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THE

FAITHFUL

Shepherdess.

By JOHN FLETCHER.

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

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

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

Given to your service
JOHN FLETCHER.
To the inheritor of all worthiness,
Sir William Skipwith.

Ode.

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

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

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

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

The Admirer of your virtues,
JOHN FLETCHER.

To the perfect gentleman Sir
Robert Townshend.

IF the greatest faults may crave
Pardon where contrition is
(Noble Sir) I needs must have
A long one; for a long amiss
If you ask me (how is this)
Upon my faith I’ll tell you frankly,
You love above my means to thank ye.
Yet according to my Talent
As sour fortune loves to use me
A poor Shepherd I have sent,
In homespun gray for to excuse me.
And may all my hopes refuse me:
But when better comes ashore,
You shall have better, newer, more.
Till when, like our desperate debtors,
Or our three piled sweet protestors
I must please you in bare letters
And so pay my debts; like jesters,
Yet I oft have seen good feasters,
Only for to please the pallet,
Leave great meat and choose a sallet.

All yours John
Fletcher:

To The Reader.

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

John Fletcher.

To my loved friend Master John Fletcher, on his Pastorals
Can my approvement (Sir) be worth your thanks?
Whose unknown name and muse (in swathing clouts)
Is not yet grown to strength, among these ranks
To have a room and bear off the sharp flouts
Of this our pregnant age, that does despise
All innocent verse, that lets alone her vice.

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

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

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

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

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

I know too well that no more than the man
That travels through the burning deserts, can
When he is beaten with the raging sun,
Half smothered with the dust, have power to run
From a cool river, which himself doth find,
Ere he be slaked: no more can he whose mind
Joys in the muses, hold from that delight,
When nature, and his full thoughts bid him write,
Yet wish I those whom I for friends have known,
To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own:
Why should the man, whose wit ne’er had a stain,
Upon the public stage present his vein,
And make a thousand men in judgement sit,
To call in question his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can understand the laws
Which they should judge by, nor the parties’ cause,
Among the rout there is not one that hath
In his own censure an explicit faith.
One company knowing they judgement lack,
Ground their belief on the next man in black:
Others, on him that makes signs, and is mute,
Some like as he does in the fairest suit,
He as his mistress doth, and she by chance,
Nor wants there those, who as the boy doth dance
Between the acts, will censure the whole play:
Some like if the wax lights be new that day:
But multitudes there are whose judgements goes
Headlong according to the actors’ clothes.
For this, these public things and I, agree
So ill, that but to do aright to thee,
I had not been persuaded to have hurled
These few, ill-spoken lines, into the world,
Both to be read, and censured of, by those,
Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose,
Such as must spend above an hour, 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 scorned,
To be with so much will and art adorned.
Besides one vantage more in this I see,
Your censurers must have the quality
Of reading, which I am afraid is more
Than half your shrewdest judges had before.

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

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

Enter a Satyr.
Satyr

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

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

*Exit.*

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

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

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

*Enter Priest.*

*Priest.* Shepherds thus I purge away,
They rise and sing in praise of Pan.

Exeunt omnes but Perigot and Amoret.

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

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

Equal with his soul’s good:

Amoret Speak, I give
Thee freedom Shepherd, and thy tongue be still
The same it ever was: as free from ill
As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city: be thou ever true.
Perigot  When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,
First let our great God cease to keep my flocks,
That being left alone without a guard,
The wolf, or winter’s rage, summer’s great heat,
And want of water, rots: or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
And in their general ruin let me go.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Your faithful Shepherd of those chaste desires,
He ever aimed at, and —

Amoret Thou hast prevailed, farewell, this coming night,
Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long-wished delight.

Perigot Our great God Pan reward thee for that good,
Thou hast given thy poor shepherd fairest bud
Of maiden virtues: when I leave to be
The true admirer of thy chastity,
Let me deserve the hot polluted name,
Of a wild woodman, or affect some dame
Whose often prostitution hath begot,
More foul diseases, than ever yet the hot
Sun bred through his burnings, whilst the dog
Pursues the raging Lion, throwing fog
And deadly vapor from his angry breath.
Filling the lower world with plague and death.  

exit Amoret

Enter another Shepherdess that is in love with Perigot.

Amarillis Shepherd may I desire to be believed,
What I shall blushing tell?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

_Amarillis_    Come, as we go I’ll tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy work.
    _exeunt._

_Enter Cloe._

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

_Enter Thenot._

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

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

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

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

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

*Thenot*  Ye may, and by her virtue learn to square
And level out your life: for to be fair
And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
Of gaudy youth, and swelling vanity.
Then know, she’s called the virgin of the grove,
She that hath long since buried her chaste love,
And now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul
She hath vowed herself into the holy role
Of strict virginity, ’tis her I so admire,
Not any looser blood or new desire.

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

*The Song.*

Come Shepherds come,
Come away without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay,
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any,
Those dear kisses, and those many
Sweet embraces that are given,
Dainty pleasures that would even
Raise in coldest age a fire,
And give virgin blood desire.

Then if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it,
Think not I,
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

Here comes another: better be my speed,
Thou God of blood, but certain if I read
Not false, this is that modest shepherd, he
That only dare salute, but ne’er could be
Brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or sing,
Whisper, or boldly ask that wished thing
We all are born for: one that makes loving faces,
And could be well content to covet graces,
Were they not got by boldness: in this thing
My hopes are frozen, and but fate doth bring
Him hither, I would sooner choose
A man made out of snow, and freer use
An Eunuch to my ends: but since he is here,
Thus I attempt him: Thou of men most dear,
Welcome to her, that only for thy sake,
Hath been content to live: here boldly take
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
Was given away to any: and but sit

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

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

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

Cloe  Shepherd thou hast thy wish,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Speak and be satisfied, ô guide her tongue,
My better angel, force my name among
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be,

_Cloe_. _Alexis_ when the sun shall kiss the sea,
Taking his rest by the white _Thetis’_ side,
Meet in the holy wood, where I’ll abide
Thy coming Shepherd.

