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THE
FAITHFVLL
Shepherdesse.

By IOHN FLETCHER.

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

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

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

*Giuen to your seruice
IOHN FLETCHER.*

¶

ln 0001

ln 0002

To the inheritour of all worthines,
Sir William Scipwith.

ln 0003

Ode.

ln 0004

If from seruile hope or loue,

ln 0005

I may proue

ln 0006

But so happy to be thought for

ln 0007

Such a one whose greatest ease

ln 0008

Is to please

ln 0009

(Worthy sir) I haue all I sought for,

ln 0010

For no ich of greater name,

ln 0011

which some clame

ln 0012

By their verses do I show it

ln 0013

To the world; nor to protest

ln 0014

Tis the best

ln 0015

These are leane faults, in a poet

ln 0016

Nor to make it serue to feed

ln 0017

at my neede

ln 0018

Nor to gaine acquaintance by it

ln 0019

Nor to rauish kinde Atturnies,

ln 0020

in their iournies.

ln 0021

Nor to read it after diet

ln 0022

Fare from me are all these Ames

ln 0023

Fittest frames

ln 0024

To build weakenesse on and pittie

ln 0025

Onely to your selfe, and such

ln 0026

whose true touch

ln 0027

Makes all good; let me seeme witty.

ln 0028

The Admirer of your vertues,

ln 0029

IOHN FLETCHER.

ln 0001

ln 0002

To the perfect gentleman Sir
Robert Townesend.

ln 0003

IF the greatest faults may craue

ln 0004

Pardon where contrition is

ln 0005

(Noble Sir) I needes must have

ln 0006

A long one; for a long amisse

ln 0007

If you aske me (how is this)

ln 0008

Vpon my faith Ile tell you frankely,

ln 0009

You loue about my meanes to thanke yee.

ln 0010

Yet according to my Talent

ln 0011

As sowre fortune loues to vse me

ln 0012

A poore Shepheard I haue sent,

ln 0013

In home-spun gray for to excuse me.

ln 0014

And may all my hopes refuse me:

ln 0015

But when better comes ashore,

ln 0016

You shall haue better, newer, more.

ln 0017

Til when, like our desperate debtors,

ln 0018

Or our three pild sweete protesters

ln 0019

I must please you in bare letters

ln 0020

And so pay my debts; like iesters,

ln 0021

Yet I oft haue seene good feasters,

ln 0022

Onely for to please the pallet,

ln 0023

Leaue great meat and chuse a sallet.

ln 0024

ln 0025

All yours Iohn
Fletcher:

ln 0001

To The Reader.

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

ln 0012

ln 0013

ln 0014

ln 0015

ln 0016

ln 0017

ln 0018

ln 0019

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ln 0031

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

ln 0032

John Fletcher.

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

ln 0001

CAn my approouement (Sir) be worth your thanks?
Whose vnknowne name and muse (in swathing clowtes)
Is not yet growne to strength, among these rankes
To haue a roome and beare off the sharpe flowtes
Of this our pregnant age, that does despise
All innocent verse, that lets alone her vice.

ln 0008

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

ln 0012

ln 0013

But I must iustifie what priuately,
I censurd to you: my ambition is
(Euen by my hopes and loue to Poesie)
To liue to perfect such a worke, as this,
Clad in such elegant proprietie
Of words, including a mortallitie.

ln 0014

ln 0015

ln 0016

ln 0017

ln 0018

ln 0019

So sweete and profitable, though each man that heares,
(And learning has enough to clap and hisse)
Ariues not too't, so misty it appeares;
And to their filmed reasons, so amisse:
But let Art looke in truth, she like a mirror,
Reflects her comfort, ignorances terror

ln 0020

ln 0021

ln 0022

ln 0023

ln 0024

ln 0025

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

ln 0026

ln 0027

ln 0028

ln 0029

ln 0030

ln 0031

Opinion, that great foole, makes fooles of all,
And (once) I feard her till I met a minde
Whose graue instructions philosophicall,
Toss'd it like dust vpon a march strong winde,
He shall for euer my example be,
And his embraced doctrine grow in me.

ln 0032

ln 0033

ln 0034

ln 0035

ln 0036

ln 0037

ln 0038

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

N. F.

ln 0001

ln 0002

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

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

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ln 0008

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ln 0040

ln 0041

ln 0042

ln 0043

ln 0044

ln 0045

ln 0046

ln 0047

ln 0048

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

wln 0001

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0002

Actus primi, Scena prima.

wln 0003

Enter Clorin a Shepheardesse hauing buried her

wln 0004

loue in an Arbour.

wln 0005

HAile holy earth, whose colde armes do embrace

wln 0006

The truest man that euer fed his flockes:

wln 0007

By the fat plaines of fruitfull Thessaly,

wln 0008

Thus I salute thy graue, thus do I pay

wln 0009

My early vowes and tribute of mine eies,

wln 0010

To thy still loued ashes: thus I free

wln 0011

My selfe from all ensuing heates and fires

wln 0012

Of loue, all sports, delights and games,

wln 0013

That Shepherds hold full deare: thus put I off.

wln 0014

Now no more shall these smooth browes be girt,

wln 0015

With youthfull coronals, and lead the dance,

wln 0016

No more the company of fresh faire Maids

wln 0017

And wanton shepherds be to me delightfull.

wln 0018

Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes,

wln 0019

Vnder some shady dell when the coole winde

wln 0020

Plaies on the leaues, all be farre away:

wln 0021

Since thou art farre away: by whose deare side,

wln 0022

How often haue I sat crownd with fresh flowers

wln 0023

For Summers queene, whilst euer Shepherds boy,

wln 0024

Puts on his lusty greene with gaudy hooke,

wln 0025

And hanging scrippe of finest cordeuan:

wln 0026

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

wln 0027

And all are dead but thy deare memorie:

wln 0028

That shall outliue thee, and shall euer spring,

wln 0029

Whilst there are pipes, or Iolly shepherds sing.

B

And

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

Enter a Satyre.

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

He stands amazed.

Then

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

B2

Exit.

Clo And

img: 7-a
sig: B2v

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

wln 0107 *Clorin.* And all my feares goe with thee.
wln 0108 What greatnesse or what priuate hidden power,
wln 0109 Is there in me to draw submission,
wln 0110 From this rude man, and beast? sure I am mortall,
wln 0111 The daughter of a Sheheard, he was mortall:
wln 0112 And she that bore me mortall: pricke my hand
wln 0113 And it will bleed: a feauer shakes me,
wln 0114 And the selfsame winde that makes the yoūg lambs shrinke,
wln 0115 Makes me a cold, my feare saies I am mortall:
wln 0116 Yet I haue heard (my mother told it me)
wln 0117 And now I doe belieue it, if I keepe
wln 0118 My virgin flower vncropt, pure, chaste, & faire,
wln 0119 No Goblin, wood-god, Faiery, Elfe, or Fiend,
wln 0120 Satyr or other power that haunts these groaues,
wln 0121 Shall hurt my body, or by vaine illusion,
wln 0122 Draw me to wander after idle fiers.
wln 0123 Or voices calling me in dead of night,
wln 0124 To make me followe, and so tole me on,
wln 0125 Through mires and standing pooles:
wln 0126 Else why should this rough thing, who neuer knew
wln 0127 Manners, nor smooth humanitie, whose heates
wln 0128 Are rougher then himselfe, and more mishapen,
wln 0129 Thus mildely kneele to me? sure there is a power
wln 0130 In that great name of virgin; that bindes fast
wln 0131 All rude vnciuill bloods, all appetites
wln 0132 That breake their confines: then strong chastity,
wln 0133 Be thou my strongest garde, for heere Il'e dwell
wln 0134 In opposition against Fate and Hell.

*Enter an olde shepherd, with foure couple of Shep-
 heards and Shepherdesse.*

wln 0137 *Old Shep.* Now we haue done this holy festiuall,
wln 0138 In honour of our great God, and his rights
wln 0139 Perform'd, prepare your selues for chast
wln 0140 And vncorrupted fires: that as the priest,
wln 0141 With powerful hand shall sprinkle on your browes
wln 0142 His pure and holy water, ye may be
wln 0143 From all hot flames of lust, and loose thoughts free,
wln 0144 Kneele shepheards kneele, heere comes the Priest of *Pan*.

Enter Priest.

wln 0145 *Priest.* Shepheards thus I purge away,
wln 0146

What-

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

wln 0147 Whatsoeuer this great day,
wln 0148 Or the past houres gaue not good,
wln 0149 To corrupt your maiden blood:
wln 0150 From the high rebellious heat,
wln 0151 Of the grapes and strength of meat.
wln 0152 From the wanton quicke desires,
wln 0153 They do kindle by their fires.
wln 0154 I do wash you with this water,
wln 0155 Be you pure and faire heereafter.
wln 0156 From your liuers and your vaines,
wln 0157 Thus I take away the staines.
wln 0158 All your thoughts be smooth and faire,
wln 0159 Be ye fresh and free as ayre.
wln 0160 Neuer more let lustfull heat,
wln 0161 Through your purged conduits beate,
wln 0162 Or a plighted troth be broken,
wln 0163 Or a wanton verse be spoken:
wln 0164 In a Shepherdesse eare,
wln 0165 Go your waies y'are all cleare.
wln 0166

They rise and sing in praise of Pan.

wln 0167

The Song.

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

Exeunt omnes but Perigot and Amoret.

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

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0185
wln 0186
wln 0187
wln 0188
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wln 0222
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wln 0224

Equall with his soules good:

Amo. Speake, I giue

Thee freedome Shepheard, & thy tongue be still

The same it euer was: as free from ill

As he whose conuersation neuer knew

The court or cittie: be thou euer true.

Peri. When I fall off from my affection,

Or mingle my cleane thoughts with foule desires,

First let our great God cease to keepe my flockes,

That being left alone without a guard,

The wolfe, or winters rage, sommers great heat,

And want of water, rots: or what to vs

Of ill is yet vnknowne, fall speedily,

And in their generall ruine let me goe.

