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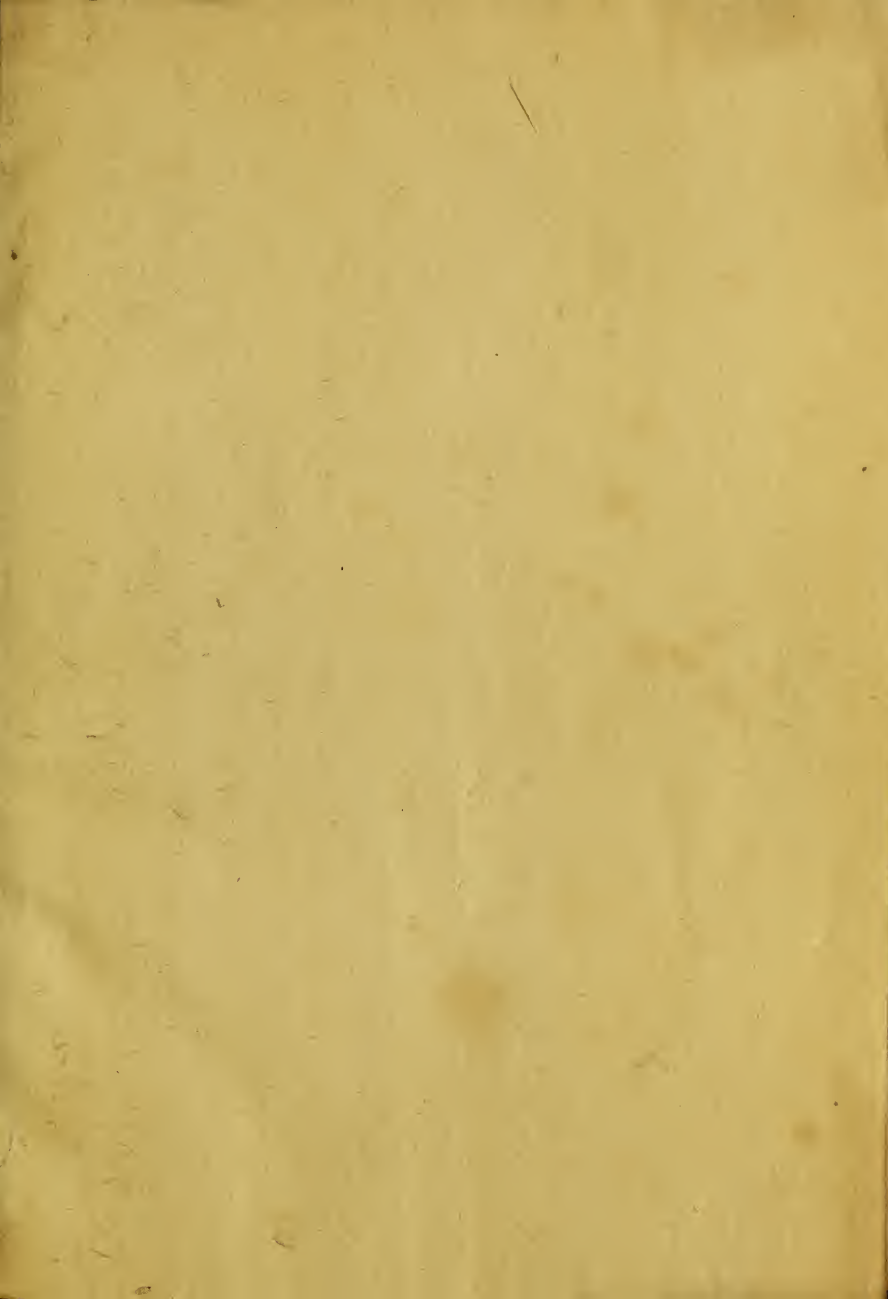
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THE  
FAITHFULL  
SHEPHERDESSE.

ACTED AT SOMERSET  
House before the KING and  
QUEENE on Twelſe night  
laſt, 1633.

And divers times ſince with great ap-  
plauſe at the Private Houſe in Blacke-  
Friers, by his Maieſties Servants.

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*Written by* JOHN FLETCHER.

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The third Edition, with Addition.

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LONDON,  
Printed by *A. M.* for *Richard Meighen*, next  
to the Middle Temple in Fleet-  
street. 1634.

To my friend Master *John Fletcher*, upon his  
*faithfull Shepherdesse.*

I Know too well, that no more then the man  
That travells through the burning Desarts, can  
When he is beaten with the raging Sunne,  
Halfe smootherd with the dust, have power to runne  
From a coole River, which himselfe doth finde,  
Ere he be slack'd; no more can he whose minde  
Ioyes in the Muses, hold from that delight,  
When nature, and his full thoughts bid him write:  
Yet with I those whom I for friends have knowne,  
To sing their thoughts to no eares but their owne.  
Why should the man, whose wit nere had a staine,  
Vpon the publike Stage present his vaine,  
And make a thousand men in Iudgement sit,  
To call in question his undoubted wit,  
Scarce two of which can understand the lawes  
Which they should judge by, nor the parties cause?  
Among the rout there is not one that hath  
In his owne censure an explicite faith;  
One company knowing they Iudgement lucke,  
Ground their beliefe on the next man in blacke:  
Others, on him that makes signes, and is mute,  
Some like as he does in the fairest sute,  
He as his Mistresse doth, and she by chance:  
Nor wants there those, who as the Boy doth dance  
Betweene the Acts, will censure the whole Play;  
Some if the Wax lights be new that day,  
But multitudes there are whose judgements goes  
Headlong according to the Actors cloathes.  
For this, these publike things and I, agree  
So ill, that but to doe a right to thee,  
I had not beene perswaded to have hurld  
These few, ill spoken lines, into the world,  
Both to be read, and censur'd of, by those,  
Whose very reading makes Verse fencelesse Prose,  
Such as must spend above an houre, to spell  
A Challenge on a Post, to know it well:  
But since it was thy hap to throw away  
Much wit, for which the people did not pay,  
Because they saw it not, I not dislike  
This second publication, which may strike  
Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,  
To be with so much wit and Art adorn'd.  
Besides one vantage more in this I see,  
Your censurers now must have the qualitie  
Of reading, which I am afraid is more  
Then halfe your shrewdest Iudges had before.



To my loved friend M<sup>r</sup>. Iohn Fletcher, on his *Pastorall*.

CAN my approvement (Sir) be worth your thanks?  
Whose unknowne name and muse (in swathing clouts)  
Is not yet growne to strength, among these ranks  
To have a roome, and beare off the sharpe flouts  
Of this our pregnant age, that does despise  
All innocent verse that lets alone her vice.

But I must justifie what privately  
I censured to you: my ambition is  
(Even by my hopes and love to Poesie)  
To live to perfect such a worke as this,  
Clad in such elegant proprietic  
Of words including a morallitie.

So sweet and profitable, though each man that heares,  
(And learning has enough to clap and hisse)  
Arrives not too't, so milty it appeares;  
And to their filmed reasons, so amisse:  
Bat let Art looke in truth, she like a mirror,  
Reflect her consort, ignorances terror

Sits in her owne brow, being made afraid  
Of her unnaturall complexion,  
As ugly women (when they are araid  
By glasses) loath their true reflection;  
Then how can such opinions injure thee,  
That tremble at their owne deformitie?

Opinion, that great foole, makes fooles of all,  
And (once) I fear'd her till I met a mind  
Whose grave instructions Philosophicall,  
Tofs'd it like dust upon a march strong wind,  
He shall for ever my example be,  
And his embraced doctrine grow in me.

His soule (and such commend this) that commands  
Such Art, it should me better satisfie,  
Then if the monster clapt his thousand hands  
And drown'd the Scene with his confused cry;  
And if doubts rise, loe their owne names to cleare'em  
Whilst I am happy but to stand so neere'em.

To the worthy Author *M<sup>r</sup>. IO: FLETCHER.*

**T**He wise, and many headed *Bench*, that sits  
Upon the *Life*, and *Death* of *Playes*, and *Wits*,  
(*Compos'd* of *Gamster*, *Captaine*, *Knight*, *Knight's man*,  
*Lady*, or *Pufill*, that weares maske or fan,  
*Velvet*, or *Taffata* cap, rank'd in the darke  
With the *shops Foreman*, or some such *brave sparke*,  
That may judge for his *six-pence*) had, before  
They saw it halfe, damd thy whole *Play*, and more,  
Their motives were, since it had not to doe  
With vices, which they look'd for, and came to.  
**I**, that am glad, thy *Innocence* was thy *Guilt*,  
And with that all the *Muses* bloud were spilt,  
In such a *Martyrdome*; To vex their eyes,  
Do crowne thy *murdfed poeme*: which shall rise  
A glorified worke to *Time*, when *Fire*,  
Or moathes shall eate, what all these *Fooles* admire. *Ben: Jonson.*

To his loving friend *M<sup>r</sup>. IO: FLETCHER.*

**T**Here are no *sureties* (*good friend*) *Will* be taken  
For *workes* that *vulgar-good-name* hath for *saken*.  
A *Poeme* and a *Play* too! why tis like  
A *Scholler* that's a *Poet*: their names *strike*  
Their *pestilence* inward, when they take the *ayre*;  
And *kill* our *right*: one cannot both *fates* beare.  
But, as a *Poet* that's no *Scholler*, makes  
*Vulgarity* his *Whiffer*, and so takes  
*Passage* with ease, and *state* through both *sides* *prease*  
Of *pageant-seers*: or as *schollers* *please*  
That are no *Poets*, more then *Poets* *learn'd*,  
Since their *Art* solely is by *soules* *discern'd*;  
The others fall within the *common sense*,  
And *sheds* (like *common light*) her *influence*:  
So, were your *Play* no *poeme*, but a *thing*  
That every *Cobler* to his *patch* might *sing*,  
A *roue* of *wisses* (like the *multitude*)  
With no one *limbe* of any *Art* *endude*,  
Like *would* to *like*, and *praise* you: but because,  
Your *Poeme* onely hath by us *applause*,  
*Renews* the *golaen* world, and holds through all  
The *holy lawes* of *homely Pastoral*,  
Where *flowres*, and *founns*, and *Nimphs*, and *semi-gods*,  
And all the *Graces* finde their old *abodes*;  
Where *forrests* flourish but in *endlesse Verse*,  
And *meddowes*, nothing fit for *purchasers*,  
This *Iron age* that eates it selfe, will never  
*Bire* at your *golden world*, that others, ever  
*Low'd* as it selfe: then like your *Booke* doe you  
For *write* allow.



Vnto his worthy friend Mr. Ioseph Taylor  
upon his presentment of the Faithfull Shepherdesse  
before the King and Queene, at White-hall, on  
Twelfth night last. 1633.

When this smooth Pastorall was first brought forth,  
The Age twas borne in, did not know it's worth.  
Since by thy cost, and industry reviv'd,  
It hath a new fame, and new birth archiv'd.  
Happy in that shee found in her distresse,  
A friend, as fat! full, as her Shepherdesse.  
For having cur'd her from her courser rents,  
And deckt her new with fresh habiliments,  
Thou brought'st her to the Court, and made her be  
A fitting spectacle for Majestie.  
So have I seene a cload'd beauty drest  
In a rich vesture, shine above the rest.  
Yet did it not receive more honour from  
The glorious pompe, then thine owne action.  
Expect no satisfaction for the same,  
Poets can render no reward but Fame.  
Yet this Ile prophesie, when thou shalt come  
Into the confines of *Elysium*  
Amidst the Quire of Muses, and the lists  
Of famous Actors, and quicke Dramatists,  
So much admir'd for gesture, and for wit,  
That there on Seats of living Marble sit,  
The blessed Consort of that numerous Traine,  
Shall rise with an applause to entertaine  
Thy happy welcome, causing thee sit downe,  
And with a Lawrell-wreath thy temples crowne.  
And meane time, while this Poeme shall be read,  
Taylor, thy name shall be eternized.  
For it is just, that thou, who first did'st give  
Vnto this booke a life, by it shouldst live.

SHACK. MARMYON.



This Dialogue newly added, was  
spoken by way of Prologue to both  
their Majesties at the first acting of  
this Pastorall at *Somerset-house*  
on Twelſe-night 1633.

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Priest.

**A** Broyling Lambe on Pans chiefe Altar lies,  
My Wreath, my Censur, Virge, and Incense by :  
But I delay'd the pretious Sacrifice,  
To shew thee here, a gentler Deity.

Nymph.

Nor was I to thy sacred Summons slow,  
Hither I came as swift as th' Eagles wing,  
Or threating shaft from vext Dianæes bow,  
To see this Islands God; the worlds best King.

Priest.

Elsee then that Queene, that doth his eyes envite  
And cares, i' obey her Scepter, halfe this night.

Nymph.

Let's sing such welcomes, as shall make Her sway  
Seeme easie to Him, though is last till day.

Welcome as Peace i' unwall'd Citties, when  
Famine & Sword leave them more graves then men.  
As Spring to Birds, or Noone-dayes Sun to th' old  
Poore mountayne Muscovite congeald with cold,  
As Shore to th' Pilote in a safe knowne Coast  
When's Carde is broken & his Rudder lost.



THE FAITHFULL  
SHEPHERDESSE.

Actus primi, Scena prima.

*Enter Clorin a Shepherdesse, having buryed her  
love in an Arbour.*

**H**Aile holy earth, whose cold armes doe imbrace,  
The truest man that ever fed his flocks  
By the fat plaines of fruitfull *Thessaly*,  
Thus I salute thy grave, thus doe I pay  
My early vowes, and tribute of mine eyes  
To thy still loved ashes; thus I free  
My selfe from all ensuing heates and fires  
Of love: all sports, delights and jolly games  
That Shepherds hold full deare, thus put I off.  
Now no more shall these smooth browes be girt  
With youthfull coronals, and lead the dance,  
No more the company of fresh faire maids  
And wanton shepherds be to me delightfull,  
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes  
Under some shady dell, when the coole winde  
Playes on the leaves; all be farre away,  
Since thou art farre away, by whose deare side  
How often have I sat crownd with fresh flowers  
For summers queene, whilst every shepherds boy  
Puts on his lusty greene, with gandy hooke,  
And hanging scrip of finest cordevan.  
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,  
And all are dead but thy deare memorie  
That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring  
Whilst there are pipes, or jolly shepherds sing.

