


1609

## Phantastes Chapter 20: The Faithful Shepherdess

John Fletcher

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.snc.edu/phantastes\\_influences](https://digitalcommons.snc.edu/phantastes_influences)

 Part of the [Digital Humanities Commons](#), [Fiction Commons](#), [History Commons](#), [Literature in English, British Isles Commons](#), [Other Arts and Humanities Commons](#), [Other Classics Commons](#), [Other Theatre and Performance Studies Commons](#), [Playwriting Commons](#), and the [Theatre History Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Fletcher, John, "Phantastes Chapter 20: The Faithful Shepherdess" (1609). *German Romantic and Other Influences*. 23.  
[https://digitalcommons.snc.edu/phantastes\\_influences/23](https://digitalcommons.snc.edu/phantastes_influences/23)

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Teaching Supplement to Phantastes: The Annotated Edition at Digital Commons @ St. Norbert College. It has been accepted for inclusion in German Romantic and Other Influences by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ St. Norbert College. For more information, please contact [sarah.titus@snc.edu](mailto:sarah.titus@snc.edu).

# The Faithful Shepherdess

By John Fletcher

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Clorin a shepherdess, having buried her Love in an Arbour.*

Hail, holy Earth, whose cold Arms do imbrace  
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  
My self from all insuing heats and fires  
Of love: all sports, delights and jolly games  
That Shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.  
Now no more shall these smooth brows be begirt  
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 Crown'd with fresh flowers  
For summers Queen, whil'st every Shepherds Boy  
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,  
And hanging scrip of finest Cordevan.  
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,  
And all are dead but thy dear memorie;  
That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring  
Whilist there are pipes, or jolly Shepherds sing.  
And here will I in honour of thy love,  
Dwell by thy Grave, forgetting all those joys,  
That former times made precious to mine eyes,  
Only remembring what my youth did gain  
In the dark, hidden vertuous use of Herbs:  
That will I practise, and as freely give  
All my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.  
Of all green wounds I know the remedies  
In Men or Cattel, be they stung with Snakes,  
Or charm'd with powerful words of wicked Art,  
Or be they Love-sick, or through too much heat  
Grown wild or Lunatick, their eyes or ears  
Thickned with misty filme of dulling Rheum,  
These I can Cure, such secret vertue lies

In Herbs applyed by a Virgins hand:  
My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,  
Berries, and Chesnuts, Plantanes, on whose Cheeks,  
The Sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit  
Pull'd from the fair head of the staight 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 kist 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! [He stands amazed.  
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 mortalitie  
Dare with misty eyes behold,  
And live: therefore on this mold  
Lowly do I bend my knee,  
In worship of thy Deitie;  
Deign it Goddess from my hand,  
To receive what e're this land  
From her fertile Womb doth send  
Of her choice Fruits: and but lend  
Belief to that the Satyre tells,  
Fairer by the famous wells,  
To this present day ne're grew,  
Never better nor more true.  
Here be Grapes whose lusty blood  
Is the learned Poets good,  
Sweeter yet did never crown  
The head of Bacchus, Nuts more brown  
Than the Squirrels Teeth that crack them;  
Deign O fairest fair to take them.  
For these black ey'd Driope

Hath oftentimes commanded me,  
With my clasped knee to clime;  
See how well the lusty time  
Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red,  
Such as on your lips is spred,  
Here be Berries for a 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 Beeches shade,  
I must go, I must run  
Swifter than the fiery Sun. [Exit.

*Clo.* 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 Feaver shakes me,  
And the self same 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 uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,  
No Goblin, Wood-god, Fairy, Elfe, or Fiend,  
Satyr or other power that haunts the Groves,  
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion  
Draw me to wander after idle fires;  
Or voyces calling me in dead of night,  
To make me follow, and so tole me on  
Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruine:  
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 him four couple of Shepherds  
and Shepherdesses.*

*Old Shep.* Now we have done this holy Festival  
In honour of our great God, and his rites  
Perform'd, prepare your selves 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,  
Whatsoever this great day,  
Or the past hours gave not good,  
To corrupt your Maiden blood:  
From the high rebellious heat  
Of the Grapes, and strength of meat;  
From the wanton quick desires,  
They do kindle by their fires,  
I do wash you with this water,  
Be you pure and fair hereafter.  
From your Liver and your Veins,  
Thus I take away the stains.  
All your thoughts be smooth and fair,  
Be ye fresh and free as Air.  
Never more let lustful heat  
Through your purged conduits beat,  
Or a plighted troth be broken,  
Or a wanton verse be spoken  
In a Shepherdesses ear;  
Go your wayes, ye are all clear.  
[They rise and sing in praise of Pan.

The SONG.

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,

Whilest the hollow neighbouring ground  
Fills the Musick with her sound.

Pan, O great God Pan, to thee  
Thus do we sing:  
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free  
As the young spring,  
Ever be thy honour spoke,  
From that place the morn is broke,  
To that place Day doth unyoke.  
[Exeunt omnes but Perigot and Amoret.

*Peri.* Stay gentle Amoret, thou fair brow'd Maid,  
Thy Shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,  
Equal with his souls good.

*Amo.* 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.

*Peri.* 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 Winters rage, Summers great heat,  
And want of Water, Rots; or what to us  
Of ill is yet unknown, full speedily,  
And in their general ruine let me feel.

*Amo.* 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.

*Peri.* O you are fairer far  
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star  
That guides the wandring Sea-men through the deep,  
Straighter than 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 fraughted bags of our fair flocks:  
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks  
Of young Apollo.

*Amo.* Shepherd be not lost,  
Y'are sail'd too far already from the Coast  
Of our discourse.

*Peri.* Did you not tell me once  
I should not love alone, I should not lose  
Those many passions, vows, and holy Oaths,  
I've 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 your self vow'd were mine.

*Amo.* Shepherd, so far as Maidens 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.

*Peri.* 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?

*Amo.* Dear friend, you must not blame me if I make  
A doubt of what the silent night may do,  
Coupled with this dayes heat to move your bloud:  
Maids must be fearful; sure you have not been  
Wash'd white enough; for yet I see a stain  
Stick in your Liver, go and purge again.

*Peri.* O do not wrong my honest simple truth,  
My self 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 enterchange of mutual chaste embraces,  
And ceremonious tying of our selves:  
For to that holy wood is consecrate  
A vertuous well, about whose flowry banks,  
The nimble-footed Fairies dance their rounds,  
By the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes  
Their stolen Children, so to make them free  
From dying flesh, and dull mortalitie;  
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 crown'd the head of her long loved Shepherd  
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung  
Layes of his love and dear Captivitie;  
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 vertuous 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 aim'd at, and--

*Amo.* Thou hast prevail'd, farewell, this coming night  
Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long wish'd delight.

*Peri.* Our great god Pan reward thee for that good  
Thou hast given thy poor Shepherd: fairest Bud  
Of Maiden Vertues, when I leave to be  
The true Admirer of thy Chastitie,  
Let me deserve the hot polluted Name  
Of the 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 Vapour from his angry Breath,  
Filling the lower World with Plague and Death. [Ex. Am.]

*Enter Amaryllis.*

*Ama.* Shepherd, may I desire to be believ'd,  
What I shall blushing tell?

*Peri.* Fair Maid, you may.

*Ama.* Then softly thus, I love thee, Perigot,  
And would be gladder to be lov'd 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 wrastle, run, or cast the Stone  
With nimble strength and fair delivery,  
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily  
Sent secret heat to all the neighbouring Veins?  
Who ever 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 numbred in this Companie,  
Since none that ever saw thee yet, were free.

*Peri.* Fair Shepherdess, much pity I can lend  
To your Complaints: but sure I shall not love:  
All that is mine, my self, 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.

*Ama.* 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 might'st refuse me, Shepherd; but to thee  
I am only fixt and set, let it not be  
A Sport, thou gentle Shepherd to abuse  
The love of silly Maid.

*Peri.* 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, than bring my Love  
Home to my self 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 deceiv'd no longer, chuse again,  
These neighbouring Plains have many a comely Swain,  
Fresher, and freer far than I e'r was,  
Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.  
Farewel, be happy in a better Choice. [Exit.

*Ama.* 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 Saturns 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 fulness, or the youth  
Of smooth Lyaeus; whose nigh starved flocks  
Are always scabby, and infect all Sheep  
They feed withal; whose Lambs are ever last,  
And dye before their waining, and whose Dog  
Looks like his Master, lean, and full of scurf,  
Not caring for the Pipe or Whistle: this man may  
(If he be well wrought) do a deed of wonder,  
Forcing me passage to my long desires:  
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose,  
As my quick thoughts could wish for.

