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In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

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In 0007

In 0008

THE
FAITHFVLL
Shepherdesse.

By IOHN FLETCHER.

Printed at London for *R. Bonian*
and *H. Walley*, and are to be sold at
the spred Eagle ouer against the
great North dore of S. Paules.

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*To that noble and true louer of learning,
Sir VVALTER ASTON knight
of the Bath.*

Sir I must aske your patience, and be trew.
This play was neuer liked, vnlesse by few
That brought their iudgements with vm, for of late
First the infection, then the common prate
Of common people, haue such customes got
Either to silence plaies, or like them not.
Vnder the last of which this interlude,
Had falne for euer prest downe by the rude
That like a torrent which the moist south feedes,
Drowne's both before him the ripe corne and weedes:
Had not the sauing sence of better men
Redeem'd it from corruption: (deere Sir then)
Among the better soules, be you the best
In whome, as in a Center I take rest,
And proper being: from whose equall eye
And iudgement, nothing growes but puritie:
(Nor do I flatter) for by all those dead,
Great in the muses, by *Apolloes* head,
He that ads any thing to you; tis done
Like his that lights a candle to the sunne:
Then be as you were euer, your selfe still
Moued by your iudgement, not by loue, or will
And when I sing againe as who can tell
My next deuotion to that holy well,
Your goodnesse to the muses shall be all,
Able to make a worke Heroyicall.

*Giuen to your seruice
IOHN FLETCHER.*

¶

ln 0001

ln 0002

To the inheritour of all worthines,
Sir William Scipwith.

ln 0003

Ode.

ln 0004

If from seruile hope or loue,

ln 0005

I may proue

ln 0006

But so happy to be thought for

ln 0007

Such a one whose greatest ease

ln 0008

Is to please

ln 0009

(Worthy sir) I haue all I sought for,

ln 0010

For no ich of greater name,

ln 0011

which some clame

ln 0012

By their verses do I show it

ln 0013

To the world; nor to protest

ln 0014

Tis the best

ln 0015

These are leane faults, in a poet

ln 0016

Nor to make it serue to feed

ln 0017

at my neede

ln 0018

Nor to gaine acquaintance by it

ln 0019

Nor to rauish kinde Atturnies,

ln 0020

in their iournies.

ln 0021

Nor to read it after diet

ln 0022

Fare from me are all these Ames

ln 0023

Fittest frames

ln 0024

To build weakenesse on and pitty

ln 0025

Onely to your selfe, and such

ln 0026

whose true touch

ln 0027

Makes all good; let me seeme witty.

ln 0028

The Admirer of your vertues,

ln 0029

IOHN FLETCHER.

img: 3-b
sig: ¶2r

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To the perfect gentleman Sir
Robert Townesend.

IF the greatest faults may craue
Pardon where contrition is
(Noble Sir) I needes must have
A long one; for a long amisse
If you aske me (how is this)
Vpon my faith Ile tell you frankly,
You loue about my meanes to thanke yee.
Yet according to my Talent
As sowre fortune loues to vse me
A poore Shepheard I haue sent,
In home-spun gray for to excuse me.
And may all my hopes refuse me:
But when better comes ashore,
You shall haue better, newer, more.
Til when, like our desperate debtors,
Or our three pild sweete protesters
I must please you in bare letters
And so pay my debts; like iesters,
Yet I oft haue seene good feasters,
Onely for to please the pallet,
Leaue great meat and chuse a sallet.

All yours Iohn
Fletcher:

ln 0001

To The Reader.

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

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IF you be not reasonably assurde of your knowledge in this kinde of Poeme, lay downe the booke or read this, which I would wish had bene the prologue. It is a pastorall Tragie-comedie, which the people seeing when it was plaid, hauing euer had a singular guise in defining, conclud[*]id to be a play of countrie hired Shepheards, in gray cloakes, with curtaild dogs in strings, sometimes laughing together, and sometimes killing one another: And missing whitsun ales, creame, wassel & morris-dances, began to be angry. In their error I would not haue you fall, least you incurre their censure. Vnderstand therefore a pastorall to be a representation of shepheards and shepherdesses, with their actions and passions, which must be such as may agree with their natures at least not exceeding former fictions, & vulgar traditions: they are not to be adorn'd with any art, but such improper ones as nature is s[*]id to bestow, as subging and Poetry, or such as experience may teach them, as the vertues of hearts, & fountaine the ordinary course of the Sun, moone, and starres, and such like. But you are euer to remember Shepherds to be such, as all the ancient Poets and moderne of vnderstanding haue receaued them: that is, the owners of flockes and not hyerlings A tragie-comedie is not so called in respect of mirth and killing but in respect it wants deaths, which is inough to make it no tragedie, yet brings some neere it, which is inough to make it no comedie: which must be a representation of familiar people, with such kinde of trouble as no life be questiond, so that a God is as lawfull in this as in a tragedie, and meane people as in a comedie. Thus much I hope will serue to iustifie my Poeme, and make you vnderstand it, to teach you more for nothing, I do not know that I am in conscience bound.

ln 0032

John Fletcher.

ln 0001

To my lou'd friend M. Iohn Fletcher, on his Pastoralls

ln 0002

CAn my approouement (Sir) be worth your thanks?

ln 0003

Whose vnknowne name and muse (in swathing clowtes)

ln 0004

Is not yet growne to strength, among these rankes

ln 0005

To haue a roome and beare off the sharpe flowtes

ln 0006

Of this our pregnant age, that does despise

ln 0007

All innocent verse, that lets alone her vice.

ln 0008

But I must iustifie what priuately,

ln 0009

I censurd to you: my ambition is

ln 0010

(Euen by my hopes and loue to Poesie)

ln 0011

To liue to perfect such a worke, as this,

ln 0012

Clad in such elegant proprietie

ln 0013

Of words, including a mortallitie.

ln 0014

So sweete and profitable, though each man that heares,

ln 0015

(And learning has enough to clap and hisse)

ln 0016

Ariues not too't, so misty it appeares;

ln 0017

And to their filmed reasons, so amisse:

ln 0018

But let Art looke in truth, she like a mirror,

ln 0019

Reflects her comfort, ignorances terror

ln 0020

Sits in her owne brow, being made afraid,

ln 0021

Of her vnnatural complexion,

ln 0022

As ougly women (when they are araid

ln 0023

By glasses) loath their true reflection,

ln 0024

Then how can such opinions iniure thee,

ln 0025

That tremble, at their owne deformitie?

ln 0026

Opinion, that great foole, makes fooles of all,

ln 0027

And (once) I feard her till I met a minde

ln 0028

Whose graue instructions philosophicall,

ln 0029

Toss'd it like dust vpon a march strong winde,

ln 0030

He shall for euer my example be,

ln 0031

And his embraced doctrine grow in me.

ln 0032

His soule (& such commend this) that commaund

ln 0033

Such art, it should me better satisfie,

ln 0034

Then if the monster clapt his thousand hands,

ln 0035

And drownd the sceane with his confused cry;

ln 0036

And if doubts rise, loe their owne names to cleare'em

ln 0037

Whilst I am happy but to stand so neere'em.

ln 0038

N. F.

ln 0001
ln 0002

To my friend Maister *John Fletcher*,
vpon his faithfull Shepheardesse.

ln 0003
ln 0004
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ln 0048

I Know too well that no more then the man
That trauels through the burning desarts, can
When he is beaten with the raging sunne,
Halfe smotherd with the dust, haue povver to runne
From a coole riuier, which himselfe doth finde,
Ere he be slak'd: no more can he vvwhose minde
Ioies in the muses, hold from that delight,
When nature, and his full thoughts bid him write,
Yet wish I those whome I for friends haue knovvne,
To sing their thoughts to no eares but their ovvne:
Why should the man, whose wit nere had a staine,
Vpon the publike stage present his vaine,
And make a thousand men in iudgement sit,
To call in question his vndoubted vvvit,
Scarce tvvo of vvwhich can vnderstand the lavves
Which they should iudge by, nor the parties cause,
Among the rout there is not one that hath
In his owne censure an explicite faith.
One company **kowing** they iudgement lacke,
Ground their beliefe on the next man in blacke:
Others, on him that makes signes, and is mute,
Some like as he does in the fairest sute,
He as his mistres doth, and she by chance,
Nor vvants there those, who as the boy doth dance
Betweene the actes, will censure the whole play:
Some like if the vvax lights be nev v that day:
But multitudes there are whose iudgements goes
Headlong according to the actors clothes.
For this, these publicke things and I, agree
So ill, that but to do aright to thee,
I had not bene perswaded to haue hurld
These few, ill spoken lines, into the world,
Both to be read, and censurd of, by those,
Whose very reading makes verse senceles prose,
Such as must spend aboue an houre, to spell
A challenge on a post, to knovv it vvell,
But since it was thy happe to throvv avvay,
Much vvvit, for which the people did not pay,
Because they savv it not, I not dislike
This second publication, which may strike
Their consciences, to see the thing they scornd,
To be vvith so much will and art adornd.
Bisides one vantage more in this I see,
Your censurers must haue the quallitie
Of reading, which I am affraid is more
Then halfe your shreudest iudges had before.

wln 0001

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0002

Actus primi, Scena prima.

wln 0003

*Enter Clorin a Shepheardesse hauing buried her
loue in an Arbour.*

wln 0004

wln 0005

HAile holy earth, whose colde armes do embrace

wln 0006

The truest man that euer fed his flockes:

wln 0007

By the fat plaines of fruitfull Thessaly,

wln 0008

Thus I salute thy graue, thus do I pay

wln 0009

My early vowes and tribute of mine eies,

wln 0010

To thy still loued ashes: thus I free

wln 0011

My selfe from all ensuing heates and fires

wln 0012

Of loue, all sports, delights and games,

wln 0013

That Shepheards hold full deare: thus put I off.

wln 0014

Now no more shall these smooth browes be girt,

wln 0015

With youthfull coronals, and lead the dance,

wln 0016

No more the company of fresh faire Maids

wln 0017

And wanton shepheards be to me delightfull.

wln 0018

Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes,

wln 0019

Vnder some shady dell when the coole winde

wln 0020

Plaies on the leaues, all be farre away:

wln 0021

Since thou art farre away: by whose deare side,

wln 0022

How often haue I sat crownd with fresh flowers

wln 0023

For Summers queene, whilst euer Shepheards boy,

wln 0024

Puts on his lusty greene with gaudy hooke,

wln 0025

And hanging scrippe of finest cordeuan:

wln 0026

But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,

wln 0027

And all are dead but thy deare memorie:

wln 0028

That shall outliue thee, and shall euer spring,

wln 0029

Whilst there are pipes, or lolly shepheards sing.

B

And

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0030 And heere will I, in honor of thy loue,
wln 0031 Dwell by thy graue, forgetting all those ioyes,
wln 0032 That former times made precious to mine eies:
wln 0033 Onely remembring what my youth did gaine,
wln 0034 In the darke hidden vertuous vse of hearbs:
wln 0035 That I will I practise, and as freely giue
wln 0036 All my endeauours, as I gaine them free.
wln 0037 Of all greene wounds I know the remedies,
wln 0038 In men or cattell, be they stung with snakes,
wln 0039 Or charmd with powerfull words of wicked art,
wln 0040 Or be they loue-sicke, or through too much heat
wln 0041 Growne wilde or lunaticke, their eies or eares
wln 0042 Thicked with misty filme of dulling rume,
wln 0043 These I can cure, such secret vertue lies
wln 0044 In hearbs applyed by a virgins hand:
wln 0045 My meat shall be what these wilde woods affoord,
wln 0046 Berries, and Chesnuts, Plantains, on whose cheeks
wln 0047 The Sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
wln 0048 Puld from the faire head of the strait growne pine:
wln 0049 On these Ile feede with free content and rest,
wln 0050 When night shal blinde the world, by thy side blest.

Enter a Satyre.

wln 0051
wln 0052 *Sat.* Through yon same bending plaine,
wln 0053 That flings his armes downe to the maine,
wln 0054 And through these thicke woods haue I runne,
wln 0055 whose bottome neuer kist the Sunne
wln 0056 Since the lusty spring began,
wln 0057 All to please my Maister Pan,
wln 0058 Haue I trotted without rest
wln 0059 To get him fruit, for at a feast,
wln 0060 He entertaines this comming night,
wln 0061 His Paramoure the Syrinx bright:
wln 0062 But behold a fairer sight
wln 0063 By that heauenly forme of thine,
wln 0064 Brightest faire thou art deuine:
wln 0065 Sprong from great immortall race
wln 0066 Of the Gods: for in thy face,
wln 0067 Shines more awfull maiesty,

He stands amazed.

Then

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0068 Then dull weake mortalitie
wln 0069 Dare with misty eies behould
wln 0070 And liue, therefore on this mould,
wln 0071 Lowly do I bend my knee,
wln 0072 In worship of thy dietie,
wln 0073 Deigne it Goddess from my hand,
wln 0074 To receiue what ere this land,
wln 0075 From her firtile wombe doth send
wln 0076 Of her choise fruites: and but lend,
wln 0077 Beliefe to that the Satyre tels,
wln 0078 Fairer by the famous wells,
wln 0079 To this present day nere grewe,
wln 0080 Neuer better nor more true,
wln 0081 Heere be grapes whose lusty blood,
wln 0082 Is the learned Poets good,
wln 0083 Sweeter yet did neuer crowne,
wln 0084 The head of Bacchus, nuts more browne
wln 0085 Then the squirrels teeth that cracke them,
wln 0086 Deigne ô fairest faire to take them,
wln 0087 For these black ey'd *Driope*,
wln 0088 Hath often times commaunded me,
wln 0089 With my clasped knee to clime,
wln 0090 See how well the lusty time,
wln 0091 Hath deckt their rising cheekes in red,
wln 0092 Such as on your lips is spred,
wln 0093 Heere be berries for a Queene,
wln 0094 Some be red, some be greene:
wln 0095 These are of that lussious meat,
wln 0096 The great God Pan, himselfe doth eate:
wln 0097 All these, and what the woods can yeeld,
wln 0098 The hanging mountaine or the field,
wln 0099 I freely offer, and ere long,
wln 0100 Will bring you more, more sweet and strong.
wln 0101 Till when humbly leaue I take,
wln 0102 Least the great *Pan* do awake:
wln 0103 That sleeping lies in a deepe glade,
wln 0104 Vnde a broad beeches shade:
wln 0105 I must goe, I must runne,
wln 0106 Swifter then the fiery Sunne.

B2

Exit.

Clo And

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0107
wln 0108
wln 0109
wln 0110
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wln 0146

Clorin. And all my feares goe with thee.
What greatnesse or what priuate hidden power,
Is there in me to draw submission,
From this rude man, and beast? sure I am mortall,
The daughter of a Shepheard, he was mortall:
And she that bore me mortall: pricke my hand
And it will bleed: a feauer shakes me,
And the selfsame winde that makes the yoūg lambs shrinke,
Makes me a cold, my feare saies I am mortall:
Yet I haue heard (my mother told it me)
And now I doe belieue it, if I keepe
My virgin flower vncropt, pure, chaste, & faire,
No Goblin, wood-god, Faiery, Elfe, or Fiend,
Satyr or other power that haunts these groaues,
Shall hurt my body, or by vaine illusion,
Draw me to wander after idle fiers.
Or voices calling me in dead of night,
To make me followe, and so tole me on,
Through mires and standing pooles:
Else why should this rough thing, who neuer knew
Manners, nor smooth humanitie, whose heates
Are rougher then himselfe, and more mishapen,
Thus mildely kneele to me? sure there is a power
In that great name of virgin; that bindes fast
All rude vnciuill bloods, all appetites
That breake their confines: then strong chastity,
Be thou my strongest garde, for heere Il'e dwell
In opposition against Fate and Hell.

*Enter an olde shepheard, with foure couple of Shep-
heards and Shepheardesses.*

Old Shep. Now we haue done this holy festiuall,
In honour of our great God, and his rights
Perform'd, prepare your selues for chast
And vncorrupted fires: that as the priest,
With powerful hand shall sprinkle on your browes
His pure and holy water, ye may be
From all hot flames of lust, and loose thoughts free,
Kneele shepheardes kneele, heere comes the Priest of *Pan*.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Shepheardes thus I purge away,

What-

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

wln 0147 Whatsoever this great day,
wln 0148 Or the past houres gaue 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 quicke desires,
wln 0153 They do kindle by their fires.
wln 0154 I do wash you with this water,
wln 0155 Be you pure and faire heereafter.
wln 0156 From your liuers and your vaines,
wln 0157 Thus I take away the staines.
wln 0158 All your thoughts be smooth and faire,
wln 0159 Be ye fresh and free as ayre.
wln 0160 Neuer more let lustfull heat,
wln 0161 Through your purged conduits beate,
wln 0162 Or a plighted troth be broken,
wln 0163 Or a wanton verse be spoken:
wln 0164 In a Shepherdesse eare,
wln 0165 Go your waies y'are all cleare.

They rise and sing in praise of Pan.

wln 0167

The Song.

wln 0168 Sing his praises that doth keepe,
wln 0169 our Flockes from harme,
wln 0170 *Pan* the Father of our sheepe,
wln 0171 And arme in arme
wln 0172 Tread we softly in a round,
wln 0173 Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground,
wln 0174 Fills the musicke with her sound,
wln 0175 *Pan*, o great God, *Pan* to thee
wln 0176 Thus do we sing:
wln 0177 Thou that keepest vs chaste and free,
wln 0178 As the young spring,
wln 0179 Euer be thy honour spoke,
wln 0180 From that place the morne is broke,
wln 0181 To that place Day doth vnyoke.

Exeunt omnes but Perigot and Amoret.

wln 0182 *Peri.* Stay gentle *Amoret* thou faire browd maide,
wln 0183 Thy Shepheard praies **thee** stay, that holds thee deere.
wln 0184

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0185
wln 0186
wln 0187
wln 0188
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wln 0224

Equall with his soules good:

Amo. Speake, I giue

Thee freedome Shepheard, & thy tongue be still

The same it euer was: as free from ill

As he whose conuersation neuer knew

The court or cittie: be thou euer true.

