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



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img: 1-a

img: 1-b

sig: A2r

In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

In 0006

In 0007

In 0008

img: 2-a

img: 2-b

sig: ¶1r

In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

In 0006

In 0007

In 0008

In 0009

In 0010

In 0011

In 0012

In 0013

In 0014

In 0015

In 0016

In 0017

In 0018

In 0019

In 0020

In 0021

In 0022

In 0023

In 0024

In 0025

In 0026

In 0027

In 0028

In 0029

THE  
FAITHFUL  
Shepherdess.

By JOHN FLETCHER.

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

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

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

img: 3-a

sig: ¶1v

*Given to your service*  
JOHN FLETCHER.

ln 0001  
ln 0002

To the inheritor of all worthiness,  
*Sir William Skipwith.*

ln 0003

*Ode.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

img: 3-b  
sig: ¶2r

*The Admirer of your virtues,*  
JOHN FLETCHER.

ln 0001  
ln 0002

*To the perfect gentleman Sir*  
Robert Townshend.

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

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

In 0013  
In 0014  
In 0015  
In 0016  
In 0017  
In 0018  
In 0019  
In 0020  
In 0021  
In 0022  
In 0023  
In 0024  
In 0025

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

*All yours* John  
Fletcher:

img: 4-a  
sig: ¶2v

In 0001  
  
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In 0003  
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In 0009  
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In 0029  
In 0030  
In 0031

To The Reader.

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

*John Fletcher.*

img: 4-b  
sig: A3r

In 0001

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

img: 5-a  
sig: A3v

*N. F.*

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

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

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

*Francis Beaumont.*

img: 5-b  
sig: B1r

wln 0001

The faithful Shepherdess.

wln 0002

Actus primi, Scaena prima.

wln 0003

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

wln 0004

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

**img: 6-a**  
**sig: B1v**

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

wln 0051

*Enter a Satyr.*

wln 0052  
wln 0053  
wln 0054  
wln 0055  
wln 0056  
wln 0057  
wln 0058  
wln 0059  
wln 0060  
wln 0061  
wln 0062  
wln 0063  
wln 0064  
wln 0065  
wln 0066  
wln 0067

img: 6-b  
sig: B2r

wln 0068  
wln 0069  
wln 0070  
wln 0071  
wln 0072  
wln 0073  
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wln 0075  
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wln 0096  
wln 0097  
wln 0098  
wln 0099

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

*He stands amazed.*

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



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

img: 7-a  
sig: B2v

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

*Exit.*

wln 0107  
wln 0108  
wln 0109  
wln 0110  
wln 0111  
wln 0112  
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wln 0145  
wln 0146

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

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

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

*Enter Priest.*

*Priest.* Shepherds thus I purge away,

img: 7-b

wln 0147           Whatsoever this great day,  
 wln 0148           Or the past hours gave not good,  
 wln 0149           To corrupt your maiden blood:  
 wln 0150           From the high rebellious heat,  
 wln 0151           Of the grapes and strength of meat.  
 wln 0152           From the wanton quick desires,  
 wln 0153           They do kindle by their fires.  
 wln 0154           I do wash you with this water,  
 wln 0155           Be you pure and fair hereafter.  
 wln 0156           From your livers and your veins,  
 wln 0157           Thus I take away the stains.  
 wln 0158           All your thoughts be smooth and fair,  
 wln 0159           Be ye fresh and free as air.  
 wln 0160           Never more let lustful heat,  
 wln 0161           Through your purged conduits beat,  
 wln 0162           Or a plighted troth be broken,  
 wln 0163           Or a wanton verse be spoken:  
 wln 0164           In a Shepherdess's ear,  
 wln 0165           Go your ways you're all clear.  
 wln 0166

*They rise and sing in praise of Pan.*

wln 0167

*The Song.*

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

*Exeunt omnes but Perigot and Amoret.*

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

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

wln 0191  
wln 0192  
wln 0193  
wln 0194  
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wln 0223  
wln 0224

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

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

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

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

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

img: 8-b  
sig: B4r

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

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

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

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

wln 0239  
wln 0240  
wln 0241  
wln 0242  
wln 0243  
wln 0244  
wln 0245  
wln 0246  
wln 0247  
wln 0248  
wln 0249  
wln 0250  
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wln 0252  
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wln 0255  
wln 0256  
wln 0257  
wln 0258  
wln 0259  
wln 0260  
wln 0261  
wln 0262  
wln 0263  
wln 0264

img: 9-a  
sig: B4v

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

wln 0265  
wln 0266  
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 faithful Shepherd of those chaste desires,  
He ever aimed at, and —  
*Amoret* Thou hast prevailed, farewell, this coming night,  
Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long-wished delight.  
*Perigot* Our great God *Pan* reward thee for that good,  
Thou hast given thy poor shepherd fairest bud  
Of maiden virtues: when I leave to be  
The true admirer of thy chastity,  
Let me deserve the hot polluted name,  
Of a wild woodman, or affect some dame  
Whose often prostitution hath begot,  
More foul diseases, than ever yet the hot  
Sun bred through his burnings, whilst the dog  
Pursues the raging Lion, throwing fog  
And deadly vapor from his angry breath.  
Filling the lower world with plague and death. *exit Amoret*

wln 0281

*Enter another Shepherdess that is in love with Perigot.*

wln 0282  
wln 0283  
wln 0284

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

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

img: 9-b  
sig: C1r

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

*Perigot* Fair Shepherdess much pity I can lend,

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  
wln 0319  
wln 0320  
wln 0321  
wln 0322  
wln 0323  
wln 0324  
wln 0325  
wln 0326  
wln 0327  
wln 0328  
wln 0329  
wln 0330  
wln 0331  
wln 0332