*Enter Shepherd.*

*Shep.* 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 aveng'd 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.

*Ama.* 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 Miserie  
The love-sick 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.

*Shep.* Name but that great work, danger, or what can  
Be compass'd by the Wit or Art of Man,  
And if I fail in my performance, may  
I never more kneel to the rising Day.

*Ama.* Then thus I try thee, Shepherd, this same night,  
That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair  
Have promis'd equal Love, and do appoint  
To make yon Wood the place where hands and hearts  
Are to be ty'd for ever: break their meeting  
And their strong Faith, and I am ever thine.

*Shep.* Tell me their Names, and if I do not move  
(By my great power) the Centre of their Love  
From his fixt being, let me never more  
Warm me by those fair Eyes I thus adore.

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

*Enter Cloe.*

*Cloe.* How have I wrong'd 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 companie  
Of jolly Shepherds; 'twas not then held good,  
For lusty Grooms to mix their quicker blood  
With that dull humour, most unfit to be  
The friend of man, cold and dull Chastitie.  
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,  
Or else not free enough, or from my fold  
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 soil 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 Modestie  
Makes me complain.

*Enter Thenot.*

*The.* Was ever Man but I  
Thus truly taken with uncertainty?  
Where shall that Man be found that loves a mind  
Made up in Constancy, and dare not find  
His Love rewarded? here let all men know  
A Wretch that lives to love his Mistress so.

*Clo.* Shepherd, I pray thee stay, where hast thou been?  
Or whither go'st thou? here be Woods as green  
As any, air likewise 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 choise as any;  
Here be all new Delights, cool Streams and Wells,  
Arbors o'rgrown with Woodbinds, Caves, and Dells,  
Chase 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 dyes;  
How she convey'd 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 Brothers light,  
To kiss her sweetest.

*The.* Far from me are these  
Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and ease;  
I have forgot what love and loving meant:  
Rhimes, Songs, and merry Rounds, that oft are sent  
To the soft Ears of Maids, are strange to me;  
Only I live t' admire a Chastitie,  
That neither pleasing Age, smooth tongue, or Gold,  
Could ever break upon, so pure a Mold  
Is that her Mind was cast in; 'tis to her  
I only am reserv'd; she is my form I stir  
By, breath and move, 'tis she and only she  
Can make me happy, or give miserie.

*Clo.* Good Shepherd, may a Stranger crave to know  
To whom this dear observance you do ow?

*The.* You may, and by her Vertue learn to square  
And level out your Life; for to be fair

And nothing vertuous, only fits the Eye  
Of gaudy Youth, and swelling Vanitie.  
Then know, she's call'd the Virgin of the Grove,  
She that hath long since bury'd her chaste Love,  
And now lives by his Grave, for whose dear Soul  
She hath vow'd her self into the holy Roll  
Of strict Virginitie; 'tis her I so admire,  
Not any looser Blood, or new desire.

*Clo.* Farewel poor Swain, thou art not for my bend,  
I must have quicker Souls, whose works 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 dot[h] 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.

*Enter Daphnis.*

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'r 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 chuse

A Man made out of Snow, and freer use  
An Eunuch to my ends: but since he's here,  
Thus I attempt him. Thou of men most dear,  
Welcome to her, that only for thy sake,  
Hath been content to live: here boldly take  
My hand in pledg, 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 infolded '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 memorie  
Of his own Beauty, nor Silvanus Boy,  
Nor the twice ravish'd Maid, for whom old Troy  
Fell by the hand of Pirrhus, may to thee  
Be otherwise compar'd, than some dead Tree  
To a young fruitful Olive.

*Daph.* I can love,  
But I am loth to say so, lest I prove  
Too soon unhappy.

*Clo.* Happy thou would'st say,  
My dearest Daphnis, blush not, if the day  
To thee and thy soft heats be enemie,  
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 you are too bashful, be more bold,  
And tell me I.

*Daph.* I'm content to say so,  
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so  
Much from your Fairness, that you would be true.

*Clo.* Shepherd, thou hast thy Wish.

*Daph.* 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 Worlds 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 unchast never. [Exit.

*Clo.* 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 time,  
Thou lazie swain, that maist relieve my needs,  
Than his, upon whose liver alwayes feeds  
A hungry vultur.

*Enter Alexis.*

*Ale.* 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 rein  
And wished freedom to the labouring vein?  
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know  
The cause of your retirement, why ye goe  
Thus all alone? methinks the downs are sweeter,  
And the young company of swains far meeter,  
Than those forsaken and untroden places.  
Give not your self to loneness, and those graces  
Hid 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 have been  
Than thou thy self art: I could tell thee more,

Were there but any hope left to restore  
My freedom lost. O lend me all thy red,  
Thou shamefast morning, when from Tithons bed  
Thou risest ever maiden.

*Alex.* If for me,  
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,  
Speak and be satisfied. O 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.

*Alex.* 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 suns hot beam  
Beats back again, seise 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.

*Alex.* Fly, fly thou day. [Exit.

*Cloe.* My grief is great if both these boyes should fail:  
He that will use all winds must shift his sail. [Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

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

*Priest.* O 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 low falling,  
And bright Hesperus down calling  
The dead night from under ground,  
At whose rising mists unsound,  
Damps, and vapours fly apace,  
Hovering o're 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 lye loose without,  
Lest the Wolf come as a scout  
From the mountain, and e're day  
Bear a Lamb or kid away,  
Or the crafty theevish Fox,  
Break upon your simple flocks:  
To secure your selves 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 for ever hold the love  
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers  
And soft silence fall in numbers  
On your eye-lids: so farewell,  
Thus I end my evenings knel. [Exeunt.

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

*Clor.* Now let me know what my best Art hath done,  
Helpt by the great power of the vertuous moon  
In her full light; O you sons of Earth,  
You only brood, unto whose happy birth  
Vertue 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-  
Dogs venom'd tooth; these Ramuns branches are,  
Which stuck in entries, or about the bar

That holds the door fast, kill all enchantments, charms,  
Were they Medeas verses that doe harms  
To men or cattel; these for frenzy be  
A speedy and a sovereign remedie,  
The bitter Wormwood, Sage, and Marigold,  
Such sympathy with mans good they do hold;  
This Tormentil, whose vertue is to part  
All deadly killing poyson from the heart;  
And here Narcissus roots for swellings be:  
Yellow Lysimachus, to give sweet rest  
To the faint Shepherd, killing where it comes  
All busie gnats, and every fly that hums:  
For leprosie, Darnel, and Sellondine,  
With Calamint, whose vertues do refine  
The blood of man, making it free and fair  
As the first hour it breath'd, 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 intice 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 quencht; by appetite,  
Robbing the soul of blessedness and light:  
And thou light Varvin too, thou must go after,  
Provoking easie 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 juyce, to make the grooms  
Swell with high mirth, as with joy all the rooms.

*Enter Thenot.*

*The.* This is the Cabin where the best of all  
Her Sex, that ever breath'd, or ever shall  
Give heat or happiness to the Shepherds 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 banisht 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 Joves high Court, and chaster far  
Than chastity it self, yon blessed star  
That nightly shines: Thou, all the constancie  
That in all women was, or e're shall be,  
From whose fair eye-balls flyes that holy fire,  
That Poets stile the Mother of desire,  
Infusing into every gentle brest  
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.

*Clor.* Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place?  
No way is troden, all the verdant grass  
The spring shot up, stands yet unbruised here  
Of any foot, only the dapled Deer  
Far from the feared sound of crooked horn  
Dwels in this fastness.

*The.* Chaster than the morn,  
I have not wandred, or by strong illusion  
Into this vertuous 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 labours, whilst the sound  
Breaks against Heaven, and drives into a stound  
The amazed Shepherd, that such vertue can  
Be resident in lesser than a man.

*Clor.* If any art I have, or hidden skill  
May cure thee of disease or festred ill,  
Whose grief or greenness to anothers eye  
May seem impossible of remedy,  
I dare yet undertake it.

*The.* 'Tis no pain  
I suffer through disease, no beating vein  
Conveyes infection dangerous to the heart,  
No part impostum'd to be cur'd by Art,  
This body holds; and yet a feller grief  
Than ever skilfull hand did give relief  
Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,  
Fair beauteous Virgin.

