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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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img: 1-a

img: 1-b

sig: A2r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

THE
FAITHFUL
Shepherdess.

By JOHN FLETCHER.

ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

Printed at London for *R. Bonian*
and *H. Walley*, and are to be sold at
the spread Eagle over against the
great North door of St. Paul's.

img: 2-a

img: 2-b

sig: ¶1r

ln 0001

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ln 0029

To that noble and true lover of learning,
Sir WALTER ASTON knight
of the Bath.

Sir I must ask your patience, and be true.
This play was never liked, unless by few
That brought their judgements with 'em, for of late
First the infection, then the common prate
Of common people, have such customs got
Either to silence plays, or like them not.
Under the last of which this interlude,
Had fallen forever pressed down by the rude
That like a torrent which the moist south feeds,
Drowns both before him the ripe corn and weeds:
Had not the saving sense of better men
Redeemed it from corruption: (dear Sir then)
Among the better souls, be you the best
In whom, as in a Center I take rest,
And proper being: from whose equal eye
And judgement, nothing grows but purity:
(Nor do I flatter) for by all those dead,
Great in the muses, by *Apollo's* head,
He that adds any thing to you; 'tis done
Like his that lights a candle to the sun:
Then be as you were ever, yourself still
Moved by your judgement, not by love, or will
And when I sing again as who can tell
My next devotion to that holy well,
Your goodness to the muses shall be all,
Able to make a work Heroical.

img: 3-a

sig: ¶1v

Given to your service
JOHN FLETCHER.

ln 0001
ln 0002

To the inheritor of all worthiness,
Sir William Skipwith.

ln 0003

Ode.

ln 0004
ln 0005
ln 0006
ln 0007
ln 0008
ln 0009

If from servile hope or love,
I may prove
But so happy to be thought for
Such a one whose greatest ease
Is to please
(Worthy sir) I have all I sought for,

ln 0010
ln 0011
ln 0012
ln 0013
ln 0014
ln 0015

For no ich of greater name,
which some claim
By their verses do I show it
To the world; nor to protest
'Tis the best
These are lean faults, in a poet

ln 0016
ln 0017
ln 0018
ln 0019
ln 0020
ln 0021

Nor to make it serve to feed
at my need
Nor to gain acquaintance by it
Nor to ravish kind Attorneys,
in their journeys.
Nor to read it after diet

ln 0022
ln 0023
ln 0024
ln 0025
ln 0026
ln 0027

Far from me are all these Aims
Fittest frames
To build weakness on and pity
Only to yourself, and such
whose true touch
Makes all good; let me seem witty.

img: 3-b
sig: ¶2r

The Admirer of your virtues,
JOHN FLETCHER.

ln 0001
ln 0002

To the perfect gentleman Sir
Robert Townshend.

ln 0003
ln 0004
ln 0005
ln 0006
ln 0007
ln 0008
ln 0009
ln 0010
ln 0011
ln 0012

IF the greatest faults may crave
Pardon where contrition is
(Noble Sir) I needs must have
A long one; for a long amiss
If you ask me (how is this)
Upon my faith I'll tell you frankly,
You love above my means to thank ye.
Yet according to my Talent
As sour fortune loves to use me
A poor Shepherd I have sent,

In 0013 In homespun gray for to excuse me.
In 0014 And may all my hopes refuse me:
In 0015 But when better comes ashore,
In 0016 You shall have better, newer, more.
In 0017 Till when, like our desperate debtors,
In 0018 Or our three piled sweet protesters
In 0019 I must please you in bare letters
In 0020 And so pay my debts; like jesters,
In 0021 Yet I oft have seen good feasters,
In 0022 Only for to please the pallet,
In 0023 Leave great meat and choose a sallet.

All yours John
Fletcher:

img: 4-a
sig: ¶2v

In 0001 To The Reader.

In 0002 IF you be not reasonably assure of your knowledge in this
In 0003 kind of Poem, lay down the book or read this, which I
In 0004 would wish had been the prologue. It is a pastoral Tragicomedy,
In 0005 which the people seeing when it was played, having ever
In 0006 had a singular guise in defining, **concluded** to be a play of country
In 0007 hired Shepherds, in gray cloaks, with curtailed dogs in
In 0008 strings, sometimes laughing together, and sometimes killing
In 0009 one another: And missing whitsun ales, cream, wassail and morris-dances,
In 0010 began to be angry. In their error I would not have
In 0011 you fall, lest you incur their censure. Understand therefore a
In 0012 pastoral to be a representation of shepherds and shepherdesses,
In 0013 with their actions and passions, which must be such as
In 0014 may agree with their natures at least not exceeding former fictions,
In 0015 and vulgar traditions: they are not to be adorned with any
In 0016 art, but such improper ones as nature is **said** to bestow, as singing
In 0017 and Poetry, or such as experience may teach them, as the
In 0018 virtues of hearts, and fountain the ordinary course of the Sun,
In 0019 moon, and stars, and such like. But you are ever to remember
In 0020 Shepherds to be such, as all the ancient Poets and modern
In 0021 of understanding have received them: that is, the owners of
In 0022 flocks and not hirelings A tragicomedy is not so called in
In 0023 respect of mirth and killing but in respect it wants deaths,
In 0024 which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near
In 0025 it, which is enough to make it no comedy: which must be a representation
In 0026 of familiar people, with such kind of trouble as no
In 0027 life be questioned, so that a God is as lawful in this as in a tragedy,
In 0028 and mean people as in a comedy. Thus much I hope will
In 0029 serve to justify my Poem, and make you understand it, to teach
In 0030 you more for nothing, I do not know that I am in conscience
In 0031 bound.

John Fletcher.

img: 4-b
sig: A3r

In 0001 *To my loved friend Master John Fletcher, on his Pastorals*

In 0002 CAn my approvement (Sir) be worth your thanks?
In 0003 Whose unknown name and muse (in swathing clouts)
In 0004 Is not yet grown to strength, among these ranks
In 0005 To have a room and bear off the sharp flouts
In 0006 Of this our pregnant age, that does despise
In 0007 All innocent verse, that lets alone her vice.

In 0008 But I must justify what privately,
In 0009 I censured to you: my ambition is
In 0010 (Even by my hopes and love to Poesy)
In 0011 To live to perfect such a work, as this,
In 0012 Clad in such elegant propriety
In 0013 Of words, including a mortality.

In 0014 So sweet and profitable, though each man that hears,
In 0015 (And learning has enough to clap and hiss)
In 0016 Arrives not to 't, so misty it appears;
In 0017 And to their filmed reasons, so amiss:
In 0018 But let Art look in truth, she like a mirror,
In 0019 Reflects her comfort, ignorance's terror

In 0020 Sits in her own brow, being made afraid,
In 0021 Of her unnatural complexion,
In 0022 As ugly women (when they are arrayed
In 0023 By glasses) loath their true reflection,
In 0024 Then how can such opinions injure thee,
In 0025 That tremble, at their own deformity?

In 0026 Opinion, that great fool, makes fools of all,
In 0027 And (once) I feared her till I met a mind
In 0028 Whose grave instructions philosophical,
In 0029 Tossed it like dust upon a march strong wind,
In 0030 He shall forever my example be,
In 0031 And his embraced doctrine grow in me.

In 0032 His soul (and such commend this) that command
In 0033 Such art, it should me better satisfy,
In 0034 Than if the monster clapped his thousand hands,
In 0035 And drowned the scene with his confused cry;
In 0036 And if doubts rise, low their own names to clear 'em
In 0037 Whilst I am happy but to stand so near 'em.

img: 5-a
sig: A3v

N. F.

In 0001 To my friend Master *John Fletcher*,
In 0002 upon his faithful *Shepherdess*.

In 0003 I Know too well that no more than the man
In 0004 That travels through the burning deserts, can
In 0005 When he is beaten with the raging sun,
In 0006 Half smothered with the dust, have power to run

In 0007 From a cool river, which himself doth find,
In 0008 Ere he be slaked: no more can he whose mind
In 0009 Joys in the muses, hold from that delight,
In 0010 When nature, and his full thoughts bid him write,
In 0011 Yet wish I those whom I for friends have known,
In 0012 To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own:
In 0013 Why should the man, whose wit ne'er had a stain,
In 0014 Upon the public stage present his vein,
In 0015 And make a thousand men in judgement sit,
In 0016 To call in question his undoubted wit,
In 0017 Scarce two of which can understand the laws
In 0018 Which they should judge by, nor the parties' cause,
In 0019 Among the rout there is not one that hath
In 0020 In his own censure an explicit faith.
In 0021 One company **knowing** they judgement lack,
In 0022 Ground their belief on the next man in black:
In 0023 Others, on him that makes signs, and is mute,
In 0024 Some like as he does in the fairest suit,
In 0025 He as his mistress doth, and she by chance,
In 0026 Nor wants there those, who as the boy doth dance
In 0027 Between the acts, will censure the whole play:
In 0028 Some like if the wax lights be new that day:
In 0029 But multitudes there are whose judgements goes
In 0030 Headlong according to the actors' clothes.
In 0031 For this, these public things and I, agree
In 0032 So ill, that but to do aright to thee,
In 0033 I had not been persuaded to have hurled
In 0034 These few, ill-spoken lines, into the world,
In 0035 Both to be read, and censured of, by those,
In 0036 Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose,
In 0037 Such as must spend above an hour, to spell
In 0038 A challenge on a post, to know it well,
In 0039 But since it was thy hap to throw away,
In 0040 Much wit, for which the people did not pay,
In 0041 Because they saw it not, I not dislike
In 0042 This second publication, which may strike
In 0043 Their consciences, to see the thing they scorned,
In 0044 To be with so much will and art adorned.
In 0045 Besides one vantage more in this I see,
In 0046 Your censurers must have the quality
In 0047 Of reading, which I am afraid is more
In 0048 Than half your shrewdest judges had before.

Francis Beaumont.

img: 5-b
sig: B1r

wln 0001 The faithful Shepherdess.

wln 0002 Actus primi, Scaena prima.

wln 0003 *Enter Clorin a Shepherdess having buried her*
wln 0004 *love in an Arbor.*

wln 0005 Hail holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace
wln 0006 The truest man that ever fed his flocks:
wln 0007 By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly,
wln 0008 Thus I salute thy grave, thus do I pay
wln 0009 My early vows and tribute of mine eyes,
wln 0010 To thy still-loved ashes: thus I free
wln 0011 Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
wln 0012 Of love, all sports, delights and games,
wln 0013 That Shepherds hold full dear: thus put I off.
wln 0014 Now no more shall these smooth brows be girt,
wln 0015 With youthful coronals, and lead the dance,
wln 0016 No more the company of fresh fair Maids
wln 0017 And wanton shepherds be to me delightful.
wln 0018 Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes,
wln 0019 Under some shady dell when the cool wind
wln 0020 Plays on the leaves, all be far away:
wln 0021 Since thou art far away: by whose dear side,
wln 0022 How often have I sat crowned with fresh flowers
wln 0023 For Summer's queen, whilst every Shepherd's boy,
wln 0024 Puts on his lusty green with gaudy hook,
wln 0025 And hanging scrip of finest cordovan:
wln 0026 But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
wln 0027 And all are dead but thy dear memory:
wln 0028 That shall outlive thee, and shall ever spring,
wln 0029 Whilst there are pipes, or Jolly shepherds sing.

img: 6-a
sig: B1v

wln 0030 And here will I, in honor of thy love,
wln 0031 Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys,
wln 0032 That former times made precious to mine eyes:
wln 0033 Only remembering what my youth did gain,
wln 0034 In the dark hidden virtuous use of herbs:
wln 0035 That I will I practice, and as freely give
wln 0036 All my endeavors, as I gained them free.
wln 0037 Of all green wounds I know the remedies,
wln 0038 In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,
wln 0039 Or charmed with powerful words of wicked art,
wln 0040 Or be they lovesick, or through too much heat
wln 0041 Grown wild or lunatic, their eyes or ears
wln 0042 Thickened with misty film of dulling rheum,
wln 0043 These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
wln 0044 In herbs applied by a virgin's hand:
wln 0045 My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
wln 0046 Berries, and Chestnuts, Plantains, on whose cheeks
wln 0047 The Sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
wln 0048 Pulled from the fair head of the straight grown pine:
wln 0049 On these I'll feed with free content and rest,
wln 0050 When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

wln 0051

Enter a Satyr.

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wln 0053
wln 0054
wln 0055
wln 0056
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wln 0058
wln 0059
wln 0060
wln 0061
wln 0062
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wln 0066
wln 0067

img: 6-b
sig: B2r

wln 0068
wln 0069
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Satyr Through yon same bending plain,
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods have I run,
whose bottom never kissed the Sun
Since the lusty spring began,
All to please my Master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit, for at a feast,
He entertains this coming night,
His Paramour the Syrinx bright:
But behold a fairer sight
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair thou art divine:
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the Gods: for in thy face,
Shines more awful majesty,

He stands amazed.

Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold
And live, therefore on this mold,
Lowly do I bend my knee,
In worship of thy deity,
Deign it Goddess from my hand,
To receive whate'er this land,
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits: and but lend,
Belief to that the Satyr tells,
Fairer by the famous wells,
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better nor more true,
Here be grapes whose lusty blood,
Is the learned Poets' good,
Sweeter yet did never crown,
The head of Bacchus, nuts more brown
Than the squirrels' teeth that crack them,
Deign ô fairest fair to take them,
For these black-eyed *Dryope*,
Hath often times commanded me,
With my clasped knee to climb,
See how well the lusty time,
Hath decked their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread,
Here be berries for a Queen,
Some be red, some be green:
These are of that luscious meat,
The great God Pan, himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long,

wln 0100
wln 0101
wln 0102
wln 0103
wln 0104
wln 0105
wln 0106

img: 7-a
sig: B2v

Will bring you more, more sweet and strong.
Till when humbly leave I take,
Lest the great *Pan* do awake:
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade:
I must go, I must run,
Swifter than the fiery Sun.

Exit.

wln 0107
wln 0108
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wln 0146

Clorin. And all my fears go with thee.
What greatness or what private hidden power,
Is there in me to draw submission,
From this rude man, and beast? sure I am mortal,
The daughter of a Shepherd, he was mortal:
And she that bore me mortal: prick my hand
And it will bleed: a fever shakes me,
And the selfsame wind that makes the young lambs shrink,
Makes me a cold, my fear says I am mortal:
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me)
And now I do believe it, if I keep
My virgin flower uncropped, pure, chaste, and fair,
No Goblin, wood-god, Fairy, Elf, or Fiend,
Satyr or other power that haunts these groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion,
Draw me to wander after idle fires.
Or voices calling me in dead of night,
To make me follow, and so toll me on,
Through mires and standing pools:
Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners, nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself, and more mishapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? sure there is a power
In that great name of virgin; that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines: then strong chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell
In opposition against Fate and Hell.

*Enter an old shepherd, with four couple of Shepherds
and Shepherdesses.*

Old Shepherd Now we have done this holy festival,
In honor of our great God, and his rights
Performed, prepare yourselves for chaste
And uncorrupted fires: that as the priest,
With powerful hand shall sprinkle on your brows
His pure and holy water, ye may be
From all hot flames of lust, and loose thoughts free,
Kneel shepherds kneel, here comes the Priest of *Pan*.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Shepherds thus I purge away,

img: 7-b

wln 0147 Whatsoever this great day,
 wln 0148 Or the past hours gave not good,
 wln 0149 To corrupt your maiden blood:
 wln 0150 From the high rebellious heat,
 wln 0151 Of the grapes and strength of meat.
 wln 0152 From the wanton quick desires,
 wln 0153 They do kindle by their fires.
 wln 0154 I do wash you with this water,
 wln 0155 Be you pure and fair hereafter.
 wln 0156 From your livers and your veins,
 wln 0157 Thus I take away the stains.
 wln 0158 All your thoughts be smooth and fair,
 wln 0159 Be ye fresh and free as air.
 wln 0160 Never more let lustful heat,
 wln 0161 Through your purged conduits beat,
 wln 0162 Or a plighted troth be broken,
 wln 0163 Or a wanton verse be spoken:
 wln 0164 In a Shepherdess's ear,
 wln 0165 Go your ways you're all clear.

They rise and sing in praise of Pan.

wln 0167

The Song.

wln 0168 Sing his praises that doth keep,
 wln 0169 our Flocks from harm,
 wln 0170 *Pan* the Father of our sheep,
 wln 0171 And arm in arm
 wln 0172 Tread we softly in a round,
 wln 0173 Whilst the hollow neighboring ground,
 wln 0174 Fills the music with her sound,
 wln 0175 *Pan*, o great God, *Pan* to thee
 wln 0176 Thus do we sing:
 wln 0177 Thou that keepest us chaste and free,
 wln 0178 As the young spring,
 wln 0179 Ever be thy honor spoke,
 wln 0180 From that place the morn is broke,
 wln 0181 To that place Day doth unyoke.

Exeunt omnes but Perigot and Amoret.

wln 0183 *Perigot* Stay gentle *Amoret* thou fair-browed maid,
 wln 0184 Thy Shepherd prays **thee** stay, that holds thee dear.

wln 0185 Equal with his soul's good:
 wln 0186 *Amoret* Speak, I give
 wln 0187 Thee freedom Shepherd, and thy tongue be still
 wln 0188 The same it ever was: as free from ill
 wln 0189 As he whose conversation never knew
 wln 0190 The court or city: be thou ever true.

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wln 0224

Perigot When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,
First let our great God cease to keep my flocks,
That being left alone without a guard,
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat,
And want of water, rots: or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
And in their general ruin let me go.

Amoret I pray thee gentle Shepherd wish not so,
I do believe thee: 'tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder than for thee
To hold me foul. *Perigot* ô you are fairer far,
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star,
That guides the wand'ring seaman through the deeps
Straighter than the straightest pine upon the steep
Head of an aged mountain, and more white,
Than the new milk we strip before day light
From the full freighted bags of our fair flocks:
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
Of young *Apollo*.

