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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Maid's Metamorphosis

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

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Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Maid's Metamorphosis

1600

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
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The Maid's Metamorphosis

1600

*The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum.
Other copies are in the Bodleian and Magdalen College libraries
respectively. No other old edition has been traced.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE
Maydes Metamor=
phosis.

*As it hath bene fundrie times Acted
by the Children of Powles.*



LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Richard
Oliue, dwelling in long Lane.

1600.

122709
20/6/12

THE
MAYNES MERCHANTS
Prologue

The Prologuc.

THe manifold great fauours we haue found,
By you, to vs poore weaklings still extended:
Whereof your vertues haue bene only ground,
And no desert in vs to be so friended:
Bindes vs some way or other to expresse,
(Though all our all be else defeated quite
Of any meanes) saue dueous thankefulnes,
Which is the utmost measure of our might:
Then to the boundlesse Ocean of your woorth,
This little drop of water we present:
Where though it neuer can be singled foorth,
Let zeale be pleader for our good intent.
Drops not diminish, but encrease great floods:
And mites impaire not, but augment our goods.



LONDON

Printed by Thomas Cotes for Iohn
Iohnson in Long Lane

1663





The Maydes Metamor- phosis.

Enter Phylander, Orestes, Eurymine.

Eurymine.

P *Hylander, and Orestes, what conceyt*
Troubles your silent mindes? Let me intreat
Since we are come thus farre, as we do walke
You would deuise some prettie pleasant talke:

The aire is coole, the euening high and faire,
Why should your cloudie lookes, then shew dispaire?

Phy. Belecue me faire *Eurymine*, my skill
Is simple in discourse, and vtterance ill:

Orestes if he were disposde to trie,
Can better manage such affaires than I.

Eu. Why then *Orestes* let me craue of you
Some olde, or late done story to renew:
Another time you shall request of me
As good, if not, a greater curtesie.

Or. Trust me as now (nor can I shew a reason)
All mirth vnto my mind comes out of season
For inward I am troubled in such sort,
As all vnfit I am to make report
Of any thing may breed the least delight
Rather in teares, I wish the day were night
For neither can my selfe be merry now,
Nor treat of ought that may be likte of you.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

En. Thats but your melancholike old disease,
That neuer are disposde but when ye please.

Ph. Nay mistresse, then since he denies the taske
My selfe will strait accomplish what ye aske:
And though the pleasure in my tale be small,
Yet may it serue to passe the time withall.

En. Thanks good *Phylander*, when you please say on,
Better I deeme a bad discourse, then none.

Phy. Sometime there liu'd a Duke not far from hence,
Mightie in fame, and vertues excellence,
Subiects he had, as readie to obey
As he to rule: beloued euery way,
But that which most of all he gloried in,
(Hope of his age, and comfort of his kin,)
Was the fruition of one onely sonne.

A gallant youth, inferior vnto none
For vertue, shape, or excellence of wit,
That after him vpon his throne might sit.
This youth when once he came to perfect age,
The Duke would faine haue linckt in marriage
With diuers dames of honourable blood,
But stil his fathers purpose he withstood.

En. How, was he not of mettall apt to loue?

Phy. Yes apt enough, as wil the sequel proue.
But so the streame of his affection lay,
As he did leane a quite contrary way,
Disproving still the choyce his father made,
And oftentimes the matter had delaid:
Now giuing hope he would at length consent,
And then again, excusing his intent.

En. What made him so repugnant in his deeds?

Phy. Another loue, which this disorder breeds:
For euen at home within his fathers Court
The Saint was shrinde, whom he did honor most:
A louely dame, a virgin pure and chaste,
And worthy of a Prince to be imbrac'te.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Had but her birth (which was obscure they said)
Answerd her beautie, this their opinion staid.
Yet did this wilful youth affect her still,
And none but she was mistres of his will.
Full often did his father him dissuade,
From liking such a mean and low borne mayde.
The more his father strove to change his minde,
The more the sonne became with fancy blinde.

Eu. Alas, how sped the silly Lovers then?

Phy. As might euen grieue the rude vnciuellst men:
When herevpon to weane his fixed heart
From such dishonour, to his high desert,
The Duke had labourd, but in vaine did striue,
Thus he began his purpose to contriue:
Two of his seruants of vndoubted troth,
He bound by vertue of a solemne oath,
To traine the silly damzel out of sight,
And there in secret to bereaue her quise

Eu. Of what, her life?

Phy. Yes Madame of her life,
Which was the cause of all the former strife.

Eu. And did they kill her?

Phy. You shall heare anon:
The question first must be discided on.
In your opinion, whats your iudgement? say,
Who were most cruell: those that did obay,
Or he that gaue commandment for the fact?

Eu. In each of them it was a bloody act:
Yet they deserue (to speake my mind of both)
Most pardon, that were bound thereto by oath.

Phy. It is enough, we do accept your doome,
To passe vnblam'd, what ere of you become.

Eu. To passe vnblamde, what ere become of me:
What may the meaning of these speeches be?

Phy. *Eurymine*, my trembling tongue doth faile,
My conscience yrkes, my fainting seneces quail:

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

My faltring speech bewraies my guiltie thought,
And stammers at the message we haue brought.

Eu. Ay me, what horror doth inuade my brest?

Or. Nay then *Phylander* I will tell the rest.

Damzell thus fares thy case, demand not why,
You must forthwith prepare your selfe to dye.
Therefore dispatch, and set your mind at rest.

Eu. *Phylander* is it true? or doth he iest?

Phy. There is no remedie but you must dye:

By you I framde my tragicke history.

The Duke my maister, is the man I meant,
His sonne, the Prince, the mayd of meane descent

Your selfe, on whom *Aescanio* so doth doate,

As for no reason may remoue his thought:

Your death the Duke determines by vs two,

To end the loue betwixt his sonne and you:

And for that cause we traide you to this wood,

Where you must sacrifice your dearest blood.

Eu. Respect my teares.

Orest. We must regard our oath,

Eu. My tender yeares.

Or. They are but trifles both.

Eu. Mine innocency.

Or. That would our promise breake,

Dispatch forthwith, we may not heare you speake.

Eu. If neither teares nor innocency moue,

Yet thinke there is a heavenly power aboue.

Orest. Adone, and stand not preaching here all day.

Eu. Then since there is no remedie, I pray

Yet good my maisters, do but stay so long

Till I haue tane my farewell with a song,

Of him whom I shall neuer see againe.

Phy. We will affoord that respit to your paine.

Eu. But least the feare of death appall my mind,

Sweet gentlemen let me this fauour find.

That you wil vale mine eye-sight with this scarfe:

That



The Maydes Metamorphosis.

That when the fatal stroke is aynde at me,
I may not start, but suffer patiently.

Orest. Agreed, giue me, Ile shadow ye from feare,
If this may do it.

Eu. Oh I would it might,
But shadowes want the power to do that right.

Shee sings.

Ye sacred Fyres, and powers aboue,
Forge of desires working loue,
Cast downe your eye, cast downe your eye
Vpon a Mayde in miserie.
My sacrifice is louers blood:
And from eyes salt teares a flood:
All which I spend, all which I spend
For thee *Ascanio*, my deare friend:
And though this houre I must feele
The bitter sower of pricking Steele,
Yet ill or well, yet ill or well
To thee *Ascanio* still farewell.

*Orestes offers to strike her with his Rapier, and is stayed
by Phylander.*

Orest. What meanes *Phylander*?

Phy. Oh forbear thy stroke,
Her pitious mone and gesture might prouoke
Hard flints to ruthe.

Orest. Hast thou forgot thy oath?

Phy. Forgot it? no.

Or. Then wherefore doest thou interrupt me so?

Phy. A sudden terror ouercomes my thought.

Or. The suffer me, that stands in fear of nought.

Phy. Oh hold *Orestes*, heare my reason first.

Or. Is all religion of thy vowe forgot?
Do as thou wilt, but I forget it not.

Phy.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Phy. *Orestes*, if thou standst vpon thine oath,
Let me alone, to answer for vs both.

Or. What answer canst thou giue? I will not stay.

Phy. Nay villain, then my sword shall make me way.

Or. Wilt thou in this, against thy conscience striue?

Phy. I will defend a woman while I liue.

A virgin, and an innocent beside,

Therefore put vp, or else thy chauce abide.

Or. Ile neuer sheath my sword, vnles thou show,

Our oath reserued, we may let her go.

Phy. That will I do, if truth may be of force.

Or. And then wil I be pleas'd to graunt remorse.

Eu. Little thought & when out of doore I went,

That thus my life should stand on argument.

Phy. A lawfull oath in an vnlawfull cause,

Is first dispenc't withall, by reasons lawes :

Then next, respect must to the end be had;

Because th'intent, doth make it good or bad.

Now here th'intent is murder as thou seest,

Which to performe; thou on thy oath reliefst:

But since the cause is wicked and vniust,

Th'effect must likewise be held odious.

We swore to kill, and God forbids to kill:

Shall we be ru'de by him, or by mans will?

Beside it is a woman is condemde:

And what is he that is a man indeed,

That can endure to see a woman bleed?

Or. Thou hast preuaild, *Eurydice* stand vp;

I will not touch thee for a world of gold.

Phy. Why now thou seemst to be of humane mould,

But on our graunt faire mayd that you shall liue,

Will you to vs your faithfull promise giue,

Henceforth t'abandon this your Country quite,

And neuer more returne into the sight.

Of fierce *Telemachus*, the angry Duke,

Whereby we may be voyd of all rebuke?

Eu.



The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Eur. Here do I plight my chaste vnspotted hand,
I will abiure this most accursed land:
And vow henceforth what fortune ere betide,
Within these woods and desarts to abide.

Phy. Now wants there nothing, but a fit excuse,
To sooth the Duke, in his conceiu'd abuse:
That he may be perswaded she is slaine,
And we our wonted fauour still maintaine.

Orest. It shall be thus, within a Lawne hard by,
Obscure with bushes, where no humane eye,
Can any way discover our deceite:
There feeds a heard of Goates, and country neate.
Some Kidde, or other youngling, will we take,
And with our swords dispatch it for her sake.
And hauing slaine it, rip his panting breast,
And take the heart of the vnguiltie beast:
Which to th'intent, our counterfeit report
May seeme more likely, we will beare to court:
And there protest with bloody weapons drawne,
It was her heart.

Phy. Then likewise take this Lawne,
Which well *Telemachus* did know she wore:
And let it be all spotted too with gore.
How say you mistresse, will you spare that vale?

Eur. That or what else, to verifie your tale:
And thanks *Phylander*, and *Orestes* both,
That you preferue me from a Tyrants wroth.

Phy. I would it were within my power, I wis,
To do you greater curtesie then this:
But what we cannot by our deeds expresse
In heart we wish to ease your heauinesse.

Eur. A double debt, yet one word ere ye go,
Commend me to my deare *Ascanio*:
Whose loyall loue, and presence to forgoe,
Doth gall me more then all my other woe.

Orest. Our liues shall neuer want to do him good.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Phy. Nor yet our death, if he in daunger stood:
And mistresse, so good fortune be your guide.

Or. And ought that may be fortunate beside.

(Exeunt.)

Eu. The like I wish vnto your selues againe:
And many happie dayes deuoyd of paine.
And now *Eurydice* record thy state,
So much dejected, and opprest by fate:
What hope remains? wherein hast thou to ioy?
Wherein to triumph, but thine owne annoy?
If euer wretch might tell of miserie,
Then I alas, poore I, am only she:
Vnknowne of parents, destitute of friends,
Hopefull of nought, but what misfortune sends.
Banisht, to liue a fugitiue alone,
In vncooth paths, and regions neuer knowne.
Behold *Aescanio*, for thy only sake,
These tedious trauels I must vndertake:
Nor do I grudge, the paine seemes lesse to mee,
In that I suffer this distresse for thee.

Enter Sinio, a Raunger.

Sil. Wel met fair Nymph, or Goddesse if ye bee:
Tis strange me thinkes, that one of your degree
Should walke these solitary groues alone.

Eu. It were no maruell if you knew my mone.
But what are you that question me so far?

Sil. My habit telles you that, a Forrester:
That hauing lost a heard of skittish Deere,
Was of good hope, I should a found them heere.

Eu. Trust me, I saw not any, so farewell.

Sil. Nay stay: and further of your fortunes tell:
I am not one that meanes you any harme.

Enter Gemulo the shepheard.

Ge. I thinke my Boy be fled away by charme.
Raunger well met: within thy walke I pray,
Sawst thou not *Moyso*, my vnhappie Boy?

Sil.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Sil. Shepheard not I, what meanst to seeke him here?

Ge. Because the wagge, posselt with doubtfull feare,
Least I would beate him for a fault he did :
Amongst those Trees, I do suspect hees hid.
But how now Raunger ? you mistake I rowe,
This is a Lady, and no barren Dowe.

Sil. It is indeede, and as it seemes, distrest,
Whose grieffe to know, I humbly made request :
But she as yet will not reueale the same.