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

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

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

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

img: 10-a  
sig: C1v

wln 0343  
wln 0344  
wln 0345  
wln 0346  
wln 0347  
wln 0348  
wln 0349  
wln 0350  
wln 0351  
wln 0352  
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wln 0358  
wln 0359  
wln 0360  
wln 0361  
wln 0362  
wln 0363  
wln 0364  
wln 0365  
wln 0366  
wln 0367  
wln 0368  
wln 0369  
wln 0370  
wln 0371  
wln 0372  
wln 0373  
wln 0374  
wln 0375  
wln 0376  
wln 0377  
wln 0378  
wln 0379  
wln 0380

Farewell, be happy in a better choice.

*exit*

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

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

*Enter Sullen.*

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

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

wln 0381

wln 0382

img: 10-b  
sig: C2r

wln 0383

wln 0384

wln 0385

wln 0386

wln 0387

wln 0388

wln 0389

wln 0390

wln 0391

wln 0392

wln 0393

wln 0394

wln 0395

wln 0396

wln 0397

wln 0398

wln 0399

wln 0400

wln 0401

wln 0402

wln 0403

wln 0404

wln 0405

wln 0406

wln 0407

wln 0408

wln 0409

wln 0410

wln 0411

wln 0412

wln 0413

wln 0414

wln 0415

wln 0416

wln 0417

wln 0418

wln 0419

wln 0420

wln 0421

wln 0422

img: 11-a  
sig: C2v

wln 0423

wln 0424

wln 0425

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

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

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

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

*exeunt.*

*Enter Cloe.*

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

*Enter Thenot.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

img: 11-b  
sig: C3r

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

Not any looser blood or new desire.

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

*The Song.*

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



wln 0474  
wln 0475  
wln 0476  
wln 0477  
wln 0478  
wln 0479  
wln 0480  
wln 0481  
wln 0482  
wln 0483  
wln 0484  
wln 0485  
wln 0486  
wln 0487  
wln 0488  
wln 0489  
wln 0490  
wln 0491  
wln 0492  
wln 0493  
wln 0494  
wln 0495  
wln 0496  
wln 0497  
wln 0498  
wln 0499  
wln 0500  
wln 0501  
wln 0502

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

*Enter Daphnis.*

img: 12-a  
sig: C3v

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

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

wln 0522  
wln 0523  
wln 0524  
wln 0525  
wln 0526  
wln 0527  
wln 0528  
wln 0529  
wln 0530  
wln 0531  
wln 0532  
wln 0533  
wln 0534  
wln 0535  
wln 0536  
wln 0537  
wln 0538  
wln 0539  
wln 0540  
wln 0541  
wln 0542

img: 12-b  
sig: C4r

wln 0543  
wln 0544  
wln 0545  
wln 0546  
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wln 0560  
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wln 0562  
wln 0563  
wln 0564  
wln 0565  
wln 0566  
wln 0567  
wln 0568  
wln 0569

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

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

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

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

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

*exit.*

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

*Enter Alexis.*

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

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

img: 13-a  
sig: C4v

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

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

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

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

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

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

*exit.*

*Cloe.* My name shall be your word.

*Alexis* Fly fly thou day,

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

*Exit.*

wln 0601

Actus secundus Scaena prima.

wln 0602  
wln 0603

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

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

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

wln 0615  
wln 0616  
wln 0617

img: 13-b  
sig: D1r

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

wln 0618  
wln 0619  
wln 0620  
wln 0621  
wln 0622  
wln 0623  
wln 0624  
wln 0625  
wln 0626  
wln 0627  
wln 0628  
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wln 0656  
wln 0657

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

*exeunt.*

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

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

img: 14-a  
sig: D1v

wln 0658  
wln 0659

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

wln 0660  
wln 0661  
wln 0662  
wln 0663  
wln 0664  
wln 0665  
wln 0666  
wln 0667  
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wln 0677  
wln 0678  
wln 0679  
wln 0680  
wln 0681  
wln 0682  
wln 0683  
wln 0684  
wln 0685  
wln 0686  
wln 0687

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

wln 0688

*Enter Thenot.*

wln 0689  
wln 0690  
wln 0691  
wln 0692  
wln 0693  
wln 0694  
wln 0695

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

img: 14-b  
sig: D2r

wln 0696  
wln 0697  
wln 0698  
wln 0699  
wln 0700  
wln 0701  
wln 0702  
wln 0703  
wln 0704  
wln 0705

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

wln 0706  
wln 0707  
wln 0708  
wln 0709  
wln 0710  
wln 0711  
wln 0712  
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wln 0732  
wln 0733  
wln 0734  
wln 0735

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

img: 15-a  
sig: D2v

wln 0736  
wln 0737  
wln 0738  
wln 0739  
wln 0740  
wln 0741  
wln 0742  
wln 0743  
wln 0744  
wln 0745  
wln 0746  
wln 0747  
wln 0748  
wln 0749  
wln 0750  
wln 0751  
wln 0752  
wln 0753

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

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

img: 15-b  
sig: D3r

wln 0776  
wln 0777  
wln 0778  
wln 0779  
wln 0780  
wln 0781  
wln 0782  
wln 0783  
wln 0784  
wln 0785  
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wln 0794  
wln 0795  
wln 0796  
wln 0797  
wln 0798  
wln 0799  
wln 0800  
wln 0801

