

**BEAUMONT FRANCIS, FLETCHER
JOHN**

**THE FAITHFUL
SHEPHERDESS**

John Fletcher
Francis Beaumont
The Faithful Shepherdess

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The Faithful Shepherdess / The Works of Francis Beaumont and John
Fletcher (Volume 2 of 10).:*

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Francis Beaumont
The Faithful Shepherdess /
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Actus Primus. Scena Prima

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

Hail, holy Earth, whose cold Arms do imbrace
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful *Thessaly*,
Thus I salute thy Grave, thus do I pay
My early vows, and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still loved ashes; thus I free
My self from all insuing heats and fires
Of love: all sports, delights and jolly games
That Shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth brows be begirt
With youthful Coronals, and lead the Dance;

No more the company of fresh fair Maids
And wanton Shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell, when the cool wind
Plays on the leaves: all be far away,
Since thou art far away; by whose dear side
How often have I sat Crown'd with fresh flowers
For summers Queen, whil'st every Shepherds Boy
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
And hanging scrip of finest Cordevan.
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy dear memorie;
That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring
Whilest there are pipes, or jolly Shepherds sing.
And here will I in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy Grave, forgetting all those joys,
That former times made precious to mine eyes,
Only remembring what my youth did gain
In the dark, hidden vertuous use of Herbs:
That will I practise, and as freely give
All my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
Of all green wounds I know the remedies
In Men or Cattel, be they stung with Snakes,
Or charm'd with powerful words of wicked Art,
Or be they Love-sick, or through too much heat
Grown wild or Lunatick, their eyes or ears
Thickned with misty filme of dulling Rheum,
These I can Cure, such secret vertue lies
In Herbs applyed by a Virgins hand:

My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
Berries, and Chesnuts, Plantanes, on whose Cheeks,
The Sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
Pull'd from the fair head of the staight grown Pine;
On these I'll feed with free content and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

Enter a Satyr.

Satyr. Through yon same bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods have I run,
Whose bottom never kist the Sun
Since the lusty Spring began,
All to please my master *Pan*,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him Fruit; for at a Feast
He entertains this coming night
His Paramour, the *Syrinx* bright:
But behold a fairer sight! [*He stands amazed.*
By that Heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods, for in thy face
Shines more awful Majesty,
Than dull weak mortalitie
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live: therefore on this mold
Lowly do I bend my knee,

In worship of thy Deitie;
Deign it Goddess from my hand,
To receive what e're this land
From her fertile Womb doth send
Of her choice Fruits: and but lend
Belief to that the Satyre tells,
Fairer by the famous wells,
To this present day ne're grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be Grapes whose lusty bloud
Is the learned Poets good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of *Bacchus*, Nuts more brown
Than the Squirrels Teeth that crack them;
Deign O fairest fair to take them.
For these black ey'd *Driope*
Hath oftentimes commanded me,
With my clasped knee to clime;
See how well the lusty time
Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread,
Here be Berries for a Queen,
Some be red, some be green,
These are of that luscious meat,
The great God *Pan* himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong,

Till when humbly leave I take,
Lest the great *Pan* do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad Beeches shade,
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery Sun. [*Exit.*

Clo. And all my fears go with thee.
What greatness or what private hidden power,
Is there in me to draw submission
From this rude man, and beast? sure I am mortal:
The Daughter of a Shepherd, he was mortal:
And she that bore me mortal: prick my hand
And it will bleed: a Fever shakes me,
And the self same wind that makes the young Lambs shrink,
Makes me a cold: my fear says I am mortal:
Yet I have heard (my Mother told it me)
And now I do believe it, if I keep
My Virgin Flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No Goblin, Wood-god, Fairy, Elfe, or Fiend,
Satyr or other power that haunts the Groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires;
Or voyces calling me in dead of night,
To make me follow, and so tole me on
Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruine:
Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners, nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself, and more mishapen,

Thus mildly kneel to me? sure there is a power
In that great name of Virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines: then strong Chastity
Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell
In opposition against Fate and Hell.