Peri. When I fall off from my affection,

Or mingle my cleane thoughts with foule desires,

First let our great God cease to keepe my flockes,

That being left alone without a guard,

The wolfe, or winters rage, sommers great heat,

And want of water, rots: or what to vs

Of ill is yet vnknowne, fall speedily,

And in their generall ruine let me goe.

Amo. I pray thee gentle Shepheard wish not soe,

I do belieue thee: tis as hard for me

To thinke thee false, and harder then for thee

To holde me foule. *Peri.* ô you are fairer farre,

Then the chaste blushing morne, or that faire starre,

That guides the wandring seaman through the deepes

Straighter then the straightest pine vpon the steepe

Head of an aged mountaine, and more white,

Then the new milke we strip before day light

From the full freighted bags of our faire flockes:

Your haire more beautious then those hanging lockes

Of young *Apollo*.

Amo. Shepheard be not lost,

Ye are saild too farre alreadie from the coast

Of our discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once

I should not loue alone, I should not loose

Those many passions, voves and holy oathes,

I haue sent to heauen: did you not giue your hand,

Euen that faire hand in hostage? do not then

Giue backe againe those sweetes to other men.

You your selfe vovd were mine,

Amo. Shepheard so farre as maidens modesty

May giue assurance, I am once more thine,

Once more I giue my hand, be euer free

From that great foe to faith, foule iealousie.

Peri

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0225
wln 0226
wln 0227
wln 0228
wln 0229
wln 0230
wln 0231
wln 0232
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wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264

Peri. I take it as my best good, and desire
For stronger confirmation of our loue,
To meete this happy night in that faire groue,
Where all true shepheards haue rewarded bene
For their long seruice: say sweet shall it hould?
Amo. Deere friend you must not blame me if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may doe,
Coupled with this dayes heat to mooue your blood:
Maids must be fearefull, sure you haue not bene
Washd white enough, for yet I see a staine
Sticke in your liuer, goe and purge againe.
Peri. O do not wrong my honest simple truth,
My selfe and my affections are as pure,
As those chaste flames that burne before the shrine,
Of the great Dian: onely my intent
To draw you thither, was to plight our trothes,
With interchange of mutuall chaste imbraces,
And ceremonious tying of our soules:
For to that holy wood is consecrate,
A vertuous Well, about whose flowery bancks,
The nimble footed Faeries daunce their rounds,
By the pale mooneshine, dipping often times
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh, and dull mortalitie:
By this faire Fount hath many a Shepheard sworne,
And giuen away his freedome, many a troth
Beene plight, which neither enuy nor ould time
Could euer breake, with many a chaste kisse giuen,
In hope of comming happinesse: by this
Fresh Fountaine many a blushing maide
Hath crownd the head of her long loued shepheard,
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung,
Laies of his loue and deare captiuitie,
There growes all hearbs fit to coole looser flames,
Our sensuall parts prouoke chiding our bloodes,
And quenching by their power those hidden sparks,
That else would breake out, and prouoke our sence,
To open fires, so vertuous is that place:
Then gentle Shepheardesse belieue and grant,
In troth it fits not with that face to scant.

Your

The faithfull Sheph[*]ardesse.

wln 0265
wln 0266
wln 0267
wln 0268
wln 0269
wln 0270
wln 0271
wln 0272
wln 0273
wln 0274
wln 0275
wln 0276
wln 0277
wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280

Your faithfull Shepheard of those chaste desires,
He euer aimd at, and —

Amo. Thou hast preuaild, farwell, this comming night,
Shal crowne thy chaste hopes with long wishd delight.

Peri. Our great God *Pan* reward thee for that good,
Thou hast giuen thy poore shepheard fairest bud
Of maiden vertues: when I leaue to be
The true admirer of thy chastitie,
Let me deserue the hot polluted name,
Of a wilde woodman, or affect some dame
Whose often prostitution hath begot,
More foule diseases, then euer yet the hot
Sun bred through his burnings, whilst the dog
Pursues the raging Lyon, throwing fog
And deadly vapor from his angry breath.
Filling the lower world with plague and death.

exit Amo

wln 0281

Enter an other Shepheardesse that is in loue with Perigot.

wln 0282
wln 0283
wln 0284
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

Amaril. Shepheard may I desire to be belieued,
What I shall blushing tell?

Peri. Faire maide you may.

Amaril. Then softly thus, I loue thee *Perigot*,
And would be gladder to be lou'd againe,
Then the colde earth is in his frozen armes
To clip the wanton spring: nay do not start,
Nor wonder that I woe thee! thou that art
The prime of our young grooms, euen the top
Of all our lusty Shepheards: what dull eie
That neuer was acquainted with desire,
Hath seene thee wrastle, run, or cast the stone,
With nimble strength and faire deliury,
And hath not sparckled fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighbouring vaines?
Who euer heard thee sing, that brought againe,
That freedome backe was lent vnto thy voice?
Then do not blame me (shepheard) if I be
One to be numbred in this company,
Since none that euer saw thee yet, were free.

Peri. Faire Shepheardesse much pittie I can lend,

To

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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
wln 0316
wln 0317
wln 0318
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wln 0320
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wln 0330
wln 0331
wln 0332
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wln 0334
wln 0335
wln 0336
wln 0337
wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342

To your complaints: but sure I shal not loue:
All that is mine, my selfe and my best hopes,
Are giuen already: do not loue him then
That cannot loue againe: on other men
Bestowe those heates more free, that may returne
You fire for fire, and in one flame equall burne.

Amaril. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most vnkinde of men?
If I were old, or had agreed with Art,
To giue another nature to my cheekes,
Or were I common mistris to the loue
Of euery swaine, or could I with such ease
Call backe my loue, as many a wanton doth,
Thou mightst refuse me Shepheard, but to thee
I am onely fixt and set, let it not be
A sport, thou gentle Shepheard, to abuse
The loue of silly maide.

Peri. Faire soule, ye vse
These words to little end: for knowe, I may
Better call backe, that time was yesterday,
Or stay the comming night, then bring my loue
Home to my selfe againe, or recreant proue.
I will no longer hold you with delaies,
This present night I haue appointed bene,
To meet that chaste faire (that enioyes my soule)
In yonder groue, there to make vp our loues.
Be not deceau'd no longer, choose againe,
These neighbouring plaines haue many a comely swaine,
Fresher and **freer** farre then I ere was,
Bestowe that loue on them and let me passe,
Farwell, be happy in a better choise.

exit

Amar. Cruell, thou hast strucke me deader with thy voice
Then if the angry heauens with their quicke flames,
Had shot me through: I must not leaue to loue,
I cannot, no I must enioy thee boy,
Though the great dangers twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite: there is a Shepheard dwels
Downe by the More, whose life hath euer showne
More sullen discontent then Saturnes browe,
When he sits frowning on the birthes of men:

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0343
wln 0344
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wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
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wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381
wln 0382

One that doth weare himselfe away in lonenesse,
And neuer ioyes vnlesse it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutuall soules:
One that lusts after euery seuerall beauty,
But neuer yet was knowne to loue or like,
Were the face fairer or more full of truth,
Then *Phœbe* in her fulnesse, or the youth
Of smooth *Lyeus*, whose nye starued flockes
Are alwaies scabby, and infect all sheepe
They feede withall, whose lambes are euer last,
And dye before their weaning, and whose dog,
Lookes like his Maister, leane, and full of scurffe,
Not caring for the pipe or whistle: this man may
(If he be wel wrought) do a deede of wonder,
Forcing me passage to my long desires:
And heere he comes, as fitly to my purpose
As my quicke thoughts could wish for.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. Fresh beautie, let me not be thought vnciuill,
Thus to be partner of your lonenesse: t'was
My loue (that euer working passion) drew
Me to this place to seeke some remedie
For my sicke soule: be not vnkinde and faire,
For such, the mightie *Cupid* in his dombe
Hath sworne to be aueng'd on, then giue roome
To my consuming fires, that so I may
Inioy my long desires, and so allay
Those flames, that else would burne my life away.

Amar. Shepheard, were I but sure thy heart were sound
As thy words seeme to be, meanes might be found
To cure thee of thy long paines: for to me
That heauy youth consuming miserie,
The loue sicke soule endures, neuer was pleasing,
I could be well content with the quicke easing
Of thee & thy hot fires, might it procure
Thy faith, and farther seruice to be sure.
Name but that great worke, danger, or what can
Be compast by the wit or art of man,
And if I faile in my performance, may
I neuer more kneele to the rysing day,

Amar. Then thus I try thee shepheard, this same night,

That

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0383
wln 0384
wln 0385
wln 0386
wln 0387
wln 0388
wln 0389
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wln 0419
wln 0420
wln 0421
wln 0422

That now comes stealing on, a gentle paire
Haue promis'd equall loue, and do appoint
To make yon wood the place, where hands and hearts
Are to be tied for euer: breake their meeting
And their strong faith, and I am euer thine.

Sul. Tell me their names, and if I doe not moue
(By my great power) the center of their loue
From his fixt being, let me neuer more,
Warme me, by those faire eies I thus adore.

Amar. Come, as we goe Ile tell thee what they are,
And giue thee fit directions for thy worke.

exeunt.

Enter Cloe.

How haue I wrongd the times, or men, that thus,
After this holy feast I passe vnknowne,
And vnsaluted? t'was not wont to be
Thus frozen with the younger company
Of iolly shepheards: 'twas not then held good,
For lusty groomes to mixe their quicker blood
With that dull humor: most vnfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull chastitie:
Sure I am held not faire, or am too ould,
Or else not free enough, or from my fould
Driue not a flocke sufficient great, to gaine
The greedy eies of wealth alluring swaine.
Yet if I may belieue what others say,
My face has foile enough, nor can they lay
Iustly too strict a coyresse to my charge.
My flockes are many, and the downes as large
They feed vppon: then let it euer be
Their coldnesse, not my virgin modesty
Makes me complaine.

Enter Thenot.

The. Was euer man but I,
Thus truely taken with vncertaintie?
Where shall that man be found that loues a minde
Made vp in constancy, and dares not finde
his loue rewarded? heere, let all men knowe,
A wretch that liues to loue his mistres so.

Cloe, Shepherd I pray thee stay, where haste thou bene,
Or whether goest thou? heere be woods as greene

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0423 As any, ayre as fresh and sweet,
wln 0424 As where smooth *Zephirus* plaies on the fleet
wln 0425 Face of the curled streames: with flowers as many
wln 0426 As the young spring giues, and as choise as any:
wln 0427 Heere be all new delights, coole streames and wels,
wln 0428 Arbors are growne with wood bines, Caues, and dels,
wln 0429 Chuse where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
wln 0430 Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
wln 0431 For thy long fingers, tell thee tales of loue,
wln 0432 How the pale *Phæbe* hunting in a groue,
wln 0433 First saw the boy *Endimion*, from whose eyes,
wln 0434 She tooke eternall fire, that neuer dies,
wln 0435 How she conuaid him softly in a sleepe,
wln 0436 His temples bound with poppy to the steep
wln 0437 Head of old *Latmus*, where she stoopes each night,
wln 0438 Gilding the mountaine with her brothers light
wln 0439 To kisse her sweetest.

wln 0440 *Thenot.* Farre from me are these
wln 0441 Hot flashes bred from wanton heat and ease,
wln 0442 I haue forgot what loue and louing meant,
wln 0443 Rimes, Songs, and merry rounds, that oft are sent
wln 0444 To the soft eare of Maid, are strange to me:
wln 0445 Onely I liue t'admire a chastity,
wln 0446 That neither pleasing age, smooth tongue, or gold,
wln 0447 Could euer breake vpon, so sure the molde
wln 0448 Is, that her minde was cast in: tis to her
wln 0449 I onely am reserued, she is my forme, I stirre
wln 0450 By, breath, and mooue: tis she and only she
wln 0451 Can make me happy or giue misery.

wln 0452 *Cloe.* Good Shepheard, may a stranger craue to know,
wln 0453 To whome this deare obseruance you do owe?

wln 0454 *Thenot* Ye may, and by her vertue learne to square
wln 0455 And leuell out your life: for to be faire
wln 0456 And nothing vertuous, onely fits the eye
wln 0457 Of gaudy youth, and swelling vanitie.
wln 0458 Then knowe, shee's cald the virgin of the groue,
wln 0459 She that hath long since buried her chaste loue,
wln 0460 And now liues by his graue, for whose deare soule
wln 0461 She hath vowd her selfe into the holy role
wln 0462 Of strickt virginity, tis her I so admire,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0463
wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466
wln 0467
wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471
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wln 0495
wln 0496
wln 0497
wln 0498
wln 0499
wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502

Not any looser blood or new desire.

Cloe. Farewell poore swaine, thou art not for my bend,
I must haue quicker soules, whose words may tend,
To some free action: giue me him dare loue
At first encounter, and as soone dare prooue.

The Song.

Come Shepherds come,
Come away without delay,
Whilste the gentle time doth stay,
Greene woods are dumme,
And will neuer tell to any,
Those deere kisses, and those many
Sweete imbraces that are giuen,
Dainty pleasures that would euen
Raise in coldest age a fire,
And giue virgin blood desire.

Then if euer,
Now or neuer,
Come and haue it,
Thinke not I,
Dare deny,
If you craue it.

Enter Daphnis.

Heere comes another: better be my speede,
Thou God of blood, but certaine if I reade
Not false, this is that modest shepheard, he
That onely dare salute, but nere could be
Brought to kisse any, holde discourse, or sing,
Whisper, or boldly aske that wished thing
We all are borne for: one that makes louing faces,
And could be well content to couet graces,
Were they not got by boldnesse: in this thing
My hopes are frozen, and but fate doth bring
Him heather, I would sooner choose
A man made out of snowe, and **freer** vse
An Euenke to my endes: but since hee is heere,
Thus I attempt him: Thou of men most deare,
Welcome to her, that onely for thy sake,
Hath bene content to liue: here boldly take
My hand in pledge, this hand, that neuer yet
Was giuen away to any: and but sit

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0503 Downe on this rushy bancke, whilst I go pull
wln 0504 Fresh blossomes from the bowes, or quickly cull
wln 0505 The choisest delicates from yonder meade,
wln 0506 To make thee chaines or chaplets, or to spreade
wln 0507 Vnder our fainting bodies, when delight
wln 0508 Shall locke vp all our sences how the sight
wln 0509 Of those smooth rising cheekes renue the story
wln 0510 Of young Adonis, when in pride and glory
wln 0511 He lay infolded twixt the beating armes
wln 0512 Of willing Venus: me thinkes stronger charmes,
wln 0513 Dwell in those speaking eyes: and on that brow
wln 0514 More sweetnesse then the painters can allow,
wln 0515 To their best peeces: not *Narcissus* he:
wln 0516 That wept himselfe away in memorie
wln 0517 Of his owne beautie, nor *Siluanus* boy,
wln 0518 Nor the twice rauisht maide, for whome old Troy,
wln 0519 Fell by the hand of *Pirrhus*, may to thee,
wln 0520 Be otherwise compared then some dead tree
wln 0521 To a young fruitfull Oliue:
wln 0522 *Daph.* I can loue, but I am loth to say so, least I proue
wln 0523 Too soone vnhappy.
wln 0524 *Cloe.* Happy thou wouldst say,
wln 0525 My dearest *Daphnis*, blush not if the day
wln 0526 To thee and thy soft heates be enemie,
wln 0527 Then take the comming night, faire youth tis free
wln 0528 To all the world, shepheard Ile meet thee then
wln 0529 When darkenes hath shut vp the eies of men,
wln 0530 In yonder groue: speake shall our meeting hold?
wln 0531 Indeed ye are too bashful, be more bold,
wln 0532 And tell me I.
wln 0533 *Daph.* I am content to say so,
wln 0534 And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so
wln 0535 Much from your fairenes, that you would be true.
wln 0536 *Cloe* Shepheard thou hast thy wishe,
wln 0537 *Daph.* Fresh maide aduie,
wln 0538 Yet one word more, since you haue drawne me on
wln 0539 To come this night, feare not to meete alone,
wln 0540 That man that will not offer to be ill,
wln 0541 Though your bright selfe would aske it for his fill
wln 0542 Of this worlds goodnesse: do not feare him then,

But

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0543
wln 0544
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wln 0546
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wln 0580
wln 0581
wln 0582

But keepe your pointed time, let other men
Set vp their bloods to saile, mine shall be euer,
Faire as the soule it carries, and vnchast neuer.

exit.

Cloe. Yet am I poorer then I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty bloods, I should picke out these thinges
whose vaines like a dull riuer farre from springs,
Is still the same, slowe, heauy, and vnfit
For streame or motion, though the strong windes hit
With their continuall power vpon his sides?
O happy be your names that haue bene brides:
And tasted those rare sweetes, for which I pine,
And farre more heauy be thy grieffe and tine.
Thou lazy swaine that maist relieue my needes,
Then his vppon whose liuer alwaies feedes
A hungry vulture.

Enter Alexis.

Alex. Can such beautie be
Safe in his owne guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on to greedy gaze,
Or couetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giuing raine
And wished freedome to the labouring vaine?
Fairest and whitest, may I craue to knowe,
The cause of your retirement, why ye goe
Thus all alone? me thinkes the downes are sweeter
And the young company of swaines more meeter,
Then these forsaken and vntroden places.
Giue not your selfe to lonenesse, and those graces
Hide from the eies of men, that were intended
To liue amongst vs swaines.

Cloe. Thou art befriended,
Shepheard in all my life, I haue not seene,
A man in whome greater contents hath beene,
Then thou thy selfe art: I could tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedome lost: ô lend me all thy red,
Thou shamefast morning, when from *Tithons* bed
Thou risest euer maiden.