*Clor.* Then Shepherd, let me sue  
To know thy grief; that man yet never knew

The way to health, that durst not shew his sore.

*Then.* Then fairest, know, I love you.

*Clor.* Swain, no more,  
Thou hast abus'd the strictness of this place,  
And offred 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.

*Then.* Let me not  
(Thou all perfection) merit such a blot  
For my true zealous faith.

*Clor.* Dar'st thou abide  
To see this holy Earth at once divide  
And give her body up? for sure it will,  
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill  
This hallowed place; therefore repent and goe,  
Whilst I with praise appease his Ghost below,  
That else would tell thee what it were to be  
A rival in that vertuous love that he  
Imbraces yet.

*Then.* '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 easie soul, your hands and fingers long  
With veins inamel'd richly, nor your tongue,  
Though it spoke sweeter than Arions Harp,  
Your hair wove into many a curious warp,  
Able in endless error to infold  
The wandring soul, nor the true perfect mould  
Of all your body, which as pure doth show  
In Maiden whiteness as the Alpsian snow.  
All these, were but your constancie away,  
Would please me less than a black stormy day  
The wretched Seaman toyling through the deep.  
But whilst this honour'd strictness you dare keep,  
Though all the plagues that e're 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.

*Clor.* Wouldst thou have  
Me raise again (fond man) from silent grave,  
Those sparks that long agoe were buried here,  
With my dead friends cold ashes?

*Then.* Dearest dear,  
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant;  
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint:  
Remember how he lov'd 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 fancie from their long exile,  
To set 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 Neptunes battery; if ye yield, I die  
To all affection; 'tis that loyaltie  
Ye tie unto this grave I so admire;  
And yet there's something else I would desire,  
If you would hear me, but withall 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.

*Clor.* Doe, let time wear out  
What Art and Nature cannot bring about.

*Then.* Farewel thou soul of vertue, and be blest  
For ever, whilst that here I wretched rest  
Thus to my self; yet grant me leave to dwell  
In kenning of this Arbor; yon same dell  
O'retopt with morning Cypress and sad Yew  
Shall be my Cabin, where I'll early rewe,  
Before the Sun hath kist this dew away,  
The hard uncertain chance which Fate doth lay  
Upon this head.

*Clor.* 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 ne'r 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 the[m], or the breaking light,  
When many maiden blushes to our sight  
Shoot 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 prize: then loath, and fly:  
This do I hold a blessed destiny.

*Enter Amaryllis.*

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

*Sul.* Welcom fair Shepherdess, thy loving swain  
Gives thee the self same wishes back again,  
Who till this present hour ne're knew that eye,  
Could make me cross mine arms, or daily dye  
With fresh consumings: boldly tell me then,  
How shall we part their faithful loves, and when?  
Shall I bely him to her, shall I swear  
His faith is false, and he loves every where?  
I'll say he mockt her th' other day to you,  
Which will by your confirming shew as true,  
For he is of so pure an honesty,  
To think (because he will not) none will lye:  
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 offred 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 prest by me;  
There have I carv'd her name on many a tree,  
Together with mine own; to make this show  
More full of seeming, Hobinall 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 rouz'd us 'fore our time by his resort:  
This to confirm, I have promis'd to the boy  
Many a pretty knack, and many a toy,  
As gins 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.

*Amar.* Lov'd swain, I thank ye, these tricks might prevail  
With other rustick 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 chosens merit;  
Therefore some stranger way must force his spirit,  
Which I have found: give second, and my love  
Is everlasting thine.  
*Sul.* Try me and prove.

*Amar.* These happy pair of lovers meet straightway,  
Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,  
In the thick grove bordering upon yon Hill,  
In whose hard side Nature hath carv'd a well,  
And but that matchless spring which Poets know,  
Was ne're 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,  
With all their colours, 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 Winters hand,  
So full of heat and vertue is the land,  
About this fountain, which doth slowly break  
Below yon Mountains foot, into a Creek  
That waters all the vally, giving Fish  
Of many sorts, to fill the Shepherds 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 dipt o're the head, into what feature,  
Or shape 'twould please the letter down to crave,  
Who must pronounce this charm too, which she gave  
Me on her death-bed; told me what, and how,  
I should apply unto the Patients brow,  
That would be chang'd, casting them thrice asleep,  
Before I trusted them into this deep.  
All this she shew'd me, and did charge me prove  
This secret of her Art, if crost in love.  
I'll this attempt; now Shepherd, I have here  
All her prescriptions, and I will not fear  
To be my self dipt: 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 e're the day shall quite it self out-wear,  
I will return unto my Shepherds arm,  
Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,  
And pluck me up my self, whom freely take,  
And the hotst fire of thine affection slake.

*Sul.* And if I fit thee not, then fit not me:  
I long the truth of this wells power to see. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Daphnis.*

*Daph.* Here will I stay, for this the covert is  
Where I appointed Cloe; do not miss,  
Thou bright-ey'd virgin, come, O come my fair,  
Be not abus'd with fear, nor let cold care  
Of honour stay thee from the Shepherds 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.  
My language shall be honest, full of truth,  
My flames as smooth and spotless as my youth:  
I will not entertain that wandring thought,  
Whose easie current may at length be brought  
To a loose vastness.

*Alexis within.* Cloe!



*Daph.* 'Tis her voyce,  
And I must answer, Cloe! Oh 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!

*Daph.* There sounds that [blessed] name again,

*Enter Alexis.*

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 my self more knowledg.

*Alex.* Oh my fire,  
How thou consum'st 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 these many ways  
That lead into this center, till I find  
Quench for my burning lust. I come, unkind. [Exit Alexis.]

*Daph.* Can my imagination work me so much ill,  
That I may credit this for truth, and still  
Believe mine eyes? or shall I firmly hold  
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 vertuous thought with error.  
But be they far from me with their fond terrour:  
I am resolv'd my Cloe yet is true. [Cloe within.  
Cloe, hark, Cloe: Sure this voyce 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 incounter!

*Enter Cloe.*

*Clo.* Shepherd, we are met,  
Draw close into the covert, lest the wet  
Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground  
Soke through your Startups.

*Daph.* Fairest are you found?  
How have we wandred, that the better part  
Of this good night is perisht? Oh my heart!  
How have I long'd to meet ye, how to kiss  
Those lilly 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 unmanner'd, far too rude,  
And almost grown lascivious to intrude  
These hot behaviours; where regard of fame,  
Honour, and modesty, a vertuous name,  
And such discourse as one fair Sister may  
Without offence unto the Brother say,  
Should rather have been tendred: 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 modestie.  
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 lovers cunning, all his wiles,  
And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me  
Be strangers; only to your chastitie  
I am devoted ever.

*Clo.* Honest Swain,  
First let me thank you, then return again  
As much of my love: no thou art too cold,  
Unhappy Boy, not tempred to my mold,  
Thy blood falls heavy downward, 'tis not fear  
To offend in boldness wins, they never wear  
Deserved favours 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 meerly lost, to make him do his part?  
But I will shake him off, that dares not hold,  
Let men that hope to be belov'd 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  
Whilest I in zealous meditation stray  
A little this way: when we both have ended  
These rites and duties, by the woods befriended,  
And secrecie of night, retire and find  
An aged Oak, whose hollowness may bind  
Us both within his body, thither go,  
It stands within yon bottom.

*Daph.* Be it so. [Ex. Daph.]

*Clo.* And I will meet there never more with thee,  
Thou idle shamefastness.

*Alex.* [within] Chloe!

*Clo.* 'Tis he  
That dare I hope be bolder.

*Alex.* Cloe!

*Clo.* Now  
Great Pan for Syrinx sake bid speed our Plow. [Exit Cloe.]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Sullen Shepherd with Amaryllis in a sleep.*

*Sull.* From thy forehead thus I take  
These herbs, and charge thee not awake  
Till in yonder holy Well,  
Thrice with powerful Magick spell,  
Fill'd with many a baleful word,  
Thou hast been dipt; thus with my cord  
Of blasted Hemp, by Moon-light twin'd,

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 swound,  
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,  
Camelions 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:  
Cynthia work thou with my charm,  
Thus I draw thee free from harm  
Up out of this blessed Lake,  
Rise both like her and awake. [She awakes.

*Amar.* Speak Shepherd, am I Amoret to sight?  
Or hast thou mist in any Magick rite;  
For want of which any defect in me,  
May make our practices discovered be.