Enter an old Shepherd, with him four couple of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy Festival
In honour of our great God, and his rites
Perform'd, prepare your selves for chaste
And uncorrupted fires: that as the Priest,
With powerful hand shall sprinkle on [your] Brows
His pure and holy water, ye may be
From all hot flames of lust, and loose thoughts free.
Kneel Shepherds, kneel, here comes the Priest of *Pan*.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Shepherds, thus I purge away,
Whatsoever this great day,
Or the past hours gave not good,
To corrupt your Maiden blood:
From the high rebellious heat
Of the Grapes, and strength of meat;
From the wanton quick desires,
They do kindle by their fires,

I do wash you with this water,
Be you pure and fair hereafter.
From your Liver and your Veins,
Thus I take away the stains.
All your thoughts be smooth and fair,
Be ye fresh and free as Air.
Never more let lustful heat
Through your purged conduits beat,
Or a plighted troth be broken,
Or a wanton verse be spoken
In a Shepherdesse ear;
Go your wayes, ye are all clear.

[They rise and sing in praise of Pan.]

The SONG

*Sing his praises that doth keep
Our Flocks from harm,
Pan the Father of our Sheep,
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
Whilest the hollow neighbouring ground
Fills the Musick with her sound.*

*Pan, O great God Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing:*

Thou that keep'st us chaste and free

As the young spring,

Ever be thy honour spoke,

From that place the morn is broke,

To that place Day doth unyoke.

[*Exeunt omnes but Perigot and Amoret.*

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

Amo. Speak; I give

Thee freedom Shepherd, and thy tongue be still

The same it ever was; as free from ill,

As he whose conversation never knew

The Court or City be thou ever true.

Peri. When I fall off from my affection,

Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,

First let our great God cease to keep my flocks,

That being left alone without a guard,

The Wolf, or Winters rage, Summers great heat,

And want of Water, Rots; or what to us

Of ill is yet unknown, full speedily,

And in their general ruine let me feel.

Amo. I pray thee gentle Shepherd wish not so,

I do believe thee: 'tis as hard for me

To think thee false, and harder than for thee

To hold me foul.

Peri. O you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
That guides the wandring Sea-men through the deep,
Straighter than straightest Pine upon the steep
Head of an aged mountain, and more white
Than the new Milk we strip before day-light
From the full fraughted bags of our fair flocks:
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
Of young *Apollo*.

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

Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy Oaths,
I've sent to Heaven? did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand in hostage? Do not then
Give back again those sweets to other men,
You your self vow'd were mine.

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

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

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

Peri. O do not wrong my honest simple truth,
My self and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
Of the great *Dian*: only my intent
To draw you thither, was to plight our troths,
With enterchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of our selves:
For to that holy wood is consecrate
A vertuous well, about whose flowry banks,
The nimble-footed Fairies dance their rounds,
By the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen Children, so to make them free
From dying flesh, and dull mortalitie;
By this fair Fount hath many a Shepherd sworn,
And given away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither envy, nor old time

Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given,
In hope of coming happiness; by this
Fresh Fountain many a blushing Maid
Hath crown'd the head of her long loved Shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Layes of his love and dear Captivitie;
There grows all Herbs fit to cool looser flames
Our sensual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,
And quenching by their power those hidden sparks
That else would break out, and provoke our sense
To open fires, so vertuous is that place:
Then gentle Shepherdess, believe and grant,
In troth it fits not with that face to scant
Your faithful Shepherd of those chaste desires
He ever aim'd at, and—

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

Peri. Our great god *Pan* reward thee for that good
Thou hast given thy poor Shepherd: fairest Bud
Of Maiden Vertues, when I leave to be
The true Admirer of thy Chastitie,
Let me deserve the hot polluted Name
Of the wild Woodman, or affect: some Dame,
Whose often Prostitution hath begot
More foul Diseases, than ever yet the hot
Sun bred through his burnings, whilst the Dog
Pursues the raging Lion, throwing Fog,

And deadly Vapour from his angry Breath,
Filling the lower World with Plague and Death. [*Ex.* Am.]

