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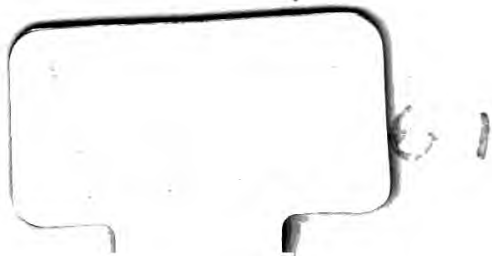
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THE FAITHFULL SHEPHERDESSE

BY

JOHN FLETCHER.

Adapted and arranged in Three Acts for the open air

80

BY

E. W. GODWIN.

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NOTE.

To arrange and adapt John Fletcher's pastoral play of "The Faithfull Shepherdesse" in order to make it presentable to a modern audience has not been a very easy task, for it was necessary to exclude much that belonged to the vocabulary of his time—unnecessarily strong for ours—as, also, to condense some and excise other beautiful passages, which, had they been retained, would have hampered the dramatic element in the work, and rendered the speeches of some of the characters prolix, if not tedious.

In thus pruning the text it became evident that some new lines were needed to explain the motive for *Perigot's* action, and to give here and there strength and individuality. Some of these new lines I owe to my old friend, Mr. W. G. Wills, who has also written the words of the slumber part-song introduced at the conclusion of the first Act. My thanks are also due to Mr. Cecil Smith for rendering into English the Greek hymn to *Pan*,* which I have placed as the opening chorus of this Arcadian pastoral.

I am indebted to Lady Archibald Campbell for the first clear perception of the merits of Fletcher's play.

E. W. GODWIN.

* From the chorus of the Salaminian Sailors in the
"Ajax" of Sophocles.



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*The music expressly composed by the REV. A. W. BATSON,
Mus. Bac. Oxon.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PERIGOT, *a Shepherd in love with AMORET.*
THEONET, *a Shepherd in love with CLORIN.*
DAPHNIS, *a Modest Shepherd.*
ALEXIS, *a Wanton Shepherd.*
Satyr.
Priest.
Old Shepherd.
A sullen discontented Shepherd.
HOBINAL, *a boy.*
Shepherds.
AMORET, *the faithful Shepherdess, in love with PERIGOT.*
CLORIN, *a Holy Shepherdess.*
AMARILLIS, *a Shepherdess in love with PERIGOT.*
CLOE, *a wanton Shepherdess.*
Shepherdesses.

SCENE.—THESSALY.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A Wood.*

An old Shepherd, with Shepherds and Shepherdesses, discovered singing a hymn to Pan.

Pan! Pan!
From Kylene's snow-peak roaming
Where the storm-toss'd surge is foaming,
Pan of dance divine the King,
To thee we sing.

To thy pipe the gods on high
Tune Olympian revelry
Mortal shepherds we who pray
Lead our dance to-day.

4 THE FAITHFULL SHEPHERDESSE.

OLD SHEP. Now we have done this holy festival
In honour of our great god and his might
Kneel, shepherds, kneel ; here comes the priest
of Pan.

Enter Priest.

PRIEST. Shepherds, thus I purge away
[Sprinkles them with water.]

Whatsoever this great day,
Or the past hours, gave not good,
Each one shall be pure who would,
As ye wash the fleeces clean,
Be each thought of brightest sheen.
Swains and virgins hearts I fill
With a virtue pure as rill :
With white faith and blushing love ;
Innocence of brooding dove.
Let no plighted troth be broken,
Or a wanton verse be spoken
In a shepherdess's ear ;
Go your ways, ye are all clear.

[They rise, and sing in praise of PAN.]

THE SONG.

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep ;
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
While the hollow neighb'ring ground
Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, oh, great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing :
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
As the young spring,
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the morn is broke,
To that place day doth unyoke !

[Exeunt.]

Enter CLOE.

CLO. How have I wrong'd the times, or men,
that thus,
After this holy feast, I pass unknown
And unsaluted ? 'Twas not wont to be.
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my fold
Drive not a flock sufficient great to gain
The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring swain :

Enter THENOT, walking across.

Shepherd, I pray thee stay ; Where hast thou been ?

Or whither goest thou ? Here be woods as green

As any are, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines ; caves, and
dells ;

Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes, thy fingers for to ring.

THE. I have forgot what love and loving meant.

Rhymes, songs, and merry rounds, that oft are
sent

To the soft ear of maid, are strange to me :
I live but to admire—ah ! happy tree !

CLOE. Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to
know

To whom this dear observance you do owe !

THE. You may, and by her virtue learn to square
And level out your life. She's good as fair,
Here is she call'd the Virgin of the Grove,
And dwells close by yon grave where lies her
love.

[*Exit.*

CLOE. Farewell, poor fool, you're not for me I wot,
I must have men not so like Perigot.
Perigot the pure, who hates the maiden bold,
And with boy passion, loves the chaste and
cold.

Enter DAPHNIS.

Here's another : the modest shepherd, he
That only dare salute, but ne'er could be
Brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or leer,
Thus I attempt him.—[*comes forward.*] Thou
of men most dear,

Welcome to her, that only for thy sake
Hath been content to live ! Here, boldly take
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
Was given away to any ; and but sit
Down on this rushy bank.

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

CLOE. Happy, thou wouldst say.
So let us meet this eve ; when garish day
Hath left this grove : Speak, shall our meeting
hold ?

Indeed you are too bashful ; be more bold,
And tell me *ay*.

DAPH. Content. I will say *ay* :
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray
This from your fairness, that you would be
true.

CLOE. Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.

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

But keep your 'pointed time. [Exit.

CLOE. Dullest of men.

Enter ALEXIS.

ALEXIS. Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
The cause of your retirement, why you go
Thus all alone ?

CLOE. Oh never have I seen
A man in whom greater contents have been
Than thou thyself art : I could tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedom lost. [*Aside.*] Oh, lend me all
thy red,
Thou shame-faced morning, when from
Tithon's bed
Thou risest ever maiden !

ALEXIS. If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,
Speak and be satisfied. [*Aside.*] Oh, guide
her tongue,
My better angel ; force my name among
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may
be—

CLOE. Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the sea,
Taking his rest by the white Thetis' side,
Meet in this holy wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, shepherd.

ALEXIS. If I stay behind,
An everlasting dulness seize my mind.
Now must I to my flocks, lest they should stray,

CLOE. My name shall be your word.

ALEXIS. Fly, fly, thou day ! [Exit.

CLOE. My grief is great if both these boys should
fail :

He that will use all winds, must shift his sail.

[Exit.

Enter CLORIN.

CLORIN. Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do
embrace

The truest man that ever fed his flocks

By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly !

Thus I salute thy grave.

Now no more shall these smooth brows be girt

With youthful coronals, that lead the dance,

No more the company of fresh fair maids

And wanton shepherds be to me delightful ;

[Pipes heard without.

Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes

Under some shady dell, when the cold wind

Plays on the leaves : All be far away,

For thou art gone, and these are gone with

thee,

And all are dead but thy dear memory ;

Then here will I, in honour of thy love,

Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys

That former times made precious to mine eyes ;

Only remembering what my youth did gain

In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs.

[Retires seeking herbs.

Enter a Satyr, with a Basket of Fruit.

SAT. Through yon same bending plain

That flings his arms down to the main,

Since the lusty spring began,

All to please my master Pan,

Have I trotted without rest

To get him fruit ; for at a feast

He entertains, this coming night,

His paramour, the Syrinx bright.—

[Seeing CLORIN.

By that heavenly form of thine,

Brightest fair, thou art divine,

Lowly do I bend my knee,

In worship of thy deity.

Here be grapes, whose lusty blood

Is the learned poets' good,

Here be berries for a queen,

Some be red and some be green ;

These are of that luscious meat,

The great god Pan himself doth eat :
 But I humbly leave will take,
 Lest the great Pan do awake,
 That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
 Under a broad beech's shade :
 I must go, I must run
 Swifter than the fiery sun. [Exit.

CLO. And all my fears go with thee.
 What greatness or what hidden power
 Is there in me, to draw submission
 From this rude man and beast ?
 My fears say I am mortal.
 Yet I have heard (my mother told it me,
 And now I do believe it) if I keep
 Myself unspotted, blameless, chaste, and fair,
 No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elfe, or fiend,
 Satyr, or other pow'r that haunts the groves,
 Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
 Draw me to wander after idle fires ;
 Or voices calling me in dead of night,
 To make me follow, and so tole me on
 Through mire and standing pools, to find my
 ruin :
 Else, why should this rough thing, who never
 knew
 Manners, nor smooth humanity,
 Thus mildly kneel to me ?
 O thou great goddess of the silver bow,
 Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell
 In opposition against fate and hell ! [Exit.

[Enter Shepherds, singing and bringing in pole and garlands, as they sing others set up the pole, and at end of song dance, when enter PERIGOT and AMORET.]

Exit Shepherds.

PERI. [*Detaining AMORET.*] Stay, gentle Amoret,
 thou fair-brow'd maid,
 Thy shepherd prays thee stay.
 AMO. Speak ; I give
 Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be still,
 The same it ever was ; as free from ill.
 PERI. Oh, you are fairer far
 Than the fresh blushing morn, or that fair star
 That guides the wandering seaman through
 the deep ;
 Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep
 Head of an aged mountain ; and more white
 Than the new milk we strip before day-light.

Your hair more beauteous than those hanging
locks

Of young Apollo.

AMO. Shepherd, be not lost ;
You are sail'd too far already from the coast
Of our discourse.

PERI. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
I have sent to Heaven? Did you not give
your hand,
Even that fair hand, in hostage ?

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

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

AMO. Maids must be fearful.

PERI. And that fear I love,
But fear not me. Simple my love and pure ;
No shepherd's vow so firm, no faith so sure.
If Amoret, forgetting modest pride,
Could lure me by caresses to her side ;
And if her eye could shine with wanton light,
Whilst she whom I would follow should invite
Or beckon with unmaidenly advances,
The charm were gone which now my heart
entrances.

Thy purity and thy untainted thought,
Is what I found in thee, is what I sought,
Is what I love beyond what tongue could tell,
And in all thought of mine doth ever dwell.

AMO. Then what thy purpose, Perigot, at eve
This strange lonely tryst ?

PERI. Only my intent
To draw you hither, was to plight our troths
With ceremonious tying of our souls :
For to this holy wood is consecrate
A virtuous well, about whose flow'ry banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds,
By the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes

Their stolen children, so to make them free
 From dying flesh and dull mortality.
 By this fresh fountain, many a blushing maid
 Hath crown'd the head of her long-loved
 shepherd

With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
 Lays of his love, and dear captivity;
 Then, gentle shepherdess, believe, and grant!

AMO. Thou hast prevail'd; Farewell!

PERI. Our great god Pan reward thee for that good
 Thou hast given thy poor shepherd!

[Exit AMORET.]

Enter AMARILLIS.

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

PERI. Fair maid, you may.

AMAR. Then softly thus: I love thee, Perigot;
 And would be gladder to be loved again,
 Than the cold earth is in his frozen arms
 To clip the wanton spring. Nay, do not start.

PERI. Fair shepherdess, much pity I can lend
 To your complaints; but sure I shall not love.

AMAR. Nay wonder not I woo thee! thou that art
 The prime of our young grooms, even the top
 Of all our lusty shepherds!
 Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
 That freedom back was lent unto thy voice?
 Then do not blame me, shepherd, if I be
 One to be number'd in this company.

PERI. All that is mine, myself and my best hopes,
 Are given already: Do not love him then
 That cannot love again.

AMAR. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
 For my affection, most unkind of men?
 If I were common mistress to the love
 Of every swain, or could I with such ease
 Call back my love, as many a wanton doth,
 Thou might'st refuse me, shepherd; but to thee
 I'm only fixed and set; let it not be
 A sport, thou gentle shepherd, to abuse
 The love of silly maid!

PERI. Fair soul, you use
 These words to little end: For, know, I may
 Better call back that time was yesterday,
 Or stay the coming night, than bring my love

Home to myself again, or recreant prove.
 This present eve I have appointed been
 To meet that fair one that enjoys my soul
 In this same grove.

Farewell ; be happy in a better choice ! [*Going.*

AMAR. Go to thine Amoret, leave me to grieve :
 She who affects a candour to deceive :
 Thine Amoret, so modest and demure,
 Who bears herself the purest of the pure.
 Upon thy simple nature doth she play,
 Thou guileless shepherd, with each pretty way.
 Thou fanciest she could not wanton ;—Tush !
 The boldest lurement hides behind a blush.

PERI. Shame on thee, shepherdess ! Thine envy
 sour

Would spy a canker in a new-born flower.
 Her thought as crystal, pure as running stream
 Or brook through which the amber pebbles
 gleam.

Her spotless love most dearly do I prize ;
 If once I pitied thee, now I despise. [*Exit.*

AMAR. Cruel, thou has struck me deader with thy
 voice,

Than if the angry Heavens with their quick
 flames

Had shot me through !