Amo. I pray thee gentle Shepheard wish not soe,

I do belieue thee: tis as hard for me

To thinke thee false, and harder then for thee

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

Then the chaste blushing morne, or that faire starre,

That guides the wandring seaman through the deepes

Straighter then the straightest pine vpon the steepe

Head of an aged mountaine, and more white,

Then the new milke we strip before day light

From the full fraughted bags of our faire flockes:

Your haire more beautious then those hanging lockes

Of young *Apollo*.

Amo. Shepheard be not lost,

Ye are saild too farre alreadie from the coast

Of our discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once

I should not loue alone, I should not loose

Those many passions, vowes and holy oathes,

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

Euen that faire hand in hostage? do not then

Giue backe againe those sweetes to other men.

You your selfe vovd were mine,

Amo. Shepheard so farre as maidens modesty

May giue assurance, I am once more thine,

Once more I giue my hand, be euer free

From that great foe to faith, foule iealosie.

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

wln 0225
wln 0226
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wln 0260
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wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264

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

Your

The faithfull Sheph[*]ardesse.

wln 0265

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

wln 0266

wln 0267

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

wln 0268

wln 0269

Peri. Our great God *Pan* reward thee for that good,
Thou hast giuen thy poore shepheard fairest bud

wln 0270

wln 0271

Of maiden vertues: when I leaue to be

wln 0272

The true admirer of thy chastitie,

wln 0273

Let me deserue the hot polluted name,

wln 0274

Of a wilde woodman, or affect some dame

wln 0275

Whose often prostitution hath begot,

wln 0276

More foule diseases, then euer yet the hot

wln 0277

Sun bred through his burnings, whilst the dog

wln 0278

Pursues the raging Lyon, throwing fog

wln 0279

And deadly vapor from his angry breath.

wln 0280

Filling the lower world with plague and death.

exit Amo

wln 0281

Enter an other Shepheardesse that is in loue with Perigot.

wln 0282

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

wln 0283

wln 0284

Peri. Faire maide you may.

wln 0285

Amaril. Then softly thus, I loue thee *Perigot*,

wln 0286

And would be gladder to be lou'd againe,

wln 0287

Then the colde earth is in his frozen armes

wln 0288

To clip the wanton spring: nay do not start,

wln 0289

Nor wonder that I woe thee! thou that art

wln 0290

The prime of our young grooms, euen the top

wln 0291

Of all our lusty Shepheards: what dull eie

wln 0292

That neuer was acquainted with desire,

wln 0293

Hath seene thee wrastle, run, or cast the stone,

wln 0294

With nimble strength and faire deliuery,

wln 0295

And hath not sparckled fire, and speedily

wln 0296

Sent secret heat to all the neighbouring vaines?

wln 0297

Who euer heard thee sing, that brought againe,

wln 0298

That freedome backe was lent vnto thy voice?

wln 0299

Then do not blame me (shepheard) if I be

wln 0300

One to be numbred in this company,

wln 0301

Since none that euer saw thee yet, were free.

wln 0302

Peri. Faire Shepheardesse much pittie I can lend,

To

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0303
wln 0304
wln 0305
wln 0306
wln 0307
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wln 0309
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wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342

To your complaints: but sure I shal not loue:
All that is mine, my selfe and my best hopes,
Are giuen already: do not loue him then
That cannot loue againe: on other men
Bestowe those heates more free, that may returne
You fire for fire, and in one flame equall burne.
Amaril. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most vnkinde of men?
If I were old, or had agreed with Art,
To giue another nature to my cheekes,
Or were I common mistris to the loue
Of euery swaine, or could I with such ease
Call backe my loue, as many a wanton doth,
Thou mightst refuse me Shepheard, but to thee
I am onely fixt and set, let it not be
A sport, thou gentle Shepheard, to abuse
The loue of silly maide.
Peri. Faire soule, ye vse
These words to little end: for knowe, I may
Better call backe, that time was yesterday,
Or stay the comming night, then bring my loue
Home to my selfe againe, or recreant proue.
I will no longer hold you with delaies,
This present night I haue appointed bene,
To meet that chaste faire (that enioyes my soule)
In yonder groue, there to make vp our loues.
Be not deceau'd no longer, choose againe,
These neighbouring plaines haue many a comely swaine,
Fresher and **freer** farre then I ere was,
Bestowe that loue on them and let me passe,
Farwell, be happy in a better choise.
Amar. Cruell, thou hast strucke me deader with thy voice
Then if the angry heauens with their quicke flames,
Had shot me through: I must not leaue to loue,
I cannot, no I must enioy thee boy,
Though the great dangers twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite: there is a Shepheard dwels
Downe by the More, whose life hath euer showne
More sullen discontent then Saturnes browe,
When he sits frowning on the birthes of men:

exit

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0343 One that doth weare himselfe away in lonenesse,
wln 0344 And neuer ioyes vnlesse it be in breaking
wln 0345 The holy plighted troths of mutuall soules:
wln 0346 One that lusts after euery seuerall beauty,
wln 0347 But neuer yet was knowne to loue or like,
wln 0348 Were the face fairer or more full of truth,
wln 0349 Then *Phœbe* in her fulnesse, or the youth
wln 0350 Of smooth *Lyeus*, whose nye starued flockes
wln 0351 Are alwaies scabby, and infect all sheepe
wln 0352 They feede withall, whose lambes are euer last,
wln 0353 And dye before their weaning, and whose dog,
wln 0354 Looks like his Maister, leane, and full of scurffe,
wln 0355 Not caring for the pipe or whistle: this man may
wln 0356 (If he be wel wrought) do a deede of wonder,
wln 0357 Forcing me passage to my long desires:
wln 0358 And heere he comes, as fitly to my purpose
wln 0359 As my quicke thoughts could wish for. *Enter Sullen.*
wln 0360 *Sul.* Fresh beautie, let me not be thought vnciuill,
wln 0361 Thus to be partner of your lonenesse: t'was
wln 0362 My loue (that euer working passion) drew
wln 0363 Me to this place to seeke some remedie
wln 0364 For my sicke soule: be not vnkinde and faire,
wln 0365 For such, the mightie *Cupid* in his dombe
wln 0366 Hath sworne to be aueng'd on, then giue roome
wln 0367 To my consuming fires, that so I may
wln 0368 Inioy my long desires, and so allay
wln 0369 Those flames, that else would burne my life away.
wln 0370 *Amar.* Shepheard, were I but sure thy heart were sound
wln 0371 As thy words seeme to be, meanes might be found
wln 0372 To cure thee of thy long paines: for to me
wln 0373 That heauy youth consuming miserie,
wln 0374 The loue sicke soule endures, neuer was pleasing,
wln 0375 I could be well content with the quicke easing
wln 0376 Of thee & thy hot fires, might it procure
wln 0377 Thy faith, and farther seruice to be sure.
wln 0378 Name but that great worke, danger, or what can
wln 0379 Be compast by the wit or art of man,
wln 0380 And if I faile in my performance, may
wln 0381 I neuer more kneele to the rysing day,
wln 0382 *Amar.* Then thus I try thee shepheard, this same night,

That

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0383
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wln 0421
wln 0422

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

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

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

exeunt.

Enter Cloe.

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

Enter Thenot.

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

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

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

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

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

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

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

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0463
wln 0464
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wln 0466
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wln 0499
wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502

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

The Song.

Come Shepherds come,
Come away without delay,
Whilste the gentle time doth stay,
Greene woods are dumme,
And will neuer tell to any,
Those deere kisses, and those many
Sweete imbraces that are giuen,
Dainty pleasures that would euen
Raise in coldest age a fire,
And giue virgin blood desire.
Then if euer,
Now or neuer,
Come and haue it,
Thinke not I,
Dare deny,
If you craue it.

Enter Daphnis.

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

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

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

But

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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wln 0581
wln 0582

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

exit.

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

Enter Alexis.

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

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

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

Speake

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0583 Speake and be satisfied, ô guide her tongue,
wln 0584 My better angell, force my name among
wln 0585 Hir modest thoughts, that the first word may be,
wln 0586 *Cloe.* *Alexis* when the sunne shall kisse the sea,
wln 0587 Taking his rest by the white *Thetis* side,
wln 0588 Meet in the holy wood, where Ile abide
wln 0589 Thy comming Shepheard.
wln 0590 *Alex.* If I stay behinde,
wln 0591 An euerlasting dulnesse and the winde,
wln 0592 That as he passeth by shuts vp the streame,
wln 0593 Of Reine or *volga* whilst the sunnes hot beame,
wln 0594 Beats backe againe, ceaze me, and let me turne
wln 0595 To coldenesse more then yce: oh how I burne
wln 0596 And rise in youth and fier! I dare not stay. *exit.*
wln 0597 *Cloe.* My name shall be your word.
wln 0598 *Alex.* Fly fly thou day,
wln 0599 *Cloe.* My grieffe is great if both these boyes should faile,
wln 0600 He that will vse all windes must shift his saile. *Exit.*

wln 0601 Actus secundus Scena prima.

wln 0602 *Enter an olde shepheard with a bell ringing, and*
wln 0603 *the Priest of Pan following.*

wln 0604 *Priest.* Shepherds all, and maidens faire,
wln 0605 Fold your flockes vp, for the Aire
wln 0606 Ginns to thicken, and the Sunne
wln 0607 Already his great course hath runne,
wln 0608 See the dew drops how they kisse
wln 0609 Euery little flower that is:
wln 0610 Hanging on their veluet heads,
wln 0611 Like a rope of christal beades.
wln 0612 See the heauy cloudes **lowde** falling
wln 0613 And bright *Hesperus* downe calling,
wln 0614 The dead night from vnder ground,
wln 0615 At whose rysing mistes vnsound,
wln 0616 damp, and vapours fly apace,
wln 0617 Houering ore the wanton face,

Of

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

exeunt.

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

wln 0688

Enter Thenot.

