The theatre of Apollo.

Sir John Beaumont.

The Theatre of Apollo.

AN ENTERTAINMENT
written by
Sir JOHN BEAUMONT
in
1625
OF APOLLO

Where

Fires of Ioy are raised: sacred to the euer happie and æternal memory of our SOVERAYGNE the Great Apollo, and his most Roiall Ofspring.

Before prepared to be offered to the sacred Maiesty of our deceased Soueraigne King IAMES.

And now presented to the Roiall handes of our Gracious Lord, King CHARLES, heire of the Kingdoms, Vertues, and glories of his Father.

THE SCENE.

PARNASSVS.

Glorified, through innumerable lights, flowing from the Beames of the bright APOLLO.

Who, seated in a high, and glorious Throne, crowned with Lawrells, holdes in his hand a Crowne, the reward of some noble Poett, whom he pleaseth most to honour:

Beneath APOLLO, on the right hand of the Theater, is placed the PRINCE his highness, in a Triumphant Chariott, drawne by Fame.

Ouer against him, the Queene of Bohemia,with her Royall Progeny, all Laureat, in a Triumphant Chariott, drawne by Peace.

In the mid'st, at APOLLO's feete; breaks forth the fountaines of Aganippe, mother of Poetts, which falling by degrees vpon seuerall pretious, & transparent Rocks, setteth forth the variety of Witts imployment.

MUSICK.

And now the goulden Charriot of the Sunne,
Had more then halfe his glorious Course begunn,
The fiery Steedes drew neere those wauing streams,
That vse to coole their mouths, and quench their beams.
And Phebus wearied, longs for Thetis bedd:
Yet in his passage, turnes his radiant head
Vpon Parnassus; thence hee flyes away,
And flying Cries, Apollo, rule the Day.

Chorus with voyces:
Now the Sunne makes hast away  
Lett Apollo rule the Day,  
Who out-shines the sunne as far  
As the Sunne, some lesser starre.

M U S I C K.

To the greatest of Maiestie, our Soueraigne,  
glorious Emperour of Parnassus, most  
happy King of the Muses, & incomparable Monarck of Light.

Behould Apollo, Monarck of this Light,  
The Heau'ns, and Earth, conspire to make him bright.  
See how theis flames, changing their wonted Sky,  
Receiue their luster, from his sacred Eye.  
Well may the Sunne, leaue shining, & giue way;  
To see this newe Commander of the Day.  
But shine thou still; and may these Starrs beneath  
Make to thy forehead an immortall Wreath.

Chorus.

Proud Parnassus in this King,  
Offers sacred Crownes to bring,  
Which might seeme to others, bright,  
But Apollo dimmes their light.  
And with one commanding eye,  
Rules the beauties of this skye.

M U S I C K.

To the high, and mighty Prince, heire apparent, to the great illuminat Apollo;  
famous Protector of the nation Laureat.

Thou in thy Charriot, drawne by winged Fame,  
That sends forth Eccho's of thy glorious Name,  
Great Charles, high heire, to all Apollos rights,  
To thee Parnassus consecrates theis lights.  
Thou Authour of my Muse, make smooth my verse,  
When I shall dare thy greatnes to reherse;
Till then, to sing thee, I might seeme as vayne,
As some small streame, that thicknes t'increase the Mayne.
And though yet absent, still my thoughtes adore
Thy heav'nly Nymph, borne to inrich this Shore.
Shee must increase our ioyes, crowne our desires,
And ioyne her flames, vnto Apolloes fires.

Chorus.

Happy Charles, o Eye of Fame;
Lett mee sing thy sacred Name,
Thou that art in all this Quire,
And thy Nymph, that coms from farre,
When she sees her Charles his Starre;
Shall with ioy receive that guide
That shall make her Charles his bride.

M U S I C K.

To the most heroick Princesse of all
Princes, Eliza Berecinthia,
Queene of Beauty.

Sound on sweete strings, supply my ruder voice,
While I astonisht stand, in midst of Choice,
Of heave'nly Beauties, which, in thee and thyne;
Most faire Eliza, like the Morning shine.
Parnassus crownes thee, with his laureat armes,
Free as the Eagle, from fearce thunders harmes.
beholde the Raynbowe, mirror of thr Sunne,
Ritch Scarfe of varied ayr, (firme Peace begun)
Smiles on thy clearer Tymes, conspires with Fate,
To build thy Fortune a triumphant Gate,
And Peace shall draw thy Chariott, while thy Day,
Shall wake the Morne, and with her blushes play.

Chorus.

Here I still admiring stande,
At that dainty-fingred hand,
That could cast within that measure,
Such a boundlesse Sea of treasure.
Her the Gods haue sworne to raise,
The Theatre of Apollo.

To a Crowne of happy daies.

M U S I C K.

To the most Roiall Progenye, of the
Great Emperour of Parnassus, the
glorious expectations of Europe, and
shyning hopes of the Vniuersall Worlde.

Smile still sweete Cherubins, raise vp those wings,
And see what Fortune, Queene of Kingdoms brings;
Shee in the midst of glorious Scepters standes,
Made by the Gods, fitt for no mortall handes,
But yours: and Earth, proclayming you for Kings,
New-found Dominions to your Scepters bringes.

