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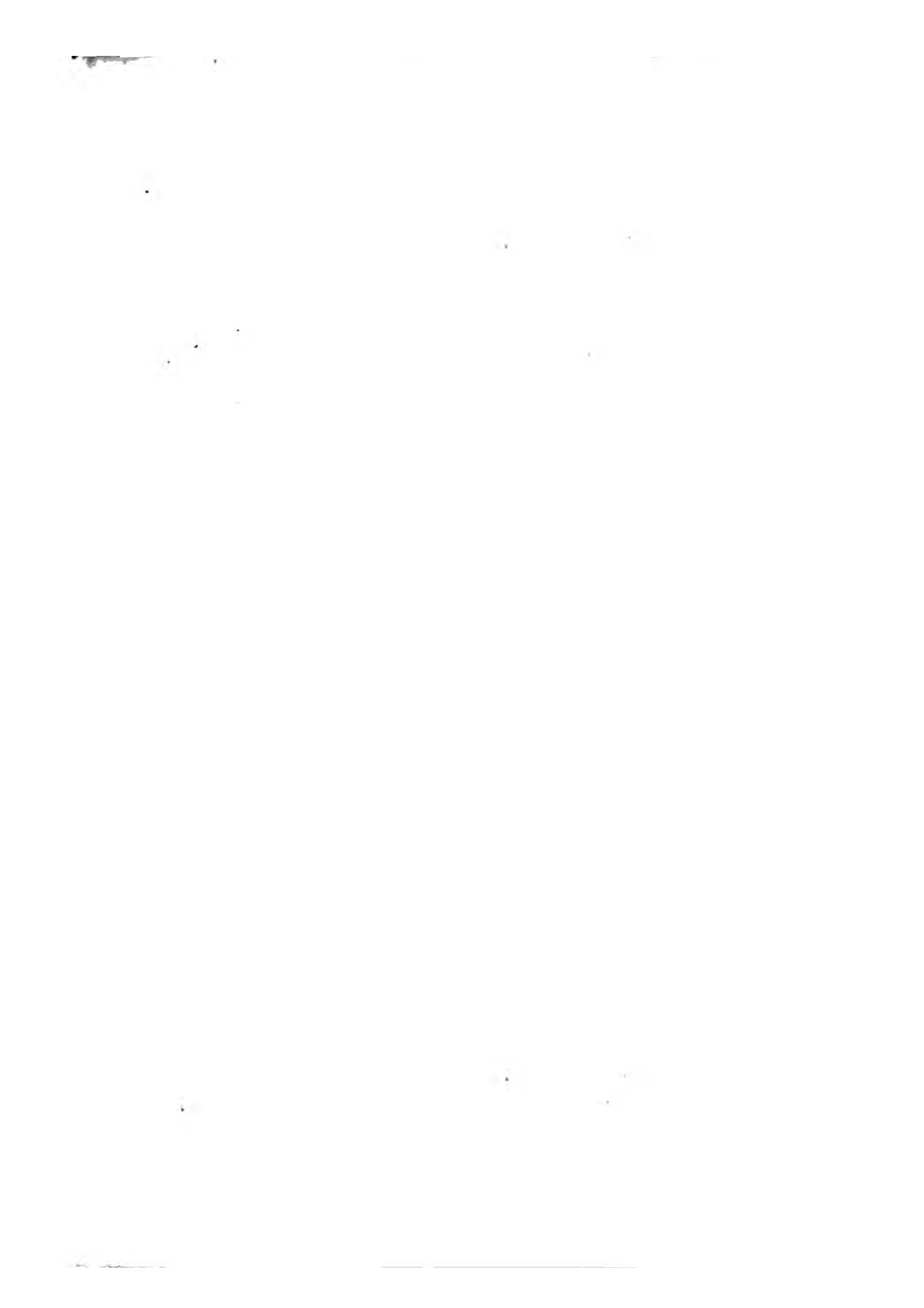


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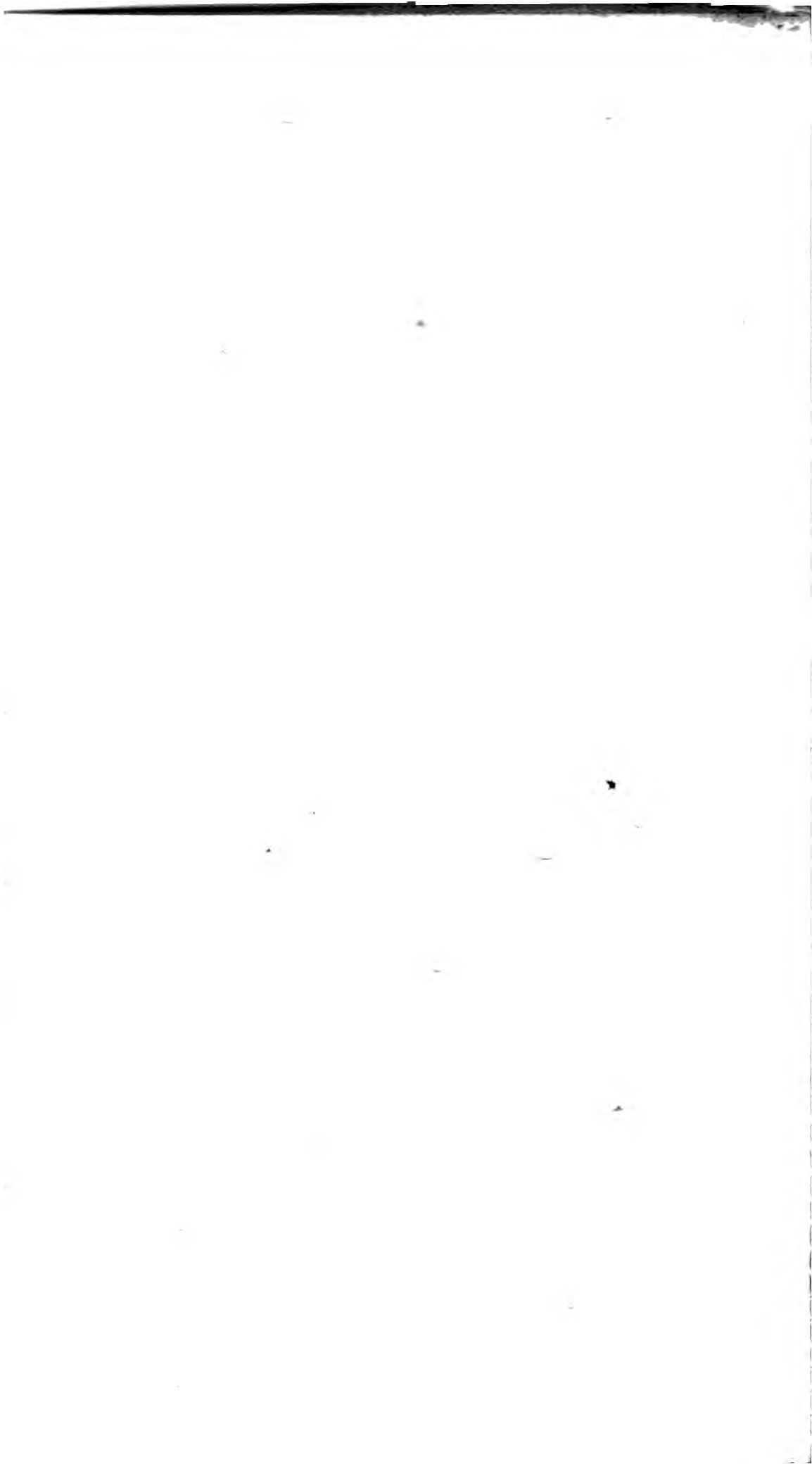
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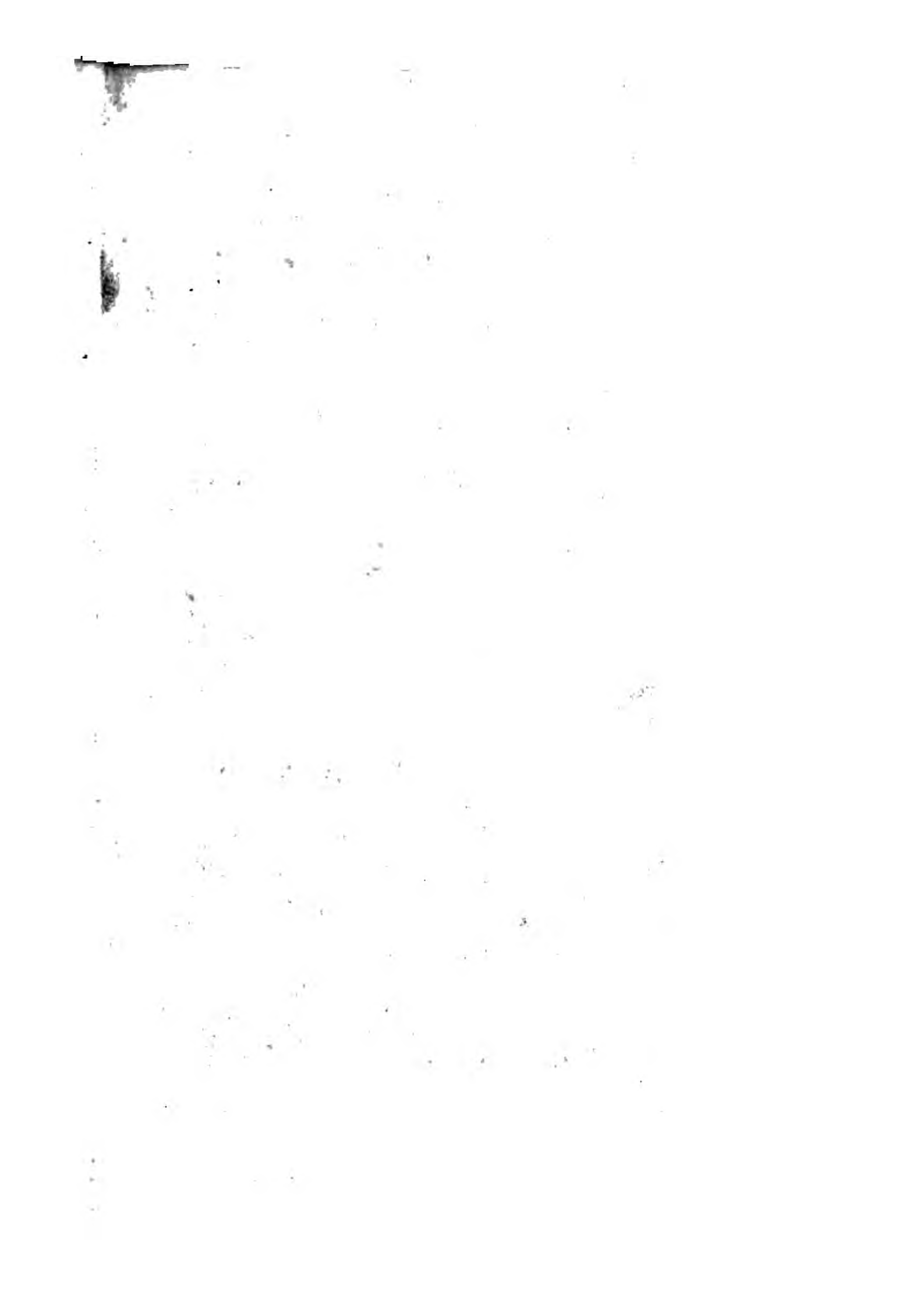


Translated by
William Clepperton.



Jr Walker

May 1835.





Engr^d by E. Mitchell.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA GUARINI
ANNO ÆT. 63.

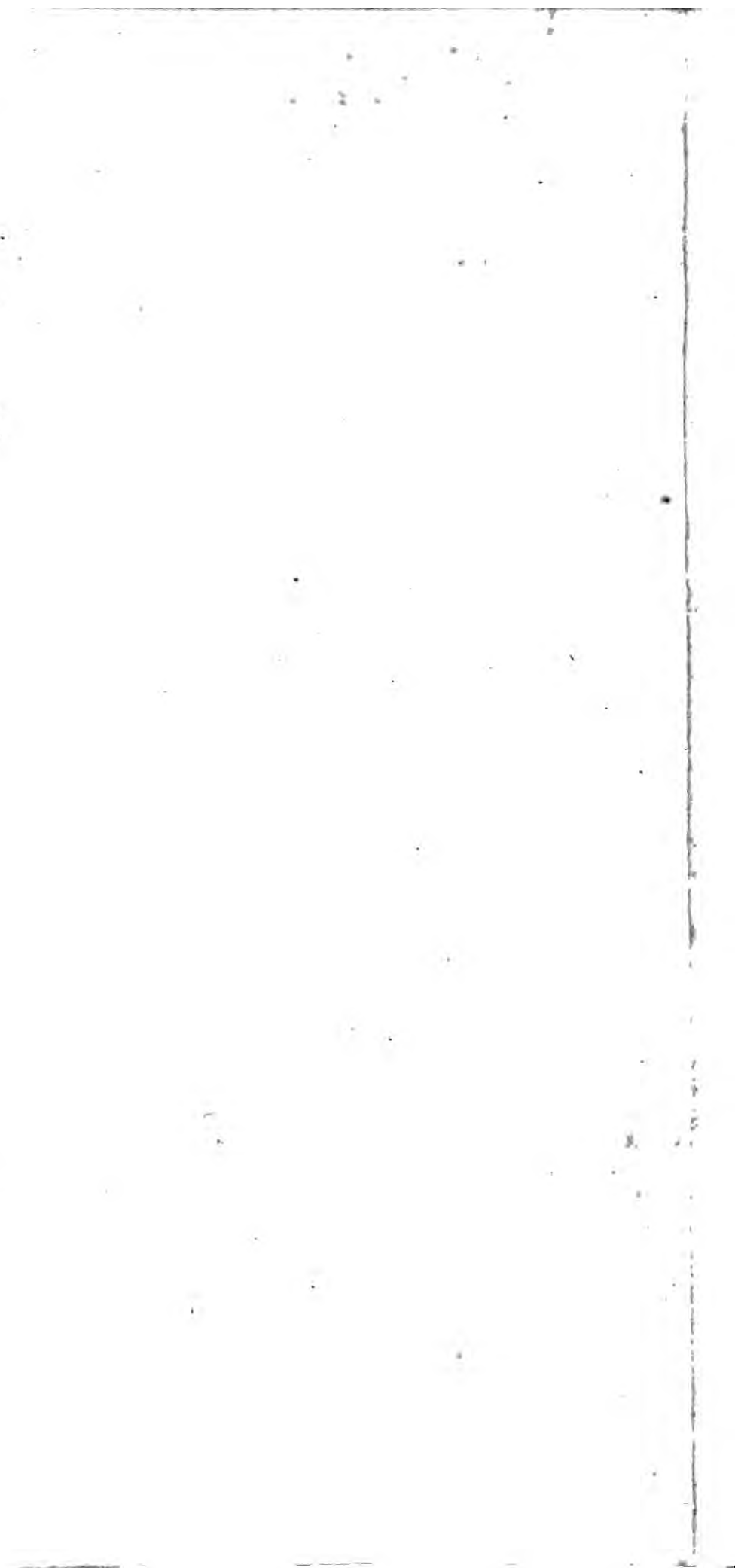
THE
PASTOR FIDO
OF
GUARINI
IN
English Blank Verse



Engr.^d by E. Mitchell

Vide P. 7.

Edinburgh—Published by Adam Black opposite the College—1800.



IL
PASTOR FIDO,
OR, THE
FAITHFUL SHEPHERD,
A PASTORAL TRAGI-COMEDY,
ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH BLANK VERSE,
FROM THE ITALIAN OF
SIGNOR CAVALIER
GIOVANNI BATTISTA GUARINI.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

SCOTT.

EDINBURGH:

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1809.

Handwritten signature or mark



TO

GEORGE THOMSON, Esq. F.A.S.E.

THE FIRST PATRON AND ENCOURAGER OF THE
PRESENT ATTEMPT,

THIS TRANSLATION OF THE PASTOR FIDO

IS INSCRIBED,

As a small testimony of respect,

By his sincere

and obliged Friend,

THE TRANSLATOR,

Entered in Stationers Hall.

P R E F A C E.

THE following Translation of one of the most elegant and interesting Poems which Italy has produced, is submitted with the utmost diffidence to the Public. From a strong impression that, notwithstanding the old Translation in rhyme by Sir Richard Fanshaw, the English reader has still to be introduced to the beauty, the sublimity, and the exquisite tenderness of Guarini, the Translator has perhaps been too adventurous when he decided on an attempt to supply what has so long been a desideratum in English literature.

While he submits his undertaking to the candid judgment of the Public, he has to avow and to regret the failure of his utmost efforts to transfuse the full spirit of many of the passages into the English language, which, copious, forcible, and pliant as it is, perhaps above every other modern tongue, must yield to the Italian in the expression of tenderness

and feeling. The grand difficulty of Translation is to unite fidelity with spirit and an easy flow of language. This the Translator can only pretend to have endeavoured; and he has carefully studied the manner of his Author. In the *irregular* verse of the soliloquies and some other parts, (a style of writing which seems well adapted to the language of passion) while he imitates Guarini, he is authorised by Milton in his Sampson Agonistes. Blank verse, for the most obvious reasons, he has not hesitated to adopt, and when rhyming couplets occur in the dialogue, they are sanctioned by the original.

As the Prologue is of an occasional nature, and now become tedious and uninteresting, he has taken the liberty to leave it out in the Translation. The Argument he considers unnecessary, and even prejudicial to the interest of the fable.

P. 12. l. 5. *for* "till now," *read* "ev'n now."

SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE OF GUARINI.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA GUARINI, the great Author of the *Pastor Fido*, was born in Ferrara in the year 1538. There is but little known of his parents. He was great grandson to Guarino of Verona, one of the first who revived polite literature in the 15th century. We have no account how the author spent his youth, but it appears that he lectured for some time on moral philosophy in the University of Ferrara. He married Thaddea, daughter of Nicolas Bendecci, and of Alessandra Rossetti, descended from a noble family in Ferrara. Guarini became Secretary to Alphonso II, Duke of that principality, who sent him on several embassies into Germany, Poland, and Rome, which he discharged with great wisdom and integrity. He had, however, many enemies in the Duke's court, who, jealous of his great talents and abilities, continually laid schemes by which he might lose the Duke's favour. On this account, and others,

it is believed, of a domestic nature, or having had some misunderstanding with the Duke, he left his court, and went in 1588 to the court of Savoy, where he was immediately employed. He did not remain long there, but went to Padua, where he had the affliction to lose his wife in 1590. Upon this event he grew melancholy, and it is supposed from some of his letters, that he designed to go to Rome, and turn Ecclesiastic. He was diverted, however, from this resolution, by an invitation he received from Vincent de Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, which he accepted, but was afterwards dismissed by the powerful solicitations of Duke Alphonso. Upon this he went to Rome, but returned in 1595 to his native place, where he was again reconciled to the Duke of Ferrara. Upon his death, however, in 1597, great changes having ensued in Ferrara, and Guarini not thinking himself rewarded in a suitable manner, left that place in 1599, and entered into the service of Ferdinand de Medicis, Grand Duke of Tuscany, who showed a great esteem for him. Some time after he went to the Prince of Urbino, but continued only a year with him, and returned to Ferrara in 1604, where he remained till 1609, going at intervals to Venice, to carry on some lawsuits. In 1610 he went to Rome on account of two lawsuits he had gained. Returning at last once more to his native place, and passing by Venice, he was seized with the dis-

temper of which he died in 1612, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, leaving three sons, of whom the second was a man of wit and genius, but of very irregular habits.

Though Guarini gained the highest reputation, it is somewhat singular he never could endure the name or title of poet. He wrote other poems which seem to be almost neglected and forgotten amidst the blaze of the beauties of his *Pastor Fido*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- SILVIO**, *Son of Montano.*
LINCO, *an old Man, Servant to Montano.*
MIRTILLO, *in love with Amarillis.*
ERGASTO, *Mirtillo's Confidant.*
AMARILLIS, *Daughter of Titiro.*
CORISCA, *a Coquette, in love with Mirtillo.*
DORINDA, *in love with Silvio.*
MONTANO, *Priest of Diana, and Father of Silvio.*
TITIRO, *Father of Amarillis.*
DAMETAS, *an old Man, Servant of Montano.*
SATIRO, *an old lover of Corisca.*
LUPINO, *Servant to Dorinda.*
NICANDRO, *Chief Minister of the High Priest.*
CORIDON, *in love with Corisca.*
CARINO, *an old Man, reputed Father of Mirtillo.*
URANIO, *an old Man, Carino's Companion.*
A Messenger.
TIRENIO, *a blind Prophet.*
Chorus of Priests.
Chorus of Shepherds.
Chorus of Nymphs.
Chorus of Huntsmen.

The Scene is in Arcadia.

THE
FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SILVIO, LINCC—*with Huntsmen.*

SIL. **G**o, ye that have the frightful monster lodg'd*,
And give the wonted signal for the chase;
Go, with your cheerful cries, and echoing horns,
Dispel dull sleep, and rouse the listless heart.
If in Arcadia there was ever found
A shepherd swain, a friend to Cynthia's † sports,
Whose gen'rous breast the pleasures of the chase
And glory gain'd in woods could stimulate,
If such a swain there be, now let him show
His love of toils like these, by following me,
Where in a narrow space, (but ample field
For each to show our valour) is confin'd
That dreadful boar, that fearful prodigy
Of nature and the woods, that roams so fierce

* Alluding to a custom of forcing the beast into a particular spot, called *lodging* it, that they might hunt it out again.

† Cynthia, called also Diana, goddess of hunting.

'Midst Erymanthus' cliffs*, and known so well
 By wounds which he hath giv'n, fell ravager
 Of the surrounding country, and the swain's
 Continual terror. Go ye, then, my friends,
 And with your shrill horns' music, not alone
 Anticipate, but wake the drowsy morn.

[*Exeunt huntsmen.*]

LINCO, be't first our care to' adore the gods,
 So shall we afterwards begin the chase
 With guidance more secure;—who well begins,
 Hath finish'd half his work, but none can well
 Begin, who seek not first the aid of heav'n.

LIN. I well approve thy worshipping the gods,
 But not thy troubling the repose of such
 As minister before them; all who guard
 The sacred temple still lie hush'd in sleep,
 For scarcely hath the dawn's first feeble ray
 Begun to tip our mountain-top with light †.

SIL. To thee who art thyself yet scarce awake,
 All things appear to sleep:—

LIN. O Silvio! Silvio!
 Why hath kind nature upon thee bestow'd
 The fairest bloom of beauty in thy prime
 So delicate and graceful, since it still
 Is most thy care to trample on the gift?—
 Had I thy ruddy youthful cheeks, Adieu

* A mountain in Arcadia.

† The mountain adjoining to the temple, as afterwards mentioned.

Ye woods, I'd say, and follow nobler game.
 I in festivity would spend my days,
 In summer in the shade, in winter by the fire*.

SIL. Counsels like these thou never gav'st before,
 How find I now so chang'd thy former thoughts?

LIN. Occasions often change, and so does counsel,
 But thus I'd act, if I were Silvio.

SIL. And I, if I were Linco, would do thus.
 But since I'm Silvio, I shall act like Silvio.

LIN. O foolish boy, to hunt a dang'rous prey
 Thro' many dang'rous paths, when thou at home
 Hast one so mild and gentle.

SIL. Speak you now
 Sincerely, or in jest?

LIN. You jest, not I.

SIL. Is it indeed so near?

LIN. Indeed as near
 As thou art to thyself.

SIL. In what wood lurks it?

LIN. Thou Silvio art the wood,
 And the fierce beast that lies conceal'd within,
 Is thy own cruel heart.

SIL. How well I knew
 You did but jest!

LIN. To have a nymph so fair:
 Why said I nymph? a goddess better nam'd,
 Fresher and lovelier than the morning rose,

* Taken from Virg. Eclog. 5.

Softer and fairer than the cygnet's down,
 For whom there lives not now a single swain
 So proud amongst us, but who warmly sighs
 To call her his ; yet she's reserv'd by gods
 And men for thee alone. O fortunate,
 But too ungrateful boy! without a sigh,
 Without a single tear to have her thrown
 Into thy arms, and yet to shun her, Silvio,
 Nay, slight her! sure thou hast an iron heart,
 No savage beast is half so cruel as thou.

SIL. If not to be in love be cruelty,
 Then cruelty's a virtue, nor do I
 Repent, but rather boast of the possession,
 Since 'tis by it alone I've conquer'd Love,
 By far more savage.

LIN. How could'st thou subdue
 A foe thou never hadst?

SIL. By never trying
 The fight, I've conquer'd.

LIN. O if thou would'st try
 But once, but only once if thou would'st know
 The charms, the dear delights of mutual love,
 Most sure am I that thou would'st say, " O Love!
 " Angel of life! why have I liv'd so long
 " A stranger to thy joys!" Leave then the woods,
 O foolish boy; leave, leave the savage chase,
 And follow love!—

SIL. Say, Linco, what thou may'st,
 A thousand nymphs I'd give to gain one beast

Pursu'd by my Melampo : joys like these
Thou talk'st of, let them prize who so incline ;
I care not for them.

LIN. What a heart hast thou,
If love thou feel'st not, the grand nourisher
Of all the world? But believe me, boy,
Thou'lt feel it when thy lot shines not so fair.
Love one day in our hearts must prove his pow'r.
There is no greater torment than for age
To feel the dart of love, all hopes of cure
(Tho' thou may'st strive to remedy the ill)
Are vain, but if love seize thy youthful heart,
Then love anoints the wound, for if with grief
He pain the heart, with hope he heals again ;
If for a time he kills, he cures at last.
But if he seize thee in that frozen age,
When the sad heart bewails the flight of youth,
More than a faithless woman's broken vows,
Then, then love's wounds are insupportable
And mortal, and the anguish most severe.
Then if thou pity seek'st, and find'st it not,
'Tis pain enough, but greater if obtain'd.
Ah! hasten not before th'appointed time,
The ravages which time shall one day bring.
For if in hoary age the fire of love
Assail thee, double torment thou must feel,
The thoughts of this thy strange indiff'rence now,
And loss of youthful prime for ever fled.

Leave, leave the woods, forsake the savage chase,
O foolish boy! and follow love!

SIL. As if there were no joy in life but that
Of feeding the insatiate flames of love!—

LIN. Tell me, O Silvio! if in this so fair
And smiling season, which renews the world,
And decks it round with beauty, thou should'st see,
Instead of these green hills, these verdant fields,
These flow'ry meads, and lofty nodding groves,
The pine, the fir, the beech, the ash, depriv'd
Of all their leafy honours, ev'ry hill
Bared of its verdure, and the plains around
Without one flow'ret, desolate and wild;—
Silvio, would'st thou not say, "Creation faints,
The world is languishing?" Those horrors, then,
That dread surprise which such a scene would bring,
Conceive against thyself; all-bounteous heav'n
Hath suited well our habits to our years,
And as the fire of love but ill becomes
The breast of age, so youth averse to love,
Opposes heaven, and offends his nature*.
Look Silvio, all around, all that is good,
And beautiful in nature, is the work
Of mighty Love; the heavens, the earth, the sea,
Are lovers all, and yonder early star

* The *pine* and *fir* are both in the original; a different species of the same tree.

That shines so bright, the harbinger of day,
Yields to the general law, and feels the flames
Of her all-powerful son ; she causes love,
And feels herself the passion she inspires.
Perchance ev'n now she leaves the stol'n embrace
And bosom of her lover * ; for behold
How bright she sparkles, and how fair she smiles ;
The savage race that roam amidst the woods,
The nimble dolphins and the monstrous whales †
Amidst the ocean's depths, all yield to love.
That little bird which sings so cheerfully,
And flies in wanton sport, now from the fir,
To the wide-spreading beech, then leaves the beech,
And seeks the myrtle, had it human voice,
Would say, " I burn with love ; I burn with love."
Dumb tho' it be, love revels in its heart,
And speaks in its own language, that its mate
Receives a mutual flame.—And, Silvio, hear
How from the wood its tender mate replies,
" I also burn with love." Hear in the meads
The cattle low in token of their love ;
The lion roars amidst the wood, but love,
Not rage, is in his voice. In fine, the world
Is all in love but Silvio, and has Silvio,
Alone of all in heav'n, in earth, and sea,

* Mars.

† Literally *orks* ; but independent of the strange sound of the word, I am not sure whether the *ork* is not a fabulous fish.

A soul devoid of love? Ah! leave, at last,
The woods, O foolish boy, and follow love.

SIL. And wast thou left
The guardian of my tender years, that thus
Thou should'st effeminate my heart with love,
And tender thoughts? nor think'st thou who thou art,
And who I am?

LIN. I am a man, and glory in the name,
And thee who also art, or ought'st to be
A man, I teach humanity; but if
Thou scorn'st the name, take heed, too daring youth,
Lest, in aspiring to become a god,
Thou should'st unman thyself, and turn a beast.

SIL. Never so famous, nor so brave had been
The monster-taming chief * from whose great fount
My blood proceeds, if first he had not tam'd
That mighty monster Love.

LIN. See foolish youth, how idly now thou talk'st!
Tell me, had great Alcides † never lov'd,
Where had'st thou been? rather if he subdu'd
Monsters and men, from Love his conquests came.
Know'st thou not yet, how he that he might please
Fair Omphale, not only us'd to change
The lion's shaggy hide for female robes,
But for the knotty club, he also held

* *i. e.* Hercules.

† A name of Hercules.

The spindle, and unwarlike distaff; * these,
After the troubles and the toils of war,
Were his relief, and in his fair one's charms,
As in Love's harbour, he enjoy'd repose.
His sighs sweet breathings were from former toils,
And strong incitements to his future deeds.
For as the iron rough and unpliant,
Temper'd with softer metal, is refin'd,
Imbibing strength from weakness, and becomes
Fit for the noblest uses, so a heart
Untam'd and fierce (which often by its own
Original hardness breaks) if temper'd once
With love's soft charms, both strong and fit becomes
For mighty feats. If thy ambition be
To imitate the matchless Hercules
In undegen'rate valour, since thy choice
Is not to leave these woody haunts, at least
Follow thy woodland sports, but fly not love.
I mean a love so proper and so meet
As that of Amarillis; that thou shunn'st
Dorinda, I excuse, nay, praise thee too.
For thee, ambitious as thou art of honour,
'Twere doubly base to feed a lawless flame,
And injure thy dear spouse.

SIL. How say'st thou, Linco?
She is not yet my spouse.

* Omphale Queen of Lydia caused Hercules, who was enamour-
ed of her, to clothe himself in a female dress, and spin.

LIN. Ha! hast thou not
 Already solemnly receiv'd her faith?
 Beware thou haughty, rash, imprudent boy,
 Lest thou incense the gods.—

SIL. The liberty of man's a gift from heav'n,
 Which ne'er requires a rash extorted vow
 Should be perform'd.

LIN. But if thou pond'rest well
 Within thy mind, 'tis heav'n itself hath made
 This match and calls thee to it; heav'n that seems
 To promise countless blessings shall succeed.

SIL. The gods forsooth
 Have nothing else in mind, cares such as these
 Disturb their sacred peace *! but to be plain,
 Linco, I like not either of the loves
 Which thou hast spoken of; me nature made
 A hunter, not a lover; but return
 Thou whom love pleases, to the lazy down.

LIN. Thou sprung from heav'n, cruel boy! nor
 of divine,
 Nor human birth can I believe thou art,
 But if, indeed, of human, I could swear
 Alecto or Tisiphone † have shed
 Their chilling baleful poison thro' thy frame;
 So cold a heart from Venus' joys ne'er came.

* Imitated from a speech of Dido. See Virg. Æn. B. 4.

† Two of the Furies.

SCENE II.

MIRTILLO, ERGASTO.

MIR. Cruel Amarillis, whose dear name, alas!
Awakes both love and grief! O Amarillis,
Than the white lily's * bloom more fair,
But deafer to my vows, and more in haste
To fly, than is the adder when he stings.
Since then in speaking I offend,
I'll die in silence; but the hills and dales
For me shall loud complain, and this wild wood
Which I alas! so oft have taught
To echo thy lov'd name; the fountains too
For me shall weep, the winds shall mourn
In hollow murmurs my dire sufferings.
Grief in my countenance shall plead
For pity, but should nature plead in vain,
My death at last, dear nymph, shall tell
I died a martyr in the cause of love.

ERG. Mirtillo, love was ever a dire pain,
But greater still, the more it is suppress'd;
An am'rous flame restrain'd by prudence grows
More fierce, and stronger in its prison burns,
Than when releas'd;—but why so long from me
Hast thou conceal'd the cause of this thy flame,

* *Ligustro* signifies the shrub *privet* or *primeprint*, which would not sound well in English.

When the effect thou had'st not pow'r to hide?
How often have I said, "Mirtillo burns,
"But melts in secret fires, nor speaks his love."

MIR. Myself I pain'd, lest I should pain her heart,
Courteous Ergasto, and till now I had
Continued mute, but strong necessity
Hath made me bold, for I have heard around
A murm'ring rumour which hath pierc'd my heart,
Of Amarillis' nuptials near at hand,
But more I dare not ask, lest I reveal
My hidden love, or prove my fears too true.
Full well I know, Ergasto, (for my flame
Deceives me not so much) that my so low
And slender fortune should forbid the hope
A nymph so wealthy, still more rich in charms,
Of prudence, high descent, and form divine,
Should ever stoop to a poor rural swain.
Well do I know the influence of my star;
My destiny ordain'd that I should burn,
But never know the joys of mutual love.
Yet since the fates are pleas'd that I should chuse
Death, rather than to live, my wish is death,
If that would please my fair, would she but deign
At my last breath to turn her beauteous eyes
And bid me die! O I could wish this boon,
That ere she go to bless another's arms,
She'd hear me only once.—Now if you love me,
And pity me, Ergasto, kindest friend,
Oh! intercede, and lend me aid in this.

ERG. A just request is this from one that loves,
And a small favour 'tis indeed to grant
To one that dies ; but a most difficult
And hard attempt.—Most miserable fair!
O should it chance to reach her father's ear,
That she e'er listen'd to another's vows ;
Or should the priest, her sire-in-law, be told!—
Perchance she shuns thee thro' the fear of this ;
Perchance she loves thee, but conceals her love,
And pines within ; for woman more than man
Is prone to love, but in concealing love
More skill'd ; yet even grant 'twere true she lov'd thee,
What could she do but fly ? 'tis kind in her
To fly, when pain alone her stay could bring,
Conscious she wanted power to cure thy pain.
And 'tis the wiser counsel to forsake
That soon, which we must quit by violence.

