

I dote upon thee more than that young
lamb
Doth on the bag that feeds him from
his dam!
Were there a sort¹ of wolves got in
my fold,
Add one ran after thee, both young and
old
Should be devoured, and it should be
my strife 280
To save thee whom I love above my
life.

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

Another bed, and dost my side refuse?

PERI. 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts
might be shown

'Twixt thee and me, although we were
alone.

AMAR. Come, Perigot will show 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. [Comes to him.]

PERI. What means my love?

AMAR. To do as lovers should, 290

That are to be enjoyed, not to be wooed.
There's ne'er a shepherdess in all the
plain

Can kiss thee with more art; there's
none can feign

More wanton tricks.

PERI. Forbear, dear soul, to try
Whether my heart be pure; I'll rather
die

Than nourish one thought to dishonor
thee.

AMAR. Still think'st thou such a thing
as chastity

Is amongst women? Perigot, there's
none

That with her love is in a wood alone,
And would come home a maid; be not
abused 300

With thy fond first belief; let time be
used. [Perigot rises.]

Why dost thou rise?

PERI. My true heart thou hast slain!

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

¹ Peck.

PERI. Let go, thou serpent, that into
my breast

Hast with thy cunning dived!—Art not
in jest?

AMAR. Sweet love, lie 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. O, be as thou wert once, I'll love
thee still!

AMAR. I am as still I was, and all my
kind, 310

Though other shows we have, poor
men to blind.

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
mised,

I end my life! My blood be on thy
head! [Offers to kill himself.]

AMAR. [Rising.] O, hold thy hands, thy
Amoret doth cry!

PERI. Thou counsel'st well; first, Amoret
shall die,

That is the cause of my eternal smart!

He runs after her.

AMAR. O, hold!

PERI. This steel shall pierce thy lustful
heart! [Exeunt.]

*The Sullen Shepherd steps out and uncharms
her.*

SULL. Up and down, everywhere, 320
I strew the herbs to purge the air.

Let your odor 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! [Retires.]

*Enter Amarillis [in her own shape]² [fol-
lowed by Perigot].*

AMAR. Forbear, thou gentle swain! Thou
dost mistake; 330

She whom thou follow'dst fled into the
brake,

² From 1629 edn.

- And, as I crossed thy way, I met thy
wrath,
The only fear of which near slain me hath.
PERI. Pardon, fair shepherdess; my rage
and night
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, 339
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 shows, and yet her breath infests
the air!
AMO. My Perigot!
PERI. Here.
AMO. Happy!
PERI. Hapless! First
It lights on thee; the next blow is the
worst. *[Wounds her.]*
AMO. Stay, Perigot! My love, thou art un-
just. *[Falls.]*
PERI. Death is the best reward that's
due to lust. *Exit Perigot.*
SULL. *[Aside.]* Now shall their love be
crossed, for, being struck,
I'll throw her in the fount, lest being
took
By some night-traveler, whose honest
care 350
May help to cure her—
[Comes forward.]
Shepherdess, prepare
Yourself to die!
AMO. No mercy I do crave.
Thou canst not give a worse blow than
I have.
Tell him that gave me this, who loved
him too,
He struck my soul, and not my body
through;
Tell him, when I am dead, my soul
shall be
At peace, if he but think he injured
me.
- SULL. In this fount be thy grave. Thou
wert not meant
Sure for a woman, thou art so innocent.—
He flings her into the well.
She cannot scape, for, underneath the
ground, 360
In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,
Till on yon side, where the morn's sun
doth look,
The struggling water breaks out in a
brook. *Exit.*
- The God of the River riseth with Amoret in
his arms.*
- GOD. What powerful charms my streams
do bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force that I their god,
Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks?
My fishes shoot into the banks;
There's not one that stays and feeds; 370
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almost dead,
Fall'n into my riverhead,
Hallowed so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell.
'Tis a female young and clear,
Cast in by some ravisher.
See, upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaster bound.
Yet, she's warm; her pulses beat; 380
'Tis a sign of life and heat.—
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure.
Take a drop into thy wound,
From my watery lock[s],¹ more round
Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure.—
See, she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid; 390
I must have this bleeding stayed.
From my banks I pluck this flower
With holy hand, whose virtuous power
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber.—Virgin, speak.
AMO. Who hath restored my sense, given
me new breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of
death?
¹ From 1629 edn.