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

Speake

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588
wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592
wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596
wln 0597
wln 0598
wln 0599
wln 0600

Speake and be satisfied, ô guide her tongue,
My better angell, force my name among
Hir modest thoughts, that the first word may be,
Cloe. *Alexis* when the sunne shall kisse the sea,
Taking his rest by the white *Thetis* side,
Meet in the holy wood, where Ile abide
Thy comming Shepheard.
Alex. If I stay behinde,
An euerlasting dulnesse and the winde,
That as he passeth by shuts vp the streame,
Of Reine or *volga* whilst the sunnes hot beame,
Beats backe againe, ceaze me, and let me turne
To coldenesse more then yce: oh how I burne
And rise in youth and fier! I dare not stay. *exit.*
Cloe. My name shall be your word.
Alex. Fly fly thou day,
Cloe. My griefe is great if both these boyes should faile,
He that will vse all windes must shift his saile. *Exit.*

wln 0601

Actus secundus Scena prima.

wln 0602
wln 0603

*Enter an olde shepheard 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
wln 0615
wln 0616
wln 0617

Priest. Shepherds all, and maidens faire,
Fold your flockes vp, for the Aire
Ginns to thicken, and the Sunne
Already his great course hath runne,
See the dew drops how they kisse
Euery little flower that is:
Hanging on their veluet heads,
Like a rope of christal beades.
See the heauy cloudes **lowde** falling
And bright *Hesperus* downe calling,
The dead night from vnder ground,
At whose rysing mistes vnsound,
damps, and vapours fly apace,
Houering ore the wanton face,

Of

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0618 Of these pastures, where they come,
wln 0619 Striking dead both budd and bloome,
wln 0620 Therefore from such danger locke
wln 0621 Euery one his loued flocke,
wln 0622 And let your dogs lye loose without,
wln 0623 Least the Woolfe come as a scout
wln 0624 From the mountaine, and ere day
wln 0625 Beare a Lambe or Kid away:
wln 0626 Or the crafty theeuish Foxe,
wln 0627 Breake vpon your simple flockes,
wln 0628 To secure your selues from these,
wln 0629 Be not too secure in ease,
wln 0630 Let one eie his watches keepe,
wln 0631 Whilst the tother eie doth sleepe.
wln 0632 So you shall good Shepherds proue,
wln 0633 And for euer hold the loue
wln 0634 Of our great God: sweeest slumbers
wln 0635 And soft silence fall in numbers
wln 0636 On your eye-lids: so farewell,
wln 0637 Thus I end my euenings knell.
wln 0638 *Enter Clorin the Shepheardesse sorting of hearbs,*
wln 0639 *and telling the natures of them.*
wln 0640 Now let me know what my best Art hath done,
wln 0641 Helpt by the great power of the vertuous moone,
wln 0642 In her full light, ô you sonnes of earth,
wln 0643 You onely brood, vnto whose happy birth
wln 0644 Virtue was giuen, holding more of nature
wln 0645 Then man her first borne & most perfect creature.
wln 0646 Let me adore you, you that onely can,
wln 0647 Helpe or kill nature, drawing out that span
wln 0648 Of life and breath, euen to the end of time,
wln 0649 You that these hands did crop, long before prime
wln 0650 Of day, giue me your names, and next your hidden power.
wln 0651 This is the *Clote* bearing a yellowe flowre:
wln 0652 And this blacke Horehound, both are very good,
wln 0653 For sheepe or shepheard, bitten by a wood
wln 0654 Dogs venomd tooth, these Ramuns branches are,
wln 0655 Which stucke in entries, or about the barre
wln 0656 That holds the dore fast, kill all the inchantments, charmes,
wln 0657 Were they *Medeas* verses that do harmes

exeunt.

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0658 To men or cattel: these for frenzy be
wln 0659 A speedy and a soueraigne remedie.
wln 0660 The bitter Wormewood, Sage, and Marigold,
wln 0661 Such simpathy with mans good they do hold:
wln 0662 This Tormentil whose vertue is to part
wln 0663 All deadly killing poison from the heart,
wln 0664 And heere *Narcissus* roote, for swellings best:
wln 0665 Yellow *Lecimacus*, to giue sweete rest
wln 0666 To the faint Shepheard, killing where it comes,
wln 0667 All busie gnats, and euery fly that hummes,
wln 0668 For leprosie, Darnell, and Sellondine,
wln 0669 With Calamint, whose vertues do **resine**
wln 0670 The blood of Man, making it free and faire,
wln 0671 As the first houre it breath'd, or the best aire.
wln 0672 Heere other to, but your rebellious vse,
wln 0673 Is not for me, whose goodnes is abuse,
wln 0674 Therefore foule standergrasse, from me and mine
wln 0675 I banish thee, with lustfull Turpentine,
wln 0676 You that intice the vaines, and stirre the heat
wln 0677 To ciuill muteny, scaling the seate
wln 0678 Our reason moues in, and deluding it
wln 0679 With dreames and wanton fancies, till the fit
wln 0680 Of burning lust be quencht by appetite,
wln 0681 Robbing the soule of blessednes and light:
wln 0682 And thou light *Varuin* to, thou must goe after
wln 0683 Prouoking easie soules to mirth and laughter,
wln 0684 No more shall I dip thee in water now,
wln 0685 And sprinckle euery post, and euery bow
wln 0686 With thy well pleasing iuice, to make the gromes,
wln 0687 Swell with high mirth as with ioy all the romes.

wln 0688

Enter Thenot.

wln 0689 *The.* This is the Cabin where the best of all
wln 0690 Her sex, that euer breathd, or euer shall
wln 0691 Giue heat or happinesse to the Shepherds side,
wln 0692 Doth onely to her worthy selfe abide.
wln 0693 Thou blessed starre, I thank thee for thy light,
wln 0694 Thou by whose power the darkenesse of sad night
wln 0695 Is banisht from the earth, in whose dull place

Thy

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0696
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wln 0735

Thy chaster beames play on the heauy face
Of all the world: making the blew sea smile,
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
Thy brother of his brightnesse, giuing day
Againe from *Chaos*. whiter then that way
That leades to *Ioues* hye Court, and chaster farre
Then chastity it selfe: yon blessed starre
That nightly shines, thou all the constancy
That in all women was, or ere shalbe:
From whose faire eye-balles flies that holy fire,
That **ports** stile the mother of desire,
Infusing into euery gentle breast,
A soule of greater price, and farre more blest
Then that quicke power which giues a difference
Twixt man and creatures of a lower sence.
Clor. Shepheard how camst thou hether to this place?
No way is troden, all the verdent grasse
The spring shot vp stands yet vnbrused heere
Of any foote, onely the dappld deere:
Farre from the feared sound of crooked horne
Dwels in this fastnesse. *Then.* Chaster then the morne,
I haue not wandred, or by strong illusion
Into this vertuous place haue made intrusion,
But hether am I come (belieue me faire)
To seeke you out, of whose great good the Aire
Is full, and strongly labors, whilst the sound,
Breakes against heauen, and driues into a stround
The amazed Shepheard, that such vertue can
Be resident in lesser then a man.
Clor. If any art I haue, or hidden skill,
May cure thee of disease or festred ill,
Whose grieffe or greenenesse to anothers eie,
May seeme vnpossible of remedie,
I dare yet vndertake it.
Shep. Tis no paine
I suffer through disease, no beating vaine
Conuaies infection dangerous to the heart,
No part impostumde to be curde by Art:
This bodie holdes, and yet a feller grieffe
Then euer skilfull hand did giue reliefe

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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wln 0773
wln 0774
wln 0775

Dwels on my soule, and may be heald by you,
Faire beauteous virgin:

Clor. Then shepheard let me sue
To knowe thy grieffe that man yet neuer knew
The way to health, that durst not shew his sore.

Shep. Then fairest know I loue you,
Clor. Swaine no more.

Thou hast abus'd the strictnes of this place,
And offred Sacriligeous foule disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interred bones,
For feare of whose ascending fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright.
Thy very soule with horror. *Shep.* Let me not
Thou all perfection merrit such a blot,
For my true zealous faith. *Clor.* Darest thou abide
To see this holy earth at once deuide
And giue her bodie vp, for sure it will,
If thou pursuest with wanton flames to fill
This hallowed place: therefore repent and goe,
Whilst I with **praies** appease his Ghost belowe,
That else would tell thee what it were to be,
A riual in that vertuous loue, that he
Imbraces yet.

Shep. Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheeke, that thus can wed
My minde to adoration: nor your eye,
Though it be full and faire, your forehead hye,
And smooth as *Pelops* shoulder: not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples, to beguile
The easie soule, your hands and fingers long,
With vaines inameld richly, nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter then *Arions* Harpe,
Your haire wouen into many a curious warpe,
Able in endles error to vnfold
The wandring soule, not the true perfect mould,
Of all your bodie, which as pure doth showe,
In Maiden whitenes as the Alpsien snowe,
All these, were but your constancy away,
Would please me lesse then a blacke stormy day

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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wln 0815

The wretched Seaman toyling through the deep.
But whilst this honourd strictnes you dare keepe,
Though all the plagues that ere begotten were,
In the great wombe of aire were settled here
In opposition, I would like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakenes, and be free
Euen in the arme of danger.

Clor. Wouldst thou haue
Me raise againe fond man, from silent graue,
Those sparckes that long agoe were buried here,
With my dead friends cold ashes?

Shep. Deerest deare,
I dare not aske it, nor you must not graunt,
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint:
Remember how he lou'd ye, and be still,
The same opinion speakes ye, let not will,
And that great god of **wowen** Appetite,
Set vp your blood againe, do not inuite
Desire, and fancy for their long exile,
To seat them once more in a pleasing smile:
Be like a Rocke made firmly vp gainst all
The power of angry heauen, or the strong fall
Of *Neptunes* battery, if ye yeild I die
To all affection: tis that loialtie
Ye tie vnto this graue I so admire,
And yet theres something else I would desire,
If you would heare me, but withall deny,
O *Pan*, what an vncertaine desteny
Hanges ouer all my hopes! I will retire,
For if I longer stay, this double fier,
Will licke my life vp.

Clor. Do, and let time weare out,
What Art and Nature cannot bring about.

Shep. Farewell thou soule of virtue, and be blest
For euer, whilst I wretched rest
Thus to my selfe, yet graunt me leaue to dwell
In kenning of this Arbor, yon same dell
Ore topt with mourning Cipresse and sad Ewe,
Shall be my Cabin, where I'le earely rew,
Before the Sunne hath kist this dewe away,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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wln 0855

The hard vncertaine chance which Fate doth lay
Vpon this head.

Clor. The Gods giue quicke release
And happy cure vnto thy hard disease.

Exeunt.

Enter Sullen Shepheard.

Sullen. I do not loue this wench that I should meet,
For neuer did my vnconstant eie yet greet
That beautie, were it sweeter or more faire,
Then the new blossomes, when the morning aire
Blowes gently on them, or the breaking light,
When many maiden blushes to our sight
Shootes from his early face: were all these set
In some neat forme before me, twould not get
The least loue from me: some desire it might,
Or present burning: all to me in sight
Are equall, be they faire, or blacke, or browne,
Virgin, or carelesse wanton, I can crowne
My appetite with any: sweare as oft,
And weepe as any, melt my words as soft
Into a maidens eares, and tell how long
My heart has bene her seruant, and how strong
My passions are: call her vnkinde and cruell,
Offer her all I haue to gaine the iewell
Maidens so highly praise: then loath and fly,
This do I hold a blessed desteny.

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. Haile Shepheard *Pan* blesse both thy flocke & thee,
For being mindefull of thy word to me.

Sul. VVelcome faire Shepheardesse, thy louing swaine
Giues thee the selfe same wishes backe againe:
Who till this present houre nere knew that eie,
Could make me crosse mine armes or daily dye
With fresh consumings: boldly tel me then,
How shall we part their faithfull loues, and when?
Shall I bely him to her, shall I sweare
His faith is false, and he loues euery where?
Ile say he mockt her the other day to you,
Which will by your confirming shew as true,
For he is of so pure an honesty,
To thinke (because he will not none will lye.

Or

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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wln 0895

Or else to him Ile slaunder *Amoret*,
And say, she but seemes chaste, Ile sweare she met
Me mongst the shadie sycamoures last night,
And loosely offerd vp her flame and spright,
Into my bosome: made a wanton bed
Of leaues and many flowers, where she spred
Her willing bodie to be prest by me,
There haue I caru'd her name on many a tree,
Together with mine owne, to make this show
Morefull full of seeming: *Hobinal* you know,
Sonne to the aged Shepheard of the Glen
Him I haue sorted out of many men,
To say he found vs at our priuate sport,
And rouz'd vs fore our time by his resorts
This to confirme, I haue promis'd to the boy
Many a pretty knack, and many a toy,
As grinnes to catch him birds with bowe, and bolt,
To shoote at nimble squirrels in the holt:
A paire of painted buskins and a lambe,
Soft as his owne lockes, or the downe of Swan,
This I haue done to winne ye, which doth giue
Me double pleasure, discord makes me liue. (uaile
Amar. Loued swaine I thanke ye, these trickes might pre-
With other rusticke shepheards, but will faile
Euen once to stirre, much more to ouerthrow,
His fixed loue from iudgement, who doth know,
Your nature, my end, and his chosens merrit,
Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit
Which I haue found: giue second, and my loue
Is euerlasting thine.
Sul. Try me and proue.
Amar. These happy paire of louers meet straight way,
Soone as they fould their flockes vp with the day
In the thicke groue bordering vpon yon hill,
In whose hard side Nature hath caru'd a well:
And but that matchlesse spring which Poets know,
Was nere the like to this: by it doth growe
About the sides, all hearbs which witches vse,
All simples good for medicine or abuse,
All sweetes that crowne the happy nuptiall day.

With

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0896 With all their colours, there the month of May
wln 0897 Is euer dwelling, all is young and greene,
wln 0898 There's not a grasse on which was euer seene,
wln 0899 The falling *Autume* or cold winters hand
wln 0900 So full of heate and virtue is the land:
wln 0901 About this fountaine: which doth slowly breake
wln 0902 Below yon Mountaines foote, into a creeke
wln 0903 That waters all the valley, giuing fish
wln 0904 Of many sorts, to fill the shepherds dish.
wln 0905 This holy well, my Grandame that is dead,
wln 0906 Right wise in charmes, hath often to me sed,
wln 0907 Hath power to change the forme of any creature,
wln 0908 Being thrice dipt ouer the head, into what feature,
wln 0909 Or shape t'would please the letter downe to craue,
wln 0910 Who must pronounce this charme to, which she gaue
wln 0911 Me on her death bed, told me what and how
wln 0912 I should apply vnto the patients brow,
wln 0913 That would be chang'd, casting them thrice a sleepe
wln 0914 Before I trusted them into this deepe.
wln 0915 All this she shew'd me, and did charge me proue,
wln 0916 This secret of her Art, if crost in loue,
wln 0917 I'le this attempt, now Shepheard I haue here
wln 0918 All her prescriptions and I will not feare
wln 0919 To be my selfe dipt: come, my temples binde
wln 0920 With these sad hearbs, and when I sleepe you finde
wln 0921 As you do speake your charme, thrice downe me let,
wln 0922 And bid the water raise me *Amoret*,
wln 0923 Which being done, leaue me to my affaire,
wln 0924 And ere the day shall quite it selfe out weare,
wln 0925 I will returne vnto my Shepherds arme,
wln 0926 Dip me againe, and then repeat this charme,
wln 0927 And plucke me vp my selfe, whome freely take,
wln 0928 And the hotst fire of thine affection slake.
wln 0929 *Sul.* And if I fit thee not, then fit not me,
wln 0930 I long the truth of this wels power to see.

Exeunt,

wln 0931 Actus secundus Scena quarta.

wln 0932 *Enter Daphnis*
wln 0933 Heere will I stay, for this the couert is
wln 0934 Where I appointed *Cloe*, do not misse:

Thou

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0935
wln 0936
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wln 0974

Thou bright ey'd virgin, come, ô come my faire,
Be not abus'd with feare, nor let cold care
Of honor slay thee from thy Shepherds arme,
Who would as hard be wonne to offer harme
To thy chaste thoughts, as whitenesse from the day,
Or yon great round to moue another way.
My language shall be honest, full of truth,
My flame as smooth and spotlesse as my youth:
I will not entertaine that wandring thought,
Whose easie currant may at length be brought
To a loose vastenes.

Alexis within. Cloe!

Daph. Tis her voice

And I must answer, Cloe! ô the choise
Of deare imbraces, chaste and holy straines
Our hands shall giue! I charge you all my vaines
Through which the blood and spirit take their way,
Locke vp your disobedient heats, and stay
Those mutinous desires, that else would growe
To strong rebellion: do not wilder showe
Then blushing modestie may entertaine.

Alexis within. Cloe!

Daph. There sounds that blessed name againe,
And I will meete it: let me not mistake,
This is some Shepheard, sure I am awake,
What may this riddle meane? I will retire,
To giue my selfe more knowledge

Enter Alexis.

Alex. Oh my fier,
How thou consum'st me? Cloe answere me,
Alexis, strong *Alexis,* high, and free,
Cals vpon *Cloe:* see mine armes are full
Of intertainment, 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 delaies,
I must not leaue vnsought those many waies
That lead into this center, till I finde
Quench for my burning lust, I come vnkinde.

Exit Alexis.

Daph. Can my imagination worke me so much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and still

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0975
wln 0976
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wln 1014

Belieue mine eies, or shall I firmly hold her
Her yet vntainted, and these sights but bold
Illusion? sure such fancies oft haue bene
Sent to abuse true loue, and yet are seene,
Daring to blinde the vertuous though with error,
But be they farre from me with their fond terror:
I am resolut my *Cloe* yet is true.
Cloe harke *Cloe* sure this voice is new,
Whose shrilnes like the sounding of a bell,
Tels me it is a woman: *Cloe*, tell
Thy blessed name againe *Cloe within.* Heere.
Oh what a greefe is this to be so neere
And not incounter?
Shepheard we are met,
Draw close into the couert, least the wet
which falles like lazy mistes vppon the ground,
Soake through **yous** startvps.
Daph. Fairest, are you found
How haue we wandred that the better part
Of this good night is perisht? oh my heart!
How haue I longd to meet ye? how to kisse
Those lilly hands? how to receiue the blisse
That charming tongue giues to the happy eare
Of him that drinks your language? but I feare
I am too much vnmannerd, farre to rude,
And almost growne lasciuious to intrude
These hot behaiours, where regard of fame,
Honor, and modesty, a vertuous name,
And such discourse, as one faire sister may
Without offence vnto the brother say,
Should rather haue bene tenderd, but belieue
Heere dwels a better temper, do not grieue,
Then euer kindest that my first salute,
Seasons so much of fancy, I am mute
Henceforth to all discourses, but shall be
Suting to your sweet thoughts and modestie:
Indeede I will not aske a kisse of you,
No not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
To those blest paire of fixed starres for smiles,
All a young louers cunning, all his wiles:

Cloe within.

