

eyeglass. *Spectacle* also appears three times in “A chair.”, the 18th subpoem of *Tender Buttons* “Objects,” which seems to point to Abraham Lincoln’s assassination at Ford’s Theatre, an event in United States history of grave moral import that weighed heavily on the concept of union.

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 SENIOR

And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Second Lord

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

DUKE SENIOR

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 FREDERICK

Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court

Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord

I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her abed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

Second 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 FREDERICK

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

ORLANDO

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!

ORLANDO

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 practises.

This is no place; this house is but a butchery:

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORLANDO

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

ADAM

No matter whither, so you come not here.

ORLANDO

What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or with a base and 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.

ADAM

But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,

Which I did store to be my foster-nurse

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;

And 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.

ORLANDO

O good old man, how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world,
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
 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

ROSALIND

O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

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!

What Rosalind cum Ganymede wears matters because it imposes on her more courage than she would ordinarily have as a woman wearing a petticoat. Stein may have interpreted this passage by Rosalind in the 9th subpoem of *Tender Buttons*:

A METHOD OF A CLOAK.

A single climb to a line, a straight exchange to a cane, a desperate adventure and **courage** and a clock, all this which is a system, which has feeling, which has resignation and success, all makes an attractive black silver.

Therefore the cloak, which may be a cape thrown around the shoulders of man, or a woman, provides a swashbuckling feeling of impenetrability. Stein's cloak ups the ante on Shakespeare's doublet, which is a close-fitting jacket without sleeves.

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

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.

ROSALIND

Well, this is the forest of Arden.

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS

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

CORIN

That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SILVIUS

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

CORIN

I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

SILVIUS

No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
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?

CORIN

Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SILVIUS

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,
 Wearying 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

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

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.

ROSALIND

Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

TOUCHSTONE

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

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

Holla, you clown!

ROSALIND

Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

CORIN

Who calls?

TOUCHSTONE

Your betters, sir.

CORIN

Else are they very wretched.

ROSALIND

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

CORIN

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

ROSALIND

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

CORIN

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

ROSALIND

What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

CORIN

That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

CORIN

Assuredly the thing is to be sold:

Go with me: if you like upon report
 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.

AMIENS

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.

JAQUES

More, more, I prithee, more.

AMIENS

It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

JAQUES

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

AMIENS

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

JAQUES

I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to
 sing. **Come, more; another stanza: call you 'em stanzas?**

AMIENS

What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

JAQUES

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

Jaques question about what to call the verses of Amiens' song must have interested Stein since *Tender Buttons* is very concerned with form and also how to overcome the problem of static nouns. The form of *Tender Buttons* appears more as paragraphs than verse stanzas. It's a form that Arthur Rimbaud used in prose poems *Les fleurs du mal*.

AMIENS

More at your request than to please myself.

JAQUES

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.

In Shakespeare's lexicon dog-apes are baboons (he saw the baboon's face as a dog face). In *Tender Buttons*, Stein puts *dog*, *monkey*, and *donkey* together, which seems nonsensical until considering this passage by Jaques.

A DOG.

A little monkey goes like a donkey that means to say that means to say that more sighs last goes. Leave with it. A little monkey goes like a donkey.

A WHITE HUNTER.

A white hunter is nearly crazy.

In "Objects" subpoem 50, "A dog.", Stein's scenario creates a little circus entertainment that precedes subpoem 51 where a white hunter loses his sanity momentarily as does Orlando who assails Jaques with his sword because Orlando is trying to get food for his man servant Adam.

AMIENS

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.

JAQUES

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.

JAQUES

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

AMIENS

And I'll sing it.

JAQUES

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.

AMIENS

What's that 'ducdame'?

JAQUES

'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 first-born of Egypt.

These comments by the melancholic Jaques foreshadows Orlando making an ass of himself by threatening Jaques with a sword. The reality is that the camp of men led by Duke Senior are sympathetic to Orlando's need to get food for his man servant Adam and himself. With the word *ass*, Shakespeare completes Stein's dog-monkey-donkey connection seen in subpoem 50 of *Tender Buttons* "Objects."

While Stein is accused of writing nonsense, she did not use words like *ducdame*, which required explanation. What she did was take ordinary words and put them into a new grammatical structure in order to effect more liveliness. For example, the title of "Objects" subpoem 57, "It was a black, black took." takes the past tense of the verb to take (*took*) and turns it into a noun that still seems to retain the action of the verb it comes from. In *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, Stein wrote (in Alice's voice) that while she tried her hand at inventing words: "The use of fabricated words offended her, it was an escape into imitative emotionalism."

