

## As You Like It



THERE was once a wicked Duke named Frederick, who took the Dukedom that should have belonged to his brother, and kept it for himself, sending his brother into exile. His brother went into the Forest of Arden, where he lived the life of a bold forester, as Robin Hood did in Sherwood Forest in our England. The banished Duke's daughter, Rosalind, remained with Celia, Frederick's daughter, and the two loved each other more than most sisters. One day there was a wrestling match at Court, and Rosalind and Celia went to see it. Charles, a celebrated wrestler, was there, who had killed many men in contests of this kind. The young man he was to wrestle with was so slender and youthful that Rosalind and Celia thought he would surely be killed, as others had been, so they spoke to him, and asked him not to attempt so dangerous an adventure; but the only effect of their words was to make him wish to come off well in the encounter, so as to win praise from such sweet ladies.

Orlando, like Rosalind's father, was being kept out of his inheritance by his brother, and was so sad at his brother's unkindness that, until he saw Rosalind, he did not care much

whether he lived or died. But now the sight of the fair Rosalind gave him strength and courage, so that he did marvelously, and at last threw Charles to such a tune that the wrestler had to be carried off the ground. Duke Frederick was pleased with his courage, and asked his name.

"My name is Orlando, and I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys," said the young man.

Now, Sir Rowland de Boys, when he was alive, had been a good friend to the banished Duke, so that Frederick heard with regret whose son Orlando was, and would not befriend him, and went away in a very bad temper. But Rosalind was delighted to hear that this handsome young stranger was the son of her father's old friend, and as they were going away, she turned back more than once to say another kind word to the brave young man. "Gentleman," she said, giving him a chain from her neck, "wear this for me. I could give more, but that my hand lacks means."

Then when she was going, Orlando could not speak, so much was he overcome by the magic of her beauty; but when she was gone, he said, "I wrestled with Charles, and overthrew him, and now I myself am conquered. Oh, heavenly Rosalind!"

Rosalind and Celia, when they were alone, began to talk about the handsome wrestler, and Rosalind confessed that she loved him at first sight.



"Come, come," said Celia, "wrestle with thy affections."  
 "Oh," answered Rosalind, "they take the part of a better  
 wrestler than myself. Look, here comes the Duke."

"With his eyes full of anger," said Celia.

"You must leave the Court at once," he said to Rosalind.

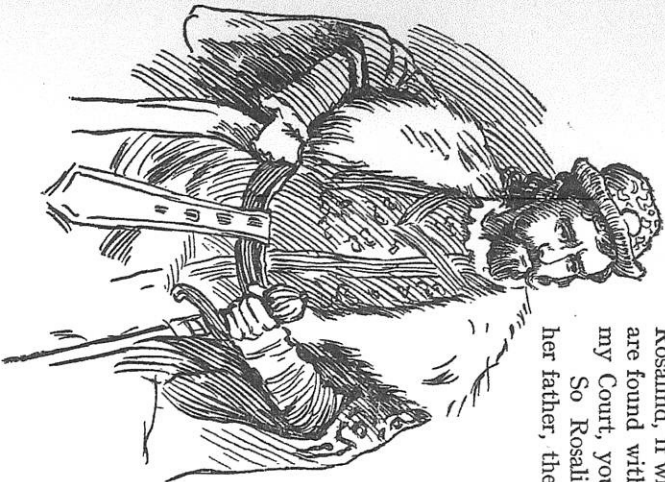
"Why?" she asked.

"Never mind why," answered the Duke; "you are  
 banished."

"Pronounce that sentence then on me, my lord," said  
 Celia. "I cannot live out of her company."

"You are a foolish girl," answered her father. "You,  
 Rosalind, if within ten days you  
 are found within twenty miles of  
 my Court, you die."

So Rosalind set out to seek  
 her father, the banished Duke, in  
 the Forest of Arden. Celia loved  
 her too much to  
 let her go alone,  
 and as it was  
 rather a dangerous  
 journey, Rosalind,  
 being the taller,  
 dressed up as a  
 young country-  
 man, and her  
 cousin as a coun-  
 try girl, and Rosa-  
 lind said that she  
 would be called  
 Ganymede, and  
 Celia, Aliena, and  
 with them went  
 Touchstone, the



Court Jester. They were very tired when at last they came  
 to the Forest of Arden, and as they were sitting on the grass,  
 almost dying with fatigue, a countryman passed that way, and  
 Ganymede asked him if he could get them food. He did  
 so, and told them that a shepherd's flocks and house were  
 to be sold. They bought these with the money they had  
 brought with them, and settled down as shepherd and shep-  
 herdess, in the forest.

