

## AS YOU LIKE IT

During the time that France was divided into provinces (or dukedoms as they were called) there reigned in one of these provinces a usurper [*one who takes something that does not belong to him*], who had deposed [*removed from the throne*] and banished his elder brother, the lawful duke.

The duke, who was driven from his dominions [*territories*], retired with a few faithful followers to the forest of Arden; and here the good duke lived with his loving friends, who had put themselves into a voluntary exile [*the state of being thrown out of one's country*] for his sake, while their land and revenues [*incomes*] enriched the false usurper; and custom soon made the life of careless ease they led here more sweet to them than the splendor of a courtier's life. Here they lived like the old Robin Hood of England, and to this forest many noble youths daily resorted from the court. In the summer they lay along under the fine shade of the large forest trees, marking the playful sports of the wild deer; and so fond were they of these poor dappled fools, who seemed to be the native inhabitants of the forest, that it grieved them to be forced to kill them to supply themselves with venison for their food. When the cold winds of winter made the duke feel the change of his adverse fortune, he would endure it patiently, and say: "These *cold* winds which blow upon my body are my true counselors; they do not flatter, but represent truly to me my condition; and though they bite sharply, their tooth is not so keen as that of unkindness and ingratitude. I find that whatever men *say* against adversity, *one can always find something useful in it*; like the jewel, precious for medicine that is taken from the head of a venomous toad." In this manner did the patient duke draw a moral from everything that he saw; and by the help of this moralizing [*way of thinking*], he could find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The banished duke had an only daughter named Rosalind, whom the usurper, duke Frederick *kept* in his court as a companion for his own daughter Celia. A friendship *existed* between the ladies, which the disagreement between their fathers did not interrupt—Celia striving by every kindness in her power to make amends to Rosalind for the injustice of her own father in deposing the father of Rosalind; and whenever the thoughts of her father's banishment, and her own dependence on the false usurper, made Rosalind melancholy, Celia *tried* to comfort and console her.

One day, when Celia was talking in her usual kind manner to Rosalind, saying: "I pray you, Rosalind, my sweet cousin, be merry," a messenger entered from the duke, to tell them that if they wished to see a wrestling match,

which was just going to begin, they must come instantly to the court before the palace; and Celia, thinking it would amuse Rosalind, agreed to go and see it.

To this wrestling match Celia and Rosalind went. They found that it *would probably* prove a tragic sight; for a large and powerful man, who *was an experienced wrestler*, and had slain many men in contests of this kind, was just going to wrestle with a young and inexperienced man. All beholders thought the young man would certainly be killed.

When the duke saw Celia and Rosalind, he said: "How now, daughter and niece, are you crept hither to see the wrestling? You will take little delight in it, there is such odds in [*there is a great difference in the abilities of*] the men: in pity to this young man, I would wish to persuade him from wrestling. Speak to him, ladies, and see if you can move him."

The ladies were well pleased to *do this*, and first Celia entreated the young stranger that he would *not* attempt *the fight*; then Rosalind spoke so kindly to him, and with such feeling for the danger he was about to undergo, that instead of being persuaded by her gentle words *not to fight*, *he thought only of* distinguishing [*making himself look good*] himself by his courage in this lovely lady's eyes. He refused the request of Celia and Rosalind saying: "I am sorry to deny such fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein if I be conquered there is one shamed that was never gracious; if I am killed, there is one dead that is willing to die; I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; for I only fill up a place in the world which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

And now the wrestling match began. Celia wished the young stranger might not be hurt; but Rosalind felt most for him. The friendless state which he said he was in, and that he wished to die, made Rosalind think that he was like herself, unfortunate; and she pitied him so much, and so deep an interest she took in his danger while he was wrestling, that she might almost be said at that moment to have fallen in love with him.

The kindness shown this unknown youth by these fair and noble ladies gave him courage and strength, so that he performed wonders; and in the end completely conquered his *foe*, who was so much hurt, that for a while he was unable to speak or move.

The duke Frederick was much pleased with the courage and skill shown by this young stranger; and desired to know his name and parentage, meaning to take him under his protection.