Enter Cloe.

And

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1015 And pretty wanton dyings shall to me
wln 1016 Be strangers, onely to your *Chastity*
wln 1017 I am deuoted euer.
wln 1018 *Cloe*, Honest swaine,
wln 1019 First let me thanke you, then returne againe
wln 1020 As much of my loue: no thou art too cold
wln 1021 Vnhappy boy, not temperd to my mold,
wln 1022 Thy blood fals heauy downward, tis not feare
wln 1023 To offend in boldnesse wins, they neuer weare
wln 1024 deserued fauours that deny to take
wln 1025 When they are offred freely: do I wake
wln 1026 To see a man of his youth, yeares and feature,
wln 1027 And such a one as we call goodly creature,
wln 1028 Thus backward? what a world of precious Art,
wln 1029 Were meerely lost, to make him do his part?
wln 1030 But I will shake him off, that dares not hold,
wln 1031 Let men that hope to be beloud be bold,
wln 1032 *Daphnis* I do desire since we are met
wln 1033 So happily, our liues and fortunes set,
wln 1034 Vppon one stake to giue assurance now,
wln 1035 By interchange of hands and holy vow,
wln 1036 Neuer to breake againe: walke you that way,
wln 1037 Whilst I in zealous meditation stray
wln 1038 A little this way when wee both haue ended
wln 1039 These rights and duties by the woods befriended,
wln 1040 And secresie of night, retire and finde
wln 1041 An aged oake whose hollownes may binde
wln 1042 Vs both within his bodie, thither goe:
wln 1043 It stands within yon bottome
wln 1044 *Daph.* Be it so *Exeit Daphnis.*
wln 1045 *Cloe.* And I will meete there neuer more with thee,
wln 1046 Thou idle shamefastnesse, *Alexis within*, *Cloe!*
wln 1047 *Cloe* Tis hee.
wln 1048 That dare I hope be bolder. *Alex.* *Cloe.* *Cloe.* now
wln 1049 Great Pan for *Sirinx* sake bid speed our plow. *Exit Cloe.*

wln 1050 Actus tertius Scena prima.

wln 1051 *Enter the Sullen Shepheard with Amarillis in a sleepe*
wln 1052 *Sull.* From thy forehead thus I take
wln 1053 These hearbs, and charge thee not awake,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1054 Till in yonder holy well,
wln 1055 Thrice with powerfull magicke spell,
wln 1056 Fild with many a balefull word,
wln 1057 Thou hast bene dipt, thus with my cord
wln 1058 Of blasted hempe, by moone-light twinde,
wln 1059 I do thy sleepy body binde,
wln 1060 I turne thy head into the East,
wln 1061 And thy feete into the West,
wln 1062 Thy left arme to the South put forth,
wln 1063 And thy right vnto the North:
wln 1064 I take thy body from the ground,
wln 1065 In this deepe and deadly sound:
wln 1066 And into this holy spring,
wln 1067 I let thee slide downe by my string:
wln 1068 Take this maide thou holy pit
wln 1069 To thy bottom, neerer yet,
wln 1070 In thy water pure and sweete,
wln 1071 By thy leaue I dip her feete:
wln 1072 Thus I let her lower yet,
wln 1073 That her anckles may be wet:
wln 1074 Yet downe lower, let her knee
wln 1075 In thy waters washed bee,
wln 1076 There stop: Fly away Euey thing that loues the day,
wln 1077 Truth that hath but one face,
wln 1078 Thus I charme thee from this place.
wln 1079 Snakes that cast your coates for new,
wln 1080 Camelions, that alter hue,
wln 1081 Hares that yearely sexes change,
wln 1082 *Proteus* altring oft and strange,
wln 1083 *Hæcataë* with shapes three,
wln 1084 Let this maiden changed be,
wln 1085 With this holy water wet, To the shape of *Amoret*:
wln 1086 *Cinthia* worke thou with my charme,
wln 1087 Thus I draw thee free from harme,
wln 1088 Vp out of this blessed lake,
wln 1089 Rise both like her and awake.
wln 1090 *Amo.* Speake shepheard, am I *Amoret* to sight?
wln 1091 Or hast thou mist in any magicke right?
wln 1092 For want of which any defect in me,

She awakeh

May

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098
wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101
wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104
wln 1105
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wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115
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wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133

May make our practises discovered be?

Sull. By yonder moone, but that I heere do stand,
Whose breath hath thus reformd thee, and whose hand,
Let thee downe dry, and pluckt thee vp thus wet,
I should my selfe take thee for *Amoret*,
Thou art in clothes, in feature, voice and hew
So like, that sence can not distinguish you.

Amore. Then this deceit which cannot crossed be,
At once shall loose her him, and gaine thee me.
Hether she needes must come, by promise made,
And sure his nature neuer was so bad,
To bid a virgin meete him in the wood,
When night and feare are vp, but vnderstood,
T'was his part to come first: being come, Ile say
My constant loue made me come first and stay,
Then will I leade him further to the groue,
But stay you here, and if his owne true loue
shall seeke him heere, set her in some wrong path,
Which say her louer lately troden hath:

Ile not be farre from hence, if neede there bee
Heere is another charme, whose power will free
The dazeled sence read by the moone beames cleare,
And in my one true shape make me appeare.

Enter Perigot

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

Peri. This is the place (*faire Amoret*) the houre
Is yet scarce come, heere euery siluane power
Delights to be, about yon sacred well,
Which they haue blest with many a powerfull spell,
For neuer trauailer in dead of night,
Nor straied beasts haue falne in, but when fight,
Hath faild them, then their right way they haue found,
By helpe of them, so holy is the ground,
But I will farther seeke, least *Amoret*
Should be first come and so stray long vnmet.

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

Per My loue! *Amarill.* I come my loue.

exit.

Sul. Now she hath got
Her owne desires, and I shall gainer be
Of my long lookt for hopes aswel as she;
How bright the moone shines heere, as if she stroue

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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 groue
To some new loued Shepheard: yonder is
Another *Amoret*: where differs this
From that, but that she *Perigot* hath met,
I should haue tane this for the counterfeit:
Hearbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies,
If mortall men could know your properties.

Enter Amoret.

Amo. Me thinkes it is not night, I haue no feare,
Walking this wood of Lyon, or of Beare,
Whose names at other times, haue made me quake,
When any shepheardesse in her tale spake,
Of some of them, that vnderneath a wood
Haue torne true louers that together stood.
Me thinkes there are no goblins, and mens talke,
That in these woods the nimble Faeries walke,
Are fables, such a strong hart I haue got,
Because I come to meete with *Perigot*,
My *Perigot*, whose that my *Perigot*?

Sul. Faire Maid.

Amo. Ay me thou art not *Perigot*.

Sul. But I can tell ye newes of *Perigot*,
An houre together vnder yonder tree,
He sat with wreathed armes and cald on thee,
And said, why *Amoret* staiest thou so long:
Then starting vp downe yonder path he flung,
Least thou hadst mist thy way: were it day light
He could not yet haue borne him out of sight.

Amo. Thankes gentle Shepheard and beshrew my stay,
That made me fearefull I had lost my way:
As fast as my weake legs, (that cannot be
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,
Ile followe, and for this thy care of me,
Pray Pan thy loue may euer follow thee.

Exit.

Sul. How bright she was? how louely did she show?
Was it not pittie to deceiue her so?
She pluckt her garments vp and tript away,
And with a virgin innocence did pray
For me, that periurd her: whilst she was heere,
Me thought the beames of light that did appeare,
Were shot from her: me thought the moone gaue none,

But

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1174
wln 1175
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
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wln 1206
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wln 1208
wln 1209
wln 1210
wln 1211
wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214

But what it had from her: she was alone
With me, if then her presence did so moue,
Why did not I assay to win her loue?
She would not sure haue yeilded vnto me,
Woemen loue onely oportunitie
And not the man, or if she had denied
Alone, I might haue forcd her to haue tried
Who had bene stronger: ô vaine foole, to let
Such blest occasion passe, Ile follow yet,
My blood is vp, I cannot now forbear.

Enter Alexis and Cloe.

I come sweete *Amoret*, soft who is heere?
A paire of louers, he shall yeild her me,
Now lust is vp, alike all women be.

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

Cloe. *Alexis* let vs rest heere, if the place
Be priuate, and out of the common trace
Of euery shepheard: for I vnderstood,
This night a number are about the wood,
Then let vs choose some place where out of sight,
We freely may inioy our stolne delight,

Alex. Then boldly heere, where we shall nere be found,
No shepherds way lies heere, tis hallowed ground,
No maide seekes heere her straied Cow, or Sheepe,
Faeries and Fawnes, and Satires do it keepe,
Then carelessly rest heere, and clip and kisse,
And let no feare make vs our pleasures misse.

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

Sul. Forbear to touch my loue, or by yon flame
The greatest power that Shepherds dare to name,
Heere where thou first vnder this holy tree,
Her to dishoner thou shalt buried be.

Alex If Pan himselfe should come out of the lawnes,
With al his troopes of Satyres and of Faunes,
And bid me leaue I sweare by her two eies,
A greater oath then thine, I would not rise.

Sul. Then from the cold earth neuer thou shalt moue,
But loose at one stroke both thy life and loue.

Cloe. Hold gentle Shepheard.

Sul. Fairest

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1215 *Sul.* Fairest Shepheardesse,
wln 1216 Come you with me, I do not loue ye lesse
wln 1217 Then that fond man that would haue kept you there
wln 1218 From me of more desert.

wln 1219 *Alex.* O yet forbear
wln 1220 To take her from me, giue me leaue to die
wln 1221 By her.

wln 1222 *The Satyre enters, he runs one way and she another.*

wln 1223 *Saty.* Now whilst the moone doth rule the sky,
wln 1224 And the starres, whose feeble light
wln 1225 Giue a pale shadow to the night,
wln 1226 Are vp, great *Pan* commaunded me
wln 1227 To walke this groue about, whilst he
wln 1228 In a corner of the wood,
wln 1229 Where neuer mortall foote hath stood,
wln 1230 Keepes dancing, musicke and a feast,
wln 1231 To intertaine a louely guest:
wln 1232 Where he giues her many a rose
wln 1233 Sweeter then the breath that blowes
wln 1234 The leaues: grapes, berries of the best,
wln 1235 I neuer saw so great a feast.
wln 1236 But to my charge: heere must I stay,
wln 1237 To see what mortalls loose their way,
wln 1238 And by a false fire seeming bright,
wln 1239 Traine them in and leaue them right:
wln 1240 Then must I watch if any be
wln 1241 Forcing of a chastity,
wln 1242 If I finde it, then in haste,
wln 1243 Giue my wreathed horne a blast,
wln 1244 And the faeries all will run,
wln 1245 Wildely dauncing by the moone,
wln 1246 And will pinch him to the bone,
wln 1247 Till his lustfull thoughts be gone.

wln 1248 *Alex.* O death! *Sat.* Backe againe about this ground
wln 1249 Sure I heare a mortall sound,
wln 1250 I binde thee by this powerfull spell,
wln 1251 By the waters of this well:
wln 1252 By the glimmering moone beames bright,
wln 1253 Speake againe thou mortall wight.

Alex. O

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1254 *Alex.* Oh *Sat.* Speake againe thou mortall wight,
wln 1255 Heere the foolish mortall lies,
wln 1256 Sleeping on the ground, arise,
wln 1257 The poore wight is almost dead,
wln 1258 On the Ground his woundes haue bled,
wln 1259 And his Clothes fould with his bloud,
wln 1260 To my Goddesses in the wood,
wln 1261 Will I lead him, whose hands pure,
wln 1262 Will helpe this mortall wight to cure,

wln 1263 *Enter Cloe againe.*

wln 1264 *Cloe.* Since I beheld, you shaggy Man, my brest,
wln 1265 Doth pant, each bush me thinks should hide a Beast,
wln 1266 Yet my desire, keepes still aboue my feare,
wln 1267 I would faine meete some *Sheapheard* knew I where,
wln 1268 For from one cause of feare, I am most free,
wln 1269 It is Impossible to Rauish mee,
wln 1270 I am soe willing, here vpon this ground,
wln 1271 I left my loue all Bloody with his wound,
wln 1272 Yet till that fearefull shape made me be gone,
wln 1273 Though he were hurt, I furnisht was of one,
wln 1274 But now both lost *Alexis* speake or moue,
wln 1275 If thou hast any life thou art yet my loue,
wln 1276 Hee's dead, or else is with his little might,
wln 1277 Crept from the Bancke for feare of that ill spright,
wln 1278 Then where art thou that struck'st my loue o stray,
wln 1279 Bring mee thy selfe in Change, and then Ile say,
wln 1280 Thou hast some Iustice, I will make thee trim,
wln 1281 With Flowers, and Garlands, that were ment for him,
wln 1282 Ile Clip thee round, with both mine armes as fast,
wln 1283 As I did meane, he should haue bin imbraced.
wln 1284 But thou art fled what hope is left for mee?
wln 1285 Ile run to *Daphnis* in the hollow tree.
wln 1286 Who I did meane to mocke, though hope be small,
wln 1287 To make him bolde, rather then none at all,
wln 1288 Ile try him, his heart, and my behaiour to
wln 1289 Perhapes may teach him, what he ought to doe. *Exit,*

wln 1290 *Enter the sullen Sheapheard.*

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1291 This was the place, twas but my feeble sight,
wln 1292 Mixt with the horror of my deed, an night,
wln 1293 That shapt these feares and made me run away,
wln 1294 And loose my Beautious hardly gotten Pray,
wln 1295 Speake Gentle Sheppardess I am alone,
wln 1296 And tender loue, for loue, but shee is gone,
wln 1297 From me, that hauing struke her louer dead:
wln 1298 For **filly** feare left her a lone and fled:
wln 1299 And see the wounded Body is Remoued.
wln 1300 By her of whome it was so well beloued.

wln 1301 *Enter perigot & Amarillis. in the shape of a Amoret.*

wln 1302 But all these fancies must be quite forgott,
wln 1303 I must lye close heere comes younge *Perigott*,
wln 1304 with subtill *Amarillis* in the shape,
wln 1305 Of *Amoret* pray loue hee may not scape.
wln 1306 *Amo.* Beloued *Perigot*, show mee some place,
wln 1307 Where I may rest my Limbes, weake with the Chace
wln 1308 Of thee, an hower before thou cam'st at least
wln 1309 *per.* Beshrewe my Tardy stepps, here shalt thou rest
wln 1310 Vppon this holy bancke no deadly snake,
wln 1311 Vppon this Turffe her selfe in foulds doth make,
wln 1312 Here is no poyson, for the Toade to feed.
wln 1313 Here boldly spread thy handes, no venomd weed,
wln 1314 Dares blister them, No sly my snaile dare creepe,
wln 1315 Ouer thy face when thou art fast a sleepe,
wln 1316 Here neuer durst the bablinge Cuckoe spitt.
wln 1317 No slough of falling Starr did euer hitt.
wln 1318 Vppon this Bancke let this thy Cabin bee.
wln 1319 This other set with violets for mee.
wln 1320 *Amo.* Thou dost not loue mee *Perigot*?
wln 1321 *Per.* Faire mayde
wln 1322 You onely liue to heare it often sayd;
wln 1323 You do not doubt,
wln 1324 *Amo.* Beleeue mee, but I doe.
wln 1325 *Per.* What shall wee now begin againe to woe,
wln 1326 Tis the best way to make your louer last,
wln 1327 To play with him, when you haue caught him fast,
wln 1328 *Amo.* By *Pan* I sweare, beloued *Perigot*,

And

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
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wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368

And by you Moone, I thincke thou louest me not.

Per: By *Pan* I sweare and if I falcely sweare:

Let him not guard my flockes, let Foxes teare,
My Earelyest lambes, and wolues whilst I doe sleepe

Fall one the rest a Rott amonge my sheepe,

I loue the better, then the carefull Ewe,

The new yeand lambe that is of her owne hew,

I dote vppon thee more then that young lambe.

Doth on the Bagg, that feedes him from his dam.

Were there a sort of wolues gott in my fould,

And one Rann after thee both young and ould,

Should be deuour'd, and it should bee my strife,

To saue thee, whom I loue aboue, my life,

Amo: Howe should I trust thee when I see thee chuse
Another bedd, and dost my side refuse,

Per: Twas only that the chast thoughts, might bee shoven,
Twixt thee and mee, although we were alone,

Ama: Come *Perigot* will show his power that hee
Can make his Amoret, though she weary bee,
Rise nimble from her Couch and come to his.

Here take thy Amoret imbrace, and Kisse:

Per: What means my loue;

Amo: To do as louers shud.

That are to bee inioyed not to bee woed.

Ther's nere a Sheapardesse in all the playne,

Can kisse thee with more Art, ther's none can faine.

