

Fair rocks, goodly riuers, sweet woods, when shall I see peace?  
 Peace? who debars me my tongue? who is it that comes me so nie?  
 O I doo know what guest I doo meete: it is Echo.  
 Well meet Echo; aproch, and tell me thy will too.  
 Echo, what doo I get yeelding my sprite to my grieues?  
 What medicinē may I finde for a paine that drawes me to death?  
 O poisonous medicine: what worse to me can be then it?  
 In what state 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 reprove?  
 Oft proue I: but what salue, when Reason seeks to be gone?  
 O what is it? what is it, that may be a salue to my loue?  
 What doo louers seeke for, long seeking for t' enioye?  
 What be the ioyes, for which t' enioye they went to the paines?  
 Then to an earnest loue what doth best victorie lende?  
 Ende? but I can neuer ende: Loue will not giue me the leaue.  
 How be the mindes disposde, that cannot taste the Physicke?  
 Yet say againe th' aduice for th' ills that I tolde thee.  
 Doth th' infected wretch of his ill th' extremitie know?  
 But if he know not his harmes, what guides hath he whilst he be blind?  
 What blinde guides can he haue that leades to a fancie?  
 Can fancies wante eyes? or he fall that steppeth aloft?  
 What causes first made these torments on me to light?  
 Can then a cause be so light, that forceth a man to goe die?  
 Yet tell, what light thing I had in me to drawe me to die?  
 Eie-sight made me to yeeld: but what first pearst to my eyes?  
 Eyes hurters? eyes hurte? but what from them to me falls?  
 But when I first did fall, what brought most fall to my harte?  
 Arte? what can be that arte, which thou doost meane by thy speach?  
 What be the fruites of speaking arte, what grooves by the wordes?  
 O much more then wordes: those wordes seru'd more me to blisse.

Echo

Peace.

I.

T' is Echo

I will tooke

Grieues.

Death.

It.

Ease.

Vaine.

Proue.

One.

Loue.

Ioye.

Paines.

Ende.

Leaue.

Sicke.

I told th

No.

Blinde.

A fancie.

Oft.

Light.

I.

Eye.

Eyes.

Falls.

Arte.

Speach

Wordes.

Lesse

O