Enter Amaryllis.

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

Peri. Fair Maid, you may.

Am. Then softly thus, I love thee, *Perigot*,
And would be gladder to be lov'd again,
Than the cold Earth is in his frozen arms
To clip the wanton Spring: nay do not start,
Nor wonder that I woo thee, thou that art
The prime of our young Grooms, even the top
Of all our lusty Shepherds! what dull eye
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath seen thee wrestle, run, or cast the Stone
With nimble strength and fair delivery,
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighbouring Veins?
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
That freedom back, was lent unto thy Voice;
Then do not blame me (Shepherd) if I be
One to be numbred in this Companie,
Since none that ever saw thee yet, were free.

Peri. Fair Shepherdess, much pity I can lend

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

Ama. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most unkind of men!
If I were old, or had agreed with Art
To give another Nature to my Cheeks,
Or were I common Mistress to the love
Of every Swain, or could I with such ease
Call back my Love, as many a Wanton doth;
Thou might'st refuse me, Shepherd; but to thee
I am only fixt and set, let it not be
A Sport, thou gentle Shepherd to abuse
The love of silly Maid.

Peri. Fair Soul, ye use
These words to little end: for know, I may
Better call back that time was Yesterday,
Or stay the coming Night, than bring my Love
Home to my self again, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delays,
This present night I have appointed been
To meet that chaste Fair (that enjoys my Soul)
In yonder Grove, there to make up our Loves.
Be not deceiv'd no longer, chuse again,

These neighbouring Plains have many a comely Swain,
Fresher, and freer far than I e'r was,
Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.
Farewel, be happy in a better Choice. [*Exit.*]

Ama. Cruel, thou hast struck me deader with thy Voice
Than if the angry Heavens with their quick flames
Had shot me through: I must not leave to love,
I cannot, no I must enjoy thee, Boy,
Though the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite: there is a Shepherd dwells
Down by the Moor, whose life hath ever shown
More sullen Discontent than *Saturns* Brow,
When he sits frowning on the Births of Men:
One that doth wear himself away in loneness;
And never joys unless it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutual Souls:
One that lusts after [every] several Beauty,
But never yet was known to love or like,
Were the face fairer, or more full of truth,
Than *Phoebe* in her fulness, or the youth
Of smooth *Lyaeus*; whose nigh starved flocks
Are always scabby, and infect all Sheep
They feed withal; whose Lambs are ever last,
And dye before their waining, and whose Dog
Looks like his Master, lean, and full of scurf,
Not caring for the Pipe or Whistle: this man may
(If he be well wrought) do a deed of wonder,
Forcing me passage to my long desires:

And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose,
As my quick thoughts could wish for.

Enter Shepherd.

Shep. Fresh Beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
Thus to be Partner of your loneness: 'twas
My Love (that ever working passion) drew
Me to this place to seek some remedy
For my sick Soul: be not unkind and fair,
For such the mighty Cupid in his doom
Hath sworn to be aveng'd on; then give room
To my consuming Fires, that so I may
Enjoy my long Desires, and so allay
Those flames that else would burn my life away.

Ama. Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were sound
As thy words seem to be, means might be found
To cure thee of thy long pains; for to me
That heavy youth-consuming Miserie
The love-sick Soul endures, never was pleasing;
I could be well content with the quick easing
Of thee, and thy hot fires, might it procure
Thy faith and farther service to be sure.

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

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

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

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

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the times, or men, that thus
After this holy Feast I pass unknown
And unsaluted? 'twas not wont to be
Thus frozen with the younger companie
Of jolly Shepherds; 'twas not then held good,
For lusty Grooms to mix their quicker blood
With that dull humour, most unfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull Chastitie.
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my fold
Drive not a flock sufficient great, to gain

The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring Swain:
Yet if I may believe what others say,
My face has soil enough; nor can they lay
Justly too strict a Coyness to my Charge;
My Flocks are many, and the Downs as large
They feed upon: then let it ever be
Their Coldness, not my Virgin Modestie
Makes me complain.

Enter Thenot.