Stein decided when she was at Harvard that her religious practice (in whatever form she was observant as an assimilated Jew) was not for public knowledge. However, Jaques' line "I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt," which refers to the tenth plague the Hebrew god enacted against Pharaoh's people for not releasing the Jews from slavery, set an example for Stein—giving her permission

to point to Jewish practice and traditions that might serve her purpose. For example, one way of viewing her *system to pointing* is to literally see it as the implement known as a yad (a pointer) used to keep one's place while reading the sacred text of Torah. Surely if Shakespeare could make veiled reference to Jewish practice so could Stein.

AMIENS

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.

ORLANDO

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 SENIOR

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 SENIOR

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 SENIOR

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

JAQUES

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 SENIOR

What fool is this?

JAQUES

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 SENIOR

Thou shalt have one.

JAQUES

It is my only suit;
 Provided that you weed your better judgments
 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 SENIOR

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

JAQUES

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

DUKE SENIOR

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 licence of free foot hast caught,
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

JAQUES

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 weary 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

ORLANDO

Forbear, and eat no more.

JAQUES

Why, I have eat none yet.

ORLANDO

Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

JAQUES

Of what kind should this cock come of?

DUKE SENIOR

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?

ORLANDO

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.

JAQUES

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

DUKE SENIOR

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

ORLANDO

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 SENIOR

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.

ORLANDO

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 SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

Exit

DUKE SENIOR

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

JAQUES

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players:
 They have their exits and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 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 SENIOR

Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,
 And let him feed.

ORLANDO

I thank you most for him.

ADAM

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

DUKE SENIOR

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.

AMIENS

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 SENIOR

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 FREDERICK

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 brothers mouth
 Of what we think against thee.

OLIVER

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

DUKE FREDERICK

More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature
 Make an extent upon his house and lands:
 Do this expediently and turn him going.

Exeunt

SCENE II. The forest.

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper

ORLANDO

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

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

Truly, shepherd, *in respect* of itself, *it is* a good
 life, but *in respect* that *it is* a shepherd's life,
it is naught. *In respect* that *it is* solitary, I
 like it very 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
is it 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?

One of the approaches Stein takes in writing *Tender Buttons* is to play against how a writer lays down words on the page. In a way, Touchstone's speech is like call and response. He weighs one thought against another by repeating these two counter-balancing phrases: *in respect* and *it is*. Moreover the repetition is varied by sometimes using two instances of *it is* in a row, by adding *not* to *it is*, or by inverting *it is* to *is it*.

In the subpoem “Roastbeef.” of *Tender Buttons* “Food,” Stein repeats the word *considering* and the phrase *there is no* in much the same way Touchstone’s speech unrolls.

Considering the circumstances **there is no** occasion for a reduction, **considering** that **there is no** peeling **there is no** occasion for an obligation, **considering** that **there is no** outrage **there is no** necessity for any reparation, **considering** that **there is no** particle sodden there is no occasion for deliberation. **Considering** everything and which way the turn is tending, **considering** everything why **is there no** restraint, **considering** everything what makes the place settle and the plate distinguish some specialties. The whole thing is not understood and this is not strange **considering** that **there is no** education, this is not strange because having that certainly does show the difference in cutting, it shows that when **there is** turning **there is no** distress.

Like Shakespeare, Stein varies her repetition such that *considering* might be repeated without the counter-balancing *there is no*, *there is no* is inverted once to *is there no*, and the *no* is dropped in one instance of *there is*.

CORIN

No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that 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.

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

No, truly.

TOUCHSTONE

Then thou art damned.

CORIN

Nay, I hope.

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCHSTONE

Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners,

then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

Instance, briefly; come, instance.

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

Besides, our hands are hard.

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes

and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of **cattle**; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

CORIN

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

Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading

ROSALIND

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 fair be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

TOUCHSTONE

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.

ROSALIND

Out, fool!

TOUCHSTONE

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?

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

ROSALIND

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.

TOUCHSTONE

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

Enter CELIA, with a writing

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

[Reads]

Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No:
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
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.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE

CELIA

Didst thou hear these verses?

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder
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.

CELIA

Trow you who hath done this?

ROSALIND

Is it a man?

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

I prithee, who?

CELIA

O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to
meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes

and so encounter.

ROSALIND

Nay, but who is it?

CELIA

Is it possible?

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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 may drink thy tidings.

CELIA

So you may put a man in your belly.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROSALIND

Orlando?

CELIA

Orlando.

