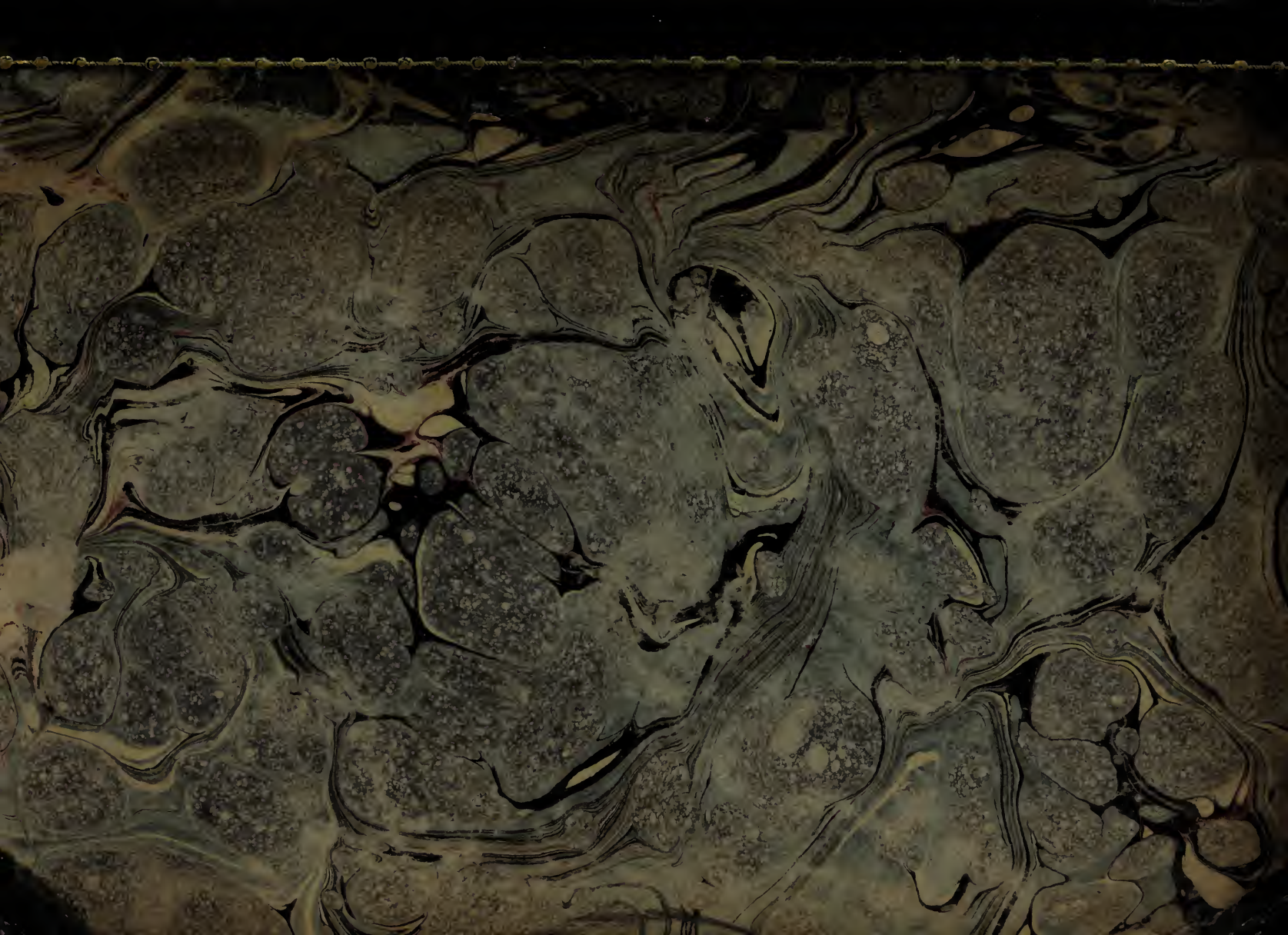
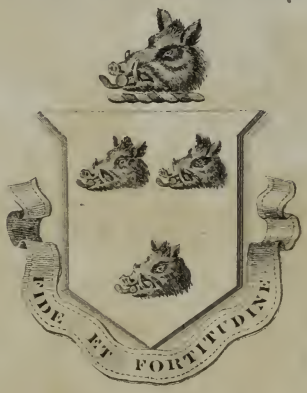




Thomas Pennant Barton.

PSYCHE:

A

TRAGEDY,

Acted at the

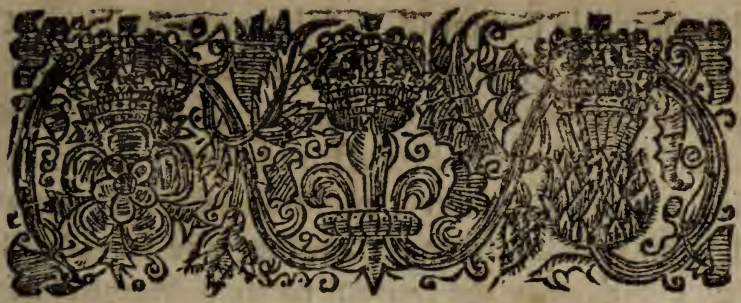
Duke's Theatre.

Written by

THO. SHADWELL.

LONDON,

Printed by *T. N.* for *Henry Herringman*, at the *Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*. 1675.



To the moſt Illuſtrious Prince.

JAMES

Duke of MONMOUTH, *&c.*

May it pleaſe your Grace?

Our Grace has ſo Nobly Patronized this Undertaking, that I ſhould rob you of your due, if I ſhould not humbly lay this Play at your Feet, ſince by your great and generous encouragement of it, you have made that and the Author eternally your own. But had I never received any Obligation, by my particular Inclination I am bound to your Grace, ſince I am the moſt humble admirer of your Heroick Virtues, who by your early

and unimitable Example, and by your eminent Command, are the greatest Patron of Arms; and by your Government of the most famous of Universities, are become the greatest Protector of Arts: of that University, which I can never mention without reverence; and from which I have yet another Tie to your Grace, since I had once the honour to be a Member of that Illustrious Society, which though itbe the most Learned in the World, can boast of no greater Honour then that of being commanded by so excellent a Prince; one who is equally Valiant against his Enemies, and Courteous to his Friends; whose boundless Courage is always ready to vanquish the one, and whose Princely Generosity is always ready to oblige the other.

I shall not here recite those Heroick Actions, which all *Europe* have celebrated, and none have equall'd: Those are too Great for an Epistle Dedicatory, and onely fit for solid, lasting History; which certainly must do your Grace that right, to Enrol you in the foremost Rank of Fame. Nor can we doubt, but the memory of your Grace's Actions will last, when Time shall have devoured the Places where they were performed: When *Mastrick* shall be a heap of Rubbish, and the name might otherwise be swallow'd in the Ruine, it will be remembred by the greatest Action in the World, done there by the Greatest and the Earliest Hero, and by one, who for all his fierceness of Courage, has yet that Gentleness to Mankind, that he thinks that day lost, in which he does not oblige. One who is not onely infinitely bless'd in the most excellent Partner

of

of his Joys and Cares, happy above meaſure in the Goods of Mind, the Perfections of Body, and the greateſt Splendour and Ornaments of Fortune, but he enjoys all theſe unenvied; nay, is not onely free from every mans envy, but has his love.

I ſhould be afraid of this boldneſs, in once mentioning things ſo much above my Pen, were I not aſſured of your Grace's Generoſity, that enclines you to pardon, even a well-intended Errour, in your humble Creature, who begs Protection from you, and needs it too.

I have, by my misfortune, not my fault, met with ſome Enemies, who are always ready to do me the irreparable injury, to blaſt my Reputation with the King; and when I have the Honour to pleaſe Him, (which is of all things in the World, my greateſt Ambition) endeavour to perſwade him, that I do not write the Plays I own, or at leaſt, that the beſt part of them are written for me; which is ſo malicious an aſperſion, that I am ſure they themſelves believe it not, and they may as well accuſe me of firing the City. I am ſure (though I may want Wit to write a Play) I have more honeſty then to own what another man writes. But I am not yet ſo poor as to borrow; if I ſhould, I ſhould find not many that are rich enough to lend, Wit being much a ſcarcer Commodity than Money, I am ſure with ſome who have reported this of me; who what ever they have of one, have ſcarce enough of the other to ſupply their own neceſſities; and therefore I ſhould be but very ſlenderly furniſhed from them.