More wanton trickes,

Per: Forbeare deare soule to trye,

Whether my hart be pure, Ile rather dye,

Then nourish one thought to dishonor thee,

Amo: Still thinkst thou such a thinge as Chastitie,

Is amongst woemen. *Perigot* thers none,

That with her loue is in a wood alone,

And **wood** come home a Mayde be not abusd,

With thy fond first beleife, let time be vsd,

Why dost thou rise,

Perigot: My true heart, thou hast slaine,

Amo: Fayth *Perigot*, Ile plucke thee downe againe,

Per: Let goe thou Serpent that into my brest,

Hast with thy Cunning diu'd art, art not in iest;

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1369

Amo: Sweete loue lye downe,

wln 1370

Per: Since this I liue to see,

wln 1371

Some bitter North wind blast my flocks and mee

wln 1372

Amo. You swore you lou'd yet will not doe my will,

wln 1373

Per: O be as thou wert, once, Ile loue thee still,

wln 1374

Amo: I am, as still I was and all my kind,

wln 1375

Though other shewes wee haue poore men to blynd,

wln 1376

Per: Then here I end all loue, and lest my vaine,

wln 1377

Beleeife should euer draw me in againe,

wln 1378

Before thy face that hast my youth mislead,

wln 1379

I end my life my blood be on thy head,

wln 1380

Amo: O hold thy hands thy *Amoret* doth cry,

wln 1381

Per: Thou counsayl'st well, first *Amoret* shall dye,

wln 1382

That is the cause of my Eternall smart,

wln 1383

Auso: O hold.

wln 1384

Per: This steele shall peirse thy lustfull hart, *He runs after her*

wln 1385

The Sullen Sheapheard stepes out and vncharmes her.

wln 1386

Sullen. vp and downe euery where,

wln 1387

I strew the hearbs to purge the Ayer.

wln 1388

Let your Odor driue hence,

wln 1389

All mistes that dazell sence,

wln 1390

Herbes and springs whose hydden might,

wln 1391

Alters shapes, and mocks the sight.

wln 1392

Thus I charge ye to vndo;

wln 1393

All before I brought yee to

wln 1394

Let her flye let her scape,

wln 1395

Giue againe her owne shape:

wln 1396

Enter Amarillis.

wln 1397

For beare thou gentle swayne thou dost mistake;

wln 1398

Shee whom thou followedst fled into the brake.

wln 1399

And as I crost thy way I mett thy wrath;

wln 1400

The only feare of which neere slayne me hath,

wln 1401

Per: Pardon fayre Sheapardesse my rage and night,

wln 1402

Were both vppon me and beguild my sight;

wln 1403

But farr be it from mee to spill the blood.

wln 1404

Of harmesse maydes that wander in the wood,

Exit

Many

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1405

Enter Amoret.

wln 1406

Many a weary stepp in yonder path *Amoret.*

wln 1407

Poore hoplesse *Amoret* twice troden hath,

wln 1408

To seeke her *Perigot*, yet cannot heare,

wln 1409

His voyce, my *Perigot*, shee loues thee deare:

wln 1410

That calles.

wln 1411

Per: See yonder where shee is how faire.

wln 1412

Shee showes, and yet her breath infects the Ayer.

wln 1413

Amo. My *Perigot*:

wln 1414

Per: Here.

wln 1415

Amo: Happye.

wln 1416

Per: Haplesse first:

wln 1417

In light, on thee, the next blowe is the worst,

wln 1418

Amo: Stay *Perigot*, my loue, thou art vniust:

wln 1419

Per: Death is the best reward, thats due to lust; *Exit Per:*

wln 1420

Sullen. Now shall their loue be crost, for being strucke;

wln 1421

Ile throwe her in the Fount least being tooke:

wln 1422

By some Night Trauayler, whose honest care,

wln 1423

May help to cure her, *Sherpardesse* prepare,

wln 1424

Your selfe to dye,

wln 1425

Amo: No mercy I doe craue,

wln 1426

Thou canst not giue a worsse blowe then I haue;

wln 1427

Tell him that gaue mee this, who lou'd him to,

wln 1428

He strucke my soule and not my bodye through:

wln 1429

Tell him when I am dead my soule shall bee.

wln 1430

At peace if hee but thincke hee iniurd mee. *He flinges her into y^e well*

wln 1431

Sullen. In this Fount bee thy Graue, thou wert not ment,

wln 1432

Sure for a woman, thou art so Innocent.

wln 1433

Shee cannot scape for vnderneath the ground,

wln 1434

In a longe hollowe the cleere spring is bound,

wln 1435

Till on you syde where the Morns sunn doth looke,

wln 1436

The strugling water breakes out in a brooke, *Exit.*

wln 1437

The God of the Riuer Riseth with Amoret, in his armes

wln 1438

God what powerfull Charmes my streames doe bring

wln 1439

Backe againe vnto their spring?

wln 1440

With such force that I their god,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1441 Three times stricking with my rod,
wln 1442 Could not keepe them in their Rancks
wln 1443 My fishes shute into the bankes.
wln 1444 Ther's not one, that stayes and feeds,
wln 1445 All haue hidd them in the weedes
wln 1446 Heres a Mortall almost dead,
wln 1447 Falne into my Riuer head,
wln 1448 Hollowed so with many a spell,
wln 1449 That till now none euer fell,
wln 1450 Tis a Feamale young and cleare,
wln 1451 Cast in by some Rauisher,
wln 1452 See vppon her brest a wound,
wln 1453 On which there is no playster bound,
wln 1454 Yet shee's warme, her pulses beat,
wln 1455 Tis a signe of life and heate,
wln 1456 If thou bee'st a virgin pure,
wln 1457 I can giue a present cure,
wln 1458 Take a droope into thy wound
wln 1459 From my watry locke more round,
wln 1460 Then Orient Pearle, and farr more pure,
wln 1461 Then vnchast flesh may endure,
wln 1462 See shee pants and from her flesh,
wln 1463 The warme blood gusheth out a fresh,
wln 1464 She is an vnpoluted mayde:
wln 1465 I must haue this bleeding stayde,
wln 1466 From my banckes, I plucke this flower.
wln 1467 With holy hand whose vertuous power,
wln 1468 Is at once to heale and draw,
wln 1469 The blood Returnes I neuer saw,
wln 1470 A fayrer Mortall, now doth breake,
wln 1471 Her deadly slumber, virgin, speake,
wln 1472 *Amo:* Who hath restor'd my sence, giuen mee new breath,
wln 1473 And brought mee backe out of the Armes of death,
wln 1474 *God.* I haue heald thy wounds:
wln 1475 *Amo:* Aye mee,
wln 1476 *God.* Feare not him that succord thee:
wln 1477 I am this Fountaynes God belowe,
wln 1478 My waters to a Riuer growe,
wln 1479 And twixt two banckes with Osiers sett,
wln 1480 That only prosper in the wet,
wln 1481 Through the Meddowes do they glide,

wheeling

img: 25-a
sig: [N/A]

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

img: 25-b
sig: [N/A]

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

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1519 I am betrothd vnto a *Sheaphard* Swaine,
wln 1520 Whose comely face; I know the Gods about:
wln 1521 May make mee leaue to see; but not to loue,
wln 1522 *God:* Maye hee proue to thee as trewe:
wln 1523 Fayrest virgin now adue,
wln 1524 I must make my waters flye,
wln 1525 Least they leaue ther Channells dry.
wln 1526 And beasts, that come vnto the spring
wln 1527 Misse ther mornings watringe.
wln 1528 Which I would not, for of late.
wln 1529 All the Neighbour people sate.
wln 1530 One my banckes and from the fold,
wln 1531 Tow white Lambs of three weeks Old,
wln 1532 Offered to my *Dietie*,
wln 1533 For which this yeare they shall bee free
wln 1534 From raging floods that as they passe,
wln 1535 Leaue their grauell in the grasse,
wln 1536 Nor shall their Meades be ouer flowne,
wln 1537 When their grasse is newly moane,
wln 1538 *Amo:* For thy kindnesse to me showne,
wln 1539 Neuer from thy bancks be blowne,
wln 1540 Any Tree; with windy force.
wln 1541 Crosse thy streames to stopp thy Course,
wln 1542 May no Beast that comes to drinke
wln 1543 With his Hornes cast downe thy brincke
wln 1544 May non that for thy fishe doe looke,
wln 1545 Cutt thy banckes to damme thy Brooke:
wln 1546 Bare-foote may no Neighbour wade:
wln 1547 In thy coole streames? wife nor mayde,
wln 1548 When the spawnes one stones do lye,
wln 1549 To wash ther Hempe and spoyle the frye.
wln 1550 *God.* Thankes Virgin, I must downe againe.
wln 1551 Thy wound will put thee to noe paine.
wln 1552 Wonder not, so soone tis gone;
wln 1553 A holy hand was layd vpon.
wln 1554 *Amo:* And I vnhappye borne to bee.
wln 1555 Must follow him, that flyes from mee,

Exit.

wln 1556

Sinis Actus Tertis

Enter:

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1557

Enter Perigot.

wln 1558

Per Shee is vntrue vnconstant, and vnkinde,
wln 1559 Shee's gone shee's gone, blow hygh thou North west winde,
wln 1560 And rayse the Sea to Mountaynes: let the Trees,
wln 1561 That dare oppose thy Raging fury leese
wln 1562 Their firme foundation: Creepe into the earth,
wln 1563 And shake the world as at the monstus birth,
wln 1564 Of some new Prodegey, whilst I constant stand,
wln 1565 Holdinge this trusty Bore-Speare in my hand,
wln 1566 And falling thus vppon it.

wln 1567

Perigot to Enter. Amarillis running

wln 1568

Stay thy dead doing hand thou art to hott,
wln 1569 Against thy selfe belieue me comely Swaine,
wln 1570 If that thou dyest, not all the showers of Rayne.
wln 1571 The heauy Clowdes send downe can wash away:
wln 1572 The foule vnmanly guilt, the world will lay,
wln 1573 Vppon thee, yet thy loue vntainted stands:
wln 1574 Belieue mee shee is constant, not the sands,
wln 1575 Can bee so hardly numbred as shee wunn:
wln 1576 I do not triffle, *Sheapard*, by thee Moone,
wln 1577 And all those lesser lights our eyes doe vewe
wln 1578 All that I tould thee *Perigot* is true,
wln 1579 Then bee a free man, put away dispayre,
wln 1580 And will to dye, smooth gently vp that fayre,
wln 1581 Deiected forehead: be as when those eyes,
wln 1582 Tooke the first heat,

wln 1583

Per: Allas hee doeble dyes,
wln 1584 That would beleiuue, but cannot, tis not well,
wln 1585 Ye keepe mee thus from dying here to dwell,
wln 1586 With many worse companions: but oh death,
wln 1587 I am not yet inamourd of his breath,
wln 1588 So much, but I dare leaue it, tis not payne,
wln 1589 In forcing of a wound: nor after gayne,
wln 1590 Of many dayes, can hold mee from my will,
wln 1591 Tis not my selfe, but *Amoret*. byds kille:

wln 1592

Ama.: Stay, but a little little but on hower,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1593 And if I do not showe thee through the power?
wln 1594 Of hearbes and words I haue, as darke as Night?
wln 1595 My selfe, turn'd to thy *Amoret*, in sight?
wln 1596 Her very figure, and the Robe shee weares;
wln 1597 With tawny Buskins, and thee hooke she beares
wln 1598 Of thyne owne Caruing, where your names are set,
wln 1599 Wrought vnderneath with many a Curious frett
wln 1600 The *prim-Rose* Chaplet? taudry-lace and Ring,
wln 1601 Thou gauest her for her singing with each thing,
wln 1602 Else that shee weares about her lett mee feele;
wln 1603 The first fell stroke of that Reuenging steele?
wln 1604 *Per.* I am contented if ther bee a hope;
wln 1605 To giue it Entertaynement for the scope;
wln 1606 Of one poore hower; goe you shall find me next?
wln 1607 Vnder yon shady Beech? euen thus perplext;
wln 1608 And thus beleiuing.
wln 1609 *Amaril.* Bynde before I goe;
wln 1610 Thy soule by *Pan* vnto mee, not to doe,
wln 1611 Harme or outrageous wrong vppon thy life,
wln 1612 Till my Returne.
wln 1613 *Per.* By *Pan* and by the strife;
wln 1614 Hee had with *Phoebus* for the Masterye,
wln 1615 When Goulden *Mydas*, iudg'd their *Minstralcy*;
wln 1616 I will not.

Exeunt;

wln 1617 *Enter Satyre with Alezis hurt.*

wln 1618 *Satyre:* Softly glyding as I goe;
wln 1619 With this Burden full of woe;
wln 1620 Through still silence of the night?
wln 1621 Guided by the glooe-wormes light.
wln 1622 Hether am I come at last;
wln 1623 Many a Thicket haue I past;
wln 1624 Not at twigg that durst deny mee;
wln 1625 Nor a bush that durst descry mee.
wln 1626 To the little Bird that sleepes:
wln 1627 On the tender spray nor creeps,
wln 1628 That hardy worme with poynted Tayle;
wln 1629 But if I bee vnder sayle;
wln 1630 Flying faster then the wind;

Leauing

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1631 Leauinge all the Clowdes behind,
wln 1632 But doth hide her tender head,
wln 1633 In some hollow Tree or bedd;
wln 1634 Of seeded Nettells not a Hare
wln 1635 Can be started from his fare;
wln 1636 By my footing nor a wish;
wln 1637 Is more sudden, nor a fish?
wln 1638 Can bee found; with greater ease,
wln 1639 Cut the vast vnbounded seaes;
wln 1640 Leauing neither print nor sound.
wln 1641 Then I when nimbly on the ground,
wln 1642 I measure many a leage an howre;
wln 1643 But behold the happy bower,
wln 1644 That must ease me of my charge,
wln 1645 And by holy hand enlardge;
wln 1646 The soule of this sadd man that yet,
wln 1647 Lyes fast bound in deadly fitt,
wln 1648 Heauen and great *Pan*, sucker it,
wln 1649 Hayle thou beauty of the Bower,
wln 1650 Whither then the Paramore:
wln 1651 Of my Maister; let me craue,
wln 1652 Thy virteous helpe to keepe from Graue,
wln 1653 This poore Mortall that here lyes,
wln 1654 Wayting when thee destinyes.
wln 1655 Will vndo his thread of life,
wln 1656 Veiwe the wound by cruell knife,
wln 1657 Trencht into him.
wln 1658 *Clor:* What art thou? call'st mee from my holy Rightes
wln 1659 And with the feared name of death a frightes
wln 1660 My tender Eares, speake me thy name and will,
wln 1661 *Satyre* I am the Statyre that did fill,
wln 1662 Your lapp with early fruite and will,
wln 1663 When I happ to gather more,
wln 1664 Bring yee better, and more store:
wln 1665 Yet I come not empty now,
wln 1666 See a blossome from the bowe,
wln 1667 But be shrewe his hart that pulld it,
wln 1668 And his perfect Sight that Culld it,
wln 1669 From the other springinge bloomes
wln 1670 For a sweeter youth the **Gwomes**

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1671

Cannot show mee nor the downes:

wln 1672

Nor the many neighbouring Townes,

wln 1673

Low in yonder glade I found him,

wln 1674

Softly in mine Armes I bound him,

wln 1675

Hether haue I brought him sleeping,

wln 1676

In a Trance, his wounds fresh weeping,

wln 1677

In remembrance such youth may

wln 1678

Spring and perish in a Day.

wln 1679

Clor: Satyre: they wrong thee, that doe tearme thee rude

wln 1680

Though thou beest outward rough and tawny hues:

wln 1681

Thy manners are as gentle and as fayre,

wln 1682

As his who bragges himselfe, borne only heyre,

wln 1683

To all Humanity: let mee see thie wound:

wln 1684

This Hearb will stay the Currant being bound,

wln 1685

Fast to the Orephyse, and this restrayne,

wln 1686

Vlcers, and Swellings, and such inward payne,

wln 1687

As the cold Ayre hath forc'd into the sore,

wln 1688

This to, drawe out such Putrifying gore,

wln 1689

As inward falls.

wln 1690

Satrye: Heauen grant it may doe good,

wln 1691

Clor: Fayrely wipe away the blood,

wln 1692

Hold him gently till I fling,

wln 1693

Water of a vertuous spring:

wln 1694

On his Temples turne him twice:

wln 1695

To the Moone beames pinch him thrice:

wln 1696

That the labouring soule may drawe.

wln 1697

From his great ecclipse.

wln 1698

Satrye: I sawe.

wln 1699

His Eye-lids moouing.

wln 1700

Clor: Giue him breath,

wln 1701

All the danger of cold death:

wln 1702

Now is vanisht, with this playster:

wln 1703

And this vnction doe I maister:

wln 1704

All the festred ill that maye:

wln 1705

Giue him greife another day.

wln 1706

Satyr: See hee gathers vp his spright

wln 1707

And begins to hunt for light,

wln 1708

Now a gapes and breathes agayne:

wln 1709

How the bloud runs to the vayne:

That

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1710

That east was empty.

wln 1711

Alexis. Oh my hart,

wln 1712

My dearest, dearest *Cloe* O the smart,

wln 1713

Runnes, through my side: I feele some poynted thing,

wln 1714

Passe through my Bowels, sharper then the stinge,

wln 1715

Of *Scorpion*.

wln 1716

Pan preserue mee, what are you,

wln 1717

Doe not hurt mee. I am true,

wln 1718

To my *Cloe* though shee fly

wln 1719

And leaue mee to this Destiny,

wln 1720

There shee stands, and will not lend,

wln 1721

Her smooth white hand to helpe her freind,

wln 1722

But I am much mistaken, for that face,

wln 1723

Beares more Austeritye and modest grace,

wln 1724

More reprouing and more awe.

wln 1725

Then theise Eyes yet euer sawe,

wln 1726

In my *Cloe*, oh my payne:

wln 1727

Eagerly Renewes againe:

wln 1728

Giue mee your helpe for his sake you loue best:

wln 1729

Clor: *Sheapheard* thou Canst not possible take rest.

wln 1730

Till thou hast layed a syde all heates, desiers,

wln 1731

Prouoking thoughts, that stirr vpp lusty fiers.

wln 1732

Commerse with wanton Eyes: strong bloud and will,

wln 1733

To execute theise must bee purg'd vntill,

wln 1734

The vayne growe Whiter then Repent and pray:

wln 1735

Great *Pan*, to keepe you from the like decaye,

wln 1736

And I shall vndertake your cure with ease.

wln 1737

Till when this verteous Playsters will displease,

wln 1738

Your tender sides. giue mee your hand and rise.

wln 1739

helpe him a little *Satyre*. for his Thyghes.

wln 1740

Yet are feeble.

wln 1741

Alexis. Sure I haue lost much blood.

wln 1742

Satyre. Tis no matter, twas not good,

wln 1743

Mortall you must leaue your woing,

wln 1744

Though ther be a Ioye in doing,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1745
wln 1746

Yet it brings much grieffe, behynd it,
They best feele it, that doe find it,

wln 1747
wln 1748

Clor: Come bringe 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: *Sheapeard* see what comes of kissinge
By my head twere better missing,
Bryghtest if ther, bee ramaying,
Any seruice, without fayninge,
I will do it, were I sett,
To catch the nimble wind or gett,
Shaddowes glydinge on the greene,
Or to steale from the great Queene,
Of *Fayryes*, all her Beautye,
I would do it so much dutye,
Doe I owe those pretious Eyes,

wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
wln 1763

Clor: I thancke the honest Satyre, if the Cryes,
Of any other that be hurt, or ill,
Draw thee vnto them, prithee do thy will?
To bring them hether,

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

Satyre: I will and when the weather:
Serues to Angle in the brooke,
I will bring a siluer hooke,
With a lyne of finest silke,
And a rodd as white as **mi[*]ke**,
To deserue the little fishe,
Soe I take my leaue and wish,
On this bowre may euer dwell,
Springe, and sommer.