ROSALIND

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 him here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Give me audience, good madam.

ROSALIND

Proceed.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES

ROSALIND

'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

Rosalind is your love's name?

ORLANDO

Yes, just.

JAQUES

I do not like her name.

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

What stature is she of?

ORLANDO

Just as high as my heart.

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

The worst fault you have is to be in love.

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

There I shall see mine own figure.

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

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

ORLANDO

I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur
Melancholy.

Exit JAQUES

ROSALIND

[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?

ORLANDO

Very well: what would you?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Who ambles Time withal?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Who doth he gallop withal?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Who stays it still withal?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Are you native of this place?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was

in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship 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.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

I prithee, recount some of them.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

What were his marks?

ROSALIND

A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue eye and sunken, which you have not, an unquestionable spirit, which you have not, a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: 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.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND

Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something 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.

ORLANDO

I would not be cured, youth.

ROSALIND

I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind

and come every day to my cote and woo me.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Go with me to it and I'll show it you and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live.

Will you go?

ORLANDO

With all my heart, good youth.

ROSALIND

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

Exeunt

SCENE III. The forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES behind

TOUCHSTONE

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?

AUDREY

Your features! Lord warrant us! what features!

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

Would you not have me honest?

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

[Aside] A material fool!

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

JAQUES

[Aside] I would fain see this meeting.

AUDREY

Well, the gods give us joy!

TOUCHSTONE

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.

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 OLIVER MARTEXT

Is there none here to give the woman?

TOUCHSTONE

I will not take her on gift of any man.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

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

JAQUES

[Advancing]

Proceed, proceed I'll give her.

TOUCHSTONE

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.

JAQUES

Will you be married, motley?

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp.

TOUCHSTONE

[Aside] 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.

JAQUES

Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

TOUCHSTONE

'Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

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 OLIVER MARTEXT

'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

ROSALIND

Never talk to me; I will weep.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

But have I not cause to weep?

CELIA

As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

ROSALIND

His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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.

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROSALIND

Do you think so?

CELIA

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.

ROSALIND

Not true in love?

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

You have heard him swear downright he was.

CELIA

'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.

ROSALIND

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?

CELIA

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

CORIN

Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
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.

CELIA

Well, and what of him?

CORIN

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.

ROSALIND

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

SILVIUS

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

PHEBE

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.

SILVIUS

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.

PHEBE

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.

ROSALIND

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.

PHEBE

Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

ROSALIND

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?

PHEBE

For no ill will I bear you.

ROSALIND

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

PHEBE

Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

SILVIUS

Sweet Phebe,--

PHEBE

Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS

Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHEBE

Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SILVIUS

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 exterminated.

PHEBE

Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

SILVIUS

I would have you.

PHEBE

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,

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.

SILVIUS

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.

PHEBE

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

SILVIUS

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.

PHEBE

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
 Between 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?

SILVIUS

Phebe, with all my heart.

PHEBE

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

JAQUES

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

ROSALIND

They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQUES

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

ROSALIND

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

JAQUES

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

ROSALIND

Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

JAQUES

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's
contemplation of my travels, in which my often
rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

ROSALIND

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.

JAQUES

Yes, I have gained my experience.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JAQUES

Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

Exit

ROSALIND

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.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the 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.

ORLANDO

Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Of a snail?

ROSALIND

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.

ORLANDO

What's that?

ROSALIND

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.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

And I am your Rosalind.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

I would kiss before I spoke.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

How if the kiss be denied?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

What, of my suit?

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Then in mine own person I die.

ROSALIND

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 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 coroners 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.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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.

ORLANDO

Then love me, Rosalind.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

And wilt thou have me?

ROSALIND

Ay, and twenty such.

ORLANDO

What sayest thou?

ROSALIND

Are you not good?

ORLANDO

I hope so.

ROSALIND

Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?

Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us.

Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

ORLANDO

Pray thee, marry us.

CELIA

I cannot say the words.

ROSALIND

You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando--'

CELIA

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

ORLANDO

I will.

ROSALIND

Ay, but when?

ORLANDO

Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

So do all thoughts; they are winged.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

For ever and a day.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

But will my Rosalind do so?

ROSALIND

By my life, she will do as I do.

ORLANDO

O, but she is wise.

ROSALIND

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.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

ROSALIND

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!

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Ay, go your ways, go your ways; 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?

ORLANDO

Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROSALIND

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.

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu.

Exit ORLANDO

CELIA

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.

ROSALIND

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.

CELIA

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

ROSALIND

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.

CELIA

And I'll sleep.