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

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

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

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

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

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

img: 16-a  
sig: D3v

wln 0816  
wln 0817  
wln 0818  
wln 0819  
wln 0820  
wln 0821  
wln 0822  
wln 0823  
wln 0824  
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wln 0840  
wln 0841  
wln 0842  
wln 0843  
wln 0844  
wln 0845  
wln 0846  
wln 0847  
wln 0848  
wln 0849

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

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

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

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

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

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sullen Shepherd.*

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

*Enter Amarillis.*

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

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



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

img: 16-b  
sig: D4r

wln 0856  
wln 0857  
wln 0858  
wln 0859  
wln 0860  
wln 0861  
wln 0862  
wln 0863  
wln 0864  
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wln 0889  
wln 0890  
wln 0891  
wln 0892  
wln 0893  
wln 0894  
wln 0895

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

Or else to him I'll slander *Amoret*,  
And say, she but seems chaste, I'll swear she met  
Me 'mongst the shady sycamores last night,  
And loosely offered up her flame and spright,  
Into my bosom: made a wanton bed  
Of leaves and many flowers, where she spread  
Her willing body to be pressed by me,  
There have I carved her name on many a tree,  
Together with mine own, to make this show  
More full of seeming: *Hobinal* you know,  
Son to the aged Shepherd of the Glen  
Him I have sorted out of many men,  
To say he found us at our private sport,  
And roused us fore our time by his resorts  
This to confirm, I have promised to the boy  
Many a pretty knack, and many a toy,  
As grins to catch him birds with bow, and bolt,  
To shoot at nimble squirrels in the holt:  
A pair of painted buskins and a lamb,  
Soft as his own locks, or the down of Swan,  
This I have done to win ye, which doth give  
Me double pleasure, discord makes me live.

*Amarillis* Loved swain I thank ye, these tricks might prevail  
With other rustic shepherds, but will fail  
Even once to stir, much more to overthrow,  
His fixed love from judgement, who doth know,  
Your nature, my end, and his chosen's merit,  
Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit  
Which I have found: give second, and my love  
Is everlasting thine.

*Sullen* Try me and prove.

*Amarillis* These happy pair of lovers meet straight way,  
Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day  
In the thick grove bordering upon yon hill,  
In whose hard side Nature hath carved a well:  
And but that matchless spring which Poets know,  
Was ne'er the like to this: by it doth grow  
About the sides, all herbs which witches use,  
All simples good for medicine or abuse,  
All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day.

img: 17-a  
sig: D4v

wln 0896  
wln 0897  
wln 0898  
wln 0899  
wln 0900  
wln 0901  
wln 0902  
wln 0903  
wln 0904  
wln 0905  
wln 0906  
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wln 0925  
wln 0926  
wln 0927  
wln 0928  
wln 0929  
wln 0930

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

*Exeunt,*

wln 0931

Actus secundus Scaena quarta.

wln 0932  
wln 0933  
wln 0934

*Enter Daphnis*

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

img: 17-b  
sig: E1r

wln 0935  
wln 0936  
wln 0937  
wln 0938  
wln 0939  
wln 0940

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

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

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

*Alexis within.* Cloe!

*Daphnis* 'Tis her voice

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

*Alexis within.* Cloe!

*Daphnis* There sounds that blessed name again,

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

*Enter Alexis.*

*Alexis* Oh my fire,

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

*Exit Alexis.*

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

img: 18-a  
sig: E1v

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

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

*Cloe within.*

*Enter Cloe.*

wln 0989  
wln 0990  
wln 0991  
wln 0992  
wln 0993  
wln 0994  
wln 0995  
wln 0996  
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wln 1007  
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wln 1009  
wln 1010  
wln 1011  
wln 1012  
wln 1013  
wln 1014

img: 18-b  
sig: E2r

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

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

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

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

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

wln 1037  
wln 1038  
wln 1039  
wln 1040  
wln 1041  
wln 1042  
wln 1043  
wln 1044  
wln 1045  
wln 1046  
wln 1047  
wln 1048  
wln 1049

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

wln 1050

Actus tertius Scaena prima.

wln 1051  
wln 1052  
wln 1053

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

img: 19-a  
sig: E2v

wln 1054  
wln 1055  
wln 1056  
wln 1057  
wln 1058  
wln 1059  
wln 1060  
wln 1061  
wln 1062  
wln 1063  
wln 1064  
wln 1065  
wln 1066  
wln 1067  
wln 1068  
wln 1069  
wln 1070  
wln 1071  
wln 1072  
wln 1073  
wln 1074  
wln 1075  
wln 1076  
wln 1077  
wln 1078  
wln 1079  
wln 1080  
wln 1081  
wln 1082

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

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

img: 19-b  
sig: E3r

wln 1093  
wln 1094  
wln 1095  
wln 1096  
wln 1097  
wln 1098  
wln 1099  
wln 1100  
wln 1101  
wln 1102  
wln 1103  
wln 1104  
wln 1105  
wln 1106  
wln 1107  
wln 1108  
wln 1109  
wln 1110  
wln 1111  
wln 1112  
wln 1113  
wln 1114  
wln 1115  
wln 1116  
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

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

*She awaketh*

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

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

*Enter Perigot*

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

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

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

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

*exit.*

*Sullen* Now she hath got

wln 1131  
wln 1132  
wln 1133

img: 20-a  
sig: E3v

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

img: 20-b  
sig: E4r

wln 1174  
wln 1175

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

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

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

*Sullen* Fair Maid.

