



MINISTRY OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION



AS YOU LIKE IT

by

Charles and Mary Lamb.

Edited with

Biographical Notes and Vocabulary
for use in the Final Course of
Secondary Schools

during 2479—80



Second and Revised Edition 2000 copies

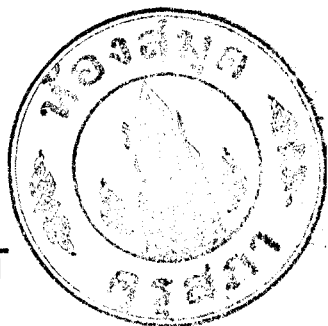
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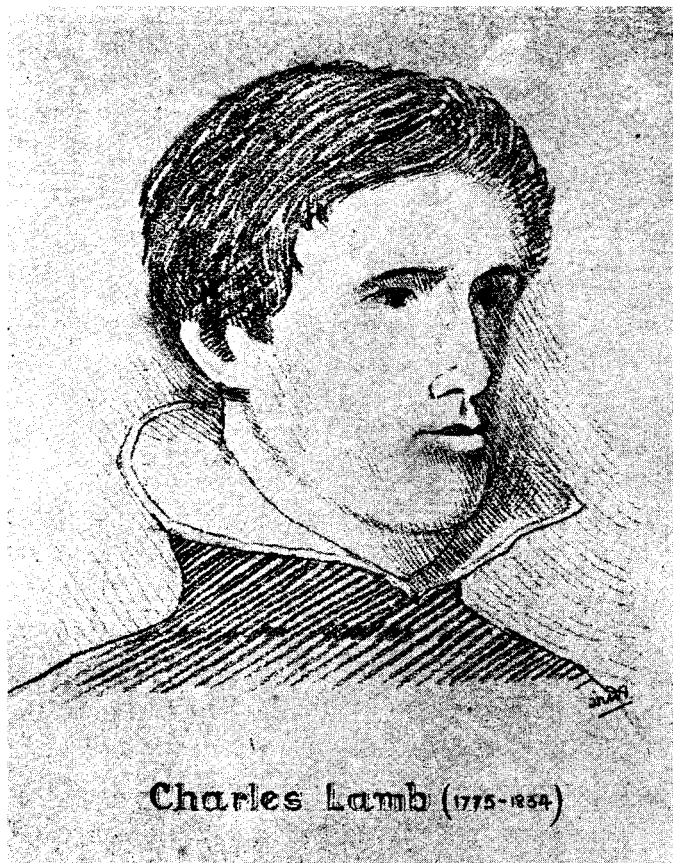
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Charles Lamb (1775-1834)

Biographical Notes

by

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Charles Lamb 1775-1834
and Mary Lamb 1765-1847

Charles Lamb was born in a quiet part of the heart of London called the Inner Temple, a place where lawyers resided, and his father was a confidential clerk to one of the most important of these lawyers. Charles was the youngest of seven children, four of whom died in infancy, the other two being a sister, Mary, and a brother, John.

He was first sent to a small and miserable school near his home, of which he wrote later:

“I am sure that neither my sister nor myself brought anything out of it but our native English,” and “Oh how I remember our legs wedged into those uncomfortable sloping desks where we sat elbowing each other.”

At the age of eight he entered Christ's Hospital School, better known as the Blue-Coat School, where he remained until he was fifteen. This was a school which took in poor boys on special recommendation and gave them a rigorous but narrow literary education, the two chief subjects being Latin and Greek. Owing to the poverty of his family, Charles Lamb's School days were cut short and he had no opportunity to enter

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the University of Oxford or Cambridge. He was sent instead to work as a junior clerk in the offices of the South Sea Company, but after a few months he left and entered the service of the famous East India Company as a clerk in the Accountant's office. Here he spent the working years of his life from 1792 to 1825 and when he retired the Company gave him a pension of £ 450 per annum.

The year 1796 was a tragic one for the Lamb family. Charles and Mary Lamb had been doing their best to support and care for their invalid mother, their querulous and feeble-minded father and an aged aunt. It was a family in which there were traces of hereditary insanity, and one day Mary's mind gave way under the heavy strain of labouring and nursing these helpless old folk. In a fit of madness she killed her mother and was only just prevented in time by her brother Charles from doing grievous harm to her father and herself. She had to be removed to an asylum for some months, but in order to save her from permanent confinement, Charles, though ten years her junior, assumed responsibility for her, and he devoted himself to this task until his death.

