

# AS YOU LIKE IT

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, *living in exile.*

FREDERICK, *Brother to the DUKE, and  
Usurper of his Dominions.*

\b\rc\}\(\a\al(AMIENS,JAQUES))\a\ac(Lords  
*attending, upon the DUKE, in his Banishment)*

LE BEAU, *a Courtier attending upon  
FREDERICK.*

CHARLES, *his Wrestler.*

\b\rc\}\(\a\al(OLIVER,JAQUES,ORLANDO))\  
a\ac(Sons of SIR ROWLAND, DE BOIS)

\b\rc\}\(\a\al(ADAM,DENNIS))\a\ac( *Servants  
to OLIVER)*

TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a Vicar:*

\b\rc\}\(\a\al(CORIN,SILVIUS))\a\ac(  
*Shepherds)*

WILLIAM, *a Country Fellow, in love  
with AUDREY.*

*A Person representing HYMEN.*

ROSALIND, *Daughter to the banished  
DUKE.*

CELIA, *Daughter to FREDERICK.*

PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*

AUDREY, *a Country Wench.*

*Lords belonging to the two Dukes;  
Pages, Foresters, and other  
Attendants.*

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Duke  
Amiens  
Jacques  
Orlando  
Oliver  
Celia  
Rosalind  
Silvius  
Phebe  
Touchstone  
Audrey  
Hymen  
Jacques De Bois

Act V  
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 never 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.

[*Enter ROSALIND.*]

ORLANDO      You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow; thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my 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 sound when he showed me your handkercher?

ORLANDO      Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROSALIND     O, I know where you are! Nay, 'tis true. There was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams and Caesar's thrasonical drag of "I came, saw, and overcame"; for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked 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.

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

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

ORLANDO I can live no longer by thinking.

ROSALIND I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. 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 labor 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 years 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, it if appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes tomorrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

ORLANDO Speak'st 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 tomorrow, 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 despiteful 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.

SILVIUS It is to be all made of faith and service;

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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, all impatience,  
All purity, all trial, all observance;  
And so am I for Phebe.  
PHEBE And I for Ganymede.  
ORLANDO And I for Rosalind.  
ROSALIND And 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 Why do you speak too, "Why blame you me to love  
you?"  
ORLANDO To her that is not here, nor doth 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. Tomorrow meet me all together. [To PHEBE.] I  
will marry you if ever I marry woman, and I'll be  
married tomorrow. [To ORLANDO.] I will satisfy you  
if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married  
tomorrow. [To SILVIUS.] I will content you if what  
pleases you contents you, and you shall be married  
tomorrow. [To ORLANDO.] As you love Rosalind,  
meet. [To SILVIUS.] As you love Phebe, meet. And as  
I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well. I have  
left you my commands.  
SILVIUS I'll not fail if I live.  
PHEBE Nor I.  
ORLANDO Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]