. *rankness*, luxuriant growth, exuberance; hence, insolence.

82. *wrestler*, spelt 'wrastler' in the folios, and so pronounced. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives 'Luicter, to wrastle, to struggle, or striue with.' In the Authorised Version of 1611 we find, Gen. xxx. 8, 'With great wrastlings haue I wrastled with my sister, and I haue prevailed.' In other passages the modern spelling occurs, as I believe it does uniformly throughout the Geneva Version of 1560.

95. *good leave*, ready permission. See Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 326:

'Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste.'

And 1 Henry IV, i. 3. 20:

'You have good leave to leave us.'

100. *she*. The first folio has 'hee.'

101. *or have died to stay behind her*; that is, if forced to stay behind her. See Abbott, § 356.

106. *the forest of Arden*. The scene is taken from Lodge's novel. The ancient forest of Ardennes gave its name to the department in the N.E. of France on the borders of Belgium.

107. *a many*. Compare Henry V, iv. 1. 127: 'Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.' See note on Merchant of Venice, iii. 5. 53 (Clar. Press ed.), and Abbott, § 87.

109. *fleet the time*, make it pass swiftly. An instance of Shakespeare's habit of forming verbs from adjectives. See note on 'bold,' Lear, v. 1. 26.

110. *the golden world*, or the golden age. See Ovid, Met. i.

111. *What*. See above, line 47, and note on Lear, i. 4. 326.

117. *shall acquit him well*, will have to acquit himself well. See v. 1. 11, and Abbott, § 315.

121. *intendment*, intention, purpose. Compare Venus and Adonis, 222:

'And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.'

And Henry V, i. 2. 144:

'We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot.'

126. *by underhand means*, because of the obstinacy which he attributes to him.

128. *it is the stubbornest*, &c. Compare Macbeth, i. 4. 58: 'It is a peerless kinsman.' There is here too something of the familiarity we observed there, though in Oliver it is contemptuous. See iii. 5. 112, and Henry V, iii. 6. 70, quoted below in note on line 134.

129. *emulator*, in a bad sense, as 'emulation' is used in Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 212:

'Whilst emulation in the army crept.'

And Julius Cæsar, ii. 3. 14:

'My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.'

130. *contriver*, plotter. Compare Macbeth, iii. 5. 7:

'The close contriver of all harms.'

And Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 158:

'I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver.'

132. *as lief*, as gladly, as willingly. So Hamlet, iii. 2. 4: 'I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines.'

133. *thou wert best.* See note on The Tempest, i. 2. 367.

134. *grace himself on thee*, get himself honour or reputation in the contest with thee. See v. 2. 52, and Henry V, iii. 6. 71: 'Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier.'

135. *practise*, plot. See note on Lear, iii. 2. 57.

140. *anatomize*, expose him, lay his faults bare. See ii. 7. 56. The first and second folios have 'anathomize.'

143. *his payment*, his punishment. Compare 1 Henry IV, ii. 4. 213: 'I have peppered two of them: two I am sure I have paid.'

147. *gamester*, a young frolicsome fellow. See Henry VIII, i. 4. 45: 'You are a merry gamester, my lord Sands.' Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) has 'Iouëur: m. A player, gamester; dallier, sporter.'

148. *than he*, loosely used for 'than him.' Compare Merry Wives of Windsor, iv. 4. 87:

'And he my husband best of all affects.'

So 'who' for 'whom' in The Tempest, i. 2. 80; Lear, i. 4. 26: 'I' for 'me' in this play, i. 2. 15: 'we' for 'us' in Hamlet, i. 4. 54.

149. *full of noble device*, of noble conceptions and aims.

149, 150. In a copy of the fourth folio which formerly belonged to Steevens, he has marked these lines as descriptive of Shakespeare himself.

150. *of all sorts*, of all classes. Compare 'all sorts and conditions of men.

Ib. enchantingly, as if under the influence of a charm or fascination.

151. *in the heart* or affection. Compare Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 1. 328: 'My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.'

152. *misprised*, treated with contempt, despised. Fr. *mépriser*. See i. 2. 165, and compare Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 74:

> ''Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
> A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
> The knight opposed':

where the folios read 'disprising.' Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives 'Mespriser. To disesteeme, contemne, disdaine, despise, neglect, make light of, set nought by.'

154. *kindle*, incite. Compare Macbeth, i. 3. 121:

> 'That trusted home
> Might yet enkindle you unto the crown.'

Ib. thither, that is, to the wrestling match.

155. *go about*, set about, attempt. See Much Ado about Nothing, i. 3. 12: 'I wonder that thou, being, as thou sayest thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief.'

Scene II.

1. *sweet my coz*. Compare 'Good my brother,' Hamlet, i. 3. 46; 'sweet my mother,' Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 200; Abbott, § 13. And for 'coz' instead of 'cousin,' see below, line 21, and Macbeth, iv. 2. 14: 'My dearest coz.'

3. 'I,' omitted in the old copies, was inserted in Rowe's second edition.

5. *learn*, teach. Compare The Tempest, i. 2. 366:

> 'The red plague rid you
> For learning me your language.

8. *so*, provided that. Compare Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 18:

> 'I am content so thou wilt have it so.'

The full phrase is 'be it so,' as in Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 39:

> 'Be it so she will not here before your grace
> Consent to marry with Demetrius.'

11. *so . . . as*. Compare Macbeth, i. 2. 43:

> 'So well thy words become thee as thy wounds.'

And Hamlet, ii. 1. 82:

> 'And with a look so piteous in purport
> As if he had been loosed out of hell
> To speak of horrors—he comes before me.'

We now use 'as . . . as,' except in cases requiring special emphasis.

Ib. tempered, composed. 'To temper' is to blend together the ingredients of a compound. Compare Hamlet, v. 2. 339:

'It is a poison temper'd by himself.'

And Cymbeline, v. 5. 250:

'The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her.'

Also Exodus xxix. 2: 'Cakes unleavened tempered with oil.'

15. *but I.* See below, l. 250, and compare 'than he,' i. 1. 148.

Ib. nor none. For the double negative see below, l. 24, 'nor no further in sport neither.'

16. *like*, likely. See iv. 1. 61.

18. *render thee*, give thee back, return thee. See ii. 5. 24.

25. *a pure blush*, that has no shame in it.

Ib. come off, get off, escape, as from a contest. So Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 381:

'If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off.'

28. *the good housewife Fortune.* Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 15. 44:

'No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence.'

Johnson thought that Shakespeare has confused Fortune and her wheel with the Destiny that spins the thread of life. The wheel of Fortune, however, is not a spinning wheel but a rolling and unsteady thing, the symbol of her own inconstancy. What Shakespeare understood by the ancient representations of Fortune he has made Captain Fluellen expound in Henry V, iii. 6. 32–40. Compare also Hamlet, ii. 2. 515–519.

35. *honest*, virtuous. See Hamlet, iii. 1. 103, and below, iii. 3. 21.

36. *ill-favouredly*, in an ugly manner. See iii. 2. 244. The adjective occurs in iii. 5. 53, and Genesis xli. 3, &c. For 'favour' as denoting personal appearance, see iv. 3. 85; Richard II, iv. 1. 168; Macbeth, i. 5. 73.

39. Enter Touchstone. In the folios it is 'Enter Clowne.'

42. *flout*, mock, scoff at. Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 327:

'Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?'

Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives 'Brocarder. To quip, cut, gird, reach ouer the thummes; ieast at; flout, mocke, scoffe, deride, or gibe at.'

45. *natural*, an idiot. So The Tempest, iii. 2. 37: 'That a monster should be such a natural!'

48, 49. *perceiveth . . . and hath sent.* Malone inserted 'and.' The first folio reads 'perceiveth,' which was altered in the later folios into 'perceiving.'

49. *to reason*, to discourse, talk. So Merchant of Venice, ii. 8. 27:

'I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday.'

50. *whetstone of the wits.* The title of Robert Recorde's Arithmetic is The Whetstone of Witte.

51. *wit! whither wander you?* 'Wit, whither wilt?' was a proverbial expression. See iv. 1. 145.

60, 61. *and yet was not the knight forsworn.* Boswell has shewn that the joke, such as it is, occurs in the old play Damon and Pithias (Dodsly's Old English Plays, iv. 60, ed. Hazlitt):

'I haue taken a wise othe on him: have I not, trow ye,
To trust such a false knave upon his honestie?
As he is an honest man (quoth you?) he may bewray all to the kinge,
And breke his oth for this never a whit.'

75. The folios give this speech to Rosalind; Theobald assigned it to Celia. Capell proposed to remove the difficulty by reading 'Ferdinand' for 'Frederick' in l. 74. In the folios the banished Duke is called in the stage directions 'Duke Senior.'

Ib. is enough to honour him: enough! Hanmer's reading. The folios have 'is enough to honor him enough; speake, &c.'

76. *taxation*, satire, censure. For the verb 'tax,' see ii. 7. 71. 'Taxing occurs in ii. 7. 86. Compare Hamlet, i. 4. 18:

'This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations.'

80. Perhaps referring to some recent inhibition of the players. See Hamlet, ii. 2. 346.

Ib. troth, faith; A. S. *treówð*. See iii. 2. 265.

85. *will put on us*, will pass off upon us, address us with, communicate to us. Compare Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 133:

'Why do you put these sayings upon me?'

Twelfth Night, v. 1. 70:

'But in conclusion put strange speech upon me.'

See also Hamlet, i. 3. 94.

91. *colour* is used for 'kind,' 'nature,' in Lear, ii. 2. 145:

'This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of':

where the quartos actually read 'nature.'

94. *destinies decree.* The folios have 'destinies decrees,' one out of many instances in which by a printer's error an 's' has been added to a word, and by no means to be regarded as an example of the old northern plural in 's,' which so far as Shakespeare is concerned is a figment of grammarians. See i. 3. 59, ii. 7. 198, and Sidney Walker's Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare, Art. xxxviii.

95. *laid on with a trowel*, coarsely, clumsily; as gross flattery is said to be.

96. *if I keep not my rank.* The jest is repeated in Cymbeline, ii. 1. 17:

'*Clo.* Would he had been one of my rank!
Sec. Lord [*Aside*]. To have smelt like a fool.'

98. *amaze*, confound, confuse. The word 'amazement' was originally applied to denote the confusion of mind produced by any strong emotion, as in Mark xiv. 33: 'and began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy.'

102, 103. *is yet to do*, or to be done. For this use of the infinitive active compare The Tempest, iii. 2. 106:

'And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter.'

Othello, i. 2. 19: ''Tis yet to know.' Twelfth Night, iii. 3. 18: 'What's to do?'

106. *There comes.* See v. 2. 67 and Abbott § 335.

108. *proper*, handsome. See iii. 5. 51. In this sense the parents of Moses saw that he was 'a proper child,' Hebrews xi. 23.

110. *With bills on their necks.* Farmer would make these words part of Le Beau's speech, and Dyce adopted the arrangement. For the phrase 'on their necks,' Farmer quotes from Lodge's novel, 'Thus perplexed lived poore Ganimede, while on a day, sitting with Aliena in a great dumpe, she cast up her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towardes them with his forrest bill on his necke' (p. 84). The same play upon the two senses of the word 'bill' occurs in Much Ado about Nothing, iii. 3. 191: 'We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.' And 2 Henry VI, iv. 7. 135: 'My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills?'

117. *dole*, grief, lamentation; Fr. *deuil*. So Hamlet, i. 2. 13:

'In equal scale weighing delight and dole.'

126. *I promise thee*, I assure thee. See The Merchant of Venice, iii. 5. 3: 'Therefore, I promise ye, I fear you.'

127. *any*, any one. So in Measure for Measure, i. 1. 23:

'If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.'

And Henry V, iv. 3. 66:

'And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.'

Compare 'every,' v. 4. 164.

Ib. see. Theobald, after Warburton, read 'set.'

Ib. broken music, was first explained by Mr. Chappell (Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 246) as the music of a string band. But he has since altered his opinion, and has kindly favoured me with the following explanation. Some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, &c., were formerly

made in sets of four, which when played together formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a 'consort' but 'broken music.' The expression occurs in Henry V, v. 2. 263: 'Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken.' And Bacon, Essay xxxvii. p. 156: 'I understand it, that the Song be in Quire, placed aloft, and accompanied with some broken Musicke.'

135. *entreated*, prevailed upon by entreaty, persuaded.

139. *successfully*, as if he would win. The adverb is similarly used for the adjective in The Tempest, iii. 1. 32: 'You look wearily.'

144. *such odds in the man*, such advantage on the side of the wrestler Charles. There is no necessity for changing 'man' to 'men' with Hanmer. For 'odds' in the sense of advantage or superiority compare Love's Labour's Lost, i. 2. 183: 'Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier.'

149. *the princess calls.* This is the reading of the folios, which was changed by Theobald to 'the princesses call,' on account of what Orlando says, 'I attend them &c.' But it is Celia who gives the order, and it may be that Orlando in his reply is thinking of Rosalind, and is made to say 'them' designedly. In either case there is a difficulty. For if 'princess' is for 'princesses' as Sidney Walker and Dyce held (see The Tempest, i. 2. 173, and below, ii. 2. 10), then 'calls' is an error of the scribe or printer.

159, 160. *your eyes . . . your judgement.* Hanmer, adopting Warburton's conjecture, read 'our eyes . . . our judgement.' But the meaning is, 'If you used the senses and reason which you possess.'

165. *misprised.* See i. 1. 152.

166. *might*, used for 'may,' as in Hamlet, i. 1. 77.

168. *wherein.* Johnson proposed 'therein,' and M. Mason 'herein.' The construction is loose, and we must supply as antecedent some such expression as 'in this business,' or as Malone suggests 'of my abilities.' Knight takes 'wherein' as equivalent to 'because' or 'in that,' and the 'hard thoughts' to refer not to what the ladies had already said, but to what they might think of him for refusing their request. This would make very good sense, but it is not the meaning of 'wherein.' Mr. Spedding would omit 'wherein' altogether.

Ib. me, used as a reflexive pronoun. Abbott, § 223.

Ib. much guilty. 'Much' by itself is not now commonly used with adjectives. Compare 2 Henry IV, iv. 4. 111: 'I am much ill.' And Timon of Athens, iii. 4. 30: ''Tis much deep.'

171. *gracious*, looked upon with favour. So 3 Henry VI, iii. 3. 117:

'But is he gracious in the people's eye?'

174. *only in the world*, &c. 'Only' is here transposed, as in v. 3. 11. We should say 'I only fill up a place in the world.'

185. *working*, operation, endeavour. Compare 2 Henry IV, iv. 2. 22:

'The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven
And our dull workings.'

190. *You mean to mock me after.* Theobald conjectured 'An you'; Mason 'If you.' The former reading is very plausible, as it may easily have been corrupted by the printers, who regarded 'Orl. And' as part of the stage direction 'Orland.' But no change is absolutely necessary.

191. *come your ways*, come on. For other instances of this see ii. 3. 66, iv. 1. 158, and note on The Tempest, ii. 2. 76. 'Ways' is the old genitive used adverbially as Germ. *weges*.

191. *thy speed*, thy good fortune; A. S. *spéd*.

197. *who should down.* For the ellipsis of the verb of motion before an adverb of direction see Hamlet, iii. 3. 4:

'And he to England shall along with you.'

Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 119: 'Shall we forth?'

199, 200. *I am not yet well breathed*, am not yet in full breath, have not got my wind. Compare Fr. *mis en haleine*, and Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 659:

'A man so breathed, that certain he would fight; yea
From morn till night.'

205. *Rowland.* The first folio has 'Roland.'

209. *still*, constantly. See note on The Tempest, i. 2. 229: 'The still-vex'd Bermoothes.'

210. *shouldst.* We should now use 'wouldst' in such a clause. See Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 100: 'You should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.'

216. *calling*, appellation, name.

220. *known this young man his son*, that is, to be his son. Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, v. 2. 21:

'She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.'

221. *unto*, in addition to. Compare Macbeth, iii. 1. 52:

'And to that dauntless temper of his mind
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour.'

223. *go thank.* See i. 1. 67.

225. *sticks me at heart*, stabs me to the heart. See Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 202: 'To stick the heart of falsehood.' Others take 'stick' in the sense of 'to be fixed.'

227. *justly*, exactly. Compare the use of 'righteously,' above, l. 11.

Ib. all. Omitted by Capell. Sidney Walker conjectured 'excell'd' for 'exceeded.' Hanmer read 'as you've here exceeded promise.'

229. *out of suits with fortune*, not wearing the livery of fortune, out of her service. Or it may mean one to whose entreaties fortune grants no favours, with a play upon the other meaning of the word.

230. *could give more*, would willingly give more. Antony says of Fulvia, Antony and Cleopatra, i. 2. 131:

'She's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.'

232. *my better parts*. Compare Macbeth, v. 8. 18:

'Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!'

234. *a quintain*. The spelling of the folios is 'quintine.' Hasted, in his History of Kent (ii. 224), says, 'On *Ofham green* there stands a Quintin, a thing now rarely to be met with, being a machine much used in former times by youth, as well to try their own activity as the swiftness of their horses in running at it. . . . The cross-piece of it is broad at one end, and pierced full of holes; and a bag of sand is hung at the other and swings round, on being moved with any blow. The pastime was for the youth on horseback to run at it as fast as possible, and hit the broad part in his career with much force. He that by chance hit it not at all, was treated with loud peals of derision; and he who did hit it, made the best use of his swiftness, least he should have a sound blow on his neck from the bag of sand, which instantly swang round from the other end of the quintin. The great design of this sport was to try the agility both of horse and man, and to break the board, which whoever did, he was accounted chief of the day's sport.' In Brand's Popular Antiquities (ii. 163, 164, Bohn's Antiq. Library), where the above passage is quoted, it is stated, on the authority of Bishop Kennett, that running at the quintain was a favourite sport at country weddings in Oxfordshire as late as the end of the seventeenth century. (See Kennett's Parochial Antiquities, pp. 18, 19; Plot's Natural History of Oxfordshire, p. 204.) Fitzstephen, quoted by Stow (Brand, Pop. Ant. i. 177), gives an account of an Easter amusement of his time which was a kind of water quintain. The quintain described by Strutt (Sports and Pastimes, iii. 1) 'was in the likeness of a Turk or a Saracen, armed at all points, bearing a shield upon his left arm, and brandishing a club or a sabre with his right.' In this case the object was to strike the figure in such a manner as to prevent it from swinging round and striking the tilter with the sabre. There is given in Du Cange a Low Latin word, *Quintana*, which is found in Italian in the same form, and in French as *quintaine*. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives a further modification: 'Quintaine: f. A Quintane (or Whintane) for countrey youthes to runne at.' Mr. Skeat has pointed out to me a passage in Chaucer (Prologue to Manciple's Tale, l. 16974, Percy Soc. ed.):

'Now, swete sir, wol ye joust atte fan?'

where the fan is the quintain. The game is supposed to have come down to us as the representative of the ancient *palaria* or exercises of the Roman soldiery, and if so it may have derived its name from *quintana*, the principal street of the camp, where the market was held. Roberts, in his Cambrian

Popular Antiquities, claims for the game a Welsh origin, and for the word a Welsh etymology, deriving it from *gwyntyn*, a vane, which, however, is not a word recognised in any Welsh dictionary to which I have had access.

234. *lifeless.* The first folio has 'liuelesse,' as in all the other passages in which the word occurs.

239. *Have with you*, come along. See Othello, i. 2. 53; and compare Hamlet, i. 4. 89, 'Have after.'

247. *condition*, temper, frame of mind, disposition. Compare Richard III, iv. 4. 157:

'Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.'

And Lyly, Euphues and his England (ed. Arber), p. 340: 'In complection of pure sanguine, in condition a right Sainte.'

248. *misconstrues.* The folios spell it 'misconsters,' as it was pronounced.

249. *humorous*, capricious. Compare 2 Henry IV, iv. 4. 34:

'As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.'

250. *I.* See above, l. 15.

255. *lesser.* This is Mr. Spedding's conjecture for the reading of the folios 'taller,' which is obviously wrong. Pope read 'shorter,' Malone 'smaller,' Staunton 'lower.' In i. 3. 112, Rosalind says of herself, 'Because that I am more than common tall,' and in iv. 3. 86, 87, Celia is identified by Oliver as

'the woman low
And browner than her brother.'

Possibly the error was one of the author rather than of the printer.

262. *argument*, cause, occasion. See iii. 1. 3, and compare Hamlet, iv. 4. 54:

'Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument.'

265. *on my life.* Compare Winter's Tale, v. 1. 43:

'Who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant.'

267. *in a better world*, in a better age or state of things. See i. 1. 110, 'the golden world'; and Richard II, iv. 1. 78:

'As I intend to thrive in this new world.'

Also, Coriolanus, iii. 3. 135:

'There is a world elsewhere.'

269. *I rest.* Compare Macbeth, i. 6. 20: 'We rest your hermits.'

Ib. bounden, obliged. Compare King John, iii. 3. 29:

'I am much bounden to your Majesty.'

270. *from the smoke into the smother*, out of the frying-pan into the fire. 'Smother' is the thick stifling smoke of a smouldering fire. Bacon uses 'to

pass in smother' for 'to be stifled,' in Essay xxvii. p. 112; and 'to keep in smother' for 'to stifle,' in Essay xxxi. p. 134.

Scene III.

11. *for my child's father*, my husband that is to be. Rowe, from prudish motives, altered this to 'my father's child,' and the change was approved by Coleridge.

12. *this working-day world*, this common condition of things. Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 2. 55: 'Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.'

16. *coat*, used of a woman's garment, as in the Authorised Version of Canticles, v. 3.

18. *Hem them away.* So Much Ado about Nothing, v. 1. 16: 'Cry hem when he should groan.'

25. *on such a sudden*, so suddenly. Shakespeare uses 'on a sudden,' 'of a sudden,' and 'on the sudden,' elsewhere, but not 'on such a sudden.'

31. *hated his father dearly*, excessively. Compare Hamlet, iv. 3. 43:

'As we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done.'

34. *doth he not deserve well?* that is, to be hated. Rosalind takes the words in another sense.

38. *With your safest haste*, with speed which is your best security.

39. *cousin*, used for 'niece,' as in Twelfth Night, i. 3. 1, 5, Sir Toby exclaims, 'What a plague means my niece.' And Maria in her answer says, 'Your cousin, my lady.' See Hamlet, i. 2. 64.

40. *be'st.* See note on The Tempest (Clar. Press ed.), ii. 2. 91.

50. *purgation*, exculpation. See Winter's Tale, iii. 2. 7:

'Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.'

54. *the likelihood*, the probability of my being a traitor. The first folio has 'likelihoods,' another instance of a common error in that volume to which attention has been called in the note on i. 2. 93.

62. *To think*, as to think. For the omission of 'as' compare Merchant of Venice, iii. 3. 10:

'I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.'

Lear, i. 4. 40, 41; ii. 4. 278, 279. Abbott, § 281.

67. *remorse*, tender feeling, compassion; not compunction. See The Tempest, v. 1. 76:

'You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature.'

68. *that time*, at that time, then. Compare Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 5. 18:

'That time—O times!—
I laughed him out of patience.'

See Abbott, § 202.

70. *still*. See i. 2. 209.

