

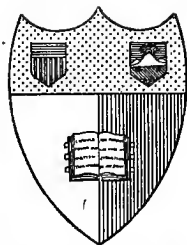
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**Love's Mistress;**

OR THE

**QUEEN'S MASQUE,**

BY

**THOMAS HEYWOOD.**

—  
*1640.*



**Edited by**

**EDMUND GOLDSMID, F.R.H.S.,  
F.S.A. (Scot).**



**PRIVATELY PRINTED, EDINBURGH.**

—  
**1886.**





LOVE'S MISTRESS ;

OR

The Queen's Masque.



*This edition is limited to 275 small-paper copies,  
and 75 large-paper copies.*



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DRAMMATICIS PERSONÆ.



Apuleius	}	{	The Chorus.
Midas.			
Admetus,			King of Thessaly.
Astioche,	}	{	His three Daughters.
Petrea,			
Psiche,			
Menetius,	}	{	Husbands to Petrea and Astioche.
Zelotes,			

Venus.	Rhadamant.
Cupid.	Charon.
Pan.	Cerberus.
Apollo.	Zephirus.
Mercury.	Boreas.
Vulcan.	Furies.
Pluto.	Four Ciclops.
Proserpine.	The Clown.
Minos.	Amarillis a she Swain.
Eacus.	Four Swaines.



TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
**EDWARD**  
**EARL OF DORSET,**

*Lord Chamberlain to the Queens Most  
Excellent Majesty, Knight of the Noble  
Order of the Garter, and one of His  
Majesties Most Honorable Privy  
Council.*

*Right Honorable,*

✦ T having pleased Her Most Excellent Majesty\*  
to grace this (although unworthy) Poem so  
often with Her Royal presence, I was em-  
boldened the rather (though I dare not  
commend) yet to commit it to your Noble Patron-  
age, neither are Dramma's of this nature, so  
despicable, as to be held unworthy the coun-  
tenance of great men, when there is frequent

---

\* Henrietta Maria.

president that the like have been Dedicated to, and entertained by Emperors, and the most Potent Princes of their times. If your Honour shall daign the acceptance of a plain mans love, and observance in this Presentment, as you grace the VVork, so you shall much encourage the Author, who humbly takes his leave of your Lordship, with that borrowed from the excellent Poet Nemesianus Engl. I.

“———o Dignus senior quem Carmine Phæbus,  
Pan Calamis, Fidibus, Linus, Modulantibus Orpheus,  
Concinerent.”

THOMAS HEYWOOD.





## TO THE READER.



Generous Reader,

**F**OR this Dramatick Poem, I need not much Apologie ; It having passed so many Tests of Approbation, yet for commendable Customs sake I follow the tradition of all or most Authors, who were never deficient in this kinde of complement : The Argument is taken from Apuleius,\* an excellent Morral, if truly understood, and may be called a golden Truth, contained in a leaden fable, which though it be not altogether conspicuous to the vulgar, yet to those of Learning and judgement, no less apprehended in the Paraphrase, than approved in the Original : of which, if the perusers hereof were all Apuleians, and never a Midas amongst them, I should make no question : So much for the Sub-

---

\* In his "Golden Ass," Apuleius introduces the episode of Cupid and Psyche, depicting in an allegory the yearning of the soul for perfection ; this is the "moral" here alluded to.

ject it self, but for the rare decorements which new apparrell'd it, when it came the second time to the Royal view, (Her Gracious Majesty then entertaining his Highness at Denmark-house, upon his Birth-day) I cannot pretermit to give a due Character to that admirable Artist, Mr Inego Jones, Master-surveyor of the Kings work, &c., Who to every Act, nay almost to every Sceane, by his excellent Inventions, gave such an extraordinary Lustre; upon every occasion changing the stage, to the admiration of all the Spectators: that, as I must ingeniously confess, it was above my apprehension to conceive, so to their scared Majesties, and the rest of the Auditory; It gave so general a content, that I presume they never parted from any object presented in that kinde, better pleased, or more plenally satisfied: But these I leave to your judgments to ghesse at; the thing it self I propose to your eyes, to censure, which if you judge as favourably as I express it freely, I shall ever remain as heretofore:

Studious of your best opinions,

THO. HEYWOOD.



The Prologue to this Play, the first time  
it was Presented on the Stage ; *Cupid*  
descending in a Cloud, the Speaker.

♠ T was a Custom 'mongst the Romanes, when  
State-Ladies they invited, or great men,  
As if their doors were all too base, and vile  
♠ To entertain them ; their large Roofes to  
untile,

And their unbonded welcome more to crown,  
In Artificial Cloudes to let them down ;  
Their superstitious Love so far extending,  
Receiving them as gods from heaven descending.

Although we cannot meet you with like state,  
As entring hither at our publike gate,  
You are as welcome ; 'Tis Love bids you so :  
And, as their use was, to their ghests to show  
Their best, and costliest Jewels (without boast,  
So Cupid will) what he affecteth most,  
His sweet and dearest Mistris ; or if ought  
Were more in valuation, or in thought,  
That you should see : She is both fresh and new,  
Then bid her but as welcome, as I, you.

Her Majesty inviting the King to Denmark  
House, in the Strand, upon his Birth-  
day, being November the 19.\*

This Play (bearing from that time) the Title of the  
*Queens Masque*, was again presented before  
Him : *Cupid* speaking the Prologue.



HO'S so un-read, doth not of Plato hear,  
His *Annus Magnus*, or this Vertent year ;  
In which the Stars and Planets, Moon,  
and Sun,

Tyr'd with continual labour, having run  
So many Ages long peregrination,  
And returns fresh and new to It's first station.

This is that year sure ; rather this the day,  
Able to change † November into May :  
This day's in heaven a Jubylee of Joy,  
Where Angels sing in quires, Vive la Roy.  
This is the Royal Birth-day of a King,  
Then men with Angels Io pæan sing.

I had almost lost my self, when my intent  
Was to tell why I come, and from whom sent :  
From One, to whom I'm but a shadow, She  
The very soul of Amabilitee.  
One, that without my quiver and my bow,

---

\* Charles I. was born November 19th, 1600.

† The text reads *charge*.



Commands the hearts and eyes, of high and low,  
 Whose name (Inscribed here) did you but behold,  
 'Twould change the sooty Ink, to liquid Gold  
 Of fulgent beauty ; but so pure a mind,  
 As if tinctur'd from Heaven, and so devin'd.  
 I Love, from Love am sent, but She the right :  
 Then grace (Great King) the Triumphs of Loves  
 night.

— — — — —  
 The Epilogue, spoken by *Cupid*, pointing  
 to the several Plannets.




OW Royal Princes, let me turn to you,  
 Daign from Loves mouth, to take this  
 nights adieu :  
 Think all these Plannets that on earth here  
 move,  
 (Shadows of those Cœlestial ones above)  
 Breath on you their best Influences ; Vulcan he,  
 Shall henceforth take charge of your Armory.  
 Juno the Marriage Queen, shall bless your bed :  
 The Sun shall take the bright beames from his  
 head,  
 To increase your glories lusture : and the Moon,  
 Attend on you, to make your mid-night noon :  
 And Mercury shall roam from shore to shore  
 Upon your errands, prove your happy ranger,  
 Home-bred to spie and foresee forraign danger :

Venus with sweets, and I with Jove will charm  
 you ;  
 And after all these, Jove with Power shall arm you.  
 I have kept you waking long, good night, 'tis  
 late,  
 And many Birth-days may you Celebrate.

-----

The Prologue to the King and Queen, the  
 Second time it was Acted, the same  
 Week :

Spoken by *Cupid*.

ES ; sure 'twas here : where some few hours  
 I past,  
 The very time that I descended last ;  
 I, here it was, I know it by one face,  
 To which my Mistris Psiche must give place.  
 A presence ; that from Venus takes all power,  
 And makes each place she comes in Cupids bower.  
 Though in their several spheres, each Planet ride,  
 (With all the gods) to feast me and my bride,  
 With Nectar and Ambrosia, yet, that waste  
 Of godly fare could not my pallat taste:  
 But I must all Cæstial sweet forbear,  
 To re-view earthly Jove, and Juno here,  
 Whom having seen ; Hail to you once again ;  
 Long as the spheres continue, may you Raign

In Majesty, in power, in issue blest,  
Be all these with your fortunate yeers increast :  
Till Cupid (ever yong) with Time grow old,  
And you, this Iron Age, changing to gold.  
(Re-pur'd by your two vertues) These ethodial,  
May change to brighter Chaires in th' Heavens  
Imperial.






## LOVES MISTRESS.



### ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*(Enter Apuleius, with a pair of asse ears in his hand.)*

OW art thou Apuleius retransform'd? or else  
how cam'st thou metamorphis'd first into  
an Asse? Why to so dull a beast, of slow,  
and so obtuse a memory? I had a brain  
aim'd at inscrutable things, beyond the Moon;  
what was sublunary, me thought was for my study  
all too mean: (therefore, I)\* therefore was I thus  
transhap'd: that knowing man who keeps not in  
his bounds, but pries into heavens hidden Mysterie,  
Further than leave, his dulness is increast,  
Ceaseth to be a man, and so turns beast:

And thus I fell, yet by the self same power,  
that calls all humane wisdom† foolishness, am  
once more to my pristine shape restor'd;

---

\*These words, given in the text, should be omitted.

†The text reads *wisdomy*.

Onely to show how vain my ambitions were,  
This follies crest I still about me bear :

I fain would know the way to Helicon,  
Can none here tell me? Will none silence breake?  
It seems these sit to hear then, not to speak,

(*Enter Midas.\**)

Here's one I hope can tell me : Reverend  
Father, how lies my journey to the Muses hill?

*Mi.* Follow thy nose.

*Ap.* Thou most unreverend groom, (I hope my  
Asses shape is quite shook off) why in this churlish  
manner speak'st thou then?

*Mi.* The Muses? hang the Muses. *Ap.* Cans't  
thou conduct

My wandring steps to Aganippe spring?  
To the Muses Temple I am travelling

And must to them perform a sacrifice.†

*Mi.* An Assehead of thy own, thou must per-  
form. *Ap.* If men be grown thus savage; oh  
you powers, Remetamorphise me into an asse; 'tis  
less inglorious, and less grief to live a beast  
amongst wilde beasts, then to see man brute-like  
to blemish his creation.

*Mi.* I tell thee once again, I know no Muses ;

\* For preferring Pan's pipes to Apollo's lyre, the  
latter god caused Midas to have the ears of an ass.

† The text reads *sacrific*.

no Muses hill, no Aganippes spring ; and which is more, I care for no such toys.

*Ap.* And which is worst, none wise shall care for thee ;

Oh grief, that silver hairs should crown his head,  
By whom the Muses are dishonoured.

Say Idol, what's thy name ? *Mi.* What's that to thee ? yet was I sometime King of Phrigia, to whom god Bacchus was beholding once : and therefore bad me ask what I would have, I should be granted ; instantly I begg'd that whatsoever I touch'd might turn to Gold ; at first it pleas'd me : when I sate to eat, I touch'd the Table, and it straight was gold, the trenchers gold : I call'd for earthen vessels, which by my touch were alcumis'd to gold, all which I hugg'd ; but when I came to carve, even as the dishes, so the meat was gold, the liquid wine, but touch'd, was straight congeal'd :

And had not Bacchus freed me from my wish,  
Amidst my gold I had been starv'd\* ere this.

*Ap.* Dull covetous fool. *Mi.* The shame of this made me resigne my state, and where before I was a King Of men, to flie the harshnes of fools bitter jeasts, I am this wooll crown, and am King of beasts, and my name's Midas.

*Ap.* Then oh King of beasts,

---

\* The original reads "starv'd."

Be this thy curse ; when thy base life's out-worn,  
 No sacred Poet name thee but in scorn :  
 But wilt thou sit with silence ? *Mi.* Thou  
 prat'st and bablest, what would'st thou have me  
 do ? *Ap.* Seest thou this sphear spangled with all  
 these stars, all these Love-arts ; nor shall they  
 part from hence with unfeasted cares : my purpose  
 was to expose them to the shapes of all those  
 asses,

With whom my lost soul wandred in a mist,  
 Knowing of them thou art not counted least.  
 But first I'le shew a story of mine own of Cupids  
 love to Psiche, sit and see't ; I'll make thee then  
 ingeniously confess thy treason 'gainst the Muses  
 Majesty ;  
 Withal, not onely whatsoever's mine,  
 But all true Poets raptures are divine.

*Mi.* Thou hast prevail'd with me, by Pan I'll  
 stay :

But take heed Poet that your rimes be sound,  
 Else with thine own ass ears thou shalt be  
 crown'd.

*Ap.* We two contend ; Art here, there Ignor-  
 ance :

Be you the Judges, we invite you all  
 Unto this banquet Accademical. [*Exeunt.*  
*(Recorders. Enter Admetus, Menetius, Zelotis,*  
*Astioche, Petrea, Psiche.)*

*Ad.* You Peers and Daughters to th' Arcadian

King, we have past the great'st part of our Pilgrimage : listen, oh listen, for these sounds that guild the airs light wings, fanning through all our ears immortal tunes, tell us we are arived at sacred Delphos ; see the burnish'd Spires advance themselves to welcome our approach : the Temple gates stand ope, and that great Deity, whose tongue speaks nothing less than Oracle, attended by his Sibels, daines to appear.

(*Enter Apollo.*)

*Mene.* Oh teach our knees with a most reverent touch, to kiss this hallowed earth. *Zelo.* Ladies kneel down. *Astio.* And sir relate to fair Lato-naes Son, why this religious voyage was attempted.