Mary Lamb had recurring attacks of insanity but there were always some warning signs of their approach. "One of the most pathetic pictures from these lives," says one writer, "is that of the brother and sister walking across the field hand in hand and with tear stained faces to the asylum where she was treated." Charles Lamb looked after his father and aunt till their deaths and was throughout life a devoted companion to his sister, who needed him more and more as

time went on and her fits became more and more frequent. Lamb, it is said, had been in love with a charming girl named Ann Simmons (referred to as Alice Winterton in his essays) but owing to the sad circumstances in his family, he determined to give up all ideas of marriage.

After his father's death in 1799, Lamb and his sister led a quiet life together. He was always eager to be near her as long as possible each day and was at his office only from ten to four. One day one of his superiors rebuked him for coming late in the morning, and he replied: "But see how early I leave!" Charles and Mary used to go to the theatre together, take pleasant walks and read books together, and as Mary was well-read they were able to help and comfort each other in and through their literary work.

In 1805 a man named William Godwin began to prepare a series of books for children and asked various authors to help. In May 1806 we find Lamb writing to a friend about the work which he and his sister were doing in connection with this scheme, and saying "She is doing for Godwin's bookseller twenty of Shakespeare's plays to be made into children's tales. Six are already done by her, to wit, *The Tempest*, *Winter's Tale*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Cymbeline*; and *The Merchant of Venice* is in forwardness. I have done *Othello* and *Macbeth* and meant to do all the Tragedies. It's to bring in sixty guineas." And Mary herself writes about the same time "Charles has written *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and has begun *Hamlet*. You would like to see us, as we often sit

writing on one table.....like Hermia and Helena in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* or rather like an old literary Darby and Joan, I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while, and saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds out that he has made something of it."

We may thus infer that the tale you are going to study, "*As You Like It*," was written by Mary Lamb and not by her brother.

The *Tales* were published in 1807 and proved a success, not only among children but also among grown-ups, and a second edition appeared in the following year. Shortly after, Charles Lamb was commissioned by Godwin to do a similar sort of work with the great Greek epic poem "*The Odyssey*." But Lamb is chiefly famous in English Literature for his "*Essays of Elia*." "*Elia*" was his 'nom de plume' and in these essays he writes in a clever, witty, polished, and sympathetic manner upon some of the events of his life, his friends and their peculiarities, London and its theatres, schools and business houses, and upon a number of other familiar scenes and experiences taken from ordinary life. Lamb is also noted as a critic of literature. He wrote a book called "*Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Contemporary with Shakespeare*" in which he gives extracts from the dramatic works of Marlowe, Beaumont, Fletcher, Webster and others prefacing each extract with useful critical notes. He was trying to show to the reader the beauties of Elizabethan playwrights whose good qualities had been over-

shadowed by the great name of Shakespeare. One scholar has said that Lamb also did more than any other man to revive the study of 17 th. century literature.

Lamb was a great reader and shows in his essays that he has made great use of the Bible, Shakespeare and Milton and of the works of Sir Thomas Browne and Robert Burton, two famous prose writers in the seventeenth century. Besides that of Coleridge, Lamb enjoyed the friendship of other famous writers such as Wordsworth, De Quincey, Hazlitt and Keats. They often used to meet at Lamb's house for a warm literary feast and a cold supper and enjoyed both; for Lamb was a lively host.

A funny story is told by Lamb about Coleridge. One day, so Lamb says, his distinguished, learned, and talkative friend met him on the street, caught hold of a button on his coat, pushed him into a shop entrance and began talking. In a few moments Coleridge became so absorbed in his own speech and so charmed with the sound of his own voice that he closed his eyes, -- as he often did when he was very much interested in his own topic. Now Lamb was interested too; but he had some important business to attend to, so he quietly took out his knife, gently cut off the button and proceeded on his way. Returning some time later he found Coleridge in the same place lecturing with great eloquence to the button!

Charles Lamb's outstanding qualities as a writer are his humour and his pathos. He was quick to see what was funny and to sympathise with what was sad. He was fond of writing amusing character sketches of his friends, of using

puns, of making jokes and absurd comparisons, of using quotations in a strange and grotesque way, and of exaggerating in order to arrest attention and provoke mirth. His essays on "Roast Pig" and on Christ's Hospital School afford many examples of such points of humour. The quality of pathos is particularly seen in this essay on the School and in his essay on "Dream Children." Lamb was himself liable to moods, being sometimes very merry and sometimes very depressed, and these qualities in his writings are a true reflection of his own character.

He excelled in the art of the essay, and the art of the essay is to write sincerely on some subject of immediate interest to the writer and to show one's own likes and dislikes regarding the subject in a vivid and personal way. The pure essay is perhaps the most personal form of literature: the writings of such a man as Lamb are, to those who know how to interpret them, all autobiography, and the life therein portrayed is very gentle and noble.