The stranger said his name was Orlando, and that he was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Sir Rowland de Boys, the father of Orlando, had been dead some years; but when he was living, he had been a true subject and dear friend of the banished duke; therefore, when Frederick heard Orlando was the son of his banished brother's friend, all his liking for this brave young man was changed into displeasure, and he left the place *very upset*. Hating to hear the name of any of his brother's friends, and yet still admiring the valor of the youth, he said, as he went out, that he wished Orlando had been the son of any other man.

Rosalind was delighted to hear that her new favorite was the son of her father's old friend; and she said to Celia: "My father loved Sir Rowland de Boys, and if I had known this young man was his son, I would have added tears to my entreaties before he should have ventured."

The ladies then went up to him; and seeing him *embarrassed* by the sudden displeasure shown by the duke, they spoke kind and encouraging words to him; and Rosalind, when they were going away, turned back to speak *again* to the brave young son of her father's old friend; and taking a chain from off her neck, she said: "Gentleman, wear this for me. I am out of suits with fortune [*I'm down on my luck, too*], or I would give you a more valuable present."

When the ladies were alone, Rosalind's talked still of Orlando, and Celia began to *realize that* her cousin had fallen in love with the handsome young wrestler, and she said: "Is it possible you should fall in love so suddenly?"

Rosalind replied: "The duke, my father, loved his father dearly."

"But," said Celia, "does it therefore follow that you should love his son dearly? For then I ought to hate him, for my father hated his father; yet I do not hate Orlando."

Frederick, being enraged at the sight of Sir Rowland de Boys' son, which reminded him of the many friends the banished duke had among the nobility, and having been for some time displeased with his niece because the people praised her for her virtues and pitied her for her good father's sake, his malice [*hatred*] suddenly broke out against her; and while Celia and Rosalind were

talking of Orlando, Frederick entered the room, and ordered Rosalind to leave the palace and follow her father into banishment, telling Celia, who in vain pleaded for her, that he had only suffered Rosalind to stay upon her account. *To this Celia said, "I cannot live out of her company."*

Frederick replied: "She is too subtle for you; her smoothness, her very silence, and her patience speak to the people, and they pity her. You are a fool to plead for her, for you will seem more bright and virtuous when she is gone; therefore open not your lips in her favor, for the doom which I have passed upon her is irrevocable [*final*]."

When Celia found she could not prevail upon her father to let Rosalind remain with her, she generously resolved to accompany her; and leaving her father's palace that night, she went along with her friend to seek Rosalind's father, the banished duke, in the forest of Arden.

Before they set out, Celia considered that it would be unsafe for two young ladies to travel in the rich clothes they then wore, so she proposed that they should disguise their rank by dressing themselves like country maids. Rosalind said it would be a still greater protection if one of them was to be dressed like a man. So it was agreed that since Rosalind was the tallest, she would wear the dress of a young countryman, and Celia should be *dressed* like a country lass, and that they should say they were brother and sister. Rosalind said she would be called Ganymede, and Celia chose the name of Aliena.

In this disguise, with money and jewels to *cover* their expenses, the princesses set out on their long travel; for the forest of Arden was a long way off, beyond the boundaries of the duke's dominions.

The Lady Rosalind (or Ganymede as she must now be called) with her manly garb seemed to have put on a manly courage. The faithful friendship Celia had shown in accompanying Rosalind so many weary miles, made the new brother, in recompense for this true love, exert a cheerful spirit, as if he were indeed Ganymede, the rustic and stout-hearted brother of the gentle village maiden, Aliena.

When at last they came to the forest of Arden, they no longer found the convenient inns and good accommodations they had met with on the road; and being in want of food and rest, Ganymede, who had so merrily cheered his sister along the way, now *confessed* to Aliena that he was so weary, he could find in his heart to cry like a woman; and Aliena declared she could go no farther; and then again Ganymede tried to recollect that it was a man's duty to

comfort and console a woman and to seem courageous to his new sister. Ganymede said: "Come, have a good heart, my sister *Aliena*; we are now at the end of our travel, in the forest of *Arden*." But *pretended* manliness and forced courage would no longer support them; for though they were in the forest of *Arden*, they knew not where to find the duke: and here the travel of these weary ladies might have come to a sad conclusion, for they might have lost themselves, and perished for want of food; but providentially, as they were sitting on the grass, almost dying with fatigue and hopeless of any relief, a countryman chanced to pass that way, and Ganymede once more tried to speak with a manly boldness, saying: "Shepherd, if love or gold can in this desert place procure us entertainment, I pray you bring us where we may rest ourselves; for this young maid, my sister, is much fatigued with travelling, and faints for want of food."