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

_Cloe_. My name shall be your word.

_Alexis_ Fly fly thou day,

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

_Exit._

Actus secundus Scaena prima.

_Enter an old shepherd with a bell ringing, and
the Priest of Pan following._

_Priest._ Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the Air
’Gins to thicken, and the Sun
Already his great course hath run,
See the dew drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is:
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds _lowed_ falling
And bright _Hesperus_ down calling,
The dead night from under ground,
Enter Clorin the Shepherdess sorting of herbs, and telling the natures of them.

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

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

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

Now let me know what my best Art hath done, Helped by the great power of the virtuous moon, In her full light, ô you sons of earth, You only brood, unto whose happy birth Virtue was given, holding more of nature Than man her first born and most perfect creature. Let me adore you, you that only can, Help or kill nature, drawing out that span Of life and breath, even to the end of time, You that these hands did crop, long before prime Of day, give me your names, and next your hidden power. This is the Clote bearing a yellow flower: And this black Horehound, both are very good, For sheep or shepherd, bitten by a wood Dog’s venomed tooth, these Rhamnus branches are, Which stuck in entries, or about the bar That holds the door fast, kill all the enchantments, charms, Were they Medea’s verses that do harms To men or cattle: these for frenzy be A speedy and a sovereign remedy.
The bitter Wormwood, Sage, and Marigold,
Such sympathy with man’s good they do hold:
This Tormentil whose virtue is to part
All deadly killing poison from the heart,
And here Narcissus’ root, for swellings best:
Yellow Lysimachus, to give sweet rest
To the faint Shepherd, killing where it comes,
All busy gnats, and every fly that hums,
For leprosy, Darnel, and Celandine,
With Calamint, whose virtues do refine
The blood of Man, making it free and fair,
As the first hour it breathed, or the best air.
Here other two, but your rebellious use,
Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse,
Therefore foul standergrass, from me and mine
I banish thee, with lustful Turpentine,
You that entice the veins, and stir the heat
To civil mutiny, scaling the seat
Our reason moves in, and deluding it
With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit
Of burning lust be quenched by appetite,
Robbing the soul of blessedness and light:
And thou light Vervain too, thou must go after
Provoking easy souls to mirth and laughter,
No more shall I dip thee in water now,
And sprinkle every post, and every bough
With thy well pleasing juice, to make the grooms,
Swell with high mirth as with joy all the rooms.

Enter Thenot.

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

Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
Of all the world: making the blue sea smile,
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
Thy brother of his brightness, giving day
Again from Chaos. whiter than that way
That leads to Jove’s high Court, and chaster far
Than chastity itself: yon blessed star
That nightly shines, thou all the constancy
That in all women was, or e’er shall be:
From whose fair eyeballs flies that holy fire,
That poets style the mother of desire,
Infusing into every gentle breast,
A soul of greater price, and far more blest
Than that quick power which gives a difference
Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense.

Clorin  Shepherd how cam’st thou hither to this place?
No way is trodden, all the verdant grass
The spring shot up stands yet unbruised here
Of any foot, only the dappled deer:
Far from the feared sound of crooked horn
Dwells in this fastness.  Thenot  Chaster than the morn,
I have not wandered, or by strong illusion
Into this virtuous place have made intrusion,
But hither am I come (believe me fair)
To seek you out, of whose great good the Air
Is full, and strongly labors, whilst the sound,
Breaks against heaven, and drives into a stound
The amazed Shepherd, that such virtue can
Be resident in lesser than a man.

Clorin  If any art I have, or hidden skill,
May cure thee of disease or festered ill,
Whose grief or greenness to another’s eye,
May seem unpossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it.

Shepherd  ’Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vain
Conveys infection dangerous to the heart,
No part impostumed to be cured by Art:
This body holds, and yet a feller grief
Than ever skilful hand did give relief

Dwells on my soul, and may be healed by you,
Fair beauteous virgin:

Clorin  Then shepherd let me sue
To know thy grief that man yet never knew
The way to health, that durst not show his sore.

Shepherd  Then fairest know I love you,

Clorin  Swain no more.
Thou hast abused the strictness of this place,
And offered Sacrilegious foul disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interred bones,
For fear of whose ascending fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright.
Thy very soul with horror.  Shepherd  Let me not
Thou all perfection merit such a blot,
For my true zealous faith.  Clorin  Darest thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide
And give her body up, for sure it will,
If thou pursuest with wanton flames to fill
This hallowed place: therefore repent and go,
Whilst I with praise appease his Ghost below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be,
A rival in that virtuous love, that he
Embraces yet.

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

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

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

Shepherd Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant,
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint:
Remember how he loved ye, and be still,
The same opinion speaks ye, let not will,
And that great god of women Appetite,
Set up your blood again, do not invite
Desire, and fancy for their long exile,
To seat them once more in a pleasing smile:
Be like a Rock made firmly up ’gainst all
The power of angry heaven, or the strong fall
Of Neptune’s battery, if ye yield I die
To all affection: ’tis that loyalty
Ye tie unto this grave I so admire,
And yet there’s something else I would desire,
If you would hear me, but withal deny,  
O Pan, what an uncertain destiny  
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire,  
For if I longer stay, this double fire,  
Will lick my life up.

   Clorin    Do, and let time wear out,  
What Art and Nature cannot bring about.  
   Shepherd   Farewell thou soul of virtue, and be blest  
For ever, whilst I wretched rest  
Thus to myself, yet grant me leave to dwell  
In kenning of this Arbor, yon same dell  
O’er topped with mourning Cypress and sad Yew,  
Shall be my Cabin, where I’ll early rue,  
Before the Sun hath kissed this dew away,

The hard uncertain chance which Fate doth lay  
Upon this head.  
   Clorin    The Gods give quick release  
And happy cure unto thy hard disease.  

   Exeunt.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

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

   Enter Amarillis.