MIR. O were this true ! could I believe it so,
Sweet were my pains, and fortunate my woes !
But, so may heaven bless thee, kind Ergasto,
From me conceal not who this shepherd is,
So happy and so favour'd of the skies.

ERG. Know'st thou not Silvio, the only son
Of Dian's priest Montano ? the most fam'd
And wealthy shepherd swain of all around,
Blest too with manly beauty ; that is he.

MIR. O happy youth, whose destiny has grown
So ripe for harvest in his spring of age !

I envy not his fortune, but bewail
My own hard fate!

ERG. Indeed no cause there is
For envy, but for pity.

MIR. Why for pity?

ERG. Because he loves her not.

MIR. Is he alive! has he a heart and eyes!
Yet when I think how bright the flames of love
Shot into *my* breast from her beauteous eyes,
Her heart no room can have for other fires.
But why bestow a gem so bright and rich
On one who knows it not, and scorns the gift?

ERG. Because auspicious heaven hath presag'd
Deliv'rance to Arcadia from this match.
Hast thou not heard that annually we pay
At great Diana's shrine the mournful tribute
Of a nymph's guiltless blood?

MIR. I know it not,
For I am but a recent dweller here,
And, as both love and destiny command,
Almost a constant dweller in the woods.
But what great crime deserv'd so hard a doom?
How could such monst'rous cruelty be found
In a celestial breast? *

ERG. I'll tell thee now
The doleful history of all our woes,
A story which might draw from these hard oaks

* Virg. Æn. B. 1.

Soft tears of pity, and much more from men.—
 While yet the priesthood and the temple's charge
 Were not refus'd to youth, and giv'n to age,
 A noble shepherd, then this temple's priest,
 (Aminta was his name) did love Lucrina,
 A nymph most fair, but wond'rous false and vain.
 Long time with most perfidious semblances,
 The pure affection of the love-sick youth
 She did requite, and kindly cherish'd him
 With flatt'ring hopes, as long as there appear'd
 No rival lover to oppose his suit ;
 But when a rustic swain beheld her charms,
 And sought her favour (see the fickle sex !)
 A single glance, the youth's first am'rous sigh,
 She tried not to resist, but gave her heart
 At once to this new love, and ev'n before
 Aminta could suspect or fear a rival.
 Hapless Aminta! whom from that sad time
 She so despis'd and shunn'd, that never more
 Or interview or word would she vouchsafe—
 If then the wretched swain rav'd, sigh'd, and wept,
 Think thou who know'st the pangs of love so well—

MIR. O this was torment inexpressible!

ERG. But when the youth perceiv'd his sighs and
 tears,

And wild complaints were fruitless, he resolv'd
 To invoke the mighty goddess, and began
 In words like these : “ O Cynthia ! if I e'er

“ With guiltless heart and hand have kindled flame
“ Upon thy altar, listen to my pray’r,
“ Avenge my faith by a false nymph betray’d.”
Diana heard her faithful servant’s pray’rs
And just complaints, and pity fir’d her rage.
Her powerful bow she took, and arrows sent
Invisible, and fraught with certain death,
Into Arcadia’s breast ; unpitied died
Numbers of ev’ry sex and ev’ry age.
All remedies were vain ; no time for flight ;
All art was useless, and when call’d to cure,
Before the patient the physician fell.
One hope alone in this distress was left,
Of succour from above ; in haste they sent
For counsel to the nearest oracle,
From which a clear enough response was brought,
But beyond measure horrible and dire :
That Cynthia was incens’d, but that her rage
Might be appeas’d, if by Aminta’s hand,
The faithless nymph Lucrina, or for her
Some other of our nation should be made
A sacrifice at great Diana’s shrine.
The nymph, when she had pray’d and wept in vain,
And long expected her new lover’s aid,
With solemn pomp trembling and pale was led
A mournful victim to the sacred altar.
There at those feet which oft had follow’d hers
In vain, before her injur’d lover’s feet,

Bending at last her feeble trembling knees,
A cruel death she waited from his hand.
Aminta boldly seiz'd the sacred steel,
His kindling face and eyes appear'd the while
To threat revenge and rage ; to her he turn'd,
Saying with a sigh, the messenger of death :
“ From thy sad fate behold, Lucrina, now
“ The love thou followest, and from this blow,
“ Learn whom thou hast forsaken.”—Thus he spoke,
And deep in his own bosom instant plung'd
The fatal steel, and lifeless in her arms,
Thus fell at once the victim and the priest.
At this dire spectacle the wretched maid
Grew dumb and senseless with excess of grief,
But half alive, as yet not well assur'd
If sorrow or the steel had pierc'd her breast.
But when her faculties of speech and sense
Return'd, with tears she cried, “ O faithful soul !
“ O brave Aminta ! O most faithful lover,
“ Too late I know thy worth, thou by thy death,
“ Giv'st me both life and death ! If 'twas a fault
“ To leave thee, lo ! I now repair that fault,
“ And wed my soul eternally to thine.”
She spoke, and from his streaming bosom drew
The fatal steel, yet warm and deeply dy'd
In the dear blood of him too late she lov'd ;
With frantic violence, then, her beauteous breast
Piercing, she fell into Aminta's arms,
Who yet did breathe, and felt, perchance, the blow.

Such an untimely fate from too much love,
And breach of vows, o'ertook the hapless pair.

MIR. O miserable swain, yet fortunate,
Who had so fair occasion, such a field
To prove his faith, and by his death revive
Pity within a heart so cold before !
But what of the unhappy dying crowd ?
Ceas'd then the plague? was Cynthia's wrath
appeas'd ?

ERG. It did relent; but burn'd in secret still.
For the same season next revolving year,
With fierce and dire relapse it rag'd afresh.
For counsel to the oracle again
We sent in haste, but a response was brought,
More grievous than the first, and thus it ran :
That then, and afterwards each year the same,
We must in sacrifice present before
Th' offended goddess, or a maid, or wife,
Who fifteen summers should have seen, nor reach'd
The twentieth ;—thus the blood of one should stem
The flood of vengeance that awaited all—
Besides, a dreadful sentence was impos'd
On the unhappy sex, a law so hard
And so unjust, impossible to keep,
Written with blood ;—that whatsoever wife
Or virgin should be found to violate
Or break her faith in love, (unless some friend
Would bear her fate,) should be condemn'd to die,
Without the hope of mercy or reprieve.

This dire, this national calamity
 The good old father * hopes may have an end
 By this much wish'd-for match ; because again,
 After some space had pass'd, the oracle
 When ask'd what period heav'n assign'd our woes,
 In these plain words thus answer'd our demand :
 " Your woes shall have no end till love shall join
 " In wedlock's bands, a pair of birth divine ;
 " And for th' offence a perjur'd maid hath done,
 " A Faithful Shepherd's ardent love atone."---
 Now in Arcadia no shoots remain
 Of heav'nly stock, save only Silvio
 And Amarillis ; she from Pan is sprung,
 And he from great Alcides ; nor before
 Have ever met (so cruel fate ordain'd)
 A pair from these two lines ; and hence great cause
 Montano has for hopes of future joy.
 And tho' the oracle's prediction all
 Be not fulfill'd, this is the chiefest part ;
 Fate in its dark abyss hath hid the rest,
 Which from these nuptials shall one day ensue.

MIR. O wretched and unfortunate Mirtillo !
 So many bitter foes,
 So many arms, so many wars
 Against a dying heart employ'd!--
 Was't not enough for love to be my foe,
 But fate must also arm to work my ruin !

* Montano.

ERG. Mirtillo, cruel Love
 Is fed, but never, never satisfied
 With tears and sorrow! Come, proceed we now;
 I promise to employ my utmost skill
 To make this fair nymph hear thee, ere the sun
 Has finish'd this day's course; meanwhile be calm.
 These frequent ardent sighs
 Do not, as thou supposest, prove
 Refreshments to the heart, soft cooling gales,
 Rather impetuous winds that blow
 The kindled flame, and make it mount on high;
 They breed a storm, which to poor lovers bears
 Black clouds of grief, and heavy show'rs of tears.

SCENE III.

CORISCA *sola*.

Who ever saw, or heard of such a strange,
 Fond, foolish, and importunate affection?
 Love and disdain so mingled in one heart,
 That each (strange prodigy!) increases each,
 Grows strong, then fades, is born, then dies again!
 When I behold Mirtillo's manly charms,
 Survey his person, and bewitching face,
 His mien, words, actions, manners, aspect sweet,
 Love then assails me with so strong a fire,
 I burn all over, and each passion else
 Loses its pow'r, and is subdu'd by love.

But when I think how fondly he adores
Another's beauties, and despises mine,
Tho' they might well inflame a thousand hearts,
Then do I hate, detest, and scorn him so,
That it appears a thing impossible
I e'er could love him ; yet I reason thus
In secret with my soul : " O would to heav'n
" The dear, the sweet Mirtillo could be mine,
" Nor e'er in others power ! supremely blest
" Then should Corisca be, O blest indeed ! " --
Then do I feel such kindly flames arise,
That I could follow the lov'd peerless youth,
And half resolve to go and beg his love,
And open all my heart ! Nay, more than that ;
So ardently I love him in my heart,
I could adore him as a deity.
Then I'm myself again, recant, and say,
A proud disdainful boy ! that can forsake
Mine for another's love, and boldly dares
To look on me with coldness, and so well
Protects himself against my pow'ful charms,
As not to die amidst the flames of love,
When he beholds this face ! Can I, who ought
To see him suppliant at my feet in tears,
(As many more have been,) endure the thought
Of falling suppliant at *his* feet in tears ?
Ah ! no ; it cannot be ! and pond'ring thus,
Such rage against Mirtillo and myself
I feel, that I should ever think, or turn

My eyes to gaze on him ; his very name
I hate, and my own passion worse than death.
I could endure to see him the most loath'd,
Most abject miserable swain that lives ;
Nay more, these very hands could work his death.
Desire, and scorn, and hate wage dreadful war
Within my breast ; and I who have till now
Inflam'd a thousand hearts, and prov'd the rack
Of thousand souls, languish and burn, and feel
The pain I caus'd to others. I so long
In cities courted by a numerous band
Of gallant lovers, youths of noble birth,
And noble air, and yet withstood their loves,
And with false hopes deluded their desires,
Now by a rustic youth, a low-born swain,
Am caught and conquer'd ! O most wretched maid !
Most miserable now of all thy sex,
What would become of thee, if thou had'st now
No other lover ; how would'st thou contrive
To mitigate this frenzy of the mind ?—
From my sad fate, let ev'ry woman learn
To lay in store of lovers, lest they fail.
Had I no good, no pleasure save this love
Of sweet Mirtillo, should I not have store
Sufficient ? O a thousand times a fool
Is she, and to what poverty reduc'd
Who has no love but one ! Corsica ne'er
Shall be so foolish. What are boasted faith
And constancy, but fables, empty names,

Fram'd by the sly and jealous to deceive
And awe fond simple girls who believe them!
Faith in a woman's heart, (if ever faith
Be found in woman, which in truth I doubt)
Is not a virtue, nor a heav'nly grace,
But the severe necessity of love.
Hard law of vanish'd beauty, which is pleas'd
With one, because it cannot now please more!
A fair and graceful maid solicited
By crowds of lovers worthy of her love,
If she's content with one, and scorns the rest,
Wants female spirit; what are beauty's charms
If they're not seen, or seen, if not admir'd,
And if admir'd, admir'd by one alone?
Where lovers num'rous are, and merit well,
She that's belov'd has then a surer pledge
Of most excell'g beauty. Many lovers
Are pleasing to our sex; in this consists
Their glory and their splendour; courtly dames
Who live in towns act thus, and the most rich
And fair are those who chiefly practise it.
With them 'tis glaring folly, and a sin
To scorn a lover, for what many do
One cannot; one a useful servant proves,
Another brings her gifts; another talks,
Or does some other office; many times
It also chances, that unknowingly,
One lover puts an end to jealousy
Another caus'd, or wakes it in a third

Who never felt it. Thus in cities live
Amorous and beauteous nymphs; and thus I learn'd,
Ev'n from my childhood, from a city dame,
Taught by her good example, and her rules,
The proper arts of love—Oft would she say :
“ Corisca, if you wish to make your lovers
“ Suit like your clothes, have many, use but one,
“ And often shift him; long acquaintance breeds
“ Disgust, disgust contempt; and hate at last.
“ No worse can woman do than to allow
“ Her lover to grow tir'd, and scorn her love,
“ For then you leave not him, but he leaves you.”
Thus have I always acted—and I keep
A numerous band of lovers, but vouchsafe
My confidence to that one youth alone
Who pleases most, and has the greatest charms;
And all I can I'll do to keep my heart.
But now (alas! I know not how it is!)
Mirtillo's come so near it, that the flames
I feel burst forth against my will in sighs,
And what is worse, for my own pains I sigh,
Not to deceive another with false fires.
Depriving, too, my limbs of rest, my eyes
Of needful sleep, I watch till morning dawn,
The happiest truce of lovers ill at ease!
And (strange infatuation!) oft I roam
Amidst the gloomy horrors of these woods,
To trace the steps of my dear hated love;
What wilt thou do, Corisca? sue to him?

No ; for I wish not hatred, but his love.
 Wilt thou then fly him ? Love refuses that,
 Altho' I ought to fly. What then remains ?
 Flatt'ry and soft entreaties first I'll try ;
 Thus will I show the love, but hide the lover.
 If this succeed not, I'll adopt deceit ;
 Should this, too, fail, then rage shall execute
 A memorable vengeance. If thou spurn
 My love, Mirtillo, hate thou next shalt prove.
 Thy Amarillis I shall cause repent
 Of being my rival, and to thee so dear.
 And, lastly, I shall teach you both to know
 How dang'rous 'tis to scorn a woman's love.

SCENE IV.

TITIRO, MONTANO, DAMETAS.

TIT. I speak, Montano, what I know is truth,
 And speak to one of more capacity
 Than I can boast ; but sure these oracles
 Are far more dark than some believe they are.
 Their words are like a knife ; which, if 'tis held
 By the safe part that for the hand was wrought,
 Works usefully ; but seize it by the edge,
 Then wounds or death are oft the consequence—
 That Amarillis, as thou argu'st, should
 By the high destiny of heav'n be chos'n
 For the entire salvation of Arcadia,

Who ought to wish, or more rejoice at it,
 Than I who am her father ? But again
 When I consider what the oracle
 Foretold, the signs but ill agree with hope.
 If love must join them, how can that be done,
 If one still flies ? how can the cords that form
 The knot of love be hatred and disdain ?
 That cannot be oppos'd which heav'n decrees,
 And where there's opposition, then 'tis clear
 That heav'n decrees it not ; for had it pleas'd
 That Amarillis should become the spouse
 Of Silvio, it had created him
 A lover, not a huntsman.

MON. See'st thou not
 He's but a child ? his eighteenth year as yet
 Is not quite run. In good time even he
 Will feel the fire of love.

TIT. But can he feel
 Love to pursue a beast, and not a nymph ?

MON. The chase suits better with a childish heart.

TIT. And is not love a natural desire ?

MON. Too *early* love is an unnat'ral fire.

TIT. It flourishes more sweet in tender years.

MON. Perchance it blossoms fair, but yields no
 fruit.

TIT. Love's fruit ne'er fails, if once the bloom is
 ripe.

But here I came not, either with design
 To blame or to contend with thee, Montano,

Ill it befits me ; but a father too,
 Am I of a most dear and only child,
 And, if I so may speak, a worthy maid,
 With leave of you, and lov'd by many a youth.

MON. Were not this marriage, Titiro, decreed
 By heav'n's high destiny, still it is made
 On earth by faith in heavenly oracles.
 To violate that faith were to profane
 Great Cynthia's divinity, to whom
 The vow was paid. Thou know'st how prone to
 wrath

She is, and even now how she's incens'd.
 But far as I discern, far as the mind
 Of priest rapt to the sky, can dare to trace
 Th' eternal counsels, by the hand of fate
 This knot is tied, and each presage and sign
 That should accompany it (have thou but faith)
 Shall be disclos'd to light in season due—
 I'll tell thee farther : in a dream last night
 A certain sight I saw which hath renew'd
 My ancient hopes, and cheer'd my drooping heart.

TIT. Dreams are but dreams; but what was
 this glad sight ?

MON. Thou well rememb' rest, I presume, (for who
 Amongst us is so dull as to forget ?)
 That lamentable night when swelling Ladon *
 Burst from his channel, and o'erflow'd his banks,

* A river of Arcadia.

So that where birds before their nests had built,
 Fish swam, and in confusion men and beasts
 And flocks the boist'rous deluge swept away.
 That very night (O bitter memory!)
 I lost my heart, or rather that I lost
 Which still far dearer than my heart I priz'd,
 A tender infant in its swathing bands,
 And then my only son, whom I did love
 Alive, and who, tho' now the prey of death,
 Still lives within my heart, and ever shall.
 The cruel torrent ravish'd him away
 Before we had the power (with terror chill'd
 Or sunk in sleep and darkness as we were)
 To give the needful aid—Nor could we find
 The empty cradle, so I've always thought
 Cradle and infant were together swallow'd
 By the remorseless flood!

TIT. What else canst thou believe? and now
 methinks

I've heard before, and from thyself perchance,
 This loss of thine, a truly miserable
 And bitter loss indeed! and I may say
 Of thy two sons, one for the woods was born,
 The other for the waters.

MON. Kind heav'n perchance in him who still
 survives

Will make me rich amends—hope comes from
 heav'n.

Now hear me. 'Twas about the very time

’Twixt night and day, when light and darkness strive,
And glimm’ring rays but scarce begin the dawn,
When in my mind revolving various thoughts,
And fancies of these nuptials, I had watch’d
The livelong night. Fatigue at length did bring
Calm pleasing slumber to my weary eyes,
And with it such a lively vision came,
That “ne’er did sleep so like a waking” seem.
On fam’d Alphēus’ bank methought I sat,
Beneath a plane-tree’s leafy shade,
Angling for fish that sported in the flood.
Straight to my wond’ring eyes arose,
Amidst the waves, a venerable man
With aspect grave; the water from his beard
And hoary hair distill’d. With outstretch’d arms
He held a naked weeping babe, and said,
(Gently to me presenting him) “Behold
“Thy son, take cautious heed thou kill him not.”
He said, and plung’d amidst the whirling waves.
Then suddenly the sky
Veil’d with black clouds look’d dismal all around,
And gave presages of a coming storm,
So that with trembling fear
I clasp’d the infant to my breast,
And cried, “Does then, alas! one hour
“Both give and snatch my joy away again!”
Then straight methought the welkin all grew clear,
And thunderbolts to ashes burnt,
Fell hissing in the river, broken bows

And shafts by thousands fell ; the tree did then
 Above me tremble, and a shrill faint voice
 Came from the trunk, and these the words it spoke :
 “ Montano, thy Arcadia yet shall flourish.”
 Still in my heart impress'd
 And in my eyes and in my soul I bear
 The pleasing image of this gracious dream.
 But chiefly still the count'nance mild
 Of the benign old man is still before me.
 For this I to the temple bent my way
 When thou didst meet me, that I might confirm
 With holy sacrifice the augury
 Of this auspicious vision which I saw.

TIT. Truly, Montano, dreams are semblances
 Of our fond hopes more than of future good,
 Pictures of thoughts which we've indulg'd by day,
 Confus'd and broken by the shades of night.

MON. Not always with the senses sleeps the soul,
 Rather when freed from the fallacious forms
 That blind the sense, it is the more awake.

TIT. In fine, how heav'n has destin'd to dispose
 Of our two children, is uncertain yet.
 But this is sure, thine flies, opposing thus
 The law of nature by despising love ;
 And mine, tho' bound by vows of plighted faith,
 Hath thence no benefit, nor know I yet
 If love she feel, but this full well I know,
 Many are by her charms inspir'd with love,
 Nor can I think that she herself escapes,

While to so many she's the cause of love.
Methinks there's something serious in her face
Forever heretofore array'd in smiles.
But to inflame a maid with love, and yet
Refuse to wed her is a mighty wrong.
As in a garden fair a rose,
Which late amidst its tender green attire,
Under the sable canopy of night
Lay hid, as yet unblown,
Upon its parent stem ; at the first ray
That shoots athwart the eastern skies,
Awakes to life, and to the orient sun,
That gazes and admires its charms,
Its red and scented bosom wide displays,
To which the early wand'ring bee
Flies humming, and extracts the liquid sweets.
But if it be not gather'd then,
And feel the bright and fervent noon,
It falls before the sun has set,
And hangs its head upon its drooping stalk,
So pale, and shrunk, and lifeless grown,
That scarcely could you say 'twas once a rose.
So a young virgin (while her mother's care
Conceals and guards her rip'ning charms)
Shuts her own bosom too against desire ;
But soon as she perceives the gaze
Of an enamour'd swain, and hears his sighs,
To him she quickly opes her heart,
And in her tender breast receives his love.

Then if by shame or virgin fear
 Restrain'd, she hide the glowing flame,
 Excess of love conceal'd at last destroys
 Her youthful prime, and if that season pass,
 And still the fire burn on within her heart,
 Her beauty and her lovers both depart.

MON. Take courage, Titiro, let not thy soul
 Debas'd by mortal fears despond,
 But boldly place thy hopes in heav'n,
 Which favours ardent lively faith,
 Nor can a feeble pray'r ascend the skies.
 And if it be but meet that mankind all
 Should supplicate the favour of the gods
 In times of need, and pray with hope sincere,
 It surely more becomes the seed of heav'n.
 You know our children's pedigree's divine,
 And heav'n that blesses all will not despise
 Its own descendents.—Come, my faithful friend,
 Together to the temple let us go,
 And sacrifice, a he-goat thou to Pan,
 And I to Hercules a chosen steer.
 The gods who bless the herds, will also bless
 Those who their altars load with victims due.
 Go thou Dametas, quickly chuse for me
 The fairest steer amidst the num'rous herd,
 And bring him by the nearest way across
 The mountain to the temple, where I'll wait thee.
 TIT. And good Dametas, bring me from my flock
 A chosen goat.—

DAM. Both shall with speed be done.
This dream thou hadst of thy lost son, Montano,
May the all-pow'rful gods in mercy bless
Ev'n to thy utmost wish ; I know, I know
How good an augury lies hid below*.

SCENE V.

SATIRO.

SAT. As frost to plants, to flowers the noonday
sun,
Hail to the growing corn, to seed the worm,
To stags the toils, the lime-twig to the birds,
So love to man is a continual foe,
And he who call'd it fire, well understood
Its treach'rous nature ; for if fire you view,
How bright and beautiful ! but to the touch,
How cruelly it burns ; a plague more dire,
A deadlier monster nature ne'er produc'd.
It cuts like steel, like savage beasts devours,
Flies like the wind, or nimble lightning's flash,
And where it fixes its imperious sway,
All vigour, ev'ry power is forc'd to yield.
Not otherwise is love ; which when beheld

* Here Dametas is dissembling, for he knew it was rather a bad augury, as appears in Act V. It may be observed, that in many editions Titiro is made to speak the four last lines ; but it is surely an error.

In two bright eyes, or tress of golden hair,
O what delight it gives! O how it breathes
Peace to the heart, and pleasure all around!
But if you come too near, and try its power,
If in the breast it spread, and gather force,
No tygress in Hircanian mountains bred,
No Lybian lion, or pestiferous snake
Is half so fierce; more cruel than hell or death,
Wrath's minister, and pity's enemy,
And finally, 'tis love devoid of love.
But why accuse I Love? Is he the cause
Of all th' offences which the world commits,
Not when they love, but when they prove untrue?
Perfidious woman! 'tis to you alone,
That I impute love's rancour; all that's cruel
And wicked, springs from your detested arts,
And not from love, whose nature's ever meek,
And gentle, but with you he loses all
His mildness, ev'ry entrance to your breast
You shut so close, he cannot reach your heart,
And all your care, pride, pleasure still are found
In the mere outside of a painted face.
Nor is your study how you shall reward
Your lover's constancy with yours, and strive
Who most shall love, and in two bosoms bind
A single heart, and make two wills one sou!—
But how to twine with wreaths of gold your hair,
Ah! wretched shift to hide a brainless head!
One part you twist into a thousand knots

To overhang your haughty brow ; the rest
Woven into a net you spread to catch
The hearts of thousand unsuspecting swains.
O what a hateful unbecoming sight,
To see you with a pencil paint your cheeks,
To hide the faults of nature and of time !
To see you make the livid pale appear
Vermilion, fill the wrinkles, dye black white,
Remove an old fault, and put on a new ;
Nay, make the first still worse. Oft too you tie
A thread across, of which one end you hold
Within your teeth, and in your left you seize
The other ; with your right you form, the while,
The running knot into a noose, to act
Like shaving shears ; this instrument you fit
To your rough downy foreheads, cutting off
The down, and plucking out each hair that grows
Wild and o'ershooting, with such dismal pain,
That 'tis at once a sin and punishment.
Nor is this all ; your customs and delights
Are like your works ; for what have you at all
That is not counterfeit and falsely worn ?
Do your lips ope, you lie, and if ye sigh,
Your sighs are feign'd ; or if your eyes ye move,
Deceit is in your looks ; in fine each act
Each semblance, all you show or hide is false.
For if you only think, or speak one word,
Or walk, or look, or weep, or laugh, or sing,
All is a lie ; and this is but a part

Of your deceit. Those who confide in you,
You most deceive ; you ever love those least,
Who merit most ; and constancy you hate
Ev'n worse than death itself—these are the arts
That render love so perverse and so cruel.
But all his faults are yours, or rather theirs
That trust you. Therefore is the fault my own,
Wicked Corisca, most perfidious maid,
Come hither only for my bane, I think,
From Argos' cursed realms, the vile abode
Of luxury and vice. So sly thou art,
Thou play'st the scout so well, to hide thy deeds
And thoughts from others, 'mong the chastest dames
Thou goest, proud of the unworthy name
Of virtue stamp'd upon thy haughty brow.
What scorns, what painful suff'rings have I borne
By this ungrateful woman's treach'rous wiles !
Now I repent, and blush I was so fond.
O ye unskilful lovers, from my pains,
Beware how ye adore a beauteous face,
For soon a woman, worshipp'd thus, becomes
A deity of hell ; o'er all she reigns,
And o'er your slavish souls she domineers
Like some great goddess, and despises you
As a thing mortal, only fit for scorn,
And takes your praise as tribute justly due,
Which is the flattery of your abject mind.
Why so much slav'ry ? why so many pray'rs,
Such sighs and tears ? these arms were only made

For women, and for infants ; let us show
Ev'n in our loves, valour and manliness.
Time was, when I believ'd that tears and sighs
Could wake the fire of love in woman's heart,
But now I find I err'd, for if she bear
A stony heart, in vain by soften'd shower,
Or gentle breath of sighs, we try to wake
A flame, or ev'n a spark, unless we strike
The rigid steel, and force the ling'ring fire.
Leave, leave thy tears and sighs, if thou wouldst make
A conquest of thy dame ; but shouldst thou burn
Indeed with fire that cannot be subdu'd,
In thy heart's centre shut thy ardent love,
'The best thou canst, and watch the time to do
What love and nature teach thee should be done ;
For modesty is woman's privilege,
And 'tis with her a fault, a grievous wrong,
When men usurp it, for, altho' with them
She use it, yet she hates it us'd with her,
Wishing they should admire, not copy it.
This is the plain and natural way which I
Approve in loving, nor shall coy Corisca
Find me a bashful lover as before,
But a fierce foe : and I shall make her feel
Assaults and wounds no more with female arms,
But those of men. Already twice I've caught
This fickle prize, and yet I know not how,
She has escap'd my grasp, but if she come
Again within my reach, I'll hold her so,

She shall not fly me. She is wont to roam
Among these woods, so, like a faithful hound,
I'll search to find her track. O what revenge,
What torture I'll inflict on her when caught!
I'll make her see that he who once was blind,
Has got his sight, and that no faithless dame
Can triumph long in perfidy and guile.

CHORUS.

O great and powerful law of love,
Inscrib'd at birth upon the heart by Jove!
Whose soft and amiable controul
In pleasing fetters binds the willing soul
Of ev'ry creature to its good,
Felt tho' its workings be not understood!
And not alone the outward fence
Which is obedient to the sense,
Born feeble, soon again to die,
And 'midst its kindred dust to lie,
But both the latent seeds and inward cause
Whose essence is eternal, own thy laws!
And if the teeming world below
So many forms of beauty show,
And if where'er the sun bears sway,
And in whate'er the moon and stars survey,
There reigns a sweet enliv'ning soul,
Whose active vigour animates the whole,

If thence mankind, and all that live,
Beasts, trees, and plants their life derive,
If flow'rs array'd in beauty rise,
To deck the earth with various dyes,
If on earth's wrinkled brow descend the snows,
From that immortal living fount all flows.

Nor this alone; each sphere that wheels on high
Its rapid course amid the sky,
Whence stars reveal to men their fate,
Now happy, now unfortunate,
Whence we receive our mortal breath,
And whence we yield again to death;
That good which causes waver or be still
The froward tide of human will,
(Which seeming to be fortune's play
To give and take our gifts away,
The world ascribes to her) have all
From thy strong virtue their original.

O fate infallible and true!
If then indeed 'tis will'd by you,
That after such dire suff'rings past,
Arcadia should have life and peace at last;
If what the far-fam'd oracle of late
Foretold of two ordain'd to save the state,
Did thy true will declare, if fix'd it be
In the eternal depth of thy decree,
And if the tripods do not lies reveal,
Ah! who retards completion of thy will?
Behold a pitiless and scornful boy,

Rebellious foe to amorous joy,
Of heav'nly race, and yet with heav'n contends!
Another with his flame thy will offends,
In vain a faithful lover he,
Vanquish'd by false modesty—
The less he hopes for the reward
Of all his tears and service hard,
The more alive is his desire,
The brighter glow his constancy and fire,
And for that beauty now he dies,
From which the youth that ought to prize it, flies.—

Does the Eternal Power then hesitate?
Or is it fate that strives with fate?
Or does the unconquer'd pride of man arise
Still in rebellion 'gainst the skies,
And arm new giants to make war on Jove,
Lovers, and those that laugh at love?
Have we such strength, and o'er the heav'nly reign
Shall two blind powers prevail, Love and Disdain?

But Thou who art above the stars and fate,
And rul'st the world with wisdom high,
Thou powerful Shaker of the sky,
Look down, we pray thee, on our tott'ring state!
Disdain and Love, O may they be
Made to accord with destiny;
By thy paternal power allay
This flame, and melt that ice away;
Let him not fly that should remain,
And may he cease to love who loves in vain.

Let not the stubborn will of others prove
The cause that thou thy promis'd grace remove.
Yet who can tell? from what seems greatest woe,
Perchance the greatest happiness may flow.
How short a length all human thoughts can run!
No mortal eye has power to gaze upon the sun.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

THE
FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ERGASTO, MIRTILLO.

ERG. O what a search I've had! for at the field
The race-ground, meadow, river, fountain, hill,
And wrestling place, my friend, I've sought thee long;
Thanks be to heav'n, at last I find thee here.

MIR. What news, Ergasto, that require such haste?
Bring'st thou me life or death?

ERG. The last's a thing,
Which if I brought for thee, I would not give,
The other, though I have not for thee yet,
I hope to give: But why abandon'd thus
To wasting sorrow? Overcome thyself
If thou wouldst others. Live and rest awhile.
But hear the cause that brought me in such haste.
Know'st thou (who does not know?) Ormino's
sister,

In person rather tall, of sprightly mein,
Fair hair, and ruddy face?

MIR. Her name?

ERG. Corisca.

MIR. I know her well, and oft have talk'd with
her.

ERG. Know, then, that she for some time past
has been,

By happy chance (I know not from what cause)
Fair Amarillis' close companion,
Which I perceiving, privately to her
Disclos'd thy love, entreated secrecy
And aid, when readily she promis'd both.

MIR. O blest a thousand, thousand times, if this
Prove true, Mirtillo! then shalt thou become
The happiest lover that the world contains!
But said she nothing of the means?

ERG. Not yet:

And I shall tell thee why: Corisca said
She could not well determine of the means,
Till some things with more certainty she knew
Of this thy love, that being so inform'd,
She might with more security discern
The inclination of the nymph, and know
How to conduct herself, with pray'rs or wiles;
What it were best to try, or what to leave.
This was the cause I came so hastily
To find thee, and it will be well that now

Thou tell me from the first the history
Of this thy love.

MIR. I'll tell thee all, my friend.
But know that this remembrance of my love
(Ah! bitter memory when one loves in vain!)
Is like the tossing of a torch in air,
Which faster burns and wastes away,
The more the wind fans up the flame;
Or like the tugging of a painful dart
Fix'd deeply in a rankling wound,
Which still the more you strive to draw,
Increases both the wound and pain at once.
I shall a tale relate will clearly show
How lovers' hopes deceitful are, and vain;
And that, however sweet the root of love,
The fruit it bears is fraught with bitterness.

In that fair season when day's wheels outrun
The night's, (a year has just revolv'd its course)
Ergasto, when this lovely stranger, this
New sun of beauty with her splendor came
To make a second spring, and shed around
Elis and Pisa*, (render'd then so dear
By her lov'd presence) her unrivall'd charms,
Brought by her mother in those solemn days
When sacrifices and th' Olympic games
Are held in honour of Almighty Jove,
Sights worthy her fair eyes, but those fair eyes
Where love resides were far the noblest sight.

* Two cities of Greece.

Whence I, till then a stranger to love's power,
Ah! had no sooner view'd her face so fair,
Than all at once I caught love's fervent fire.
By her first look that like the light'ning's flash,
Darted upon my sight, I was subdu'd,
And felt a sovereign charm pierce thro' my breast,
And say with an imperious tone within:
"Mirtillo, now surrender up thy heart!"—

ERG. O what a power has love in mortal breasts,
Which they alone that understand can feel!

