

*Ros.* Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

*Orl.* No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: you have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprize. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* I o, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprized; we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial; wherein if I be soil'd there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so; I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you.

*Cha.* (L.H.) Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

*Orl.* Ready, sir; but his will bath in it a more modest working. (*Crosses to centre.*)

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*Orl.* You mean to mock me after; you should not have mock'd me before; but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

*Ros.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, while Charles and Orlando wrestle, Charles is thrown.*)

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breath'd.

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

*Touch.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Duke F.* Bear him away.

(*Charles is carried away by the Guards, L.H. Touchstone going before them.*)

What is thy name, young man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

*Duke F.* I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable ;  
But I did find him still mine enemy ;  
I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick, Eustace, Louis, Le Beau, and Gentlemen, L.H.*

*Orl.* I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son, [calling,

His youngest son ;—and would not change that  
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this ?

*Ros.* My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind ;  
Had I before known this young man his son,  
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,  
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

*Cel.* Gentle cousin,  
Let us go thank him, and encourage him ;  
My father's rough and envious disposition  
Sticks me at heart. (*They cross to centre.*)—Sir,  
you have well deserv'd ;

If you do keep your promises in love,  
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,  
Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.* Gentleman,  
(*Giving him a Chain from her Neck.*)  
Wear this for me ; one out of suits with fortune ; [means.  
That could give more, but that her hand lacks  
Shall we go, coz ?

*Cel.* Aye ;—fare you well, fair gentleman.