*Ad.* Daughters I shall :

Sacred Apollo, god of Archery,

Of Arts, of Physick, and of Poetry :

Joves bright hair'd Son, whose yellow tresses shine

Like curled flames, hurling a most divine

And dazling splendor on these lesser fires,

Which from thy guilt beams, when thy Carre  
retires,

Kindle those tapers that lend eyes to night ;

Oh thou that art the Landlord of all light :

Bridegroom to morning, daies eternal King,

To whom Nine Muses in a sacred ring,

In dances spherical, trip hand in hand,

Whilst thy well stringed Harp their feet com-  
mand ;



Great Delphian Priest, we to adore thy name  
 Have burnt fat thighs of Bulls in hallowed flame,  
 Whose savor wrapt in clouds of smoke and fire,  
 To thy Star spangled pallace durst aspire :  
 Tell us who shall untie the Virgin Zone  
 Of the white handed Psiche, she alone  
 Of three most fair, is most unfortunate,  
 All love, but none her love will celebrate  
 With nuptial rights ; what must of her betide,  
 Dread Phebus tell, to whom shall be bride.

*Ap.* Cloath Psiche in a morning weed, then  
 lead and leave her on a hill, when Venus Doves  
 their young ones feed, her husband not of humane  
 race ; but one, whose flaming sight doth kill, and  
 yet wants eyes : his serpents face if she behold,  
 she must see hell, and yet by some notorious deed,  
 obtain a Patent from that place never to die :  
 Psiche farewell, Much joy'd, much griev'd, un-  
 clasp that spell. [*Ex. Apollo.*]

*Ad.* Much griev'd, and yet much joy'd, poor  
 girle, I fear  
 The scale of grief will weigh down that of cheer.  
*Mene.* She must see hell, and yet she nere shall  
 die ;

True, for hels torments live eternally.

*Asti.* But father, no tongue shall her joyes  
 express.

*Petre.* Phebus, thy words leave us all comfort-  
 less.

*Psi.* I must espouse a serpent, that's my hell.

*Zelo.* But since you never shall behold his face,  
Your torments cannot be too horrible.

*Mene.* Is't possible, by deeds impossible  
To attain the Crown of immortality :  
It cannot be : thus mocking *Phœbus* leave us,  
Always in clouds of darkness to deceive us.

*Ad.* Stay thy prophane tongue, lest deserved  
wrath, strick thee with death from his  
revengeful sphear :  
Thou must be cloath'd in mourning, so thou art,  
A mourning habite, and a thought-sick heart :  
Thou must be left alone on Venus hill :  
The destinies decree, we must fulfil :  
Thy husband must want sight, and yet have eyes  
That flame, and kill ; oh leave these mysteries,  
Until the gods reveal them, come, let's hence :  
Changes your Arcadian tunes to Lidian sounds,  
Sad notes are sweetest, where deep woe con-  
founds. [*Ex omnes.*

(*Recorders. Enter Venus.*)

*Ven.* Cupid my Son, where's he? [*within.*\*

*Cup.* Anon forsooth. *Venus.* I'll gather rods  
of Roses, if you mock me with your anon-  
forsooth : [*within.*

---

\* Or, as we should say in modern stage parlance,  
"in the wings."

*Cup.* Anon-forsooth : *Ven.* Shall I be thus still  
vext? still when my blood boyles in the fire of  
anger, then this ape with purpose frets me.—  
Boy.

(*Enter Cupid.*)

*Cup.* Anon-forsooth : *Ven.* Will Juno come,  
or Ceres?

*Cup.* Juno lay lolling in my Uncles lap. *Ven.*  
Which Uncle?

*Cup.* Uncle Jove : I laught out-right to see  
how (wanton-like) with both her arms, she clung  
about his neck ; gave him ten kisses, toy'd with  
his locks, look'd babies in his eyes, and swore she  
would not watch him when he went among his  
wenches, if he'd turn away his sawcy page, the  
smooth-fac'd Ganimed ; the boy by chance upon  
her fan had spilt a cup of Nectar, oh how Juno  
swore :

I told my Aunt I'de give her a new fan,  
To let Ioves page be Cupids serving-man.

*Ven.* What's this to Venus message, what said  
Juno?

*Cup.* I ask'd her when she'd come, and in good  
sooth,

She answered nothing, but anon forsooth.

*Ven.* And where was Ceres, what did she  
reply?

*Cup.* Ceres was binding garlands for god Pan,  
of blew-bottles, and yellow pissabeds that grew

amongst the Wheat, with which she crown'd his forked brows, and woed him with his horn to rouse the skipping Satyrs, to hunt a herd of swine that rooted up her corn :

I ask'd her when she'd come, and in good sooth, She sent me packing, with anon-forsooth.

*Ven.* I sent for Pan, and for Apollo too, what news from them?

*Cup.* They said they would be here immediately.

*(Enter Pan and Apollo.)*

*Apo.* Why in such haste hath Venus sent for us? *Ven.* I sent for Iuno and for Ceres too, but they'll not come.

*Pan.* Well, what's the news with you? *Ven.* Have you not heard how Venus is contemn'd? her temples gaz'd at, but not troad upon, her stately hangings, and her pillowes torn: Those rosie garlands that her statues crown'd Are wither'd, or else trampled on the ground. Those troops that flock'd to Paphos to adore me, Shun Paphos now, and scornfully abhorre me.

*Pan.* That's strange, for all are up to th'ears in love, Boyes without beards get boyes, and Girles bear girles, fine little rattle-pates thus high, Dwafte wives; If long this hot world stand, We shall have all the earth turn Pygmy-land.

*Ven.* All honour Love, but none adore Loves Queen :

*Apol.* The injury is great, but from whence springs it?

*Ven.* From Psiche daughter to the Arcadian King;

They call her Queen of Love, will know no other,  
And swear my Son shall kneel and call her  
mother.

*Cup.* But Cupid swears to make the jacks  
forsworn.

*Apol.* Will Citharea swallow this disgrace?

*Pan.* What shall Pan do in this? *Ven.*

Lend me your aids, if you meet Psiche, charge  
young Mercury to send me to her, or imprison her  
till you have sent me word. *Apol.* If this be

all, Venus shall have her wish. *Pan.* Pan by  
this upright horns and beard doth swear to hunt  
out Psiche; but if I do this, what will sweet  
Venus give me? *Ven.* A sweet kiss; and

Phebus shall have one, Cupid another, upon con-  
dition they will right those wrongs which Psiche  
in her great pride throws on me: draw from thy  
quiver a dull leaden shaft, and sticke it through  
her bosome to the heart.

Make her in love, but let her proud eyes doat  
on some ill shapen drudge, some ugly fool, do this  
Ile weave for thee a Coronet of Roses, mixt with  
Berenices hair; and give thee my best Chariot,  
and my Doves, to hunt with on the earth, or in  
the air; wilt thou do this my boy? *Cup.* I

will for-sooth. *Ven.* Nay do not mock me, wilt thou? *Cup.* Yes indeed, indeed I will for sooth. *Ven.* Sweet lad adieu then :

*Apolo,* Pan, revenge poor Venus wrongs, Whilst I unyoke my silver coloured team, To wanton on the bosome of yon stream. [*Exit.*

*Apol.* Now she hath call'd me down unto the earth, Ile try what pastimes dwell amongst the swains. [*Exit.*

*Pan.* And with my Satires I will have some sport here in the Arcadian valleys. [*Exit.*

*Cup.* Shall Psiches beautious eyes gaze on base love? no, let my Mother storm, and chafe and lowre, she shall be none but Cupids Paramour :

[*Enter Zephirus.*

Ho Zephirus,——how now thou puffing slave, Art thou grown proud, thou swell'st so? Gentle winde,

Clap on thy smoothest feathers, sleekest wings, And mount thee to the top of yonder rocke, there thou shalt finde anon a forlorn maid, convey her gently down unto the vail that borders on my bower : see this perform'd, and I will cloathe thee in a grass-green Robe, spotted with Dasies, Pincks, and Marigolds; I'le play the thief in Flora's treasury, to make all eyes in love with Zephirus; Fly hence, do this, and henceforth be thou King Of all the Windes, and father of the Spring.

[*Exeunt.*

(*Enter Admetus, Menetius, Zelotis, Astioche, Petrea, Psiche.*)

*Ad.* Behold the foot of that unhappy Rock, upon whose frozon top, by Phebus doom, thou must abide thy most sinister hap.

*Astio.* Dear sister Psiche.

*Psi.* Peace Astioche : Petrea, Father : you should all have mourn'd, when the mad spirits of the multitude kneel'd down, and call'd me Venus ; then have wept, when Cithereas Altars were left bare, and I was call'd a goddess ; when these tears, whose reeking makes my Funeral lights burn dim, might have quench'd Venus wrath : but leave me now to fight with death, or meet worse misery.

*Mene.* But lurks that serpent in that fatal rock ?

*Pet.* So said Apollo. *Zelo.* Then Menetius, we will conduct fair Psiche to the cave, and rip the monsters entrails with our swords.

*Psi.* Forbear all force, I will ascend alone ; Phœbus will be displeas'd : Alone said he, distressed Psiche shall climb up yon hill. *Ad.* The way is dangerous, thou wilt loose thy self without a guide.

*Psi.* Death must my conduct be, see where the pale hagg stands ; vain world adieu, I am his bride, he waits for none of you.

[*She climbs up the Rock.*]

*Ad.* What pains the poor Girl takes, see how she strives

Against the swelling bosom of the hill.

*Mene.* See the kinde brambles, as enamor'd of  
her,

Circle her beauty in her catching arms,  
Wooing her to come back ; as who should say,  
Thou runst too fast to death, sweet Psiche stay.

*Ad.* But all in vain, she now hath climb'd the  
Rock,

And wafts her hand, do you the like to her,  
Whose timeless death prepares my Sepulchre.

*Petre.* Sister with courage meet thy destiny,  
To morrow, if thou liv'st, wee'l visit thee.

[*Exeunt.*

(*Enter Cupid and Zephrus.*)

*Cup.* Fly Zephrus, on top of yonder mount  
My fair Love sits ; on thy soft swelling wings  
Let Psiche ride—you voyces that attend me,

[*Ex. Zep.*

Dance in the air like wantons, to entice  
My Love to dwell in Cupids Paradise :  
Musick with ravishing tones inchant her ears ;  
A banquet there : She that doth Cupid wed,  
Thus shall she live, and thus be honoured. [*Exit.*

(*Enter Zephrus, and takes Psiche from the Rock,  
and Exit with her in his arms. A Banquet  
brought in.*)

(*Enter Zephrus with Psiche, and places her at  
the Banquet, and Exit.*)

*Psi.* Where am I now ? For through the cheer-



ful air hither I have been brought, on unseen wings; What wondrous place is this? No serpent sure lurks in this pleasant bower: my ear drinks sounds of heaven-tun'd Instruments; I see no creature, and yet me thought soft fingers set me down, and I am forc'd by sweet compulsion, to be the onely guest of *A Banquet first plain, and this fair board, which presently set out with empty, is as soon new all delicates.* furnished; I fain would touch these sweets, but fear to taste them. *Eccho.* Taste them. 2 Taste them. 3 Taste them.

*Psi.* What voice is that? I dare no longer sit.

*Eccho.* Sit. 2 Sit. 3 Sit.

*Psi.* Who mocks me? Are you devils, or are you gods?

*Eccho.* Gods. 2 Gods. 3 Gods.

*Psi.* The gods will do no harm.

*Eccho.* No harm. 2 No harm. 3 No harm.

*Psi.* Psiche be bold, and taste this heavenly food.

*Eccho.* Ha, ha, ha. 2 Ha, ha, ha. 3 Ha, ha, ha.

*Psi.* These are no Ecchoes, for they shift their place, nor catch they my last words as Ecchoes do; for when I would have fed, they mock'd my pride, they laught at my presumption: No, they are Fury-Elves, and will torment me.

*(Enter Zephirus with drink.)*

If thus I talk to them,—Who fills this wine, and

tempts my eye with it? as who should say, Drink Psiche.

*Eccho.* Drink Psiche. 2 Drink Psiche. 3 Drink Psiche.

*Psi.* Ile taste no drop of this enchanted wine :  
 ♀ain from this Magick circle would I rise, yet dare  
 not ; oh let Psiche see your eyes, or rid me hence,  
 and set my fears in peace.

*Eccho.* Peace. 2 Peace. 3 Peace.

(*Enter Cupid.*)

*Cup.* How lovely is my Psiche! earth's too base  
 To be possesset of her Celestial Form :

My mother hates her ; for the gods I fear  
 Would banish her from earth, my Love being  
 there ;

And therefore shall she live in Cupids Bower,  
 For she deserves to be Loves Paramour :  
 O how my fair eyes wound me ; by this kiss, and  
 this white hand.

*Psi.* Oh me ! what voice is this I feel? beside  
 soft fingers, and a Ring. *Cup.* Long white  
 fingers, soft white hand,  
 Ring and all at thy command.

*Psi.* Is this my husband then? *Cup.* Ho  
*Zephirus*, remove hence those Ambrosian dishes  
 straight. [*Zephirus takes off the Banquet.*]

*Psi.* My father much mistook the Oracle ;  
 To this sweet voice, could I enjoy the sight,  
 I should my self then stile Queen of Delight.

*Cup.* Pleasure shall be thy Lackey ; wilt thou hunt,  
 Then in an ayery Chariot, drawn by birds,  
 On the windes downy back my Love shall ride ;  
 Mild Zephirus shall be thy Waggoner ; who if  
 the heat offend, his silver wings shall fan cool air  
 upon thee, yet my Love, if thou commit'st one  
 sin, thou art not mine.

*Psi.* Name it, and I'll avoid it for your sake,

*Cup.* Thy mourning sisters shortly will return,  
 and seek thee on the rock from whence thou cam'st,  
 But shun their sight and speech ; Psiche do this,  
 Thou rob'st me else of love, thy self of bliss.

*Psi.* Not speak nor see my sisters ; oh what  
 pleasure can Psiche take, lock't in a Golden Jayl ?