MIR. But now, behold how cunning Love can
work

Ev'n in the youngest and the simplest hearts :
I told a dear young sister of my own,
(My cruel nymph's companion while she staid
In Elis and in Pisa) of my pain ;
Of her alone, as love suggests, I make
A faithful counsellor and useful aid
In my necessity. With female robes
She decks me, and my youthful brow adorns
With borrow'd ringlets, which she braids with
flowers,

Then hangs a bow and quiver by my side,
And teaches me to use feign'd words and looks ;
Scarce then the early down was on my chin.
She led me thus array'd to where
My beauteous nymph was wont to sport,
And there we found upon the green
Some noble Megarensian maids, allied

(As I was told) to her my heart ador'd.
'Midst them she bloom'd, as does the queenlike rose
When compass'd round by humble violets.
When here they had a while remain'd,
And ceas'd from sport, a Megarensian maid:
Arose and said: " At such a time as this
Of games, when honours and rewards abound,
Shall we alone of all stand slothful here?
And have we not our weapons for mock-fights
As well as men, my sisters? if you please
To follow my advice, we now shall try
Our arms among ourselves, as we must do
Against the men when time of need requires.
Come let us wage a kissing war,
And she whose kisses are most sweet,
Shall have as the reward of victory,
This beauteous garland."—At her welcome speech
The virgins laugh'd, and all exclaim'd, " Agreed."—
Each challeng'd each; nor waited word or sign,
But rush'd in wild confusion to the war.—
The Megarensian, this perceiving, straight
Desir'd a pause, and regulating first
The terms of contest, said: Let her who owns
The fairest mouth, be justly nam'd the judge
Of these our kisses. All with one consent
Chose beauteous Amarillis, who bent down
Her lovely eyes, whilst modesty's deep blush
Redden'd her cheeks, and show'd her no less fair
In mind than outward charms; or else her face

Envy, perchance, the honour done her mouth,
Put on its splendid rosy robe,
As it should say, "Behold I'm also fair." —

ERG. Blest youth! to be transform'd at such a
time,
As if thou hadst foreseen thy happiness!

MIR. The fair judge took her seat, and all began
(According to the sev'ral ranks they held,
And custom at Megara) each by lot
To try their mouths by hers, the paragon
Of sweetness, that most beauteous tempting mouth,
Like a perfumed fair Indian shell adorn'd
With orient pearls, and her coral lips
Which shut upon the precious treasure, seem'd
Like roses with the sweetest honey mix'd.
O my Ergasto! could I but describe
The ineffable delight my soul imbib'd
From her sweet kisses! But thou may'st conceive
The bliss from hence, that even this same mouth
Which tasted, cannot speak the joy it prov'd.
Extract thou all the sweets of Hybla combs
Or Cyprian sugar canes, they're nought compar'd
To what I suck'd from thence.

ERG. O happy theft! sweet kisses!

MIR. Sweet, yet defective, for the better part
Was wanting to complete the joy,
The soul which gives entire delight.
For tho' Love gave them, Love return'd them not.

ERG. But say, what feelings seiz'd thee at thy
turn

To kiss?

MIR. Up to my glowing lips, Ergasto,
My very soul did fly, so that my life
Enclos'd in such a narrow space as these,
Was nothing but a kiss; whence all my limbs,
Feeble and trembling, void of strength remain'd.
When I approach'd her eyes like blazing stars,
As one who felt the consciousness of guile,
And daring theft, I fear'd the majesty
Of her so fair and beaming countenance....
But soon embolden'd by a smile serene,
I ventur'd bravely on; Love lay the while,
Ergasto, like a bee conceal'd
Within the sweet fresh roses of her lips,
And while my kisses she receiv'd
Unmov'd and passive, I alone
Enjoy'd the sweetness of her honey'd mouth—
But when, with less reserve, she offer'd me
The rosy beauties of her ruby lips,
(Whether 'twas gaiety or my good fortune
Alas! I know it was not love!)
And when our lips in glowing kisses met,
(O my sweet and precious treasure
Have I lost thee and survive?),
Then did I feel a sharper sting
Than those of bees, the sweet but painful shaft
Of Love that pierc'd my burning heart,

Which was restor'd me only then,
 That she might strike the fatal wound.
 And when I felt the deadly stroke,
 Like one in dying pangs, I'd almost bit
 The murderous lips that gave the cruel blow.
 But ah! the scented breeze of her sweet mouth
 Came o'er me like the breath divine
 Of an inspiring deity, and shed
 A sacred awe, awak'd my modesty,
 And quench'd the amorous fury of my soul.—

ERG. O modesty! * thou saddest stay of all
 To timorous lovers overaw'd by thee!—

MIR. Now all had had their turns, and come
 With thoughts suspended to await
 The sentence which the lovely judge should give.
 When the most beauteous Amarillis thinking
 My kisses were the best, upon my head
 Plac'd with her snow-white hand the garland fair,
 The victor's prize. But O! no sunbeat hill
 E'er broil'd so much beneath the dog-star's heat,
 Ev'n when he rages most, as then my heart
 Did burn betwixt fruition and desire,
 And ne'er was conquer'd half so much
 As then when I had prov'd a conqueror.
 Yet so much courage I regained,
 That boldly from my head I took
 The garland, which I reach'd to her, and said :

* Orig. O modestia molestia.—A play upon words,

" This is thy due, 'tis justly thine,
 " For all the sweetness of my kisses lies
 " In thy fair mouth ;" and she most courteously
 Accepting it, did form a coronet
 For her fair hair, and with another wreath,
 Which on her beauteous head she wore,
 Encircled mine, which is the same I bear,
 And which, though wither'd as thou seest,
 I'll carry to my grave, to keep in mind
 That day, or rather as a monument
 To once fond hopes, now wither'd all and dead.

ERG. Mirtillo, thou deservest pity more
 Than envy ; thou should'st henceforth bear the name
 Of Tantalus, for he that jests with love
 Endures most cruel pain : thy joys have cost
 Too dear, and of thy theft the pleasure both,
 And punishment thou didst at once receive.
 But has she ne'er discover'd the deceit ?

MIR. I know not that Ergasto ; this I know,
 Whilst she thought Elis worthy of her stay,
 She still to me was bounteous of her sweet
 And gracious smiles. But cruel fate
 Did snatch her thence all unperceiv'd by me.
 Whence I, forsaking all I priz'd before,
 Drawn by the power of her fair eyes,
 Came hither, where my father as thou know'st,
 Still keeps his ancient poor abode.
 I came, and saw, (Oh ! miserable sight !)
 My day of love, whose morn with smiles arose,

Its short course run already to the west,
 And clos'd for ever ! Soon as I appear'd,
 Disdain flash'd forth like lightning from her face,
 Then did she bend her eyes and turn away ;
 " Wretch that I am !" in agony I cried :
 " These are the fatal omens of my death !"
 Meanwhile my father felt so bitterly
 My unforeseen and sudden flight,
 Oppress'd with grief, he fell a prey
 To pining sickness, which did threaten death
 This forc'd me back to him, but my return
 Brought health to him, and sickness to his son.
 Love's wasting fever prey'd upon my strength,
 That from the season when the sun
 Leaves Taurus till he enters Capricorn,
 I languish'd, and had languish'd still,
 Had not my pious father gone to ask
 Meet counsel from the oracle, which gave
 This answer : That the Arcadian air alone
 Could cure me. Therefore I return'd again,
 Ergasto, to revisit her, who heal'd
 My body (O deceitful oracle !)
 To cause eternal sickness in my soul !

ERG. 'Tis strange in truth, a tale of all most
 strange,

Mirtillo, thou hast told, and which I own
 Deserves much pity. But the only safety
 Those in despair have, is to hope for none.*

* Virg. *Æn.* II.

And now 'tis time I go to tell Corisca
Each circumstance of this thy hopeless love.
Proceed thou to the fountain, where ere long
I shall be with thee.

MIR. Heav'n attend my friend,
And grant thee that reward for pitying me,
Which wretched I have not the power to give.

SCENE II.

DORINDA, LUPINO.

DOR. (*speaking to Silvio's dog*)
O happy animal, the dear delight
Of fair but barb'rous Silvio; alas!
Were I but half so dear to him as thou,
Melampo! with that same white hand with which
He tears my heart, he gives thee grateful food
And soft caresses, and both day and night
With thy kind master thou art ever found,
Whilst I that love him so, entreat and sigh
In vain, and that which grieves me more than all,
He lavishes upon thee such a load
Of sweet and luscious kisses, that but one
Would make me blest; and since I can no more,
I'll kiss thee for my charming Silvio's sake.

Happy Melampo ! The propitious star
Of love has sure conducted thee to me,
That I may trace his steps ; lead on, sure guide,
Where love draws me, but instinct only thee.
But hear I not a horn sound near at hand
Among these woods ?

SIL. (*From the wood*) Here, Melampo, here.

DOR. That is the voice (if love delude me not)
Of charming Silvio, who calls his dog
Amidst this grove !

SIL. Here, Melampo, here, here.

DOR. It is indeed the very voice of Silvio !
Happy Dorinda, heav'n hath sent thee now
The good thou wast in search of ; 'twill be best
I hide the dog ; with what he values so
Perchance I'll buy his love. Lupino !

LUP. Here.

DOR. Go take this dog, and quickly hide thyself
Amidst that thicket. Dost thou understand !

LUP. I do.

DOR. And come not out until I call thee.

LUP. I shall attend.

DOR. Go quickly.

LUP. But I pray thee
Give orders, that in case this beast grow hungry,
He may not at one mouthful eat me up.

DOR. Hence, silly coward, have in mind my
words. [*Lupino retires.*]

SIL. (*advancing*) Ah! whither shall I turn
 My wretched steps to seek thee, O my dear
 Faithful Melampo! Over hill and dale
 I've search'd for thee in vain, till with fatigue
 I can proceed no further. Cursed be
 That doe thou didst pursue! but here's a nymph
 Perchance may give me some intelligence.
 (*Aside*) O what a vile encounter! This is she
 Who with her importunities molests me—
 Yet I must hear them now. Fair nymph, O say
 If thou hast lately seen about these woods
 My faithful dog Melampo, which I slipt
 After a doe?

DOR. I, Silvio, fair? I fair?
 Why dost thou call me so,
 O cruel! since in thy eyes I am not fair?

SIL. (*with a determined tone*)
 Fair, or not fair, say hast thou seen my dog?
 Answer me this: If not, I must be gone.

DOR. So harsh to one that doth adore thee,
 Silvio!
 Who would believe that in so sweet a form
 So cruel a soul could lodge!—
 Thou followest through the woods
 And o'er the craggy mountain heights,
 A beast that flies thee, and consumi'st thy prime
 Tracing the footsteps of a dog; while I
 Alas! who love thee so, am shunn'd and scorn'd?

Ah! follow not a flying doe, but one
Already caught, that's tame and full of love!
O be content with her!

SIL. Nymph, I came here in search of my
Melampo,
Not to lose time. Adieu.

DOR. Ah! cruel Silvio, fly me not so soon;
I'll tell thee news indeed of thy Melampo.

SIL. Thou fool'st me, Dorinda.

DOR. O my Silvio
By that same love that makes me thy fond slave,
I know this instant where Melampo is.

Thou said'st but now that he pursued a doe.—

SIL. He did, but soon I lost the sight of both.

DOR. Now both the dog and doe are in my
power.

SIL. In thy power?

DOR. Yes, in mine; and art thou griev'd,
Ungrateful youth, to be oblig'd to one
Who loves thee?

SIL. My dear Dorinda, give them me I pray.

DOR. Ah! fickle youth, alas! to what sad plight
Am I reduced, when beasts endear me to thee!
Yes, my dear soul, I shall restore thy dog,
But not without reward.

SIL. 'Tis reasonable.—

I'll give thee—now I'll banter her a while—(*aside*)

DOR. What wilt thou give me?

SIL. Two fair ripe apples that might vie with
gold,

Which my fair mother gave me yesterday.*

DOR. I care not for them. I could give thee some
Sweeter and fairer, but thou scorn'st my gifts.

SIL. What would'st thou then ?

A goat or lambkin ? but my father yet
Will not permit that I should touch the flock.

DOR. Nor for a goat nor lambkin do I care ;
Thee only, Silvio, and thy love I crave.

SIL. Will nothing please thee but my love ?

DOR. 'Tis all my heart desires.

SIL. Yes, yes, I'll give it thee ; restore me then
Dear nymph, my dog and doe.

DOR. O if thou knew'st
How precious is the treasure which thou giv'st
So freely ! O were but thy words sincere !

SIL. Hear, beauteous nymph ! I find thou talk'st
to me

Still of a thing call'd love. I do not know
What this may be. Thou wishest I should love thee ;
I do (as far as I can understand)
Love thee with all my heart ; thou call'st me cruel ;
I know not what this cruelty may be,
Nor how to please thee.

DOR. Wretched Dorinda ! where alas ! are plac'd
Thy hopes ! from whence dost thou expect thy cure !

* Literally, as we would say, *t'other day*.

From beauty which as yet has felt no spark
 Of Love's bright flame which burns in ev'ry lover!
 O beauteous love-inspiring youth,
 Thou art a fire to me, and yet thyself
 Art cold; thou breathest love, yet feel'st no love.
 That beauteous goddess whom the Cyprians honour,
 Took a most lovely human form
 To bring thee forth; arrows thou hast, and fire,
 As well my bleeding, burning bosom knows.
 Hadst thou upon thy shoulders wings,
 Another Cupid thou wouldst then appear,
 And if thy heart were not of ice,
 Thou wouldst want nothing to be Love, save love.

SIL. What is this thing call'd love?

DOR. When to thy face I turn my eyes,
 Love is the bliss of Paradise;
 But when I view my inward frame,
 It is a hot infernal flame.

SIL. Nymph, there's enough of words;
 Give me, I pray thee now, my dog and doe.

DOR. First give thou me the love I bargain'd for.

SIL. Have I not giv'n it thee? O what a work
 To please this woman! (*aside.*) Take it, make of it
 Whate'er thou wilt, who hinders thee? or who
 Withholds it from thee? What desir'st thou more?
 Why trifle thus so long?

DOR. Wretched Dorinda, all thy labour's vain.

SIL. What dream'st thou of? or why detain me so?

DOR. No sooner shall I grant thee thy desire,

Than thou wilt fly from me, perfidious Silvio.

SIL. No, indeed, fair nymph.

DOR. Give me a pledge.

SIL. What pledge dost thou desire?

DOR. Alas! I dare not name it.

SIL. Wherefore not?

DOR. Because I am asham'd.

SIL. Yet thou art bold enough to ask.

DOR. I'd fain

Be understood without my naming it.

SIL. Art thou asham'd to name it, and yet not
Asham'd to take it?

DOR. Promise it to me,
And I will name it.

SIL. Well, I promise it;
But name it first.

DOR. Ah! understand'st thou not,
My charming Silvio? I'd have understood
If thou had'st said but half as much to me.

SIL. Then truly thou hast greater wit than I.

DOR. I've more love, Silvio, and less cruelty.

SIL. To speak the truth,
I am no conjuror. If thou desir'st
That I should understand thee, speak more plainly.

DOR. O misery! 'tis one of those things, then,
Thy mother gives thee?

SIL. A box o' th' ear?

DOR. A blow to one that loves thee, Silvio!

SIL. My mother often gives me such like things.

DOR. Ah! well I know she does not give thee these,
But oft she gives thee kisses.

SIL. She neither gives me kisses,
Nor would have others kiss me. Is't a kiss
Thou wishest I should give thee for a pledge?
It is. Thou answer'st not, thy blush betrays thee.
Indeed I thought so. Well, I'll give it thee,
But thou must first restore my dog and doe.

DOR. But dost thou promise?

SIL. Yes, indeed I do.

DOR. But wilt thou keep thy word?

SIL. In truth I will, but trouble me no more.

DOR. Come forth Lupino.

Lupino, dost thou sleep?

LUP. O vile disturbance!

Who calls? I come, I come; it was not I
That slept. O no, indeed, it was the dog.

DOR. Look, Silvio, there's thy dog. He sure
might teach

His master more humanity.

SIL. How overjoy'd am I!

DOR. He came to rest

Within these arms where thou disdain'st to come.

SIL. O dear Melampo, my most faithful dog!

DOR. Who didst not scorn my sighs and kisses!

SIL. Oh!

I'll kiss thee o'er and o'er a thousand times.

I hope thou got'st no hurt in the pursuit.

DOR. O happy dog! why cannot I exchange

My lot with thine! alas, how low I'm come,
 To envy a dog's life! Lupino go
 Towards the chase; I'll shortly follow thee.

LUP. I go, my mistress.

[*Exit Lupino.*]

SCENE III.

SILVIO, DORINDA.

SIL. (*Still speaking to his dog.*)

My dear Melampo, O what joy I feel
 Thou got'st no harm!—Now as for thee, Dorinda,
 Where is this doe which thou hast promis'd me?

DOR. Dost thou desire her whether alive or dead?

SIL. I comprehend thee not; How can she live
 After the dog has kill'd her?

DOR. But if he has not kill'd her?

SIL. Is she then alive?

DOR. Alive.

SIL. Then is the prey the more acceptable.
 And had my dear Melampo so much art
 As not to hurt her?

DOR. Only in the heart
 She got a little wound.

SIL. Thou'rt either mad
 Dorinda, or thou mock'st and fool'st me.
 How can she live if wounded in the heart?

DOR. That hapless wounded doe,
Am I, most cruel Silvio,
Caught and conquer'd by thy charms,
Without the aid of other arms ;
Alive and well, if thou should'st take me,
But dead, alas! should'st thou forsake me.

SIL. Is this that doe, that prey
Which thou didst tell me of?

DOR. This, and no other ; but alas!
What thus disturbs thee, gentle Silvio?
Is not a nymph more precious than a beast?

SIL. I love thee not, but rather hate thy sight,
Thou most unlovely, false, importunate.

DOR. And am I thus rewarded, cruel Silvio?
Ungrateful youth! take thy Melampo free,
Myself and all, if thou desert me not,
I shall remit the rest, let me but feel
The pleasing sunshine of thy beauteous eyes.
Thee shall I follow everywhere ;
More faithful than Melampo I shall trace
Thy steps, and when thou shalt return
Tir'd from the chase, I'll wipe thy brow,
And on this breast that for the love of thee
Ne'er finds the sweets of rest, thou shalt repose.
I'll bear thy arms, I'll bear the prey thou tak'st
Amidst the woods, and should'st thou want for prey,
Shoot at Dorinda : 'gainst this tender breast
Thou may'st employ thy bow ; for I shall be
Both prey and slave to bear it, both the mark

And quiver for thy arrows. But alas!
 Why do I talk? deaf to my words thou art,
 And dost thou also fly lest thou should'st hear
 them?—

But fly; Dorinda shall pursue thee still,
 Ev'n to the cruellest hell; if any hell
 Can prove to me a greater pain
 Than my own sorrow, and thy fierce disdain.

SCENE IV.

CORISCA.

COR. O how kind fortune favours my designs
 Beyond my warmest hopes! and meet it is
 They should be favour'd, who, dismissing sloth,
 Play well their own part, and improve her smiles.
 Her power is doubtless great, nor is't for nought
 That mankind all pay worship at her shrine.
 But we should go to meet and fondle her,
 Smoothing her path; the slothful seldom prove
 The favourites of Fortune; had not I
 Contriv'd by industry to be the friend
 Of her who now can aid my bold designs,
 And so securely bring them to an end,
 The aid of Fortune had been small indeed*.
 Some silly fool now would have fled her rival,

* The Translator has ventured to add this line, as he thinks the sentence in the Italian is incomplete.

And look'd upon her with an evil eye,
Bearing the open marks of jealousy
Imprinted on her brow ;--that had been wrong,
For open foes are easier to evade
Than such as are conceal'd. A hidden rock
Deceives th' experienc'd mariner, and one
Who cannot seem a friend is no fierce foe.
Corisca's skill shall now be tried and prov'd ;
But I'm not yet so dull as to believe
She does not love. Others she may delude,
Not me, who am a mistress in the art.
A young and simple girl, an infant maid
Just from the cradle, upon whose fair bloom
Love lavishes his freshest, kindest sweets,
Long courted and belov'd by one so fair,
And more than that, kiss'd o'er and o'er again,
Shall she remain inflexible ! O fool
That e'er could credit it, so do not I.
But see how destiny assists my ends !
Here Amarillis opportunely comes.--
I shall retire as if I saw her not.

(She retires.)

SCENE V. *A thick Wood.*

AMARILLIS.

AM. Dear happy groves, and you,
Ye solitary, awe-inspiring glooms,

Where peace and rest for ever dwell !
O with what heartfelt joy
Do I revisit you ! and had my stars
Unfetter'd left my choice to live
Conform to my desires, I should not then
Ev'n for the blest Elysian fields,
Those smiling gardens fill'd with demigods,
Your peaceful bowers and happy shades exchange.
For that which foolish mortals give the name
Of *good*, is to discerning minds
But *evil* hid beneath a fair disguise ;
He who has most of fortune's vain
And empty gifts, has least of solid joy,
Nor is so much possessor as possess'd.
Riches are they ? No ? but snares
That catch the liberty of such as own them.
What boots it in our blooming years
To have renown of beauty's charms,
Or title fairer still of spotless fame,
Celestial virtues lock'd in mortal veins,
Blessings of heav'n and earth, here fertile fields,
And there rich meadows, fruitful pasture grounds,
And flocks more fruitful, if possess'd of these,
The heart still lacks content, the greatest good ?
How blest the shepherdess, whose simple robe
Just clothes her, coarse but clean, from gaudy pomp
Of dress exempt, rich in herself alone,
With nature's humble ornaments adorn'd !
In tranquil poverty she feels no want,

Nor the distractions that on wealth attend.
But pleas'd with what she has, is still
A stranger to the stings of avarice.
Poor but content; with nature's gifts restores
The gifts of nature, milk with milk revives;
And with the sweets the bees produce,
Seasons the honey of her native sweetness.
The crystal fountain that supplies her drink,
Is bath at once and mirror to her charms;
And since she's pleas'd, she cares not for the world.
Should clouds and storms obscure the face of heav'n,
Or should the rattling hail descend,
She fears not, for her poverty's her shield.
Poor, but content! one care alone
(A pleasing care, from pining sorrow free,)
Rests in her heart; with verdant grass she feeds
Her fleecy charge; and with her lovely eyes
Some shepherd swain who lives but in her smiles,
No lover destin'd or by men or heav'n,
But one whom Love alone bestows;
And in some favourite shady myrtle grove
She loves and is belov'd; nor feels for him
A flame in secret, but declares that flame
To him who feels and owns its influence.
Poor but content! O this is truly life
Which knows no death, till death arrives!
O that I had enjoy'd a lot like this!—
But see Corisca comes—may heaven guard thee
Dearest Corisca!--

CORISCA *advances.*

COR. Who is this that calls me?
O Amarillis dearer than my life,
Or gracious light of heaven to my eyes,
Whither so lonely dost thou go?

AM. Nowhere
But where thou seest me, nor more at ease
Could I be any where, since thou art here.

COR. Thou findest her who never parts from thee,
Sweet Amarillis, and but now of thee
I thought within my heart, and thus was saying:
“ If I’m her soul, how can she live so long
“ Apart from me?” when opportunely here,
My soul, I met thee; but, alas! no more
Thou lov’st thine own Corisca!

AM. Wherefore not?

COR. Why ask me wherefore? thou dost wed
to-day.

AM. I wed!

COR. Yes, and thou keep’st it hid from me.

AM. How could I tell thee that which I myself
Knew nothing of?

COR. And still dost thou deny,
And wear a mask to me?

AM. Still dost thou mock me?

COR. Rather thou mockest me.

AM. But speak’st thou this for truth?

COR. I swear ’tis true.
But know’st thou nothing of it?

AM. I know I am betroth'd, but did not know
My nuptials were so near; and whence hadst thou
Intelligence of this?

COR. To-day my brother
Ormino told it me, and he again
Says many told it him, and that the news
Is now in every mouth; thou seem'st perplex'd,
Should news like this disturb thee?

AM. O Corisca,
'Tis no slight matter; for my mother oft
Told me a woman on her wedding-day,
Is born again.---

COR. 'Tis true we're born again
To better life, therefore rejoice. Thou sigh'st!
Ah! wherefore? leave that wretch to sigh.

AM. What wretch?

COR. Mirtillo, who was present
At what my brother told me, and was nigh
Struck dead with grief; and doubtless he had died,
Had I not giv'n him aid by promising
To break this match, which tho' I only said
To comfort him, I know, if need requir'd,
How to effect it?

AM. Canst thou tell in truth
How to dissolve this match?

COR. I know the means.

AM. How wouldst thou do it then?

COR. With ease enough
Shouldst thou be so inclin'd, and give thy aid.

AM. Could I believe this possible, and thou
 Wouldst pledge thy faith not to reveal my words,
 I would disclose to thee a secret thought
 Which I have long kept hid within my breast.

COR. I e'er reveal it! let the earth first ope
 Miraculously and swallow me alive.

AM. Know then Corisca : when I think how I
 Must all my life be subject to a youth
 Who hates and flies me, and who has no joy
 Save in the woods, and loves a savage prey
 And dog of chase more than a thousand nymphs,
 I'm very ill content, and little less
 Than desperate at the thought, yet dare not say it ;
 Honour and decency forbid I should ;
 Nay more ; my faith is to my father pledg'd,
 And what is worse, I've pledg'd it at the shrine
 Of the great goddess, and to violate
 A vow so solemn, is a frightful thought ;
 But if thy industry can find a way,
 (On the condition that my faith, my life,
 And my religion, and my honest fame
 Be all preserv'd) to cut this galling knot,
 To thee my life and safety I shall owe.

COR. Since this forc'd out thy sighs, good cause
 thou had'st

To sigh, indeed! ah! often have I said :

“ What pity to bestow a gift so fair,

“ A gem of such inestimable worth,

“ On one who cannot prize it!” But thou art

By far too scrupulous to speak the truth ;
Simplicity prevents thy words—But why
Keep silence ? What restrains thy just complaints ?

AM. Shame ties my tongue.

COR. Thou hast a sore disease,
My sister, I would rather bear a fever,
Or have a demon struggling in my breast,
Or lose the use of reason, as have *that* ;
But trust me, Amarillis, 'twill be cur'd.
Abjure and conquer it but only once,
'Twill ne'er return.

AM. Shame stamp'd upon the heart
By nature, we can never overcome ;
For if we try to drive it from the heart,
Up to the face it flies.

COR. Alas ! my Amarillis, often she
That thro' excess of wisdom will not tell
Her malady, at length proclaims it thro' despair.
Hadst thou before disclos'd thy mind to me,
Thou hadst been free from pain, and now thou hast,
Corisca's power shall be display'd to-day.
Into more faithful or more skilful hands,
Thou could'st not fall. But when thou shalt be freed
From a bad husband by my proffer'd aid,
Wilt thou refuse my counsel in the choice
Of an agreeable lover ?

AM. We shall think
Of this at greater leisure.

COR. But in truth

Faithful Mirtillo must not be forgot.

Thou knowest that for worth and spotless faith
And youthful charms, there's not a shepherd swain
More worthy of thy love, and yet (ah cruel !)
Thou leavest him to perish, nor wilt grant
So much as hear him tell thee that he dies.

AM. O how much wiser 'twere
For him to rest in peace, and from his heart
Root out a love that's hopeless.

COR. Ere he die
Grant him this one poor comfort.

AM. Sure I am
'Twould only serve to double his affliction.

COR. Leave *him* to think of that.

AM. What would become
Of me, if this were ever brought to light ?

COR. Faint-hearted maid ?

AM. Faint-hearted may I be
In what concerns my honour !

COR. Amarillis
If thou mayst fail to grant this little boon,
Then may I also fail thee in the rest.
Adieu.

AM. Nay : Stay, Corisca, hear a word.

COR. Not one, unless thou promise.

AM. Well ; I promise
To hear him once, if bound I shall not be
To hear him oftener.

COR. Once is all he asks.

AM. And let him not suspect I know of it.

COR. I'll cause it seem as tho' ye met by chance,

AM. And that I may depart whene'er I will,
Without more trouble.

COR. That whene'er thou wilt,
If thou but hear him.

AM. And that what he says
Be finish'd quickly.

COR. This is also granted.

AM. And that he come no nearer than the length
Of this my dart?

COR. O what a mighty stir
To satisfy thy strange simplicity!
I'll tie up every member but his tongue.
What would'st thou more?

AM. Enough. I'm satisfied.

COR. And when wilt thou do this?

AM. Whene'er thou pleasest;
Only allow me to go home to hear
More certain news about these nuptials.

COR. Go: and with caution; but a moment hear
What I have just contriv'd: that towards noon,
I'd have thee come into this shady walk
Without thy nymphs, where I shall be prepar'd
For this occasion, and shall with me have
In readiness Nerina, Aglaura, Eliza,
And Phillis and Licoris, prudent all,
No less than faithful, secret and discreet.

With them thou there shalt play as thou art wont,
 At blindfold sport, so shall Mirtillo thus
 With ease enough believe that thou hadst come
 For thy own sport, and not to meet with him.

AM. I like this wond'rous well, but would not
 wish

These nymphs were present at Mirtillo's words.
 Dost thou observe?

COR. O yes, I understand.

Well thought; and I'll take care no fear of this
 May trouble thee; I'll make them disappear
 In proper time; go then and keep in mind
 To love thy faithful friend Corisca ever.

AM. Since I have plac'd my heart within her hands,
 She may command at pleasure all my love.

Exit Amar.

COR. (*sola.*) Is she not hard to move? I must
 assault

This rock with greater force; should she resist
 My words, Mirtillo's surely will prevail.
 Well do I know the power of gentle pray'rs
 From him she loves, in a young virgin's heart.
 And if she once do yield, I'll make her pay
 So dear for this short game, she'll soon perceive
 It is no sport; and I'll not only watch
 Her doubtful words, but penetrate thro' all
 The dark recesses of her heart, and see
 Her deepest thoughts, as if she spoke them out;

That done, and I made mistress of her secret
 I'll wind her as I please without controul
 To what I wish, so skilfully, that she
 Shall ne'er believe, much less shall others dream,
 The power alone of my consummate art
 Accomplish'd all, but *her* unbridled love.

SCENE VI.

Manet CORISCA—SATIRO *enters slyly.*

COR. Ah me! I'm dead!

SAT. And I alive.

COR. Return,

Return my Amarillis, I am caught—

SAT. She hears thee not; now it will suit thee well
 To stand unmov'd!—(*He pulls her hair.*)

COR. Oh me! my hair!

SAT. So long

I've angled for thee, till at last thou'rt fall'n

Into my net; thou canst not fly me now,

It is thy hair I hold, and not thy robe.

COR. This usage, wretch, to me!

SAT. Yes, ev'n to thee,

Corisca, famous mistress in the art

Of making fine-spun lies, that sell'st so dear,

False words, feign'd looks, and disappointed hopes,

She that has oft betray'd and banter'd me,

The fam'd deceiver, and the wicked cheat
Corisca!

COR. I confess I am Corisca;
But am no longer she that was so dear,
Gentle Satiro, to thine eyes before.

SAT. Wretch, am I gentle now? I was not so,
When thou didst leave my love for Coridon's.

COR. Thee for another!

SAT. Now thou hear'st a wonder;
Strange news to one that's so sincere as thou!
When beauteous Lilla's bow thou mad'st me steal,
And Chloris' veil, and Daphne's broider'd robe,
And Silvia's buskins, all the price of love,
Promis'd to me, yet to another giv'n;
And when the lovely garland which I wreath'd
To suit thy head, thou gav'st away to Niso;
And when thou mad'st me, 'midst the dark cold nights,
Watch at the cave, the fountain, and the wood,
And all I got was scorn: pray did I then
Seem gentle to thee? Wretch, I'll make thee pay
Dear, dear, for thy deceit.--(*Pulling her.*)

COR. Oh me! thou dragg'st me
As if I were a beast.

SAT. Thou nam'st thyself
Most properly. Escape now, if thou can'st;
I'm not afraid thou'lt fly; this hold I have
Makes vain thy artifices; once before
Leaving thy robe behind, thou fled'st, but now

Unless thou mean'st to leave thy head, in vain
Are all thy hopes of flight.

COR. Ah! yet allow me
A little time to answer for myself.

SAT. Speak.

COR. How can I speak while I am held so fast?
Let me go free.

SAT. I'm no such simpleton.

COR. I pledge my faith I shall not stir from
hence.

SAT. What faith? perfidious woman! dar'st thou
still

To mention faith?—I shall conduct thee straight
To the most frightful cavern in this mountain,
Where ne'er a sunbeam enters, nor the track
Of human foot—I will not speak the rest—
Thou'lt feel my vengeance.

COR. Can'st thou then be so cruel to this hair
Which tied thy heart? which once was thy delight!
To that Corisca dearer than thy life,
For whom before thou wast in use to swear
Thou couldst with pleasure welcome death itself?
Canst thou then think to offer injury
To her, I say? O heav'ns! O destiny!
Whom have I hop'd in? whom can I believe
Henceforth?

SAT. Ah wretch! still think'st thou to deceive?
Still dost thou try thy frauds and flatteries?

COR. Ah! dear Satiro, do no longer harm
 To her who loves thee. Sure thou'rt not a beast,
 Nor hast a heart of marble, or of flint;
 Behold me at thy feet! if I have e'er
 Offended thee, thou idol of my heart,
 O pardon me, I pray thee! By those strong,
 And more than human knees which I embrace,
 To which I bow; by that dear love which once
 Thou hadst for me; by that sweet influence
 Which us'd to issue from these weeping eyes
 Thou once didst call two stars, two fountains now,
 And by these bitter tears which flow from them,
 I pray thee, pity me, and let me go.

SAT. Ah wretch! thou mov'st me; should I
 hearken now
 To pity alone, I should be overcome.
 But to be short, I do not credit thee;
 Thou art too wicked, and too full of wiles;
 The more thou'rt trusted, thou deceiv'st the more.
 Beneath this humble show, beneath these pray'rs
 Corisca lurks conceal'd; thou canst not be
 So different from thyself; contend'st thou still!

(He pulls her again.)

COR. Oh me! my head! ah cruel! O forbear
 A moment, and deny me not, I pray,
 One little favour.

SAT. Speak; what favour's this?

COR. That thou wouldest hear me yet a little while.