*Sul.* By yonder Moon, but that I here do stand,  
Whose breath hath thus transform'd thee, and whose hand  
Let thee down dry, and pluckt thee up thus wet,  
I should my self take thee for Amoret;  
Thou art in cloths, in feature, voice and hew  
So like, that sense cannot distinguish you.

*Amar.* 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 troden hath;  
I'll not be far from hence, if need there be,  
Here is another charm, whose power will free  
The dazeled sense, read by the Moons beams clear,  
And in my own true map make me appear.

*Enter Perigot.*

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

*Per.* 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 Traveller in dead of Night,  
Nor strayed Beasts have faln in, but when sight  
Hath fail'd 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. [Ex. Amaryllis, Perigot.

*Per.* My Love.

*Amar.* I come my Love. [Exit.

*Sull.* Now she has got  
Her own desires, and I shall gainer be  
Of my long lookt for hopes as well as she.  
How bright the moon shines here, as if she strove  
To show her Glory in this little Grove,

*Enter Amoret.*

To some new loved Shepherd. Yonder is  
Another Amoret. Where differs this  
From that? but that she Perigot hath met,  
I should have ta'n this for the counterfeit:  
Herbs, Woods, and Springs, the power that in you lies,  
If mortal men could know your Properties!

*Amo.* Methinks it is not Night, I have no fear,  
Walking this Wood, of Lions, or the Bear,  
Whose Names at other times have made me quake,  
When any Shepherdess in her tale spake  
Of some of them, that underneath a Wood  
Have torn true Lovers that together stood.  
Methinks there are no Goblins, and mens 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?

*Sull.* Fair maid.

*Amo.* Ay me, thou art not Perigot.

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

*Amor.* 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 seek him out; and for thy Courtesie  
Pray Pan thy Love may ever follow thee. [Exit.

*Sull.* How bright she was, how lovely did she show!  
Was it not pity to deceive her so?  
She pluckt her Garments up, and tript away,  
And with her Virgin-innocence did pray  
For me that perjur'd 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,  
Why did not I essay to win her Love?  
She would not sure have yielded unto me;  
Women love only Opportunitie,  
And not the Man; or if she had deny'd,  
Alone, I might have forc'd her to have try'd  
Who had been stronger: O vain Fool, to let  
Such blest Occasion pass; I'll follow yet,  
My Blood is up, I cannot now forbear.

*Enter Alex, 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.

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

*Clo.* 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 chuse some place, where out of sight  
We freely may enjoy our stoln delight.

*Alex.* Then boldly here, where we shall ne're be found,  
No Shepherds way lies here, 'tis hallow'd ground:  
No Maid seeks here her strayed Cow, or Sheep,  
Fairies, and Fawns, and Satyrs do it keep:  
Then carelesly rest here, and clip and kiss,  
And let no fear make us our pleasures miss.

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

*Sull.* Forbear to touch my Love, or by yon flame,  
The greatest power that Shepherds dare to name,  
Here where thou sit'st under this holy tree  
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be.

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

*Sull.* Then from the cold Earth never shalt thou move,  
But lose at one stroke both thy Life and Love.

*Clo.* Hold gentle Shepherd.

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

*Alex.* O yet forbear  
To take her from me; give me leave to dye  
By her.

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

*Sat.* Now whilst the Moon doth rule the Skie,  
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, musick, 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 Chastitie:  
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.

*Alex.* O Death!

*Sat.* 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 Moon beams bright,  
Speak again, thou mortal wight.

*Alex.* Oh!

*Sat.* 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 cloaths foul'd 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.*

*Clo.* Since I beheld yon 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,  
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 furnisht 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 Spright.  
Then where art thou that struck'st my love? O stay,  
Bring me thy self 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 embrac'd:  
But thou art fled. What hope is left for me?  
I'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,  
Whom 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 behaviour too  
Perhaps may teach him what he ought to do. [Exit.

*Enter Sullen Shepherd.*

*Sul.* This was the place, 'twas but my feeble sight,  
Mixt with the horrour of my deed, and night,  
That shap't these fears, and made me run away,  
And lose my beauteous hardly gotten prey.  
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 remov'd  
By her of whom it was so well belov'd.

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

But these fancies must be quite forgot,  
I must lye close. Here comes young Perigot  
With subtile Amaryllis in the shape  
Of Amoret. Pray Love he may not 'scape.

*Amar.* Beloved Perigot, shew me some place,  
Where I may rest my limbs, weak with the Chace  
Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.

*Per.* Beshrew my tardy steps: here shalt thou rest  
Upon this holy bank, no deadly Snake  
Upon this turf her self in folds doth make.  
Here is no poyson for the Toad to feed;  
Here boldly spread thy hands, no venom'd Weed  
Dares blister them, no slimy Snail dare creep  
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep;  
Here never durst the babling Cuckow spit,  
No slough of falling Star did ever hit  
Upon this bank: let this thy Cabin be,  
This other set with Violets for me.

*Ama.* Thou dost not love me Perigot.

*Per.* Fair maid,  
You only love to hear it often said;  
You do not doubt.

*Amar.* Believe me but I do.

*Per.* 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.

*Amar.* By Pan I swear, I loved Perigot,  
And by yon Moon, I think thou lov'st me not.

*Per.* 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 on the rest, a Rot among my Sheep.  
I love thee better than the careful Ewe  
The new-yea'n'd Lamb that is of her own hew;  
I dote upon thee more than the 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 devour'd, and it should be my strife  
To save thee, whom I love above my life.

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

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

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

*Per.* What means my Love?

*Ama.* To do as lovers shou'd,  
That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd.  
There's ne'r a Shepherdess in all the plain  
Can kiss thee with more Art, there's none can feign  
More wanton tricks.

*Per.* Forbear, dear Soul, to trie  
Whether my Heart be pure; I'll rather die  
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.

*Amar.* Still think'st thou such a thing as Chastitie  
Is amongst Women? Perigot there's none,  
That with her Love is in a Wood alone,  
And would come home a maid; be not abus'd  
With thy fond first Belief, let time be us'd:  
Why dost thou rise?

*Per.* My true heart thou hast slain.

*Ama.* Faith Perigot, I'll pluck thee down again.

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

*Ama.* Sweet love, lye down.

*Per.* Since this I live to see,  
Some bitter North-wind blast my flocks and me.

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

*Per.* O be as thou wert once, I'll love thee still.

*Ama.* I am, as still I was, and all my kind,  
Though other shows we have poor men to blind.

*Per.* Then here I end all Love, and lest my vain  
Belief should ever draw me in again,  
Before thy face that hast my Youth misled,  
I end my life, my blood be on thy head.

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

*Per.* Thou counsel'st well, first Amoret shall dye,  
That is the cause of my eternal smart. [He runs after her.

*Ama.* O hold.

*Per.* This steel shall pierce thy lustful heart.

*[The Sullen Shepherd steps out and uncharms her.*

*Sull.* Up and down every where,  
I strew the herbs to purge the air:  
Let your Odour drive hence  
All mists that dazel sence.  
Herbs and Springs whose hidden might  
Alters Shapes, and mocks the sight,  
Thus I charge you to undo  
All before I brought ye to:  
Let her flye, let her 'scape,  
Give again her own shape.

*Enter Amaryllis in her own shape.*

*Amar.* Forbear thou gentle Swain, thou dost mistake,  
She whom thou follow'dst fled into the brake,  
And as I crost thy way, I met thy wrath,  
The only fear of which near slain me hath.

*Per.* Pardon fair Shepherdess, my rage and night  
Were both upon me, and beguil'd my sight;  
But far be it from me to spill the blood  
Of harmless Maids that wander in the Wood. [Ex. Ama.]

*Enter Amoret.*

*Amor.* 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.

*Per.* See yonder where she is, how fair  
She shows, and yet her breath infests the air.

*Amo.* My Perigot.

*Per.* Here.

*Amo.* Happy.

*Per.* Hapless first:  
It lights on thee, the next blow is the worst.

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

*Peri.* Death is the best reward that's due to lust. [Exit Perigot.]

*Sul.* Now shall their love be crost, for being struck,  
I'll throw her in the Fount, lest being took  
By some night-traveller, whose honest care  
May help to cure her. Shepherdess prepare  
Your self to die.

*Amo.* No Mercy I do crave,  
Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have;  
Tell him that gave me this, who lov'd 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 injur'd me.