I can

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I can never enough acknowledge the Honour done me by your incomparable Dutchess, in endeavouring to clear me of this Aspersion: And who would not be proud of being aspersed, to be so vindicated? From this and some other injuries of my Enemies, I humbly beg your Grace's protection, who, I am sure, have Goodness and Greatness enough to defend me against them: And I had rather owe it to your Grace, than to any man: For no man is more then I,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most devoted humble Servant,

THO. SHADWEL.

PREFACE.

IN a good natur'd Countrey, I doubt not but this my first Essay in Rhime would be at least forgiven; especially when I promise to offend no more in this kind: But I am sensible, that here I must encounter a great many Difficulties. In the first place (though I expect more Candor from the best Writers in Rhime) the more moderate of them (who have yet a numerous party, good Judges being very scarce) are very much offended with me, for leaving my own Province of Comedy, *to invade their Dominion of* Rhime: *But methinks they might be satisfy'd, since I have made but a small incursion, and am resolv'd to retire. And were I never so powerful, they should escape me, as the Northern People*

did

did the Romans, *their craggy barren Territories being not worth the Conqu'ring. The next sort I am to encounter with, are those who are too great admirers of the* French *Wit, who (if they do not like this Play) will say, the* French Psyche *is much better; if they do, they will say, I have borrow'd it all from the* French. *Whether the* French *be better, I leave to the Men of Wit (who understand both Languages) to determine; I will only say, Here is more variety, and the Scenes of Passion are wrought up with more Art; and this is much more a Play than that. And I will be bold to affirm that this is as much a Play, as could be made upon this Subject. That I have borrow'd it all from the* French, *can only be the objection of those, who do not know that it is a Fable, written by* Apuleus *in his* Golden Ass; *where you will find most things in this Play, and the* French *too. For several things concerning the Decoration of the Play, I am oblig'd to the* French, *and for the Design of two of the only moving Scenes in the* French, *which I may say, without vanity, are very much improv'd, being wrought up with more Art in this, than in the* French *Play, without borrowing any of the thoughts from them.*

In a thing written in five weeks, as this was, there must needs be many Errors, which I desire true Criticks to pass by; and which perhaps I see my self, but having much bus'ness, and indulging my self with some pleasure too, I have not had leisure to mend them, nor would it indeed be worth the pains, since there are so many splendid Objects in the Play, and such variety of Diversion, as will not give the Audience leave to mind the Writing; and I

doubt

doubt not but the Candid Reader will forgive the faults, when he considers, that the great Design was to entertain the Town with variety of Musick, curious Dancing, splendid Scenes and Machines: And that I do not, nor ever did, intend to value my self upon the writing of this Play. For I had rather be Author of one Scene of Comedy, like some of Ben. Johnson's, *then of all the best Plays of this kind that have been, or ever shall be written: Good Comedy requiring much more Wit and Judgement in the Writer, then any Rhyming unnatural Plays can do: This I have so little valu'd, that I have not alter'd six lines in it since it was first written, which, (except the Songs at the Marriage of* Psyche *in the last Scene) was all done Sixteen months since. In all the words which are sung, I did not so much take care of the Wit or Fancy of 'em, as the making of 'em proper for Musick; in which I cannot but have some little knowledge, having been bred, for many years of my Youth, to some performance in it.*

I chalked out the way to the Composer (in all but the Song of Furies and Devils, *in the Fifth Act) having design'd which Line I wou'd have sung by One, which by Two, which by Three, which by four Voices, &c. and what manner of Humour I would have in all the Vocal Musick.*

And by his excellent Composition, that long known, able, and approved Master of Musick, Mr. Lock, (Composer *to His Majesty, and Organist to the Queen) has done me a great deal of right; though I believe, the unskilful in Musick, will not like the more solemn part of it, as the Musick in the Temple of* Apollo, *and the Song of the* Despairing Lovers, *in the Second Act; both which are pro-*

per and admirable in their kinds, and are recommended to the judgement of able Musicians: for those who are not so, there are light and airy things to please them.

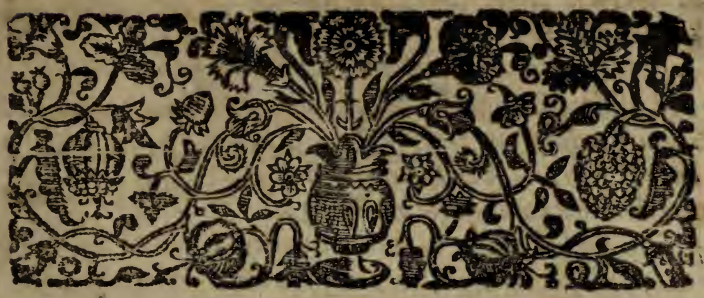
All the Instrumental Musick (which is not mingled with the Vocal) was Composed by that Great Master, Seignior Gio. Baptista Draghi, *Master of the* Italian *Musick to the King. The Dances were made by the most famous Master of* France, *Monsieur* St. Andreé. *The Scenes were Painted by the Ingenious Artist,* Mr. Stephenson. *In those things that concern the Ornament or Decoration of the Play, the great industry and care of* Mr. Betterton *ought to be remember'd, at whose desire I wrote upon this Subject.*

POSTSCRIPT.

I Had borrow'd something from two Songs of my own, which, till this Play was Printed, I did not know were publick; but I have since found 'em Printed in Collections of Poems, *viz.* part of the Song of the *Despairing Lovers*, in the Second Act, and about eight lines in the First Act, beginning at this line, *'Tis frail as an abortive Birth.* This I say to clear my self from Thiev'ry, 'tis none to rob my self. The Reader may please to take notice of several Errata's, as,

Page 2. for, *Bright Sun exhales*, read, *gross Earth exhales.* p. 6. after, *where you shall be adorn'd by me*, insert, *with all the Treasures of the East and West.* p. 15. l. 5. for, *upon the Tripod*, read, *before which stands the Tripod* p. 18. before, *it Thunders*, insert, *As the Priestess* Pythia *is mounting the Tripod.* p. 42. read, *Great Statues of Gold standing upon Pedestals, with small Figures of Gold sitting at their feet.* Several other errors there are, which the sense will help you to correct.

PRO-



Prologue.

As a young wanton when she first begins,
With shame, and with regret of Conscience sins;
So fares our trembling Poet the first time,
He has committed the lewd sin of Rhime,
While Custom hardens others in the Crime.
It might in him that boldness too beget,
To lay about him without Fear or Wit:
But humbly he your pardon does implore;
Already he repents, and says he'll sin no more.
His bus'ness now is to shew splendid Scenes,
T' interpret 'twixt the Audience and Machines.
You must not here expect exalted Thought,
Nor lofty Verse, nor Scenes with labor wrought:
His Subject's humble, and his Verse is so;
This Theme no thund'ring Raptures would allow,
Nor would he, if he could, that way pursue.
He'd ride unruly Fancy with a Bit,
And keep within the bounds of Sense and Wit,
Those bounds no boisterous Fustian will admit.
And did not gentle Hearers oft dispence
With all the Sacred Rules of Wit and Sense;

Such

Such tearing Lines, as crack the Writers Brain,
And the laborious Actors Lungs o'r-strain,
Wou'd, on our Stages, be roar'd out in vain.
In all true Wit a due proportion's found,
To the just Rules of heighth and distance bound.
Wit, like a Faulcon tow'ring in its flight,
When once it soars above its lawful height,
Lessens, till it becomes quite out of sight.
But of such flights there is no danger now;
He would not soar too high, nor creep too low:
Howe're he hopes you will excuse his haste,
For he this gawdy Trifle wrote so fast;
Five weeks begun and finish'd this design,
In those few hours he snatch'd from Friends and Wine;
And since in better things h' has spent his time,
With which he hopes e're long t' atone this Crime.
But he, alas! has several pow'rful Foes,
Who are unjustly so, and yet he knows.
They will, whate're he writes, though good, oppose.
If he the honour has to please the best,
'Tis not his fault if he offends the rest:
But none of them yet so severe can be,
As to condemn this Trifle more then he.

PSY.

PSYCHE.