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

And here will I in honour of thy love,  
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joyes,  
That former times made precious to mine eyes,  
Onely remembring what my youth did gaine  
In the darke hidden vertuous use of hearbes :  
That will I practise, and as freely give  
All my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.  
Of all Greene wounds I know the remedies,  
In men or cattell, be they stung with snakes,  
Or charm'd with powerfull words of wicked art,  
Or be they love-sicke, or through too much heat  
Growne wilde or lunaticke, their eyes or eares  
Thickned with misty filme of dulling rheume ;  
These I can cure, such secret vertue lies  
In hearbes applyed by a virgins hand :  
My meat shall be what these wilde woods afford,  
Berries, and Chesnuts, Plantanes, on whose checks  
The Sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit  
Pul'd from the faire head of the straight growne pine ;  
On these Ile feed with free content and rest,  
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

*Enter a Satyre.*

*Saty.* Through yon same bending plaine  
That flings his armes downe to the maine,  
And through these thicke woods have I run,  
Whose bottome never kist the Sunne  
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 entertaines this comming night,  
His Paramour, the *Syrinx* bright :  
But behold a fairer sight!  
By that heavenly forme of thine,  
Brightest faire thou art divine,  
Sprung from great immortall race  
Of the gods : for in thy face  
Shines more awfull Majesty,

*He stands amazed.*



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

Then dull weake mortalitie  
Dare with misty eyes behold  
And live, therefore on this mould,  
Lowly doe I bend my knee,  
In worship of thy deitie;  
Deigne it goddesse from my hand,  
To receive what ~~ere~~ this land  
From her fertile wombe doth send  
Of her choise fruits: and but lead  
Beliefe to that the Satyre tels,  
Fairer by the famous wels,  
To this present day nere grew,  
Never better nor more true,  
Here be grapes whose lusty blood  
Is the learned Poets good,  
Sweeter yet did never crowne  
The head of *Bacchus*, nuts more browne  
Then the Squirrils teeth that cracke them,  
Deigne O fairest faire to take them,  
For these blacke ey'd *Driope*  
Hath oftentimes commanded me,  
With my clasped knee to clime;  
See how well the lusty time  
Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red,  
Such as on your lips is spred,  
Here be berries for a *Queene*,  
Some be red, some be greene,  
These are of that luscious meat,  
The great god *Pan* himselve doth eate:  
All these, and what the woods can yield,  
The hanging mountaine or the field,  
I freely offer, and ere long  
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong,  
Till when humbly leave I take,  
Lest the great *Pan* doe awake,  
That sleeping lies in a deepe glade,  
Vnder a broad Beeches shade:  
I must goe, I must run,  
Swifter then the fiery Sun.

*Exit.*

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

*Clorin.* And all my feares goe with thee.  
What greatnesse or what private hidden power  
Is there in me, to draw submission  
From this rude man and beast? sure I am mortall:  
The daughter of a Shepherd, he was mortall:  
And she that bore me mortall: pricke my hand  
And it will bleed, a feaver shakes me,  
And the selfe same wind that makes the young lambs shrink,  
Makes me a cold, my feare sayes I am mortall:  
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me)  
And now I doe beleve it, if I keepe  
My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and faire,  
No Goblin, wood-god, Faierie, Elfe, or Ficnd,  
Satyre, or other power that haunts the groves,  
Shall hurt my body, or by vaine illusion  
Draw me to wander after idle fires,  
Or voyces calling me in dead of night,  
To make me follow, and so tole me on,  
Through mire and standing pooles, to find my ruine:  
Else why shou'd this rough thing, who never knew  
Manners, nor smooth humanity, whose heates  
Are rougher then himselfe, and more mishapen,  
Thus mildely kneele to me? sure there is a power  
In that great name of virgin, that binds fast  
All rude uncivill bloods, all appetites  
That breake their confines: then strong chastity,  
Be thou my strongest guard, for heare Ile dwell  
In opposition against Fate and Hell.

*Enter an old Shepherd, with foure couple of Shepherds  
and Shepherdesses.*

*Old Shep.* Now we have gone this holy festivall,  
In honour of our great god, and his rights  
Perform'd, prepare your selves for chaste  
And uncorrupted fires: that as the Priest,  
With powerfull hand shall sprinkle on your Browes  
His pure and holy water, yee may be  
From all hot flames of lust, and loose thoughts free.  
Kneele Shepherds kneele, here comes the Priest of *Par.*

*Enter Priest.*

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

Whatsoever this great day,  
Or the past houres gave not good,  
To corrupt your mayden blood:  
From the high rebellious heat  
Of the grapes, and strength of meat,  
From the wanton quicke desires,  
They doe kindle by their fires,  
I doe wash you with this water,  
Bee you pure and faire hereafter.  
From your livers and your veines,  
Thus I take away the staines.  
All your thoughts be smooth and faire;  
Bee ye fresh and free as ayre.  
Never more let lustfull heat  
Through your purged conduits beat,  
Or a plighted troath be broken,  
Or a wanton verse bee spoken  
In a Shepherdesse care;  
Goe your wayes, y'are all cleare.

*They rise and sing in praise of Pan.*

*The Song.*

*Sing his prayes that doth keepe  
Our Flockes from harme,  
Pan the Father of our sheepe,  
And arme in arme  
Tread wee softly in a round,  
Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground  
Fils the musicke with her sound,  
Pan, O great god Pan, to thee  
Thus doe wee sing:  
Thou that keepest us chaste and free,  
As the young spring,  
Ever bee thy honour spoke,  
From that place the morne is broke,  
To that place Day dosh unyoke.*

*Exeunt omnes but Perigot and Amoret.*

*Peri. Stay gentle Amoret thou faire browd Mayde,  
Thy Shepherd prayes thee stay, that holds thee deere.*



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

Your faithfull Shepherd of those chaste desires  
He ever aymd at, and \_\_\_\_\_

*Amo.* Thou hast prevaild, farewell, this comming night  
Shall crowne thy chaste hopes with long wish'd delight.

*Peri.* Our great god *Pan* reward thee for that good  
Thou hast given thy poore Shepherd, fairest bud  
Of Mayden vertues: when I leave to be  
The true admirer of thy chastic,  
Let me deserve the hot polluted name  
Of the wilde woodman, or affect some dame,  
Whose often prostitution hath begot  
More soule diseases, then ever yet the hot  
Sun bred through his burnings, whilst the dog  
Pursues the raging Lyon, throwing fog  
And deadly vapour from his angry breath,  
Filling the lower world with plague and death. *Exit Amo.*

*Enter Amarillis.*

*Amaril.* Shepherd may I desire to be believed  
What I shall blushing tell?

*Peri.* Faire Mayd you may.

*Amar.* Then softly thus, I love thee *Perigot*,  
And would be gladder to be lov'd againe,  
Then the cold earth is in his frozen armes  
To clip the wanton Spring: nay doe not start,  
Nor wonder that I woe thee! thou that art  
The prime of our young groomes, even the top  
Of all our lustie shepherds: what dull eye  
That never was acquainted with desire,  
Hath scene thee waistle, run, or cast the stone,  
With nimble strength and faire delivery,  
And hath not sparckled fire, and speedily  
Sent secret heat to all the neighbouring veines?  
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought againe  
That freedome backe was lent unto thy voyce?  
Then doe not blame me (Shepherd) if I be  
One to be numbred in this company,  
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

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

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

*Peri.* Faire soule, ye use  
These words to little end : for know, I may  
Better call backe that time was yesterday,  
Or stay the comming night, then bring my love  
Home to my selfe againe, or recreant prove.  
I will no longer hold you with delays,  
This present night I have appointed beene  
To meet that chaste faire (that injoyes my soule)  
In yonder grove, there to make up our loves.  
Be not deceiv'd no longer, choose againe,  
These neighbouring plaines have many a comely swaine,  
Fresher and freer farre then I ere was,  
Bestow that love on them and let me passe,  
Farewell, be happy in a better choise. *Exit.*

*Amaril.* Cruell, thou hast struck me deader with thy voice,  
Then if the angry heavens with their quicke 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 dwels  
Downe by the More, whose life hath ever showne  
More fullen discontent then *Saturnes* brow,  
When he sits frowning on the births of men :

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

One, that doth weare himselfe away in lonenesse,  
And never joyes unlesse it be in breaking  
The holy plighted troths of mutuall soules :  
One that lusts after every severall beauty,  
But never yet was knowne to love or like.  
Were the face fairer or more fall of truth,  
Than *Phoebe* in her fulnesse, or the youth  
Of smooth *Lyau*, whose nigh starved flocks.  
Are alwayes scabby, and infect all sheepe  
They feed withall, whose lambes are ever last,  
And die before their waining, and whose dog  
Lookes like his Master, leane, and full of scurffe,  
Not caring for the pipe or whistle : this man may  
(If he be well wrought) doe a deed' of wonder,  
Forcing me passage to my long desires :  
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose  
As my quicke thoughts could wish for. *Enter Shepherd.*

*Shep.* Fresh beauty, let me not be thought uncivill,  
Thus to be partner of your lonenesse : 'twas  
My love (that ever working passion) drew  
Me to this place to seeke some remedy  
For my sicke soule : be not unkind and faire,  
For such, the mighty *Cupid* in his doome  
Hath sworne to be aveng'd on ; then give roome  
To my consuming fires, that so I may  
Injoy my long desires, and so allay  
Those flames, that else would burne my life away.

*Amor.* Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were sound  
As thy words seeme to be, meanes might be found  
To cure thee of thy long paines : for to me  
That heavie youth consuming misery,  
The love-sicke soule endures, never was pleasing ;  
I could be well content with the quicke easing  
Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure  
Thy faith, and farther service to be sure,

*Sull.* Name but that great worke, danger, or what can  
Be compact by the wit or Art of man,  
And if I faile in my performance, may  
I never more kneele to the rising day.

*Amor.* Then thus I try thee Shepherd, this same night.



*I be faithfull Shepherdesse.*

That now comes stealing on, a gentle paire  
Have promis'd equall love, and doe apoint  
To make yon wood the place where hands & hearts  
Are to be ty'd for ever : breake their meeting  
And their strong faith, and I am evar thine.

*Sull.* Tell me their names, and if I doe not move  
(By my great power) the center of their love  
From his fixt being, let me never more  
Warme me by those faire eyes I thus adore.

*Amar.* Come, as we go Ile tell thee what they are,  
And give thee fit directions for thy worke. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cloe.*

*Cloe.* How have I wrong'd the times, or men, that thus  
After this holy feast I passe unknowne  
And unsaluted? t'was not wont to be  
Thus frozen with the younger company  
Of jolly Shepherds : t'was not then held good,  
For lusty groomes to mixe their quicker blood  
With that dull humour, most unfit to be  
The friend of man, cold and dull chastitie.  
Sure I am held not faire, or am too old,  
Or else not free enough, or from my fold  
Drive not a flocke sufficient great to gaine  
The greedy eyes of wealth alluring swaine:  
Yet if I may believe what others say,  
My face has soyle enough, nor can they lay  
Justly too strict a coyresse to my charge ;  
My flocks are many, and the downes as large  
They feed upon : then let it ever be  
Their coldnesse, not my virgin modesty  
Makes me complaine. *Enter Thenot*

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

*Clo.* Shepherd I pray thee stay, where hast thou beene,  
Or whither goest thou? here be woods as greene  
As any, ayre as fresh and sweet,

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

As where smooth *Zephyrus* playes on the fleet  
Face of the curled streames, with flowers as many  
As the young spring gives, and as choyce as any ;  
Heere be all new delights, coole streames and wells,  
Arbours oregrone with woodbins, Caves, and dells,  
Chuse 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 *Phæbe* hunting in a grove,  
First saw the boy *Endimion*, from whose eyes  
She tooke eternall fire that never dyes ;  
How she convayd him softly in a sleepe,  
His temples bound with poppy to the sleepe  
Head of old *Laius*, where she stoopes each night,  
Gilding the mountaine with her brothers light,  
To kisse her sweetest. *The.* Farre from me are these  
Hot flashes bred from wanton heate and ease ;  
I have forgot what love and loving meant;  
Rimes, Songs, and merry rounds, that oft are sent  
To the soft eare of Mayde, are strange to me :  
Onely I love t'admire a chastitie,  
That neither pleasing age, smooth tongue, or gold,  
Could ever breake upon, so sure the mold  
Is that her minde was cast in ; 'tis to her  
I onely am reserv'd ; she is my forme I stirre  
By, breath and move, 'tis she and onely she  
Can make me happy, or give misery.

*Clo.* Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to know  
To whom this deare observance you doe owe ?

*The.* You may, and by her vertue learne to square  
And levell out your life : for to be faire  
And nothing vertuous, onely fits the eye  
Of gandy youth, and swelling vanitie.  
Then know, shee's call'd the virgin of the grove,  
She that hath long since buryed her chaste love,  
And now lives by his grave, for whose deare soule  
She hath vowd her selfe into the holy role  
Of strickt virginitie; 'tis her I so admire,  
Not any looser blood or new desire.

*Cloe.* Farewell poore swaine, thou art not for my bend,

*Amar.* Then thus I try thee shepherdess,



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

I must have quicker soules, whose words may tend,  
To some free action : give me him dare love  
At first encounter, and as soone dare prove.

*The Song.*

*Come Shepherds come,  
Come away without delay  
Whilst the gentle time doth stay,  
Greene moods are dumme,  
And will never tell to any,  
Those deare kisses, and those many  
Sweet imbraces 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,  
Thinke not I,  
Dare deny,  
If you crave it.*

*Enter Daphnis.*

Here comes another : better be my speede,  
Thou god of blood, but certaine if I reade  
Not false, this is that modest Shepherd, he  
That onely dare salute, but nere could be  
Brought to kisse any, hold discourse, or sing,  
Whisper, or boldly aske that wished thing  
We all are borne for , one that makes loving faces,  
And could be well content to covet graces,  
Were they not got by boldnesse ; 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's here,  
Thus I attempt him. Thou of men most deare,  
Welcome to her, that onely for thy sake,  
Hath beene content to live : here boldly take  
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet  
Was given away to any , and but sit  
Downe on this russhy bancke, whilst I goe pull  
Fresh blossomes from the bowes, or quickly cull

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

The choicest delicates from yonder meade,  
To make thee chaines or chaplets, or to spread  
Vnder our fainting bodies, when delight  
Shall locke up all our senses. How the sight  
Of those smooth rising cheeks renewe the story  
Of young *Adonis*, when in pride and glory  
Helay infolded twixt the beating armes  
Of willing *Venus*: me thinkes stronger charmes  
Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow  
More sweetnesse than the painters can allow  
To their best peeces: not *Narcissus*, he,  
That wept himselve away in memory  
Of his owne beauty, nor *Silvanus* boy,  
Nor the twice ravisht maid, for whom old Troy  
Fell by the hand of *Pirrhus*, may to thee,  
Be otherwise compar'd, then some dead tree  
To a young fruitfull Olive. *Daph.* I can love,  
But I am loath to say so, lest I prove  
Too soone unhappy.