Amoret Shepherd be not lost,
Ye are sailed too far already from the coast
Of our discourse.

Perigot Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows and holy oaths,
I have sent to heaven: did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand in hostage? do not then
Give back again those sweets to other men.
You yourself vowed were mine,

Amoret Shepherd so far as maiden's modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine,
Once more I give my hand, be ever free
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy.

img: 8-b
sig: B4r

wln 0225
wln 0226
wln 0227
wln 0228
wln 0229
wln 0230
wln 0231
wln 0232
wln 0233
wln 0234
wln 0235
wln 0236
wln 0237
wln 0238

Perigot I take it as my best good, and desire
For stronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service: say sweet shall it hold?

Amoret Dear friend you must not blame me if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may do,
Coupled with this day's heat to move your blood:
Maids must be fearful, sure you have not been
Washed white enough, for yet I see a stain
Stick in your liver, go and purge again.

Perigot O do not wrong my honest simple truth,
Myself and my affections are as pure,
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine,

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wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264

img: 9-a
sig: B4v

Of the great Dian: only my intent
To draw you thither, was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of our souls:
For to that holy wood is consecrate,
A virtuous Well, about whose flowery banks,
The nimble footed Fairies dance their rounds,
By the pale moonshine, dipping often times
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh, and dull mortality:
By this fair Fount hath many a Shepherd sworn,
And given away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither envy nor old time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given,
In hope of coming happiness: by this
Fresh Fountain many a blushing maid
Hath crowned the head of her long-loved shepherd,
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung,
Lays of his love and dear captivity,
There grows all herbs fit to cool looser flames,
Our sensual parts provoke chiding our bloods,
And quenching by their power those hidden sparks,
That else would break out, and provoke our sense,
To open fires, so virtuous is that place:
Then gentle Shepherdess believe and grant,
In troth it fits not with that face to scant.

wln 0265
wln 0266
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wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280

Your faithful Shepherd of those chaste desires,
He ever aimed at, and —
Amoret Thou hast prevailed, farewell, this coming night,
Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long-wished delight.
Perigot Our great God *Pan* reward thee for that good,
Thou hast given thy poor shepherd fairest bud
Of maiden virtues: when I leave to be
The true admirer of thy chastity,
Let me deserve the hot polluted name,
Of a wild woodman, or affect some dame
Whose often prostitution hath begot,
More foul diseases, than ever yet the hot
Sun bred through his burnings, whilst the dog
Pursues the raging Lion, throwing fog
And deadly vapor from his angry breath.
Filling the lower world with plague and death. *exit Amoret*

wln 0281

wln 0282
wln 0283
wln 0284

Enter another Shepherdess that is in love with Perigot.

Amarillis Shepherd may I desire to be believed,
What I shall blushing tell?
Perigot Fair maid you may.

wln 0285
wln 0286
wln 0287
wln 0288
wln 0289
wln 0290
wln 0291
wln 0292
wln 0293
wln 0294
wln 0295
wln 0296
wln 0297
wln 0298
wln 0299
wln 0300
wln 0301
wln 0302

img: 9-b
sig: C1r

wln 0303
wln 0304
wln 0305
wln 0306
wln 0307
wln 0308
wln 0309
wln 0310
wln 0311
wln 0312
wln 0313
wln 0314
wln 0315
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wln 0323
wln 0324
wln 0325
wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331
wln 0332

Amarillis Then softly thus, I love thee *Perigot*,
And would be gladder to be loved again,
Than the cold earth is in his frozen arms
To clip the wanton spring: nay do not start,
Nor wonder that I woo thee! thou that art
The prime of our young grooms, even the top
Of all our lusty Shepherds: what dull eye
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath seen thee wrestle, run, or cast the stone,
With nimble strength and fair delivery,
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighboring veins?
Whoever heard thee sing, that brought again,
That freedom back was lent unto thy voice?
Then do not blame me (shepherd) if I be
One to be numbered in this company,
Since none that ever saw thee yet, were free.

Perigot Fair Shepherdess much pity I can lend,

To your complaints: but sure I shall not love:
All that is mine, myself and my best hopes,
Are given already: do not love him then
That cannot love again: on other men
Bestow those heats more free, that may return
You fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn.

Amarillis Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most unkind of men?
If I were old, or had agreed with Art,
To give another nature to my cheeks,
Or were I common mistress to the love
Of every swain, or could I with such ease
Call back my love, as many a wanton doth,
Thou mightst refuse me Shepherd, but to thee
I am only fixed and set, let it not be
A sport, thou gentle Shepherd, to abuse
The love of silly maid.

Perigot Fair soul, ye use
These words to little end: for know, I may
Better call back, that time was yesterday,
Or stay the coming night, then bring my love
Home to myself again, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delays,
This present night I have appointed been,
To meet that chaste fair (that enjoys my soul)
In yonder grove, there to make up our loves.
Be not deceived no longer, choose again,
These neighboring plains have many a comely swain,
Fresher and **freer** far than I e'er was,
Bestow that love on them and let me pass,

wln 0333
wln 0334
wln 0335
wln 0336
wln 0337
wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342

img: 10-a
sig: C1v

wln 0343
wln 0344
wln 0345
wln 0346
wln 0347
wln 0348
wln 0349
wln 0350
wln 0351
wln 0352
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wln 0361
wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
wln 0369
wln 0370
wln 0371
wln 0372
wln 0373
wln 0374
wln 0375
wln 0376
wln 0377
wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380

Farewell, be happy in a better choice.

exit

Amarillis Cruel, thou hast struck me deader with thy voice
Than if the angry heavens with their quick flames,
Had shot me through: I must not leave to love,
I cannot, no I must enjoy thee boy,
Though the great dangers twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite: there is a Shepherd dwells
Down by the Moor, whose life hath ever shown
More sullen discontent than Saturn's brow,
When he sits frowning on the births of men:

One that doth wear himself away in loneness,
And never joys unless it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutual souls:
One that lusts after every several beauty,
But never yet was known to love or like,
Were the face fairer or more full of truth,
Than *Phoebe* in her fullness, or the youth
Of smooth *Lyeus*, whose nigh-starved flocks
Are always scabby, and infect all sheep
They feed withal, whose lambs are ever last,
And die before their weaning, and whose dog,
Looks like his Master, lean, and full of scurf,
Not caring for the pipe or whistle: this man may
(If he be well wrought) do a deed of wonder,
Forcing me passage to my long desires:
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose
As my quick thoughts could wish for.

Enter Sullen.

Sullen Fresh beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
Thus to be partner of your loneness: 'twas
My love (that ever-working passion) drew
Me to this place to seek some remedy
For my sick soul: be not unkind and fair,
For such, the mighty *Cupid* in his doom
Hath sworn to be avenged on, then give room
To my consuming fires, that so I may
Enjoy my long desires, and so allay
Those flames, that else would burn my life away.

Amarillis Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were sound
As thy words seem to be, means might be found
To cure thee of thy long pains: for to me
That heavy youth-consuming misery,
The lovesick soul endures, never was pleasing,
I could be well content with the quick easing
Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure
Thy faith, and farther service to be sure.
Name but that great work, danger, or what can
Be compassed by the wit or art of man,
And if I fail in my performance, may

wln 0381
wln 0382

img: 10-b
sig: C2r

wln 0383
wln 0384
wln 0385
wln 0386
wln 0387
wln 0388
wln 0389
wln 0390
wln 0391
wln 0392
wln 0393
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wln 0416
wln 0417
wln 0418
wln 0419
wln 0420
wln 0421
wln 0422

img: 11-a
sig: C2v

wln 0423
wln 0424
wln 0425

I never more kneel to the rising day,
Amarillis Then thus I try thee shepherd, this same night,

That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair
Have promised equal love, and do appoint
To make yon wood the place, where hands and hearts
Are to be tied forever: break their meeting
And their strong faith, and I am ever thine.

Sullen Tell me their names, and if I do not move
(By my great power) the center of their love
From his fixed being, let me never more,
Warm me, by those fair eyes I thus adore.

Amarillis Come, as we go I'll tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy work.

exeunt.

Enter Cloe.

How have I wronged the times, or men, that thus,
After this holy feast I pass unknown,
And unsaluted? 'twas not wont to be
Thus frozen with the younger company
Of jolly shepherds: was not then held good,
For lusty grooms to mix their quicker blood
With that dull humor: most unfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull chastity:
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my fouled
Drive not a flock sufficient great, to gain
The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring swain.
Yet if I may believe what others say,
My face has foil enough, nor can they lay
Justly too strict a coyness to my charge.
My flocks are many, and the downs as large
They feed upon: then let it ever be
Their coldness, not my virgin modesty
Makes me complain.

Enter Thenot.

Thenot Was ever man but I,
Thus truly taken with uncertainty?
Where shall that man be found that loves a mind
Made up in constancy, and dares not find
his love rewarded? here, let all men know,
A wretch that lives to love his mistress so.

Cloe, Shepherd I pray thee stay, where hast thou been,
Or whither goest thou? here be woods as green

As any, air as fresh and sweet,
As where smooth *Zephyrus* plays on the fleet
Face of the curled streams: with flowers as many

wln 0426
wln 0427
wln 0428
wln 0429
wln 0430
wln 0431
wln 0432
wln 0433
wln 0434
wln 0435
wln 0436
wln 0437
wln 0438
wln 0439
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wln 0453
wln 0454
wln 0455
wln 0456
wln 0457
wln 0458
wln 0459
wln 0460
wln 0461
wln 0462

As the young spring gives, and as choice as any:
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbors are grown with woodbines, Caves, and dells,
Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
For thy long fingers, tell thee tales of love,
How the pale *Phoebe* hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy *Endymion*, from whose eyes,
She took eternal fire, that never dies,
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy to the steep
Head of old *Latmus*, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light
To kiss her sweetest.

Thenot. Far from me are these
Hot flashes bred from wanton heat and ease,
I have forgot what love and loving meant,
Rhymes, Songs, and merry rounds, that oft are sent
To the soft ear of Maid, are strange to me:
Only I live t' admire a chastity,
That neither pleasing age, smooth tongue, or gold,
Could ever break upon, so sure the mold
Is, that her mind was cast in: 'tis to her
I only am reserved, she is my form, I stir
By, breathe, and move: 'tis she and only she
Can make me happy or give misery.

Cloe. Good Shepherd, may a stranger crave to know,
To whom this dear observance you do owe?

Thenot Ye may, and by her virtue learn to square
And level out your life: for to be fair
And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
Of gaudy youth, and swelling vanity.
Then know, she's called the virgin of the grove,
She that hath long since buried her chaste love,
And now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul
She hath vowed herself into the holy role
Of strict virginity, 'tis her I so admire,

img: 11-b
sig: C3r

wln 0463
wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466
wln 0467
wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473

Not any looser blood or new desire.

Cloe. Farewell poor swain, thou art not for my bend,
I must have quicker souls, whose words may tend,
To some free action: give me him dare love
At first encounter, and as soon dare prove.

The Song.

Come Shepherds come,
Come away without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay,
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any,

wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477
wln 0478
wln 0479
wln 0480
wln 0481
wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484
wln 0485
wln 0486
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wln 0488
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wln 0490
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wln 0495
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wln 0497
wln 0498
wln 0499
wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502

Those dear kisses, and those many
Sweet embraces that are given,
Dainty pleasures that would even
Raise in coldest age a fire,
And give virgin blood desire.
Then if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it,
Think not I,
Dare deny,
If you crave it.
Here comes another: better be my speed,
Thou God of blood, but certain if I read
Not false, this is that modest shepherd, he
That only dare salute, but ne'er could be
Brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or sing,
Whisper, or boldly ask that wished thing
We all are born for: one that makes loving faces,
And could be well content to covet graces,
Were they not got by boldness: in this thing
My hopes are frozen, and but fate doth bring
Him hither, I would sooner choose
A man made out of snow, and **freer** use
An Eunuch to my ends: but since he is here,
Thus I attempt him: Thou of men most dear,
Welcome to her, that only for thy sake,
Hath been content to live: here boldly take
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
Was given away to any: and but sit

Enter Daphnis.

img: 12-a
sig: C3v

wln 0503
wln 0504
wln 0505
wln 0506
wln 0507
wln 0508
wln 0509
wln 0510
wln 0511
wln 0512
wln 0513
wln 0514
wln 0515
wln 0516
wln 0517
wln 0518
wln 0519
wln 0520
wln 0521

Down on this rushy bank, whilst I go pull
Fresh blossoms from the boughs, or quickly cull
The choicest delicates from yonder mead,
To make thee chains or chaplets, or to spread
Under our fainting bodies, when delight
Shall lock up all our senses how the sight
Of those smooth rising cheeks renew the story
Of young Adonis, when in pride and glory
He lay enfolded twixt the beating arms
Of willing Venus: methinks stronger charms,
Dwell in those speaking eyes: and on that brow
More sweetness than the painters can allow,
To their best pieces: not *Narcissus* he:
That wept himself away in memory
Of his own beauty, nor *Silvanus* ' boy,
Nor the twice-ravished maid, for whom old Troy,
Fell by the hand of *Pyrrhus*, may to thee,
Be otherwise compared than some dead tree
To a young fruitful Olive:

wln 0522
wln 0523
wln 0524
wln 0525
wln 0526
wln 0527
wln 0528
wln 0529
wln 0530
wln 0531
wln 0532
wln 0533
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wln 0535
wln 0536
wln 0537
wln 0538
wln 0539
wln 0540
wln 0541
wln 0542

img: 12-b
sig: C4r

wln 0543
wln 0544
wln 0545
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wln 0560
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wln 0562
wln 0563
wln 0564
wln 0565
wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569

Daphnis I can love, but I am loath to say so, lest I prove
Too soon unhappy.

Cloe. Happy thou wouldst say,
My dearest *Daphnis*, blush not if the day
To thee and thy soft heats be enemy,
Then take the coming night, fair youth 'tis free
To all the world, shepherd I'll meet thee then
When darkness hath shut up the eyes of men,
In yonder grove: speak shall our meeting hold?
Indeed ye are too bashful, be more bold,
And tell me Ay.

Daphnis I am content to say so,
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so
Much from your fairness, that you would be true.

Cloe Shepherd thou hast thy wish,
Daphnis Fresh maid adieu,
Yet one word more, since you have drawn me on
To come this night, fear not to meet alone,
That man that will not offer to be ill,
Though your bright self would ask it for his fill
Of this world's goodness: do not fear him then,

But keep your 'pointed time, let other men
Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever,
Fair as the soul it carries, and unchaste never.

exit.

Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty bloods, I should pick out these things
whose veins like a dull river far from springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit
For stream or motion, though the strong winds hit
With their continual power upon his sides?
O happy be your names that have been brides:
And tasted those rare sweets, for which I pine,
And far more heavy be thy grief and tine.
Thou lazy swain that mayst relieve my needs,
Then his upon whose liver always feeds
A hungry vulture.

Enter Alexis.

Alexis Can such beauty be
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on to greedy gaze,
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giving rain
And wished freedom to the laboring vein?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know,
The cause of your retirement, why ye go
Thus all alone? methinks the downs are sweeter
And the young company of swains more meeter,
Than these forsaken and untrodden places.

wln 0570
wln 0571
wln 0572
wln 0573
wln 0574
wln 0575
wln 0576
wln 0577
wln 0578
wln 0579
wln 0580
wln 0581
wln 0582

img: 13-a
sig: C4v

Give not yourself to loneness, and those graces
Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended
To live amongst us swains.

Cloe. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd in all my life, I have not seen,
A man in whom greater contents hath been,
Than thou thyself art: I could tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedom lost: ô lend me all thy red,
Thou shamefast morning, when from *Tithon's* bed
Thou risest ever maiden.

Alexis If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,

wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588
wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592
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wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596
wln 0597
wln 0598
wln 0599
wln 0600

Speak and be satisfied, ô guide her tongue,
My better angel, force my name among
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be,
Cloe. *Alexis* when the sun shall kiss the sea,
Taking his rest by the white *Thetis's* side,
Meet in the holy wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming Shepherd.

Alexis If I stay behind,
An everlasting dulness and the wind,
That as he passeth by shuts up the stream,
Of Rhine or *volga* whilst the sun's hot beam,
Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn
To coldness more than ice: oh how I burn
And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.

exit.

Cloe. My name shall be your word.

Alexis Fly fly thou day,

Cloe. My grief is great if both these boys should fail,
He that will use all winds must shift his sail.

Exit.

wln 0601

Actus secundus Scaena prima.

wln 0602
wln 0603

*Enter an old shepherd with a bell ringing, and
the Priest of Pan following.*

wln 0604
wln 0605
wln 0606
wln 0607
wln 0608
wln 0609
wln 0610
wln 0611
wln 0612
wln 0613
wln 0614

Priest. Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the Air
'Gins to thicken, and the Sun
Already his great course hath run,
See the dew drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is:
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds **lowed** falling
And bright *Hesperus* down calling,
The dead night from under ground,

wln 0615
wln 0616
wln 0617

img: 13-b
sig: D1r

At whose rising mists unsound,
damps, and vapors fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face,

wln 0618
wln 0619
wln 0620
wln 0621
wln 0622
wln 0623
wln 0624
wln 0625
wln 0626
wln 0627
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wln 0656
wln 0657

Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom,
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his loved flock,
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the Wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and ere day
Bear a Lamb or Kid away:
Or the crafty thievish Fox,
Break upon your simple flocks,
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease,
Let one eye his watches keep,
Whilst the t'other eye doth sleep.
So you shall good Shepherds prove,
And forever hold the love
Of our great God: **sweetest** slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eyelids: so farewell,
Thus I end my evenings' knell.

exeunt.