ACT I.

The Scene is a very deep Walk in the midſt of a mighty Wood, through which, is ſeen a Proſpect of a very pleaſant Countrey.

Enter Pſyche *and two Ladies.*

Pſyc. HOw charming are theſe Meads and Groves!
The Scene of Innocence and Artleſs Loves;
Where Intereſt no diſcord moves,
No ſtormy paſſions can the mind invade,
No Sacred Truſt is violated here.
1 *Lad.* Man does not here his own kind fear,
Traps are for Wolves and Foxes made,
And Toils for Beaſts, not Men, are laid;
Man is not here by Man betray'd.
2 *Lad.* Here no man's ruine is with baſeneſs ſought,
For in this happy place no Court-like Arts are taught.
Pſyc. How pleaſant is this undiſturb'd retreat,
With harmleſs Joys, and Rural Sports,
Free from tumultuons Cares that trouble Courts,
And all the Factions which diſturb the Great.
1 *Lad.* How vain their gaudy Pomp and Show,
To which the cheated vulgar bow!
Their Splendor and their per'ſhing Pride,
Their ſhining Revels, their adult'rate Joys,
When in the midſt of all this pomp and noiſe,

In their unquiet minds ſtill anxious thoughts reſide.
2 *Lad.* Their Triumphs are diſturb'd with fears,
Their Joys allay'd with griefs and cares:
Envy and pride poſſeſs each Breaſt,
And guilty dreams diſtract their Reſt.
Pſyc. From Sleep to dang'rous Arts they 'wake;
To undermine each other, all mean ways they take.
Each ſtrives who ſhall his Monarch lead,
Though at the price of his own Father's Head:
Nor care they how much they their Prince miſguide,
To ſerve their Luſt, their Avarice, and Pride.
1 *Lad.* Yet there the Mighty are not proſp'rous long,
Though ne'r ſo cunning, ne'r ſo ſtrong;
Though ne'r ſo much endear'd to th' Crown:
Freſh Favorites ſucceed and pull them down.
Pſyc. As a black Cloud which the bright Sun exhales,
Swell'd and oppreſt with its own weight,
Down to the Earth rent with fierce Lightning falls.
So ſplendid Fav'rites in their envy'd height,
Big with the ſwellings of their Pride and Pow'r
Do ſeldom ſcape the diſmal hour,
When by ſome new-rais'd Meteors torn,
They from the higheſt pinacle of fate,
Fall to the moſt deſected ſtate,
And, from the Idols, of the World become the ſcorn:
Theſe troubles in my Father's Court I've ſeen,
And ne'r can wiſh to be a Queen.
1 *Lad.* Cannot ſo many pow'rful Princes move
Pſyche's obdurate heart to Love?
2 *Lad.* Not one who can a Prince in *Greece* be call'd,
Who is not by your Eyes enthrall'd:
Each Prince great *Pſyche* does adore,
And pity from her heart implore.
1 *Lad.* But you with all their charms unmov'd remain,
And ſmile when every Captive ſhakes his Chain.
Pſyc. Not all the Pomp of Courts can e're remove
Me from the Pleaſures of the quiet Grove:
Each pretty Nymph to me her Tribute yields,

Of

Of all the fragrant Treasure of the Fields.
Garlands and Wreaths they bring
From the sweet bosom of the Spring.
And with their rural Numbers sing my Praise,
In soft delights passing their quiet days.
Princes in all the Calms of Peace,
Have no such powerful Charms as these:
Shall I for Courts abandon this soft life,
For splendid Beggery, and for smiling strife?
[*A Symphony of Recorders and soft Musick.*]
What Harmony is this which fills the Air?
And does my Senses charm?
2 *Lad.* Some Entertainment your poor Swains prepare,
Which they each day perform.

Enter *Pan* with his followers, and sings in Recitative.

Pan sings. *Great* Psyche, *Goddess of each Field and Grove,*
Whom every Prince and every God does love:
To your all-commanding hand
Pan *yields his Sovereign Command:*
For you the Satyrs *and the* Fawns
Shall nimbly trip it o're the Lawns.
For you the Shepherd's Pipe and Sing,
And with their Nymphs Dance in a Ring.
Fruits shall they bring, and pretty Garlands weave,
And shall the Meads of all their Sweets bereave:
Vertumnus *and* Flora *their Tribute shall pay,*
And to Psyche *shall dedicate this happy day.*
The Sylvans *and* Dryads *shall Dance all around,*
And Psyche *dread Queen of this place shall be Crown'd.*
My Lov'd Syrinx *and* Eccho *shall Sing and shall Play,*
And to Psyche *shall dedicate this happy day.*
Chor. *And* Pan *who before all here did command,*
Now resigns all his Empire to Psyche's *fair hand.*
[They all kneel and sing the *Chorus*.

While the following *Symphony*'s playing; *Pan* Crowns her with a Garland, his Attendants present her with Fruits, Flowers, *&c.*

A ſhort *Symphony* of Ruſtick Muſick, repreſenting the Cries and Notes of Birds. Then an Entry Danc'd by Four *Sylvans* and Four *Dryads* to Ruſtick Muſick. At the end of the Dance, the *Dryads*, upon their knees, preſent *Pſyche* with Fruits and Flowers; and the *Sylvans* preſent her with Wreaths of Lawrel, Myrtle and Cyprus, Then *Exeunt* Sylv. *and* Dryads. Then a ſhort *Symphony* of Ruſtick Muſick, repreſenting an *Eccho*. The *Dryads* and *Sylvans* preſenting their Offerings. [*One ſings*,

1 Voice. *Great* Pſyche *ſhall find no ſuch pleaſure as here.*
Eccho. *no ſuch pleaſure as here,*
as here.

2 Voices. *Where her dutiful Subjects ſhall all ſtand in awe*
Eccho. *ſhall all ſtand in awe*
in awe.

3 Voices. *Her Frowns and her Smiles ſhall give us all Law*
Eccho. *ſhall give us all Law*
all Law.

4 Voices. *And from us of Rebellion ſhe need have no fear*
Eccho. *ſhe need have no fear.*
no fear.

Voices, Flajolets, Violins, Cornets, Sackbuts, Hoa-boys: all joyn in *Chorus*.

[Here the Singers mingle with the Dancers.

Chor. *How happy are thoſe that inhabit this place,*
Where a ſigh is ne'r heard, where no falſhood we meet,
Where each ſingle heart agrees with the face.
No Climate was ever ſo calm and ſo ſweet.
Eccho. *was ever ſo calm and ſo ſweet.*
ſo calm and ſo ſweet,
ſo ſweet.

1 Voice. *To beauteous* Pſyche *all Devotion is due.*
Eccho. *all Devotion is due,*
is due.

2 Voices.

2 Voices. *Our humble Offerings ſhe will not deſpiſe*
Eccho: *ſhe will not deſpiſe,*
deſpiſe.

3 Voices, *Since the Tribute is offer'd from hearts that are true*
Eccho. *from hearts that are true*
are true.

4 Voices. *From hearts all devoted to* Pſyche's *bright Eyes*
Eccho. *to* Pſyche's *bright Eyes,*
bright Eyes.

Chor. *How happy are thoſe*, &c. [They Dance.

Pſyc. Oh happy Solitude! Oh ſweet Retreat!
Free from the noiſe and troubles of the Great!
Not all the wealth of all the world ſhall charm
Me from this calm retirment here,
Where I enjoy all pleaſure, know no fear,
No Joy can here ſurprize, nor Danger can alarm.

Enter four Women, perſonating Ambition, Power, Plenty *and* Peace.

What new unwelcom Gueſts are theſe,
That wou'd invade my Peace?

Amb. We come t'invite you from your vicious eaſe,
To Courts, where glorious Actions are perform'd.
Leave lazy Groves, for active Palaces,
Where you by great *Ambition* may be warm'd;
By me to noble thoughts may be inflam'd;
To think of Ruling Kings, not ſilly Swains,
Each day your Beauty a new Captive gains,
And in all Courts no other Beauty's nam'd.

Power. I from your Solitude do you invite,
And I am ſhe for whom all Monarchs fight,
Power, Mankind's ſupreme delight.
Fair *Pſyche* to the Court, come follow me,
Numbers of Tributary Kings ſhall kneel to thee.
What e're can be within the proſpect of thy Thought,
Shall inſtantly to thee by humble Slaves be brought.