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

Thy

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0696 Thy chaster beames play on the heauy face
wln 0697 Of all the world: making the blew sea smile,
wln 0698 To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
wln 0699 Thy brother of his brightnesse, giuing day
wln 0700 Againe from *Chaos*. whiter then that way
wln 0701 That leades to *Ioues* hye Court, and chaster farre
wln 0702 Then chastity it selfe: yon blessed starre
wln 0703 That nightly shines, thou all the constancy
wln 0704 That in all women was, or ere shalbe:
wln 0705 From whose faire eye-balles flies that holy fire,
wln 0706 That **ports** stile the mother of desire,
wln 0707 Infusing into euery gentle breast,
wln 0708 A soule of greater price, and farre more blest
wln 0709 Then that quicke power which giues a difference
wln 0710 Twixt man and creatures of a lower sence.
wln 0711 *Clor.* Shepheard how camst thou hether to this place?
wln 0712 No way is troden, all the verdent grasse
wln 0713 The spring shot vp stands yet vnbrused heere
wln 0714 Of any foote, onely the dappld deere:
wln 0715 Farre from the feared sound of crooked horne
wln 0716 Dwels in this fastnesse. *Then.* Chaster then the morne,
wln 0717 I haue not wandred, or by strong illusion
wln 0718 Into this vertuous place haue made intrusion,
wln 0719 But hether am I come (belieue me faire)
wln 0720 To seeke you out, of whose great good the Aire
wln 0721 Is full, and strongly labors, whilst the sound,
wln 0722 Breakes against heauen, and driues into a stround
wln 0723 The amazed Shepheard, that such vertue can
wln 0724 Be resident in lesser then a man.
wln 0725 *Clor.* If any art I haue, or hidden skill,
wln 0726 May cure thee of disease or festred ill,
wln 0727 Whose grieffe or greenenesse to anothers eie,
wln 0728 May seeme vnpossible of remedie,
wln 0729 I dare yet vndertake it.
wln 0730 *Shep.* Tis no paine
wln 0731 I suffer through disease, no beating vaine
wln 0732 Conuaies infection dangerous to the heart,
wln 0733 No part impostumde to be curde by Art:
wln 0734 This bodie holdes, and yet a feller grieffe
wln 0735 Then euer skilfull hand did giue reliefe

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0736
wln 0737
wln 0738
wln 0739
wln 0740
wln 0741
wln 0742
wln 0743
wln 0744
wln 0745
wln 0746
wln 0747
wln 0748
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wln 0769
wln 0770
wln 0771
wln 0772
wln 0773
wln 0774
wln 0775

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

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

Shep. Then fairest know I loue you,

Clor. Swaine no more.

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

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

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0776 The wretched Seaman toying through the deep.
wln 0777 But whilst this honourd strictnes you dare keepe,
wln 0778 Though all the plagues that ere begotten were,
wln 0779 In the great wombe of aire were setled here
wln 0780 In opposition, I would like the tree,
wln 0781 Shake off those drops of weakenes, and be free
wln 0782 Euen in the arme of danger.
wln 0783 *Clor.* Wouldst thou haue
wln 0784 Me raise againe fond man, from silent graue,
wln 0785 Those sparckes that long agoe were buried here,
wln 0786 With my dead friends cold ashes?
wln 0787 *Shep.* Deerest deare,
wln 0788 I dare not aske it, nor you must not graunt,
wln 0789 Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint:
wln 0790 Remember how he lou'd ye, and be still,
wln 0791 The same opinion speakes ye, let not will,
wln 0792 And that great god of **wowen** Appetite,
wln 0793 Set vp your blood againe, do not inuite
wln 0794 Desire, and fancy for their long exile,
wln 0795 To seat them once more in a pleasing smile:
wln 0796 Be like a Rocke made firmly vp gainst all
wln 0797 The power of angry heauen, or the strong fall
wln 0798 Of *Neptunes* battery, if ye yeild I die
wln 0799 To all affection: tis that loialtie
wln 0800 Ye tie vnto this graue I so admire,
wln 0801 And yet theres something else I would desire,
wln 0802 If you would heare me, but withall deny,
wln 0803 O *Pan*, what an vncertaine desteny
wln 0804 Hanges ouer all my hopes! I will retire,
wln 0805 For if I longer stay, this double fier,
wln 0806 Will licke my life vp.
wln 0807 *Clor.* Do, and let time weare out,
wln 0808 What Art and Nature cannot bring about.
wln 0809 *Shep.* Farewell thou soule of virtue, and be blest
wln 0810 For euer, whilst I wretched rest
wln 0811 Thus to my selfe, yet graunt me leaue to dwell
wln 0812 In kenning of this Arbor, yon same dell
wln 0813 Ore topt with mourning Cipresse and sad Ewe,
wln 0814 Shall be my Cabin, where I'le earely rew,
wln 0815 Before the Sunne hath kist this dewe away,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0816 The hard vncertaine chance which Fate doth lay
wln 0817 Vpon this head.

wln 0818 *Clor.* The Gods giue quicke release
wln 0819 And happy cure vnto thy hard disease.

Exeunt.

wln 0820 *Enter Sullen Shepheard.*

wln 0821 *Sullen.* I do not loue this wench that I should meet,
wln 0822 For neuer did my vnconstant eie yet greet
wln 0823 That beautie, were it sweeter or more faire,
wln 0824 Then the new blossomes, when the morning aire
wln 0825 Blowes gently on them, or the breaking light,
wln 0826 When many maiden blushes to our sight
wln 0827 Shootes from his early face: were all these set
wln 0828 In some neat forme before me, twould not get
wln 0829 The least loue from me: some desire it might,
wln 0830 Or present burning: all to me in sight
wln 0831 Are equall, be they faire, or blacke, or browne,
wln 0832 Virgin, or carelesse wanton, I can crowne
wln 0833 My appetite with any: sweare as oft,
wln 0834 And weepe as any, melt my words as soft
wln 0835 Into a maidens eares, and tell how long
wln 0836 My heart has bene her seruant, and how strong
wln 0837 My passions are: call her vnkinde and cruell,
wln 0838 Offer her all I haue to gaine the iewell
wln 0839 Maidens so highly praise: then loath and fly,
wln 0840 This do I hold a blessed desteny.

wln 0841 *Enter Amarillis.*

wln 0842 *Amar.* Haile Shepheard *Pan* blesse both thy flocke & thee,
wln 0843 For being mindefull of thy word to me.

wln 0844 *Sul.* VVelcome faire Shepheardesse, thy louing swaine
wln 0845 Giues thee the selfe same wishes backe againe:
wln 0846 Who till this present houre nere knew that eie,
wln 0847 Could make me crosse mine armes or daily dye
wln 0848 With fresh consumings: boldly tel me then,
wln 0849 How shall we part their faithfull loues, and when?
wln 0850 Shall I bely him to her, shall I sweare
wln 0851 His faith is false, and he loues euery where?
wln 0852 Ile say he mockt her the other day to you,
wln 0853 Which will by your confirming shew as true,
wln 0854 For he is of so pure an honesty,
wln 0855 To thinke (because he will not none will lye.

Or

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 0856 Or else to him Ile slaunder *Amoret*,
wln 0857 And say, she but seemes chaste, Ile sweare she met
wln 0858 Me mongst the shadie sycamoures last night,
wln 0859 And loosely offerd vp her flame and spright,
wln 0860 Into my bosome: made a wanton bed
wln 0861 Of leaues and many flowers, where she spred
wln 0862 Her willing bodie to be prest by me,
wln 0863 There haue I caru'd her name on many a tree,
wln 0864 Together with mine owne, to make this show
wln 0865 Morefull full of seeming: *Hobinal* you know,
wln 0866 Sonne to the aged Shepheard of the Glen
wln 0867 Him I haue sorted out of many men,
wln 0868 To say he found vs at our priuate sport,
wln 0869 And rouz'd vs fore our time by his resorts
wln 0870 This to confirme, I haue promis'd to the boy
wln 0871 Many a pretty knack, and many a toy,
wln 0872 As grinnes to catch him birds with bowe, and bolt,
wln 0873 To shoote at nimble squirrels in the holt:
wln 0874 A paire of painted buskins and a lambe,
wln 0875 Soft as his owne lockes, or the downe of Swan,
wln 0876 This I haue done to winne ye, which doth giue
wln 0877 Me double pleasure, discord makes me liue. (uaile
wln 0878 *Amar.* Loued swaine I thanke ye, these trickes might pre-
wln 0879 With other rusticke shepherds, but will faile
wln 0880 Euen once to stirre, much more to ouerthrow,
wln 0881 His fixed loue from iudgement, who doth know,
wln 0882 Your nature, my end, and his chosens merrit,
wln 0883 Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit
wln 0884 Which I haue found: giue second, and my loue
wln 0885 Is euerlasting thine.
wln 0886 *Sul.* Try me and proue.
wln 0887 *Amar.* These happy paire of louers meet straight way,
wln 0888 Soone as they fould their flockes vp with the day
wln 0889 In the thicke groue bordering vpon yon hill,
wln 0890 In whose hard side Nature hath caru'd a well:
wln 0891 And but that matchlesse spring which Poets know,
wln 0892 Was nere the like to this: by it doth growe
wln 0893 About the sides, all hearbs which witches vse,
wln 0894 All simples good for medicine or abuse,
wln 0895 All sweetes that crowne the happy nuptiall day.

With

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

Exeunt,

wln 0931 Actus secundus Scena quarta.