Ge. Perhaps to me she will : speak gentle dame ?
What daunger great hath driuen ye to this place ?
Make knowne your state, and looke what slender grace,
A Shepheards poore abilitie may yeeld,
You shall be sure of, ere I leaue the feeld.

Enr. Alas good Sir, the cause may not be knowne,
That hath inforste me to be here alone.

Sil. Nay feare not to discouer what you are :
It may be we may remedie your care.

En. Since needs you will, that I renew my grieffe,
Whether it be my chance to finde reliefe
Or not, I wreake not : such my crosses are,
As sooner I expect to meete dispaire.
Then thus it is : not farre from hence do dwell
My parents, of the world esteemed well :
Who with their bitter threats, my graūt had won,
This day to marrie with a neighbours son,
And such a one, to whom I should be wife,
As I could neuer fancie in my life.

And therefore to auoyd that endlesse thrall,
This morne I came away and left them all.

Sil. Now trust me virgin, they were much vnkind,
To seeke to match you so against your minde.

Ge. It was beside, vnnaturall constraint :
But by the tenure of your iust complaint,
It seemes you are not minded to returne,
Nor any more to dwell where you were borne.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Eu. It is my purpose, if I might obtaine
A place of refuge where I might remaine.

Sil. Why go with me, my Lodge is not far off,
Where you shall haue such hospitalitie
As shall be for your health and safetic.

Ge. Soft Raunger, you do raunge beyond your skill,
My house is nearer: and for my good will,
It shall exceed a woodmans wooden stufte:
Then go with me, Ile keep you safe enough.

Sil. Ile bring her to a bower beset with Greene.

Ge. And I an arbour, may delight a Queene.

Sil. Her dyet shall be Venson at my boord.

Ge. Yong Kid and Lambe, we shepheards can afford.

Sil. And nothing else?

Ge. Yes, raunging now and then,

A Hog, a Goose, a Capon, ora Hen. (trees.

Sil. These walkes are mine, amongst the shade

Ge. For that I haue, a garden full of Bees,
Whose buzing musick with the flowers sweet,
Each euen and morning, shall her fences greet.

Sil. The Nightingale is my continuall clocke.

Ge. And mine the watchfull, sin-remembring cocke.

Sil. A hunts vp, I can tune her with my hounds.

Ge. And I can shew her meads, and fruitfull grounds.

Sil. Within these woods are many pleasant springs.

Ge. Betwixt yond dales, the Eccho daily sings.

Sil. I maruell that a rusticke shepheard dare
With woodmen then audaciouly compare:
Why, hunting is a pleasure for a King,
And Gods themselues sometime frequent the thing.

Diana with her bowe and arrowes keene,
Did often vse the Chace, in Forrests Greene.
And so alas, the good Athenian knight,
And swift *Acleon* herein tooke delight:
And *Atalanta* the Arcadian dame,

Conceiu'd such wondrous pleasure in the game:

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

That with her traine of Nymphs attending on,
She came to hunt the Bore of *Calydon*.

Ge. So did *Apollo* walk with shepheards crooke,
And many Kings their scepters haue forsooke
To lead the quiet life we shepheards tooke.
Accounting it a refuge for their woe.

Sil. But we take choice of many a pleasant walke
And marke the Deare how they begin to stalke,
When each according to his age and time,
Pricks vp his head, and beares a Princely minde:
The lustie Stag conductor of the traine,
Leads all the heard in order downe the plaine:
The baser rascalls scatter here and there,
As not presuming to approach so neere.

Ge. So shepheards sometime sit vpon a hill,
Or in the cooling shadow of a mill:
And as we sit, vnto our pipes we sing,
And therewith make the neighboring groues to ring.
And when the sun steales downward to the west,
We leaue our chat, and whistle in the fist:
Which is a signall to our stragling flocke,
As Trumpets sound to men in martiall shooke.

Sil. Shall I be thus out-faced by a swaine?
He haue a guard to wayt vpon her traine,
Of gallant woodmen, clad in comely greene:
The like whereof, hath sildome yet bene seene.

Ge. And I of shepheards such a lustie crew,
As neuer Forrester the like yet knew:
Who for their persons and their neate aray,
Shalbe as fresh, as is the moneth of May.
Where are ye there, ye merry noted swaines?
Draw neare a while, and whilst vpon the plaine
Your flocks do gently feed, lets see your skill,
How you with chaunting, can sad sorrow kill.

Enter shepheards singing.

Sil. Thinks *Gemulo* to beare the bell away?

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

By singing of a simple Rundelay?
No, I haue fellowes, whose melodious throates
Shall euen as far exceed those homely notes
As doth the Nightingale in musicke passe,
The most melodious bird that euer was.
And for an instance, here they are at hand,
When they haue done, let our deserts be scand.

Enter wood-men, and sing.

Eu. Thanks to you both, you both deserue so well,
As I want skill your worthinesse to tell:
And both I do commend for your good will,
And both Ile honor, loue and reuerence still:
For neuer virgin had such kindnes showne,
Of strangers, yea, and men to her vnknowne.
But more, to end this sudden controuersie,
Since I am made an vmpier in the plea,
This is my verdict: Ile intreate of you
A Cottage for my dwelling: and of you,
A focke to tend: and so indifferent
My gratefull paines on either shalbe spent.

Sil. I am agreed, and for the loue I beare
Ile boast, I haue a Tenant is so faire.

Ge. And I wil hold it as a rich possession,
That she vouchsafes to be of my profession.

Sil. The for a sign that no man here hath wrong
From hence lets all conduct her with a song.

The end of the first Act.

Actus secundus.

Enter Ascanio, and Ioculo his Page.

Asca. Away Ioculo.

Io. Here sir, at hand.

Asca. Ioculo, where is she?

Io. I know not.

Asca. When went she?

Ioculo.



The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Io. I know not.

Asca. Which way went she?

Io. I know not.

Asca. Where should I seeke her?

Io. I know not.

Asca. When shall I find her?

Io. I know not.

Asca. A vengeance take thee slaue, what dost thou know?

Io. Marry sir, that I doo know.

Asca. What villaine?

Io. And you be so testie, go looke:

What a coyles here with you?

If we knew where she were, what need we seeke her?

I thinke you are lunaticke: where were you

When you should haue lookt after her? now you

Go crying vp and downe after your wench, like

A Boy had lost his horne booke.

Asca. Ah my sweet Boy,

Io. Ah my sweet Maister: nay I can giue you as good

Words as you can giue me: alls one for that.

Asca. What canst thou giue me no reliefe?

Io. Faith sir, there comes not one morsel of comfort

From my lips, to sustaine that hungry mawe

Of your miserie, there is such a dearth at this time,

God amend it.

Asca. A Ioculo, my breast is full of grieffe,

And yet my hope, that only wants reliefe.

Io. Your breast and my belly, are in two contrary kaies,

You walke to get stomacke to your meate,

And I walke to get meate to my stomacker:

Your breast's full, and my belli's emptie.

If they chance to part in this case, God send them

Merry meeting: that my belly be ful, and your breast empty.

Asca. Boy, for the loue that euer thou didst owe,

To thy deare master, poore *Ascanio*,

Racke thy proou'd wits, vnto the highest straine,

To bring me backe *Eurymine* againe.

Ioculo.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Io. Nay master, if wit could do it, I could tell you
More: but if it euer be done, the very legeritic
Of the feete must do it: these ten nimble bones
Must do the deed: He trot like a little dog:
Theres not a bush so big as my beard,
But He be peeping in it: theres not a Coate but
He search euery corner: if she be aboue, or
Beneath, ouer the ground, or vnder, He finde her out.

Asca. Stay *Ioculo*: alas it cannot be:
If we should part, I loose both her and thee:
The woods are wide: and wandring thus about,
Thou maist be lost: and not my Loue found out.

Io. I pray you let me goe.

Asca. I pray thee stay.

Io. Ifaith ile runne.

Asca. And dost not know which way.

Io. Any way: alls one, ile drawe drie foote:
If you send not to seeke her, you may lye
Here long enough, before she come to seeke you:
She litle thinks that you are hunting for her
In these quarters.

Asca. Ah *Ioculo*, before I leaue my Boy,
Of this worlds comfort, now my only ioy:
Seeft thou this place? vpon this grassie bed,
With sommers gawdie dyaper bespred.

He lyes downe.

Vnder these shadowes shall my dwelling be:
Till thou returne, sweet *Ioculo* to me,

Io. And if my Conuoy be not cut off by the way,
It shall not be long before I be with you.

He speakes to the people.

Well, I pray you looke to my maister: for
Here I leaue him amongst you: and if I
Chance to light on the wench, you shall heare
Of me by the next winde.

Exit Ioculo, Ascanio solus.

Ascanio.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Asca. In vaine I feare, I beate my braines about,
Proouing by search, to finde my mistresse out:
Eurymine, Eurymine, retorne:
And with thy presence guild the beautious morne:
And yet I feare to call vpon thy name,
The prating Eccho, should she learne the same,
The last words accent shee le no more prolong,
But beare that sound vpon her airie tong.
Adorned with the presence of my Loue,
The woods I feare, such secret power shal proue
As they'll shut vp each path: hide euery way,
Because they still would haue her go astray:
And in that place would alwaies haue her scene,
Only because they would be euer greene:
And keepe the wingged Quiristers still there,
To banish winter cleane out of the yeare.
But why persist I to bemone my state,
When she is gone, and my complaint too late?
A drowfig dulnes closeth vp my sight,
O powerfull sleepe, I yeld vnto thy might.

He falles a sleepe.

Enter Iuno, and Iris.

Iuno. Come hither *Iris.*

Iris. *Iris* is at hand,

To attend *Ioues* wife: great *Iunos* hie command.

Iuno. *Iris* I know I do thy seruice proue,
And euer since I was the wife of *Ioue*
Thou hast bene readie when I called still,
And alwaies most obedient to my will:
Thou seest how that imperiall Queene of loue,
With all the Gods, how she preuailes aboue,
And still against great *Iunos* helts doth stand,
To haue all stoupe and bowe, at her command:
Her Doves and Swannes, and Sparrowes, must be graced,
And on Loues Altars, must be highly placed.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

My starrý Peacocks, which doth beare my state:
Scarely allowed within his pällace gate:
And since her selfe, she thus preferd doth see,
Now the proud huswife will contend with mee:
And practiseth her wanton pranckes to play
With this *Ascanio*, and *Eurymine*.
But Loue shall know, in spight of all his skill,
Inno's a woman, and will haue her will.

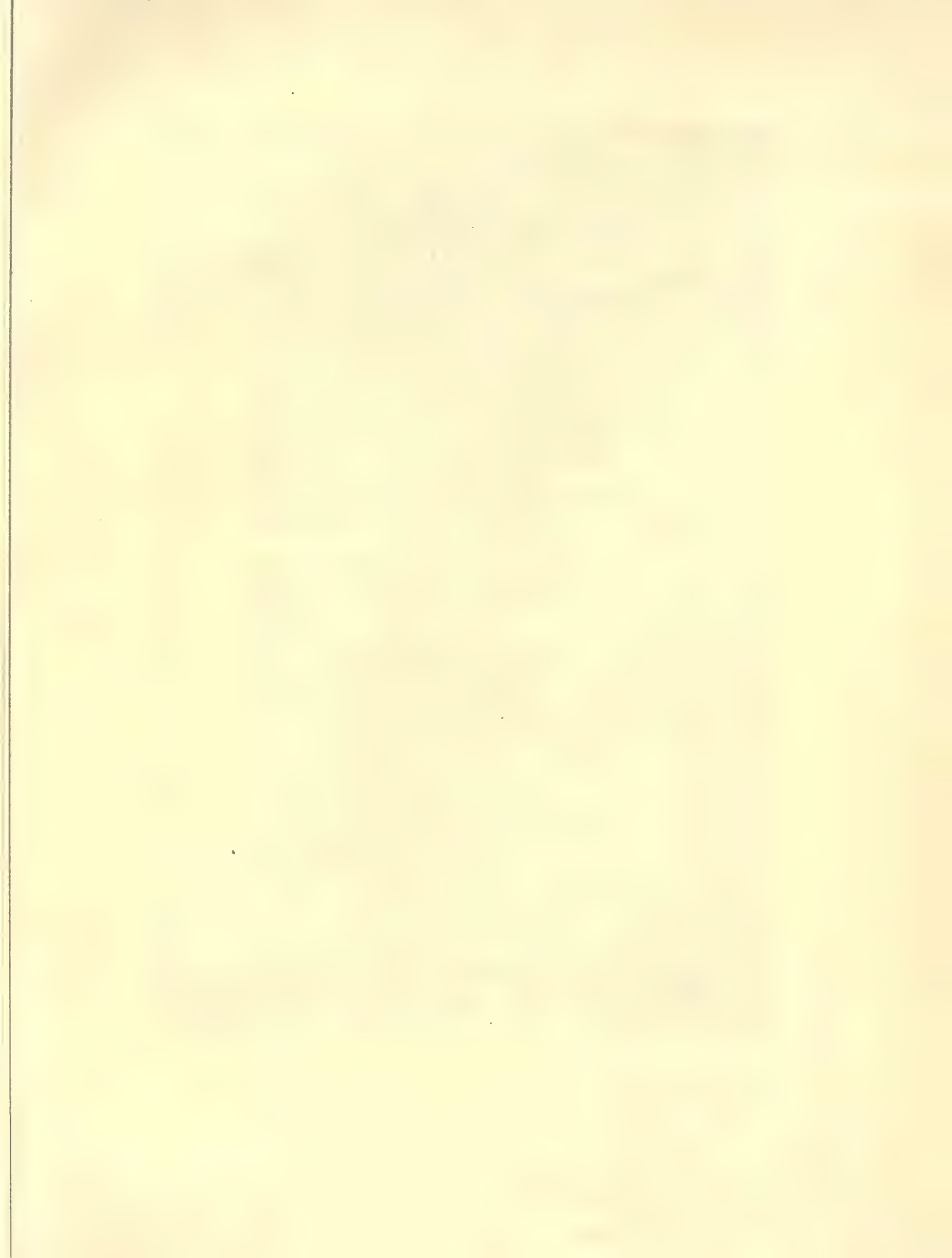
Iris. What is my Goddesse will: may *Iris* aske?