72. *Juno's swans*. No commentator appears to have made any remark upon this, but it may be questioned whether for 'Juno' we ought not to read 'Venus,' to whom, and not to Juno, the swan was sacred. In Ovid's Metam. x. 708, 717, 718, the same book which contains the story of Atalanta, who is mentioned in this play, and of Adonis, Venus is represented in a chariot drawn by swans.

75. *patience*, a trisyllable, as in Much Ado about Nothing, v. 1. 280:

'I know not how to pray your patience.'

78. *show*, appear. Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 193:

'But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal!'

And for the thought, Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 3. 28:

'Thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by.'

Delius quotes from Lodge's novel (Collier's Shakespeare's Library, i. 29): 'Thou, fond girle, measurest all by present affection, and as thy heart loves, thy thoughts censure; but if thou knowest that in liking Rosalynd thou hatchest up a bird to pecke out thine owne eyes, thou wouldst intreat as much for hir absence as now thou delightest in her presence.'

90. *Thou hast not, cousin*. To mend the metre Steevens proposed to read 'Indeed, thou hast not, cousin'; but in cases where a line is divided between two speeches the metre is frequently faulty either by excess or defect.

93. *No, hath not?* This is the punctuation of the folios, and is essentially the same as that of Rowe, who put a note of interrogation at 'No.' Singer would read 'No hath not' as an exclamation, regarding it as an example of an idiom of which Mr. Arrowsmith (Notes and Queries, 1st ser. vii. 520) gives several instances, such as 'No had?' for 'Had you not?' 'No does?' for 'Does it not?' 'No dyd?' for 'Did you not'? 'No will?' for 'Will you not?' 'No could ye?' for 'Could ye not?' but it will be at once seen that the addition of the second negative in 'No hath not' makes this phrase unlike the others.

94. *Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one*. Theobald mended what he considered was faulty in sense and grammar by reading 'me' for 'thee' and 'are' for 'am.' Johnson considered the former change unnecessary; for, said he, 'where would be the absurdity of saying, You know not the law which teaches you to do right?' No one would now think of writing, 'thou and I am,' but as it is an instance of a construction of

frequent occurrence in Shakespeare's time, by which the verb is attracted to the nearest subject, it should not be altered. See Ben Jonson, The Fox, ii. 1 : 'Take it or leave it, howsoever, both it and I am at your service.' And Cynthia's Revels, i. 1 : 'My thoughts and I am for this other element, water.'

98. *bear*, carry, take. So in Comedy of Errors, i. 2. 9, giving money to Dromio, Antipholus says :

'Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host.'

99. *change*, change of condition, altered fortunes. So the first folio. The later folios read 'charge,' that is, the burden attaching to such an altered condition.

109. *umber*, a brown colour or pigment, said to be so called from Umbria where it was first found.

Ib. smirch, to besmear, and so darken. The second folio reads 'smitch,' the third and fourth 'smutch.' 'Smeech,' 'smutch,' and 'smudge' are other forms of the same word, and are originally connected with 'smear.' Nares regards 'smirch' as a corruption of 'smutch,' but the contrary is more probable. In Much Ado about Nothing, iv. 1. 135,

'Who smirched thus and mired with infamy,'

'smirched' is the reading of the quarto; the folios have 'smeered' or 'smeer'd.' 'Smirched' occurs besides in Much Ado about Nothing, iii. 3. 145, and Henry V, iii. 3. 17; and 'unsmirched' is used for 'unsullied' in Hamlet, iv. 5. 119 : 'the chaste unsmirched brow.'

111, &c. Compare Rosalind's speech in Lodge's novel (p. 32) : 'I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very wel become the person and apparel of a page : thou shalt bee my mistresse, and I wil play the man so properly, that (trust me) in what company so ever I come I wil not be discovered. I wil buy me a suite, and have my rapier very handsomly at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page wil shew him the poynt of his weapon.'

113. *suit me*, dress myself. Compare Cymbeline, v. 1. 23 :

'I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant.'

And Lear, iv. 7. 6.

Ib. all points, in all points. For the omission of the preposition in such adverbial phrases see iii. 1. 2 :

'But were I not the better part made mercy.'

114. *curtle-axe*, a cutlas. The termination is an instance of a frequent corruption by which a word is altered so as to correspond to a supposed etymology. Other forms of the word, due to the same tendency, are 'cutlace' and 'cutlash.' A curtle-axe was not an axe at all, but a short sword. The word is formed from a diminutive of the Latin *cultellus*. Florio (It.

Dict.) has 'Coltellaccio, a cutleaxe, a hanger.' Cotgrave gives 'Coutelas: m. A Cuttelas, Courtelas, or short sword, for a man at armes.' Compare Fairfax, Tasso, ix. 82:

'His curtlax by his thigh, short, hooked, fine.'

And Henry V, iv. 2. 21:

'Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain.'

Again Lodge in his novel, 'To the Gentlemen Readers,' says, 'Heere you may perhaps finde some leaves of Venus mirtle, but hewen down by a souldier with his curtlaxe.' Spenser, supposing the weapon to be a short axe, wrote (Faery Queene, iv. 2. 42):

'But speare and curtaxe both vsd Priamond in field.'

In Du Bartas, Historie of Judith (trans. Hudson), book 2, p. 16 (ed. 1611), the word appears in the form 'curtlasse':

'And with a trembling hand the curtlasse drewe.'

117. *swashing*, blustering, swaggering. Forby in his Vocabulary of East Anglia gives 'Swash, *v.* To affect valour; to vapour or swagger'; and the adjective 'Swashy.' The word is undoubtedly an imitative word. To swash is to strike a noisy blow. In Baret's Alvearie we find, 'to swash, or to make a noise with swordes against targets. Concrepare gladijs ad scuta.' Hence a swashbuckler is a swaggerer. Florio (It. Dict.) gives, 'Brauazzo, a roister, swashbuckler, a swaggerer, a flanter.'

118. *mannish*, masculine. So in Troilus and Cressida, iii. 217:

'A woman impudent and mannish grown.'

Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, Love's Cure, ii. 2: 'For she's as much too mannish, as he too womanish.' And Sidney, Arcadia, p. 58 (ed. 1598): 'Yet altogether seemed not to make up that harmony, that Cupid delights in, the reason whereof might seeme a mannish countenance, which ouerthrew that louely sweetenesse, the noblest power of womankinde.'

119. *outface it.* See Lear, iv. 1. 54: 'I cannot daub it further.' For this indefinite use of 'it' see v. 2. 56, and Abbott, § 226.

122. *Ganymede.* These assumed names are taken from the novel, p. 32: 'Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede, they traveiled along the vineyardes.'

125. *Aliena*, with the accent on the second syllable.

126. *assay'd*, tried, endeavoured. So Venus and Adonis, 608:

'She hath assay'd as much as may be proved.'

134. *go we in.* So the second and later folios. The first folio has 'go in we,' in which case 'content' must be taken as an adjective.

Ib. content, contentment. Compare Henry VIII, ii. 3. 20:

'I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,'

ACT II.

Scene I.

1. *exile*, with the accent on the last syllable, as in Richard II, i. 3. 151:

'The dateless limit of thy dear exile.'

But Shakespeare also uses it with the accent on the first syllable, in accordance with modern custom. See Coriolanus, v. 3. 45:

'Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge.'

5. *Here feel we but the penalty of Adam.* The folios read 'not' for 'but,' which is Theobald's conjectural emendation. A similar instance of the interchange of 'not' and 'but,' which is not infrequent, occurs in Coriolanus, ii. 3. 73, where the folios read,

'2. *Cit.* Your owne desert.
Corio. I, but mine owne desire.'

Rowe corrected this to 'Ay, not mine own desire.' Again, in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 1. 78, the quarto and folios have 'We'll not commend what we intend to sell.' Jackson substituted 'but' for 'not.' The Duke contrasts the happiness and security of their forest life with the perils of the envious court. Their only suffering was that which they shared with all descendants of Adam, 'the seasons' difference'; for in the golden age of Paradise there was, as Bacon phrases it, 'a spring all the year long.' The old reading has not wanted defenders. Whiter maintained that 'the penalty of Adam' was the curse of labour, from which the Duke and his companions were free. He therefore punctuates as follows:

'Here feel we not the penalty of Adam;
The seasons' difference, as, &c.
. . . . these are counsellors, &c.

There is a certain consistency in this which cannot be claimed by Boswell, who says, 'Surely the old reading is right. Here we feel *not*, do *not* suffer, from the penalty of Adam, the season's difference; for when the winter's wind blows upon my body, I *smile*, and say—.' If the blank thus left by Boswell were filled up it would just contradict what he had said before—

'These are counsellors
That *feelingly* persuade me what I am.'

The Duke's senses therefore did make him conscious that he was man, though what he felt was only 'the seasons' difference.' Milton has the same idea of the change of seasons after the Fall. See Paradise Lost, x. 678, 9:

'Else had the spring
Perpetual smiled on earth with vernant flowers.'

6. *as*, as for instance. See iv. 3. 140. Compare Merchant of Venice, iii. 2, 109:

'How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!'

13, 14. *Which, like the toad*, &c. The real toadstone, as known to the ancients, was apparently so called from its resemblance to the toad or frog in colour. Pliny says (xxxvii. 10, p. 625, trans. Holland), 'The same Coptos sendeth other stones unto us besides, to wit, those which be called Batrachitæ; the one like in colour to a frog, a second unto yvorie, the third is of a blackish red.' Besides this slight reference to the Batrachites, says Mr. King in his Natural History of Gems and Decorative Stones, pp. 43-46, 'No further notice of this stone can be traced in the other writers of antiquity. But this singular epithet, primarily intended only to denote the peculiar colour of the stone, furnished later times with the foundation for a most marvellous fable, which long obtained, as the number of examples still preserved attest, universal credit throughout Europe. Understanding the ancient term as implying the natural production of the animal according to the analogy of other similar names, as the Saurites, Echites, &c. doctors taught that the "toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head." A full account of this will be found in that repertory of mediæval medical lore, the 'Speculum Lapidum' of Camillo, who, as physician to *Borgia*, ought to know something about poisons. He describes it by the names of Borax, Nosa, and Crapondinus, and as being found in the brains of a newly-killed toad. There are two kinds, the white, which is the best, and the dark with a bluish tinge with the figure of an eye upon it. If swallowed it was a certain antidote against poison, in its passage through the bowels driving out all noxious matters before it. . . . . Many Toad-stones are still preserved in collections of mediæval jewels, set in silver rings, the metal appropriate seemingly to that purpose, being generally prescribed for the setting of all amulets. I have lately had an opportunity of examining several of these toad-stones, some in their original settings, some extracted. They are hemispherical, elliptical, or oval, hollow within, of an apparently petrified bony substance, whity brown, or variegated with darker shades. The true, but very recent explanation of their origin is, that they were the bony embossed plates lining the palate or the jaws, and serving instead of teeth to a fossil fish, an arrangement observable in the recent representations of the same species.' Erasmus, in his Peregrinatio Religionis ergo, quoted by Mr. King, describes a famous toadstone which was at the feet of the image of the Virgin at Walsingham and had a symbolical significance. In one of the additions of Batman to Bartholome De Proprietatibus rerum (fol. 351*b*), is an account which requires some amount of faith to accept. 'Bufo the Toade, whereof are diuers kindes: some Toads that breed in Italy and about Naples, haue in theyr heads, a stone called a Crapo, of bignes like a big peach, but flat, of colour gray, with a browne spot in the

midst, said to be of vertue. In times past, they were much worne, and vsed in ringes, as the forewarning against venime.' In this account 'peach' is probably a misprint for 'pease,' for in the index we find as the description of the contents of the chapter from which the above is taken, 'Of the Rubeta or Frog and of the toades stone, as big as a pease, and not as a peach.' Compare Lyly's Euphues (ed. Arber), p. 53: 'The foule Toade hath a faire stone in his head.' Nares quotes Ben Jonson, The Fox, ii. 3:

'Or were you enamoured on his copper rings,
His saffron jewel with the toadstone in't?'

For further information on this subject see Topsell's History of Serpents (ed. 1658), p. 727, where the manner of taking the stone from the toad and its many virtues are described. That the toad was venomous was believed by Shakespeare in common with others of his time (compare Richard III i. 3. 246, 'That poisonous bunch-back'd toad'), but modern observation has not confirmed the belief. Topsell in the book just quoted (p. 726), says, 'We are now to make description and narration of the Toad, which is the most noble kinde of Frog, most venomous and remarkable for courage and strength.'

15. *exempt*, free from; and so, cut off, remote from. Compare Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 173:

'Be it my wrong you are from me exempt.'

16. Steevens compares Sidney, Arcadia, b. i. [p. 82, ed. 1598]:

'Thus both trees and each thing else, be the bookes of a fancy.'

18. *I would not change it.* In the folios these words are given to Amiens, but Upton very properly assigned them to the Duke.

22. *it irks me*, it grieves me, vexes me. The Eton Latin Grammar has made us familiar with 'Taedet, it irketh'; and 'irksome' is still used in the sense of 'wearisome.' Palsgrave (Lesclarcissement de la langue Francoyse) gives, 'It yrketh me, I waxe wery, or displeasaunt of a thyng. *Il me ennuyt.*' See also 3 Henry VI, ii. 2. 6: 'To see this sight, it irks my very soul.' Perhaps from Icel. *verkr*, A. S. *wærc*, Northern Engl. *wark*, pain. In Henryson's Poems (ed. Laing), p. 28, 'irk' occurs in the sense of 'indolent':

'In my yowtheid, allace! I wes full irk.'

In this sense it is connected with the A. S. *earg*, Icel. *argr*, Germ. *arg*, whence *ärgern*, to vex.

Ib. the poor dappled fools. See l. 40, and note on Lear, v. 3. 306, for examples of this use of the word 'fool.' Compare 3 Henry VI, ii. 5. 36.

23. *burghers*, citizens. Compare The Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 10:

'Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood.'

Steevens quotes from Sidney's Arcadia, a passage in which deer are called 'the wild burgesses of the forest,' and from Drayton's Polyolbion, Book 18 [l. 66]:

'Where, feareless of the Hunt, the Hart securely stood,
And euery where walkt free, a Burgesse of the Wood.'

In Lodge's novel (p. 93), the deer are called in a sonnet 'the citizens of wood.'

24. *confines.* For the accent see Hamlet, i. 1. 155:

'The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.'

Ib. with forked heads. For the distinction between the forked and broad arrow heads see the quotation from Ascham in the note to King Lear, i. 1. 135. A forked arrow was not, as Steevens says, a barbed arrow, but just the contrary. 'Commodus the Emperoure vsed forked heades, whose facion Herodiane doeth lyuely and naturally describe, sayinge that they were lyke the shap of a new mone wherwyth he would smite of the heade of a birde and neuer misse.' (Ascham, Toxophilus, ed. Arber, p. 136.)

31. *antique*, ancient. The accent is always on the first syllable in Shakespeare. See ii. 3. 57, and Hamlet, v. 2. 352:

'I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.'

36–40. It was a common belief that the hunted deer shed tears at his own death. Malone refers to a passage in Drayton's Polyolbion, xiii. ll. 160, 161:

'He who the Mourner is to his owne dying Corse,
Vpon the ruthlesse earthe his precious teares lets fall.'

The marginal note is: 'The Hart weepeth at his dying: his teares are held to be precious in medicine.' See also Batman vppon Bartholome, xviii. 30: 'And the Hart roareth, cryeth, and weepeth when he is taken.' Again, Sidney's Arcadia (ed. 1598), p. 34.

44. *moralize.* This usage of the word is well illustrated by the following from Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.): 'Moraliser. To morrallize, to expound morrally, to give a morall sence vnto.' Hence it came to signify, to expound or interpret generally, as in Lucrece, 104:

'Nor could she moralize his wanton sight.'

46. *into*, changed by Pope to 'in.'

Ib. the needless stream, which already had enough. Steevens compares A Lover's Complaint, 38–40:

'Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet.'

50. *of* after past participles, before the agent, is used where we now employ 'by.' See Abbott, § 170.

Ib. his velvet friends, who are sleek and prosperous.

58. *invectively*, in bitter, railing terms.

59. *the country.* The first folio omits 'the,' which was added in the

later editions. Malone defended the omission, reading 'country' therefore as a trisyllable, and even so making but halting metre.

62. *to kill them up.* For this intensive use of 'up' compare 'flatter up,' Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 824, and B. Jonson, Every Man out of his Humour, i. 1:

'Whereas a wholesome and penurious dearth
Purges the soil of such vile excrements,
And kills the vipers up.'

Also King John, iv. 3. 133:

'Enough to stifle such a villain up.'

And Hamlet, v. 1. 299, Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 305:

'Why, universal plodding poisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries.'

Caldecott quotes from More's Utopia, trans. Robinson (ed. Arber, p. 159): 'The remembraunce of theire poore indigent and beggerlye olde age kylleth them vp'; and Ascham's Toxophilus (ed. Arber, p. 82): 'The might of theyr shootynge is wel knowen of the Spanyardes, whiche at the towne called Newecastell in Illirica, were quyte slayne vp, of the turkes arrowes.'

67. *to cope him*, encounter him. Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 34: 'They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle and struck him down.'

68. *matter*, good stuff, sound sense. Compare Lear, iv. 6. 178: 'O matter and impertinency mix'd.'

Scene II.

8. *roynish*, literally scurvy; from French *rogneux*. Hence coarse, rough. Cotgrave gives 'Rongneux ... Scabbie, mangie, scuruie.' The contemptuous phrase in Macbeth, i. 3. 6, 'the rump-fed ronyon,' had probably the same origin. In Halliwell's Dictionary the following is quoted from Tusser, Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry (ed. Mavor), p. 289:

'The sloven and the careless man, the roynish nothing nice,
To lodge in chamber, comely deckt, are seldom suffered twice.'

Tyrwhitt, in his Glossary to Chaucer, under the word 'roignous,' refers to two passages in the Romaunt of the Rose, 988:

'The foule crooked bowe hidous,
That knottie was, and all roinous.'

And l. 6190:

'This argument is all roignous,
It is not worth a crooked brere.'

In the form 'rinish,' signifying 'wild, jolly, unruly, rude,' it is found among the Yorkshire words in Thoresby's Letter to Ray, reprinted by the English Dialect Society. 'Rennish' in the sense of 'furious, passionate,' which is in Ray's Collection of North Country Words, is perhaps another form of the same.

10. *Hisperia*, the reading of the folios, was changed by Warburton to Hesperia.

10. *princess.* The folios have 'Princesse.' See note on i. 2. 149.

13. *wrestler*, a trisyllable. Compare Coriolanus, i. 1. 159:

'You, the great toe of this assembly.'

And Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 3. 84:

'O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day.'

17. *his brother.* Mason conjectured 'his brother's' because 'that gallant' is Orlando.

19. *suddenly*, speedily. Compare Psalm vi. 10; 'Let them return and be ashamed suddenly.'

20. *inquisition*, enquiry. Compare The Tempest, i. 2. 35:

'You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition.'

Ib. quail, fail or slacken. Compare Holinshed (quoted by Capell), vol. ii. p. 859, ed. 1577: 'Thus all the kings exploytes by one meanes or other quailed and came but to euill successe.' Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) has 'Alachir. To slacken; to hang flagging downeward; to slip, or fall downe, by weakenesse, out of it place; to quaile, fade, fayle, decay in strength; grow loose, feeble, weake.'

21. *bring again*, bring back. This use of 'again,' is very common in the Authorised Version. Compare Deut. i. 22.

Scene III.

3. *memory*, memorial; as in Lear, iv. 7. 7:

'These weeds are memories of those worser hours.'

And in the Communion Service, 'a perpetual memory of that his precious death.'

7. *so fond to*, so foolish as to. For the omission of 'as' see note on i. 3 62. 'Fond' is contracted from 'fonned' or 'fonnyd.' The latter form occurs in Wiclif's version of 1 Cor. i. 27 (ed. Lewis), where 'tho thingis that ben fonnyd' is the rendering of 'quae stulta sunt.' The former is found in the second of the Wicliffite Versions, edited by Forshall and Madden, 1 Cor. i. 20, 'Whether God hath not maad the wisdom of this world fonned?' where the Vulgate has 'nonne stultam fecit Deus sapientiam hujus mundi?' Hence 'fonnednesse' in the same version is used for 'foolishness.' 'Fonned' is derived from 'fon,' a fool, which occurs in Chaucer's Reve's Tale, l. 4087:

'Il hail, Aleyn, by God! thou is a fon.'

And 'fon' is connected with the Swedish *fane*, and perhaps with the Latin *vanus*.

8. *The bonny priser.* The first folio has 'bonnie' and the rest 'bonny.' Warburton read 'bony'; but although this was adopted by Dyce on the

ground that Charles was in the previous scene called 'sinewy,' it may be doubted whether in Shakespeare's time 'bony' signified 'big-boned,' and whether a 'bony' man would not rather mean a thin and skeleton-like man. 'Bonny' occurs several times, once (Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 187) spelt 'bony' in the earlier copies. Compare 2 Henry VI, v. 2. 12:

'And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.'

Ib. priser, prize-fighter, champion; properly one who contends for a prize, as in Ben Jonson, Cynthia's Revels, iv. 1: 'Well, I have a plot upon these prizers.' Again, v. 2: 'Appeareth no man yet to answer the prizer?' And in the same scene 'Where be these gallants, and their brave prizer here?'

Ib. humorous. See i. 2. 249.

10. *some kind of men.* Compare Lear, ii. 2. 107: 'These kind of knaves I know.' Abbott, § 412. The first folio has the misprint 'seeme' for 'some.'

14, 15. *when what is comely Envenoms him that bears it*, like the poisoned garment and diadem which Medea sent to Creusa, or the poisoned tunic of Hercules.

16. *Why, what's the matter?* continued to Adam in the first folio.

17. *within this roof.* Capell proposed to alter 'within' to 'beneath,' unnecessarily. For 'roof' is by a common figure of speech used for 'house,' as in Sonnet x. 7:

'Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.'

See also Beaumont and Fletcher's Love's Pilgrimage, iv. 1:

'Come, gentlemen, you shall
Enter my roof.'

Dyce quotes Chapman, Homer's Odyssey, xiv. 279:

'He answer'd him; Ile tell all strictly true,
If time, and foode, and wine enough acrue
Within your roofe to vs,' &c.

26. *practices*, designs, plots. So in King John, iv. 3. 63:

'It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the King.'

27. *place*, dwelling-place, residence. Compare A Lover's Complaint, 82:

'Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place.'

Monck Mason thought that Adam means only to say, 'This is no place for you.' He justified his interpretation by referring to Fletcher's Mad Lover, i. 2:

'*Mem.* Why were there not such women in the camp then,
Prepared to make me know 'em?
Eum. 'Twas no place, sir.'

Ib. butchery, a slaughter-house, butcher's shambles; like Fr. *boucherie.*

In Baret's Alvearie (1580) we find, 'Butcherie, Carnarium . . . Macellum;' and in the later Wicliffite Version of 1 Corinthians x. 25: 'Al thing that is seld in the bocherie, ete ȝe, axynge no thing for conscience.'