*Amoret* Ay me thou art not *Perigot*.

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

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

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

*Enter Amoret.*

*Exit.*

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

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

img: 21-a  
sig: E4v

wln 1215  
wln 1216  
wln 1217  
wln 1218  
wln 1219  
wln 1220  
wln 1221  
  
wln 1222

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

*Enter Alexis and Cloe.*

I come sweet *Amoret*, soft who is here?  
A pair of lovers, he shall yield her me,  
Now lust is up, alike all women be.  
*Alexis* Where shall we rest, but for the love of me,  
*Cloe* I know ere this would weary be.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Cloe.* Hold gentle Shepherd.

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

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

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



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

img: 21-b  
sig: F1r

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

wln 1263

wln 1264  
wln 1265  
wln 1266  
wln 1267  
wln 1268

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

*Alexis* O death! *Satyr* Back again about this ground  
Sure I hear a mortal sound,  
I bind thee by this powerful spell,  
By the waters of this well:  
By the glimmering moonbeams bright,  
Speak again thou mortal wight.

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

*Enter Cloe again.*

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

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

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

*Exit,*

wln 1290

*Enter the sullen Shepherd.*

img: 22-a  
sig: F1v

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

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

wln 1301

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

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

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

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

img: 22-b  
sig: F2r

Dares blister them, No sly my snail dare creep,  
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep,  
Here never durst the babbling Cuckoo spit.  
No slough of falling Star did ever hit.  
Upon this Bank let this thy Cabin be.  
This other set with violets for me.

*Amoret* Thou dost not love me *Perigot*?

*Perigot* Fair maid

You only live to hear it often said;  
You do not doubt,

*Amoret* Believe me, but I do.

*Perigot* What shall we now begin again to woo,  
'Tis the best way to make your lover last,  
To play with him, when you have caught him fast,

*Amoret* By *Pan* I swear, beloved *Perigot*,

And by you Moon, I think thou lovest me not.

*Perigot*: By *Pan* I swear and if I falsely swear:

Let him not guard my flocks, let Foxes tear,  
My Earliest lambs, and wolves whilst I do sleep  
Fall one the rest a Rot among my sheep,  
I love thee better, than the careful Ewe,  
The new yeaned lamb that is of her own hue,  
I dote upon thee more than that young lamb.  
Doth on the Bag, that feeds him from his dam.  
Were there a sort of wolves got in my fold,  
And one Ran after thee both young and old,  
Should be devoured, and it should be my strife,  
To save thee, whom I love above, my life,

*Amoret* How should I trust thee when I see thee choose  
Another bed, and dost my side refuse,

*Perigot* 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts, might be shown,  
Twixt thee and me, although we were alone,

*Amarillis* Come *Perigot* will show his power that he  
Can make his *Amoret*, though she weary be,  
Rise nimble from her Couch and come to his.  
Here take thy *Amoret* embrace, and Kiss:

*Perigot* What means my love;

*Amoret* To do as lovers should.

That are to be enjoyed not to be wooed.  
There's ne'er a Shepherdess in all the plain,  
Can kiss thee with more Art, there's none can feign.  
More wanton tricks,

*Perigot* Forbear dear soul to try,  
Whether my heart be pure, I'll rather die,  
Then nourish one thought to dishonor thee,

*Amoret* Still thinkst thou such a thing as Chastity,  
Is amongst women. *Perigot* there's none,  
That with her love is in a wood alone,

wln 1329  
wln 1330  
wln 1331  
wln 1332  
wln 1333  
wln 1334  
wln 1335  
wln 1336  
wln 1337  
wln 1338  
wln 1339  
wln 1340  
wln 1341  
wln 1342  
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wln 1344  
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wln 1347  
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wln 1349  
wln 1350  
wln 1351  
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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

img: 23-a  
sig: F2v

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

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

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

wln 1385

*The Sullen Shepherd steps out and uncharms her.*

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

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

wln 1396

*Enter Amarillis.*

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

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

*Exit*

img: 23-b

wln 1405

*Enter Amoret.*

wln 1406

Many a weary step in yonder path *Amoret.*

wln 1407

Poor hopeless *Amoret* twice trodden hath,

wln 1408

To seek her *Perigot*, yet cannot hear,

wln 1409

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

wln 1410

That calls.

wln 1411

*Perigot:* See yonder where she is how fair.

wln 1412

She shows, and yet her breath infects the Air.

wln 1413

*Amoret* My *Perigot*:

wln 1414

*Perigot:* Here.

wln 1415

*Amoret* Happy.

wln 1416

*Perigot:* Hapless first:

wln 1417

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

wln 1418

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

wln 1419

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

wln 1420

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

wln 1421

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

wln 1422

By some Night Traveler, whose honest care,

wln 1423

May help to cure her, *Shepherdess* prepare,

wln 1424

Yourself to die,

wln 1425

*Amoret* No mercy I do crave,

wln 1426

Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have;

wln 1427

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

wln 1428

He struck my soul and not my body through:

wln 1429

Tell him when I am dead my soul shall be.

wln 1430

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

wln 1431

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

wln 1432

Sure for a woman, thou art so Innocent.

wln 1433

She cannot scape for underneath the ground,

wln 1434

In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,

wln 1435

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

wln 1436

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

wln 1437

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

wln 1438

*God* what powerful Charms my streams do bring

wln 1439

Back again unto their spring?