SAT. Thou hop'st, perchance, by flattering words
and tears

To soften me.

COR. Ah! courteous Satiro,
And must I be destroyed?

SAT. Come, and thou'lt see.

COR. Is there no mercy?

SAT. None.

COR. Art thou resolv'd?

SAT. I am resolv'd: But is this charm of thine
Not finish'd yet?

COR. O unexampled villany! base wretch!
Half man, half goat! all over thou'rt a beast;
Foul carrion, monster of a loathsome kind!
If thou believ'st Corisca loves thee not,
Then thou believ'st the truth. What should she love
In thee? that dog's face? or that filthy beard?
Or these goat's ears? that putrid cave thy mouth,
That once had teeth?

SAT. O wicked wretch!
This talk to me!

COR. Yes; ev'n to thee.

SAT. To me, thou shameless scold?

COR. To thee, huge goat!

SAT. And yet I pull not out
Thy barking tongue?

COR. If thou dar'st but approach me,
And couldst have courage!

SAT. A little, paltry, despicable woman
In such condition, even in my hands,

Thus to abuse, and scorn, and dare me too!

I will—

COR. What wilt thou do, base villain?

SAT. Eat thee alive.

COR. And with what teeth, I pray,
Since thou hast none?

SAT. O heaven! canst thou see
And suffer this! but if I shall not have
Ample revenge! Come on—

COR. I'll not come on.

SAT. Thou wilt not, Mrs Wickedness?

COR. No, I won't, in spite of thee I won't.

SAT. That shall be seen; come, else I'll drag
thee so,

I'll pull away thy arms.

COR. I will not go,
Tho' I should leave my head.

SAT. Come on; let's see
Which is the strongest of us, and we'll try
Which is the firmest set, this neck of thine
Or these my arms. Thy hands thou usest too!
These are too weak, young vixen—

COR. We shall see.

SAT. Yes indeed.

COR. Pull hard, Satiro. Now adieu—

[She pushes him over.]

Get thy neck set, 'tis out of joint—

SAT. Oh me! O miserable wretch! alas!
Alas! my head!—alas! my side!—

O my back-bone!—O what a cruel fall!—
I cannot rise ; scarce have I power to move !
And has she fled and left her head with me !
O marvellous ! ye nymphs and shepherds, haste,
Flock hither, and behold a wonder, one
Who by her skill in magic runs about,
And lives without her head! How light it is!
How little brains it has! but how is this,
No blood flows from it! Let me see : O fool!
O madman! she without her head ! 'tis thou
Thyself hast lost thy head! Who ever saw
A man so fool'd ! see now how she contriv'd
To fly when thou didst think she was secure.
Perfidious sorceress! was it not enough
Thy heart, thy face, thy words, thy smiles, thy looks
Were false, but thou must also falsify
Thy hair? behold, ye foolish poets, this,
This is the flowing gold, the amber pure
Which ye extol so much. Blush, therefore, now,
Ye fools, and now recant your wonted theme.
Instead of it, go sing the impious arts
Of an impure and wicked sorceress,
Who plunders graves by night, and from dead skulls
Stealing the hair, entwines it with her own
So skilfully, that she hath made you praise
What you should hate more than the horrid locks
Of dire Megæra's* head that swarms with snakes.

* One of the Furies.

Such, lovers, are your chains; behold them now,
And blush; and if, as ye protest, your hearts
Are fasten'd to them, now may each of you
Without a sigh or tear take back his own.
But why delay to publish her disgrace?
Surely that brilliant hair which, sown with stars,
Adorns the sky,* was never so renown'd
As this, and she that wore it shall by me
Be render'd infamous to future times.

CHORUS.

Ah! 'twas a grievous fault, indeed,
(The cause from whence our woes proceed)
In her † who broke the sacred laws
Of Love, by breaking of her faith!
And this, alas! the fatal cause
That kindled heaven's flaming wrath,
Yet unabated by a flood
Of tears, and streams of guiltless blood.
Thus virtue's root, unspotted faith,
Best ornament of noble minds,
In heav'n such mighty value finds;
And such a care to make us lovers,
By which we truest bliss may prove,
He who is love itself, discovers
High in the realms of light above.

* Alluding to the hair of Berenice, which was feigned to be transferred to heaven, and changed into a constellation.

† i. e. Lucrina, formerly mentioned.

Mistaken mortals, ever blind,
Who still to wealth addict your mind!
Who with a watchful eye behold
The urn that keeps the buried gold!
Or wander like a restless shade,
That goes by night around his grave:
Those hearts for living beauties made,
Can love of beauty dead enslave?
Treasures and wealth are but insensate loves,
'Tis soul with soul to join that only proves
Love's proper object; souls can love again,
Such love is truly worth a lover's pain.
The kiss is sweet that's giv'n the blooming rose
Of a vermilion cheek, as the true lover knows.
'Tis a dead kiss, say I, and must be poor,
Whene'er the fair does not the kiss restore;
But when two loving lips with lips unite,
That glow with mutual warmth, O what delight!
How sweet the vengeance, when with double darts
Love at one instant pierces both their hearts.
This is true rapture, this, when both receive
Back from each other just the bliss they give.
The lips of a fair nymph will well repay
The kiss again which you have snatch'd away.
The lips alone; to them both souls repair,
And each fond soul imprints its kisses there.
The wandering spirits leave the heart,
And to the glowing rubies life impart.

These lively kisses have a voice
That speaks great things with little noise,
And secrets sweet, which they alone
That love, can know, to others all unknown.
Such life, such mutual delights
Are found where soul with soul unites :
As kisses when return'd, most pleasing prove,
So joy two hearts that render love for love.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

THE
FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

ACT III. SCENE I.

MIRTILLO.

MIR. O gentle spring, youth of the new-born
year,
Mother of flowers, new verdure, and new loves!
Fair season, thou return'st again,
But not with thee return
Those happy days thou hast been wont to bring,
Whose every hour was joy; thou art return'd,
But with thee nought, alas! returns,
Save the sad recollection of my dear
Lost treasure, ah! remembrance full of woe!—
Thou art the same, the very same
Fair smiling season as thou wert before,
But I am now no more what once I was,
So dear to those fair eyes, my only joy!
O bitter sweets of love! far heavier grief

It is to lose, than never to have known
Or tasted love's delights! how blest a thing
Were love, when gain'd, if it could ne'er be lost,
Or being lost, all memory then
Of the lost happiness should vanish too!
But if my hopes to-day, as they are wont,
Be not of glass, or if my ardent love
Make not my hope too great, I'll here behold
That nymph, the sun of my desiring eyes;
And if I'm not deceiv'd by others' wiles,
With joy I'll see the charming fugitive
Stop at my mournful sighs, and here
My greedy eyes shall have a feast
Upon the sweet food of her lovely face,
After their painful fast endur'd so long.
Here I'll behold that proud one turn
Her haughty eyes upon me, if not full
Of tenderness, at least of fierce disdain;
And if not fraught with amorous joy,
At least so kindly cruel that I may die.
O sigh'd for long in vain,
Most happy day! if after such a length
Of gloomy days and bitter tears,
At last thou grant me, Love, to see to-day
The sun that dwells in her fair eyes,
Shine forth anew amidst serener skies.

But here Ergasto urg'd me to repair;
Here, as he said, Corisca, and my love

Fair Amarillis were to meet to play
 At blindfold sport ; but here, O cruel fate!
 I can see nothing save my love that's blind,
 Seeking by the direction of another,
 Its light and cannot find it—Heaven grant
 My envious destiny has not contriv'd
 Some bitter hind'rance to my happiness !
 This long delay with grief and fear afflicts
 My trembling heart. For every single hour
 Nay every moment that delays their bliss,
 To lovers seems an age. But who can tell ?
 Perchance I'm come too late, Corisca here
 Perchance has waited for me long in vain.
 And yet I strove to lose no time. Ah me !
 If this prove true, then, death, I welcome thee.

SCENE II.

AMARILLIS *blindfolded*, MIRTILLO, CORISCA,
 - *Chorus of Nymphs.*

AM. Behold the buff !

MIR. (*aside.*) Too sure 'tis she ! O sight !

AM. Come on ; why this delay ?

MIR. O voice that wounds and cures me all at once !

AM. Where are they all ? Lisetta, where art thou
 Who wast of all most eager for the game ?
 And thou Corisca, whither art thou gone ?

MIR. Well may they say indeed that Love is blind !

AM. Hear, you that are appointed for my guides,
 To lead me up and down, take now my hand,

Before the rest of our companions come,
 And lead me to a distance from these trees,
 To where there's greater room, and there alone
 First leave me in the midst, then with the rest,
 Around me all together form a ring,
 And let the game begin.

MIR. (*aside.*) But what shall I do?
 Since here I do not see of what avail
 This game can prove to me to aid my love.
 Nor can I anywhere behold Corisca
 Who is my northern star. Assist me heav'n!

Enter Nymphs.

AM. O are ye come at last, and did you mean
 Only to blind my eyes? Come, let's begin.

CHOR. O Love, I can believe thou art not blind,
 But that thou darkenest the credulous mind,
 And if small sight thou dost possess,
 Ah! cunning Love, thy faith is less.
 Blind or not, thou try'st in vain
 Me into thy snares to gain,
 And to 'scape thy treach'ry, lo!
 Far from thy eager reach I go.
 Blind art thou! yet couldst behold
 More than Argus' eyes of old.
 Blind art thou! yet well couldst see
 Both to cheat and fetter me!
 But now, when loosen'd from thy chain,
 Ne'er shall I play the fool again

To trust thee ; let him sport with thee that may,
 I will act a wiser way,
 For in thy sport thou'rt sure to slay.

AM. You play at far too great a distance still ;
 You run too soon ; you ought to strike me first,
 Then fly ;—approach me, touch me, then I'm sure
 You run not free from risk.

MIR. O mighty pow'rs ! what do I see, or where
 Is this I am ? in heaven or on earth ?
 O heav'ns have your eternal rolling spheres
 Such harmony of motion ? have your stars
 Beauty that shines so fair ? or can the voice
 Of angels warble melody more sweet ?

CHOR. Blind archer, still thou urgest me
 To venture on and sport with thee ;
 Well, therefore, I at last grow bold,
 And strike, then fly to 'scape thy hold.
 Then I strike and run again,
 And thou wheelest round in vain.
 Now I pinch thee, now I fly,
 O'er and o'er the sport I try,
 Yet thou canst not light on me.
 Why ? because my heart is free.

AM. Indeed I thought Licoris,
 That I had caught thee, but I find instead
 I've only caught a tree. [*they laugh.*] But why that
 laugh ?

MIR. Would I had been that tree !

But do I not perceive Corisca hid
 Amidst those bushes ? it is she indeed !
 She beckons and makes signs, but what these mean
 I know not.---

CHOR. A free heart makes a nimble heel ;
 O sly flatterer, dost thou still
 Tempt me with thy false delight ?
 Thus, then, I renew the fight,
 And wheel, and turn, and strike, and fly,
 Yet, blind Love, still free am I ;
 Still thou can'st not light on me.
 Why ? because my heart is free.

AM. Base tree, would thou wert rooted from the
 ground,

For still I'm catching thee, tho' now I thought
 That motion some one struggling in my arms ;
 I did believe I had Eliza at last.

MIR. Corisca still is beck'ning, and she seems
 To be displeas'd ; perhaps she'd have me mix
 Among these nymphs.

AM. And must I then play all day long with trees !

COR. [*coming from her concealment.*]
 I must go forth from hence against my will,
 And speak to him. Ah timorous lover ! haste,
 Lay hold on her, why wait ? that she may run
 Into thy arms ? O at the least permit
 That she should seize thee. Come, give me thy spear,
 And go to meet her.

MIR. O how ill my mind
Suits with my hope ! how powerless is my heart,
Tho' it desires so much !

CHOR. That triumphant god survey,
To whom amorous mortals pay
Impious tribute, now he's hooted,
Now he's laugh'd at, now he's routed.
As the owl amidst the blaze
Of the sun's meridian rays,
When all the various feather'd tribes
Flock to give her war, or gibes ;
With her beak she pecks in vain,
And shrinks, and flies, and fights again ;
So we baffle and deride
Thee, blind Love, on ev'ry side ;
One beats thy back, another seeks
Unobserv'd to smite thy cheeks,
And but little 'vantage springs
Tho' thou extend thy claws, or clap thy wings.
Pleasure oft is dearly bought,
As the hapless bird is taught, *
And his future suff'rings prove.
He has not learn'd to shun, who sports with Love.

* This passage alludes to a practice of taking birds by means of a tame owl. The birds come sporting about the owl, and are caught by means of sticks spread over with bird-lime, which are previously placed for that purpose.

SCENE III.

AMARILLIS, CORISCA, MIRTILLO.

AM. Indeed, Aglaura, I have caught thee now;
Thou fain would'st fly, but I will hold thee fast.

COR. (*aside.*) Surely unless I had by violence
Thrust him upon her, I had toil'd in vain
To rouse his courage.—

AM. Thou wilt not speak, ah! art thou she or no?

COR. Here I'll lay down his spear, and to the bush
To' observe what will ensue. (*She retires.*)

AM. I know thee now,
I know thee by thy tallness and short hair,
Thou art Corisca; and the very one
I wish'd to catch, that I might cuff thee well
Just as I please; here then, take this
And this; this also; this again; not yet?
Not yet a word? But since 'twas thou that bound'st me,
Unbind me quickly now, my dearest heart,
And thou shalt have the sweetest kiss that e'er
Thou had'st before. But wherefore this delay?
Thy hand is trembling; art thou then so weary?
Join to thy hands th' assistance of thy teeth;
O silly thing, I shall unbind myself;
What knots on knots are here!
Why didst thou tie't so hard?
Now 'tis thy turn, thou next must be the buff.—

So: now 'tis loos'd. (*seeing Mirtillo.*) Ah me! whom
see I here!

Leave me thou traitor! Oh! I shall expire!

MIR. My life, compose thyself.

AM. Leave me, I say,

Unhand me; what! make use of force to nymphs!

Aglaura! here Eliza! Ah! perfidious!

Where are ye fled? Unhand me, traitor!

MIR. I obey.

AM. Corisca laid this plot, now go to her,

And tell what thou hast gain'd. (*Going.*)

MIR. Where fly'st thou cruel?

Behold at least my death; for lo! I pierce

My bosom with this steel!

AM. Alas! what wouldst thou do!

MIR. That which perchance it grieves thee, cruel
nymph,

Any should do save thou.

AM. Ah me! I'm well nigh dead.

MIR. And if this action to thy hand be due,

Behold the weapon and the breast.

AM. In truth

Thou hast deserv'd it. What could move thy heart

To such presumption?

MIR. Love.

AM. Love should not cause
An act of rudeness.

MIR. Then believe my love,
Because I was not rude; if in thy arms

Thou first did catch me, then I cannot well
 Be charg'd with rudeness, since with such a fair
 Occasion to be bold, and use with thee
 The laws of love, I yet preserv'd respect,
 And almost had forgot I was a lover.

AM. Upbraid me not with what I did when blind.

MIR. And I in love was blinder far than thou !

AM. Pray'rs and fair words respectful lovers use,
 Not cheats and thefts.

MIR. As a wild beast when press'd
 By hunger, rushes furious from the wood
 Upon the traveller, so if I, who live
 Upon the food of thy fair eyes alone,
 Since by thy cruelty or my hard fate,
 That pleasant food I've been so long deny'd,
 If I, a rav'nous lover, rushing forth
 At last to-day upon thee from my wood,
 Where I had long been famish'd, did attempt
 In hopes to save my life, one stratagem
 Which the necessity of love did prompt,
 Then, cruel, blame not me, but blame thyself.
 For if, as thou hast said, pray'rs and fair words
 Respectful lovers use, which never thou
 Wouldst deign to hear from me ; thou by thy flight
 And cruelty hast robb'd me of the power
 To be discreet.

AM. If thou hadst quitted her
 That fled from thee, then hadst thou been discreet.

But know thou persecutest me in vain.
What wouldst thou have of me ?

MIR. That only once
Thou wouldst vouchsafe to hear me ere I die.

AM. See thy good fortune ; for as soon as ask'd
Thou hast receiv'd the gift. Now then begone.

MIR. Ah nymph ! all I have utter'd yet,
Is scarce a single drop
Out of the boundless ocean of my woes.
If not for pity's sake, ah cruel maid !
Yet for the pleasure it will give thee, hear
The last sad accents of a dying swain.

AM. To shun more trouble, and to show how false
The hopes thou cherishest, I now consent
To hear thee, but with this condition first :
Say little, quickly part, and come no more.—

MIR. Within too narrow bounds, most cruel nymph,
Thy harsh command would limit such desires,
So boundless an extent of fervent love,
As scarce the thoughts of man can comprehend !
That I have lov'd, and love thee more than life,
If thou shouldst doubt, oh ! cruel, ask these woods
And all their savage race, for they can tell.
Each field, each lonely bush, and aged tree,
The rugged rocks of these steep mountains, too,
Which have been wont to soften at the sound
Of my complaints, can all declare my love.
But wherefore need I seek such numerous proofs

To show my love, when beauty such as thine
Affords, itself, the surest proof of all?
Assemble every beauty of the sky
Clad in its purest azure, let the earth
Show all its excellence, and bring the whole
Within one space;—they centre all in thee.
Such is the cause of this my ardent flame,
Necessity and nature give it birth,
For as by nature water downward flows,
As fire ascends, air wanders, earth is fix'd;
As roll the spheres; so naturally my thoughts
Still tend to thee as to their chiefest bliss;
And ever to thy charms by night, by day,
With all its fond affections flies my soul.
And he who should imagine he had power
My constant heart to sever from thy love,
Might hope with as much ease to work a change
In nature's laws, turn from their ancient course
The heav'ns, or earth, or water, air or fire,
And from its firm foundations shake the world.
Yet since 'tis thy command my words be few,
I shall obey, and only say—I die——
And shall do less in dying, since I see
How much thou wishest for my death; but still
I'll do, alas! all that can now remain
For me to do, of every hope bereft.
But, cruel maid, when I am in the dust,
O wilt thou then feel pity for my woes!

Ah! fair and dear, and once the sweet support
Of life to me whilst heav'n vouchsaf'd to smile!
Turn once upon me, turn these starry eyes
That beam with love; serene as once they were,
And full of pity, suffer them to shine
Once more upon me, ere I quit the world,
That they may cheer me at the hour of death;
And as they once did show the path of life,
Now let them be the fatal messengers
To bid me die; those stars that usher'd in
My morn of life, now let them see its eve.
But thou more cruel than thou wert before,
Feel'st yet no spark of pity, and the tale
Of my sad suff'rings only fires thy rage!
Wilt thou not then vouchsafe a word to me?
Wretch that I am! discourse I to a stone!
If thou'lt say nothing else, at least say, "Die,"
And thou shalt see me die at thy command.
O wicked Love! what misery extreme
Is this! a cruel nymph, because my death
Would be a favor done me, will not yield
To give me death, that so she may not grant
A favor I implore, nor will she speak
A single cruel word to let me die!

AM. If I had promis'd I would answer thee
As well as hear thee, then thou wouldst have cause
Thus to lament my silence as thou dost.
Thou call'st me cruel, hoping that to shun

Such charge, I might perchance reclaim my thoughts,
And show thee kindness ; nor dost thou perceive,
Those flattering praises lavish'd by thy tongue,
So little merited, are less approv'd.
They please me not ; the charge of cruelty
Delights me more. To be to *others* cruel
I grant is well term'd vice, but to a lover
'Tis virtue ; and what thou hast giv'n the name
Of harshness, is in woman honesty,
Candour and truth ; but say that cruelty
To lovers is a fault, declare the time
When Amarillis show'd thee cruelty ;
Or did'st thou then, perchance, esteem me cruel,
When truth and justice equally requir'd
I should deny thee pity ? yet I show'd
So much that I from death deliver'd thee !
I mean when 'midst a noble company
Of modest virgins mingled, thou didst hide
With a maid's habit a lascivious lover,
And boldly dare, polluting our chaste sports,
'Midst kisses feign'd and innocent, to mix
Thy lewd and wanton kisses ; such an act
As yet I blush to think on ! But heav'n knows
That then I knew thee not, and when I did,
My indignation kindled at the fraud.
Untainted from lewd thoughts I kept my soul,
And suffer'd not the amorous plague to creep
To my chaste heart ; my lips, and these alone

Were violated; for a kiss that's snatch'd
 By fraud or force, draws after it no shame.
 But what wouldst thou by that bold theft have gain'd,
 If to the nymphs I had discover'd thee?
 Not ev'n on Hebrus' shore so cruelly torn
 And slain was Orpheus by the Thracian dames,*
 As thou hadst been, unless her clemency
 Whom thou call'st cruel, had protected thee.
 But she is not so cruel, as she ought
 To be; for since thy boldness is so great,
 When I am cruel, how should it be increas'd,
 If I were full of pity towards thee?
 That prudent honest pity I could give,
 Thou hast already got; to ask or hope
 For more is vain; and she can ill bestow
 That amorous pity who has none to give,
 For 'tis already given. If thou be
 Indeed my lover, Oh respect my fame,
 My soul's best jewel, and dearer far than life.
 Thou seek'st impossibilities; thou seek'st
 What heav'n forbids to grant, what men oppose,
 And what, if done, must be aton'd by death.
 But most of all, and with the strongest shield
 Virtue defends it; for a noble soul
 Scorns a more faithful guardian than itself.
 Cease then, Mirtillo, longer to complain

* He was slain by the women of Thrace, and his head thrown into the Hebrus.—Vid. Ovid. B. 11.

Or importune me more, but fly and live
If thou be wise ; for to abandon life
Thro' mad excess of grief, is not the mark
Of an heroic, but a timorous soul.
And 'tis the truest virtue to abstain
From what we love, if what we love be wrong,
And virtue's sacred laws forbid the flame.

MIR. He that has lost his heart, has not the power
To save himself from death.

AM. But he that takes
The shield of virtue conquers every passion.

MIR. Where love already triumphs, virtue yields.

AM. But he that cannot what he will, at least
Should do what's in his power.

MIR. Necessity of loving has no law.

AM. Distance and time will cure love's deepest
wounds.

MIR. We fly in vain what in the heart is lodg'd.

AM. A new affection will expel the old.

MIR. Yes ; if my heart and soul could be but
chang'd !

AM. The great destroyer Time
Will kill love too at last.

MIR. But cruel Love
Will kill the life ere that day arrive.

AM. Is there no cure then for thy malady ?

MIR. No cure at all save death !

AM. Death !—hear me therefore now, and be my
words

A law to thee : Altho' I'm well aware
 When lovers speak of dying, it indicates
 A custom rather of an amorous tongue,
 Than a deliberate and fix'd resolve ;
 Yet if so strange a frenzy e'er should seize thee,
 Know that thou thus wouldst not alone destroy
 Thy life ; but my good name would also die.
 Live then, if thou dost love me, and farewell.—
 Henceforth I'll reckon it a token sure
 Of wisdom in thee, if thou tak'st good heed
 That we may ne'er hereafter meet again.—

MIR. O cruel sentence ! how can I survive
 Without my life, or end my bitter woes,
 Unless by death !

AM. Mirtillo, now 'tis time
 Thou should'st depart ; I've heard thee much too
 long ;
 Go, and console thyself with this at least,
 Of hopeless lovers there's a numerous croud ;
 There is no wound but carries with it pain,
 Many, as well as thou, of love complain.

MIR. 'Tis true I'm not the only wretched lover,
 But I alone am miserably toss'd
 'Twixt life and death ; I neither wish to live,
 Nor wilt thou let me die.

AM. Begone, begone !

MIR. Ah woeful parting ! ah ! life charms no
 more !
 How can I go from thee, and yet survive !

Yet sure I am I feel the pangs of death!
 O Amarillis, 'tis a living death
 That feeds my grief, and will not let it die,
 So have my sorrows immortality!

[*Exit* Mirtillo.]

SCENE IV.

AMARILLIS *sola*.

AM. Mirtillo, O my life, my soul!
 If here within thou couldst perceive
 The secret feelings of the heart
 Of Amarillis whom thou call'st so cruel,
 Well do I know that she would find
 From thee that pity thou implor'st from her!
 O hapless souls, bound by the ties of love.
 Mirtillo has my heart, yet what avails
 My love to him, or his dear love to me!
 Ah! wherefore, cruel destiny,
 Dost thou divide whom Love has bound?
 And wherefore bind'st thou those,
 Perfidious Love! whom destiny divides?
 Happy ye savage race that roam the woods,
 To whom all-bounteous nature
 Hath giv'n no laws in love save those of Love!
 Inhuman laws of men,
 That give for love the punishment of death!
 Since the transgression is so sweet,

And yet so needful 'tis to shun the sin,
O too imperfect nature
That thus opposeth what the law prescribes!
O too severe a law,
Foe to the fondest sympathies of nature!—
But, ah!—their love is weak who fear to die!
Mirtillo, would to heav'n that *death* alone
Were all the punishment of this offence!
Most sacred virtue! awful name!
Thou most inviolable deity,
Of truly noble souls!—this fond desire
Which by thy holy rigour I've subdued,
I now present a spotless sacrifice
Before thy shrine. And thou, my love Mirtillo,
O pardon her that's only cruel
Where she is forc'd from thee to hide
All show of mercy! O forgive
Her thy fierce foe in looks and words alone,
But thy most tender lover in her heart!
Or if revenge be thy desire,
What greater vengeance can'st thou take on me,
Than thy own grief; for if thou be my heart,
As sure thou art in spite of heav'n and earth,
Whene'er thou sigh'st or sheddest tears,
Thy sighs my vital spirits are,
Thy tears my blood, and all those pangs,
And all those mournful sighs of thine,
Are not thy pangs, are not thy sighs, but mine!

SCENE V.

Enter CORISCA.

COR. Sister, no more dissembling of thy love.

AM. Ah! woe is me! I am discover'd now!

COR. I heard thee every word. Now am I wrong?
Did I not often say thou wert in love?
And yet thou wouldst deny and hide it from me,
From me thy greatest friend! nay, do not blush,
It is a common evil.

AM. I am conquer'd,
Corisca, I confess it.

COR. Yes, when now
Thou can'st no longer hide it.

AM. I perceive
Alas! the vessel of a feeble heart
Is far too narrow for o'erflowing love.

COR. O thou art cruel to thy dear Mirtille,
And to thyself more cruel!

AM. That which springs
From pity is not cruelty.

COR. Yet ne'er
Was poison known to grow from wholesome root;
What difference canst thou show 'twixt cruelty
That gives offence, and pity such as thine
Which gives no aid?

AM. Ah me, Corisca!—(*sighing.*)

COR. 'Tis a vanity,
Sister, to sigh ; an imbecillity
Of mind, which only foolish women own.

AM. Were it not crueller far in me to feed
A hopeless love within his heart ? To fly,
Shows that I feel compassion for his grief,
And mourn myself for our unhappy love
Forbid by fate.

COR. Why hopeless and forbid ?

AM. Dost thou not know
Silvio already has my plighted faith ?
Know'st thou not also that the law declares
That female dies who violates her faith ?

COR. O simpleton ! is there no obstacle
Save this ? and which is the more ancient law,
That of Diana, or the law of Love ?
This last springs up by nature in our breasts,
My Amarillis, and it grows with age ;
'Tis neither learn'd nor taught, but nature's self
Imprinted it upon the human heart,
And heav'n and earth obey its high command.

AM. Yet should this law deprive me of my life,
That law of Love could not afford me aid.

COR. Thou art too cautious. If all women had
So many seruples, happy days adieu!--
I hold them simple souls, indeed, who live
In dread of such a punishment ; the law
Was not establish'd for the wise ; if all
Who break it should be slain, the country soon

Would be without a woman; but if fools
 Fall in the snare, 'tis fit they be forbid
 To steal who have not sense to hide the theft.
 For virtuous seeming's but an honest gloss
 To cover vice; think others as they may,
 'Tis thus that I believe, and ever shall.

AM. These are vain grounds, Corisca, trust my
 word;

What *must* be left 'tis wisdom soon to leave.

COR. O simpleton! and who forbids thy bliss?
 Life is too short to let it pass away
 With but a single lover; men besides
 (Whether from cruelty or nature's fault)
 Are far too sparing of their favors to us;
 And we're no longer precious in their eyes
 Than while the bloom of youth adorns our face.
 Take youth and beauty from us, we remain
 Like the forlorn abodes bees once possess'd,
 Of all their honey rifled, barren trunks
 That stand unheeded, all their sweetness gone.
 Leave therefore men to prattle as they please,
 Because they neither know nor ever feel
 The troubles wretched women bear. Our case
 Alas! is much unlike to that of men.
 They in perfection as in age increase;
 Wisdom the loss of every grace supplies;
 But when our youth and beauty (which so oft
 Conquer the wit and strength of men) are fled,
 All's gone with us; nor is it in thy power

To think or speak of aught so poor or vile
As an old woman. Therefore ere thou come
To this our universal misery,
Know thine own worth, nor play so poor a part
To live in sorrow, when thou may'st in joy.
What would superior strength avail the lion,
Or judgment men, unless 'twere turn'd to use,[?]
As then our beauty is our only strength,
Let us use it while we may,
And snatch those joys that haste away ;
The changeful year its loss regains,
Spring clothes anew the desert plains ;
But when the spring of beauty's o'er,
Nought can our faded charms restore ;
When age's snow our heads shall cover,
Love may return, but not a lover.

AM. Thou speakest thus, only I must believe,
To try my sentiments, not that thy own
Are really such ; yet be assur'd of this,
Unless thou showest me an easy way,
And, above all, an honest one to shun
This hated match, I'm fix'd irrevocably
Sooner to suffer death than stain my honour.

COR. (*aside.*) Woman more obstinate I have not
seen.

Well ; be it so ; but tell me, Amarillis,
Dost thou believe that Silvio holds his faith
As dear as thou thy virtue ?

AM. Now indeed,
Thou mak'st me smile. How is it possible
Silvio, a foe to love, should value faith ?

COR. Silvio a foe to love ! O simple girl !
Thou know'st him not, he speaks not as he feels.
Those that appear so coy, believe thou not,
No theft in love is so secure, so sly,
As what is done beneath the cunning veil
Of seeming bashfulness. Thy Silvio loves,
But loves not thee.

AM. What goddess then is this
(For sure she cannot be a mortal dame)
Who fires his heart ?

COR. Nor goddess, nor a nymph of rank like
his.

AM. O what say'st thou ?

COR. Know'st thou Lisetta ?

AM. Who ?

The maid that tends thy flocks ?

COR. The same.

AM. Speak'st thou the truth, Corisca ?

COR. Yes, 'tis she ;

She is the only object of his love.

AM. A proper choice for one that was so coy !

COR. Then how he languishes and pines ! each day
He feigns to go a-hunting.

AM. Just at dawn
I hear his odious horn.

COR. And then at noon,
 (The rest intent and eager in the chase,)
 He steals from his companions, and alone
 Comes to my garden by a secret path ;
 There, underneath a thick-grown hedge's shade
 Which bounds the garden, she his fervent sighs
 And amorous pray'rs receives, and afterwards
 Tells all to me and laughs. Now hear what I
 Resolve to do, or rather what I've done
 To serve thee. I believe thou knowest well
 That the same law which so severely binds
 Us women to preserve inviolate
 Our plighted faith, establish'd also this :
 That if the woman find her promis'd spouse
 In amorous dalliance with another fair,
 She may, in spite of friends, refuse his love,
 And, with unblemish'd reputation, chuse
 Another lover.

AM. This I know full well,
 And some examples too have seen of it :
 Leucippe thus left Ligurino's love,
 Egle Licotas, and Armilla left
 Turingo ; for, their lovers proving false,
 The maids were from their plighted vows releas'd.

COR. Now hear the artful plan I've fram'd :—

Lisetta

By my persuasion prompted, has to-day
 Desir'd her credulous lover to repair
 To yonder cave to meet her ; hence the youth

Has not his match in happiness ; the hour
 He only waits ; there thou'lt surprize them both ;
 I also shall accompany thee there,
 To be a witness of his faithlessness.

(Our work without a witness would be void,)
 So, free from hazard, free from any stain
 Or of thy father's honour or thy own,
 Thou from this hateful vow shalt be releas'd.

AM. O nobly thought, Corisca ! but the means ?

COR. This instant thou shalt hear them ; well
 observe

My words. Just in the middle of the cave,
 Which narrow is and long, upon the right,
 Within the hollow rock (whether the work
 Of nature or of art I never learn'd,)
 There is a lesser cavern hung around
 With creeping ivy, and receiving light
 From a small aperture above ; a place
 Fit and commodious for the thefts of love.
 Ere the arrival of the lovers, there
 Thou shalt conceal thyself and wait their coming.
 First I shall send Lisetta, then her lover ;
 Myself shall at a distance watch his steps,
 And soon as he descends into the cave,
 I'll suddenly rush in and seize him there,
 And lest he 'scape (so is our plan contriv'd)
 Lisetta shall, with me, raise instantly
 Piercing and hideous cries, the sign for thee,
 To issue also from thy lurking-place

And join us ; so we then may easily
Convict, and make him subject to the law.
We both shall with Lisetta to the priest,
And so shalt thou redeem thy plighted faith.

AM. Before his father?

COR. Yes. What matters that?
Think'st thou Montano ever could prefer
His private interest to the public good,
Or things profane to sacred?

AM. Farther, then,
I shall not scruple, but commit myself
Blindly to take the counsels which thou giv'st,
And follow thy most faithful guidance.

COR. Go,
Delay no longer, enter now the cave.

AM. But first I'll to the temple to adore
The heav'nly powers ; if they refuse their aid,
No mortal enterprise can prosper well.

COR. All places, Amarillis, are fit temples
For hearts of true devotion ; too much time
Will thus be lost.

AM. We cannot lose our time
In offering pray'rs to those who give us time,
And give us all things.

COR. Go then, and soon return.—

(*Exit Amarillis.*)

Matters, I think, are in a prosperous train ;
This stay alone disturbs me, yet ev'n this
May be of use. Now must I set myself

To' invent a new deceit. Now I shall make
 My lover Coridon believe I fain
 Would meet with him ; so after Amarillis
 I'll send him to the cave, and then I'll bring
 By the most secret way Diana's priests
 To seize upon her ; guilty she'll be found,
 And so without a doubt condemn'd to die.
 Rid of my rival thus, I shall no more
 Have contests with Mirtillo, who for her
 Despises me. He opportunely comés ;
 I'll sound him now till she returns. O Love,
 Come light my countenance, and inspire my tongue!
[She retires.]