*Cup.* Run not unto thy ruine gentle love ;  
 Yet if thou needs wilt see and speak with them,  
 Command thy servant Zephirus to bring them  
 From top of yonder Rock into this vail ;  
 But if they make inquiry who I am,  
 Fill both their laps with gold, and send them gone,  
 Besides I woe thee by this nuptial kiss, do not  
 perswade me to disclose my shape,  
 Attempting that, thou loosest this high state ;  
 I then must leave thee, thou live desolate.

*Psi.* In all these things I will obey my love.

*Cup.* Then Psiche, in thine unseen husbands  
 hand,

Clasp thy white fingers ; I'le now crown thy bed  
With the sweet spoiles of thy lost Maiden-head.

[*Exeunt.*

(*Enter Apuleius and Midas.*)

*Mi.* Hand off, let go my sheep hook, I'le not  
stay,

I'le hang my self, e're I'le see out thy Play :  
Call you this Poetry ? *Ap.* If this displease thee  
Midas, then I'le shew thee e're I proceed with  
Cupid and his love, what kinde of people I com-  
merst withal in my transhape.

*Mi.* That's when thou wert an Ass. *Ap.*  
The very same.

*Mi.* Yes, that I fain would see.

*Ap.* Sit then and view thine own infirmity.

(*A dance. Enter a proud ass with Ears.*)

*Mi.* What fellow's that ?

*Ap.* A self-willed insolent fool, who spights at  
those above him, and those beneath despiseth,  
and his equals jests\* upon ; rich in his own conceit,  
in judgement poor,

Still carping, tho' a coxcomb, and may pass,  
As these days go, for a proud arrogant Ass.

(*Dance. Enter a Prodigal Ass.*)

*Mid.* I, this I like ; What fellowes that ?

*Ad.* A fellow he, who riots that, which most  
penuriously his father hoarded, in drabs, drink

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\* The text reads "jets."

and play, wearing fantastick habits, and gav clothes.

Till he hath quite exhausted all his gold,  
And for a prodigal Ass may be inroul'd.

*(Dance. Enter a Drunken Ass.)*

*Mi.* This gives me good content—what's he?

*Ap.* A pot-companion, brother to the glass,  
That roars in's cups, indeed a drunken Ass.

*(Dance. Enter an Usurer.)*

*Mi.* He looks like a good fellow—Now that gray beard?

*Ap.* One that doth pinch his belly in his life,  
and starve his own guts to make others feed ;  
Patcheth his own clothes to make others proud,  
And for a covetous Ass may be allow'd.

*(Dance. A young Gentlewoman.)*

*Mi.* But so did never Midas—Now that Minks.

*Ap.* Her mothers darling she, born to good means ; in love with all she sees, yet truly, none ; who thcn great Heires are proffered, trifles them ; And in the end, when with none else she can, She marries with her fathers Serving-man :  
And that is a right she-Ass.

*(Dance. An ignorant Ass.)*

*Mi.* What Reverend person's that of all the other? I like him best. *Ap.* That Midas, is thy brother, a piece of moving earth, illiterate, dull ; who having in himself naught commendable,

envies what's good in others ; and yet dare in his own impudence, with arts compare :

A block, a stone, yet learning he'l revile,  
And a dull ignorant Ass we will him stile.

*Mi.* But where's your Poet Ass amongst all these ?

*Ap.* There's no such creature. [*Dance and Exit.*]

*Mi.* Then what call'st thou those that let not men lie quiet in their graves, but haunt their Ghosts with ballats and bal'd rimes ? Do they not teach the very fiends in hell speak in blank verse ; do we not daily see every dull-witted Ass spit Poetry ? And for thy Scene, thou bring'st here on the Stage, a young green-sickness baggage to run after a little ape-fac'd boy thou team'st a god ; Is not this most absurd ! *Ap.* Mis-understanding fool, thus much conceive, Pische is Anima, Psiche is the Soul, the soul a Virgin, longs to be a bride, the soul's Immortal, whom then can she woove but Heaven ? Whom wed but Immortality :

Oh blame not Psiche then, if mad with rage,  
She longs for this so divine marriage.

*Mid.* But tell me then, why should Apollo say, all love her, and yet none will marry her.

*Ap.* All love fair Psiche, all cast amorous eyes on the soules beauty, but who is't will wed her ? None with the soul will lead so strict a life, As heaven enjoynes with such a blessed wife.

*Mi.* Thou promp'st my understanding pretty well ; but why should Venus been Queen of Love, with her Son Cupid to enamour her on some base groom mis-shapen, and deformed ?

*Ap.* By Venus here, is meant untemperate lust : lust woos her Son Desire, to inflame the soul with some base groom, that's to some ugly sin ; Desire is good and ill ; the evil swears to obey his mother Venus, and vex Psiche : but Cupid representing true desire doats on the souls sweet beauty, sends his servant Zephirus ; In whom, Celestial pleasure's meant.

To entice his Love, the Soul to his chaste bed,  
Giving her heaven for her lost maiden-head.

*Mi.* Onely one Riddle more, and I have done ;  
why did the poor girle Psiche take such pain ?  
What scrambling shift she made to climb the  
mountain, and crawl through brakes and briers to  
get a husband.


*Ap.* This shewes how many strong adversities,  
Crosses pricks, thornes and stings of conscience,  
would throw the ambitious soul affecting heaven,  
into dispair and fainting diffidences,  
Which Psiche must pass through ; the soul must fly,  
Through thousand lets, to seek eternity.

*Mi.* Thou hast made this somewhat plain.

*Ap.* Kinde Gentleman,  
Winke at our strife, you may in pardoning this,  
Count this our talk a meer Parenthesis. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. II. SCEN. I.

(Enter *Psiche, Astioche, and Petrea.*)

*Psi.*  WELCOME dear sisters ; with the breath of Love, poor *Psiche* gives kind welcome to you both : oh tell me then by what auspicious guide, you came conducted to this sacred place ? *Asti.* Sister you shall : when many a weary step had brought us to the top of yonder Rock, mild Zephyrus embrac'd us in his arms, and in a cloud of rich and strong perfume, brought's unto the skirts of this green mead.

*Psi.* And happily arriv'd ; Nature and Art have strove to make this dale their treasury ; windes fly on *Psiches* errand ; shapes unseen are my attendants, and to make me sport, will dance like nimble *Ecchoes* in the air, and mock me.

*Eccho.* Mock me. 2 Mock me. 3 Mock me.

*Psi.* Sisters, how like you this ?

*Ec.* This, ha, ha, ha. 2. This, ha, ha, ha. 3. This, ha, ha, ha.

*Petre.* They mock us, they will do no harm to us ?

*Psi.* Oh no.

*Eccho.* No. 2. No. 3. No.

*Psi.* Bablers, be silent.

*Eccho.* Silent. 2. Silent. 3. Silent.



*Psi.* Or else I'll punish you ; and let me hear some Musick——Loud——And still.

[*Loud Musick, and still Musick.*

Tell me, how like you this? *Ast.* It flies the reach of Admiration. *Petr.* But let us see the shapes of them that play, what are they, speak? Or what's your husband's name?

Let's know our brother, that we may relate

To the King our father your high honour'd state.

*Psi.* My husband, sister, is now rid from home.

*Ast.* Why, say he be, I hope you know his name ; we'll ransack all the Pallace but we'll finde him : is your sweet-heart so proud, he'll not be seen? *Petr.* Where is he *Psiche*?

*Psi.* Trust me, he's from home. *Ast.* Let's see his Picture then? *Psi.* 'Las I have none.

*Petr.* Describe his person.

*Psi.* I must shift them hence, my tongue will else breed my confusion. *Ast.* Nay sister, when? *Petr.* When sister will it be? *Psi.* How should I give him shape I never saw? He's a fair lovely youth, upon each cheek, smiles lie in cheerful dimples ; on his brow sits Love and Majesty in glorious pride ; His eyes such beauty in their circles hold, that walking in the night, I have thought them Stars ; long flaxen curled tresses crown his head. Come, come, you shall not be enamored on my fair husband ; this for all suffice, he's yong and rich.

*Asti.* Oh how my blood doth rise, in envy of her high felicity ; speak, what's his name ?

*Psi.* Home, home ; more musick there, I must to rest :

(*Recorders. Enter Zephirus with bags.*)

Ho Zephirus, come forth, and bring me brim full bags of gold :

Hold up your laps, tho' them you cannot see  
That bring this gold, this larges take from me ;  
Adieu, adieu : my duty to the King,  
I needs must stop mine eares when Syrens sing.

*Petr. Astioche.* *Asti.* Petrea, oh, I am mad to note her pride ; her husband is no serpent as 'twas said, and false Apollo sung ; he is some god, and this his Temple, for no mortal hand hath laid these Christial pavements, cloath'd these meads in never-fading liveries of green ; Flora you see cloathes all the ground with flowers, Flora is Psiches hand-maid ; Zephirus is but her foot-boy, lackeys at her beck.

*Petr.* Yet she's our sister, and it doth me good To see rich worth in any of our blood.

*Asti.* Thou art a fool Petrea, for I hate That any's fortune should transcend my state ; She sends us hence in scorn, but we'l return, And never cease, till by some treachery,  
Her pride we make a slave to misery. [*Exeunt.*

(*Enter Admetus, Menetius, and Zelotis.*)

*Mene.* Patience great sir, you have not lost them

all, doubtless the two last live. *Zelo.* Sir, though they be your daughters, th'are our wives, and we are in no such despair of them.

*Ad.* Admit you were one for Astioche, and that another for Petrea wept.

You two, but for two wives shed husbands teares ;  
For you and them, I sorrow all : your feares  
Divided betwixt you ; on me alone,  
Lies like a mountain, and thus casteth down  
Admetus wretched body, with his crown ;  
They followed Psiche and her destiny,  
Hath given them death, us living misery.

(*Enter Evemore.*)\*

*Eve.* Rise Royal sir, your Daughters are return'd.

*Ad.* Oh where, which way ; are my two daughters come ?

*Eve.* Yes sir, and both their laps are fill'd with gold.

(*Enter Astioche and Petrea.*)

*Ad.* Welcome to both in one ; oh can you tell what fate your sister hath ? *Both.* Psiche is well.

*Ad.* So among mortals it is often sed, †  
Children and friends are well, when they are dead

*Astio.* But Psiche lives, and on her breath  
attends delights that far surmount all earthly joy :

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\* Not named amongst the characters of the play.

† *Sic.*

Musicke, sweet voyces, and Ambrosian fare,  
 Windes, and the light-wing'd creatures of the  
 ayre :

Cleer chanell'd Rivers, springs, and flowery  
 meads,

Are proud when Psiche wantons on their streams,  
 When Psiche on their rich Imbroidery treads,  
 When Psiche guilds their Christal with her beams :  
 We have but seen our sister, and behold  
 She sends us with our laps full brimm'd with  
 gold.

*Adm.* Oh, you amaze me Daughters. *Petr.*  
 Let joy banish amazement from your kingly  
 thoughts, Psiche is wedded to some Deity, and  
 prays withal our quick return again.

*Ad.* We grant it ; we with you and these, will go  
 To Psiches bowre ; desire inflames my minde,  
 To sit on the bright wings of that blest winde.

*Astio.* Oh but the god that governs Psiches  
 thoughts : for sure he is Immortal, charg'd my  
 sister to talk with none but us.

*Petr.* Yet by the magicke of our tongues we'  
 try

If we can win you so much liberty.

*Ad.* Go my Astioche, but come again  
 To comfort him that must thy want complain ;  
 Go with my love Petrea, but return  
 With winged speed, whilst we your absence  
 mourn :

Go with my blessings, blest those sisters be,  
That live like you in bonds of unity :  
Give Pische this, give her this thou Petrea,

[*Kisseth them.*]

Tell her she is my self, my souls Idea.  
And say, while she is spotless, lovely white,  
She shall be my sole comfort, my delight :  
So part with my best wishes. [Exit.]

(*Enter Clown, with three or four Swains.*)

*Clo.* And what might you call that young gentleman, that rules and reigns, revels and roars in these walks of Arcadia, that makes you borrow sheeps eyes from your flockes, and leaves you no more brains in your heads than in your sheep hooks? what might you call that gallant?

*1 Swa.* Whom do you mean, him whom god Pan so honours, the Fawnes fear, and Satyrs shake to see? *Clo. Ille ipse,* the same; I desire no more than this sheep hook in my hand to encounter with that wash buckler. *2 Swa.*

It is the god of Love, they call him Cupid. *Clow.* Cupid Coxcombe: your Satyrs are all sots, your Fawnes fools, and your Pan a pitiful poor fellow; had I their horns (as I know not what I may have in time) I would so gore him; and what weapons doth he use?

*3 Swa.* They say Bow and Arrowes. *Clo.* Bow and Birdbolts doth he not; and how lies he?

where's his guard? what's his play? Can any of you all give me his true title?

1 *Swa.* Not I, 'tis far beyond me. *Clo.* Then hearken oh you hoyds, and listen oh you Illiterates, whilst I give you his stile in Folio: He is King of cares, cogitations, and coxcombes, Viceroy of vows and vanities, Prince of passions, prate-apaces, and pickled lovers; Duke of disasters, dissemblers, and drown'd eyes; Marquess of melancholly, and mad folkes, grand Signior of griefs, and groans; Lord of lamentations, Heroe of hie-hoes, Admiral of aymecs, and Monsieur of mutton-lac'd.

2 *Swa.* Here's a stile I shall never be able to get over.

*Clo.* And who do you think maintains this princox in his Ponficalibus?

3 *Swa.* Nay, it exceeds my capacity.

*Clo.* A company of pitiful fellows call'd Poets; did you never hear of one Homer, and of the Tale of Troy, and of a ten years siege, and many such trifles.

2. *Swa.* Yes, and many things concerning them.

*Clo.* But hear me, oh you miss of mis-understanding; this Troy was a Village of some twenty houses, and Priam, as silly a fellow as I am, onely loving to play the good fellow, he had a great many bowsing lads, whom he called sons.

3 *Swa.* As we have here in Arcadia.