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

Clo. Shepherd, I pray thee stay, where hast thou been?
Or whither go'st thou? here be Woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet,
As where smooth *Zephyrus* plays on the fleet
Face of the curled Streams, with Flowers as many
As the young Spring gives, and as choise as any;
Here be all new Delights, cool Streams and Wells,
Arbors o'rgrown with Woodbinds, Caves, and Dells,
Chase where thou wilt, whilst I sit by, and sing,
Or gather Rushes to make many a Ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of Love,

How the pale *Phoebe* hunting in a Grove,
First saw the Boy *Endymion*, from whose Eyes
She took eternal fire that never dyes;
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy to the steep
Head of old *Latmus*, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the Mountain with her Brothers light,
To kiss her sweetest.

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

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

The. You may, and by her Vertue learn to square
And level out your Life; for to be fair
And nothing vertuous, only fits the Eye
Of gaudy Youth, and swelling Vanitie.

Then know, she's call'd the Virgin of the Grove,
She that hath long since bury'd her chaste Love,
And now lives by his Grave, for whose dear Soul
She hath vow'd her self into the holy Roll
Of strict Virginitie; 'tis her I so admire,
Not any looser Blood, or new desire.

Clo. Farewel poor Swain, thou art not for my bend,
I must have quicker Souls, whose works may tend
To some free action: give me him dare love
At first encounter, and as soon dare prove.

The SONG

Come Shepherds, come,
Come away without delay
Whilst the gentle time dot[h] stay.
Green Woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any
Those dear Kisses, and those many
Sweet Embraces that are given
Dainty Pleasures that would even
Raise in coldest Age a fire,
And give Virgin Blood desire,
Then if ever,
Now or never,

Come and have it,
Think not I,
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

Enter Daphnis.

Here comes another: better be my speed,
Thou god of Blood: but certain, if I read
Not false, this is that modest Shepherd, he
That only dare salute, but ne'r could be
Brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or sing,
Whisper, or boldly ask that wished thing
We all are born for; one that makes loving Faces,
And could be well content to covet Graces,
Were they not got by boldness; in this thing
My hopes are frozen; and but Fate doth bring
Him hither, I would sooner chuse
A Man made out of Snow, and freer use
An Eunuch to my ends: but since he's here,
Thus I attempt him. Thou of men most dear,
Welcome to her, that only for thy sake,
Hath been content to live: here boldly take
My hand in pledg, this hand, that never yet
Was given away to any: and but sit
Down on this rushy Bank, whilst I go pull
Fresh Blossoms from the Boughs, or quickly cull
The choicest delicates from yonder Mead,
To make thee Chains, or Chaplets, or to spread

Under our fainting Bodies, when delight
Shall lock up all our senses. How the sight
Of those smooth rising Cheeks renew the story
Of young *Adonis*, when in Pride and Glory
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
Of willing *Venus*: methinks stronger Charms
Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow
More sweetness than the Painters can allow
To their best pieces: not *Narcissus*, he
That wept himself away in memorie
Of his own Beauty, nor *Silvanus* Boy,
Nor the twice ravish'd Maid, for whom old *Troy*
Fell by the hand of *Pirrhus*, may to thee
Be otherwise compar'd, than some dead Tree
To a young fruitful Olive.

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

Clo. Happy thou would'st say,
My dearest *Daphnis*, blush not, if the day
To thee and thy soft heats be enemie,
Then take the coming Night, fair youth 'tis free
To all the World, Shepherd, I'll meet thee then
When darkness hath shut up the eyes of men,
In yonder Grove: speak, shall our Meeting hold?
Indeed you are too bashful, be more bold,
And tell me I.

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

Clo. Shepherd, thou hast thy Wish.