Inno. *Iris*, on thee I do impose this task,
To crosse proud *Venus*, and her purblind Lad,
Vntill the mother, and her brat be mad,
And with each other, set them so at ods,
Till to their teeth they curse, and ban the Gods.

Iris. Goddes, the graunt consists alone in you.

Inno. Then mark the course which now you must pursue.
Within this ore-growne Forrest, there is found
A duskie Caeue, thrust lowe into the ground:
So vgly darke, so dampie and steepe,
As for his life the sunne durst neuer peepe
Into the entrance: which doth so affright
The very day, that halfe the world is night.
Where fennish fogges, and vapours do abound:
There *Morpheus* doth dwell within the ground,
No crowing Cocke, nor waking bell doth call,
Nor watchfull dogge disturbeth sleepe at all.
No sound is heard, in compasse of the hill,
But euery thing is quiet, whisht, and still.
Amid this Caeue, vpon the ground doth lie,
A hollow plancher, all of Ebonie
Couer'd with blacke, whereon the drowfie God,
Drowned in sleepe, continually doth nod:
Go *Iris* go, and my commaundment take,
And beate against the doores till sleepe awake,
Bid him from me, in vision to appeare,
Vnto *Ascanio* that lieth slumbring heare.
And in that vision, to reueale the way,

How



The Maydes Metamorphosis.

How he may finde the faire *Eurymine*.

Iris. Madam, my seruice is at your command,

Inno. Dispatch it then, good *Iris* out of hand.

My Peacocks and my Charriot shall remaine,
About the shore, till thou returne againe.

Exit Inno.

Iris. About the businesse now that I am sent,

To sleepe blacke Caue, I will incontinent:

And his darke cabine, boldly will I shake,

Vntill the drowsie lumpish God awake:

And such a bounding at his Caue Ile keepe,

That if pale death, seiz'd on the eyes of sleepe,

Ile rowse him vp, that when he shall me heare,

Ile make his locke stand vp on end with feare.

Be silent aire, whilst *Iris* in her pride

Swifter then thought, vpon the windes doth ride.

What *Somnus*, what *Somnus*, *Somnus*.

Strikes.

Pauses a little.

What wilt thou not awake? art thou still so fast?

Nay then yfaith, Ile haue an other cast.

What *Somnus* *Somnus* I say?

Strikes againe.

Som. Who calles at this time of the day?

What a balling dost thou keepe?

A vengeance take thee, let me sleepe,

Iris. Vp thou drowsie God, I say,

And come presently away,

Or I will beate vpon this doore,

That after this, thou sleep'st no more.

Som. Ile take a nap, and come anon.

Iris. Out you beast, you blocke, you stone:

Come, or at thy doore Ile thunder,

Till both heauen and hel do wonder, *Somnus* I say.

Som. A vengeance split thy chaps asunder.

Iris. What *Somnus*? *Enter Somnus.*

Som. *Iris* I thought it should be thee.

How now mad wench, what wouldst with mee?

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Iris. From mightie *Iuno*, *Iones* immortall wife,
Somnus I come: to charge thee on thy life,
That thou vnto this Gentleman appeere,
And in this place, thus as he lyeth heere,
Present his mistres to his inward eies,
In as true manner, as thou canst deuise.

Som. I would thou wert hangd for waking me.
Three sonnes I haue, the eldest *Morpheus* high:
He shewes of man, the shape or sight.
The second *Icelar*, whose bechafts
Doth shewe the formes of birds and beasts.
Phantasor for the third, things lifeles hee:
Chuse which like thee of these three.

Iris. *Morpheus*: if he in humane shape appeare.

Som. *Morpheus* come forth in perfect likeness heere,
Of, how call ye the Gentlewoman?

Iris. *Eurymine*.

Som. Of *Eurymine*: and shewe this Gentleman,
What of his mistres is become.

Kneeling downe by Ascanio.

Enter Eurymine, to be supposed Morpheus.

Mor. My deare *Ascanio*, in this vision see,
Eurymine doth thus appeare to thee:
As soone as sleepe hath left thy drowsie eies,
Follow the path that on thy right hand lies,
An aged Hermit thou by chaunce shalt find,
That there hath bene, time almost out of mind:
This holy man, this aged reuerent Father,
There in the woods, doth roote; and simples gather:
His wrinkled browe, tells strengths past long ago:
His beard as white, as winters driuen snow.
He shall discourse the troubles I haue past,
And bring vs both together at the last.
Thus she presents her shadow to thy sight,
That would her person gladly if she might.

Iris. See



The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Iris. See how he catches to imbrace the shade.

Mor. This vision fully doth his powers invade.
And when the heate shall but a litle slake:
Thou then shalt see him presently awake.

Som. Hast thou ought else, that I may stand in sted?

Iris. No *Somnus*, no: go back vnto thy bed:

Iuno she shall reward thee for thy paine.

Som. Then good night *Iris*, Ile to rest againe.

Iris. *Morphews* farwell: to *Iuno* I will flie.

Mor. And I to sleepe, as fast as I can hie. *Exeunt.*

Ascanio starting, sayes.

Eury mine: Ah my good Angell stay:

O vanish not so suddenly away.

O stay my Goddess, whither doest thou flie?

Returne my sweet *Eury mine*, tis I,

Where art thou speake? Let me behold thy face:

Did I not see thee, in this very place

Even now? Here did I not see thee stand?

And here thy feete did blesse the happie land?

Eury mine: Oh wilt thou not attend?

Flie from thy foe: *Ascanio* is thy friend,

The fearefull Hare, so shuns the labouring hound,

And so the Dear eschues the Hunts-man wound.

The trembling Foule, so flies the Falcons gripe:

The Bond-man, so, his angry maisters stripe.

I follow not, as *Phoebus Daphne* did:

Nor as the Dog pursues the trembling Kid.

Thy shape it was: alas I sawe not thee:

That sight were fitter for the Gods then mee.

But if in dreames, there any truth be found,

Thou art within the compas of this ground.

Ile raunge the woods, and all the groues about,

And neuer rest, vntill I find thee out. *Exit*

Enter at one doore, Mopso singing.

Mop. Terlilelo, Terlilelo, terlitelee, terlo,

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

So merrily this shepheards Boy
His horne that he can blow,
Early in a morning, late, late, in an euening,
And euer sat this little Boy,
So merrily piping.

Enter at the other doore, Frisco singing.

Fris. Can you blow the little horne?
Weell, weell, and very weell.
And can you blow the little horne,
Amongst the leaues Greene?

Enter Ioculo in the midst singing.

Io. Fortune my foe, why doest thou trowne on mee?
And will my fortune neuer better bee?
Wilt thou I say, for euer breed my paine?
And wilt thou not restore my Loyes againe?

Frisco. Cannot a man be merry in his owne walke,
But a must be thus encombred?

Io. I am disposed to be melancholly,
And I cannot be priuate, for one villaine or other.

Mop. How the diuel stumbled this case of rope-ripes in-
into my way?

Fris. Sirha, what art thou? and thou?

Io. I am Page to a Courtier.

Mop. And I a Boy to a Shepheard.

Fris. Thou art the Apple-squier to an Eawe,
And thou sworn brother to a bale of false dice.

Io. What art thou?

Fris. I am a Boy to a Raunger.

Io. An Out-lawe by authorities: one that neuer sets marke
of his own goods, nor neuer knowes how he comes by other
mens.

Mop. That neuer knowes his cattell, but by their hornes.

Fris. Sirha, so you might haue said of your masters sheep.

Io. I marry: this takes fier like touch powder,
And goes off with a huffe.

Fris. They come of crick-cracks, and shake their tayles
like a squib.

Ioculo.



The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Io. Ha you Rogues, the very Steele of my wit, shall strike fier from the flint of your vnderstandings: haue you not heard of me?

Mop. Yes, if you be that *Io culo* that I take you for, we haue heard of your exployts, for coloning of some seuen, and thirtie Alewiues, in the Villages here about.

Io. A wit, as nimble as a Sempsters needle, or a girls finger at her Buske poynt.

Mop. Your iest goes too low sir.

Fris. O but tis a tickling iest.

Io. Who wold haue thought to haue found this in a plaine villaine, that neuer woare better garment, then a green Ierkin?

Frisco. O Sir, though you Courtiers haue all the honour, You haue not all the wit.

Mop. Soft sir, tis not your witte can carry it away in this company.

Io. Sweet Rogues, your companie to me, is like musick to a wench at midnight: when she lies alone, and could wish, yea marry could she.

Fris. And thou art as welcom to me, as a new poking stick to a Chamber mayd.

Mop. But soft, who comes here?

Enter the Faeries, singing and dauncing.

By the Moone we sport and play,
With the night begins our day:
As we daunce the deaw doth fall,
Trip it little vrchins all:
Lightly as the little Bee,
Two by two, and three by three:
And about go we, and about go wee.

Io. What Mawmets are these?

Fris. O they be the Fayries that haunt these woods.

Mop. O we shall be pincht most cruelly.

I Fay. Will you haue any musick Sir?

2 Fayrie.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

2 *Fay.* Will you haue any fine musicke?

3 *Fay.* Most daintie musicke?

Mop. We must set a face on't now, theres no flying.

No Sir: we are very merry I thanke you.

1 *Fay.* O but you shall Sir.

Fris. No, I pray you saue your labour.

2 *Fay.* O Sir, it shall not cost you a penny.

Io. Where be your Fiddles?

3 *Fay.* You shall haue most daintie Instruments Sir.

Mop. I pray you, what might I call you?

1 *Fay.* My name is *Penny*.

Mop. I am sorry I cannot purse you.

Fris. I pray you sir, what might I call you?

2 *Fay.* My name is *Cricket*.

Fris. I would I were a Chimney for your sake.

Io. I pray you, you prettie litle fellow, whats your name?

3 *Fay.* My name is little, little *Pricke*.

Io. Little, little *Pricke*? ô you are a daungerous *Fayrie*,
And fright all the little wenches in the Country,
Out of their beds.

I care not whose hand I were in, so I were out of yours.

1 *Fay.* I do come about the coppes,

Leaping vpon flowers toppes:

Then I get vpon a flie,

Shee carries me about the skie:

And trip and goe.

2 *Fay.* When a deawe drop falleth downe,

And doth light vpon my crowne,

Then I shake my head and skip:

And about I trip.