36. *subject*, with the accent on the last syllable, as in The Tempest, i. 2. 114:

'Subject his coronet to his crown and bend
The dukedom yet unbow'd.'

38. *a diverted blood*, that is, as Johnson explains it, blood diverted from the course of nature. 'Blood' is used for passion in opposition to reason in Hamlet, iii. 2. 74. Here it denotes natural affection such as should accompany blood relationship.

39. *the thrifty hire I saved*, the wages I saved by thrift. For examples of similar uses of the adjective compare i. 1. 34, ii. 7. 132:

'Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,'

that is, evils which cause weakness. And again, Macbeth, iii. 4. 76:

'Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal,'

that is, the commonwealth which thereby became gentle.

42. *lie lame.* It has been proposed to read 'be lame' so as to suit the construction of the following line.

43, 44. Referring to Psalm cxlvii. 9, Matthew x. 29.

49. *rebellious liquors in my blood.* Capell proposed to read, 'to my blood' connecting the preposition with the verb 'apply.' But it rather depends on 'rebellious,' liquors which become rebellious in the blood. See note on l. 39 above.

50. *Nor did not.* For the double negative compare Venus and Adonis, 409:

'I know not love, quoth he, nor will not know it.'

57. *antique.* See ii. 1. 31.

57, 58. The occurrence of the word 'service' in these two lines caused Sidney Walker to suspect a corruption in the former. 'Temper' and 'favour' have been proposed for 'service' in l. 57, and 'servants' or 'duty' in l. 58.

58. *meed*, reward. A.S. *méd;* compare Germ. *miethe.*

65. *In lieu of*, in return for. Compare The Tempest, i. 2. 123:

'In lieu o' the premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute.'

66. *Come thy ways.* See i. 2. 191.

68. *content*, contented state. See i. 3. 134.

71. *seventeen.* The first folio has 'seauentie,' the others 'seventy.' Rowe made the necessary correction.

74. *too late a week.* Delius interprets this as signifying a week too late, somewhat too late, 'a week' being used elsewhere for an indefinite period of time. Mr. Halliwell (Phillipps) quotes from Heywood's Works (Spenser

Soc. ed. p. 74): 'And amend ye or not, I am to olde a yere.' But it seems more likely that 'a week' is an adverbial phrase equivalent to 'i' the week.' See note on ii. 4. 45.

Scene IV.

1. *weary.* The folios have 'merry.' Theobald made the correction. Whiter defends the old reading on the ground that Rosalind's merriment was assumed as well as her dress. But it is clear from the character of Touchstone's subsequent speeches that when he says 'I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary,' he is playing upon something which Rosalind had said.

4. *I could find in my heart*, am almost inclined. Compare The Tempest, ii. 2. 160:

'A most scurvy monster!
I could find in my heart to beat him.'

5. *the weaker vessel.* See 1 Peter iii. 7.

6. *doublet and hose*, coat and breeches. According to Fairholt (Costume in England, p. 437), the name 'doublet' was derived 'from the garment being made of double stuff padded between. . . . The doublet was close, and fitted tightly to the body; the shirts reaching a little below the girdle.' The same writer (p. 512) says of 'hose,' 'This word, now applied solely to the stocking, was originally used to imply the breeches or chausses.'

8. *cannot go no further.* See ii. 3. 50. The later folios read 'can.'

9. *bear with.* The same play on 'bear' and 'bear with' is to be found in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 125–128:

'*Pro.* No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.
Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.'

10. *I should bear no cross.* A play upon the figurative expression in Matthew x. 38; a cross being upon the reverse of all the silver coins of Elizabeth. Compare 2 Henry IV, i. 2. 253:

'*Fal.* Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?
Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses.'

28. *fantasy*, the earlier form of the word 'fancy'; used in the sense in which it is found in iii. 2. 334. 'Fantasie' occurs in Chaucer's Merchant's Tale (C. T. 9451), in the margin of the later Wicliffite version of Josh. xxii. 19, and perhaps earlier still.

35. *Wearing*, that is, fatiguing, exhausting. So the first folio. 'Wearying,' which is the reading of the later folios, gives the same sense, but the change is not necessary.

37. *broke.* See i. 1. 77.

41. *searching of*, in searching of, or a-searching of; 'searching' being in reality a verbal noun. See ii. 7. 4; Lear ii. 1. 41; Abbott, § 178.

Ib. thy wound. Rowe's reading. The first folio has 'they would,' which was corrected, though imperfectly, in the later folios to 'their wound.'

45. *a-night*, at or by night. So in The Owl and the Nightingale, 219:

'þu singest a niht and noht a dai.'

For other instances of the adverb in this form compare 'a-land,' Pericles, ii. 1. 31; 'a-height,' Lear, iv. 6. 58; so also 'alive,' 'asleep,' were originally adverbial. The later folios read 'a nights.'

46. *batlet.* So in the later folios, as a diminutive of 'bat.' The first folio has 'batler,' perhaps rightly, which is recognized in Halliwell's Archaic and Provincial Dictionary, and defined by Johnson as the instrument with which washers beat their coarse clothes. In Hartshorne's Shropshire Glossary it appears as a batstaff or battleton. Mr. Robinson, in his Glossary of Words used in the neighbourhood of Whitby (English Dialect Society) records 'Batlet' or 'Battledore' and 'Bittle,' which signify the same thing, and 'Battlingsteean' as 'a large stone at the brook-side, upon which wet coarse clothes are beaten.' In the Lancashire Glossary (Nodal and Milner), 'Battrill' is described as 'a short staff; a batting staff used by laundresses.' See also Bamford's Dialect of South Lancashire. The two forms 'batler' and 'batlet' as diminutives of 'bat' may be compared with 'lancer' (1 Kings xviii. 28, ed. 1611), and 'lancet' as diminutives of 'lance.' The form 'lancet' is substituted in modern editions of the Authorised Version.

Ib. chopt, chapped. The spelling of the folios, as in Sonnet lxii. 10, where the quarto has

'Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie.'

Both forms of the word were used, the pronunciation being the same in each case. Cotgrave gives 'Crevasser. To chop, chawne, chap, chinke, riue, or cleaue asunder.' And in the Authorised Version of Jeremiah xiv. 4 (ed. 1611) we find, 'Because the ground is chapt, for there was no raine in the earth.'

47. *a peascod.* The peascod is the husk or pod which contains the peas, but it here appears to be used for the plant itself. Palsgrave (Lesclarcissement de la Langue Francoyse) gives, 'Pescodde—escosse de poix.' The word 'cod' (A. S. *codd*) is said to be from the Welsh *cod* or *cwd*, a bag. For 'cods' in l. 48 Johnson conjectured 'peas.' Among the additions in Bohn's edition of Brand's Popular Antiquities, ii. 99, the following illustration of the present passage is given: 'The commentators on Shakespeare have entirely misunderstood a passage in the works of our great dramatic poet, from not having been aware that our ancestors were frequently accustomed in their love affairs to employ the divination of a peascod, by selecting one growing on the stem, snatching it away quickly, and if the good omen of the peas remaining in the husk were preserved, then presenting it to the lady of their choice.' The writer in support of this quotes from Browne's Britannia's Pastorals (B. ii. Song 3, ll. 93–96, ed. Hazlitt):

'The peascod greene oft with no little toyle
Hee'd seeke for in the fattest fertil'st soile,
And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her,
And in her bosome for acceptance wooe her.'

49. *with weeping tears*, that is, tears of sorrow. This affected phrase, which Shakespeare was very glad to hold up to ridicule, is found in Lodge's novel, p. 66:

'But weeping teares their want could not suffice.'

51. *mortal in folly*. Johnson refers to the provincial use of the word 'mortal' in the sense of excessive. This would give Touchstone an opportunity of indulging in his propensity for punning. 'Mort' in some dialects denotes a great quantity or number.

52. *wiser*, more wisely. For examples of adjectives used as adverbs see Abbott, § 1.

Ib. ware, aware. Compare Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 131:

'Towards him I made, but he was ware of me.'

Touchstone in the following line plays upon the other meaning of 'to be ware.'

56. *upon my fashion*, after or according to my fashion. See i. 1. 1, and Measure for Measure, iii. 2. 242: 'Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world.'

58. *yond*, originally a preposition or adverb (A. S. *geond*), appears as a demonstrative in the Ormulum, 10612 (Koch, Historische Grammatik d. Eng. Sprache, ii. 248; Morris, English Accidence, § 181). Compare the Gothic *jains*, that; *jaind*, *jaindre*, and *jainar*, there; and the Germ. *jener*.

62. *Your betters*. Compare Sidney, Arcadia (ed. 1598), p. 67: 'For their ordinary conceipt draweth a yeelding to their greaters.'

69. *And faints for succour*, that is, for want of help. See ii. 6. 1. We must either suppose that the nominative is omitted, as in i. 1. 1, or we must regard the participle 'oppress'd' as equivalent to 'who is oppress'd.'

73. *the fleeces that I graze*. 'Fleeces' for 'flocks'; or else we must regard it as 'the fleeces of the sheep that, &c.'

74. *churlish*, miserly, penurious, like Nabal in 1 Samuel xxv. 3. Compare Romeo and Juliet, v. 3. 163:

'O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after.'

From A.S. *ceorl*, a clown, comes 'churlish' in the sense of rough, rude, as in ii. 1. 7, and thence is derived the secondary meaning which it has in the present passage.

75. *recks*, cares. Compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 6. 26:

'I reck not though I end my life to-day';

where also, as in the present passage, the spelling of the first folio is 'wreake.' In Hamlet, i. 3. 51, it is 'reaks.'

77. *cote*, a shepherd's hut, called a cottage in l. 86, and iii. 5. 106; used also for the fold itself. See iii. 2. 388. Compare 2 Chron. xxxii. 28: 'Stalls for all manner of beasts, and cotes for flocks.' And Chapman's Homer, Il. xviii. 535:

'And cotes that did the shepherds keep
From wind and weather.'

Cotgrave has: 'Cavenne de bergier: f. a Shepheard's cote; little cottage, or cabine made of turues, straw, boughes, or leaues.'

Ib bounds of feed, limits within which he had the right of pasturage. See iii. 5. 106.

81. *in my voice*, so far as my vote is concerned, so far as I have authority to bid you welcome. The phrase occurs in a slightly different sense in Measure for Measure, i. 2. 185:

'Implore her in my voice that she make friends
To the strict deputy.'

83. *erewhile*, a short time since. See iii. 5. 104, and Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2, 274:

'I am as fair now as I was erewhile.'

85. *if it stand with*, if it be consistent with. Compare Coriolanus, ii. 3. 91: 'Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.' And Bacon, Advancement of Learning, Bk. 2, vii. 2 (p. 112, Clar. Press ed.): 'I am otherwise zealous and affectionate to recede as little from antiquity, either in terms or opinions, as may stand with truth and the proficience of knowledge.'

87. *thou shalt have* (wherewithal) *to pay for it.*

93. *feeder*, servant. See Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 109:

'To be abused
By one that looks on feeders.'

So in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, iii. 2, Morose says,

'Where are all my eaters? my mouths, now?—
(*Enter Servants.*) Bar up my doors, you varlets.'

In the present passage the word may mean a feeder of sheep, but the more general meaning is to be preferred. Sidney Walker conjectured 'factor,' that is, agent in negotiating the purchase.

94. *suddenly*. See ii. 2. 19.

Scene V.

3. *turn*, altered by Rowe in his second edition to 'tune,' which is supported by a passage in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, v. 4. 5, 6:

'And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.'

But Singer quotes in defence of the old reading, Hall, Satires, vi. 1. 195 :

'Whiles thred-bare Martiall turnes his merry note.'

Dyce considers this also to be a misprint for 'tunes,' and 'turn a note' he explains as equivalent to 'change a note.' Compare also Locrine, ii. 2 :

'But when he sees that he must needs be press'd
He'll turn his note, and sing another tune.'

Even granting this, there appears to be no absolute necessity for change in the present passage, for 'turn his merry note' may mean adapt or modulate his note to the sweet birds' song, following it in its changes. '*To turn a tune*,' says Whiter, 'in the counties of York and Durham, is the appropriate and familiar phrase for modulating the voice properly according to the *turns* or air of the tune.'

14. *ragged*, rugged, rough. So Isaiah ii. 21 : 'To go into the clefts of the rocks, and into the tops of the ragged rocks.' Compare also Sonnet, vi. 1 :

'Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd.'

And Venus and Adonis, 37 :

'The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens.'

16. *stanzo*. So the folios. Steevens, following Capell's suggestion, changed it to 'stanza,' in accordance with modern usage. But Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives, 'Stance : f. A station ; a lodging, dwelling, or abiding place : also, a pawse, or stay ; also, a stanzo, or staffe of verses.' In Love's Labour 's Lost, iv. 2. 107, the word is printed in the first folio 'stanze.'

23. *dog-apes*. baboons. Topsell in his History of Beasts (p. 8) says : 'Cynocephales, are a kind of Apes, whose heads are like Dogs, and their other parts like a mans.'

27. *cover*, lay the cloth for the banquet. Compare The Merchant of Venice, iii. 5. 65 : 'Bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.' And just before, line 57.

29. *to look you*, to look for you. Compare Merry Wives of Windsor, iv. 2. 83 : 'Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.'

31. *disputable*, disputatious, fond of argument. Other examples of adjectives in *-able* with an active sense are 'comfortable,' as in Lear, i. 4. 328 :

'Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable.'

And 'deceivable' in Twelfth Night, iv. 3. 21 :

'There's something in't
That is deceivable.'

'Contemptible' in the sense of contemptuous occurs in Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 3. 187.

35. *to live i' the sun*, a life of open-air freedom, which as opposed to the life of the ambitious man is also one of retirement and neglect. Hamlet seems to have had this in his mind when he said (i. 2. 67), 'I am too much i' the sun'; and Beatrice in Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 1. 331, 'Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt,' that is, exposed and neglected, like the bride in the Canticles, i. 6. See also Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 282.

50. *Ducdame*. It is in vain that any meaning is sought for this jargon, as Jaques only intended to fill up a line with sounds that have no sense. There is a bit of similar nonsense in Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) s. v. Orgues: 'Dire d'orgues. vous dites d'orgues. You say blew; how say you to that; wisely brother Timothie; true Roger; did am did am.' The metre is of course an imitation of the line of the song, 'Come hither, come hither, come hither,' which rhymes with 'But winter and rough weather,' and in consequence Mr. Ainger has suggested to me that we should read 'Ducdo'me, Ducdo'me, Ducdo'me,' to rhyme with 'An if' he will' come to' me.' Dr. Farmer proposed to read 'An if he will come to Ami,' that is, to Amiens; but this secures a rhyme at the expense of the metre.

56. *go sleep*. Compare 'go pray,' Hamlet, i. 5. 132, and see note. Also in this play 'come see,' ii. 4. 80.

57. *firstborn of Egypt*. Exodus xii. 29. Johnson says it is a proverbial expression for high-born persons; but its appropriateness is not self-evident, and if Shakespeare had, as seems probable, the passage of Exodus in his mind, the reference must be much more general.

58. *his banquet*. The banquet was, strictly speaking, the wine and dessert after dinner, and it is here used in this sense, for Amiens says above, 'The duke will drink under this tree.' Compare Massinger, The Unnatural Combat, iii. 1:

> 'We'll dine in the great room, but let the music
> And banquet be prepared here.'

And again, The City Madam, ii. 1:

> 'And most of the shops
> Of the best confectioners in London ransack'd
> To furnish out a banquet.'

So also Macbeth, iii. 6. 35:

> 'Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives.'

Scene VI.

This scene is printed as irregular verse in the folios.

1. *for food*, for want of food. Compare ii. 4. 69, where 'for succour' means for want of succour.

2. *Here lie I down*, &c. Steevens compares Romeo and Juliet, iii. 3. 70:

'And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.'

5. *comfort.* We must either take 'comfort' as equivalent to 'be comforted' or 'have comfort,' or else regard 'thyself' as the object to 'comfort' as well as 'cheer.'

7. *conceit*, fancy, imagination. Compare Hamlet, iii. 4. 114:

'Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.'

And Lear, iv. 6. 42:

'And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life.'

10. *presently*, immediately. Compare Matthew xxvi. 53.

12. *Well said!* well done! Compare 1 Henry IV, v. 4. 75: 'Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you!'

13. *cheerly*, cheerily. The first three folios spell the word 'cheerely.' Compare Richard II, i. 3. 66:

'Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.'

Scene VII.

1. *I think he be transform'd.* The subjunctive expresses doubt and uncertainty. Compare Othello, iii. 3. 384:

'I think my wife be honest, and think she is not.'

And Hamlet, i. 1. 108: 'I think it be no other but even so.' See Abbott, § 299.

3. *but even now*, but just now. See Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 35.

4. *hearing of.* See ii. 4. 41.

5. *compact of jars*, composed of discords. Compare Venus and Adonis, 149: 'Love is a spirit all compact of fire.' 'Jar' as a substantive is used elsewhere by Shakespeare, in the general sense of discord. Here there is a play upon the word. The verb several times occurs of musical discord. See Taming of the Shrew, iii. 1. 39: 'O fie! the treble jars.'

6. *discord in the spheres.* The old belief in the music of the spheres is frequently referred to by Shakespeare. See Twelfth Night, iii. 1. 121:

'I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.'

And also Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 84; Pericles, v. 1. 231; Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 60–62. Compare Batman vppon Bartholome (ed. 1582), fol. 123 b: 'And so Macrobius saith: in putting & mouing of the roundnesse of heauen, is that noyse made, and tempereth sharpe noyse with lowe noyse, and maketh diuers accordes and melodie: but for the default of our hearing, and also for passing measure of that noyse and melodie, this harmony and accord is not heard of vs.'

13. *A motley fool.* In Shakespeare's time the dress of the domestic fool, who formed an essential element in large households, was motley or parti-coloured. The word 'motley' occurs in Chaucer's description of the Merchant (Prologue to Canterbury Tales, 271):

'A Marchaunt was ther with a forked berd,
In *motteleye*, and high on horse he sat.'

Its etymology is uncertain; some regarding it as a corruption of 'medley,' others as derived from the Welsh *mudliw*, a changing colour. But Professor Cowell informs me that *mwtlai* is one of the words expressly mentioned by Goronwy Owen as having been borrowed from the English by Ap Gwilym the great Welsh poet contemporary with Chaucer.

Ib. a miserable world! A parenthetic exclamation, in keeping with Jaques' cynicism. Hanmer, at Warburton's suggestion, read 'varlet.'

19. Referring, as Upton pointed out, to the proverbial saying, 'Fortuna favet fatuis.' Ray, in his Collection of English Proverbs, has 'Fortune favours fools, or fools have the best luck.' Heywood (Works, p. 62, Spencer Soc. ed.) gives 'God sendeth fortune to fooles.' Reed quotes the prologue to Ben Jonson's Alchemist:

'Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours
We wish away.'

And Every Man out of his Humour, i. 1:

'*Sog.* Why, who am I, sir?
Mac. One of those that fortune favours.
Car. The periphrasis of a fool.'

20. *a dial.* Knight, in his illustrations of this play, gives an account of a portable sundial, which may have been of the same kind as that which the fool drew from his fob. 'It is a brass circle of about two inches diameter: on the outer side are engraved letters indicating the names of the months, with graduated divisions; and on the inner side the hours of the day. The brass circle itself is to be held in one position by a ring; but there is an inner slide in which there is a small orifice. This slide being moved so that the hole stands opposite the division of the month when the day falls of which we desire to know the time, the circle is held up opposite the sun. The inner side is of course then in shade; but the sunbeam shines through the little orifice and forms a point of light upon the hour marked on the inner side.' But in other passages of Shakespeare in which a dial is mentioned it is said to have a point or hand. Compare Richard II, v. 5. 53:

'And with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.'

And again in 1 Henry IV, v. 2. 84:

'If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.'

I see no reason therefore for supposing that in the present passage the dial may not have been a common watch, perhaps with an hour hand only.

Ib. from his poke, the pouch or pocket which he wore by his side. See below, l. 159. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) has, 'Poche: f. A pocket, pouch, or poke.' Compare Skelton's Bowge of Court, 477 (i. p. 48, ed. Dyce):

'I haue a stoppinge oyster in my poke.'

23. *wags*, moves along. The word was used both transitively and intransitively for 'to move.' Compare Titus Andronicus, v. 2. 87:

'For well I wot the Empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor.'

And Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 76.

26. *ripe*. ripen. Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 2. 118:

'So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason.'

Also Merchant of Venice, ii. 8. 40:

'But stay the very riping of the time.'

29. *moral*, moralize. So 'moraler' for moralizer in Othello, ii. 3. 301: 'You are too severe a moraler.' And 'moral' in the sense of moralizing occurs in Lear, iv. 2. 58:

'Whiles thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and criest
"Alack, why does he so?"'

Some commentators take 'moral' in the present passage also as an adjective.

30. *crow*, laugh merrily. Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 1. 28: 'You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock.'

Ib. chanticleer, the cock, is familiar to the readers of Reynard the Fox (Percy Soc. ed.), in which story the heading of cap. v. is, 'How Chantecler the cok complayned on the foxe.'

32. *sans intermission*. In the note on The Tempest, i. 2. 97, it is shewn that the French preposition 'sans' (from Lat. *sine*, as *certes* from *certe*) was actually adopted for a time as an English word.

34. *Motley's the only wear*, the only dress in fashion. For 'wear' in this sense compare Measure for Measure, iii. 2. 78:

'*Pom.* I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.
Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.'

And All's Well that Ends Well, i. 1. 219: 'But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.' In the same play, i. 1. 172, 'wear' occurs as a verb in the sense of 'to be in fashion': 'Just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now.' Steevens quotes Donne, Satire iv. 86: 'Your only wearing is your grogaram,' which Pope in his modernized version, partly from the exigencies of rhyme and partly from the change of fashion, altered to

'Your only wearing is your paduasoy.'

Compare 2 Henry IV, ii. 1. 155, where, the hostess having pawned her plate, Falstaff says, 'Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking.'

39. *dry as the remainder biscuit.* Boswell quotes from Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour [Induction]:

'And, now and then, breaks a dry biscuit jest,
Which, that it may more easily be chewed,
He steeps in his own laughter.'

In the physiology of Shakespeare's time a dry brain accompanied slowness of apprehension and a retentive memory. We read in Batman vppon Bartholome, fol. 37 b, 'Good disposition of the braine and euill is knowne by his deedes, for if the substaunce of the braine be soft, thinne, and cleere: it receiueth lightly the feeling & printing of shapes, and lykenesses of thinges. He that hath such a braine is swift, and good of perseueraunce and teaching. When it is contrarye, the braine is not softe: eyther if he be troubled, he that hath such a braine receiueth slowly the feeling and printing of thinges: But neuerthelesse when hee hath taken and receiued them, he keepeth them long in minde. And that is signe and token of drinesse, as fluxibility & forgetting is token of moisture, as Haly sayth.' See Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 329.

40. *places*, topics or subjects of discourse. Compare Bacon, Advancement of Learning, ii. 13. § 7: 'And we see the ancient writers of rhetoric do give it in precept, that pleaders should have the places, whereof they have most continual use, ready handled in all the variety that may be.'