*Enter Clorin the Shepherdess sorting of herbs,
and telling the natures of them.*

Now let me know what my best Art hath done,
Helped by the great power of the virtuous moon,
In her full light, ô you sons of earth,
You only brood, unto whose happy birth
Virtue was given, holding more of nature
Than man her first born and most perfect creature.
Let me adore you, you that only can,
Help or kill nature, drawing out that span
Of life and breath, even to the end of time,
You that these hands did crop, long before prime
Of day, give me your names, and next your hidden power.
This is the *Clote* bearing a yellow flower:
And this black Horehound, both are very good,
For sheep or shepherd, bitten by a wood
Dog's venom'd tooth, these Rhamnus branches are,
Which stuck in entries, or about the bar
That holds the door fast, kill all the enchantments, charms,
Were they *Medea's* verses that do harms

img: 14-a
sig: D1v

wln 0658
wln 0659

To men or cattle: these for frenzy be
A speedy and a sovereign remedy.

wln 0660 The bitter Wormwood, Sage, and Marigold,
wln 0661 Such sympathy with man's good they do hold:
wln 0662 This Tormentil whose virtue is to part
wln 0663 All deadly killing poison from the heart,
wln 0664 And here *Narcissus*' root, for swellings best:
wln 0665 Yellow *Lysimachus*, to give sweet rest
wln 0666 To the faint Shepherd, killing where it comes,
wln 0667 All busy gnats, and every fly that hums,
wln 0668 For leprosy, Darnel, and Celandine,
wln 0669 With Calamint, whose virtues do **refine**
wln 0670 The blood of Man, making it free and fair,
wln 0671 As the first hour it breathed, or the best air.
wln 0672 Here other two, but your rebellious use,
wln 0673 Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse,
wln 0674 Therefore foul standergrass, from me and mine
wln 0675 I banish thee, with lustful Turpentine,
wln 0676 You that entice the veins, and stir the heat
wln 0677 To civil mutiny, scaling the seat
wln 0678 Our reason moves in, and deluding it
wln 0679 With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit
wln 0680 Of burning lust be quenched by appetite,
wln 0681 Robbing the soul of blessedness and light:
wln 0682 And thou light *Vervain* too, thou must go after
wln 0683 Provoking easy souls to mirth and laughter,
wln 0684 No more shall I dip thee in water now,
wln 0685 And sprinkle every post, and every bough
wln 0686 With thy well pleasing juice, to make the grooms,
wln 0687 Swell with high mirth as with joy all the rooms.

wln 0688 *Enter Thenot.*

wln 0689 *Thenot* This is the Cabin where the best of all
wln 0690 Her sex, that ever breathed, or ever shall
wln 0691 Give heat or happiness to the Shepherd's side,
wln 0692 Doth only to her worthy self abide.
wln 0693 Thou blessed star, I thank thee for thy light,
wln 0694 Thou by whose power the darkness of sad night
wln 0695 Is banished from the earth, in whose dull place

img: 14-b
sig: D2r

wln 0696 Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
wln 0697 Of all the world: making the blue sea smile,
wln 0698 To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
wln 0699 Thy brother of his brightness, giving day
wln 0700 Again from *Chaos*. whiter than that way
wln 0701 That leads to *Jove's* high Court, and chaster far
wln 0702 Than chastity itself: yon blessed star
wln 0703 That nightly shines, thou all the constancy
wln 0704 That in all women was, or e'er shall be:
wln 0705 From whose fair eyeballs flies that holy fire,

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wln 0722
wln 0723
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wln 0726
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wln 0728
wln 0729
wln 0730
wln 0731
wln 0732
wln 0733
wln 0734
wln 0735

That **poets** style the mother of desire,
Infusing into every gentle breast,
A soul of greater price, and far more blest
Than that quick power which gives a difference
Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense.
Clorin Shepherd how cam'st thou hither to this place?
No way is trodden, all the verdant grass
The spring shot up stands yet unbruised here
Of any foot, only the dappled deer:
Far from the feared sound of crooked horn
Dwells in this fastness. *Thenot* Chaster than the morn,
I have not wandered, or by strong illusion
Into this virtuous place have made intrusion,
But hither am I come (believe me fair)
To seek you out, of whose great good the Air
Is full, and strongly labors, whilst the sound,
Breaks against heaven, and drives into a stound
The amazed Shepherd, that such virtue can
Be resident in lesser than a man.
Clorin If any art I have, or hidden skill,
May cure thee of disease or festered ill,
Whose grief or greenness to another's eye,
May seem impossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it.
Shepherd 'Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vain
Conveys infection dangerous to the heart,
No part impostumed to be cured by Art:
This body holds, and yet a feller grief
Than ever skilful hand did give relief

img: 15-a
sig: D2v

wln 0736
wln 0737
wln 0738
wln 0739
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wln 0741
wln 0742
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wln 0744
wln 0745
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wln 0747
wln 0748
wln 0749
wln 0750
wln 0751
wln 0752
wln 0753

Dwells on my soul, and may be healed by you,
Fair beauteous virgin:
Clorin Then shepherd let me sue
To know thy grief that man yet never knew
The way to health, that durst not show his sore.
Shepherd Then fairest know I love you,
Clorin Swain no more.
Thou hast abused the strictness of this place,
And offered Sacrilegious foul disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interred bones,
For fear of whose ascending fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright.
Thy very soul with horror. *Shepherd* Let me not
Thou all perfection merit such a blot,
For my true zealous faith. *Clorin* Darest thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide
And give her body up, for sure it will,

wln 0754
wln 0755
wln 0756
wln 0757
wln 0758
wln 0759
wln 0760
wln 0761
wln 0762
wln 0763
wln 0764
wln 0765
wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768
wln 0769
wln 0770
wln 0771
wln 0772
wln 0773
wln 0774
wln 0775

img: 15-b
sig: D3r

wln 0776
wln 0777
wln 0778
wln 0779
wln 0780
wln 0781
wln 0782
wln 0783
wln 0784
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wln 0795
wln 0796
wln 0797
wln 0798
wln 0799
wln 0800
wln 0801

If thou pursuest with wanton flames to fill
This hallowed place: therefore repent and go,
Whilst I with **praise** appease his Ghost below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be,
A rival in that virtuous love, that he
Embraces yet.

Shepherd 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek, that thus can wed
My mind to adoration: nor your eye,
Though it be full and fair, your forehead high,
And smooth as *Pelops*' shoulder: not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples, to beguile
The easy soul, your hands and fingers long,
With veins enameled richly, nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter than *Arion*'s Harp,
Your hair woven into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to unfold
The wand'ring soul, not the true perfect mold,
Of all your body, which as pure doth show,
In Maiden whiteness as the Alpsian snow,
All these, were but your constancy away,
Would please me less than a black stormy day

The wretched Seaman toiling through the deep.
But whilst this honored strictness you dare keep,
Though all the plagues that e'er begotten were,
In the great womb of air were settled here
In opposition, I would like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
Even in the arm of danger.

Clorin Wouldst thou have
Me raise again fond man, from silent grave,
Those sparks that long ago were buried here,
With my dead friend's cold ashes?

Shepherd Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant,
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint:
Remember how he loved ye, and be still,
The same opinion speaks ye, let not will,
And that great god of **women** Appetite,
Set up your blood again, do not invite
Desire, and fancy for their long exile,
To seat them once more in a pleasing smile:
Be like a Rock made firmly up 'gainst all
The power of angry heaven, or the strong fall
Of *Neptune*'s battery, if ye yield I die
To all affection: 'tis that loyalty
Ye tie unto this grave I so admire,
And yet there's something else I would desire,

wln 0802
wln 0803
wln 0804
wln 0805
wln 0806
wln 0807
wln 0808
wln 0809
wln 0810
wln 0811
wln 0812
wln 0813
wln 0814
wln 0815

img: 16-a
sig: D3v

If you would hear me, but withal deny,
O *Pan*, what an uncertain destiny
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire,
For if I longer stay, this double fire,
Will lick my life up.

Clorin Do, and let time wear out,
What Art and Nature cannot bring about.

Shepherd Farewell thou soul of virtue, and be blest
For ever, whilst I wretched rest
Thus to myself, yet grant me leave to dwell
In kenning of this Arbor, yon same dell
O'er topped with mourning Cypress and sad Yew,
Shall be my Cabin, where I'll early rue,
Before the Sun hath kissed this dew away,

wln 0816
wln 0817
wln 0818
wln 0819
wln 0820
wln 0821
wln 0822
wln 0823
wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826
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wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
wln 0849

The hard uncertain chance which Fate doth lay
Upon this head.

Clorin The Gods give quick release
And happy cure unto thy hard disease.

Exeunt.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sullen. I do not love this wench that I should meet,
For never did my unconstant eye yet greet
That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair,
Than the new blossoms, when the morning air
Blows gently on them, or the breaking light,
When many maiden blushes to our sight
Shoots from his early face: were all these set
In some neat form before me, 'twould not get
The least love from me: some desire it might,
Or present burning: all to me in sight
Are equal, be they fair, or black, or brown,
Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown
My appetite with any: swear as oft,
And weep as any, melt my words as soft
Into a maiden's ears, and tell how long
My heart has been her servant, and how strong
My passions are: call her unkind and cruel,
Offer her all I have to gain the jewel
Maidens so highly praise: then loath and fly,
This do I hold a blessed destiny.

Enter Amarillis.

Amarillis Hail Shepherd *Pan* bless both thy flock and thee,
For being mindful of thy word to me.

Sullen Welcome fair Shepherdess, thy loving swain
Gives thee the selfsame wishes back again:
Who till this present hour ne'er knew that eye,
Could make me cross mine arms or daily die
With fresh consumings: boldly tell me then,
How shall we part their faithful loves, and when?

wln 0850
wln 0851
wln 0852
wln 0853
wln 0854
wln 0855

img: 16-b
sig: D4r

Shall I belie him to her, shall I swear
His faith is false, and he loves everywhere?
I'll say he mocked her the other day to you,
Which will by your confirming show as true,
For he is of so pure an honesty,
To think (because he will not none will lie.

wln 0856
wln 0857
wln 0858
wln 0859
wln 0860
wln 0861
wln 0862
wln 0863
wln 0864
wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867
wln 0868
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wln 0894
wln 0895

Or else to him I'll slander *Amoret*,
And say, she but seems chaste, I'll swear she met
Me 'mongst the shady sycamores last night,
And loosely offered up her flame and spright,
Into my bosom: made a wanton bed
Of leaves and many flowers, where she spread
Her willing body to be pressed by me,
There have I carved her name on many a tree,
Together with mine own, to make this show
More full of seeming: *Hobinal* you know,
Son to the aged Shepherd of the Glen
Him I have sorted out of many men,
To say he found us at our private sport,
And roused us fore our time by his resorts
This to confirm, I have promised to the boy
Many a pretty knack, and many a toy,
As grins to catch him birds with bow, and bolt,
To shoot at nimble squirrels in the holt:
A pair of painted buskins and a lamb,
Soft as his own locks, or the down of Swan,
This I have done to win ye, which doth give
Me double pleasure, discord makes me live.
Amarillis Loved swain I thank ye, these tricks might prevail
With other rustic shepherds, but will fail
Even once to stir, much more to overthrow,
His fixed love from judgement, who doth know,
Your nature, my end, and his chosen's merit,
Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit
Which I have found: give second, and my love
Is everlasting thine.
Sullen Try me and prove.
Amarillis These happy pair of lovers meet straight way,
Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day
In the thick grove bordering upon yon hill,
In whose hard side Nature hath carved a well:
And but that matchless spring which Poets know,
Was ne'er the like to this: by it doth grow
About the sides, all herbs which witches use,
All simples good for medicine or abuse,
All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day.

img: 17-a
sig: D4v

wln 0896 With all their colors, there the month of May
wln 0897 Is ever dwelling, all is young and green,
wln 0898 There's not a grass on which was ever seen,
wln 0899 The falling *Autumn* or cold winter's hand
wln 0900 So full of heat and virtue is the land:
wln 0901 About this fountain: which doth slowly break
wln 0902 Below yon Mountain's foot, into a creek
wln 0903 That waters all the valley, giving fish
wln 0904 Of many sorts, to fill the Shepherd's dish.
wln 0905 This holy well, my Grandam that is dead,
wln 0906 Right wise in charms, hath often to me said,
wln 0907 Hath power to change the form of any creature,
wln 0908 Being thrice dipped over the head, into what feature,
wln 0909 Or shape 'twould please the letter down to crave,
wln 0910 Who must pronounce this charm to, which she gave
wln 0911 Me on her death bed, told me what and how
wln 0912 I should apply unto the patient's brow,
wln 0913 That would be changed, casting them thrice asleep
wln 0914 Before I trusted them into this deep.
wln 0915 All this she showed me, and did charge me prove,
wln 0916 This secret of her Art, if crossed in love,
wln 0917 I'll this attempt, now Shepherd I have here
wln 0918 All her prescriptions and I will not fear
wln 0919 To be myself dipped: come, my temples bind
wln 0920 With these sad herbs, and when I sleep you find
wln 0921 As you do speak your charm, thrice down me let,
wln 0922 And bid the water raise me *Amoret*,
wln 0923 Which being done, leave me to my affair,
wln 0924 And ere the day shall quite itself out wear,
wln 0925 I will return unto my Shepherd's arm,
wln 0926 Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,
wln 0927 And pluck me up myself, whom freely take,
wln 0928 And the hot'st fire of thine affection slake.
wln 0929 *Sullen* And if I fit thee not, then fit not me,
wln 0930 I long the truth of this well's power to see.

Exeunt,

wln 0931 Actus secundus Scaena quarta.

wln 0932 *Enter Daphnis*

wln 0933 Here will I stay, for this the covert is
wln 0934 Where I appointed *Cloe*, do not miss:

img: 17-b
sig: E1r

wln 0935 Thou bright-eyed virgin, come, ô come my fair,
wln 0936 Be not abused with fear, nor let cold care
wln 0937 Of honor slay thee from thy Shepherd's arm,
wln 0938 Who would as hard be won to offer harm
wln 0939 To thy chaste thoughts, as whiteness from the day,
wln 0940 Or yon great round to move another way.

wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946
wln 0947
wln 0948
wln 0949
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wln 0970
wln 0971
wln 0972
wln 0973
wln 0974

My language shall be honest, full of truth,
My flame as smooth and spotless as my youth:
I will not entertain that wand'ring thought,
Whose easy current may at length be brought
To a loose vastness.

Alexis within. Cloe!

Daphnis 'Tis her voice

And I must answer, Cloe! ô the choice
Of dear embraces, chaste and holy strains
Our hands shall give! I charge you all my veins
Through which the blood and spirit take their way,
Lock up your disobedient heats, and stay
Those mutinous desires, that else would grow
To strong rebellion: do not wilder show
Than blushing modesty may entertain.

Alexis within. Cloe!

Daphnis There sounds that blessed name again,

And I will meet it: let me not mistake,
This is some Shepherd, sure I am awake,
What may this riddle mean? I will retire,
To give myself more knowledge

Enter Alexis.

Alexis Oh my fire,

How thou consumest me? Cloe answer me,
Alexis, strong *Alexis*, high, and free,
Calls upon *Cloe*: see mine arms are full
Of entertainment, ready for to pull
That golden fruit which too too long hath hung,
Tempting the greedy eye: thou stayest too long,
I am impatient of these mad delays,
I must not leave unsought those many ways
That lead into this center, till I find
Quench for my burning lust, I come unkind.

Exit Alexis.

Daphnis Can my imagination work me so much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and still

img: 18-a
sig: E1v

wln 0975
wln 0976
wln 0977
wln 0978
wln 0979
wln 0980
wln 0981
wln 0982
wln 0983
wln 0984
wln 0985
wln 0986
wln 0987
wln 0988

Believe mine eyes, or shall I firmly hold her
Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold
Illusion? sure such fancies oft have been
Sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen,
Daring to blind the virtuous though with error,
But be they far from me with their fond terror:
I am resolved my *Cloe* yet is true.
Cloe hark *Cloe* sure this voice is new,
Whose shrillness like the sounding of a bell,
Tells me it is a woman: *Cloe*, tell
Thy blessed name again *Cloe within.* Here.
Oh what a grief is this to be so near
And not encounter?
Shepherd we are met,

Cloe within.

Enter Cloe.

wln 0989
wln 0990
wln 0991
wln 0992
wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003
wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006
wln 1007
wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011
wln 1012
wln 1013
wln 1014

img: 18-b
sig: E2r

Draw close into the covert, lest the wet
which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,
Soak through **your** startups.

Daphnis Fairest, are you found
How have we wandered that the better part
Of this good night is perished? o my heart!
How have I longed to meet ye? how to kiss
Those lily hands? how to receive the bliss
That charming tongue gives to the happy ear
Of him that drinks your language? but I fear
I am too much unmannered, far too rude,
And almost grown lascivious to intrude
These hot behaviors, where regard of fame,
Honor, and modesty, a virtuous name,
And such discourse, as one fair sister may
Without offense unto the brother say,
Should rather have been tendered, but believe
Here dwells a better temper, do not grieve,
Then ever kindest that my first salute,
Seasons so much of fancy, I am mute
Henceforth to all discourses, but shall be
Suiting to your sweet thoughts and modesty:
Indeed I will not ask a kiss of you,
No not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
To those blest pair of fixed stars for smiles,
All a young lover's cunning, all his wiles:

wln 1015
wln 1016
wln 1017
wln 1018
wln 1019
wln 1020
wln 1021
wln 1022
wln 1023
wln 1024
wln 1025
wln 1026
wln 1027
wln 1028
wln 1029
wln 1030
wln 1031
wln 1032
wln 1033
wln 1034
wln 1035
wln 1036

And pretty wanton dyings shall to me
Be strangers, only to your *Chastity*
I am devoted ever.