3 *Fay.* When I feele a gytle a sleepe,

Vnderneath her frock I peepe,

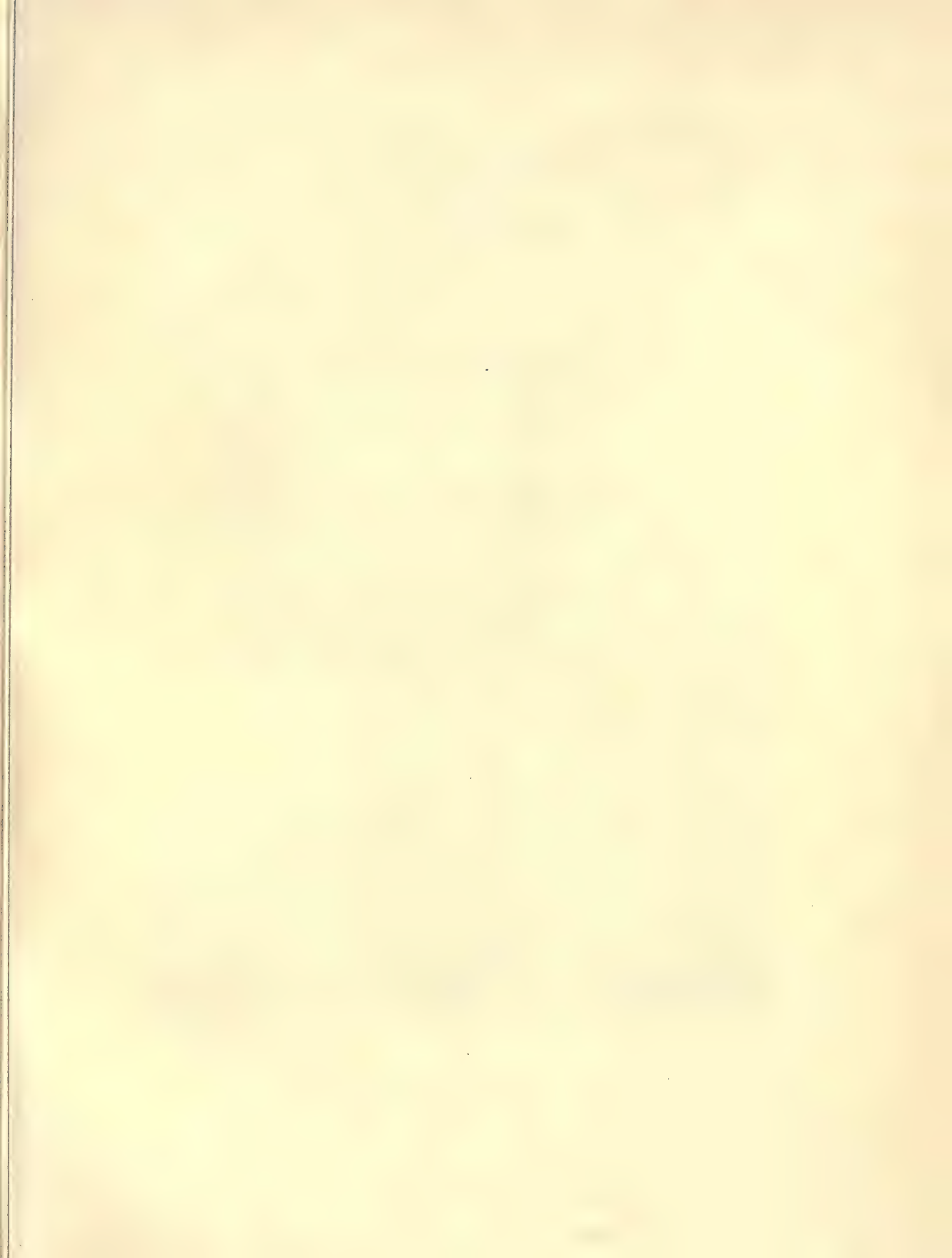
There to sport, and there I play,

Then I bite her like a flea:

And about I skip.

Io. I, I thought where I should haue you.

I *Fayrie*.



The Maydes Metamorphosis.

1 *Fay.* Wilt please you daunce sir?

Io. Indeed sir, I cannot handle my legges.

2 *Fay.* O you must needs daunce and sing:
Which if you refuse to doo,
We will pinch you blacke and blew.
And about we goe.

They all daunce in a Ring, and sing as followeth.

Round about, round about, in a fine Ring a:
Thus we daunce, thus we daunce, and thus we sing a.
Trip and go, too and fro, ouer this Greene a:
All about, in and out, for our braue Queene a.

Round about, round about, in a fine Ring a:
Thus we daunce, thus we daunce, and thus we sing a.
Trip and go, too and fro, ouer this Greene a:
All about, in and out, for our braue Queene a.

We haue daunc't round about, in a fine Ring a:
We haue daunc't lustily, and thus we sing a.
All about, in and out, ouer this Greene a:
Too and fro, trip and go, to our braue Queene a.

Actus tertius.

Scena. 1.

Enter Appollo, and three Charites.

1. *Cha.* No no great *Phœbus*, this your silence tends,
To hide your griefe from knowledge of your friends,
Who if they knew the cause in each respect,
Would shewe their vtmost skill to cure th'effekt.

Ap. Good Ladyes, your conceites in iudgement erre,
Because you see me dumpish, you referre
The reason to some secret griefe of mine:
But you haue seene me melancholy many a time,

D

Perhaps

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Perhaps it is the glowing weather now,
That makes me seeme so ill at ease to you.

1 Fine shifts to colour that you cannot hide,
No *Phœbus*, by your lookes may be discide
Some hid conceit that harbors in your thought,
Which hath therein, some strange impression wrought:
That by the course thereof, you seeme to mee,
An other man then you were wont to bee.

Ap. No Ladies, you deceiue your selues in mee:
What likelihood or token do ye see,
That may perswade it true, that you suppose?

2 *Appollo*, hence a great suspition growes,
Ye are not so pleasaunt now, as earst in companie,
Ye walke alone, and wander solitarie.

The pleasaunt toyes we did frequent sometime,
Are worne away, and giuene out of prime.

Your Instrument hath lost his siluer sound,
That rang of late, through all this groue ground.

Your bowe wherwith the chace you did frequent,
Is closde in case, and long hath bene vnbeent.

How differ you from that *Appollo* now;
That whilom sat in shade of Lawrell bowe,

And with the warbling of your Iuoric Lute,
T' allure the Fainies for to daunce about.

Or from *Tb' appollo* that with bended bowe,
Did many a sharp and wounding shaft bestowe.

Amidst the Dragon *Pibons* scalle wings,
And forc't his dying blood to spout in springs.

Beleeue me *Phœbus*, who sawe you then and now,
Would thinke there were a wondrous change in you.

Ap. Alas faire dames, to make my sorows plain,
Would but reuiue an auncient wound again.

Which grating presently vpon my minde,
Doth leaue a scar of former woes behinde.

3 *Phœbus*, if you account vs for the same,
That tender thee, and loue *Appollos* name,

Powre forth to vs the fountaine of your woe,

From



The Maydes Metamorphosis.

From whence the spring of these your sorrows flowe?
If we may any way redresse your mone,
Commaund our best, harme will we do you none.

Ap. Good Ladies, though I hope for no reliefe,
Ile shewe the ground of this my present griefe.
This time of yeare, or there about it was,
Accursed be the time, tenne times alas:
When I from *Delphos* tooke my journey downe,
To see the games in noble *Sparta* Towne,
There saw I that, wherein I gan to ioy,
Amilchars sonne a gallant comely boy,
Hight (*Hiacynth*) full fiftene yeares of age,
Whom I intended to haue made my Page,
And bare as great affection to the boy,
As euer *Ioue*, in *Ganimede* did ioy.

Among the games, my selfe put in a pledge,
To trie my strength in throwing of the sledge,
Which poynting with my strained arme I threw
So farre, that it beyond the other flew.
My *Hiacynth*, delighting in the game,
Desierd to proue his manhood in the same:
And catching ere the sledge lay still on ground,
With violent force, aloft it did rebound
Against his head, and battered out his braine:
And so alas, my louely boy was slaine.

1. Hard hap O *Phæbus*, but sieth it's past & gone,
We wish ye to forbear this frustrate mone.

Ap. Ladies, I know my sorrowes are in vaine,
And yet from mourning can I not refraine.

1. *Eurania* some pleasant Song shall sing.
To put ye from your dumps.

Ap. Alas, no Song will bring
The least reliefe to my perplexed minde.

2. No *Phæbus*? what other pastime shal we finde,
To make ye merry with?

Ap. Faire dames I thanke you all,

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

No sport nor pastime can release my thrall:
My grief's of course, when it the course hath had,
I shall be merrie, and no longer sad.

1 What will ye then we doo?

Ap. And please ye, you may goe,
And leaue me here to feed vpon my woe.

2 Then *Phœbus*, we can but wish ye wel again.

Exeunt Charites.

Ap. I thanke ye gentle Ladies for your paine.

O *Phœbus* wretched thou thus art thou faine
With forg'd excuses, to conceale thy paine.

O *Hyacinth*, I suffer not these fits

For thee my Boy, no, no, another fits
Deeper then thou, in closet of my brest:

Whose sight so late, hath wrought me this vnrest.

And yet no Goddesse, nor of heavenly kinde

She is, whose beautie thus torments my minde.

No Fayrie Nymph, that haunts these pleasaunt woods,

No Goddesse of the flowres, the fields, nor floods:

Yet such an one, whom iustly I may call

A Nymph, as well as any of them all.

Eurymine, what heauen affords thee heere?

So may I say, because thou com'st so neere?

And neerer far, vnto a heavenly shape,

Then she of whom *Ioue* triumph't in the Rape.

He fit me downe, and wake my griefe againe,

To sing a while, in honour of thy name.

The Song.

Amidst the mountaine *Ida* groues,

Where *Paris* kept his Heard:

Before the other Ladies all,

He would haue thee preferd.

Pallas for all her painting than,

Her face would seeme but pale:

Then *Iuno* would haue blisht for shame,

And *Venus* looked stale.

Eurymine



The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Eurymine thy selfe alone,
Shouldst beare the golden ball:
So far would thy most heavenly forme,
Excell the other all.
O happie *Phæbus*, happie then,
Most happie should I bee:
It faire *Eurymine* would please,
To ioyne in loue with mee.

Enter Eurymine.

Eu. Although there be such difference in the change,
To lue in Court, and desert woods to raunge,
Yet in extremes, wherein we cannot chuse,
An extreame refuge is not to refuse.
Good gentlemen, did any see my heard?
I shall not finde them out, I am afeard:
And yet my maister wayteth with his bowe,
Within a standing, for to strike a Doe.
You sawt hem not? your silence makes me doubt:
I must goe further, till I finde them out.

Ap. What seek you prettie Mayde?

Eu. Forsooth my heard of Deere.

Ap. I sawe them lately, but they are not heere.

Eu. I pray Sir, where?

Ap. An houre agoe or twaine,

I sawe them feeding all about the plaine.

Eu. So much the more my toile to fetch them in.

I thanke ye Sir.

Ap. Nay stay sweet Nymph with mee.

Eu. My busines, cannot so dispatched bee.

Ap. But pray ye Maide, it will be verie good,

To take the shade, in this vnhaunted wood:

This flowering bay with branches large and great,

Will shrowd ye safely, from the parching heat.

Eu. Good sir, my busines calls me hence in hast.

Ap. O stay with him, who conquered thou hast,
With him, whose restles thoughts do beat on thee.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

With him that ioyes, thy wished face to see.
With him whose ioyes surmount all ioyes aboue :
If thou wouldst thinke him worthie of thy loue.

Eu. Why Sir, would you desire another make?
And weare that garland for your Mistres sake?

Ap. No Nymph, although I loue this lawrel tree,
My fancy ten times more affecteth thee :
And as the bay is alwaies fresh and greene,
So shall my loue as fresh to thee be scene.

Eu. Now truly Sir, you offer me great wrong,
To hold me from my busines here so long.

Ap. O stay sweet Nymph, with more aduisement view,
What one he is, that for thy grace doth sue :
I am not one that haunts on hills or Rocks,
I am no sheheard wayting on my flocks.
I am no boystrous Satyre, no nor Faune,
That am with pleasure of thy beautie drawne.
Thou dost not know God wot, thou dost not kno,
The wight, whose prefence thou disdainest so.

Eu. But I may know, if you wold please to tell.

Ap. My father in the highest heauens doth dwell:
And I am knowne the sonne of *Ioue* to bee,
Whereon the folke of *Delphos* honor mee.
By me is knowne what is, what was, and what shall bee,
By me are learnde the Rules of harmonie.
By me the depth of Phisicks lore is found :
And power of hearbes that grow vpon the ground.
And thus by circumstances must thou see,
That I am *Phoebus*, who doth fancie thee.

Eu. No sir, by these discourses may I see,
You mock me with a forged pedegree.
If sonne you be to *Ioue*, as erst ye said,
In making loue vnto a mortall maide,
You worke dishonour to your deitie :
I must be gone : I thanke ye for your curtesie.

Ap. Alas, abandon not thy Lover so.

Eurymine.



The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Eu. I pray fir hartily, giue me leaue to goe.

Ap. The way ore-growne, with shrubs and bushes thick,
The sharpned thornes, your tender feete will prick.
The brambles round about, your traine will lappe,
The burs and briers, about your skirts will wrappe.

Eu. If *Phæbus*, thou of *Ioue* the offspring be,
Dishonor not thy deitie so much,
With profered force, a silly mayd to touch:
For doing so, although a god thou bee,
The earth, and men on earth, shall ring thy infamie.

Ap. Hard speèch to him that loueth thee so well.

Eu. What know I that?

Ap. I know it, and can tell: and feele it too.

Eu. If that your loue be such,
As you pretend, so feruent and so much,
For prooffe thereof, graunt me but one request,

Ap. I will, by *Ioue* my father, I protest:
Prouided first, that thy petition bee,
Not hurtfull to thy selfe, nor harme to mee.
For so sometimes did *Phæton* my sonne,
Request a thing, whereby he was vndonne.
He lost his life through crauing it, and I
Through graunting it, lost him my sonne thereby.

Eu. Then *Phæbus* thus it is, if thou be hee,
That art pretended in thy pedegree,
If sonne thou be to *Ioue* as thou doest faine,
And chalengest that tyle not in vaine:
Now heer bewray some signe of godhead than?
And change me straight, from shape of mayd to man?

Ap. Alas, what fond desire doth moue thy minde
To wish thee altered from thy natiue kinde?
If thou in this thy womans forme canst moue,
Not men but gods, to sue and seeke thy loue:
Content thy selfe with natures bountie than,
And conet not to beare the shape of man.
And this moreouer will I say to thee,
Fairer man then mayde, thou shalt neuer bee.