There is a shepherd dwells down by the moor,
 One that doth wear himself away in loneness,
 And never joys, unless it be in breaking
 The holy plighted troths of mutual souls ;
 Whose dog looks like his master, full of scurf,
 Not caring for the pipe or whistle. This man
 may,

If he be well wrought, do a deed of wonder,
 Forcing me passage to my long desires :
 And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose
 As my quick thoughts could wish for.

Enter SULLEN SHEPHERD.

SULL. SHEP. Fresh beauty, let me not be thought
 uncivil,

Thus to be partner of your loneness : 'Twas
 My love (that ever-working passion !) drew
 Me to this place, to seek some remedy
 For my sick soul. Be not unkind, and fair ;

For such the mighty Cupid in his doom
 Hath sworn to be avenged on. Then allay
 Those flames that else will burn my life away.
 AMAR. Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were
 sound,

Means might be found to cure thee of thy pains ;
 Could I procure thy faith and further service.

SULL. SHEP. Name but that great work, danger,
 or what can

Be compass'd by the wit or art of man,
 And, if I fail in my performance, may
 I never more kneel to the rising day !

AMAR. Then thus I try thee, Shepherd. This same
 eve

That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair
 Have promised equal love, and do appoint
 To make this wood the place where hands and
 hearts

Are to be tied for ever ; Break their meeting,
 And their strong faith, and I am ever thine.

SULL. SHEP. Tell me their names, and if I do not
 move

By my great power, the centre of their love
 From his fixed being, let me never more
 Warm me by those fair eyes I thus adore !

[Singing heard without.]

AMAR. Come ; as we go, I'll tell thee what they are,
 And give thee fit directions for thy work.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter Shepherds, singing, they sit and lie upon the ground,
 and as the music concludes fall asleep.*

SHEPHERDS' SLEEP-SONG.

Now the fruit and flowers dream,
 In the midday flare and flush ;
 Now Apollo rests his team
 In the hot and heavy hush.
 Day sleeps with his cloudy spouse,
 On us fall a droop and drowse.

ACT II.

SCENE—*The same. Shepherds discovered in same position as at end of last act.*

Enter an old SHEPHERD, with a bell ringing; and the PRIEST OF PAN, following.

PRIEST. Shepherds all, wake up, beware,
 Fold your flocks up, for the air
 'Gins to thicken, and the sun
 Already his great course hath run.
 Damps and vapours fly apace,
 Hovering o'er the wanton face
 Of these pastures, where they come,
 Striking dead both bud and bloom :
 Therefore, from such danger, lock
 Every one his loved flock ;
 And let your dogs lie loose without,
 Lest the wolf come as a scout
 From the mountain, and, ere day,
 Bear a lamb or kid away ;
 To secure yourselves from these
 Be not too secure in ease.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter THENOT.

THE. There is the cabin where the best of all
 Her sex that ever breath'd, or ever shall
 Give heat or happiness to the shepherd's side,
 Doth only to her worthy self abide.

Enter CLORIN.

CLO. If any art I have, or hidden skill,
 May cure thee of disease or fester'd ill,
 I dare yet undertake it.

THE. 'Tis no pain
 I suffer through disease ; a deadlier bane
 Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,
 Fair beauteous virgin !

CLO. Then, shepherd, let me sue
 To know thy grief.

THE. Then, fairest, it is you.

CLO. Hush ! no more ! Thou hast abused this place.
 And offer'd sacrilegious foul disgrace
 Unto my love's sweet rest.

THE. Oh ! let me not
 (Thou all perfection) merit such a blot

For my true zealous faith.

CLO. Repent and go,
 Whilst I with pray'rs appease his ghost below,
 That else would tell thee what it were to be
 A rival in that virtuous love that he
 Embraces yet.

THE. 'Tis not the white or red
 Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
 My mind to adoration; 'tis not the smile
 Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
 The easy soul; no, nor your tongue,
 Though, sweeter than Arion's harp it rung;
 These would be nought were constancy away,
 But, whilst in honour'd strictness you do stay,
 I cannot but adore thee.

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

THE. Dearest dear,
 I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant:
 Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.
 Yield, and I die to love. I must retire;
 For, if I longer stay, this double fire
 Will lick my life up.

CLO. Do, and let time wear out
 What art and nature cannot bring about.

THE. Yet, gentle Clorin, grant me leave to dwell
 In kenning of this arbour; in yon dell
 O'ertopp'd with mourning cypress and sad yew,
 Shall be my cabin.

CLO. The gods thy health renew.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter AMARILLIS and SULLEN SHEPHERD together,
 HOBINAL following.*

SULL. SHEP. Sure, till this present hour, I ne'er
 knew eye
 Could make me cross mine arms, or daily die
 With fresh consumings; Boldly tell me then
 How shall we part their faithful loves, and
 when?
 Shall I belie him to her? shall I swear
 Perigot's false, and he loves ev'rywhere?
 I'll say he mock'd her th' other day to you,
 Which will by your confirming shew as true.

Or else to him I'll slander Amoret,
And say, she but seems chaste : I'll swear she
met

Me 'mongst the shady elms by yonder lea.
There have I carved her name on many a tree,
Together with mine own. To make this shew
More full of seeming, Hobinal, you know,
Son to the aged shepherd of the glen,
Him I have sorted out of many men,
To say he found us, I've promised to the boy
Many a pretty knack, and many a toy ;
As gins to catch him birds, with bow and bolt,
To shoot at nimble squirrels in the holt ;
This have I done to win you, which doth give
Me double pleasure : Discord makes me live.

AMAR. Loved swain, I thank you ! These tricks
might prevail

With other rustic shepherds, but will fail
Even once to stir, much more to overthrow,
His fixed love from judgment, who doth know
Your nature; my end, and his chosen's merit,
Therefore some stronger way must force his
spirit,

Which I have found : Give second and my love
Is everlasting thine.

SULL. SHEP. Try me, and prove.

AMAR. This happy pair soon meet their love to tell,
In this high grove, close by this mystic well,
Whose pow'r can change the form of any
creature,

Being thrice dipped into what feature
Or shape'twould please the letter-down to crave,
Who must pronounce this charm my grandame
gave . *[Shewing a scroll.*

Me on her death-bed. Come, my temples bind
With these sad herbs, and when I sleep, you
find,

As you do speak, your charm, thrice down me let,
And bid the water raise me Amoret ;

Which being done, leave me to my affair,
And ere the day shall quite itself outwear,
I will return unto my shepherd's arm.

To change again, you but repeat this charm.

Shewing another scroll

SULL. SHEP. I long the truth of this well's power
to see ! *[Exeunt.*

Enter DAPHNIS.

DAPH. This is the place where I appointed Cloe.

ALEXIS [*Within*] Cloe !