Plenty. *Pſyche*, this lonely Deſart quit,

The

The Scene of homelineſs and poverty:
A ſplendid Palace does your ſtate befit,
Where you ſhall be adorn'd by me,
Thy life ſhall be but one continu'd Feaſt,
And every Prince ſhall be thy Gueſt:
All delicates I'll find for thy content,
Which Luxury, inſpir'd by Wit, can e'r invent.

Peace. And I to Crown all theſe,
Will give you everlaſting Peace;
Peace that no Fiends ſhall ever harm,
Nor the mad tumults of Mankind allarm:
My Olive ſtill ſhall flouriſh where you are,
For Peace ſhould always wait upon the fair.

Pſyc. Happy are they who know Ambition leaſt.
I'm only ſafe and quiet, while my breaſt
Is not with baſe ambitious thoughts oppreſt,
Too turbulent to let poor mortals reſt.

O'r all my Tyrant Paſſions Pow'r I have,
And ſcorn that Pow'r which can but rule a Slave.

The uſe of might Riches is but ſmall;
Beſides I, nothing coveting, have all.

Peace, with ſuch vain Companions never dwells,
She's only ſafe in humble Groves and Cells.

Envy *with ſix Furies ariſe, at which* Ambition, Power,
Plenty *and* Peace *run away affrighted.*

1 *Lad.* What dreadful Viſion does diſtract our ſight!
Do not theſe Fiends your mighty mind ſurpriſe?

Pſyc. Their ugly ſhapes bring wonder to my eyes,
But nothing can my conſtant mind affright,

Envy

Envy sings. Envy *'gainst* Psyche *such black storms shall raise:*
As all her pow'rful beams shall ne'r dispel:
Beyond her strength shall be her suffering;
Her to the greatest misery I'll bring,
And e're I've done, I'll send her down to Hell.

1 Fury. *In Hell, too late she shall relent,*
And all her arrogance repent.

2 Fury. *We Furies will torment your Soul,*
And you shall weep and howl.

1 Fury. *And at the sight of ev'ry Snake.*
Tremble and quake.

2 Fury. *There you shall mourn eternally,*
And to the quick shall feel each lash we give:

1 Fury. *There you shall always wish to dye,*
And yet in spight of you shall always live.

Chor. of all. *There you shall always, &c.*

[*Envy* and *Furies* sink.

2 *Lad.* What horrid words are these we hear?
I am amost dissolv'd with Fear:
Can Envy this sweet dwelling find.

1 *Lad.* Envy the greatest Bane to all Mankind,
What dreadful Fate does she foretel?
What Prophesie is this?
The gods will sure do much amiss,
Should they permit you to be snatch'd to Hell.

Psyc. Fate! do thy worst; thou ne'r shalt trouble me,
The Innocent within themselves are free:
Envy, I can be valiant against thee.

Enter Prince Nicander.

2 *Lad.* But see the Prince *Nicander* does appear:
Industruous Love pursues you every where.

Nican. Madam, I to this Solitude am come,
Humbly from you to hear my latest doom.

Psyc. The first Command which I did give,
Was, that you should not see me here:

The

The next Command you will receive,
Much harsher will to you appear.
Nican. How long, fair *Psyche*, shall I sigh in vain?
How long of scorn and cruelty complain?
Your eyes enough have wounded me,
You need not add your cruelty.
You against me too many weapons chuse,
Who am defenceless against each you use;
Psyc. Shall no conceal'd retirement keep me free
From Loves vexatious importunity?
I in my Father's Court too long endur'd
The ill which I by absence thought t' have cur'd?
Nican. Planets, that cause our Fates, cannot be long obscur'd,
Though Comets vanish from our sense,
When they've dispers'd their fatal influence
And nothing but the sad effects remain,
Yet Stars that govern us, wou'd hide themselves in vain.
The momentary Clouds must soon be past,
Which wou'd their brightness overcast.
Psyc. Why should *Nicander* thus pursue in vain
Her, o'r whose mind he can no Conquest gain:
For though my Body thus abroad you see,
My Mind shall stay within and keep its privacy.
Nican. Blame not the passion you your self create,
Which is to me resistless as my Fate:
Can *Psyche* own such cruelties,
As vainly Priests impute to Deities?
To punish the Affections they inspire,
As if they'd kindle to put out a fire,
If from the Gods we any gifts receive,
Our Appetites of Nature they must give.
Let Priests for Self-denial then contend,
If we 'gainst Nature go, we Heav'n offend,
Who made that Nature to pursue its end.
Natures desire's Heavn's known prescriptions are,
Of greater certainty than others far:
Priests Inspirations may but Dreams be found,
Th' effects of Vapors or of Spleens unsound:

But

But Nature cannot err in her own way,
And though Priests may, she cannot lead astray.
Psyc. Nature the Gods first uncorrupted made,
But to corruption 'twas by Man betray'd;
Which when so much exorbitant they found,
What first they had made free, they justly bound.
Nican. If Nature be not what the Gods first meant,
Then pow'rful Man defeated Heavens intent.
If the Gods Engine of the World must be
Mended by them, how did they then foresee?
Must Men, like Clocks, be alter'd to go right?
Or though wound up by Nature, must stand still?
Must we against our own affections fight,
And quite against the Bias bend the will?
Psyc. Against your self y'have pleaded all this time;
If not to follow Nature be a crime,
Mine so averse to Love by Heav'n is made,
She above all by me shall be obey'd.

Enter Polynices.

Nican. Nature incites all humane kind to love;
Who deny that, unnatural must prove.
How, *Polynices*, my great Rival here!
This is the only way I him can fear:
His Arms are far less dreadful then his Love.
Psyc. Sir, what could your injurious kindness move,
Thus to disturb the quiet of my life?
In vain, great Princes, is your am'rous strife.
Polyn. If I were singular, you might think me rude:
But I can many dang'rous Rivals find.
A violent passion makes me thus intrude.
Be but to me as you're to others, kind;
Let not my death alone be here design'd.
Too fatal was the first surprise
I suffer'd by your conqu'ring Eyes:
Your pow'rful Charms no Mortal can resist,
I in an instant lov'd, and never can desist.

Nican. Such violent and ſudden love
Perhaps muſt ſoon remove:
'Tis frail as an abortive Birth,
And as it ſoon approach'd, it ſoon may fly
As when too early flowers come forth,
From the firſt moment of their birth they dye.
Mine by degrees did to perfection grow,
And is too ſtrong to be reſiſted now.

Polyn. That which I have for that illuſtrious face,
Is Sympathy, not lazy Love,
The Steel the Loadſtone does as ſoon embrace,
And of it ſelf will ne'r remove.

Nican. The Steel you ſpeak of may be ſnatch'd from thence
With very little violence.

Polyn. Who ſhall commit that violence on me?

Nican. He who before has conquer'd thee:
Thou didſt my Empire, doſt my Love invade?
My Love ſhall be my onely aid.
And I again thy Conqueror can be.

Polyn. I was by Fortune then betray'd,
But now by Love am much more pow'rful made.
Oh that the way for *Pſyche* to be won,
VVere for me to poſſeſs thy Throne,
I wou'd believe't already done!
And when with eaſe I 'ad triumph'd o'r thee,
Thou on thy knees ſhould'ſt beg her Love for me.

Nican. Did not her Sacred Preſence guard thy life,
This fatal place ſhould ſoon decide our ſtrife:
I on thy conquer'd Neck would tread,
And make thee forfeit ſoon thy uſeleſs head.
I'd put an end now to your Love and you:
And when, perhaps, I'd nothing elſe to do,
I might vouchſafe to take your petty Kingdom too.

Polyn. Should my death ſoon enſue,
VVhich never can be caus'd by you,
It might to you ſome bold preſumptions give,
You dare not think ſuch thoughts while yet I live.

For

For what thou haſt already ſaid,
Shouldſt thou eſcape me with thy head,
Yet I will ſoon depopulate thy Land,
And leave thee none but Beaſts for thy command;
Or may be, If thou fall'ſt into my hand,
I openly will thee in triumph lead:
Thy Cities into Deſarts I will turn,
And thou in Chains ſhalt tamely ſee 'em burn.