wln 1440

With such force that I their god,

img: 24-a

sig: F3v

wln 1441

Three times striking with my rod,

wln 1442

Could not keep them in their Ranks

wln 1443

My fishes shoot into the banks.

wln 1444

There's not one, that stays and feeds,

wln 1445

All have hid them in the weeds

wln 1446

Here's a Mortal almost dead,

wln 1447  
wln 1448  
wln 1449  
wln 1450  
wln 1451  
wln 1452  
wln 1453  
wln 1454  
wln 1455  
wln 1456  
wln 1457  
wln 1458  
wln 1459  
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wln 1467  
wln 1468  
wln 1469  
wln 1470  
wln 1471  
wln 1472  
wln 1473  
wln 1474  
wln 1475  
wln 1476  
wln 1477  
wln 1478  
wln 1479  
wln 1480  
wln 1481

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

img: 24-b  
sig: F4r

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

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

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

wln 1505 *The Song.*

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

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

**img: 25-a**

**img: 25-b**

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

**img: 26-a**

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

**sig: F4v**

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

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

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

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

*Exit.*

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

wln 1556

***Finis Actus Tertius***

img: 26-b  
sig: G1r

wln 1557

*Enter Perigot.*

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

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

wln 1567

*Perigot to Enter. Amarillis running*

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

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



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

img: 27-a  
sig: G1v

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

wln 1593  
wln 1594  
wln 1595  
wln 1596  
wln 1597  
wln 1598  
wln 1599  
wln 1600  
wln 1601  
wln 1602  
wln 1603  
wln 1604  
wln 1605  
wln 1606  
wln 1607  
wln 1608  
wln 1609  
wln 1610  
wln 1611  
wln 1612  
wln 1613  
wln 1614  
wln 1615  
wln 1616

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

*Exeunt;*

wln 1617

*Enter Satyr with Alexis hurt.*

wln 1618  
wln 1619  
wln 1620  
wln 1621  
wln 1622  
wln 1623  
wln 1624  
wln 1625  
wln 1626

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

wln 1627  
wln 1628  
wln 1629  
wln 1630

img: 27-b  
sig: G2r

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

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

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

*Clorin:* What art thou? call'st me from my holy Rights  
And with the feared name of death afrights  
My tender Ears, speak me thy name and will,

*Satyr* I am the Satyr that did fill,  
Your lap with early fruit and will,  
When I hap to gather more,  
Bring ye better, and more store:  
Yet I come not empty now,  
See a blossom from the bough,  
But beshrew his heart that pulled it,  
And his perfect Sight that Culled it,  
From the other springing blooms  
For a sweeter youth the **Grooms**

img: 28-a  
sig: G2v

wln 1671

Cannot show me nor the downs:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

img: 28-b  
sig: G3r

wln 1710  
  
wln 1711  
wln 1712  
wln 1713  
wln 1714  
wln 1715  
wln 1716  
wln 1717

That erst was empty.

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

wln 1718  
wln 1719  
wln 1720

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

wln 1721  
wln 1722  
wln 1723

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

wln 1724  
wln 1725  
wln 1726  
wln 1727

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

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

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

img: 29-a  
sig: G3v

wln 1745  
wln 1746

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

wln 1747  
wln 1748

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

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

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

wln 1760  
wln 1761  
wln 1762  
wln 1763

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

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

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

*Clorin* Friend farewell.

*Exit.*

wln 1774

*Enter Amoret, seeking her love*

wln 1775  
wln 1776  
wln 1777  
wln 1778

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

img: 29-b  
sig: G4r

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

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

wln 1803

*Enter Amarillis.*

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

img: 30-a  
sig: G4v

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

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

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

wln 1837

*Enter Sullen:*

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

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

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

img: 30-b  
sig: H1r

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

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

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

wln 1867

*Enter Perigot.*

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

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

wln 1880

*Enter Amoret looking of Perigot*

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

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

img: 31-a

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

wln 1906 *Perigot:* So spoke my fair,  
wln 1907 O you great working powers of Earth, and Air,  
wln 1908 Water, and forming fire, why have you lent,  
wln 1909 Your hidden virtues of so ill intent,  
wln 1910 Even such a face, so fair so bright of hue,  
wln 1911 Had *Amoret*, such, words, so smooth and new,  
wln 1912 Came flowing from her tongue, such was her eye,  
wln 1913 And such the pointed sparkle that did fly  
wln 1914 Forth like a bleeding shaft, all is the same,  
wln 1915 The Robe, and Buskins, painted, hook, and frame,  
wln 1916 Of all her Body O me *Amoret*,

wln 1917 *Amoret* Shepherd what means this Riddle who hath set,  
wln 1918 So strange a difference, twixt myself and me,  
wln 1919 That I am grown another, look and see.  
wln 1920 The Ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist.  
wln 1921 That Curious Bracelet thou thyself didst twist.  
wln 1922 From those fair Tresses, knowest thou *Amoret*.  
wln 1923 Hath not some newer love forced thee forget,  
wln 1924 Thy Ancient faith,

wln 1925 *Perigot* Still nearer to my love;  
wln 1926 These be the very words she oft did prove,  
wln 1927 Upon my temper, so she still would take,  
wln 1928 wonder into her face, and silent make,  
wln 1929 Sings with her head and hand as who would say  
wln 1930 Shepherd remember this another day:

wln 1931 *Amoret* Am I not *Amoret*. where was I lost,

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



wln 1938  
wln 1939  
wln 1940  
wln 1941  
wln 1942  
wln 1943  
wln 1944  
wln 1945  
wln 1946  
wln 1947  
wln 1948  
wln 1949  
wln 1950  
wln 1951  
wln 1952  
wln 1953  
wln 1954  
wln 1955  
wln 1956  
wln 1957  
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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