   Amarillis    Hail Shepherd Pan bless both thy flock and thee,  
For being mindful of thy word to me.  
   Sullen    Welcome fair Shepherdess, thy loving swain  
Gives thee the selfsame wishes back again:  
Who till this present hour ne’er knew that eye,  
Could make me cross mine arms or daily die  
With fresh consumings: boldly tell me then,  
How shall we part their faithful loves, and when?
Shall I belie him to her, shall I swear
His faith is false, and he loves everywhere?
I’ll say he mocked her the other day to you,
Which will by your confirming show as true,
For he is of so pure an honesty,
To think (because he will not none will lie.

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

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

Sullen  Try me and prove.

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

Actus secundus Scaena quarta.

Enter Daphnis

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

Exeunt,

Actus secundus Scaena quarta.

Enter Daphnis

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

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

Exit Alexis.

Cloe within.

Enter Cloe.

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

Alexis within. Cloe!

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

Alexis within. Cloe!

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

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

Enter Alexis.

Cloe within.

Cloe, strong Cloe, sure this voice is new,
Whose shrillness like the sounding of a bell,
Tells me it is a woman: Cloe, tell
Thy blessed name again Cloe within. Here.
Oh what a grief is this to be so near
And not encounter?

Enter Cloe.

Believe mine eyes, or shall I firmly hold her
Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold
Illusion? sure such fancies oft have been
Sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen,
Daring to blind the virtuous though with error,
But be they far from me with their fond terror:
I am resolved my Cloe yet is true.

Cloe within.

Cloe hark Cloe sure this voice is new,
Whose shrillness like the sounding of a bell,
Tells me it is a woman: Cloe, tell
Thy blessed name again Cloe within. Here.
Oh what a grief is this to be so near
And not encounter?

Enter Cloe.

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

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

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

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

Actus tertius Scaena prima.

Enter the Sullen Shepherd with Amarillus in a sleep

Sullen From thy forehead thus I take
These herbs, and charge thee not awake,

Whilst I in zealous meditation stray
A little this way when we both have ended
These rights and duties by the woods befriended,
And secrecy of night, retire and find
An aged oak whose hollowness may bind
Us both within his body, thither go:
It stands within yon bottom

\[Daphnis\] Be it so \[Exit Daphnis.\]

\[Cloe.\] And I will meet there never more with thee,
Thou idle shamefastness, \[Alexis within, Cloe!\]

\[Cloe\] 'Tis he.
That dare I hope be bolder. \[Alexis Cloe. Cloe. now\]

Great Pan for Syrinx’ sake bid speed our plow. \[Exit Cloe.\]

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

Amoret Speak shepherd, am I Amoret to sight?
Or hast thou missed in any magic right?
For want of which any defect in me,

May make our practices discovered be?

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

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

Enter Perigot

Sullen Stand close, here's Perigot, whose constant heart,

Longs to behold her, in whose shape thou art.

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

My Amoret, Amoret! Exit. Amarillis. Perigot!

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

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

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

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

Sullen Fair Maid.

Amoret Ay me thou art not Perigot.

Sullen But I can tell ye news of Perigot,

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

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

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

But what it had from her: she was alone
With me, if then her presence did so move,
Enter Alexis and Cloe.

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

Enter Alexis and Cloe.

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

Cloe. Alexis let us rest here, if the place
Be private, and out of the common trace
Of every shepherd: for I understood,
This night a number are about the wood,
Then let us choose some place where out of sight,
We freely may enjoy our stol’n delight,
Alexis Then boldly here, where we shall ne’er be found,
No Shepherd’s way lies here, ’tis hallowed ground,
No maid seeks here her strayed Cow, or Sheep,
Fairies and Fawns, and Satyrs do it keep,
Then carelessly rest here, and clip and kiss,
And let no fear make us our pleasures miss.

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

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

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

Sullen Then from the cold earth never thou shalt move,

Cloe. Hold gentle Shepherd.

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Cloe again.

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

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

Enter the sullen Shepherd.

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

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

But all these fancies must be quite forgot,
I must lie close here comes young Perigot,
with subtle Amarillis in the shape,
Of Amoret pray love he may not scape.

Amoret  Beloved Perigot, show me some place,
Where I may rest my Limbs, weak with the Chase
Of thee, an hour before thou cam’st at least

perigot.  Beshrew my Tardy steps, here shalt thou rest
Upon this holy bank no deadly snake,
Upon this Turf herself in folds doth make,
Here is no poison, for the Toad to feed.
Here boldly spread thy hands, no venomed weed,
Dares blister them, No sly my snail dare creep,
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep,
Here never durst the babbling Cuckoo spit.
No slough of falling Star did ever hit.
Upon this Bank let this thy Cabin be.
This other set with violets for me.

_Amoret_  Thou dost not love me _Perigot_?

_Perigot_  Fair maid

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

_Amoret_  Believe me, but I do.

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

_Amoret_  By _Pan_ I swear, beloved _Perigot_,

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

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

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

_Perigot_  ’Twas only that the chaste thoughts, might be shown,
Twixt thee and me, although we were alone,

_Amarillis_  Come _Perigot_ will show his power that he
Can make his _Amoret_, though she weary be,
Rise nimbly from her Couch and come to his.
Here take thy _Amoret_ embrace, and Kiss:

_Perigot_  What means my love;

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

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

_Amoret_  Still thinkst thou such a thing as Chastity,
Is amongst women. _Perigot_ there’s none,
That with her love is in a wood alone,
And would come home a Maid be not abused,
With thy fond first belief, let time be used,
Why dost thou rise,

Perigot: My true heart, thou hast slain,

Amoret Faith Perigot, I’ll pluck thee down again,

Perigot Let go thou Serpent that into my breast,
Hast with thy Cunning dived art, art not in jest;

Amoret Sweet love lie down,
Perigot Since this I live to see,
Some bitter North wind blast my flocks and me
Amoret You swore you loved yet will not do my will,
Perigot O be as thou wert, once, I’ll love thee still,
Amoret I am, as still I was and all my kind,
Though other shows we have poor men to blind,
Perigot Then here I end all love, and lest my vain,
Belief should ever draw me in again,
Before thy face that hast my youth mislead,
I end my life my blood be on thy head,

Amoret O hold thy hands thy Amoret doth cry,
Perigot Thou counsel’st well, first Amoret shall die,
That is the cause of my Eternal smart,

Amoret: O hold.
Perigot: This steel shall pierce thy lustful heart, He runs after her

The Sullen Shepherd steps out and uncharms her.