SCENE VI.

MIRTILLO.

MIR. Ye tortur'd spirits, hear,
 That in Avernus' doleful regions dwell,
 Hear a new torment I endure ;
 See under pity's mask conceal'd
 A horrid kind of love. She I adore
 Loads me with greater sufferings still than yours,
 Because a single death alone
 Is far too scant to glut her fell revenge.
 My life is only a perpetual death ;
 She bids me live, more fierceness to display,
 And make me die a thousand times a day!

COR.—(*entering, aside.*)—Now shall I feign I
 saw him not. I hear
 A doleful voice that murmurs nigh at hand
 Complaining sounds, yet know not who may be
 The sufferer.—O Mirtillo, is it thou?

MIR. O that my bones were dust, and my free'd
 soul
 A fleeting shade!

COR. Well, tell me now, Mirtillo,
 Since to thy dearest nymph thou hast reveal'd
 Thy mind, how feelest thou?

MIR. As a sick man,
 Who the forbidden liquid longs to taste,
 But when he drinks it, miserable wretch!
 He quenches life, but cannot quench his thirst.
 So I long time with amorous thirst consum'd,
 From the two darling fountains of her eyes,
 Which flow with icy streams from that fierce heart
 Hard as a rock, sweet poisonous draughts have drunk
 That quench my life, but not my burning love.—

COR. Love has, my dear Mirtillo, no more
 power
 Than what our hearts and inclinations give him;
 And as the bear is wont to bring to form
 Her rude unshapen issue with her tongue,
 Which never otherwise distinct would grow,
 So does a lover, by bestowing form
 Upon a young desire that's destitute
 As yet of strength or shape, make love grow up

Vigorous and fierce, which when it first was born
 Was but an infant weak and delicate ;
 And Love is pleasing in his infancy,
 But fiercer grows with his increasing age,
 Till at the last, Mirtillo, rooted love
 Becomes a sore disease, and galling pain.
 For when the soul is fetter'd to one thought,
 And cannot quit its object, love, which should
 Be purest joy and sweetness, then becomes
 Deep melancholy, yea, and what is worse,
 It turns to death or madness at the last.
 A wise heart therefore oft will change,
 And learn from love to love to range.

MIR. Sooner than change my will, or quit my
 love,
 Far rather I'll exchange my life for death.
 Tho' beauteous Amarillis be so cruel
 And pitiless, she is my life and soul,
 Nor has the inward frame the strength to bear
 A double heart and soul to harbour there.

COR. O miserable swain! a wretched use
 Thou mak'st of love! to love a nymph who hates,
 And follow her who flies thee; I indeed
 Would sooner die.—

MIR. As gold is by the fire
 Refin'd, so constant love by cruelty
 Is purified; and how could faith in love
 Show its unconquerable constancy,
 Unless it stood the trial of cruelty?

And this alone 'midst all my sufferings
 Still proves my comfort. Let my heart then burn,
 Or die, or languish ; for a maid so fair,
 Destruction, sorrows, torments, sighs, and tears,
 Exile or death I would with joy endure.
 Far rather will I die than break my faith,
 For to be false to her is worse than death.

COR. O noble resolution! valiant lover!
 Yet stubborn as the tenants of the woods,
 Or as a stedfast rock immoveable!
 There is no worse a plague, no greater ill,
 No poison of more fierce and deadly kind
 To amorous souls, than constancy in love.
 O hapless is that simple heart that yields
 To the delusion of so false and vain
 A fantasy as this! which quite destroys
 The sweet variety of love. Now say
 Poor simple lover, with this foolish virtue
 Of constancy, what lov'st thou so in her
 Who scorns thee? is't her beauty which must ne'er
 Be thine, a pleasure thou can'st ne'er enjoy?
 Or is't her pity? that's a recompense
 Thou ne'er can'st hope for; so in short thou lov'st
 Nought save thy plague, thy sorrow, and thy death,
 Can'st thou for ever be so mad as love
 A maid who scorns thee! Ah Mirtillo, rouse,
 Know thy own worth; for sure thou can'st not want
 A thousand hearts; and can'st thou fail to find
 One which may please thee, and desire thy love?

MIR. The pains that I endure for Amarillis,
 To me are sweeter than a thousand loves ;
 And if my cruel destiny forbid
 That I possess her, to all other joy
 My drooping heart is dead ; but as for me
 To live in happiness with others' love,
 I neither could, tho' thus my choice inclin'd,
 Nor would I, tho' I could ; but if there be
 Such inclination possible to me,
 I pray that Heav'n and Love before that hour
 May take away such will, and such a power.

COR. O strange enchanted heart ! and can'st thou
 then

For one so cruel despise thyself so much ?

MIR. He who is destitute of every hope
 Of pity, can the better bear affliction.

COR. Do not deceive thyself, thou think'st,
 perchance,

She loves thee in her heart, tho' outwardly
 She shows thee scorn ; if thou but knew'st how oft
 She talks to me about thee !

MIR. All these are trophies of my constant love ;
 By constancy I'll triumph o'er the powers
 Of heav'n and earth, and o'er her cruelty,
 My heavy sufferings and untoward fate,
 O'er fortune, and the world, and death itself.

COR.—(*aside.*)—Most wondrous constancy !
 O if he knew how fervently she loves him !—
 Mirtillo, O how much I pity this

Thy hapless frenzy! Hast thou ever had
Another love but this?

MIR. My heart's first love
Fair Amarillis was—fair Amarillis
Who was my earliest love, shall be my last.

COR. Then it appears thou never yet hast prov'd
A tender love, but one that's full of scorn;
Ah! could'st thou know the rapturous delights
Which courteous and complying love bestows!
Try but a little, try them, and thou'lt find
How charming 'tis to meet a maid that loves thee,
As much as thou dost cruel Amarillis.

How sweet a thing it is to have a joy
Great as thy love, and happiness complete
As thy own wishes, in thy fair one's charms!
To have thy mistress twine about thy neck,
And when thou sigh'st, to answer back thy sighs,
And say to thee: "My love, all that I am,
" All that I have is thine; if I am fair,
" It is for thee alone; for thee I deck
" This face, this bosom, and these golden locks.
" Thy heart is so united with my own,
" That I forget I've any heart save thine."
Yet this is but a streamlet when compar'd
To that vast sea of bliss love makes us taste,
Which they who prove its sweets, alone can know.

MIR. O blest a thousand times is he that's born
Under so kind a star!

COR. Hear me, Mirtillo :
 (I'd almost said my love !)—(*aside.*)—A nymph as
 fair

As any one whose golden tresses float
 Upon the wind, or in a knot are bound,
 As worthy of thy love as thou of hers,
 Pride of this grove, and love of every heart,
 By every worthy swain in vain ador'd,
 In vain solicited, loves *thee* alone
 Better than life, more dearly than herself ;
 If wise thou be, Mirtillo, scorn her not,
 For as the shadow on the person waits,
 So shall she, wheresoever thou mayst go,
 Attend upon thy footsteps, at thy word
 Or slightest nod a ready servant still ;
 With thee she'll pass the tedious lingering hours
 By night, by day. Ah then, Mirtillo, fly not
 So rare a bliss as now is in thy power.
 No pleasures in the world so sweet as those
 Which cost nor sighs, nor tears, nor toils, nor time.
 Here, then, is a convenient delight,
 A feast at thy command, and to thy taste
 Fitly prepar'd, and far beyond the power
 Of golden stores to purchase ! O Mirtillo,
 Forsake the hopeless chase of one who flies
 And scorns thy love, and her receive who longs
 To gain thy love, and take thee to her arms.
 Nor do I feed thee with vain hopes ; 'tis thine

But to command, and she that loves is near :
This instant if it please thee.

MIR. The delights
Of love my heart was destin'd ne'er to know!

COR. Try them but once, and afterwards return
To thy accusom'd grief, that thou at least
Mayst say thou once hast prov'd unmingled joy.

MIR. Corrupted tastes loathe every thing that's
good.

COR. Make trial at least that life thou may'st
bestow

On her who only in the sunshine lives,
Of thy fair eyes. Ah cruel! well thou know'st
How dismal 'tis to be in poverty,
And beg for alms in love ; ah! if thou would'st
Have pity for thyself, give some to me.

MIR. How can I give thee, since I am myself
So needy? To be short, I've sworn to keep
Allegiance while I live, to that fair nymph,
Whether she tyrant prov'd or merciful.

COR. O truly blind and most unhappy youth!
O weak Mirtillo! who is this for whom
Thou art so careful to preserve thy faith!
I'm most unwilling to destroy that faith,
And plunge thy wretched soul in greater woe;
But I who love thee cannot tamely stand
And see thee so betray'd; if thou believ'st
That Amarillis' cruelty proceeds
From zeal for virtue's or religion's laws,

Alas! Mirtillo, thou'rt much deceiv'd!
 Her heart already (miserable youth!)
 Is fix'd another way, and thou must weep,
 While the blest lover smiles. Thou answer'st not!
 What, art thou dumb?

MIR. Alas! I am in doubt
 'Twixt life and death suspended, and my heart
 Knows not if it should trust thy words or no;
 My thoughts confus'd have therefore chain'd my
 tongue.

COR. Dost thou not yet believe me?

MIR. If I did
 I should not wish to live, and if 'tis truth,
 Then I'll seek comfort in the arms of death.

COR. Live, wretched youth! ah live and be
 reveng'd.

MIR. But I believe thee not; I know 'tis false.

COR. Thou dost not yet believe, and yet thou
 seek'st

To know what it will grieve thy soul to hear.
 See'st thou yon cave? the faithful guardian *that*
 Both of the faith and honour of thy fair!
 There does she laugh at thee, there with thy woes
 Seasons the sweetness of thy rival's joys;
 'Tis there, in short, that faithful Amarillis
 Is often wont within her arms to take
 A low-born shepherd swain; now sigh and weep,
 Now see that thou preserve thy constancy;
 Thou hast a fair reward!

MIR. Alas! Corisca, dost thou tell me true!
And must I then believe thee!

COS. Still the more
Thou searchest 'twill be still the worse.

MIR. Alas!
And didst thou see't Corisca!

COR. No, in truth
I have not seen it, but thou may'st thyself,
And shortly; for she has commanded him
To meet her there this very day and hour.
So if thou hide behind that bushy fence,
Thou shalt behold her presently descend
Into the cave, and soon the youth will come.

MIR. So quickly must I die!

COR. See, while we speak,
Down by the temple's side she bends her steps.
Mirtillo, dost thou see her, and observe
How soft and warily she moves along,
Her stealing pace betraying her false heart?
Remain thou here, and mark the consequence
I shall return anon.

MIR. Since I'm so near
Discovering the truth, I shall suspend
(Until I know with certainty to chuse)
My resolution to survive or die.

SCENE VII.

AMARILLIS.

AM. No mortal work can meet with sure success,
If not begun under the friendly aid
And auspices of heav'n. With heavy heart,
And mind distracted I pursued my way
Towards the temple, and I thence return,
(Thank heav'n) with thoughts now tranquil and serene.
For at my pray'rs pure and devout, methought
I felt a heav'nly spirit breathe within
Its grateful influence, which shed the balm
Of comfort o'er my soul, and whisper'd thus :
" Why dost thou fear ? securely, Amarillis,
" Go forward on thy way."—And so I shall
Securely go, since heav'n vouchsafes to guide me.
O mother fair of Love, thy favour show
To her who now upon thine aid relies.
Thou that as queen in the third orb dost shine,
If thou hast ever felt thy son's bright flames,
Have pity then on me, and here conduct
With swift and cunning foot, the shepherd swain
To whom I've pledg'd my faith ; and thou, dear cave,
Vouchsafe this slave of love thy deepest gloom
Until my work's complete. But why delay
Now Amarillis ? there is none to see
Or hear thee ; let me enter then secure.

Mirtillo, O Mirtillo, couldst thou know,
Couldst thou but dream for what I'm hither come!—

[She enters the cave.]

SCENE VIII.

MIRTILLO.

MIR. Ah! I'm too much awake, too well I see!
I do not dream. O that I had been born
Depriv'd of eyes, or not been born at all!
Why, cruel fate! ah, why preserve my life,
To bring me to this killing spectacle!
O cruel, dismal sight! O tortur'd more
Than any spirit in the nether gulf,
Tortur'd Mirtillo! now no longer doubt,
Suspend no longer thy belief, for now
Thou hast both heard and seen the mournful truth,
Thy mistress is another's property!
Ah! destiny severe! she is not his
Whose by the laws of men she should have been,
But by the laws of Love she's torn from thee!
Relentless Amarillis! was it then
Not cruelty enough to give me death,¹
But thou must scorn me also with that mouth
Full of inconstancy and fell deceit,
Which own'd Mirtillo's kisses once were sweet!
But now his hated name, which had perchance
Brought with its memory a just remorse,
Is raz'd forever from thy cruel heart,

Lest it should mar the sweetness of thy joys !
Why then delay, Mirtillo ! she from thee
Has taken life, and giv'n it to another,
O wretched swain ! and yet thou art alive !
Now die to grief and pain, as thou art dead
To every joy in life. Die, die, Mirtillo !
Since life is gone, let sufferings also end ;
Haste, wretched lover, haste thee from this cruel,
Tormenting anguish, which to kill thee more,
Keeps in thy hated life. But must I die
Depriv'd of all revenge ? I'll kill him first
Who hath dealt death to me. I shall suspend
My strong desire of death, till I have slain
Him who unjustly robb'd me of my life.
Yield, grief, to vengeance, pity, yield to rage,
And death to life, till I avenge my death.
Let not this fatal weapon drink the blood
Of its sad master, till he be reveng'd.
Let not this hand be pity's minister,
Till it has serv'd the juster claims of rage.
Thou, whosoe'er thou art, that now enjoy'st
My dear lost bliss, since I am overthrown,
Destruction also is approaching thee.
I'll hide myself again within that bush,
And soon as I behold his steps approach
The cavern, unawares I'll rush on him,
And plunge this weapon to his treacherous heart.
But will it not be cowardice to strike
Thus in concealment ? Yes : Defy him, then,

To single combat, so shall valour prove
The justice of my cause. Ah no! this place
Is so frequented, and so known to all,
That swains may interpose, and, what is worse,
They may enquire from whence our quarrel springs:
If I deny, they'll call my conduct base,
And if I feign a cause, I shall be held
As destitute of truth. If I reveal it,
Then will the name of her who caus'd my love,
Be branded with eternal infamy;
For tho' in her I never can approve
That which I see, yet I must ever love
That which I sigh'd for; and shall wish as long
As life remains, both what I hop'd and ought
In justice to have seen. Then let the base
Adulterer die, who robb'd me of my life,
And has dishonour'd her in whom I liv'd.
But should I kill him here, will not the blood
Point out the fact, and that discover me?
Yet wherefore dread the punishment of death,
Since death is what my joyless soul desires?
But then, the murder having come to light,
The cause will straight be known; the danger thus
Of bringing infamy upon the name
Of this unfaithful, will be still as great.
Then in the cave I'll slay him. This is good,
This pleases me. I'll enter quietly,
That she perceive me not, for I believe
She'll be concealed in the most secret part,

As to herself I overheard her say ;
I'll therefore not go far. There is an op'ning
Cut in the rock, all overspread around
With leafy boughs, and at the left hand side
The most profound and secret cavern lies ;
There having enter'd with a stealing pace,
I'll wait the most convenient time to take
The vengeance I desire. My lifeless foe
I shall expose to the false fair one's eyes,
So shall I be reveng'd at once on both.
In my own bosom next I'll plunge the steel ;
Thus three shall die, two victims to the sword,
'The third to grief. So shall this false one see
The end most truly sad and tragical
Of her two lovers, both of him she loves,
And him she hath so cruelly betray'd.
And this same cave, design'd for the abode
Of bliss and joy, shall now become a grave
For both her lovers, and (what most I wish)
A tomb to hide her shame and infamy.
But you, dear footsteps, which so long in vain
I've trac'd, do you conduct me by a path
So faithful! Do you lead me to so dear
A dwelling! you I follow, you I trust.
Corisca, O Corisca, now alas !
I must believe! thy words have prov'd too true!
[He enters.]

SCENE IX.

SATIRO.

SAT. Does he believe Corisca? and pursue
Her steps to Erycina's cave? he's dull
That has not sense to apprehend the rest;
But if thou dost believe her, then in truth
Great need thou hast of good security,
And thou must keep her by a stronger hold
Than I had of her hair; but stronger ties
There cannot be, than gifts, to keep her fast.
She, mischievous and bold, fair virtue's foe,
Has sold herself, as usual, to this swain,
And in the cave the bargain is fulfill'd,
Which infamy hath made. But heav'n, perchance,
Hath sent her hither, that she may receive
Due vengeance from my hands; his words did seem
To' imply that she some promises had giv'n
Which he believ'd, and by her traces here
'Tis plain she's in the cave. Now then perform
A bold exploit, shut up the entrance to it
With this huge ponderous stone, that thus no means
Be left them for escape; then to the priest,
And by the mountain path that's known to few,
Conduct his ministers to seize on her,
And make her suffer death, conform to law,
For her misdeeds. Nor am I ignorant
She has to Coridon already giv'n

Her plighted faith, but he forbears his claim
 Thro' fear of me who oft have threaten'd him.
 But now I'll give him leave to be reveng'd
 At once both for his injury and mine.
 I'll lose no longer time, but from this elm
 I'll tear a massy bough to move the stone.
 This one will suit:—But O how firmly fix'd!
 How heavy is the rock! I'll try to thrust
 The trunk below, and heave it from its place.
 The thought is good; now to the other side
 Where 'tis most stubborn;—this is harder work
 Than I at first suppos'd; it still resists,
 Nor can my utmost efforts even move it!
 'Tis stedfast as the centre of the world,
 Or sure my wonted vigour fails me now!
 My perverse stars, why plot against me thus?
 But I shall move it yet in spite of you.
 O curs'd Corisca! I had almost curs'd
 'The very name of woman; O thou god,
 Lycean Pan, vouchsafe to hear my pray'rs!
 Pan, thou that all things canst and all things art,
 Thou once thyself didst woo a stubborn heart*,
 Revenge on false Corisca then thy love
 Scorn'd by the cruel sex. So now I move
 By virtue of thy power, this mighty mass;

* Pan was enamoured of Syrinx, a nymph of Arcadia, daughter of the river Ladon. Having offered violence to her, she escaped, and was changed into reeds.—Ovid Metam. B. I. v. 690.

Thus by the virtue of thy power it rolls.
The treacherous fox is trapp'd within her den.
Now shall I fire the train, and I could wish
All faithless women were in this same cave,
That at a single blow the whole might die.—

CHORUS.

How great thou art, O Love! what heart can know?
Thou mighty wonder of the world below!
What heart so savage, or what race so fierce,
That thy all-powerful influence cannot pierce?
What mind can tell thy might? what daring wit
So deep and subtle as to fathom it!
Who knows thy hot lascivious fires, will own
That thou in human hearts hast plac'd thy throne,
Destructive spirit! but 'tis also thine
True lovers' hearts to virtue to incline;
The faint and dying flame of loose desire
Is soon extinguish'd by thy chaster fire.
He that knows this, will say thou art a god,
Who in the human soul hast thy abode.
Strange monster, of divine and human kind
Mingled in one! with seeing thou art blind,
And wild with knowing; a compounded fire
Of mind and sense, of reason and desire;
Both heav'n and earth are subject to thy sway;
Thou art their sovereign, they thy laws obey.

But (with thy leave) a greater miracle
Than thee the world contains, and stranger still ;
For all the wondrous conquests of thy arms,
Are gain'd, O Love, by power of woman's charms.
O woman, gift of heaven, or of that Power
Who made thee fairer still than heav'n !
For to thy share is kindly giv'n
Of charms a better, larger store.
Scarce can the azure vault compare
With the more splendid beauties of the fair.
For, like the huge Cyclopean race,
One eye alone in heaven's brow has place,
Nor is that eye a fount of light
To him that gazes, but of darkest night,
And greatest blindness ; and if heaven sigh,
Or speak, 'tis like the frightful cry
Of angry lion roaring for his prey ;
And no more heaven, but a plain
Where loud and howling storms bear sway,
Where fiery lightnings, and dread thunders reign.--
But woman, with mild lightning in her air,
And with the love-inspiring glance
Of eyes where two bright suns advance,
Calms the afflicted countenance of despair.
Motion and sound, and light, and grace divine.
Such harmony in thy fair face combine,
Creation's glory ! 'tis in vain that we
Compare the beauty of the skies with thee.
And man, the world's proud lord, his homage too

Pays to thy charms where 'tis so justly due ;
And if he reigns, 'tis not because thy hand
Is deem'd less worthy of a high command ;
But for thy glory, for the more will rise
The fame of conquest by a precious prize.
But that thy powerful beauty can subdue
Not only man, but ev'n his reason too,
That this is truth, beyond a doubt we see
In young Mirtillo's wondrous constancy.
This still the more thy mighty power may prove :
Ev'n when devoid of hope, we cherish love!

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

THE
FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CORISCA.

COR. I've had till now my heart and thoughts so
fix'd

To draw that foolish nymph into my net,
That I have ne'er reflected on the means
How to recover my dear hair again,
From that most brutal wretch. O how I griev'd
To pay that ransom for my liberty!
But sure 'twas best to 'scape from such a rude
Unmanner'd beast, who, tho' he be at heart
More timorous than a hare, yet might have done
A thousand outrages, and put on me
A thousand cruel affronts; for I, in truth,
Have always fool'd, and drain'd him like a leech,
While any blood was left in him, and now
He's griev'd I love him not, as well he might,
Provided I had ever shown him love.

One cannot love a creature so unlovely.
And as a plant that's cropp'd for healing use,
When the physician wrings its virtue out,
Is useless then, and on the dunghill thrown ;
So having wrung him, and extracted all
The good that's in him, what have I to do
But throw away the rest as nothing worth ? *
Now will I see if Coridon be yet
Into the cave descended. Ha ! what's this !
What do I see ? now do I wake or dream ?
Or am I in my senses ? Sure I am ;—
A little while ago this cavern's mouth
Was open, how then comes it to be shut,
And with a massy stone torn from the place
It occupied so long, thus suddenly
Roll'd down to block it up ! An earthquake sure
It could not be, at least I felt it not.
Would I knew certainly that Coridon
And Amarillis were within, so then,
I'd care not how it came. He should be here
Since he set out, for 'tis so great a while,
If I have understood Lisetta right.
Who knows but both are here ? perchance Mirtillo
Has shut them both within ; Love by disdain
Spurr'd on, has power enough to move the world,
Much more a stone. Should it be true they're here,
Mirtillo could not have contriv'd a thing

* The original adds, " Al Ciacco," " to the sow."

More grateful to my heart, ev'n tho' in his
 I should be plac'd instead of Anarillis.
 'Twere best, methinks, to take the mountain path
 Towards the cave, that I may know the truth.

SCENE II.

DORINDA, *dressed in a wild Beast's Skin,*

LINCO.

DOR. But Linco, didst thou know me not indeed?

LIN. Who could have ever known thee in a rude
 And savage dress like this, for meek Dorinda?
 Were I a ravenous dog, as I am Linco,
 I to thy cost had known thee but too well.
 What means this strange disguise? what's this I see?

DOR. Linco, thou seest an effect of love
 A sad and singular effect.

LIN. 'Tis singular indeed!
 Thou a young maid, so soft, so delicate,
 Who wast, as I may say, but very lately
 A little child, nay it appears, methinks,
 But yesterday I had thee in my arms
 A tender helpless infant, and did guide
 Thy feeble steps, and teach thy lisping tongue
 To call thy parents by the first fond names,*
 While in thy father's service I remain'd;

* Literally, "to form *papa* and *mamma*."

Thou who wast fearful as a timorous doe,
 Before thou wert in love, and wast afraid
 At every thing that on a sudden mov'd,
 At every breeze, at every little bird
 That shook a bough, each lizard that but ran
 Out from a bush, and every leaf that wav'd,
 Made thee turn pale and tremble; but alone
 Thou goest wandering now o'er all the hills,
 And thro' the wildest woods, fearless of hounds
 Or savage beasts.

DOR. She whom the shafts of Love
 Have pierc'd, grows bold, and fears no other wound.

LIN. In truth, Dorinda, Love has shown his
 power,
 From woman to a man transforming thee,
 Or rather to a wolf.

DOR. If thou could'st look
 Within my breast, O Linco, thou wouldst see
 A living wolf that preys upon my soul,
 As on a harmless lamb!—

LIN. Who is that wolf?
 Pray is it Silvio?

DOR. Ah! most rightly guess'd!

LIN. And thou, as he's a wolf, hast chang'd
 thyself

To a she-wolf, because thy human face
 Could not attract his love, in hopes this change
 Might move his heart. But say, where did'st thou find
 This shaggy dress?

DOR. I'll tell thee. I had heard
 That Silvio was to-day to hunt the boar
 At Erymanthus' foot, and there I went
 At the first peep of dawn. Hard by the wood
 Not far from hence, just where the crystal stream
 Runs murmuring from the hill, I found Melampo,
 Most beauteous Silvio's dog, which as I guess,
 Had quench'd his thirst, and in the neighb'ring mead
 Lay resting. I who every thing hold dear
 Of Silvio's, even to the very shade
 Of his fair form, much more the dog on which
 His love is plac'd, stoop'd down, and suddenly
 Laid hold on him, when gentle as a lamb
 He came along with me; and whilst I thought
 Of carrying him to his dear lord and mine,
 In hopes of favour by a gift so precious,
 Lo! he himself approach'd in search of him,
 And here he stopp'd. Dear Linco, I'll not waste
 Both time and words minutely to repeat
 What pass'd betwixt us; therefore to be short,
 I'll tell thee only this. After a long
 And tedious round of words, and promises
 He never meant to keep, he cruelly fled,
 Full of disdain and anger from my sight,
 With his belov'd Melampo, which I meant
 Should be the price of favour from his lord.

LIN. O barbarous Silvio! O ruthless swain!
 What didst thou then, Dorinda? didst thou not
 Despise and hate him for such cruelty?

DOR. Rather as if the fire of his disdain
Had been the fire of love, his rage increas'd
My former flame; and following his steps
Towards the chase, I overtook Lupino
Hard by, whom I had lately sent before
To wait for me; when I bethought myself
Of this disguise, and that his homely robes
So well might hide me, that amidst the train
Of shepherds I might also pass for one,
And thus unknown, might follow and admire
My lovely Silvio.

LIN. And hast thou thus in likeness of a wolf
Gone to the chase, and 'scap'd from all the hounds!
This is a wondrous and bold feat, Dorinda.

DOR. Cease, Linco, thy surprise; how could
the dogs
Touch her who was their master's destin'd prey?---
There was I mingled in the numerous croud
Of neighb'ring shepherds, who were met to view
The noble chase, and stood without the tents
A fond spectatress of the hunter swain,
Rather than curious to behold the sport.
At every motion of the frightful beast,
My heart did tremble, and at every act
Of my dear Silvio, my anxious soul
Flew to his aid with all the haste of love.
But my delight in viewing him was check'd
By the appearance of the furious boar
Of hideous size and strength immeasurable.

As in a sudden storm the whirlwind's blast
Loud and impetuous, levels with the ground
All in an instant, houses, trees, and rocks,
And whatso'er its angry circle meets ;
So, as the dreadful monster turn'd his tusks
Besmear'd with foam and blood, all in a heap
Slain dogs, and broken spears, and wounded men
Together lay. How often did I wish
For Silvio's life to give the monster mine !
How often did I wish to rush at once
And place my bosom as a shield to his !
How oft in secret to my soul I sigh'd,
" Spare, cruel boar, ah! spare the beauteous breast
" Of my fair Silvio!"—Such my secret words
Mingled with sighs and pray'rs ; when forth he slipp'd
His fierce Melampo, (with his body cloth'd
In a hard scaly coat) against the boar,
Which now had grown more fierce and full of pride,
Seeing the shepherds wounded, and the heap
Of slaughter'd dogs that perish'd in the fray.
Linco, the valour of that faithful hound
Surpasses all belief, and Silvio sure
Has ample cause to love and doat upon him.
As a chaf'd lion, which now meets, now turns
From the fierce pushes of the angry bull,
If once his fangs he fixes in his back,
He holds him there so fast, that every power
Of turning for defence is thus destroy'd.
So did Melampo with the nicest skill

Avoid the pushes and the sudden turns
 Of the dread monster, till at length he seiz'd
 Upon his ear, and having first awhile
 With fury shaken him, so fast he held,
 That at his body which had been before
 But slightly wounded, fierce and mortal strokes
 Might be directed now with surer aim.
 Then suddenly my lovely Silvio
 Invok'd Diana : " O direct this shaft,
 " Most venerable goddess, (he exclaim'd)
 " And here I vow to offer at thy shrine
 " The horrid head." So spoke the beauteous youth,
 And instant from his golden quiver snatch'd
 An arrow fleet, which to the point he drew
 On the strong bow ; swift sped the deadly shaft
 To where the neck with the left shoulder joins ;
 Down fell the wounded boar upon the plain.
 Then was my fear releas'd when I beheld
 My Silvio out of danger. Happy boar !
 Honour'd with death from his most powerful hand
 Who steals so sweetly human hearts away !

LIN. What will become then of the lifeless beast ?

DOR. I know not ; for I came away thro' fear
 Of being known at length amidst the throng ;
 But I suppose they'll to the temple bear
 The head, with solemn pomp, as Silvio vow'd

LIN. But wilt thou not put off this savage dress ?

DOR. Yes ; But Lupino has my other clothes,
 And promis'd at the fountain to remain

Till I should come to him, but he has fail'd
 To keep his word. Dear Linco, if thou lov'st me,
 Go now in search of him amidst this wood ;
 Far off he surely cannot be ; meanwhile
 I'll rest in yonder thicket. Dost thou see it ?
 There I'll expect thee ;—for I'm overcome
 With weariness and sleep, and do not wish
 To' appear at home in such a rugged dress.

LIN. I shall obey ; but, prithee, do not quit
 The appointed spot till I return to thee.

SCENE III.

CHORUS, ERGASTO.

CHOR. Have ye heard, shepherds, that our demi-
 god,
 The great Montano's worthy son,
 And worthy offspring of the noble line
 Of great Alcides so renown'd in song,
 This day has freed us from the dreadful boar,
 The plague and terror of Arcadia ;
 And that he now prepares
 To great Diana's temple to proceed,
 To pay his promis'd vows for his success ?
 If gratitude is therefore due
 Also from us, together let us go,
 To meet him, and unite our tongues and hearts
 To honour him as our deliverer.

Tho' honour be a poor reward
 For such a noble valiant soul,
 'Tis all that virtue can obtain on earth.

ERG. O sad disaster! O most bitter fate!
 O most remediless and mortal wound!
 O day to be for ever, ever mourn'd!

CHOR. What doleful faltering voice assails our
 ears?

ERG. Stars, enemies to mortal weal,
 Why do ye mock our faith!
 Why do ye raise our flatter'd hopes aloft,
 That when they fall again,
 The proud height they have lost brings greater woe!

CHOR. Sure 'tis Ergasto's voice! 'tis he indeed.

ERG. But why accuse I heav'n? thyself accuse,
 Ergasto, since it was thyself that plac'd
 The dangerous tinder near the steel of love,*
 And thou didst strike it till the sparkles flew;
 Thence an unquenchable and mortal flame
 Is kindled; but heav'n knows my true intent,
 I acted from good motives, and 'twas pity
 Alone incited me.—O hapless lovers!
 O wretched Amarillis, wretched Titiro!
 O childless father! sorrowful Montano!
 O desolate Arcadia! wretched we!
 In short, most sad all I have seen or see,
 Or speak, or hear, or think!

* Because he procured the interview between Mirtillo and
 Amarillis.

CHOR. O what most fatal accident is this,
Which thus involves us all in misery?
Shepherds let's go and question him; lo! here
He comes most opportunely towards us.
Eternal gods! sure it is now full time
To' abate your dreadful wrath! Courteous Ergasto,
Unfold to us what cruel accident
Afflicts thee thus; what mean these tears?

ERG. Dear friends,
I weep for your sad fate, and for my own!
I mourn the ruin of Arcadia!

CHOR. O Heav'n! what's this we hear!

ERG. Our best support,
The stay of all our hope, alas! is broken!

CHOR. Oh! speak more clearly.

ERG. Titiro's daughter, then,
The only prop of her declining race,
And of her aged father, the sole hope
Of our deliverance, and by heav'n decreed
To wed Montano's son, and save Arcadia
By that auspicious match; that heav'nly nymph,
That prudent Amarillis, that so fair
Pattern of honour, and that flower of chastity--
Alas! 'twill break my heart to speak it out!

CHOR. Is dead!

ERG. No: But her death is near at hand!

CHOR. Alas! what's this we hear?

ERG. Nothing as yet; death's but a trivial ill;

One far more dreadful is awaiting her!
She dies with infamy!

CHOR. How! Amarillis die with infamy!

ERG. Caught but this moment with a base adulterer;

And if ye stay a little longer here,
Ye'll see her led a captive to the temple.

CHOR. O female virtue! glorious to the sight,
But weak in structure! O fair chastity!
Alas! how rare thou'rt grown! and shall it then
Be said for truth, no women e'er were chaste
Save such as ne'er were tried! O hapless age!

ERG. Indeed with cause enough we might suspect
The virtue of all women, when ev'n she
Who was accounted virtue's self hath fall'n.

CHOR. Ah! gentle shepherd, if we trespass not
Upon thy courtesy, relate to us
The whole sad story.