Men never knew that virtue constancy  
*Perigot* Men ever were most blessed, till Cross fate,  
Brought love, and women forth unfortunate,  
To all that ever tasted of their smiles,  
Whose Actions are all double, full of wiles,  
Like to the subtle Hare, that fore the Hounds,  
Makes many turnings leaps and many rounds,  
This way and that way, to deceive the scent,  
Of her pursuers:

*Amoret* 'Tis but to prevent,  
Their speedy coming, on that seek her fall,  
The hands of Cruel men, more Bestial,  
And of a nature more refusing good,  
Than beasts themselves, or fishes of the flood,  
Thou art all these, and more than nature meant,  
When she created all, frowns, joys, content:  
Extreme fire for an hour, and presently:  
Colder than sleepy poison: or the sea,  
Upon whose face sits a continual frost  
Your Actions ever driven to the most,  
Then down again as low that none can find,  
The rise or falling of a woman's mind,

*Amoret* Can there be any Age, or days, or time,  
Or tongues: of Men, guilty so great a crime:  
As wronging simple Maid, O *Perigot*:  
Thou that wast yesterday without a blot,  
Thou that wast every good and every thing,  
That men call blessed: thou that wast the spring.  
From whence our looser grooms drew all their best:  
Thou that wast always Just, and always blest,  
In faith and promise, thou that hadst the name,  
Of virtuous given thee, and made good the same:  
Even from thy Cradle: thou that wast that all,  
That men delighted in, Oh what a fall,

img: 32-a  
sig: H2v

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

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

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

img: 32-b  
sig: H3r

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

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

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

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

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

*He hurts her again.*

wln 2040

*Enter Satyr: Perigot runs off.*

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

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

img: 33-a  
sig: H3v

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

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

*exeunt,*

*Enter Clorin,*

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

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

wln 2079  
wln 2080  
wln 2081

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

*Exit,*

wln 2082

*Enter Thenot*

wln 2083  
wln 2084  
wln 2085  
wln 2086

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

img: 33-b  
sig: H4r

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

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

wln 2093

*Enter Clorin.*

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

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

*Thenot* Thy brightness doth amaze,  
So *Phoebus* may at Noon bid mortals gaze,  
Thy glorious constancy appears so bright,

I dare not meet the Beams with my weak sight

*Clorin.* Why dost thou pine away thyself for me

*Thenot* Why dost thou keep such spotless constancy?

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

*he starts up*

*Thenot.* Stay there, thou constant Clorin if there be,  
Yet any part of woman left in thee,

To make thee light think yet before thou speak,

*Clorin.* See what a holy vow, for thee I break,  
I that already have my fame far spread,  
For being constant to my lover dead

*Thenot.* think yet dear Clorin of your love, how true,  
If you had died, he would have been to you

*Clorin* Yet all I'll lose for thee.

*Thenot.* Think but how blest,  
A constant woman is above the rest,

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

wln 2123

wln 2124

img: 34-a  
sig: H4v

wln 2125

wln 2126

wln 2127

wln 2128

wln 2129

wln 2130

wln 2131

wln 2132

wln 2133

wln 2134

wln 2135

wln 2136

wln 2137

wln 2138

wln 2139

wln 2140

wln 2141

wln 2142

wln 2143

wln 2144

wln 2145

wln 2146

wln 2147

wln 2148

wln 2149

wln 2150

wln 2151

wln 2152

wln 2153

wln 2154

wln 2155

wln 2156

wln 2157

wln 2158

wln 2159

wln 2160

wln 2161

wln 2162

img: 34-b  
sig: Ilr

wln 2163

wln 2164

wln 2165

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

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

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

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

*Clorin,* Be just to me:

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

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

*Clorin:* Thou dost but try me if I would.

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

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

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

*Enter: Thenot again:*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Finis Actus quartus.*

wln 2178  
wln 2179

Actus Quintus.  
Scaena. 1.

wln 2180

*Enter Priest, and old Shepherd.*

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

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

img: 35-a  
sig: IIr

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

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

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

img: 35-b  
sig: l2r

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

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

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

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

*exeunt.*

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

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

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

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

*Enter Satyr with Amoret.*

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

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

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

img: 36-a  
sig: I2v

wln 2274  
wln 2275  
wln 2276

wln 2277

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

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

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

*Clorin.* Why that hath brought it.

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

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

*Satyr* search if thou canst find it,

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

Here here in a hollow tree.

Two fond mortals have I found,

*Clorin.* Bring them out they are unsound.

*Enter Cloe, and Daphnis.*

*Satyr.* By the fingers thus I wring ye,  
To my Goddess thus I bring ye.

Strife is vain come gently in,  
I scented them, they are full of sin,

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

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

*Satyr.* From this glass I throw a drop,  
Of Crystal water on the top.

Of every grass on flowers a pair:

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

*Clorin.* *Satyr* help to bring her in,

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

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

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

*Satyr.* *Shepherd* come,

*Daphnis.* My thoughts are pure,



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

img: 36-b  
sig: I3r

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

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

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

wln 2336

*Enter old shepherd, and Priest.*

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

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

wln 2348

*Enter Thenot*

img: 37-a  
sig: I3v

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

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

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

*Priest.* Then wherefore hast thou wandered.