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

Enter Amarillis.

Forbear thou gentle swain thou dost mistake;
She whom thou followedst fled into the brake.
And as I crossed thy way I met thy wrath;
The only fear of which near slaid me hath,

Perigot Pardon fair Shepherdess my rage and night,
Were both upon me and beguiled my sight;
But far be it from me to spill the blood.
Of harmless maids that wander in the wood,

Exit
Enter Amoret.

Many a weary step in yonder path  

Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath,  

To seek her Perigot, yet cannot hear,  

His voice, my Perigot, she loves thee dear:  

That calls.  

Perigot: See yonder where she is how fair.  

She shows, and yet her breath infects the Air.  

Amoret My Perigot:  

Perigot: Here.  

Amoret Happy.  

Perigot: Hapless first:  

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

Amoret Stay Perigot, my love, thou art unjust:  

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

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

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

By some Night Traveler, whose honest care,  

May help to cure her, Shepherdess prepare,  

Yourself to die,  

Amoret No mercy I do crave,  

Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have;  

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

He struck my soul and not my body through:  

Tell him when I am dead my soul shall be.  

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

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

Sure for a woman, thou art so Innocent.  

She cannot scape for underneath the ground,  

In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,  

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

The struggling water breaks out in a brook, Exit.  

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

God what powerful Charms my streams do bring  

Back again unto their spring?  

With such force that I their god,  

Three times striking with my rod,  

Could not keep them in their Ranks  

My fishes shoot into the banks.  

There's not one, that stays and feeds,  

All have hid them in the weeds  

Here's a Mortal almost dead,
Fallen into my River head,
Hollowed so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell,
'Tis a Female young and clear,
Cast in by some Ravisher,
See upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaster bound,
Yet she’s warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat,
If thou beest a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure,
Take a drop into thy wound
From my wat'ry lock more round,
Than Orient Pearl, and far more pure,
Than unchaste flesh may endure,
See she pants and from her flesh,
The warm blood gusheth out afresh,
She is an unpolluted maid:
I must have this bleeding stayed,
From my banks, I pluck this flower.
With holy hand whose virtuous power,
Is at once to heal and draw,
The blood Returns I never saw,
A fairer Mortal, now doth break,
Her deadly slumber, virgin, speak,

Amoret Who hath restored my sense, given me new breath,
And brought me back out of the Arms of death,

God. I have healed thy wounds:

Amoret Ay me,

God. Fear not him that succored thee:

I am this Fountain’s God below,
My waters to a River grow,
And twixt two banks with Osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the Meadows do they glide,

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

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

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

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

I am betrothed unto a Shepherd Swain,
Whose comely face; I know the Gods above:
May make me leave to see; but not to love,
    God:  May he prove to thee as true:
Fairest virgin now adieu,
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their Channels dry.
And beasts, that come unto the spring
Miss their mornings watering.
Which I would not, for of late.
All the Neighbor people sate.
On my banks and from the fold,
Two white Lambs of three weeks Old,
Offered to my Deity,
For which this year they shall be free
From raging floods that as they pass,
Leave their gravel in the grass,
Nor shall their Meads be over flown,
When their grass is newly mown,
Amoret  For thy kindness to me shown,
Never from thy banks be blown,
Any Tree; with windy force.
Cross thy streams to stop thy Course,
May no Beast that comes to drink
With his Horns cast down thy brink
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy Brook:
Barefoot may no Neighbor wade:
In thy cool streams? wife nor maid,
When the spawns on stones do lie,
To wash their Hemp and spoil the fry.
   God.   Thanks Virgin, I must down again.
Thy wound will put thee to no pain.
Wonder not, so soon 'tis gone;
A holy hand was laid upon.
Amoret  And I unhappy born to be.
Must follow him, that flies from me,

**Finis Actus Tertius**

Enter Perigot.

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

Perigot to Enter. Amarillis running

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

Perigot    Alas he doubly dies,
That would believe, but cannot, 'tis not well,
Ye keep me thus from dying here to dwell,
With many worse companions: but oh death,
I am not yet enamored of his breath,
So much, but I dare leave it, 'tis not pain,
In forcing of a wound: nor after gain,
Of many days, can hold me from my will,
'Tis not myself, but Amoret. bids kill:

Amarillis:    Stay, but a little little but one hour,

And if I do not show thee through the power?
Of herbs and words I have, as dark as Night?
Myself, turned to thy Amoret, in sight?
Her very figure, and the Robe she wears;
With tawny Buskins, and the hook she bears
Of thine own Carving, where your names are set,
Wrought underneath with many a Curious fret
The Primrose Chaplet? tawdry-lace and Ring,
Thou gav'st her for her singing with each thing,
Else that she wears about her let me feel;
The first fell stroke of that Revenging steel?

Perigot    I am contented if there be a hope;
To give it Entertainment for the scope;
Of one poor hour; go you shall find me next?
Under yon shady Beech? even thus perplexed;
And thus believing.

Amarillis    Bind before I go;
Thy soul by Pan unto me, not to do,
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,
Till my Return.

Perigot    By Pan and by the strife;
He had with Phoebus for the Mastery,
When Golden Midas, judged their Minstrelsy;
I will not.

Exeunt;

Enter Satyr with Alexis hurt.

