***As You Like It* – 6th Grade**
Adapted by Barbara Cobb from
http://shakespeare.mit.edu/asyoulikeit/full.html

SCENE 1

OLIVER (33)
ORLANDO (30)
ADAM (12)
CHARLES (31)

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM
ORLANDO
As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness.
ADAM
Your brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: but you he keeps rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays you here unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of your birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox?
ORLANDO
This is it, Adam, thatgrieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.
ADAM
Yonder comes my master, your brother.
ORLANDO
Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.
Enter OLIVER
OLIVER
Now, sir! what make you here?
ORLANDO
Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.
OLIVER
What mar you then, sir?
ORLANDO
Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.
OLIVER
Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.
ORLANDO
Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?
OLIVER
Know you where your are, sir?
ORLANDO
O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.
OLIVER
Know you before whom, sir?
ORLANDO
Ay, better than him I am before knows me.
OLIVER
What, boy?! [strikes ORLANDO]
ORLANDO
Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this. [grapples with OLIVER]
OLIVER
Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?
ORLANDO
I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.
ADAM
Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.
OLIVER
Let me go, I say.
ORLANDO
I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.
OLIVER
And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you. Get you with him, you old dog. *Exit*
ADAM
Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.
Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM
Enter CHARLES and OLIVER
CHARLES
Good morrow to your worship.
OLIVER
Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?
CHARLES
There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke Senior is banished by his younger brother Frederick the new duke; and three or four

loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with Senior, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore does Frederick give them them good leave to wander.

OLIVER

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

CHARLES

O, no; for the new duke's daughter, Celia, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. Rosalind is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle Frederick than is his own daughter.

OLIVER

Where will the old duke live?

CHARLES

They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

OLIVER

Do you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

CHARLES

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

OLIVER

I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein and have labored to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, a secret and villanous contriver against me, his natural brother. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And if thou dost him any slight disgrace, he will practice against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device and never leave thee till he hath taken thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous as my brother Orlando.

CHARLES

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

OLIVER

Farewell, good Charles.

Exit CHARLES

Now will I stir this gamester to kill my brother: for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. This wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I connive to bring the my brother thither; which now I'll go about.

Exit

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Scene 2

LeBeau (19)
Rosalind (23)
Celia (25)
Duke Frederick (17)
Orlando (20)
Charles (2)

CELIA
Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.
Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?
LE BEAU
Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.
CELIA
Sport! of what color?
LE BEAU
What color, madam! how shall I answer you?
ROSALIND
As wit and fortune will.
LE BEAU
You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.
ROSALIND
You tell us the manner of the wrestling.
LE BEAU
Just now there came an old man and his three sons,--The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: and he did the same thing to the second, and the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.
ROSALIND
Alas!
CELIA
But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?
LE BEAU
Why, this that I speak of.
ROSALIND
Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.
CELIA
Or I, I promise thee.
ROSALIND
But is there any one else who longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?
LE BEAU
You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.
CELIA
Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.
Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, ORLANDO, and CHARLES
DUKE FREDERICK
Come on: since the youth will not be dissuaded, his own peril on his forwardness.
ROSALIND
Is yonder the man? [gesturing toward ORLANDO]
LE BEAU
Even he, madam.
CELIA
Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.
DUKE FREDERICK
How now, daughter and niece! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?
ROSALIND
Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.
DUKE FREDERICK
You will take little delight in it, I can tell you; there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be dissuaded. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.
CELIA
Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.
DUKE FREDERICK
Do so: I'll not be by.
LE BEAU
Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.
ORLANDO
I attend them with all respect and duty.
ROSALIND
Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?
ORLANDO
No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.
CELIA
Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

ROSALIND
Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.
ORLANDO
I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never a nobleman: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; I shall do the world no injury, for in it I have nothing.
ROSALIND
The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.
CHARLES
Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?
ORLANDO
Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.
DUKE FREDERICK
You shall try but one fall.
They wrestle
ROSALIND
Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!
CELIA
I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.
ROSALIND
O excellent young man!
CELIA
If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.
Shout. CHARLES is thrown
DUKE FREDERICK
No more, no more.
ORLANDO
Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.
DUKE FREDERICK
How dost thou, Charles?
LE BEAU
He cannot speak, my lord.
DUKE FREDERICK
Bear him away, LeBeau. What is thy name, young man?
ORLANDO
Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.
DUKE FREDERICK
I would thou had been son to some man else:
The world esteem'd thy father honorable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
I would thou had told me of another father.
Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK, train, and LE BEAU
CELIA
Were I my father, coz, would I do this?
ORLANDO
I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.
ROSALIND
My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.
CELIA
Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.
ROSALIND
Gentleman,
Giving him a chain from her neck
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?
CELIA
Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA
ORLANDO LeBeau, who was that fair princess who gave me this chain?
LE BEAU The daughter of the banished Duke Senior, Rosalind.
ORLANDO Fair Rosalind!