*Clow.* Just the same ; by this Troy rane a small Brook, that one might stride over, on the other side dwelt Menelaus, a Farmer, who had a light wench to his wife call'd Hellon, that kept his sheep, whom Paris, one of Priams mad lads, seeing and liking, tieth over the brook, and lieth with her in despite of her husbands teeth : for which wrong, he sends for one Agamemnon his brother, that was then high Constable of the hundred, and complains to him : he sends to one Ulisses, a fair spoken fellow, and Town clarke, and to divers others, amongst whom was one stout fellow called Ajax, a Butcher, who upon a Holy-day brings a pair of cudgels, and layes them down in the midst, where the two Hundreds were then met, which Hector a Baker, another bold lad of the other side seeing, steps forth, and takes them up ; these two had a bout or two for a broken pate : And here was all the circumstance of the Trojan Wars.

*I Swa.* To see what these Poets can do.

*Clow.* But listen to them and they will fill your heads with a thousand fooleries ; observe one thing, there's none of you all sooner in love, but he is troubled with their itch, for he will be in his Amorets, and his Canzonets, his Pastorals, and his Madrigals, to his Phillis, and his Amorillis.

*I Swa.* Oh beautious Amorillis. *Clow.* And

what's Amorillis, think'st thou?    1 *Swa.* A fair and lovely creature?

*Clow.* Ile shew thee the contrary by her own name, Amor is love, illis is ill, is ill, cannot be good; *Ergo* Amorillis is starke naught; let one or two examples serve for more, there's one of our fairest Nimphes called Susanna; what is Susanna, but Sus, and anna, which is in plain Arcadia, Nan is a Sow.

2 *Swa.* Well, you have taught us more than ever I understood before, concerning Poetry.

*Clow.* Come to me but one hour in a morning, and Ile read deeper Philosophy to you; good morrow Neighbours, Poets, quotha; What's *Titule tu patule*, but Titles and Pages: What's *Propria que maribus*, but a proper man loves Mary bons, *Feminino generi tribiunter*, but the Feminine Gender is troublesome, what's Ovid, but quasi, avoid; now should I be in love, with whom? with Doll, what's that but Dole and lamentation, with Jugg, what's she, but sister to a black-pot, or what's Pegg, good for nothing but to drive into poste; no Cupid, I defie thee and all thy genealogy.

(*Enter Cupid.*)

*Cup.* What's he that so prophanes our Deity? and scorns that power which all the gods adore; to whom Jove sometimes bend, and Neptune kneels, Mars homageth, and Phebus will submit,



Slie Mercury obey, and Vulcan bow too ; and all rural gods and goddesses, Saytirs and Nymphs allow their sovereign : he shall not scape unpunished. *Clow.* If I could but find one of these fantastical Poets, or light upon that little god their Patron, I would so tickle them. *Cup.* This hobinal, this rusticke, this base clown ; I find him of a dull and brain less eye, such as I know a golden-headed shaft will never enter, of a skin so thick, as pointed silver hath no power to pierce : for such gross fools, I have a bolt in store, which though it cannot wound, shall give a blow, to startle all within him. [*Shoots.*]

*Clow.* Oh me, hey-hoe.

*Cup.* Lie there base Midas bastard that refuses. All honour'd love, and rail'st against the Muses. [*Exit.*]

*Clow.* Oh coward, whatsoere thou art, to come behind a man and strike him before, for I saw no body—to shoot, and never give a man warning oh coward ; I am paid, I am pepper'd ; the case is alter'd, for any one may ghesse by the hugeness of the blow, that I am mightily in love ; ay me that any wench were here, whose name is Ayme ; now could I be in love with any madge, though she were an Howlet, or with any maid, though she look't like a Malkin ; Oh Poetry, I find that I am poyson'd with thee too, for me thinks I

could say my prayers in blank verse, may let me see, I think I could rime for a need :

*Cupid.* I yield since so I know thy will is,  
And Ile go seek me out some Amarillis.

[*Exit.*

(*Enter Psiche alone.*)

*Psiche.* There's at this time a combat in my soul, whether to trust my well-known sisters better, or my unseen husband, I have asked, demanded, and enquired of all my train, this airy-train that hourly waits on me, yet none of them will tell me what he is.

(*Enter Cupid.*)

Besides, this solitude to be alone, begins to grow most tedious, and my fears do every way distract me. *Cup.* Why how now Psiche?

*Psi.* Oh let Mercies eyes shine on my fault.

*Cup.* Are these thy heaven-bound vows? are all thy protestations gilded ayr? hast thou no more regard to my command, or thine own safety?

*Psi.* Dear love pardon me.

*Cup.* Once more I do, and still must pardon thee,

And thou must still offend, still torture me :

Yet once again Ile try thy constancy: thy sisters are at hand.

*Psi.* But gentle love, shall I not speak to them?

*Cup.* Yes, but I woo thee

To send them quickly hence, or they'll undo thee :

They now are at the Rock, bid the cool wind  
To please thee, bring them to the place assign'd.

[*Exit.*]

(*Enter Zephrus with the two Sisters.*)

*Psi.* Ho Zephrus, tell me the cause of your so quick return?

*Asti.* Psiche we come in danger of our lives, to save our sister from ensuing harm. *Psi.* What harm? what danger?

*Asti.* Danger eminent, once you refused our counsel, and deny'd to let us know your husband or his name. *Petr.* Come let's see him. *Psi.* Oh, what shall I do? *Petr.* Escape the danger you are falln into. *Psi.* You cannot see him. *Asti.* Give us then his shape? *Psi.* His shape, why he's a man whose snowy head bowes on his bosome, through the weight of age. *Asti.* That cannot be; you said he was a youth of comely stature, with long flaxen hair. *Psi.* I'm entrap'd. *Asti.* Speak, did you ever see your husband? *Psi.* Why do you ask? pray trouble me no more: leave me, and I will fill your laps with gold. *Asti.* Once thy gold tempted us to leave this place, and to betray thy life to misery, it shall not now, did not Apollo doom thy fatal marriage to some hideous beast? how just is Phebus in his auguries? last night when we went hence laden with gold,

We spide a serpent gliding on the mead  
Who at the sight of us, writhing his head,

Proudly into the ayr, first hist at heaven, be-  
cause it did not shade him from our eyes. *Psi.*

How did that serpent vanish from your sight?

*Asti.* In at these gates he rowld, Psiche be  
wise, For tho a while he dally with thy beauty,  
dulling thy taste with sweets, thy eyes vvith  
shevvs, thy ears vvith musick, and svveets lullabies,  
he vvill in time devour thee.

*Psi.* Miserable wretch, how shall I flye the  
fate that followes me? whose help shall I invoke?

*Petr.* Tell me the truth, and we'l devise some  
means to succour thee.

*Psi.* You are my sisters, I confess to you, I  
never saw his face, know not his shape, yet have  
I touch'd his eyes, and felt his hands. Oft have I  
kist his cheeks, more oft his lips;

Eyes, hands, lips, cheeks, and face so charm'd my  
touch,

That I have sworn, save his, there were none  
such;

yet your strange-story makes me to suspect that  
he's some serpent, for he tels me still, to see his  
glorious shape will ruin me; besides he bids me  
shun your company, else you will breed my  
sorrow; this is that which troubles me.

*Asti.* Hear thee my counsel; Instantly provide  
a keen-edg'd Raysor, and a burning Lamp; at

night, when sleep sits on his monstrous eyes, steal from his speckled side, step to your light, and without fear behold his horrid shape, and with the Raysor cut his skaly throat ;  
 And so by death gain life, and he being dead, Psiche shall to some King be married.

*Petr.* How doth our sister relish this devise ?

*Psi.* I do embrace your counsel, and this night Ile put the same in execution,  
 Come, you have made (me) resolute and bold,  
 And now receive your laps o're-swell'd with gold.

[*Exit.*

*Asti.* Swell in thy pride, until thou break'st thy heart,

Yet come, we'l take her larges e're we part. [*Exit.*

(*Enter Midas and Apuleius.*)

*Mi.* Poet, no more, I have enough of Psiche ; her sisters and the serpent, all of them most villanous lies, Ile prove it ; and unless to please my self, and keep mine eyes from sleep, thou'lt let me shew thee some of our fine sport, such as we use here in Arcadia, I will endure no longer.

*Ap.* Well, I am pleas'd.

*Mi.* Ile shew thee in a Dance.

*Ap.* Art sometimes must give way to ignorance.

A D A N C E.

(*Enter Pan, Clown, Swains, and Country wenches ;  
 They dance, and Exit.*)

*Mi.* Was not this sport indeed? *Ap.* My

modesty gives thee no reprehension, for I am well pleased with your pastoral mirth; but as thou had'st a power over mine eyes, to sit it out with patience; so lend me thy attentive ears. *Mi.* First clear thy absurdities, nay, gross ones too; her Psiche lyes abominably, and saies she has two husbands, the one young, the other old: how canst thou answer this? *Ap.* Though thy vain doubts be most familiar to these Judicious hearers, well experienced as well in matters moral as divine; to thee Ile make it plain. *Mi.* I prethee do. *Ap.* Did Psiche lye to say she had two loves? how like art thou to Psiche, she to thee.

*Mi.* To me, I scorn her likeness. *Ap.* In this point thou art, for rather than thy sisters shall grow angry, to make earths drossie pleasures stay for thee, thou wilt exclaim with Psiche, Cupids young; the joyes of heaven are all too young, too little to be believ'd, or look'd at, if that fail, thou with the soul wilt say, my love is old, Divine delights are crooked like old age, Who will not vow, speak, nay swear any thing, To have their vain delights serv'd like a King.

*Mi.* 'Tis pretty, but your Echoes pleas'd me best: oh if a man had seen them. *Ap.* With a mortal eye none can, in them is hid this mystery, Cælestial raptures, that to allure the sight, are seen no more then voices being on high, subject unto

no weak and fleshly eye. *Mi.* But why did Cupid hide himself from Psiche ?

*Ap.* Oh who dares pry into those mysteries, that heaven would have conceal'd, for this she's charg'd not to see Cupid's face, to shun her sisters.

*Mi.* Those gadding girles, what didst thou mean by them ?

*Ap.* The restless sins that travel night and day, Envyng her bliss, the sweet soul to betray.

*Mi.* Well, by this little I conceive the rest, I care not greatly if I stay it out, But if not lik't, Ile either sleep or flout.


*Ap.* So will not these I hope, before they view What horrid dangers Cupid's bride pursue.

[*Excunt.*

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ACT III. SCENE I.

(*Enter Psiche in night-attire, with a Lamp and a Rayzor.*)

*Psi.* IMES eldest daughter Night, Mother of Ease, thou gentle Nurse, that with sweet Lullabies, Care-waking hearts to gentle slumber charm'st ; thou smooth-cheek't negro night, the black-ey'd Queen, that rid'st about the world on the soft backs of downy Ravens sleek and sable plumes, and from thy chariot silent darkness flings ; in which man, beast, and birds inveloped, takes their repose and

rest ; Psiche intreats thee no jar nor sound betray  
her bold attempt : *Cupid discovered, sleeping*

Soft silken vail that curtains *on a bed.*

in my doubt,

Give way to these white hands, these jealous eyes,  
Sharp knife prepar'd for a red sacrifice ;

Bright Lamp conduct me to my love or hate,

Make me this night blest or unfortunate :

Wonderous amazement ! what do I behold ?

A Bow and Quiver, these shafts tip'd with gold,

With silver this, this sluggish arrows head,

Is like my heart, compos'd of lead,

Such weapons Cithareas Son doth bear,

Psiche were happy if this Cupid were ;

Malicious sisters, I your envy see,

This is no serpent, but a Deity :

What pretty loves, like silken slumbers lie,

Closing the covers of each Christal eye ;

Hence thou prepared instrument of death,

Whilst Psiche sucks new life from his sweet  
breath :

Churl Beauty, beauteous Niggard, thus Ile chide,

Why didst thou from mine eyes this glory hide ?

Ah me, thou envious light, what hast thou done ?

*Cup.* Immortal Powers, oh succor Venus Son ;  
what hellish hag hath dropt this scalding oyl on  
Loves Celestial shape ?

*Psi.* 'Twas Psiches hand. *Cup.* How durst  
thou violate my dread command ? Venus my



mother, bid me make thee doat on some base groom ; and I left her and heaven, and with mine own dart wounded my own brest ; for all these favors, wouldst thou murder me ?

*Psi.* Let my weak sex plead for my great offence.

*Cup.* No, for thy sake, this plague pursue thy sex ; You shall have appetites, and hot desires, which though supply'd, shall nere be satisfied : You shall be still rebellious, like the Sea, and like the windes inconstant ; things forbid you most shall covet, loath what you should like ; You shall be wise in wishes, but enjoying, Shall venture Heavens loss for a little toying.

Ho Zephirus.

[*Enter Zephirus.*]

*Psi.* What will my dear Love do ?

*Cup.* Hence, touch me not, Ile be no more thy Love :

Discharge my servants from this fairy vail,  
Resign thy Office to the boysterous North,  
Bid Famine ride upon his frozen wings,  
Till they be blasted with his poisonous breath :  
Musick, he turn'd to horror, smiles to tears,  
Pleasures to shrieks, felicity to fears.

*Psi.* Why do you plague the place for my offence ?

*Cup.* Why for thy sisters sake soughtst thou my hate ?

But I will be reveng'd on them and thee,  
On them for thy sake, and thy self for me.

*Psi.* For pity hear poor Psiche. *Cup.* No,  
away.

*Psi.* I have no way but yours ; which way you  
flee,

Ile hang upon your wings, or fall and die.

*Cup.* Soon shalt thou leave thy hold ; run  
Zephirus. [*A storm. Enter Boreas.*

Fetch Boreas—— Art thou come my Aquilon ?