The man replied that he was only a servant to a shepherd, and that his master's house was just going to be sold, and therefore they would find but poor entertainment; but that if they would go with him, they should be welcome to what there was. They followed the man, the near prospect of relief giving them fresh strength; and bought the house and sheep of the shepherd, and took the man who conducted them to the shepherd's house to wait on them; and being by this means so fortunately provided with a neat cottage, and well supplied with provisions, they agreed to stay here till they could learn in what part of the forest the duke dwelt.

When they were rested after the fatigue of their journey, they began to like their new way of life, and almost fancied themselves the shepherd and shepherdess they *pretended* to be: yet sometimes Ganymede remembered he had once been the same lady *Rosalind* who had so dearly loved the brave *Orlando*, because he was the son of old *Sir Rowland*, her father's friend; and though Ganymede thought that *Orlando* was many miles distant, even so many weary miles as they had travelled, yet it soon appeared that *Orlando* was also in the forest of *Arden*: and in this manner a strange event came to pass.

*Orlando* was the youngest son of *Sir Rowland de Boys*, who, when he died, left him (*Orlando* being then very young) to the care of his eldest brother *Oliver*, charging *Oliver* on his blessing to give his brother a good education, and provide for him as became the dignity of their ancient house. *Oliver* proved an unworthy brother; and disregarding the commands of his dying father, he never put his bother to school, but kept him a home untaught and entirely neglected. But in his nature and in the noble qualities of his mind *Orlando* so much resembled his excellent father, that without any advantages of education he seemed like a youth who had been bred with the utmost care; and *Oliver* so

envied the fine person and dignified manners of his untutored brother, that at last he wished to destroy him, and to *accomplish* this he had *convinced* people to persuade Orlando to wrestle the famous wrestler, who, as has been before related, had killed so many men. Now, it was this cruel brother's neglect of him that made Orlando say he wished to die, being so friendless.

When, contrary to the wicked hopes he had formed, his brother proved victorious, Oliver's envy knew no bounds, and he swore he would burn the chamber where Orlando slept. He was overheard making this vow by one that had been an old and faithful servant to their father and that loved Orlando because he resembled Sir Rowland. This old man went out to meet Orlando when he returned from the duke's palace, and when he saw Orlando, the peril his dear young master was in made him break out into passionate exclamations: "O my gentle master, my sweet master, O you memory of old Sir Rowland! why are you virtuous? why are you gentle, strong, and valiant? and why would you be so fond to overcome the famous wrestler? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you." Orlando, wondering what all this meant, asked him what was the matter. And then the old man told him how his wicked brother, envying the love all people bore him, and now hearing the fame he had gained by his victory in the duke's palace, intended to destroy him, by setting fire to his chamber that night; and in conclusion, advised him to escape the danger he was in by instant flight; and knowing Orlando had no money, Adam (for that was the good old man's name) had brought out with him his own little hoard, and he said: "I have five hundred crowns, the thrifty hire I saved under your father, and laid by to be provision for me when my old limbs should become unfit for service; take that, and He that clothes the ravens feed be comfort to my age! Here is the gold; all this I give to you: let me be your servant; though I look old I will do the service of a younger man in all your business and necessities."

"O good old man!" said Orlando, "how well appears in you the constant service of the old world! You are not for the fashion of these times. We will go along together, and before your youthful wages are spent, I shall light upon some means for both our maintenance."

Together then this faithful servant and his loved master set out; and Orlando and Adam travelled on, uncertain what course to pursue, till they came to the forest of Arden, and there they found themselves in the same distress for want of food that Ganymede and Aliena had been. They wandered on, seeking some human habitation, till they were almost spent with hunger and fatigue. Adam at last said: "O my dear master, I die for want of food, I can go no

farther!” He then laid himself down, thinking to make that place his grave, and bade his dear master farewell.