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

Thou

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

wln 0935 Thou bright ey'd virgin, come, ô come my faire,
wln 0936 Be not abus'd with feare, nor let cold care
wln 0937 Of honor slay thee from thy Shepherds arme,
wln 0938 Who would as hard be wonne to offer harme
wln 0939 To thy chaste thoughts, as whitenesse from the day,
wln 0940 Or yon great round to moue another way.
wln 0941 My language shall be honest, full of truth,
wln 0942 My flame as smooth and spotlesse as my youth:
wln 0943 I will not entertaine that wandring thought,
wln 0944 Whose easie currant may at length be brought
wln 0945 To a loose vastenes.
wln 0946 *Alexis within.* Cloe!
wln 0947 *Daph.* Tis her voice
wln 0948 And I must answere, Cloe! ô the choise
wln 0949 Of deare imbraces, chaste and holy straines
wln 0950 Our hands shall giue! I charge you all my vaines
wln 0951 Through which the blood and spirit take their way,
wln 0952 Locke vp your disobedient heats, and stay
wln 0953 Those mutinous desires, that else would growe
wln 0954 To strong rebellion: do not wilder showe
wln 0955 Then blushing modestie may entertaine.
wln 0956 *Alexis within.* Cloe!
wln 0957 *Daph.* There sounds that blessed name againe,
wln 0958 And I will meete it: let me not mistake,
wln 0959 This is some Shepherd, sure I am awake,
wln 0960 What may this riddle meane? I will retire,
wln 0961 To giue my selfe more knowledge
wln 0962 *Alex.* Oh my fier,
wln 0963 How thou consum'st me? Cloe answere me,
wln 0964 *Alexis,* strong *Alexis,* high, and free,
wln 0965 Cals vpon *Cloe:* see mine armes are full
wln 0966 Of intertainment, ready for to pull
wln 0967 That golden fruit which too too long hath hung,
wln 0968 Tempting the greedy eye: thou stayest too long,
wln 0969 I am impatient of these mad delaies,
wln 0970 I must not leaue vnsought those many waies
wln 0971 That lead into this center, till I finde
wln 0972 Quench for my burning lust, I come vnkinde.
wln 0973 *Daph.* Can my imagination worke me so much ill,
wln 0974 That I may credit this for truth, and still

Enter Alexis.

Exit Alexis.

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

wln 0975 Belieue mine eies, or shall I firmly hold her
wln 0976 Her yet vntainted, and these sights but bold
wln 0977 Illusion? sure such fancies oft haue bene
wln 0978 Sent to abuse true loue, and yet are seene,
wln 0979 Daring to blinde the vertuous though with error,
wln 0980 But be they farre from me with their fond terror:
wln 0981 I am resolud my *Cloe* yet is true.
wln 0982 *Cloe* harke *Cloe* sure this voice is new,
wln 0983 Whose shrilnes like the sounding of a bell,
wln 0984 Tels me it is a woman: *Cloe*, tell
wln 0985 Thy blessed name againe *Cloe within.* Heere.
wln 0986 Oh what a greefe is this to be so neere
wln 0987 And not incounter?
wln 0988 Shepherd we are met,
wln 0989 Draw close into the couert, least the wet
wln 0990 which falles like lazy mistes vpon the ground,
wln 0991 Soake through **yous** startvps.
wln 0992 *Daph.* Fairest, are you found
wln 0993 How haue we wandred that the better part
wln 0994 Of this good night is perisht? oh my heart!
wln 0995 How haue I longd to meet ye? how to kisse
wln 0996 Those lilly hands? how to receiue the blisse
wln 0997 That charming tongue giues to the happy eare
wln 0998 Of him that drinks your language? but I feare
wln 0999 I am too much vnmannerd, farre to rude,
wln 1000 And almost growne lasciuious to intrude
wln 1001 These hot behaiours, where regard of fame,
wln 1002 Honor, and modesty, a vertuous name,
wln 1003 And such discourse, as one faire sister may
wln 1004 Without offence vnto the brother say,
wln 1005 Should rather haue bene tenderd, but belieue
wln 1006 Heere dwels a better temper, do not grieue,
wln 1007 Then euer kindest that my first salute,
wln 1008 Seasons so much of fancy, I am mute
wln 1009 Henceforth to all discourses, but shall be
wln 1010 Suting to your sweet thoughts and modestie:
wln 1011 Indeede I will not aske a kisse of you,
wln 1012 No not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
wln 1013 To those blest paire of fixed starres for smiles,
wln 1014 All a young louers cunning, all his wiles:

Cloe within.

Enter Cloe.

And

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

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

wln 1050 Actus tertius Scena prima.

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

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

She awakeh

May

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098
wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101
wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104
wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133

May make our practises discovered be?

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

Amore. Then this deceit which cannot crossed be,
At once shall loose her him, and gaine thee me.
Hether she needes must come, by promise made,
And sure his nature neuer was so bad,
To bid a virgin meete him in the wood,
When night and feare are vp, but vnderstood,
T'was his part to come first: being come, Ile say
My constant loue made me come first and stay,
Then will I leade him further to the groue,
But stay you here, and if his owne true loue
shall seeke him heere, set her in some wrong path,
Which say her louer lately troden hath:
Ile not be farre from hence, if neede there bee
Heere is another charme, whose power will free
The dazeled sence read by the moone beames cleare,
And in my one true shape make me appeare. *Enter Perigot*

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

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

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

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

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
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wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152
wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156
wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166
wln 1167
wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173

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

Enter Amoret.

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

Sul. Faire Maid.

Amo. Ay me thou art not *Perigot*.

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

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

Exit.

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

But

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1174 But what it had from her: she was alone
wln 1175 With me, if then her presence did so moue,
wln 1176 Why did not I assay to win her loue?
wln 1177 She would not sure haue yeilded vnto me,
wln 1178 Woemen loue onely oportunitie
wln 1179 And not the man, or if she had denied
wln 1180 Alone, I might haue forcd her to haue tried
wln 1181 Who had bene stronger: ô vaine foole, to let
wln 1182 Such blest occasion passe, Ile follow yet,
wln 1183 My blood is vp, I cannot now forbear.
wln 1184 *Enter Alexis and Cloe.*
wln 1185 I come sweete *Amoret*, soft who is heere?
wln 1186 A paire of louers, he shall yeild her me,
wln 1187 Now lust is vp, alike all women be.
wln 1188 *Alex.* Where shall we rest, but for the loue of me,
wln 1189 *Cloe* I know ere this would weary be.
wln 1190 *Cloe.* *Alexis* let vs rest heere, if the place
wln 1191 Be priuate, and out of the common trace
wln 1192 Of euery shepheard: for I vnderstood,
wln 1193 This night a number are about the wood,
wln 1194 Then let vs choose some place where out of sight,
wln 1195 We freely may inioy our stolne delight,
wln 1196 *Alex.* Then boldly heere, where we shall nere be found,
wln 1197 No shepherds way lies heere, tis hallowed ground,
wln 1198 No maide seekes heere her straied Cow, or Sheepe,
wln 1199 Faieries and Fawnes, and Satires do it keepe,
wln 1200 Then carelessly rest heere, and clip and kisse,
wln 1201 And let no feare make vs our pleasures misse.
wln 1202 *Cloe.* Then lye by me, the sooner we begin,
wln 1203 The longer ere day descry our sin.
wln 1204 *Sul.* Forbear to touch my loue, or by yon flame
wln 1205 The greatest power that Shepherds dare to name,
wln 1206 Heere where thou first vnder this holy tree,
wln 1207 Her to dishoner thou shalt buried be.
wln 1208 *Alex* If Pan himselfe should come out of the lawnes,
wln 1209 With al his troopes of Satyres and of Faunes,
wln 1210 And bid me leaue I sweare by her two eies,
wln 1211 A greater oath then thine, I would not rise.
wln 1212 *Sul.* Then from the cold earth neuer thou shalt moue,
wln 1213 But loose at one stroke both thy life and loue.
wln 1214 *Cloe.* Hold gentle Shepheard.

Sul. Fairest

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

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

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

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

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

Alex. O

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

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

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

And

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
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wln 1350
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wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368

And by you Moone, I thincke thou louest me not.
Per: By *Pan* I sweare and if I falcely sweare:
Let him not guard my flockes, let Foxes teare,
My Earelyest lambes, and wolues whilst I doe sleepe
Fall one the rest a Rott amonge my sheepe,
I loue the better, then the carefull Ewe,
The new yeand lambe that is of her owne hew,
I dote vppon thee more then that young lambe.
Doth on the Bagg, that feedes him from his dam.
Were there a sort of wolues gott in my fould,
And one Rann after thee both young and ould,
Should be deuour'd, and it should bee my strife,
To saue thee, whom I loue aboue, my life,
Amo: Howe should I trust thee when I see thee chuse
Another bedd, and dost my side refuse,
Per: Twas only that the chast thoughts, might bee shownen,
Twixt thee and mee, although we were alone,
Ama: Come *Perigot* will show his power that hee
Can make his Amoret, though she weary bee,
Rise nimby from her Couch and come to his.
Here take thy Amoret imbrace, and Kisse:
Per: What meanes my loue;
Amo: To do as louers shud.
That are to bee inioyed not to bee woed.
Ther's nere a Sheapardesse in all the playne,
Can kisse thee with more Art, ther's none can faine.
More wanton trickes,
Per: Forbeare deare soule to trye,
Whether my hart be pure, Ile rather dye,
Then nourish one thought to dishonor thee,
Amo: Still thinkst thou such a thinge as Chastitie,
Is amongst woemen. *Perigot* thers none,
That with her loue is in a wood alone,
And **wood** come home a Mayde be not abusd,
With thy fond first beleife, let time be vsd,
Why dost thou rise,
Perigot: My true heart, thou hast slaine,
Amo: Fayth *Perigot*, Ile plucke thee downe againe,
Per: Let goe thou Serpent that into my brest,
Hast with thy Cunning diu'd art, art not in iest;