Satyr:    Softly gliding as I go;
With this Burden full of woe;
Through still silence of the night?
Guided by the glow-worms’ light.
Hither am I come at last;
Many a Thicket have I passed;
Not at twig that durst deny me;
Nor a bush that durst descry me.
To the little Bird that sleeps:
On the tender spray nor creeps,  
That hardy worm with pointed Tail;  
But if I be under sail;  
Flying faster than the wind;  

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

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

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

Cannot show me nor the downs:
Nor the many neighboring Towns,
Low in yonder glade I found him,
Softly in mine Arms I bound him,
Hither have I brought him sleeping,
In a Trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
In remembrance such youth may
Spring and perish in a Day.

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

    Satyr:  Heaven grant it may do good,
    Clorin  Fairly wipe away the blood,
Hold him gently till I fling,
Water of a virtuous spring:
On his Temples turn him twice:
To the Moon beams pinch him thrice:
That the laboring soul may draw.
From his great eclipse.
    Satyr:  I saw.
His Eyelids moving.
    Clorin  Give him breath,
All the danger of cold death:
Now is vanished, with this plaster:
And this unction do I master:
All the festered ill that may:
Give him grief another day.
    Satyr:  See he gathers up his sprite
And begins to hunt for light,
Now ’a gapes and breathes again:
How the blood runs to the vein:

That erst was empty.

    Alexis.  Oh my heart,
My dearest, dearest Cloe O the smart,
Runs, through my side: I feel some pointed thing,
Pass through my Bowels, sharper than the sting,
Of Scorpion.
Pan preserve me, what are you,
Do not hurt me. I am true,
To my *Cloe* though she fly
And leave me to this Destiny,
There she stands, and will not lend,

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

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

Give me your help for his sake you love best:

    *Clorin* *Shepherd* thou Canst not possible take rest.
Till thou hast laid aside all heats, desires,
Provoking thoughts, that stir up lusty fires.
Commerce with wanton Eyes: strong blood and will,
To execute these must be purged until,
The vein grow Whiter then Repent and pray:
Great *Pan*, to keep you from the like decay,
And I shall undertake your cure with ease.
Till when this virtuous Plasters will displease,
Your tender sides. give me your hand and rise.
help him a little *Satyr* for his Thighs.
Yet are feeble.

    *Alexis*. Sure I have lost much blood.

    *Satyr*. ’Tis no matter, ’twas not good,
Mortal you must leave your wooing,
Though there be a Joy in doing,

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Amarillis.
Of my untimely fall.

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

Launched up her breast, which bloodless fell and cold,
And if belief may Credit what was told,
After all this the Melancholy Swain,
Took her into his Arms being almost slain.
And to the bottom of the holy well,
flung her forever with the waves to dwell,
’Tis she, the very same, ’tis _Amoret._
And living yet, the great powers will not let,
Their virtuous love be Crossed, maid wipe away,
Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay,
The storm that yet goes high, which not depressed,
Breaks, heart, and life, and all before it rest:
Thy _Perigot:_

_Amoret_ where: which is _Perigot._

_Amarillis_ Sits there below lamenting much God wot:
Thee, and thy fortune, go and comfort him,
And thou shalt find him underneath a brim,
Of sailing Pines that edge yon Mountain in,

_Amoret_ I go, I run Heaven grant me. I may win:
His soul again.

_Enter Sullen:_

Stay _Amarillis_ stay,
Ye are too fleet, ’tis two hours yet to day;
I have performed my promise let us sit;
And warm our bloods together till the fit;
Come lively on us;

_Amarillis_ Friend you are too keen;
The Morning, Riseth, and we shall be seen,
Forbear a little;

_Sullen:_ I can stay no longer;

_Amarillis_ Hold _Shepherd_ hold, learn not to be a wronger;
Of your word, was not your promise laid,
To break their loves first:

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

now at this present parted, and so far,
That they shall never meet,
Amarillis Swain 'tis not so,
For do but to yon hanging Mountain go,
And there believe your eyes,
Sullen: you do but hold:
Off with delays: and trifles, farewell cold,
And frozen bashfulness, unfit for men,
Thus I salute thee virgin,
Amarillis And thus then,
I bid you follow, Catch me if ye can,

Sullen.: And if I stay behind I am no Man. Exit running after her

Enter Perigot.

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

Enter Amoret looking of Perigot

This is the bottom: speak if thou be here,
My Perigot, thy Amoret, thy dear,
Calls on thy loved Name,
Perigot What thou dare,
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care,
Dwell on the face of darkness,
Amoret 'Tis thy friend,
Thy Amoret come hither to give end,
To these consumings look up gentle Boy,
I have forgot those pains, and dear annoy,
I suffered for thy sake, and am content,
To be thy love again why hast thou rent,
Those curled locks, where I have often hung,
Ribands and damask Roses, and have flung,
Waters distilled to make thee fresh and gay,
Sweeter than Nosegays on a Bridal day,
Why dost thou cross thine Arms, and hang thy face,
Down to thy Bosom, letting fall apace,
From those too little Heavens upon the ground
Showers of more price, more Orient, and more round
Than those that hang upon the moon’s pale brow
Cease these complainings Shepherd I am now,
The same, I ever was, as kind and free,
And can forgive before you ask of me,
Indeed I can, and will.

_Perigot:_ So spoke my fair,
O you great working powers of Earth, and Air,
Water, and forming fire, why have you lent,
Your hidden virtues of so ill intent,
Even such a face, so fair so bright of hue,
Had _Amoret_, such, words, so smooth and new,
Came flowing from her tongue, such was her eye,
And such the pointed sparkle that did fly
Forth like a bleeding shaft, all is the same,
The Robe, and Buskins, painted, hook, and frame,
Of all her Body O me _Amoret_,

_Amoret:_ Shepherd what means this Riddle who hath set,
So strange a difference, twixt myself and me,
That I am grown another, look and see.
The Ring thou gav’st me, and about my wrist.
That Curious Bracelet thou thyself didst twist.
From those fair Tresses, knowest thou _Amoret_.
Hath not some newer love forced thee forget,
Thy Ancient faith,

_Perigot:_ Still nearer to my love;
These be the very words she oft did prove,
Upon my temper, so she still would take,
Wonder into her face, and silent make,
Sings with her head and hand as who would say
Shepherd remember this another day:

_Amoret:_ Am I not _Amoret_. where was I lost,
Can there be Heaven, and time, and men most
Of these unconstant? faith where art thou fled?
Are all the vows and protestations dead:
The hands held up? the wishes and the heart?
Is there not one remaining not apart,
Of all these to be found why then I see:
Men never knew that virtue constancy

Perigot  Men ever were most blessed, till Cross fate,
Brought love, and women forth unfortunate,
To all that ever tasted of their smiles,
Whose Actions are all double, full of wiles,
Like to the subtle Hare, that fore the Hounds,
Makes many turnings leaps and many rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the scent,
Of her pursuers:

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

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

Is this to have been so, and now to be,
The only best in wrong, and infamy,
And I to live to know this, and by me.
That loved thee dearer than, mine Eyes or that,
Which we esteem our honor virgin state,
Dearer than swallows love the early morn,
Or dogs of Chase the sound of merry Horn,
Dearer than thou canst love thy new love, if thou hast.
Another and far dearer than the last,
Dearer than thou canst love thyself, though all,
The self love were within thee, that did fall.
with that coy swain: that now is made a flower
For whose dear sake, Echo weeps many a shower
And am I thus rewarded for my flame,
Loved worthily to get a wanton’s name,
Come thou forsaken willow wind my head,
And noise it to the world, my love is dead:
I am forsaken I am Cast away,
And left for every lazy Groom to say,
I was unconstant light, and sooner lost,
Than the quick Clouds we see or the Chill frost,
When the hot sun beats on it tell me yet,
Canst thou not love again thy Amoret?

    Perigot   Thou art not worthy of that blessed name,
I must not know thee, fling thy wanton flame,
upon some lighter blood: that may be hot,
With words and feigned passions, Perigot,
Was ever yet unstained, and shall not now.

Stoop to the meltings of a borrowed brow:

    Amoret   Then hear me heaven: to whom I call for right.
And you fair twinkling stars that crown the night,
And hear me woods and and silence of this place,
And ye sad hours, that move a sullen pace,
Hear me ye shadows, that delight to dwell,
In horrid darkness, and ye powers of Hell,
Whilst I breathe out my last, I am that maid,
That yet untainted Amoret that played:
The careless Prodigal: and gave away:
My soul to this young man that now dares say:
I am a stranger, not the same, more wild,

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

    Perigot   Thou must,
Was ever any man, so loath to trust,
His Eyes as I, or was there ever yet,
Any so like, as this to Amoret,
For whose dear sake, I promise if there be
A living soul within thee thus to free,
Thy Body from it,

    Amoret    So this work hath end.
He hurts her again.

Farewell and live be constant to thy friend,
That loves thee next,

    Enter Satyr: Perigot runs off.

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

Many a Note, and many a lay,
Therefore here I end my watch,
Lest the wandering Swain should catch,
Harm or lose himself    Amoret: ah me.

    Satyr:    speak again whate’er thou be,
I am ready speak I say,
By the dawning of the day,
By the power of Night and Pan;
I enforce thee speak again,

    Amoret    O I am most unhappy.

    Satyr.    Yet more blood,
Sure these wanton Swains are wood,
Can there be a hand, or heart,
Dare commit so vild a part,
As this Murder, by the Moon,
That hid herself when this was done,
Never was a sweeter face,
I will bear her to the place,
Where my Goddess keeps and crave,
Her to give her life, or grave,

    Enter Clorin,

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

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

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

Enter Clorin.

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

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

Clorin. Why dost thou pine away thyself for me
Thenot. Why dost thou keep such spotless constancy?
Clorin. Thou holy Shepherd see what for thy sake,

Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake,
Thenot. Stay there, thou constant Clorin if there be,
Yet any part of woman left in thee,
To make thee light think yet before thou speak,

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

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

Clorin. Yet all I’ll lose for thee.
Thenot. Think but how blest,

A constant woman is above the rest,

Clorin. And offer up myself, here on this ground,
To be disposed by thee,

Thenot  why dost thou wound,

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

Clorin:  Insult not on her now, nor use delay

Who for thy sake hath ventured all her fame,

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

Clorin,  Be just to me:
Shall I at once, lose both my fame and thee,

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

Clorin:  Thou dost but try me if I would.
Forsake thy dear embraces for my old
Love’s though he were alive, but do not fear,

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

Clorin:  ’Tis done great: Pan, I give thee thanks for it,

What Art could not have healed, is cured by wit,

Enter: Thenot again:

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

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

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

And I will lie again under this tree,
And pine and die for thee with more delight,
Than I have sorrow now to know thee light,
Clorin. Let me have thee, and I’ll be where thou wilt.

Thenot. Thou art of women’s race and full of guilt,
Farewell all hope of that sex, whilst I thought,
There was one good, I feared to find one naught
But since their minds I all alike espy
Hence forth I’ll choose as theirs, by mine eye,

Clorin. Blest be ye powers that gave such quick redress,
And for my labors sent so good success,
I rather choose though I a woman be,
He should speak ill of all,
than die for me.

Finis Actus quartus.

Actus Quintus.
Scaena. 1.

Enter Priest, and old Shepherd.

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

Pan to keep you from decay,
So unfold, and then away
What not a Shepherd stirring sure the grooms,
Have found their beds too easy, or the Rooms.
Filled with such new delight, and heat that they,
Have both forgot their hungry sheep, and day,
Knock that they may remember what a shame,
Sloth and neglect, lays on a Shepherd’s name.

Old. It is to little purpose, not a swain,
This night hath known his lodging, here; or lain,
Within these cotes: the woods or some near town,
that is a neighbor to the bordering down:
Hath drawn them thither, bout some lusty sport;
Or spiced wassail Bowl, to which resort.
All the young men and maids of many a cote,
Whilst the Trim, Minstrel strikes his merry note.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Satyr with Amoret.