*Cloe.* Happy thou wouldst say,  
My dearest *Daphnis* blush not, if the day  
To thee and thy soft heates be enemy,  
Then take the coming night, faire youth tis free  
To all the world, shepherd Ile meet thee then  
When darkenesse hath shut up the eyes of men,  
In yonder grove: speake shall our meeting hold  
Indeed ye are too bashfull, be more bold,  
And tell me I. *Daph.* I'm content to say so,  
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray  
Much from your fairenesse, that you would be true.

*Cloe.* Shepherd thou hast thy wish.

*Daph.* Fresh maid adew:  
Yet one word more, since you have drawne me on  
To come this night, feare not to meet alone  
That man that will not offer to be ill,  
Though your bright selfe would aske it, for his fill  
Of this worlds goodnesse: doe not feare him then,  
But keepe your pointed time; let other men  
Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever,

*Amar.* Then thus I try thee shepherd, *Exit.*

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

*Cloe.* Yet am I poorer than I was before.

Is it not strange, among so many a score  
Of lusty bloods, I should picke out these things  
Whose veines like a dull river farre from springs,  
Is still the same, slow, heaui, and unfit  
For streame or motion, though the strong winds hit  
With their continuall power upon his sides?  
O happy be your names that haue beene brides,  
And tasted those rare sweetes for which I pine:  
And farre more heaui be thy griefe and time,  
Thou lazie swaine that maist relieue my needs,  
Then his upon whose liver alwayes feeds  
A hungry vulture.

*Enter Alexis.*

*Alex.* Can such beauty be

Safe in his owne 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 reine  
And wished freedome to the labouring veine?  
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know  
The cause of your retirement, why ye goe  
Thus all alone; me thinkes the downes are sweeter,  
And the young company of swaines more meeter,  
Then those forsaken and untroden places.  
Give not your selfe to loneness, and those Graces  
Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended  
To live amongst us swaines.

*Cloe.* Thou art befriended

Shepherd, in all my life I have not seene  
A man in whom greater contents hath beene,  
Then thou thy selfe art: I could tell thee more,  
Were there but any hope left to restore  
My freedome lost. O lend me all thy red,  
Thou shamefast Morning, when from *Tithons* bed  
Thou risest ever maiden. *Alex.* If for me,  
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,  
Speake and be satisfied; O guide her tongue,  
My better angell, force my name among  
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be;

*Cloe.* *Alexis*, when the sunne shall kisse the sea,



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

Taking his rest by the white *Thetis* side,  
Meet in the holy wood, where He abide  
Thy comming Shepherd. *Alex.* If I stay behind,  
An everlasting dulnesse, and the wind,  
That as hee passeth by shuts up the streame  
Of *Rhine* or *Volga*, whilst the sunnes hot beame  
Beats backe againe, ceaze me, and let me turne  
To coldnesse more than yce: oh how I burne  
And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.

*Cloe.* My name shall be your word.

*Alex.* Fly fly thou day.

*Exit.*

*Cloe.* My grieffe is great if both these boyes should faile,  
He that will use all winds must shift his saile. *Exit.*

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Actus secundus, Scena prima.

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*Enter an old Shepherd with a Bell ringing, and  
the Priest of Pan following.*

*Priest.* Shepherds all, and maidens faire,  
Fold your flocks up, for the Aire  
Gins to thicken, and the Sunne  
Already his great course hath runne:  
See the dew drops how they kisse  
Every little flower that is:  
Hanging on their velvet heads,  
Like a rope of christall beades.  
See the heavie clouds lowd falling,  
And bright *Hesperus* downe calling,  
The dead night from under ground,  
At whose rising mists unsound,  
Damps, and vapours fly apace,  
Hovering ore the wanton face  
Of these pastures, where they come,  
Striking dead both bud and bloome;  
Therefore from such danger locke  
Every one his loved flocke,  
And let your dogs lye loose without,  
Lest the *VVoolfe* come as a scour  
From the mountaine, and ere day

*Amar.* Then thus I try the shepherds,

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

Beare a Lambe or Kid away,  
Or the crafty theevish Foxe,  
Breake upon your simple flocks:  
To secure your selves from these,  
Be not too secure in ease,  
Let one eye his watches keepe,  
Whilst the tother eye doth sleepe;  
So you shall good Shepherds prove,  
And for ever hold the love  
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers  
And soft silence fall in numbers  
On your eye-lids: so farewell,  
Thus I end my evenings knell.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Clorin the Shepherdesse sorting of hearbs,  
and telling the natures of them.*

Now let me know what my best Art hath done,  
Helpt by the great power of the vertuous moone  
In her full light; O you sonnes of earth,  
You onely brood, unto whose happy birth  
Vertue was given, holding more of nature  
Then man her first borne and most perfect creature,  
Let me adore you; you that onely can  
Helpe 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 blacke Horehound, both are very good,  
For sheepe or shepherd, bitten by a wood  
Dogs venomd tooth; these Ramuns branches are,  
Which stucke in entries, or about the barre  
That holds the doore fast, kill all enchantments, charmes,  
Were they *Medeas* verses that doe harmes  
To men or cattell; these for frenzy be  
A speedy and a soveraigne remedie,  
The bitter wormewood, Sage, and Marigold,  
Such simpthy with mans good they doe hold;  
This Tormentil, whose vertue is to part  
All deadly killing poyson from the heart;  
And here *Narcissus* roote, for *Crallians* hea-

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

Yellow *Lecimacus*, to give sweet rest  
To the faint Shepherd, killing where it comes,  
All busie gnats, and every flye that hummes:  
For leprosie, Darnell, and Sollondine,  
With Calamint, whose vertues doe refine  
The blood of man, making it free and faire  
As the first houre it breath'd, or the best aire.  
Here other two, but your rebellious use  
Is not for me, whose goodnesse is abuse;  
Therefore foule Standergrasse, from me and mine  
I banish thee with lustfull Turpentine,  
You that intice the veines, and stirre the heat  
To civill mutiny, scaling the seate  
Our reason moves in, and deluding it  
With dreames and wanton fancies, till the fit  
Of burning lust be quencht by appetite,  
Robbing the soule of blessednesse and light:  
And thou light *Varvin* too, thou must go after  
Provoking easy soules to mirth and laughter,  
No more shall I dip thee in water now,  
And sprinkle every post, and every bow  
With thy well pleasing juyce, to make the groomes,  
Swell with high mirth, as with joy all the roomes.

*Enter Thesot.*

*The.* This is the Cabin where the best of all  
Her sexe, that ever breath'd, or ever shall  
Give heat or happinesse to the Shepherds side,  
Doth onely to her worthy selfe abide.  
Thou blessed starre, I thanke thee for thy light,  
Thou by whose power the darkenesse of sad night  
Is banisht from the earth, in whose dull place  
Thy chaster beames play on the heavy face  
Of all the world, making the blew sea smile,  
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile  
Thy brother of his brightnesse, giving day  
Againe from *Chaos*, whiter then that way  
That leades to *loves* high Court, and chaster farre  
Then chastitie it selfe, yon blessed starre  
That nightly shines, thou, all the constancie  
That in all women was, or ere shall be.



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

From whose faire eye-balls flies that holy fire,  
That Poets stile the mother of desire,  
Infusing into every gentle brest,  
A soule of greater price, and farre more blest  
Then that quicke power, which gives a difference,  
Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense.

*Clor.* Shepherd how cam'st thou hither to this place?  
No way is troden, all the verdant grasse,  
The spring shot up, stands yet unbrused heere  
Of any foote, onely the dappled Deere  
Farre from the feared sound of crooked horne  
Dwels in this fastnesse. *Th.* Chaster then the morne,  
I have not wandred, or by strong illusion,  
Into this vertuous place have made intrusion :  
But hither am I come (beleeeve me faire)  
To seeke you out, of whose great good the Ayre  
Is full, and strongly labours, whilst the sound  
Breakes against heaven, and drives into a stound  
The amazed Shepherd, that such vertue can  
Be resident in lesser then a man.

*Clor.* If any art I have, or hidden skill,  
May cure thee of disease or festred ill,  
Whose griefe or greenesesse to anothers eye  
May seeme impossible of remedy,  
I dare yet undertake it. *Th.* 'Tis no paine  
I suffer through disease, no beating veine  
Convayes infection dangerous to the heart,  
No part impostum'd to be cur'd by Arr,  
This body holds ; and yet a feller griefe  
Then ever skilfull hand did give reliefe  
Dwels on my soule, and may be heal'd by you  
Faire beauteous virgin.

*Clor.* Then shepherd let me sue  
To know thy griefe ; that man yet never knew  
The way to health, that durst not shew his fore.

*Then.* Then fairest know I love you.

*Clor.* Swaine no more.

Thou hast abus'd the strictnesse of this place,  
And offered Sacrilegeous soule disgrace  
To the sweet rest of these interred bones;

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

For feare of whose ascending fly at once,  
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight  
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright  
Thy very soule with horror. *Then.* Let me not  
Thou all perfection merit such a blot  
For my true zealous faith. *Clor.* Dar'st thou abide  
To see this holy earth at once divide  
And give her body up? for sure it will,  
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill  
This hallowed place; therefore repent and goe,  
Whilst I with praise appease his Ghost below,  
That die would tell thee what it were to be  
A rivall in that vertuous love that he  
Imbraces yet. *Then.* 'Tis not the white or red  
Inhabits in your cheeke that thus can wed  
My mind to adoration; nor your eye  
Though it be full and faire, your forehead high,  
And smooth as *Pelops* shoulder; not the smile  
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile  
The easie soule, your hands and fingers long  
With veins inameld richly, nor your tongue,  
Though it spoke sweeter then *Arions* Harpe,  
Your haire woven into many a curious warpe,  
Able in endlesse error to infold  
The wandring soule, nor the true perfect mould  
Of all your body, which as pure doth show  
In Maiden whitenesse as the *Alpsien* snow.  
All these, were but your constancie away,  
Would please me lesse, then a blacke stormy day  
The wretched Seaman toying through the deep.  
But whilst this honour'd strictnesse you dare keepe,  
Though all the plagues that ere begotten were  
In the great wombe of aire were settled here  
In opposition, I would like the tree,  
Shake off those drops of weakenesse, and be free  
Even in the arme of danger. *Clor.* Wouldst thou have  
Me raise againe fond man from silent grave,  
Those sparkes that long agoe were buried here,  
With my dead friends cold ashe? *Then.* Dearest deare,  
I dare not aske it, nor you must not grant;



*The faithfull Shopperdesse.*

Stand strongly to your vow, and doe not faint :  
Remember how he lov'd ye, and be still,  
The same opinion speakes ye, let not will,  
And that great god of women, Appetite,  
Set up your blood againe, doe not invite  
Desire, and fancie from their long exile,  
To set them once more in a pleasing smile :  
Be like a Rocke made firmly up 'gainst all  
The power of angry heaven, or the strong fall  
Of *Neptunes* battery ; if ye yeeld, I die  
To all affection ; tis that loyaltie  
Ye tie unto this grave I so admire ;  
And yet there's something else I would desire,  
If you would heare me, but withall deny,  
O *Pan*, what an uncertaine destiny  
Hangs over all my hopes ! I will retire,  
For if I longer stay, this double fire  
Will licke my life up. *Clor.* Doe, and let time weare out  
What Art and Nature cannot bring about.

*Then.* Farewell thou soule of vertue, and be blest  
For ever, whilst here I wretched rest  
Thus to my selfe ; yet grant me leave to dwell  
In kenning of this Arbor ; yon same dell  
Ore-topt with mourning Cypresse and sad Ewe,  
Shall be my Cabin, where Ile earely rewe,  
Before the Sunne hath kist this dew away,  
The hard uncertaine chance which Fate doth lay  
Vpon this hea'l. *Clor.* The gods give quicke release  
And happy cure unto thy hard disease. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sullen, Shepherd.*

*Sullen.* I doe not love this wench that I should meet,  
For never did my unconstant eye yet greet  
That beauty, were it sweeter or more faire,  
Then the new blossomes, when the morning ayre  
Blowes gently on them, or the breaking light,  
When many maiden blushes to our sight  
Shootes from his early face : were all these set  
In some neat forme before me, 'twould not get  
The least love from me ; some desire it might,  
O my heart burning : all to me in sight

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

Are equall, be they faire, or blacke, or browne,  
Virgin, or carelesse wanton, I can crowne  
My appetite with any; sweare as oft,  
And weepe, as any, melt my words as soft  
Into a maiden cares, and tell how long  
My heart has beene her servant, and how strong  
My passions are: call her unkind and cruell,  
Offer her all I have to gaine the Jewell  
Maidens so highly praise: then loath, and fly:  
This doe I hold a blessed destiny. *Enter Amarillis.*

*Amar.* Haile Shepherd, *Pan* bleesse both thy flocke and thee,  
For being mindfull of thy word to me.

*Sul.* Welcome faire Shepherdesse, thy loving swaine  
Gives thee the selfe same wishes backe againe,  
Who till this present houre nere knew that eye,  
Could make me crosse mine armes or daily dye  
With fresh consumings: boldly tell me then,  
How shall we part their faithfull loves, and when;  
Shall I bely him to her, shall I sweare  
His faith is false, and he loves every where?  
He say he mockt her th' other day to you,  
Which will by your confirming shew as true,  
For he is of so pure an honesty,  
To thinke (because he will not) none will lye:  
Or else to him Ile slander *Amoret*;  
And say, she but seemes chaste; Ile sweare she met  
Me 'mongst the shady Sycamours last night,  
And loosely offed up her flame and spright  
Into my bosome, made a wanton bed  
Of leaves and many flowers, where she spred  
Her willing body to be prest by me;  
There have I carv'd her name on many a tree,  
Together with mine owne; to make this show  
More full of seeming, *Hobinall* you know,  
Somme 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 row'd us 'fore our time by his resort:  
This to confirme, I have promis'd to the boy



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

As grinnes to catch him birds, with bowe and bolt,  
To shoot at nimble Squirrels in the holt ;  
A paire of painted Buskins, and a Lambe,  
Soft as his owne lockes, or the downe of Swan ;  
This I have done to winne ye, which doth give  
Me double pleasure. Discord makes me live.