Cloe, Honest swain,
First let me thank you, then return again
As much of my love: no thou art too cold
Unhappy boy, not tempered to my mold,
Thy blood falls heavy downward, 'tis not fear
To offend in boldness wins, they never wear
deserved favors that deny to take
When they are offered freely: do I wake
To see a man of his youth, years and feature,
And such a one as we call goodly creature,
Thus backward? what a world of precious Art,
Were merely lost, to make him do his part?
But I will shake him off, that dares not hold,
Let men that hope to be beloved be bold,
Daphnis I do desire since we are met
So happily, our lives and fortunes set,
Upon one stake to give assurance now,
By interchange of hands and holy vow,
Never to break again: walk you that way,

wln 1037 Whilst I in zealous meditation stray
 wln 1038 A little this way when we both have ended
 wln 1039 These rights and duties by the woods befriended,
 wln 1040 And secrecy of night, retire and find
 wln 1041 An aged oak whose hollowness may bind
 wln 1042 Us both within his body, thither go:
 wln 1043 It stands within yon bottom
 wln 1044 *Daphnis* Be it so *Exit Daphnis.*
 wln 1045 *Cloe.* And I will meet there never more with thee,
 wln 1046 Thou idle shamefastness, *Alexis within,* *Cloe!*
 wln 1047 *Cloe* 'Tis he.
 wln 1048 That dare I hope be bolder. *Alexis Cloe. Cloe.* now
 wln 1049 Great Pan for Syrinx' sake bid speed our plow. *Exit Cloe.*

wln 1050 Actus tertius Scaena prima.

wln 1051 *Enter the Sullen Shepherd with Amarillis in a sleep*
 wln 1052 *Sullen* From thy forehead thus I take
 wln 1053 These herbs, and charge thee not awake,

img: 19-a
sig: E2v

wln 1054 Till in yonder holy well,
 wln 1055 Thrice with powerful magic spell,
 wln 1056 Filled with many a baleful word,
 wln 1057 Thou hast been dipped, thus with my cord
 wln 1058 Of blasted hemp, by moonlight twined,
 wln 1059 I do thy sleepy body bind,
 wln 1060 I turn thy head into the East,
 wln 1061 And thy feet into the West,
 wln 1062 Thy left arm to the South put forth,
 wln 1063 And thy right unto the North:
 wln 1064 I take thy body from the ground,
 wln 1065 In this deep and deadly sound:
 wln 1066 And into this holy spring,
 wln 1067 I let thee slide down by my string:
 wln 1068 Take this maid thou holy pit
 wln 1069 To thy bottom, nearer yet,
 wln 1070 In thy water pure and sweet,
 wln 1071 By thy leave I dip her feet:
 wln 1072 Thus I let her lower yet,
 wln 1073 That her ankles may be wet:
 wln 1074 Yet down lower, let her knee
 wln 1075 In thy waters washed be,
 wln 1076 There stop: Fly away Every thing that loves the day,
 wln 1077 Truth that hath but one face,
 wln 1078 Thus I charm thee from this place.
 wln 1079 Snakes that cast your coats for new,
 wln 1080 Chameleons, that alter hue,
 wln 1081 Hares that yearly sexes change,
 wln 1082 *Proteus* alt'ring oft and strange,

wln 1083
wln 1084
wln 1085
wln 1086
wln 1087
wln 1088
wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091
wln 1092

img: 19-b
sig: E3r

wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098
wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101
wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104
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wln 1110
wln 1111
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wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130

Hecate with shapes three,
Let this maiden changed be,
With this holy water wet, To the shape of *Amoret*:
Cynthia work thou with my charm,
Thus I draw thee free from harm,
Up out of this blessed lake,
Rise both like her and awake.
Amoret Speak shepherd, am I *Amoret* to sight?
Or hast thou missed in any magic right?
For want of which any defect in me,

She awaketh

May make our practices discovered be?
Sullen By yonder moon, but that I here do stand,
Whose breath hath thus reformed thee, and whose hand,
Let thee down dry, and plucked thee up thus wet,
I should myself take thee for *Amoret*,
Thou art in clothes, in feature, voice and hue
So like, that sense can not distinguish you.

Amoret Then this deceit which cannot crossed be,
At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.
Hither she needs must come, by promise made,
And sure his nature never was so bad,
To bid a virgin meet him in the wood,
When night and fear are up, but understood,
'Twas his part to come first: being come, I'll say
My constant love made me come first and stay,
Then will I lead him further to the grove,
But stay you here, and if his own true love
shall seek him here, set her in some wrong path,
Which say her lover lately trodden hath:
I'll not be far from hence, if need there be
Here is another charm, whose power will free
The dazzled sense read by the moon beams clear,
And in my one true shape make me appear.

Enter Perigot

Sullen Stand close, here's *Perigot*, whose constant heart,
Longs to behold her, in whose shape thou art.

Perigot This is the place (fair *Amoret*) the hour
Is yet scarce come, here every sylvan power
Delights to be, about yon sacred well,
Which they have blest with many a powerful spell,
For never traveler in dead of night,
Nor strayed beasts have fallen in, but when fight,
Hath failed them, then their right way they have found,
By help of them, so holy is the ground,
But I will farther seek, lest *Amoret*
Should be first come and so stray long unmet.

My *Amoret*, *Amoret*! *Exit. Amarillis.* *Perigot*!

Perigot My love! *Amarillis.* I come my love.

exit.

Sullen Now she hath got

wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133

img: 20-a
sig: E3v

Her own desires, and I shall gainer be
Of my long looked for hopes as well as she;
How bright the moon shines here, as if she strove

wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152
wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156
wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166
wln 1167
wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173

To show her glory in this little grove
To some new-loved Shepherd: yonder is
Another *Amoret*: where differs this
From that, but that she *Perigot* hath met,
I should have ta'en this for the counterfeit:
Herbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies,
If mortal men could know your properties.

Enter Amoret.

Amoret Methinks it is not night, I have no fear,
Walking this wood of Lion, or of Bear,
Whose names at other times, have made me quake,
When any shepherdess in her tale spoke,
Of some of them, that underneath a wood
Have torn true lovers that together stood.
Methinks there are no goblins, and men's talk,
That in these woods the nimble Fairies walk,
Are fables, such a strong heart I have got,
Because I come to meet with *Perigot*,
My *Perigot*, who's that my *Perigot*?

Sullen Fair Maid.

Amoret Ay me thou art not *Perigot*.

Sullen But I can tell ye news of *Perigot*,
An hour together under yonder tree,
He sat with wreathed arms and called on thee,
And said, why *Amoret* stayest thou so long:
Then starting up down yonder path he flung,
Lest thou hadst missed thy way: were it day light
He could not yet have borne him out of sight.

Amoret Thanks gentle Shepherd and beshrew my stay,
That made me fearful I had lost my way:
As fast as my weak legs, (that cannot be
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,
I'll follow, and for this thy care of me,
Pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee.

Exit.

Sullen How bright she was? how lovely did she show?
Was it not pity to deceive her so?
She plucked her garments up and tripped away,
And with a virgin innocence did pray
For me, that perjured her: whilst she was here,
Methought the beams of light that did appear,
Were shot from her: methought the moon gave none,

img: 20-b
sig: E4r

wln 1174
wln 1175

But what it had from her: she was alone
With me, if then her presence did so move,

wln 1176
wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
wln 1188
wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206
wln 1207
wln 1208
wln 1209
wln 1210
wln 1211
wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214

img: 21-a
sig: E4v

wln 1215
wln 1216
wln 1217
wln 1218
wln 1219
wln 1220
wln 1221

wln 1222

Why did not I assay to win her love?
She would not sure have yielded unto me,
Women love only opportunity
And not the man, or if she had denied
Alone, I might have forced her to have tried
Who had been stronger: ô vain fool, to let
Such blest occasion pass, I'll follow yet,
My blood is up, I cannot now forbear.

Enter Alexis and Cloe.

I come sweet *Amoret*, soft who is here?
A pair of lovers, he shall yield her me,
Now lust is up, alike all women be.

Alexis Where shall we rest, but for the love of me,
Cloe I know ere this would weary be.

Cloe. *Alexis* let us rest here, if the place
Be private, and out of the common trace
Of every shepherd: for I understood,
This night a number are about the wood,
Then let us choose some place where out of sight,
We freely may enjoy our stol'n delight,

Alexis Then boldly here, where we shall ne'er be found,
No Shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallowed ground,
No maid seeks here her strayed Cow, or Sheep,
Fairies and Fawns, and Satyrs do it keep,
Then carelessly rest here, and clip and kiss,
And let no fear make us our pleasures miss.

Cloe. Then lie by me, the sooner we begin,
The longer ere day descry our sin.

Sullen Forbear to touch my love, or by yon flame
The greatest power that Shepherds dare to name,
Here where thou first under this holy tree,
Her to dishonor thou shalt buried be.

Alex If Pan himself should come out of the lawns,
With all his troops of Satyrs and of Fauns,
And bid me leave I swear by her two eyes,
A greater oath than thine, I would not rise.

Sullen Then from the cold earth never thou shalt move,
But lose at one stroke both thy life and love.

Cloe. Hold gentle Shepherd.

Sullen Fairest Shepherdess,
Come you with me, I do not love ye less
Than that fond man that would have kept you there
From me of more desert.

Alexis O yet forbear
To take her from me, give me leave to die
By her.

The Satyr enters, he runs one way and she another.

wln 1223
wln 1224
wln 1225
wln 1226
wln 1227
wln 1228
wln 1229
wln 1230
wln 1231
wln 1232
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237
wln 1238
wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253

img: 21-b
sig: Flr

wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262

wln 1263

wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268

Satyr Now whilst the moon doth rule the sky,
And the stars, whose feeble light
Give a pale shadow to the night,
Are up, great *Pan* commanded me
To walk this grove about, whilst he
In a corner of the wood,
Where never mortal foot hath stood,
Keeps dancing, music and a feast,
To entertain a lovely guest:
Where he gives her many a rose
Sweeter than the breath that blows
The leaves: grapes, berries of the best,
I never saw so great a feast.
But to my charge: here must I stay,
To see what mortals lose their way,
And by a false fire seeming bright,
Train them in and leave them right:
Then must I watch if any be
Forcing of a chastity,
If I find it, then in haste,
Give my wreathed horn a blast,
And the fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the moon,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his lustful thoughts be gone.
Alexis O death! *Satyr* Back again about this ground
Sure I hear a mortal sound,
I bind thee by this powerful spell,
By the waters of this well:
By the glimmering moonbeams bright,
Speak again thou mortal wight.

Alexis Oh *Satyr* Speak again thou mortal wight,
Here the foolish mortal lies,
Sleeping on the ground, arise,
The poor wight is almost dead,
On the Ground his wounds have bled,
And his Clothes fouled with his blood,
To my Goddess in the wood,
Will I lead him, whose hands pure,
Will help this mortal wight to cure,

Enter Cloe again.

Cloe. Since I beheld, you shaggy Man, my breast,
Doth pant, each bush methinks should hide a Beast,
Yet my desire, keeps still above my fear,
I would fain meet some *Shepherd* knew I where,
For from one cause of fear, I am most free,

wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289

It is Impossible to Ravish me,
I am so willing, here upon this ground,
I left my love all Bloody with his wound,
Yet till that fearful shape made me be gone,
Though he were hurt, I furnished was of one,
But now both lost *Alexis* speak or move,
If thou hast any life thou art yet my love,
He's dead, or else is with his little might,
Crept from the Bank for fear of that ill sprite,
Then where art thou that struck'st my love o stray,
Bring me thyself in Change, and then I'll say,
Thou hast some Justice, I will make thee trim,
With Flowers, and Garlands, that were meant for him,
I'll Clip thee round, with both mine arms as fast,
As I did mean, he should have been embraced.
But thou art fled what hope is left for me?
I'll run to *Daphnis* in the hollow tree.
Who I did mean to mock, though hope be small,
To make him bold, rather than none at all,
I'll try him, his heart, and my behavior too
Perhaps may teach him, what he ought to do.

Exit,

wln 1290

Enter the sullen Shepherd.

img: 22-a
sig: F1v

wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300

This was the place, 'twas but my feeble sight,
Mixed with the horror of my deed, an night,
That shaped these fears and made me run away,
And lose my Beauteous hardly-gotten Pray,
Speak Gentle Shepherdess I am alone,
And tender love, for love, but she is gone,
From me, that having struck her lover dead:
For **silly** fear left her alone and fled:
And see the wounded Body is Removed.
By her of whom it was so well beloved.

wln 1301

Enter perigot and Amarillis. in the shape of a Amoret.

wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305
wln 1306
wln 1307
wln 1308
wln 1309
wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313

But all these fancies must be quite forgot,
I must lie close here comes young *Perigot*,
with subtle *Amarillis* in the shape,
Of *Amoret* pray love he may not scape.
Amoret Beloved *Perigot*, show me some place,
Where I may rest my Limbs, weak with the Chase
Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least
perigot. Beshrew my Tardy steps, here shalt thou rest
Upon this holy bank no deadly snake,
Upon this Turf herself in folds doth make,
Here is no poison, for the Toad to feed.
Here boldly spread thy hands, no venom'd weed,

wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328

Dares blister them, No sly my snail dare creep,
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep,
Here never durst the babbling Cuckoo spit.
No slough of falling Star did ever hit.
Upon this Bank let this thy Cabin be.
This other set with violets for me.
Amoret Thou dost not love me *Perigot*?
Perigot Fair maid
You only live to hear it often said;
You do not doubt,
Amoret Believe me, but I do.
Perigot What shall we now begin again to woo,
'Tis the best way to make your lover last,
To play with him, when you have caught him fast,
Amoret By *Pan* I swear, beloved *Perigot*,

img: 22-b
sig: F2r

wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361

And by you Moon, I think thou lovest me not.
Perigot: By *Pan* I swear and if I falsely swear:
Let him not guard my flocks, let Foxes tear,
My Earliest lambs, and wolves whilst I do sleep
Fall one the rest a Rot among my sheep,
I love thee better, than the careful Ewe,
The new yeaned lamb that is of her own hue,
I dote upon thee more than that young lamb.
Doth on the Bag, that feeds him from his dam.
Were there a sort of wolves got in my fold,
And one Ran after thee both young and old,
Should be devoured, and it should be my strife,
To save thee, whom I love above, my life,
Amoret How should I trust thee when I see thee choose
Another bed, and dost my side refuse,
Perigot 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts, might be shown,
Twixt thee and me, although we were alone,
Amarillis Come *Perigot* will show his power that he
Can make his *Amoret*, though she weary be,
Rise nimble from her Couch and come to his.
Here take thy *Amoret* embrace, and Kiss:
Perigot What means my love;
Amoret To do as lovers should.
That are to be enjoyed not to be wooed.
There's ne'er a Shepherdess in all the plain,
Can kiss thee with more Art, there's none can feign.
More wanton tricks,
Perigot Forbear dear soul to try,
Whether my heart be pure, I'll rather die,
Then nourish one thought to dishonor thee,
Amoret Still thinkst thou such a thing as Chastity,
Is amongst women. *Perigot* there's none,
That with her love is in a wood alone,

wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368

img: 23-a
sig: F2v

And **would** come home a Maid be not abused,
With thy fond first belief, let time be used,
Why dost thou rise,
Perigot: My true heart, thou hast slain,
Amoret Faith Perigot, I'll pluck thee down again,
Perigot Let go thou Serpent that into my breast,
Hast with thy Cunning dived art, art not in jest;

wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384

Amoret Sweet love lie down,
Perigot Since this I live to see,
Some bitter North wind blast my flocks and me
Amoret You swore you loved yet will not do my will,
Perigot O be as thou wert, once, I'll love thee still,
Amoret I am, as still I was and all my kind,
Though other shows we have poor men to blind,
Perigot Then here I end all love, and lest my vain,
Belief should ever draw me in again,
Before thy face that hast my youth mislead,
I end my life my blood be on thy head,
Amoret O hold thy hands thy *Amoret* doth cry,
Perigot Thou counsel'st well, first *Amoret* shall die,
That is the cause of my Eternal smart,
Amoret: O hold.
Perigot: This steel shall pierce thy lustful heart, *He runs after her*

wln 1385

The Sullen Shepherd steps out and uncharms her.

wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395

Sullen. up and down everywhere,
I strew the herbs to purge the Air.
Let your Odor drive hence,
All mists that dazzle sense,
Herbs and springs whose hidden might,
Alters shapes, and mocks the sight.
Thus I charge ye to undo;
All before I brought ye to
Let her fly let her scape,
Give again her own shape:

wln 1396

Enter Amarillis.

wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404

Forbear thou gentle swain thou dost mistake;
She whom thou followedst fled into the brake.
And as I crossed thy way I met thy wrath;
The only fear of which near slain me hath,
Perigot Pardon fair Shepherdess my rage and night,
Were both upon me and beguiled my sight;
But far be it from me to spill the blood.
Of harmless maids that wander in the wood,

Exit

img: 23-b

wln 1405

Enter Amoret.

wln 1406

Many a weary step in yonder path *Amoret.*

wln 1407

Poor hopeless *Amoret* twice trodden hath,

wln 1408

To seek her *Perigot*, yet cannot hear,

wln 1409

His voice, my *Perigot*, she loves thee dear:

wln 1410

That calls.

wln 1411

Perigot: See yonder where she is how fair.

wln 1412

She shows, and yet her breath infects the Air.

wln 1413

Amoret My *Perigot*:

wln 1414

Perigot: Here.

wln 1415

Amoret Happy.

wln 1416

Perigot: Hapless first:

wln 1417

It lights, on thee, the next blow is the worst,

wln 1418

Amoret Stay *Perigot*, my love, thou art unjust:

wln 1419

Perigot Death is the best reward, that's due to lust; *Exit Perigot:*

wln 1420

Sullen. Now shall their love be crossed, for being struck;

wln 1421

I'll throw her in the Fount lest being took:

wln 1422

By some Night Traveler, whose honest care,

wln 1423

May help to cure her, *Shepherdess* prepare,

wln 1424

Yourself to die,

wln 1425

Amoret No mercy I do crave,

wln 1426

Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have;

wln 1427

Tell him that gave me this, who loved him too,

wln 1428

He struck my soul and not my body through:

wln 1429

Tell him when I am dead my soul shall be.