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

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

img: 37-b  
sig: I4r

wln 2389  
wln 2390  
wln 2391  
wln 2392  
wln 2393

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

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

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

*Priest.* Go and beware,  
Of after falling.

*Thenot.* Father 'tis my care.

*Exit Thenot.*

wln 2405

*Enter Daphnis.*

wln 2406  
wln 2407  
wln 2408  
wln 2409  
wln 2410  
wln 2411  
wln 2412  
wln 2413  
wln 2414  
wln 2415  
wln 2416  
wln 2417  
wln 2418  
wln 2419  
wln 2420  
wln 2421  
wln 2422  
wln 2423  
wln 2424  
wln 2425  
wln 2426

*Old.* Here comes another straggler, sure I see,  
A shame in this young Shepherd *Daphnis*,

*Daphnis.* He,

*Priest.* Where hast left the rest, that should have been  
Long before this, grazing upon the green:  
Their yet imprisoned flocks,

*Daphnis* Thou holy man.

Give me a little breathing till I can,  
Be able to unfold what I have seen,  
Such horror that the like hath never been,  
Known to the ear of Shepherd: o my heart,  
Labors a double motion to impart,  
So heavy tidings you all know the Bower,  
Where the chaste *Clorin*, lives by whose great power,  
Sick men and cattle have been often cured,  
There lovely *Amoret*, that was assured,  
To lusty *Perigot*: bleeds out her life:  
Forced by some iron hand and fatal knife,  
And by her young *Alexis*.

*Enter Amarillis running from her sullen shepherd.*

If there be

img: 38-a  
sig: 14v

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

Ever a Neighbor-brook or hollow tree,  
Receive my body, close me up from lust,  
That follows at my heels, be ever just,  
Thou God of shepherds: *Pan* for her dear sake,  
That loves the River's brinks, and still doth shake,  
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit:  
Let me be made a reed, and ever mute,  
Nod to the water's fall, whilst every blast,  
Sings through my slender leaves that I was chaste:

*Priest.* This is a night of wonder, *Amarill*,  
Be Comforted, the holy gods are still,  
Revenge of these wrongs.

*Amarillis* Thou blessed man,

wln 2440  
wln 2441  
wln 2442  
wln 2443  
wln 2444  
wln 2445  
wln 2446  
wln 2447  
wln 2448  
wln 2449  
wln 2450  
wln 2451  
wln 2452  
wln 2453  
wln 2454  
wln 2455  
wln 2456  
wln 2457  
wln 2458  
wln 2459

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

wln 2460

*Enter Sullen.*

wln 2461  
wln 2462  
wln 2463  
wln 2464

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

img: 38-b  
sig: K1r

wln 2465  
wln 2466  
wln 2467  
wln 2468  
wln 2469  
wln 2470  
wln 2471  
wln 2472  
wln 2473  
wln 2474  
wln 2475  
wln 2476  
wln 2477  
wln 2478  
wln 2479  
wln 2480  
wln 2481  
wln 2482  
wln 2483  
wln 2484  
wln 2485

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

wln 2486  
wln 2487  
wln 2488  
wln 2489  
wln 2490  
wln 2491  
wln 2492  
wln 2493  
wln 2494  
wln 2495  
wln 2496  
wln 2497  
wln 2498  
wln 2499  
wln 2500  
wln 2501  
wln 2502  
wln 2503  
wln 2504

img: 39-a  
sig: K1v

wln 2505  
wln 2506

wln 2507

wln 2508  
wln 2509  
wln 2510  
wln 2511  
wln 2512  
wln 2513  
wln 2514  
wln 2515  
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wln 2517  
wln 2518  
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wln 2525  
wln 2526  
wln 2527  
wln 2528  
wln 2529  
wln 2530  
wln 2531

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

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

*Priest.* Lust, and branded soul,

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

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

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

*Enter Perigot with his hand bloody,*

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

*exit.*

wln 2532  
wln 2533  
wln 2534

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

wln 2535  
wln 2536  
wln 2537  
wln 2538  
wln 2539

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

img: 39-b  
sig: K2r

wln 2540  
wln 2541  
wln 2542  
wln 2543  
wln 2544  
wln 2545  
wln 2546  
wln 2547  
wln 2548  
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wln 2571  
wln 2572  
wln 2573  
wln 2574  
wln 2575  
wln 2576  
wln 2577

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

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

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

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

*Enter Perigot.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

wln 2578

wln 2579

img: 40-a  
sig: K2v

wln 2580

wln 2581

wln 2582

wln 2583

wln 2584

wln 2585

wln 2586

wln 2587

wln 2588

wln 2589

wln 2590

wln 2591

wln 2592

wln 2593

wln 2594

wln 2595

wln 2596

wln 2597

wln 2598

wln 2599

wln 2600

wln 2601

wln 2602

wln 2603

wln 2604

wln 2605

wln 2606

wln 2607

wln 2608

wln 2609

wln 2610

wln 2611

wln 2612

wln 2613

wln 2614

wln 2615

img: 40-b  
sig: K3r

wln 2616

wln 2617

wln 2618

Of other waters.

*Satyr* Mortal sure,

'Tis the blood of maiden pure

That stains he so.

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

*Perigot* Whate'er thou be.

Beest thou her sprite, or some divinity,

That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,

Pardon poor *Perigot*

*Amoret* I am thy love.

Thy *Amoret*. for evermore thy love:

Stick once more on my naked breast, I'll prove

As constant still, O canst thou love me yet,

How soon could I my former griefs forget.