*Amar.* Lov'd swaine I thanke ye, these tricks might pre-  
With other rusticke shepherds, but will faile (vaile  
Even once to stirre, much more to overthrow  
His fixed love from judgement, who doth know  
Your nature, my end, and his chofens merit ;  
Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit,  
VVhich I have found : give second, and my love  
Is everlasting thine. *Sull.* Try me and prove.

*Amar.* These happy paire of Lovers meet straight way,  
Soone as they fold their flocks up with the day,  
In the thicke grove bordering upon yon hill,  
In whose hard side Nature hath carv'd a well,  
And but that matchlesse spring which Poets know,  
VVas nere the like to this : by it doth grow  
About the sides, all hearbs which Witches use,  
All Simples good for Medicine or abuse,  
All sweets that crowne the happy Nuptiall day,  
VVith all their colours, there the month of May  
Is ever dwelling, all is young and greene,  
There's not a grasse on which was ever scene  
The falling *Autumne*, or cold *Winters* hand,  
So full of heate and vertue is the land  
About this fountaine, which doth slowly breake  
Below yon Mountaines foot, into a Creeke  
That waters all the valley, giving Fish  
Of many sorts, to fill the Shepherds dish.  
This holy well, my Grandame that is dead,  
Right wise in charmes, hath often to me sed,  
Hath power to change the forme of any creature,  
Being thrice dipt o're the head, into what feature,  
Or shape 'twould please the letter downe to crave,  
VVho must pronounces this charme too, which she gave  
Me on her death-bed, told me what, and how,  
It should apply unto the Patients brow.

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

That charming tongue gives to the happy care  
Of him that drinks your language ? but I feare  
I am too much unmanner'd, farre to rude,  
And almost growne lascivious to intrude  
These hot behaviours, where regard of fame,  
Honour, and modesty, a vertuous name,  
And such discourse, as one faire sister may  
Without offence unto the brother say,  
Should rather have beene tendred : but beleeve  
Here dwels a better temper, doe not grieve  
Then, ever kindest, that my first salute  
Seasons so much of fancie, I am mute  
Henceforth to all discourses, but shall be  
Suting to your sweet thoughts and modestie.  
Indeed I will not aske a kisse of you,  
No not to wring your fingers, nor to sue  
To those blest paire of fixed starres for smiles,  
All a young lovers cunning, all his wiles,  
And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me  
Be strangers, onely to your chaffitie  
I am devoted ever. *Cloe.* Honest Swaine,  
First let me thanke you, then returne againe  
As much of my love : no thou art too cold  
Vnhappy boy, not tempred to my mold,  
Thy blood fals heavy downeward, 'tis not feare  
To offend in boldnesse wins, they never weare  
Deserved favours that deny to take  
When they are offerd freely : doe I wake  
To see a man of his youth, yeares and feature,  
And such a one as we call goodly creature,  
Thus backward ? what a world of precious Art  
Were meereely lost, to make him doe his part ?  
But I will shake him off, that dares not hold,  
Let men that hope to be belov'd be bold.

*Daphnis,* I doe desire, since we are met  
So happily, our lives and fortunes set  
Vpon one stake, to give assurance now,  
By interchange of hands and holy vow,  
Never to breake againe : walke you that way,  
▼ Whilft I in zealous meditation stray



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

A little this way : when we both have ended  
These rights and duties, by the woods befriended,  
And secrecie of night, retyre and finde  
An aged Oake, whose hollownesse may binde  
Vs both within his body, thither goe,  
It stands within yon bottom. *Daph.* Be it so. *Exit Daph.*

*Cloe.* And I will meet there never more with thee,  
Thou idle shamefastnesse. *Alex. within.* *Cloe.* *Clo.* 'Tis he  
That dare I hope be bolder. *Alex.* *Cloe.* *Cloe.* Now  
Great *Pan* for *Sirinx* sake bid speed our plow. *Exit Cloe.*

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Actus tertius, Scena prima.

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*Enter Sullen Shepherd with Amarillis in a sleepe.*

*Sull.* From thy forehead thus I take  
These hearbs, and charge thee not awake,  
Till in yonder holy VVell,  
Thrice with powerfull Magicke spell,  
Fill'd with many a balefull word,  
Thou hast been dipt; thus with my cord  
Of blasted hempe, by Moone-light twinde,  
I doe thy sleepey body binde;  
I turne thy head into the East,  
And thy feet into the West,  
Thy left arme to the South put forth,  
And thy right unto the North :  
I take thy body from the ground,  
In this deepe and deadly ffound,  
And into this holy spring,  
I let thee slide downe by my string.  
Take this mayd thou holy pit,  
To thy bottom, neerer 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 downe lower, let her knee  
In thy waters washed bee ;  
There stop : Fly away  
Every thing that loves the day.



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

Truth that hath but one face,  
Thus I charme thee from this place.  
Snakes that cast your coats for new,  
Camelions that alter hue,  
Hares that yearely sexes change,  
*Provi* us altring oft and st. ange,  
*Hecate* with shapes three,  
Let this Mayden changed be,  
VVith this holy water wet,  
To the shape of *Amoret* :

*Cynthia* worke thou with my charme,  
Thus I draw thee free from harme  
Vp out of this blessed Lake,  
Rise both like her and awake. *She awakes*

*Amar.* Speake shepherd, am I *Amoret* to fight?  
Or hast thou mist in any Magicke right;  
For want of which any defect in me,  
May make our practices discovered be?

*Sub.* By yonder Moone, but that I here doe stand,  
Whose breath hath thus transformd thee, and whose hand  
Let thee downe dry, and pluckt thee up thus wet,  
I should my selfe take thee for *Amoret* ;  
Thou art in clothes, in feature, voice and hew  
So like, sense cannot distinguish you.

*Ama.* Then this deceit which cannot crossed be,  
At once shall lose her him, and gaine 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 feare are up, but understood,  
Twas his part to come first : being come, Ile say  
My constant love made me come first and stay:  
Then will I leade him further to the grove,  
But stay ye u here, and if his owne true Love  
Shall seeke him here, set her in some wrong path,  
Which say her Lover lately troden hath,  
Ile not be farre from hence, if need there be  
Here is another charme, whose power will free  
The dazeld sense, reade by the Moones beames cleare,  
And in my owne true shape make me appearc. *Enter Peri.*

*Sub.* Stand

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

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

*Per.* This is the place (*faire Amoret*) the houre  
Is yet scarce come: here every Sylvan power  
Delights to be about yon sacred well,  
Which they have blest with many a powerfull spell;  
For never travailer in dead of night,  
Nor strayed beasts have falae in, but when sight  
Hath faild them, then their right way they have found  
By helpe of them, so holy is the ground:  
But I will farther seeke, lest *Amoret*  
Should be first come, and so stray long unmet.

*My Amoret, Amoret. Exit. Amar. Perigot.*

*Per.* My Love. *Amar.* I come my Love. *Exit.*

*Sull.* Now she hath got

Her owne desires, and I shall gainer be  
Of my long lookt for hopes as well as she.  
How bright the Moone shines here, as if she strove  
To show her glory in this little grove, *Enter Amoret.*  
To some new loved Shepherd. Yonder is  
Another *Amoret*. Where differs this  
From that? but that she *Perigot* hath met,  
I should have tane this for the counterfet:  
Heards, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies,  
If mortall men could know your properties!

*Amo.* Me thinks it is not night, I have no feare,  
Walking this wood, of Lyon, or the Beare,  
Whose names at other times have made me quake,  
When any Shepherdesse in her tale spake  
Of some of them, that underneath a wood  
Have torne true Lovers that together stood.  
Me thinks there are no Goblins, and mens talke,  
That in these woods the nimble Fayries walke,  
Are fables; such a strong heart I have got,  
Because I come to meet with *Perigot*.

*My Perigot, who's that, my Perigot?*

*Sul.* Faire maid. *Amo.* Ay me, thou art not *Perigot*,

*Sull.* But I can tell ye newes of *Perigot*:

An houre together under yonder tree  
He sate with wreathed armes and calld on thee,

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

And said, Why *Amoret* stayest thou so long?  
Then starting up, downe yonder path he flung,  
Lest thou hadst mist thy way : were it day light  
He could not yet have borne him out of sight.

*Amor.* Thanks gentle Shepherd, and beshrew my stay,  
That made me fearefull I had lost my way :  
As fast as my weake legs, (that cannot be  
VVearie with seeking him) will carry me,  
He seeke him out; and for thy curtesie  
Pray *Pan* thy Love may ever follow thee. *Exit.*

*Sull.* How bright she was, how lovely did she show?  
VVas it not pitie to deceive her so?  
Shee pluckt her garments up, and tript away,  
And with a Virgin-innocence did pray  
For me that perjur'd her. Whilst she was here,  
Me thought the beames of light that did appeare,  
Were shot from her; me thought the Moone gave none,  
But what it had from her : she was alone  
VVith me, if then her presence did so move,  
VVhy did not I assy to winne her love?  
She would not sure have yeelded unto me;  
Women love onely opportunitie  
And not the man; or if she had denied,  
Alone, I might have forc'd her to have tryed  
Who had been stronger : ô vaine foole, to let  
Such blest occasion passe; he follow yet,  
My blood is up, I cannot now forbear. *Enter Alex. & Cloe*  
I come sweet *Amoret*. Soft, who is here?  
A paire of Lovers? He shall yeeld her me,  
Now lust is up, alike all women be.

*Alex.* 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  
VVe freely may enjoy our stolne delight.

*Alex.* Then boldly here, where we shall nere be found,  
No Shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallowed ground;



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

No mayd seeks here her strayed Cow, or Sheepe,  
Fairies and Fawnes, and Saryres doe it keepe:

Then caret flly rest here, and clip and kisse,  
And let no feare make us our pleasures misse.

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

*Sul.* Forbeare to touch my Love, or by yon flame,  
The greatest power that shepherds dare to name,  
Here, where thou sittest under this holy tree  
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be.

*Alex.* If *Pan* himselfe should come out of the Lawnes,  
VVith all his troupes of Satyrs and of Fawnes,  
And bid me leave, I sweare by her two eyes,  
A greater oath than thine, I would not rise.

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

*Cloe.* Hold gentle shepherd. *Sul.* Fairest shepherdesse,  
Come you with me, I doe not love ye lesse  
Than that fond man, that would have kept you there  
From me of more desert. *Alex.* 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.*

*Sat.* Now whilst the Moone doth rule the skie,  
And the starres, whose feeble light  
Give a pale shadow to the night,  
Are up, great *Pan* commanded me  
To walke this Grove about, whilst he  
In a corner of the wood,  
VVhere never mortall foot hath stood,  
Keepes dauncing, musicke, and a feast,  
To intertaine a lovely guest:  
VVhere he gives her many a Rose,  
Sweeter than the breath that blowes  
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 mortalls lose their way,  
And by a false fire seeming bright,  
Traine them in and leave them right:

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

Then must I watch if any be  
Forcing of a chastitie;  
If I find it, then in haste  
Give my wreathed horne a blast,  
And the Fairies all will runne,  
Wildly dauncing by the Moone,  
And will pinch him to the bone,  
Till his lustfull thoughts be gone.

*Alex.* O death! *Sat.* Back againe about this ground,  
Sure I heare a mortall sound;  
I binde thee by this powerfull spell,  
By the waters of this well,  
By the glimmering Moone beames bright,  
Speake againe thou mortall wight.

*Alex.* Oh! *Sat.* Here the foolish mortall lies,  
Sleeping on the ground: arise.  
The poore wight is almost dead,  
On the ground his wounds have bled,  
And his clothes fould with his blood;  
To my Goddesse in the wood  
Will I leade him, whose hands pure,  
Will helpe this mortall wight to cure.

*Enter Cloe againe.*  
*Cloe.* Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my breast  
Doth pant, each bush me thinks should hide a beast:  
Yet my desire keeps still above my feare,  
I wou'd faine meet some shepherd knew I where:  
For from one cause of feare I am most free,  
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 fearefull shape made me be gone,  
Though he were hurt, I furnisht was of one,  
But now both lost: *Alexis*, speake or move,  
If thou hast any life thou art yet my love.  
Hee's dead, or else is with his little might  
Crept from the banke for feare of that ill spright.  
Then where art thou that struckst my love? O stay,  
Bring me thy selfe in change, and then Ile say  
Thou hast some Justice, I will make thee trim  
And I will give thee lands that were meant for him;



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

He clip thee round with both mine armes, as fast  
As I did meane he should have been imbrac'd:  
But thou art fled. What hope is left for me?  
He run to *Daphnis* in the hollow tree,  
VWho I did meane to mocke, though hope be small,  
To make him bold; rather than none at all,  
He try him; his heart, and my behaviour too  
Perhaps may teach him what he ought to doe. *Exit.*

*Enter Sullen Shepherd.*

*Sul.* This was the place, 'twas but my feeble sight,  
Mixt with the horror of my deed, and night,  
That shapt these feares, and made me run away,  
And lose my beautious hardly gotten prey.  
Speake gentle Shepherdesse, I am alone,  
And tender love for love: but she is gone  
From me, that having stricke her lover dead,  
For silly feare left her alone and fled.  
And see the wounded body is remov'd  
By her of whom it was so well belov'd.

*Enter Perigot and Amarillis in the shape of Amoret.*

But these fancies must be quite forgot,  
I must lie close, here comes young *Perigot*.  
With subtill *Amarillis* in the shape  
Of *Amoret*. pray Love he may not scape.

*Amar.* Belov'd *Perigot*, shew me some place,  
Where I may rest my limbes, weake with the chace  
Of thee, an hower before thou cam'st at least.