Exeunt

SCENE II. The forest.

Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters

JAQUES

Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord

Sir, it was I.

JAQUES

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?

Forester

Yes, sir.

JAQUES

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

SONG.

Forester

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

Enter SILVIUS

SILVIUS

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 tenor: pardon me:
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

ROSALIND

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 phoenix. 'Od's 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.

SILVIUS

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

ROSALIND

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.

SILVIUS

Sure, it is hers.

ROSALIND

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 Ethiopie words, blacker in their effect
 Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

SILVIUS

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

ROSALIND

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?

SILVIUS

Call you this railing?

ROSALIND

[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.

SILVIUS

Call you this chiding?

CELIA

Alas, poor shepherd!

ROSALIND

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

OLIVER

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

CELIA

West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
 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.

OLIVER

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 inquire for?

CELIA

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

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

I am: what must we understand by this?

OLIVER

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

CELIA

I pray you, tell it.

OLIVER

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 befell! 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 unlink'd 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.

CELIA

O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;

And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

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

OLIVER

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.

CELIA

Are you his brother?

ROSALIND

Wast you he rescued?

CELIA

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

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

But, for the bloody napkin?

OLIVER

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

CELIA

Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

OLIVER

Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

CELIA

There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

OLIVER

Look, he recovers.

ROSALIND

I would I were at home.

CELIA

We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

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!

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLIVER

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

ROSALIND

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

CELIA

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

OLIVER

That will I, for I must bear answer back

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

ROSALIND

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

TOUCHSTONE

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

WILLIAM

Good even, Audrey.

AUDREY

God ye good even, William.

WILLIAM

And good even to you, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

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

WILLIAM

Five and twenty, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

A ripe age. Is thy name William?

WILLIAM

William, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

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

WILLIAM

Ay, sir, I thank God.

TOUCHSTONE

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

WILLIAM

Faith, sir, so so.

TOUCHSTONE

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

WILLIAM

Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCHSTONE

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?

WILLIAM

I do, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILLIAM

No, sir.

TOUCHSTONE

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.

WILLIAM

Which he, sir?

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

Do, good William.

WILLIAM

God rest you merry, sir.

Exit

Enter CORIN

CORIN

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

TOUCHSTONE

Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend.

Exeunt

SCENE II. The forest.

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER

ORLANDO

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

OLIVER

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

God save you, brother.

OLIVER

And you, fair sister.

Exit

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

It is my arm.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROSALIND

O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Caesar'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, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

ORLANDO

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.

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

I can live no longer by thinking.

ROSALIND

I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. 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 tomorrow human as she is and without any danger.

ORLANDO

Speakest thou in sober meanings?

ROSALIND

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.

PHEBE

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

ROSALIND

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

PHEBE

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

SILVIUS

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

PHEBE

And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And I for no woman.

In "Rooms," the last section of *Tender Buttons*, Stein writes in stanzas 14 and 15:

The sister was not a mister. Was this a surprise. It was. The conclusion came

when there was no arrangement. All the time that there was a question there was a decision. Replacing a casual acquaintance with an ordinary daughter does not make a son.

It happened in a way that the time was perfect and there was a growth of a whole dividing time so that where formerly there was no mistake there was no mistake now. For instance before when there was a separation there was waiting, now when there is separation there is the division between intending and departing. This made no more mixture than there would be if there had been no change.

*Mistaken identity looms large in *As You Like It*.*

SILVIUS

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

PHEBE

And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And I for no woman.

SILVIUS

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

PHEBE

And so am I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO

And so am I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND

And so am I for no woman.

PHEBE

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

SILVIUS

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

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

ROSALIND

Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling

of Irish wolves against the moon.

To SILVIUS

I will help you, if I can:

To PHEBE

I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together.

To PHEBE

I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:

To ORLANDO

I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:

To SILVIUS

I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.

To ORLANDO

As you love Rosalind, meet:

To SILVIUS

as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands.

SILVIUS

I'll not fail, if I live.

PHEBE

Nor I.

ORLANDO

Nor I.

Exeunt

SCENE III. The forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

TOUCHSTONE

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

AUDREY

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

Enter two Pages

First Page

Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCHSTONE

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

Second 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?

Second 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.

TOUCHSTONE

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.

TOUCHSTONE

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 SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE

ROSALIND

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

ROSALIND

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

ORLANDO

That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

ROSALIND

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

PHEBE

That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROSALIND

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

PHEBE

So is the bargain.