Orlando, seeing him in this weak state, took his old servant up in his arms, and carried him under the shelter of some pleasant trees; and he said to him: “Cheerly, old Adam, rest your weary limbs here awhile, and do not talk of dying!”

Orlando searched for food, and he happened to arrive at that part of the forest where the duke was. The duke and his friends were just going to eat their dinner

Orlando, whom hunger had made desperate, drew his sword, intending to take their meat by force, and said: “Forbear and eat no more; I must have your food!” The duke asked him, if distress had made him so bold, or if he were a rude despiser of good manners? On this Orlando said, he was dying with hunger; and then the duke told him he was welcome to sit down and eat with them. Orlando hearing him speak so gently, put up his sword, and blushed with shame at the rude manner in which he had demanded their food. “Pardon me, I pray you,” said he: “I thought that all things had been savage here, and therefore I put on the countenance of stern command; if ever you have looked on better days; if you know what it is to pity or be pitied, may gentle speeches now move you to do me human courtesy!”

The duke replied: “True it is that we are men (as you say) who have seen better days, therefore sit you down, and take of our refreshment as much as will minister to your wants.”

“There is an old poor man,” answered Orlando, “who has limped after me many a weary step in pure love, oppressed at once with two sad infirmities, age and hunger; till he be satisfied, I must not touch a bit.”

“Go, find him out, and bring him hither,” said the duke; “we will forbear to eat till you return.” Then Orlando went and presently returned, bringing Adam in his arms; and the duke said: “Set down your venerable burthen; you are both welcome”; and they fed the old man, and cheered his heart, and he revived, and recovered his health and strength again.

The duke inquired who Orlando was; and when he found that he was the son of his old friend, Sir Rowland de Boys, he took him under his protection, and Orlando and his old servant lived with the duke in the forest.

Orlando arrived in the forest not many days after Ganymede and Aliena came there, and (as has been before *told*) bought the shepherd's cottage.

Ganymede and Aliena were strangely surprised to find the name of Rosalind carved on the trees, and love-sonnets, fastened to them, all addressed to Rosalind; and while they were wondering how this could be, they met Orlando, and they perceived the chain which Rosalind had given him about his neck.

Orlando *did not realize* that Ganymede was the fair princess Rosalind, who had so won his heart that he passed his whole time in carving her name upon the trees and writing sonnets in praise of her beauty: but being much pleased with the graceful air of this pretty shepherd-youth, he entered into conversation with him, and he thought he saw a likeness in Ganymede to his beloved Rosalind, *except* that he had none of the dignified *conduct* of that noble lady; for Ganymede assumed the forward manners often seen in youths when they are between boys and men, and with humor talked to Orlando of a certain lover, "who," said he, "haunts our forest, and spoils our young trees with carving Rosalind upon their barks; and he hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles, all praising this same Rosalind. If I could find this lover, I would give him some good counsel that would soon cure him of his love."

Orlando confessed that he was the fond lover and asked Ganymede to give him the counsel he talked of. The remedy Ganymede proposed was that Orlando should come every day to the cottage where he and his sister Aliena dwelt: "And then," said Ganymede, "I will feign myself to be Rosalind, and you shall feign to court me in the same manner as you would do if I was Rosalind, and then I will imitate the fantastic ways of whimsical ladies to their lovers, till I make you ashamed of your love; and this is the way I propose to cure you." Orlando had no great faith in the remedy, yet he agreed to come every day to Ganymede's cottage. So every day Orlando visited Ganymede and Aliena and called the shepherd Ganymede his Rosalind, and every day talked over all the fine words and flattering compliments which young men delight to use when they court their mistresses. It did not appear, however, that Ganymede made any progress in curing Orlando of his love for Rosalind.

Though Orlando thought all this was *pretend* (not dreaming that Ganymede was his very Rosalind), yet the opportunity it gave him of saying all the fond things he had in his heart, pleased his fancy almost as well as it did Ganymede's, who enjoyed the secret jest in knowing these fine love-speeches were all addressed to the right person.