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

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

Clorin. With spotless hand, on spotless Breast,
I put these herbs to give thee rest.
Which till it heal thee there will bide
If both be pure, if not off slide.
See it falls off from the wound,
*Shepherdess* thou art not sound,
Full of lust.

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

*Clorin.* Why that hath brought it.

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

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

*Satyr* search if thou canst find it,

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

Here here in a hollow tree.
Two fond mortals have I found,

*Clorin.* Bring them out they are unsound.

*Enter Cloe, and Daphnis.*

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

*Clorin.* Hold *Satyr*, take this Glass,
Sprinkle over all the place,
Purge the Air from lustful breath,
To save this Shepherdess from death.
And stand you still, whilst I do dress
Her wound for fear the pain increase,

*Satyr.* From this glass I throw a drop,
Of Crystal water on the top.
Of every grass on flowers a pair:
Send a fume and keep the Air,
Pure and wholesome, sweet and blest,
Till this virgin’s wound be dressed,

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

*Satyr.* By *Pan*, I think she hath no sin.
She is so light, lie on these leaves,
Sleep that mortal sense deceives.
Crown thine eyes, and ease thy pain,
Mayst thou soon be well again,

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

*Satyr.* Shepherd come,

*Daphnis.* My thoughts are pure,
Enter old shepherd, and Priest.

Satyr. In this flame his finger thrust,

Clorin. Which will burn him if he lust.

But if not away will turn,

As loath unspotted flesh to burn:

See it gives back let him go.

Farewell Mortal keep thee so.

Satyr. Stay fair Nymph, fly not so fast,

We must try if you be chaste:

Here’s a hand that quakes for fear,

Sure she will not prove so clear:

Clorin. Hold her finger to the flame:

That will yield her praise or shame.

Satyr. To her doom she dares not stand,

But plucks away her tender hand:

And the Taper darting sends,

His hot beams at her fingers’ ends.

O thou art foul within, and hast;

A mind if nothing else unchaste.

Alexis. Is not that Cloe? 'tis my love; 'tis she:

Cloe, fair Cloe.


Cloe. Let me embrace thee.

Clorin. Take her hence, Lest her sight disturb his sense.

Alexis. Take not her: take my life first.

Clorin. See his wound again is burst,

Keep her near here in the wood.

Till I have stopped these streams of blood.

Soon again he ease shall find,

If I can but still his mind:

This curtain thus I do display,

To keep the piercing Air away.

Enter old shepherd, and Priest.

Priest. Sure they are lost forever, 'tis in vain,

To find them out, with trouble and much pain:

That have a Ripe desire, and forward will,

To fly the company of all, but ill:

What shall be counselled: Now shall we retire?

Or constant follow still, that first desire,

We had to find them?

Old. Stay a little while:

For if the morning’s mist do not beguile,

My sight with shadows: sure I see a swain

One of this jolly troops come back again.

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

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

Priest. Then wherefore hast thou wandered.

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

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

I have not seen,
Since yesternight, we met upon this green,
To fold our flocks up, any of that train
Yet have I walked these woods round and have lain
All this long night under an aged tree:
Yet neither wand’ring Shepherd did I see,
Or Shepheardess, or drew into mine ear,
The sound of living thing unless it were,
The Nightingale, among the thick-leaved spring
That sits alone, in sorrow and doth sing:
Whole nights away in mourning, or the Owl,
Or our great Enemy that still doth howl.
Against the Moon’s cold beams.

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

*Thenot.* Father ’tis my care. 

*Exit Thenot.*

Enter Daphnis.

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

*Daphnis.* He,

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

*Daphnis* Thou holy man.

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

*Enter Amarillis running from her sullen shepherd.*

If there be

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

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

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

Priest    Retire a while,
Behind this bush, till we have known that vile
Abuser of young maidens.

Enter Sullen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter Perigot with his hand bloody,* 

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Perigot.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Clorin. Satyr bring him to the bower  
We will try the sovereign power
Of other waters.

Satyr  Mortal sure,

’Tis the blood of maiden pure
That stains he so.

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

Perigot  Whate’er thou be.
Beest thou her sprite, or some divinity,
That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,
Pardon poor Perigot
Amoret  I am thy love.
Thy Amoret. for evermore thy love:
Stick once more on my naked breast, I’ll prove
As constant still, O canst thou love me yet,
How soon could I my former griefs forget.

Perigot  So over-great with joy, that you live now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
doth seize me; hast thou still power to forgive,
Amoret  Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to live,
More welcome now then hadst thou never gone
Astray from me.

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

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

Enter Priest and old Shepherd.

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

Satyr  Mortal stand.

Till by fire, I have made known
Whether thou be such a one,
That mayst freely tread this place,
Hold thy hand up, never was,
More untainted flesh than this,
Fairest he is full of bliss.

   Clorin. Then boldly speak why dost thou seek this place,
   Priest. First honored virgin to behold thy face,

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

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

Be quick in expedition, lest the sores
Of these weak patients, break into new gores

   Perigot My dear dear Amoret, how happy are,
Those blessed pairs, in whom a little jar
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong
For time or steel, or envy to do wrong,
How do you feel your hurts, alas poor heart
How much I was abused, give me the smart
For it is justly mine.

   Amoret I do believe.

It is enough dear friend, leave off to grieve,
And let us once more in despite of ill,
Give hands, and hearts again

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

Enter Priest.