Eury.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Eu. These vaine excuses, manifestly shoue,
Whether you vsurp *Appollos* name or no.
Sith my demanda so far surmounts your Art,
Ye ioyne exceptions, on the other part.

Ap. Nay then my doubles Deitie to proue,
Although thereby for euer I loose my Loue,
I graunt thy wish, thou art become a man:
I speake no more, then well performe I can.
And though thou walke in chaunged bodie now,
This pennance shall be added to thy vow:
Thy selfe a man, shalt loue a man, in vaine:
And louing, wish to be a maide againe.

Eu. *Appollo*, whether I loue a man or not,
I thanke ye, now I will accept my lot:
And sith my change hath disappointed you,
Ye are at libertie to loue anew.

Exit.

Ap. If euer I loue, sith now I am forsaken,
Where next I loue, it shall be better taken:
But what so ere my fate in louing bee,
Yet thou maist vaunt, that *Phaebus* loued thee.

Exit Appollo.

*Enter Ioculo, Frisco, and Mopso, at three
seuerall doores.*

Mop. *Ioculo*, whither iettest thou?
Hast thou found thy Maister?

Io. *Mopso* wel mer, hast thou found thy mistresse?

Mop. Not I by Pan.

Io. Nor I by Pot.

Mop. Pot? what god's that?

Io. The next god, to a Pan, and such a pot it may be,
That



The Maydes Metamorphosis.

As he shall haue moe seruants then all the Pannes in a Tinkers shop.

Mop. *Frisco*, where hast thou bene frisking? hast thou found?

Fris. I haue found.

Io. What hast thou found *Frisco*?

Fris. A couple of crack-roapes.

Io. And I.

Mop. And I.

Fris. I meane you two.

Io. I you two.

Mop. And I you two.

Fris. Come, a trebble coniunction: all three, all three.

They all imbrace each other.

Mop. But *Frisco*, hast not found the faire shepherdesse, thy Maisters Mistresse?

Fris. Not I by God, *Priapus* I meane.

Io. *Priapus* quoth a? Whattin a God might that bee?

Fris. A plaine God, with a good peg to hang a shepherdesse bottle vpon.

Io. Thou being a Forresters Boy, shouldst swear by the God of the woods.

Fris. My Maister swears by *Siluanus*, I must swear by his poore neighbour.

Io. And heer's a shepherds swaine, swears by a Kitchen God, *Pan*.

Mop. *Pan*'s the shepherdes God, but thou swearst by Pot, what God's that?

Io. The God of good-fellowship: well, you haue wicked Maisters, that teach such little Boyes as you are to swear so young.

Fris. Alas good old great man, wil not your master swear?

Io. I neuer heard him swear six sound oaths in all my life.

Mop. May hap he cannot, because hees diseas'd.

Fris. Peace *Mopso*. I will stand toot, hee's neither braue Courtier, bouncing Cavalier, nor boone Companion, if he

E swear

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

swear not sometime : for they will swear, forswear, and swear.

Io. How? swear, forswear, and swear? how is that?

Fris. They'le swear at dyce, forswear their debts:
And swear when they loose their labour in loue.

Io. Well, your maisters haue much to answer for, that bring ye vp so wickedly.

Fris. Nay my maister is damn'd Ile be sworne, for his very soule burnes in the fire eye of his faire mistresse.

Mop. My maister is not damn'd, but he is dead, for he hath buried his ioyes in the bosome of his faire mistresse.

Io. My maister is neither damnde nor dead, and yet is in the case of both your maisters : like a wooden shepheard, and a sheepish wood-man, for he is lost in seeking of a lost sheepe, and spent in hunting a Doe that hee would faine strike.

Fris. Faith and I am founderd with flinging too and fro, with Ches-nut, Hazel-nuts, Bullaze, and wildings, for presents from my maister to the faire shepherdesse.

Mop. And I am tierd like a Calfe, with carrying a Kidde every weeke to the Cottage of my maisters sweete Lambkin.

Io. I am not tierd, but so wearie I cannot goe, with following a maister, that followes his mistresse, that followes her shadow, that followes the sunne, that followes his course.

Fris. That followes the colt, that followed the mare, the man rode on to Midleton : shall I speake a wise word?

Mop. Do and wee will burne our caps.

Fris. Are not we fooles?

Io. Is that a wise word?

Fris. Giue me leaue : are not we fooles to weare our yong feete to old stumps ; when there dwells a cunning man in a Caue hereby, who for a bunch of rootes, a bagge of nuts, or a bushell of crabs, will tell vs, where thou shalt finde thy maister, and which of our maisters shall win the wenches fauour?

Io. Bring me to him *Frisco*, Ile giue him all the poyns at
my

[The text in this block is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a large block of text, possibly a list or a series of paragraphs, but the characters are too light to be transcribed accurately.]

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

My hose, to poynt me right to my maister.

Mop. A bottle of whey shall be his meed, if he saue me labour for posting with presents.

Enter Aramantus, with his Globe, &c.

Fris. Here he comes, offend him not *Ioculo*,
For feare he turne thee to a lacke an Apes.

Mop. And thee to an Owle.

Io. And thee to a Wood-cocke.

Fris. A Wood-cocke, an Owle, and an Ape?

Mop. A long bill, a broade face, and no tayle?

Io. Kisse it *Mopso*, and be quiet, Ile salute him ciuilly.

Good speed good man,

Aram. Welcome bad boy.

Fris. He speakes to thee *Ioculo*,

Io. Meaning thee *Frisco*.

Aram. I speake, and meane not him, nor him, nor thee,
But speaking so, I speake and meane, all three.

Io. If ye be good at Rimes and Riddles old man, expound me this,

These two serue two, those two serue one,
Assoyle me this, and I am gone.

Aram. You three serue three, those three do seeke to one,
One shall her finde, he comes, and she is gone.

Io. This is a wise answer: her going cauld his coming,
For if she had nere gone, he had nere come.

Mop. Good maister wizard, leaue these muslemewes, and tel *Mopso* plainly, whether *Gemulo* my maister, that gentle sheheard, shall win the loue of the faire shepherdesse his flock-keeper or not, and Ile giue ye a bottell of as good whey, as ere ye laid lips too.

Fris. And good father Fortune-teller, let *Frisco* knowe, whether *Sitio* my maister that lustie Forrester, shall gaine that same gay shepherdesse or no: Ile promise ye nothing for your paines, but a bag full of nuts: if I bring a crab or two in my pocket, take them for aduantage.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Io. And gentle maister wise-man, tell *Ioculo*, if his noble Maister *Afcanio*, that gallant Courtier, shalbe found by me, and she found by him, for whom, he hath lost his fathers fauour, and his owne libertie, and I my labour, and Ile giue ye thanks: for we Courtiers, neither giue nor take bribes.

Aram. I take your meaning better then your speech,
And I will graunt the thing you doo beseech:
But for the teares of Louers be no toyes,
Ile tell their chaunce in parables to Boyes.

Fris. In what ye will, lets heare our maisters luck.

Aram. Thy maisters Doe, shall turne vnto a Buck.

To Mopso.

Thy-maisters Eawe, be chaunged to a Ram,

To Ioculo.

Thy maister seeks a maide, and findes a man,
Yet for his labor shall he gaine his meede,
The other two shall sigh, to see him speede.

Mop. Then my maister shall not win the shepheardesse &

Aram. No: hast thee home, and bid him right his wrong,
The shepheardesse wil leaue his flock ere long.

Mop. Ile run to warne my master of that.

Exit.

Fris. My maister wood-man, takes but wooden paines
to no purpose I thinke, what say ye, shall he speede?

Aram. No: tell him so, and bid him tend his Deare:
And cease to woe, he shall not wed this yeare.

Fris. I am not forie for it, farewell *Ioculo.*

Exit.

Io. I may goe with thee, for I shall speed euen so too, by
staying behinde.

Aram. Better my Boy, thou shalt thy maister finde,
And he shall finde the partie he requires:
And yet not finde the summe of his desires,
Keep on that way, thy maister walkes before,
Whom when thou findest, loose him good Boy no more.

Exit ambo.

Act. 4.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Act. 4.

Enter Ascanio, and Iocule.

Asca. Shall then my trauell euer endles proue?
That I can heare no tydings of my Loue?
In neither desert, groue, nor shadie wood,
Nor obscure thicke, where my foote hath trod?
But euery plough-man, and rude shepheard swain,
Doth still reply vnto my greater paine?
Some Satyre then, or Goddesse of this place,
Some water Nymph, vouchsafe me so much grace
As by some view, some signe, or other sho,
I may haue knowledge if she liue or no.

Eccho. No.

Asca. Then my poore hart is buried too in wo:
Record it once more, if the truth be so?

Eccho. So.

Asca. How, that *Enrymine* is dead, or liues?

Eccho. Liues.

Asca. Now gentle Goddesse thou redeem'st my soule
From death to life: Oh tell me quickly where?

Eccho. Where?

Asca. In some remote far region, or else neere?

Eccho. Neere.

Asca. Oh what conceales her from my thirftie eies?
Is it restraint? or some vnkowne disguise?

Eccho. Disguise.

Io. Let me be hangd my Lord, but all is lyes.

Eccho. Lyes.

Io. True, we are both perswaded thou doest lye.

Eccho. Thou doest lye.

Io. Who I?

Eccho. Who I?

Io. I thou.

Eccho. I thou.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Io. Thou dar'st not come and say so to my face.

Eccho. Thy face.

Io. Ile make you then for euer prating more.

Ecch. More.

Io. Will ye prate more? Ile see that presently.

Asca. Stay *Ioculo*, it is the Eccho Boy,

That mocks our grieffe, and laughes at our annoy.

Hard by this groue there is a goodly plaine

Betwixt two hills. still fresh with drops of raine:

Where neuer spreading Oake nor Poplar grew,

Might hinder the prospect or other view,

But all the country that about it lyes,

Presents it selfe vnto our mortall eyes:

Saue that vpon each hill, by leauie trees,

The Sun at highest, his scorching heat may leese.

There languishing my selfe I will betake,

At heauen shall please, and only for her sake.

Io. Stay maister, I haue spied the fellow now, that mocke
vs all this while: see where he sits.

Aramantibus sitting.

Asca. The very shape my Vision told me off,

That I should meet with as I strayd this way.

Io. What lynes he drawes? best go not ouer farre.

Asca. Let me alone, shou doest but trouble mee.

Io. Youle trouble vs all annon, ye shall see.

Asca. God speed faire Sir.

Io. My Lord doo ye not marke?

How the skie thickens, and begins to darker?

Asca. Health to ye Sir.

Io. Nay then God be our speed.

Ara. Forgiue me Sir, I sawe ye not in deed.

Asca. Pardon me rather, for molesting you.

Io. Such another face I neuer knew.

Ara. Thus studious I am wont to passe the time,

By true proportion, of each line from line.

Io. Oh now I see he was learning to spell,

Theres A. B. C. in midst of his table.

Ascanio.



The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Asca. Tell me I pray ye fir, may I be bold to enquire
The cause of your abode within this Cauer?

Ara. To tell you that in this extreme distresse,
Were but a tale of Fortunes ficklenesse.
Sometime I was a Prince of *Lesbos* Ile,
And liu'd belou'd, whilst my good stars did smile:
But clouded once with this worlds bitter crosse,
My ioy to grife, my gaine conuerts to losse.

Asca. Forward I pray ye, faint not in your tale.

Io. It will not all be worth a cup of Ale.

Ara. A short discourse of that which is too long
How euer pleasing, can neuer seeme but wrong:
Yet would my tragicke story fit the stage,
Pleasant in youth, but wretched in mine age.
Blinde Fortune setting vp and pulling downe,
Abusde by those my selfe raise to renowne:
But y^e which wrings me neer, and wounds my hart,
Is a false brothers base vntankfull part.

Asca. A smal offence comparde with my disease,
No doubt ingratitude in time may cease
And be forgot: my grief out-liues all howres:
Raining on my head, continual haplesse showers.

Ara. You sing of yours, and I of mine relate:
To every one, seemes worst his owne estate.
But to proceed, exiled thus by spight,
Both country I forgoe, and brothers fight:
And comming hither where I thought to liue,
Yet here I cannot but lament and grieue.

Asca. Some comfort yet in this there doth remaine:
That you haue found a partner in your paine.

Ara. How are your sorrowes subiect, let me heare?

Asca. More ouerthrowne, and deeper in dispaire
Than is the manner of your heauie smart,
My curelesse grieue, doth ranckle at my hart.
And in a word, to heare the summe of all,
I loue, and am belou'd: but there-withall

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

The sweetnesse of that banquet must forgo,
Whose pleasant tast is chaungde with bitter wo.

Ara. A conflict, but to try your noble minde,
As common vnto youth, as raine to winde.

Asca. But hence it is that doth me treble wrong,
Expected good, that is forborne so long:
Doth loose the vertue which the vse would proue.

Ara. Are you then sir, despised of your Loue?