In this manner many days passed pleasantly on with these young people; and the good-natured Aliena, seeing it made Ganymede happy, let him have his own way and was diverted at the mock-courtship and did not care to remind Ganymede that the Lady Rosalind had not yet made herself known to the duke her father, whose place of resort in the forest they had learnt from Orlando. Ganymede met the duke one day, and had some talk with him, and the duke asked of what parentage he came. Ganymede answered that he came of as good parentage as he did, which made the duke smile, for he did not suspect the pretty shepherd-boy came of royal lineage. Then seeing the duke look well and happy, Ganymede was content to put off all further explanation for a few days longer.

One morning, as Orlando was going to visit Ganymede, he saw a man lying asleep on the ground with a large green snake had twisted around his neck. The snake, seeing Orlando approach, glided away among the bushes. As Orlando went nearer, he discovered a lioness crouching waiting until the sleeping man awaked (for it is said that lions will prey on nothing that is dead or sleeping). It seemed as if Orlando was sent by Providence to free the man from the danger of the snake and lioness; but when Orlando looked in the man's face, he perceived that the sleeper was his brother Oliver, who had so cruelly used him. He was tempted to leave him to the hungry lioness, but brotherly affection and the gentleness of his nature overcame his anger and he drew his sword, attacked the lioness and slew her, and preserved his brother's life both from the snake and the lioness. But before Orlando could conquer the lioness, she had torn one of his arms with her sharp claws.

While Orlando was engaged with the lioness, Oliver awaked, and perceiving that his brother Orlando, whom he had so cruelly treated, was saving him from the fury of a wild beast at the risk of his own life, shame and remorse seized him, and he repented of his unworthy conduct and besought his brother's pardon. Orlando rejoiced to see him so penitent and readily forgave him. They embraced each other, and from that hour Oliver loved Orlando with a true brotherly affection, though he had come to the forest bent on his destruction.

The wound in Orlando's arm having bled very much, he found himself too weak to go visit Ganymede, and he desired his brother to go and tell Ganymede, "Whom," said Orlando, "I in sport do call my Rosalind," the accident which had befallen him.

Thither Oliver went and told to Ganymede and Aliena how Orlando had saved his life: and when he had finished the story of Orlando's bravery, and his

own providential escape, he owned to them that he was Orlando's brother, who had so cruelly used him; and then he told them of their reconciliation.

The sincere sorrow that Oliver expressed for his offences made such an impression on the kind heart of Aliena, that she instantly fell in love with him, and Oliver observing how much she pitied the distress he told her he felt for his fault, he as suddenly fell in love with her. But while love was thus stealing into the hearts of Aliena and Oliver, he was no less busy with Ganymede, who hearing of the danger Orlando had been in and that he was wounded by the lioness, fainted; and when he recovered, he pretended that he had counterfeited the swoon in the imaginary character of Rosalind, and Ganymede said to Oliver: "Tell your brother Orlando how well I counterfeited [*pretended*] a swoon."

But Oliver saw by the paleness of his complexion that he did really faint, and much wondering at the weakness of the young man, he said: "Well, if you did counterfeit, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man."

"So I do," replied Ganymede, truly, "but I should have been a woman by right."

Oliver made this visit a very long one, and when at last he returned back to his brother, he had much news to tell him; for besides the account of Ganymede's fainting at the hearing that Orlando was wounded, Oliver told him how he had fallen in love with the fair shepherdess Aliena, and that she had lent a favorable ear to his suit [*courting*], even in this their first interview: and he talked to his brother, as of a thing almost settled, that he should marry Aliena, saying, that he so well loved her, that he would live here as a shepherd, and settle his estate and house at home upon Orlando.

"You have my consent," said Orlando. "Let your wedding be to-morrow, and I will invite the duke and his friends. Go and persuade your shepherdess to this: she is now alone, for look, here comes her brother." Oliver went to Aliena; and Ganymede, whom Orlando had perceived approaching, came to inquire after the health of his wounded friend.

When Orlando and Ganymede began to talk over the sudden love which had taken place between Oliver and Aliena, Orlando said he had advised his brother to persuade his fair shepherdess to be married on the morrow, and then he added how much he could wish to be married on the same day to his Rosalind.