Nican. Gods —

Pſyc. Princes, let your untimely diſcord ceaſe,
If my eſteem you'd gain, conclude a peace.
Each to the other muſt become a friend:
Though Rivals, yet you muſt agree;
You but for ſomething in the Clouds contend,
If thus you think to conquer me.

Polyn. So abſolute is your command,
That I my Rival will embrace;
Your will no Lover can withſtand.
I can do any thing but give my Rival place.

Nican. Your Voice may ſtill the fury of the Winds,
Or calm the moſt diſtemper'd minds:
Wild Beaſts at your command in peace would be,
When you make Rivals thus agree.

[*They embrace:*

Pſyc. I ne'r can value Birth or State,
'Tis virtue muſt my heart obtain:
You may each other emulate
In glorious actions; but muſt quit all hate,
Ere either of you my eſteem can gain.
The next command I give, muſt be,
Not to invade my privacy.
Princes, farewell, you muſt not follow me.

Nican. So ſacred are the dread commands you give,
From you my death I humbly wou'd receive.
For I can ſcarce hear this and live.

Polyn. Your breath mens minds to any thing may move,
When you make Rivals one another love.

[*Exit* Pſyche.

But see! her envious Sisters do appear,
Whose anger less then love we fear.

As they are going off in haste,
Enter Cidippe *and* Aglaura

Cid. Great Princes, whither do you fly so fast?
Aglau. 'Tis to their Idol *Psyche* by their haste.
Cid. What Prince-like virtue can you find
In her poor and groveling mind?
Aglau. Heav'n did her Soul for Cottages create,
And for some vulgar purpose did design:
Her mind's too narrow for a Prince's state,
She has no vertues which in Courts may shine.
Cidip. Her beauty like her mind is vulgar too.
Like the dull off-spring of some Village-Pair,
She might perhaps some Shepherds heart subdue,
But should, poor Thing of Princes looks despair.
Aglau. A thousand times more charms they here might find,
Beauty, that's fit to attract great Princes eyes.
But silly Love, forsooth, hath struck them blind;
For could they see, they would their Love despise.
Nican. Farewell-----Such blasphemies we must not hear
Against the Goddess we adore.
Poly. So beautiful to us she does appear,
That none shall ever charm us more.
[*Exeunt* Nicander & Polynices.
Cidip. Blasted be her Beauty, and her charms accurst,
That must our ruine bring;
I am almost with Envy burst,
To see each day she can command a King.
Aglau. And whilst she lives, we can no Lovers have:
Oh that her Cradle had become her Grave!
Cid. She by each Prince is Idoliz'd,
Whilst our neglected Beauties may grow old,
And not be sought by them she has despis'd.
Aglau. Oh that I live to hear this story told.
This Theme has made my anger bold:
I on her Beauty will revenge our Cause,

We

We are not ſafe whilſt breath ſhe draws:
Her Example of Revenge I'll make.
Cidip. Muſt we be thus neglected for her ſake?
Venus! redreſs the wrongs which ſhe hath done:
She may in time inſnare your Son.
She ſuch an Idol by Mankind is made.
Your pow'r no more will be obey'd,
Your Sacred beauty they'l neglect,
Your Deity will have no more reſpect.
Aglau. No Incenſe more will on your Altars ſmoke,
No Victims more will burn,
Each Prince her Worſhipper will turn.
Let this your great Divinity provoke;
Revenge your ſelf, and take our part.
Puniſh her ſtubborn heart,
And by your utmoſt fury let her ſmart.

[*A Symphony of ſoft Muſick.*

Cidip. What Divine Harmony is this we hear!
Such never yet approach'd my Ear!
[Venus *deſcends in her Chariot, drawn with Doves.*
Aglau. See *Venus* Chariot hovering in the Air;
The Goddeſs ſure has heard our pray'r.

Venus ſings. *With kindneſs I your pray'rs receive,*
And to your hopes ſucceſs will give.
I have with anger ſeen Mankind adore
Your Siſter's beauty, and her ſcorn deplore.
Which they ſhall do no more.
For their Idolatry I'll ſoreſent,
As ſhall your wiſhes to the full content.
Your Father is with Pſyche *now,*
And to Apollo's *Oracle they'll go.*
Her deſtiny to know.
I by the God of Wit ſhall be obey'd,
For Wit to beauty ſtill is ſubject made.
He'll ſoreſent your cauſe and mine,
That you will not repine,
But will applaud the Oracle's Deſign.

Cydip. Great Goddess, we our thanks return,
We after this no more shall mourn.
Aglau. Your sacred Pow'r for ever we'll obey,
And to your Altars our whole Worship pay.
[Venus *ascends with soft Musick.*

[*Enter* Theander *with his Followers, and* Psyche *with two Ladies.*

Thean. Daughters, no more you shall contend,
This happy day your strife shall end:
The Oracle shall ease you of your care;
We to the Temple will repair,
And *Psyche* will obey,
Whate're the *Delphick* God shall say.
And-----
VVhate're *Apollo* shall command, shall be,
I swear by all the Gods, perform'd by me.
Psyc. And on my knees I make this solemn vow,
To his Decree I will devoutly bow.
Let his commands be what they will,
I chearfully will them fulfil.
Thean. Let's to *Apollo*'s Temple then repair,
And seek the God with Sacrifice and Pray'r.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT

ACT II.

The Scene is the Temple of Apollo Delphicus, *with Columns of the* Dorick *Order, inrich'd with Gold, in the middle a stately Cupulo, on the top of it the Figure of the* Sun; *some distance before it an Altar lin'd with Brass; under it a large Image of* Apollo *upon the Trip'd.*

Enter in a Solemn Procession, the Chief Priest crown'd with Lawrel in a white Vestment, over that a Purple Gown, over that a Cope embroidered with Gold; over all a Lamb-skin Hood with the Wool on: He has four Boys attending, two before, two behind, clad in Surplices, and girt with Girdles of Gold; the first carrying a golden Censor with Myrrhe, Frankincense, and sweet Gums, &c. The Second a Barley Cake, or Barley Meal, with Salt, upon a golden Service. The third a golden Cruise full of Honey and Water. The fourth a large gilt Book embossd with Gold. After them six Priests, with Books of Hymns, clad in Surplices and embroider'd Copes. Then Men with Wind-Instruments, clad in Surplices, all crown'd with Wreathes of Lawrel. After them Nicander, Cedippe, Polinices, Aglaura, Theander, Psyche. *Then a Train of Ladyes. All the Women with their faces cover'd with white Veils. After all* Theander's *Attendants and Guards in their Procession. This following Hymn is sung in* Chorus.

Chor. *Let's to* Apollo's *Altar now repair,*
And offer up our vows and Pray'r;
Let us enquire fair Psyche's *destiny.*

Repeat. { *The Gods to her will sure propitious be,*
If Innocence and Beauty may go free.

Ch. P. *Go on, and to the Altar lead.*

Chief Priest turns to the People, and sings on.

This hollow'd ground let no one tread,
Who is defil'd with Whoredom, or with Blood;

Left

Left all our Pray'rs should be for them withstood.
Let none be present at our Sacrifice,
But of an humble uncorrupted mind.
The God for wicked men will all our vows despise.
And will to all our wishes be unkind.

[By this time they come near the Altar, they all bow, and divide, and stand on each side of the Altar, and the Chief Priest before. The Chief Priest kneels and kisses the Altar. The Priest and Boys kneel with him; they rise, and he, holding the Altar in his hands, sings alone, as follows.

Ch. Pr. *Son of* Latona *and great* Jove,
In Delos *born, which thou so much dost love:*
Great God of Phisick and of Archery,
Of wisdome, Wit, and Harmony;
God of all Divinations too.
Chor. of Voices and Instrum. { *To thee our vows and Pray'rs are due.*
To thee our, &c.

[Chief Priest kneels, kisses the Altar, then rises and sings.

Ch. Pr. *Thou gav'st the cruel Serpent* Python *death,*
Depriv'dst the Giant Tyrion *of his breath:*
Thou didst the monstrous Cyclops *too destroy,*
Who form'd the Thunder, which did kill thy Son.
Chor. *Thou light of all our life, and all our joy,*
Our Offerings with our hearts are all thine own.

[Chief Priest kneels, and kisses the Altar again.

