

# *As You Like It*

Act I, sc. 7 (line 12)

## JAQUES

A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,  
A motley fool; a miserable world!  
As I do live by food, I met a fool  
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,  
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms and yet a motley fool.  
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,  
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'  
And then he drew a dial from his poke,  
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:  
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:  
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,  
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;  
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,  
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;  
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear  
The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,  
And I did laugh sans intermission

An hour by his dial. O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.