Clor: Friend farewell.

Exit.

wln 1774

Enter Amoret, seeking her loue

wln 1775
wln 1776
wln 1777
wln 1778

Amo: This place is Ominous for here I lost,
My loue and almost life, and since haue crost,
All these woodes ouer, neuer a Nooke or dell,
Where any little Byrd, or beast doth dwell,

But

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1779 But I haue sought it, neuer a bending browe,
wln 1780 Of any hill or Glade, the wind sings through,
wln 1781 Nor a greene bancke or shade where Sheapeards vse,
wln 1782 To sit and Riddle s,weetely pipe or chuse,
wln 1783 Their valentyne: but I haue mist to find.
wln 1784 My loue in, *Perigot*, Oh to vnkind.
wln 1785 Why hast thou fled mee? whether art thou gone,
wln 1786 Howe haue I wrong'd thee? was my loue alone,
wln 1787 To thee, worthy this scorned Recompence? tis well,
wln 1788 I am content to **fee[*]e** it; but I tell
wln 1789 Thee Sheapeard: and these lusty woods shall heare.
wln 1790 Forsaken *Amoret* is yet as cleare,
wln 1791 Of any stranger fier, as Heauen is.
wln 1792 From foule Corruption, or the deepe: Abisse,
wln 1793 From light, and happynesse, and thou mayst knowe,
wln 1794 All this for truth and how that fatall blowe,
wln 1795 Thou gauest mee, neuer from desert of myne,
wln 1796 Fell on my life, but from suspect of thyne,
wln 1797 Or fury more then Madnes therefore, here.
wln 1798 Since I haue lost my life, my loue, my deare,
wln 1799 Vpon this cursed place, and on this greene,
wln 1800 That first devorced vs, shortly shall bee seene,
wln 1801 A sight of so great pittie that each eye,
wln 1802 Shall dayly spend his spring in memorye.

wln 1803

Enter Amarillsi.

wln 1804 Of my vntymely fall.
wln 1805 *Amaril:* I am not blynd,
wln 1806 Nor is it through the working of my Mynd.
wln 1807 That this shoves *Amoret*, forsake me all,
wln 1808 That dwell vppon the soule, but what men call
wln 1809 Wonder, or more then wonder Miracle,
wln 1810 For sure so strange as this the Oracle,
wln 1811 Neuer gaue answere of, It passeth dreames,
wln 1812 Or maddmens fancye when the many streames,
wln 1813 Of newe Imagination rise and fall:
wln 1814 Tis but an howre since these Eares heard her call,
wln 1815 For pittie to young *Perigot*? whilst hee,
wln 1816 Directed by his fury Bloodelye,

Lanch

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1817 Lanch't vpp her brest, which bloudlesse fell and cold,
wln 1818 And if beleife may Credit what was told,
wln 1819 After all this the Mellancholly Swayne,
wln 1820 Tooke her into his Armes being almost slayne.
wln 1821 And to the bottom of the holy well,
wln 1822 flung her for euer with the waues to dwell,
wln 1823 Tis shee, the very same, tis *Amoret*.
wln 1824 And liuing yet, the great powers will not let,
wln 1825 Their verteous loue be Crost, mayde wipe away,
wln 1826 Those heauy dropps of sorrow, and allay,
wln 1827 The storme that yet goes high, which not deprest,
wln 1828 Breakes, hart, and life, and all before it rest:
wln 1829 Thy *Perigot*:
wln 1830 *Amo*: where: which is *Perigot*.
wln 1831 *Amaril* Sits there below lamenting much God wott:
wln 1832 Thee, and thy fortune, goe and comfort him,
wln 1833 And thou shalt finde him vnderneath a brim,
wln 1834 Of sayling Pynes that edge yon Mountaine in,
wln 1835 *Amo*: I goe, I run Heauen graunt mee. I maye winn:
wln 1836 His soule agayne.

wln 1837 *Enter Sullen*:

wln 1838 Stay *Amarillis* stay,
wln 1839 Ye are to fleete, tis two howers yet to day;
wln 1840 I haue perform'd my promise lett vs sitt;
wln 1841 And warme our bloodes together till the fitt;
wln 1842 Come liuely on vs;
wln 1843 *Amaril*: Freind you are to keene;
wln 1844 The Morning, Riseth, and wee shall be seene,
wln 1845 For beare a little;
wln 1846 *Sullen*: I can staye no longer;
wln 1847 *Amaril*: Hold *Sheapeard* hold, learne not to bee a wronger;
wln 1848 Of your word, was not your promise layed,
wln 1849 To break their loues first:
wln 1850 *Sullen*: I haue done it Mayd?
wln 1851 *Amaril*: No they are yet vnbroken, met againe,
wln 1852 And are as hard to part yet as the stayne?
wln 1853 Is from the finest lawne,
wln 1854 *Sullen*. I say they are.

Now

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1855 now at this present parted, and so farr,
wln 1856 That they shall neuer meete,
wln 1857 *Amaril* Swayne tis not so,
wln 1858 For do but to yon hanging Mountayne goe,
wln 1859 And ther beleiue your eyes,
wln 1860 *Sullen:* you doe but hold:
wln 1861 Of with delayes: and trifles, fare wel cold,
wln 1862 And frozen bashfullnes, vnfit for men,
wln 1863 Thus I sallute thee virgin,
wln 1864 *Amaril:* And thus then,
wln 1865 I bid you followe, Catch mee if ye can, *Exit.*
wln 1866 *Sullen.:* And if I stay behind I am no Man. *Exit running after her*

wln 1867 *Enter Perigot.*

wln 1868 Night do not steale away: I woe thee yet?
wln 1869 To hold a hard hand ore the Rusty bytt,
wln 1870 That Gydes thy Lazy teame goe backe againe,
wln 1871 Bootes thou that driu'st thy frozen wane,
wln 1872 Round as a Ringe and bring a second Night,
wln 1873 To hyde my sorowes from the comming light,
wln 1874 Let not the Eyes of men stare on my face,
wln 1875 And read my falling, giue mee some blacke place,
wln 1876 Where neuer sunn beame, shot his wholsome light,
wln 1877 That I may sitt, and powre out my sadd spright,
wln 1878 Like running water neuer to be knowne:
wln 1879 After the forced fall and sound is gone,

wln 1880 *Enter Amoret looking of Perigot*

wln 1881 This is the bottome: speake if thou be here,
wln 1882 My Perigot, thy Amoret, thy deare,
wln 1883 Calles on thy loued Name,
wln 1884 *Per:* What thou dare,
wln 1885 Tread these forbydden pathes, where death and care,
wln 1886 Dwell on the face of darcknes,
wln 1887 *Amo:* Tis thy friend,
wln 1888 Thy Amoret come hether to giue end,
wln 1889 To these consuminges looke vpp gentle Boye,
wln 1890 I haue forgot those paynes, and deare annoy,
wln 1891 I sufferd for thy sake, and am content,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1892 To bee thy loue againe why hast thou rent,
wln 1893 Those curled lockes, wher I haue often hunge,
wln 1894 Ribandes and damaske Roses, and haue flunge,
wln 1895 Waters distilld to make thee fresh and gaye,
wln 1896 Sweeter then Nose-gayes on a Bridall daye,
wln 1897 Why dost thou crosse thyne Armes, and hang thy face,
wln 1898 Downe to thy Boosome, letting fall apace,
wln 1899 From those too little Heauens vppon the ground
wln 1900 Showres of more price, more Orient, & more round
wln 1901 Then those that hange vppon the moones pale browe
wln 1902 Cease these complainings Sheapheard I am nowe,
wln 1903 The same, I euer was, as kinde and free,
wln 1904 And can forgiue before you aske of mee,
wln 1905 Indeed I can, and will.
wln 1906 *Per:* Soe spoke my fayre,
wln 1907 O you great working powers of Earth, and Ayre,
wln 1908 Water, and forming fier, why haue you lent,
wln 1909 Your hydden vertues of so ill intent,
wln 1910 Euen such a face, so fayre so bright of hewe,
wln 1911 Had *Amoret*, such, words, soe smooth and newe,
wln 1912 Came flowing from her tongue, such was her eye,
wln 1913 And such the poynted sparckle that did flye
wln 1914 Forth like a bleeding shaft, all is the same,
wln 1915 The Robe, and Buskins, painted, hooke, and frame,
wln 1916 Of all her Body O mee *Amoret*,
wln 1917 *Amo:* Sheapeard what meanes this Riddle who hath sett,
wln 1918 So strange a difference, twixt my selfe and mee,
wln 1919 That I am growne annother, looke and see.
wln 1920 The Ring thou gauest mee, and about my wrest.
wln 1921 That Curious Braeslet thou thy selfe didst twist.
wln 1922 From those fayre Tresses, knowest thou *Amoret*.
wln 1923 Hath not some newer loue forced thee forget,
wln 1924 Thy Auncient fayth,
wln 1925 *Per:* Still nearer to my loue;
wln 1926 These be the very words shee oft did proue,
wln 1927 Vppon my temper, so shee still wod take,
wln 1928 wonder into her face, and silent make,
wln 1929 Singes whith her head and hand as who wod saye
wln 1930 Sheapeard remember this annother daye:
wln 1931 *Amo:* Am I not *Amoret*. where was I lost,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1932
wln 1933
wln 1934
wln 1935
wln 1936
wln 1937
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
wln 1953
wln 1954
wln 1955
wln 1956
wln 1957
wln 1958
wln 1959
wln 1960
wln 1961
wln 1962
wln 1963
wln 1964
wln 1965
wln 1966
wln 1967
wln 1968
wln 1969
wln 1970
wln 1971

Can there be Heauen, and time, and men most
Of these vnconstant? fayth where art thou fled?
Are all the vowes and protestations dead:
The hands held vpp? the wishes and the hart?
Is ther not one remayninge not apart,
Of all these to bee found why then I see:
Men neuer knewe that vertue constancye
Per: Men euer were most blessed, till Crosse fate,
Brought loue, and woemen forth vnfortunate,
To all that euer tasted of their smiles,
Whose Actions are all double, full of wiles,
Like to the subtill Hare, that fore the Houndes,
Makes many turnings leapes and many roundes,
This waye and that waye, to deceaue the sent,
Of her pursuers:
Amo: Tis but to preuent,
Ther speedy comminge, on that seeke her fall,
The hands of Cruell men, more Bestiall,
And of a nature more refusing good,
Then beastes themselues, or fishes of the flood,
Thou art all these, and more then nature ment,
When shee created all, frownes, ioyes, content:
Extreame fier for an hower, and presentlye:
Colder then sleepy poyson: or the sea,
Vppon whose face sitts a continuall frost
Your Actions euer driuen to the most,
Then downe agayne as lowe that none can find,
The rise or falling of a woemans minde,
Amo: Can ther bee any Age, or dayes, or time,
Or tongues: of Men, guilty so great a crime:
As wronging simple Mayde, O *Perigot:*
Thou that wast yesterday without a blott,
Thou that wast euery goode and euery thinge,
That men call blessed: thou that wast the spring.
From whence our looser groomes drew all their best:
Thou that wast alwaies Iust, and alwaies blest,
In fayth and promise, thou that hadst the name,
Of vertuous giuen thee, and made good the same:
Euen from thy Cradle: thou that wast that all,
That men delighted in, Oh what a fall,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1972 Is this to haue bene soe, and now to bee,
wln 1973 The onlye best in wrong, and infamye,
wln 1974 And I to liue to know this, and by mee.
wln 1975 That lou'd thee dearer then, myne Eyes or that,
wln 1976 Which wee esteeme our honour virgin state,
wln 1977 Dearer then swallowes loue the early morne,
wln 1978 Or doggs of Chace the sound of merry Horne,
wln 1979 Dearer then thou canst loue thy newe loue, if thou hast.
wln 1980 Another and farr dearer then the last,
wln 1981 Dearer then thou can'st loue thy selfe, though all,
wln 1982 The selfe loue were wîthin thee, that did fall.
wln 1983 with that coye swayne: that now is made a flower
wln 1984 For whose deare sake, Eccho weepes many a showre
wln 1985 And am I thus rewarded for my flame,
wln 1986 Lou'd worthely to gett a wantons name,
wln 1987 Come thou forsaken willowe winde my head,
wln 1988 And noyse it to the world, my loue is dead:
wln 1989 I am forsaken I am Cast awaye,
wln 1990 And left for euey lazy Grome to saye,
wln 1991 I was vnconstant light, and sooner lost,
wln 1992 Then the quicke Clouds wee see or the Chill frost,
wln 1993 When the hott sun beates on it tell mee yet,
wln 1994 Canst thou not loue againe thy Amorett?
wln 1995 *Per:* Thou art not worthy of that blessed name,
wln 1996 I must not knowe thee, flynge thy wanton flame,
wln 1997 vppon some lighter blood: that may be hott,
wln 1998 With words and fayned passions, Perigot,
wln 1999 Was euer yet vnstaynd, and shall not nowe.
wln 2000 Stoope to the meltings of a borrowed browe:
wln 2001 *Amo:* Then heare mee heauen: to whome I call for right.
wln 2002 And you fayre twinckling starres that crowne the night,
wln 2003 And heare mee woods and and silence of this place,
wln 2004 And ye sad howers, that mooue a sullen pace,
wln 2005 Heare mee ye shadowes, that delight to dwell,
wln 2006 In horred darknesse, and ye powers of Hell,
wln 2007 Whilst I breath out my last, I am that mayde,
wln 2008 That yet vntaynted Amoret that played:
wln 2009 The carelesse Prodigall: and gaue awaye:
wln 2010 My soule to this younge man that now dares say:
wln 2011 I am a stranger, not the same, more wild,

And

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2012 And thus with much beleife, I was beguild,
wln 2013 I am that Mayde, that haue delayd denye,
wln 2014 And almost scornd the loues of all that tryde,
wln 2015 To win me but this swayne, and yet confesse,
wln 2016 I haue bene woed by many with no lesse.
wln 2017 Soule of affection and haue often had:
wln 2018 Ringes Bellts and Cracknels. sent me from the lad.
wln 2019 That feeds his flockes downe westward, Lambes and Doues
wln 2020 By young *Alexis*, *Daphnis* sent me gloues,
wln 2021 All which I gaue to thee not theise nor they
wln 2022 That sent them, did I smyle one, or ere lay.
wln 2023 vpp to my **aff[*]er memorye** but why,
wln 2024 Do I resolute to grieue and not to dye
wln 2025 Happy had bene the stroake thou gauest if home,
wln 2026 By this tyme had I found a quiet roome.
wln 2027 Where euery slaue is free, and euery brest,
wln 2028 That liuing bread, new care, now lyes at rest,
wln 2029 And thether will poore Amoret,
wln 2030 *Per.* Thou must,
wln 2031 Was euer any man, soe loath to trust,
wln 2032 His Eyes as I, or was ther euer yet,
wln 2033 Any so like, as this to Amoret,
wln 2034 For whose deare sake, *I* promise if ther bee
wln 2035 A liuing soule within thee thus to free,
wln 2036 Thy Body from it,
wln 2037 *Amo:* So this worke hath end.
wln 2038 Farewell and liue be constant to thy friend,
wln 2039 That loues thee next,

He hurts her agayne.

wln 2040 *Enter Satyre: Perigot runns of.*

wln 2041 *Satyre.* See the day begins to breake,
wln 2042 And the light shutts like a streake,
wln 2043 Of subtill fier the wind blowes cold,
wln 2044 Whilst the morning doth vnfold,
wln 2045 Nowe the Byrds begin to rouse,
wln 2046 And the Squyrrill from the boughes,
wln 2047 Leps to gett him Nutts and fruite,
wln 2048 The early Larke earst was mute,
wln 2049 Carrolls to the Risinge daye,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2050 Many a Note, and many a laye,
wln 2051 Therfore here I end my watch,
wln 2052 Least the wandering Swayne should catch,
wln 2053 Harme or loose him selfe *Amo:* ah mee.
wln 2054 *Satyre:* speake agayne what ere thou bee,
wln 2055 I am ready speake I say,
wln 2056 By the dawning of the day,
wln 2057 By the power of Night and *Pan*;
wln 2058 I inforce thee speake againe,
wln 2059 *Amo:* O I am most vnhappie.
wln 2060 *Satyre.* Yet more blood,
wln 2061 Sure these wanton Swaynes are wood,
wln 2062 Can there be a hand, or hart,
wln 2063 Dare commit so vild a part,
wln 2064 As this Murder, by the Moone,
wln 2065 That hydd her selfe when this was done,
wln 2066 Neuer was a sweeter face,
wln 2067 I will beare her to the place,
wln 2068 Where my Goddess keeps and craue,
wln 2069 Her to giue her life, or graue,

exeunt,

Enter Clorin,

wln 2072 *Clorin,* Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure
wln 2073 I steale a broad to doe annother Cure,
wln 2074 Pardon thou buryed body of my loue,
wln 2075 That from thy side I dare so soone remooue,
wln 2076 I will not proue vnconstant nor will leaue,
wln 2077 Thee for an hower alone, when I deceaue,
wln 2078 My first made vowe, the wildest of the wood,
wln 2079 Teare me, and ore thy Graue lett out my blood,
wln 2080 I goe by witt to Cure a louers payne,
wln 2081 Which no hearb can, being done, Ile come againe,