Boreas, I charge thee by Orithias love,

Lay waste and barren this fair flowry grove,

And make this Paradise a den of snakes ;

For I will have it uglier than hell,

And none but ghastly scritch-owls here shall  
dwell ;

Breath winters storms upon the blushing cheeks  
Of beauteous Psiche ; with thy boysterous breath,

Rend off her Silks, and clothe her in torn rags ;

Hang on her loath'd locks base deformity,

And bear her to her father, leave her there,

Barren of comfort, great with childe of fear ;

Psiche fare well, whilst thou with woes art  
crown'd,

I must go gather helps to cure my wound. [*Exit.*

*Psi.* With woes indeed ; those wretches live in  
woe,

Whom love forsakes, and Psiche must do so.

[*Exeunt with a great storm.*

(*Enter Clown, Amarillis, and Swains.*)

*Clown.* Do you hear the News, you annimals ?

1 *Swa.* Is it worth the hearing ?

*Clown.* A question well askt, for it is musical news, and therefore worth your ears : Apollo being call'd by Venus from heaven, hath ever since kept Admetus his sheep, with whom Pan meeting, they fell into contention, whether his Pipe, or Apollo's Harp could yield the better Musick, and which withal could sing the best ; come then my sweet Amarillis, and take thy place amongst the rest, for this is the day of the trial, and amongst others, I heard my father Midas say, that all other business set apart, he would be at it ; but there is one mischief late happened.

1 *Swain.* What's that I prethee ?

*Clown.* Pan hath got a cold, is hoarse, and hath lost his voice, and therefore hath chose me to sing in his place ; and Phœbus, because he will take no advantage, hath pick'd out one of his Pages to do the like for him ; therefore come, make a lane, for by this time they are upon their entrance.

1 *Swa.* But is it possible, that Pans Pipe dare contend with Apollo's Harp ?      *Clown.* Yes that it is possible, blinde harper, and that my winde-pipe shall prove : Make room, and get you all out of the lists save I, that am to be one of the Combatants.

(*A Flourish. Enter Apollo, Pan, Admetus, Petrea, Astioche, their two husbands, and Midas.*)

*Pan.* Who shall be Judge?    *Apo.* Admetus.

*Ad.* Sacred Apollo, great Pan pardon me ; it is a cunning much beyond my skill : therefore I humbly crave to be excus'd.

*Apol.* Admetus, for thy hospitality, Phœbus will be thy friend, and give thee leave in this to use thy pleasure.

*Pan.* What thinks Phœbus of Midas, once of men, now King of beasts.    *Apol.* No better man, so please him undertake it.

*Mi.* Yes Phœbus, Midas will, and though poor Marsias,

For striving with thee had his skin pull'd off,  
Yet have we Swaines, and some too not farre off,  
I could have said, some neer to me in blood, can  
tickle you for a tone.    *Clo.* Meaning me, and I  
will set out a throat.

*Apol.* Is this thy Champion?    *Pan.* Yes, and  
who's for thee?

*Apo.* One of my minutes, hours, days, weeks,  
or moneths, or years, or seasons, that still wait on  
us, and have done ever since the first of time ;  
not one can come amiss.

*Mi.* Who shall begin?    *Ad.* Most voices.

*All.* Apollo, Apollo.    *Clo.* No matter though

his Champion begin, let me alone to come up with the Catastrophie.

*All.* Silence, silence.

## SONG.

Phœbus unto thee we sing,  
 Oh thou great Idalian King,  
 Thou the god of Physick art,  
 Of Poetry, and Archery ;  
 We sing unto thee with a heart,  
 Devoted to thy deity :  
 All bright glory crown thy head.  
 Thou Sovereign of all Piety,  
 Whose golden beames and rayes are shed  
 As well upon the poor as rich,  
 For thou alike regardest each ;  
 Phœbus unto thee we sing,  
 Oh thou great Idalian King.

I marry this was somewhat to th' purpose ; I must needs say 'twas pretty, but god Pan, now let us hear your Champion ?

*Pan.* Come, stand forth ?

## SONG.

*Clovo.* Thou that art call'd the bright Hiperion,  
 Wert thou more strong than Spanish Gerion.  
 That had three heads upon one man,  
 Compare not with our great god Pan.

They call thee Son of bright Latona,  
But girt thee in thy torrid zona,  
Sweat, baste and broyl, as best thou can,  
Thou art not like our Dripping Pan.

What cares he for the great god Neptune,  
With all the broath that he is kept in ;  
Vulcan or Jove, he scornes to bow to,  
To Hermes, or the infernal Pluto.

Then thou that art the heavens bright eye,  
Or burn, or scorch, or boyl, or fry,  
Be thou a god, or be thou man,  
Thou art not like our frying Pan.

They call thee Phœbus, god of day,  
Years, moneths, weeks, hours, of March  
and May ;  
Bring up thy army in the van,  
We'l meet thee with our Pudding Pan.

Thy self in thy bright Chariot settle,  
With Skillet arm'd, Brass-pot or Kettle  
With Iugg, Black-pot, with Glass or Can,  
No talking to our Warming Pan.

Thou hast thy beames, thy browes to deck,  
Thou hast thy Daphne at thy beck ;  
Pan hath his horns, Sirnix, and Phillis  
And I Pans Swain, my Amarillis.

*Ad.* You Midas have heard both ; these onely wait your just and upright sentence. *Mi.* Is Phœbus pleased ?

*Ap.* Pleased. *Mi.* And is Pan content.

*Pan.* Content. *Clow.* Now if my father can but censure as well as I sing, the town's ours.

*Mi.* Yes Son, I can, and that most learnedly :

Thy Harp to Pans Pipe, yeeld god Phœbus,  
 For 'tis not now as in Diebus  
 Illis, Pan all the year we follow,  
 But semel in anno ridet Apollo,  
 Thy quirester cannot come neer  
 The voice of this our Chanticleer,  
 Then leave off these thy burning rayes,  
 And give to Pan the prick and praise,  
 Thy colour change, look pale and wan,  
 In honour of the great god Pan.

*All.* A sentence, a sentence, a Pan, a Pan.

*Apol.* Henceforth be all your rural musick such, made out of Tinkers, Pans, and Kettle-drums ; and never henceforth may your fields be grac'd with the sweet musick of Apollos lyre : Midas for thee, may thy ears longer grow, as shorter still thy judgement, dulness, and dotage, be onely govern'd with those revcrend hairs ; let all like thee, that as they grow in time, decay in knowledge, have that old man's curse, to be twice children : for thy squeaking son, may all thy

state thou leav'st him at thy death, be to sing  
Ballads through Arcadia, and them to the like  
tunes; farewell Admetus, my musick lies un-  
question'd, what's amiss is not in us, but in their  
ignorance;

Thus undisparadg'd, Phœbus leaves the place,  
And with them to succession, my disgrace.

[*Exit.*

*Ad.* Phœbus is gone displeas'd.     *Pan.* Still  
may he be so.

*Mi.* Midas I'me sure has judg'd with equity.

(*A Storm. Enter Psiche and Boreas.*)

*Clo.* But see Father, see god Pan, if in revenge,  
he hath not sent a blustering wind to blow us all  
hence; 'tis Boreas, 'tis Boreas.

*Pan.* Come Midas, come Swaines, till this  
storm be past, let us away to shelter.     [*Exeunt.*

*Psi.* Where art thou Psiche, how art thou  
deform'd? What air affords thee breath? What  
men be these? Where shall I hide me? let no  
humane eye behold me thus disfigured, and  
asham'd.

My Father, Brothers, and my Sisters too,  
That wrought my fall, what shall poor Psiche do?

*Ad.* What bare anatomy of grief is this,  
That glads mine ears with sound of Psiches name?

*Psi.* 'Tis her own tongue, the herald of her  
shame;

Father Admetus, Sisters pity me.     *Ad.* Thou



art no childe of mine. *Asti.* Spurn her away,  
'Tis some infectious strumpet, and her breath  
Will blast her cheeks; her sight is worse than  
death.

*Psi.* I did not use you thus, nor spurn you back,  
when on the nimble wings of Zephirus, you were  
transported into Cupids vail;

Your entertainment then deserv'd more right,  
Then like a dog, thus spurn me from your sight;  
Sisters. *Petr.* Out hagg, we scorn thy sister-hood.

*Psi.* You scorn me too; nay then at last I see,  
pride will not look on base deformity: Father  
Admetus, pittie wretched Psiche. [*Kneels.*]

*Ad.* Out impudence; if once again thy tongue  
mangle the reputation of my girl, I'll have it  
straight torn out, hence with th' Imposter.

*Psi.* Us'd like a dog, and by a fathers doom,  
dragg'd from his presence, how am I transform'd?  
He try my brothers next, upon my knees.

*Zel.* Depart the place, for me, I know thee not.

*Psi.* Oh me, how quickly wretches are forgot?

*Me.* Wretched, away,

*Psi.* Away, all cry away,

Baseness and pride in one place cannot stay:  
Astioche, kinde sister, for old loves, resolve my  
father that I am his childe; put him in mind of  
Phebus oracle, and leaving me upon the barren  
Rock; Remember how you came unto my bower,  
and how my servants fill'd your laps with gold;

LOVES MISTRIS.

and last remember how by your advice, I made attempt to strike my husband dead, as he was sleeping, do you know me now? Thence grew my misery. *Asti.* Yes fool, and my great heart joys in thy fall: and father, now I better survey her, my mind gives me this is Psiche.

*Petr.* I am of her thought too, and yet much wonder, how such a beauty should be so deform'd. *Ad.* None shall persuade me to't; she's none of mine that tells me I have any part in her.

(*Recorders. Cupid descends.*)

*Cup.* Admetus stay, chide thy conceit, it offers wrong unto thy daughter Psiche. *Psi.* Oh what heavenly tongue will once vouchsafe to sound poor Psiches name torn with disgrace, doubly expos'd to shame. *Cup.* Psiche, his tongue, whose charge hadst thou obey'd, thy prosperous state had not been so betray'd; nor hadst thou bin a subject to that shame which now attends thee.

*Psi.* Cupid, my dear Lord pardon my guilt, have pity on my sorrow. *Cup.* I cannot, no I dare not, heaven, and earth, the destinies, and all th' Immortal powers, have with the iron pen of Fate, writ down thy certain pain; did I not give thee charge, to taste the pleasures of Immortal love, but not to wade too deep in mystery? Could not my heavenly company suffice to cheer the soul? But thou with earthly eyes

Must see my face ; and view my real beauty,  
Against my charge, thy love, and humane duty.

*Psi.* I do intreat. *Cup.* Arise, kneel not to me ; but thank thy sisters, they apparel'd thee  
In that distractful state ; Psiche fare well,  
I'll mourn in heaven, to see thy paines in hell.

[*Cupid ascends.*

*Ad.* Poor miserable child ; instead of tears my  
heart weeps blood ; I am confounded quite : I  
have three daughters, thou of all the rest, had'st  
in my true conceptions greatest share, for which,  
I call'd thee Psiche, that's the soul, for as my soul  
I lov'd thee ; now I abjure all interest in thy birth ;  
hence from my Court. My hand shall nere lay  
blessing on thy head,

Nor my tongue grace thee with a daughters name,  
Thou art not mine, but the base birth of shame.

*Psi.* Oh whether shall a wretch convert her eyes,  
When her own father shall her tears despise?

(*Enter Mercury.*)

*Mer.* Attend Arcadians, the Proclamation of  
the Paphian Queen. *Ad.* When Hermes speakes,  
we are bound to all attendance. *Mer.* Oh yes, If  
any can bring Psiche unto Venus——

*Asti.* Psiche, whom you are sent to seek, stands  
there.

*Mer.* Then here ends Mercuries Commission :  
Psiche, in Venus name, I do arrest thee, for wrongs  
to her and Cupid. *Psi.* I obey your high arrest,

and with an humble suit, prostrate my self to Citherias wrath; where's angry Venus? *Mer.* Frantick in this grove, mourning Adonis death,—and here she comes.

(*Enter Venus.*)

*Ven.* Accursed bow, why didst thou not defend him? He shall not die, Adonis still shall live; Apollo, gentle Phœbus mount thy Chariot, and in his cold brest breathe celestial fire, for all earths simples cannot cure his wound; or if he must expire, command the Muses to give my Love immortal memory: Hast thou found Psyche? oh that in this rage, I could but now forget her.

*Mer.* See where she stands,  
With down-cast eyes, and weak up-heaved hands.

*Ven.* Just of my height, state, and proportion;  
and were her pristine beauty lent her back, might in the rabbles judgement rival me: Strumpet, profaner of our sacred Rights, how hast thou wrong'd me, and abus'd my son? by aiming at my honor and his life. *Psi.* Dread Paphian Queen, for lovely Cupids sake, and this rich burthen in my wretched womb, pity poor Psyche.

*Ven.* Hast thou plaid the strumpet,  
And for thy sins sake, must I pardon thee?  
No, that alone hath made me merciless.

[*Venus beats her.*]

*Psi.* Help me dear father, sisters, Mercury.



Or look for death ; go, and when that is done,  
 Ile ride to Paphos and enlarge my son,  
 Whom yet I keep close prisoner in my closet.

[*Exit.*

*Ad.* Psiche adieu, none can reverse thy doom.

*Asti.* Not I.

*Mene.* Nor we. [*Exit all but Mer. and Psiche.*

*Psi.* I wish the earth my tomb.

*Mer.* Take patience Psiche, and be comforted.

*Psi.* Comfort, alas what comfort can she finde,  
 Whose father and dear friends prove so unkinde?

*Mer.* For Cupids sake, who for thy love now  
 wears a pair of golden shackles on his heels: This  
 Mercury will do, fie hence to Paphos, and fetch  
 him from his late imprisonment, then tell him of  
 his Mothers tyranny,

That done, we two will teach thee, without pain,  
 In several heaps how to divide this Grain.

[*Exeunt.*

(*Enter Midas and Apuleius.*)

*Mi.* And where have I been thinkst thou  
 Apuleius, didst thou not miss me? *Ap.* Yes, I  
 did not sleep as thou didst in thy judgement.

*Mi.* Then I perceive, thou knowst how I main-  
 tain'd our rural musick, preferring it before  
 Apollos Harp.