*Per.* Beshrew my tardy steps, here shalt thou rest  
Vpon this holy banke, no deadly Snake  
Vpon this turfe her selfe in foulds doth make.  
Here is no poyson for the Toad to feed:  
Here boldly spread thy hands, no venom'd weed  
Dares blister them, no slimy Snail dare creepe  
Over thy face when thou art fast asleepe;  
Here never durst the babling Cuckow spit,  
No slough of falling starre did ever hit  
Vpon this banke, let this thy Cabin be,  
This other set with Violets for me.

*Ama.* Thou dost not love me *Perigot*. *Per.* Faire mayd,  
You onely love to heare it often sayd;



The faithfull Shepherdesse.

You doe not doubt. *Ama.* Believe me but I doe.

*Per.* What shall we now begin againe, to wooe?  
Tis the best way to make your lover last,  
To play with him, when you have caught him fast.

*Ama.* By *Pan* I swear, I loved *Perigot*,  
And by yon Moone, I thinke thou loy'st me not.

*Per.* By *Pan* I swear, and if I fallely I swear,  
Let him not guard my flockes, let Foxes teare  
My earliest lambs, and wolves whilst I doe sleepe  
Fall on the rest, a Rot among my sheepe,  
I love thee better than the carefull Ewe  
The new-yeand lambe that is of her owne hew;  
I dote upon thee more than that young lambe  
Doth on the bagg that feeds him from his dam.  
VVere there a sort of wolves got in my fold,  
And one ran after thee, both young and old  
Should be devour'd, and it should be my strife  
To save thee, whom I love above my life.

*Ama.* How shall I trust thee when I see thee chuse  
Another bed, and dost my side refuse?

*Per.* 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might be shewne  
Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.

*Ama.* Come *Perigot* will shew his power, that he  
Can make his *Amoret*, though she weary be,  
Rise nimbly from her couch, and come to his.  
Here take thy *Amoret*, inbrace and kisse.

*Per.* What means my love? *Ama.* To do as lovers stand,  
That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd.  
There's nere a Shepherdesse in all the plaine  
Can kisse thee with more Art, there's none can faine  
More wanton tricks. *Per.* Forbeare deare soule to trie,  
VVhether my heart be pure; Ile rather die  
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.

*Ama.* Still thinkest thou such a thing as Chastitie  
Is amongst women? *Perigot* there's none,  
That with her love is in a wood alone,  
And would come home a mayd; be not abus'd  
VVith thy fond first believe, let time be us'd:  
Why dost thou rise? *Per.* My true heart thou hast slaine.

*Ama.* Faith *Perigot*, Ile plucke thee downe againe.

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

*Per.* Let go thou Serpent, that into my brest  
Hast with thy cunning div'd; art not in jest?

*Ama.* Sweet love lie down. *Per.* Since this I live to see,  
Some bitter North wind blast my flockes and me.

*Ama.* You swore you lov'd, yet will not doe my will.

*Per.* O be as thou wert once, Ile love thee still.

*Ama.* I am, as still I was, and all my kinde,  
Though other showes we have poore men to blinde.

*Per.* Then here I end all love, and lest my vaine  
Beliefe should ever draw me in againe,  
Before thy face that hast my youth mis-led,  
I end my life, my bloud be on thy head.

*Ama.* O hold thy hands thy *Amoret* doth cry.

*Per.* Thou counsailest well, first *Amoret* shall dye,  
That is the cause of my eternall smart. *He runs after her.*

*Ama.* O hold. *Per.* This steel shal pierce thy lustful heart.

*The Sullen Shepherd steps out, and uncharmes her.*

*Sul.* Vp and downe every where,  
I strew the hearbs to purge the ayre :  
Let your O dour drive hence  
All mistes that dazeil sense.  
Hearbes and springs whose hidden might  
Alters shapes, and mockes the sight,  
Thus I charge ye to undoe  
All before I brought ye to :  
Let her flye, let her scape,  
Give againe her owne shape.

*Enter Amarillis in her owne shape.*

*Amar.* Forbeare thou gentle swaine, thou dost mistake,  
She whom thou followedst fled into the brake,  
And as I crost thy way, I met thy wrath,  
The only feare of which neere slaine me hath.

*Per.* Pardon faire Shepherdesse, my rage and night  
Were both upon me, and beguild my sight;  
But farre be it from me to spill the bloud  
Of harmelesse maides that wander in the wood. *Exit Ama.*

*Enter Amoret.*

*Amo.* Many a weary step in yonder path,  
Poore hopelesse *Amoret* twice troden hath,

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

To seeke her *Perigot*, yet cannot heare  
His voyce; my *Perigot*, she loues thee deare  
That calls. *Per.* See yonder where she is, how faire  
She shoves, and yet her breath infects the Ayre.

*Amo.* My *Perigot.* *Per.* Here. *Amo.* Happy.

*Per.* Haplesse first:

It lighte on thee, the next blow is the worst.

*Amo.* Stay *Perigot*, my love thou art unjust.

*Per.* Death is the best reward that's due to lust. *Ex. Per.*

*Sull.* Now shall their love be crost, for being strucke,

He throw her in the Fount, lest being tooke  
By some night-travailer, whose honest care  
May helpe to cure her. Shepherdesse prepare  
Your selfe to die. *Amo.* No mercy I doe crave,  
Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have;  
Tell him that gave me this, who lov'd him too,  
He strucke my soule, and not my body through.  
Tel him when I am dead, my soule shall be  
At p'ace, if he but thinke he injur'd me.

*Sull.* In this Fount be thy grave, thou wert not meant  
Sure for a woman, thou art so innocent. *He flings her into*  
She cannot scape, for underneath the ground, *the well.*  
In a long hollow the cleare spring is bound,  
Till on yon side where the Mornes Sunne doth looke,  
The strugling water breakes out in a Brooke. *Exit.*

*The God of the River riseth with Amoret in his armes.*

*God.* VVhat powerfull charmes my streames doe bring  
Backe againe unto their spring,  
With such force, that I their god,  
Three times striking with my Rod,  
Could not keepe them in their rankes:  
My Fishes shoot into the bankes,  
There's not one that staves and feeds,  
All have hid them in the weeds.  
Here's a mortall almost dead,  
Falne into my River head,  
Hallowed so with many a spell,  
That till now none ever fell.  
Tis a Female young and cleare,



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

Cast in by some Ravisher.

See upon her breast a wound,  
On which there is no plaister bound.

Yet shee's warme, her pulses beat,  
Tis a signe of life and heat.

If thou bee'st a Virgin pure,

I can give a present cure :

Take a drop into thy wound

From my watry lockes more round

Than Orient Pearle, and farre more pure

Than unchast flesh may endure.

See she pants, and from her flesh

The warme blood gusheth out afresh.

Shee is an unpolluted mayd;

I must have this bleeding stayd.

From my bankes I plucke this flower

With holy hand, whose vertuous power

Is at once to heale and draw.

The blood returnes. I never saw

A fayrer Mortall. Now doth breake

Her deadly slumber : Virgin, speake.

*Anno.* Who hath restor'd my sense, given me new breath;  
And brought me backe out of the armes of death?

*God.* I have heald thy wounds. *Anno.* Ay me!

*God.* Feare not him that succour'd thee :

I am this Fountaines god ; below,

My waters to a River grow,

And 'twixt two bankes with Osiers set,

That onely prosper in the wet,

Through the Meadows doe they glide,

Wheeling still on every side,

Sometimes winding round about,

To find the evenest channell out.

And if thou wilt goe with me,

Leaving mortall company,

In the coole streames shalt thou lye,

Free from harme 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,

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

Where the gravell from the brim,  
Through the pure streames may be scene :  
Orient Pearle fit for a Queene,  
Will I give thy love to win,  
And a shell to keepe them in :  
Not a fish in all my Brooke  
That shall disobey thy looke,  
But when thou wilt, come sliding by,  
And from thy white hand take a flye.  
And to make thee understand,  
How I can my waves command,  
They shall bubble whilst I sing  
Sweeter than the silver spring:

*The Song.*

*Doe not feare to put thy feet  
Naked in the River sweet ;  
Thinke not Leach, or Newt, or Toad  
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod ;  
Ner let the water rising high,  
As thou wad'st in make thee crie  
And sob, but ever live with mee,  
And not a wave shall trouble thee.*

*Amo.* Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,  
I know my selfe unworthy to be woo'd.  
By thee a god: for ere this, but for thee  
I should have showne my weake Mortalitie :  
Besides, by holy Oath berwixt us twaine,  
I am betroath'd unto a Shepherd swaine,  
Whose comely face, I know the gods above.  
May make me leave to see, but not to love.

*God.* May hee prove to thee as true.  
Fairest Virgin, now adue,  
I must make my waters flye,  
Lest they leave their Channels dry,  
And beasts that come unto the spring  
Misse their mornings watering,  
Which I would not; for of late  
All the neighbour peop'e fate  
On my bankes, and from the fold,  
Two white Lambs of three weeks old

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

Offered to my Deitie:

For which this yeare they shall be free  
From raging floods, that as they passe  
Leave their gravell in the grasse:  
Nor shall their Meades be overflowne,  
VVhen their grasse is newly mowne.

*Amo.* For thy kindnesse to me showne,  
Never from thy bankes be blowne  
Any tree, with windy force,  
Crosse thy streames, to stop thy course:  
May no beast that comes to drinke,  
With his hornes cast-downe thy brinke;  
May none that for thy fish doe looke,  
Cut thy bankes to damme thy Broöke;  
Bare-foot may no Neighbour wade  
In thy coole streames wife nor mayd,  
VVhen the spawnes on stones doe lye,  
To wash their Hempe, and spoyle the Frye.

*God.* Thanks Virgin, I must downe againe,  
Thy wound will put thee to no paine:  
Wonder not so soone 'tis gone;  
A holy hand was layd upon. *Exit.*

*Amo.* And I unhappy borne to be,  
Must follow him that flies from me.

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Actus quartus, Scena prima.

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*Enter Perigot.*

*Per.* Shee is untrue, unconstant, and unkinde,  
She's gone, she's gone, blow high thou North-west winde,  
And raise the Sea to Mountaines, let the Trees  
That dare oppose thy raging fury, leese  
Their firme foundation, creepe into the earth,  
And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth  
Of some new Prodigy, whilst I constant stand,  
Holding this trustie Boare-speare in my hand,  
And falling thus upon it.

*Enter Amarillis running.*

*Amar.* Stay thy dead doing hand, thou art too hot



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

Against thy selfe, believe me comely Swaine,  
If that thou dyest, not all the showers of Raine,  
The heavy cloudes send downe can wash away  
That foule unmanly guilt, the world will lay  
Vpon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands :  
Beleeve me she is constant, not the sands  
Can be so hardly numbred as she wonne :  
I doe not trifle, *Shepherd*, by the Moone,  
And all those lesser lights our eyes doe view,  
All that I told thee *Perigor*, is true :  
Then be a free man, put away dispayre,  
And will to dye, smooth gently up that fayre  
Dejected forehead : be as when those eyes,  
Tooke the first heat. *Per.* Alas he double dyes  
That would believe, but cannot ; 'tis not well  
Ye keepe me thus from dying here to dwell,  
With many worse companions : but oh death,  
I am not yet inamour'd of this breath  
So much, but I dare leave it, 'tis not payne  
In forcing of a wound, nor after gayne  
Of many dayes, can hold me from my will :  
'Tis not my selfe, but *Amoret*, bids kill.

*Amo.* Stay but a little, little, but one houre,  
And if I doe not show thee through the power  
Of hearbes and words I have, as darke as Night,  
My selfe turn'd to thy *Amoret*, in sight,  
Her very figure, and the Robe she weares,  
With tawny Buskins, and the hooke she beares  
Of thine owne Carving, where your names are set,  
Wrought underneath with many a curious frett,  
The *Prim-Rose* Chaplet, taudry-lace and Ring,  
Thou gavest her for her singing, with each thing  
Else that she weares about her, let me feele  
The first fell stroke of that Revenging steele.

*Per.* I am contented, if there be a hope,  
To give it entertainment, for the scope  
Of one poore houre ; goe you shall finde me next  
Under yon shady Beech, even thus perplext,  
And thus beleeving. *Amo.* Bynde before I goe,  
Thy soule by *Pan* unto me, not to doe,

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

Harme or outragious wrong upon thy life,  
Till my returne.

*Per.* By *Pan* and by the strife,  
He had with *Phœbus* for the Masterye,  
When Golden *Mydas* judg'd their *Minstralcye*,  
I will not. *Excunt.*

*Enter Satyre with Alexis hurt.*

*Satyr.* Softly gliding as I goe,  
With this burthen full of woe,  
Through still silence of the night,  
Guided by the Glee-wormes light,  
Hither am I come at last,  
Many a Thicket have I past,  
Not a twig that durst deny me,  
Not a bush that durst descry me,  
To the little Bird that sleepes  
On the tender spray: nor creepes  
That hardy worme with poynted taile,  
But if I be under faile,  
Flying faster then the wind,  
Leaving all the cloudes 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 nimble on the ground,  
I measure many a league an houre:  
But behold the happy bower,  
That must ease me of my charge,  
And by holy hand enlarge  
The soule of this sad man, that yet  
Lyes fast bound in deadly fit;  
Heaven and great *Pan*, sucke it!  
Hayle thou beauty of the bower,

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

Whiter then the Paramoure  
Of my mafter, let me crave,  
Thy vertuous helpe to keepe from Grave  
This poore Mortall that here lyes,  
Waiting when the destinies  
Will undoe his thred of life :  
View the wound by cruell knits  
Trencht into him.

*Clor.* What art thou call'ft me from my holy rights,  
And with the feared name of death affrights  
My tender Eares? ſpeake me thy name and will.

*Satyre.* I am the *Satyre* 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 bloſſome from the bow,  
But beſhrew his heart that puld it,  
And his perfect ſight that culd it  
From the other Springing bloomes;  
For a ſweeter youth the Groomes  
Cannot ſhow me, nor the downes,  
Nor the many neighbouring townes;  
Low in yonder glade I found him,  
Softly in mine Armes 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.

*Clor.* *Satyre*, they wrong thee, that doe terme thee rude,  
Though thou beeft outward rough and tawny hude :  
Thy manners are as gentle and as faire  
As his, who brags himſelfe, borne onely heire  
To all Humanity : let me ſee the wound :  
This Hearbe will ſtay the current being bound  
Faſt to the Orifice, and this reſtaine  
Ulcers, and Swellings, and ſuch inward paine,  
As the cold Ayre hath forc'd into the ſore :  
This to draw out ſuch Putrifying gore  
As inward falls.