Ganymede, who well approved of this arrangement, said that if Orlando really loved Rosalind as well as he professed to do, he should have his wish; for on the morrow he would engage to make Rosalind appear in her own person, and also that Rosalind should be willing to marry Orlando.

This seemingly wonderful event, which, as Ganymede was the lady Rosalind, he could so easily perform, he pretended he would bring to pass by the aid of magic, which he said he had learnt of an uncle who was a famous magician.

The fond lover Orlando, half believing and half doubting what he heard, asked Ganymede if he spoke in sober meaning. "By my life I do," said Ganymede; "therefore put on your best clothes, and bid the duke and your friends to your wedding; for if you desire to be married to-morrow to Rosalind, she shall be here."

The next morning, Oliver having obtained the consent of Aliena, they came into the presence of the duke, and with them also came Orlando.

They being all assembled to celebrate this double marriage, and as yet only one of the brides appearing, there was much of wondering and conjecture, but they mostly thought that Ganymede was making a jest of Orlando.

The duke, hearing that it was his own daughter that was to be brought in this strange way, asked Orlando if he believed the shepherd-boy could really do what he had promised; and while Orlando was answering that he knew not what to think, Ganymede entered, and asked the duke, if he brought his daughter, whether he would consent to her marriage with Orlando. "That I would," said the duke, "if I had kingdoms to give with her."

Ganymede then said to Orlando: "And you say you will marry her if I bring her here."

"That I would," said Orlando, "if I were king of many kingdoms."

Ganymede and Aliena then went out together, and Ganymede throwing off his male attire, and being once more dressed in woman's apparel, quickly became Rosalind without the power of magic; and Aliena changing her country garb for her own rich clothes, was with as little trouble transformed into the lady Celia.

While they were gone, the duke said to Orlando, that he thought the shepherd Ganymede very like his daughter Rosalind; and Orlando said, he also had observed the resemblance.

They had no time to wonder how all this would end, for Rosalind and Celia in their own clothes entered; and no longer pretending that it was by the power of magic that she came there, Rosalind threw herself on her knees before her father, and begged his blessing. It seemed so wonderful to all present that she should so suddenly appear, that it might well have passed for magic; but Rosalind would no longer trifle with her father, and told him the story of her banishment, and of her dwelling in the forest as a shepherd-boy, her cousin Celia passing as her sister.

The duke ratified [*confirmed*] the consent he had already given to the marriage; and Orlando and Rosalind, Oliver and Celia, were married at the same time. And though their wedding could not be celebrated in this wild forest with any of the parade or splendor usual on such occasions, yet a happier wedding-day was never passed: and while they were eating their venison under the cool shade of the pleasant trees, as if nothing should be wanting to complete the felicity [*happiness*] of this good duke and the true lovers, an unexpected messenger arrived to tell the duke the joyful news, that his dukedom was restored to him.

The usurper [*one who seizes something unlawfully*], enraged at the flight of his daughter Celia, and hearing that every day men of great worth resorted to the forest of Arden to join the lawful duke in his exile, much envying” that his brother should be so highly respected in his adversity, put himself at the head of a large force, and advanced towards the forest, intending to seize his brother, and put him with all his faithful followers to the sword; but, by a wonderful interposition of Providence, this bad brother was converted from his evil intention; for just as he entered the skirts of the wild forest, he was met by an old religious man, a hermit, with whom he had much talk, and who in the end completely turned his heart from his wicked design. Thenceforward he became a true penitent [*one who is sorry*], and resolved, relinquishing [*giving up*] his unjust dominion, to spend the remainder of his days in a religious house. The first act of his newly-conceived penitence was to send a messenger to his brother (as has been related) to offer to restore to him his dukedom, which he had usurped so long, and with it the lands and revenues of his friends, the faithful followers of his adversity.

This joyful news, as unexpected as it was welcome, heightened the festivity and rejoicings at the wedding of the princesses. Celia complimented

her cousin on this good fortune that had happened to the duke, Rosalind's father, and wished her joy very sincerely, though she herself was no longer heir to the dukedom.

The duke had now an opportunity of rewarding those true friends who had stayed with him in his banishment; and these worthy followers, though they had patiently shared his adverse fortune, were very well pleased to return in peace and prosperity to the palace of their lawful duke.