43. *ambitious for.* Compare for the construction Coriolanus, ii. 1. 76: 'You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs.' 'Ambitious,' as would appear from the word 'suit' in the next speech of Jaques, is here used with something of the meaning of the Latin *ambitiosus*, going about as a candidate.

44. *my only suit.* A play upon the word as in iv. 1. 76.

48. *as large a charter as the wind*, to blow where it listeth. Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 253, 'Speak frankly as the wind'; and Henry V, i. 1. 48:

'When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still.'

55. [*Not to*] *seem senseless of the bob.* The words in brackets were added by Theobald to mend the limping metre and the halting sense. The old reading, with a slight change of punctuation, was defended by Whiter, who reads,

'Doth, very foolishly although he smart,
Seem senseless of the bob';

and remarks, 'That is, a wise man, whose failings should chance to be well rallied by a simple unmeaning jester, even though he should be weak enough really to be hurt by so foolish an attack, appears always insensible of the stroke.' More recently, the passage as it stands in the folios has found

a defender in Dr. Ingleby, who classes this, in his Shakespeare Hermeneutics or The Still Lion, p. 81, among the lines which have been needlessly altered. He says, 'Theobald, being conscious of a hitch in the sense, proposed "Not to seem senseless" for "Seeme senselesse." In this lead he has been usually followed, even by the Cambridge editors. Had they seized the central notion of the passage, they would not have done so. Why does a fool do *wisely* in hitting a wise man? Because, through the vantage of his folly, he puts the wise man "in a strait betwixt two," to put up with the smart of the bob, without dissembling, and the consequential awkwardness of having to do so —which makes him feel foolish enough—or, to put up with the smart, *and dissemble it*, which entails the secondary awkwardness of the dissimulation—which makes him feel still more foolish. Taking the former alternative, *i.e.* "If not" ("If *he do* not"), his "folly is anatomized even by the squandering glances of the fool;" taking the latter alternative, he makes a fool of himself in the eyes of almost everybody else. So the fool gets the advantage both ways.' In the first place, however, it is not said that the fool doth wisely in hitting a wise man; but that if he hits him wisely, the blow on the part of the fool being struck at random, a squandering glance, without any wisdom of intention, the wise man will do well to observe a certain line of conduct. Again, Dr. Ingleby's explanation would seem to require 'because he smarts' instead of 'although he smarts,' as shewing how it is that the wise man's dissimulation is foolish or awkward. If the wise man in his dissimulation very foolishly or awkwardly attempts to seem insensible to the jesting of the fool, his folly is anatomized or exposed as much as it possibly could be, and the contrast implied in the 'If not' of the next sentence has no point. 'If not,' that is, if he do not what is suggested, 'the wise man's folly is anatomized' or laid bare even by the extravagant and random sallies of the fool. The preceding sentence shews how this is to be avoided, which is by seeming insensible to the jest and laughing it off; for otherwise, if the wise man shews that he feels the sting, or even foolishly and awkwardly disguises his feeling, which is the only meaning of which the original text seems capable, his folly is equally exposed. Jaques gives this as the explanation of what he said in 50, 51:

'And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh.'

The reading of the folios is not an explanation but a repetition.

Ib. bob, a rap, a jest. Compare Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.): 'Taloche: f. A bob, or a rap ouer the fingers ends closed together.'

57. *squandering*, random, without definite aim. To squander is to scatter, and 'scattering' is used very much in the same sense as 'squandering' in the present passage in Othello, iii. 3. 151:

'Nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.'

Ib. glances, side hits.

63. *for a counter*, a worthless wager; a counter being a piece of metal of no value, used only for calculations. See Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 28:

'Will you with counters sum
The past proportion of his infinite?'

66. *the brutish sting*, the impulse of the animal nature. Compare Othello, i. 3. 335: 'But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts.'

67. *embossed*. Compare Lear, ii. 4. 227:

'A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle.'

Ib. headed evils, like tumors grown to a head. Compare Richard II, v. 1. 58:

'Ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption.'

71. *tax*, censure. See below, line 86; i. 2. 76; Hamlet, i. 4. 18.

Ib. any private party, or particular person.

73. *Till that the wearer's very means do ebb*. The first folio reads 'wearie verie,' which was modified by Pope to 'very very,' a change which subsequent editors were content to adopt. Singer proposed 'wearer's' for 'wearie,' a conjecture which Dr. Ingleby regards as one of the few that can be cited with unqualified satisfaction. For the idea see Henry VIII, i. 1. 83–85:

'O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey.'

Stubbes, in his Anatomie of Abuses (1583), Collier's reprint, p. 54, inveighs against the extravagance of costume in England in his day: 'And whether they have argente to mayntayne this geare withall, or not, it forceth not muche, for they have it by one meane or other, or els they will eyther sell or morgage their landes (as they have good store) on Suters hill and Stangate hole, with losse of their lyves at Tiburne in a rope.'

75. *The city-woman*, the citizen's wife.

76. *The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders*. Compare 2 Henry VI, i. 3. 83:

'She bears a duke's revenues on her back.'

79. *of basest function*, holding the meanest office.

80. *bravery*, finery. Compare Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3. 57:

'With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery.'

And Sonnet xxxiv. 4:

'Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke.'

85. *free*, innocent. As in Hamlet, ii. 2. 590:

'Make mad the guilty and appal the free.'

And iii. 2. 252: 'Your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not.'

86. *taxing*, censure. See above, l. 71.

88. *eat*, eaten. For this form of the participle see Lear, i. 4. 174: 'Why after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg.' And Richard II, v. 5. 85.

89. *Nor shalt not.* See ii. 3. 50.

90. *Of what kind should this cock come of.* For the repetition of the preposition see below, l. 139: 'Wherein we play in.' And Coriolanus, ii. 1. 18: 'In what enormity is Marcius poor in?' Capell omitted the first 'of,' Rowe the second.

92. *Or else.* 'Else' is redundant here, as in Lucrece, 875:

'Or kills his life or else his quality.'

93. *civility*, politeness, in a higher sense than it is used in at present. See iii. 2. 116, and Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 204: 'Use all the observance of civility.' And Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 152.

94. *my vein*, my disposition or humour. Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 82:

'There is no following her in this fierce vein.'

96. *inland bred*, bred in the interior of the country in the heart of the population and therefore in the centre of refinement and culture, as opposed to those born in remote upland or outlying districts. See iii. 2. 319.

97. *nurture*, education, good breeding. Compare The Tempest, iv. 1. 189:

'A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick.'

See also Lodge's Novel, p. 55: 'Oh, Saladyne, the faults of thy youth, as they were fond, so were they foule, and not onely discovering little nourture, but blemishing the excellence of nature.'

98. *this fruit.* See note on ii. 5. 58.

99. *answered*, satisfied. Compare Julius Cæsar, v. 1. 1:

'Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.'

100. *reason.* Jaques was quite capable of punning upon 'reason' and 'raisin,' as he had already done on 'why' and 'way,' and therefore Staunton conjectured that we should here read 'reasons.' See 1 Henry IV, ii. 4. 264.

104. *and let me have it.* For this use of 'and' in the sense of 'and so' or 'and therefore' see below, l. 135, and The Tempest, i. 2. 186:

''Tis a good dulness,
And give it way.'

109. *commandment*, command. See Bacon, Advancement of Learning, I. 8. § 3: 'We see the dignity of the commandment is according to the dignity of the commanded: to have commandment over beasts, as herdmen have, is a thing contemptible: to have commandment over children, as schoolmasters have, is a matter of small honour: to have commandment over galley-slaves is a disparagement rather than an honour.' The word is printed in the folios with an apostrophe, 'command'ment,' a relic of the

quadrisyllabic form of the word which exists in The Passionate Pilgrim, 418:

'If to women he be bent,
They have at commandement.'

See note on the Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 447.

114. *knoll'd.* Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives, 'Carillonner. To chyme, or knowle, bells.' So also Palsgrave, 'I knolle a belle. Je frappe du batant.'

118. *my strong enforcement*, that which strongly supports my petition.

125. *upon command*, in answer to your command, according to any order you may give; and so, at your pleasure. So in The Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3. 5, 'upon entreaty' denotes, in answer to entreaty:

'Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms.'

128. *Whiles*, the genitive of 'while,' as 'needs' of 'need.'

132. *two weak evils, age and hunger*, that is, two evils which are the causes of weakness. For this use of the adjective, which the grammarians call proleptic or anticipatory, attributing to the cause what belongs to the effect, compare Macbeth, iii. 4. 76:

'Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal';

that is, purged the commonwealth and made it gentle.

135. *and.* See above, l. 104.

139. *Wherein we play in.* See above, l. 90.

Ib. All the world's a stage. See Preface. 'Totus mundus agit histrionem,' from a fragment of Petronius, is said to have been the motto on the Globe Theatre. Compare The Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 78, where Antonio calls the world

'A stage where every man must play a part.'

143. *At first.* Capell reads 'As first.' Another has proposed 'Act first.'

144. *Mewling.* Cotgrave gives, 'Miauler. To mewle, or mew, like a cat.'

148. *Sighing like furnace*, as the furnace sends out smoke. Compare Cymbeline, i. 6. 66:

'He furnaces
The thick sighs from him.'

And Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 140:

'I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.'

Ib. woeful, expressive of grief. So Venus and Adonis, 836:

'She marking them begins a wailing note
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty.'

150. *Full of strange oaths.* Compare Henry V, iii. 6, 78, &c.: 'And

this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on.'

Ib. bearded like the pard, with long pointed mustaches, bristling like a panther's or leopard's feelers. See note on The Tempest, iv. 1. 257. 'The Perde is called Perdus, as Isidore sayth, is the most swift beast, with many diuers coulours and rounde speckes, as the Panther, and reeseth [rushes violently] to bloud, and dyeth in leaping, and varyeth not from the Panther, but the Panther hath moe white speckes.' Batman vppon Bartholome, xviii. 83, fol. 376 *b*.

151. *sudden*, hasty. Compare The Tempest, ii. 1. 306, and King John, iv. 1. 27:

'Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.'

156. *saws*, sayings, maxims. See iii. 5. 80; Hamlet, i. 5. 100:

'All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past.'

And Lucrece, 244:

'Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.'

Ib. modern, commonplace, of every-day occurrence. See iv. 1. 6; Macbeth, iv. 3. 170:

'Where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy.'

And Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 167:

'Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal.'

158. *pantaloon*. The word and character were borrowed from the Italian stage. Todd in his edition of Johnson's Dictionary quotes from Addison's Remarks on several parts of Italy [Works, ed. 1721, ii. 35] an account of the plays in Venice: 'There are four standing characters which enter into every piece that comes on the stage; the *Doctor*, *Harlequin*, *Pantalone*, and *Coviello* . . . *Pantalone* is generally an old Cully, and *Coviello* a Sharper.' Torriano in his Italian Dictionary (1659) gives, 'Pantalone, a Pantalone, a covetous and yet amorous old dotard, properly applyed in Comedies unto a Venetian.' St. Pantaleon was the patron saint of Venice. Capell quotes from a play called The Travels of three English Brothers, which was printed in 1607, a dialogue between an Italian Harlequin and Kemp the actor:

'*Harl.* Marry sir, first we will have an old Pantaloune.
Kemp. Some iealous Coxcombe.
Harl. Right, and that part will I play.'

Steevens gives a stage direction from The Plotte of the Deade Mans Fortune, 'Enter the panteloun and pescode with spectakles.'

160. *hose.* See ii. 4. 6.

Ib. a world too wide. Compare All 's Well that Ends Well, i. 1. 187 :

'With a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms.'

And Skelton, The Bowge of Courte, 464 (vol. i. p. 47, ed. Dyce) :

'It is a worlde, I saye, to here of some.'

163. *his*, its. The neuter possessive pronoun, although used, was of rare occurrence in Shakespeare's time. See note on The Tempest, i. 2. 95.

175. *unkind*, unnatural. This literal sense of the word appears to be the most prominent here. Compare King Lear, iii. 4. 73 :

'Nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.'

178. *Because thou art not seen.* Warburton proposed, with an amount of confidence which is only equalled by the certainty that his conjecture is wrong, to read, 'Because thou art not sheen.' Johnson defended the old reading and gave the obvious sense of the passage, 'thy rudeness gives the less pain, *as thou art not seen*, as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult.' Capell compares King Lear, iii. 2. 16 :

'I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness ;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription.'

182. *Then, heigh-ho*, &c. 'Then' is Rowe's emendation for 'The' of the folios.

187. *Though thou the waters warp.* In the A. S. *weorpan*, or *wyrpan*, from which 'warp' is derived, there are the two ideas of throwing and turning. By the former of these it is connected with the German *werfen*, and by the latter with A. S. *hweorfan* and Goth. *hvairban*. The prominent idea of the English 'warp' is that of turning or changing, from which that of shrinking or contracting as wood does is a derivative. So in Measure for Measure, i. 1. 15, Shakespeare uses it as equivalent to 'swerve,' to which it may be etymologically akin :

'There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.'

Hence 'warped' = distorted in King Lear, iii. 6. 56 :

'And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on.'

With which compare Winter's Tale, i. 2. 365 :

'This is strange : methinks
My favour here begins to warp.'

And All 's Well that Ends Well, v. 3. 49 :

'Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me
Which warp'd the line of every other favour.'

In the present passage Shakespeare seems to have had the same idea in his mind. The effect of the freezing wind is to change the aspect of the water, and we need not go so far as Whiter, who insists that 'warp' here means to contract, and so accurately describes the action of frost upon water. A fragment from a collection of gnomic sayings preserved in Anglo-Saxon in the Exeter MS. has been quoted by Holt White and repeated by subsequent commentators under the impression that it illustrates this passage. This impression is founded on a mistake. As it is quoted the sentence stands thus, 'winter sceal geweorpan weder,' which White renders 'winter shall warp water.' But unfortunately 'water' is not mentioned, and the word so rendered is 'weather,' that is, 'fair weather,' and is moreover the subject of the following and not the object of the preceding verb. Caldecott quotes from Golding's Ovid, Book II. [fol. 22 *b*, ed. 1603], part of the description of Callisto's metamorphosis into a bear,

'Her handes gan warpe and into pawes ylfauouredly to grow':

where the Latin is

'Curvarique manus et aduncos crescere in ungues.'

Here again the idea of bending or turning, and so distorting, is the prominent one. We may therefore understand by the warping of the waters, either the change produced in them by the action of the frost, or the bending and ruffling of their surface caused by the wintry wind.

189. *As friend remember'd not.* Hanmer read 'remembering,' and Malone endeavoured to shew, not very satisfactorily, that 'remember'd' and 'remembering' were the same, because 'I am remembered' = I remember, as in iii. 5. 130. But in this case 'remember' signifies 'to remind,' or 'put in mind,' as in The Tempest, i. 2. 243:

'Let me remember thee what thou hast promised.'

In the present passage 'friend remember'd not' is put as a parallel to 'benefits forgot,' and as this is practically equivalent to 'the forgetting of benefits,' so the former is rather inexactly put for 'the being forgotten as a friend.'

191, 192. For 'were' in both these lines Dyce conjectured 'are.'

193. *effigies*, likeness.

194. *limn'd*, drawn and painted. Compare Venus and Adonis, 290:

'Look when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed.'

'Dislimn' occurs in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 14. 10. The word is derived from the French *enluminer*, which Cotgrave renders, 'To illuminate, inlighten, cleere, brighten, illustrate; also, to sleeke, or burnish; also, limne.'

198. *master*. The first folio has 'masters.' See i. 2. 94.

ACT III.

Scene I.

2. *the better part*, the greater part. Compare 'all points,' i. 3. 113.

3. *argument.* See i. 2. 262.

4. *thou present*, that is, thou being present. Compare Richard II, i. 3. 259:

'Joy absent, grief is present for that time.'

6. *Seek him with candle.* A reference to Luke xv. 8.

16. *my officers of such a nature*, whose especial duty it is. In modern usage, as compared with that of Shakespeare's time, 'nature' and 'kind' have been interchanged. Bacon in his Essay of Gardens speaks of 'lilies of all natures.'

17. *Make an extent upon his house and lands.* 'Upon all debts of record due to the Crown, the sovereign has his peculiar remedy by writ of *extent*; which differs in this respect from an ordinary writ of execution at suit of the subject, that under it the body, lands and goods of the debtor may be all taken at once, in order to compel the payment of the debt. And this proceeding is called an *extent*, from the words of the writ; which directs the sheriff to cause the lands, goods and chattels to be appraised at their full, or extended, value (*extendi facias*), before they are delivered to satisfy the debt.' Stephen's Commentaries on the Laws of England (sixth ed.), iv. 80. Lord Campbell (Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements) quotes this passage as an example of Shakespeare's 'deep technical knowledge of law,' the writ *extendi facias* applying to houses and lands, as *fieri facias* to goods and chattels, and *capias ad satisfaciendum* to the person. The word 'extent' is used in the sense of a writ in Massinger, The City Madam, v. 2:

'I grant your person to be privileged
From all arrests; yet there lives a foolish creature
Call'd an under-sheriff, who being well paid will serve
An extent on lords' or lowns' land.'

Compare also A New Way to pay Old Debts, v. 1:

'But when
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.'

18. *expediently*, speedily, expeditiously. 'Expedient' is used for 'expeditious' in King John, ii. 1. 60:

'His marches are expedient to this town.'

And in Richard II, i. 4. 39: 'Expedient manage must be made.'

Scene II.

2. *thrice-crowned*, ruling in heaven, on earth, and in the underworld as Luna, Diana, and Hecate. The memorial lines are given by Johnson:

'Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,
Ima, superna, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittis.'

Singer quotes from one of Chapman's Hymns (Hymnus in Cynthiam) a passage which may have been in Shakespeare's mind:

'Nature's bright eye-sight, and the night's fair soul,
That with thy triple forehead dost control
Earth, seas, and hell.'

Compare also Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 391:

'By the triple Hecate's team.'

Hecate was frequently represented in ancient art with three heads.

6. *character*, inscribe. With a different accent in Hamlet, i. 3. 59:

'And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character.'

10. *unexpressive*, that cannot be expressed. Milton possibly had this passage in his mind in Lycidas, 176:

'And hears the unexpressive nuptial song.'

See also The Hymn to the Nativity, 116. Words similarly formed and used by Shakespeare are 'directive' (Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 356), 'plausive' (Hamlet, i. 4. 30), and 'insuppressive' (Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 134).

Ib. she, used for 'woman,' as in Sonnet cxxx. 14:

'I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.'

Compare Cymbeline, i. 3. 29:

'The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour.'

And The Taming of the Shrew, iii. 2. 236:

'I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.'

See also in the present scene, line 362.

14. *naught*, bad, worthless. The old English forms of the word are *nâwiht*, *nâ-ŵht*, and *nâht*, the same as 'no whit' and the negative of 'aught.' See i. 1. 31.

16. *vile*, spelt 'vild' in the folios.

20. *Hast*. For the omission of the pronoun compare Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 122: 'Art any more than a steward?'

28. *may complain of good breeding*, that is, of the want of good breeding. See ii. 4. 69.

35. *all on one side* is explanatory of 'ill-roasted' and not of 'damned.'

41. *parlous*, perilous, dangerous. See Richard III, ii. 4. 35: 'A parlous boy'; where the quartos read 'perilous.' The spelling represents the pronunciation.

42. *Not a whit.* As 'not' is itself a contraction of *nâwiht*, or *nawhit*, 'not a whit' is redundant.

44. *mockable*, liable to ridicule.

48. *still*, constantly. Compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 42:

'Thou still hast been the father of good news.'

And The Tempest, i. 2. 229: 'the still-vex'd Bermoothes.'

Ib. fells, the skins of sheep with the wool on. Compare Lear, v. 3. 24, and Macbeth, v. 5. 11:

'My fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't.'

Florio (Ital. Dict.) has, 'Vello, a fleece, a fell or skin that hath wooll on.' Again in Chapman's translation of the Georgics of Hesiod (ed. Hooper), i. 364:

'In dales
Th' industrious bee her honey sweet exhales,
And full-fell'd sheep are shorn with festivals.'

In Job ii. 4 the earlier of the Wicliffite versions has, 'Fel for fel, and alle thingus that a man hath he shulde ȝiue for his soule.'

51. *a mutton*, a sheep. Like 'beef,' the word is now only used of the flesh of the slaughtered animal. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives: 'Mouton: m. A Mutton, a Weather; also, Mutton.' Compare The Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 168:

'As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats.'

55. *A more sounder instance.* For the double comparative see The Tempest, i. 2. 439:

'The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee.'

59. *thou worms-meat.* It is not impossible that this expression may have struck Shakespeare in a book which he evidently read, the treatise of Vincentio Saviolo (see v. 4. 83), in which a printer's device is found with the motto, 'O wormes meate: O froath: O vanitie: why art thou so insolent.'

60. *perpend*, reflect, consider. An affected word put into the mouth of such characters as Polonius and Ancient Pistol. Compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 105, and The Merry Wives of Windsor, ii. 1. 119:

'He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend.'

65. *God make incision in thee!* As Heath explains, 'God give thee a better understanding, thou art very raw and simple as yet;' in allusion 'to the common proverbial saying, concerning a very silly fellow, that he ought

to be cut for the simples.' The reference is to the old method of cure for most maladies by blood-letting. See Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 97:

'A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!'

Ib. raw, untrained, untutored. So in Richard II, ii. 3. 42:

'I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young.'

68. *glad*, that is, am glad.

Ib. content with my harm, patient under my own misfortunes.

77. *east*, eastern, belongs to 'Ind.'

Ib. Ind. Compare The Tempest, ii. 2. 61: 'Do you put tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind, ha?' And for the pronunciation see Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 222:

'Like a rude and savage man of Inde,'

where it rhymes with 'blind.'

81. *lined*, drawn. The first three folios have 'Linde,' the fourth 'Lind.' Capell reads 'limn'd.'

83. *face.* So the folios. Sidney Walker, with great probability, conjectured 'fair,' to correspond with the following.

84. *fair*, beauty. Compare Sonnet lxxxiii. 2:

'I never saw that you did painting need
And therefore to your fair no painting set.'

For other instances of adjectives used as substantives see Venus and Adonis, 589:

'Whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek.'

And A Lover's Complaint, 95:

'Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear.'

In the present line Rowe in his second edition altered 'fair' to 'face.'

86, 87. *it is the right butter-women's rank to market*, going one after another, at a jog-trot, like butterwomen going to market. This seems to be the meaning if 'rank' is the true reading. It is open to the rather pedantic objection that it makes rank = file. But it may be used simply in the sense of 'order.' Hanmer altered it to 'rate,' and Grey for 'rate to market' proposed to read 'rant at market.' I am rather inclined to consider 'rack' to be the proper word, and I would justify this conjecture by the following quotations from Cotgrave's French Dictionary:

'Amble: f. An amble, pace, racke; an ambling, or racking pace; a smooth, or easie gate.'

'Ambler. To amble, pace; racke; to go easily, and smoothly away.'

In Holme's Armoury (B. II. c. 10, p. 150) 'rack' is thus defined: 'Rack is a pace wherein the horse neither Trots or Ambles, but is between both.'