Asca. No, but deprivied of her company.
And for my careles negligence therein:

Am bound to doo this penaunce for my sin.

That if I neuer finde where she remaines,

I vowe a yeare shalbe my end of paines.

Ara. Was she then lost within this Forrest heret

Asca. Lost or forlorn, to me she was right deere.

And this is certaine, vnto him that could

The place where she abides to me vnfold:

For euer I would vow my selfe his friend,

Neuer reuolting till my life did end.

And therefore sir, (as well I know your skill)

If you will giue me phisicke for this ill,

And shewe me if *Eury mine* do liue,

It were a recompence for all my paine,

And I should thinke my ioyes were full againe.

Ara. They know the want of health that haue bene sick,

My selfe sometime acquainted with the like,

Do learne in dutie of a kinde regard,

To pittie him whose hap hath bene so hard.

How long I pray ye hath she absent beene?

Asca. Three dayes it is since that my Loue was scene.

Io. Heer's learning for the nonce, that stands on ioynts:

For all his cunning, ile scarce giue two poynts.

Ara. *Mercurio regnante virum. subsequente Luna,*

Faminum designat.

Io. Nay and you go to latin, then tis sure, my maister shall
finde her, if he could tell when.

Ara. I

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Ara. I cannot tell what reason it should be,
But loue and reason here doo disagree.
By prooffe of learned principles I finde,
The manner of your loue's against all kinde,
And not to feed ye with vncertaine ioy,
Whom you affect so much, is but a Boy.

Io. A Riddle for my life, some Antick Test,
Did I not tell ye what his cunning was?

Asca. I loue a Boy?

Ara. Mine Art doth tell me so,

Asca. Adde not a fresh increase vnto my woe.

Ara. I dare auouch what lately I haue saide,
The loue that troubles you, is for no maide.

Asca. As well I might be said to touch the skie,
Or darke the horizon with tapestrie:
Or walke vpon the waters of the sea,
As to be haunted with such lunacie.

Ara. If it be false, mine Art I will desie.

Asca. Amaz'de with grieffe, my loue is then transform'd.

Io. Master be contented, this is leape yeare,
Women weare breeches, petticoats are deare.
And thats his meaning, on my life it is.

Asc. Oh God, and shal my torments neuer cease?

Ara. Represse the fury of your troubled minde:
Walke here a while, your Lady you may finde.

Io. A Lady and a Boy, this hangs wel together:
Like snow in haruest, sun-shine and foule weather.

Enter Eurymine singing.

Since hope of helpe my froward starres denie,
Come sweetest death, and end my miserie.
He left his country, I my shape haue lost,
Deare is the loue, that hath so dearly cost.

Eu. Yet can I boast, though *Phoebus* were vniust
This shift did serue, to barre him from his lust.
But who are these alone? I cannot chuse
But blush for shame, that any one should see,
Eurymine in this disguise to bee.

F

Eury.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Alca. It is, it is not my loue, *Eurymine.*

Eury. Hark, some one hallows: gentlemen adiew,
In this attire I dare not stay their view. *Exit.*

Alca. My loue, my ioy, my life,
By eye, by face, by tongue, it should be shee,
Oh I, it was my loue, Ile after her,
And though she passe the Eagle in her flight,
Ile neuer rest, till I haue gain'd her sight.

Exit.

Ara. Loue carries him, and so retains his mind,
That he forgets how I am left behind:
Yet will I follow softly, as I can.
In hope to see the fortune of the man.

Exit.

Io. Nay let them go a Gods name, one by one,
With my heart I am glad to be alone.
Heres old transforming, would with all his Art,
He could transforme this tree into a tart,
See then if I would flinch from hence or no:
But for it is not so, I needs must go.

Exit.

Enter Siluio and Gemulo.

Sil. Is it a bargaine *Gemulo*, or not?

Ge. Thou neuer knew'st me breake my word I wor,
Nor will I now, beride me bale or blis.

Sil. Nor I breake mine, and here her cottage is:
Ile call her forth.

Ge. Will *Siluius* be so rude?

Sil. Neuer shall we betwixt our selues conclude
Our controuersie, for we ouerweene.

Ge. Not I, but thou, for though thou iet'st in greene,
As fresh as Meadow in a morne of May,
And scorn'st the shepheard, for he goes in gray.
But Forrester, belecue it as thy Creede,
My mistresse mindes my person, not my weeds.

Se.

[The text in this block is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a large block of text, possibly a list or a series of paragraphs, but the characters are too light to be transcribed accurately.]

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Sil. So'twas I thought, because she tends thy sheepe
Thou thinkst in loue of thee she taketh keepe:
That is as townish damzels lend the hand,
But send the heart to him aloofe doth stand.

So deales *Eurymine* with *Siluis*.

Ge. Albe she looke more blithe on *Gemulo*,
Her heart is in the dyall of her eye,
That paynts me hers.

Sil. That shall we quickly trye.

Eurymine.

Ge. *Erynnis* stop thy throte,
Vnto thy hound thou hallowst such a note:
I thought that shepheards had bene mannerlesse,
But Wood-men are the ruder groomes I guesse.

Sil. How shuld I cal her Swain, but by her names?

Ge. So *Hobmoll* the plow-man, calls his dame.
Call her in Carrol from her quiet coate.

Sil. Agreed: but whether shall begin his note.

Ge. Draw cuttes.

Sil. Content, the longest shall begin.

Ge. Tis mine.

Sil. Sing loude, for she is farre within.

Ge. Instruct thy singing in thy Forrest waies,
Shepheards know how to chant their roundelaies.

Sil. Repeat our bargain, ere we sing our Song,
Least after wrangling, should our mistresse wrong.

If me she chuse, thou must be well content:

If thee she chuse, I giue the like consent.

Ge. Tis done: now *Pan* pipe on thy sweetest Reede,
And as I loue, so let thy seruant speede.

As little Lambes lift up their snowie sides,

When mounting Larks salutes the gray-eyed morues;

Sil. As from the Oaken leaues the honie glides,

Where Nightingales record upon the thorne.

Ge. So rise my thoughts.

Sil. So all my fencens cheere.

The Metydes Metamorphosis.

Ge. When she surveyes my flockes:

Sil. And she my Deare.

Ge. *Eurymine.*

Sil. *Eurymine.*

Ge. Come foorth.

Sil. Come foorth.

Ge. Come foorth and cheere these plaines.

*And both sing this together; when they haue
sung it single.*

Sil. The Wood-mans Loue.

Ge. And Lady of the Swaynes.

Enter Eurymine.

Faire Forester and louely Shepheard Swaine,

Your Carrolls call *Eurymine* in vaine:

For she is gone, her Cottage and her sheepe,

With me her brother, hath she left to keepe:

And made me sweare by *Pan*, ere she did go,

To see them safely kept, for *Gemulo*.

*They both looke straungely vpon her, apart
each from other.*

Ge. What? hath my Loue a new come Louer than?

Sil. What? hath my Mistresse got another man?

Ge. This Swayne will rob me of *Eurymine*.

Sil. This youth hath power to win *Eurymine*.

Ge. This straungers beaurie beares away my prize.

Sil. This straunger will bewitch her with his eyes.

Ge. It is *Adonis*.

Sil. It is *Ganymede*.

Ge. My blood is chill.

Sil. My heart is cold as Leade.

Eu. Faire youths, you haue forgot for what ye came,

You seeke your Loue, she is gone.

Ge. The more too blame:

Eu. Not so, my sister had no will to go:

But that our parents dread commaund was so.

[The text in this block is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a large block of text, possibly a list or a series of entries, but the individual words and sentences cannot be discerned.]

The Maydas Metamorphosis.

Sil. It is thy selfe, thou art not of her kin,
But as my Riuall, com'st to my Loue to win.

Eu. By great *Apollos* sacred Deitie,
That shepheardesse so neare is Sib to me,
As I ne may (for all this world) her wed:
For she and I in one selfe wombe were bred.
But she is gone, her flocke is left to mee.

Ge. The shepcoat's mine, and I will in and see.

Sil. And I.

Exeunt Siluio and Gemulo.

Eu. Go both, cold comfort shall you finde,
My manly shape, hath yet a womans minde:
Prone to reueale what secret she doth know,
God pardon me, I was about to show
My transformation: peace they come againe.

Enter Siluio, and Gemulo.

Sil. Haue ye found her?

Ge. No, we looke in vaine.

Eu. I told ye so.

Ge. Yet heare me, new-come Swayne.

Albe thy seemly feature set no sale
But honest truth vpon thy nouell tale,
Yet (for this world is full of subtiltie)
We with thee goe with vs for companie
Vnto a Wife-man winning in this wood,
Hight *Aramanth*, whose wit and skill is good:
That he may certifie our mazing doubt,
How this straunge chaunce and change hath fallen out.

Eu. I am content: haue with ye, when ye will.

Sil. Euen now.

Eu. Hee'll make ye muse, if he haue any skill.

Exeunt.

Enter Ascanio, and Eurymine.

Asca. *Eurymine*, I pray if thou be shee,
Refraine thy halte, and doo not flie from mee.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

The time hath bene my words thou wouldst allow,
And am I growne so loathsome to thee now?

Eu. Ascanio, time hath bene I must confesse,
When in thy presence was my happinesse:
But now the manner of my miserie,
Hath chaung'd that course, that so it cannot be.

Asca. What wrong haue I contriued? what iniurie
To alienate thy liking so from me?
If thou be she whom sometime thou didst faime,
And bearest not the name of friend in vaine,
Let not thy borrowed guise of altered kinde,
Alter the wonted liking of thy minde:
But though in habit of a man thou goest,
Yet be the same *Eurymine* thou wast.

Eu. How gladly would I be thy Lady still,
If earnest vowes might answere to my will?

Asca. And is thy fancie altered with thy guise?

Eu. My kinde, but not my minde in any wise.

Asca. What though thy habit differ from thy kinde?
Thou maicst retain thy wonted louing mind.

Eu. And so I doo.

Asca. Then why art thou so stranger?
Or wherefore doth thy plighted fancie change?

Eu. *Ascanio,* my heart doth honor thee.

Asca. And yet continuest stil so strange to me?

Eu. Not strange, so far as kind will giue me leaue.

Asca. Vnkind that kind, that kindnesse doth bereaue:
Thou saist thou louest me.

Eu. As a friend his friend:

And so I vowe to loue thee to the end.

Asca. I wreake not of such loue, loue me but so
As faire *Eurymine* thou'd *Ascanio*.

Eu. That loue's denide vnto my present kinde.

Asca. In kindly shewes, vnkinde I doo thee finde:
I see thou art as constant as the winde.

Eurymine.

[The text in this block is extremely faint and illegible due to the low resolution of the scan. It appears to be a large block of text, possibly a list or a series of entries, but the individual characters and words cannot be discerned.]

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Eu. Doth kind allow a man to loue a man?

Asca. Why art not thou *Eurymine*?

Eu. I am.

Asca. *Eurymine* my Loue?

Eu. The very same.

Asca. And wast not thou a woman then?

Eu. Most true.

As. And art thou changed from a woman now?

Eu. Too true.

Asc. These tales my mind perplex: thou art *Eurymine*.

Eu. In name, but not in sexe.

Asca. What then?

Eu. A man.

Asca. In guise thou art I see.

Eu. The guise thou see'st, doth with my kinde agree.

Asca. Before thy flight thou wast a woman tho.

Eu. True *Ascanio*.

Asca. And since art thou a man?

Eu. Too true deare friend.

Asca. Then haue I lost a wife.

Eu. But found a friend, whose dearest blood and life,

Shalbe as readie as thine owne for thee:

In place of wife, such friend thou hast of mee.

Enter Ioculo, and Aramantus.

Io. Here they are: maister well ouertane.

I thought we two should neuer meete againe:

You went so fast, that I to follow ye,

Slipt ouer hedge and ditch, and many a tall tree.

Ara. Well said my Boy, thou knowest not how to lie.

Io. To lye Sir? how say you was it not so?

You were at my heeles, though farre off, ye know:

For maister, not to counterfayt with ye now,

Hee's as good a footeman as a shackeld sow.

Asca. Good Sir y'are welcome, sirrha hold your prate.

Ara. What speed in that I told to you of late?

Ascanio.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Alea. Both good and bad, as doth the sequell proue,
For (wretched) I have found, and lost my Loue,
If that be lost which I can nere enjoy.

Io. Faith Mistresse y'are too blame to be so coy,
The day hath bene, but what is that to mee:
When more familiar with a man you'd bee.

Ara. I told ye you should finde a man of her:
Or else my rule did very straungely erre.

Alea. Father, the triall of your skill I finde,
My Loue's transformde into another kinde:
And so I finde, and yet haue lost my Loue.

Io. Ye cannot tell, take her aside and proue.

Alea. But sweet *Eurymine* make some report
Why thou departedst from my fathers Court?
And how this strange mishap to thee befell,
Let me intreat thou wouldst the procelle tell.