DAPH. 'Tis her voice,
And I must answer.—Cloe !

ALEXIS. [*Within*] Cloe !

DAPH. There sounds that blessed name again,
And I will meet it.

Enter ALEXIS.

This is some shepherd ! Sure I am awake !
What may this riddle mean ? I will retire,
To give myself more knowledge.

ALEXIS. Cloe, answer me !
Alexis, strong Alexis, high and free,
Calls upon Cloe. [*Exit*]

DAPH. Can my imagination work me so much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and still
Believe mine eyes ? or shall I firmly hold
Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold
Illusion ? Sure my Cloe yet is true.

CLOE. [*Within.*] Cloe !

DAPH. Hark ! Cloe ! Sure this voice is new
Whose shrillness, like the sounding of a bell,
Tells me it is a woman.—Cloe tell
Thy blessed name again.

CLOE. [*Within.*] CLOE ! Here !

DAPH. Oh, what a grief is this to be so near,
And not encounter !

Enter CLOE.

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

DAPH. Fairest, are you fond ?
Indeed, I will not ask a kiss of you,
No, not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
To that bless'd pair of fixed stars for smiles ;
All a young lover's cunning, all his wiles,
Shall be to me strangers.

CLOE. Honest swain,
Frirst let me thank you, then return again
To you my love. [*Aside.*] What worlds of
precious art
Were merely lost, to make him do his part ?

But I will shake him off, that dares not hold:
 Let men that hope to be beloved be bold!—
 Daphnis, I do desire since we are met
 So happily, our lives and fortunes set
 Upon one stake, to give assurance now,
 By interchange of hands and holy vow,
 Never to break again. Walk you that way,
 Whilst I in meditation this way stray.

DAPH. Be it so. [Exit

CLOE. Yet meet I never more with thee.

ALEXIS. [*Within.*] Cloe! Cloe! Cloe!

CLOE. 'Tis he

That dare I hope be bolder.

ALEXIS [*Within*] Cloe!

CLOE. Now,

Great Pan, for Syrinx' sake, bid speed our
 plough! [Exit.

*Enter SULLEN SHEPHERD with AMARILLIS
 asleep.*

SULL. SHEP. From thy forehead thus I take
 These herbs, and charge thee not to wake
 Till in yonder holy well,
 Thrice with powerful magic spell,
 Filled with many a baleful word,
 Thou hast been dipp'd. Thus with my cord
 Of blasted hemp, by moonlight twined,
 I do thy sleepy body bind:

Lets her down into the well.

Take this maid thou holy well
 To thy bottom this; this my spell
 Is upon the.—Fly away,
 Ev'ry thing that loves the day:
 Hecatè, with shapes three,
 Let this maiden changed be,
 With this holy water wet,
 To the shape of Amoret.
 Cynthia, work thou with my charm!
 Thus I draw thee free from harm,
 Up out of this blessed lake.
 Rise, both like her and awake!

[*Draws her out of the well. She awakes in the
 shape of AMORET.*

AMAR. Speak Shepherd, am I Amoret to sight?
 Or hast thou miss'd in any magic rite,
 For want of which any defect in me

May make our practices discover'd be ?

SULL. SHEP. By the great God Pan but that I here
do stand,
Whose breath hath thus transform'd thee and
whose hand
Hath plucked thee up whom down erewhile
did let,

I should myself take thee for Amoret !
Thou art, in clothes, in feature, voice, and hue,
So like, that sense cannot distinguish you.

AMAR. Then this deceit, which cannot crossed be,
At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.
He'll be the first to come, and then I'll say,
My constant love made me come first and stay :
Then will I lead him further in the grove ;
But stay you here, and, if his own true love
Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong
path ;

I'll not be far from hence. If need there be
Here is the other charm, whose power will free
[Gives scroll.

The dazzled sense, read by thee strong and
clear,

And in my own true shape make me appear.

Enter PERIGOT.

SULL. SHEP. Stand close ! Here's Perigot ; whose
constant heart

Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.
[They retire.

PER. Fair Amoret ! Fair Amoret !—The hour
Is yet scarce come. Here ev'ry sylvan pow'r
Delights to be about yon sacred well.
How drear the time when thoughts the
minutes tell.

But I will further seek, lest Amoret
Should be first come, and so stay long unmet.
My Amoret, Amoret ! [Exit.

AMAR. [Coming forward.] Perigot !

PER. [Within.] My love !

AMAR. I come, my love ! [Exit.

SULL. SHEP. Now she hath got
Her own desires, and I shall gainer be
Of my long-look'd-for hopes, as well as she

Enter AMORET.

Another Amoret ! But that she Perigot hath
met,

I should have ta'en this for the counterfeit.

AMO. Methinks there are no goblins, and men's talk

That in these woods the nimble fairies walk,
Are fables; such a strong heart I have got,
Because I come to meet with Perigot.—
My Perigot! Who's that? my Perigot?

SULL. SHEP. Fair maid!

AMO. Ay me, thou art not Perigot!

SULL. SHEP. But I can tell you news of Perigot:

An hour together under yonder tree
He sat with wreathed arms, and call'd on thee,
And said, "Why, Amoret, stay'st thou so long?"

Then starting up, down yonder path he flung,
Lest thou hadst miss'd thy way.

AMO. Thanks. By this tree?

Pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee!

[Exit.

SULL. SHEP. How bright she was, how lovely did shew!

Was it not pity to deceive her so?
She pluck'd her garments up, and tripp'd away,
And with a virgin innocence did pray
For perjurd me; if then she did so move,
Why did not I essay to win her love?—
Oh, fool, to let her pass! I'll follow dear,

Enter ALEXIS and CLOE.

I come, sweet Amoret!—Soft, who is here?
A pair of lovers? He shall yield her me:
For to my mind, alike all women be.

ALEXIS. Where shall we rest? But for the love of me,

Cloe, I know, ere this would weary be.

CLOE. Rest here. To love all places are the same.

SULL. SHEP. [*Coming forward.*] Forbear to touch her; or, by Pan's great name—

ALEXIS. If Pan himself should come out of the lawns,

With all his troops of satyrs and of fawns,
And bid me leave. I swear by her two eyes,
(A greater oath than thine) I would not rise!

SULL. SHEP. Then from the cold earth never thou shalt move,

But lose at one stroke both your life and love.

*The SATYRS enter, and pass across stage Exeunt CLOE,
ALEXIS, and SULLEN SHEPHERD.*

Re-enter CLOE.

CLOE. Since I beheld those shaggy men, my breast
Doth pant; each bush, methinks, should hide
a beast.

Yet my desire keeps 'still above my fear :
I would fain meet some shepherd, knew I
where.