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

*Satyr.* Heaven grant it may doe good.

*Clor.* Fayrely wipe away the bloud :

Hold him gently till I fling

Water of a vertuous sp.ing

On his temples ; turne him twice

To the Moone beames, pinch him thrice ;

That the labouring soule may draw

From his great eclipse. *Satyr.* I saw

His Eye lids mooving. *Clor.* Give him breath,

All the danger of cold death

Now is vanisht, with this plaster,

And this unction, doe I master

All the festred ill that may

Give him grieffe another day.

*Satyr.* See he gathers up his spright,

And begins to hunt for light,

Now a gapes and breaths againe :

How the bloud runs to the veine,

That earst was empty? *Alexis.* O my heart,

My dearest, dearest *Cloe*, O the smart

Runs through my side : I feele some poynted thing

Passes through my Bowels, sharper then the sting

Of *Scorpion*.

*Pan* preserve me, what are you ?

Doe not hurt me, I am true

To my *Cloe*, though she flye,

And leave me to this destiny.

There she stands, and will not lend

Her smooth white hand to helpe her friend :

But I am much mistaken, for that face

Bears more Austerity and modest grace,

More reproving and more awe

Then these eyes yet ever saw

In my *Cloe*. Oh my paine

Eagerly Renewes againe.

Give me your helpe for his sake you love best.

*Clor.* Shepherd, thou canst not possible take rest,

Till thou hast laid aside all hearts desires,

Provoking thoughts that stirre up lusty fires,

Commerse with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

To execute, these must be purg'd untill  
The veine grow whiter ; then repent, and pray  
Great *Pan* to keepe you from the like decay,  
And I shall undertake your cure with ease,  
Till when this vertuous Plaster will displeas  
Your tender sides; give me your hand and rise :  
Helpe him a little *Satyre*, for his thighs  
Yet are feeble.

*Alex.* Sure I have lost much bloud.

*Saty.* 'Tis no matter, t'was not good.  
Mortall you must leave your woing,  
Though there be a Ioy in doing,  
Yet it brings much grieffe behind it,  
They best feele it, that doe find it.

*Clor.* Come bring him in, I will attend his forc.  
When you are well, take heed you lust no more.

*Saty.* Shepherd, see what comes of kissing  
By my head t'were better missing.  
Brightest, if there be remaying  
Any service, without feigning  
I will doe it ; were I set  
To catch the nimble wind, or get  
Shaddowes glyding on the greene,  
Or to steale from the great Queene,  
Of *Fayres*, all her Beauty,  
I would doe it, so much duty  
Doe I owe those precious Eyes.

*Clor.* I thanke thee honest *Satyre*, if the Cryes  
Of any other that be hurt or ill,  
Draw thee unto them, prithe doe thy will  
To bring them hither.

*Saty.* I will, and when the weather  
Serves to Angle in the brooke,  
I will bring a silver hooke,  
With a line of finest silke,  
And a rod as white as milke,  
To deceive the little fish :  
So I take my leave, and wish,  
On this Bower may ever dwell  
Spring, and summer. *Clor.* Friend farewell. *Exit.*

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

*Enter Amoret, seeking her love.*

*Amo.* This place is Ominous, for here I lost  
My love and almost life, and since have crost  
All these woods over, never a Nooke or dell,  
Where any little bird, or beast doth dwell,  
But I have sought him, never a bending brow  
Of any hill or glade, the wind sings through,  
Nor a greene banke nor shade where Shepherds use  
To sit and Riddle, sweetly pipe, or chuse  
Their Valentines, that I have mist, to find  
My love in. *Perigos*, Oh too unkind,  
Why hast thou fled me? whither art thou gone?  
How have I wrong'd thee? was my love alone  
To thee worthy this scorn'd Recompence? 'tis well,  
I am content to feele it: but I tell  
Thee Shepherd, and these lustie woods shall heare,  
Forfaken *Amoret* is yet as cleare  
Of any stranger fire, as heaven is  
From soule Corruption, or the deepe Abyss  
From light and happinesse; and thou mayst know  
All this for truth, and how that fatall blow  
Thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine,  
Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine,  
Or fury more then madnesse; therefore, here,  
Since I have lost my life, my love, my deare,  
Vpon this cursed place, and on this greene,  
That first divorced us, shortly shall be seene  
A sight of so great pittie, that each eye  
Shall dayly spend his spring in memorye  
Of my untimely fall.

*Enter Amarillis.*

*Amaril.* I am not blind,  
Nor is it through the working of my mind,  
That this shoves *Amoret*; forsake me all  
That dwell upon the soule, but what men call  
Wonder, or more then wonder Miracle,  
For sure so strange as this the Oracle  
Never gave answer of, it passeth dreames,  
Or mad mens fancie, when the many streames  
Of new Imaginations rise and fall:



The faithfull Shepherdesse.

'Tis but an houre since these Eares heard her call  
For pittie to young *Perigot*; whilst he,  
Directed by his fury Bloodely  
Lanch't up her breast, which bloudlesse fell and cold;  
And if beliefe may credit what was told,  
After all this, the Melancholly Swaine  
Tooke her into his Armes being almost slaine,  
And to the bottome of the holy well,  
Plung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.

'Tis she, the very same, 'tis *Amoret*,  
And living yet, the great powers will not let  
Their vertuous love be crost. Mayde, wipe away  
Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay  
The storme that yet goes high, which not deprest,  
Breakes heart and life, and all before it rest:

Thy *Perigot*. *Amo.* Where, which is *Perigot*?

*Ama.* Sits there below lamenting much god wot,  
Thee and thy fortune, goe and comfort him,  
And thou shalt finde him underneath a brim  
Of sailing Pines that edge yon Mountaine in.

*Amo.* I goe, I run, Heaven grant me I may win  
His soule againe. *Exit Amo.*

*Enter Sullen.*

*Sull.* Stay *Amarillis*, stay,  
Ye are to fleete, 'tis two houres yet to day?  
I have perform'd my promise, let us sit  
And warme our blouds together till the fit  
Come lively on us. *Amo.* Friend you are to keene,  
The Morning riseth and we shall be seene,  
Forbeare a little. *Sull.* I can stay no longer.

*Ama.* Hold *Shepherd* hold, learne not to be a wronger  
Of your word, was not your promise layd,  
To breake their loves first?

*Sul.* I have done it maid.

*Amo.* No, they are yet unbroken, met againe,  
And are as hard to part yet as the staine  
Is from the finest lawne. *Sul.* I say they are  
Now at this present parted, and so farre,  
That they shall never meet.

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

*Amar.* Swaine'tis not so,  
For doe but to yon hanging Mountaine goe,  
And there believe your eyes.

*Sullen.* You doe but hold  
Off with delays and trifles; farewell cold  
And frozen bashfulnesse, unfit for men;  
Thus I salute thee virgin.

*Amar.* And thus then,  
I bid you follow, Catch me if you can. *Exit.*

*Sul.* And if I stay behind I am no man. *Ex. running after her.*

*Enter Perigot.*

*Per.* Night doe not steale away: I woe thee yet  
To hold a hard hand o're the Rusty bit  
That guides thy lazy teame: goe backe againe,  
*Bootes,* thou that driv'st thy frozen wane,  
Round as a Ring, and bring a second Night  
To hide my sorrowes from the comming light;  
Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,  
And read my falling, give me some blacke place  
Where never Sun beame shot his wholesomelight,  
That I may sit and powre out my sad spright,  
Like running water never to be knowne  
After the forced fall and found is gone.

*Enter Amoret looking of Perigot.*

*Amo.* This is the bottome: speake if thou be here  
My *Perigot*, thy *Amoret*, thy deare  
Calls on thy loved Name.

*Per.* What art thou dare  
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care  
Dwell on the face of darkenesse?

*Amo.* 'Tis thy friend,  
Thy *Amoret*, come hither to give end  
To these consumings; looke up gentle Boy,  
I have forgot those paines and deare annoy  
I sufferd for thy sake, and am content  
To be thy love againe; why hast thou rent  
Those curled locks, where I have often hung  
Ribands and damask-Roses, and have flung

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

Waters distild to make thee fresh and gay,  
Sweeter then the Nofegayes on a Bridall day?  
Why dost thou crosse thine Armes, and hang thy face  
Downe to thy bosome, letting fall apace  
From those two little Heavens upon the ground  
Showers of more price, more Orient, and more round  
Then those that hang upon the Moones pale brow?  
Cease these complainings, Shepherd, I am now  
The same I ever was, as kinde and free,  
And can forgive before you aske of me,  
Indeed I can and will.

*Per.* So spoke my fayre.

O you great working powers of Earth and Ayre,  
Water and forming fire, why have you lent  
Your hidden vertues of so ill intent?  
Even such a face, so faire, so bright of hew  
Had *Amoret*, such words, so smooth and new,  
Came flying from her tongue, such was her eye,  
And such the poynted sparkle that did flye  
Forth like a bleeding shaft, all is the same,  
The Robe and Buskins, painted hooke, and frame  
Of all her Body, O me *Amoret*.

*Amo.* Shepherd what meanes this Riddle, who hath set  
So strong a difference t'wixt my selfe and me  
That I am growne another? looke and see  
The Ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist  
That curious bracelet thou thy selfe didst twist  
From those faire Tresses: know'st thou *Amoret*?  
Hath not some newer love forc'd thee forget  
Thy Ancient faith?

*Per.* Still neerer to my love;  
These be the very words she oft did prove  
Vpon my temper, so she still would take  
Wonder into her face, and silent make  
Signes with her head and hand, as who would say,  
Shepherd remember this another day.

*Amo.* Am I not *Amoret*; where was I lost?  
Can there be heaven, and time, and men, and most  
Of these unconstant, faith where art thou fled?  
Are all the voves and protestations dead,



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

The hands held up, the wishes, and the heart,  
Is there not one remaying, not a part  
Of all these to be found? why then I see  
Men never knew that vertue constancye.

*Per.* Men ever were most blessed, till crosse 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 subtill Hare that fore the Hounds  
Makes many turnings, leapes, and many rounds,  
This way and that way, to deceive the sent  
Of her pursuers.

*Amo.* 'Tis but to prevent  
Their speedy comming on that seeke her fall,  
The hands of cruell men more Bestiall,  
And of a nature more refusing good  
Then beasts themselves or fishes of the fould.

*Per.* Thou art all these, and more then nature meant,  
When she created all, frownes, joyes, content;  
Extream fire for an hower, and presently  
Colder then sleepy poyson, or the sea,  
Vpon whose face sits a continuall frost:  
Your actions ever driven to the most,  
Then downe againe as low, that none can find  
The rise or falling of a womans mind.

*Amo.* Can there be any Age, or dayes, or time,  
Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime  
As wronging simple mayde? O *Perigot*,  
Thou that wast yesterday without a blot,  
Thou that wast every good, and every thing  
That men call blessed; thou that wast the spring  
From whence our looser groomes drew all their best;  
Thou that wast alwaies Iust, and alwaies blest  
In faith and promise; thou that hadst the name  
Of vertuous given thee, and made good the same  
Ev'n from thy Cradle; thou that wast that all  
That men delighted in; Oh what a fall  
Is this to have beene so, and now to be  
The onely best in wrong and infamy,  
And I to live to know this, and by me

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

That lov'd thee dearer then mine Eyes, or that  
Which we esteem'd our honour, virgin state;  
Dearer then swallowes love the early morne,  
Or dogs of Chace the sound of merry horne;  
Dearer then thou canst love thy new love, if thou hast  
Another, and farre dearer then the last;  
Dearer then thou canst love thy selfe, though all  
The selfe love were within thee that did fall  
With that coy Swaine that now is made a flower,  
For whose deare sake, *Eccho* weepes many a shower.  
And am I thus rewarded for my flame?  
Lov'd worthily to get a wantons name?  
Come thou forsaken willow winde my head,  
And noyse it to the world my love is dead:  
I am forsaken, I am cast away,  
And left for every lazy groome to say  
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost  
Then the quicke Clouds we see, or the chill Frost  
When the hot sun beates on it. Tell me yet  
Canst thou not love againe thy *Amoret*?

*Per.* Thou art not worthy of that blessed name,  
I must not know thee, sling thy wanton flame  
Vpon some lighter blood, that may be hot  
VVith words and fained passions: *Perigot*  
VVas ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now  
Stocpe to the meltings of a borrowed brow.

*Amo.* Then heare me heaven, to whom I call for right,  
And you faire twinkling starres that crowne the night,  
And heare me woods, and silence of this place,  
And ye sad houres that moove a fullen pace;  
Heare me ye shadowes that delight to dwell  
In horrid darknesse, and ye powers of Hell,  
Whilst I breath out my last; I am that mayd,  
That yet untainted *Amoret*, that played  
The carelesse prodigall, and gave away  
My soule to this young man, that now dares say  
I am a stranger, not the same, more wild;  
And thus with much believe I was beguild.  
I am that Mayd, that have delayd, denyde,  
And almost scorn'd the loves of all that tryde

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

To winne me but this swaine; and yet confesse  
I have been wooed by many with no lesse  
Soule of affection, and have often had  
Rings, Belts, and Cracknels sent me from the lad  
That feeds his flocks downe westward; Lambes and Doves  
By young *Alexis*; *Daphnis* sent me gloves,  
All which I gave to thee: nor these, nor they  
That sent them did I smile on, or ere lay  
Vp to my after-memory. But why  
Doe I resolve to grieve, and not to dye?  
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;  
By this time had I found a quiet roome  
Where every slave is free, and every brest  
That living breeds new care, now lies at rest,  
And thither will poore *Amoret*.

*Per.* Thou must.

VVas ever any man so loath to trust  
His eyes as I? or was there ever yet  
Any so like as this to *Amoret*?  
For whose deare sake, I promise if there be  
A living soule within thee, thus to free  
Thy body from it. *He hurts her againe.*

*Amo.* So, this worke hath end:  
Farewell and live, be constant to thy friend  
That loves thee next.

