

As You Like It Audition side #13 [Amiens; scene 4; w/Duke Senior]

AMIENS

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,  
And in that kind swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that  
hath banished you. Today my ... we  
Did steal behind him as he lay along  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls  
along this wood;  
To the which place a poor sequestered stag  
That from the hunter's aim  
had ta'en a hurt  
Did come to languish. And indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heaved  
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 th' extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.  
DUKE SENIOR But what said Jaques? Did he not moralize this spectacle?

AMIENS

O yes, into a thousand similes.  
First, for his weeping in 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  
abandoned 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, "Sweep on, you fat and  
greasy citizens.  
'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look

Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we  
Are mere usurpers.