I'll run to Daphnis, although hope be small
To make him bold; rather than none at all,
I'll try him now. [Exit.

Re-enter SULLEN SHEPHERD.

SULL. SHEP. This surely was the spot.
Speak, shepherdess !

*Enter PERIGOT, and AMARILLIS, in the shape of
AMORET.*

Here comes young Perigot,
With subtle Amarillis in the shape
Of Amoret. Pray love, he may not 'scape !

AMAR. Beloved Perigot, shew me some place,
Where I may rest my limbs, weak with the
chace

Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.

PERI. Beshrew my tardy steps! Here shalt thou
rest

Upon this bank; let this thy cabin be,
This other, set with violets, for me.

AMAR. Thou dost not love me, Perigot.

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

AMAR. Believe me, but I do.

PERI. What, shall we now begin again to woo ?

'Tis the best way to make your lover last.
To play with him, when you have caught him
fast.

AMAR. By Pan I swear, beloved Perigot,
By Venus' self, I think thou lov'st me not.

PERI. By Pan I swear—and, if I falsely swear.
Let him not guard my flocks from wolf or bear.

AMAR. How should I trust thee, when I see thee
choose

Another bank, and dost my side refuse?
 PERI. 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might
 be shewn

'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.

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

PERI. What means my love? Forbear, dear soul,
 to try

Whether my heart be pure; I'll rather die
 Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.

AMAR. Think'st thou there's such a thing as
 chastity?—

Why dost thou rise?

PERI. My true heart thou hast slain!

AMAR. Faith, Perigot, I'll pluck thee down again.

PERI. Let go, thou serpent, that into my breast
 Hast with thy cunning dived!—Art not in jest?

AMAR. Sweet love, sit down.

PERI. Since this I live to see,
 Some bitter north wind blast my flocks and
 me!

AMAR. You swore you loved, yet will not do my will.

PERI. Oh, be as thou wert once, I'll love thee still.

AMAR. I am as still I was, and all my kind.

PERI. Then here I end all love; and lest my vain
 Belief should ever draw me in again,
 Before thy face, that hast my youth misled,
 I end my life! My blood be on thy head!

[Offers to kill himself.]

AMAR. Oh, hold thy hands, thy Amoret doth cry.

[Exit.]

PERI. Thou counsel'st well; first, Amoret shall die,
 That is the cause of my eternal smart!

[Exit.]

[The Sullen Shepherd steps out, and uncharms her.]

SULL. SHEP. Up and down, everywhere,
 I strew these herbs, to purge the air:
 Let your odour drive hence
 All mists that dazzle sense.
 Herbs and springs, whose hidden might
 Alters shapes, and mocks the sight,
 Thus I charge ye to undo

All before I brought ye to !
 Let her fly, let her 'scape !
 Give again her own shape !

Enter AMARILLIS, in her own shape, PERIGOT following.

AMAR. Forbear, thou gentle swain ! thou dost mistake ;

She whom thou followd'st fled into the brake.

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

[Exit AMARILLIS.]

Enter AMORET.

AMO. Many a weary step, in yonder path,
 Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath,
 To seek her Perigot, yet cannot hear
 His voice. My Perigot ! She loves thee dear
 That calls.

PERI. See yonder where she is ! how fair
 She shews ! and yet her breath infects the air.

AMO. My Perigot !

PERI. Here.

AMO. Happy !

PERI. Hapless ! shun

My presence—oh, thou faithless, shameless
 one !

[Pushes her aside, and exit.]

AMO. Stay, Perigot ! my love ! thou art unjust.

[Falls.]

SULL. SHEP. Now shall their love be cross'd ; and
 all my care

Will be at end.—Shepherdess, prepare
 Yourself to die !

AMO. No mercy do I crave :

Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have.
 Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be
 At peace, if he but think he injured me.

[Half rises and swoons.]

SULL. SHEP. She swoons, there is no prying eye
 around,

She cannot 'scape, for underneath the ground,
[Flings her into the well.]

In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,

'Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth
look,
The struggling water breaks out in a brook.
[Exit.

The song of Naiads and river gods.

Come, ye charms, these streams quick bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force, that e'en their God,
Though he striketh with his rod,
Shall not keep them in their ranks?
Fairest of mortals, give the Gods thanks,
AMO. Perigot! speak.
Who hath restored my sense, given me new
breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of death?
A VOICE. This fountain's god.

NAIADS' SONG.

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river, sweet:
Think not leach, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou has trod
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wadst in, make thee cry
And sob; but ever live with me
And not a wave shall trouble thee!

ACT III.

SCENE—*The same.*

PERIGOT *discovered.*

PERI. She is untrue, unconstant, and unkind;
She's gone! she's gone! blow high, thou
north-west wind,
And raise the sea to mountains; let the trees
That dare oppose thy raging fury, loose
Their firm foundation; whilst I constant
stand—

[Takes knife partly out of sheath.

Enter AMARILLIS, running.

AMAR. Thou art too hot. Stay thy dead-doing hand!
Thy love untainted stands: thy faith renew,
All that I told thee, Perigot, is true!

Then, be a free man ; put away despair
And will to die ; smooth gently up that fair,
Dejected forehead.

PERI. Alas, he double dies
That would believe, but cannot ! He who tries
Suffers a hell on earth. All, all is ill,
'Tis not myself but Amoret, bid kill.

AMAR. Stay but a little, little ; but one hour ;
And if I do not show thee, through the power
Of herbs and words I have as dark as night,
Myself turn'd to thy Amoret, in sight,
Her very figure, and the robe she wears,
With tawny buskins, and the hook she bears
Of thine own carving ; then give me to feel
The first fell stroke of that revenging steel !

PERI. I am contented, if there be a hope
To give it entertainment for the scope
Of one poor hour.

AMAR. Now bind, before I go,
Thy soul by Pan unto me, not to do
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,
Till my return.

PERI. By Pan and by the strife
He had with Phœbus for the mastery,
When golden Midas judged their minstrelsy,
I will not, 'long as these poor wits remain.
Hope and despair doth tear this heart in twain.

[Exit AMAR. and PER.]

*Enter SATYR with ALEXIS, hurt. To them enter
CLORIN.*

SAT. Hail thou beauty of the bower,
Whiter than the paramour
Of my master ! Let me crave
Thy virtuous help to keep from grave
This poor mortal, that here lies,
Waiting when the destinies
Will undo his thread of life.
View the wound by cruel knife
Trench'd into him.

CLO. Why dost thou call me from my holy rite
And, with the feared name of death, affright ?

SAT. Dost thou forget him that did fill
Your lap with early fruit ; and will,
When he haps to gather more,
Bring you better and more store ?