Ch. Pr. *By sacred* Hyacinth, *thy much lov'd Flower,*
By Daphne's *memory we thee implore,*
Thou wou'dst be present at our Sacrifice,
And not our humble Offerings despise.
Chorus of Voices and Instrum. { *And we for ever will thy praise advance.*
Thou Author of all Light and Heat.
Let Pipes and Timbrels sound, and let them dance.

Each

Each day our worship we'll repeat,
Each day, &c.

[A Dance of Priests entring from each side of the Stage, with Cymbals, Bells, and Flambeaux.

After the Dance, they all kneel, and the Chief Priest begins with a loud voice; All answer as follows.

Ch. Pr. Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Saturn, Cibele.
Respons. Be propitious to our vows and prayers.
Ch. Pr. Mars, Bellona, Venus, Cupido, Vulcanus.
Resp. Be propitious, *&c.*
Ch. Pr. Bacchus, Pan, Neptunus, Sylvanus, Fawnus, Vertumnus, Palæmon.
Resp. Be propitious, *&c.*
Ch. Pr. All ye Gods, Goddesses, and all the Powers.
Resp. Be propitious, *&c.*

They rise: The Chief Priest turns to the left hand, and runs, or dances about the Altar, Priests and Boys following him, all the Instruments sounding. They sing as follows:

Chor. *To* Apollo *our Celestial King,*
We will Io Pæan *sing;*
Io Pæan, Io Pæan,
Io Pæan *will we sing:*

{The Dancers mingle with the Singers.

The Chief Priest kneels at the Altar. The Boys stand about him. The Priest take the Libamina *from the Boys, after a little pause. One Priest rises and waves a wand. Then all fall on their knees.*

1. *Pr.* Favete linguis, favete linguis, favete linguis.
2. *Pr. (rises, waves a wand)* Hoc agite, hoc agite, hoc agite.

Ch. Pr. rises, and turns to the people.

Ch. Pr. (with a loud voice) ΤΊΣ ΤΗ΄Δε.
Response of all. ΠΟΛΛΟΊΚ'ΑΓΑΘΟΊ.

Chief

Chief Priest turns and kneels at the Altar again. The Boys run out and fetch, one a Flambeaux, the other little Fagots of Cedar, Juniper, *&c. The Priest rises and lays them on the Altar. All but the Chief Priest and Boys are kneeling, intent upon the Altar, without speech or motion. As soon as the fire is kindled, which the Priest does himself with the Flambeau.*

Ch. Pr. (with a loud voice) Behold the Fire.

All but the Chief Priest fall flat on their faces, then rise again. The Boys reach the Libamina *to the Chief Priest: 1. The Censor, with Gums, which he offers. 2. The Barley Cake, which he strews with salt, then lays it on the Fire. Then sprinkles the Honey and Water on the Fire. Chief Priest waves his wand to* Theander *and* Psyche, *who draw near, and kneel just behind.*

Ch. Pr. Now ask the God the thing for which you came,
And after that we'll sacrifice a Ram.
Thean. That we may know, we humbly pray,
Who shall *Psyche*'s Husband be.
She will most cheerfully obey
Her Destiny, and your Decree.

It Thunders and Lightens extremely. Apollo's *Image trembles, at which they all rise affrighted.*

Ch. Pr. O Heaven! what prodigy is this?
Something is in our holy Rites amiss.

It Thunders and Lightens again, the Image trembling, and in convulsions, with a very loud and hollow voice utters these following Lines.

Apollo. YOu must conduct her to that fatal place,
Where miserable Lovers, that despair,
With howls and Lamentations fill the air;
A Husband there your Daughter shall embrace.
On *Venus* Rock upon the Sea,
She must by you deserted be:
A poys'onous Serpent there She'll find,
By Heav'n he *Psyche's* Husband is design'd.
[*At this they all start, affrighted.*

Thean. Gods! that I e'r should live to see this day,
'Tis for some great offence
Of mine, that thou art to be snatch'd from hence.
Oh take my life, and let her stay.
But 'tis in vain to ask, we must obey:
For which I'll weep my hated life away.
Cydip. *Venus* has kept her word, and she shall be
Much more ador'd by me,
Then any other Deity.
Aglau. Now my fair Sister must a Serpent have,
'Stead of a Nuptial Bed, a Grave.
Now she shall suffer for her pride;
Our Love and Hate will now be satisfi'd.
Psyc. To whatsoe'r the Oracle thinks fit,
I cheerfully submit:
I have not liv'd so ill, but I
With ease can die:
I with a willing heart
Can with my life as with a trifle part:
As no joy yet could ever fill my mind,
I from no danger can distraction find.

Thean. Lead on; and with a funeral pace,
For I in that unhappy place
Must bury all my joy, and leave my life behind.
Nican. Stay but a moment, stay;
You will not sure this Oracle obey.
Consider and be wise:
If it be good *Psyche* to sacrifice,
You were oblig'd to't without this command,
And we the action should not then withstand.
Polyn. If bad, then Heav'n it self can't make it good;
All good and ill's already understood.
Heav'n has forbid the shedding guiltless bloud.
If good and ill anew it has design'd,
The Gods are mutable, and change their mind.
Nican. Be not by this Imposture, Sir, betray'd
By this dull Idol which the Priests have made:
Too many Cheats are in the Temple found,
Their fraud does more then piety abound:
They make the sensless Image speak with ease
What e'r themselves shall please.
Ch. Pr. Do not the sacred Image thus profane,
VVhich will revenge it self, and all its Rites maintain.
Polyn. If that be sacred, and you that adore,
Then him that made it you should worship more:
To th'poor Mechanick you give no respect,
Y' adore his VVorkmanship, but him neglect.
Nican. For Sacred you impose what you decree,
And the deluded Multitude believe,
By boasting of Infallibility,
Th'unthinking Rabble you with ease deceive.
Pol. VVhatever in Divinity you know,
In all concernments of Mankind below:
In all the objects of the Mind,
And in all humane Science we can find,
In Priests more Errors then in all Mankind.
Nican. In Sacred Things yet you so much excel
All others, in your Sleeps you can foretell;

VVhen

When after ſurfeits in your holy Feaſts
You ſleep in skins of ſacrificed Beaſts,
The troubled Dreams you from thoſe fumes receive,
To the unheedful world for Oracles you give.
Thean. In holy Myſteries you muſt lay by
Your intricate Philoſophy.
After the dreadful Cloud with Thunder broke,
It was ſome loud immortal voice that ſpoke.
Ch. Pr. The holy Rites you ſaw perform'd,
By Miracles were now confirm'd.
Nican. Miracles!
Your holy Cheats t' advance your Myſtery:
The nobleſt Science is Divinity.
But when become a Trade, I ſee, 'twill be
Like other Trades, maintain'd by Knavery.
Ch. Pr. By Miracles the pow'r of Heav'n is known.
Polyn. Heav'ns power is more by ſetl'd order ſhown.
The beauty of that order which is found,
To govern the Creation in a round,
The fix'd uninterrupted Chain, whereby
All things on one another muſt depend;
This method proves a wiſe Divinity,
As much as ſhould the Gods on earth deſcend.
Ch. Pr. You ſpeak from Nature, which is ignorance;
But we to inſpiration muſt advance.
Nican. If, Prieſt, by Means not nat'ral Heav'n declares
Its will, and our obedience ſo prepares;
The Gods by this their weakneſs wou'd confeſs,
VVhat you call Miracles wou'd make them leſs.
If ſomthing without Nature they produce,
Nature is then defective to their uſe:
And when by that they cannot work their end,
By Miracle their Inſtrument they mend.
Polyn. If this be granted, Prieſt, by this we find,
The Gods foreſee not, or elſe change their mind.
But Heav'n does nothing to our ſenſe produce,
But it does outward Nat'ral Cauſes uſe.

Fools

Fools truſt in Miracles, and fools ne'r doubt:
'Tis ignorance of Cauſes, Prieſt, makes fools devout.

[*Thunders again.*

Ch. Pr. Be gone, profane and wicked men,
You have provok'd Heav'ns wrath again:
Heav'n does again to you in Thunder ſpeak!

Nican. 'Twas nothing but a petty cloud did break;
What, can your Prieſthoods grave Philoſophy
So much amaz'd at common Thunder be?