Eu. To shew how I arriued in this ground,
Were but renewing of an auncient wound:
Another time that office ile fulfill,
Let it suffice, I came against my will,
And wandring here about this Forrest side,
It was my chance of *Phabus* to be spide,
Whose loue because I chastly did withstand,
He thought to offer me a violent hand,
But for a present shift to shun his rape,
I wisht my selfe transformde into this shape:
Which he perform'd (God knowes) against his wil:
And I since then, haue wayld my fortune still,
Not for misliking ought I finde in mee,
But for thy sake, whose wife I meant to bee.

Alea. Thus haue you heard our woful destenie,
Which I in heart lament, and so doth she.

Ara. The fittest remedie that I can finde,
Is this, to ease the torment of your minde.
Perswade your selues that great *Apollo* can,
As easily make a woman of a man,

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

As contrariwise he made a man of her.

Asca. I thinke no lesse.

Ara. Then humble suite preferre

To him: perhaps your prayers may attaine,

To haue her turnd into her forme againe.

Eu. But *Phœbus* such disdain to me doth beare,

As hardly we shall win his graunt I feare.

Ara. Then in these verdant fields all richly dide,

With natures gifts, and *Floras* painted pride:

There is a goodly spring whose christal streames

Beset with myrtles, keepe backe *Phœbus* beames:

There in rich seates all wrought of Iuory,

The Graces sit, listning the melodye:

The warbling Birds doo from their prettie billes

Vnite in concord, as the brooke distilles.

Whose gentle murmure with his buzzing noates,

Is as a bafe vnto their hallow throates,

Garlands beside they weare vpon their browes,

Made of all sorts of flowers earth allowes:

From whence such fragrant sweet perfumes arise,

As you would sweare that place is Paradise.

To them let vs repaire with humble hart,

And meekly shew the manner of your smart:

So gracious are they in *Apollos* eies,

As their intreatie quickly may suffice.

In your behalfe, Ile tell them of your states,

And craue their aides, to stand your aduocates.

Asca. For euer you shall bind vs to you than.

Ara. Come go with me: Ile doo the best I can.

Io. Is not this hard luck to wander so long,

And in the end to finde his wife markt wrong.

Enter Phylander.

A proper iest as euer I heard tell,

In sooth, me-thinks the breech becomes her well:

And might it not make their husbands feare then,

Wold all the wiues in our town might wear them.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Tell me youth, art a stranger here or no?

Io. Is your commission sir, to examine me so?

Phy. What is it thou? now by my troth wel met.

Io. By your leasur, it's well ouertaken yer.

Phy. I hile thought I should a found thee here.

Io. Perhaps so sir.

Phy. I prethee speake, what cheere?

Io. What cheere can here be hopte for in these woods?
Except trees, stones, bryars, bushes, or buddes?

Phy. My meaning is, I faine would heare thee say,
How thou doest man, why thou tak'st this another way.

Io. Why then sir, I doo as well as I may.
And to perswade ye, that welcome ye bee,

Wilt please ye sir, to eate a crab with mee?

Phy. Beleeue me *Ioculo*, reasonable hard cheere.

Io. *Phylander*, tis the best we can get heere.

But when returne ye to the Court againe?

Phy. Shortly, now I haue found thee.

Io. To require your paine,

Shall I intreat you beare a present from me?

Phy. To whom?

Io. To the Duke.

Phy. What shall it be?

Io. Because Venson so conuenient doth not fall,

A pecke of Acornes to make merry withall.

Phy. What meanest thou by that?

Io. By my troth sir as ye see,

Acornes are good enough for such as hee,

I wish his honour well, and to doo him good:

Would he had eaten all the Acorns in th'wood.

Phy. Good words *Ioculo*, of your Lord & mine.

Io. As may agree with such a churlish swine.

How dooes his honor?

Phy. Indifferently well.

Io. I wish him better.

Phy. How?



The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Io. Vice-gerent in hell.

Phy. Doeſt thou wiſh ſo, for ought that he hath done?

Io. I for the loue he beares vnto his ſonne.

Phy. Hees growne of late, as fatherly and milde,
As euer father was vnto his childe :

And ſent me forth to ſearch the coaſt about,

If ſo my hap might be to finde him out.

And if *Euryminde* aliue remaine,

To bring them both vnto the Court againe.

Where is thy maiſter?

Io. Walking about the ground.

Phy. Oh that his Loue *Eurymino* were found.

Io. Why ſo ſhe is, come follow me and ſee.
He bring ye ſtrait where they remaining bee.

Exeunt.

Enter three or foure Muſes, Aramantibus,

Ascanio, Siluio, and Gemulo.

Aſca. Cease your contention for *Eurymino*.

Nor words, nor vowes, can helpe her miſeric:

But he it is that did her firſt transforme,

Muſt calme the gloomy rigor of this ſtorme :

Great *Phœbus*, whoſe Pallace we are neere,

Salute him then in his ceſtiall ſphere :

That with the notes of cheerfull harmonie,

He may be mou'd to ſhewe his Deitie.

Sil. But wheres *Eurymino*, haue we loſt her ſight?

Aſ. Poore ſoule, within a caue, with feare affright
She ſits, to ſhun *Apollo*s angry view,

Vntill ſhe ſee what of our prayers enſue:

If we can reconcile his loue or no,

Or that ſhe muſt continue in her wee.

I. Mu. Once haue we tried *Ascanio*, for thy ſake

And once againe we will his power awake :

Not doubting but as he is of heavenly race,

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

At length he will take pittie on her case,
Sing therefore, and each partie from his heart,
In this our musicke, beare a chearefull part.

Song.

All haile faire *Phæbus*, in thy purple throne,
Vouchsafe the regarding of our deepe mone.
Hide not, oh hide not, thy comfortable face,
But pittie, but pittie, a virgins poore case.

Phæbus appeares.

1. *Muse*, Illustrate bewtie, Christall heauens eye,
Once more we do entreat thy clemencie:
That as thou art the power of vs all,
Thou would'st redeeme *Eury mine* from thrall.
Graunt gentle God, graunt this our small request,
And if abilitie in vs do rest :

Whereby we euer may deserue the same,
It shalbe seene, we reuerence *Phæbus* name.

Phæ, You sacred sisters of faire *Hellion*,
On whow my fauours euermore haue shone,
In this you must haue patience with my vow,
I cannot graunt what you aspire vnto.
Nor was't my fault, she was transformed so,
But her owne fond desire, as ye well know.
We told her too, before her vow was past,
That cold repentance would ensue at last.
And sith her selfe did wish the shape of man,
She caude the abuse, digest it how she can.

2. *Muse*, Alas, if vnto her you be so hard,
Yet of *Ascanio* haue some more regard,
And let him not endure such endlesse wrong,
That hath persude her constant loue so long.

Asca, Great God, the precious travells I haue past,
In restlesse search, to find her out at last:
My plaints my rôles, in lieu of my annoy,
Haue well deseru'd my Lady to enioy.
Penance too much I haue sustaind before:



The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Oh *Phæbus*, plague me not with any more.
Nor be thou so extreame, now at the worst
To make my torments greater than at the first.
My Fathers late displeasure is forgot,
And theres no let, nor any churlish blot
To interrupt our ioyes from being compleat,
But only thy good fauour to intreat :
In thy great grace it lyes to make my state
Most happie now, or most infortunate.

I. Mu. Heauenly *Apollo*, on our knees I pray;
Vouchsafe thy great displeasure to allay.
What honor to thy Godhead will arise,
To plague a silly Lady in this wise?
Beside, it is a staine vnto thy Deitie,
To yeeld thine owne desires the soueraigntie:
Then shew some grace vnto a wofull Dame,
And in these groues, our tongues shall sound thy fame.

Phæ. Arise deare *Nourfes* of diuine skill,
You sacred *Muses* of *Pernassus* hill:
Phæbus is conquerd by your deare respect,
And will no longer clemency neglect.
You haue not sude nor praide to me in vaine: |
I graunt your willes, she is a mayd againe.

Asca. Thy praise shal neuer die whilst I do liue.

2. Mu. Nor will we slack perpetual thanks to giue.

Phæ. *Thalia*, neare the *Cauè* where she remains
The *Fayries* keepe, request them of their paines,
And in my name, bid them forthwith prouide,
From that darke place, to be the Ladies guide,
And in the bountie of their liberall minde,
To giue her cloathes according to her kinde.

I. Mu. I goe diuine *Apollo*. *Exit.*

Phæ. Hastè againe.

No time too swift, to ease a Louers paine.

Asca. Most sacred *Phæbus*, endles thanks to thee,
That doest vouchsafe so much to pittie mee.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

And aged father, for your kindnesse shovne,
Imagine not your friendship ill bestovne.
The earth shall sooner vanish and decay,
Than I will proue vnthankfull any way.

Arā. It is sufficient recompence to me,
If that my silly helpe haue pleasurde ye,
If you enioy your Loue and hearts desire,
It is enough: nor doo I more require.

Phæ. Graue *Aramantbus*, now I see thy face
I call to minde, how tedious a long space
Thou hast frequented these sad desarts here,
Thy time imployed, in heedfull minde I beare:
The patient sufferance of thy former wrong,
Thy poore estate, and sharpe exile so long,
The honourable port thou bor'st sometime,
Till wrongd thou wast, with vnderferued crime
By them whom thou to honour didst aduance,
The memory of which thy heavy chance,
Prouokes my minde to take remorse on thee,
Father henceforth, my clyent shalt thou bee:
And passe the remnant of thy fleeting time,
With Lawrell wreath, amongst the Muses nine.
And when thy age hath giuen place to fate,
Thou shalt exchange thy former mortall state:
And after death, a palme of fame shalt weare,
Amongst the rest that liue in honor here.
And lastly know, that faire *Euryminē*
Redeemed now from former miserie
Thy daughter is, whom I for that intent
Did hide from thee, in this thy banishment:
That so she might the greater scourge sustaine,
In putting *Phæbus* to so great a paine.
But freely now, enioy each others sights
No more *Euryminē*: abandon quito
That borrowed name, as *Atlanta*, she is calde,
And here she woman, in her right shape instalde.

Ascanio.



The Maydes Metamorphosis.

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Eu. Here while I liue a solemne oath I make,
To loue the Lawrell for *Apollo*s sake.
Ge. Our suite is dasht, we may depart I see.
Phæ. Nay *Gemulo* and *Siluis*, contented bees
This night let me intreate ye you will take,
Such cheare as I and these poore Dames can make.
To morrow morne weele bring you on your way.
Sil. Your Godhead shall commaund vs all to stay.
Phæ. Then Ladies gratulate this happie chaunce,
With some delightfull tune and pleasaunt daunce.
Meane space, vpon his Harpe will *Phæbus* play,
So both of them may boast another day
And make report, that when their wedding chaunc'te,
Phæbus gaue musicke, and the Muses daunc'te.

The Song.

*Since painfull sorrowes date hath end,
And time hath coupled friend with friend:
Reioyce we all, reioyce and sing,
Let all these groanes of Phœbus ring.
Hope hauing wonne, dispaire is vanisht:
Pleasure renues, and care is banisht.
Then trippes we all this Roundelay,
And still be mindfull of the Bay.*