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1369 *Amo:* Sweete loue lye downe,
wln 1370 *Per:* Since this I liue to see,
wln 1371 Some bitter North wind blast my flocks and mee
wln 1372 *Amo.* You swore you lou'd yet will not doe my will,
wln 1373 *Per:* O be as thou wert, once, Ile loue thee still,
wln 1374 *Amo:* I am, as still I was and all my kind,
wln 1375 Though other showes wee haue poore men to blynd,
wln 1376 *Per:* Then here I end all loue, and lest my vaine,
wln 1377 Beleeife should euer draw me in againe,
wln 1378 Before thy face that hast my youth mislead,
wln 1379 I end my life my blood be on thy head,
wln 1380 *Amo:* O hold thy hands thy *Amoret* doth cry,
wln 1381 *Per:* Thou counsayl'st well, first *Amoret* shall dye,
wln 1382 That is the cause of my Eternall smart,
wln 1383 *Auso:* O hold.
wln 1384 *Per:* This steele shall peirse thy lustfull hart, *He runs after her*

wln 1385 *The Sullen Sheapheard stepes out and vncharmes her.*

wln 1386 *Sullen.* vp and downe euery where,
wln 1387 I strew the hearbs to purge the Ayer.
wln 1388 Let your Odor driue hence,
wln 1389 All mistes that dazell sence,
wln 1390 Herbes and springs whose hydden might,
wln 1391 Alters shapes, and mocks the sight.
wln 1392 Thus I charge ye to vndo;
wln 1393 All before I brought yee to
wln 1394 Let her flye let her scape,
wln 1395 Giue againe her owne shape:

wln 1396 *Enter Amarillis.*

wln 1397 For beare thou gentle swayne thou dost mistake;
wln 1398 Shee whom thou followedst fled into the brake.
wln 1399 And as I crost thy way I mett thy wrath;
wln 1400 The only feare of which neere slayne me hath,
wln 1401 *Per:* Pardon fayre Sheapardesse my rage and night,
wln 1402 Were both vppon me and beguild my sight;
wln 1403 But farr be it from mee to spill the blood.
wln 1404 Of harmesse maydes that wander in the wood,

Exit

Many

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1405

Enter Amoret.

wln 1406

Many a weary stepp in yonder path *Amoret.*

wln 1407

Poore hoplesse *Amoret* twice troden hath,

wln 1408

To seeke her *Perigot*, yet cannot heare,

wln 1409

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

wln 1410

That calles.

wln 1411

Per: See yonder where shee is how faire.

wln 1412

Shee showes, and yet her breath infects the Ayer.

wln 1413

Amo. My *Perigot*:

wln 1414

Per: Here.

wln 1415

Amo: Happye.

wln 1416

Per: Haplesse first:

wln 1417

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

wln 1418

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

wln 1419

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

wln 1420

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

wln 1421

Ile throwe her in the Fount least being tooke:

wln 1422

By some Night Trauayler, whose honest care,

wln 1423

May help to cure her, *Sherpardesse* prepare,

wln 1424

Your selfe to dye,

wln 1425

Amo: No mercy I doe craue,

wln 1426

Thou canst not giue a worsse blowe then I haue;

wln 1427

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

wln 1428

He strucke my soule and not my bodye through:

wln 1429

Tell him when I am dead my soule shall bee.

wln 1430

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

wln 1431

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

wln 1432

Sure for a woman, thou art so Innocent.

wln 1433

Shee cannot scape for vnderneath the ground,

wln 1434

In a longe hollowe the cleere spring is bound,

wln 1435

Till on you syde where the Morns sunn doth looke,

wln 1436

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

wln 1437

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

wln 1438

God what powerfull Charmes my streames doe bring

wln 1439

Backe againe vnto their spring?

wln 1440

With such force that I their god,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

wheeling

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

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

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

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

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

Exit.

wln 1556

Sinis Actus Tertis

Enter:

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1557

Enter Perigot.

wln 1558

Per Shee is vntrue vnconstant, and vnkinde,

wln 1559

Shee's gone shee's gone, blow hygh thou North west winde,

wln 1560

And rayse the Sea to Mountaynes: let the Trees,

wln 1561

That dare oppose thy Raging fury leese

wln 1562

Their firme foundation: Creepe into the earth,

wln 1563

And shake the world as at the monstus birth,

wln 1564

Of some new Prodegey, whilst I constant stand,

wln 1565

Holdinge this trusty Bore-Speare in my hand,

wln 1566

And falling thus vppon it.

wln 1567

Perigot to Enter. Amarillis running

wln 1568

Stay thy dead doing hand thou art to hott,

wln 1569

Against thy selfe belieue me comely Swaine,

wln 1570

If that thou dyest, not all the showers of Rayne.

wln 1571

The heauy Clowdes send downe can wash away:

wln 1572

The foule vnmanly guilt, the world will lay,

wln 1573

Vppon thee, yet thy loue vntainted stands:

wln 1574

Belieue mee shee is constant, not the sands,

wln 1575

Can bee so hardly numbred as shee wunn:

wln 1576

I do not trifle, *Sheapard*, by thee Moone,

wln 1577

And all those lesser lights our eyes doe vewe

wln 1578

All that I tould thee *Perigot* is true,

wln 1579

Then bee a free man, put away dispayre,

wln 1580

And will to dye, smooth gently vp that fayre,

wln 1581

Deiected forehead: be as when those eyes,

wln 1582

Tooke the first heat,

wln 1583

Per: Allas hee doeble dyes,

wln 1584

That would beleiuue, but cannot, tis not well,

wln 1585

Ye keepe mee thus from dying here to dwell,

wln 1586

With many worse companions: but oh death,

wln 1587

I am not yet inamourd of his breath,

wln 1588

So much, but I dare leaue it, tis not payne,

wln 1589

In forcing of a wound: nor after gayne,

wln 1590

Of many dayes, can hold mee from my will,

wln 1591

Tis not my selfe, but *Amoret*. byds kille:

wln 1592

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

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1593 And if I do not showe thee through the power?
wln 1594 Of hearbes and words I haue, as darke as Night?
wln 1595 My selfe, turn'd to thy *Amoret*, in sight?
wln 1596 Her very figure, and the Robe shee weares;
wln 1597 With tawny Buskins, and thee hooke she beares
wln 1598 Of thyne owne Caruing, where your names are set,
wln 1599 Wrought vnderneath with many a Curious frett
wln 1600 The *prim-Rose* Chaplet? taudry-lace and Ring,
wln 1601 Thou gauest her for her singing with each thing,
wln 1602 Else that shee weares about her lett mee feele;
wln 1603 The first fell stroke of that Reuenging steele?

wln 1604 *Per.* I am contented if ther bee a hope;
wln 1605 To giue it Entertaynement for the scope;
wln 1606 Of one poore hower; goe you shall find me next?
wln 1607 Vnder yon shady Beech? euen thus perplext;
wln 1608 And thus beleiuing.

wln 1609 *Amaril.* Bynde before I goe;
wln 1610 Thy soule by *Pan* vnto mee, not to doe,
wln 1611 Harme or outragious wrong vppon thy life,
wln 1612 Till my Returne.

wln 1613 *Per.* By *Pan* and by the strife;
wln 1614 Hee had with *Phoebus* for the Masterye,
wln 1615 When Goulden *Mydas*, iudg'd their *Minstralcy*;
wln 1616 I will not.

Exeunt;

wln 1617 *Enter Satyre with Alezis hurt.*

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

Leauing

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1671 Cannot show mee nor the downes:
wln 1672 Nor the many neighbouring Townes,
wln 1673 Low in yonder glade I found him,
wln 1674 Softly in mine Armes I bound him,
wln 1675 Hether haue I brought him sleeping,
wln 1676 In a Trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
wln 1677 In remembrance such youth may
wln 1678 Spring and perish in a Day.
wln 1679 *Clor:* Satyre: they wrong thee, that doe tearme thee rude
wln 1680 Though thou beest outward rough and tawny hues:
wln 1681 Thy manners are as gentle and as fayre,
wln 1682 As his who bragges himselfe, borne only heyre,
wln 1683 To all Humanity: let mee see thie wound:
wln 1684 This Hearb will stay the Currant being bound,
wln 1685 Fast to the Orephyse, and this restrayne,
wln 1686 Vlcers, and Swellinges, and such inward payne,
wln 1687 As the cold Ayre hath forc'd into the sore,
wln 1688 This to, drawe out such Putrifying gore,
wln 1689 As inward falls.

wln 1690 *Satrye:* Heauen grant it may doe good,
wln 1691 *Clor:* Fayrely wipe away the blood,
wln 1692 Hold him gently till I fling,
wln 1693 Water of a vertuous spring:
wln 1694 On his Temples turne him twice:
wln 1695 To the Moone beames pinch him thrice:
wln 1696 That the labouring soule may drawe.
wln 1697 From his great ecclipse.
wln 1698 *Satrye:* I sawe.
wln 1699 His Eye-lids moouing.
wln 1700 *Clor:* Giue him breath,
wln 1701 All the danger of cold death:
wln 1702 Now is vanisht, with this playster:
wln 1703 And this vnction doe I maister:
wln 1704 All the festred ill that maye:
wln 1705 Giue him greife another day.
wln 1706 *Satyr:* See hee gathers vp his spright
wln 1707 And begins to hunt for light,
wln 1708 Now a gapes and breathes agayne:
wln 1709 How the bloud runns to the vayne:

That

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

wln 1710

That east was empty.

wln 1711

Alexis. Oh my hart,

wln 1712

My dearest, dearest *Cloe* O the smart,

wln 1713

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

wln 1714

Passe through my Bowels, sharper then the stinge,

wln 1715

Of *Scorpion*.

wln 1716

Pan preserue mee, what are you,

wln 1717

Doe not hurt mee. I am true,

wln 1718

To my *Cloe* though shee fly

wln 1719

And leaue mee to this Destiny,

wln 1720

There shee stands, and will not lend,

wln 1721

Her smooth white hand to helpe her freind,

wln 1722

But I am much mistaken, for that face,

wln 1723

Bears more Austeritye and modest grace,

wln 1724

More reprouing and more awe.

wln 1725

Then these Eyes yet euer sawe,

wln 1726

In my *Cloe*, oh my payne:

wln 1727

Eagerly Renewes againe:

wln 1728

Giue mee your helpe for his sake you loue best:

wln 1729

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

wln 1730

Till thou hast layed a syde all heates, desiers,

wln 1731

Prouoking thoughts, that stirr vpp lusty fiers.

wln 1732

Commerse with wanton Eyes: strong bloud and will,

wln 1733

To execute these must bee purg'd vntill,

wln 1734

The vayne growe Whiter then Repent and pray:

wln 1735

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

wln 1736

And I shall vndertake your cure with ease.

wln 1737

Till when this verteous Playsters will displease,

wln 1738

Your tender sides. giue mee your hand and rise.

wln 1739

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

wln 1740

Yet are feeble.

wln 1741

Alexis. Sure I haue lost much blood.

wln 1742

Satyre. Tis no matter, twas not good,

wln 1743

Mortall you must leaue your woiing,

wln 1744

Though ther be a loye in doing,

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

wln 1745
wln 1746

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

wln 1747
wln 1748

Clor: Come bringe him in, I will attend his sore,
When you are well, take heed you lust no more,

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

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

wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
wln 1763

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

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

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

Clor: Friend farewell.