*Perigot* So over-great with joy, that you live now

I am, that no desire of knowing how

doth seize me; hast thou still power to forgive,

*Amoret* Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to live,

More welcome now than hadst thou never gone

Astray from me.

*Perigot* And when thou lov'st alone

And not I, death or some lingering pain

That's worse, light on me.

*Clorin*. Now your stain

Perhaps will cleanse, thee once again

See the blood that erst did stay,

With the water drops away:

All the powers again are pleased,

And with this new knot are appeased:

Join your hands, and rise together,

*Pan* be blest that brought you hither.

*Enter Priest and old Shepherd.*

*Clorin*. Go back again whate'er thou art: unless

Smooth maiden thoughts possess thee, do not press

This hallowed ground, go *Satyr* take his hand,

And give him present trial.

*Satyr* Mortal stand.

Till by fire, I have made known

Whether thou be such a one,

That mayst freely tread this place,

wln 2619  
wln 2620  
wln 2621  
wln 2622  
wln 2623  
wln 2624  
wln 2625  
wln 2626  
wln 2627  
wln 2628  
wln 2629  
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wln 2640  
wln 2641  
wln 2642  
wln 2643  
wln 2644  
wln 2645  
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wln 2647  
wln 2648  
wln 2649  
wln 2650  
wln 2651  
wln 2652  
wln 2653  
wln 2654

img: 41-a  
sig: K3v

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

Hold thy hand up, never was,  
More untainted flesh than this,  
Fairest he is full of bliss.

*Clorin.* Then boldly speak why dost thou seek this place,

*Priest.* First honored virgin to behold thy face,  
Where all good dwells, that is, next for to try  
The truth of late report, was given to me:  
Those shepherds that have met with foul mischance,  
Through much neglect, and more ill governance,  
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure  
The open air, or stay a longer cure,  
And lastly what the doom may be, shall light  
Upon those guilty wretches, through whose spite  
All this confusion full. For to this place,  
Thou holy maiden have I brought the race,  
Of these offenders, who have freely told,  
Both why, and by what means, they gave this bold  
Attempt upon their lives.

*Clorin.* Fume all the ground,  
And sprinkle holy water, for unsound  
And foul Infection 'gins to fill the Air  
It gathers yet more strongly,  
Of Censors filled with Frankincense and Myrrh.  
Together with cold Camphor, quickly stir.  
The gentle *Satyr*, for the place begins  
To sweat and labor, with the abhorred sins  
Of those offenders, let them not come nigh,  
For full of itching flame and leprosy,  
Their very souls are, that the ground goes back,  
And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black  
And so unheard of venom, hie thee fast,  
Thou holy man, and banish from the chaste,  
These manlike monsters, let them never more  
Be known upon these downs, but long before,  
The next sun's rising, put them from the sight,  
And memory of every honest wight.

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

*Amoret* I do believe.  
It is enough dear friend, leave off to grieve,  
And let us once more in despite of ill,

*Exit Priest.*



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

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

wln 2679

Enter Priest.

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

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

img: 41-b  
sig: K4r

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

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

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

img: 42-a  
sig: K4v

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

wln 2730  
wln 2731  
wln 2732  
wln 2733  
wln 2734  
wln 2735  
wln 2736  
wln 2737  
wln 2738  
wln 2739  
wln 2740  
wln 2741  
wln 2742  
wln 2743  
wln 2744  
wln 2745  
wln 2746  
wln 2747  
wln 2748  
wln 2749  
wln 2750  
wln 2751  
wln 2752  
wln 2753  
wln 2754  
wln 2755  
wln 2756  
wln 2757  
wln 2758  
wln 2759  
wln 2760

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

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

img: 42-b  
sig: L1r

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

wln 2770

That was the soul and God of melody.

wln 2771

*Song.*

*they all sing.*

wln 2772  
wln 2773  
wln 2774  
wln 2775  
wln 2776  
wln 2777  
wln 2778  
wln 2779  
wln 2780  
wln 2781

*All ye Woods, and Trees, and Bowers,  
All ye virtues, and ye powers:  
That inhabit in the lakes,  
In the pleasant springs or brakes.  
Move your feet,  
to our sound:  
Whilst we greet,  
all this ground.  
With his honor and his name.  
That defends our flocks from blame.*

wln 2782  
wln 2783  
wln 2784  
wln 2785  
wln 2786  
wln 2787  
wln 2788  
wln 2789  
wln 2790  
wln 2791

*He is great, and he is just,  
He is ever good and must:  
Thus be honored, Daffodilies,  
Roses, Pinks, and loved Lillies.  
Let us fling,  
Whilst we sing,  
Ever holy,  
Ever holy.  
Ever honored, ever young,  
Thus great Pan is ever sung.*

Exeunt.

wln 2792  
wln 2793  
wln 2794  
wln 2795  
wln 2796  
wln 2797  
wln 2798  
wln 2799  
wln 2800  
wln 2801

*Satyr.* Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,  
Thou most powerful maid, and whitest.  
Thou most virtuous, and most blessed,  
Eyes of Stars and Golden Tressed,  
Like *Apollo*, tell me sweetest,  
What new service now is meetest.  
For thee *Satyr* shall I stray,  
In the middle Air and stay,  
Thy Sailing Rack or nimbly take,  
Hold by the Moon, and gently make.

img: 43-a  
sig: L1v

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

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

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

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

*Clorin.* And to thee,  
All thy master's love be free.

*exeunt.*

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

*FINIS. The Pastoral of the  
faithful Shepherdess.*

## Textual Notes

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