W.S. Landor, a poet who knew him well said of him:

"He leaves behind him freed from grief and years
 Far worthier things than tears,
 The love of friends without a single foe, —
 Unequalled lot below !"



William Shakespeare..

about 1564 - 1616

TALES FROM WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Written by Charles and Mary Lamb.

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 an usurper, who had deposed and banished his elder brother, the lawful duke.

The duke, who was thus driven from his dominions, 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 for his sake, while their land and revenues enriched the false usurper; and custom soon made the life of careless ease they led here more sweet to them than the pomp and uneasy splendour 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, and did fleet the time carelessly, as they did who lived in the golden age. 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 chilling winds

which blow upon my body are true counsellors; they do not flatter, but represent truly to me my condition; and though they bite sharply, their tooth is nothing like so keen as that of unkindness and ingratitude. I find that, howsoever men speak against adversity, yet some sweet uses are to be extracted from it; like the jewel, precious for medicine, which is taken from the head of the venomous and despised toad." In this manner did the patient duke draw an useful moral from everything that he saw; and by the help of this moralising turn, in that life of his, remote from public haunts, he could find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in the stones, and good in everything.

The banished duke had an only daughter, named Rosalind, whom the usurper, duke Frederick, when he banished her father, still retained in his court as a companion for his own daughter Celia. A strict friendship subsisted between these ladies, which the disagreement between their fathers did not in the least 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's whole care was 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.

In those times wrestling, which is only practised now by country clowns, was a favourite sport even in the courts of princes, and before fair ladies and princesses. To this wrestling match, therefore, Celia and Rosalind went. They found that it was likely to prove a very tragical sight; for a large and powerful man, who had been long practised in the art of wrestling, and had slain many men in contests of this kind, was just going to wrestle with a very young man, who, from his extreme youth and inexperience in the art, the beholders all thought 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 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 perform this humane office, and first Celia entreated this young stranger that he would desist from the attempt; and then Rosalind spoke so kindly to him, and with such feeling consideration for the danger he was about to undergo, that instead of being persuaded by her gentle words to forgo his purpose, all his thoughts were bent to distinguish himself by his courage in this lovely lady's eyes. He refused the request of Celia and Rosalind in such graceful and modest words, that they felt still more concern for him; he concluded his refusal with 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 antagonist, 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 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 in very ill humour. Hating to hear the very name of any of his brother's friends, and yet still admiring the valour 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 favourite 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 abashed 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 some more civil things 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, or I would give you a more valuable present."

When the ladies were alone, Rosalind's talk being still of Orlando, Celia began to perceive her cousin had fallen in love with the handsome young wrestler, and she said to Rosalind, "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 suddenly broke out against her; and while Celia and Rosalind were talking of Orlando, Frederick entered the room, and with looks full of anger ordered Rosalind instantly 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. “I did not then,” said Celia, “entreat you to let her stay, for I was too young at that time to value her; but now that I know her worth, and that we so long have slept together, rose at the same instant, learned, played, and eaten together, 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 favour, for the doom which I have passed upon her is irrevocable.”

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; she therefore 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; and so it was quickly agreed on between them, that as Rosalind was the tallest, she should wear the dress of a young countryman, and Celia should be habited like a country lass, and that they should say they were brother and sister, and Rosalind said she would be called Ganymede, and Celia chose the name of Aliena.

In this disguise, and taking their money and jewels to defray their expenses, these fair 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 with pleasant speeches, and happy remarks, all the way,

now owned to Aliena that he was so weary, he could find in his heart to disgrace his man's apparel, and 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, as the weaker vessel: and to seem courageous to his new sister, he said, "Come, have a good heart, my sister Aliena; we are now at the end of our travel, in the forest of Arden." But feigned 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 have 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 feigned 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 this 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 brother to school, but kept him at 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 effect this he set on people to persuade him to wrestle with the famous wrestler, who, as has been before related, had killed so many men. Now, it was this cruel brother's neglect of him which made Orlando say he wished to die, being so friendless.

When, contrary to the wicked hopes he had formed, his brother proved victorious, his envy and malice 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 him 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 these 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 doth 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 then searched about to find some food, and he happened to arrive at that part of the forest where the duke was: and he and his friends were just going to eat their dinner, this royal duke being seated on the grass, under no other canopy than the shady covert of some large trees.