*Enter Satyre, Perigot runnes off.*

*Satyr.* See the day begins to breake,  
And the light shoots like a streake  
Of subtill fire; the winde blowes cold,  
VVhilst the morning doth unfold;  
Now the Birds begin to rouse,  
And the Squirrill from the boughes  
Leaps to get him Nutts and fruit;  
The early Larke that earst was mute,  
Carrolls to the rising day,  
Many a note, and many a lay:  
Therefore heere I end my Watch,  
Lest the vvdancing swaine should catch  
Harme, or lose himselfe. *Amo.* Ah me.



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

*Satyr.* Speake againe what ere thou be,  
I am ready, speake I say:  
By the dawning of the day,  
By the power of Night and *Pan*  
I inforce thee speake againe.

*Amo.* O I am most unhappie.

*Satyr.* Yet more bloud?  
Sure these wanton Swaynes are wood.  
Can there be a hand or heart,  
Dare commit so vilde a part  
As this Murder? by the Moone  
That hid her selfe when this was done,  
Never was a sweeter face:  
I will beare her to the place  
Where my Goddesse keeps; and crave  
Her to give her life, or grave. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clorin.*

*Clor.* Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure,  
I steale abroad to doe another Cure.  
Pardon thou buryed body of my love,  
That from thy side I dare so soone remove,  
I will not prove unconstant, nor will leave  
Thee for an houre alone. When I deceive  
My first made vow, the wildest of the wood  
Teare me, and o're thy Grave let out my blood;  
I goe by wit to Cure a lovers paine  
Which no hearbe can; being done, Ile come againe. *Exit.*

*Enter Thenot.*

*The.* Poore Shepherd in this shade for ever lye,  
And seeing thy fayre *Clorins* Cabin, dye:  
O haplesse love, which being answered, ends;  
And as a little Infant cries and bends  
His tender Browes when rowling of his eye  
He hath espy'd some thing that glisters nigh  
VWhich he would have, yet give it him, away  
He throwes it straight, and cries a fresh to play  
With some thing else: such my affection, set  
On that which I should loath, if I could get.

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

*Enter Clorin.*

*Clor.* See where he lyes; did ever man but he  
Love any woman for her Constancie  
To her dead lover, which she needs must end  
Before she can allow him for her friend,  
And he himselfe must needs the cause destroy,  
For which he loves, before he can enjoy?  
Poore *Shepherd*, Heaven grant I at once may free  
Thee from thy paine, and keepe my loyaltie:  
*Shepherd* looke up.

*The.* Thy brightnesse doth amaze!  
So *Phœbus* may at noone bid mortalls gaze;  
Thy glorious constancie appeares so bright,  
I dare not meet the Beames with my weake sight.

*Clor.* Why dost thou pine away thy selfe for me?

*The.* Why dost thou keepe such spotlesse constancy?

*Clor.* Thou holy *Shepherd* see what for thy sake  
*Clorin*, thy *Clorin*, now dare undertake. *He starts up.*

*The.* Stay there, thou constant *Clorin*, if there be  
Yet any part of woman left in thee,  
To make thee light: thinke yet before thou speake.

*Clor.* See what a holy vow for thee I breake.  
I that already have my fame farre spread  
For being constant to my lover dead.

*The.* Think yet deare *Clorin* of your love, how true,  
If you had dyed, he would have beene to you.

*Clor.* Yet all Ile lose for thee.

*The.* Thinke but how blest  
A constant woman is above the rest.

*Clor.* And offer up my selfe, here on this ground,  
To be dispos'd by thee.

*The.* 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 beene to me  
To dye, then to behold this change in thee:  
Yet, yet, returne, let not the woman fwy.

*Clor.* Insult not on her now, nor use delay,  
Who for thy sake hath ventur'd all her fame.

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

*Then.* Thou hast not ventur'd, but bought certaine shame,  
Your Sexes curse, foule falshood must and shall,  
I see, once in your lives, light on you all.  
I hate thee now : yet turne.

*Clor.* Be just to me:  
Shall I at once both lose my fame and thee ?

*The.* Thou hadst no fame, that which thou didst like good,  
Was but thy appetite that swayd 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 roome ;  
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeale,  
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.  
Yet turne.

*Clor.* Thou dost but trie me if I would  
ForfAKE thy deare imbraces, for my old  
Love's, though he were alive : but doe not feare.

*Then.* I doe contemne thee now, and dare come neere,  
And gaze upon thee ; for me thinks that grace,  
Austeritie, which sate upon that face  
Is gone, and thou like others : false mayd see,  
This is the gaine of foule inconstancie. *Exit.*

*Clor.* 'Tis done, great *Pan* I give thee thanks for it,  
What Art could not have heal'd, is cur'd by wit.

*Enter Thenot againe.*

*Then.* Will ye be constant yet ? will ye remove  
Into the Cabin to your buried Love ?

*Clor.* No let me die, but by thy side remaine.

*The.* There's none shall know that thou didst ever staine  
Thy worthy strictnesse, but shalt honour'd be,  
And I will lye againe under this tree,  
And pine and dye for thee with more delight,  
Than I have sorrow now to know thee light.

*Clor.* Let me have thee, and Ile be where thou wilt.

*The.* Thou art of womens race, and full of guilt.  
Farewell all hope of that Sex, whilst I thought  
There was one good, I fear'd to finde one nought :  
But since their minds I all alike esteeme,



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

Henceforth Ile chuse as others, by mine eye.

*Clor.* Blest be ye powers that gave such quicke redresse,  
And for my labours sent so good successe.  
I rather chuse, though I a woman be,  
Hee should speake ill of all, than die for me.

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Actus quintus, Scena prima.

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*Enter Priest, and old Shepheard.*

*Priest.* Shepherds, rife and shake off sleepe,  
See the blushing Morne doth peepe  
Through the windowes, whilst the Sunne  
To the mountaine tops is runne,  
Gilding all the Vales below  
With his rising flames, which grow  
Greater by his climbing still.

Vp ye lazie groomes, and fill  
Bagg and Bottle for the field;  
Claipe your cloakes fast, lest they yeeld  
To the bitter Northeast wind.

Call the Maydens up, and find  
Who lay longest, that she may  
Goe without a friend all day;

Then reward your dogs, and pray

*Pan* to keepe you from decay:

Sounfold and then away.

What not a Shepherd stirring? sure the groomes  
Have found their beds too easie, or the rooms  
Fill'd with such new delight, and heat, that they  
Have both forgot their hungry sheepe, and dar  
Knock, that they may remember what a shame  
Sloth and neglect layes on a Shepherds name.

*Old Shep.* It is to little purpose, not a twine  
This night hath knowne his lodging here, or laine  
Within these cotes: the woods, or some near towne,  
That is a neighbour to the bordering Downe,  
Hath drawne them thither, 'bout some lustie sport,  
Or spiced Waffal-Boule, to which resort

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

All the young men and mayds of many a cote,  
Whilst the trim Minstrell strikes his merry note.

*Priest.* God pardon sinne, show me the way that leads  
To any of their haunts.

*Old.* This to the meads,  
And thar downe 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 Amarillis.*

*Clor.* Now your thoughts are almost pure,  
And your wound begins to cure :  
Strive to banish all thats vaine,  
Lest it should breake out againe.

*Alex.* Eternall thanks to thee, thou holy mayd :  
I find my former wandring thoughts well stayd  
Through thy wise precepts, and my outward paine,  
By thy choice hearbes is almost gone againe :  
Thy sexes vice and vertue are reveal'd  
At once, for what one hurt another heal'd.

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

*Enter Satyre with Amoret.*

*Amo.* Beeft thou the wildest creature of the wood,  
That bearst me thus away, drown'd in my blood,  
And dying, know I cannot injur'd be,  
I am a mayd, let that name fight for me.

*Satyr.* Fairest virgin doe not feare  
Me, that doth thy body beare,  
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be;  
Men are ruder farre then we.  
See faire *Goddesse* in the wood,  
They have let out yet more blood.  
Some savadge man hath strucke her breast  
So soft and white, that no wilde beast  
can hurt her sleeping, or wake :

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

So sweet, that *Adder*, *Newte*, or *Snake*,  
Would have laine from arme, to arme,  
On her bosome to be warme  
All a night, and being hot,  
Gone away and stung her not.  
Quickly clap hearbes to her brest;  
A man sure is a kind of beast.

*Clor.* With spotlesse hand, on spotlesse brest  
I put these hearbes to give thee rest:  
Which till it heale thee, will abide  
If both be pure, if not, off slide.  
See it falls off from the wound,  
Shepherdesse thou art not sound,  
Full of lust.

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

*Clor.* Why that hath brought it.

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

*Clor.* And so may *Pan* blesse this my cure,  
As all my thoughts are just and pure;  
Some uncleanesse nigh doth lurke,  
That will not let my medicines worke.  
*Satyre* search if thou canst find it.

*Satyr.* Here away me thinks I wind it,  
Stronger yet, Oh here they be,  
Here, here, in a hollow tree,  
Two fond mortals have I found.

*Clor.* Bring them out, they are unsound.

*Enter Cloe, and Daphnis.*

*Satyr.* By the fingers thus I wring ye,  
To my *Goddesse* thus I bring ye;  
Strife is vaine, come gently in,  
I sented them, they're full of sinne.

*Clor.* Hold *Satyre*, take this Glasse,  
Sprinkle over all the place,  
Purge the Ayre from lustfull breath,  
To save this *Shepherdesse* from death,  
And stand you still whilst I doe dresse  
Her wound for feare the paine increase.



The faithfull Shepherdesse.

*Satyr.* From this glasse I throw a drop  
Of Christall water on the top  
Of every grasse, on flowers a paire :  
Send a fume and keepe the ayre  
Pure, and wholesome, sweet and blest,  
Till this Virgins wound be drest.

*Clor.* *Satyre*, helpe to bring her in.

*Satyr.* By *Pan*, I thinke she hath no sin,  
She is so light : lye on these leaves.  
Sleepe that mortall sense deceives,  
Crowne thine eyes, and ease thy paine,  
Mayest thou soone be well againe.

*Clor.* *Satyre*, bring the shepherd neere,  
Trie him if his mind be cleare.

*Saty.* Shepherd come.

*Daph.* My thoughts are pure.

*Saty.* The better tryall to endure.

*Clor.* In this flame his finger thrust,  
Which will burne him if he lust ;  
But if not, away will turne,  
As loath unspotted flesh to burne.  
See it gives backe, let him goe.  
Farewell Mortall, keepe thee so.

*Saty.* Stay faire Nymph, flye not so fast,  
We must trie if you be chaste :  
Heere's a hand that quakes for feare,  
Sure shee will not prove so cleare.

*Clor.* Hold her finger to the flame,  
That will yeeld her praise or shame.

*Sat.* To her doome she dares not stand,  
But pluckes away her tender hand,  
And the Taper da-ting sends  
His hot beames at her fingers ends.  
O thou art foule within, and hast  
A mind, if nothing else, unchaste.

*Alex.* Is not that *Cloe* ? 'tis my love, 'tis she.  
*Cloe.* faire *Cloe*.

*Cloe.* My *Alexis*. *Alex.* Hee.

*Cloe.* Let me imbrace thee. *Clor.* Take her hence,  
Lest her sight disturbe his sense.

*Alex.* Take

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

*Alex.* Take not her, take my life first.

*Clor.* See his wound againe is burst:  
Keepe her neere, here in the wood,  
Till I have stopt these streames of blood.  
Soone againe he ease shall find,  
If I can but still his mind:  
This curtaine thus I doe display,  
To keepe the piercing Ayre away:

*Enter Old Shepherd, and Priest.*

*Priest.* Sure they are lost for ever; 'tis in vaine  
To find them out, with trouble and much paine,  
That have a ripe desire, and forward will  
To flye the company of all but ill.  
What shall be counsaill'd now, shall we retire,  
Or constant follow still that first desire  
We had to find them?

*Old.* Stay a little while;  
For, if the Mornings mist doe not beguile  
My sight with shaddowes, Sure I see a swaine,  
One of this jolly troopes come backe againe.

*Enter Thenot.*

*Pri.* Dost thou not blush young shepherd to be knowne,  
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 regardlesse both of good and shame,  
Spurning at vertue, and a vertuous name,  
And like a glorious desperate man that buyes  
A poyson of much price, by which he dyes,  
Dost thou lay out for lust, whose onely gaine  
Is foule disease, with present age and paine,  
And then a Grave? These be the fruits that grow  
In such hot veines that onely beate to know  
Where they may take most eate, and grow ambitious  
Through their owne wanton fire, and pride delicious.



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

What the smooth face of Mirth was, or the sight  
Of any looseneffe; musicke, joy and ease  
Have beene to me as bitter drugs to please  
A stomacke lost with weakeneffe: not a game  
That I am skild at throughly, nor a Dame,  
Went her tongue smoother then the feet of Time,  
Her beauty ever living like the Rime  
Our blessed *Tyirus* did sing of yore,  
No, were she more enticing then the store  
Of fruitfull Summer, when the loaden tree  
Bids the faint Traveller be bold and free,  
T'were but to me like Thunder 'gainst the bay,  
Whose lightning may inclose, but never stay  
Upon his charmed branches; such am I  
Against the catching flames of womans eye.

*Priest.* Then wherefore hast thou wandred?

*The.* T'was a vow

That drew me out last night, which I have now  
Strictly perform'd, and homewards goe to give  
Fresh pasture to my sheepe, that they may live.

*Pri.* 'Tis good to heare ye Shepherd, if the heart  
In this well sounding Musicke beare his part.  
VVhere have you left the rest?

*The.* I have not séene;

Since yesternight wee met upon this greene  
To fould our flocks up, any of that traine;  
Yet have I walkt those woods round, and have laine  
All this same night under an aged tree,  
Yet neither wandring Shepherd did I see,  
Or Shepherdesse, or drew into mine care  
The sound of living thing, unlesse it were  
The Nightingale among the thicke leav'd spring:  
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing  
Whole nights away in mourning, or the Owle,  
Or our great Enemy that still doth howle  
Against the Moones cold beames.

*Priest.* Goe and beware  
Of after falling.

*The.* Father 'tis my care.

*Exit Thebos.*



The faithfull Shopherdesse.

Enter Daphnis.

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

*Daph.* Hee.

*Prie.* Where hast thou left the rest, that should have been  
Long before this, grazing upon the greene  
Their yet imprison'd flocks?

