

**THE LAMB
SHAKESPEARE FOR THE
YOUNG. AS YOU LIKE IT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649764822

The Lamb Shakespeare for the Young. As You Like It by William Shakespeare & L. E. Wright

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE & L. E. WRIGHT

**THE LAMB
SHAKESPEARE FOR THE
YOUNG. AS YOU LIKE IT**



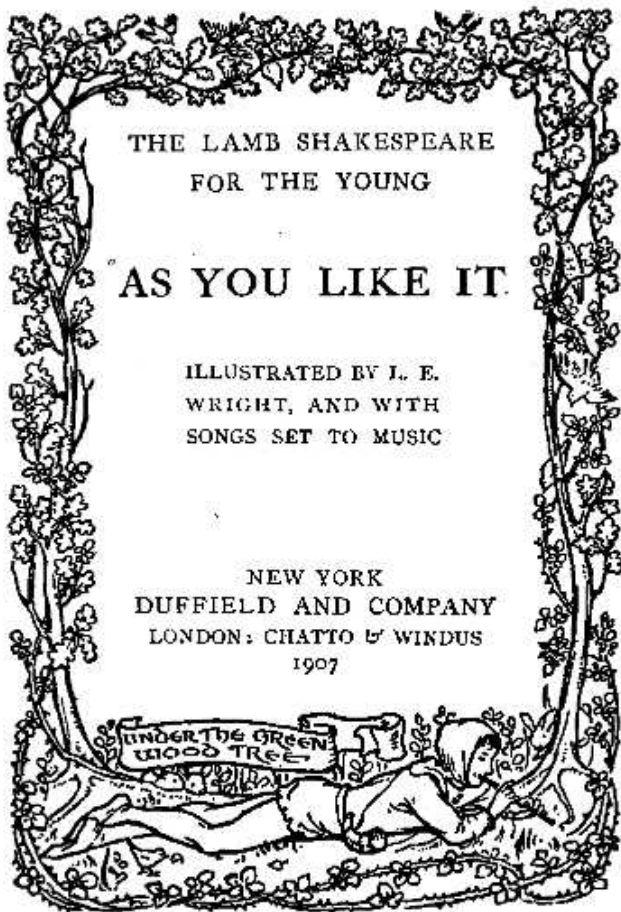
"GENTLEMAN, WEAR THIS FOR ME"

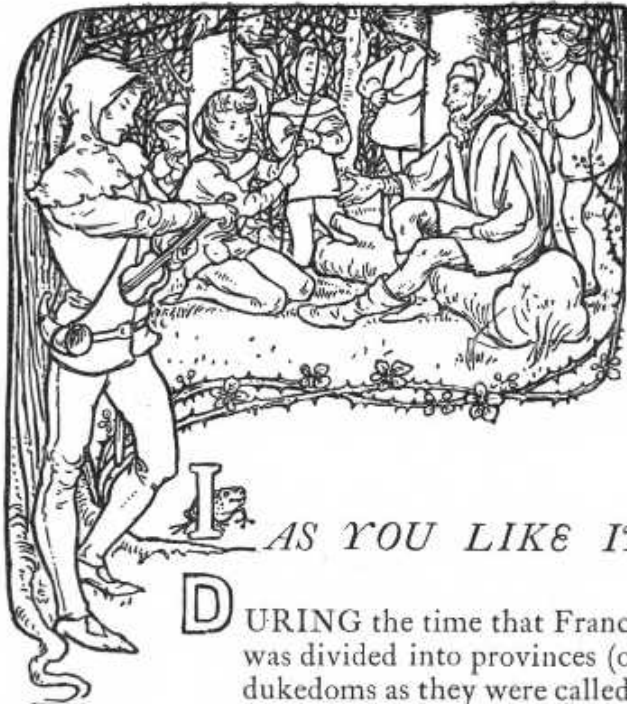
THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE
FOR THE YOUNG

AS YOU LIKE IT

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E.
WRIGHT, AND WITH
SONGS SET TO MUSIC

NEW YORK
DUFFIELD AND COMPANY
LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS
1907





I 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, 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

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

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; indeed, he would draw a useful moral from everything that he saw.

Let us watch a scene in the forest of Arden:—

AS YOU LIKE IT

Duke. Now, my co-mates, and brothers
in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
"This is no flattery,—these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
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.
I would not change it.

Amiens. Happy is your grace
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke. Come, shall we go and kill us
venison?

AS YOU LIKE IT

Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase : and thus the hairy fool,
Much markèd of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said Jaques ?
Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream ;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then being
there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend ;
"Tis right," quoth he ; " thus misery doth part
The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him ; "Ay," quoth
Jaques,