wln 1430

At peace if he but think he injured me. *He flings her into the well*

wln 1431

Sullen. In this Fount be thy Grave, thou wert not meant,

wln 1432

Sure for a woman, thou art so Innocent.

wln 1433

She cannot scape for underneath the ground,

wln 1434

In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,

wln 1435

Till on yon side where the Morn's sun doth look,

wln 1436

The struggling water breaks out in a brook, *Exit.*

wln 1437

The God of the River Riseth with Amoret, in his arms

wln 1438

God what powerful Charms my streams do bring

wln 1439

Back again unto their spring?

wln 1440

With such force that I their god,

img: 24-a

sig: F3v

wln 1441

Three times striking with my rod,

wln 1442

Could not keep them in their Ranks

wln 1443

My fishes shoot into the banks.

wln 1444

There's not one, that stays and feeds,

wln 1445

All have hid them in the weeds

wln 1446

Here's a Mortal almost dead,

wln 1447
wln 1448
wln 1449
wln 1450
wln 1451
wln 1452
wln 1453
wln 1454
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wln 1456
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wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478
wln 1479
wln 1480
wln 1481

img: 24-b
sig: F4r

wln 1482
wln 1483
wln 1484
wln 1485
wln 1486
wln 1487
wln 1488
wln 1489
wln 1490
wln 1491
wln 1492
wln 1493
wln 1494

Fallen into my River head,
Hollowed so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell,
'Tis a Female young and clear,
Cast in by some Ravisher,
See upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaster bound,
Yet she's warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat,
If thou beest a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure,
Take a drop into thy wound
From my wat'ry lock more round,
Than Orient Pearl, and far more pure,
Than unchaste flesh may endure,
See she pants and from her flesh,
The warm blood gusheth out afresh,
She is an unpolluted maid:
I must have this bleeding stayed,
From my banks, I pluck this flower.
With holy hand whose virtuous power,
Is at once to heal and draw,
The blood Returns I never saw,
A fairer Mortal, now doth break,
Her deadly slumber, virgin, speak,
Amoret Who hath restored my sense, given me new breath,
And brought me back out of the Arms of death,
God. I have healed thy wounds:
Amoret Ay me,
God. Fear not him that succored thee:
I am this Fountain's God below,
My waters to a River grow,
And twixt two banks with Osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the Meadows do they glide,

Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about.
To find the Evenest channel out,
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving Mortal company.
In the Cool streams shall thou lie:
Free from harm as well as I,
I will give thee for thy food,
No fish that useth in the mud,
But Trout and Pike that love to swim,
Where the Gravel from the brim,
Though the pure streams may be seen,
Orient Pearl fit for a Queen,

wln 1495 Will I give thy love to win
wln 1496 And a shell to keep them in,
wln 1497 Not a fish in all my brook,
wln 1498 That shall disobey thy look,
wln 1499 But when thou wilt come sliding by,
wln 1500 And from thy white hand take a fly,
wln 1501 And to make thee understand:
wln 1502 How I can my waves command,
wln 1503 They shall Bubble whilst I sing,
wln 1504 Sweeter than the silver string.

wln 1505 *The Song.*

wln 1506 Do not fear to put thy feet,
wln 1507 Naked in the River sweet,
wln 1508 Think not leech, or Newt, or Toad,
wln 1509 Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod,
wln 1510 Not let the water rising high
wln 1511 As thou wadest in make thee cry:
wln 1512 And sob, but ever live with me.
wln 1513 And not a wave shall trouble thee.

wln 1514 *Amoret* Immortal power, there rul'st this holy flood,
wln 1515 I know myself, unworthy to be wooed,
wln 1516 By thee a God, for ere this, but for thee:
wln 1517 I should have shown my weak Mortality,
wln 1518 Besides by holy Oath betwixt us twain,

img: 25-a

img: 25-b

[The opening F3v-F4r is duplicated in the EEBO image set.]

img: 26-a

[The opening F3v-F4r is duplicated in the EEBO image set.]

sig: F4v

wln 1519 I am betrothed unto a *Shepherd* Swain,
wln 1520 Whose comely face; I know the Gods above:
wln 1521 May make me leave to see; but not to love,
wln 1522 *God:* May he prove to thee as true:
wln 1523 Fairest virgin now adieu,
wln 1524 I must make my waters fly,
wln 1525 Lest they leave their Channels dry.
wln 1526 And beasts, that come unto the spring
wln 1527 Miss their mornings watering.
wln 1528 Which I would not, for of late.
wln 1529 All the Neighbor people sate.
wln 1530 On my banks and from the fold,
wln 1531 Two white Lambs of three weeks Old,
wln 1532 Offered to my *Deity*,
wln 1533 For which this year they shall be free
wln 1534 From raging floods that as they pass,
wln 1535 Leave their gravel in the grass,
wln 1536 Nor shall their Meads be over flown,
wln 1537 When their grass is newly mown,

wln 1538
wln 1539
wln 1540
wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547
wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550
wln 1551
wln 1552
wln 1553
wln 1554
wln 1555

Amoret For thy kindness to me shown,
Never from thy banks be blown,
Any Tree; with windy force.
Cross thy streams to stop thy Course,
May no Beast that comes to drink
With his Horns cast down thy brink
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy Brook:
Barefoot may no Neighbor wade:
In thy cool streams? wife nor maid,
When the spawns on stones do lie,
To wash their Hemp and spoil the fry.

God. Thanks Virgin, I must down again.
Thy wound will put thee to no pain.
Wonder not, so soon 'tis gone;
A holy hand was laid upon.

Exit.

Amoret And I unhappy born to be.
Must follow him, that flies from me,

wln 1556

Finis Actus Tertius

img: 26-b
sig: G1r

wln 1557

Enter Perigot.

wln 1558
wln 1559
wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566

Perigot She is untrue unconstant, and unkind,
She's gone she's gone, blow high thou Northwest wind,
And raise the Sea to Mountains: let the Trees,
That dare oppose thy Raging fury leese
Their firm foundation: Creep into the earth,
And shake the world as at the monstrous birth,
Of some new Prodigy, whilst I constant stand,
Holding this trusty Boar-Spear in my hand,
And falling thus upon it.

wln 1567

Perigot to Enter. Amarillis running

wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571
wln 1572
wln 1573
wln 1574
wln 1575
wln 1576
wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580

Stay thy dead-doing hand thou art too hot,
Against thyself believe me comely Swain,
If that thou diest, not all the showers of Rain.
The heavy Clouds send down can wash away:
The foul unmanly guilt, the world will lay,
Upon thee, yet thy love untainted stands:
Believe me she is constant, not the sands,
Can be so hardly numbered as she won:
I do not trifle, *Shepherd*, by the Moon,
And all those lesser lights our eyes do view
All that I told thee *Perigot* is true,
Then be a free man, put away despair,
And will to die, smooth gently up that fair,

wln 1581
wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592

img: 27-a
sig: G1v

wln 1593
wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603
wln 1604
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wln 1621
wln 1622
wln 1623
wln 1624
wln 1625
wln 1626

Dejected forehead: be as when those eyes,
Took the first heat,
Perigot Alas he doubly dies,
That would believe, but cannot, 'tis not well,
Ye keep me thus from dying here to dwell,
With many worse companions: but oh death,
I am not yet enamored of his breath,
So much, but I dare leave it, 'tis not pain,
In forcing of a wound: nor after gain,
Of many days, can hold me from my will,
'Tis not myself, but *Amoret*. bids kill:
Amarillis: Stay, but a little little but one hour,

And if I do not show thee through the power?
Of herbs and words I have, as dark as Night?
Myself, turned to thy *Amoret*, in sight?
Her very figure, and the Robe she wears;
With tawny Buskins, and the hook she bears
Of thine own Carving, where your names are set,
Wrought underneath with many a Curious fret
The *Primrose* Chaplet? tawdry-lace and Ring,
Thou gav'st her for her singing with each thing,
Else that she wears about her let me feel;
The first fell stroke of that Revenging steel?
Perigot I am contented if there be a hope;
To give it Entertainment for the scope;
Of one poor hour; go you shall find me next?
Under yon shady Beech? even thus perplexed;
And thus believing.
Amarillis Bind before I go;
Thy soul by *Pan* unto me, not to do,
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,
Till my Return.
Perigot By *Pan* and by the strife;
He had with *Phoebus* for the Mastery,
When Golden *Midas*, judged their *Minstrelsy*;
I will not.

Exeunt;

Enter Satyr with Alexis hurt.

Satyr: Softly gliding as I go;
With this Burden full of woe;
Through still silence of the night?
Guided by the glow-worms' light.
Hither am I come at last;
Many a Thicket have I passed;
Not at twig that durst deny me;
Nor a bush that durst descry me.
To the little Bird that sleeps:

wln 1627
wln 1628
wln 1629
wln 1630

img: 27-b
sig: G2r

On the tender spray nor creeps,
That hardy worm with pointed Tail;
But if I be under sail;
Flying faster than the wind;

wln 1631
wln 1632
wln 1633
wln 1634
wln 1635
wln 1636
wln 1637
wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640
wln 1641
wln 1642
wln 1643
wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646
wln 1647
wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650
wln 1651
wln 1652
wln 1653
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wln 1656
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wln 1658
wln 1659
wln 1660
wln 1661
wln 1662
wln 1663
wln 1664
wln 1665
wln 1666
wln 1667
wln 1668
wln 1669
wln 1670

Leaving all the Clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender head,
In some hollow Tree or bed;
Of seeded Nettles not a Hare
Can be started from his fare;
By my footing nor a wish;
Is more sudden, nor a fish?
Can be found; with greater ease,
Cut the vast unbounded seas;
Leaving neither print nor sound.
Then I when nimbly on the ground,
I measure many a league an hour;
But behold the happy bower,
That must ease me of my charge,
And by holy hand enlarge;
The soul of this sad man that yet,
Lies fast bound in deadly fit,
Heaven and great *Pan*, succor it,
Hail thou beauty of the Bower,
Whither then the Paramour:
Of my Master; let me crave,
Thy virtuous help to keep from Grave,
This poor Mortal that here lies,
Waiting when the destinies.
Will undo his thread of life,
View the wound by cruel knife,
Trenched into him.

Clorin: What art thou? call'st me from my holy Rights
And with the feared name of death afrights
My tender Ears, speak me thy name and will,
Satyr I am the Satyr that did fill,
Your lap with early fruit and will,
When I hap to gather more,
Bring ye better, and more store:
Yet I come not empty now,
See a blossom from the bough,
But beshrew his heart that pulled it,
And his perfect Sight that Culled it,
From the other springing blooms
For a sweeter youth the **Grooms**

img: 28-a
sig: G2v

wln 1671

Cannot show me nor the downs:

wln 1672
wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675
wln 1676
wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680
wln 1681
wln 1682
wln 1683
wln 1684
wln 1685
wln 1686
wln 1687
wln 1688
wln 1689

Nor the many neighboring Towns,
Low in yonder glade I found him,
Softly in mine Arms I bound him,
Hither have I brought him sleeping,
In a Trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
In remembrance such youth may
Spring and perish in a Day.

Clorin Satyr: they wrong thee, that do term thee rude
Though thou beest outward rough and tawny hued:
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair,
As his who brags himself, born only heir,
To all Humanity: let me see thy wound:
This Herb will stay the Current being bound,
Fast to the Orifice, and this restrain,
Ulcers, and Swellings, and such inward pain,
As the cold Air hath forced into the sore,
This to, draw out such Putrefying gore,
As inward falls.

wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692
wln 1693
wln 1694
wln 1695
wln 1696
wln 1697
wln 1698
wln 1699
wln 1700
wln 1701
wln 1702
wln 1703
wln 1704
wln 1705
wln 1706
wln 1707
wln 1708
wln 1709

Satyr: Heaven grant it may do good,
Clorin Fairly wipe away the blood,
Hold him gently till I fling,
Water of a virtuous spring:
On his Temples turn him twice:
To the Moon beams pinch him thrice:
That the laboring soul may draw.
From his great eclipse.

Satyr: I saw.
His Eyelids moving.
Clorin Give him breath,
All the danger of cold death:
Now is vanished, with this plaster:
And this unction do I master:
All the festered ill that may:
Give him grief another day.

Satyr: See he gathers up his sprite
And begins to hunt for light,
Now 'a gapes and breathes again:
How the blood runs to the vein:

img: 28-b
sig: G3r

wln 1710

wln 1711
wln 1712
wln 1713
wln 1714
wln 1715
wln 1716
wln 1717

That erst was empty.

Alexis. Oh my heart,
My dearest, dearest *Cloe* O the smart,
Runs, through my side: I feel some pointed thing,
Pass through my Bowels, sharper than the sting,
Of *Scorpion*.
Pan preserve me, what are you,
Do not hurt me. I am true,

wln 1718
wln 1719
wln 1720

To my *Cloe* though she fly
And leave me to this Destiny,
There she stands, and will not lend,

wln 1721
wln 1722
wln 1723

Her smooth white hand to help her friend,
But I am much mistaken, for that face,
Bears more Austerity and modest grace,

wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
wln 1727

More reproving and more awe.
Than these Eyes yet ever saw,
In my *Cloe*, o my pain:
Eagerly Renews again:

wln 1728
wln 1729
wln 1730
wln 1731
wln 1732
wln 1733
wln 1734
wln 1735
wln 1736
wln 1737
wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742
wln 1743
wln 1744

Give me your help for his sake you love best:
Clorin Shepherd thou Canst not possible take rest.
Till thou hast laid aside all heats, desires,
Provoking thoughts, that stir up lusty fires.
Commerce with wanton Eyes: strong blood and will,
To execute these must be purged until,
The vein grow Whiter then Repent and pray:
Great *Pan*, to keep you from the like decay,
And I shall undertake your cure with ease.
Till when this virtuous Plasters will displease,
Your tender sides. give me your hand and rise.
help him a little *Satyr*. for his Thighs.
Yet are feeble.
Alexis. Sure I have lost much blood.
Satyr. 'Tis no matter, 'twas not good,
Mortal you must leave your wooing,
Though there be a Joy in doing,

img: 29-a
sig: G3v

wln 1745
wln 1746

Yet it brings much grief, behind it,
They best feel it, that do find it,

wln 1747
wln 1748

Clorin Come bring him in, I will attend his sore,
When you are well, take heed you lust no more,

wln 1749
wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752
wln 1753
wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756
wln 1757
wln 1758
wln 1759

Satyr: Shepherd see what comes of kissing
By my head 'twere better missing,
Brightest if there, be remaining,
Any service, without feigning,
I will do it, were I set,
To catch the nimble wind or get,
Shadows gliding on the green,
Or to steal from the great Queen,
Of *Fairies*, all her Beauty,
I would do it so much duty,
Do I owe those precious Eyes,

wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
wln 1763

Clorin I thank thee honest Satyr, if the Cries,
Of any other that be hurt, or ill,
Draw thee unto them, prithee do thy will?
To bring them hither,

wln 1764
wln 1765
wln 1766
wln 1767
wln 1768
wln 1769
wln 1770
wln 1771
wln 1772
wln 1773

Satyr: I will and when the weather:
Serves to Angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook,
With a line of finest silk,
And a rod as white as **milk**,
To deserve the little fish,
So I take my leave and wish,
On this bower may ever dwell,
Spring, and summer.

Clorin Friend farewell.