Exit.

wln 1774

Enter Amoret, seeking her loue

wln 1775
wln 1776
wln 1777
wln 1778

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

But

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

wln 1803 *Enter Amarillsi.*

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

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

wln 1837 *Enter Sullen*:

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

Now

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

wln 1867 *Enter Perigot.*

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

wln 1880 *Enter Amoret looking of Perigot*

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

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 1932 Can there be Heauen, and time, and men most
wln 1933 Of these vnconstant? fayth where art thou fled?
wln 1934 Are all the vowes and protestations dead:
wln 1935 The hands held vpp? the wishes and the hart?
wln 1936 Is ther not one remayninge not apart,
wln 1937 Of all these to bee found why then I see:
wln 1938 Men neuer knewe that vertue constancye
wln 1939 *Per:* Men euer were most blessed, till Crosse fate,
wln 1940 Brought loue, and woemen forth vnfortunate,
wln 1941 To all that euer tasted of their smiles,
wln 1942 Whose Actions are all double, full of wiles,
wln 1943 Like to the subtill Hare, that fore the Houndes,
wln 1944 Makes many turnings leapes and many roundes,
wln 1945 This waye and that waye, to deceaue the sent,
wln 1946 Of her pursuers:
wln 1947 *Amo:* Tis but to preuent,
wln 1948 Ther speedy comminge, on that seeke her fall,
wln 1949 The hands of Cruell men, more Bestiall,
wln 1950 And of a nature more refusing good,
wln 1951 Then beastes themselues, or fishes of the flood,
wln 1952 Thou art all these, and more then nature ment,
wln 1953 When shee created all, frownes, ioyes, content:
wln 1954 Extreame fier for an hower, and presentlye:
wln 1955 Colder then sleepy poyson: or the sea,
wln 1956 Vppon whose face sits a continuall frost
wln 1957 Your Actions euer driuen to the most,
wln 1958 Then downe agayne as lowe that none can find,
wln 1959 The rise or falling of a woemans minde,
wln 1960 *Amo:* Can ther bee any Age, or dayes, or time,
wln 1961 Or tongues: of Men, guilty so great a crime:
wln 1962 As wronging simple Mayde, O *Perigot:*
wln 1963 Thou that wast yesterday without a blott,
wln 1964 Thou that wast euery goode and euery thinge,
wln 1965 That men call blessed: thou that wast the spring.
wln 1966 From whence our looser groomes drew all their best:
wln 1967 Thou that wast alwaies Iust, and alwaies blest,
wln 1968 In fayth and promise, thou that hadst the name,
wln 1969 Of vertuous giuen thee, and made good the same:
wln 1970 Euen from thy Cradle: thou that wast that all,
wln 1971 That men delighted in, Oh what a fall,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

And

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

He hurts her agayne.

wln 2040 *Enter Satyre: Perigot runns of.*

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

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

exeunt,

Enter Clorin,

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

Exit,

wln 2082 *Enter Thenot*

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

His

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

wln 2093 *Enter Clorin.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

wln 2111 *Thenot.* Stay ther, thou constant Clorin if ther bee,

wln 2112 Yet any part of woeman left in thee,

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

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

wln 2115 I that already haue my fame farr spread,

wln 2116 For beeing constant to my louer dead

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

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

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

wln 2120 *Thenot.* Thincke but how blest,

wln 2121 A constant woeman is aboue the rest,

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

wln 2123 To be disposd by thee,

wln 2124 *Thenot* why dost thou wound,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2125 His hart with Mallice, against woemen more.
wln 2126 That hated all the Sex, but thee before,
wln 2127 How much more pleasant had it bene to mee,
wln 2128 To dye then behold this change in thee,
wln 2129 Yet, yet returne: let not the woeman swaye,
wln 2130 *Clorin:* Insult not on her now, nor vse delaye
wln 2131 Who for thy sake hath venturd all her fame,
wln 2132 *Thenot:* Thou hast not venturd but bought Certaine shame,
wln 2133 Your Sexes Curse, foule falshood, must and shall,
wln 2134 I see once in your liues light on you all;
wln 2135 I hate thee now: yet turne
wln 2136 *Clorin,* Be iust to mee:
wln 2137 Shall I at once, loose both my fame and thee,
wln 2138 *Thenot.* Thou hadst no fame, that which thou didst like good
wln 2139 Was but thy Appetite that swayed thy bloud,
wln 2140 For that time to the best, for as a blast,
wln 2141 That through a house comes, vsually doth cast,
wln 2142 Things out of order: yet by chaunce may come,
wln 2143 And blowe some one thinge to his proper rome,
wln 2144 Soe did thy Appetite, and not thy zeale.
wln 2145 Swaye the by chaunce to do some one thing well.
wln 2146 Yet turne.
wln 2147 *Clorin:* Thou dost but trye me if I would.
wln 2148 Forsake thy deere imbraces for my ould
wln 2149 Loues though he were aliue, but doe not feare,
wln 2150 *Thenot* I doe contemne thee nowe: and dare come neare.
wln 2151 And gayse vppon thee, for me thinkes that grace:
wln 2152 Austeritye, which satt vppon that face,
wln 2153 Is gone, and thou like others. false mayde see,
wln 2154 This is the gaine of foule Inconstance,
wln 2155 *Clorin:* Tis done great: *Pan,* I giue thee thanks for it, *Exit.*
wln 2156 What Art could not haue heald, is curd by witt,

wln 2157 *Enter: Thenot agayne:*

wln 2158 Will ye be constant yet, will ye remooue,
wln 2159 Into the Cabin to your buried loue,
wln 2160 *Clorin:* Noe lett me dye, but by thy side remayne,
wln 2161 *Thenot.* Ther's none shall knowe that thou didst euer stayne,
wln 2162 Thy worthy stricknes, but shalt honnerd bee

And

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2163 And I will lye againe vnder this tree,
wln 2164 And pine and dye for thee with more delight,
wln 2165 Then I haue sorrow now to know thee light,
wln 2166 *Clorin.* Let mee haue thee, and Ile be where thou wilt.
wln 2167 *Theonot.* Thou art of womens race and full of guilt,
wln 2168 Farewell all hope of that sex, whilst I thought,
wln 2169 There was one good, I feared to find one nought
wln 2170 But since there minds I all alike espie
wln 2171 Hence forth Ile chuse as thers, by mine eye,
wln 2172 *Clorin.* Blest be yee powers that gaued such quicke redresse,
wln 2173 And for my labours sent so good successe,
wln 2174 I rather chuse though I a woman bee,
wln 2175 He should speake ill of all,
wln 2176 then dye for me.

Finis Actus quartus.

wln 2178 Actus Quintus.
wln 2179 Scena. 1.

wln 2180 *Enter Priest, and old Shepheard.*

wln 2181 *Priest.* Shepheards, rise and shake of sleepe.
wln 2182 See the blushing Morne doth peepe,
wln 2183 Through the windowes, whilst the Sune
wln 2184 To the Mountayne topps is runne,
wln 2185 Gilding all the vales below,
wln 2186 With his rising flames which grow,
wln 2187 Greater by his climbing still.
wln 2188 Vp yee lazy groomes and fill,
wln 2189 Bagg and Bottle for the fieldes,
wln 2190 Claspe your cloakes fast lest they yeeld,
wln 2191 To the bitter Northeast wind,
wln 2192 Call the Maydens vp and find.
wln 2193 Who laye longest, that she may,
wln 2194 Go without a friend all daye.
wln 2195 Then reward your dogs and praye,

The faithfull Shepherdesse.

wln 2196
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wln 2233

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

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

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

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

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

exeunt.

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

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

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

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

Enter

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

Enter Satyre with Amoret.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Clorin. With spottlesse hand, on spotlesse Brest,
I put these hearbs to giue thee rest.
Which till it heale the there wil bide
If both be pure, if not of slide.
See it falls of from the wound,
Sepheardesse thou art not sound,
Full of lust.

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

Clorin. Why that hath brought it.

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

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

Satyre search if thou canst find it,

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

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2274 Heere heere in a hollow tree.
wln 2275 Two fond mortalls haue I found,
wln 2276 *Clorin.* Bring them out they are vnsound.

wln 2277 *Enter Cloe, and Daphinis.*

wln 2278 *Satyre.* By the fingers thus I wring yee,
wln 2279 To my Goddesse thus I bring yee.
wln 2280 Strife is wayne come gently in,
wln 2281 I sented them, they are full of sinne,
wln 2282 *Clorin.* Hold *Satyre*, take this Glasse,
wln 2283 Sprinkle ouer all the place,
wln 2284 Purge the Ayre from lustfull breath,
wln 2285 To saue this Shepheardesse frō death.
wln 2286 And stand you still, whilst I do dresse
wln 2287 Her wound for feare the payne increase,
wln 2288 *Satyre.* From this glasse I throw a dropp,
wln 2289 Of Christall water on the topp.
wln 2290 Of euery grasse on flowers a payre:
wln 2291 Send a fume and keepe the Ayre,
wln 2292 Pure and wholesome, sweete & blest,
wln 2293 Till this virgins wound be drest,
wln 2294 *Clorin.* *Satyre* help to bring her in,
wln 2295 *Satyre.* By *Pan*, I thinke shee hath no sinne.
wln 2296 She is so light, lye on these leaues,
wln 2297 Sleepe that mortall sence deceaues.
wln 2298 Crowne thine eyes, and ease thy paine,
wln 2299 Mayst thou sone be well againe,
wln 2300 *Clorin.* *Satyre* bring the Shepheard nere,
wln 2301 Trye him if his mind be cleere,
wln 2302 *Satyre.* Shepheard come,
wln 2303 *Daphinis.* My thoughts are pure,
wln 2304 The better tryall to endure.
wln 2305 *Satyre.* In this flame his figer thrust,
wln 2306 *Clorin.* Which will burne him if he lust.
wln 2307 But if not away will turne,
wln 2308 As loath vnspotted flesh to burne:
wln 2309 See it giues backe let him go.
wln 2310 Farewell Mortall keepe thee so.
wln 2311 *Satyre.* Stay fayre *Nymph*, flye not so fast,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2312