*Sul.* In this Fount be thy grave, thou wert not meant  
Sure for a woman, thou art so innocent. [flings her into the well  
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 powerfull 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 stayes and feeds,  
All have hid them in the weeds.  
Here's a mortal almost dead,  
Faln into my River head,  
Hallowed 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 plaister bound.  
Yet she's warm, her pulses beat,  
'Tis a sign of life and heat.  
If thou be'st a Virgin pure,  
I can give a present cure:  
Take a drop into thy wound  
From my watry locks more round  
Than Orient Pearl, and far more pure  
Than unchast 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 staid.  
From my banks I pluck this flower  
With holy hand, whose vertuous 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.

*Amo.* Who hath restor'd my sense, given me new breath,  
And brought me back out of the arms of death?

*God.* I have heal'd thy wounds.

*Amo.* Ay me!

*God.* Fear not him that succour'd thee:  
I am this Fountains 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 companie,  
In the cool streams shalt thou lye,  
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  
Through the pure streams may be seen:  
Orient Pearl fit for a Queen,  
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 spring.

*The SONG.*

Do not fear to put thy feet  
Naked in the River sweet;  
Think not Leach, or Newt or Toad  
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast troad;  
Nor let the water rising high,

As thou wad'st in, make thee crie  
And sob, but ever live with me,  
And not a wave shall trouble thee.

*Amo.* Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,  
I know my self unworthy to be woo'd  
By thee a god: for e're this, but for thee  
I should have shown my weak Mortalitie:  
Besides, by holy Oath betwixt us twain,  
I am betroath'd 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 neighbour people sate  
On my banks, and from the fold,  
Two white Lambs of three weeks old  
Offered to my Deitie:  
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 overflown,  
When their grass is newly mown.

*Amo.* 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 damm thy Brook;  
Bare-foot may no Neighbour wade  
In thy cool streams, wife nor maid,  
When the spawns on stones do lye,  
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.

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

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Perigot.*

*Per.* She is untrue, unconstant, and unkind,  
She's gone, she's gone, blow high thou North-west 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 trustie Boar-spear in my hand,  
And falling thus upon it.

*Enter Amaryllis, running.*

*Amar.* Stay thy dead-doing hand, thou art too hot  
Against thy self, believe me comely Swain,  
If that thou dyest, not all the showers of Rain  
The heavy clods send down can wash away  
That 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 numbred 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 dye, smooth gently up that fair  
Dejected forehead: be as when those eyes  
Took the first heat.

*Per.* Alas he double dyes,  
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 inamour'd of this breath  
So much, but I dare leave it, 'tis not pain  
In forcing of a wound, nor after gain

Of many dayes, can hold me from my will:  
'Tis not my self, but Amoret, bids kill.

*Ama.* 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,  
My self turn'd 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 Prim-Rose Chaplet, taudry-lace and Ring,  
Thou gavest her for her singing, with each thing  
Else that she wears about her, let me feel  
The first fell stroke of that Revenging steel.

*Per.* I am contented, if there be a hope  
To give it entertainment, for the scope  
Of one poor hour; goe, you shall find me next  
Under yon shady Beech, even thus perplext,  
And thus believing.

*Ama.* Bind before I goe,  
Thy soul by Pan unto me, not to doe  
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,  
Till my return.

*Per.* By Pan, and by the strife  
He had with Phoebus for the Mastery,  
When Golden Midas judg'd their Minstrelcy,  
I will not. [Exeunt.

*Enter Satyr, with Alexis, hurt.*

*Satyr.* Softly gliding as I goe,  
With this burthen full of woe,  
Through still silence of the night,  
Guided by the Gloe-worms light,  
Hither am I come at last,  
Many a Thicket have I past  
Not a twig that durst deny me,  
Not a bush that durst descry me,  
To the little Bird that 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,  
Than I, when nimbly on the ground,  
I measure many a league an hour:  
But behold the happy power,  
That must ease me of my charge,  
And by holy hand enlarge  
The soul of this sad man, that yet  
Lyes fast bound in deadly fit;  
Heaven and great Pan succour it!  
Hail thou beauty of the bower,  
Whiter than the Paramour  
Of my Master, let me crave  
Thy vertuous help to keep from Grave  
This poor Mortal that here lyes,  
Waiting when the destinies  
Will cut off his thred of life:  
View the wound by cruel knife  
Trencht into him.

*Clor.* What art thou call'st me from my holy rites,  
And with thy feared name of death affrights  
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 bow,  
But beshrew his heart that pull'd it,  
And his perfect sight that cull'd it  
From the other springing blooms;  
For a sweeter youth the Grooms  
Cannot show me, nor the downs,  
Nor the many neighbouring 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.

*Clor.* Satyr, they wrong thee, that do term thee rude,  
Though thou beest outward rough and tawny hu'd,  
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair  
As his, who brags himself, born only heir  
To all Humanity: let me see the 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 forc'd into the sore:  
This to draw out such putrifying gore  
As inward falls.

*Satyr.* Heaven grant it may doe good.

*Clor.* Fairly wipe away the blood:  
Hold him gently till I fling  
Water of a vertuous spring  
On his temples; turn him twice  
To the Moon beams, pinch him thrice,  
That the labouring soul may draw  
From his great eclipse.

*Satyr.* I saw  
His eye-lids moving.

*Clo.* Give him breath,  
All the danger of cold death  
Now is vanisht; with this Plaster,  
And this unction, do I master  
All the festred ill that may  
Give him grief another day.

*Satyr.* See he gathers up his spright  
And begins to hunt for light;  
Now he gapes and breaths again:  
How the blood runs to the vein,  
That erst was empty!

*Alex.* O 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 flye,  
And leave me to thy 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 reprovng and more awe  
Than these eyes yet ever saw  
In my Cloe. Oh my pain  
Eagerly renews again.

Give me your help for his sake you love best.

*Clor.* Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest,  
Till thou hast laid aside all hearts desires  
Provoking thought that stir up lusty fires,  
Commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will  
To execute, these must be purg'd, untill  
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 vertuous Plaster will displease  
Your tender sides; give me your hand and rise:  
Help him a little Satyr, for his thighs  
Yet are feeble.

*Alex.* 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.

*Clor.* 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 Fayries, all her beauty,  
I would do it, so much duty  
Do I owe those precious Eyes.

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

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

*Clo.* Friend farewell. [Exit.

*Enter Amoret, seeking her Love.*

*Amor.* This place is Ominous, for here I lost  
My Love and almost life, and since have crost  
All these Woods over, never a Nook or Dell,  
Where any little Bird, or Beast doth dwell,  
But I have sought him, never a bending brow  
Of any Hill or Glade, the wind sings through,  
Nor a green bank, nor shade where Shepherds use  
To sit and Riddle, sweetly pipe, or chuse  
Their Valentines, that I have mist, to find  
My love in. Perigot, Oh too unkind,  
Why hast thou fled me? whither art thou gone?  
How have I wrong'd thee? was my love alone  
To thee worthy this scorn'd recompence? 'tis well,  
I am content to 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 Abyse  
From light and happiness; and thou mayst know  
All this for truth, and how that fatal blow  
Thou gav'st 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 divorc'd us, shortly shall be seen  
A sight of so great pity, that each eye  
Shall dayly spend his spring in memory  
Of my untimely fall.

*Enter Amaryllis.*

*Amar.* 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 mad-mens fancy, when the many streams  
Of new imaginations 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  
Lanc't up her brest, 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, for ever with the waves to dwell.  
'Tis she, the very same, 'tis Amoret,  
And living yet, the great powers will not let  
Their vertuous love be crost. Maid, wipe away  
Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay  
The storm that yet goes high, which not deprest,  
Breaks heart and life, and all before it rest:  
Thy Perigot--

*Amor.* Where, which is Perigot?

*Amar.* 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.

*Amo.* I go, I run, Heaven grant me I may win  
His soul again. [Exit Amoret.

*Enter Sullen.*

*Sull.* Stay Amaryllis, stay,  
Ye are too fleet, 'tis two hours yet to day.  
I have perform'd my promise, let us sit  
And warm our bloods together till the fit  
Come lively on us.

*Amar.* Friend you are too keen,  
The morning riseth and we shall be seen,  
Forbear a little.

*Sull.* I can stay no longer.

*Amar.* Hold Shepherd hold, learn not to be a wronger  
Of your word, was not your promise laid,  
To break their loves first?

*Sull.* I have done it Maid.