Exit.

wln 1774

Enter Amoret, seeking her love

wln 1775
wln 1776
wln 1777
wln 1778

Amoret This place is Ominous for here I lost,
My love and almost life, and since have crossed,
All these woods over, never a Nook or dell,
Where any little Bird, or beast doth dwell,

img: 29-b
sig: G4r

wln 1779
wln 1780
wln 1781
wln 1782
wln 1783
wln 1784
wln 1785
wln 1786
wln 1787
wln 1788
wln 1789
wln 1790
wln 1791
wln 1792
wln 1793
wln 1794
wln 1795
wln 1796
wln 1797
wln 1798
wln 1799
wln 1800
wln 1801
wln 1802

But I have sought it, never a bending brow,
Of any hill or Glade, the wind sings through,
Nor a green bank or shade where Shepherd's use,
To sit and Riddle sweetly pipe or choose,
Their valentines: but I have missed to find.
My love in, *Perigot*, Oh too unkind.
Why hast thou fled me? whither art thou gone,
How have I wronged thee? was my love alone,
To thee, worthy this scorned Recompense? 'tis well,
I am content to **feel** it; but I tell
Thee Shepherd: and these lusty woods shall hear.
Forsaken *Amoret* is yet as clear,
Of any stranger fire, as Heaven is.
From foul Corruption, or the deep: Abyss,
From light, and happiness, and thou mayst know,
All this for truth and how that fatal blow,
Thou gavest me, never from desert of mine,
Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine,
Or fury more than Madness therefore, here.
Since I have lost my life, my love, my dear,
Upon this cursed place, and on this green,
That first divorced us, shortly shall be seen,
A sight of so great pity that each eye,
Shall daily spend his spring in memory.

wln 1803

Enter Amarillis.

wln 1804
wln 1805
wln 1806
wln 1807
wln 1808
wln 1809
wln 1810
wln 1811
wln 1812
wln 1813
wln 1814
wln 1815
wln 1816

img: 30-a
sig: G4v

Of my untimely fall.
Amarillis I am not blind,
Nor is it through the working of my Mind.
That this shows Amoret, forsake me all,
That dwell upon the soul, but what men call
Wonder, or more than wonder Miracle,
For sure so strange as this the Oracle,
Never gave answer of, It passeth dreams,
Or madmen's fancy when the many streams,
Of new Imagination rise and fall:
'Tis but an hour since these Ears heard her call,
For pity to young *Perigot*? whilst he,
Directed by his fury Bloodily,

wln 1817
wln 1818
wln 1819
wln 1820
wln 1821
wln 1822
wln 1823
wln 1824
wln 1825
wln 1826
wln 1827
wln 1828
wln 1829
wln 1830
wln 1831
wln 1832
wln 1833
wln 1834
wln 1835
wln 1836

Launched up her breast, which bloodless fell and cold,
And if belief may Credit what was told,
After all this the Melancholy Swain,
Took her into his Arms being almost slain.
And to the bottom of the holy well,
flung her forever with the waves to dwell,
'Tis she, the very same, 'tis *Amoret*.
And living yet, the great powers will not let,
Their virtuous love be Crossed, maid wipe away,
Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay,
The storm that yet goes high, which not depressed,
Breaks, heart, and life, and all before it rest:
Thy *Perigot*:
Amoret where: which is *Perigot*.
Amarillis Sits there below lamenting much God wot:
Thee, and thy fortune, go and comfort him,
And thou shalt find him underneath a brim,
Of sailing Pines that edge yon Mountain in,
Amoret I go, I run Heaven grant me. I may win:
His soul again.

wln 1837

Enter Sullen:

wln 1838
wln 1839
wln 1840
wln 1841
wln 1842
wln 1843
wln 1844
wln 1845
wln 1846
wln 1847
wln 1848

Stay *Amarillis* stay,
Ye are too fleet, 'tis two hours yet to day;
I have performed my promise let us sit;
And warm our bloods together till the fit;
Come lively on us;
Amarillis Friend you are too keen;
The Morning, Riseth, and we shall be seen,
Forbear a little;
Sullen: I can stay no longer;
Amarillis Hold *Shepherd* hold, learn not to be a wronger;
Of your word, was not your promise laid,

wln 1849
wln 1850
wln 1851
wln 1852
wln 1853
wln 1854

img: 30-b
sig: H1r

To break their loves first:
Sullen: I have done it Maid?
Amarillis No they are yet unbroken, met again,
And are as hard to part yet as the stain?
Is from the finest lawn,
Sullen. I say they are.

wln 1855
wln 1856
wln 1857
wln 1858
wln 1859
wln 1860
wln 1861
wln 1862
wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865
wln 1866

now at this present parted, and so far,
That they shall never meet,
Amarillis Swain 'tis not so,
For do but to yon hanging Mountain go,
And there believe your eyes,
Sullen: you do but hold:
Off with delays: and trifles, farewell cold,
And frozen bashfulness, unfit for men,
Thus I salute thee virgin,
Amarillis And thus then,
I bid you follow, Catch me if ye can, *Exit.*
Sullen.: And if I stay behind I am no Man. *Exit running after her*

wln 1867

Enter Perigot.

wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870
wln 1871
wln 1872
wln 1873
wln 1874
wln 1875
wln 1876
wln 1877
wln 1878
wln 1879

Night do not steal away: I woo thee yet?
To hold a hard hand o'er the Rusty bit,
That Guides thy Lazy team go back again,
Bootes thou that drivest thy frozen wane,
Round as a Ring and bring a second Night,
To hide my sorrows from the coming light,
Let not the Eyes of men stare on my face,
And read my falling, give me some black place,
Where never sunbeam, shot his wholesome light,
That I may sit, and pour out my sad spright,
Like running water never to be known:
After the forced fall and sound is gone,

wln 1880

Enter Amoret looking of Perigot

wln 1881
wln 1882
wln 1883
wln 1884
wln 1885
wln 1886
wln 1887
wln 1888
wln 1889
wln 1890
wln 1891

This is the bottom: speak if thou be here,
My Perigot, thy Amoret, thy dear,
Calls on thy loved Name,
Perigot What thou dare,
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care,
Dwell on the face of darkness,
Amoret 'Tis thy friend,
Thy Amoret come hither to give end,
To these consumings look up gentle Boy,
I have forgot those pains, and dear annoy,
I suffered for thy sake, and am content,

img: 31-a

wln 1892 To be thy love again why hast thou rent,
wln 1893 Those curled locks, where I have often hung,
wln 1894 Ribands and damask Roses, and have flung,
wln 1895 Waters distilled to make thee fresh and gay,
wln 1896 Sweeter than Nosegays on a Bridal day,
wln 1897 Why dost thou cross thine Arms, and hang thy face,
wln 1898 Down to thy Bosom, letting fall apace,
wln 1899 From those too little Heavens upon the ground
wln 1900 Showers of more price, more Orient, and more round
wln 1901 Than those that hang upon the moon's pale brow
wln 1902 Cease these complainings Shepherd I am now,
wln 1903 The same, I ever was, as kind and free,
wln 1904 And can forgive before you ask of me,
wln 1905 Indeed I can, and will.

Perigot: So spoke my fair,

wln 1907 O you great working powers of Earth, and Air,
wln 1908 Water, and forming fire, why have you lent,
wln 1909 Your hidden virtues of so ill intent,
wln 1910 Even such a face, so fair so bright of hue,
wln 1911 Had *Amoret*, such, words, so smooth and new,
wln 1912 Came flowing from her tongue, such was her eye,
wln 1913 And such the pointed sparkle that did fly
wln 1914 Forth like a bleeding shaft, all is the same,
wln 1915 The Robe, and Buskins, painted, hook, and frame,
wln 1916 Of all her Body O me *Amoret*,

Amoret Shepherd what means this Riddle who hath set,

wln 1918 So strange a difference, twixt myself and me,
wln 1919 That I am grown another, look and see.
wln 1920 The Ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist.
wln 1921 That Curious Bracelet thou thyself didst twist.
wln 1922 From those fair Tresses, knowest thou *Amoret*.
wln 1923 Hath not some newer love forced thee forget,
wln 1924 Thy Ancient faith,

Perigot Still nearer to my love;

wln 1926 These be the very words she oft did prove,
wln 1927 Upon my temper, so she still would take,
wln 1928 wonder into her face, and silent make,
wln 1929 Sings with her head and hand as who would say
wln 1930 Shepherd remember this another day:

Amoret Am I not *Amoret*. where was I lost,

wln 1932 Can there be Heaven, and time, and men most
wln 1933 Of these unconstant? faith where art thou fled?
wln 1934 Are all the vows and protestations dead:
wln 1935 The hands held up? the wishes and the heart?
wln 1936 Is there not one remaining not apart,
wln 1937 Of all these to be found why then I see:

wln 1938
wln 1939
wln 1940
wln 1941
wln 1942
wln 1943
wln 1944
wln 1945
wln 1946
wln 1947
wln 1948
wln 1949
wln 1950
wln 1951
wln 1952
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wln 1961
wln 1962
wln 1963
wln 1964
wln 1965
wln 1966
wln 1967
wln 1968
wln 1969
wln 1970
wln 1971

Men never knew that virtue constancy
Perigot Men ever were most blessed, till Cross fate,
Brought love, and women forth unfortunate,
To all that ever tasted of their smiles,
Whose Actions are all double, full of wiles,
Like to the subtle Hare, that fore the Hounds,
Makes many turnings leaps and many rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the scent,
Of her pursuers:
Amoret 'Tis but to prevent,
Their speedy coming, on that seek her fall,
The hands of Cruel men, more Bestial,
And of a nature more refusing good,
Than beasts themselves, or fishes of the flood,
Thou art all these, and more than nature meant,
When she created all, frowns, joys, content:
Extreme fire for an hour, and presently:
Colder than sleepy poison: or the sea,
Upon whose face sits a continual frost
Your Actions ever driven to the most,
Then down again as low that none can find,
The rise or falling of a woman's mind,
Amoret Can there be any Age, or days, or time,
Or tongues: of Men, guilty so great a crime:
As wronging simple Maid, O *Perigot*:
Thou that wast yesterday without a blot,
Thou that wast every good and every thing,
That men call blessed: thou that wast the spring.
From whence our looser grooms drew all their best:
Thou that wast always Just, and always blest,
In faith and promise, thou that hadst the name,
Of virtuous given thee, and made good the same:
Even from thy Cradle: thou that wast that all,
That men delighted in, Oh what a fall,

img: 32-a
sig: H2v

wln 1972
wln 1973
wln 1974
wln 1975
wln 1976
wln 1977
wln 1978
wln 1979
wln 1980
wln 1981
wln 1982
wln 1983
wln 1984
wln 1985

Is this to have been so, and now to be,
The only best in wrong, and infamy,
And I to live to know this, and by me.
That loved thee dearer than, mine Eyes or that,
Which we esteem our honor virgin state,
Dearer than swallows love the early morn,
Or dogs of Chase the sound of merry Horn,
Dearer than thou canst love thy new love, if thou hast.
Another and far dearer than the last,
Dearer than thou canst love thyself, though all,
The self love were within thee, that did fall.
with that coy swain: that now is made a flower
For whose dear sake, Echo weeps many a shower
And am I thus rewarded for my flame,

wln 1986
wln 1987
wln 1988
wln 1989
wln 1990
wln 1991
wln 1992
wln 1993
wln 1994
wln 1995
wln 1996
wln 1997
wln 1998
wln 1999
wln 2000
wln 2001
wln 2002
wln 2003
wln 2004
wln 2005
wln 2006
wln 2007
wln 2008
wln 2009
wln 2010
wln 2011

img: 32-b
sig: H3r

Loved worthily to get a wanton's name,
Come thou forsaken willow wind my head,
And noise it to the world, my love is dead:
I am forsaken I am Cast away,
And left for every lazy Groom to say,
I was unconstant light, and sooner lost,
Than the quick Clouds we see or the Chill frost,
When the hot sun beats on it tell me yet,
Canst thou not love again thy Amoret?
Perigot Thou art not worthy of that blessed name,
I must not know thee, fling thy wanton flame,
upon some lighter blood: that may be hot,
With words and feigned passions, Perigot,
Was ever yet unstained, and shall not now.
Stoop to the meltings of a borrowed brow:
Amoret Then hear me heaven: to whom I call for right.
And you fair twinkling stars that crown the night,
And hear me woods and and silence of this place,
And ye sad hours, that move a sullen pace,
Hear me ye shadows, that delight to dwell,
In horrid darkness, and ye powers of Hell,
Whilst I breathe out my last, I am that maid,
That yet untainted Amoret that played:
The careless Prodigal: and gave away:
My soul to this young man that now dares say:
I am a stranger, not the same, more wild,

wln 2012
wln 2013
wln 2014
wln 2015
wln 2016
wln 2017
wln 2018
wln 2019
wln 2020
wln 2021
wln 2022
wln 2023
wln 2024
wln 2025
wln 2026
wln 2027
wln 2028
wln 2029
wln 2030
wln 2031
wln 2032
wln 2033

And thus with much belief, I was beguiled,
I am that Maid, that have delayed deny,
And almost scorned the loves of all that tried,
To win me but this swain, and yet confess,
I have been wooed by many with no less.
Soul of affection and have often had:
Rings Belts and Cracknels. sent me from the lad.
That feeds his flocks down westward, Lambs and Doves
By young *Alexis*, *Daphnis* sent me gloves,
All which I gave to thee not these nor they
That sent them, did I smile on, or e'er lay.
up to my **after-memory** but why,
Do I resolve to grieve and not to die
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st if home,
By this time had I found a quiet room.
Where every slave is free, and every breast,
That living breed, new care, now lies at rest,
And thither will poor Amoret,
Perigot Thou must,
Was ever any man, so loath to trust,
His Eyes as I, or was there ever yet,
Any so like, as this to Amoret,

wln 2034
wln 2035
wln 2036
wln 2037
wln 2038
wln 2039

For whose dear sake, *I* promise if there be
A living soul within thee thus to free,
Thy Body from it,
Amoret So this work hath end.
Farewell and live be constant to thy friend,
That loves thee next,

He hurts her again.

wln 2040

Enter Satyr: Perigot runs off.

wln 2041
wln 2042
wln 2043
wln 2044
wln 2045
wln 2046
wln 2047
wln 2048
wln 2049

Satyr. See the day begins to break,
And the light shuts like a streak,
Of subtle fire the wind blows cold,
Whilst the morning doth unfold,
Now the Birds begin to rouse,
And the Squirrel from the boughs,
Leaps to get him Nuts and fruit,
The early Lark erst was mute,
Carols to the Rising day,

img: 33-a
sig: H3v

wln 2050
wln 2051
wln 2052
wln 2053
wln 2054
wln 2055
wln 2056
wln 2057
wln 2058
wln 2059
wln 2060
wln 2061
wln 2062
wln 2063
wln 2064
wln 2065
wln 2066
wln 2067
wln 2068
wln 2069
wln 2070
wln 2071

Many a Note, and many a lay,
Therefore here I end my watch,
Lest the wandering Swain should catch,
Harm or lose himself *Amoret:* ah me.
Satyr: speak again whate'er thou be,
I am ready speak I say,
By the dawning of the day,
By the power of Night and *Pan*;
I enforce thee speak again,
Amoret O I am most unhappy.
Satyr. Yet more blood,
Sure these wanton Swains are wood,
Can there be a hand, or heart,
Dare commit so vild a part,
As this Murder, by the Moon,
That hid herself when this was done,
Never was a sweeter face,
I will bear her to the place,
Where my Goddess keeps and crave,
Her to give her life, or grave,

exeunt,

Enter Clorin,

wln 2072
wln 2073
wln 2074
wln 2075
wln 2076
wln 2077
wln 2078

Clorin, Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure
I steal abroad to do another Cure,
Pardon thou buried body of my love,
That from thy side I dare so soon remove,
I will not prove unconstant nor will leave,
Thee for an hour alone, when I deceive,
My first made vow, the wildest of the wood,

wln 2079
wln 2080
wln 2081

Tear me, and o'er thy Grave let out my blood,
I go by wit to Cure a lover's pain,
Which no herb can, being done, I'll come again,

Exit,

wln 2082

Enter Thenot

wln 2083
wln 2084
wln 2085
wln 2086

Poor *Shepherd* in this shade for ever lie,
And seeing thy fair *Clorin's*, Cabin die,
O hapless love which being answered ends,
And as a little Infant cries and bends,

img: 33-b
sig: H4r

wln 2087
wln 2088
wln 2089
wln 2090
wln 2091
wln 2092

His tender Brows, when rolling of his eye,
He hath espied some thing that glisters nigh.
Which he would have, yet give it him, away,
He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play
With something else such my affection set,
On that which I should loathe if I could get

wln 2093

Enter Clorin.

wln 2094
wln 2095
wln 2096
wln 2097
wln 2098
wln 2099
wln 2100
wln 2101
wln 2102
wln 2103
wln 2104
wln 2105
wln 2106
wln 2107
wln 2108
wln 2109
wln 2110
wln 2111
wln 2112
wln 2113
wln 2114
wln 2115
wln 2116
wln 2117
wln 2118
wln 2119
wln 2120
wln 2121
wln 2122

See where he lies did ever man but he,
Love any woman for her Constancy,
To her dead lover which she needs must end,
Before she can allow him, for her friend,
And he himself, must needs the cause destroy,
For which he loves, before he can enjoy,
Poor *Shepherd*, Heaven grant I at once may free,
Thee from thy pain, and keep my loyalty,
Shepherd look up,

Thenot Thy brightness doth amaze,
So *Phoebus* may at Noon bid mortals gaze,
Thy glorious constancy appears so bright,
I dare not meet the Beams with my weak sight

Clorin. Why dost thou pine away thyself for me

Thenot Why dost thou keep such spotless constancy?

Clorin. Thou holy *Shepherd* see what for thy sake,

Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake,

he starts up

Thenot. Stay there, thou constant Clorin if there be,

Yet any part of woman left in thee,

To make thee light think yet before thou speak,

Clorin. See what a holy vow, for thee I break,

I that already have my fame far spread,

For being constant to my lover dead

Thenot. think yet dear Clorin of your love, how true,

If you had died, he would have been to you

Clorin Yet all I'll lose for thee.

Thenot. Think but how blest,

A constant woman is above the rest,

Clorin. And offer up myself, here on this ground,

wln 2123

wln 2124

img: 34-a
sig: H4v

wln 2125

wln 2126

wln 2127

wln 2128

wln 2129

wln 2130

wln 2131

wln 2132

wln 2133

wln 2134

wln 2135

wln 2136

wln 2137

wln 2138

wln 2139

wln 2140

wln 2141

wln 2142

wln 2143

wln 2144

wln 2145

wln 2146

wln 2147

wln 2148

wln 2149

wln 2150

wln 2151

wln 2152

wln 2153

wln 2154

wln 2155

wln 2156

wln 2157

wln 2158

wln 2159

wln 2160

wln 2161

wln 2162

img: 34-b
sig: I1r

wln 2163

wln 2164

wln 2165

To be disposed by thee,
Thenot why dost thou wound,

His heart with Malice, against women more.
That hated all the Sex, but thee before,
How much more pleasant had it been to me,
To die than behold this change in thee,
Yet, yet return: let not the woman sway,

Clorin: Insult not on her now, nor use delay
Who for thy sake hath ventured all her fame,

Thenot: Thou hast not ventured but bought Certain shame,
Your Sex's Curse, foul falsehood, must and shall,
I see once in your lives light on you all;
I hate thee now: yet turn

Clorin, Be just to me:

Shall I at once, lose both my fame and thee,

Thenot. Thou hadst no fame, that which thou didst like good
Was but thy Appetite that swayed thy blood,
For that time to the best, for as a blast,
That through a house comes, usually doth cast,
Things out of order: yet by chance may come,
And blow some one thing to his proper room,
So did thy Appetite, and not thy zeal.
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.
Yet turn.

Clorin: Thou dost but try me if I would.

