

Which spungy *April* at thy heft betrimms,
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy brown groves,
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
 Being lass-lorn; thy pale-clipt vineyard,
 And thy sea-marge steril, and rocky-hard,
 Where thou thyself dost air; the queen o' th' sky,
 Whose wat'ry arch, and messenger, am I,
 Bids thee leave these, and with her sov'reign grace,
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place, [Juno descends.
 To come and sport; her peacocks fly amain:
 Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
 Dost disobey the wife of *Jupiter*:
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
 Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
 My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
 Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
 And some donation freely to estate
 On the blest'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heav'nly bow,
 If *Venus*, or her son, as thou dost know,
 Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
 The means, that dusky *Dis* my daughter got;
 Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
 I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
 Be not afraid: I met her deity
 Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*, and her son
 Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done
 Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
 Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid

'Till