In the meantime, Orlando's brother, Oliver, having sought  
 to take his life, Orlando also wandered into the forest, with  
 only his good old servant, Adam, for company, and there  
 came upon the rightful Duke, as he sat with his followers, and  
 being kindly received, stayed with him. Now, Orlando could  
 think of nothing but Rosalind, and he went about the forest  
 carving her name on trees, and writing love sonnets and hanging  
 them on the bushes, and there Rosalind and Celia found them.  
 One day Orlando met them, but he did not know Rosalind in  
 her boy's clothes, though he liked the pretty shepherd youth,  
 because he fancied a likeness in him to her he loved.

"There is a foolish lover," said Rosalind, "who haunts  
 these woods and hangs sonnets on the trees. If I could find  
 him, I would soon cure him of his folly."

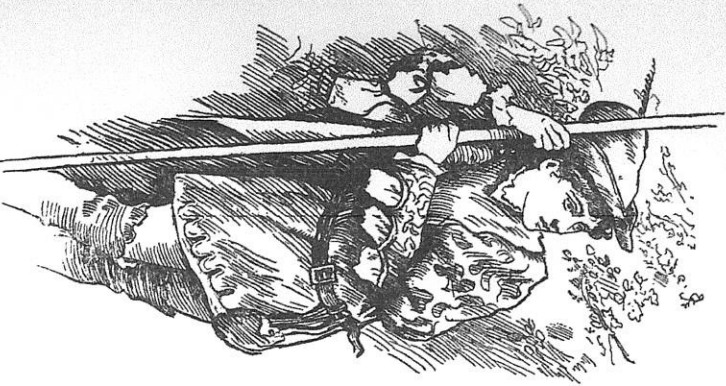
Orlando confessed that he was this foolish lover, and Rosa-  
 lind said: "If you will come and see me every day, I will pre-  
 tend to be Rosalind, and you shall come and court me, as you  
 would if I were really your lady; and I will take her part,  
 and be wayward and contrary, as is the way of women, till I  
 make you ashamed of your folly in loving her."

And so every day he went to her house, and took a pleasure  
 in saying to her all the pretty things he would have said to  
 Rosalind; and she had the fine and secret joy of knowing that  
 all his love-words came to the right ears. Thus many days  
 passed pleasantly away.

Rosalind met the Duke one day, and the Duke asked her  
 what family he came from, and Rosalind, forgetting that

she was dressed as a peasant boy, answered that she came of as good parentage as the Duke did, which made him smile.

One morning, as Orlando was going to visit Ganymede, he saw a man asleep on the ground, and a large serpent had wound itself round his neck. Orlando came nearer, and the serpent glided away. Then he saw that there was a lioness crouching near, waiting for the man who was asleep to awaken, for they say that lions will not prey on anything that is dead or sleeping. Then Orlando looked at the man, and saw that it was



his wicked brother, Oliver, who had tried to take his life. At first he thought to leave him to his fate, but the faith and honour of a gentleman withheld him from this wickedness. He fought with the lioness and killed her, and saved his brother's life.

While Orlando was fighting the lioness, Oliver awoke to see his brother, whom he had treated so badly, saving him from a wild beast at the risk of his own life. This made him repent of his wickedness, and he begged Orlando's pardon with many tears, and from thenceforth they were dear brothers.

The lioness had wounded Orlando's arm so much that he could not go on to see the shepherd, so he sent his brother to ask Ganymede ("whom I do call my Rosa-

lind," he added) to come to him.

Oliver went and told the whole story to Ganymede and Aliena, and Aliena was so charmed with his manly way of confessing his faults, that she fell in love with him at once.

But when Ganymede heard of the danger Orlando had been in she fainted; and when she came to herself said, truly enough, "I should have been a woman by right."

Oliver went back to his brother and told him all this, saying, "I love Aliena so well that I will give up my estates to you and marry her, and live here as a shepherd."

"Let your wedding be to-morrow," said Orlando, "and I will ask the Duke and his friends. Go to the shepherdess—she is alone, for here comes her brother."

And sure enough Ganymede was coming through the woods towards them.

When Orlando told Ganymede how his brother was to be married on the morrow, he added, "Oh, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!"

Then answered Rosalind, still in Ganymede's dress and speaking with his voice: "If you do love Rosalind so near the heart, then when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I will set her before your eyes, human as she is, and without any danger."

"Do you mean it?" cried Orlando.

"By my life I do," answered Rosalind. "Therefore,





put on your best array and bid your friends to come, for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall—and to Rosalind if you will.”