*Amar.* No, they are yet unbroken, met again,  
And are as hard to part yet as the stain  
Is from the finest Lawn.

*Sull.* I say they are  
Now at this present parted, and so far,  
That they shall never meet.

*Amar.* Swain 'tis not so,  
For do but to yon hanging Mountain go,  
And there believe your eyes.

*Sull.* You do but hold  
Off with delays and trifles; farewell cold  
And frozen bashfulness, unfit for men;  
Thus I salute thee Virgin.

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



*Sull.* And if I stay behind I am no man. [Exit running after her.]

*Enter Perigot.*

*Per.* Night do not steal away: I woo thee yet  
To hold a hard hand o're the rusty bit  
That guides the lazy Team: go back again,  
Bootes, thou that driv'st thy frozen Wain  
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 Sun-beam shot his wholesome light,  
That I may sit and pour out my sad spright  
Like running water, never to be known  
After the forced fall and sound is gone.

*Enter Amoret looking for Perigot.*

*Amo.* This is the bottom: speak if thou be here,  
My Perigot, thy Amoret, thy dear  
Calls on thy loved Name.

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

*Amo.* '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 suffer'd for thy sake, and am content  
To be thy love again; why hast thou rent  
Those curled locks, where I have often hung  
Riband and Damask-roses, and have flung  
Waters distil'd to make thee fresh and gay,  
Sweeter than the Nosegayes on a Bridal day?  
Why dost thou cross thine Arms, and hang thy face  
Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace  
From those two little Heavens upon the ground  
Showers of more price, more Orient, and more round  
Than those that hang upon the Moons 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.

*Per.* So spoke my fair.

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

*Amo.* Shepherd, what means this Riddle? who hath set  
So strong a difference 'twixt my self and me  
That I am grown another? look and see  
The Ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist  
That curious Bracelet thou thy self didst twist  
From those fair Tresses: knowst thou Amoret?  
Hath not some newer love forc'd thee forget  
Thy Ancient faith?

*Per.* 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  
Signs with her head and hand, as who would say,  
Shepherd remember this another day.

*Amo.* Am I not Amaret? where was I lost?  
Can there be Heaven, and time, and men, and most  
Of these unconstant? Faith where art thou fled?  
Are all the vows and protestations dead,  
The hands [held] up, the wishes, and the heart,  
Is there not one remaining, not a part  
Of all these to be found? why then I see  
Men never knew that vertue Constancie.

*Per.* Men ever were most blessed, till crass 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 subtil Hare, that 'fore the Hounds  
Makes many turnings, leaps and many rounds,  
This way and that way, to deceive the scent  
Of her pursuers.

*Amo.* '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.

*Per.* Thou art all these, and more than nature meant,  
When she created all, frowns, joys, content;  
Extream fire for an hour, and presently  
Colder than sleepy poyson, 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 Womans mind.

*Amo.* Can there be any Age, or dayes, 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 alwayes just, and alwayes blest  
In faith and promise; thou that hadst the name  
Of Vertuous given thee, and made good the same  
Ev'en 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 infamie,  
And I to live to know this! and by me  
That lov'd thee dearer than mine eyes, or that  
Which we esteem'd our honour, Virgin state;  
Dearer than Swallows love the early morn,  
Or Dogs of Chace 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 thy self, 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?  
Lov'd worthily to get a wantons 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?

*Per.* 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 unstain'd, and shall not now  
Stoop to the meltings of a borrowed brow.

*Amo.* Then hear me heaven, to whom I call for right,  
And you fair twinkling stars that crown the night;  
And hear me woods, 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 breath out my last; I am that maid,  
That yet untainted Amoret, that plaid  
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 beguil'd.  
I am that maid, that have delaid, deny'd,  
And almost scorn'd the loves of all that try'd  
To win me, but this swain, and yet confess  
I have been woo'd 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: nor these, nor they  
That sent them did I smile on, or e're lay  
Up to my after-memory. But why  
Do I resolve to grieve, and not to dye?  
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;  
By this time had I found a quiet room  
Where every slave is free, and every brest  
That living breeds new care, now lies at rest,  
And thither will poor Amoret.

*Per.* Thou must.  
Was ever any man so loth 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. [He hurts her again.

*Amo.* So, this work hath end:  
Farewel 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 shoots like a streak  
Of subtil fire, the wind blows cold,  
Whilst the morning doth unfold;  
Now the Birds begin to rouse,  
And the Squirril from the boughs  
Leaps to get him Nuts and fruit;  
The early Lark that erst was mute,  
Carrols to the rising day  
Many a note and many a lay:  
Therefore here I end my watch,  
Lest the wandring swain should catch  
Harm, or lose himself.

*Amo.* Ah me!

*Satyr.* Speak again what e're thou be,  
I am ready, speak I say:  
By the dawning of the day,  
By the power of night and Pan,  
I inforce thee speak again.

*Amo.* O I am most unhappy.

*Satyr.* Yet more blood!  
Sure these wanton Swains are wode.  
Can there be a hand or heart  
Dare commit so vile a part  
As this Murther? By the Moon  
That hid her self when this was done,  
Never was a sweeter face:  
I will bear her to the place  
Where my Goddess keeps; and crave  
Her to give her life, or grave. [Exeunt.

*Enter Clorin.*

*Clor.* Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure  
I steal abroad to doe 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  
Tear me, and o're thy Grave let out my blood;  
I goe by wit to cure a lovers pain  
Which no herb can; being done, I'll come again. [Exit.

*Enter Thenot.*

*The.* Poor Shepherd in this shade for ever lye,  
And seeing thy fair Clorins Cabin, dye:  
O hapless love, which [being] answer'd, ends;  
And as a little infant cryes and bends  
His tender Brows, when rowling of his eye  
He hath espy'd some thing that glisters nigh  
Which he would have, yet give it him, away  
He throws it straight, and cryes afresh to play  
With something else: such my affection, set  
On that which I should loath, if I could get.

*Enter Clorin.*

*Clor.* See where he lyes; did ever man but he  
Love any woman for her Constancie  
To her dead lover, which she needs must end  
Before she can allow him for her friend,  
And he 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 loyaltie:  
Shepherd, look up.

*The.* Thy brightness doth amaze!  
So Phoebus may at noon bid mortals gaze,  
Thy glorious constancie appears so bright,  
I dare not meet the Beams with my weak sight.

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

*The.* Why dost thou keep such spotless constancie?

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

*The.* 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.

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

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

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

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

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

*The.* Why dost thou wound  
His heart with malice, against woman more,  
That hated all the Sex, but thee before?  
How much more pleasant had it been to me  
To dye, than to behold this change in thee?  
Yet, yet, return, let not the woman sway.

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

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

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

*The.* Thou hadst no fame, that which thou didst like good,  
Was but thy appetite that sway'd 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 doe some one thing well.  
Yet turn.

*Clor.* Thou dost but try me if I would  
Forsake thy dear imbraces, for my old  
Love's, though he were alive: but do not fear.

*The.* I do contemn thee now, and dare come near,  
And gaze upon thee; for me thinks that grace,  
Austeritie, which sate upon that face  
Is gone, and thou like others: false maid see,  
This is the gain of foul inconstancie. [Exit.

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

*Enter Thenot, again.*

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

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

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

*Clor.* Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou wilt.

*The.* Thou art of womens race, and full of guilt.  
Farewel all hope of that Sex, whilst I thought  
There was one good, I fear'd to find one naught:  
But since their minds I all alike espie,  
Henceforth I'll choose as others, by mine eye.

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

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.



*Enter Priest, and old Shepherd.*

*Priest.* Shepherds, rise and shake off sleep,  
See the blushing Morn doth peep  
Through the window, 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 lazie grooms, and fill  
Bagg and Bottle for the field;  
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield  
To the bitter North-east wind.  
Call the Maidens up, and find  
Who lay longest, that she may  
Goe 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 easie, or the rooms  
Fill'd with such new delight, and heat, that they  
Have both forgot their hungry sheep, and day;  
Knock, that they may remember what a shame  
Sloath and neglect layes on a Shepherds name.

*Old Shep.* 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 neighbour to the bordering Down,  
Hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lustie sport,  
Or spiced Wassel-Boul, 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 Shep.* This to the meads,  
And that down to the woods.

*Priest.* Then this for me;  
Come Shepherd let me crave your companie. [Exeunt.

*Enter Clorin, in her Cabin, Alexis, with her.*

*Clor.* 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.