ROSALIND

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

SILVIUS

Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROSALIND

I have promised to make all this matter even.
 Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;
 You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:
 Keep 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 SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

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.

JAQUES

And how was that ta'en up?

TOUCHSTONE

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

JAQUES

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

DUKE SENIOR

I like him very well.

TOUCHSTONE

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**.

*Oyster is a word Stein uses in each section of *Tender Buttons*. From stanza 3 in subpoem 3 "A substance in a cushion.":*

*Supposing you do not like to change, supposing it is very clean that there is no change in appearance, supposing that there is regularity and a costume is that any the worse than an **oyster** and an exchange. Come to season that is there any extreme use in feather and cotton.*

Observant Jews do not eat seafood including oysters. Stein was not an observant Jew and Steiny does not think Stein is going out of her way to be provocative. Stein is using the oyster to point at a standard just as Shakespeare is. While Shakespeare is focused on the "honesty" of a miser in a poor house which he equates to a pearl in spoiled oyster (and Touchstone is saying he'll take this girl no one else wants), Stein is framing the morality of hiding a same-sex union. Within the "fabric" of Judeo-Christian religious belief, there seems to be little option for change such that a same-sex union would be considered unclean (trayfe, not kosher). Stein's phrase "come to season" could indicate sexuality while the "extreme use in feather and cotton" might point to a bed made up with cotton sheets and a feather comforter.

DUKE SENIOR

By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

TOUCHSTONE

According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

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 judgment: 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 Counter-cheque Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

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.

JAQUES

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

TOUCHSTONE

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 Countercheque 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 peacemaker; much virtue in If.

JAQUES

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

DUKE SENIOR

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

HYMEN

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

ROSALIND

[To DUKE SENIOR] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

To *ORLANDO*

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

DUKE SENIOR

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

ORLANDO

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

PHEBE

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

ROSALIND

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.

HYMEN

Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
 'Tis I must make conclusion
 Of these most strange events:
 Here's eight that must take hands
 To join in Hymen's bands,
 If truth holds true contents.
 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 SENIOR

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

PHEBE

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

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS

JAQUES DE BOYS

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 SENIOR

Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
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-fall'n 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.

Shakespeare does some odd things with names. In this play, he has two

characters with the most uncommon name Jaques. The second Jaques arrives late in the play and is brother to Orlando. While he establishes both dukes, fathers of Celia and Rosalind, as characters with substantial spoken parts, he only names Duke Frederick but not the banished brother whom Shakespeare calls Duke Senior.

The Fool from Duke Frederick's court is named Touchstone. A touchstone is a black stone related to flint that was used to test the purity of gold and silver by the streak left on the stone when rubbed by the metal. Throughout *Tender Buttons*, Stein discusses elements of the Periodic Table. Silver seems to stand for Alice while lead is Gertrude. Perhaps this last stanza from "A chair." speaks to Stein's touchstone:

If the chance to dirty diminishing is necessary, if it is why is there no complexion, why is there no rubbing, why is there no special protection.

In *Tender Buttons*, Stein rarely offers any names except for "Mildred's umbrella.", "A little called Pauline.", and possibly "This is this dress, aider.". Mildred could be an aslant reference to Stein's mother Amelia who was nicknamed Milly, Stein's friend, the journalist Mildred Aldrich, or any number of suffragettes including the heroine of an 1874 book entitled, *Mildred's Career: A Tale of the Women's Suffragette Movement*. Pauline might be the mother of Stein and Picasso's artist friend Marie Laurencin. Stein was fascinated by this mother and daughter pair and wrote about them in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*. But Pauline might also be a reference to a branch of Catholic monks. *Aider*, a word Stein does not capitalize in her subpoem title, as she capitalizes Mildred and Pauline, might be a version of Ada, a stand in name for Alice Toklas as established by Stein's word portrait about Ada. The word *aider* seems to point at Toklas who became Stein's helpmate.

Because Stein purposely is not naming Toklas in overt ways—she is trying to protect their "good" names. One theory Steiny has about Stein's copious use of the article "a" is that Stein is pointing at Alice. It's her way of covertly naming her beloved.

JAQUES

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

JAQUES DE BOYS

He hath.

JAQUES

To him will I : out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

To DUKE SENIOR

You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

To ORLANDO

You to a love that your true faith doth merit:

To OLIVER

You to your land and love and great allies:

To SILVIUS

You to a long and well-deserved bed:

To TOUCHSTONE

And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

DUKE SENIOR

Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQUES

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

Exit

DUKE SENIOR

Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

A dance

EPILOGUE

ROSALIND

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

