

As You Like It

Act II, sc. 3

ADAM

Adam. What! my young master? O my gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory

Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?

Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?

Why would you be so fond to overcome

The bony priser of the humorous duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men

Their graces serve them but as enemies?

No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely

Envenoms him that bears it!

~~Orl. Why, what's the matter?~~

Adam. O unhappy youth!

Come not within these doors; within this roof

The enemy of all your graces lives.

Your brother, 'no, no brother; yet the son,.

Yet not the son, I will not call him son

Of him I was about to call his father,.

Hath heard your praises, and this night he means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie,

And you within it: if he fail of that,

He will have other means to cut you off.

I overheard him and his practices.

This is no place; this house is but a butchery:

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.