Chorus.

These soe soft, and tender things,
Must be framed into Kings;
Wanton Tyme as yet delayes,
And with cheeks of Roses playes;
But their births soe blest by starres,
Doe fore-tell triumphant warrs.

M U S I C K.

The close to APOLLO.

Heere with these Muses, our Apollo lives,
And heere to men his sacred aunsweres gives:
And vnto him as King, and to his Race,
Are onelie due the beauties of this place.
But see that hand; charg'd with triumphant Bays,
To crowne that Muse, that best should sing his praise.
Oft haue the Sisters mett in Choicest Quires,
To sing the pleasures of Apollos fires;
Oft have they labour'd, to expresse his might,
As King of Muses, Emperour of Light.
Yet still the Laurell stands, as due to none,
But her, whom greatest Villiers brought vnknowne,
Before Apollo's throne, and made her sing,
With heave'nly tunes, the greatnes of his King.
To the admyred Fountayne
of Aganippes.

Slide fairly Nymph, runn not soe fast awaye,
These shining Rocks deserve a longer staye;
Eridanus shall quench his heavenly beames,
At sight of Aganippes varied streames;
And Iris shall for greefe hang downe her head,
When shee behouldes theis colours on thy bed.
That winged Atlas, chief of Iuno's spies,
Shee that is deckt with Argo's watchful eyes,
Shall strike her colour'd sayles, tear downe her fights,
And yeild to Aganippes conque'ring lights.
But yee Apollo's Preests, who from these vaynes,
Receive your fullnesse, in your diff'rent straynes;
Strike gently with your Censures, nor refuse,
Ambitious of your grace, my straunger Muse;
While shee shall followe Aganippes waves,
From Hiacinthin heav'ns, to sable Graues.

MUSICK.

The first fall of the fountayne
Vpon a Rock of Hiacinthes.

To this first streame of Hiacinthes, belong
Those Poetts, who to Heau'n have rais'd their song;
Heere Erythræa dipt her sacred tung,
When shee of Gods descent soe deeply sung;
Heere did the Ancients tune their curious strings,
To their delightfull songs of heav'nly things;
Of that great triumph, when confirm'd in Grace,
The Angells sawe their Makers glorious Face,
Mans clayme to Heau'n, through Sinne condemn'd to payne,
And Man, by God and Man, redeem'd againe.
Theis, and a thousand more mysterious stopps,
Were play'd upp by vertue of these dropps;
But now, these bancks forlorne, the waters flye,
Downe to these earthly streames, and in them dye.

MUSICK.
The Theatre of Apollo.

**The second fall of the Fountayne**
**Vpon a Rock of Emeralds.**

This *Rock of Emeralds*, showes in youthfull robe,
The *Seate of Man, Prince* of this *Earthly Globe*.
The Scene is Morall action, oft express'd
By pure and spotlesse *Poetts*; for the rest,
This *Fountaine* never fed them, whom we showe,
Lye here tormented on this *Rock* below.

**M U S I C K.**

**The third fall, vpon a fiery**
**Rock of Pyropus.**

Hould of rash hands, sett not the world on fire,
With hart-consuming flames, *Loues* fond desire.
Oh how their mouths lye bathing! gorg'd with meats,
That fill not, but torment with endlesse heats!
Poore *Aganippe*, shall thy waters bring
To men a poyson, worse then *Serpents* sting?
Noe thou art cleere, it is our venom'd harte,
That hath infected *Loues*, pure, harmlesse darte.
*Loue* was a gentle heate, sent from aboue,
To soften stony harts, and hate remove;
But now *Loue* is an *Art*, where foule *Desire*,
Takes his Degrees, in seats of scorching fire.

**M U S I C K.**

**The fourth fall, vpon a**
**Rock of Rubies.**

Behould, within this *Rubies* sanguine brest,
The *firy streames* of *Loue* would seeme to rest;
But *Loue* is restlesse; heere the *Poetts* sing,
Of those sharpe warrs, which from this passion spring.
The *Flames* of *Ilium, Romes*, and *Sabins* stryfe,
Prowd *Tarquins* error, to that fayre, chast *Wyfe*.
Thus *Loue* inflam'd the bloud, and bloud thus fir'd,
For due revenge, a sea of bloud requir'd.

**M U S I C K.**
The Theatre of Apollo.

The fifth, and last Fall,  
upon a Rock of Agatts.

On this Darke Rock of Agatts, waters fall,  
That showes lifes period, Death, the end of All.  
But hetherto my Muse hath trode the ground,  
In which our great Apollo's fame is Crown'd;  
This day is due to Triumphs; let that Muse  
Vntimely weepe, that can these ioyes refuse.  
Wee now pay vows, yeeres of our yeeres we give,  
That this our bright Apollo long may live,  
And see his foes, if any such aspire,  
To stopp the Musick of this glorious Quire,  
Lie prostrate at his feete, and mercy crye,  
Till pardon flowe, from His appeased eye.

Chorus.

And thus bright Apollo shines,  
While the Sunne his way declines;  
Since the heau'n, vpon his sphare,  
Can not two Apollo's beare.