*Ap.* Yes, and by that infer, thou art all earthly,  
 nothing celestial in thee. *Mi.* All's one for that;  
 Now for your moral.

*Ap.* Wilt thou stay it out?    *Mi.* No, 'tis too dull, unless thou'lt quicken me with some conceit: thy Psiches sadness hath made me so heavy, that Morpheus steals upon me.

*Ap.* What wouldst thou see?    *Mi.* Thy little Cupid I like pretty well, and would see something else what he can do, more then belongs to Psiche.

*Ap.* Well, to keep thee awake, Ile shew thee now Loves Contrarities, which was more than my promise.

## A DANCE.

*(Enter a King and a Beggar, a Young man and an Old man, a Lean man, a Fat woman. Dance and Exit.)*

*Mi.* I marry, this was somewhat like indeed : here's yong and old, here's fat and lean, the beggar and the King : Love hath power over all. But to your moral now : why comes your Psiche with a sharp Raysor, and a burning Lamp, to murder Cupid ; then he awakes and chases, and flings the house out at windows, was't not so ?

*Ap.* Ile tell thee : she charm'd by her sisters tongues, thinks her fair Love a serpent, and grown mad, would murder Cupid, tare even Jove from heaven ; yet note the greatness of Celestial mercy ! one glimpse, one lamp, one spark, one divine thought, plucks back her arm, and more inflames her brest with amorous raptures, but because poor

soul, she aim'd to search forbidden mysteries, her eyes are blasted, Cupid loaths her sight, he leaves her ugly; and his blessed Bower  
Is rent in pieces; For Heaven seems to fall,  
When our poor souls turn diabolical.

*Mi.* For that 'twixt Pan and Phœbus, I know best, for I was there an Umpire. But resolve me, why left he Psiche when she lost his love; yet mourn'd when she was left of all her friends?

*Ap.* All bid the wretched soul run to despair, When leprous sin deforms her; but even then, When the gods hate her, when she's scorn'd of men,

Cupid hangs in the ayr, his divine eyes  
Shed tears for her, comforts her miseries.

*Mi.* Yet he forsook her too.

*Ap.* Till Psiche be made fair, and Angel-white, She's not to stand in Cupids glorious sight.

*Mi.* Well, I am answer'd. *Ap.* For thy part Midas,


Laugh, sleep, or flout, nay snarl, and cavel too,  
Which none of these here met I hope will do.

[*Exeunt.*]



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*(Enter Vulcan.)*

*Vul.*  Ithin here, ho Pirackmon, when you  
 knave? take in Adonis quiver, and  
 his bow, and hang them up in  
 Venus armory by Mars his gantlet,  
 and Achilles sword: ha, ha, ha, I laugh untill my  
 sides be sore, for joy that my wives dandiprat  
 is dead, and now my Ciclops lay't on lustily;  
 there's half a hundred thunder-bolts bespoke,  
 which argues that the world is full of sin: Neptune  
 hath broke his Mace, and Junos Coach must be  
 new mended, and the hind-most wheels must have  
 two spoaks set in; Phoebus fore-horse must have  
 two new shooes, calk'd, and one remove;  
 Pans Sheep-hook must be men led shortly too,  
 Plie it of all hands, we have much to do.

*(x. Ciclop from within.)*

*Ci.* Master, here's one of Ceres husband-men  
 would have a Plough-share, and a Sythe new  
 ground. *Vul.* New ground, new halter'd, he

shall stay his turn; we shall deceive the gods and  
 goddesses, for a plow-jogging hinde. 2. *Ci.*

Here's Mercury to have his Caducès mended.

*Vul.* He shall stay.

3. *Ci.* Here's Ganimed, to have his masters  
 hunting-nagg new shod; and Mars his lackie, with  
 a broken gorget.

4. *Ci.* And here's a clown for hob nailes.

*Vul.* Here's the devil and all ; what would they have me do ? I toyl and moyl worse than a mill-horse, scarce have kept a minnte this fortnight, and odde days ; I have not time to sit and eat ; But I'le give over all, and live upon my wife as others do ; they say she hath good talkings ; e're I'le endure it, I will do any thing ; when I was made a Smith, would I had been a Bearward.

4. *Ci.* What shall we do first ?

*Vul.* Why first go hang your selves : I keep a dozen Journeyemen at least, besides my Ciclops and my Prentises, yet 'twill not fadge : I think my little boy Cupid must blow the bellowes, and my Wife Venus must leave her trade, and turn she-smith, yet 't would scarce quit the cost ; she'd spend me more in Nectar and sweet-balls to scowre her cheeks, smudg'd and hesmear'd with cole-dust and with smoak, but soft, what shackled run-away is this ?

*(Enter Cupid in Fetters.)*

Why how now Cupid ?

*Cup.* Crawling softly to you,

You are my dad, and I am come to see you.

*Vul.* How came you out of credit with your Mother ?

*Cup.* Ask me how I crept into credit rather,  
For do you see sir ; thus the matter stands,  
I am indchted, and thus enter'd bands

To be forth-comming. *Vul.* Y'are a yong  
whore master ; about your wench, I have heard  
all ; but where's your mother now ? *Cup.*

Binding up Mirtles for Adonis Tombe, whom she  
hath now turn'd to a Hiacinth ? *Vul.* And  
what's become of Psiche, where is she ? *Cup.*

I parted but even now with Mercury, who told me  
that my mother had enjoyn'd her to part five  
measures of commixed grain into five heaps, which  
seem'd impossible ; but he and I sent forth the  
toying Ants, who like so many earnest labourers,  
did it with ease, for they were numberless : then  
with his cunning, having pick'd the lock of Venus  
Closet door, he set me free, and I am come dear  
father, to intreat, to file off these my bolts.

*Vul.* Cupid I dare not, Venus gave me charge,  
not to take off thy shackles. *Cup.* Father, sweet  
Hony-sugar-candy dad, indeed, indeed you shall.

*Vul.* This cologuing wagg will not be answered;  
come, set up your leg ; Venus will sole me by the  
ears for this.

*Cup.* No, no, I warrant you.

(*Enter Psiche with a Violl.*)

*Vul.* So now 'tis done, th'art free,——but who  
comes here ? she's angry sure, for see how big she  
looks : what a great breadth she bears ; me-thinks  
a woman becomes no ornaments she wears, so  
well

As a great belly, therefore 'tis much pity,

They should want things, to make them look so pretty.

*Psi.* Unhappy Psiche, Venus most obdure, and never satiate with my endless cares, when by the helps of silly labouring Ants; I had ended the first task, her cruelty binds me to worse disaster.

*Cup.* Once my love, hadst thou been true to Cupid, not the least of all these evils had assaulted thee, and till my mothers anger be appeas'd, I dare do nothing: yet for our first loves sake make me acquainted with thy second task, and as I may, be sure Ile further it.

*Psi.* Let my lips kiss this earth whereon you tread, in low submission, for her late injunction, transcends all humane possibility, this Viol I must fill at that spring-head, from whence Cocitas flows, that fearful stream, which feeds the River Stix.

*Cup.* Be advis'd by me, not far from Tenerus, whose barren top is crown'd with clouds of smok; there lies a mead, ore-grown with Osiers, Bryars, and Sicamors, in this Joves Eagle, (on whose duskie wings Ganimed flew to heaven) obscures himself from Jealous Junoes wrath; enquire him out,

Tell him thy grief, and that thou cam'st from me,  
From this hard task he will deliver thee.

*Psi.* Thanks glorious Deity, upon my knees, prest down with this rich burthen of thy love, I beg that you will mediate 'twixt my errors, and your

stern mothers wrath. *Cup.* Well get thee gone;  
'tis I will front her indignation. [*Exit Psiche.*]

(*Enter Pan and Venus.*)

*Pan.* This way he ran with shackles on his  
heels, and said he would to Vulcan: oh but see  
where he stands cogging with him.

*Ven.* Now you run away, you disobedient, thou  
unhappy wagg, where be the golden fetters I left  
you bound in?

*Cup.* True for my good behaviour, but you see  
My bands are cancell'd, and your son set free.

*Ven.* Ile whip you for't, with nettles steep't in  
wine.

*Cup.* So you'll nettle me, and I must smart for't;  
but when your own flames burn, and you desire  
with him, or him, to glut your appetite, then  
gentle Cupid, then, my pretty son, my love, my  
dear, my darling, and what not, till you have had  
your will.

*Ven.* With his flattering tongue, he still prevent  
my anger: but for thee, as crooked is thy manners  
as thy shape; I thought, great fool, you durst not  
harbor him.

*Vul.* No more I did, sweet wife.

*Cup.* Sweet mother Queen, busse my black dad,  
for all that he hath done,

Was love to you, and kindness to your son.

*Vul.* Speak for me Pan, as ere thou hop'st to

have thy broken hook well mended. *Pan.* When, can'st tell?

I tell thee, I must first have besides that,  
A douzen of brand-ing irons to marke my flocke,  
(the time draws near, sheep-shearing is at hand)  
besides, two of my Satyrs falling out about a  
Lamb, one of them burst his horn, it must be  
tip'd too; thou art well acquainted with tipping  
hornes.

*Vul.* Ha horns, with horns, how's that. *Pan.*  
Nay ask your Wife, I cannot speak for horns, but  
still you take the last word to yourself,  
For Venus makes, and Vulcan wears,  
And Vulcan takes, and Venus bears.

*Vul.* Vulcan wear horns? *Ven.* No sweet-  
heart you mistake,  
Pan is the forked god, with horns was born,  
And ever since, his tongue runs of the horn.

*Pan.* Speak, shall I have my Sheep-hook, and  
those Irons?

*Vul.* Yes Pan, you shall, but yet those horns  
have struck deep to my heart.

*Pan.* Take heed they grow not upward to your  
head,  
And tipping horns, your brows wears horns  
indeed.

(*Enter Psiche.*)

But who comes here? Vulcan is this your  
wench? Th'adst best look to him Venus. *Psi.*

Like your obedient servant, that laies down her  
 life and labour at her Mistris feet, so comes poor  
 Psiche, held between the arms of fear and duty ;  
 fear dishartning me, would pluck me back, but  
 duty being more strong, bids me go forward,  
 bending my weak knee before the Shrine of  
 sacred Majesty ;

Accept my service, who to gain your grace,  
 Would yield my self to a shie deaths imbrace.

*Ven.* Is this that water of th'Infernal lake?

*Psi.* This is that water whose infectious torrent  
 Runs from Cocitus, into Flegiton,

Infernal Stix, and the black Acheron,  
 dear goddess. *Ven.* Art thou not a fawning\* coun-  
 terfeit? first I imploy'd thee to divide my grain, a  
 task impossible for mortal hands, this second is  
 more hard, and yet 'tis done ;

Thou work'st by sorcery, but no damn'd spell  
 Shall keep me from my wrath, thy soul from hell.

*Vul.* Venus, sweet mouse, nay prethee do not  
 chide, forgive, as I forgive thee. *Ven.* Polt-foot,  
 peace.

*Cup.* Sweet mother, let your ire be mollified,  
 Since for her fault she hath endur'd this pain,  
 Banish all hate, and make her blest again.

*Ven.* Again I charge thee not to speak for her :  
 once more I'll try thee further, since my heart is

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\* The text has "fawing."

wedded to such hellish sorcery; hie to Proserpina, the black-brow'd Queen, Ile send thee on my embassie to hell, tell her that sickness, with her ashy hand, hath swept away the beauty from my cheeks, and I desire her send me some of hers; fetch me a box of beauty then from hell, That's thy last labour, urge not a reply, Do my command and live, refuse and die.

*Cup.* For my sake, my best Mother, pitty her.

*Ven.* For thee I hate her, and for her hate thee.

*Pan.* Nay, gentle Venus, be more merciful, for her great-bellies sake.

*Ven.* For that alone,  
Ile hate you all, till she be fled and gone.

*Psi.* Then go I must, and going nere return;  
Oh Cupid my inconstancy to thee,  
Is cause of this my endless misery.

*Cup.* Withdraw thee Psiche, till the rest be gone, and Ile speak with thee. [*Exit Psiche.*]

(*Enter Mercury.*)

*Mer.* Venus, Vulcan, Cupid, and god Pan,  
I summon you to appear at Ceres plain,  
To entertain the fair Proserpina.  
For whom I now am sent; I must to hell  
About Joves embassie, Venus farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Ven.* Hermes farewell, we'l meet at Ceres plentiful Court; come Cupid, follow me. *Pan.*  
Vulcan cannot go.



*Ven.* Yes, but 'tis best to keep behind a shrew.

*Pan.* Then put her in before, on Venus, go.

[*Exit all but Cup.*]

*Cup.* Psiche approach, but do not come too near,  
That pride thou hast already bought too dear.

(*Enter Psiche.*)

*Psi.* Oh pity Psiche, she is sent to hell.

*Cup.* It is the sound of hell wakes pities eye,  
Else I had left thee to more misery ;  
my loves not done, though thou art quite undone,  
unless I arm thee 'gainst the darts of death, which  
hell aims at thee.

*Psi.* Let thy sacred breath——

*Cup.* Wound me no more with words, for they  
but grieve me ;

Now marke what on thy Journy must relieve thee ;  
first, hye thee to the banks of Acheron, thou can'st  
not miss the way, 'tis broad and worn with tramp-  
ling of ten thousand passengers, there shalt thou  
find hells churlish Ferry-man, his name is Charon,  
there's to pay his hire,

Take heed thou lose it not, for doing so,  
He'l beat, and leave thee on the shore of woe ;  
Being ferried over, thou shalt spie hell gates,  
Thou need'st not knocke, they are open night and  
day,

Give Cerberus a sop, and pass away.