Daph. Fresh Maid, adieu:
Yet one word more, since you have drawn me on
To come this Night, fear not to meet alone
That man that will not offer to be ill,
Though your bright self would ask it, for his fill
Of this Worlds goodness: do not fear him then,
But keep your 'pointed time; let other men
Set up their Bloods to sale, mine shall be ever
Fair as the Soul it carries, and unchast never. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty Bloods, I should pick out these things
Whose Veins like a dull River far from Springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit
For stream or motion, though the strong winds hit
With their continual power upon his sides?
O happy be your names that have been brides,
And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine:
And far more heavy be thy grief and time,
Thou lazie swain, that maist relieve my needs,
Than his, upon whose liver alwayes feeds
A hungry vultur.

Enter Alexis.

Ale. Can such beauty be
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze,
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giving rein
And wished freedom to the labouring vein?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
The cause of your retirement, why ye goe
Thus all alone? methinks the downs are sweeter,
And the young company of swains far meeter,
Than those forsaken and untroden places.
Give not your self to loneness, and those graces
Hid from the eyes of men, that were intended
To live amongst us swains.

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

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

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

Cloe. Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the Sea,
Taking his rest by the white *Thetis* side,
Meet in the holy wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, Shepherd.

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

Cloe. My name shall be your word.

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

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

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima

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

Priest. O Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the Air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is:
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright *Hesperus* down calling
The dead night from under ground,
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps, and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o're the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom;
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his loved flock,
And let your Dogs lye loose without,
Lest the Wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and e're day
Bear a Lamb or kid away,

Or the crafty theevish Fox,
Break upon your simple flocks:
To secure your selves from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
Let one eye his watches keep,
Whilst the t'other eye doth sleep;
So you shall good Shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eye-lids: so farewell,
Thus I end my evenings knel. [*Exeunt.*]

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

Clor. Now let me know what my best Art hath done,
Helpt by the great power of the vertuous moon
In her full light; O you sons of Earth,
You only brood, unto whose happy birth
Vertue was given, holding more of nature
Than man her first born and most perfect creature,
Let me adore you; you that only can
Help or kill nature, drawing out that span
Of life and breath even to the end of time;
You that these hands did crop, long before prime
Of day; give me your names, and next your hidden power.
This is the *Clote* bearing a yellow flower,
And this black Horehound, both are very good

For sheep or Shepherd, bitten by a wood-
Dogs venom'd tooth; these Ramuns branches are,
Which stuck in entries, or about the bar
That holds the door fast, kill all inchantments, charms,
Were they *Medeas* verses that doe harms
To men or cattel; these for frenzy be
A speedy and a sovereign remedie,
The bitter Wormwood, Sage, and Marigold,
Such sympathy with mans good they do hold;
This Tormentil, whose vertue is to part
All deadly killing poyson from the heart;
And here *Narcissus* roots for swellings be:
Yellow *Lysimachus*, to give sweet rest
To the faint Shepherd, killing where it comes
All busie gnats, and every fly that hums:
For leprosie, Darnel, and Sellondine,
With Calamint, whose vertues do refine
The blood of man, making it free and fair
As the first hour it breath'd, or the best air.
Here other two, but your rebellious use
Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse;
Therefore foul Standergrass, from me and mine
I banish thee, with lustful Turpentine,
You that intice the veins and stir the heat
To civil mutiny, scaling the seat
Our reason moves in, and deluding it
With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit
Of burning lust be quencht; by appetite,
Robbing the soul of blessedness and light:

And thou light *Varvin* too, thou must go after,
Provoking easie souls to mirth and laughter;
No more shall I dip thee in water now,
And sprinkle every post, and every bough
With thy well pleasing juyce, to make the grooms
Swell with high mirth, as with joy all the rooms.

Enter Thenot.

The. This is the Cabin where the best of all
Her Sex, that ever breath'd, or ever shall
Give heat or happiness to the Shepherds side,
Doth only to her worthy self abide.
Thou blessed star, I thank thee for thy light,
Thou by whose power the darkness of sad night
Is banisht from the Earth, in whose dull place
Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
Of all the world, making the blue Sea smile,
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
Thy Brother of his brightness, giving day
Again from *Chaos*, whiter than that way
That leads to *Joves* high Court, and chaster far
Than chastity it self, yon blessed star
That nightly shines: Thou, all the constancie
That in all women was, or e're shall be,
From whose fair eye-balls flyes that holy fire,
That Poets stile the Mother of desire,
Infusing into every gentle brest
A soul of greater price, and far more blest

Than that quick power, which gives a difference,
'Twi't man and creatures of a lower sense.