Forsake thy dear embraces for my old
Love's though he were alive, but do not fear,

Thenot I do contemn thee now: and dare come near.
And gaze upon thee, for methinks that grace:
Austerity, which sat upon that face,
Is gone, and thou like others. false maid see,
This is the gain of foul Inconstance,

Clorin: 'Tis done great: *Pan*, I give thee thanks for it, *Exit.*
What Art could not have healed, is cured by wit,

Enter: Thenot again:

Will ye be constant yet, will ye remove,
Into the Cabin to your buried love,

Clorin: No let me die, but by thy side remain,

Thenot. There's none shall know that thou didst ever stain,
Thy worthy strictness, but shalt honored be

And I will lie again under this tree,
And pine and die for thee with more delight,
Than I have sorrow now to know thee light,

wln 2166
wln 2167
wln 2168
wln 2169
wln 2170
wln 2171
wln 2172
wln 2173
wln 2174
wln 2175
wln 2176
wln 2177

Clorin. Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou wilt.
Thenot. Thou art of women's race and full of guilt,
Farewell all hope of that sex, whilst I thought,
There was one good, I feared to find one naught
But since their minds I all alike espy
Hence forth I'll choose as theirs, by mine eye,
Clorin. Blest be ye powers that gave such quick redress,
And for my labors sent so good success,
I rather choose though I a woman be,
He should speak ill of all,
than die for me.

Finis Actus quartus.

wln 2178
wln 2179

Actus Quintus.
Scaena. 1.

wln 2180

Enter Priest, and old Shepherd.

wln 2181
wln 2182
wln 2183
wln 2184
wln 2185
wln 2186
wln 2187
wln 2188
wln 2189
wln 2190
wln 2191
wln 2192
wln 2193
wln 2194
wln 2195

Priest. Shepherds, rise and shake off sleep.
See the blushing Morn doth peep,
Through the windows, whilst the Sun
To the Mountain tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below,
With his rising flames which grow,
Greater by his climbing still.
Up ye lazy grooms and fill,
Bag and Bottle for the field,
Clasp your cloaks fast lest they yield,
To the bitter Northeast wind,
Call the Maidens up and find.
Who lay longest, that she may,
Go without a friend all day.
Then reward your dogs and pray,

img: 35-a
sig: 11r

wln 2196
wln 2197
wln 2198
wln 2199
wln 2200
wln 2201
wln 2202
wln 2203
wln 2204
wln 2205
wln 2206
wln 2207
wln 2208
wln 2209

Pan to keep you from decay,
So unfold, and then away
What not a Shepherd stirring sure the grooms,
Have found their beds too easy, or the Rooms.
Filled with such new delight, and heat that they,
Have both forgot their hungry sheep, and day,
Knock that they may remember what a shame,
Sloth and neglect, lays on a Shepherd's name.
Old. It is to little purpose, not a swain,
This night hath known his lodging, here; or lain,
Within these cotes: the woods or some near town,
that is a neighbor to the bordering down:
Hath drawn them thither, bout some lusty sport;
Or spiced wassail Bowl, to which resort.

wln 2210
wln 2211
wln 2212
wln 2213
wln 2214
wln 2215
wln 2216
wln 2217
wln 2218
wln 2219
wln 2220
wln 2221
wln 2222
wln 2223
wln 2224
wln 2225
wln 2226
wln 2227
wln 2228
wln 2229
wln 2230
wln 2231
wln 2232
wln 2233

img: 35-b
sig: I2r

All the young men and maids of many a cote,
Whilst the Trim, Minstrel strikes his merry note.
Priest. God pardon sin, show me the way that leads,
To any of their haunts.

Old. This to the Meads.
And that down to the woods,

Priest. Then this for me,
Come Shepherd let me crave your company.

exeunt.

*Enter Clorin in her Cabin, Alexis with her,
and Amorillis*

Clorin. Now your thoughts are almost pure:
And your wound begins to cure.
Strive to banish all that's vain,
Lest it should break out again.

Alexis. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid:
I find my former wand'ring thoughts, well stayed,
Through thy wise precepts, and my outward pain,
By thy choice herbs is almost gone again.
Thy sex's vice and virtue are revealed,
At once, for what one hurt another healed.

Clorin. May thy grief more appease,
Relapses, are the worst disease:
Take heed how you in thought offend,
So mind and body both will mend.

Enter Satyr with Amoret.

Amoret Beest thou the wildest creature of the Wood,
That bear'st me thus away drowned in my blood.
And dying, know I cannot injured be
I am a maid, let that name fight for me:

Satyr. Fairest Virgin do not fear,
Me that doth thy body bear,
Not to hurt, but held to be,
Men are ruder far than we.
See fair *Goddess* in the wood,
They have let out yet more blood:
Some savage man hath struck her breast
So soft and white, that no wild beast,
Durst a touched asleep or wake,
So sweet that *Adder, Newt, or Snake.*
Would have lain from arm to arm,
On her Bosom to be warm,
All a night and being hot,
Gone away and stung her not.
Quickly clap herbs to her breast,
A man sure is a kind of Beast,

Clorin. With spotless hand, on spotless Breast,
I put these herbs to give thee rest.
Which till it heal thee there will bide

wln 2234
wln 2235
wln 2236
wln 2237
wln 2238
wln 2239
wln 2240
wln 2241
wln 2242
wln 2243
wln 2244
wln 2245
wln 2246
wln 2247
wln 2248
wln 2249
wln 2250
wln 2251
wln 2252
wln 2253
wln 2254
wln 2255
wln 2256
wln 2257

wln 2258
wln 2259
wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262
wln 2263
wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268
wln 2269
wln 2270
wln 2271
wln 2272
wln 2273

img: 36-a
sig: l2v

wln 2274
wln 2275
wln 2276

wln 2277

wln 2278
wln 2279
wln 2280
wln 2281
wln 2282
wln 2283
wln 2284
wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290
wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300
wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303

If both be pure, if not off slide.
See it falls off from the wound,
Shepherdess thou art not sound,
Full of lust.

Satyr. Who would have thought it,
So fair a face:

Clorin. Why that hath brought it.

Amoret For aught I know or think, these words my last:
Yet *Pan*, so help me as my thoughts are chaste.

Clorin. And so may *Pan* bless this my cure,
As all my thoughts are just and pure,
Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,
That will not let my med'cines work.

Satyr search if thou canst find it,

Satyr. Here away methinks I wind it.
Stronger yet, Oh here they be,

Here here in a hollow tree.

Two fond mortals have I found,

Clorin. Bring them out they are unsound.

Enter Cloe, and Daphnis.

Satyr. By the fingers thus I wring ye,
To my Goddess thus I bring ye.
Strife is vain come gently in,
I scented them, they are full of sin,

Clorin. Hold *Satyr*, take this Glass,
Sprinkle over all the place,
Purge the Air from lustful breath,
To save this *Shepherdess* from death.

And stand you still, whilst I do dress
Her wound for fear the pain increase,

Satyr. From this glass I throw a drop,
Of Crystal water on the top.
Of every grass on flowers a pair:

Send a fume and keep the Air,
Pure and wholesome, sweet and blest,
Till this virgin's wound be dressed,

Clorin. *Satyr* help to bring her in,

Satyr. By *Pan*, I think she hath no sin.
She is so light, lie on these leaves,
Sleep that mortal sense deceives.

Crown thine eyes, and ease thy pain,
Mayst thou soon be well again,

Clorin. *Satyr* bring the *Shepherd* near,
Try him if his mind be clear,

Satyr. *Shepherd* come,

Daphnis. My thoughts are pure,

wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306
wln 2307
wln 2308
wln 2309
wln 2310
wln 2311

img: 36-b
sig: 13r

The better trial to endure.
Satyr. In this flame his finger thrust,
Clorin. Which will burn him if he lust.
But if not away will turn,
As loath unspotted flesh to burn:
See it gives back let him go.
Farewell Mortal keep thee so.
Satyr. Stay fair *Nymph*, fly not so fast,

wln 2312
wln 2313
wln 2314
wln 2315
wln 2316
wln 2317
wln 2318
wln 2319
wln 2320
wln 2321
wln 2322
wln 2323
wln 2324
wln 2325
wln 2326
wln 2327
wln 2328
wln 2329
wln 2330
wln 2331
wln 2332
wln 2333
wln 2334
wln 2335

We must try if you be chaste:
Here's a hand that quakes for fear,
Sure she will not prove so clear:
Clorin. Hold her finger to the flame:
That will yield her praise or shame.
Satyr. To her doom she dares not stand,
But plucks away her tender hand:
And the Taper darting sends,
His hot beams at her fingers' ends.
O thou art foul within, and hast;
A mind if nothing else unchaste.
Alexis. Is not that *Cloe*? 'tis my love; 'tis she:
Cloe, fair *Cloe*.
Cloe. My *Alexis*. *Alexis:* He.
Cloe. Let me embrace thee.
Clorin. Take her hence, Lest her sight disturb his sense.
Alexis. Take not her: take my life first.
Clorin. See his wound again is burst,
Keep her near here in the wood.
Till I have stopped these streams of blood.
Soon again he ease shall find,
If I can but still his mind:
This curtain thus I do display,
To keep the piercing Air away.

wln 2336

Enter old shepherd, and Priest.

wln 2337
wln 2338
wln 2339
wln 2340
wln 2341
wln 2342
wln 2343
wln 2344
wln 2345
wln 2346
wln 2347

Priest. Sure they are lost forever, 'tis in vain,
To find them out, with trouble and much pain:
That have a Ripe desire, and forward will,
To fly the company of all, but ill:
What shall be counselled: Now shall we retire?
Or constant follow still, that first desire,
We had to find them?
Old. Stay a little while:
For if the morning's mist do not beguile,
My sight with shadows: sure I see a swain
One of this jolly troops come back again.

wln 2348

Enter Thenot

img: 37-a
sig: I3v

wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353
wln 2354
wln 2355
wln 2356
wln 2357
wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370
wln 2371
wln 2372
wln 2373
wln 2374
wln 2375
wln 2376
wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380
wln 2381
wln 2382
wln 2383
wln 2384
wln 2385
wln 2386
wln 2387
wln 2388

Priest. Dost thou not blush young shepherd to be known,
Thus without care, leaving thy flocks alone:
And following what desire and present blood,
Shapes out before thy burning sense, for good,
Having forgot what tongue hereafter may
Tell to the world thy falling off, and say
Thou art regardless both of good and shame,
Spurning at virtue, and a virtuous name:
And like a glorious desperate man, that buys,
A poison of much price, by which he dies
Dost thou lay out for lust, whose only gain,
Is foul disease, with present age and pain:
And then a Grave: these be the fruits that grow,
In such hot veins that only beat to know,
Where they may take most ease and grow ambitious,
Through their own wanton fire, and pride delicious.

Thenot. Right holy Sir I have not known this night,
What the smooth face of Mirth was: or the sight,
Of any looseness, music, joy and ease,
Have been to me, as bitter drugs to please
A Stomach lost with weakness, not a game
That I am skilled at throughly, nor a dame,
Went her tongue smoother than the feet of Time,
Her bevy ever living like the Rhyme,
Our blessed *Tityrus* did sing of yore,
No, were she more enticing than the store
Of fruitful *Summer*, when the loden tree,
Bids the faint Traveler be bold and free
'Twere but to me like Thunder 'gainst the bay,
Whose lightning may enclose, but never stay
Upon his charmed branches, such am I,
Against the catching flames of woman's eye.

Priest. Then wherefore hast thou wandered.

Thenot. 'Twas a vow,
that drew me out last night, which I have now,
Strictly performed, and homewards go to give
fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.

Priest. 'Tis good to hear ye Shepherd if the heart,
In this well sounding Music bear his part;
Where have you left the rest,

img: 37-b
sig: I4r

wln 2389
wln 2390
wln 2391
wln 2392
wln 2393

I have not seen,
Since yesternight, we met upon this green,
To fold our flocks up, any of that train
Yet have I walked these woods round and have lain
All this long night under an aged tree:

wln 2394
wln 2395
wln 2396
wln 2397
wln 2398
wln 2399
wln 2400
wln 2401
wln 2402
wln 2403
wln 2404

Yet neither wand'ring Shepherd did I see,
Or Shepherdess, or drew into mine ear,
The sound of living thing unless it were,
The Nightingale, among the thick-leaved spring
That sits alone, in sorrow and doth sing:
Whole nights away in mourning, or the Owl,
Or our great Enemy that still doth howl.
Against the Moon's cold beams.

Priest. Go and beware,
Of after falling.
Thenot. Father 'tis my care.

Exit Thenot.

wln 2405

Enter Daphnis.

wln 2406
wln 2407
wln 2408
wln 2409
wln 2410
wln 2411
wln 2412
wln 2413
wln 2414
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wln 2416
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wln 2420
wln 2421
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wln 2423
wln 2424
wln 2425
wln 2426

Old. Here comes another straggler, sure I see,
A shame in this young Shepherd *Daphnis*,
Daphnis. He,
Priest. Where hast left the rest, that should have been
Long before this, grazing upon the green:
Their yet imprisoned flocks,
Daphnis Thou holy man.
Give me a little breathing till I can,
Be able to unfold what I have seen,
Such horror that the like hath never been,
Known to the ear of Shepherd: o my heart,
Labors a double motion to impart,
So heavy tidings you all know the Bower,
Where the chaste *Clorin*, lives by whose great power,
Sick men and cattle have been often cured,
There lovely *Amoret*, that was assured,
To lusty *Perigot*: bleeds out her life:
Forced by some iron hand and fatal knife,
And by her young *Alexis*.

Enter Amarillis running from her sullen shepherd.
If there be

img: 38-a
sig: 14v

wln 2427
wln 2428
wln 2429
wln 2430
wln 2431
wln 2432
wln 2433
wln 2434
wln 2435
wln 2436
wln 2437
wln 2438
wln 2439

Ever a Neighbor-brook or hollow tree,
Receive my body, close me up from lust,
That follows at my heels, be ever just,
Thou God of shepherds: *Pan* for her dear sake,
That loves the River's brinks, and still doth shake,
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit:
Let me be made a reed, and ever mute,
Nod to the water's fall, whilst every blast,
Sings through my slender leaves that I was chaste:
Priest. This is a night of wonder, *Amarill*,
Be Comforted, the holy gods are still,
Revenge of these wrongs.
Amarillis Thou blessed man,

wln 2440 Honored upon these plains and loved of *Pan*:
wln 2441 Hear me, and save from endless infamy,
wln 2442 My yet unblasted flower *Virginity*
wln 2443 By all the Garlands that have crowned that head,
wln 2444 By thy chaste office, and the marriage bed,
wln 2445 That still is blest by thee: by all the rights
wln 2446 Due to our God: and by those virgin lights,
wln 2447 That burn before his Altar: let me not,
wln 2448 Fall from my former state to gain the blot
wln 2449 That never shall be purged.
wln 2450 I am not now,
wln 2451 That wanton *Amarillis*: here I vow,
wln 2452 To Heaven, and thee grave father, if I may,
wln 2453 Scape this unhappy Night, to know the day,
wln 2454 A virgin, never after to endure
wln 2455 The tongues, or company of men unpure.
wln 2456 I hear him, come, save me.
wln 2457 *Priest* Retire a while,
wln 2458 Behind this bush, till we have known that vile
wln 2459 Abuser of young maidens.

wln 2460 *Enter Sullen.*

wln 2461 Stay thy pace,
wln 2462 Most loved *Amarillis*: let the chase,
wln 2463 grow calm and milder, fly me not so fast,
wln 2464 I fear the pointed Brambles have unlaced

img: 38-b
sig: K1r

wln 2465 Thy golden Buskins, turn again and see:
wln 2466 Thy Shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
wln 2467 Able to give thee all content and ease,
wln 2468 I am not bashful virgin, I can please:
wln 2469 At first encounter hug thee in mine arm,
wln 2470 And give thee many kisses, soft and warm,
wln 2471 As those the Sun prints on thy smiling cheek,
wln 2472 Of Plums or mellow peaches I am sleek,
wln 2473 And smooth as *Neptune* when stern *Aeolus*,
wln 2474 Locks up his surly winds and nimbly thus,
wln 2475 Can show my Active youth why dost thou fly.
wln 2476 Remember *Amarillis* it was I,
wln 2477 That killed *Alexis* for thy sake, and set,
wln 2478 An everlasting hate twixt *Amoret*,
wln 2479 And her beloved *Perigot* 'twas I,
wln 2480 That drowned her in the well, where she must lie,
wln 2481 Till time shall leave to be, then turn again:
wln 2482 Turn with thy open arms and clip the swain
wln 2483 That hath performed all this, turn turn I say:
wln 2484 I must not be deluded,
wln 2485 *Priest.* Monster stay,

wln 2486
wln 2487
wln 2488
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wln 2498
wln 2499
wln 2500
wln 2501
wln 2502
wln 2503
wln 2504

img: 39-a
sig: K1v

wln 2505
wln 2506

wln 2507

wln 2508
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wln 2526
wln 2527
wln 2528
wln 2529
wln 2530
wln 2531

Thou that art like a canker to the state,
Thou livest and breathest in, eating with debate,
Through every honest bosom, forcing still,
The veins of any men, may serve thy will.
Thou that hast offered with a sinful hand,
To seize upon this virgin that doth stand,
yet trembling here.

Sullen. Good holiness declare,
What had the danger been if being bare,
I had embraced her, tell me by your Art:
What coming wonders would that sight impart.

Priest. Lust, and branded soul,

Sullen. Yet tell me more,
Hath not our Mother *Nature* for her store,
And great increase, said it is good and just,
And willed that every living creature must,
Beget his like.