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Scene 3

Rosalind, dressed as Ganymed (23)
Celia, dressed as Aliena (6)
Touchstone (14)
Corin (23)
Silvius (19)

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!
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 travelers 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 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 was as true a lover
As ever sighed 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 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. 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 for sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see.
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
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.

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Scene 4

Duke Senior (37)
Jaques (46)
Orlando (32)
Adam (2)

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 in 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.
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. 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 taken 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.
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 see 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 honor, 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.
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.

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Scene 5

Orlando (19)
Corin (16)
Touchstone (40)
Rosalind (59)

ORLANDO
Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
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 it is not in the court, it is tedious. As is it a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?
CORIN
No more but that I know that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun.
TOUCHSTONE
Was thou ever in court, shepherd?
CORIN
No, truly.
TOUCHSTONE
Then thou art doomed.
CORIN
For not being at court? Your reason?
TOUCHSTONE
Why, if thou never was at court, thou never saw good manners; if thou never saw good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is your doom! Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.
CORIN
Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at 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
Explain, briefly; come, instance.
CORIN
Why, we are 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
You have too courtly a wit for me. 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.
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.
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.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is 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.
But who, pray you, may have carved them there?
TOUCHSTONE
It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.
ROSALIND
Orlando?
TOUCHSTONE
Orlando.

ROSALIND
Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? Did he ask for me? Answer me in one word.
TOUCHSTONE
You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size.
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?
TOUCHSTONE
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.
TOUCHSTONE
He was furnished like a hunter.
ROSALIND
O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.
TOUCHSTONE
I would sing my song without a refrain: thou bringest me out of tune.
ROSALIND
Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Say on.
TOUCHSTONE
Is that not he?
Enter ORLANDO
ROSALIND
'Tis he: slink by, and note him. I will speak to him, like a schoolboy. Do you hear, forester?
ORLANDO
Very well: what would you?
ROSALIND
I pray you, what is it o'clock?
ORLANDO
You should ask me what time of day: there's no clock in the forest. Where dwell you, pretty youth?
ROSALIND
With a shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.
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 uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth one that knew courtship too well, for he was one who fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am love-shaken like the unknown man who 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
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 be 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, would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness; 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 it.
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
I'll show you the way, and on 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.

***As You Like It* – 6th Grade**
Adapted by Barbara Cobb from
http://shakespeare.mit.edu/asyoulikeit/full.html

Scene 6

Silvius (26)
Phoebe (40)
Rosalind as Ganymed (26)

SILVIUS
Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness.
Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, watching
PHEBE
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
But show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; 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 this wretched shepherd?
Must you be proud and pitiless?
[PHOEBE looks at Ganymed with infatuation]
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
By 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 bugle eyeballs,
nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
[To SYLVIUS]
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 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.
[To PHOEBE]
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for this good man's love:
PHEBE *[to ROSALIND]*
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
Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: Come, to our flock.
Exit ROSALIND
PHEBE
Now I find the old saying 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 extermined.
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 you 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 our old master 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.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shall 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,
So he will fall in love with me.
Go with me, Silvius.
SILVIUS I'll follow you anywhere.
Exeunt SILVIUS AND PHEBE

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Scene 7

ORLANDO (12)
OLIVER (7)
CELIA [no lines – just stands there!]
SILVIUS (10)
PHEBE (9)
ROSALIND (27)

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?
OLIVER
Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but as for me, I love Aliena; and she loves me; consent 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. Here comes my Ganymed.
Exit OLIVER, Enter ROSALIND as GANYMED
ROSALIND
Good morrow, friend. Why so sad?
ORLANDO
I can live no longer by thinking. I love Rosalind!
ROSALIND
I will weary you then no longer with idle talking.
I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, you shall marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me to set her before you.
ORLANDO
Speakest thou in sober meanings?
Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE
ROSALIND
Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.
PHEBE *[to Ganymed]*
Youth, you have done me much ungentleness.
ROSALIND
I care not if I have.
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.
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.
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. I will marry you, if ever I marry woman,
To ORLANDO
I will marry you, if ever I marry a man, and you shall be married:
To SILVIUS
I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married.
To ORLANDO
As you love Rosalind,:
To SILVIUS
as you love Phebe: and as I love no woman,
fare you well:

Rosalind whips off her boywear revealing girlwear

ROSALIND

To ORLANDO

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

ORLANDO

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

PHEBE

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

ROSALIND

To ORLANDO

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

PHEBE

Dragging SILVIUS off

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