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; but whatever men you are, that in this desert, under the shade of melancholy boughs, lose and neglect the creeping hours of time; if ever you have looked on better days: if ever you have been where bells have knolled to church: if you have ever sat at any good man's feast: if ever from your eyelids you have wiped a tear, and 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, and though we have now our habitation in this wild forest, we have lived in towns and cities, and have with holy bell been knolled to church, have sat at good men's

feasts, and from our eyes have wiped the drops which sacred pity has engendered: therefore sit you down, and take of our refreshments 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 like a doe to find its fawn and give it food: 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 related) 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 little thought that Ganymede was the fair

princess Rosalind, who by her noble condescension and favour 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, but that he had none of the dignified deportment of that noble lady; for Ganymede assumed the forward manners often seen in youths when they are between boys and men, and with much archness and humour talked to Orlando of a certain lover, "who," said he, "haunts our forests, 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 of whom he spoke, and asked Ganymede to give him the good counsel he talked of. The remedy Ganymede proposed, and the counsel he gave him, 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, and feign a playful courtship; and every day Orlando visited Ganymede and Aliena, and Orlando 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 does not appear, however, that Ganymede made any progress in curing Orlando of his love for Rosalind.

Though Orlando thought all this was but a sportive play (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, and a large green snake had twisted itself about his neck. The snake, seeing Orlando approach, glided away among the bushes. Orlando went nearer, and then he discovered a lioness lie couching, with her head on the ground, with a cat-like watch, waiting till 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 the lioness: but when Orlando looked in the man's face, he perceived that the sleeper, who was exposed to this double peril, was his own brother Oliver, who had so cruelly used him, and had threatened to destroy him by fire; and he was almost tempted to leave him a prey to the hungry lioness: but brotherly affection and the gentleness of his nature soon overcame his first anger against his brother; and he drew his sword, and attacked the lioness, and slew her, and thus preserved his brother's life both from the venomous snake and from the furious 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 at once seized him, and he repented of his unworthy conduct, and besought with many tears his brother's pardon for the injuries he had done him. 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 to visit Ganymede, and therefore 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 then 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 a lively 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 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 his visit a very long one, and when at last he returned 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 favourable ear to his suit, 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 agree 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 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 splendour 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 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, 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, and resolved, relinquishing 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, came opportunely to heighten the festivity and rejoicings at the wedding of the princesses. Celia complimented her cousin on this good fortune which had happened to the duke, Rosalind's father, and wished her joy very sincerely, though she herself was no longer heir to the dukedom, but by this restoration which her father had made, Rosalind was now the heir: so completely was the love of these two cousins unmixed with anything of jealousy or of envy.

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.

VOCABULARY

&

NOTES

to

AS YOU LIKE IT

AS YOU LIKE IT

Page 1.

line

1. France. Shakespeare does not state where the scene of the Play is laid and mentions France only once in the course of it.
3. an usurper. *A* not *an* is the form of the Indefinite Article generally used before words beginning with a *u* sound, e.g. *union, university, European, ewe, yew.*
3. usurper. one not the rightful owner.
6. The forest of Arden, — may refer to the Ardennes of southern France, or to a forest of Arden in Warwickshire near Shakespeare's home.
8. voluntary, willing, not forced.
9. revenues, riches, property, income.
12. Robin Hood, who may also have lived in the forest of Arden, near Shakespeare's home.
13. resorted, went.
14. fleet the time, make the time pass fleetly (quickly).
15. the golden age. the fabled time when men lived in

line

- peace, innocence, and enjoyment, and the earth without cultivation produced all that was necessary for their support.
17. dappled, spotted.
18. fools, innocents; here it means animals so tame that they did not even run away when they were being hunted.
21. adverse fortune, ill luck.

In the play the duke says:

'Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

Page 2.

7. toad. It was believed during the Middle Ages that a part of the toad's inside was poisonous and that there was in its head a stone which, being worn in a ring, preserved the wearer against poisons.
9. moralising turn, habit of drawing useful lessons from things.

line

10. remote from public haunts, far away from crowded places.
11. tongues in trees, i. e. he learnt moral lessons from observing the behaviour of trees; or the trees spoke to him and taught him useful moral lessons.

Page 3.

7. tragical, dreadful, shocking.
11. extreme, very great.
15. such odds in, so much difference between.
18. move him from his purpose, persuade him.
19. humane office, kind service.
20. entreated, begged.
21. desist from, give up, forgo.
22. feeling consideration, tender thought.
28. concluded, ended.

Page 4.

3. gracious, favoured.
6. the world, (I shall do) the world.
20. antagonist, the person with whom he was wrestling, opponent.

Page 5.

14. ventured to wrestle with a man so much bigger than he, risked his life or safety.

line

16. abashed, made bashful.
 19. civil things, polite compliments, kind words.
 21. 'out of suits with fortune', out of her service (therefore not wearing her livery or uniform), out of her good books.