ERG. Ye shall be obey'd.
This very morning, early, as you know,
The priest went to the temple with the sire
Of the unhappy nymph, incited both
By one desire to offer up their prayers,
That gracious heaven might accelerate
Their children's wish'd-for union; and for this
Each laid a victim on the sacred altar.
At once they bled, and from each sacrifice
The mingled incense mounted up at once,
With auspices so good, that entrails ne'er

Were fairer, nor could flame more clearly burn.
 Mov'd by these omens, the blind prophet * cries:
 " Thy Silvio, Montano, shall to-day
 " Become a lover; Titiro, thy daughter
 " Shall prove a spouse; go quickly, and prepare
 " The joyful nuptials." O insensate minds
 Of foolish augurs! and thou, blind in soul
 As in thine eyes! for if thy words had been
 " Prepare her obsequies,"—then hadst thou prov'd
 A truer prophet. Yet the standers by
 And the old fathers wept apace for joy.
 Now Titiro was gone, when all at once
 Amidst the hallow'd temple omens dire
 Were heard, and dismal auguries were seen,
 Boding the wrath of heav'n; and at these signs
 Alas! so sudden and so dread, when all
 Promis'd so fair before, if every one
 Astonish'd stood and dumb, no wonder, friends.—
 Meanwhile the priests had by themselves withdrawn
 Into an inner room; whilst there they stood,
 And we, without, mingling our pray'rs with tears,
 The infamous Satiro comes in haste,
 And with most vehement earnestness demands
 Of the chief priest an audience; I admit him,
 As is my charge to do, and he (alas!
 Good news in that stern face he never bore!)
 Cries out: " O Fathers, if your offer'd pray'rs

* Tirenio.

“ And incense please not heav’n ; if flames impure
 “ Rise from the altars,* think not this is strange :
 “ That likewise is impure which is committing
 “ In Erycina’s cave. A false nymph there
 “ Is breaking with a base adulterer
 “ Your laws so sacred, and her plighted faith †.
 “ Send with me now your ministers, and I
 “ Will show the place and means to seize them both.”

O minds of men how blind are ye to fate !
 The good afflicted fathers were reliev’d,
 Imagining they now had found the cause
 That stopp’d their pious pray’rs, ‡ and drew from
 heav’n

Such inauspicious signs ; the priest in haste
 Commands Nicandro, the chief minister,
 To take Satiro with him for a guide,
 And to the temple bring the guilty pair.

* It may be thought strange how Satiro could know of the bad omens whilst he was coming from the cave. The poet, perhaps, presumes him to have known at a single glance from the countenances of the people when he entered the temple.

† It will be observed, that Satiro is the accuser of Amarillis involuntarily and by accident ; for he speaks here of Corisca, who, as he mentions in Sc. 9. of Act 3., had pledged her faith to Coridon, and he believes that she has met in the cave with Mirtillo.

‡ In most editions the words here are, “ nel sacrificio infausto.” But it is evidently an error, and should be, “ nel sacro ufficio infausto,”—alluding to the *prayers*, for we have already seen that the flames of the sacrifice burned clear. When Satiro says “ if flames impure rise from the altars,” he is speaking only from his own supposition.

By the whole band of under ministers
 Accompanied, he goes amidst that dark
 And winding way their wicked guide had shown,
 Into the cave. And there the hapless maid
 Struck at the blazing torches' sudden glare,
 Essay'd, with trembling haste, to find her way
 Out from the darkest corner of the cave,
 By that same entrance which had been before
 Block'd up by sly Satiro's dexterous art,
 As he inform'd us.

CHOR. What did he the while?

ERG. He took his leave as soon as he had led
 Nicandro to the place. Words cannot tell,
 My friends, what dire amazement seiz'd on all,
 And strange confusion, soon as they perceiv'd
 That this was Titiro's daughter; and still more,
 When bold Mirtillo sprung (from whence we saw
 not,)

And at Nicandro threw, with all his might,
 A hunting-spear he carried in his hand,
 Which, had it struck the blow that was design'd,
 Had slain him instantly. But (whether 'twas
 Good fortune or dexterity I know not)
 At the same moment that the stroke was aim'd,
 He stepp'd aside; and so the deadly steel
 Pass'd harmless by his breast, and pierc'd his robe;
 But there it stuck so fast, Mirtillo strove
 In vain to pull it out, and so he too
 Remain'd a prisoner.

CHOR. What ensued with him?

ERG. Him they conducted by another way
Towards the temple.

CHOR. And with what intent?

ERG. That so they might the better draw from him
The truth of this affair. And who can tell?
Perhaps the affront he in their minister,
Did to the priestly majesty, deserves
Some punishment. But, O that I had gone
To comfort my poor friend!

CHOR. Why couldst thou not?

ERG. Because the law forbids
Inferior ministers should converse hold
With criminals. And therefore I, remov'd
From all the rest, will, by another path,
Go to the temple, where, with solemn pray'rs
And tears devout, I shall entreat of heav'n
To chase this dismal storm that threatens us.
Adieu, dear shepherds, rest in peace, and join
Your pray'rs with ours, to' appease the wrath divine.

CHOR. We will, as soon as we have paid to Silvio
Our debt of gratitude so justly due *
For our deliverance. O Eternal Pow'rs,
That in the heav'n of heav'ns make your abode,
O now we pray that ye would kindly show
Your love eternal, and your anger slow.

* *Devoto officio.* In some editions it is erroneously *devoto officio.*

SCENE IV.

CORISCA.

COR. Circle my brows around,
 O ye triumphant laurels, and adorn
 My fam'd victorious head with honours due.
 To-day with vast success,
 I've fought and conquer'd in the field of Love;
 To-day have heav'n and earth,
 Nature and art, fortune and destiny,
 And friends and foes combin'd to aid my cause.
 Ev'n base Satiro, who abhors me so,
 Has aided me, as if he took a part
 In favouring my designs; and how much better
 Did fortune bring Mirtillo to the cave,
 Than I could Coridon! to make the guilt
 Of Amarillis seem beyond a doubt
 Most clearly prov'd, and worthy to be punish'd;
 And tho' Mirtillo be a prisoner too,
 That matters not, he will be soon releas'd,
 The adultriss only suffers punishment.
 O victory renown'd! O famous triumph!
 Ye amorous lies, erect a trophy for me,
 For in this tongue and in this breast your power
 Is great beyond compare. But why delay?
 There is no time to lose; withdraw thyself,
 Corisca, till the law shall be fulfill'd
 Against thy rival, lest she should on thee

Charge home her crime, to vindicate herself;
Or lest, perchance, the priest should wish to hear
From thee the truth, before he give the blow.
Fly then, Corisca, for a lying tongue
Is dangerous with a foot that tarries long.
I'll hide myself amidst these woods, and there
Will stay until the proper time arrives
To go and take possession of my joys.
O fortunate Corisca! was there e'er
A dangerous enterprize that went so well! (*Exit.*)

SCENE V.

NICANDRO, AMARILLIS.

NIC. He sure must have a heart of stone, or rather
No heart, nor common feelings of a man,
That would not pity thy afflicted state,
Unhappy nymph, and mourn thy wretched doom,
The more by how much less 'twas credible
By those that knew thee best, this should befall thee.
For were it but to see a maid so fair,
Of mein divine, one who appear'd to all
Of such excelling virtue, and who seem'd
Worthy of temples and of sacrifice
From an adoring world; to see *herself*
Led to the temple for a sacrifice,
Might surely soften the most savage heart,
And draw forth tears of pity. But again,

He who reflects upon thy noble birth,
And for what weighty purpose thou wert born,
That thou art Titiro's daughter, and shouldst be
The great Montano's also by alliance,
(Two the most lov'd and honour'd, shall I say,
Shepherds or fathers of Arcadia?)
And that, being such, so great, so good, so fair,
And who by nature's course wert so remote
From death, thou now shouldst stand upon its brink!
He that considers this, and does not weep,
And sorely grieve for thee, is not a man,
But a wild monster in a human form.

AM. O if this miserable fate had come
Thro' my own fault, Nicandro, and were caus'd
By vicious inclinations, as from such
It seems to thee to spring; death's racking pains
I could more easily endure than thoughts
Of such a monstrous crime; and just it were
To shed my blood to wash my soul from guilt,
To calm the wrath of heav'n, and give its due
To human justice; so I thus might heal
The wounds of my afflicted suffering soul;
And mortified with a due inward sense
Of death deserv'd, might be the more prepar'd
To leave the world, and with a tranquil breeze
Begin my passage to a better life.
But, oh Nicandro, I am griev'd to think
Of dying thus in youth and fortune's pride,
And above all, in innocence!

NIC. O nymph!

O would to heaven that men had injur'd *thee*;
 Rather than thou hadst so offended heav'n!
 For we could far more easily have found
 Full satisfaction for thy tainted fame,
 Than for the violated law divine;
 Nor see I yet who wrong'd thee save thyself,
 Unhappy nymph!--now tell me, wert thou not
 Found with a base adulterer in a cave?
 Didst thou not give thy plighted faith before
 To wed Montano's son? and hast thou not
 Broken by this vile act thy nuptial-vow?
 How canst thou then plead innocence?

AM. And yet

I am not guilty of a crime like this,
 And have not so transgress'd against the law.
 I'm innocent indeed.

NIC. 'Gainst nature's law

Perchance thou hast not sinn'd, "*Love where thou
 wilt,*"--

But that of men and heaven thou hast broken,
 "*Love lawfully,*"--

AM. Both men and heaven, then,

(If all our fortune be deriv'd from heav'n)
 Have against me transgress'd; for what, I pray,
 Save evil destiny could e'er require
 That I should suffer death for others' crimes?

NIC. What's this thou say'st so rashly, wretched
 nymph?

O bridle, bridle thy presumptuous tongue
 Transported by thy passion to a height
 Of such irreverence as minds devout
 Ne'er venture to! accuse not heav'n; ourselves
 Alone bring down our miseries on our heads.

AM. Still I accuse not aught in righteous heav'n,
 Save my severe and cruel destiny;
 But one who has deceiv'd me, I accuse
 More than my destiny.

NIC. Blame then thyself; thou didst thyself deceive.

AM. I did, by list'ning to another's fraud.

NIC. They cannot be deceiv'd who love deceit.

AM. Canst thou believe me so devoid of shame?

NIC. I cannot tell; thine actions will declare.

AM. Actions are oft false mirrors of the heart.

NIC. By actions only is the heart discern'd.

AM. By the mind's eyes the heart may be discern'd.

NIC. Without the senses' help these eyes are blind.

AM. The senses err if reason bear not sway.

NIC. And reason errs whene'er it doubts the truth.

AM. Howe'er that be, my heart is innocent.

NIC. Who save thyself, then, led thee to the cave?

AM. My simple and my unsuspecting heart.

NIC. And didst thou trust thy virtue with a lover?

AM. With an unfaithful friend, but not a lover.

NIC. What friend was this? thy own impure
 desire?

AM. Ormino's sister who betray'd me thither.

NIC. The cheat is pleasing which a lover guides.

AM. Unknown to me Mirtillo thither came.

NIC. How didst thou enter, and with what intent?

AM. It is enough I came not for Mirtillo.

NIC. Thou art convicted, if thou canst adduce
No other cause.

AM. Examine then Mirtillo,
And he'll bear witness to my innocence.

NIC. He who has been the cause of thy offence?

AM. She that betray'd me, will acquit me too.

NIC. What faith is due to one devoid of faith?

AM. By chaste Diana's sacred name I swear.

NIC. Thou art already perjurd by thy works.

Nymph, to be plain, I cannot flatter thee
With empty hopes and fair deluding words,
To make thy misery greater than it is.

'Tis vain to think of ev'n a glimpse of hope.

A troubled fountain cannot yield pure streams,
Nor a bad heart true words; and where, as now,

The fact itself accuses thee, defence

Only offends the more; thy chastity

Thou should'st have struggled to preserve unstain'd,

And valued more than life; why talk'st thou then

Thus fruitlessly, and still deceiv'st thyself?

AM. And must I die, Nicandro! must I die!

Alas! with none to hear, or to defend me!

By all abandon'd, reft of every hope!

Become the object only of such pity,

Such wretched pity as affords no aid!

NIC. Nymph, let thy heart be humble and
resign'd :

And if so little prudence thou hast shown
In sinning, now show more in suffering well.
The punishment of sin. O raise thine eyes
To heaven with thy heart, since all our lot
Comes from above, as from a fountain springs
A river, from a seed a spreading tree.
Tho' good and evil may to mortal eyes
Seem mingled and confus'd, yet what to us
Seems ill, falls out by the decrees of heav'n,
Which thence by wisdom inconceivable,
Educes good, itself the fount of goodness.
Great Jove to whom the human heart is known,
The venerable goddess whom I serve,
Know how my heart bleeds for thy hapless state.
And if my words have pierc'd thee to the soul,
I've us'd them as the good physician's hand
In mercy cruel, with the pointed steel
Probes the profound recesses of a wound,
Where he suspects the greatest danger lies.
Now, then, be calm, and with humility
Resign thyself to what's ordain'd by heav'n.

AM. O 'tis a cruel sentence, whether written
In heaven or on earth, yet writ in heaven
It cannot be ; there I rejoice to think
My innocence is known. But what, alas!
Will that avail, since, spite of innocence,

For human malice I'm condemn'd to die!
Ah! that's the worst, the keenest pang of all!
Nicandro, that's the bitter cup!—But oh!
By that compassion thou hast shown for me,
I now conjure thee, do not yet so soon
Conduct me to the temple! Stay, ah stay!

NIC. O nymph! they whom the fear of death
appals

Die every moment in their childish fears.
Why seek thus needlessly to stay thy fate?
In death there's nothing fearful but the dread
Of dying, and who soonest meet their doom
When life is justly forfeited, escape
From death the soonest.

AM. But perchance some aid
Meanwhile may come. O father, dearest father,
And hast thou left me too! the father thou
Of one sole daughter, thus to let me die,
Nor strive to save me! but before my death
At least refuse me not one parting kiss!
A single stroke shall pierce two breasts at once,
And from thy daughter's wound thy blood must
flow!

O father! once so sweet, so dear a name,
Never invok'd in vain! thus dost thou make
Thy dearest daughter's nuptial rites! at morn
A smiling bride, at eve a sacrifice!

NIC. Nymph, grieve no more; why dost thou
needlessly

Afflict thyself and others? now 'tis time
 I lead thee to the temple; longer here
 I cannot stay; my duty bids me go.

AM. Dear woods! adieu then, my dear woods,
 adieu!

Receive ye now my latest sighs,
 Till my cold shade loos'd from her mortal prison.
 By cruel steel, to your lov'd shades return.
 For to the doleful realms of pain
 It cannot go, being pure and innocent.
 Nor can it soar to heav'n and dwell
 Among the blest, so laden as it is
 With sorrow and despair——
 Mirtillo, O Mirtillo! fatal day
 Was that when first I saw, when first I pleas'd thee!
 Since I whom thou did'st love
 Far dearer than thyself, became thy life,
 Only to die myself! and thus is she
 (Ah! who could credit it!) condemn'd to die!
 Her only fault in being cruel to thee,
 That she might thus preserve her innocence!
 Too passionate a lover thou hast been
 Not to affect my heart, but in thy love
 Too modest to expect a just return.
 Yet what avails my rigid constancy!
 I might have yielded, since my innocence
 Cannot ward off my death; for destiny
 Decreed in all events that I should die.
 Faultless I die without a cause at all,

Divorc'd from thee my heart, my only joy!
 Ah me! I die, Mirtill—— [She faints.

Nic. She dies indeed!

O wretched maid! Come hither, shepherds, haste,
 Help me to bear her up. O mournful case!
 Her woes are ended while her quivering lips
 Essay'd to name Mirtillo! love and grief
 Have done the cruel office of the steel!
 O most unhappy nymph!—Ha! still she lives!
 Her throbbing heart gives yet some signs of life.
 Let's bear her quickly to the neighb'ring fount,
 Perchance the cooling stream may still restore
 Her fleeting spirits—Yet who knows but this
 Deserves the name of cruelty to aid,
 One who of grief is dying, to escape
 Death from the fatal steel! Howe'er it be,
 O let us not refuse to lend our aid,
 To present woe. Heav'n only knows our doom,
 Sees all our life that's past, and what's to come.
 [They bear off Amarillis.

SCENE VI.

Chorus of Huntsmen and Shepherds with
 SILVIO.

CH. HU. O glorious youth, true child of Hercules,
 Brave conqueror of monsters fell as this!

CH. SH. O glorious youth! by whom amidst his
gore

Lies slain the frightful Erymanthian boar,
Held while alive invincible before—
Behold the horrid savage head,
Which still appears to threaten death tho' dead.
This is the trophy that confers renown
Upon our demigod, so justly won
By noble toil. Come shepherds celebrate
His name with praises equal to his state.
O let us keep this happy day
For ever solemn, and for ever gay.

CH. HU. O glorious youth, true child of Hercules,
Brave conqueror of monsters fell as this!

CH. SH. O youth for ever worthy of renown!
Who dost for others' lives despise thy own!
This is the surest road
To climb to virtue's bright abode;
For at her palace gate
Great toils and mighty labours wait.
He that would reach the port of ease,
Must pass thro' trouble's stormy seas;
Nor from unfruitful base repose,
Abhorring labour's craggy road
By the true sons of virtue trod,
Does honour spring. But truest glory flows
Where heroes meet with toil, and bravely toil
oppose.

CH. HU. O glorious youth ! true child of Hercules !

Brave conqueror of monsters fell as this !

CH. SH. O glorious youth, by whom these fertile plains

Till now deserted by the lab'ring swains,

Their former culture now receive,

Their fruitful honours now retrieve :

Go, swains, resume the sluggish plough,

And now the fruitful seed securely sow.

When yellow autumn comes again,

Expect, with confidence, the golden grain.

No more shall tusks or furious feet be found,

To waste the grain, or crush it to the ground ;

Now shall the fertile fields no more sustain

A monster's life to be the country's bane.

CH. HU. O glorious youth ! true child of Hercules !

Brave conqueror of monsters fell as this !

CH. SH. O glorious youth ! as if presaging thine,

The heav'ns to-day with brighter splendour shine.

Like this, perchance, might be the famous boar

Alcides slew, yet thy renown is more.

Thy earliest labour, Silvio, was this ;

(Such is thy fame) but 'twas the third of his.

With such fierce beasts thy infant valour plays,

To kill worse monsters in thy riper days !

CH. HU. O glorious youth! true child of Hercules!

Brave conqueror of monsters fell as this!

CH. SH. O glorious youth! how well we see
Valour and piety combin'd in thee!

O Cynthia, mighty goddess, deign

To look upon thy Silvio's vow

Accomplish'd with due reverence now,

Within thy holy fane!

Behold, as if in thy despite,

The horrid head on either side

Arm'd with its crooked tusks of purest white,

Hung aloft in dreadful state,

Which seem thy silver horns to emulate.

If then, O powerful goddess, thou didst guide

The youth's keen arrow to the wound,

In gratitude he's justly bound

These spoils to dedicate to thee,

As trophies of his victory.

CH. HU. O glorious youth! true child of Hercules!

Brave conqueror of monsters fell as this!

SCENE VII.

CORIDON.

COR. I have, till now, forborne to give belief
To that which from Satiro late I heard

Touching Corisca, fearing it might prove
An artful lie invented by himself
Thro' malice, with design to injure me.
For it appear'd to be remov'd too far
From likelihood, that in the very place
Where she expected me (unless the word
Were false which by Lisetta I receiv'd)
She now should be on such a sudden caught
With an adulterer; but yet in truth,
Methinks I here behold an evidence;
It much disturbs me that this cavern's mouth,
Just as Satiro said, is thus block'd up,
And with a stone so huge and ponderous.
Corisca, O Corisca, by experience
Too well I know thee; 'midst such numerous slips,
Thou needs must fall at last without relief.
So many lies, deceits, and perjuries
Sure might have been presages clear enough
Of such a dreadful fall, to any one
Whom folly or affection did not blind.
'Twas well for me I linger'd by the way,
By lucky chance my father hinder'd me,
Tho' at the time I foolishly believ'd
That stay a sad obstruction to my joy.
For had it happen'd I had here arriv'd
Just at the hour Lisetta told me of,
A dreadful meeting surely there had been!
How shall I now proceed? with fury arm'd
Shall I pursue revenge and violence?

No ; that were too much honour ; and, in truth,
To reason justly, 'tis a case deserves
My pity, not my vengeance. But again,
Shall I take pity on a cheat like her ?
She has deceiv'd herself by leaving one
Who ever lov'd her with a heart so true,
To give herself a prey into the arms
Of an ignoble swain, a worthless wretch,
A wandering fickle stranger, that to-morrow
Still more perfidious than herself will prove.
What ? shall I then be anxious to avenge
A wrong that carries with itself revenge,
And quenches all my indignation so,
It turns to pity ?—Still I must reflect
That she has scorn'd me ;—But be that my boast,
For I am rather honour'd by the scorn
Of a weak woman, one who ever flies
To her own harm, and one who never knew
The laws of love, how she should love receive,
Or how bestow it, but at random lov'd.
The lover that's least worthy pleases her,
And those that merit love she ever hates.
But tell me, Coridon, if love despis'd
Move not thy rage, shall sorrow for thy loss
Not arm thy vengeance ? No ; I have not lost
Her whom I never gain'd ; but I've regain'd
Myself so lost by an unworthy love ;
Nor does it well deserve the name of loss,
To lose a woman full of vanity,

Inconstant as the wind, and void of shame.
In fine, what have I lost? A beauty void
Of virtue, a fair head devoid of sense,
A breast without a heart, a heart without
A soul to' enliven it, a faithless mind,
A shade, a ghost, a carcase of affection,
Now fair, but which to-morrow to the sense
"Smells horrible."—Can this be call'd a loss?
Nay, I will rather count it mighty gain.
Are there no women in the world save her?
Can Coridon want nymphs as fair as she,
And far more faithful? But she well may want
One who may prove so true as Coridon,
Whom she deserv'd not. Now if I should take
Satiro's counsel in accusing her
Of breach of faith, I know most certainly
She'd pay the penalty of death for this.
But I've a steadier heart than to be mov'd
By the poor breath of woman's levity.
By far too great an honour it would prove
To female perfidy, to let it wound
The quiet of manly breasts and break the peace
Of noble spirits for revenge on such
As merit scorn alone. Corisca then
For me shall live: or, I should rather say,
I'll for my rival suffer her to live;
That shall be vengeance quite enough for me.
Let her enjoy her choice, and feel the sting
Of infamy; my rival's far beneath

My hate. Much more, in truth, I pity *her*,
Than envy him the love of such a nymph.

SCENE VIII. *A Wood.*

SILVIO.

SIL. O goddess, * goddess only of the blind,
Slothful, and vain! who, still with hearts impure,
And with their most profane, and foolish rites,
Altars and temples consecrate to thee!
Temples said I? rather sanctuaries
Of lewdness and impiety, to hide
Under the name of thy divinity
Their shameless deeds! too shameless goddess thou!
'That thine, amidst the glaring wickedness
Of others' actions, may the less appear,
Thou giv'st the reins to all lasciviousness!
Thou foe to reason! plotter of sweet frauds,
Corrupter of the soul, distress of men
And nature! fitly hast thou been reputed
The ocean's daughter, that perfidious monster.
Thou, as perfidious, with a flattering gale
Of hope, first gently soothest human breasts,
But afterwards thou raisest storms so dire,
Such blasts of sighs, such cataracts of tears,
That 'twere a fitter name, shouldst thou be call'd

* Venus.

Mother of rage and tempests, than of love.
See now into what misery thou hast plung'd
Two wretched lovers! thou who boastest so
Of thy omnipotence, go now and save,
Perfidious goddess, if thou hast the power,
The life of that too fond unhappy nymph,
Whom thou hast poison'd with thy pleasing sweets,
And brought to death's dread brink. O what a day
Of happiness was that blest day to me,
When first to thee, O holy Cynthia,
I did devote my chaste and spotless soul!
My great, my only deity! to thee
Alone I pay my vows, at whose pure shrine
The noblest souls their willing homage pay,
As thou in heav'n outshinest all the stars.
How much more laudable and safe the sports
Thy faithful servants follow, than the lewd
And wicked sports of Cytherea's train.
Thy servants slay wild boars, but hers become
The wretched prey of boars.* O my lov'd bow!
My strength, my conqueror, my dear delight!
My arrows! fleetest messengers of fate!
My dreadful arms! now let that phantom Love
Come to the strife, and try to match your strength;
With his effeminate and feeble darts
He cannot give such deadly wounds as yours.
But stay; I honour thee beyond thy due,

* Alluding to the death of Adonis. Vid. Ovid Metam. B. 10.

Vile and unwarlike boy, whom to chastise
 (I'll speak aloud that you may hear my words,)
 A rod is quite enough. *Enough.*
 Who art thou that reply'st?
 Echo? or Love that imitates the same? *The same.*
 'Tis Love I wanted, but pray tell me true
 If thou art he? *He.*
 I mean her son who for Adonis once
 So sorely pin'd. Art thou the son of her? *Of her.*
 Well, now proceed: Of her the concubine
 Of mighty Mars, who heav'n and earth infects
 With her lascivious follies? *O lies!*
 How foolish 'tis to prattle to the wind!
 Come, if thou dar'st, to the wide air. *I dare.*
 And I defy thee. But her lawful son
 Art thou! or of her love when common. *Come on.*
 Or art thou Vulcan's son, that mighty smith
 That's call'd a god? *A god.*
 Who are thy subjects? sure thou rul'st alone
 The follies of the world? *The world.*
 Indeed! are all thy subjects! well-a-day!
 Art thou that dreadful boy who ever tak'st
 Such mighty vengeance upon those who slight
 Thy power, and givest them such cruel wounds
 As pain the soul indeed? *Indeed.*
 What racking pains are those which thou inflict'st
 Upon thy rebels who refuse to love? *Love.*
 What wilt thou make of me who have a heart
 Of adamant all over? *A lover.*

When shall I love, thou silly babbling fool!
 Since my chaste heart is opposite to love,
 As night's to day? *To-day.*
 Must I then love so soon? *So soon.*
 Who may she be I must so soon adore? *Dor—*
 Dorinda now, thou foolish gibbering child,
 Thou fain would'st name—Say is it she? *She.*
 She whom I hate more than the wolf the lamb?
 And who to this shall force my will? *I will.*
 And prithee with what arms, and with what bow?
 Perchance with thine? *With thine.*
 Thou mean'st, perchance, when by thy wantonness
 It is unbent, and the string broken? *Broken.*
 Shall my own bow, ev'n after it is broken,
 Make war on me? and who shall break it? thou?
Thou.

O this has let me plainly see thou'rt drunk.
 Go, go and sleep; but first another word:
 Where shall these miracles be wrought? here?
Here.

O fool! I'll listen to thy words no more.
 A lying prophet thou hast prov'd to-day;
 By Bacchus only thou'rt inspir'd. *Inspir'd.*
 But lo! methinks I see, or seem to see
 A greyish thing at couch in yonder brake;
 'Tis very like a wolf; sure 'tis a wolf.
 O what a monstrous one!—O day design'd
 By fate to give me prey! O gracious goddess,
 Thou loadest me with favours; in one day

To triumph over two such frightful beasts !
 But wherefore this delay? lo! in thy name
 I chuse this arrow as the keenest shaft
 In all my quiver ; solemnly to thee
 I consecrate it. O Eternal huntress!
 Snatch it, I pray thee, from the erring hand
 Of fortune, and by thy resistless power
 Direct it to this beast, whose spoils I vow
 Shall deck thine altar. In thy name I shoot!

He shoots.

Most happy hit! fall'n in the very spot
 Where eye and hand design'd it. Would I had
 My spear to make at once an end of him,
 Before he fly for shelter to the wood!
 For want of other arms I'll gather stones—
 But lo! there's scarcely one in all the field!
 Yet why seek arms since I've my quiver here?
 This other arrow sure will end—
 (*Looking more attentively*) Alas! what's this I see!

What's this I've done!—

Unhappy Silvio! thy murderous hand
 Has, for a wolf, a harmless shepherd slain
 In a wolf's skin!—O fatal accident!
 O cruel fate! to live in infamy
 And gnawing sorrow all my future days!—
 Methinks I know the wretched sufferer;
 'Tis Linco that supports and guides his steps.
 O fatal arrow! inauspicious vow!
 And thou that did'st direct that shaft, and hear

That vow! O thou art cruellest of all!—
I guilty of another's blood! I kill
Another! I that was so free to shed
My blood, and cheerfully expos'd my life
For others safety! Go, throw down thy arms,
Hunter profane! unworthy archer, fly,
Lead henceforth an inglorious hateful life!—
But see the wretched sufferer this way comes—
Yet are his sufferings small compar'd to mine!

SCENE IX.

LINCO, SILVIO, DORINDA.

LIN. O lean, my daughter, lean
With all thy weight upon my arm,
Hapless Dorinda.

SIL. Ah me! Dorinda!
Oh! I am dead with grief!

DOR. O Linco, Linco, O my second father!

SIL. Dorinda's voice indeed! O woeful voice!
O killing sight!

DOR. Sure, Linco, destiny
Ordain'd thee for a stay to poor Dorinda!
Thou didst receive my feeble infant cries
When I was born, thou also shalt receive
My latest sighs, and these same faithful arms,
My cradle then, shall now become my bier.

LIN. O daughter, dearer to this heart of mine,
Than if thou wert my daughter! power of speech
To answer thee forsakes me, for my grief
Dissolves my every word into a tear. [*He weeps.*]

SIL. O earth, why op'st thou not a horrid gulf
To swallow me alive!

DOR. Ah! go not quite so fast, and dry thy tears,
Dear Linco, if thou lov'st me, for the one
Gives me more pain, the others a fresh wound.

SIL. Poor nymph! how ill have I return'd thy
love!

LIN. Daughter, I pray thee, yet be comforted;
This wound will not be mortal.

DOR. Alas! good Linco,
Dorinda feels she'll shortly be no more!
Would I could know who wounded me.

LIN. Let's think
Of seeking aid, and not of the offence,
For vengeance ne'er was known to cure a wound.

SIL. Why need I tarry here, couldst thou endure
A look from her, and canst thou have the heart?
Art thou so bold? Ah! cruel Silvio, fly
From such a dreadful and avenging sight—
Fly the just steel that cuts at every word
Of poor Dorinda! Oh! I cannot fly—
I know not how, nor what necessity
Keeps me by force, and makes me fly to her
Whom I of all the world ought most to shun.

DOR. Must I then die,
Nor know who gave me death?

LIN. 'Twas Silvio.

DOR. Silvio! alas! how know'st thou that 'twas he?

LIN. I know his arrow.

DOR. O most welcome death
Which my dear Silvio gives!

LIN. See where he stands!

His posture and his every look proclaim
His accusation!—Silvio, heav'n be prais'd,
That roaming 'midst these woods, thou at the last
Hast prov'd thy bow and dreadful shafts so well,
To hit a master-stroke! ah! tell me now,
Thou that dost act like Silvio, not like Linco,
Who gave this gallant blow, Linco, or thou?
Thou over-wise young man, O hadst thou taken
This aged fool's advice! Answer, thou wretch,
What lingering horrors, what a life of woe
Must be thy portion if this maid should die!
I know thou'lt say that thou didst err, believing
It was a wolf at which thy shaft was aim'd,
As if it were no fault, thus school-boy like,
To shoot at random, careless if thy mark
Be man or beast! and hast thou liv'd so long,
And know'st not every goat-herd, every hind
Goes clad in skins like these? Ah Silvio, Silvio!
Who gathers wisdom's fruits while yet they're green,
Has early ripe the fruits of ignorance.

Presumptuous youth! shouldst thou believe this
chance

By chance befel thee, how art thou deceiv'd!
These monstrous things without the leave of heav'n
Hap not to men. Dost thou not plainly see
How this thy insupportable disdain
Of love, the world, and every fond affection
That dignifies a man, displeases heav'n?
The heav'nly powers, whose awful majesty
Surpasses human thoughts, can never brook
A rival on the earth, and hate such pride
Ev'n where it dwells with virtue. Art thou dumb,
Whose arrogance and pride were formerly
So ready to reply?

DOR. Let Linco talk,

O Silvio, for he cannot know the power
Love gave thee over me of life and death.
By having struck me thou hast only struck
The mark that was presented to thy aim.
Thy hands in wounding me have only follow'd
The dagger of thine eyes: See, Silvio, her
Thou hat'st so much, behold her now at last
In those extremes thou hast desir'd! thou sought'st
To wound her, see she's wounded to thy wish!
Thou sought'st to prey upon her, she's thy prey;—
Thou sought'st, in fine, her death—behold her
dying!

Would'st thou aught else of her? What more than this

Can poor Dorinda give?—Ah cruel youth!
 Ah! ruthless heart! yet thou wouldst ne'er believe
 The wound thy love had given to my soul!
 This which thy hands have giv'n can'st thou deny?
 Those crystal showers my eyes were wont to shed,
 Thou couldst not be persuaded were my blood;
 Wilt thou, relentless youth, now credit this
 Which issues from my side?—
 But if thy native goodness, valiant youth,
 Be not expell'd by scorn, O then I pray,
 Deny me not, too cruel heretofore,
 Deny me not to mix with my last sigh
 One sigh of thine!—O happy, happy death,
 Should'st thou vouchsafe to sweeten it with these
 Last gentle words: "Dear soul, depart in peace!"—

SIL. Dorinda! my Dorinda shall I say!
 Alas! no sooner mine than torn from me!
 And only mine now when I give thee death,
 Not mine alas! when I could give thee life!
 Yet shall I call thee mine; mine thou shalt be
 In spite of cruel fate; for if thy death
 Divide our souls, my death shall re-unite us.
 The arms I bear shall haste to thy revenge.
 With them I slew thee, and for that offence,
 With them slay me; since cruel I have been,
 Nought in return I ask but cruelty.
 I proudly scorn'd thee, see, upon the earth
 With bended knee I do thee reverence.
 Pardon I crave from thee, but not my life;

Behold my guilty arrows and my bow!
 Wound not my hands or eyes, the guilty ministers
 Of an unguilty will, but strike my breast;
 Slay here this monstrous enemy of pity,
 'This bitter foe to love, strike thro' this heart
 To thee so cruel: See my naked breast!—

DOR. I strike that breast, my Silvio! sure if thou
 Hadst wish'd that I should strike, 'twas needless thus
 To show it naked to my eyes.—Fair rock,
 Already by the winds and waves
 Of my sad sighs and tears oft struck in vain!
 But dost thou breathe indeed
 Soft pity now? or am I still deceiv'd?
 Be thou a tender breast, or marble hard,
 I do not wish to be deceiv'd
 By this fair semblance here of alabaster,
 As late thy lord and mine mistook
 A harmless woman for a savage beast.
 I wound thee, Silvio! rather may'st thou feel
 The wound of love; for vengeance more
 I wish not, than to see thee turn a lover.—
 Blest be the day when first I caught love's fire,
 Blest be my tears, and all my sufferings.
 I only wish that thou wouldst praise my zeal
 And constancy, that's the revenge I wish.
 But, courteous Silvio, why kneel to me
 Whose lord thou art? act not the servant thus.
 Or if Dorinda must thy mistress be,
 Obey her, then; my first command is, Rise;

My second, Live. Obey and prove thyself
 A faithful servant. With regard to me
 Heav'n's will be done with me. In thee my heart
 Shall still survive, nor can I yield to death,
 While Silvio lives ; and should it seem unjust
 My wound should go unpunish'd, punish that
 Which gave it, let the fatal bow be broken,
 Let *it* but perish, and I'm well reveng'd.