*Psi.* And what's that Cerberus? *Cup.* Porter  
of hell, who must at thy return be brib'd again ;

my great desire to help thee, hinders thee, I should have told thee when in Charons barge, thou art wafting o're the dreadful waves of Stix, an aged man, with a pale countenance, his name's Oblivion, swimming in the flood, will heave his wither'd arms and cry help, help, save me from drowning ; stretch not forth thy hand, For if thou dost, thou nere returnst to shore, Thou wilt forget my love, see me no more.

*Psi.* Ile stop my ears against Oblivions cry.  
*Cup.* Being landed, thou shalt see old wrinkled hags spinning black threds, whilst folly reels them up ; he will let fall his reel, and pray thee reach it, but stoop not ; they will likewise beckon thee

To sit down by them ; but to spin a thred,  
 Take heed, doing so, from me thou art banished.

*Psi.* Ile shun their baits. *Cup.* Being enter'd Plutoes Court, they all will tice thee with a thousand trains, shun all, and neither sit nor eat with them, onely deliver what thou art enjoyn'd, receive the box of beauty, and be gone,  
 Which still keep shut, let not thy daring eye  
 Behold the wealth that in the box doth lie.

*Psi.* Dread Cupid— *Cup.* Now farewell,  
 hadst thou but obey'd me,  
 Thy face had still been lovely, and mine eye  
 Doated on thee with heavenly Jealousie. [*Exeunt.*

(*Enter Clown and Swains.*)

1 *Swa.* And what dost thou think of Cupid now?

*Clow.* Do not think I am so stupid,  
But to think well of great god Cupid.

2 *Swa.* And what of Poets? *Clow.* As Poets, as of Potentates, for since I plaid the last prize against Phoebus, in which I may say of my self, *veni, vidi, vici*, I have been so troubled with a Poetical itch, that I can scratch you out Rimes, and Ballats, Songs, and Sonnets, Oades and Madrigals, till they bleed again.

1 *Swa.* Then thou art reconcil'd to Homer.

*Clow.* Homer was honourable, Hesiod Heroical, Virgil a Vicegerent, Naso notorious, Martial a Provost, Juvinal a Jovial lad, and Persius a Paramount; what do I think of Poetry, of which my self am a profest member.

2 *Swa.* And may be very well spar'd, and yet the body never the worse, but thou mayst see what becomes of railing against Cupid, what a sweet Mistris he hath put upon thee? *Clow.* Who, my Amarillis? 1 *Swa.* Yes, the veriest dowdy in all Arcadia even Mopsa compar'd with her, shews like a Madam; first she's old—

*Clow.* It was very well said, to say first, because she was before us, and for old, is not age reverend? and therefore in mine eyes she's honourable.

1. *Swa.* And wrinkled.

*Clo.* Is't not the fashion ; do not our Gentle wear their hair crisped, the Nymphs their gowns pleated, and the Fawns their stockings, for the more grace, wrinkled ; doth not the earth shew well when 'tis plowed, and the Land best when it lyes in furrows ?

1 *Swa.* Besides, she hath an horribly long nose.

*Clo.* That's to defend her lips, but thou sinner to sence, and renegade to reason, do'st thou blame length in any thing ? do'st thou not wish thy life long, and know'st thou not that truth comes out at length ; When all our joyes are gone and past, doth not Long look'd for, come at last ? If any of our Nymphs be wrong'd, will she not say, 'tis Long of me, 'tis Long of thee, or Long of him ; If they buy any comodity by the yard, do they not wish it long ; your advocate wishes to have a Law-suit hang Long ; And the poor client, be his cloak never so short, and thread-bare, yet would be glad\* to wear it longer.

No married man, but doth his wife much wrong,  
Tho' he himself be short, to have nothing long.

2 *Swa.* The short and the long on't is, she's an ugly creature, make of her what thou can'st. *Clo.* Make of her what I can ; oh that all, or any of you could like me, look upon her with the eye of

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\* The text has "gald."

Poetry, I would then let you know what I have made of her. I *Swa*, Prethee let's hear't.

*Clo.* Then listen hither, oh you Imps of Ignorance ;

Oh tell me, have you ever seen,  
 Since you were born unto this day  
 Which is long since a wit so green,  
 And cover'd with a head so gray ?  
 To praise her still my muses will is,  
 Although therein I have no cunning,  
 Yet is the nose of Amarillis  
 Like to a cock, long, and still running.  
 Her eyes though dimme, do seem cleer,  
 And they of Rheume can well dispose,  
 The one doth blinke, the other blear,  
 In Pearl-drops striving with her Nose.  
 Her breasts are like two beds of bliss,  
 Or rather like two lean-Cowes udders  
 Which shews that she no change-liog is ;  
 Because they say, such were her mothers.  
 Those few teeth left her in her head  
 Now stand like hedg-stakes in her gums  
 Full of white Dandriff is her head,  
 She puts the Cobler down for thums.  
 Her sides being long, her belly lanke,  
 And of her leggs what should I say,  
 But that she feels well in the flanke,  
 And both her feet, themselves display.

1 *Swa.* All the Homers in Asia could never have come so neer the business.

*Clo.* From head to foot, for her stature and yeers, pattern her in all Arcadia; say she be a foul beast in your eyes, yet she is my Syren; \* and shewing foul to others, and fair to me, I shall live the happier, and she the honester, but I have a remedy against all this, in spite of Cupid.

2. *Swa.* What's that?

*Clo.* I hear Psiche his Mistris, is sent to hell for a box of beauty, 'tis but way-laying of her, and taking it from her, then Amarillis shall compare with any other she that dare. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Midas and Apuleius.*)

*Mi.* This last I lik't, and had it all been such, onely a meer discourse 'twixt Swaines and Clowns, it then had pleas'd me; now some quaint device, some kick-shaw or other to keep me waking.

*Ap.* Then by the leave of these spectators here, I'll suite me to thy low capacity;  
Of Vulcans Ciclops Ile so much intreat,  
That thou shalt see them on their Anvile beat;  
'Tis musick fitting thee, for who but knowes,  
The vulgar are best pleas'd with noyse and showes?

*A Dance of Vulcan and his Ciclops.*

*Mi.* Well, this I like: now let me know the cream of this conceit; why grain? why measures?

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\* The text reads "Hyren."

why the number five? Your moral sir for that.  
*Ap.* number five, our Sences doth include, those  
 several grains our several sorts of sins, which like  
 those seeds, to count, are infinite; and so commixt,  
 that to distinguish them, it much transcends  
 humane capacitie.

*Mid.* And then those Ants, what didst thou  
 mean by them?

*Ap.* By those are meant our recolections, and  
 Laborinths, still busied in the search of what hath  
 past, and were it possible, by drawing them into  
 their former heaps, to pay to each, indebted  
 penitence; but all in vain, for this can never bee  
 without true Love, guided by Mercury:  
 But for my Sceane, how do'st thou relish that?

*Mid.* As ribble, rabble, and I know not what;  
 A Viol must be fill'd with stigian drops, and that  
 an Eagle must Psiche fetch; and all this, to what  
 purpose?

*Apu.* What to thee, and such like drones, seems  
 to bee most absur'd, is to the wise, perspicuous  
 and most plain; When Psiche hath transgressed,  
 and her offence (almost past pardon) merits Cupids  
 wrath, then woes like waves, follow each others  
 neck, then must she fetch a glass of stigian water,  
 a Viol fill'd with true repentant tears,  
 And that she cannot fill, nor fetch from thence,  
 But by the Eagles help, Heavens providence.

*Mid.* But for her voyage into Hell; can'st make

mee believe, that once there, she can come from thence?

*Ap.* Can'st thou be silent, and but apprehend thou now behold'st her sit in Charons boat? Oblivion reaching up his wretched hands, to crave her help, and then by folly wooed, next by the Idle sisters; these things past, entring Hell gates, whither thy imagination may bring her, howsoever Gentlemen, I hope you will that better understand; Wee'l but affright her with Hells Court, and then, On your wing'd thoughts bring her to earth agen.

*(Exeunt.)*

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ACT V. SCENE I.

*(Enter Pluto, Proserpine, Minos, Eacus, Rhadamant, Charon, Cerberus and Mercury.)*

*Plu.*  AIR Mayas Son, declare your embassie?

*Mer.* Wheat-crowned Ceres, harvest Sovereign, and mother to the fair Proserpine, sends greeting to her

Son, hells awful King, letting him know, this day Latonas Son enters the first house of his Zodiac, and with his guilt beames welcomes in the Spring; this day the Virgins of Sicilia, old wives, young Children, Souldiers, Citizens, Princes and Prelates, on Cissephus banks, are gathered in well-order'd multitudes, dancing in Chorusses, singing



mirthfull layes, such as Iambe Megamirae's maid sung, when she mourn'd her Daughters ravishment : this day hath Ceres call'd a Sessions, where Proserpine must be ; but e're she leave the black Imperial Throne of this low world, Psiche the Daughter to th' Arcadian King, must do a message to her Deity. *Pro.* We know th' intent of that great influence, with all the purpose of the Paphian Queen, she means proud Psiche never shall return, and we will keep her ; Charon fetch her o'er.

*Cha.* Shee's come already. *Mino.* Then conduct her in.

*Cha.* Hell's full enough of shrewes ; if she be fair,

I know she's curst, pray let her tarry there,  
A curst queanes tongue, the very feinds still fear.

*Plu.* Fetch her I say, Venus shall be reveng'd.

*Eac.* Go Charon, wait upon him Cerberus.

*Mino.* If she perform the customs of our Court, being sent on message from supernal powers, we can then with no justice keep her here. *Rha.*

True Minos, 'tis the law of hell and Fate ; yet Cerberus and Charon, get you gone, till Psiche that hells king, and Proserpine with Minos bench'd, Eachus and Radamant upon their black tribunals, sends for her ;

You Furies with your envious eyes attend,  
Lest Psiche 'gainst our customes shall offend.

*Cha.* Come Cerberus, come hags, fetch Psiche

in. *Cer.* Yes, and for all her stains and leprosie, methinks I now could eat her. [*Exit.*]

*Mer.* Psiche is well instructed Rhadamant, her husband Cupid gave her certain rules, for her uncertain journey.

(*Enter Charon, Cerberus, and Psiche.*)

*All.* Here she comes. *Cer.* My sop, hast thou thy naulum Ferry-man? *Cha.* I have. *Plu.*

Psiche stand forth, nay poor soul, tremble not.

*Minos.* How came this woman over Acheron?

Reach'd she not hand to help Oblivion?

*Cha.* No, yet the wretch made a pitious cry,  
Yet she look'd on him with a scornful eye.

*Eac.* How did she pass the hags, that spun the threds of Idle-folly, in the path of hell? *Cha.*

They all desir'd her help, she deny'd to set a finger unto follies thred. *Plu.* She hath done well, why kneel'st thou on the ground? *Psi.* I

kneel to Proserpine, for I am sent by sacred Venus or a box of beauty. *Pro.* Fair Psiche, you shall have what you desire,

Rise up, sit down by us, 'tis much unfit,

The wife of Cupid on the ground should sit.

*Psi.* Psiche is Cupids out-cast, and his scorn,  
And therefore sits thus low, and thus forlorn.

*Plu.* Oh thou belov'd of Love, be not so sad ;  
furnish a Banquet, let our cousen taste the delicates that grow in these dark groves. *Pros.*

Art thou not faint? [*A Banquet set forth.*]

*Psi.* Yes, wonderous faint and weary, faint through the want of food, with toyle of my unnumber'd steps, faint through the terror that on each side affrights me, faint and weary with bearing this poor burthen in my womb ;  
Cupid, thy words are true, thou didst foretel,  
My pride on earth, should work my plagues in hell.

*Plu.* Refresh thy self then, taste our delicates.

*Psi.* I dare not touch them. *Rha.* Thou hast a sop, eat that.

*Psi.* It is not mine, it is your Porters fee.

*Cer.* Give it me then. *Psi.* Anon I will, at my return from hence ; In the mean time, sacred Proserpina, by all the teares your grieved mother shed, when you were stole from Pismaes flowry bank, let Psiche be dispatched to Cipria, Lest the incensed goddess do some wrong To her poor servant, if she stay too long.

*Plu.* Will she not sit ? Scornes she to take our food ? Give her some wine. *Cha.* Here girl, drink to hells King.

*Psi.* Give me cold water from the murmuring spring ?

*Plu.* I am soul-vezt, that any mortal eye should see our Cnstorms, and return alive, to blab them to the wide ear of the world : But Proserpine, having perform'd all rights, we must not here detain her ; send her hence.

*Pros.* My envy equals yours, but all in vain ;  
 Psiche receive this Box from Proserpine, wherein  
 Celestial beauty is inclos'd, but on thy life, dare  
 not to look into't, as thou respectst thy safety.

*Psi.* I receive it, and humbly begging to dread  
 Plutoes Queen, intreat to be dismiss'd this fearful  
 Court.

*Plu.* Charon, convey her back.      *Cha.* My  
 Ferry-money.

*Cer.* My sop.      *Psi.* Both's here.

[*Exit Cha. and Cer. with Psiche.*]

*Plu.* Psiche is worthy to be Cupids wife, and  
 Proserpine, remember her to Venus, make inter-  
 cession that the Queen of Love no longer prove  
 th' ungentle step-mother.

*Mer.* Pluto, when Psiche hath perform'd her  
 task, my sister will no doubt be reconcil'd ; Cupid  
 presented a petition to Jove, and all the Senate of  
 the gods, to take from her, her base deformity, the  
 gods agreed, and Venus too was pleas'd, at her  
 return from hell it should be done.

*Plu.* Here Hermes, take my Queen Proserpina,  
 return her when the sister of the Sun hath six  
 times compassed her silver sphere ; Commend me  
 to my mother, great Jove's wife, my sister Pallas,  
 and to all the gods :

So farewell Plutoes joy, all hell shall mourn  
 With hideous cries till my fair Love return.

[*Exeunt.*]

(*Hideous Musick.—Enter Cupid.*)

*Cup.* Many a long look have my watchful eyes,  
Sent out to meet with Psiche, here she comes,

[*Enter Psiche.*

And in her hand the box, Cupid stand close,  
And over-hear the sum of her discourse.