*Daph.* Thou holy man,  
Give me a little breathing till I can  
Be able to unfould what I have seene ;  
Such horrour, that the like hath never beene  
Knowne to the care of shepherd : oh my heart  
Labours a double motion to impart  
So heavie tydings ! you all know the Bower  
Where the chaste *Clorin* lives, by whose great power  
Sicke men and cattell have beene often cur'd,  
There lovely *Amoret* that was assur'd  
To lusty *Perigot*, bleeds out her life,  
Forc'd by some Iron hand and fatall knife ;  
And by her, young *Alexis*.

Enter *Amarillis* running from her Sullen Shepherd

*Amaril.* If there be

Ever a Neighbour-brooke or hollow tree  
Receive my body, close me up from lust  
That followes at my heeles ; be ever just,  
Thou god of shepherds, *Pan*, for her deare sake  
That loves the Rivers brinks, and still doth shake  
In cold remembrance of thy quicke pursute :  
Let me be made a reede, and ever mute,  
Nod to the waters 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  
Revengers of these wrongs.

*Amaril.* Thou blessed man,  
Honour'd upon these plaines, and lov'd of *Pan*,  
Heare me, and save from endlesse infamie  
My yet unblasted flower, *Virginie* :  
By all the Garlands that have crown'd that head,

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

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 burne before his Altar, let me not  
Fall from my former state to gaine the blo:  
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 to endure  
The tongues, or company of men unpure.  
I heare him, come, save me:

*Priest*. Retire a while  
Behind this bush, till we have knowne that vile  
Abuser of young Maydens.

*Enter Sullen*.

*Sul*. Stay thy pace,  
Most loved *Amarillis*, let the chafe  
Grow calme and milder, flye me not so fast,  
I feare the pointed Brambles have unlac'd  
Thy golden Buskins; turne againe and see  
Thy Shepherd follow, that is strong and free,  
Able to give thee all content and ease.  
I am not bashfull virgin, I can please  
At first encounter, hug thee in mine arme,  
And give thee many kisses, soft and warme  
As those the Sunne Prints on the smiling cheek  
Of Plums or mellow Peaches; I am sleeke  
And smooth as *Neptune*, when sterne *Eolus*  
Locks up his furly windes, and nimble thus  
Can shew my Active youth; why dost thou flye?  
Remember *Amarillis* it was I  
That kild *Alexis* for thy sake, and set  
An everlasting hate t'wixt *Amoret*  
And her beloved *Perigot*; t'was I  
That drown'd her in the well, where she must lye  
Till time shall leaue to be; then turne againe,  
Turne with thy open armes, and clip the swaine  
That hath perform'd a l this, turne I say:

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

*Priest.* Monster stay,

Thou that art like a canker to the state  
Thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate  
Through every honest bosome, forcing still  
The veines of any that may serve thy will,  
Thou that hast offer'd with a sinfull hand  
To seize upon this virgin that doth stand  
Yet trembling here.

*Sull.* Good holinesse declare,  
What had the danger beene, if being bare  
I had imbrac'd her, tell me by your Art,  
What comming wonders would that sight impart?

*Priest.* Lu't, and a branded soule.

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

*Priest.* Ye are better read then I,  
I must confesse in bloud and Lechery.  
Now to the Bower, and bring this beast along,  
Where he may suffer Pennance for his wrong.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Perigot with his hand bloody.*

*Per.* Here will I wash it in this mornings dew,  
Which she on every little grasse doth strew  
In silver drops against the Sunnes appeare:  
'Tis holy water and will make me deere.  
My hand will not be cleans'd. My wronged love,  
If thy chaste spirit in the Ayre yet move,  
Looke mildly downe on him that yet doth stand:  
All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand;  
And though I strucke thee undeservedly,  
Let my revenge on her that injur'd thee  
Make lesse 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* dwels  
In a low Cabin of cut boughs, and heales,



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

All wounds ; to her I will my selfe addresse,  
And my rash faults repentantly confesse ;  
Perhaps shee'll find a meanes by Art or Prayer,  
To make my hand with chaste blood stained, faire :  
That done, not far hence underneath some tree,  
Ile have a little Cabbin built, since shee  
Whom I ador'd is dead, there will I give  
My selfe to strictnesse, and like *Clorin* live.      *Exit*

*The Curtaine is drawne, Clorin appears sitting in the cabin,  
Amoret sitting on the one side of her, Alexis and Cloe  
on the other, the Satyre standing by.*

*Clor.* Shepherd, once more your blood is stayd,  
Take example by this Mayd,  
Who is heal'd ere you be pure,  
So hard it is lewd lust to cure.  
Take heed then how you turne your eye  
On these other lustfully :  
And Shepherdesse take heed lest you  
Moove 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 for ever so to last ?

*Alex.* I have forgot all vaine desires,  
All looser thoughts, ill tempred fires.  
True love I find a pleasant fume,  
Whose moderate heat can nere consume.

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

*Clor.* Ioyne your hands with modest touch,  
And for ever keepe you such.

*Enter Perigot.*

*Per.* Yon is her cabin, thus farre off Ile stand,  
And call her forth : for my unhallowed hand  
I dare not bring so neere yon sacred place.  
*Clorin* come forth, and doe a timely grace  
To a poore Swaine.

*Cloe.* What art thou that dost call ?

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

*Clorin* is ready to doe good to all:

Come neere.

*Peri.* I dare not.

*Clor.* Satyre, see

Who it is that calls on me.

*Saty.* There at hand some Swaine doth stand,  
Stretching out a bloudie hand.

*Peri.* Come *Clorin*, bring thy holy waters cleare,  
To wash my hand.

*Clor.* What wonders have been here  
To night! stretch forth thy hand yong swaine,  
Wash and rubbe it whilst I raine  
Holy water.

*Peri.* Still you powre,  
But my hand will never scowre.

*Clor. Satyr*, bring him to the Bower,  
We will trie the soveraigne power  
Of other waters.

*Saty.* Mortall, sure  
'Tis the bloud of Mayden pure  
That staines thee so.

*The Satyr leadeth him to the Bower, where he spieth Amoret,  
and kneeling downe, she knoweth him.*

*Peri.* What e're thou be,  
Beeft thou her spright, or some divinitie,  
That in her shape thinkes good to walke this grove,  
Pardon poore *Perigot*.

*Amor.* I am thy love,  
Thy *Amoret*, for evermore thy love:  
Strike once more on my naked brest, Ile prove  
As constant still. O couldst thou love me yet;  
How soone should I my former griefes forget!

*Peri.* 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?

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

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

And not I, death, or some lingring paine  
That's worse, light on me.

*Clor.* Now your staine  
Perhaps will cense thee once againe;  
See the blood that earst did stay,  
With the water drops away.  
All the Powers againe are pleas'd,  
And with this new knot are appeas'd.  
Ioyne your hands, and rise together,  
*Pan* be blest that brought you hither.

*Enter Priest, and Old Shepherd.*

*Clorin.* Goe backe againe what ere thou art, unlesse  
Smooth Mayden thoughts possesse thee, doe not presse  
This hallowed ground. Goe *Satyr*, take his hand,  
And give him present triall.

*Satyr.* Mortall stand,  
Till by fire I have made knowne  
Whether thou be such a one,  
That mayst freely tread this place.  
Hoid thy hand up; never was  
More untainted flesh than this.  
Fairest, he is full of blisse.

*Clor.* Then boldly speake, why dost thou seeke this place?

*Priest.* First, honour'd 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 foule mischance,  
Through much neglect, and more ill governance,  
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure,  
The open ayre, or stay a longer cure.  
And lastly, what the doome may be shall light  
Vpon those guilty wretches, through whole spight  
All this confusion fell: For to this place,  
Thou holy Mayden, 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.* Faune all the ground,



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

And foule infection gins to fill the Ayre:  
It gathers yet more strongly; take a paire  
Of Censurs filld with Frankinsence and Myrrhe,  
Together with cold Camphyre: quickly stirre  
Thee, gentle *Satyre*, for the place begins  
To sweat and labour with the abhorred sins  
Of those offenders; let them not come high,  
For full of itching flame and leprosie  
Their very soules are; that the ground goes backe,  
And shrinks to feele the fullen waight of blacke  
And so unheard-of venome; hye thee fast  
Thou holy man, and banish from the chaste  
These manlike monsters, let them never more  
Be knowne upon these downes, but long before  
The next Sunnes rising, put them from the sight  
And memory of every honest wight.  
Be quicke in expedition, lest the fores  
Of these weake patients breake into new gores. *Ex. Priest.*

*Per.* My deare, deare *Amoret*, how happy are  
Those blessed paires, in whom a little jarre  
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong  
For time, or steele, or envy to doe wrong?  
How doe you feele your hurts? alas poore heart  
How much I was abus'd; give me the smart  
For it is justly mine.

*Amo.* I doe believe.  
It is enough deare friend, leave off to grieve,  
And let us once more in despight of ill  
Give hands and hearts againe.

*Per.* With better will  
Then e're I went to find in hottest day  
Coole Christall of the fountaine, to allay  
My eager thirst: may this band never breake.  
Heare us O heaven.

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

*Amo.* Thus Shepherd with a kisse all envy dyes.

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

Enter Priest.

*Prie.* Bright Mayd, I have perform'd your will, the swaine  
In whom such heat and blacke rebellions raigne  
Hath undergone your sentence, and disgrace :  
Onely the Mayd I have reserv'd, whose face  
Shewes much amendment, many a teare doth fall  
In sorrow of her fault, great faire recall  
Your heavie doome, in hope of better dayes,  
V Which I dare promise ; once againe upraise  
Her heavie Spirit that neere drowned lyes  
In selfe consuming care that never dyes.

*Clor.* I am content to pardon, call her in;  
The Ayre growes coole againe, and doth begin  
To purge it selfe; how bright the day doth show,  
After this stormie cloud? goe *Satyre*, goe,  
And with this taper boldly try her hand,  
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand  
To be so still, we have perform'd a worke  
Worthy the gods themselves. *Satyre brings Amarillis in.*

*Satyr.* Come forward Mayden, doe not lurke,  
Nor hide your face with griete 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 truely vow'd to mend,  
This pale fire will be thy friend.  
See the taper hurts her not.  
Goe thy wayes, let never spot  
Henceforth feize upon thy blood.  
Thanke the gods and still be good.

*Clor.* Young Shepherdesse, now ye are brought againe  
To virgin state, be so, and so remaine  
To thy last day, unlesse the faithfull love  
Of some good Shepherd force thee to remove ;  
Then labour to be true to him, and live  
As such a one, that ever strives to give  
A blessed memory to after Time.



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

Be famous for your good, not for your crime.  
Now holy man, I offer up againe  
These patients full of health, and free from paine :  
Keepe them from after ills, be ever neere  
Unto their actions, teach them how to cleere  
The tedious way they passe through, from suspect,  
Keepe them from wronging others, or neglect  
Of duty in themselves, correct the bloud  
With thriftie bits and labour, let the flood,  
Or the next neighbouring spring give remedy  
To greedy thirst, and travell not the tree  
That hangs with wanton clusters, let not wine  
Unlesse in sacrifice, or rights divine,  
Be ever knowne of Shepherds, have a care  
Thou man of holy life. Now doe not spare  
Their faults through much remissnesse, nor forget  
To cherish him, whose many paines and swet  
Hath giv'n increase, and added to the downes.  
Sort all your Shepherds from the lazy clownes  
That feed their heifers in the budded Broomes :  
Teach the young Maydens stricktnesse, that the groomes  
May ever feare to tempt their blowing youth ;  
Banish all complements, but single truth  
From every tongue, and every Shepherds heart,  
Let them still use perfwading, but no Art :  
Thus holy *Priest*, I wish to thee and these,  
All the best goods and comforts that may please.

*Alex.* And all those blessings Heaven did ever give,  
We pray upon this Bower may ever live.

*Prie.* Kneele every Shepherd, whilst with powerfull hand  
I blesse your after labours, and the Land  
You feed your flocks upon. Great *Pan* defend you  
From misfortune, and amend you,  
Keepe 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 keepe your foot from falling  
To lewd lust, that still is calling  
At your cottage, till his power



*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

Bring againe that golden houre  
Of peace and rest to every soule.  
May his care of you controule  
All diseases, sores or paine  
That in after time may raigne,  
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 goe, and as ye passe away  
Sing to the god of sheepe, that happy lay,  
That honest *Dorus* taught ye, *Dorus*, he  
That was the soule and god of melody.

*The Song*

*they all sing.*

*All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,  
All ye vertues 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 honour and his name  
That defends our flocks from blame.*

*He is great, and he is just,  
He is ever good, and must  
Thus be honour'd: Daffadillies,  
Roses, Pinks, and loved Lillies,*

*Let us sing,  
Whilst we sing,  
Ever holy,  
Ever holy,*

*Ever honour'd, ever young,  
Thus great Pan is ever sung.*

*Exeunt.*

*Saty.* Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,  
Thou most powerfull Mayd, and whitest,  
Thou most vertuous and most blessed,  
Eyes of starres, and golden tressed

*The faithfull Shepherdesse.*

Like *Apollo*, tell me sweetest,  
What new service now is meereft  
For the *Satyre*? shall I stray  
In the middle ayre and stay  
The sayling Racke, or nimbly take  
Hold by the Moone, and gently make  
Sure to the pale Queene of night  
For a beame to give thee light?  
Shall I dive into the Sea,  
And bring thee corral, making way  
Through the rising waves that fall  
In snowie fleeces? deereft, shall  
I catch the wanton Fawnes, or flies,  
Whose woven wings the Summer dyes  
Of many colours? get thee fruit?  
Or steale from heaven old *Orphens* Lute?  
All these Ile venter for, and more,  
To doe her service all these woods adore.

*Clor.* No other service *Satyre*, but thy watch  
About these thickets, lest harmelesse people catch  
Mischiefe or sad mischance.

*Satyr.* Holy virgin, I will dance  
Round about these woods as quicke  
As the breaking light, and pricke  
Downe the lawnes, and downe the vales,  
Faster then the Windmill sailes.  
So I take my leave, and pray  
All the comforts of the day,  
Such as *Phæbus* heat doth send  
On the earth, may still befriend  
Thee, and this Arbour.

*Clor.* And to thee,  
All thy Masters love be free.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several paragraphs and is mostly obscured by the paper's texture and discoloration.

Handwritten text at the bottom of the page, possibly a signature or a date, appearing to read "1850".