LIN. O sentence, just indeed, but merciful!

SIL. Then be it so: (*taking his bow*) thou for
 thy cruel deed,

Most cruel bow, shalt bear the punishment ;
 That thou may'st ne'er break thread of life again,
 Thus do I break thee, and thy fatal string, (*he breaks it*)
 And once more send thee as a useless trunk
 Back to thy native wood. And you, ye shafts,
 That pierc'd so rudely my dear mistress' side,
 Brothers in ill, ye shall be broken too: (*he breaks them*)
 No longer arrows, but vile useless rods,
 Spoil'd of your glittering points and well-fledg'd
 wings,

Stripp'd of your honours, hurtful arms no more.

O Love, how truly didst thou prophesy
 With sounding echo from amidst yon grove!

O conqueror of men and gods ! once foe,
 Now lord of all my thoughts ! if 'tis thy pride
 To have subdued a proud and stubborn heart,
 Save me, I pray thee, from death's wicked shaft,
 For if it slay Dorinda, Silvio too

With her must die ; so cruel death will prove,
If she shall die, triumphant over love.

LIN. So both are wounded ! O most lucky wounds !
But one will be in vain, unless the other
Be quickly heal'd again. Let's therefore go
To set about the cure.

DOR. Good Linco, prithee
Lead me not to my father's house thus dress'd.

SIL. O why, Dorinda, seek another home
Save Silvio's now ? for in my house to-day,
Dead or alive, thou shalt become my spouse.
Silvio in life or death with thee shall dwell.

LIN. Now she may lawfully become thy spouse,
Since Amarillis is to marriage, life,
And virtue lost. Blest pair !—ye mighty gods,
O now by healing one, give life to two !

DOR. O Silvio, I am faint, with pain I stand,
So weaken'd is my side.

SIL. Take heart, my love,
We'll find a remedy : a pleasing charge
Thou art to us, and we will prove to thee
A willing aid. Linco, thy hand.

LIN. Most cheerfully.

SIL. Hold fast : let's form a chair
Of our two arms. Dorinda, rest thou here.
Now thou art set, let thy right arm embrace
The neck of Linco, put thy left on mine.
Sit easily, so that the wounded part
May not be strain'd.—

DOR. Ah me! how sore it smarts!

SIL. Sit more at ease, my love.

DOR. Now I sit well.

SIL. Go, Linco, with firm pace.

LIN. Move not thy arm, but steady walk and slow;
It near concerns thee. Ah! we bear not now
A huge boar's head in triumph!

SIL. Say now, my love, how feels the wound?

DOR. Still sore,
Dear soul! but pain is sweet when thou art by,
Lock'd in thy arms with pleasure could I die.—

CHORUS.

O charming golden age, when milk the food
Of guileless man, his cradle the wild wood.
The fearless flocks then roam'd 'midst pastures fair,
Rejoicing in their youthful brood.
The infant world fear'd then no snare,
Nor sword, nor baneful poison's force;
No black and guilty thoughts had then begun
To veil the light of the eternal sun,
Nor stop with wicked deeds the happy course
Which reason steer'd, free from the passions' power.
But ah! these happy days are o'er!
The wand'ring pine now seeks a foreign shore.
That pompous name, that idle, vain conceit,
Made up of titles, flattery, and deceit,

Which they call honour, whom ambition blinds,
In those blest days o'er human minds
Had no controul; but real happiness
Which high-born souls can ne'er possess,
These happy souls by honest toil
Procur'd, nor did their hearts know guile.
Amidst their woods and flocks they knew
No happiness save what from virtue grew.
Then sports and carols 'midst the brooks and plains
Kindled a lawful flame in nymphs and swains;
True love from real merit sprung!
The heart's true thoughts were utter'd by the tongue.
Then Hymen gave the truest joys,
The truest bliss which never cloys.
To one dear constant spouse alone,
The roses of delight were blown;
The thievish lover who to pull them tried,
Felt the sharp stings of virtuous pride.
Whether to cave, or wood, or stream they came,
Husband and lover signified the same.
Vile present age, when mean delights
The beauty of the soul efface!
Degenerate age, which guilt invites
With counterfeited grace,
To feed the soul's impure desires,
And in the breast to light unlawful fires.
Thus like a net that cover'd lies
With leaves and beauteous flowers, thou dost disguise

With fair external show a wanton heart ;
Mak'st life a stage-play, virtue a false part.
Nor deem'st it any crime to steal
Love's sweets, if thou cans't but the theft conceal.
But thou, true honour, greatest pride
Of noble spirits, O reside
Within our breasts, and there display
Thy ever-during beams, we pray.
Fair Virtue is superior to the shine
Of golden crowns, and brighter far than they.
O deign, thou Power divine,
Once more to these lone cloisters to return,
Which bitterly thy absence mourn !
O from their mortal slumber wake
By thy dread stimulating power,
Those who thy holy laws forsake,
And true renown that grac'd the world before !
Inspire blest hope that evil yet may fly,
O let not hope forsake our hearts,
Tho' for a time the sun departs,
Again his splendours deck the sky ;
And heav'n when clouds and tempests seem to rise,
Oft with most glorious light salutes our longing
eyes.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

THE
FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

ACT V. SCENE I.

URANIO, CARINO.

UR. All countries please alike when virtue dwells
Within the heart; the good man finds a home
In every place.

CAR. It is most true, Uranio,
And by experience I have known it so,
Who leaving, while a youth, my father's house,
And being ambitious of some higher aim
Than feeding flocks, or driving of the plough,
Went wand'ring up and down, and now return
With hair grown grey, to where I first set out.
Yet to the man whose heart is apt to feel,
O how delightful is his native land!
Nature gave all men at the hour of birth,
A certain fondness not to be describ'd,
For that dear country where their lives began.
And that regard is never known to die,

Or to grow old, or lose its influence.
And as the magnet which the mariner
Bears still 'midst all his wanderings as his guide,
Nor at the rising, nor the setting sun,
Does ever that dear hidden virtue lose
By which it turns to its accustom'd north ;
So he that from his native soil hath gone,
Tho' he may wander far, and often dwell
In foreign lands, that natural love retains,
Which still inclines him to his native shore.
O fair Arcadia ! dearest spot on earth
I ever trod ! thee shall I ever love ;
Blest mother ! tho' I had upon thy soil
Been landed blindfold, thee I still had known,
Such a magnetic, powerful sympathy
Thrills thro' my veins, and such a secret glow
Of tenderness and joy warms all my blood.
And thou, Uranio, since thou still hast been
My dear companion in my wanderings
And in my woes, most justly should'st thou now
Be partner also of my happy lot.

URAN. I've shar'd thy woes, but my sad fate
forbids

I should enjoy their fruits ; for thou hast now
Reach'd thy dear home where thou shalt find repose
Both for thy wearied limbs and wearied mind.
But I still wandering, and a stranger here,
Far from my poor abode, and family
Still poorer and distress'd, thro' lengthen'd ways

Drag on my wearied limbs along with thee.
 I may, indeed, repose these wearied limbs,
 But my afflicted mind no rest enjoys,
 Thinking what pledges I have left at home,
 And what a tedious rugged way I still
 Must pass before I rest. Nor do I know
 Who else but thou could have prevail'd with me
 To leave my Elis in my hoary age,
 And go, not knowing why, so far remote.

CAR. Thou know'st, my dear Mirtillo whom
 kind heav'n

Did give me for a son, came hither sick
 For better health, and now two months are past,
 Or more since he hath follow'd my advice,
 Rather the oracle's advice, which was,
 That the Arcadian air alone could cure him.
 Now I, who cannot live while one so dear
 Is absent from my sight, had then recourse
 To that same oracle, to be resolv'd
 When he'd return whom I so much desir'd;
 And this the answer I from thence receiv'd:
 " Go to thine ancient country where thou'lt find
 " Thy dear Mirtillo, and be happy there;
 " He's there, for great intents by heav'n design'd,
 " But, till thou reach Arcadia, silence be thy care."
 Thou, then, most faithful partner of my fate,
 My lov'd Uranio, who hast ever borne
 A share in all my fortunes, here repose
 Thy weary limbs, and thou shalt also have

Rest for thy mind; if gracious heaven should grant
 The happiness it promis'd, then, my friend,
 With thee I'll share it all; success could bring
 No joy to me, were my Uranio sad.

URAN. All the fatigue for thee I undergo,
 My dear Carino, is its own reward,
 If it but please thee; but what weighty cause
 Could make thee leave thy dear-lov'd native land?

CAR. The tempting voice of fame, which in my
 youth
 Sounded like music in my ears, did raise
 Ambition in my soul to court its strains
 Amidst the croud; so I desirous too
 Of foreign praise, disdain'd the poor applause
 Arcadia could yield, and thought the land
 Where first I breath'd was but a narrow bound
 To my aspiring lays; I therefore went
 To Elis and to Pisa, famous both
 Themselves, and then resorted to by those
 Who sought to gain renown. 'Twas there I saw
 The famous Egon,* first with laurel deck'd,
 Then rob'd in scarlet, and with virtue's bays
 Ever adorn'd; Apollo's self he seem'd,
 So that my harp and heart I did to him
 Still consecrate, devoted to his name.

* By Egon Guarini is supposed to allude to Scipio di Gonzaga, an excellent poet, who was made a Cardinal by Gregory XIII. and with whom he was in habits of intimacy while he was studying in Padua. It is thought that this whole relation refers to the Poet himself.

And there, where glory holds her high abode,
 I should have been content, arriv'd at last
 Within the harbour which my soul desir'd ;
 I should have thank'd all-bounteous providence,
 And priz'd and kept the happiness it gave.
 How, afterwards, I was so mad as quit
 Elis and Pisa, and betake myself
 To Argos and Mycene, and become
 A servant to an earthly Deity,*
 With all I suffer'd in that slavery,
 Would be too tedious far for thee to hear,
 And to myself too grievous to repeat.
 I'll only tell thee, all my toil was lost ;
 I wrote, sigh'd, sung, was ardent now, now cold,
 I ran, stood still, now joyous, now in grief,
 Now high, now low, now lov'd, and now despis'd.
 And as the Delphic iron, which is turn'd
 Now to heroic, now to baser use,
 I fear'd no danger, and refus'd no toil ;
 Did all things, yet was nothing, chang'd my hair,
 Condition, life, thoughts, customs, but alas!
 Could never change my fortune. At the last,
 I came to prize and sigh'd to find again
 My dear lost liberty. Argos I left,
 And the dire storms that hover round the great,
 And turn'd once more to Pisa's calm abode,
 Where, blessed be th' eternal providence,

* Some say that Alfonso II. Duke of Ferrara, is meant here.

I found my dear Mirtillo, who consol'd
My heavy heart for all its sorrows past.

URAN. A thousand thousand times that man is
blest,

Who clips the wings of his aspiring thoughts,
Nor for the immoderate hope of future good,
Wastes foolishly the moderate good he has.

CAR. Who could have dream'd 'midst greatness
to grow poor !

Or want 'midst heaps of gold ! I thought till then,
That in the splendid domes of princely state,
Where best it can, all that adorns the heart,
Virtue that gives the brightest pomp to courts,
Love and humanity from man to man
Would most abound ; but ah ! Uranio,
Far different is the truth ; courtiers in name,
And courteous in their looks and speech they are,
Polite and mild, but slow to virtuous deeds.
More fierce and deeper are their treacherous hearts,
And less with pity fraught than ocean's waves
When the loud storm is raging ; men alone
In semblance ; charity is in their eyes
But malice in their souls ; with a straight look
They wear a squinting heart, and have least truth
Where they profess the most ; what has the name
Of virtue elsewhere, is by them call'd vice.
Plain truth, fair dealing, love that knows no guile,
Sincere compassion, faith inviolate,

A life of innocence in thoughts and deeds,
 They term the folly of a low-born soul,
 And vanity that but deserves a smile.
 Cheats, lies, and frauds, and thefts, and cruelty
 Beneath the cloak of pity; growing great
 By rising on the ruins of the fall'n;
 And seeking vilest praise from others' blame,
 Are all the virtues of that treacherous race.
 No worth, no valour, no respect for age,
 Degree, or law, nor reins of modesty,
 No tie of love nor blood, no gratitude
 For favours done; nor any thing at all
 That's sacred, or that's just, or merits praise,
 But their keen thirst of honours and of wealth
 Doth scorn and violate. I still had liv'd
 All unsuspecting, and upon my brow
 Bore what I thought, and in my looks my heart,
 Judge then how open and how fair a mark
 To their envenom'd secret shafts I prov'd.

URAN. Who now shall boast of earthly happiness,
 When envy thus obscures the light of virtue?

CAR. Uranio, if from the day my muse
 From Elis pass'd to Argos, I had found
 Such cause to sing, as I have had to weep,
 I had perchance in such a lofty strain
 My master's honours sung, and glorious arms,
 He ne'er might need to envy, after that,
 The praises of Achilles blown so loud

By the Mæonian trumpet; * and my own
Unhappy country, mother of such bards
As like the swans their own sad dirges sing,
Might thro' my means have had her brow adorn'd
With second laurel; but this savage age
Esteems the art of poesy too vile.
Swans must have pleasant nests, and wholesome
 food,
And gentle gales to sing; no man with cares
Bow'd down, can climb Parnassus' lofty hill.
He who is ever wrangling with his fate,
And his malignant fortune, soon grows hoarse,
And loses both his speech and power of song.—
But now 'tis time to seek Mirtillo out,
Altho' so strange and alter'd is this place,
That scarcely can I recognise Arcadia.
Yet come, Uranio, gladly let us go :
A traveller wants not guidance who can speak,
But since thou'rt weary, it were best to stop
At yonder inn, and rest thyself awhile.

[*Exeunt.*

* Alluding to the Iliad.

SCENE II.

TITIRO.

TIT. Which first, my daughter, shall I mourn in thee,
Thy loss of life or virtue? first I'll mourn
Thy virtue lost: for thou, my child, wert born
Of mortal parents, but not wicked ones.
Instead of mourning for thy sudden death,
I'll rather mourn that my own life's preserv'd,
To see thy virtue lost, thy better life!
Montano, O Montano, thou alone
With those fallacious oracles of thine,
Ill understood, and with thy haughty son,
Despiser of my daughter, and of love,
Hast brought her to this miserable end!
Alas! how much more certain at the last
My oracles have prov'd to be, than thine!
For virtue 'gainst the artful frauds of love,
To a young heart is far too weak a shield,
And woman's feebly guarded when alone.—

Enter Messenger.

MESS. Unless he's either dead, or that the winds
Have borne him thro' the air, sure long ago
I should have found him; but behold he's here,
If I mistake not. O too late by me
Thou'rt met, old hapless father, but for thee
Too soon. For oh! what news have I to tell!

TIT. What may it be
Thou bringest in thy tongue? the fatal steel
That slew my daughter?

MESS. No: but little less.
Got'st thou the news so soon another way?

TIT. Is she alive!

MESS. She lives, and in her choice
It is to live or die.

TIT. O blessings on thee!
For thou hast drawn me back from death to life!
Why is she then not safe, if she may make
Her choice to live?

MESS. Because she will not live.

TIT. *Will* not! what madness makes her life de-
spise?

MESS. Another's death.
And if thou dost not turn her, she has set
Her heart upon that resolution so,
That every one in vain with pray'rs and tears
Strives to dissuade her.

TIT. Why then stand we here?
Let us proceed.

MESS. Stay; for the temple gates
As yet are shut; and hast thou still to learn
That no one save the priests may dare to tread
On holy ground, till from the vestry first
The destin'd sacrifice in all its pomp
Is brought before the altar?

TIT. But meanwhile
What if she execute her fatal purpose?

MESS. She cannot, for she's watch'd.

TIT. Do thou the while
Relate the whole that pass'd, and let me know
The truth without a veil.

MESS. Thy wretched daughter (O dire spectacle
Of horror!) being brought before the priest,
Did not from the beholders only, draw
Sad tears, but from the pillars of the temple!
Ev'n the hard stones seem'd to bewail her fate,
As sensible of pity! for at once
She was accus'd, convicted, and condemn'd!

TIT. Oh! my poor child! but why such fatal haste?

MESS. Because her every plea of innocence
Was far too weak against the seeming proofs
Of guilt alleg'd against her; and besides,
A certain nymph whom she design'd to bring
To prove her spotless purity, appear'd not,
Nor could on search be found. Meanwhile the fierce
And direful omens of some threaten'd ill,

And horrid sights within the temple seen
(More dreadful as the more unusual)
Brook no delay; no visions such as these
Appear'd since they foretold the wrath of heav'n
Burn'd to avenge Lucrina's broken vows
Made to the priest Aminta, the sole cause
Of all our woes. The goddess' statue sweats
Cold drops of blood; trembles the awe-struck earth,
The hollow cavern bellows from below
With dire unwonted sounds and horrid yells;
Then rise such fumes that scarce do I believe
Avernus' filthy jaws could breathe out worse.
Now was the sacred priest in readiness
Amidst the sad procession to conduct
Thy wretched daughter to a cruel death,
When forth Mirtillo sprung, (O wondrous tale!)
And cried aloud, "Untie, untie her hands
" Unworthy of such fetters, and in place
" Of offering her to bleed at Cynthia's shrine,
" Here take and offer me a sacrifice
" To Amarillis."—

TIT. O noble effort of a generous heart!
O truest proof of love!

MESS. Now hear another wonder:
She who before was pale and all alarm'd
At thoughts of death, then suddenly became
Bold at Mirtillo's words, and with firm soul
Replied: "And canst thou think, Mirtillo, then,
" To give, by yielding up thyself to death,

" Life to a maid who lives in thee alone!
 " O miracle with dire injustice fraught!
 " It cannot, must not be;—proceed, ye priests,
 " Proceed, no more delay. Perform your office."
 " Ah! stay," (cried then Mirtillo) " love so great,
 " I look'd not for;—turn, Amarillis, turn;—
 " This love so fatal wrings my very soul!
 " 'Tis I should die."—" Nay," she replied, "'tis I,
 " I am the only victim whom the law
 " Condemns to death."—And here between them

grew

So warm a contest, as if death itself
 Were life, and life were death. O noble souls!
 O pair most worthy of eternal fame,
 Ye shall outlive your death! O glorious lovers!
 Tho' I had tongues and words as numberless
 As stars in heav'n, or sands upon the shore,
 Yet would they fail in the stupendous task
 Of speaking your ineffable renown!
 O daughter of the skies, Eternal Fame!
 O glorious maid, who mortal deeds canst give
 Immortal honour, take the wondrous tale,
 And write it on the solid adamant
 With golden characters that long may tell
 To future times of two that lov'd so well!

TIT. Who gain'd the conquest in this strife of
death?

MESS. Mirtillo overcame. O wondrous war!
 Where gain was loss, and where the victor won

By conquest, only privilege to die!

Thus, therefore, to thy daughter spoke the priest:

“ O nymph, be calm ; he who consents to die

“ To save another, cannot be exchang'd,

“ For so our law prescribes.”—Then gave he
charge

That she should carefully be watch'd, lest grief

Might drive her in despair to desperate death.

Such was the state of matters, when Montano

Sent me to seek thee.

TIT. Then in fine 'tis true

We shall behold the meads lie desolate,

The flowers that scent the rivulet's bank decay,

The hills and woods without their green attire

At the return of spring, before we see

A beauteous maid from love's dear fetters free.—

But how, thus lingering here, shall we observe

The proper hour of going to the temple?

MESS. Here best of any place, for here it is

That this good shepherd must be sacrific'd.

TIT. And wherefore not within the temple then?

MESS. Because upon the spot the crime was
done,

The punishment is giv'n.

TIT. Then wherefore not

Within the cave, since in the cave 'twas done?

MESS. The sacrifice must be in open air.

TIT. Whence comes it that thou know'st these
mysteries?

MESS. From the chief minister I learn'd them
 all,
 And he from old Tirenio, who saw
 Faithful Aminta and Lucrina false
 So sacrific'd; but now we must proceed,
 For see, the sacred pomp comes down the hill.
 'Twere best that for thy daughter we should go
 Towards the temple by the shortest way.

SCENE III.

*Chorus of Shepherds, Chorus of Priests, MON-
 TANO, MIRTILLO.*

CH. SH. O Phoebus' sister, daughter of great
 Jove,
 Thou second sun in the first sphere!
 Who from the azure fields above,
 Dost light benighted mortals here!

CH. PR. Thou, whose mild and vital ray
 Thy brother's burning fury doth allay,
 From whence the bounteous parent earth
 Produces many a various birth,
 Plants, trees, and animals of every form,
 In earth, and air, and sea that swarm.

Ah! pity thy Arcadia, and that rage
Thou dost in others, in thyself assuage!

CH. SH. O Phoebus' sister, daughter of great
Jove,

Thou second sun in the first sphere!
Who from the azure fields above,
Dost light benighted mortals here!

MON. Now sacred ministers, the altar dress,
And you, ye shepherd swains, devoutly raise
Again your tuneful voices to the sky,
To' invoke the powerful Queen who rules the
night.

CH. SH. O Phoebus' sister, daughter of great
Jove,

Thou second sun in the first sphere!
Who from the azure fields above,
Dost light benighted mortals here!

MON. Withdraw, my servants, and ye shepherd
swains,

Nor here return till I shall call upon you.

[They withdraw.]

(*To Mirt.*) O truly valiant youth, who to bestow
Life on another, rend'rest up thy own,
Die with this comfort: For a little sigh,
Which by the abject soul is reckon'd death,
Thou buy'st Eternity: and when envious time
Hath, after thousands of revolving years,
Swept every trace of lesser names away,
Thine still shall flourish 'midst the dreadful wreck,

A bright example of true constancy
 To every future age; but since the law
 Demands that thou should'st yield thyself to death
 Without a murmur, ere thou bend thy knee
 To earth, now speak thy last, if thou hast aught
 To say before thou diest, then meet thy fate
 In silence.

MIRT. Father! (for I'll call thee father
 Tho' thou must slay me) hear my only words:
 I render up my body to the dust,
 My soul to her in whom alone I live;
 But should she die, as she hath said she will,
 What part of me, alas! can then survive!
 O sweet were death, if my poor mortal part
 Alone should die, not she who is my soul!
 And if he merit pity at his death,
 Who dies for pity's sake, O courteous father,
 Be her dear life thy care, that I may pass,
 Wing'd with that cheering hope, to better life.
 Let cruel fate be with my death pleas'd,
 And stop with my destruction; but I pray,
 When I am gone, let my deliver'd soul
 In her still live, tho' while it dwelt on earth,
 It was divorc'd so cruelly from hers!

MON. (*aside.*) Much do I strive to stem my burst-
 ing tears!

Poor human nature thou art frail indeed!

(*To Mirt.*) My son be comforted, thine every wish

Shall be fulfill'd, yes, by this mitred head
I swear they shall, and take my hand in pledge.

MIRT. Now shall I die in peace, in peace I go
To thee, my Amarillis ; O receive
Thy own Mirtillo, catch the parting soul
Of thy most faithful shepherd, for behold,
In the lov'd name of Amarillis, here
I end at once my words and wretched life,
And now in silence do I kneel to die.

MONT. (*calling.*) Now, holy ministers, no more
delay,
Kindle the flame, and strew the frankincense,
And odoriferous myrrh, that so may rise
Whole clouds of incense to ascend the skies.

CH. SH. O Phoebus' sister, daughter of great
Jove!
Thou second sun in the first sphere!
Who from the azure fields above,
Dost light benighted mortals here!

SCENE IV.

CARINO, MONTANO, NICANDRO, MIRTILLO,
Chorus of Shepherds.

CAR. Who ever saw so few inhabitants
Amidst so many dwellings? but I see
The cause, if I mistake not, for they all

Are here assembled, what a wondrous croud!
 What rich, what solemn pomp! some sacrifice
 Is sure performing here!

MON. Give me the golden ewer,
 Nicandro, with the consecrated wine.

NIC. There 'tis in readiness.

MON. O may the guiltless blood
 Now to be shed, so mollify thy rage,
 Dread goddess, as by sprinkling of this wine,
 These raging flames are quench'd.

(*To the Minister.*) Put back again the golden
 ewer, and reach

The silver cup.—

NIC. Behold, 'tis here.

MON. So may
 Thy burning wrath be quench'd within thy breast,
 Rous'd by a false maid's perfidy, as now
 I with this water quench this raging flame.

CAR. It is a sacrifice, but I can see
 No victim here.

MON. Now all's in readiness,
 The stroke alone remains. Give me the axe.

CAR. Methinks I see, unless I be deceiv'd,
 The figure of a man who kneels to earth,
 His back is this way turn'd? Is he the victim?
 O miserable wretch! too sure he is,
 And o'er his head the priest suspends the blow!
 O my poor country! after numerous years
 In suffering spent, does heaven's wrath still rage &

CH. SH. O Phœbus' sister, daughter of great
Jove,

Thou second sun in the first sphere!
Who from the azure fields above,
Dost light benighted mortals here!

MON. Avenging goddess, who a private crime
With public curse dost punish upon us,
(For so it pleaseth thee, and in the' abyss
Of providence eternal it is fix'd,)
Since false Lucrina's tainted blood was thought
Far too impure to satisfy thy justice
Which loves pure sacrifices, O accept
This guiltless blood which I'm to offer now,
Of one who falls a willing sacrifice,
And lov'd as truly as Aminta did.

CH. SH. O Phœbus' sister, daughter of great
Jove,

Thou second son in the first sphere!
Who from the azure fields above,
Dost light benighted mortals here!

MON. Oh! how my bosom now with pity melts!
What sudden numbness fetters every nerve!
I ne'er was thus before; my hand wants strength,
My heart so fails, I cannot raise the axe.

CAR. My only wish is to behold the face
Of the unhappy youth, then I'll be gone;
I cannot bear such dismal sights as this.

MON. (*aside.*) Who knows, but that right opposite
the sun,

Although he's setting, human sacrifice
 May be a crime! therefore my heart misgives me,
 And my strength fails. (*To Mirtillo.*) Turn, shep-
 herd, to the hill.

Thy dying face.—So, now 'tis well.

CAR. Ah wretched me! what fatal sight is this?
 Is not this youth my son, my dear Mirtillo?—

MON. Now I can do it.

CAR. 'Tis he indeed!

MON. Now I can aim my blow.

CAR. Hold sacred Minister, what's this thou
 dost?

MON. O rash presumptuous man! how can'st
 thou dare

Profanely thus to stay the sacred steel,
 And touch us with thy sacrilegious hand?

CAR. Mirtillo! O my son! my only joy!
 Alas! I little dream'd——

MON. Begone, and ill attend thee, O thou rash
 Doting old man!

CAR. My child, that e'er I should embrace thee
 thus!

MON. Begone I say, for know, 'tis not allow'd
 With hands impure to touch the sacred things
 That to the gods belong.

CAR. We have the gods.
 Blest also, who have hither led my steps.
 Under their guidance.

MON. Stay, Nicandro, first
Let's hear this man, then let him go his way.

CAR. Ah! courteous Minister, ere the cruel steel
Upon this hapless shepherd's head descend,
Tell me but why he dies. This I entreat
By that same goddess whom thou dost adore.

MON. By such a goddess thou conjurest me,
'Twere impious to refuse; but what does this
Concern thee?

CAR. More, perchance, than thou'rt aware.

MON. Well then—he willingly resigns his life
To save another.

CAR. Dies he for another?
I'll rather die for him. Ah! now in pity
Direct the blow thou aim'st at this dear youth,
To my already drooping head.

MON. Old man, thou rav'st.

CAR. Why am I now denied
That which to him was granted?

MON. Because thou art a stranger:

CAR. And if I were not?

MON. Still it were the same;
For he who once hath giv'n consent to die
To save another, cannot be exchang'd.
But tell me who art thou, if so it be
Thou art no stranger? by thy habit sure
Thou art not of Arcadia.

CAR. Still I am an Arcadian.

MON. Yet I remember not of seeing thee
In this place until now.

CAR. But here in truth
It was I had my birth. My name's Carino,
The father of that most unhappy youth.

MON. Art thou Mirtillo's father? O thou
com'st
In evil hour both for thyself and us!
Hence instantly, lest thy paternal love
Should cause our present sacrifice prove vain.

CAR. Ah! wert thou but a father!

MON. I am a father,
Yes, and the father of an only son,
A tender father too, yet were this head
My Silvio's, still should I as forward be
To do to him what I must do to thine.
No man is worthy of this sacred robe,
Who cannot, when the public good requires,
Give up his private interest.

CAR. O at least
Permit me once to kiss him ere he dies.

MON. Neither can this be granted.

CAR. O my blood!
Art thou so cruel also as deny
A single word to thy afflicted father?

MIR. Ah! my dear father, peace!

MON. O wretched we!

O heav'ns! the sacrifice is all defil'd!

MIR. I could not in a better cause have shed
The blood thou gavest me!

MON. Too well alas!
I did foresee that his paternal tears
Would break his vow of silence!

MIR. Wretched me!
What have I thoughtless done! alas! my vow
Of silence fled my wilder'd memory!

MON. Why now delay? Ye ministers proceed;—
This instant to the temple bear him back:
There in the holy cloister once more take
His voluntary vow, then here return,
And with him bring for a new sacrifice,
New fire, new wine, new water: no delay;
The sun declines, and shortly will be set.

SCENE V.

MONTANO, CARINO, DAMETAS.

MON. But as for thee, importunate old man,
Thank heav'n thou art his father; wert thou not,
Then by this sacred head thou shouldst have felt
What my just anger could inflict on one
By whom my patience is so much abus'd.

Know'st thou who talks with thee? know'st thou
that I

Govern by virtue of this powerful rod,
Things human and divine?

CAR. Let not heav'n's priest
Offended be, because I beg for mercy.

MON. I've suffer'd thee too long, therefore hast
thou

Grown insolent, nor seem'st to call to mind
That if just wrath in an offended breast
Be long restrain'd, when forth at last it bursts,
Its gather'd violence rages then the more.

CAR. Anger was never in a noble breast
A furious tempest, but a gentle gale
Of generous passion, that but stirs the soul
Which reason governs, and awakes its powers
To virtuous action.—If I cannot find
The mercy which I crave, O then at least
Afford me justice; this is but my due,
And cannot be denied me—For the man
Who gives the law to others, cannot live
Himself exempt from law, but still the higher
In power he rises, still more prompt should be
To give those justice who demand its rights.
And lo! I justice crave, and nothing more.
If not to me, do justice to thyself,
For if thou slay Mirtillo, thou'rt unjust.

MON. And how am I unjust? be plainer, friend.

CAR. Did'st thou not tell me 'twas against the
law

To offer here a stranger's blood ?

MON. I did ;

And said what heav'n commanded.

CAR. Yet this youth

Whom thou'rt about to offer, is a stranger.

MON. And how a stranger ? Is he not thy son ?

CAR. I've said enough ; 'tis useless to say more.

MON. Perchance it was not here thy son was
born ?

CAR. He that pries farthest often knows the
least.

MON. The kindred's now in question, not the
place.

CAR. He's not my blood, I therefore call him
stranger.

MON. How can he be thy son, yet not thy
blood ?

CAR. If he be not my blood, he's not my son.

MON. Yet thou didst say but now he was thy
son.---

CAR. True, but I never said I was his father.

MON. Sore grief hath surely render'd thee
insane.

CAR. Were I insane, then should I feel no grief.

MON. Thou can'st not 'scape the charge of
wickedness,

Or of insanity.

CAR. How can there be
Aught wicked or insane in speaking truth ?

MON. How can there be a son, and yet no son ?

CAR. There can---a son of love, tho' not of
blood.

MON. Then he can be no stranger, if thy son,
And if he's not thy son, no right thou hast
Thus to demand his life ; so thou'rt confuted,
Father or not his father.

CAR. Sure a man
O'ercome by words, is not to bear the charge
Of speaking aught that's false.

MON. But he is sure
Convicted of a lie, who by his words
So contradicts himself.

CAR. I still maintain
Thou dost injustice.

MON. Then upon my head,
And on my son's let that injustice fall.

CAR. One day thou shalt repent.

MON. Nay---thou'lt repent,
If longer thou retard the sacrifice.

CAR. To witness I invoke both gods and men.

MON. Dar'st thou invoke the gods thou hast
despis'd ?

CAR. And since thou wilt not hear, O hear me
then,
Both heav'n and earth ! and hear me, mighty
goddess,

Whom all Arcadia adores ! Mirtillo
In truth's a stranger, and no son of mine :
And thus the priest profanes the sacrifice.

MON. Good heaven aid me 'gainst so strange a
man !

Who's then his father if thou art not he ?

CAR. I know not ; sure I am he's not my son.

MON. See how he trembles ! Is he then thy
kinsman ?

CAR. Not even that.

MON. Then wherefore call him son !

CAR. Ere since the day when I receiv'd him
first,

Till now, I've nourish'd him within my house,
And lov'd him as a father loves his son.

MON. Did'st thou then buy, or steal him, or
how else

Fell he into thy hands ?

CAR. A man in Elis

To me unknown, bestow'd the precious gift.

MON. From whence had he procur'd him ?

CAR. That strange man

Had him of me before.

MON. Thou mov'st in me

Both scorn and laughter by thy stupid tale.

What thou gav'st him did he return to thee ?

CAR. I gave what was his own, and he return'd
The courteous gift to me.

MON. And whence (since thou
Dost make me talk so idly) whence hadst thou
The gift at first?