(*Enter Clown.*)

*Clo.* This is she, I know her by her marter'd  
face ; Venus did well to send her for beauty, for  
poor soul she hath need on't, I have dogg'd her, to  
see if I could find her at any advantage, to steal  
away her box ; I have already got Love from  
Cupid, I have got Poetry from Apollo, and if I  
could now get Beauty from Psiche, Phaon the fair  
Ferry-man, was never so famous in Sicillia, as I  
Coridon shall be in Arcadia.

*Psi.* You trayterous thoughts, no more assault  
me thus, my lovely Cupid charg'd me not to see  
what Proserpine sent Venus in this box, the like  
command did hells Queen lay on me, oh heaven,  
yet I shall die except I do 't.

*Cup.* I Psiche, what still in your longing vain ?

*Clo.* That's it, nay I shall know't, if I see't again.

*Psi.* It's beauty Psiche, and Celestial,

And thou art ugly, this will make thee shine,  
And change this earthly form to shape divine ;  
Open it boldly, but I shall offend :  
Why say I do, 'tis but the breach of duty,  
And who'll not venture to get heavenly beauty ?

Rich beauty, ever fresh, never decaying,  
Which lies entombed in this heavenly shrine;  
Nor in this bold attempt think me profane,  
Striving thus sported, to be free from stain.

*(She opens the Box, and falls asleep.)*

*Clo.* Nay I thought I should take you napping,  
And thou shalt go with me; for 'tis my duty,  
My Mistress being a blowse to find her beauty.

*(Cupid charms him asleep.)*

*Cup.* To make thee lovely in thy Mistriss eyes,  
Make use of that, and boast of thy rich prize.

*(Cupid lays a counterfeit Box by him.)*

But foolish Girl, alas why blame I thee, when all  
thy Sex is guilty of like pride, and ever was? but  
where's this beauty now? turn'd into slumbers,  
and like watery pearles of honey-tasting dew  
hangs on these lids: she wakes again, I have swept  
off the slumber

That hung so heavy on these spotted covers,  
Which once clos'd in, the light of all true Lovers.

*Psi.* Where am I now? Dread Cupid pardon  
me.

*Cup.* Come rise, and wipe away these fruitless  
tears;

Take up the box, and hie thee to my Mother.

*Psi.* Shee'l kill me for the beauty I have lost.

*Cuf.* Tush fool, I gather'd it from thy clos'd  
eyes,

Where in the shape of slumber it did rest:

Be comforted, Cupids white hand shall clear  
 This black deformity, and thou shalt ride  
 In Venus Chariot, and be deifi'd ;  
 I thought to chide too bad, but 't will not be,  
 True Love can but a while look bitterly.  
 Awake thou too, the treasure there inclos'd,  
 Rifle at will, but see it well dispos'd. [Exit.

*Clow.* Where am I? nay, where is she? I no  
 sooner cast mine eye upon the box, to say here 'tis,  
 but I was asleep before a man could say, what's this,  
 what's this said I :

Rejoyce all mortals that wear smocks,  
 For I have found rich beauties box :  
 I was before but a man made, but I am now a very  
 made man ; and when 'tis known that I am possess'd  
 of this rich treasure, both Young and Old, Short  
 and Tall, Tag and Rag, Witch and Hag, Crone and  
 Beldam, who though they come abroad but seldom  
 will crawl upon Crutches to finde out me ; But  
 come as many as will, and as fast as can, by their  
 favors, my Amarallis shall be first serv'd ; and not  
 first neither, am I in possession my self, and shall  
 not I be the white boy of Arcadia? Adonis is  
 dead, and shall not I be Venus sweet-heart ?  
 Come Box of Beauty, and for white *The box is*  
                   and red, *full of ugly*  
 Put down Jove's Page, the smooth- *painting.*  
                   fac'd Ganimed ;

Dawb on, dawb on, as thick as thou canst lay on,  
 Till thou exceed the lerry-man call'd Phaon ;  
 Cupid compar'd with me shall be a toy,  
 And look but like the sign of the Black Boy ;  
 My face shall shine just as my hand disposes,  
 In one cheek Ile paint Lillies, in t'other Roses,  
 Till all that this my visage gaze upon,  
 Say, there, there goes the fair-fac'd Coridon.

(*Enter Swains.*)

1 *Swa.* Where is Coridon, Hymen stays, and  
 Amarillis attends, the Bride is ready, but no  
 Bridegroom to be found ?

*Clo.* I do not think the Clowns will know me  
 when they see me, Colin, Dickon, Hobinal, and  
 how is't ? how is't ?

2 *Swa.* Ha, ha, ha, very scurvily methinks, is  
 this Coridon ?

*Clo.* Nay, if my face in Swains breed such delight,  
 What will the Nymphs do when they come in sight ?

2 *Swa.* O monstrous Coridon ! how camst thou  
 thus chang'd ?

*Clo.* Chang'd, I hope so ; I have not travell'd  
 thus far for nothing : speak you mortals, doth not  
 my brow relent ? shines not my nose, springs not  
 here a Lilly, there a Rose ?

2 *Swa.* A Rose, a  
 Lilly ? a blew-bottle, and a canker-flower, what is  
 that upon thy face ?

*Clo.* Beauty boys, beauty.

2 *Swa.* Beauty dost call it, I prithee from whence  
 came it ?

*Clo.* Marry from hell.



2 *Swa.* From hell, I believe it, for it hath made thee look like a devil already.

*Clo.* Go shear your sheep, make money of your wooll.

Sell all your Lambs, and make your purses full,  
And then, if on the price we can agree,  
Ile fit you all, and make you look like me.

2 *Swa.* Like thee, I'd rather see thee hang'd :  
dost thou think we mean to wear Vizors. *Clo.*  
This 'tis to be meer mortals, and have no addition  
of learning or travel ; their dull eyes cannot judge  
of Celestial beauty ; but where's my Amarillis,  
and the god of marriage Hymen ? 1 *Swa.*  
They both stay for thee in Venus temple, but I  
hope thou'lt not be married to her in this pickle ?

*Clo.* Will I not, yes, and dazel all their eyes  
that shall look on me, especially my Amarillis,  
And she must needs have some part of my theft,  
All is not gone, something for her is left :  
Lead on, lead on, this day you shall be my men,  
And thus in pomp will we go meet with Hymen :  
And Dickon, if anon thou wilt be sinful,  
To drink with me, I will give thee thy skinful :  
If there be any here, I speak it out of duty,  
Desire any complexion from my Box of Beauty,  
This night I am busie, let him come to morrow,  
They shall have store, if they will buy or borrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

(*Enter Phæbus, Pan, Vulcan, Venus, Admetus, Astioche, Petrea, Menetius, and Zelotes.*)

*Ven.* By this I know that Minks is come from hell, and here she harbors; but Arcadian King Deliver her, or by our dreadful frown, Ile spoil thy Courts, and cast thy temples down; Conceal her longer, not the god intreats shall guard her from the death my rage intends. *Ad.* Dread Queen of Paphos, she remains not here, nor think that I abet her, though my childe, against your wrath, or power: Nay, did she sojourn in any place where I have free command, I'd cause her to be fetcht thence instantly, and as your slave and vassal, tender her. *Ven.* If she be safe return'd from Proserpine, she must be pardon'd, and become divine; but to conceal her being, and keep back the present scent, keeps but her future wrack. *Apol.* If ever in fair Venus I had power, or grac'd her summer pastimes with my beams, at length with a commiserating eye, look on distressed Psiche. *Vul.* Do good wife, Use her with all the favour thou canst think, Connive at her, as I at thy faults wink.

*Pan.* And Pan protests by Cannæes nut brown hair, the fairest Nymph since Sirnix, I ere saw: Be friends with her, my Satyrs all shall play, And I with them make this a holiday.

(*Enter Mercury and Proserpine.*)

*Mer.* To all these gods, to Venus and this train,

Health from the Son of Saturn and Queen Ceres.

*Ven.* Welcome, what would the messenger of Jove to us, or these? *Mer.* Pan, Vulcan, and your self, with Phœbus, and the great Arcadian King, must be this day at Ceres Sowing-feast, unto which Annual meeting, see fair Proserpine is come from Pluto's Court. *Ven.* Welcome fair Queen.

*Apol.* Welcome fair sister from the vaults below, we two are Twins, of fair Latona born, and were together nurst in Delos Ile: you guide the night, as I direct the day, darkness and light betwixt us we divide, nor square, but in our mutual Orbs agree, unless you move just 'twixt the earth and me, for then you eclipse my lustre. *Vul.* Cousin

Queen, I am even moon sick, and half merry mad, for joy of thy arrival. *Pan.* By our crests we

should be Cousins, for we both are horn'd, and Vulcan of our kin too; but sweet goddess, now I bethink me of th' Arcadian Nimphs, I am bound to thee for many a pretty sight, and much good sport I have had by thy moon-light. *Pros.* To

give you meeting, I am come from hell. *Ven.*

Saw you not Psiche there? *Pros.* Loves queen

I did, hither she comes with Cupid hand in hand,

Her leprousie, through labour, is made clear,

And beauteous in your eyes she'll now appear.

(*Enter Cupid and Psiche.*)

*Cup.* Celestial Sea-born Queen, I here present you my Psiche who hath satisfied your will:

Deliver her, fair Love, from Proserpine, the Box of Beauty, endless and divine. *Psi.* Guided by Love, Lord of my life and hope, I come undaunted to your gracious sight, hoping my sufferance hath out-worn his wrath.

*Ven.* She hath scap'd hell, and now the task is done, and I still crost by a disobedient son; but tell how this Leoper came thus fair?

*Gup.* At my intreat it was, 'mongst all the gods I claim'd her for my Wife, who taking a joynt pity of her wrongs, gave their consent, and then great Jove himself call'd for a Cup of Immortality, drank part to her, and Psiche quafft the rest, at which, deformity forsook her quite, And she made fair, and then proclaim'd my Bride, Jove vowing she should now be deif'd.

*Ven.* I see I cannot conquer destiny, By Fate she first was thine, I give her thee.

*Mer.* Now Psiche, you must see your sisters judged, unstaide Petrea, and unkind Astioche, Admetus, you must be their sentencer.

*Asti.* Husband, your knees. *Petr.* My dear Lord plead for us.

*Asti.* Will neither, yet Father. *Ad.* Wretches peace, Psiche by you was torne from her delight, and rudely rent from Cupids Paradiſe; 'twas you that robb'd her of a father's love, by your allurements she was sent to hell, and had not divine aid fecur'd her thence, poor soul for ever sh'had

been there detain'd for which, to endless durance  
I adjure you ;  
For merits silver gates are alwaies barr'd  
To hearts impenitent and wilfull hard.

*Psi.* Have pity on them Father, gentle husband,  
remember not their fraud in tempting me: you  
gods and goddesses with Psiche joyn, to beg their  
pardons, all you Arcadians kneel :  
For had they not my happiness envy'd,  
My love and patience had not so been try'd.

*All.* We all will mediate for them. *Ad.* Then  
Daughters, give your sister Psiche thanks,  
And to her vertues be a servant still,  
Which makes atonement for your ill.

*Both.* We'l henceforth be her hand-maids.

*Ven.* They shall attend her unto plenties bower,  
where Ceres, Queen of fertility, invites us with the  
other gods to feast. *Mer.* There Jove and  
Phœbus shall lead Cupid's Queen, to the bright  
pallace of Eternity: Bacchus shall give wine, and  
Ganimed shall crown our full cups with the grapes  
pure blood; Ceres shall yield us all earths deli-  
cates,

The Graces shall bring balm, the Muses sing,  
In Cupids honour, loves Immortal King.

*Vul.* Vulcan will dance, and sing, and skip,  
and quaff,  
And with his smoaky jests make Cupid laugh.

*Cup.* Such as love me, make me their pre-

sident, see, thus I take fair Psiche by the hand,  
 Mercury do you the like to Proserpine, my mother  
 Venus cannot want a mate; in honour of our  
 marriage, match your selves, and with a measure  
 grace our nuptials, but such as do not love to be  
 in motion,

View as spectators, how our joy appears,  
 Dancing to the sweet musick of the sphears.

*(A Dance of Cupid, Psiche, the gods and goddesses.)*

*Apol.* Now circle Psiche in a Fairy ring, whilst  
 I and Venus grace her with this Crown; this done,  
 to feast with Ceres and the gods,  
 And next unto the palace of the Sun,  
 To end those sacred Rites we have begun.

*(Enter Midas and Apuleius.)*

*Mi.* Is this your moral? This your Poetry?  
 what hast thou done? what spoke, what pre-  
 sented, which I with all these cannot justly taxe?

*Ap.* Yes, all like thee th'obtuse and stupid minds,  
 but there's an understanding that hath depth  
 Beyond thy shallow non-sence; there's a wit,  
 A brain which thou want'st, I to that submit.

*Mi.* And even in that thou fool'st thy self:

*Cup.* Nay then, I by the favour of these Gentle-  
 men,

Will arbitrate this strife; one seeks to advance  
 His Art, the other stands for ignorance;  
 Both hope, and both shall have their merits full,  
 Here's mced for either, both the apt, and dull,

Pleas'd or displeas'd, this censure I allow ;  
Keep thou the Asses ears, the Lawrell thou :  
If you, judicious, this my doom commend,  
Psiche by you shall doubly Crown'd ascend ;  
And then this Legacy I leave behind,  
Where ere you love, prove of one faith, one mind :  
The Spring comes on, and Cupid doth divine,  
Each shall enjoy his best lov'd Valentine,  
Which when you have, may you like us agree,  
And at your best retirements think on me.\*

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\* This is an *exact reprint* of the rare edition of 1640. The only alterations ventured on are those noticed at the foot of the pages, and a slight difference in the arrangement of the lines of pages 84, 89, 91, 92, 94, 95, and 96, which in the original are crowded together in order to get the play into seven sheets.

¶ *finis.*

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