92. Florio, in his Second Frutes, p. 179, has, 'Cat after kinde will either hunt or scratch.'

94. *Winter.* So the third and fourth folios. The first and second have 'Wintred,' which Mr. Grant White retains. Compare 'azured' in The Tempest, v. 1. 43, and perhaps 'damask'd,' in Sonnet cxxx. 5, quoted in note on iii. 5. 122.

96. *sheaf*, gather into sheaves. See Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.): 'Gerber des javelles. To bind corne of swath into sheaues: to sheafe vp corne.'

102. *false gallop*, the unnatural pace which a horse is taught to go; apparently the same as a canter or Canterbury gallop, said to be so called from being the pace adopted by pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. Compare 1 Henry IV, iii. 1. 135, where Hotspur says:

'I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.'

Puttenham (quoted by Caldecott) in his Arte of English Poesie (p. 76, ed. Arber) uses the term 'riding ryme' in speaking of Chaucer's verse in a manner which throws light upon the present passage: 'His meetre Heroicall of *Troilus* and *Cresseid* is very graue and stately, keeping the staffe of seuen and the verse of ten, his other verses of the Canterbury tales be but riding ryme, neverthelesse very well becomming the matter of that pleasaunt pilgrimage in which euery mans part is playd with much decency.' Malone quotes from Nash's Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse, 4to. 1593: 'I would trot a false gallop through the rest of his ragged verses, but that if I should retort the rime doggrell aright, I must make my verses (as he doth his) run hobbling, like a brewer's cart upon the stones, and observe no measure in their feet.' See also Much Ado about Nothing, iii. 4. 94:

'*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?
Marg. Not a false gallop.'

106. *graff.* The old form of 'graft,' from French *greffer*. Compare 'hoise' and 'hoist'; and see 2 Henry IV, v. 3. 3: 'Nay, you shall see my orchard, where in an arbour we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing.' Shakespeare also uses 'graft,' as in Richard II, iii. 4. 101:

'Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.'

107. *a medlar.* For the pun upon 'medlar' compare Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 307–309:

'*Apem.* Dost hate a medlar?
Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.
Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner thou shouldst have loved thyself better now.'

Ib. the earliest fruit, not because it ripens soonest, for this is not the case

with the medlar, but because it is rotten before it is ripe and so may be said to be in advance of other fruit.

109. *right*, true. See above, l. 86, and Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 12. 28: 'Like a right gipsy.'

113. *a desert*. So Rowe. The folios have simply 'desert.' Steevens adopted Tyrwhitt's conjecture, 'Why should this desert silent be?'

114. *For*, because. Compare The Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 43:

'I hate him for he is a Christian.'

116. *civil sayings*, the sayings or maxims of civilisation and refinement. Johnson says, 'This desert shall not appear unpeopled, for every tree shall teach the maxims or incidents of social life.' For 'civil' in this sense compare Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 152:

'Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song.'

And iii. 2. 147 of the same play:

'If you were civil and knew courtesy.'

119. *erring*, wandering; not used here in a moral sense. See Hamlet, i. 1. 154: 'The extravagant and erring spirit.' The word occurs in its literal sense, though with a figurative reference, in Isaiah xxxv. 8: 'The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.' For 'wandering stars' in the Authorised Version of Jude 13, the Wicliffite versions have 'erringe sterres.'

120. *That*, so that.

Ib. a span. See Psalm xxxix. 6, Prayer Book Version, 'Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long.'

121. *Buckles in*, encompasses. So in Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 30:

'And buckle in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons.'

125. *sentence end*. For the omission of the mark of the possessive see below, line 237, and Abbott, § 217.

128. *quintessence*, the fifth essence, called also by the mediæval philosophers the spirit or soul of the world, 'whome we tearme the quinticense, because he doth not consist of the foure Elementes, but is a certaine fifth, a thing aboue them or beside them . . . . This spirit doubtlesse is in a manner such in the body of the world, as ours is in mans body: For as the powers of our soule, are through the spirit giuen to the members: so the vertue of the soule of ye world is by the quintecense spread ouer all, for nothing is found in all the world which wanteth the sparke of his vertue' (Batman vppon Bartholome, fol. 173 a). See Hamlet, ii. 2. 321.

129. *in little*, in miniature. So in Hamlet, ii. 2. 383: 'And those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little.'

131, &c. Compare The Tempest, iii. 1. 48:

'But you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!'

136. *Atalanta's better part* has given occasion to much discussion. Steevens was probably right in saying it was that for which she was most commended, but the question still remains what this was. In the story of Atalanta as told in Ovid (Met. x.), where Shakespeare may have read it in Golding's translation, it is clearly her beauty and grace of form which attracted her suitors to compete in the race with her at the risk of being the victims of her cruelty. For instance, Hippomenes, looking on at first with a feeling of contempt, begins to think the prize worth competing for:

'And though that she
Did flie as swift as Arrow from a Turkie bow: yet hee
More woondred at her beautie, then at swiftnesse of her pace,
Her running greatly did augment her beautie and her grace.'
(Golding's trans. ed. 1603, fol. 128.)

It certainly could not have been her wit, as Dr. Farmer thought, for which she is not known to have been celebrated. In a subsequent passage indeed, Jaques compares the quickness of Orlando's wit to the swiftness of Atalanta's heels, but this is a very different thing. Malone made a curious mistake in supposing that Atalanta's lips were her better part, because in Marston's Insatiate Countess (Works, ed. Halliwell, iii. 107), he found,

'Those lips were hers that won the golden ball,'

evidently forgetting Venus and the judgement of Paris. Whiter is of opinion that Shakspeare may have had in his mind while writing this passage some pictures or tapestry in which were represented Helen, Cleopatra, Atalanta, and Lucretia. Such may very well have been the case, and it is known that cameos representing classical subjects were much in request. Pliny, in a passage quoted by Tollet, speaks of two frescoes at Lanuvium in his own time 'of ladie Atalanta and queene Helena, close one to the other, painted naked, by one and the same hand: both of them are for beautie incomparable, and yet a man may discerne the one of them to be a maiden by her modest and chast countenance' (xxxv. 3, trans. Holland). On an amethyst in the Berlin Museum is a figure of 'Atalanta, looking back in the midst of the race to pick up the golden apple thrown down by her competitor, Hippomenes,' which Mr. King describes as 'Greek work of the most perfect style' (Horatii Opera, ed. King and Munro, p. 410). Kalander's pleasure-house in the Arcadia (Lib. i. p. 3, ed. 1598) was adorned with pictures, one of which was of Atalanta, 'the posture of whose limmes was so liuely expressed, that if the eyes were the only iudges, as they be the only seers, one would haue sworn the very picture had run.'

137. *Sad*, grave, serious, with some reflexion of the more common meaning of the word. Compare The Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 205:

'Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam';

where 'sad ostent' is an assumed appearance of gravity or seriousness.

138–141. Shakespeare may have remembered the story of Zeuxis as told by Pliny (xxxv. 9, trans. Holland), 'that when hee should make a table with a picture for the Agrigentines, to be set up in the temple of Iuno Lacinia, at the charges of the citie, according to a vow that they had made, hee would needs see all the maidens of the citie, naked; and from all that companie hee chose five of the fairest to take out as from severall patterns, whatsoever hee liked best in any of them; and of all the lovely parts of those five, to make one bodie of incomparable beautie.'

139. Marston had apparently this passage in his mind when, after a similar enumeration, he wrote (Insatiate Countesse, i. 1; Works, ed. Halliwell, iii. 107):

'Here they meete,
As in a sacred synod.'

141. *touches*, traits. See v. 4. 27.

143. *And I to live*, &c. The construction is loose although the sense is clear. We may regard the words as equivalent to 'And that I should live &c.;' or supply some verb from 'would' of the previous line, as if it were either 'And I would live, or am willing to live, &c.'

144. *pulpiter*. The conjecture of Mr. Spedding, adopted by Dyce (ed. 2) and in the Globe edition, for the reading of the folios 'Iupiter,' which it is worthy of remark is not printed in italics as proper names usually are.

150. *scrip*. The pouch or scrip was as necessary a part of a shepherd's equipment as it was in David's time. See 1 Sam. xvii. 40. Compare Sackville's Induction (ed. 1587), fol. 209 a:

'With staffe in hand, and scrip on shoulder cast,
His chiefe defence agaynst the winters blast.'

Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) has, 'Malette: f. A little male; a budget, or scrip. Malette de bergier. A Shepheards scrip.' And in Lodge's novel (p. 70) Ganimede invites Rosader (the original of Orlando) thus: 'Therefore, forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answere whatsoever thou wantest in delicates.'

159, 160. *how thy name should be hanged and carved*, was said to be hanged and carved. 'Should' is frequently used in giving a reported speech. In this sense it occurs in George Fox's Journal (p. 43, ed. 1765), quoted by Dr. Abbott (§ 328), who says it indicates a false story: 'The priest of that church raised many wicked slanders upon me: "That I rode upon a great black horse, and that I should give a fellow money to follow me when I was on my black horse."' Again in Ben Jonson, The Fox, ii. 1:

'*Sir P.* Pray you, what news, sir, vents our climate?
I heard last night a most strange thing reported
By some of my lord's followers, and I long
To hear how 'twill be seconded.
Per. What was't, sir?
Sir P. Marry, sir, of a raven that should build
In a ship royal of the king's.'

161. *seven out of the nine days* that a wonder usually lasts. Compare 3 Henry VI, iii. 2. 113, 114:

'*Glou.* That would be ten days' wonder at the least.
Clar. That 's a day longer than a wonder lasts.'

162. *on a palm-tree.* Those who desire that Shakespeare shall be infallible on all subjects human and divine explain the palm-tree in this passage as the goat willow, the branches of which are still carried and put up in churches on Palm Sunday (see Brand's Popular Antiquities, i. 127, ed. Ellis). But as the forest of Arden is taken from Lodge's novel, it is more likely that the trees in it came from the same source. This is certainly the case with the 'tuft of olives' in iii. 5. 74. Lodge's forest was such as could only exist in the novelist's fancy, for besides pines, beech trees, and cypresses, there were olives, figs, lemons and citrons, pomegranates and myrrh trees. The palm is mentioned, but not as a forest tree, and only in figures of speech; as for example, 'Thou art old, Adam, and thy haires waxe white: the palme tree is alreadie full of bloomes' (Euphues Golden Legacie, ed. Collier, p. 50).

163. *since Pythagoras' time.* The doctrine of the transmigration of souls is referred to again by Shakespeare in The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 131, and Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 54–60.

164. *an Irish rat.* The belief that rats were rhymed to death in Ireland is frequently alluded to in the dramatists. Steevens quotes from Ben Jonson's Poetaster, To the Reader:

'Rhime them to death, as they do Irish rats
In drumming tunes.'

Malone quotes from Sidney's Apologie for Poetrie [ed. Arber, p. 72], 'Though I will not wish vnto you, the Asses eares of Midas, nor to bee driuen by a Poets verses, (as Bubonax was) to hang himselfe, nor to be rimed to death, as is sayd to be doone in Ireland, yet thus much curse I must send you.' In Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft [Bk. iii. c. 15, p. 35, ed. 1665], quoted by Dr. Kingsley in Notes and Queries, 1st Ser. vi. 591, the power of magic incantations is said to be claimed by the Irish witches: 'The Irishmen addict themselves wonderfully to the credit and practice hereof; insomuch as they affirm, that not only their children, but their cattel, are (as they call it) eye-bitten, when they fall suddenly sick, and tearm one sort of their Witches eye-biters; only in that respect: yea and they will not stick to

affirm, that they can rime either man or beast to death.' Randolph, in his play, The Jealous Lovers, v. 2 (p. 156, ed. Hazlitt), has a reference to the same belief:

'If he provoke my spleen, I'll have him know
I soldiers feed shall mince him, and my poets
Shall with a satire, steep'd in gall and vinegar,
Rhyme 'em to death, as they do rats in Ireland.'

And Pope in his version of Donne's Second Satire, l. 22:

'One sings the fair: but songs no longer move;
No rat is rhymed to death, nor maid to love.'

The supposed effect of music upon these animals will be present to the recollection of every one who has read Browning's Pied Piper of Hamelin.

165. *Trow you*, know you, can you tell. So Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 279: 'And trow you what he called me?' See Lear, i. 4. 234: 'For, you know, nuncle, &c.,' where the quartos read 'trow.' 'Trow you who, &c.' = 'Who do you think, &c.'

167. *And a chain*, &c. This irregular and elliptical construction, in which 'and' does yeoman's service for many words, may be illustrated by the following from Coriolanus, i. 1. 82: 'Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain.' And Cymbeline, v. 4. 179: 'But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer.

170. Ray in his collection of Proverbs gives, 'Friends may meet, but mountains never greet.'

171. Tollet quotes from Pliny, ii. 83 (Holland's trans.): 'There happened once (which I found in the bookes of the Tuscanes learning) within the territorie of Modena, (whiles L. Martius and Sex. Iulius were Consuls) a great strange wonder of the Earth: for two hilles encountred together, charging as it were, and with violence assaulting one another, yea and retiring againe with a most mightie noise.' There is of course no necessity for supposing that Shakespeare had such a passage in his mind.

175. *petitionary*, imploring, entreating. See Coriolanus, v. 2. 82: 'I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome and thy petitionary countrymen.'

179. *out of all hooping*, exceeding the limits of all exclamations of wonder. Compare 'beyond all hoe,' which occurs in the old play of Sir Thomas More published by the Shakespeare Society, p. 67. Similar expressions are 'without all cry,' 'out of all cry.' See Chapman, The Blinde Begger of Alexandria (Works, i. p. 11): 'Oh mayster tis without all these, and without al crie.' And in The Taming of a Shrew, sig. (c_4) verso:

'I thinke I shall burst myselfe
With eating, for Ile so cram me downe the tarts
And the marchpaines, out of all crie.'

'Hooping,' the spelling of the early folios, was changed by Theobald to 'whooping' both here and in Henry V, ii. 2. 108, where the first folio has :

'That admiration did not hoope at them.'

But the form 'whoop' was in early use. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives: 'Hucher. To whoope, or hallow for; to call vnto.' And earlier still, in Palsgrave's Lesclarcissement de la Langue Francoyse (1530), we find, 'I whoope, I call. *Je huppe* . . . Whooppe a lowde, and thou shalte here hym blowe his horne: *huppe hault, et tu lorras corner.*'

180. *Good my complexion!* Rosalind appeals to her complexion not to betray her by changing colour. Several very unnecessary conjectures have been made for the purpose of making clear what already seems plain.

181. *a doublet and hose.* See ii. 4. 6.

182. *One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery*, if you delay the least to satisfy my curiosity I shall ask you in the interval so many more questions that to answer them will be like embarking on a voyage of discovery over a wide and unknown ocean. Compare Donne's 'Hymn to God, my God, in my sickness,' l. 9 :

'Whilst my physitians by their love are grown
Cosmographers, and I their map, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown
That this is my south-west discovery
Per fretum febris, by these straits to dye.'

188. *Is he of God's making?* or his tailor's? Compare Lear, ii. 2. 59, 60: 'You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.' Stephens in his Essayes and Characters (2nd ed. 1615) has one 'My Mistresse,' of whom he says: 'Her body is (I presume) of God's making & yet I cannot tell, for many parts thereof she made her selfe' (p. 391).

193. *stay*, wait for. So in the Authorised Version in the table of contents to 1 Samuel xiv.: 'Saul, not staying the Priests answere, setteth on them.' See also Hamlet, v. 2. 24.

197. *speak.* The folios have no comma, and it is perhaps not necessary. For the construction in this case compare Henry V, v. 2. 156: 'I speak to thee plain soldier.' And Twelfth Night, i. 5. 115 : 'He speaks nothing but madman.' See also below, l. 255.

Ib. sad brow, serious countenance. For 'sad' see above, l. 137, & compare Much Ado about Nothing, i. 1. 185: 'Speak you this with a sad brow?' And 2 Henry IV, v. 1. 92 : 'O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders!'

204. *Wherein went he?* How was he dressed? Compare Much Ado about Nothing, v. 1. 96: 'Go anticly,' that is, are dressed in an antic costume. Again, Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 415:

'And he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament.'

Ib. makes. See i. 1. 26.

208. *Gargantua's mouth.* Gargantua was the giant in Rabelais. Cotgrave gives in his French Dictionary, 'Gargantua. Great throat. Rab.' Steevens quotes from the registers of the Stationers' Company two items, shewing that in 1592 [April 6] was entered 'Gargantua his prophesie,' and in 1594 [Dec. 4] 'A booke entituled, the historie of Gargantua &c.'

209. *To say ay and no.* Compare Lear, iv. 6. 100.

215. *atomies*, the motes in the sunbeams. See iii. 5. 13. In Cockeram's Dictionarie (3rd ed. 1631) 'atomy' is defined as 'A mote flying in the Sunne-beames: any thing so small that it cannot be made lesse.' Compare Romeo and Juliet, i. 4. 57, where Queen Mab's carriage is described as

'Drawn with a team of little atomies.'

Ib. resolve, solve. Compare Pericles, i. 1. 71:

'As you will live, resolve it you.'

And The Tempest, v. 1. 248.

217. *observance*, observation, attention.

219. *Jove's tree.* See Virgil, Georgics, iii. 332:

'Sicubi magna Jovis antiquo robore quercus
Ingentes tendat ramos.'

220, 221. *drops forth such fruit.* The first folio omits 'such,' which is necessary to the sense, and is supplied in the later editions. See iv. 3. 34.

224, 5. *it well becomes the ground*, that is, the background of the picture. Steevens compares Hamlet, v. 2. 413:

'Such a sight as this
'Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss':

but 'field' in this case means 'battle-field.'

226. *Cry holla to*, check, restrain, a term of horsemanship. Cotgrave has, 'Holà. (An Interiection) hoe there, enough, soft, soft, no more of that if you love me; also, heare you me, or come hither.

Faict au hola. Dutifull, obseruant, readie, at a becke, at call.

Faire le hola. To stop, stay, interrupt, bid stand; also, to part a fray.'

Compare Venus and Adonis, 284:

'What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering "Holla," or his "Stand, I say"?'

Ib. thy tongue. Rowe's correction. The folios have 'the tongue.'

227. *furnished*, equipped, dressed. See Epilogue, l. 8.

228. *to kill my heart.* Spelt 'Hart' in the folios. For the pun compare Twelfth Night, iv. 1. 63:

'Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.'

And Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 208:

'O world, thou wast the forest to this hart,
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.'

229, 230. *bringest me out of tune.* See below, l. 233.

230. *without a burden.* 'The burden of a song, in the old acceptation of the word, was the base, foot, or under-song. It was sung throughout, and not merely at the end of a verse' (Chappell, Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 122). See note on the Tempest, i. 2. 381. The old spelling is 'burthen.'

233. *You bring me out*, you put me out, make me forget my part. So Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 171:

'They do not mark one, and that brings me out.'

Compare B. Jonson, Every Man out of his Humour, Induction: 'I am unperfect, and had I spoke it, I must of necessity have been out.'

236. *lief.* See i. 1. 132, and Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 3. 84: 'I had as lief have heard the night-raven.'

239. *God be wi' you.* Printed in the folios 'God buy you,' which we have still further changed to 'good-bye.'

243. *moe.* The reading of the first folio, although two lines before it has 'more' as the later folios have here. In Anglo-Saxon we find both *mâ* and *mâra*, corresponding to 'mo' or 'moe,' and 'more.' Alexander Gil distinguished them by making 'moe' the comparative of 'many' and 'more' the comparative of 'much' (Koch, Historische Grammatik d. Engl. Sprache, ii. 209). But Butler (1633) gives both 'moe' and 'more' as comparatives of 'many.' In the Authorised Version of 1611 'moe' frequently occurs (as in Ex. i. 9; Num. xxii. 15, xxxiii. 54; Deut. i. 11), but is changed in modern editions to 'more.' The distinction appears to be that 'moe' is used only with the plural, 'more' both with singular and plural.

246. *just*, just so, exactly so. So in Much Ado about Nothing, v. 1. 164: '"Nay," said I, "a good wit." "Just," said she, "it hurts nobody."'

253. *conned*, learnt by heart, as a player his part. So in Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 102: 'Here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con them by tomorrow night.'

254. *rings.* References to the posies in rings are to be found in Hamlet, iii. 2. 162, and The Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 148. They were written on the inside in the 16th and 17th centuries and on the outside in the 14th and 15th centuries (Fairholt, Costumes in England, p. 568). Compare Lyly's Euphues (ed. Arber), p. 221: 'Writing your iudgments as you do the posies in your rings, which are alwayes next to the finger.' For specimens of them see Fairholt's Rambles of an Archæologist, pp. 142, 143.

255. *right painted cloth.* For 'right' compare l. 86, above. Hangings for rooms were made of canvas painted with figures and mottoes or moral sentences. The scenes were frequently of scripture subjects. Compare 1 Henry IV, iv. 2. 28: 'Slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth.'

And Lucrece, 245:

'Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.'

Again in Randolph, The Muse's Looking-glass, iii. 1 (p. 218, ed. Hazlitt):

'Then for the painting, I bethink myself
That I have seen in Mother Redcap's hall,
In painted cloth, the story of the Prodigal.'

The story of the Prodigal was a favourite one both for painted cloth and for puppet-shows. See note on i. 1. 34, and 2 Henry IV, ii. 1. 157: 'And for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries.'

260. *no breather*, no living being. So in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 3. 24:

'She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.'

And Sonnet lxxxi. 12:

'When all the breathers of this world are dead.'

282–4. Compare Richard II, v. 5. 50-58, for the same fancy.

291, 296. *trot . . . ambles.* Hunter proposed to exchange these terms in the questions and corresponding answers. But the following definition from Holme's Armoury, B. II. c. 7, p. 150, justifies the original arrangement: 'Trot, or a Trotting Horse, when he sets hard, and goes of an uneasy rate.' The point is not that Time goes fast, but that it goes at an uneasy pace, and therefore seems to be slow. Compare for the same idea Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 1. 372: 'Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.'

294. *a se'nnight* or sevennight, a week. An old mode of reckoning which still survives in provincial dialects: A.S. *seofon-niht*. We retain it in 'fortnight' = fourteen night. Compare Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 1. 375: 'Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night.'

295. *year*. See note on The Tempest, i. 2. 53. The fourth folio has 'years.'

313. *native* as applied to persons is always an adjective in Shakespeare. Compare Hamlet, i. 4. 14:

'Though I am native here
And to the manner born.'

314. *cony*, rabbit; Fr. *connil*, for which Cotgrave gives as the English equivalents, 'A Conie, a Rabbet.' Both words are apparently used without any distinction, and of both the etymology is uncertain. 'Cony' may be traced through the Fr. *connil* and Ital. *coniglio* to the Latin *cuniculus*, but beyond this nothing is known.

Ib. kindled, the technical term for the littering of rabbits. See Palsgrave, Lesclarcissement de la langue Francoyse: 'I kyndyll, as a she hare or

cony dothe whan they bring forthe yonge. *Je fays des petis.*' In the later of the Wicliffite versions of Luke iii. 7, *genimina viperum* is rendered 'kyndlyngis of eddris.' From A.S. *cennan*, to bring forth.

316. *purchase*, acquire. Compare The Tempest, iv. 1. 14:

'Then, as my gift and thine own acqnisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter.'

