

Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipped vineyard,
And thy sea marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air; the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace
Here on this grass plot, in this very place,
To come and sport; her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain."

CERES:

"Hail, many coloured messenger that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers,
Diffuseth honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My hosky acres and my unshrubbed down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summoned me hither to this short-grassed green?"

IRIS:

"A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the blessed lovers."

There follows some conversation between Iris and Ceres;
then Juno enters and sings.

JUNO:

"Honor, riches, marriage-blessing
Long continuance, and increasing
Hourly joys be still upon you,
Juno sings her blessings on you."

CERES:

"Earth's increase and foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;