Exit,

wln 2082 *Enter Thenot*

wln 2083 Poore *Sheapeard* in this shade for euer lye,
wln 2084 And seeing thy fayre *Clorins*, Cabin dye,
wln 2085 O happlesse loue which being answered ends,
wln 2086 And as a little Infant cryes and bendes,

His

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2087 His tender Browes, when rowling of his eye,
wln 2088 He hath espyed some thing that glisters nye.
wln 2089 Which he would haue, yet giue it him, away,
wln 2090 He throwes it straight, and cryes a fresh to playe
wln 2091 With some thing else such my affection sett,
wln 2092 On that which I should loath if I could geett

wln 2093 *Enter Clorin.*

wln 2094 See where hee lies did euer man but hee,
wln 2095 Loue any woeman for her Constancy,
wln 2096 To her dead loue which she needs must end,
wln 2097 Before she can alowe him, for her freind,
wln 2098 And he himselfe, must needes the cause destroye,
wln 2099 For which he loues, before he can inioye,
wln 2100 Poore *Sheapeard*, Heauen grant I at once may free,
wln 2101 Thee from thy payne, and keepe my loyalty,
wln 2102 *Sheapeard* looke vpp,

wln 2103 *Thenot* Thy brightnesse doth amaze,
wln 2104 Soe *Phoebus* may at Noone byd mortalls gaze,
wln 2105 Thy glorious constancy appeares so bright,
wln 2106 I dare not meete the Beames with my weake sight

wln 2107 *Clorin.* Why dost thou pyne away thy selfe for mee

wln 2108 *Thenot* Why dost thou keepe such spottlesse constancy?

wln 2109 *Clorin.* Thou holy *Sheapeard* see what for thy sake,

wln 2110 Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare vndertake, *he starts vp*

wln 2111 *Thenot.* Stay ther, thou constant Clorin if ther bee,
wln 2112 Yet any part of woeman left in thee,

wln 2113 To make thee light thincke yet before thou speake,

wln 2114 *Clorin.* See what a holy vowe, for thee I breake,

wln 2115 I that already haue my fame farr spread,

wln 2116 For beeing constant to my loue dead

wln 2117 *Thenot.* thincke yet deare Clorin of your loue, how trewe,

wln 2118 If you had dyed, he would haue bene to you

wln 2119 *Clorin* Yet all Ile loose for thee.

wln 2120 *Thenot.* Thincke but how blest,

wln 2121 A constant woeman is aboue the rest,

wln 2122 *Clorin.* And offer vpp my selfe, here on this ground,

wln 2123 To be disposd by thee,

wln 2124 *Thenot* why dost thou wound,

His

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2125
wln 2126
wln 2127
wln 2128
wln 2129
wln 2130
wln 2131
wln 2132
wln 2133
wln 2134
wln 2135
wln 2136
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wln 2158
wln 2159
wln 2160
wln 2161
wln 2162

His hart with Mallice, against woemen more.
That hated all the Sex, but thee before,
How much more pleasant had it bene to mee,
To dye then behold this change in thee,
Yet, yet returne: let not the woeman swaye,
Clorin: Insult not on her now, nor vse delaye
Who for thy sake hath venturd all her fame,
Thenot: Thou hast not venturd but bought Certaine shame,
Your Sexes Curse, foule falshood, must and shall,
I see once in your liues light on you all;
I hate thee now: yet turne
Clorin, Be iust to mee:
Shall I at once, loose both my fame and thee,
Thenot. Thou hadst no fame, that which thou didst like good
Was but thy Appetite that swayed thy bloud,
For that time to the best, for as a blast,
That through a house comes, vsually doth cast,
Things out of order: yet by chaunce may come,
And blowe some one thinge to his proper rome,
Soe did thy Appetite, and not thy zeale.
Swaye the by chaunce to do some one thing well.
Yet turne.
Clorin: Thou dost but trye me if I would.
Forsake thy deere imbraces for my ould
Loues though he were aliue, but doe not feare,
Thenot I doe contemne thee nowe: and dare come neare.
And gayse vppon thee, for me thinkes that grace:
Austeritye, which satt vppon that face,
Is gone, and thou like others. false mayde see,
This is the gaine of foule Inconstance,
Clorin: Tis done great: *Pan,* I giue thee thanks for it, *Exit.*
What Art could not haue heald, is curd by witt,

Enter: Thenot agayne:

Will ye be constant yet, will ye remooue,
Into the Cabin to your buryed loue,
Clorin: Noe lett me dye, but by thy side remayne,
Thenot. Ther's none shall knowe that thou didst euer stayne,
Thy worthy stricknes, but shalt honnerd bee

And

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2163
wln 2164
wln 2165
wln 2166
wln 2167
wln 2168
wln 2169
wln 2170
wln 2171
wln 2172
wln 2173
wln 2174
wln 2175
wln 2176
wln 2177

And I will lye againe vnder this tree,
And pine and dye for thee with more delight,
Then I haue sorrow now to know thee light,
Clorin. Let mee haue thee, and Ile be where thou wilt.
Theonot. Thou art of womens race and full of guilt,
Farewell all hope of that sex, whilst I thought,
There was one good, I feared to find one nought
But since there minds I all alike espie
Hence forth Ile chuse as thers, by mine eye,
Clorin. Blest be yee powers that gaue such quicke redresse,
And for my labours sent so good successe,
I rather chuse though I a woman bee,
He should speake ill of all,
then dye for me.

Finis Actus quartus.

wln 2178
wln 2179

Actus Quintus.
Scena. 1.

wln 2180

Enter Priest, and old Shepheard.

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. Shepheards, rise and shake of sleepe.
See the blushing Morne doth peepe,
Through the windowes, whilst the Sune
To the Mountayne topps is runne,
Gilding all the vales below,
With his rising flames which grow,
Greater by his climbing still.
Vp yee lazy groomes and fill,
Bagg and Bottle for the fieldes,
Claspe your cloakes fast lest they yeeld,
To the bitter Northeast wind,
Call the Maydens vp and find.
Who laye longest, that she may,
Go without a friend all daye.
Then reward your dogs and praye,

I

Pan

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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
wln 2210
wln 2211
wln 2212
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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

Pan to keepe you from decay,
So vnfold, and then away
What not a Shepheard stirring sure the groomes,
Haue found their beds to easie, or the Roomes.
Filde with such new delight, and heat that they,
Haue both forgot their hungry sheepe, and day,
Knock that they may remember what a shame,
Sloath and neclect, layes on a Shepherds name.

Old. It is to little purpose, not a swayne,
This night hath knowne his lodging, heere; or layne,
Within these cotes: the woods or some neere towne,
that is a neighbour to the bordering downe:
Hath drawne them thether, bout some lusty sport;
Or spiced wassal Boule, to which resort.
All the young men and maydes of many a coate,
Whilst the Trim, Minstrell strikes his merry note.

Priest. God pardon sinne, showe me the way that leades,
To any of their haunts.

Old. This to the Meades.
And that downe to the woods,

Priest. Then this for me,
Come Shepheard let me craue your company.

exeunt.

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

Clorin. Now your thoughts are almost pure:
And your wound beginns to cure.
Striue to bannish all thats vaine,
Lest it should breake out againe.

Alexis. Eternall thanks to thee, thou holy mayde:
I find my former wandring thoughts, well stayd,
Through thy wise precepts, and my outward payne,
By thy choyce hearbs is almost gone againe.
Thy sexes vice and vertue are reueald,
At once, for what one hurt another heald.

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

Enter

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

Enter Satyre with Amoret.

Amo. Beest thou the wildest creature of the Wood,
That bearest me thus a way drown'd in my blood.

And dying, know I cannot iniurd be
I am a mayde, let that name fight for me:

Satire. Fayrest Virgine do not feare,
Me that doth thy body beare,
Not to hurt, but held to be,
Men are ruder farre then we.

See fayre *Goddesse* in the wood,
They haue let out yet more blood:
Some sauadge man hath strucke her brest

So soft and white, that no wild beast,
Durst a toucht asleepe or wake,
So sweete that *Adder*, *Neut*, or *Snake*.

Would haue layne from arme to arme,
On her Bossome to be warme,
All a night and being hot,
Gone away and stung her not.

Quickly clap hearbs to her brest,
A man sure is a kind of Beast,

Clorin. With spottlesse hand, on spotlesse Brest,
I put these hearbs to giue thee rest.
Which till it heale the there wil bide
If both be pure, if not of slide.

See it falls of from the wound,
Sepheardesse thou art not sound,
Full of lust.

Satyre. Who would haue thought it,
So fayre a face:

Clorin. Why that hath brought it.

Amo. For ought I know or thinke, these words my last:
Yet *Pan*, so helpe me as my thoughts are chast.

Clorin. And so may *Pan* blesse this my cure,
As all my thoughts are iust and pure,
Some vncleanesse nye doth lurke,
That will not let my medicines worke.

Satyre search if thou canst find it,

Satyre. Here away me thinks I wind it.
Stronger yet, Oh here they be,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2274
wln 2275
wln 2276

Heere heere in a hollow tree.
Two fond mortalls haue I found,
Clorin. Bring them out they are vnsound.

wln 2277

Enter Cloe, and Daphinis.

wln 2278
wln 2279
wln 2280

Satyre. By the fingers thus I wring yee,
To my Goddesses thus I bring yee.
Strife is wayne come gently in,
I sented them, they are full of sinne,

wln 2282
wln 2283
wln 2284

Clorin. Hold *Satyre*, take this Glasse,
Sprinkle ouer all the place,
Purge the Ayre from lustfull breath,
To saue this Shepheardesse frō death.

wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287

And stand you still, whilst I do dresse
Her wound for feare the payne increase,

wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290

Satyre. From this glasse I throw a dropp,
Of Christall water on the topp.
Of euery grasse on flowers a payre:

wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293

Send a fume and keepe the Ayre,
Pure and wholesome, sweete & blest,
Till this virgins wound be drest,

wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296

Clorin. *Satyre* help to bring her in,
Satyre. By *Pan*, I thinke shee hath no sinne.

wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299

She is so light, lye on these leaues,
Sleepe that mortall sence deceaues.
Crowne thine eyes, and ease thy paine,
Mayst thou sone be well againe,

wln 2300
wln 2301
wln 2302

Clorin. *Satyre* bring the Shepheard nere,
Trye him if his mind be cleere,

wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305

Satyre. Shepheard come,
Daphinis. My thoughts are pure,
The better tryall to endure.

wln 2306
wln 2307
wln 2308

Satyre. In this flame his figer thrust,
Clorin. Which will burne him if he lust.

wln 2309
wln 2310
wln 2311

But if not away will turne,
As loath vnspotted flesh to burne:
See it giues backe let him go.
Farewell Mortall keepe thee so.
Satyre. Stay fayre *Nymph*, flye not so fast,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2312
wln 2313
wln 2314
wln 2315
wln 2316
wln 2317
wln 2318
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wln 2332
wln 2333
wln 2334
wln 2335

Wee must trye if you be chaste:
Heres a hand that quaks for feare,
Sure she will not proue so cleare:
Clorin. Hold her finger to the flame:
That will yeeld her praise or shame.
Satire. To her doome shee dares not stand,
But pluckes away her tender hand:
And the Taper darting sends,
His hot beames at her fingers ends.
O thou art foule within, and hast;
A mind if nothing else vnchast.
Alexis. Is not that *Cloe*? tis my loue; tis shee:
Cloe, faire Cloe.
Cloe. My *Alexis.* *Alexis:* He.
Cloe. Let me imbrace thee.
Clorin. Take her hence, Least her sight disturbe his sence.
Alexis. Take not her: take my life first.
Clorin. See his wound againe is burst,
Keepe her neere heere in the wood.
Til I haue stopt these streames of bloud.
Soone againe he ease shall find,
If I can but still his minde:
This curtaine thus I do display,
To keepe the piercing Ayre away.

wln 2336

Enter old shepheard, 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 for euer, tis in vaine,
To finde them out, with trouble and much paine:
That haue a Ripe desire, and forward will,
To flye the company of all, but ill:
What shall be counsaide: Now shall we retire?
Or constant follow still, that first desire,
We had to finde them?
Olde. Stay a little while:
For if the mornings mist do not beguile,
My sight with shaddowes: sure I see a swaine
One of this iolly troopes come backe againe.

wln 2348

Enter Thenot.

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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. Doest thou not blush young shepheard to be knowne,
Thus without care, leauing thy flocks alone:
And followinge what desire and present bloud,
Shapes out before thy burning sence, for good,
Hauinge forgot what tongue hereafter may
Tell to the world thy faleing off, and say
Thou art regardlesse both of good and shame,
Spurning at vertue, and a verteous name:
And like a glorious desperat man, that buies,
A poison of much price, by which he dyes
Doest thou lay out for lust, whose only gaine,
Is foule disease, with present age and paine:
And then a Graue: these be the frutes that growe,
In such hot vaines that only beat to know,
Where they may take most ease & growe ambtious,
Through their owne wanton fire, and pride delitious.

Thenot. Right holy Sir I haue not knowen this night,
What the smooth face of Mirth was: or the sight,
Of any loosenesse, musicke, ioy and ease,
Haue bene to me, as bitter drugges to please
A Stomake lost with weakenesse, not a game
That I am skild at throughly, nor a dame,
Went her tongue smoother then the feete of Time,
Her beauy euer liuing like the Rime,
Our blessed *Tyterus* did singe of yore,
No, were shee more entising then the store
Of fruitfull *Summr*, when the loaden tree,
Bids the faint Traueller be bolde and free
Twere but to me like Thunder gainst the bay,
Whose lightning may inclose, but neuer stay
Vpon his charmed branches, such am I,
Against the catching flames of womans eye.

Priest. Then wherefore hast thou wandred.

Thenot. Twas a vowe,
that drew me out last night, which I haue nowe,
Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to giue
fresh pasture to my sheepe, that they may liue.

Priest. Tis good to heare ye Sheeph[*]ard if the heart,
In this well sounding Musick beare his part;
Where haue you left the rest,

Thenot

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2389 I haue not seene,
wln 2390 Since yesternight, we met vpon this greene,
wln 2391 To fould our flocks vp, any of that trayne
wln 2392 Yet haue I walkt these woods round and haue laine
wln 2393 All this long night vnder an aged tree:
wln 2394 Yet neyther wandring Shepheard did I see,
wln 2395 Or Shepheardesse, or drew into myne eare,
wln 2396 The sound of liuing thing vnlesse it were,
wln 2397 The Nightingale, among the thick leaued spring
wln 2398 That sits alone, in sorrow and doth sing:
wln 2399 Whole nights away in mourning, or the Owle,
wln 2400 Or our great Enemye that still doth howle.
wln 2401 Against the Moones cold beames.

Priest. Go and beware,
Of after falling.

Thenot. Father tis my care.

Exit Theonot.

wln 2405

Enter Daphnis.

wln 2406 *Old.* Here comes another straggler, sure I see,
wln 2407 A shame in this young Shepheard *Daphinis*,
wln 2408 *Daphnis.* Hee,
wln 2409 *Preest.* Where hast left the rest, that should haue bene
wln 2410 Long before this, grazing vpon the greene:
wln 2411 Their yet imprisond flocks,
wln 2412 *Daph.* Thou holy man.
wln 2413 Giue me a litle breathing till I can,
wln 2414 Be able to vnfold what I haue seene,
wln 2415 Such horror that the like hath neuer bene,
wln 2416 Knowne to the eare of Shepheard: oh my heart,
wln 2417 Labours a double motion to impart,
wln 2418 So heauy tydings you all know the Bower,
wln 2419 Where the chast *Clorin*, liues by whose great power,
wln 2420 Sicke men and cattell hane bene often cur'd,
wln 2421 There louely *Amoret*, that was assur'd,
wln 2422 To lusty *Perrigot*: bleeddes out her life:
wln 2423 Forced by some iron hand and fatall knife,
wln 2424 And by her young *Allexis*.