And 1 Timothy iii. 13: 'For they that have used the office of a deacon well, purchase to themselves a good degree.'

Ib. removed, remote, retired. See Hamlet, i. 4. 61:

'It waves you to a more removed ground.'

And Measure for Measure, i. 3. 8:

'My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed.'

317. *of*=by. See ii. 2. 50.

318. *religious*, that is, a member of some religious order. Compare v. 4. 152, 173. So in Richard II, v. 1. 23:

'Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house.'

319. *inland*. See ii. 7. 96.

Ib. courtship, used in the double sense of courtly and graceful manners and of paying court or wooing. See Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 363:

'Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.'

321. *lectures*. In the first folio 'Lectors,' which probably represents the pronunciation of the time. In the same way in Bacon's Advancement of Learning (1605), p. 30, 'verdure' is spelt 'verdor.'

326, 327. *they were all like one another as halfpence are*. No halfpence were coined in Elizabeth's reign till 1582–3. Bacon refers to 'the late new halfpence' in the Dedication to the first edition of the Essays, which was published in 1597. They all had the portcullis with a mint mark, and on the reverse a cross moline with three pellets in each angle, so that, in comparison with the great variety in coins of other denominations then in circulation, there was a propriety in saying 'as like one another as halfpence are.' They were used till 1601. See Folkes, Table of Silver Coins, p. 57.

334. *fancy-monger*, love-monger, one who deals in love. For 'fancy' in this sense see iii. 5. 29, and Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 164:

'In maiden meditation, fancy-free,'

that is, free from the power of love.

336. *the quotidian of love*. A quotidian fever is one in which the fits recur at the same hour every day. Mr. Rushton in his Shakespeare's Euphuism, p. 90, quotes from Lyly's Euphues [p. 66, ed. Arber]: 'Doubtlesse if euer she hir selfe haue been scorched with the flames of desire, she wil be redy to quench the coales with curtesie in an other: if euer she haue bene attached of loue, she will rescue him that is drenched in desire: if euer she haue ben taken

with the feuer of fancie, she will help his ague, who by a quotidian fit is conuerted into phrensie.'

337. *love-shaked.* For this form of the participle see Henry V, ii. 1. 124: 'He is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold.'

339. *There is* followed by a plural. See Abbott, § 335.

343. *a blue eye,* not blue in the iris, but blue or livid in the eyelids, especially beneath the eyes. A mark of sorrow. Compare Lucrece, 1587:

'And round about her tear-distained eye,
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.'

See note on the 'blue-eyed hag' in The Tempest, i. 2. 270.

344. *unquestionable,* averse to question or conversation. For 'question' in this sense see iii. 4. 31, v. 4. 153, and Lucrece, 122:

'For after supper long he questioned
With modest Lucrece.'

'Questionable,' in the opposite sense of 'inviting question or conversation,' occurs in Hamlet, i. 4. 43:

'Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee.'

346. *your having,* your possession. Compare Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 379: 'My having is not much.'

347. *ungartered.* A sign of carelessness and absence of mind. See Hamlet, ii. 1. 80, and Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 1. 79: 'O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered.'

348. *your bonnet unbanded.* 'Bonnet' was used in Shakespeare's time for a man's hat. See Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 81: 'His bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.' In the Authorised Version of Exodus xxviii. 40, &c. it is the rendering of a term which denotes the head-dress of the priests. Stubbes in his Anatomie of Abuses (1583), describing the various fashions in hats of his time, says, 'An other sort have round crownes, sometimes with one kinde of bande, sometime with an other; nowe blacke, now white, now russet, now red, now greene, now yellowe, now this, nowe that, never content with one colour or fashion two dayes to an ende' (p. 52, Collier's reprint). He also mentions with great scorn a fashion which had come in from France of wearing hats without bands. Compare Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, iv. 4: 'I had on a gold cable hatband, then new come up, which I wore about a murrey French hat I had.' As an illustration of the whole passage take the following quotation from Heywood's Fair Maid of the Exchange (Works, ii. 16, ed. 1874):

'No by my troth, if every tale of love,
Or love it selfe, or foole-bewitching beauty,
Make me crosse-arme my selfe; study ay-mees;

Defie my hat-band; tread beneath my feet
Shoo-strings and garters; practise in my glasse
Distressed lookes, and dry my liver up,
With sighes enough to win an argosie.'

350. *point-device*, faultless, precise. Compare Love's Labour 's Lost, v. 1. 21: 'I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-device companions.'

351. *accoutrements*. The spelling of the folios, as of the early form of the French word, is 'accoustrements.' In King John, i. 1. 211, and Taming of the Shrew, iii. 2. 121, it occurs in the modern spelling.

358. *still*. See line 48.

362. *that unfortunate he*. See line 10.

366. *a dark house and a whip*. The more humane treatment of lunatics is a growth of the present century. Confinement in a dark room and violent usage was formerly their fate. Compare Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 148: 'Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he 's mad.' Again, v. 1. 350:

'Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on.'

And Comedy of Errors, iv. 4. 97:

'Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.'

373. *moonish*, changeable as the moon.

380. *drave*. For this form of the preterite see Exodus xiv. 25: 'And took off their chariot wheels that they drave them heavily.'

380, 381. *from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness*. Johnson proposed to balance the sentence by reading 'dying' for 'mad,' or 'loving' for 'living.' But 'living' in the sense of real or actual gives a very good meaning, and its resemblance in sound is sufficiently near to keep up the jingle. Compare Othello, iii. 3. 409: 'Give me a living reason she 's disloyal.'

384. *wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart*. The liver in ancient physiology was regarded as the seat of the passions. See The Tempest, iv. 1. 56:

'The cold white virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.'

Compare the 'jecur ulcerosum' of Horace, Od. i. 25. 15. The rest of the figure is in keeping with Rosalind's assumed character as a shepherd, and its propriety must not be too much insisted on.

Scene III.

1. *Audrey*, a corruption of Etheldreda, as 'tawdry laces' derive their name from being sold at the fair of St. Etheldreda, abbess of Ely, which was held on Oct. 17.

3. *doth my simple feature content you?* There is possibly some joke intended here, the key to which is lost. Malone quotes, but does not suggest that there is any reference to, Daniel's Cleopatra (1594):

'I see then artless feature can content,
And that true beauty needs no ornament.'

'Feature' in Shakespeare's time signified shape and form generally, and was not confined to the face only. See The Tempest, iii. 1. 52, and Richard III, i. 1. 19:

'Cheated of feature by dissembling nature.'

5, 6. It is necessary to observe, as it might not otherwise be obvious, that there is a pun intended on 'goats' and 'Goths,' and that this is further sustained by the word 'capricious,' which is from the Italian *capriccioso*, humorous or fantastical, and this from *capra*, a goat. It is no worse than the line in Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 3. 60:

'Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing.'

As a slight justification it must be mentioned, throwing light also upon the pronunciation of the time, that in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 161,

'You found his mote; the king your mote did see,'

'mote' is printed 'moth' in the old editions. The Goths were the Getæ, Ovid having been banished to Tomi on the Euxine.

7, 8. Compare Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 1. 99, 100:

'*D. Pedro.* My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.
Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatch'd.'

The reference is to the story of Baucis and Philemon as told by Ovid, Metam. viii.

7. *ill-inhabited*, ill-lodged. This must be the meaning, although it is not easy to say why. Steevens gives an example from the Golden Legende (ed. Wynkyn de Worde, 1527), fol. 196 a, in which 'am enhabited' = dwell: 'I am ryghtwysnes that am enhabyted here.' But there is no evidence that in Shakespeare's time 'inhabit' was equivalent to 'lodge' in the active sense.

11. *a great reckoning in a little room*, a large bill for a small company. Warburton read 'reeking.'

16. Compare Twelfth Night, i. 5. 206–8:

'*Vio.* Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.
Oli. It is the more like to be feigned.'

17. *may be said.* Collier, following Mason's conjecture, reads 'it may be said.' The construction is confused. Shakespeare may have intended to continue the sentence 'may be said to be feigned.'

21. *honest.* See i. 2. 35.

26. *material*, full of matter. See ii. 1. 68.

31. *foul*, ugly; of the complexion, as opposed to 'fair.' See Venus and Adonis, 133:

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old.'

And Sonnet cxxvii. 6:

'For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name.'

34. *Sir Oliver Martext.* The title 'Sir' was given to those who had taken the bachelor's degree at a university, and corresponded to the Latin 'Dominus' which still exists in the Cambridge Tripos lists in its abbreviated form Ds. So in the Merry Wives of Windsor we have Sir Hugh Evans, and in Love's Labour's Lost Sir Nathaniel.

40. *stagger*, hesitate. Compare Merry Wives of Windsor, iii. 3. 12: 'Without any pause or staggering take this basket.' Baret, in his Alvearie, s. v. Stut, gives, 'to Stut: to stagger in speaking, or going: to stumble. Titubo.' Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) has 'Hesiter. To doubt, feare, sticke, stammer, stagger (in opinion).' So in Romans iv. 20, Abraham 'staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief.'

41. *what though?* what then? what matters it? Compare Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 1. 286: 'I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though? Yet I live like a poor gentleman born.' And, King John, i. 1. 169:

'Madam, by chance but not by truth; what though?'

42. *necessary*, unavoidable. So in Sonnet cviii. 11:

'Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place.'

47. *the rascal.* The technical term for a deer lean and out of condition. Compare Drayton, Polyolbion, Song 13, l. 91:

'The Bucks and lusty Stags amongst the Rascalls strew'd,
As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multitude.'

Caldecott quotes from Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie (p. 191, ed. Arber) an instance of Catachresis, or the Figure of Abuse: 'As one should in reproch say to a poore man, thou raskall knaue, where raskall is properly the hunters terme giuen to young deere, leane and out of season, and not to people.' The derivation is uncertain; perhaps from the old French word *rasque*, scurf, so that 'rascal' is equivalent to scurvy, scabby, mangy, and other reproachful terms which have a similar origin. Somner (Dictionarium Sax. Lat. Anglicum) gives, 'Rascal. Fera strigosa. A lean or worthlesse Dear.'

48. *more worthier.* See iii. 2. 55.

52. *than to want*, that is, than the wanting or being without one.

61. *God 'ild you*, God yield you, God reward you. The folios have

'goddild' or 'godild.' See v. 4. 52, Hamlet, iv. 5. 41, and Macbeth, i. 6. 13. In Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 2. 33, the full form occurs,

'And the gods yield you for 't!'

62. *a toy*, a trifling matter.

63. *be covered*, put on your hat. Touchstone assumes a patronising air towards Jaques. Compare v. 1. 17.

64. *motley*. See ii. 7. 13.

65. *his bow*, his yoke. Knight gives a representation of an ox yoke used in Suffolk, which is shaped like a bow.

66. *her bells*. So Lucrece, 511:

'With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.'

The falcon is properly the female bird, the male being called tercel. See Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 55. Shakespeare once makes 'falcon' masculine in Lucrece, 507, but the gender of the pronoun in that passage may be explained by the fact that it refers to Tarquin, who is compared to a falcon.

74. *but I were better*, that it were not better for me. See notes on Hamlet, ii. 2. 508, and The Tempest, i. 2. 367 (Clarendon Press editions).

81. *O sweet Oliver*. A fragment of an old ballad referred to by Ben Jonson. See Underwoods, lxii. 70:

'All the mad Rolands and sweet Olivers.'

Steevens says, 'In the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered, by Richard Jones, the ballad of

"O swete Olyuer
Leaue me not behind the.'

Again [Aug. 20],

"The answeare of O sweete Olyuer."

Again, in 1586 [Aug. 1],

"O sweete Olyver altered to ye scriptures."'

83. *behind thee*. Farmer proposed to read 'behi' thee,' and to make the rhyme complete 'wi' thee' in l. 87. Johnson would alter 'wind' to 'wend,' and would read 'with thee to day.' But 'wend' and 'wind' are akin in meaning as in origin, the notion of turning being radical in both. Steevens quotes from Cæsar and Pompey, 1607:

'Winde we then, Antony, with this royal queen.'

Compare the Scotch 'win away' = get away.

89. *flout*, mock, scoff. See i. 2. 42, and compare Coriolanus, ii. 3. 168:

'*Sec. Cit.* Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.
Third Cit. Certainly
He flouted us downright.'

Scene IV.

7. *Something browner than Judas's.* Judas in the old tapestries is said to have been represented with a red beard. Compare Marston's Insatiate Countesse, act ii. (Works, ed. Halliwell, iii. 132): 'I ever thought by his red beard hee would prove a Judas; here am I bought and sold.'

10. *your.* See v. 4. 58.

13. *holy bread,* the sacramental bread. Tyndale in his Obedience of a Christian Man (Doctrinal Treatises, p. 284, Parker Society ed.), says, 'For no man by sprinkling himself with holy water, and with eating holy bread, is more merciful than before, or forgiveth wrong, or becometh at one with his enemy, or is more patient and less covetous, and so forth.' Theobald, strangely misled by Warburton, reads 'beard.'

14. *cast,* cast off. Compare Jeremiah xxxviii. 11, 'old cast clouts and rotten rags.' And Gascoigne, The Steele Glas (ed. Arber, p. 80),

'When hatters vse, to bye none olde caste robes.'

The second and later folios read 'chast.'

Ib. Diana, the goddess of chastity. Compare Much Ado about Nothing, iv. 1. 58:

'You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown.'

And Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 387:

'Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap!'

15. *winter's.* Theobald's usual acuteness appears to have deserted him in this scene, for he reads 'Winifred's.'

Ib. sisterhood, an order of nuns; as in Romeo and Juliet, v. 3. 157:

'Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.'

23. *a covered goblet,* which having a convex top is more hollow than a goblet without a cover.

28. *the word of a tapster.* See Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 215:

'Like tapsters that bid welcome
To knaves and all approachers.'

31. *question,* conversation. See iii. 2. 344.

33. *what,* why. Compare Coriolanus, iii. 3. 83: 'What do you prate of service?'

37. *quite traverse,* like an unskilful tilter, who breaks his staff across instead of striking it full against his adversary's shield and so splitting it lengthwise. This is again alluded to in Much Ado about Nothing, v. 1. 139: 'Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.' See also All's Well that Ends Well, ii. 1. 70.

Ib. his lover, his mistress. Compare Cymbeline, v. 5. 172:

'This Posthumus,
Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint.'

Ib. puisny, inferior, unskilful; as a novice. Capell prints the word in accordance with modern spelling 'puny,' but 'puisny' is the spelling of the folios, and the term 'puisne judges' is sufficiently familiar. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) has 'Puisné. Punie, younger, borne after.'

39. *a noble goose.* Hanmer reads 'a nose-quill'd goose,' a phrase borrowed from falconry, which Steevens illustrates by a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, Philaster [v. 4]:

'He shall for this time only be seel'd up,
With a feather through his nose, that he may only
See heaven.'

No change is necessary, and this is only given as one of the curiosities of conjectural emendation.

42. *that complain'd of love.* For the construction see iii. 2. 28.

43. *Who.* So the first folio. The others read 'whom.'

47. *the pale complexion of true love.* Sighing, a common malady of lovers, was supposed to take the blood from the heart. Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 96, 97:

'All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear.'

52. *Bring us*, &c. The metre has been variously mended. Pope reads 'Bring us but, &c.'; Capell, 'Come, bring us, &c.'; Malone, 'Bring us unto, &c.'; and Jewis proposed 'Bring us to see, &c.'

Scene V.

5. *Falls not*, lets not fall. For the transitive sense of 'fall' see The Tempest, v. 1. 64:

'Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.'

And Lucrece, 1551:

'For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds,

6. *But first begs pardon*, without first begging pardon. See Edwards, Life of Ralegh, i. 704: 'The executioner then kneeled to him for the forgiveness of his office. Ralegh placed both his hands on the man's shoulders, and assured him that he forgave him with all his heart.'

7. *dies and lives.* Mr. Arrowsmith has shewn (Notes and Queries, 1st Series, vii. 542) that 'this *hysteron proteron* is by no means uncommon: its meaning is, of course, the same as live and die, i. e. subsist from the cradle to the grave.' He quotes from the Romaunt of the Rose, 5790:

'With sorrow they both die and live
That unto richesse her hertes yeve.'

And from Barclay's Ship of Fooles (1570), fol. 6 b:

'He is a foole, and so shall he dye and liue,
That thinketh him wise, and yet can he nothing.'

'He that dies and lives by bloody drops' is he whose whole livelihood depends upon his exercising the office of executioner.

13. *atomies.* See iii. 2. 215.

17. *swoon.* The spelling of the folios is 'swound,' but in iv. 3. 157 we find the modern form. Other varieties are 'sound,' 'swoond,' 'swoun,' and 'swown.' See v. 2. 25.

22. *but.* Added in the second folio, perhaps unnecessarily, as broken lines are frequently defective in metre.

23. *cicatrice*, properly, the scar of a wound; here, a mark, or indentation. The word is accentuated as in Hamlet, iv. 3. 62:

'Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red.'

Ib. capable impressure, sensible impression. Shakespeare uses 'capable' elsewhere, as he does 'sensible,' in the active sense of 'sensitive'; as for example in Hamlet, iii. 4. 127:

'His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.'

For 'impressure' in the sense of impression, see Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 103: 'Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal.'

25. *some moment.* 'Some' was formerly used with singular nouns. Compare Ecclesiasticus vi. 8: 'For some man is a friend for his own occasion.'

26. *Nor . . . no.* See Abbott, § 408, and compare Measure for Measure, ii. 1. 241: 'But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.'

29. *fancy.* See iii. 2. 334.

33. *mocks*, mockeries, taunts, So Much Ado about Nothing, iii. 1. 79:

'It were a better death than die with mocks.'

35. Rosalind steps forward.

36. *and all at once.* Staunton gives illustrations of this phrase from Henry V, i. 1. 36:

'Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.'

Again in Sabie's Fisherman's Tale:

'She wept, she cride, she sob'd, and all at once.'

And Middleton's Changeling, iv. 3:

'Does love turn fool, run mad, and all at once?'

The first of these examples is not to the point, and a reference to the others

would not have been necessary had it not been proposed to substitute for what gives a very plain meaning either 'rail at once,' or 'domineer.'

37. *have no beauty.* Theobald reads 'have beauty'; Hanmer, 'have some beauty'; Malone, 'have mo beauty'; and Mason conjectured 'had more beauty.' But the negative is certainly required, because Rosalind's object is to strike a blow at Phebe's vanity. See below, ll. 51, 62.

39. *without candle*, not being so very brilliant.

43. *of nature's sale-work*, of what nature makes for general sale and not according to order or pattern. The modern phrase is 'ready-made goods.'

Ib. 'Od's my little life, a very diminutive oath, which so far approaches to the definition of an interjection as to be 'an extra-grammatical utterance.' Compare 'Od's my will' in iv. 3. 17. 'Od's' is of course for 'God's.'

47. *bugle*, black, as beads of black glass which are called bugles. Compare 'bugle bracelet,' Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 224.

48. *entame*, subdue, render tame. Todd in his edition of Johnson's Dictionary quotes from Gower, Confessio Amantis, Book I. [vol. i. p. 66, ed. Pauli]:

> 'My sone, if thou thy conscience
> Entamed hast in such a wise.'

Ib. to your worship, to worship you.

50. *foggy south.* The south was the quarter of fog and rain. Compare Cymbeline, ii. 3. 136: 'The south-fog rot him!' And in the same play, iv. 2. 349: 'The spongy south.'

51. *properer*, handsomer. See i. 2. 108, and below, 114.

53. *That makes.* The verb is singular because the nominative is the idea contained in what precedes, as if it had been ''tis the fact of there being such fools as you that makes, &c.'

66. Rosalind turns first to Phebe and then to Silvius. Hanmer unnecessarily read 'her foulness.'

Ib. foulness. See note on 'foul,' iii. 3. 31.

78. *abused*, deceived. See The Tempest, v. 1. 112:

> 'Whether thou be'st he or no,
> Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me.'

80. *Dead shepherd.* Christopher Marlowe, slain in a brawl by Francis Archer, 1 June, 1593, is the shepherd, and the verse is from his Hero and Leander, first published in 1598:

> 'Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
> Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight.'

Ib. saw. See ii. 7. 156.

88. *extermined*, exterminated. Fr. *exterminer.* Compare 'extirp' and 'extirpate.'

102. *loose*, let loose, let drop, like a stray ear of corn.

104. *erewhile.* See ii. 4. 83. The spelling of the first three folios is

'yerewhile.' So in the Authorised Version of 1611, 'ere' is spelt 'yer' in Numbers xi. 33, xiv. 11.

106. *the bounds*. See ii. 4. 77.

107. *carlot*, clown, rustic; a diminutive of 'carle' or 'churl.' See ii. 4. 74.

109. *peevish*, petulant. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) interprets 'Proterve' as 'Froward, wayward, peruerse, curst, snappish, peeuish; also proud, sawcie, malapert, arrogant, impudent.'

112. *It is*, &c. See i. 1. 128.

122. *constant*, uniform.

Ib. mingled damask, or red and white, like the colour of Damask roses. Compare Sonnet cxxx. 5:

'I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks.'

124. *In parcels*, piecemeal, in detail.

124, 125. *would have gone near To fall*, &c., would have nearly fallen, &c., would have gone a long way towards falling in love. See The Tempest, ii. 2. 78: 'It will go near to remove his fit.' And Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 294: 'This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.'

127. *I have more cause*. 'I' was added in the second folio. Staunton proposed to read 'Have much more cause, &c.'

128. *what had he to do to chide*, what business had he to chide. So in Merry Wives of Windsor, iii. 3. 164: 'What have you to do whither they bear it?'

130. *I am remember'd*, I remember. See note on ii. 7. 189.

135. *straight*, immediately. As in Hamlet, v. 1. 4: 'And therefore make her grave straight.'

ACT IV.

Scene I.

1. *be*, omitted in the first folio.

6. *modern*. See ii. 7. 156.

Ib. censure, opinion, criticism. Compare Hamlet, i. 3. 69:

'Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgement.'

14. *nice*, foolish, trifling. Compare Romeo and Juliet, v. 2. 18:

'The letter was not nice but full of charge
Of dear import.'

15. *simples*, the single ingredients of a compound mixture. Generally applied to herbs. See note on Hamlet, iv. 7. 143, and Lucrece, 530:

'The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound.'

17. *my often rumination.* The first folio has 'by.' For 'often' as an adjective see 1 Timothy v. 23, 'thine often infirmities.'

18. *humorous*, fanciful. See i. 2. 249, ii. 3. 8.

26. Orlando's entrance is marked in the folios before Rosalind's last speech.

28. *God be wi' you.* See iii. 2. 239.

Ib. an, if; printed 'and' in the folios. In this form it occurs where it is little suspected in the Authorised Version of Genesis xliv. 30: 'Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us.'

29. See Overbury's Characters (Works, ed. Fairholt, p. 58), where 'An Affectate Traveller' is described: 'He censures all things by countenances, and shrugs, and speakes his own language with shame and lisping.' Rosalind's satire is not yet without point. She punishes Orlando for being late by pretending not to notice him till Jaques is gone.

30. *disable*, depreciate, disparage. See v. 4. 71, and The Merchant of Venice, ii. 7. 30:

'And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.'