*Alex.* Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid:  
I find my former wandring thoughts well staid  
Through thy wise precepts, and my outward pain  
By thy choice herbs is almost gone again:  
Thy sexes vice and vertue are reveal'd  
At once, for what one hurt, another heal'd.

*Clor.* 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.*

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

*Satyr.* Fairest Virgin do not fear  
Me, that do thy body bear,  
Not to hurt, but heal'd 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 ha' toucht asleep, or wake:  
So sweet, that Adder, Newte, 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.

*Clor.* With spotless hand, on spotless brest  
I put these herbs to give thee rest:  
Which till it heal thee, will abide,

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?

*Clor.* Why that hath brought it.

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

*Clor.* 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 Medicines 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.

*Clor.* 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're full of sin.

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

*Sat.* 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 wholsome, sweet and blest,  
Till this Virgins wound be drest.

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

*Sat.* By Pan, I think she hath no sin,  
She is so light: lye on these leaves.  
Sleep that mortal sense deceives,  
Crown thine Eyes, and ease thy pain,  
Maist thou soon be well again.

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

*Sat.* Shepherd come.

*Daph.* My thoughts are pure.

*Sat.* The better trial to endure.

*Clor.* In this flame his finger thrust,  
Which will burn him if he lust;  
But if not, away will turn,  
As loth unspotted flesh to burn:  
See, it gives back, let him go,  
*Farewel* mortal, keep thee so.

*Sat.* Stay fair Nymph, flye 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.

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

*Sat.* 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.

*Alex.* Is not that Cloe? 'tis my Love, 'tis she!  
Cloe, fair Cloe.

*Clo.* My Alexis.

*Alex.* He.

*Clo.* Let me embrace thee.

*Clor.* Take her hence,  
Lest her sight disturb his sence.

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

*Clor.* See, his wound again is burst:  
Keep her near, here in the Wood,  
Till I ha' stopt 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 for ever; 'tis in vain  
To find 'em out with trouble and much pain,  
That have a ripe desire, and forward will  
To flye the Company of all but ill,  
What shall be counsel'd now? shall we retire?  
Or constant follow still that first desire  
We had to find them?

*Old.* Stay a little while;  
For if the Morning mist do not beguile  
My sight with shadows, sure I see a Swain;  
One of this jolly Troop's come back again.

*Enter Thenot.*

*Pri.* 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 Vertue, and a vertuous Name,  
And like a glorious, desperate man that buys  
A poyson 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.

*The.* Right holy Sir, I have not known this night,  
What the smooth face of Mirth was, or the sight  
Of any looseness; musick, joy, and ease,  
Have been to me as bitter drugs to please  
A Stomach lost with weakness, not a game  
That I am skill'd at throughly; nor a Dame,  
Went her tongue smoother than the feet of Time,  
Her beauty ever living like the Rime  
Our blessed Tityrus did sing of yore,  
No, were she more enticing than the store  
Of fruitful Summer, when the loaden Tree  
Bids the faint Traveller 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 Womans eye.

*Priest.* Then wherefore hast thou wandred?

*The.* 'Twas a Vow  
That drew me out last night, which I have now  
Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give  
Fresh pasture to my Sheep, that they may live.

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

*The.* I have not seen,  
Since yesternight we met upon this green  
To fold our Flocks up, any of that train;  
Yet have I walkt these Woods round, and have lain  
All this same night under an aged Tree,  
Yet neither wandring Shepherd did I see,  
Or Shepherdess, or drew into mine ear  
The sound of living thing, unless it were  
The Nightingale among the thick leav'd 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 Moons cold beams.

*Priest.* Go and beware  
Of after falling.

*The.* Father 'tis my care. [Exit Thenot.

*Enter Daphnis.*

*Old.* Here comes another Stragler, sure I see  
A Shame in this young Shepherd. Daphnis!

*Daph.* He.

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

*Daph.* Thou holy man,  
Give me a little breathing till I can  
Be able to unfold what I have seen;  
Such horroure that the like hath never been  
Known to the ear of Shepherd: Oh my heart  
Labours 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 Cattel have been often cur'd,  
There lovely Amoret that was assur'd  
To lusty Perigot, bleeds out her life,  
Forc'd by some Iron hand and fatal knife;  
And by her young Alexis.

*Enter Amaryllis running from her Sullen Shepherd.*

*Amar.* If there be  
Ever a Neighbour 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 Rivers brinks, and still doth shake  
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit:  
Let me be made a reed, and ever mute,  
Nod to the waters fall, whilst every blast  
Sings through my slender leaves that I was chaste.

*Pri.* This is a night of wonder, Amaryll  
Be comforted, the holy gods are still  
Revengeurs of these wrongs.

*Amar.* Thou blessed man,  
Honour'd upon these plains, and lov'd of Pan,  
Hear me, and save from endless infamie  
My yet unblasted Flower, Virginitie:  
By all the Garlands that have crown'd that head,  
By the chaste office, and the Marriage bed  
That still is blest by thee, by all the rights  
Due to our gods; 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 purg'd: I am not now  
That wanton Amaryllis: here I vow  
To Heaven, and thee grave Father, if I may  
'Scape this unhappy Night, to know the Day,  
To live a Virgin, never to endure  
The tongues, or Company of men impure.  
I hear him come, save me.

*Pri.* Retire a while  
Behind this Bush, till we have known that vile  
Abuser of young Maidens.

*Enter Sullen.*

*Sul.* Stay thy pace,  
Most loved Amaryllis, let the Chase  
Grow calm and milder, flye me not so fast,  
I fear the pointed Brambles have unlac'd  
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 the smiling Cheek  
Of Plums, or mellow Peaches; I am sleek  
And smooth as Neptune, when stern Eolus  
Locks up his surly Winds, and nimbly thus  
Can shew my active Youth; why dost thou flye?  
Remember Amaryllis, it was I  
That kill'd Alexis for thy sake, and set  
An everlasting hate 'twixt Amoret  
And her beloved Perigot: 'twas I  
That drown'd her in the Well, where she must lye  
Till Time shall leave to be; then turn again,



Turn with thy open arms, and clip the Swain  
That hath perform'd all this, turn, turn I say:  
I must not be deluded.

*Pri.* Monster stay,  
Thou that art like a Canker to the State  
Thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate  
Through every honest bosome, forcing still  
The Veins of any that may serve thy Will,  
Thou that hast offer'd with a sinful hand  
To seize upon this Virgin that doth stand  
Yet trembling here.

*Sull.* Good holiness declare,  
What had the danger been, if being bare  
I had embrac'd her, tell me by your Art,  
What coming wonders would that sight impart?

*Pri.* Lust, and a branded Soul.

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

*Pri.* 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. [Exeunt.

*Enter Perigot with his hands bloody.*

*Per.* Here will I wash it in this mornings 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 hands will not be cleans'd. 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 injur'd 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?  
Amid'st these Trees the holy Clorin dwells  
In a low Cabin of cut Boughs, and heals  
All Wounds; to her I will my self 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 ador'd is dead, there will I give  
My self to strictness, and like Clorin live. [Exit.

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

*Clo.* Shepherd, once more your blood is staid,  
Take example by this Maid,  
Who is heal'd ere you be pure,  
So hard it is lewd lust to cure.  
Take heed then how you turn your eye  
On each 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 for ever so to last?

*Alex.* I have forgot all vain desires,  
All looser thoughts, ill tempred fires,  
True Love I find a pleasant fume,  
Whose moderate heat can ne'r consume.

*Clo.* And I a new fire feel in me,  
Whose chaste flame is not quencht to be.

*Clor.* Join your hands with modest touch,  
And for ever keep you such.

*Enter Perigot.*

*Per.* 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.

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

*Peri.* I dare not.

*Clor.* Satyr, see  
Who it is that calls on me.

*Sat.* There at hand, some Swain doth stand,  
Stretching out a bloody hand.

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

*Clo.* What wonders have been here  
To night? stretch forth thy hand young Swain,  
Wash and rub it whilest I rain  
Holy water.

*Peri.* Still you pour,  
But my hand will never scower.

*Clor.* 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 thee so.

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

*Peri.* What e're thou be,  
Be'st thou her spright, or some divinitie,  
That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,  
Pardon poor Perigot.

*Amor.* I am thy love,  
Thy Amoret, for evermore thy love:  
Strike once more on my naked breast, I'll prove  
As constant still. O couldst thou love me yet;  
How soon should I my former griefs forget!