Page 6.

19. subtle, cunning, sly.
 20. smoothness, softness, gentleness.
 23. in her favour;
 24. irrevocable, to speak for her, to help her.
 25. prevail upon, not to be called back.
 persuade.

Page 7.

10. habited, dressed.
 12. Aliena. This name occurs in only one metrical line and that leaves doubtful how Shakespeare pronounced it. To accent the third syllable seems best (Al-i-e'-na).
 14. defray, pay for.
 18. garb, dress.
 21. recompense, return, reward.
 22. rustic, belonging to the country people, a farmer, farm labourer.

line

25. accommodations, means of supplying their wants, places to sleep and eat.
28. pleasant, humorous, amusing.

Page 8.

2. apparel, dress.
5. the weaker vessel. 'Giving honour unto the wife as unto the weaker vessel.' --from the Bible.
8. feigned, pretended.
12. conclusion, end.
14. providentially, through the help of God or Providence.
18. procure us entertainment, get us food and lodging.
26. prospect, sight, hope.

Page 9.

19. on his blessing. Until Oliver had promised, his father would not bless him.
20. the dignity of their ancient house, the high standing of their old family; dignity, good name.

Page 10.

1. dignified, gentlemanly, becoming.
1. untutored, untaught.

line

16. passionate exclama-
tions, burning words.
19. valiant, brave.
20. fond, foolish.
21. Your praise is come
too swiftly home be-
fore you. -- Your fame has travelled too fast
and too far.

Page 11.

3. 'the thrifty hire I
saved,' the wages I was thrifty enough to
save.
5. 'He that doth the
ravens feed.' 'Consider the ravens..... God
feedeth them.' -- from the Bible.
10. the constant service
of the old world, the faithful way men used to serve
in the olden days.
21. spent, exhausted, tired out.

Page 12.

5. canopy, covering, roof.
5. covert, shelter (made by trees).
6. desperate, fearless from a feeling that things

line

- cannot be worse, ready to dare anything because of great unhappiness.
7. meat, food (of any kind).
8. forbear, stop, cease.
10. despiser, one who disrespects.
15. pardon me. In shakespeare's play Orlando says:

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 looked on better days,
 If ever been where bells have knolled 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.

16. had been, were, would have been.
17. the countenance of
 stern command, the look and manner of one giving
 strict orders.
18. melancholy boughs, gloomy trees.
19. lose and neglect, waste, pass without counting the
 hours.

line

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|----------|---------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|
| 21. | <u>knolled,</u> | rung. |
| 24. | <u>courtesy,</u> | civility, kindness. |
| Page 13. | | |
| 2. | <u>engendered,</u> | caused. |
| 3. | <u>minister to,</u> | serve, satisfy. |
| 6. | <u>infirmities,</u> | weaknesses. |
| 11. | <u>venerable,</u> | old and worthy of respect. |
| 12. | <u>burthen,</u> | burden. |
| 23. | <u>sonnets,</u> | short poems, sometimes written in
praise of people. |

Page 14.

- | | | |
|-----|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. | <u>condescension,</u> | kindness (to one lower in rank). |
| 8. | <u>deportment,</u> | manner, bearing. |
| 10. | <u>archness,</u> | playfulness. |
| 13. | <u>odes.....elegies,</u> | two kinds of poems. |
| 22. | <u>feign,</u> | pretend. |
| 23. | <u>court,</u> | make love to. |
| 25. | <u>fantastic,</u> | fanciful, strange. |
| 25. | <u>whimsical,</u> | full of freaks and fancies, playful. |

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- | | | |
|-----|---------------------|--------------|
| 5. | <u>mistresses,</u> | sweethearts. |
| 10. | <u>opportunity,</u> | chance. |
| 12. | <u>jest,</u> | joke, fun. |

line

17. diverted, amused.
25. lineage, family line.
- Page 16.
4. lioness -- Lionesses do not usually roam the forests of France.
24. remorse, sorrow for bad deeds.
- Page 17.
14. reconciliation, making up of a quarrel.
19. he, - (love is personified).
24. counterfeited, pretended.
- Page 18.
10. lent a favourable ear to, granted, been pleased to listen.
- Page 19.
12. in sober meaning, seriously, without joking.
22. conjecture, guessing (n).
- Page 20.
26. ratified, confirmed, repeated.
- Page 21.
2. parade, show.
5. felicity, happiness.

line

16. interposition, coming in between, interference.
19. religious man, hermit, monk, friar (not merely a good Christian).
22. relinquishing, giving up.
23. religious house, monastery.
24. conceived, formed.
- Page 22.
2. opportuncly, at the right moment.