33. *swam* for 'swum,' as 'drank' is often used for the participle 'drunk.' So 'spake' for 'spoken' in Henry VIII, ii. 4. 153. See Abbott, § 344. In the folios another form of the participle is 'swom.' See The Tempest, ii. 2. 133; Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 26.

Ib. gondola. The folios have 'Gundello.' Johnson explains 'swam in a gondola'; 'That is, been at Venice, the seat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and sometimes lost their religion.'

42. *clapped him o' the shoulder*, arrested him, like a serjeant. Compare Cymbeline, v. 3. 78:

'Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder.'

Rosalind hints that Cupid's power over Orlando was merely superficial.

46. *lief.* See i. 1. 132; iii. 2. 236.

49, 50. *than you make a woman.* Hanmer reads 'can make.'

52. *beholding*, beholden, indebted.

54. *prevents*, anticipates; the original meaning of the word being 'to go before.' Compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 305: 'So shall my anticipation prevent your discovery.'

59. *of a better leer*, of a better complexion. 'Leer' is from A.S. *hleór* (O. Sax. *hlior*, *hlear*, Icel. *hlýr*), the face, cheek. Compare Havelok the Dane, 2918 (ed. Skeat):

'Þe heu is swilk in hire ler
So þe rose in roser':

that is, The hue is such in her face as the rose on the rosebush. The word

'is,' inserted in the second line by the editor, is unnecessary. See also Laȝamon's Brut (ed. Madden), 5076, for a much earlier example:

'Vrnen ire teares
Ouer hires leores':

Her tears ran over her cheeks. In Chaucer's Tale of Sir Thopas (ed. Tyrwhitt), l. 13786, the word is used in the sense of skin generally:

'He didde next his white lere
Of cloth of lake fin and clere.'

From this it came to be used as in the present passage with the wider meaning of aspect, look, and in modern language has degenerated into a look of a particular kind.

64. *you were better.* See iii. 3. 74.

65. *gravelled*, puzzled, at a standstill. Compare Bacon, Advancement of Learning (ed. Wright), i. 7, § 8, p. 57: 'But when Marcus Philosophus came in, Silenus was gravelled and out of countenance.'

66. *when they are out*, when they are at a loss, having forgotten their part. See iii. 2. 233.

67. Steevens quotes from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy [Part 3, Sect. 2, Memb. 4, Sub. 1, p. 506, ed. 1651]: 'And when he hath pumped his wits dry, can say no more, kissing and colling are never out of season.'

77. *suit.* See ii. 7. 44.

83. *there was not*, there has not been. For a similar instance of the past tense used for the perfect, compare Genesis xliv. 28: 'And I said, surely he is torn in pieces; and I saw him not since;' where it would be more in accordance with modern usage to say 'I have not seen.'

85. Troilus, in the story of his death as told by Dictys Cretensis, Dares Phrygius, Tzetzes and Guido Colonna, was slain by Achilles ('impar congressus Achilli,' Virg. Aen. i. 474), either with sword or spear, and the Grecian club is as much an invention of Rosalind's as Leander's cramp.

91. *chroniclers.* The first folio has 'chronoclers.' Hanmer read 'coroners,' justifying his emendation by what follows; for 'found' is the technical word used with regard to the verdict of a coroner's jury, which is still called their 'finding.' See Hamlet, v. 1. 5: 'The crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.' I have left the old reading, for there would be only one coroner, and the 'chroniclers' might be considered to be the jurymen.

119. *there's a girl goes.* Steevens, adopting Farmer's conjecture, reads 'there a girl goes'; but the change is unnecessary, for the relative is only omitted.

131. *new-fangled*, changeable, fond of novelty and new fashions. The earliest form of the word is 'newefangel,' which occurs in Chaucer's Squire's Tale, 10932 (ed. Tyrwhitt):

'So newefangel ben they of hir mete.'

And in the Translator's Preface to the Authorised Version we find the sub-

stantive 'newfanglenes'; from which it seems probable that the final 'd' is due to corruption, as in the case of 'vild' for 'vile,' which is of common occurrence, and perhaps 'azured' for 'azure' (The Tempest, v. 1. 43), and 'damask'd' for 'damask' (Sonnet cxxx. 5). In the same way in Hamlet 'tickle' was changed to 'tickled,' and thus formed a difficulty to commentators. See note on Hamlet ii. 2. 217 (Clar. Press ed.). From the form 'new-fangled' it is easy to see how the imaginary 'fangled' which occurs in Cymbeline, v. 4. 134, was coined. Todd in his edition of Johnson's Dictionary gives two examples of 'Fangle' used as a substantive. The first is from Greene's Mamilia (1583): 'There was no feather, no fangle, jem, nor jewel, . . . left behind.' The other is from Antony à Wood, Athenæ Oxonienses, ii. col. 456: 'A hatred to fangles and the French fooleries of his time.'

133. *like Diana in the fountain.* 'In the year 1596,' says Stow in his Survey of London, 1603, quoted by Malone, 'there was set up on the east side of the cross in West Cheap, a curiously wrought tabernacle of grey marble, and in the same an image alabaster of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her naked breast for a time, but now decayed.' (p. 100, ed. Thoms.) This passage has been referred to as helping to fix the date of the play, but if Shakespeare had this image of Diana in his mind his recollection of it was not strictly accurate. Besides the figure of Diana in a fountain was not so uncommon that it is necessary to suppose that Shakespeare had any particular example in view. Drayton in the Epistle of Rosamond to Henry II (England's Heroicall Epistles, 1605), l. 140:

> 'Heere in the garden wrought by curious hands,
> Naked Diana in the fountain stands.'

134. *a hyen*, or hyæna. In Holland's Pliny it is commonly spelt 'hyæne,' sometimes 'hyæn'; but in the index 'hyen.' See xxviii. 8 (vol. ii. p. 313): 'The Hyæns bloud taken inwardly with fried barley meale, doth mitigat the wrings and gripes of the bellie.'

140. *make the doors*, shut the doors. See Comedy of Errors, iii. i. 93: 'The doors are made against you.' To 'make' the door is given as a Leicestershire expression in Dr. Evans's Leicestershire Words.

141. *'twill out.* For instances of adverbs of direction without the verb of motion, see i. 2. 197, and Abbott, § 41.

145. *Wit, whither wilt?* An expression of not uncommon occurrence, the origin of which is unknown. It appears to have been used to check any one who was talking too fast. Steevens gives instances from Decker's Satiromastix (1602): 'My sweet Wit whither wilt thou, my delicate poetical fury.' And from Heywood's Royal King, 1637 [Works, vi. 18, ed. 1874]:

> 'Cap. Wit: is the word strange to you, wit?
> Bon. Whither wilt thou?'

150. *You shall never take her without her answer.* Tyrwhitt very appro-

priately quotes from Chaucer (The Merchant's Tale, 10141–5, ed. Tyrwhitt) the promise of Proserpine to supply May with a ready answer,

'And alle women after for hire sake;
That though they ben in any gilt ytake,
With face bold they shul hemselve excuse,
And bere hem doun that wolden hem accuse,
For lacke of answere, non of us shul dien.'

152. *her husband's occasion*, an occasion against her husband; an opportunity for taking advantage of him. Johnson interprets the clause, 'shall represent her fault as occasioned by her husband.'

155. *lack*, do without.

158. *go your ways*. See i. 2. 191.

163. Rosalind swears, as Hotspur would have said, 'like a comfit maker's wife. "Not you, in good sooth," and "as true as I live," and "as God shall mend me," and "as sure as day."' 1 Henry IV, iii. 1. 253–255.

166. *pathetical*. Cotgrave explains 'Pathetique' as 'Patheticall, passionate; persuasiue, affection-moving.'

174. *let Time try*. Steevens compares Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 225:

'And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.'

175–7. Celia's speech, as Steevens has shown, is taken directly from Lodge's novel (p. 34): 'And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your robes were off, what mettal are you made of that you are so satyrical against women? is it not a foule bird defiles his own nest?'

175. *misused*, abused. See Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 1. 246: 'O, she misused me past the endurance of a block.' And Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 160:

'With twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so.'

On the other hand, 'abuse' in Shakespeare's time was equivalent to the modern 'misuse.'

180–1. *the bay of Portugal*. In a letter to the Lord Treasurer and Lord High Admiral, Ralegh gives an account of the capture of a ship of Bayonne by his man Captain Floyer in 'the Bay of Portugal' (Edwards, Life of Ralegh, ii. 56). This is the only instance in which I have met with the phrase, which is not recognised, so far as I am aware, in maps and treatises on geography. It is, however, I am informed, still used by sailors to denote that portion of the sea off the coast of Portugal from Oporto to the headland of Cintra. The water there is excessively deep, and within a distance of forty miles from the shore it attains a depth of upwards of 1400 fathoms, which in Shakespeare's time would be practically unfathomable.

185. *spleen*, a sudden impulse of passion, whether of love or hatred. So 1 Henry IV, v. 2. 19:.

'A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen!'

And Venus and Adonis, 907:

'A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways.'

186. *abuses*, deceives. See iii. 5. 78.

188. *go find*. See i. 1. 67.

Ib. a shadow, a shady place. So in Venus and Adonis, 191:

'Ill make a shadow for thee of my hairs.'

Scene II.

11. *His leather skin and horns to wear*. Steevens quotes from Lodge's novel [p. 57], 'What news, forrester? hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not man for so small a losse; thy fees was but the skinne, the shoulder, and the horns.'

12. In the folios this line and the stage direction are printed as one line:

'Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen.'

Theobald was the first to give 'The rest shall bear this burthen' as a stage direction. Knight regards the whole as a stage direction, and omits it altogether, while Collier and Dyce print it in different type. Mr. Grant White does the same, reading 'They' for 'Then.' Barron Field conjectured,

'Men sing him home, the rest shall bear [This burthen.'

And Mr. Halliwell (Phillipps) prints

'Then sing him home, the rest shall bear—This burthen.'

Scene III.

2. *here much Orlando*, ironically.

7. *bid*. The first folio has 'did bid.'

17. *as rare as phœnix*, which, according to Seneca (Epist. 42), was born only once in five hundred years. See The Tempest, iii. 3. 23, and Sir T. Browne's Vulgar Errors, B. 3, c. 12: 'That there is but one Phœnix in the world, which after many hundred years burneth it self, and from the ashes thereof ariseth up another, is a conceit not new or altogether popular, but of great Antiquity.'

Ib. Od's my will. See iii. 5. 43.

23. *turn'd into*, brought into. Compare, for this sense of 'turn,' Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 4. 67:

'A slave, that still an end turns me to shame.'

The Tempest, i. 2. 64:

'O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to.'

Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 224: 'It cannot but turn him into a notable contempt.' Coriolanus, iii. 1. 284:

'The which shall turn you to no further harm.'

Hence the conjectural emendations proposed by Capell 'turn'd so in the extremity of love,' or 'turned (that is, head-turned) in, &c.' are unnecessary.

25. *freestone-colour'd*, of the colour of Bath brick, a common article of domestic use.

27. *a huswife's hand*, such as a housemaid would have.

34. *drop forth*. See iii. 2. 219.

35. *Ethiope*, black as an Ethiopian. The word is used frequently by Shakespeare, but elsewhere as a substantive. Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 6. 26:

'And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.'

37. *heard*. See note on iv. i. 83.

48. *vengeance*, mischief; not revenge.

49. *Meaning me a beast*, meaning that I am a beast.

50. *eyne*, a poetical form of the plural, generally used for the sake of the rhyme. But this is not the case in Lucrece, 1229:

'Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet
Her circled eyne.'

The old English forms are *eiȝen*, *eien*, or *eyen*; A. S. *eágan*.

53. *aspect*, an astrological term used to denote the favourable or unfavourable appearance of the planets. Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 92:

'Whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil.'

Lucrece, 14:

'Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.'

Sonnet, xxvi. 10:

'Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect.'

The accent is always on the last syllable.

59. *kind*, nature, natural inclination. See Lucrece, 1147:

'And there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds.'

67. *instrument* is here used in two senses: first as a tool and then as a musical instrument.

69. *snake*, a term of contempt. Malone quotes from Sir John Oldcastle: 'And you, poor snakes, seldom come to a booty.' Again from Lord Cromwell [iii. 3]:

'The poorest snake,
That feeds on lemons, pilchards.'

Compare also Beaumont and Fletcher, The Captain, i. 3:

'But no snakes to poison us
With poverty.'

And The Spanish Curate, iii. 1:

'That makes you fear'd, forces the snakes to kneel to you.'

74. *fair ones.* Shakespeare seems to have forgotten that Celia was apparently the only woman present. Perhaps we should read 'fair one.'

75. *purlieus*, the skirts or borders of a forest; originally part of the forest itself. A technical term. Reed quotes from Manwood's Treatise on the Forest Laws, c. xx.: 'Purlieu . . . is a certaine territorie of ground adjoyning unto the forest, meared and bounded with immoveable marks, meeres, and boundaries.'

77. *the neighbour bottom*, the neighbouring dell or dale. For 'neighbour' as an adjective see Jeremiah xlix. 18: 'As in the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the neighbour cities thereof.' And for 'bottom' see Zechariah, i. 8: 'I saw by night, and behold a man riding upon a red horse, and he stood among the myrtle-trees that were in the bottom.'

85. *favour*, aspect, look; used generally of the face. It is a common thing in some parts of the country to say that a child 'favours' his father when he is like him in the face. Compare Macbeth, i. 5. 73:

'To alter favour ever is to fear.'

And Hamlet, v. 1. 214: 'Let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come.'

Ib. bestows himself, bears himself, deports himself. See Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 1. 87:

'How and which way I may bestow myself
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.'

86. *a ripe sister*, a grown-up sister. Lettsom conjectured 'right forester'; but the meaning must be that Rosalind, though in male attire and acting the part of a brother, was in her behaviour to Celia more like an elder sister.

92. *napkin*, handkerchief. See v. 2. 25, and Othello, iii. 3. 290, where Emilia says, 'I am glad I have found this napkin.' Iago afterwards asks Othello, iii. 3. 434:

'Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?'

96. *handkercher.* The spelling of the folios, representing the common pronunciation. In Othello the quarto reads 'handkercher,' the folios 'handkerchief.'

99. *an hour.* Orlando had said 'two hours,' and so Hanmer reads.

100. *food.* Staunton reads 'cud.'

Ib. Sweet and bitter fancy. Compare Lodge's novel, p. 100: 'Wherin I have noted the variable disposition of fancy, that lyke the polype in colours, so it changeth into sundry humors, being as it should seeme, a combat mixt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweet prejudice, lyke to the synople tree, whose blossomes delight the smell, and whose fruit infects the taste.'

103. *an oak.* The reading of Pope. The folios have 'an old oake.'

113. *with udders all drawn dry*, and therefore fierce with hunger. Compare Lear, iii. 1. 12:

'This night wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,'

though sucked dry by her cubs and therefore hungry. Steevens quotes from Arden of Feversham:

'The starven lioness
When she is dry suckt of her eager young.'

116, 117. Douce quotes from Batman vppon Bartholome [xviii. 65, fol. 370], of lions: 'Also their mercie is known by many and oft ensamples: for they spare them that lye on the ground.' See also the quotation from Lodge in the Preface.

121. *render*, report, describe. Compare Cymbeline, iii. 4. 153:

'Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.'

124. *to Orlando*, with regard to Orlando.

130. *hurtling*, din, tumult, noise of a conflict. An imitative word. Compare Julius Cæsar, ii. 2. 22: 'The noise of battle hurtled in the air.' Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives 'Hurteller. To trample on with the feet.'

134. *do not shame*, am not ashamed. Compare Lucrece, 447:

'And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold.'

137. *for*, as regards.

139. *recountments*, narratives.

140. *As*, as for instance. See ii. 1. 6. Oliver gives one of the many questions asked and answered.

149. *Brief*, briefly, in brief. So in Pericles, iii. prol. 39:

'Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre.'

Ib. recover'd, restored. Compare The Tempest, ii. 2. 97: 'If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague.'

154. *in his blood.* The first folio has 'this.'

158. *Cousin Ganymede!* Johnson reads 'Cousin—Ganymed!' and explains, 'Celia, in her first fright, forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out *cousin*, then recollects herself, and says, *Ganymede.*'

162. *Be of good cheer.* Be cheerful, cheer up! So Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 21:

'Be of good cheer,
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing.'

'Cheer,' from Fr. *chère*, was originally the countenance. See Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 96: 'pale of cheer.'

164. *I do so.* Rosalind takes Oliver's words in another sense.

Ib. Ah, sirrah. Pope altered this to 'Ah, sir,' probably because 'sirrah' is a term used in addressing an inferior. But it occurs more than once in

the same connexion with 'ah,' the speaker apparently half soliloquizing. See Romeo and Juliet, i. 5. 31:

'Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.'

And again, line 128:

'Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late.'

In Beaumont and Fletcher are several cases in which it is addressed to women. See Wit at Several Weapons, iii. 1:

'Ah, sirrah mistress, were you caught i' faith?'

Ib. a body would think, a person would think, one would think. This indefinite use of 'body' is common enough in Scotch and provincial dialects, and was once more common still. Compare Psalm liii. 1 (Prayer Book Version): 'The foolish body hath said in his heart.' So in Measure for Measure, iv. 4. 25: 'an eminent body.' And Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 4. 105: ''Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.'

168. *of earnest*. Compare Cymbeline, v. 5. 206:

'Nay, some marks
Of secret on her person.'

ACT V.

Scene I.

3. See iii. 3. 68–73.

10. *It is meat and drink to me*, &c. See Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 1. 306: 'That's meat and drink to me, now.'

11, 12. *we shall be flouting*, we must have our joke. For 'shall' in this sense compare i. 1. 117. On 'flouting,' see iii. 3. 89.

14. *God ye good even*, that is, God give you good even. It is still further shortened to 'Godgigoden' in Romeo and Juliet, i. 2. 58.

51. *bastinado*. This is the spelling of the folios, and has been adopted in modern times. But Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives, 'Bastonnade: f. A bastonadoe; a banging, or beating with a cudgell.' Florio (Ital. Dict.) has, 'Bastonata, a bastonado, or cudgell blow.'

52. *bandy with thee*, contend with thee. 'To bandy' is to take a side in a party quarrel, and was also a term used in tennis. See Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1. 92:

'The prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.'

And 1 Henry VI, iv. 1. 190:

'This factious bandying of their favourites.'

Cotgrave (s.v. Bander) gives the following: 'Iouër à bander et à racler contre. To bandy against, at Tennis: and (by metaphor) to pursue with all insolencie, rigour, extremitie. Se bander contre. To bandie, or oppose himselfe against, with his whole power; or to ioyne in league with others against.'

Ib. policy. The first folio has 'police.'

56. *God rest you merry.* This salutation at taking leave occurs in the shorter form in Romeo and Juliet, i. 2. 65: 'Ye say honestly: rest you merry!' So 'rest you fair, good signior,' in Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 60.

57. *seeks*, perhaps only a misprint of the folios. See note on i. 2. 94.

Scene II.

3. *persever.* The common spelling of Shakespeare's time, the accent being on the second syllable. See King John, ii. 1. 421:

'Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.'

The only exception to the uniformity of this spelling given by Dr. Schmidt in his Shakespeare Lexicon is in Lear, iii. 5. 23, where the quartos have 'persevere,' and the folios 'persever.'

6. *the poverty of her.* Compare Henry V, ii. 4. 64:

'The native mightiness and fate of him.'

And see Abbott, § 225.

7. *nor her sudden consenting.* 'Her' was added by Rowe.

11. *estate*, settle as an estate. So in The Tempest, iv. 1. 85:

'And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.'

17. *And you, fair sister.* Johnson proposed 'And you, and your fair sister,' but Oliver enters into Orlando's humour in regarding the apparent Ganymede as Rosalind.

25. *swoon.* The first three folios have 'sound'; the fourth 'swound.' See iii. 5. 17.

Ib. handkercher. See iv. 3. 96.

27. *I know where you are*, I know what you mean, what you are hinting at. Compare Lear, iv. 6. 148 [123, Clar. Press ed.]: 'O, ho, are you there with me?'

29. *thrasonical*, boastful; from Thraso the boaster in the Eunuchus of Terence. It occurs again in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 14: 'His general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.'

Ib. of. Compare Twelfth Night, i. 5. 10: 'I can tell thee where that saying was born, of "I fear no colours."'

Ib. The celebrated despatch of Cæsar to the Senate after his defeat of Pharnaces near Zela in Pontus. See Cymbeline, iii. 1. 24:

'A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of "Came" and "saw" and "overcame."'

The first folio has 'overcome.'

35. *incontinent*, immediately. See Othello, iv. 3. 12:

'He says he will return incontinent.'

Ib. wrath, ardour or impetuosity.

36. *they will together.* See note on i. 2. 197.

Ib. clubs cannot part them. Clubs were the weapons of the London prentices, and the cry of 'Clubs! clubs!' as the readers of The Fortunes of Nigel will remember, was the signal for them to join in a street fight, but nominally to separate the combatants. See Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 80:

'Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!'

The stage direction which precedes is 'Enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs.' Compare also Titus Andronicus, ii. 1. 37:

'Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.'

Compare also Henry VIII, v. 4. 53: 'I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman; who cried out "Clubs!" when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour.'

37. *bid*, invite; A.S. *biddan*. See below, line 64. In the other sense of 'offer' or 'order' it is from A.S. *beódan*.

38. *nuptial*, wedding. The plural form, which is now the prevailing one, is only used twice by Shakespeare, in Pericles, v. 3. 80, and Othello, ii. 2. 8. In the latter passage the folios have the singular, while the quartos read 'nuptialls.' See The Tempest, v. 1. 308.

48. *of good conceit*, of good intelligence or mental capacity. Compare Lucrece, 701:

'O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!'

Shakespeare never uses the word in its modern sense. See Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 92.

49. *insomuch*, inasmuch as.

52. *to grace me*, to get me credit. See i. 1. 134.

54. *three year.* The fourth folio had already 'three years,' or the change would have been made by Pope on the ground that the singular was vulgar. See note on iii. 2. 295.

Ib. conversed, been conversant, associated.

55. *damnable*, worthy of condemnation. Compare Measure for Measure, iv. 3. 73:

'A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.'

56. *gesture*, carriage, bearing.

Ib. cries it out. For this indefinite use of 'it' compare i. 3. 119.

63. *which I tender dearly.* By 5 Elizabeth, ch. 16, 'An Act agaynst Conjuracons, Inchantmentes, and Witchecraftes,' it was enacted that all persons using witchcraft etc. whereby death ensued should be put to death without benefit of clergy. If the object of the witchcraft were to cause bodily harm the punishment was for the first offence one year's imprisonment

and pillory; and for the second, death. To use witchcraft for the purpose of discovering treasure or to provoke unlawful love was an offence punishable upon the first conviction with a year's imprisonment and pillory, and upon the second with imprisonment for life and forfeiture of goods. This Act was repealed by another, 1 James I, c. 12, which was even more severe. By this any one invoking or consulting with evil spirits and practising witchcraft was to be put to death; and for attempting by means of conjurations to discover hidden treasure or to procure unlawful love the punishment was one year's imprisonment and pillory for the first offence, and for the second, death.