*Peri.* So over-great with joy, that you live, now  
I am, that no desire of knowing how  
Doth seize me; hast thou still power to forgive?

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

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

*Clor.* Now your stain  
This perhaps will cleanse again;  
See the blood that erst did stay,  
With the water drops away.  
All the powers again are pleas'd,  
And with this new knot appeas'd.  
Joyn your hands, and rise together,  
Pan be blest that brought you hither.

*Enter Priest, and Old Shephe[rd].*

*Clor.* Go back again what ere 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.

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

*Priest.* First, honour'd Virgin, to behold thy face  
Where all good dwells that is: Next for to try  
The truth of late report was given to me:  
Those Shepherds that have met with 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 spight  
All this confusion fell: 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.

*Clor.* Fume all the ground,  
And sprinkle holy water, for unsound  
And foul infection 'gins to fill the Air:  
It gathers yet more strongly; take a pair  
Of Censors fill'd with Frankincense and Mirrh,  
Together with cold Camphyre: quickly stir  
Thee, gentle Satyr, for the place begins  
To sweat and labour with the abhorred sins  
Of those offenders; let them not come nigh,  
For full of itching flame and leprosie  
Their very souls are, that the ground goes back,  
And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black  
And so unheard of venome; 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 Suns 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. [Ex. Priest.

*Per.* 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 abus'd; give me the smart  
For it is justly mine.

*Amo.* 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.

*Per.* With better will  
Than e're 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.

*Amo.* Be constant.

*Per.* Else Pan wreak,  
With [d]ouble vengeance, my disloyalty;  
Let me not dare to know the company  
Of men, or any more behold those eyes.

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

*Enter Priest.*

*Priest.* Bright Maid, I have perform'd your will, the Swain  
In whom such heat and black rebellions reign  
Hath undergone your sentence, and disgrace:  
Only the Maid I have reserv'd, whose face  
Shews much amendment, many a tear doth fall  
In sorrow of her fault, great fair recal  
Your heavy doom, in hope of better daies,  
Which I dare promise; once again upraise  
Her heavy Spirit that near drowned lyes  
In self consuming care that never dyes.

*Clor.* I am content to pardon, call her in;  
The Air grows cool again, and doth begin  
To purge it self, 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 perform'd a work  
Worthy the Gods themselves. [Satyr brings Amaryllis in.

*Satyr.* Come forward Maiden, do not lurk  
Nor hide your face with grief and shame,  
Now or never get a name  
That may raise thee, and recure  
All thy life that was impure:  
Hold your hand unto the flame,  
If thou beest a perfect dame,  
Or hast truely vow'd to mend,  
This pale fire will be thy friend.  
See the Taper hurts her not.  
Go thy wayes, let never spot  
Henceforth seize upon thy blood.  
Thank the Gods and still be good.

*Clor.* 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;  
Th[e]n labour 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 through, from suspect,  
Keep them from wronging others, or neglect  
Of duty in themselves, correct the bloud  
With thrifty bits and labour, let the floud,  
Or the next neighbouring spring give remedy  
To greedy thirst, and travel not the tree  
That hangs with wanton clusters, [let] not wine,  
Unless in sacrifice, or rites divine,  
Be ever known of Shepherd, have a care  
Thou man of holy life. Now do not spare  
Their faults through much remissness, nor forget  
To cherish him, whose many pains and sweet  
Hath giv'n 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 complements, but single truth  
From every tongue, and every Shepherds heart,  
Let them still use perswading, but no Art:  
Thus holy Priest, I wish to thee and these,  
All the best goods and comforts that may please.

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

*Priest.* Kneel every Shepherd, whilest with powerful hand  
I bless your after labours, 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 controul  
All diseases, sores or pain  
That in after time may raign  
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 melodie.

*The SONG. [They all Sing*

All ye woods, and trees and bowers,  
All you vertues and ye powers  
That inhabit in the lakes,  
In the pleasant springs or brakes,  
Move your feet  
To our sound,  
Whilest we greet  
All this ground,  
With his honour and his name  
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is Just,  
He is ever good, and must  
Thus be honour'd: Daffodillies,  
Roses, Pinks, and loved Lillies,  
Let us fling,  
Whilest we sing,  
Ever holy,  
Ever holy,  
Ever honoured ever young,  
Thus great Pan is ever sung. [Exeunt.

*Satyr.* Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,  
Thou m[o]st powerful Maid, and whitest,  
Thou most vertuous and most blessed,  
Eyes of stars, and golden tressed



Like Apollo, tell me sweetest  
What new service now is meetest  
For the Satyr? shall I stray  
In the middle Air, and stay  
The sayling Rack, or nimbly take  
Hold by the Moon, and gently make  
Sute to the pale Queen of night  
For a beam to give thee light?  
Shall I dive into the Sea,  
And bring thee Coral, making way  
Through the rising waves that fall  
In snowie fleeces; dearest, shall  
I catch the wanton Fawns, or Flyes,  
Whose woven wings the Summer dyes  
Of many colours? get thee fruit?  
Or steal from Heaven old Orpheus Lute?  
All these I'll venture for, and more,  
To do her service all these woods adore.

*Clor.* No other service, Satyr, but thy watch  
About these thickets, lest 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 vails  
Faster than the Wind-mill 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 befriend  
Thee, and this arbour.

*Clo.* And to thee,  
All thy Masters love be free. [Exeunt.

To my Friend Master JOHN FLETCHER upon his Faithfull Shepherdess.

I know too well, that, no more than the man  
That travels through the burning Desarts, can  
When he is beaten with the raging Sun,

Half smothered in the dust, have power to run  
From a cool River, which himself doth find,  
E're he be slacked; no more can he whose mind  
Joyes 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'r had a stain,  
Upon the publick Stage present his [vein,]  
And make a thousand men in judgment 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 explicite 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 sute,  
He as his Mistress doth, and she by chance:  
Nor want there those, who as the Boy doth dance  
Between the Acts, will censure the whole Play;  
Some if the Wax-lights be not new that day;  
But multitudes there are whose judgement goes  
Headlong according to the Actors cloathes.  
For this, these publick things and I, agree  
So ill, that but to do a right for thee,  
I had not been perswaded to have hurl'd  
These few, ill spoken lines, into the world,  
Both to be read, and censur'd of, by those,  
Whose very reading makes Verse senseless Prose:  
Such as must spend above an hour, to spell  
A Challenge on a Past, to know it well:  
But since it was thy hap to throw away  
Much wit, for which the people did not pay,  
Because they saw it not, I not dislike  
This second publication, which may strike  
Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,  
To be with so much wit and Art adorned.  
Besides one vantage more in this I see,  
Tour censurers now must have the qualitie  
Of reading, which I am afraid is more  
Than half your shrewdest Judges had before.

Fr. Beaumont.

To the worthy Author M'r. Jo. FLETCHER.

The wise, and many headed Bench, that sits  
Upon the Life, and Death of Playes, and Wits,  
(Composed of Gamester, Captain, Knight, Knight's man,  
Lady, or Pusill, that wears mask or fan,  
Velvet, or Taffata cap, rank'd in the dark  
With the shops Foreman, or some such brave spark,  
That may judge for his six-pence) had, before  
They saw it half, damn'd thy whole Play, and more,  
Their motives were, since it had not to doe  
With vices, which they look'd for, and came to.

I, that am glad, thy Innocence was thy Guilt,  
And wish that all the Muses blood were spilt  
In such a Martyrdome, to vex their eyes,  
Do crown thy murdred Poeme: which shall rise  
A glorified work to Time, when Fire,  
Or mothes shall eat, what all these Fools admire.

BEN. JONSON.

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

*Priest.* A broiling Lamb on Pans chief Altar lies,  
My Wreath, my Censor, Virge, and Incense by:  
But I delayed the pretious Sacrifice,  
To shew thee here, a Gentle Deity.

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

*Priest.* Bless then that Queen, that doth his eyes invite  
And ears, t'obey her Scepter, half this night.

*Nymph.* Let's sing such welcomes, as shall make Her sway  
Seem easie to Him, though it last till day.

Welcom as Peace t'unwalled Cities, when  
Famine and Sword leave them more graves than men.  
As Spring to Birds, or Noon-dayes Sun to th' old  
Poor mountain Muscovite congeal'd with cold.  
As Shore toth' Pilot in a safe known Coast  
When's Card is broken and his Rudder lost.