Pſyc. We ſhould obey without theſe prodigies;
I to Heav'ns Will my own will ſacrifice.

Cidip. Muſt I then with my much lov'd Siſter part;

Aglau. The diſmal loſs will break my tender heart.

Thean. Joy of my life, let's to the fatal place,
Where thine and all my ſorrow is deſign'd:
When thee the pois'onous Serpent ſhall embrace,
Aſſure thy ſelf I'll not ſtay long behind.

Polyn. Thus the great *Agamemnon* was betray'd,
And *Iphigenia* thus a Victim made:
Such horrid ills Religion can perſwade.

[*Exeunt omnes*

The Scene changes to a Rocky Deſart full of dreadful Caves, Cliffs, and Precipices, with a high Rock looking down into the Sea.

Enter two deſpairing Lovers.

1. *Lov.* Ah what a dreadful Rocky Deſart's this,
The Melancholly Region of deſpair:
Where e'r I turn me, poiſonous Serpents hiſs,
And with their venomous breaths infect the Air.

2. *Lov.* Here peſtilential vapours do abound,
And killing Damps the Vaults and Caverns breath;
From dreadful gapings of the craggy ground,
The fatal Deſart ſeems to yawn forth death.

1. *Lov.* A gloomy darkneſs hovers o'r this place;
Here ſure the Sun ne'r ſhews his joyful face.
Nature this place for horrour did deſign:
No beam of comfort here can ſhine:
2. *Lov.* Nothing but houls of ſad deſpair,
And diſmal groans of Wretches fill the Air.
Who in Agonies their hated lives reſign.
1. *Lov.* How many various ways ro death we have:
Some from that Rock have plung'd into the Deep;
And in the Sea we ſaw 'em find a grave.
2. *Lov.* Some by theirPonyards meet deaths eaſie ſleep:
Some deſp'rate Lovers find out death,
By wilful ſtopping their own breath.
1. *Lov.* Nature this place did for my grief intend.
2. *Lov.* And here my fatal life and love ſhall end.
1. *Lov.* *Pſyche* is hither by *Apollo* ſent,
Here to fulfil the Oracles intent.

Two deſpairing Men and two deſpairing Women ſing as follows.

1. Man. *BReak, break diſtracted heart, there is no cure*
For Love, my minds too raging Calenture.
1. VVom. *Sighs which in other paſſions vent,*
And give them eaſe when they lament,
Are but the bellows to my hot deſire.
2. VVom. *And tears in me not quench, but nouriſh fire.*
2. Man. *Nothing can mollifie my grief,*
Or give my paſſion a relief.
1. Man. *Love is not like our earthly fire:*
You ſoon may ſmother out that flame;
Concealing does increaſe deſire,
No oppoſition Love can tame.
2. VVom. *Deſpair in Love tranſcends all pain,*
Loſt hope will ne'r return again.
1. VVom. *In Hell there's no ſuch miſery,*
As now oppreſſes me.

I this

I this one pang alone
Wou'd change for Sisyphus *his Stone.*

2. Man. *I would the torments which I feel*
Change for Ixion's *Wheel.*

2. Wom. *The Vulture should on me for ever feed,*
Rather then thus my heart for Love should bleed.

1. Man. *Oh* Tantalus! *for thy eternal Thirst;*
I'm more on Earth, then thou in Hell accurst.

1. Wom. *Was ever grief like mine?*

2. Wom. *Like mine?*

1. Man. *Like mine?*

2. Man. *Like mine?*

Chorus. *Was ever grief like mine?*
Was ever, &c.

2. Wom. *Nothing but death can cure our misery.*

1. Wom. *I'll die.*

1. Man. *I'll die.*

2. Man. *I'll die.*

Chorus. *Nothing but death can cure our misery.*
Nothing but, &c.

1. *Man speaks.* How long shall I for this dull Serpent stay,
Ere I become his prey?
Come forth from out thy pois'nous Den:
Dost thou despise the flesh of men?

2. *Man.* The lazy Serpent breakfasted to day;
I will not for his waking stomach stay:
I'll b' Author of my fate, and make my self away.
[*Falls on his sword.*

1. *Wom.* Your Sex no more in courage shall excel,
For I can die as well.
I in this Dagger my Relief will find,
And kill my body thus to ease my mind. [*Kills her self.*

1. *Man.* I to the top of all the Rock will climb;
And if in little time
The Serpent there I cannot see,
I'll find a way to follow thee.

2. *Wom.* My heart that office will perform for me.

A death-

A death-like pang I feel,
I have no need of ſteel.
A faint cold ſweat beſmears my face,
I can make haſt and dye apace.
And theſe are the laſt words I e're ſhall ſpeak,
Farewell my cruel Love, for thee my heart does break.

[*She dies.*

Then he on the top of the Rock falls headlong into the Sea.

Enter Theander, Pſyche, Cidippe, Aglaura, Pſyche's *two Women, and other Attendants, in Funeral habits, weeping; then the Guards.*

Pſyc. Oh ſtop thoſe Royal Fountains, tears are things
VVhich ill become the Majeſty of Kings.

Thean. But they become a Father, who muſt loſe
The onely comfort of his fading life;
VVho barbarouſly muſt his Child expoſe,
By Heavens command, to be a Serpents VVife.

Pſyc. That dread command I'm ready to obey,
I beg you will no longer ſtay.
Deaths cold embraces I will court;
I can my fate, but not your tears ſupport.

Thean. Ye Gods, why did ye ever bleſs
Me with this gift, to ſnatch it back again?
My burden's greater then I can ſuſtain!

Pſyc. I never could deſerve ſuch tenderneſs;
Nay, good Sir, dry your eyes, my heart will break;
To bear your grief, I am too weak.

Thean. Oh that I'd never ſeen thy much-lov'd face,
And that thou'dſt periſh'd in the womb:
I had not led thee to this fatal place,
Thy Father had not brought thee living to the Tomb.

Pſyc. Your ſad complaints ſo ſoften me,
My heart will melt to that degree,
That I ſhall have none left when death I ſee.

Thean. Heav'n! what could thus your cruelty provoke?
Your Altars, by my bounty, daily ſmoke.

With Fat, with Incense, and with Gums:
Nor have you wanted *Hecatombs*.
And must I thus rewarded be?
Cidip. See how the Dotard weeps, while we
Rejoyce at this her Destiny:
Oh how it wou'd my envy feed,
Could my glad eyes behold her bleed!
Aglau. O good dear Serpent, make her sure,
Her death, our grief can only cure.
Oh that she were at my command,
And that her heart were throbbing in my hand.
Some miracle may else relieve
Her from this death, and we afresh may grieve.
Psyc. Good Sir, be gone, the will of Heav'n obey:
Besides, if you should longer stay,
Before the Serpent comes, my life will steal away,
Weigh not your loss, but what you have remain;
You have the comfort of my Sisters left,
VVho will your drooping Age sustain,
When y'are of me bereft.
Sisters, be good, and to my Father give
All comfort, and his grief relieve;
He, from you Two, much pleasure may receive.
Cid. Our grief as much as his relief will need.
Oh that I might with *Psyche* bleed:
Did not the Gods self-murder hate,
I wou'd accompany your Fate.
Aglau. Oh that the Gods would suffer me
To be exchang'd for thee!
Psyc. Sisters, farewel, pray dry your eyes; *{Kisses her Sisters.*
I am for you a Sacrifice.
You may your choice of many Princes have,
VVhen I am cold, forgotten in my Grave.
Thean. Gods! can I yet hear this and live?
Oh take my life, or me my *Psyche* give.
Psyc. Sir, if you longer stay,
You'll cause my death, not they.

I on my knees beſeech you quit
This fatal place, and to Heaven's will ſubmit.
Farewel: 'tis time,
I now the Rock my fatal Tomb muſt climb.
Farewel for ever----!
Thean. Say not ſo,
For I to death will go
My Soul to morrow ſhall meet thine below.
[*Exeunt all but* Pſyche.

Pſyche ſola. Even now grim death I ſlightly did eſteem,
With the wrong end o'th' Glaſs I look'd on him;
Then afar off and little he did ſeem:
Now my Perſpective draws him near,
He very big and ugly does appear.
Away --- it is the baſe falſe Glaſs of fear.

Enter Nicander *and* Polynices.