Wee must trye if you be chaste:

wln 2313

Heres a hand that quaks for feare,

wln 2314

Sure she will not proue so cleare:

wln 2315

Clorin. Hold her finger to the flame:

wln 2316

That will yeeld her praise or shame.

wln 2317

Satire. To her doome shee dares not stand,

wln 2318

But pluckes away her tender hand:

wln 2319

And the Taper darting sends,

wln 2320

His hot beames at her fingers ends.

wln 2321

O thou art foule within, and hast;

wln 2322

A mind if nothing else vnchast.

wln 2323

Alexis. Is not that *Cloe*? tis my loue; tis shee:

wln 2324

Cloe, faire Cloe.

wln 2325

Cloe. My *Alexis.* *Alexis:* He.

wln 2326

Cloe. Let me imbrace thee.

wln 2327

Clorin. Take her hence, Least her sight disturbe his sence.

wln 2328

Alexis. Take not her: take my life first.

wln 2329

Clorin. See his wound againe is burst,

wln 2330

Keepe her neere heere in the wood.

wln 2331

Til I haue stopt these streames of bloud.

wln 2332

Soone againe he ease shall find,

wln 2333

If I can but still his minde:

wln 2334

This curtaine thus I do display,

wln 2335

To keepe the piercing Ayre away.

wln 2336

Enter old shepheard, and Priest.

wln 2337

Priest. Sure they are lost for euer, tis in vaine,

wln 2338

To finde them out, with trouble and much paine:

wln 2339

That haue a Ripe desire, and forward will,

wln 2340

To flye the company of all, but ill:

wln 2341

What shall be counsaile: Now shall we retire?

wln 2342

Or constant follow still, that first desire,

wln 2343

We had to finde them?

wln 2344

Olde. Stay a little while:

wln 2345

For if the mornings mist do not beguile,

wln 2346

My sight with shaddowes: sure I see a swaine

wln 2347

One of this iolly troopes come backe againe.

wln 2348

Enter Thenot.

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2349 *Priest.* Doest thou not blush young sheeheard to be knowne,
wln 2350 Thus without care, leauing thy flocks alone:
wln 2351 And followinge what desire and present bloud,
wln 2352 Shapes out before thy burning sence, for good,
wln 2353 Hauinge forgot what tongue hereafter may
wln 2354 Tell to the world thy faleing off, and say
wln 2355 Thou art regardlesse both of good and shame,
wln 2356 Spurning at vertue, and a verteous name:
wln 2357 And like a glorious desperat man, that buies,
wln 2358 A poison of much price, by which he dyes
wln 2359 Doest thou lay out for lust, whose only gaine,
wln 2360 Is foule disease, with present age and paine:
wln 2361 And then a Graue: these be the frutes that growe,
wln 2362 In such hot vaines that only beat to know,
wln 2363 Where they may take most ease & growe ambtious,
wln 2364 Through their owne wanton fire, and pride delitious.
wln 2365 *Thenot.* Right holy Sir I haue not knowen this night,
wln 2366 What the smooth face of Mirth was: or the sight,
wln 2367 Of any loosenesse, musicke, ioy and ease,
wln 2368 Haue bene to me, as bitter drugges to please
wln 2369 A Stomake lost with weakenesse, not a game
wln 2370 That I am skild at throughly, nor a dame,
wln 2371 Went her tongue smoother then the feete of Time,
wln 2372 Her beauy euer liuing like the Rime,
wln 2373 Our blessed *Tyterus* did singe of yore,
wln 2374 No, were shee more entising then the store
wln 2375 Of fruitfull *Summr*, when the loaden tree,
wln 2376 Bids the faint Traueller be bolde and free
wln 2377 Twere but to me like Thunder gainst the bay,
wln 2378 Whose lightning may inclose, but neuer stay
wln 2379 Vpon his charmed branches, such am I,
wln 2380 Against the catching flames of womans eye.
wln 2381 *Priest.* Then wherefore hast thou wandred.
wln 2382 *Thenot.* Twas a vowe,
wln 2383 that drew me out last night, which I haue nowe,
wln 2384 Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to giue
wln 2385 fresh pasture to my sheepe, that they may liue.
wln 2386 *Priest.* Tis good to heare ye Sheeph[*]ard if the heart,
wln 2387 In this well sounding Musick beare his part;
wln 2388 Where haue you left the rest,

Thenot

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

wln 2402 *Priest.* Go and beware,
wln 2403 Of after falling.

wln 2404 *Thenot.* Father tis my care.

Exit Theonot.

wln 2405 *Enter Daphnis.*

wln 2406 *Old.* Here comes another straggler, sure I see,
wln 2407 A shame in this young Shepheard *Daphinis*,

wln 2408 *Daphnis.* Hee,

wln 2409 *Preest.* Where hast left the rest, that should haue bene
wln 2410 Long before this, grazing vpon the greene:

wln 2411 Their yet imprisond flocks,

wln 2412 *Daph.* Thou holy man.

wln 2413 Giue me a litle breathing till I can,

wln 2414 Be able to vnfold what I haue seene,

wln 2415 Such horror that the like hath neuer bene,

wln 2416 Knowne to the eare of Shepheard: oh my heart,

wln 2417 Labours a double motion to impart,

wln 2418 So heauy tydings you all know the Bower,

wln 2419 Where the chaste *Clorin*, liues by whose great power,

wln 2420 Sicke men and cattell hane bene often cur'd,

wln 2421 There louely *Amoret*, that was assur'd,

wln 2422 To lusty *Perrigot*: bleedes out her life:

wln 2423 Forced by some iron hand and fatall knife,

wln 2424 And by her young *Allexis*.

wln 2425 *Enter Amarillis running from her sullen sheepeheard.*

wln 2426 If there be

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2427 Euer a Neighbour-brooke or hollow tree,
wln 2428 Receiue my body, close me vp from lust,
wln 2429 That follows at my heeles, be euer iust,
wln 2430 Thou God of shepheards: *Pan* for her deare sake,
wln 2431 That loues the Riuers brinks, and still doeth shake,
wln 2432 In colde remembrance of thy quick pursute:
wln 2433 Let me be made a reede, and euer mute,
wln 2434 Nod to the waters fall, whilst euery blast,
wln 2435 Singes through my slender leaues that I was chaste:
wln 2436 *Priest.* This is a night of wonder, *Amarill,*
wln 2437 Be Comforted, the holy gods are still,
wln 2438 Reuengers of these wrongs.
wln 2439 *Amar.* Thou blessed man,
wln 2440 Honourd vpon these plaines and lou'd of *Pan*:
wln 2441 Heare me, and saue from endles infamy,
wln 2442 My yet vnblasted flower *Virginitie*
wln 2443 By all the Garlands that haue croun'd that head,
wln 2444 By thy chast office, and the mariage bed,
wln 2445 That still is blest by thee: by all the rights
wln 2446 Due to our God: and by those virgin lights,
wln 2447 That burne before his Altar: let me not,
wln 2448 Fall from my former state to gaine the blot
wln 2449 That neuer shall be purged.
wln 2450 I am not now,
wln 2451 That wanton *Amarillis*: heere I vowe,
wln 2452 To Heauen, and thee graue father, if I may,
wln 2453 Scape this vnhappy Night, to knowe the day,
wln 2454 A virgin, neuer after to endure
wln 2455 The tongues, or company of men vnpure.
wln 2456 I heare him, come, saue me.
wln 2457 *Priest* Retire a while,
wln 2458 Behinde this bushk, till wee haue knowen that vile
wln 2459 Aboser of young maydens.

wln 2460 *Enter Sullen.*

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

Thy

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2505 Now to the Bowre and bring this beast along,
wln 2506 Where he may suffer Pennance for his wrong,

wln 2507 *Enter Perigot with his hand bloody,*

wln 2508 *Per.* Here will I wash it in the mornings dewe,
wln 2509 Which she on euey litle grasse doth strewe,
wln 2510 In siluer dropps against the Sunnes appeare:
wln 2511 Tis holy water and will make me cleere.
wln 2512 My hand will not be cleansed, my wronged loue,
wln 2513 If thy chast spirit in the Ayre yet moue,
wln 2514 Looke mildly downe on him that yet doth stand,
wln 2515 All full of guilt thy blood vpon his hand,
wln 2516 And though I stricke thee vnderuedly,
wln 2517 Let my reuenge on her that Iniurd thee.
wln 2518 Make lesse a fault which I intended not,
wln 2519 And let these dew dropps wash away my spot,
wln 2520 It will not cleanse, O to what sacred flood,
wln 2521 Shall I resort to wash away this blood:
wln 2522 Amidst these Trees the holy *Clorin*. dwells,
wln 2523 In a low *Cabin*, of cut boughs and heales,
wln 2524 All wounds, to her I will my selfe a dresse,
wln 2525 And my rash faultes repentantly confesse:
wln 2526 Perhaps sheele find a meanes by Arte or prayer,
wln 2527 To make my hand with chast blood stayned, fayre
wln 2528 That done not farre hence vnderneath some tree,
wln 2529 Ile haue a little Cabin built since shee,
wln 2530 Whom I adorde is dead, there will I giue,
wln 2531 My selfe to strickness and like *Clorin* liue. *exit.*

wln 2532 *The Curtayne is drawne, Clorin appeares sitting in the Cabin,*
wln 2533 *Amoret sitting on the on side of her, Allexis and Cloe*
wln 2534 *on the other, the Satyre standing by.*

wln 2535 *Clorin.* Shepheard once more your blood is stayed,
wln 2536 Take example by this mayd,
wln 2537 Who is healde ere you be pure,
wln 2538 so hard it is lewd lust to cure,
wln 2539 Take heede then how you turne your eye,