Enter Amarillis running from her sullen sheepeheard.

wln 2426

If there be

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2427 Euer a Neighbour-brooke or hollow tree,
wln 2428 Receiue my body, close me vp from lust,
wln 2429 That follows at my heeles, be euer iust,
wln 2430 Thou God of shepheards: *Pan* for her deare sake,
wln 2431 That loues the Riuers brinks, and still doeth shake,
wln 2432 In colde remembrance of thy quick pursute:
wln 2433 Let me be made a reede, and euer mute,
wln 2434 Nod to the waters fall, whilst euery blast,
wln 2435 Singes through my slender leaues that I was chaste:
wln 2436 *Priest.* This is a night of wonder, *Amarill,*
wln 2437 Be Comforted, the holy gods are still,
wln 2438 Reuengers of these wrongs.
wln 2439 *Amar.* Thou blessed man,
wln 2440 Honourd vpon these plaines and lou'd of *Pan*:
wln 2441 Heare me, and saue from endles infamy,
wln 2442 My yet vnblasted flower *Virginitie*
wln 2443 By all the Garlands that haue croun'd that head,
wln 2444 By thy chast office, and the mariage 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 burne before his Altar: let me not,
wln 2448 Fall from my former state to gaine the blot
wln 2449 That neuer shall be purged.
wln 2450 I am not now,
wln 2451 That wanton *Amarillis*: heere I vowe,
wln 2452 To Heauen, and thee graue father, if I may,
wln 2453 Scape this vnhappy Night, to knowe the day,
wln 2454 A virgin, neuer after to endure
wln 2455 The tongues, or company of men vnpure.
wln 2456 I heare him, come, saue me.
wln 2457 *Priest* Retire a while,
wln 2458 Behinde this bushk, till wee haue knowen that vile
wln 2459 Aboser of young maydens.

wln 2460 *Enter Sullen.*

wln 2461 Stay thy pace,
wln 2462 Most loued *Amarillis*: let the chase,
wln 2463 growe calme and milder, flye me not so fast,
wln 2464 I feare the pointed Brambles haue vnlac't

Thy

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2465 Thy golden Buskins, turne againe and see:
wln 2466 Thy Shepheard follow, that is strong and free,
wln 2467 Able to giue thee all content and ease,
wln 2468 I am not bashfull virgin, I can please:
wln 2469 At first encounter hugg thee in mine arme,
wln 2470 And giue thee many kisses, soft and warme,
wln 2471 As those the Sunne prints on thy smiling cheeke,
wln 2472 Of Plummes or mellow peaches I am sleeke,
wln 2473 And smooth as *Neptune* when stearne *Eolus*,
wln 2474 Locks vp his surley winds and nimbly thus,
wln 2475 Can shew my Actiue youth why doost thou flye.
wln 2476 Remmber *Amarillis* it was I,
wln 2477 That kild *Alexis* for thy sake, and set,
wln 2478 An euerlasting hate twixt *Amoret*,
wln 2479 And her beloued *Perigot* twas I,
wln 2480 That drownd her in the well, where she must lye,
wln 2481 Till time shall leaue to be, then turne againe:
wln 2482 Turne with thy open armes and clipp the swayne
wln 2483 That hath performd all this, turne turne I say:
wln 2484 I must not be deluded,
wln 2485 *Priest.* Monster stay,
wln 2486 Thou that art like a canker to the state,
wln 2487 Thou liuest and brethest in, eating with debate,
wln 2488 Through euery honest bosome, forcing still,
wln 2489 The vaynes of any men, may serue thy will.
wln 2490 Thou that hast offered with a sinfull hand,
wln 2491 To seaze vpon this virgin that doth stand,
wln 2492 yet trembling here.
wln 2493 *Sullen.* Good holynesse declare,
wln 2494 What had the danger bene if being bare,
wln 2495 I had imbracd her, tell me by your Art:
wln 2496 What comming wonders wood that sight impart.
wln 2497 *Priest.* Lust, and branded soule,
wln 2498 *Sullen.* Yet tell me more,
wln 2499 Hath not our Mother *Nature* for her store,
wln 2500 And great increase, sayd it is good and iust,
wln 2501 And willd that euery liuing creature must,
wln 2502 Beget his like.
wln 2503 *Priest.* Yee are better read then I,
wln 2504 I must confesse in Blood and Letchery:

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2505

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

wln 2506

wln 2507

Enter Perigot with his hand bloody,

wln 2508

Per. Here will I wash it in the mornings dewe,

wln 2509

Which she on euery litle grasse doth strewe,

wln 2510

In siluer dropps against the Sunnes appeare:

wln 2511

Tis holy water and will make me cleere.

wln 2512

My hand will not be cleansed, my wronged loue,

wln 2513

If thy chast spirit in the Ayre yet moue,

wln 2514

Looke mildly downe on him that yet doth stand,

wln 2515

All full of guilt thy blood vpon his hand,

wln 2516

And though I stricke thee vnderuedly,

wln 2517

Let my reuenge on her that Iniurd thee.

wln 2518

Make lesse a fault which I intended not,

wln 2519

And let these dew dropps wash away my spot,

wln 2520

It will not cleanse, O to what sacred flood,

wln 2521

Shall I resort to wash away this blood:

wln 2522

Amidst these Trees the holy *Clorin*. dwells,

wln 2523

In a low *Cabin*, of cut boughs and heales,

wln 2524

All wounds, to her I will my selfe a dresse,

wln 2525

And my rash faultes repentantly confesse:

wln 2526

Perhaps sheele find a meanes by Arte or prayer,

wln 2527

To make my hand with chast blood stayned, fayre

wln 2528

That done not farre hence vnderneath some tree,

wln 2529

Ile haue a little Cabin built since shee,

wln 2530

Whom I adorde is dead, there will I giue,

wln 2531

My selfe to stricknesse and like *Clorin* liue.

exit.

wln 2532

The Curtayne is drawne, Clorin appeares sitting in the Cabin,

wln 2533

Amoret sitting on the on side of her, Allexis and Cloe

wln 2534

on the other, the Satyre standing by.

wln 2535

Clorin. Shepheard once more your blood is stayed,

wln 2536

Take example by this mayd,

wln 2537

Who is healde ere you be pure,

wln 2538

so hard it is lewd lust to cure,

wln 2539

Take heede then how you turne your eye,

On

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2540
wln 2541
wln 2542
wln 2543
wln 2544
wln 2545
wln 2546
wln 2547
wln 2548
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wln 2576
wln 2577
wln 2578
wln 2579

On these other lust fully,
And shepheardesse take heed least you,
Moue his willing eye thereto,
Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile
Of yours, his weaker sence beguyle,
Is your loue yet true and chast,
And for euer so to last.
Alexis. I haue forgot all vaine desires,
All looser thoughts, ill tempred fires,
True loue I find a pleasant fume,
Whose moderat heat can nere consume.
Cloe. And I a newe fire feele in mee,
Whose base end is not quencht to be.
Clorin. Ioyne your hands with modest touch,
And for euer keepe you such.
Enter Perigot.
Perigot. Yon is her cabin, thus far off ile stand,
And call her foorth, for my vnhallowed hand,
I dare not bring so neere yon sacerd place,
Clorin come foorth and do a timely grace,
To a poore swaine,
Clorin What art thou that doest call?
Clorin is ready to do good to all.
Come neere.
Per. I dare not. *Clorin.* *Satyre*, see
Who it is that calls on mee.
Satyre Thers a hand some swaine doth stand,
Stretching out a bloody hand.
Per. Come *Clorin* bring thy holy waters clear,
To wash my hand.
Clorin. What wonders haue beene here
To night stretch foorth thy hand young swaine,
Wash and rubbe it whylst I raine
Holy water.
Per Still you power,
But my hand will neuer scoure.
Clorin *Satire* bring him to the bowre
Wee will try the soueragne power
Of other waters.
Satire Mortall sure,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2580

Tis the bloud of mayden pure

wln 2581

That staines hee soe.

wln 2582

*The Satire leadeth him to the Bower, where he spieth Amoret
& kneeleth downe: shee knoweth him,*

wln 2583

wln 2584

Perigot What e're thou be.

wln 2585

Beest thou her spright, or some diuinitie,

wln 2586

That in her shape thinks good to walke this groue,

wln 2587

Pardon poore *Perigot*

wln 2588

Amor. I am thy loue.

wln 2589

Thy *Amoret.* for euermore thy loue:

wln 2590

Sticke once more on my naked brest, Ile prooue

wln 2591

As constant still, O canst thou loue me yet,

wln 2592

How soone could I my former griefes forget.

wln 2593

Perig. So ouer great with ioy, that you liue nowe

wln 2594

I am, that no desire of knowing how

wln 2595

doeth seaze me; hast thou still power to forgiue,

wln 2596

Amor. Whil'st thou hast power to loue, or I to liue,

wln 2597

More welcome now then hadst thou neuer gone

wln 2598

A stray from me.

wln 2599

Per. And when thou lou'st alone

wln 2600

And not I, death or some lingring paine

wln 2601

That's worse, light on me.

wln 2602

Clorin. Now your staine

wln 2603

Perhaps will cleanse, thee once againe

wln 2604

See the bloud that erst did stay,

wln 2605

With the water drops away:

wln 2606

All the powers againe are pleas'd,

wln 2607

And with this newe knot are appeasd:

wln 2608

Ioyne your hands, and rise together,

wln 2609

Pan be blest that brought you hether.

wln 2610

Enter Priest & olde Shepheard.

wln 2611

Clorin. Goe backe againe what ere thou art: vnlesse

wln 2612

Smooth maiden thoughts possesse thee, doe not presse

wln 2613

This hallowed ground, goe *Satire* take his hand,

wln 2614

And giue him present triall.

wln 2615

Satire Mortall stand.

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2616
wln 2617
wln 2618
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

Till by fire, I haue made knowne
Whether thou be such a one,
That mayst freely tread this place,
Holde thy hand vp, neuer was,
More vntainted flesh then this,
Fairest he is fall of blisse.
Clorin. Then boldely speake why doest thou seeke this place,
Priest. First honourd virgin to behold thy face,
Where all good dwells, that is, next for to try
The trueth of late report, was giuen to mee:
Those sheeheardes that haue met with foule mischance,
Through much neglect, and more ill gouernance,
Whether the wounds they haue may yet endure
The open ayre, or stay a longer cure,
And lastly what the doome may be, shall light
Vpon those guilty wretches, through whose spight
All this confusion full. For to this place,
Thou holy mayden haue I brought the race,
Of these offenders, who haue freely tolde,
Both why, and by what meanes, they gaue this bold
Attempt vpon their liue.
Clorin. Fume all the ground,
And sprinckle holy water, for vnsound
And foule Infection ginnes to fill the Ayre
It gathers yet more strongly,
Of Censors fild with Franckensence and Mirr.
Together with cold Camphire, quickly stirr.
The gentle *Satire*, for the place beginns
To sweat and labour, with the abhorred sinnes
Of those offenders, let them not come nye,
For full of itching flame and leprosie,
Their very soules are, that the ground goes backe,
And shrinks to feele the sullen waight of black
And so vnheard of vennome, hye thee fast,
Thou holy man, and bannish from the chast,
These manlike monsters, let them neuer more
Be knowen vpon thes dounes, but longe before,
The next sunnes rising, put them from the sight,
And memory of euery honest wight.

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2655
wln 2656
wln 2657
wln 2658
wln 2659
wln 2660
wln 2661
wln 2662
wln 2663
wln 2664
wln 2665
wln 2666
wln 2667
wln 2668
wln 2669
wln 2670
wln 2671
wln 2672
wln 2673
wln 2674
wln 2675
wln 2676
wln 2677
wln 2678

Be quicke in expedition, lest the sores
Of these weake patients, breake into newe gores
Per. My deare deare *Amoret*, how happy are,
Those blessed paires, in whom a little iarr
Hath bred an euerlasting loue, to strong
For time or steele, or enuy to do wrong,
How do you feele your hurts, alasse poore heart
How much I was abusd, giue me the smart
For it is iustly mine.

Exi. Priest.

Amo. I doe beleeeue.
It is enough deare friend, leaue off to grieue,
And let vs once more in despight of ill,
Giue hands, and hearts againe

Per. with better will,
Then ere I went to finde, in hottest day
Coole Christall of the fountaine, to allay
My eager thirst, may this band neuer breake,
Heare vs o heauen.

Amo. Be constant.
Per. Else *Pan* wreake
With double vengeance, my disloyalty.
Let me not dare to knowe the company
Of men, or any more behold those eyes.

Amo. Thus shsheepheare with a kisse all enuy 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 haue perform'd your will, the swaine
In whom such heate, and blacke rebellions raigne
Hath vndergone your sentence:
Only the maide I haue reseru'd, whose face
shewes much amendment, many a teare doth fall
In sorrow of her fault, great faire recall
Your heauie doome, in hope of better dayes
Which I dare promise: once again, vpraise
her heauy Spirit, that neere drowned lies
In selfe consuming care that neuer dies.

Clorin. I am content to pardon: call her in,
The ayre growes coole againe, and dothbeginn

To

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2692 To purge it selfe, how bright the day doth showe
wln 2693 After this stormy cloud, goe *Satire* goe,
wln 2694 And with this taper boldly try her hand.
wln 2695 If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
wln 2696 to be so still: we haue perfoormd a woorke
wln 2697 worthy the gods them-selues *Satire brings Amarillis in.*
wln 2698 *Satire* Come forward Maiden, do not lurke
wln 2699 Nor hide your face with grieffe & shame,
wln 2700 Now or neuer get a name,
wln 2701 That may raise thee, and recure,
wln 2702 All thy life that was impure,
wln 2703 Holde your hand vnto the flame,
wln 2704 If thou beest a perfect dame:
wln 2705 Or hast truely vovd to mend,
wln 2706 This pale fire will be thy friend.
wln 2707 See the Taper hurts her not,
wln 2708 Goe thy waies let neuer spot,
wln 2709 Hencefoorth ceaze vpon thy bloode.
wln 2710 Thanke the Gods and still be good.
wln 2711 *Clorin.* Yonge sheephardesse now, ye are brought againe
wln 2712 To virgin state, be so, and so remaine
wln 2713 To thy last day, vnlesse the faithfull loue
wln 2714 Of some good sheepeheard force thee to remoue,
wln 2715 Then labour to be true to him, and liue
wln 2716 As such a one, that euer striues to giue
wln 2717 A blessed memory to after Time:
wln 2718 Be famous for your good, not for your crime.
wln 2719 Now holy man, I offer vp againe
wln 2720 These patients full of health, and free from paine
wln 2721 Keepe them, from after ills, be euer neere
wln 2722 Vnto their actions: teach them how to cleare,
wln 2723 The tedeous way they passe though, from suspect
wln 2724 Keepe them from wrong in others, or neglect
wln 2725 Of duety in them selues, correct the bloud,
wln 2726 With thrifty bitts and laboure, let the flood,
wln 2727 Or the next neighbouring spring giue remedy
wln 2728 To greedy thirst, and trauaile, not the tree
wln 2729 That hanges with wanton clusters, let not wine

Vnlesse

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2730 Vnlesse in sacrifice or rights deuine,
wln 2731 Be euer knowen of shepherds, haue a care,
wln 2732 Thou man of holy life, Now do not spare,
wln 2733 Their faults through much remissnes, not forget,
wln 2734 To cherish him, whose many paynes and sweat,
wln 2735 Hath giuen increase, and added to the downes.
wln 2736 Sort all your Shepherds from the lazie clownes:
wln 2737 That feede their heafers in the budded Broomes,
wln 2738 Teach the young maydens stricknes that y^e grooms
wln 2739 May euer feare to tempt their blowing youth,
wln 2740 Banish all complement but single truth.
wln 2741 From euery tongue, and euery Shepherds heart,
wln 2742 Let them vse perswading, but no Art:
wln 2743 Thus holy *Priest*, I wish to thee and these,
wln 2744 All the best goods and comforts that may please,
wln 2745 *All.* And all those blessings Heauen did euer giue,
wln 2746 Wee praye vpon this Bower may euer liue.
wln 2747 *Priest.* Kneele euery Shepheard, whilst with powerful hand,
wln 2748 I blesse you after labours, and the Land.
wln 2749 You feede your flocks vpon Great *Pan* defend you.
wln 2750 From misfortune and amend you,
wln 2751 Keepe you from those dangers still,
wln 2752 That are followed by your will:
wln 2753 Giue yee meanes to know at lenght,
wln 2754 All your Ritches all your strenght.
wln 2755 Caunt keepe your foot from falling,
wln 2756 To lewd lust, that still is calling,
wln 2757 At your cottage, till his power,
wln 2758 Bring againe that golden howre:
wln 2759 Of peace and rest, to euery soule.
wln 2760 May his care of you controle,
wln 2761 All diseases, sores or payne,
wln 2762 That in after time may raigne,
wln 2763 Eyther in your flocks or you,
wln 2764 Giue yee all affections new.
wln 2765 New desires and tempers new,
wln 2766 That yee may be euer true.
wln 2767 Now rise and go, and as ye passe away,
wln 2768 Sing to the God of sheepe, that happy laye:
wln 2769 That honest *Dorus* taught yee, *Dorus* hee,

That

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2770

That was the soule and God of melody.

wln 2771

Song.

the all sing.

wln 2772

All yee Woodes, and Trees, and Bowers,

wln 2773

All ye vertues, and yee powers:

wln 2774

That inhabit in the lakes,

wln 2775

In the pleasant springs or brakes.

wln 2776

Moue your feete,

wln 2777

to our sound:

wln 2778

Whilst wee greete,

wln 2779

all this ground.

wln 2780

With his honour and his name.

wln 2781

That defendes our flockes from blame.

wln 2782

Hee is great, and he is iust,

wln 2783

Hee is euer good and must:

wln 2784

Thus be honnerd, Daffadillyes,

wln 2785

Roses, Pinckes, and loued Lillyes.

wln 2786

Let vs fling,

wln 2787

Whilst wee sing,

wln 2788

Euer holy,

wln 2789

Euer holy.

wln 2790

Euer honerd, euer young,

wln 2791

Thus great Pan is euer sung.

Exeunt.

wln 2792

Satyre. Thou deuinest, fayrest, brightest,

wln 2793

Thou most powerfull mayd, and whitest.

wln 2794

Thou most vertuous, and most blessed,

wln 2795

Eyes of Starrs and Golden Tressed,

wln 2796

Like *Apollo*, tell me sweetest,

wln 2797

What new seruice now is meetest.

wln 2798

For thee *Satyre* shall I stray,

wln 2799

In the middle Ayre and staye,

wln 2800

Thy Sayling Racke or nimbly take,

wln 2801

Hold by the Moone, and gently make.

L

Suite

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2802 Suite to the pale Queene of the night,
wln 2803 For a Beame to giue thee light,
wln 2804 Shall I diue into the Sea,
wln 2805 And bring the corral making way,
wln 2806 Through the rising waues that fall,
wln 2807 In snowy fleeces, deerest shall,
wln 2808 I catch the wanton fawnes, or flyes,
wln 2809 Whose wouen wings the Summer dyes,
wln 2810 For many coulours get thee fruit,
wln 2811 Or steale from Heauen old *Orpheus* Lute
wln 2812 All these I venter for and more,
wln 2813 To do her seruice, all these Woods adore
wln 2814 *Clorin.* No other Seruice *Satyre* but thy watch,
wln 2815 About these Thicks least harmlesse people catch,
wln 2816 Mischiefe or sad mischance.

wln 2817 *Satyre.* *Holy virgin*, I will daunce,
wln 2818 Round about these woods as quick,
wln 2819 As the breaking light, and pricke,
wln 2820 Downe the lawnes, and downe the vales,
wln 2821 Faster then the Windmill sayles.
wln 2822 So I take my leaue and praye,
wln 2823 All the comforts of the day:
wln 2824 Such as *Phæbus* heate doth send,
wln 2825 On the Earth may still be friend,
wln 2826 Thee and this *Arbor*.

wln 2827 *Clorin.* And to thee,
wln 2828 All thy masters loue be free.

exeunt.

wln 2829 *FINIS. The Pastorall of the*
wln 2830 *faithfull Shepheardesse.*

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

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 *af[*]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*.