Priest. Ye are better read than I,
I must confess in Blood and Lechery:

Now to the Bower and bring this beast along,
Where he may suffer Penance for his wrong,

Enter Perigot with his hand bloody,

Perigot Here will I wash it in the morning's dew,
Which she on every little grass doth strew,
In silver drops against the Sun's appear:
'Tis holy water and will make me clear.
My hand will not be cleansed, my wronged love,
If thy chaste spirit in the Air yet move,
Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand,
All full of guilt thy blood upon his hand,
And though I struck thee undeservedly,
Let my revenge on her that Injured thee.
Make less a fault which I intended not,
And let these dew drops wash away my spot,
It will not cleanse, O to what sacred flood,
Shall I resort to wash away this blood:
Amidst these Trees the holy *Clorin* dwells,
In a low *Cabin*, of cut boughs and heals,
All wounds, to her I will myself address,
And my rash faults repentantly confess:
Perhaps she'll find a means by Art or prayer,
To make my hand with chaste blood stained, fair
That done not far hence underneath some tree,
I'll have a little Cabin built since she,
Whom I adored is dead, there will I give,
Myself to strictness and like *Clorin* live.

exit.

wln 2532
wln 2533
wln 2534

*The Curtain is drawn, Clorin appears sitting in the Cabin,
Amoret sitting on the on side of her, Alexis and Cloe
on the other, the Satyr standing by.*

wln 2535
wln 2536
wln 2537
wln 2538
wln 2539

Clorin. Shepherd once more your blood is stayed,
Take example by this maid,
Who is healed ere you be pure,
so hard it is lewd lust to cure,
Take heed then how you turn your eye,

img: 39-b
sig: K2r

wln 2540
wln 2541
wln 2542
wln 2543
wln 2544
wln 2545
wln 2546
wln 2547
wln 2548
wln 2549
wln 2550
wln 2551
wln 2552
wln 2553
wln 2554
wln 2555
wln 2556
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wln 2567
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wln 2569
wln 2570
wln 2571
wln 2572
wln 2573
wln 2574
wln 2575
wln 2576
wln 2577

On these other lustfully,
And shepherdess take heed lest you,
Move his willing eye thereto,
Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile
Of yours, his weaker sense beguile,
Is your love yet true and chaste,
And forever so to last.

Alexis. I have forgot all vain desires,
All looser thoughts, ill tempered fires,
True love I find a pleasant fume,
Whose moderate heat can ne'er consume.

Cloe. And I a new fire feel in me,
Whose base end is not quenched to be.

Clorin. Join your hands with modest touch,
And forever keep you such.

Enter Perigot.

Perigot. Yon is her cabin, thus far off i'll stand,
And call her forth, for my unhallowed hand,
I dare not bring so near yon sacred place,
Clorin come forth and do a timely grace,
To a poor swain,

Clorin What art thou that dost call?
Clorin is ready to do good to all.

Come near.

Perigot I dare not. *Clorin.* *Satyr*, see
Who it is that calls on me.

Satyr There's a handsome swain doth stand,
Stretching out a bloody hand.

Perigot Come *Clorin* bring thy holy waters clear,
To wash my hand.

Clorin. What wonders have been here
Tonight stretch forth thy hand young swain,
Wash and rub it whilst I rain
Holy water.

Perigot Still you power,
But my hand will never scour.

Clorin *Satyr* bring him to the bower
We will try the sovereign power

wln 2578

wln 2579

img: 40-a
sig: K2v

wln 2580

wln 2581

wln 2582

wln 2583

wln 2584

wln 2585

wln 2586

wln 2587

wln 2588

wln 2589

wln 2590

wln 2591

wln 2592

wln 2593

wln 2594

wln 2595

wln 2596

wln 2597

wln 2598

wln 2599

wln 2600

wln 2601

wln 2602

wln 2603

wln 2604

wln 2605

wln 2606

wln 2607

wln 2608

wln 2609

wln 2610

wln 2611

wln 2612

wln 2613

wln 2614

wln 2615

img: 40-b
sig: K3r

wln 2616

wln 2617

wln 2618

Of other waters.

Satyr Mortal sure,

'Tis the blood of maiden pure

That stains he so.

*The Satyr leadeth him to the Bower, where he spieth Amoret
and kneeleth down: she knoweth him,*

Perigot Whate'er thou be.

Beest thou her sprite, or some divinity,
That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,
Pardon poor *Perigot*

Amoret I am thy love.

Thy *Amoret*. for evermore thy love:
Stick once more on my naked breast, I'll prove
As constant still, O canst thou love me yet,
How soon could I my former griefs forget.

Perigot So over-great with joy, that you live now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
doth seize me; hast thou still power to forgive,

Amoret Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to live,
More welcome now then hadst thou never gone
Astray from me.

Perigot And when thou lov'st alone
And not I, death or some lingering pain
That's worse, light on me.

Clorin. Now your stain
Perhaps will cleanse, thee once again
See the blood that erst did stay,
With the water drops away:
All the powers again are pleased,
And with this new knot are appeased:
Join your hands, and rise together,
Pan be blest that brought you hither.

Enter Priest and old Shepherd.

Clorin. Go back again whate'er thou art: unless
Smooth maiden thoughts possess thee, do not press
This hallowed ground, go *Satyr* take his hand,
And give him present trial.

Satyr Mortal stand.

Till by fire, I have made known
Whether thou be such a one,
That mayst freely tread this place,

wln 2619
wln 2620
wln 2621
wln 2622
wln 2623
wln 2624
wln 2625
wln 2626
wln 2627
wln 2628
wln 2629
wln 2630
wln 2631
wln 2632
wln 2633
wln 2634
wln 2635
wln 2636
wln 2637
wln 2638
wln 2639
wln 2640
wln 2641
wln 2642
wln 2643
wln 2644
wln 2645
wln 2646
wln 2647
wln 2648
wln 2649
wln 2650
wln 2651
wln 2652
wln 2653
wln 2654

Hold thy hand up, never was,
More untainted flesh than this,
Fairest he is full of bliss.
Clorin. Then boldly speak why dost thou seek this place,
Priest. First honored virgin to behold thy face,
Where all good dwells, that is, next for to try
The truth of late report, was given to me:
Those shepherds that have met with foul mischance,
Through much neglect, and more ill governance,
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure
The open air, or stay a longer cure,
And lastly what the doom may be, shall light
Upon those guilty wretches, through whose spite
All this confusion full. For to this place,
Thou holy maiden have I brought the race,
Of these offenders, who have freely told,
Both why, and by what means, they gave this bold
Attempt upon their lives.
Clorin. Fume all the ground,
And sprinkle holy water, for unsound
And foul Infection 'gins to fill the Air
It gathers yet more strongly,
Of Censors filled with Frankincense and Myrrh.
Together with cold Camphor, quickly stir.
The gentle *Satyr*, for the place begins
To sweat and labor, with the abhorred sins
Of those offenders, let them not come nigh,
For full of itching flame and leprosy,
Their very souls are, that the ground goes back,
And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black
And so unheard of venom, hie thee fast,
Thou holy man, and banish from the chaste,
These manlike monsters, let them never more
Be known upon these downs, but long before,
The next sun's rising, put them from the sight,
And memory of every honest wight.

img: 41-a
sig: K3v

wln 2655
wln 2656
wln 2657
wln 2658
wln 2659
wln 2660
wln 2661
wln 2662
wln 2663
wln 2664
wln 2665
wln 2666

Be quick in expedition, lest the sores
Of these weak patients, break into new gores
Perigot My dear dear *Amoret*, how happy are,
Those blessed pairs, in whom a little jar
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong
For time or steel, or envy to do wrong,
How do you feel your hurts, alas poor heart
How much I was abused, give me the smart
For it is justly mine.
Amoret I do believe.
It is enough dear friend, leave off to grieve,
And let us once more in despite of ill,

Exit Priest.

wln 2667
wln 2668
wln 2669
wln 2670
wln 2671
wln 2672
wln 2673
wln 2674
wln 2675
wln 2676
wln 2677
wln 2678

Give hands, and hearts again
Perigot with better will,
Than ere I went to find, in hottest day
Cool Crystal of the fountain, to allay
My eager thirst, may this band never break,
Hear us o heaven.
Amoret Be constant.
Perigot Else *Pan* wreak
With double vengeance, my disloyalty.
Let me not dare to know the company
Of men, or any more behold those eyes.
Amoret Thus shepherd with a kiss all envy dies.

wln 2679

Enter Priest.

wln 2680
wln 2681
wln 2682
wln 2683
wln 2684
wln 2685
wln 2686
wln 2687
wln 2688
wln 2689
wln 2690
wln 2691

Priest Bright Maid, I have performed your will, the swain
In whom such heat, and black rebellions reign
Hath undergone your sentence:
Only the maid I have reserved, whose face
shows much amendment, many a tear doth fall
In sorrow of her fault, great fair recall
Your heavy doom, in hope of better days
Which I dare promise: once again, upraise
her heavy Spirit, that ne'er drowned lies
In self-consuming care that never dies.
Clorin. I am content to pardon: call her in,
The air grows cool again, and doth begin

img: 41-b
sig: K4r

wln 2692
wln 2693
wln 2694
wln 2695
wln 2696
wln 2697
wln 2698
wln 2699
wln 2700
wln 2701
wln 2702
wln 2703
wln 2704
wln 2705
wln 2706
wln 2707
wln 2708
wln 2709
wln 2710
wln 2711
wln 2712

To purge itself, how bright the day doth show
After this stormy cloud, go *Satyr* go,
And with this taper boldly try her hand.
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
to be so still: we have performed a work
worthy the gods themselves *Satyr brings Amarillis in.*
Satyr Come forward Maiden, do not lurk
Nor hide your face with grief and shame,
Now or never get a name,
That may raise thee, and recure,
All thy life that was impure,
Hold your hand unto the flame,
If thou beest a perfect dame:
Or hast truly vowed to mend,
This pale fire will be thy friend.
See the Taper hurts her not,
Go thy ways let never spot,
Henceforth seize upon thy blood.
Thank the Gods and still be good.
Clorin. Young shepherdess now, ye are brought again
To virgin state, be so, and so remain

wln 2713
wln 2714
wln 2715
wln 2716
wln 2717
wln 2718
wln 2719
wln 2720
wln 2721
wln 2722
wln 2723
wln 2724
wln 2725
wln 2726
wln 2727
wln 2728
wln 2729

img: 42-a
sig: K4v

To thy last day, unless the faithful love
Of some good shepherd force thee to remove,
Then labor to be true to him, and live
As such a one, that ever strives to give
A blessed memory to after Time:
Be famous for your good, not for your crime.
Now holy man, I offer up again
These patients full of health, and free from pain
Keep them, from after ills, be ever near
Unto their actions: teach them how to clear,
The tedious way they pass though, from suspect
Keep them from wrong in others, or neglect
Of duty in themselves, correct the blood,
With thrifty bits and labor, let the flood,
Or the next neighboring spring give remedy
To greedy thirst, and travail, not the tree
That hangs with wanton clusters, let not wine

wln 2730
wln 2731
wln 2732
wln 2733
wln 2734
wln 2735
wln 2736
wln 2737
wln 2738
wln 2739
wln 2740
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wln 2751
wln 2752
wln 2753
wln 2754
wln 2755
wln 2756
wln 2757
wln 2758
wln 2759
wln 2760

Unless in sacrifice or rights divine,
Be ever known of shepherds, have a care,
Thou man of holy life, Now do not spare,
Their faults through much remissness, not forget,
To cherish him, whose many pains and sweat,
Hath given increase, and added to the downs.
Sort all your Shepherds from the lazy clowns:
That feed their heifers in the budded Brooms,
Teach the young maidens strictness that the grooms
May ever fear to tempt their blowing youth,
Banish all compliment but single truth.
From every tongue, and every Shepherd's heart,
Let them use persuading, but no Art:
Thus holy *Priest*, I wish to thee and these,
All the best goods and comforts that may please,
All. And all those blessings Heaven did ever give,
We pray upon this Bower may ever live.
Priest. Kneel every Shepherd, whilst with powerful hand,
I bless you after labors, and the Land.
You feed your flocks upon Great *Pan* defend you.
From misfortune and amend you,
Keep you from those dangers still,
That are followed by your will:
Give ye means to know at length,
All your Riches all your strength.
Cannot keep your foot from falling,
To lewd lust, that still is calling,
At your cottage, till his power,
Bring again that golden hour:
Of peace and rest, to every soul.
May his care of you control,

wln 2761
wln 2762
wln 2763
wln 2764
wln 2765
wln 2766
wln 2767
wln 2768
wln 2769

img: 42-b
sig: L1r

All diseases, sores or pain,
That in after time may reign,
Either in your flocks or you,
Give ye all affections new.
New desires and tempers new,
That ye may be ever true.
Now rise and go, and as ye pass away,
Sing to the God of sheep, that happy lay:
That honest *Dorus* taught ye, *Dorus* he,

wln 2770

That was the soul and God of melody.

wln 2771

Song.

they all sing.

wln 2772

All ye Woods, and Trees, and Bowers,

wln 2773

All ye virtues, and ye powers:

wln 2774

That inhabit in the lakes,

wln 2775

In the pleasant springs or brakes.

wln 2776

Move your feet,

wln 2777

to our sound:

wln 2778

Whilst we greet,

wln 2779

all this ground.

wln 2780

With his honor and his name.

wln 2781

That defends our flocks from blame.

wln 2782

He is great, and he is just,

wln 2783

He is ever good and must:

wln 2784

Thus be honored, Daffodilies,

wln 2785

Roses, Pinks, and loved Lillies.

wln 2786

Let us fling,

wln 2787

Whilst we sing,

wln 2788

Ever holy,

wln 2789

Ever holy.

wln 2790

Ever honored, ever young,

wln 2791

Thus great Pan is ever sung.

Exeunt.

wln 2792

Satyr. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,

wln 2793

Thou most powerful maid, and whitest.

wln 2794

Thou most virtuous, and most blessed,

wln 2795

Eyes of Stars and Golden Tressed,

wln 2796

Like *Apollo*, tell me sweetest,

wln 2797

What new service now is meetest.

wln 2798

For thee *Satyr* shall I stray,

wln 2799

In the middle Air and stay,

wln 2800

Thy Sailing Rack or nimbly take,

wln 2801

Hold by the Moon, and gently make.

img: 43-a
sig: L1v

wln 2802
wln 2803
wln 2804
wln 2805
wln 2806
wln 2807
wln 2808
wln 2809
wln 2810
wln 2811
wln 2812
wln 2813
wln 2814
wln 2815
wln 2816

Suit to the pale Queen of the night,
For a Beam to give thee light,
Shall I dive into the Sea,
And bring the coral making way,
Through the rising waves that fall,
In snowy fleeces, dearest shall,
I catch the wanton fawns, or flies,
Whose woven wings the Summer dyes,
For many colors get thee fruit,
Or steal from Heaven old *Orpheus* ' Lute
All these I venture for and more,
To do her service, all these Woods adore
Clorin. No other Service *Satyr* but thy watch,
About these Thicks least harmless people catch,
Mischief or sad mischance.

wln 2817
wln 2818
wln 2819
wln 2820
wln 2821
wln 2822
wln 2823
wln 2824
wln 2825
wln 2826
wln 2827
wln 2828

Satyr. *Holy virgin*, I will dance,
Round about these woods as quick,
As the breaking light, and prick,
Down the lawns, and down the vales,
Faster than the Windmill sails.
So I take my leave and pray,
All the comforts of the day:
Such as *Phoebus* ' heat doth send,
On the Earth may still be friend,
Thee and this *Arbor*.
Clorin. And to thee,
All thy master's love be free.

exeunt.

img: 43-b
sig: [N/A]

*FINIS. The Pastoral of the
faithful Shepherdess.*

Textual Notes

1. **6 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *concluded* is supplied for the original *conclud[*]d*.
2. **16 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *said* is supplied for the original *s[*]id*.
3. **21 (5-a)**: The regularized reading *knowing* is amended from the original *kowing*.
4. **184 (7-b)**: The regularized reading *thee* is amended from the original *thee*.
5. **331 (9-b)**: The regularized reading *freer* is amended from the original *freer*.
6. **496 (11-b)**: The regularized reading *freer* is amended from the original *freer*.
7. **612 (13-a)**: The regularized reading *lowed* comes from the original *lowde*, though possible variants include *low*.
8. **634 (13-b)**: The regularized reading *sweetest* is amended from the original *sweeeest*.
9. **669 (14-a)**: The regularized reading *refine* is amended from the original *resine*.
10. **706 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *poets* is amended from the original *ports*.
11. **756 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *praise* comes from the original *praies*, though possible variants include *prayers*.
12. **792 (15-b)**: The regularized reading *women* is amended from the original *wowen*.
13. **991 (18-a)**: The regularized reading *your* is amended from the original *yous*.
14. **1089 (19-a)**: The regularized reading *awaketh* is amended from the original *awakeh*.
15. **1116 (19-b)**: The regularized reading *here's* is amended from the original *heeee's*.
16. **1128 (19-b)**: Prefix for Amarillis, the actual character, being used in place of Amoret, the disguise she has put on. Prefix is at variance with usage for the rest of the scene.
17. **1129 (19-b)**: Prefix for Amarillis, the actual character, being used in place of Amoret, the disguise she has put on. Prefix is at variance with usage for the rest of the scene.
18. **1298 (22-a)**: The regularized reading *silly* is amended from the original *filly*.
19. **1346 (22-b)**: Prefix for Amarillis, the actual character, being used in place of Amoret, the disguise she has put on. Prefix is at variance with usage for the rest of the scene.
20. **1362 (22-b)**: The regularized reading *would* is amended from the original *wood*.
21. **1383 (23-a)**: The regularized reading *Amoret* is amended from the original *Auso*.
22. **1556 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *Finis* is amended from the original *Sinis*.
23. **1567 (26-b)**: Likely missing a word after *to*.
24. **1670 (27-b)**: The regularized reading *Grooms* is amended from the original *Gwomes*.
25. **1768 (29-a)**: The regularized reading *milk* is supplied for the original *mi[*]ke*.
26. **1788 (29-b)**: The regularized reading *feel* is supplied for the original *fee[*]e*.
27. **2023 (32-b)**: The regularized reading *after-memory* is supplied for the original *aff[*]er memorye*.
28. **2386 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *Shepherd* is supplied for the original *Sheeph[*]ard*.

29. 2771 (42-b): The regularized reading *they* is amended from the original *the*.