Arcadia. Lib. 2.

Peace. who debar my tongue? who is it that comes me so nix? I.
O i do know what guest I do mote: it is Echo.
Wid mist Echo, aprooch, and tell me thy will too.
Echo, what doo I get yeelding my spire to my grieues?
What medicine may I finde for a paine that draws me to death?
0 pois nouz medicine: what worse to me can be then it?
In what flate was I then, when I tooke this deadly disease?
And what maner a minde, which had to that humor a vaine?
Hath not reason enough, vehemence the desire to reproce?
Oft proce I: but what faire, when Reason seekes to be gone?
O what is it? what is it, that may be a sale to my lune?
What doo louver seek for, long seeking for to enioye?
What be the enioyes, for which I enioye they went to the paines?
Then to an earnst lune, what doth besst victorie lende?
Ende? but I can never ende: Love will not give me the leave.
How be the mindes disposes, that cannot taste the Physicke?
Yt sy against the advice of things that I told thee.
Dost thine infected wretch of his ill extremitie know?
But if he know not his harms, what guids hath he which be blind?
What blinde guides can be have that leads to a fancie?
Can fancies wante eyes? or he fall that stepeth aloft?
What causes first made these tormentes on me to light?
Can then a cause be of light, that forceth a man to goe die?
Tell, what light thing I had in me to drawe me to die?
Eye, sight made me yeeld: but what first pears to my eyes?
Eye, hurters? eyes hurters? but what from them to me falls?
But when I first did fall, what brought most to my herte?
Arte? what can be that arte, which thou dost meanes by thy speech?
What be the faynices of speaking arte, what graves by the wordes?
A much more then wordes: those wordes must more me to blisse.