On

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2540 On these other lust fully,
wln 2541 And shepheardesse take heed least you,
wln 2542 Moue his willing eye thereto,
wln 2543 Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile
wln 2544 Of yours, his weaker sence beguyle,
wln 2545 Is your loue yet true and chast,
wln 2546 And for euer so to last.
wln 2547 *Alexis.* I haue forgot all vaine desires,
wln 2548 All looser thoughts, ill tempred fires,
wln 2549 True loue I find a pleasant fume,
wln 2550 Whose moderat heat can nere consume.
wln 2551 *Cloe.* And I a newe fire feele in mee,
wln 2552 Whose base end is not quencht to be.
wln 2553 *Clorin.* Ioyne your hands with modest touch,
wln 2554 And for euer keepe you such.
wln 2555 *Enter Perigot.*
wln 2556 *Perigot.* Yon is her cabin, thus far off ile stand,
wln 2557 And call her foorth, for my vnhallowed hand,
wln 2558 I dare not bring so neere yon sacerd place,
wln 2559 *Clorin* come foorth and do a timely grace,
wln 2560 To a poore swaine,
wln 2561 *Clorin* What art thou that doest call?
wln 2562 *Clorin* is ready to do good to all.
wln 2563 Come neere.
wln 2564 *Per.* I dare not. *Clorin.* *Satyre,* see
wln 2565 Who it is that calls on mee.
wln 2566 *Satyre* Thers a hand some swaine doth stand,
wln 2567 Stretching out a bloody hand.
wln 2568 *Per.* Come *Clorin* bring thy holy waters clear,
wln 2569 To wash my hand.
wln 2570 *Clorin.* What wonders haue beene here
wln 2571 To night stretch foorth thy hand young swaine,
wln 2572 Wash and rubbe it whylst I raine
wln 2573 Holy water.
wln 2574 *Per* Still you power,
wln 2575 But my hand will neuer scoure.
wln 2576 *Clorin* *Satire* bring him to the bowre
wln 2577 Wee will try the soueragne power
wln 2578 Of other waters.
wln 2579 *Satire* Mortall sure,

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2580 Tis the bloud of mayden pure
wln 2581 That staines hee soe.

wln 2582 *The Satire leadeth him to the Bower, where he spieth Amoret*
wln 2583 *& kneeleth downe: shee knoweth him,*

wln 2584 *Perigot* What e're thou be.
wln 2585 Beest thou her spright, or some diuinitie,
wln 2586 That in her shape thinks good to walke this groue,
wln 2587 Pardon poore *Perigot*

wln 2588 *Amor.* I am thy loue.
wln 2589 Thy *Amoret.* for euermore thy loue:
wln 2590 Sticke once more on my naked brest, Ile prooue
wln 2591 As constant still, O canst thou loue me yet,
wln 2592 How soone could I my former griefes forget.

wln 2593 *Perig.* So ouer great with ioy, that you liue nowe
wln 2594 I am, that no desire of knowing how
wln 2595 doeth seaze me; hast thou still power to forgiue,

wln 2596 *Amor.* Whil'st thou hast power to loue, or I to liue,
wln 2597 More welcome now then hadst thou neuer gone
wln 2598 A stray from me.

wln 2599 *Per.* And when thou lou'st alone
wln 2600 And not I, death or some lingring paine
wln 2601 That's worse, light on me.

wln 2602 *Clorin.* Now your staine
wln 2603 Perhaps will cleanse, thee once againe
wln 2604 See the bloud that erst did stay,
wln 2605 With the water drops away:
wln 2606 All the powers againe are pleas'd,
wln 2607 And with this newe knot are appeasd:
wln 2608 Ioyne your hands, and rise together,
wln 2609 *Pan* be blest that brought you hether.

wln 2610 *Enter Priest & olde Sheepheard.*

wln 2611 *Clorin.* Goe backe againe what ere thou art: vnlesse
wln 2612 Smooth maiden thoughts possesse thee, doe not presse
wln 2613 This hallowed ground, goe *Satire* take his hand,
wln 2614 And giue him present triall.

wln 2615 *Satire* Mortall stand.

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2616 Till by fire, I haue made knowne
wln 2617 Whether thou be such a one,
wln 2618 That mayst freely tread this place,
wln 2619 Holde thy hand vp, neuer was,
wln 2620 More vntainted flesh then this,
wln 2621 Fairest he is fall of blisse.
wln 2622 *Clorin.* Then boldely speake why doest thou seeke this place,
wln 2623 *Priest.* First honourd virgin to behold thy face,
wln 2624 Where all good dwells, that is, next for to try
wln 2625 The trueth of late report, was giuen to mee:
wln 2626 Those sheeheardes that haue met with foule mischance,
wln 2627 Through much neglect, and more ill gouernance,
wln 2628 Whether the wounds they haue may yet endure
wln 2629 The open ayre, or stay a longer cure,
wln 2630 And lastly what the doome may be, shall light
wln 2631 Vpon those guilty wretches, through whose spight
wln 2632 All this confusion full. For to this place,
wln 2633 Thou holy mayden haue I brought the race,
wln 2634 Of these offenders, who haue freely tolde,
wln 2635 Both why, and by what meanes, they gaue this bold
wln 2636 Attempt vpon their liue.
wln 2637 *Clorin.* Fume all the ground,
wln 2638 And sprinckle holy water, for vnsound
wln 2639 And foule Infection ginnes to fill the Ayre
wln 2640 It gathers yet more strongly,
wln 2641 Of Censors filld with Franckensence and Mirr.
wln 2642 Together with cold Camphire, quickly stirr.
wln 2643 The gentle *Satire*, for the place beginns
wln 2644 To sweat and labour, with the abhorred sinnes
wln 2645 Of those offenders, let them not come nye,
wln 2646 For full of itching flame and leprosie,
wln 2647 Their very soules are, that the ground goes backe,
wln 2648 And shrinks to feele the sullen waight of black
wln 2649 And so vnheard of vennome, hye thee fast,
wln 2650 Thou holy man, and bannish from the chast,
wln 2651 These manlike monsters, let them neuer more
wln 2652 Be knowen vpon thes dounes, but longe before,
wln 2653 The next sunnes rising, put them from the sight,
wln 2654 And memory of euery honest wight.

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2655

Be quicke in expedition, lest the sores
Of these weake patients, breake into newe gores

Exi. Priest.

wln 2656

wln 2657

Per. My deare deare *Amoret*, how happy are,

wln 2658

Those blessed paires, in whom a little iarr

wln 2659

Hath bred an euerlasting loue, to strong

wln 2660

For time or steele, or enuy to do wrong,

wln 2661

How do you feele your hurts, alasse poore heart

wln 2662

How much I was abusd, giue me the smart

wln 2663

For it is iustly mine.

wln 2664

Amo. I doe beleuee.

wln 2665

It is enough deare friend, leaue off to grieue,

wln 2666

And let vs once more in despight of ill,

wln 2667

Giue hands, and hearts againe

wln 2668

Per. with better will,

wln 2669

Then ere I went to finde, in hottest day

wln 2670

Coole Christall of the fountaine, to allay

wln 2671

My eager thirst, may this band neuer breake,

wln 2672

Heare vs o heauen.

wln 2673

Amo. Be constant.

wln 2674

Per. Else *Pan* wreake

wln 2675

With double vengeance, my disloyalty.

wln 2676

Let me not dare to knowe the company

wln 2677

Of men, or any more behold those eyes.

wln 2678

Amo. Thus shshepheare with a kisse all enuy dies.

wln 2679

Enter Priest.

wln 2680

Priest Bright Maid, I haue perform'd your will, the swaine

wln 2681

In whom such heate, and blacke rebellions raigne

wln 2682

Hath vndergone your sentence:

wln 2683

Only the maide I haue reseru'd, whose face

wln 2684

shewes much amendment, many a teare doth fall

wln 2685

In sorrow of her fault, great faire recall

wln 2686

Your heauie doome, in hope of better dayes

wln 2687

Which I dare promise: once again, vpraise

wln 2688

her heauy Spirit, that neere drowned lies

wln 2689

In selfe consuming care that neuer dies.

wln 2690

Clorin. I am content to pardon: call her in,

wln 2691

The ayre growes coole againe, and dothbeginn

To

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

Vnlesse

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

That

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

wln 2770 That was the soule and God of melody.

wln 2771 *Song.* *the all sing.*

wln 2772 *All yee Woodes, and Trees, and Bowers,*
wln 2773 *All ye vertues, and yee powers:*
wln 2774 *That inhabit in the lakes,*
wln 2775 *In the pleasant springs or brakes.*
wln 2776 *Moue your feete,*
wln 2777 *to our sound:*
wln 2778 *Whilst wee greete,*
wln 2779 *all this ground.*
wln 2780 *With his honour and his name.*
wln 2781 *That defendes our flockes from blame.*

wln 2782 *Hee is great, and he is iust,*
wln 2783 *Hee is euer good and must:*
wln 2784 *Thus be honnerd, Daffadillyes,*
wln 2785 *Roses, Pinckes, and loued Lillyes.*
wln 2786 *Let vs fling,*
wln 2787 *Whilst wee sing,*
wln 2788 *Euer holy,*
wln 2789 *Euer holy.*
wln 2790 *Euer honerd, euer young,*
wln 2791 *Thus great Pan is euer sung.*

Exeunt.

wln 2792 *Satyre.* Thou deuineſt, fayreſt, brighteſt,
wln 2793 Thou moſt powerfull mayd, and whitest.
wln 2794 Thou moſt vertuous, and moſt bleſſed,
wln 2795 Eyes of Starrs and Golden Tressed,
wln 2796 Like *Apollo*, tell me ſweeteſt,
wln 2797 What new ſeruiſe now is meeſteſt.
wln 2798 For thee *Satyre* ſhall I ſtray,
wln 2799 In the middle Ayre and ſtaye,
wln 2800 Thy Sayling Racke or nimble take,
wln 2801 Hold by the Moone, and gently make.

L

Suite

The faithfull Shepheardesse.

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

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

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

exeunt.

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

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

Textual Notes

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

29. 2771 (42-b): The regularized reading *they* is amended from the original *the*.