Lo I come not empty now :
 See a blossom from the bough ;
 For a sweeter youth the downs
 Cannot shew me, nor the towns,
 Low in yonder glade I found him ;
 Softly in mine arms I bound him ;
 Hither have I brought him sleeping
 In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping
 In remembrance such youth may
 Spring and perish in a day.

CLO. Satyr, they wrong thee, that do term thee
 rude ;
 Though thou be'st outward rough, and tawny-
 hued,
 Thou art ever gentle. Let me see the wound.
 This herb will stay the current if thus bound.

[Applies herbs to the wound.]

SAT. Heaven grant it may be good !

CLO. Fairly wipe away the blood :
 Hold him gently, till I fling
 Water of a virtuous spring.

SAT. His eye-lids move.

CLO. Give him breath.
 Gone the danger of cold death.
 Thus I master ills that may
 Give him grief another day.

SAT. See, he gathers up his sprite,
 And begins to hunt for light.

ALEXIS. Pan, preserve me !

CLO. Give me your hand, and rise !
 Help him a little, Satyr, for his thighs
 Are weak.

ALEXIS. Sure I have lost much blood.

SAT. 'Tis no matter ; 'twas not good.
 Mortal, you must leave your wooing :
 Though there be a joy in doing,
 Yet it brings much grief behind it ;
 They best feel it, that do find it.

[Satyr leads off Alexis to Clorin's bower.]

CLO. Daily still to aid to heal ;
 Solace to the hapless deal :
 Wounded wretch from death to save,
 Thus I sanctify thy grave,
 I saint the place where rests thy head,
 'Tis my tribute to the dead.

Re-enter SATYR.

SAT. Brightest, if there be remaining
Any service, without feigning
I will do it; were I set
To catch the nimble wind or get
Shadows gliding on the green.
Or to steal from the great queen
Of the faries all her beauty;
I would do it, so much duty
Do I owe those precious eyes.

CLO. I thank thee, honest Satyr. If the cries
Of any other, that be hurt, or ill,
Draw thee unto them, pr'ythee, do thy will
To bring them hither.

SAT. I will; and when the weather
Serves to angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook,
With a line of finest silk,
And a rod as white as milk,
To deceive the little fish:
So I take my leave, and wish
On this bow'r may ever dwell
Spring and summer!

CLO. Friend, farewell! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter AMORET, seeking her Love.

AMO. This place is ominous; for here I lost
My love, and almost life, and since have cross'd
All these woods over; ne'er a bending brow
Of any hill, or glade the wind sings through,
Nor a green bank that I have miss'd, to find
My love in. Perigot! Oh, too unkind,
Why hast thou fled me? Whither art thou
gone?
How have I wrong'd thee? Why leave me
alone?

Enter AMARILLIS.

AMAR. 'Tis she, the very same! 'tis Amoret,
And living yet; the great powers will not let
Their virtuous love be cross'd—Shed not
Those heavy drops of sorrow, Perigot—
AMO. Where—which?—Oh, tell me where is
Perigot!

AMAR. Sits there below, lamenting much, God wot,
Thee and thy fortune. Go, and comfort him.
And thou shalt find him underneath a brim.

Of sailing pines that edge yon mountain in.
 AMO. I go, I go! Heaven grant me I may win
 His soul again! [Exit.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

SULL. SHEP. Stay, Amarillis, stay!
 You are too fleet. Come now, my dearest May,
 I have perform'd my promise; let us sit.

AMAR. Friend, you are too keen: this too sudden fit
 Forbear a little.

SULL. SHEP. I can stay no longer.

AMAR. Hold, shepherd, hold! Learn not to be a
 wronger

Of your word. Was not your promise laid,
 To break their loves first?

SULL. SHEP. I have done it, maid.

AMAR. No; they are yet unbroken, met again,
 And are as hard to part yet, as the stain
 Is from the finest lawn.

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

AMAR. Swain, 'tis not so;
 For do but to yon hanging mountain go,
 And there believe your eyes.

SULL. SHEP. You do but hold
 Off with delays and trifles. Farewell, cold
 And frozen Bashfulness, unfit for men!
 Thus I salute thee, virgin!

[Attempts to stay her.

AMAR. And thus, then,
 I bid you follow. Catch me, if you can!

[Exit, running.

SULL. SHEP. And, if I stay behind, I am no man!
 [Exit, running after her.

Enter PERIGOT, with flowers and rushes in his hand.

PERI. Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,
 And read my falling! Give me some black
 place

Where never sun-beam shot his wholesome
 light,

That I may sit and pour out my sad sprite
 Like running water, never to be known

After the forced fall and sound is gone!
 Come thou forsaken willow wind my head,
 And noise it to the world my love is dead.

Enter AMORET, looking for PERIGOT.

AMO. My Perigot! Thy Amoret, thy dear,
Calls on thy loved name.

PERI. Why art thou here?

Look you I think that Amoret's soul hath flown
Into this flower; this morning it hath blown.
As I lay on the grasses where it grew,
Methought it whispered Amoret is true
And pure, there is a blood drop in its bell,
'Tis her true heart; these king cups know her
well;

And this tall rush was eloquent but now
Beside the stream, if her and—Who art thou?

AMO. 'Tis thy Faithful Shepherdess. 'Tis thy
friend,

Thy Amoret; come hither, to give end
To these consumings. Why, Perigot, dost thou
Cross thine arms, and hang thy face? I am now
The same I ever was, as kind and free,
And can forgive before you ask of me;
Indeed, I can and will.

PERI. So spoke my fair!

Just such a voice.—And see Apollo's hair.
Even such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,
Had Amoret; such words, so smooth and new,
Came flying from her tongue; all is the same,
The robe and buskins, painted hook, and frame
Of all her body. Oh me, Amoret!

AMO. Shepherd, what means this riddle? who hath
set

So strong a difference 'twixt myself and me,
That I am grown another? Look, and see
The ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist
That curious bracelet thou thyself didst twist.
Hath not some newer love forced thee forget
Thy ancient faith?

PERI. Still nearer to my love!

These be the very words she oft did prove
Upon my temper; so she still would take
Wonder into her face, and silent make
Signs with her head and hand, as who would
say,

“Shepherd, remember this another day.”

AMO. Am I not Amoret? Faith, where art thou fled?
Are all thy vows and protestations dead.
The hands held up, the wishes, and the heart?

Is there no one remaining, not a part
Of all these to be found? Why then, I see
Men never knew that virtue, constancy.

PERI. Men ever were most blessed, till cross fate
Brought love and women forth, unfortunate
To all that ever tasted of their smiles;
Whose actions are all double, full of wiles.