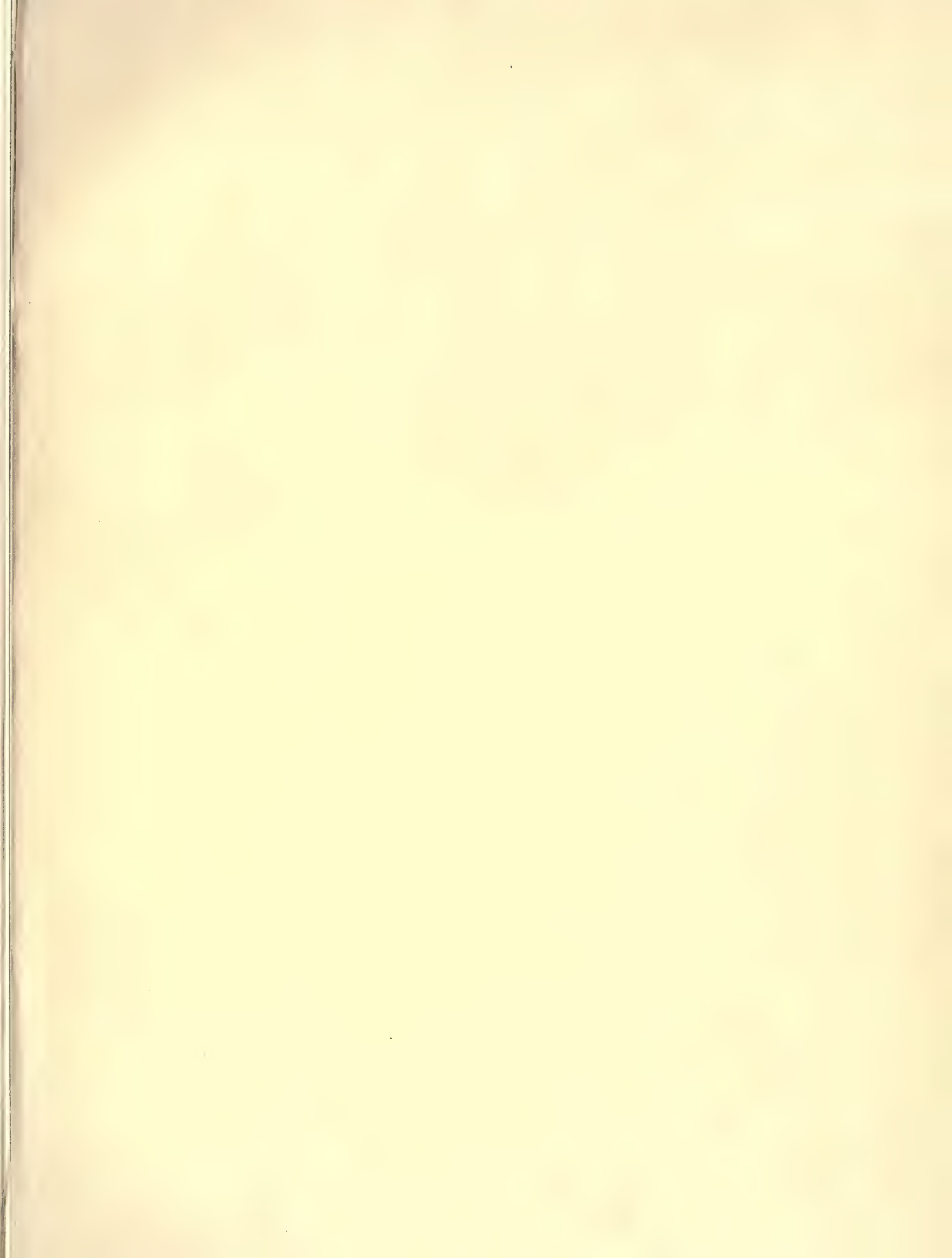
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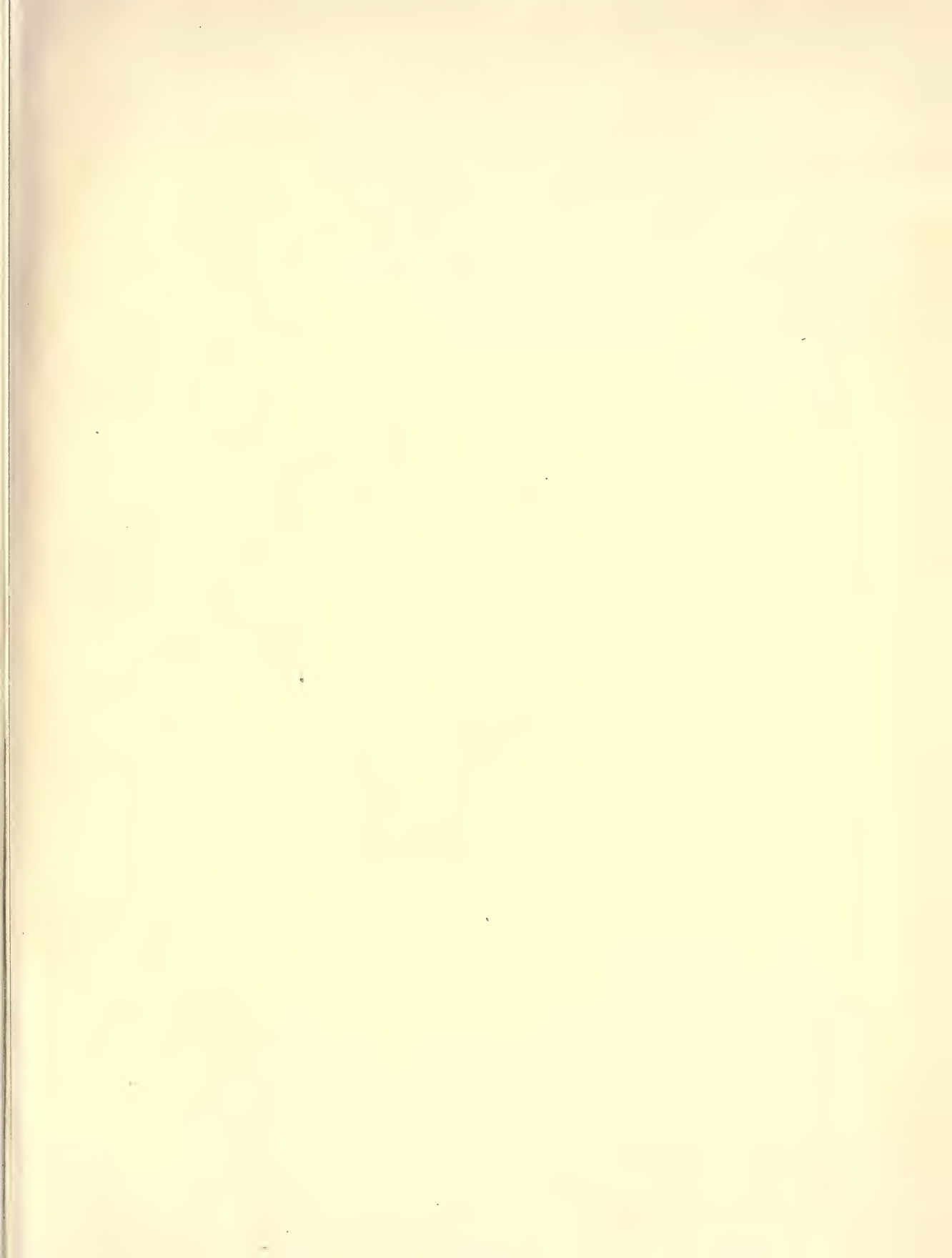


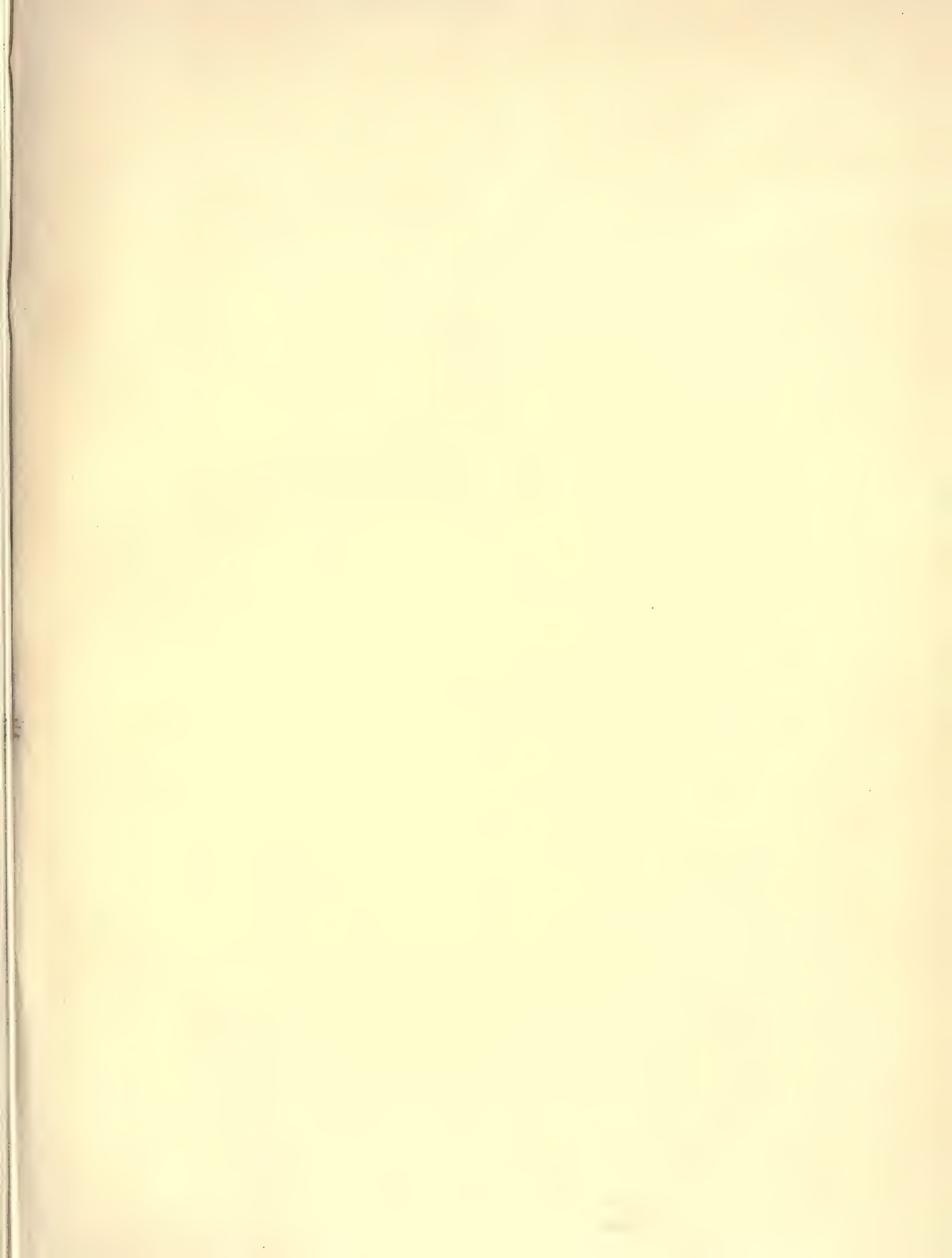


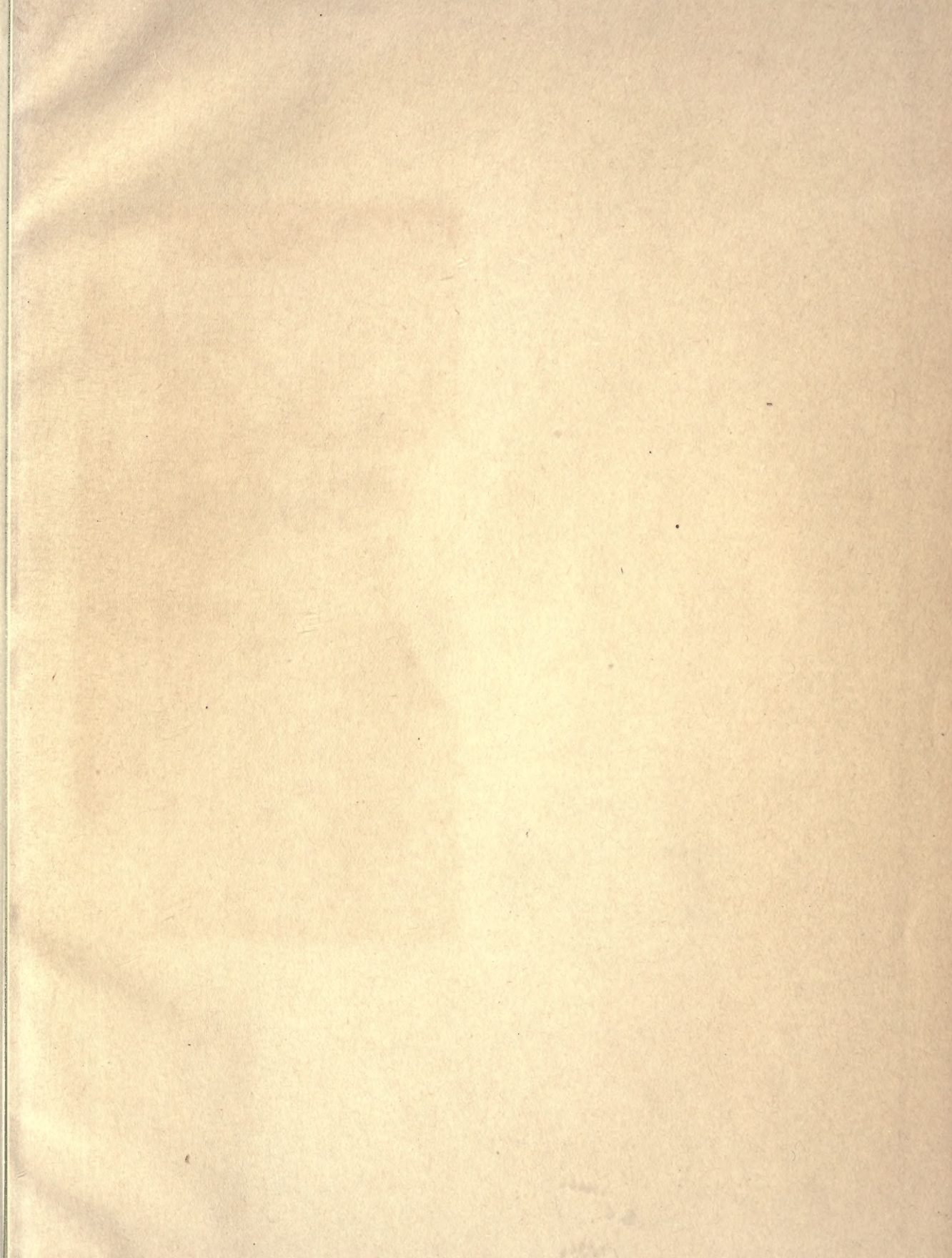












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The maid's metamorphosis

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