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

To purge itself, how bright the day doth show
After this stormy cloud, go Satyr go,
And with this taper boldly try her hand.
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
to be so still: we have performed a work
worthy the gods themselves

   Satyr     Come forward Maiden, do not lurk
Nor hide your face with grief and shame,
Now or never get a name,
That may raise thee, and recure,
All thy life that was impure,
Hold your hand unto the flame,
If thou beest a perfect dame:
Or hast truly vowed to mend,
This pale fire will be thy friend.
See the Taper hurts her not,
Go thy ways let never spot,
Henceforth seize upon thy blood.
Thank the Gods and still be good.
   Clorin.    Young shepherdess now, ye are brought again
To virgin state, be so, and so remain
To thy last day, unless the faithful love
Of some good shepherd force thee to remove,
Then labor to be true to him, and live
As such a one, that ever strives to give
A blessed memory to after Time:
Be famous for your good, not for your crime.
Now holy man, I offer up again
These patients full of health, and free from pain
Keep them, from after ills, be ever near
Unto their actions: teach them how to clear,
The tedious way they pass though, from suspect
Keep them from wrong in others, or neglect
Of duty in themselves, correct the blood,
With thrifty bits and labor, let the flood,
Or the next neighboring spring give remedy
To greedy thirst, and travail, not the tree
That hangs with wanton clusters, let not wine

Unless in sacrifice or rights divine,
Be ever known of shepherds, have a care,
Thou man of holy life, Now do not spare,
Their faults through much remissness, not forget,
To cherish him, whose many pains and sweat,
Hath given increase, and added to the downs.
Sort all your Shepherds from the lazy clowns:
That feed their heifers in the budded Brooms,
Teach the young maidens strictness that the grooms
May ever fear to tempt their blowing youth,
Banish all compliment but single truth.
From every tongue, and every Shepherd’s heart,
Let them use persuading, but no Art:
Thus holy Priest, I wish to thee and these,
All the best goods and comforts that may please,
All. And all those blessings Heaven did ever give,
We pray upon this Bower may ever live.

Priest. Kneel every Shepherd, whilst with powerful hand,
I bless you after labors, and the Land.
You feed your flocks upon Great Pan defend you.
From misfortune and amend you,
Keep you from those dangers still,
That are followed by your will:
Give ye means to know at length,
All your Riches all your strength.
Cannot keep your foot from falling,
To lewd lust, that still is calling,
At your cottage, till his power,
Bring again that golden hour:
Of peace and rest, to every soul.
May his care of you control,
All diseases, sores or pain,
That in after time may reign,
Either in your flocks or you,
Give ye all affections new.
New desires and tempers new,
That ye may be ever true.
Now rise and go, and as ye pass away,
Sing to the God of sheep, that happy lay:
That honest Dorus taught ye, Dorus he,

That was the soul and God of melody.

Song.  

they all sing.

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

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

Exeunt.

Satyr.  Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid, and whitest.
Thou most virtuous, and most blessed,
Eyes of Stars and Golden Tressed,
Like Apollo, tell me sweetest,
What new service now is meetest.
For thee Satyr shall I stray,
In the middle Air and stay,
Thy Sailing Rack or nimbly take,
Hold by the Moon, and gently make.
Suit to the pale Queen of the night,
For a Beam to give thee light,
Shall I dive into the Sea,
And bring the coral making way,
Through the rising waves that fall,
In snowy fleeces, dearest shall,
I catch the wanton fawns, or flies,
Whose woven wings the Summer dyes,
For many colors get thee fruit,
Or steal from Heaven old Orpheus’ Lute
All these I venture for and more,
To do her service, all these Woods adore
    Clorin. No other Service Satyr but thy watch,
About these Thicks least harmless people catch,
Mischief or sad mischance.

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

FINIS. The Pastoral of the faithful Shepherdess.
Textual Notes

1. **6 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *concluded* is supplied for the original *conclud[*]d*.
2. **16 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *said* is supplied for the original *s[*]id*.
3. **21 (5-a)**: The regularized reading *knowing* is amended from the original *kowing*.
4. **184 (7-b)**: The regularized reading *thee* is amended from the original *thee*.
5. **331 (9-b)**: The regularized reading *freer* is amended from the original *freeer*.
6. **496 (11-b)**: The regularized reading *freer* is amended from the original *freeer*.
7. **612 (13-a)**: The regularized reading *lowed* comes from the original *lowde*, though possible variants include *low*.
8. **634 (13-b)**: The regularized reading *sweetest* is amended from the original *sweeeest*.
9. **669 (14-a)**: The regularized reading *refine* is amended from the original *resine*.
10. **706 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *poets* is amended from the original *ports*.
11. **756 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *praise* comes from the original *praises*, though possible variants include *prayers*.
12. **792 (15-b)**: The regularized reading *women* is amended from the original *woven*.
13. **991 (18-a)**: The regularized reading *your* is amended from the original *yous*.
14. **1089 (19-a)**: The regularized reading *awaketh* is amended from the original *awakeh*.
15. **1116 (19-b)**: The regularized reading *here's* is amended from the original *heeee's*.
16. **1128 (19-b)**: Prefix for *Amarillis*, the actual character, being used in place of *Amoret*, the disguise she has put on. Prefix is at variance with usage for the rest of the scene.
17. **1129 (19-b)**: Prefix for *Amarillis*, the actual character, being used in place of *Amoret*, the disguise she has put on. Prefix is at variance with usage for the rest of the scene.
18. **1298 (22-a)**: The regularized reading *silly* is amended from the original *filly*.
19. **1346 (22-b)**: Prefix for *Amarillis*, the actual character, being used in place of *Amoret*, the disguise she has put on. Prefix is at variance with usage for the rest of the scene.
20. **1362 (22-b)**: The regularized reading *would* is amended from the original *wood*.
21. **1383 (23-a)**: The regularized reading *Amoret* is amended from the original *Auso*.
22. **1556 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *Finis* is amended from the original *Sinis*.
23. **1567 (26-b)**: Likely missing a word after *to*.
24. **1670 (27-b)**: The regularized reading *Grooms* is amended from the original *Gwomes*.
25. **1768 (29-a)**: The regularized reading *milk* is supplied for the original *mi[*]ke*.
26. **1788 (29-b)**: The regularized reading *feel* is supplied for the original *fee[*]e*.
27. **2023 (32-b)**: The regularized reading *after-memory* is supplied for the original *a[*]f*er memorye*.
28. **2386 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *Shepherd* is supplied for the original *Sheeph[*]ard*.
29. **2771 (42-b)**: The regularized reading *they* is amended from the original *the*. 