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

Th. Chaster than the morn,
I have not wandred, or by strong illusion
Into this vertuous place have made intrusion:
But hither am I come (believe me fair)
To seek you out, of whose great good the air
Is full, and strongly labours, whilst the sound
Breaks against Heaven, and drives into a stound
The amazed Shepherd, that such vertue can
Be resident in lesser than a man.

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

The. 'Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vein
Conveyes infection dangerous to the heart,

No part impostum'd to be cur'd by Art,
This body holds; and yet a feller grief
Than ever skilfull hand did give relief
Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,
Fair beauteous Virgin.

Clor. Then Shepherd, let me sue
To know thy grief; that man yet never knew
The way to health, that durst not shew his sore.

Then. Then fairest, know, I love you.

C[l]lor. Swain, no more,
Thou hast abus'd the strictness of this place,
And offred Sacrilegious foul disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interred bones,
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very soul with horror.

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

Clor. Dar'st thou abide
To see this holy Earth at once divide
And give her body up? for sure it will,
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
This hallowed place; therefore repent and goe,

Whilst I with praise appease his Ghost below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be
A rival in that vertuous love that he
Imbraces yet.

Then. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Though it be full and fair, your forehead high,
And smooth as *Pelops* shoulder; not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easie soul, your hands and fingers long
With veins inamel'd richly, nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter than *Arions* Harp,
Your hair wove into many a curious warp,
Able in endless errour to infold
The wandring soul, nor the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth show
In Maiden whiteness as the Alpsian snow.
All these, were but your constancie away,
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched Seaman toyling through the deep.
But whilst this honour'd strictness you dare keep,
Though all the plagues that e're begotten were
In the great womb of air, were setled here,
In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
Even in the arm of danger.

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

Then. Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant;
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint:
Remember how he lov'd ye, and be still
The same Opinion speaks ye; let not will,
And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again; do not invite
Desire and fancie from their long exile,
To set them once more in a pleasing smile:
Be like a rock made firmly up 'gainst all
The power of angry Heaven, or the strong fall
Of *Neptunes* battery; if ye yield, I die
To all affection; 'tis that loyaltie
Ye tie unto this grave I so admire;
And yet there's something else I would desire,
If you would hear me, but withall deny.
O *Pan*, what an uncertain destiny
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire,
For if I longer stay, this double fire
Will lick my life up.

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

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

Clor. The gods give quick release
And happy cure unto thy hard disease. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sullen. I do not love this wench that I should meet,
For ne'r did my unconstant eye yet greet
That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair,
Than the new blossoms, when the morning air
Blows gently on the[m], or the breaking light,
When many maiden blushes to our sight
Shoot from his early face: were all these set
In some neat form before me, 'twould not get
The least love from me; some desire it might,
Or present burning: all to me in sight
Are equal, be they fair, or black, or brown,
Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown
My appetite with any; swear as oft
And weep, as any, melt my words as soft

Into a maiden[s] ears, and tell how long
My heart has been her servant, and how strong
My passions are: call her unkind and cruel,
Offer her all I have to gain the Jewel
Maidens so highly prize: then loath, and fly:
This do I hold a blessed destiny.

Enter Amaryllis.

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

Sul. Welcom fair Shepherdess, thy loving swain
Gives thee the self same wishes back again,
Who till this present hour ne're knew that eye,
Could make me cross mine arms, or daily dye
With fresh consumings: boldly tell me then,
How shall we part their faithful loves, and when?
Shall I bely him to her, shall I swear
His faith is false, and he loves every where?
I'le say he mockt her th' other day to you,
Which will by your confirming shew as true,
For he is of so pure an honesty,
To think (because he will not) none will lye:
Or else to him I'le slander *Amoret*,
And say, she but seems chaste; I'le swear she met
Me 'mongst the shady Sycamores last night
And loosely offred up her flame and spright

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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