CAR. At first I found him laid
Within a thicket of sweet myrtle, near
Alpheus' source, and call'd him thence *Mirtillo*.

MON. O what a specious and fair-seeming tale!
Are no wild beasts, then, found within your woods?

CAR. Why ask'st thou that?

MON. How did they not devour him?

CAR. By heav'n's kind providence a rapid flood
Convey'd him to that thicket, where by chance
It left him in the lap of a small isle
Defended round by water.

MON. Certainly
Thou dost most skilfully contrive thy lies
To suit with one another; and was then
The flood so merciful as not to drown him?
Are rivers in thy country, then, so kind
As foster infants with a nurse's care?

CAR. He lay within a cradle as within
A little boat, and this encompass'd round
By mud and matter which the flood collects,
Had borne him floating to that bush by chance.

MON. Within a cradle was he?

CAR. Even so.

MON. A child in swaddling bands?

CAR. Ay, and a fair one too.

MON. How long might this be since ?

CAR. 'Tis easily told ;
Since the great flood, just nineteen years have run,
And then it was.

MON. (*aside.*) O what chill horror creeps thro'
all my bones!

CAR. He cannot make reply ; O stubborn pride
Of souls in power, who, ev'n tho' conquer'd, yet
Refuse to yield to truth, and vainly think
That they excel in sense as mightily
As in authority ! he's now convinc'd,
And grieves too at it, if I understand
His secret murmuring, and fain would try
Some plausible device by which to hide
His stubborn unbelief.

MON. But was that man of whom thou just hast
spoken,
The father of that child ?

CAR. I cannot tell.

MON. Nor did'st thou ever hear
More word of him than this ?

CAR. No. I have told
Already all I know, then wherefore ask
New questions ?

MON. Wouldst thou know the man again ?

CAR. If I should see him. He was then attir'd
In a plain shepherd's dress, and for his looks,
He's of mid stature, deepest black his hair,
Shaggy his eye-brows, and his beard unshorn.

MON. Shepherds and servants, hither.

DAM. Here we are.

MON. (*to Car.*) Which of these shepherds here
resembles most

The man thou talk'st of.

CAR. He that spoke but now,
Not only does resemble him, but is
The very man, and looks the same to me
As twenty years ago, tho' not a hair
Of his is chang'd, and mine is turn'd to grey.

MON. Withdraw, and leave Dametas only here.

(*They withdraw except Dametas and Carino.*)

Now say Dametas, dost thou know this man?

DAM. Methinks I do, but where or how I know
not.

CAR. Now will I make him soon remember
all.

MON. Allow me first to talk with him, Carino;
Nor be offended when I say, Withdraw
A little while.

CAR. Most willingly I'll do
All thou desir'st of me. (*He retires.*)

MON. Now answer me, Dametas,
And see thou speak the truth.

DAM. Heav'ns! what may this be now! (*aside.*)

MON. When thou cam'st back near twenty years
ago,
From seeking of my child that dreadful flood
Together with the cradle swept away,

Didst thou not tell me thou hadst search'd in vain,
Thro' all the places which the river laves?

DAM. I did. And why this question?

MON. Answer me

This also; didst thou not declare to me
Thou had'st not found him?

DAM. True.

MON. What infant then

Was *that* thou didst in Elis give to him
Who recognises thee?

DAM. Now twenty years

Are past since then, and how canst thou expect
An old man's memory should retain so much?

MON. Carino's also old, and yet remembers.

DAM. Nay, rather he begins to dote.

MON. Of that

We'll soon be satisfied. Ho! stranger, hither.

CAR. (*coming forward.*) Here I am.

DAM. (*aside.*) Would thou wert under ground!

MON. Is this the shepherd
From whom thou hadst the gift?

CAR. 'Tis he most surely.

DAM. What gift is this?

CAR. Dost thou not now remember
When in th' Olympic temple of great Jove,
Thou hadst receiv'd the oracle's reply,
And just on thy departure, I by chance
Did meet thee, and entreated an account
Of thy sad loss, and then thou told'st me all.

With that I led thee to my house, and there
Thou found'st thy child within a cradle laid,
And gav'st him there to me?

DAM. But, tell me, what
Can'st thou infer from this?

CAR. The very child
Whom then thou gav'st me, and whom ever since
I have brought up, and nourish'd as my son,
Is this same hapless youth that's doom'd to die
A victim at these altars!

DAM. O powerful destiny!

MON. Still dost thou seek pretences? say at
once

Hath this man utter'd truth?

DAM. O would to heav'n
I were as dead, as all his words are true!

MON. That thou shalt quickly be, if thou shalt
lie

One jot as to the rest. Now say, what cause
Could move thee thus to give away in gift
What was not thine?

DAM. Ah! master, ask no more
For heaven's sake! let what I've said suffice.

MON. Thou mak'st me more desirous of the
truth.

Still dost thou keep aloof, nor tell me all?
Thou'rt dead if I demand another time.

DAM. Because the oracle predicted this—
That if the infant ever should return

To his own kindred, and his father's house,
He'd be in mighty danger of his death
From his own father's hand.

CAR. This is the truth,
For I was by.

MON. Ah me! now every thing
Is but too manifest, the fact is clear,
And with my dream and fate too well accords.

CAR. What now remains? Could'st thou desire
a proof
More clear than this?

MON. All is, alas! too clear!
Too much thou hast declar'd; too much I've heard;
Would I had search'd, and thou hadst told me less!
Carino, O Carino! now I change
Fortune and grief with thee.—How are thy griefs
Now mine become! This is indeed my son!
Too hapless son of an unhappy sire!
O son, more cruel thy deliverance is
From the fierce waters, than thy loss at first,
Since by thy father's hand thou now must die,
And stain the altars of thy native land!

CAR. Art thou Mirtillo's father! O most strange!
How didst thou lose him?

MON. By that dreadful flood
Which thou hast mention'd, he was swept away.
Dear child! thy precious life was then preserv'd,
When I believ'd thee lost, and, O sad fate!
I only lose thee now when thou art found!

CAR. Eternal providence! some great design
Lies hid beneath these wondrous accidents
That all at once have come to light; for me
The times are pregnant with some mighty birth
Of good or evil soon to be disclos'd.

MON. This was the thing my dream foretold me
too.

Deceitful dream, too true in what is ill,
But in the good too false! This was that strange
Unwonted pity, this that sudden horror
That chill'd my blood, and crept thro' all my bones
At lifting of the axe; for nature shrunk
With inward dread at the detested sight,
A father's hand uprais'd in act to strike
A blow so merciless!

CAR. And wilt thou then
Proceed to offer up a sacrifice
So hateful to the heavens?

MON. No hand save mine
Can slay a human victim at these altars.

CAR. And must the father therefore slay the son?

MON. So hath our law decreed, and who dare
strain

His charity so far, to save *another*,
When true Aminta would not spare himself?

CAR. O cruel fate! what am I brought to see!

MON. To see two fathers' piety and love,
(Thine to Mirtillo, mine to the' awful gods,)
Make murderers of us both, thou by denying

Thou wast his father, fondly thought'st to save him,
 And yet hast lost him, I by too much search,
 Whilst I believ'd I was to sacrifice
 Thy son, have found, and now must slay my own.

CAR. Behold the horrid monster fate has born!
 O dire calamity! O my Mirtillo
 Far dearer than my life! is this, is this
 What of thy fate the oracle foretold?
 Thus dost thou make me *in my country blest*?
 My son, my son! thou who wast formerly
 The hope and stay of my declining years,
 Bring'st to the grave with grief this hoary head!

[*He weeps.*]

MON. Alas! Carino, leave those tears to me!
 For my own blood I weep. Ah! why my blood,
 If I must shed it now! Most wretched son,
 Wherefore did fate ordain thee to be born!
 Why did the piteous deluge save thy life,
 That thy more cruel father might destroy thee?—
 Holy immortal Powers enthron'd above!
 Without whose mandate not the smallest wave
 Stirs on the sea, nor breath in all the air,
 Nor leaf upon the earth, what monstrous sin
 Have I committed 'gainst your sacred laws,
 That such a horrid judgment hath brought down
 On me and mine! But if myself have sinn'd,
 Wherein has my poor son transgress'd so far,
 Ye will not pardon him? And why, O Jove,
 Reserv'st thou not in mercy for my head,

One bolt of flaming vengeance, to set free
My agonizing soul? But tho' in peace
Thy thunders sleep, my sword shall do their work.—
Aminta's dire example I'll repeat;
The son shall sooner see the father dead,
Before the father's hand shall slay the son.
Die then, Montano: death befits thee now,
Nay, it delights thee. Ye tremendous Powers
That rule in heaven shall I say, or hell?
Who drive the soul with sorrow to despair,
Behold your fury here! What you desire
I have resolv'd to do; no other wish
I have but death, and no desire at all
Save that of being no more; an ardent wish
To 'scape from life has seiz'd on every sense;
There's comfort in the thought. To death! to death!

[*Exit.*

CAR. Hapless old man! O how I pity thee!
For as a greater light obscures the less,
So has the grief which for thy fate I feel
Now overpower'd and quite extinguish'd mine,
Sure all my pity is too small for thine!

SCENE VI.

TIRENIO, MONTANO, CARINO.

TIR. Make haste my son, but see thou tread secure,

That I may safe from stumbling follow thee
Along this crooked path, craggy and rough,
With tottering feet that know not where they go.
Thou art their eyes as I am to thy mind,—
And when in presence of the Priest we come
There stop.

MON. Ha! who is this I see advancing here?
Sure 'tis Tirenio, venerable sage,
Blind to the world, but whose keen mental eyes
See heaven's secrets? Sure some mighty cause
Hath drawn him from his cell, for many years
Are gone since we have seen him.

CAR. May it please
The mighty gods he bring thee joyful news!

MON. Father Tirenio, say what miracle
Is this? why com'st thou from thy holy cell?
Whom seek'st thou here? or what so mighty news
Hang on thy lips?

TIR. To thee alone I come,
And news I bring, and news I seek from thee.

MON. Why comes not back the holy order with thee ?

What hinders them, that they have not return'd
With the purg'd offering and the needful things,
To finish the' interrupted sacrifice ?

TIR. O how much outward blindness often adds
To the' inward sight! for then it is the soul
Not gadding forth, but wrapt within itself,
Is with the mind's eyes wont to recompense
The loss of eyes without. It is not good,
Montano, that we pass so slightly o'er
Such great events unlook'd for, which discover
A hand divine amidst the works of men,
" That shapes their ends," because the mighty gods
Will not vouchsafe to dwell upon the earth,
Nor face to face talk with mortality.
But all those great, stupendous, strange events
Which blinded men ascribe to chance as blind,
Are but the voice of heaven that talks with man :
Such are the words of the Eternal Powers,
Mute to the ears, but sounding thro' the heart
Of him who understands them. O the man
Is truly blest who understands aright!
The good Nicandro, as thou gav'st command,
Was now prepar'd to lead the sacred pomp,
But I, by reason of an omen strange
That happen'd in the temple, bade him stay ;
And this comparing with what happen'd thee
To day at that same hour, I know not how,

A strange unwonted feeling seizes me,
 'Twixt hope and fear, nor do I understand
 The cause, so from the deep obscurity,
 I hope some happiness, or fear some woe.

MON. That which thou understandest not, I do
 Too well, and to my sorrow feel its smart.
 But is there aught in secret destiny,
 Thy all-divining spirit cannot pierce?

TIR. My son, my son, if of prophetic light
 The use divine were arbitrary, then
 'Twould be a gift of nature, not of heav'n.
 By the confusion of my thoughts, I feel
 Fate veils the truth at present from my mind,
 And keeps some mighty secret in its breast.
 This the sole cause that brought me now to thee,
 To be inform'd more clearly who he is
 That's found to be the father of the youth
 Condemn'd to die, if right I understood
 Nicandro's words.

MON. Thou know'st him but too well,
 Tirenio; ah! 'twill wring thy very soul
 To think how well thou know'st, and lov'st him
 too!

TIR. I praise thy pity, 'tis humane in thee
 To take so much compassion, O my son,
 On the afflicted. But I'll speak with him.

MON. Now I perceive heav'n hath suspended
 all
 The skill in prophecy which once thou hadst.

That father whom thou seekest, and with whom
Thou now desirest to converse, am I.

TIR. Art thou the father of the youth that's
doom'd

To fall a victim now at Cynthia's shrine?

MON. The wretched father of that wretched
son!

TIR. Of that same faithful shepherd who to
give

Life to another, freely chose to die!

MON. Of him who dies to save the life of her
Who gave him death; and takes my life away
Who gave him life!

TIR. But is this true?

MON. Behold the witness.

CAR. What he hath told thee is indeed the
truth.

TIR. And who art thou that speakest?

CAR. I'm Carino,

Reputed father of that youth till now.

TIR. And can it then indeed be possible
That he's thy child the deluge swept away?

MON. Ah! 'tis as thou hast said, Tirenio.

TIR. And dost thou call thyself a wretched
father

For this, Montano? O dark ignorance
Of mortal minds! in how profound a night,
In what thick mists of error are our souls
Immers'd, till thou dispel them, brightest Sun,

And lighten all within! Vain mortal men,
Why boast of knowledge? for the faculties
By which we all things see and understand,
Are not *our* virtues, but the gifts of heav'n,
That gives at pleasure, and recalls its gifts.
O in thy mind, Montano, blinder far
Than I am in my eyes! what dire illusion,
What demon by his spells so clouds thy sight,
And blunts thy faculties, thou canst not see
That if this noble youth's indeed thy son,
Thou art the happiest father, and most dear
To the immortal gods, of all the fathers
The world contains? Behold the mighty secret
Which fate conceal'd before! Behold the day,
The happy day when we expected showers
Of tears and blood! behold the blessed end
Of all our woes! Montano, where art thou?
Come to thyself again: couldst thou alone
Forget the blest, the happy oracle
Impress'd upon the hearts of all Arcadia?
How did the happy finding of thy son
Not flash like lightning on thy wilder'd soul,
And make thee hear the thunder of the words
The heavenly oracle pronounc'd before:
"Your woes shall have no end, till love shall join
"In wedlock's bands a pair of birth divine"—
Tears of delight
Burst forth . . . in such abundance . . . from my heart,
I cannot speak . . . "Your woes shall have"

“ Your woes shall have no end, till love shall join

“ In wedlock’s bands a pair of birth divine ;

“ And for th’ offence a perjur’d maid hath done,

“ A FAITHFUL SHEPHERD’S ardent love atone.”

Now say, Montano, this same shepherd youth,

Of whom we speak, and who is doom’d to die,

Is not his birth divine, if born of thee ?

And Amarillis too of birth divine ?

And who, I pray, has join’d these two but Love ?

Silvio was by his parents, and by force,

With Amarillis join’d in marriage vows,

Yet is the knot of Love as distant far

From their two hearts, as hatred is from love.

Examine now the rest, thou’lt clearly see

The fatal voice none but Mirtillo meant ;

For who has ever, since Aminta’s time,

Shown constancy of love to match Mirtillo’s ?

Who, save Mirtillo, since Aminta died,

Would die to save his mistress ? therefore now

That Faithful Shepherd’s ardent love appears,

Which thus most fully for the crime atones

Of false Lucina. By this wondrous act,

This most stupendous love, the wrath of heav’n,

More than with human blood, is now appeas’d.

Thus is Eternal justice satisfied

For the offence that perjur’d maid had done.

Hence ’twas that he no sooner came to pay

His vows within the temple, than at once

All dreadful omens ceas’d. The bloody sweat

No longer from the' eternal image broke ;
 The earth no longer shook ; the holy cavern
 No longer fum'd, or sent forth dismal shrieks,
 But blest harmonious sounds and odours sweet,
 As even might have fill'd the courts of heav'n,
 If sounds and odours there affect the sense.
 O Providence Eternal! Powers supreme!
 If all my words were souls, and every soul
 Were now devoted to resound your praise,
 All were too little for a gift like this.
 But, as I may, I render thanks unfeign'd.
 O holy Deities enthron'd on high!
 Here humbly with my knees bent down to earth,
 How shall I thank you that I live till now!
 Of my life's course an hundred years are flown,
 Yet till this hour I've never truly liv'd;
 Life ne'er was half so sweet as 'tis to-day ;
 Now I begin to live, I'm born again—
 But why in words do I consume the time
 That should be spent in works? Help me, my son,
 Without thy aid I cannot raise from earth
 My feeble limbs.

MON. Tirenio, in my heart
 I have such joy with mighty wonder mix'd,
 I know, and yet I scarcely feel my bliss ;
 Nor can my soul, in deep confusion plung'd,
 Proclaim her joy, but keeps it all within,
 So great amazement chains my every sense.
 O miracle of heav'n! far, far beyond

All we have seen, or could conceive before!
 O unexampled goodness! O the great
 And wondrous mercy of the mighty gods!
 O blest Arcadia! more than every land
 Which the sun sees or warms, below'd of heav'n's
 So dear thy weal is ever to my heart,
 I cannot feel my own; and in that thought,
 I ev'n forget my son whom twice I've lost,
 And twice I've found; myself too I forget,
 Who from a dire abyss of grief have past
 To one of joy, while wrapt in thoughts of thee.
 And all my private joy, like a small drop,
 Amidst the mighty ocean of thy bliss
 Is swallowed up, and lost. O blessed dream!
 No dream but gracious vision from the skies!
 Now my Arcadia, as thou didst foretell,
 Shall flourish yet again.

TIR. But why delay?

Montano, heav'n no longer now expects
 A human sacrifice; the season now
 Of wrath and vengeance is no more, but times
 Of grace and love; to-day our goddess wants
 No horrid sacrifice, but joyful bands,
 And blessed nuptial rites. But say how long
 The day has yet to run?

MON. 'Tis but an hour
 Or little more till night.

TIR. Is it so late?
 Back to the temple let us then proceed

Without delay, and let the loving pair,
Old Titiro's daughter and thy son exchange
Their nuptial vows, and spouses straight become.
Then let him bring her to his father's house,
Where heav'n ordains that ere the sun hath set,
These fair descendants of two gods should be
In wedlock's bands united. Thou, my son,
Conduct me whence I came, and thou Montano,
Follow my steps.

MON. But mark, Tirenio, this:
She cannot now, without the breach of law,
Transfer that faith to Silvio pledg'd before,
And give it to Mirtillo.

CAR. True, to Silvio
Her faith was giv'n, and this is Silvio still.
Such was Mirtillo's name when he was born,
(If so I may believe thy servant's words,
From whom I had him) afterwards I chang'd it
From Silvio to Mirtillo, and to this
Himself consented.

MON. True: I now remember,
By the same name I call'd my second son,
As some small comfort for the eldest's loss.

TIR. 'Twas an important doubt: Now let's proceed.

MON. Carino, to the temple too come thou.
Mirtillo henceforth shall two fathers own;
I've found a son to day, and thou a brother.

CAR. By love a father to thy son, to thee
 A brother too by love. In reverence
 And high respect Carino shall to both
 A servant ever prove ; and since to me
 Thou show'st such courtesy, I will be bold
 To recommend my friend Uranio too
 To share thy love, for he's my second self.

MON. Thy friend be also mine.

CAR. Eternal Powers !
 Those lofty paths and inaccessible
 By which your bounties on our heads descend,
 How different are they from those crooked paths,
 By which our foolish pray'rs ascend to heav'n !

SCENE VII.

CORISCA, LINCO..

COR. So Linco, now it seems the cruel Silvio,
 When least he thought on't, has become a lover.
 But what became of her ?

LIN. We carried her
 To Silvio's dwelling, where, with many a tear,
 (Whether of joy or grief I cannot tell,)

His mother welcom'd her. Much pleas'd, indeed,
Her son should love, and now become a spouse,
But grieving for the nymph's unlucky wound.
Unhappy dame! the mother to become
Of two so hapless daughters! one she mourn'd
As dead by guilt, the other's life unsure.

COR. Is Amarillis dead then?

LIN. So 'tis said,
And that's the cause I to the temple go,
To comfort old Montano, that to-day
If he has lost one daughter, he has found
Another in her place.

COR. Is not Dorinda dead?

LIN. She dead! O would
Thou wert but half as much alive and glad
As she is now!

COR. And was her wound not mortal?

LIN. Tho' she had died, yet Silvio's tender pity
Had made her live again.

COR. What wondrous art
So soon could cure her?

LIN. I shall tell thee all;
Hear now a miracle: With trembling hearts,
And hands prepar'd to aid, all stood around
The wounded nymph; but she would suffer none
To touch her, save her own dear Silvio,
Saying, the hand that gave, should cure the wound;
So all withdrew, save Silvio, his mother,

And I; two to advise, and one to work.
 Then first the youth with gentle hand remov'd
 The blood-stain'd garments from her streaming
 side

Fair as the polish'd ivory; next essay'd
 To pull the deep-lodg'd arrow from the wound;
 But the false wood gave way, and left the steel
 Quite hid within; then the dire pain began,
 Nor was it possible by any hand
 Howe'er expert, or iron instrument,
 Or aught beside, to wrench the weapon out.
 Perchance, by opening still a larger wound;
 And searching out the steel's profound recess
 By force of steel, that would have done the work;
 But love made Silvio far too full of pity
 To try so harsh a cure. Love does not heal
 With instruments so fierce, the wounds he gives.
 As for the' enamour'd maid; 'midst Silvio's hands
 Her wound soon lost its smart, and thus she
 spoke,

Quite undismay'd :—" Hence thou shalt also come,
 " Thou wicked iron, and with greater ease
 " Than thou believest. He who shot thee in,
 " Has also power to pull thee out again.
 " By practice in the chase I've learn'd to cure
 " This mischief which by hunting I have done.
 " Now I remember there's a certain plant *

* Dittany is the plant alluded to. Vid. Virg. Æn. B. 12. v. 412.

“ Cropt by the wild goat when a shaft has chanc’d
 “ To lodge within her side ; she show’d it us,
 “ And nature her ; nor is it far from hence.”—

Then went he to the neighbouring hill, and pull’d
 A stalk of it in haste—he straight return’d,
 And having squeez’d the juice, and mingled it
 With vervain seed, and added centaury root,
 Made a soft salve, and laid it on the wound.

O wondrous virtue of these healing herbs !
 The pain ceas’d instantly, the blood was stemm’d,
 And soon the iron too obey’d the hand,
 And came away without more toil or pain :
 Her wonted vigour to the maid return’d,
 As if she never had sustain’d a wound ;
 It was, in truth, not dangerous, for the shaft
 Had pass’d between the muscles and the bone,
 And fixing there, had done no farther harm.—

COR. Great virtue hast thou told me in a plant,
 But greater in a maid.

LIN. What afterwards
 Took place between them, is more easily
 Imagin’d than express’d. But this is sure,
 Dorinda’s well again ; her side is whole,
 Free from all pain, and strong as formerly.
 Tho’ thou believ’st, Corisca, I suppose,
 As I do, that she has a deeper wound
 Made in her heart ; but as the arms of Love
 Are different, so his wounds are different too.

Wounds made by steel are painful ; those of Love
 Are pleasing, tho' they penetrate the heart.—
 And such nice skill this cruel boy has shown
 Since he became a huntsman, that the mark
 He never miss'd, at which he bent his bow ;
 He at the last has wounded nobler game.

COR. O Linco, still the self-same soul thou
 hast,

'Tis still thy joy to talk and dream of love.

LIN. O my belov'd Corisca, still my mind
 Is young and vigorous 'midst the spoils of age.

COR. My rival Amarillis thus dispatch'd,
 Another care remains ; I'll go and see
 If I can get my dear Mirtillo free.

SCENE VIII.

ERGASTO, CORISCA.

ERG. O day of wonders full ! O happy day !
 All love, all blessings, all delight and joy !
 O happy earth, O bounteous heaven !

CORISCA *returns.*

COR. But see
Ergasto's here, how luckily he comes!

ERG. To day let every thing rejoice, earth,
heav'n,

Air, fire, and all creation smile around.
Let our rejoicing reach the nether realms
Of woe, and there make jubilee to-day—

COR. How overjoy'd he seems!

ERG. Blest woods, as once responsive to our
sighs,
In lamentable murmurs ye bemoan'd
Our woes, rejoice now also at our joy,
And move as many tongues as ye have leaves
Now dancing to the jocund breeze's breath ;
Let all the tuneful warblers in your shades
Pour forth their melody, and sing the bliss
Of a true loving pair.

COR. (*aside.*) He sure must speak
Of Silvio and Dorinda. But, in fine,
A cheerful life is best, the spring of tears
Is soon dried up, but joy's full swelling tide
Rolls always on. Of Amarillis dead
There is no longer talk. The only care
Is to be glad with those that banish grief,
And 'tis well done; for the frail life of man

Has quite enough of woe. Whither, Ergasto,
Go'st thou so joyful? To a wedding feast?

ERG. Most rightly said. Know'st thou the happy
fate

Of the blest lovers? Hast thou ever heard
Of an event so strange?

COR. From Linco now

I heard it with much joy, which has in part
Assuag'd my grief for Amarillis' death.

ERG. She dead? and when? what circumstance
is this

Thou speakest of, or whom believ'st thou now
I'm speaking of?

COR. Of Silvio and Dorinda.

ERG. What Silvio, what Dorinda? nothing then
Thou know'st of what has pass'd; my joy now
springs

From a more noble and delightful source—
I speak of Amarillis and Mirtillo,
The happiest pair whom Love to-day inflames
Throughout the world.

COR. Is Amarillis then
Not dead, Ergasto?

ERG. Dead! She is alive,
Joyful and fair, yea, and a spouse besides.

COR. Ah! sure thou mockest me?

ERG. I mock thee! thou shalt presently believe,
When thou shalt see.

COR. And was she not condemn'd
To suffer death ?

ERG. She was indeed condemn'd,
But soon acquitted too.

COR. Dost thou relate
Vain dreams, or do I dream while hearing thee ?

ERG. Stay but a little space, and thou shalt see
her

Come with her faithful and most fortunate
Mirtillo from the temple where they are.
Their nuptial vows they have already giv'n,
And to Montano's house they'll soon proceed ;
There from the bitter root of their long loves,
To reap delicious fruit. O hadst thou seen
The' amazing joy ! O hadst thou heard the sound
Of the glad shouts, and songs of gratitude
That burst from every heart ! the temple yet
Is fill'd with an innumerable croud
Of men and women, youth and age, with priests
Confus'd and mingled, little less than mad
With their excessive joy ; all with amaze
Run to behold the happy pair, who stand
By the glad throng caress'd and half ador'd.
Their virtue one extols, their constancy
Another ; this, the favours heap'd on them
By heav'n, and that the charms bestow'd by nature.
The neighb'ring mountain and the plain, the hills
And dales around, as conscious of their joy,
Echo the Faithful Shepherd's glorious name.

O happy lover, to become so soon
 From a poor shepherd swain, a demigod!
 To pass in one short moment from thy death
 To life, and obsequies so near to change
 For nupt al rites that seem'd so far remote,
 And ev'n despair'd of; but tho' this be much,
 'Tis not the utmost bliss—to be belov'd
 By her for whom he thought it joy to die;
 By her who would have shar'd his fate in death;
 To run into *her* arms, to save whose life,
 So willingly he ran to death before!
 This is such joy, such rapturous delight,
 As quite exceeds all fancy; and art thou
 Not joyful at it too? and feel'st thou not
 For Amarillis as much joy as I
 Now for Mirtillo feel?

COR. I do, Ergasto,
 See how my face and eyes declare my joy!

ERG. O if thou hadst but seen
 The charming Amarillis, when her hand
 Forth to Mirtillo, as a pledge of faith,
 She stretch'd; and as a pledge of love, Mirtillo
 Return'd a kiss so sweet, as left a doubt
 Whether he gave or took it; hadst thou seen,
 Thou hadst for certain almost died for joy.
 O what is purple? what are roses? what
 The gayest colours in the power of art
 Or nature to present? her lovely cheeks
 Outvied them all, ting'd deeply as they were

With virgin modesty, and overspread
With ruddy bloom as with a beauteous shield,
But which invited the fond youth the more
To kiss again, while she with bashful mein
Seem'd half unwilling, and so lent the joy
A double relish, leaving it in doubt
Whether the kiss was ravish'd or bestow'd;
For with such admirable art 'twas given
And snatch'd, and she so coy, so sweetly coy,
That which she most desir'd she seem'd to shun;
An act 'twixt will and force, and a denial
So gentle, as reveal'd her secret wish
Not to deny; so sweetly she refus'd,
He was invited to assail again
What seem'd to fly, and flew in haste to snatch
What hasted to be gone; O honey'd kiss!—
I can no more Corisca—Instantly
I'll also go and wed, for such delights
True lovers only know. [Exit Ergasto.

COR. If he hath now
Told thee the truth, this is the day, Corisca,
Thou lovest all thy hopes so fond and vain,
But sense and sounder judgment gain'st instead.

SCENE IX.

*Chorus of Shepherds, CORISCA, AMARILLIS**
MIRTILLO.

CHOR. Holy Hymen, from the sky
Hear our hymns before thy shrine :
Behold the happy pair of birth divine!
Hear us, hear us from on high;
The destin'd knot, O Hymen, tie.

COR. All is alas! too true, and thus thou reap'st,
O wretch, the worthy fruits of vanity!
O thoughts, O wishes as unjust as vain,
And full of guile! Have I the death desir'd
Of one so innocent, to please alone,
My own unbridled wishes? Could I be
So base? so blind? How are my eyes unbound?
What see I now? the horror of my sin,
That mock'd me with the hope of happiness.

CHOR. Holy Hymen, from the sky
Hear our hymns before thy shrine:
Behold the happy pair of birth divine!
Hear us, hear us from on high;
The destin'd knot, O Hymen, tie!,

SHEP.* Ah! Faithful Shepherd, now behold at last
Where thou art landed, after such dire storms
Of tears and sufferings! Is not this the maid
Denied thee by the laws of heaven and earth?
By cruel fate, and by her own disdain;
By thy poor station, by her plighted faith;
By death itself? Behold her thine, Mirtillo,
That face belov'd, and these fair beaming eyes,
Those hands, that bosom, and that world of charms
Thou seest, and hear'st and touchest, and for which
Thou hast so often sigh'd, now all are thine,
The just reward of matchless constancy;
And yet thou speakest not!

MIR. How can I speak,
Uncertain yet whether I live or no;
And whether all I see, and hear, and feel,
Be yet a dream, or a reality?
Let my most charming Amarillis speak;
For my affections and my soul live all
In her alone.

CHOR. Holy Hymen, from the sky
Hear our hymns before thy shrine:
Behold the happy pair of birth divine!
Hear us, hear us from on high;
The destin'd knot, O Hymen, tie!

COR. But what have ye to do
Longer with me, deceitful ornaments?
Ye treacherous things that on the body shine,

* Here one of the Chorus speaks.

But stain the soul! Begone, for long enough
 Have ye deceiv'd me, and since earth ye are,
 Go strew your kindred earth: I made you once
 Arms of lascivious love, and treacherous wiles,
 Be now true virtue's trophies and her spoils.

CHOR. Holy Hymen, from the sky
 Hear our hymns before thy shrine:
 Behold the happy pair of birth divine!
 Hear us, hear us from on high;
 The destin'd knot, O Hymen, tie!

COR. But why delay Corisca?
 'Tis a propitious time of pardon now.
 Art thou in fear of punishment? behold,
 Thou hast within the greatest punishment.
 O blest and beauteous pair, belov'd alike
 By heaven and earth, since every earthly power
 Yields to your conquering fates to-day, 'tis right
 She also yield, who has employ'd all power
 On earth to thwart your happy destiny.
 Yes, Amarillis, I confess, the youth
 Who has thy heart, had also mine, but thou
 Most worthy art of his. Thou now enjoy'st
 The truest swain that lives, and thou, Mirtillo,
 The chastest nymph the world has e'er beheld;
 I am her witness, I the touchstone was
 That tried her virtue, and thy constancy.
 But do thou, courteous nymph, before thy rage
 On me descends, look in thy bridegroom's face,
 There wilt thou see the cause of my offence,

Thou therefore must forgive me ; and, in virtue
Of those bright charms that tempted me to err,
Pardon, thyself in love, the fault of love.

AM. Not only do I pardon thee, Corisca,
But as a friend esteem thee, the effect
Regarding only, not what went before—
For steel and fire, tho' at the first they pain,
Provided that they heal, are still belov'd
By those who feel their salutary aid.
So whether friend or foe thou wert before,
'Tis now enough to me that destiny
Employ'd thee as the happy instrument
Of all my joys ;---thy treasons and deceits
To me have blessings prov'd, and if thou'rt pleas'd
To grace our feast and share our happiness,
Thou art most welcome.

COR. Thy forgiveness proves
A better banquet, for my heart's at peace.—

MIR. And I in truth forgive thee all offence,
Corisca, save this tedious delay.

COR. Heav'n bless you both. Adieu.

[*Exit.*

CHOR. Holy Hymen, from the sky
Hear our hymns before thy shrine :
Behold the happy pair of birth divine !
Hear us, hear us from on high,
The destin'd knot, O Hymen, tie !

SCENE X.

MIRTILLO, AMARILLIS, *Chorus of Shepherds.*

MIRT. And have I then so long been us'd to
grief,
That I must languish in the midst of joy?
Was not this tedious pomp enough before,
But I must meet my ancient obstacle
Corisca?

AM. See, she's gone.

MIR. O my dear treasure,
I am not yet secure, I tremble still,
Nor shall indeed be certain thou art mine,
Till in my father's house thou hast become
My wedded spouse. This all appears a dream
That by degrees will vanish, as my sleep
Flies from me; and methinks thou'lt vanish too,
Soul of my soul!—I wish some greater proof,
That this sweet waking is no dream of joy.

CHOR. Holy Hymen, from the sky
Hear our hymns before thy shrine:
Behold the happy pair of birth divine!
Hear us, hear us from on high,
The destin'd knot, O Hymen, tie!

CHORUS.

O Pair most happy, who in tears have sown,
And reap in smiles, when sorrow's clouds have
 flown ;
How sweet the relish of your bliss at last,
When all your sighs and bitter woes are past !
O blind and too faint-hearted mortals, learn
From hence true good from evil to discern.
All delight is not true joy,
Nor all sorrow real annoy ;
That is truest joy which springs
From conscious virtue after sufferings.—

FINIS.