Now the next day the Duke and his followers, and Orlando, and Oliver, and Aliena, were all gathered together for the wedding.

“Do you believe, Orlando,” said the Duke, “that the boy can do all that he has promised?”

“I sometimes do believe and sometimes do not,” said Orlando.

Then Ganymede came in and said to the Duke: “If I bring in your daughter Rosalind, will you give her to Orlando here?”

“That I would,” said the Duke, “if I had all kingdoms to give with her.”

“And you say you will have her when I bring her?” she said to Orlando.

“That would I,” he answered, “were I king of all kingdoms.”

Then Rosalind and Celia went out, and Rosalind put on her pretty woman’s clothes again, and after a while came back.

She turned to her father: “I give myself to you, for I am yours.”

“If there be truth in sight,” he said, “you are my daughter.”

Then she said to Orlando: “I give myself to you, for I am yours.”

“If there be truth in sight,” he said, “you are my Rosalind.”

“I will have no father if you be not he,” she said to the Duke; and to Orlando: “I will have no husband if you be not he.”

So Orlando and Rosalind were married, and Oliver and Celia, and they lived happy ever after, returning with the Duke to the dukedom; for Frederick had been shown by a holy hermit the wickedness of his ways, and so gave back the dukedom of his brother, and himself went into a monastery to pray for forgiveness.

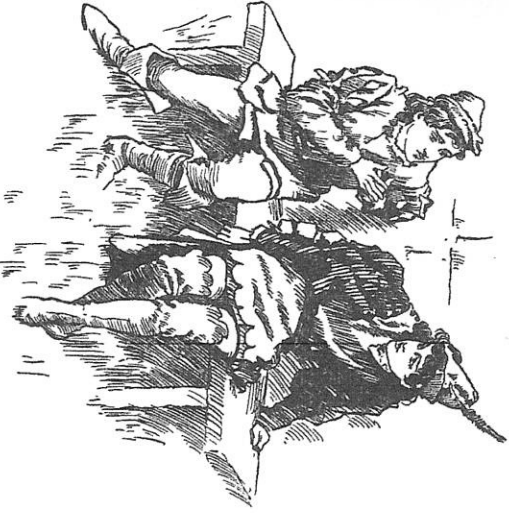
The wedding was a merry one, in the mossy glades of the forest, where the green leaves danced in the sun, and the birds sang their sweetest wedding hymns for the new-married folk.



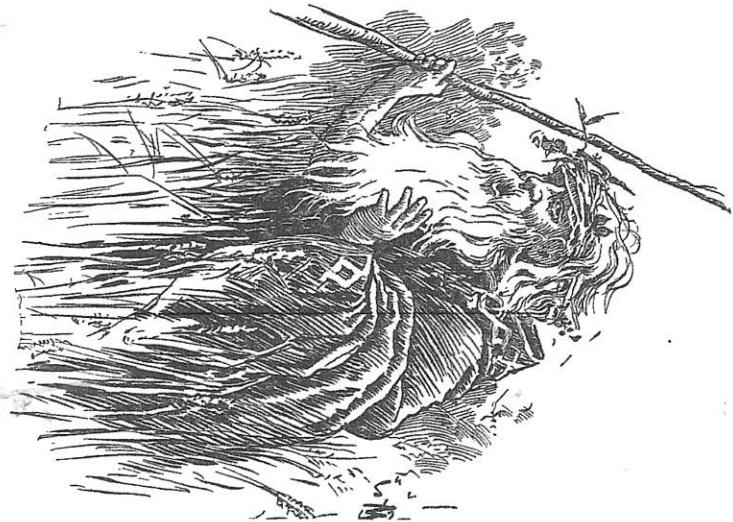
A shepherd and shepherdess who had been friends with Rosalind, when she was herself disguised as a shepherd, were married on the same day, and all with such pretty feasting and merry-makings as could be nowhere within four walls, but only in the beautiful green-wood.

This is one of the songs which Orlando made about his Rosalind—

“From the east to western Ind,  
No jewel is like Rosalind.  
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,  
Through all the world bears Rosalind.  
All the pictures, fairest lined,  
Are but black to Rosalind.  
Let no face be kept in mind,  
But the fair of Rosalind.”



## King Lear



**K**ING LEAR was old and tired. He was weary of the business of his kingdom, and wished only to end his days quietly near his three daughters, whom he loved dearly. Two of his daughters were married to the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall, and the Duke of Burgundy and the King of France were both staying at Lear's Court as suitors for the hand of Cordelia, his youngest daughter.

Lear called his three daughters together, and told them that he proposed to divide his kingdom between them. "But first," said he, "I should like to know how much you love me."

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