AMO. Ah me! Oh, Perigot, my Perigot!
Thou, that wast yesterday without a blot;
Thou, that wast every good, and every thing
That men called blessed.
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;
By this time had I found a quiet room
Where every slave is free, and every breast
That living breeds new care, now lies at rest;
And thither will poor Amoret!

PERI. Thou must.
Was ever any man so loth to trust
His eyes as I? or was there ever yet
Any so like as this to Amoret?
Alack my mind is toss'd, wanders my will
Twixt hate and love—to fondle or to kill.

[*Going.*

AMO. What meanest thou? Thy voice no more I
know,
Oh, hath love craz'd thee? Whither dost thou
go?

PERI. Oh, were I blind speedy the blow should fall
On that false bosom. Amoret, hear my call.
One look from thee, one word will make me
strong,
To slay thy shadow and avenge thy wrong.

[*Exit.*

AMO. Alas, how wild he is! fiercely he flung
Away from me a threat upon his tongue,
And in his eyes I saw a flame that said,
Amid his fitful speech—his love was dead.
Perigot, come back to me.

■ [*Exit. Soon after a cry is heard from Amoret.*

Shepherds, *singing, cross the back of the stage.*
Daphnis among them.

Enter SATYR, carrying AMORET.

SAT. See, fair goddess, in the wood
They have let out yet more blood:
Some savage man hath struck her breast,

So soft and white, that no wild beast
 Durst have touch'd, asleep, or 'wake ;
 So sweet, that adder, newt, or snake,
 Would have lain from arm to arm,
 On her bosom to be warm
 All a night, and, being hot,
 Gone away, and stung her not.
 Quickly clap herbs to her breast.
 A man sure is a kind of beast !

CLO. Hold, Satyr, hold, and take this glass,
 Quickly sprinkle all the place,
 And stand you still whilst I do dress
 Her wound, for fear the pain increase.

SAT. From this glass I throw a drop

[Sprinkling the ground.]

Of crystal water on the top
 Of every grass, on flowers a pair ;
 Send a fume, and keep the air
 Pure and wholesome, sweet and bless'd,
 'Till this virgin's wound be dress'd.

[Exit SATYR carrying AMORET in the bower.]

SAT. Sleep crown thine eyes, and ease thy pain ;
 Mayest thou soon be well again !

Enter THENOT.

CLO. See where he comes ! Did ever man but he
 Love any woman for her constancy
 To her dead lover, but I soon will free
 Him from his pain, and keep my loyalty !—
 Shepherd, look up.

THE. Thy brightness doth amaze !
 So Phœbus may at noon bid mortals gaze ;
 Thy glorious constancy appears so bright,
 I dare not meet the beams with my weak sight.

CLO. Why dost thou pine away thyself for me ?

THE. Why dost thou keep such spotless constancy ?

CLO. Thou holy shepherd, see what, for thy sake,
 Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake.

[He starts.]

THE. Think yet, dear Clorin, of your love ; how true,
 If you had died, he would have been to you.

CLO. Yet all I'll lose for thee—

- THE. Think but how bless'd
 A constant woman is above the rest !
 How much more pleasant had it been to me
 To die, than to behold this change in thee !
- CLO. Insult not now, I've ventured all my fame.
- THE. Thou hast not ventured, but bought certain
 shame !
 I hate thee now !—Yet turn !
- CLO. Be just to me :
 Shall I at once both lose my fame and thee ?
- THE. Thou hadst no fame ; that which thou didst
 like good
 Was but thy appetite that sway'd thy blood
 For that time to the best : For as a blast
 That through a house comes, usually doth cast
 Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
 And blow some one thing to his proper room ;
 So did thy appetite, and not thy zeal,
 Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.
 Farewell. Farewell, all hope ! for whilst I
 thought
 There was one good, I fear'd to find one naught :
 But since their minds I all alike espy,
 Henceforth I'll chuse as others, by mine eye !
 [Exit.
- CLO. Blest be ye powers that gave such quick
 redress,
 And for my labours sent so good success !
 I rather chuse, though I a woman be,
 He should speak ill of all, than die for me.
 [Exit.

*Enter Old Shepherd and Priest,
 bringing in THENOT.*

- PRIEST. Dost thou not blush, young shepherd, to
 be known,
 Thus without care leaving thy flocks alone,
 And following what desire, and present blood
 Shapes out before thee ?
- THE. 'Twas a holy vow
 That hither drew me out, which I have now
 Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give
 Fresh pastures to my sheep, that they may live.

PRIEST. 'Tis good to hear you, shepherd, if the
heart
In this well-sounding music bear his part.
Where have you left the rest ?

THE. I have not seen
Any of that train since upon this green
We met to fold our flocks up ; no one found ;
Yet have I walked these woods around,
Still neither wand'ring shepherd did I hear,
Nor sound of living thing, unless it were
The nightingale among the thick-leaved trees,
That sits alone in sorrow.

PRIEST. Go in peace. [Exit THENOT.

Enter DAPHNIS.

OLD SHEP. Here comes another straggler ; sure I
see
A shame in this young shepherd. Daphnis ?

DAPH. He.

PRIEST. Where hast thou left the rest, that should
have been,
Long before this, grazing on the green
Their yet imprisoned flocks ?

DAPH. Thou holy man,
Give me a little breathing, 'till I can
Be able to unfold what I have seen :
Such horror, that the like hath never been
Known to the ear of any shepherd.
For lovely Amoret, that was assured
To lusty Perigot, bleeds out her life
Forced by some iron hand and fatal knife ;
And, also young Alexis.

Enter AMARILLIS, running.

AMAR. If there be
Ever a neighbour-brook, or hollow tree,
Receive my body, close me up from him,
That follows at my heels !
Thou god of shepherds, Pan, for her dear sake
That loves the rivers' brinks and still doth
shake
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit !
Let me be made a reed, and ever mute,
Nod to the waters' fall, whilst every blast
Sings through my slender leaves.

PRIEST. Now, child, at last
 Be comforted ; the holy Gods are still
 Revengers of these wrongs.

AMAR. Thou blessed man,
 Honour'd upon these plains, and loved of Pan,
 Hear me and save. I am not now
 That wanton Amarillis ! here I vow
 To Heaven, that never after I'll endure
 The tongues, or company of men impure !
 I hear him come ! save me ! haste to save me !

PRIEST. Peace, peace, my child. Retire a while
 with me.

