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## **The theatre of Apollo.**

**Sir John Beaumont.**

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The  
THEATRE  
of Apollo  
  
AN  
ENTERTAINMENT  
written by  
Sir JOHN BEAUMONT  
in  
1625

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THE THEATRE

## 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.*

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### 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 vppon 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  
Vppon 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.*

MUSIC.

*To the greatest of Maiestie, our Soueraigne,  
glorious Emperour of Parnassus, most  
happy King of the Muses, & incompa-  
rable 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.*

MUSIC.

*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 *Apollo's* rights,  
To thee *Parnassus* consecrates theis lights.  
Thou *Author* 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 thinckes t'increase the *Mayne*.  
And though yet absent, still my thoughtes adore  
Thy heav'nly *Nymph*e, borne to inritch this *Shore*.  
*Shee* must increase our ioys, 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 Nimphe, that coms from farre,  
When she sees her Charles his Starre;  
Shall with ioy receiue that guide  
That shall make her Charles his bride.*

MUSIC.

*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 ayre, (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,*

*To a Crowne of happy daies.*

MUSICK.

*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.*

MUSICK.

*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 *Apollo's* fires;  
Oft haue 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 Aganippe.*

Slide *fairely* Nimph, 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 dect 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*.

MUSIC.

*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 vppon by vertue of these dropps;  
But now, these bancks forlorne, the waters flye,  
Downe to these earthly streames, and in them dye.

MUSIC.

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

This *Rock of Emralds*, shoves 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 shoue,  
Lye here tormented on this *Rock* below.

MUSIC.

*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.

MUSIC.

*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.

MUSIC.

*The fifth, and last Fall,  
vpon a Rock of Agatts.*

On this Darke *Rock of Agatts*, waters fall,  
That shoves 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 ioys 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 spheare,  
Can not two Apollo's beare.*



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