87, 89. *observance*, respect. In one or other of these passages 'observance' occurs in place of another word. Most of those who have made conjectures have rightly regarded the second occurrence of the word as an error, for on the first occasion it is appropriately associated with 'adoration' and 'duty.' To 'observe' any one, in the language of Shakespeare's time, was to treat him with consideration and respect. Thus in Mark vi. 20 it is said of John the Baptist that 'Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and an holy, and observed him,' where Tyndale has 'gave him reverence.' Compare Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 212:

> 'Hinge thy knee,
> And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
> Blow off thy cap.'

In line 87 Dyce reads 'obedience.' In line 89 the following have been proposed, 'obeisance,' 'obedience,' 'perseverance,' 'endurance,' 'deservance,' and 'devotion.' Of these 'perséverance' and 'endurance' are better than the rest, but not entirely satisfactory.

94. *to love you.* We should now say 'for loving you.' Compare Taming of the Shrew, iii. 2. 27: 'I cannot blame thee now to weep.' See Abbott, § 356.

97. *Why do you speak too.* Rowe altered this to 'Who do you speak to'; but the change is not absolutely necessary, for Orlando's reply fits the question well enough.

100, 101. *like the howling of Irish wolves*, dismal and monotonous. Malone has pointed out that this is adapted from Lodge's novel (p. 110); 'I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkest with the wolves of Syria against the moone.' In Ireland wolves existed as late as the beginning of the last century. Spenser, in his View of the Present State of Ireland (Globe ed.), p. 634, mentions some of the Irish superstitions connected with the wolf: 'Also the Scythians sayd, that they were once every yeare turned into wolves, and soe is it written of the Irish: though Mr. Camden in a better sence doth suppose it was a disease, called Lycanthropia, soe named of the wolfe. And yet some of the Irish doe use to make the wolfe theyr gossip.'

Scene III.

4. *dishonest*, unvirtuous or immodest. See i. 2. 35, iii. 3. 21. In 'the character of the persons' prefixed to Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, Fallace, the citizen's wife, is described: 'She dotes as perfectly upon the courtier, as her husband does upon her, and only wants the face to be dishonest.'

Ib. to be a woman of the world, that is, to be married. Compare what Beatrice says in Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 1. 331, 'Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt: I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!' Again, All's Well that End's Well, i. 3. 20: 'If I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.'

10. *Shall we clap into 't roundly*, shall we set about it directly? Compare Measure for Measure, iv. 3. 43: 'Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.' And Much Ado about Nothing, iii. 4. 44: 'Clap's into "Light o' Love," that goes without a burden.' For 'roundly' in the sense of directly, without hesitation, see Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 161:

> 'Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;
> And fell so roundly to a large confession,
> To angle for your thoughts.'

11, 12. *the only prologues to a bad voice.* Another instance of the transposition of 'only.' Compare i. 2. 174, and Much Ado about Nothing, iv. 1. 323: 'Men are only turned into tongue.' Again, Sidney's Arcadia, lib. 2, p. 110 (ed. 1598): 'Gynecia, who with the onely bruze of the fall, had her shoulder put of ioynct.'

15–32. The arrangement of verses in the song is that which is found in a MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, reprinted by Mr. Chappell in his Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 204. In the folios the last stanza is printed as the second.

16. *With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino.* In the preface to his Ghostly Psalms, Coverdale (Remains, p. 537, Parker Soc.) refers to these meaningless burdens of songs: 'And if women, sitting at their rocks, or spinning at the wheels, had none other songs to pass their time withal, than such as Moses' sister, Glehana's [Elkanah's] wife, Debora, and Mary the mother of Christ, have sung before them, they should be better occupied than with *hey nony nony*, *hey troly loly*, and such like phantasies.'

18. *the only pretty ring time.* So the Edinburgh MS. The folios have 'rank' for 'ring.'

33, 34. *no great matter in the ditty*, no great sense or meaning in the words of the song. For 'matter' see ii. 1. 68. Bacon, Essay xxxvii. p. 156 (ed. Wright), says of 'acting in song' that we should have 'the ditty high and tragicall.'

34. *untuneable.* Theobald, forgetting that Touchstone is the speaker, changed this to 'untimeable.' The page misunderstands him in order to give him an opening for another joke.

Scene IV.

4. *As those that fear they hope, and know they fear,* who are so diffident that they even hope fearfully, and are only certain that they fear. Various conjectures without sufficient reason have been made for the emendation of the text.

5. *whiles,* while. See ii. 7. 128.

Ib. compact, with the accent on the last syllable, as in Hamlet, i. 1. 86 and elsewhere in Shakespeare except 1 Henry VI, v. 4. 163. See the note on the passage in Hamlet (Clar. Press ed.).

25. *To make these doubts all even.* Steevens quotes from Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 41:

'Yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.'

25. *lively,* lifelike. So in Timon of Athens, i. 1. 38, 'Livelier than life.'

Ib. touches, traits. See iii. 2. 141.

Ib. favour. See iv. 3. 85. As Orlando does not recognise Rosalind in her disguise it is not surprising that her father fails to do so. But his curiosity is excited, and the enquiries which must certainly have followed upon Orlando's speech are checked by the entry of Touchstone and Audrey.

35. *another flood toward,* that is, at hand or coming on. Compare Lear, ii. 1. 11: 'Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?' So 'towards' is used in the same sense in Romeo and Juliet, i. 5. 124: 'We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.'

36, 37. Warburton thought the reading 'very strange beasts' wrong, and that his proposed change to 'unclean beasts' made it highly humorous. No one but Hanmer seems to have been of the same opinion.

39. *Good my lord.* See i. 2. 1.

39, 40. *the motley-minded gentleman.* See ii. 7. 12 &c.

42. *let him put me to my purgation,* let him give me an opportunity of proving the truth of what I have said. See i. 3. 50. The phrase is used in a double sense in Hamlet, iii. 2. 318.

34. *a measure,* a stately dance, suited to the court. Compare Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 1. 80: 'The wedding mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry.' Autolycus in the Winter's Tale (iv. 4. 757), who has some points of resemblance to Touchstone, says to the Shepherd, 'Hath not my gait in it the measure of the court!' See also in Venus and Adonis, 1148, Venus prophesies of love,

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures.'

45. *like*, been likely. Compare Much Ado about Nothing, v. 1. 115: 'We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.'

47. *ta'en up*, made up. Compare Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 320: 'I have his horse to take up the quarrel.' And Othello, i. 3. 173:

'Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best.'

52. *God 'ild you.* See iii. 3. 61.

Ib. I desire you of the like. Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 185: 'I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb.'

53. *copulatives*, who desire to be joined in marriage. For the force of the termination '-ive' in Shakespeare see note on iii. 2. 10.

54. *blood*, passion. See Hamlet, iii. 2. 74:

'And blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.'

55. *ill-favoured*, ill-looking, ugly. See i. 2. 36.

57. *honesty.* See i. 2. 35, iii. 3. 25.

58. *as your pearl in your foul oyster.* For this colloquial use of the pronoun compare iii. 4. 10, and Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 7. 29, 30: 'Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.'

59. *swift*, quick-witted. See iii. 2. 257, and compare Much Ado about Nothing, iii. 1. 89:

'Having so swift and excellent a wit.'

Ib. sententious, full of pithy sayings. So in Love's Labour 's Lost, v. 1. 3: 'Your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious.'

60. *the fool's bolt*, which, according to the proverb, is soon shot. See Henry V, iii. 7. 132.

60, 61. *such dulcet diseases.* Those who wish to make sense of Touchstone's nonsense would read 'discourses,' or 'phrases,' or 'discords,' instead of 'diseases.' But the clown only shares the fate of those, even in modern times, who use fine phrases without understanding them, and 'for a tricksy word defy the matter.'

64. *seven times removed*, reckoning backwards from the lie direct.

65. *more seeming*, more seemly, more becomingly.

Ib. dislike, express dislike of. Warburton quotes from Beaumont and Fletcher, The Queen of Corinth, iv. 1:

'Has he familiarly
Disliked your yellow starch, or said your doublet
Was not exactly frenchified? or that, that report
In fair terms was untrue? or drawn your sword,
Cried 'twas ill-mounted? has he given the lie

In circle, or oblique, or semi-circle,
Or direct parallel? you must challenge him.'

70. *quip*, a smart jest. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) explains 'Sobriquet' as 'A surname; also, a nickname, or byword; and, a quip or cut giuen, a mocke or flowt bestowed, a ieast broken on a man.' Milton has preserved the word in L'Allegro, 27:

'Quips and cranks and wanton wiles.'

Baret (Alvearie, ed. 1580) gives: 'merrie Quipps, or tauntes wittily spoken. Dicteria.' Another form of the word is 'quib,' which is found in Coles' Dictionary, and in Webster's one volume edition is given on the authority of Tennyson in a quotation from The Death of the Old Year, l. 29. I have however been unable to find it in any English edition.

71. *disabled*, disparaged. See iv. 1. 30.

74. *lied*. Capell's reading. The folios have 'lie.'

Ib. countercheck, a rebuff, check. The figure is from the game of chess; as in King John, ii. 1. 224:

'Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates.'

83. *we quarrel in print, by the book*. The particular book which Shakespeare seems to have had in view was a treatise by Vincentio Saviolo printed in 1595, to which Warburton was the first to direct attention. The full title is 'Vincentio Saviolo his Practise. In two Bookes. The first intreating of the vse of the Rapier and Dagger. The second, of Honor and honorable Quarrels.' In the second book is contained, 'A Discourse most necessarie for all Gentlemen that haue in regarde their honors touching the giuing and receiuing of the Lie, wherevpon the Duello & the Combats in diuers sortes doth insue, & many other inconueniencies, for lack only of the true knowledge of honor, and the contrarie: & the right vnderstanding of wordes, which heere is plainly set downe, beginning thus.' The subject is treated under the following heads: 'Of the manner and diuersitie of Lies.' 'Of Lies certaine.' 'Of conditionall Lyes.' 'Of the Lye in generall.' 'Of the Lye in particular.' 'Of foolish Lyes.' The chapter 'Of conditionall Lyes,' which appears to correspond to Touchstone's Lie circumstantial, begins thus: 'Conditionall lyes be such as are giuen conditionally: as if a man should saie or write these woordes. If thou hast saide that I haue offered my Lord abuse, thou lyest: or if thou saiest so heerafter, thou shalt lye. And as often as thou hast or shalt so say, so oft do I and will I say that thou doest lye. Of these kinde of lyes giuen in this manner, often arise much contention in words, and diuers intricate worthy battailes, multiplying wordes vpon wordes whereof no sure conclusion can arise.' The author warns his readers 'by all meanes possible to shunne all conditionall lyes, neuer geuing anie other but certayne Lyes: the which in like manner they ought to haue great regarde, that they giue them not, vnlesse they be by some sure means infallibly assured, that they giue them rightly, to the ende

that the parties vnto whome they be giuen, may be forced without further Ifs and Ands, either to deny or iustifie, that which they haue spoken.'

84. *books for good manners*, like 'the card or calendar of gentry' to which Osric compares Laertes (Hamlet v. 2. 114), evidently in allusion to the title of some such book. Mr. Halliwell (Phillipps) quotes one by R. Whittinton, translated from Erasmus, *De Civilitate Morum Puerilium*, and printed in 1554: 'A lytle Booke of Good Maners for Chyldren with interpritation into the vulgare Englysshe tongue.' Overbury in his Characters says of 'A fine Gentleman,' 'He hath read the Booke of good manners, and by this time each of his limbs may read it.'

94. *swore brothers*, made themselves sworn brothers, like two friends who took an oath to share each other's fortunes. See note on Richard II, v. 1. 20 (Clar. Press ed.):

'I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death.'

And again, Henry V, ii. 1. 13: 'I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France.' Also 2 Henry IV, iii. 2. 345.

98. *a stalking-horse* was either a real horse or the figure of a horse, used by sportsmen to get near their game. Steevens, in his note on Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 3. 95 ('Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits'), quotes from Drayton's Polyolbion, xxv. 141:

'One underneath his horse to get a shoot doth stalk.'

In Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, i. 2. § 15, it is more fully described. 'The Stalking Horse, originally, was a horse trained for the purpose and covered with trappings, so as to conceal the sportsman from the game he intended to shoot at. It was particularly useful to the archer, by affording him an opportunity of approaching the birds unseen by them, so near that his arrows might easily reach them; but as this method was frequently inconvenient, and often impracticable, the fowler had recourse to art, and caused a canvas figure to be stuffed, and painted like a horse grazing, but sufficiently light, that it might be moved at pleasure with one hand.'

99. *presentation*, semblance. Compare Richard III, iv. 4. 84:

'I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen,
The presentation of but what I was.'

For 'present' in the sense of 'represent, play the part of,' see Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 537: 'He presents Hector of Troy.'

Ib. The scene with Hymen is a kind of pageant contrived by Rosalind to appear as if wrought by enchantment. It was accompanied by still or soft music, like the similar scene in The Tempest.

102. *Atone together*, are reconciled or made one. As in Coriolanus, iv. 6. 72:

'He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety.'

Elsewhere Shakespeare uses the word in a transitive sense. Compare Richard II, i. 1. 202:

'Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.'

The word is probably not much older than Shakespeare's time. The verb 'atone' does not occur in the Authorised Version; but we have there in Acts vii. 26, 2 Macc. i. 5, the phrases 'to set at one' in the sense of 'to reconcile,' and 'to be at one' in the sense of 'to be reconciled,' from which it is derived. Chaucer (Clerk's Tale, line 8313) has 'to brynge at oon.' The substantive 'atonement' is found earlier than the verb 'atone'; and the latter appears to have been formed from 'at one,' regarded as an adverbial phrase, in the same way as verbs are formed from the adverbs 'further,' 'forward,' etc. The spelling of the folios is 'Attone,' which has given occasion to the conjectural emendation 'Attune.'

105. *hither.* The rhyme is more perfect in the first folio, which spells this 'hether.'

106. *her hand.* The reading of the third and fourth folios. The others have 'his hand.'

107. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 826:

'Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.'

111. For 'sight' in Orlando's speech Johnson proposed to read 'shape,' in consequence of Phebe's answer: 'If sight and shape be true.' But Rosalind's woman's shape was more fatal to Phebe's hopes than the mere fact of her identity, whereas her identity was everything to Orlando.

117. *bar*, prohibit. So in Lear, v. 3. 85:

'For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife.'

122. *If truth holds true contents*, if there be any truth in truth. This appears to be the only sense of which the poor phrase is capable.

123. The six following lines are addressed to the four couples, and are easily distributed.

125. *accord*, agree, consent. So in Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 3. 90: 'My heart accords thereto.'

127. *sure*, closely united as in marriage. Compare Merry Wives of Windsor, v. 5. 237:

'The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.'

142. *my fancy.* See iii. 2. 334.

Ib. doth combine, or bind. Compare Measure for Measure, iv. 3. 149:

'I am combined by a sacred vow.'

Ib. Enter Jaques de Boys. The folios have 'Enter Second Brother.' Shakespeare, in elaborating the character of the melancholy Jaques, appears to have forgotten that he had already appropriated the name to Orlando's second brother.

148. *Address'd*, equipped, prepared. Compare 2 Henry IV, iv. 4. 5:

'Our navy is address'd, our power collected.'

Ib. power, force; used of an army, as in Macbeth, iv. 3. 236:

'Come, go we to the king; our power is ready.'

149. *In his own conduct*, under his own guidance, led by himself. Compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 62:

'I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will.'

152. *religious*. See iii. 2. 318.

153. *question*. See iii. 4. 31.

Ib. was converted. For the omission of the nominative see i. 1. 1, and Abbott, § 400.

156. *all their lands restored*. This may be grammatically explained either by regarding it as a continuation of the sentence in line 153 'was converted,' the intervening line being parenthetical; or by supposing an ellipsis of 'were,' 'all their lands were restored' (see i. 1. 11, and the passage from Antony and Cleopatra quoted below in note on line 164); or, which seems best, as an independent participial clause, 'all their lands being restored.'

158. *engage*, pledge. Compare Othello, iv. 3. 462: 'I here engage my words.' Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) has 'Engager. To pawne, impledge, ingage, to lay to pawne, or to pledge.'

159. *offer'st fairly*, contributest fairly, makest a handsome present.

160. *to the other*, that is, Orlando, by his marriage with Rosalind.

164. *after*, afterwards. See The Tempest, ii. 2. 10:

'Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me.'

Ib. every, every one. So 'any' for 'any one' in i. 2. 127. Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 2. 38:

'If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.'

And Bacon, Essay xv. p. 56 (ed. Wright): 'For the Motions of the greatest persons, in a Government, ought to be, as the Motions of the Planets, vnder *Primum Mobile;* (according to the old Opinion:) which is, That Every of them, is carried swiftly, by the Highest Motion, and softly in their owne Motion.'

165. *shrewd*, bad, evil. In the Promptorium Parvulorum we find 'Schrewe. *Pravus.* Schrewyd. *Pravatus, depravatus.*' To 'shrewe' in Chaucer is to wish a person evil: as in The Wife of Bath's Tale (line 6644, ed. Tyrwhitt):

'Nay than, quod she, I shrewe us bothe two.'

In the earlier Wicliffite Version of Genesis xxxix. 8, the Latin 'Qui nequaquam acquiescens operi nefario' is rendered 'the which not assentynge to the shrewid dede.' In modern usage the word has a limited but improved meaning. A shrew is a scold, one with a sharp tongue, or who in Eliza-

bethan English was 'curst'; and 'shrewd' passing through the sense of 'sharp of tongue, censorious,' has come to signify sharp or keen-witted.

171. *measures.* See above, line 43.

172. *by your patience*, by your leave, with your permission. See The Tempest, iii. 3. 3:

'By your patience,
I needs must rest me.'

And Lear, v. 3. 59:

'Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.'

174. *pompous*, attended with pomp and ceremony. Compare Richard II, iv. 1. 250:

'For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king.'

The word has now come to be chiefly if not entirely used in the sense of 'ostentatious.'

176. *To him will I.* See i. 2. 197.

Ib. convertites, converts. Compare King John, v. 1. 19:

'But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war.'

And Lucrece, 743:

'He thence departs a heavy convertite.'

Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) thus defines 'Convers': 'A conuertite; one that hath turned to the Faith; or is woon vnto religious profession; or hath abandoned a loose to follow a godlie, a vicious to lead a vertuous, life.'

177. *matter.* See ii. 1. 68.

178. *bequeath*, loosely used in the sense of 'leave,' as above, line 155. Properly, like the A. S. *becwæþan*, it signifies only to give by will, and is applied to personal property. This passage is not quoted by those who insist upon Shakespeare's intimate technical knowledge of law.

179. *deserves.* The singular verb often follows two substantives which represent one idea. See Abbott, § 336.

Epilogue.

3. *good wine needs no bush.* An ivy bush or garland was formerly the sign of a vintner. Steevens quotes from Gascoigne's Glass of Government, 1575:

'Now a days the good wyne needeth none ivye garland.'

See also Florio, Second Frutes, p. 185: 'Womens beauty . . . is like vnto an Iuy bush, that cals men to the tauern, but hangs itselfe without to winde and wether.' In many places to this day a bush is the sign of an inn. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) has 'Bouchon: m. A stopple; also, a wispe of strawe, &c., also, the bush of a tauerne, or alehouse.' Compare also Chaucer's description of the Sompnour (Prologue, lines 668, 9, ed. Tyrwhitt):

'A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,
As gret as it were for an alestake.'

7. *insinuate with you*, ingratiate myself with you. So Venus and Adonis, 1012:

'With Death she humbly doth insinuate.'

8. *furnished.* See iii. 2. 227.

11. *as please you.* 'Please' is here the subjunctive, as in Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 1. 56: 'Yes, faith, it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy and say, "Father, as it please you."'

14, 15. *If I were a woman.* It was not till after the Restoration that women's parts in plays were regularly taken by women. Compare Coriolanus, ii. 2. 100:

'In that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved best man i' the field.'

Pepys in his Diary has several allusions to this. The following quotations are from the new edition by Mr. Bright.

August 18th, 1660. 'Captain Ferrers took me and Crud to see the Cockpitt play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, "The Loyall Subject," where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life' (i. 177, 178).

January 3, 1660. 'To the Theatre, where was acted "Beggar's Bush," it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage' (i. 328).

January 8, 1660/1. 'After dinner I took my Lord Hinchinbroke and Mr. Sidney to the Theatre, and shewed them "The Widdow," an indifferent good play, but wronged by the women being to seek in their parts' (i. 240).

Feb. 12, 1660/1. 'By water to Salsbury Court play-house, where not liking to sit, we went out again, and by coach to the Theatre, and there saw "The Scornfull Lady," now done by a woman, which makes the play appear much better than ever it did to me' (i. 259).

16. *liked*, pleased. So in Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 2. 56: 'The music likes you not.'

17. *defied*, distrusted, disliked. Pepys, with all his gallantries, was of a jealous complexion. At dinner at Sir W. Pen's he meets 'Major Holmes, who,' says he, 'I perceive would fain get to be free and friends with my wife, but I shall prevent it, and she herself hath also a defyance against him.' (i. 397.)

ADDENDA.

I. 3, 30. *By this kind of chase*, by following this course of argument.

II. 1. 24. *Add to note*—Perhaps however 'forked' was used loosely and as equivalent to 'barbed.' For instance Cotgrave has, 'Dard barbillonné. A dart that hath a forked, or barbed, head.' See also s. v. *Oreille*, *Rallion*.

II. 5. 22. *Compliment.* Compare Chapman, An humerous dayes mirth, (Works, i. 53): 'So long as the complements of a gentleman last, he is your complete ape.'

II. 7. 39. *Add to note*, and Lyly's Euphues (ed. Arber), p. 44: 'Or if your moist brain haue forgot it, you haue learned much, and profited nothing.'

III. 2. 131, &c. Add reference to Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 234, 5.

III. 2. 188, &c. Add reference to Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 529.

III. 2. 255. Burton in his Anatomy of Melancholy (Part 2. Sect. 3. Mem. 7), under the head of remedies against discontents, after quoting a number of consolatory maxims, says, 'Look for more in Isocrates, Seneca, Plutarch, Epictetus, &c., and for defect, consult with cheese-trenchers and painted cloths.'

III. 2. 374. *effeminate*, womanish; and hence, fanciful, capricious.

III. 3. 65. Palsgrave (Lesclaircissement de la Langue Francoyse) has, 'Oxebowe that gothe about his necke—collier de bevf.'

III. 4. 39. For the ironical use of 'noble' see Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) s. v. Chien, 'Chien-dent, Couch-grasse, Quich-grasse, Dogs-grasse; also, a noble stinker.'

III. 5. 60. *Cry the man mercy*, beg his pardon.

IV. 3. 133. *contrive*, plot. Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 196.

V. 4. 102. *atone.* I have since found the verb in Sir Beves of Hamtoun, l. 3334 (Maitland Club ed.):

'So thai atonede with oute sake.'

V. 4. 178. *bequeath.* In Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle, 6424, it is applied to land, and it may be that the modern usage was not settled in Shakespeare's time:

'& sede biuore all þe eourt · þat king edmond biqueþ ·
Is kinedom & al is lond · king knout biuore is deþ.'

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