[*They retire.*]

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

SULLEN SHEP. Dear Amarillis, fly me not so fast.
 I fear the pointed brambles have unlaced
 Thy golden buskins ; turn again and see
 Thy shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
 Able to give thee all content and ease.
 I am not bashful, virgin ; I can please,
 And give thee many kisses. Why dost fly ?
 Remember, Amarillis, it was I
 That kill'd Alexis for thy sake, and set
 An everlasting hate 'twixt Amoret
 And her beloved Perigot ; 'twas I
 That drowned her in the well, where she must lie
 Till time shall leave to be. Then turn again,
 Turn with thy open arms, and clip the swain
 That hath performed all this ; turn, turn, I say,
 I must not be deluded.

PRIEST. [*Coming forward.*] Monster, stay !
 Thou that art like a canker to the State
 Thou livest and breathest in, eating with debate
 Through every honest breast ; whose sinful
 hand
 Would seize upon this virgin, that doth stand
 Yet trembling here ! Now take this beast along
 Where he may suffer penance for his wrong.

*Enter PERIGOT, he lies at foot of tree to sleep, while the
 following song is sung off the stage:—*

SONG.

Care-charming sleep, thou easer of all woes,
 Brother to death, sweetly thyself dispose
 On 'his afflicted boy ; fall like a cloud,
 In gentle showers ; give nothing that is loud,
 Or painful to his slumbers ; easy, light,
 And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
 Pass by his troubled senses ; sing his pain
 Like hollow murmuring wind or rippling rain
 Into this shepherd gently, gently slide,
 And kiss him into slumbers like a bride !

PERI. Amoret, 'twas but a dream My wronged
 love,

If thy sweet spirit in the air yet move
 Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand
 All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand.
 It will not cleanse. Oh, to what sacred flood
 Shall I resort, to wash away this blood ?
 The holy Clorin p'rhaps will take some care,
 To make my hand, with chaste blood stained,
 fair.

That done, not far hence, underneath some tree
 I'll have a little cabin built, since she,
 Whom I ador'd, is dead. Thus far off I'll stand,
 And call her forth ; for my unhallow'd hand
 I dare not bring so near yon sacred place.—
 Clorin,

CLO. [*Within.*] Come near ! and let me see thy face.

PERI. I dare not.

CLO. Satyr, see
 Who it is that calls on me.

SAT. [*Coming out of the Bower.*] There at hand
 some swain doth stand,
 Stretching out a blood stain'd hand.

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

CLO. [*Comes forth.*] What wonders have been here !
 Come, now, stretch forth thy hand, young
 swain,
 Wash and rub it, whilst I rain
 Holy water.

PERI. Still you pour,
 But my hand will never scour.

CLO. Satyr, bring him to the bower.

We will try the sovereign power
Of other waters.

SAT. Mortal, sure
'Tis the blood of maiden pure
That stains thee so!

*As the SATYR leads him to the Bower, he meets AMORET,
and kneels down before her.*

PERI. Whate'er thou be,
Be'st thou her sprite, or some divinity,
That in her shape thinks good to walk this
grove,
Pardon poor Perigot!

AMO. I am thy love,
Thy Amoret, oh, could'st thou love me yet,
How soon could I my former griefs forget!

PERI. My Amoret, has thou power to forgive?

AMO. Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to live.
More welcome now, than hadst thou never gone
Astray from me!

PERI. And when thou lov'st alone,
And not I thee, death, or some ling'ring pain
That's worse, light on me!

CLO. Now your stain
Perhaps will cleanse thee; once again.
See, the blood that erst did stay,
With the water drops away.
Join your hands, and rise together.
Pan be bless'd that brought you hither!

Enter Priest and Old Shepherd, followed by others.

What new event? Why dost thou seek this
place.

PRIEST. First, honour'd virgin, to behold thy face,
Where all good dwells that is; next, for to see
The truth of late report was given to me:
Those shepherds that have met with foul
mischance,
Through much neglect, and more ill governance,
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure
The open air, or stay a longer cure;
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light
Upon those guilty wretches, through whose
spite

All this confusion fell : for to this place,
 Thou holy maiden, have I brought the race
 Of these offenders, who have freely told,
 Both why, and by what means, they gave this
 bold

Attempt upon their lives.

CLO. Fume all the ground,
 And sprinkle holy water ; for unsound
 And foul infection 'gins to fill the air.—
 It gathers yet more strongly ; take a pair

[*The SATYR sprinkles the place with water, and then
 perfumes it with frankincense.*]

Of censors fill'd with incense : hie thee fast,
 Thou holy man ; and banish from the chaste
 These manlike monsters ; let them never more
 Be known upon these downs, but long before
 The next sun's rising, put them from the sight
 And memory of every honest wight.

[*Exit Priest.*]

PERI. Alas, poor heart, how much I was abused !

AMO. Leave off to grieve, and in despite of ill,
 Let us once more, give hands and hearts.

PERI. Else double vengeance, fall on my disloyalty.

AMO. Thus, shepherd, with a kiss, let envy die.

Re-enter PRIEST.

PRIEST. Bright maid, I have perform'd your will ;
 the swain

In whom such heat and black rebellious reign
 Hath undergone your sentence, and disgrace :
 Only the maid I have reserved, whose face
 Shews much amendment ; many a tear doth fall
 In sorrow of her fault : Great fair, recall
 Your heavy doom, in hope of better days,
 Which I dare promise ; once again upraise
 Her heavy spirit, that near drowned lies
 In self-consuming care that never dies.

CLO. I am content ; go, Satyr, try her hand :

[*Exit Satyr.*]

If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
 To be so still, we have perform'd a work
 Worthy the gods themselves.

Re-enter Satyr, with AMARILLIS.

SAT. Come do not hide with grief and shame ;
 Now or never get a name
 That may raise thee, and re-cure
 All thy life that was impure.
 See the water changes not !
 Go thy ways ; let never spot
 Henceforth seize npon thy blood :
 Thank the gods, and still be good !

CLO. Now, holy man, I offer up again
 These patients, full of health, and free from pain ;
 Keep them from after-ills.

SAT. Fairest, brightest,
 Thou most powerful maid, and whitest,
 Thou most virtuous and most sweetest,
 What new service now is metest
 For the Satyr ?

CLO. Nothing but thy watch
 About these thicks, lest harmless people catch
 Mischief or sad mischance,

SAT. Holy virgin, I will dance
 Round about these woods and vales
 Faster than the windmill-sails. [Exit.

PRIEST. Kneel, every shepherd, while with power-
 ful hand
 I bless your after-labours, and the land.
 Now rise and go ; and, as ye pass away,
 Sing to the God of Sheep that happy lay
 That honest Dorus taught ye ; Dorus, he
 That was the soul and god of melody.

PER.

[They sing, and strew the ground with flowers.

THE SONG.

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

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd. Daffadillies,
Roses, pinks, and loved lillies,
Let us fling,
While we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung!

FINIS.