Why do you come to ſee me wretched here?
What can you hope from her whoſe death's ſo near?
Polyn. To ſave your life, our lives we will expoſe.
Pſyc. Can mortal men the heav'nly pow'rs oppoſe?
Nican. What Heav'n commands is ſurely good.
Heav'n has declar'd 'gainſt ſhedding humane bloud.
Bores, Rams and Bulls will ſerve *Apollo*'s turn,
Whilſt Gums and Incenſe on his Altars burn.
'Tis to the Prieſts that you are ſacrific'd.
Pſyc. I muſt not hear the Oracle deſpis'd.
Nican. In vain, 'gainſt prejudice we ſtill diſpute;
Our Swords ſhall this great Oracle confute.
No Serpent whilſt we live ſhall you embrace,
Nor any other Rival in this place.
Pſyc. He carries deadly venom in his breath,
Which certainly will give you death.
Polyn. *Cadmus*, without Love's aid, the Dragon ſlew;
Inſpir'd by Love, what cannot Princes do?

Psyc. Why for my preſervation ſhou'd you ſtrive?
For neither my affection e'r cou'd move,
Though Heav'n for that wou'd ſuffer me to live:
No Prince on earth cou'd ever make me love.
Nican. 'Tis time we both of us ſhou'd dye,
Since we from you no pity can deſerve.
Yet———
Had we no love for generoſity
Spight of your ſelf we wou'd your life preſerve.
Polyn. You have made Rivals thus agree,
Though cou'd you love, but one cou'd happy be.
Each will aſſiſt the other, and you'll ſee,
In ſpight of Oracles we'll ſet you free.
Pſyc. Farewell: I muſt not hear this blaſphemy.
Nican. We cannot leave you till you dye,
No Oracle ſhall that deny.

[*The Earth opens, infernal Spirits riſe and hurry the Prince away. Two Zephiri deſcend and take* Pſyche *by each arm and fly into the Clouds with her.*

Cupid *deſcends a little way hanging in the Air.*

Cup. Be gone, you Rivals of an angry Deity:
Shall I by inſolent Princes rivali'd be?
Shall Mortals for my *Pſyche* ſtrive with me?
Vulcan make haſt, prepare
My coſtly Palace for my fair;
I in that ſplendid place
My Love, my Dear, my *Pſyche* will embrace.

[*He flies away.*

Enter Nicander *and* Polynices.

Nican. By what Enchantment were we hurri'd hence?
Pſyche is gone. Let's uſe all diligence
Soon to prevent her fate,
Or we ſhall come too late.
Polyn. VVe will our much-lov'd *Pſyche* find,
Or we will leave our hated lives behind.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

The Scene is the Palace of Cupid, *Compos'd of wreath'd Columns of the* Corinthian *Order; the Wreathing is adorn'd with Roses, and the Columns have several little* Cupids *flying about 'em, and a single* Cupid *standing upon every Capital. At a good distance are seen three Arches, which divide the first Court from the other part of the Building: The middle Arch is noble and high, beautified with* Cupids *and* Festoons, *and supported with Columns of the foresaid Order. Through these Arches is seen another Court, that leads to the main Building, which is at a mighty distance. All the* Cupids, *Capitals and Inrichments of the whole Palace are of Gold. Here the* Cyclops *are at work at a Forge, forging great Vases of Silver. The Musick strikes up, they dance, hammering the Vases upon Anvils.*

After the Dance, Enter *Vulcan.*

Vulcan sings

YE bold Sons of Earth, that attend upon Fire,
Make haste with the Palace, lest Cupid *should stay;*
You must not be lazy when Love does require,
For Love is impatient, and brooks no delay.
When Cupid *you serve, you must toil and must sweat,*
Redouble your blows, and your labour repeat.

The vigorous young God's not with laziness serv'd,
He makes all his Vassals their diligence show,

And nothing from him but with pains is deserv'd;
The brisk Touth that falls on and still follows his blow,
Is his favourite still The considerate Fool,
He as useless lays by for a pitiful Tool.

1. Cycl. *This Palace is finish'd, and the other shall be*
Made fit for his small Deity.
2. Cycl. *But fire makes us cholerick, and apt to repine,*
Unless you will give us some Wine.

Chor. *With swinging great Bowls,*
Let's refresh our dry Souls,
And then we'll to work with a Clink, clink, clink;
But first let us drink, but first let us drink.

Vulcan. *Let each take his Bowl then, and hold it to his nose,*
Then let him redouble his blows.
Cycl. *Nay, stint us not so, but let each take his two,*
And twice as much as we can do.

Chor. *With swinging great Bowls,*
Let's refresh, &c.

Vulc. *Ye Slaves, will you never from drunkenness refrain?*
Remember Ulysses *again.*
Cycl. Ulysses *is a Dog, were he here he shou'd find*
We'd scorn him, and drink our selves blind.

Chor. *With swinging great Bowls,*
Let's refresh, &c.
[They take their Kans in their hands.

Pyra. *Here,* Harpes, *to you.* Harp. *Here,* Brontes, *to you,*
And so take each Cyclops *his due.*
Bron. *To thee,* Steropes Ster. Pyracmon, *to thee.*
Omn. *And thus in our Cups we'll agree.*

Chor.

Chor, *With ſwinging great Bowls,*
Let's refreſh, &c.

Vulc. *Be gone, or great* Jove *will for Thunder-bolts ſtay,*
The World grows ſo wicked each day.
Cycl. *He has leſs need of Thunder then we have of VVine:*
VVe'd drink, though great Jove *ſhould repine.*

Chor. *With ſwinging great Bowls,*
Let's refreſh, &c.

[The *Cyclops* dance again.

Enter Cupid *and* Zephyrus, *at which they all run away.*

Cup. You are my beſt of ſervants, y'have done well.
Say, *Zephyrus*, how do you like my Love?
Zeph. Her Beauty does all mortal forms excel,
She ſhould be ſnatch'd from Earth to reign above:
But why do you a humane ſhape now wear?
Why will you not your ſelf a God appear?
Cup. At firſt, inviſible I'll be.
Then like a Prince I will be ſeen;
Me like a God when ſhe ſhall ſee,
I'll make her my Immortal Queen.
When Love thus ſlily his approaches makes,
He takes faſt hold, and long will ſtay;
But if by ſtorm he once poſſeſſion takes,
His Empire in the heart will ſoon decay.
Here comes my Love Away,
And to her honour dedicate this day.

[*Exeunt* Cupid *and* Zephyrus.

Enter Pſyche.

Pſyc. To what enchanted Palace am I brought
Adorn'd beyond all humane thought?
Here Art and Natures utmoſt powers conſpire,
To make the Ornament entire.

Where

Where e'r I turn me, here my dazl'd eye
Does nought but Gold or precious Gems descry:
This sure is some divine abode,
The splendid Palace of some God:
And not a Den where Humane bloud is spilt.
This sure was never for a Serpent built.
I am at this no less amaz'd,
Then at my sudden passage to the place.
With wonder round about I've gaz'd,
And, which is strange, I've seen no humane face.
'Tis sure some Aery Vision which I see,
And I to this imaginary height
Was rais'd by Heav'n in cruelty,
That I might suffer a severer Fate.
I on a Precipice of hope was plac'd,
That so my fall might greater be,
And down with violence I shall be cast
To th' bottom of despair, th' Abyss of misery.
Where is the Serpent? when will he appear?
Cup. The Serpent which you must embrace is near.
Psyc. VVhat Divine Harmony invades my ear?
This is a voice I cou'd for ever hear.
O speak again, and strike my ravish'd sense
VVith thy harmonious excellence!
VVhat Pow'r Divine provokes within my bloud,
I know not what, that cannot be withstood?
Cup. VVhat ever can be pleasant but in thought, [*within.*
Shall for my Love be sought:
This shall her Palace, here her Empire be;
She shall have Sovereign command o'r that and me.
Psyc. No object of my sense could e'r
Transport me till this hour;
I feel a passion mix'd with Joy and Fear,
That's caus'd by this unknown invisible Power.
VVho are you that does charm me so?
Such pain and pleasure I ne'r felt before;
You are by this some God, I know,
And I must you adore —— [*She kneels.*

Enter

Enter Cupid, *and takes her up.*

Oh Heaven! what glorious thing is this I ſee?
What unknown Deity?
His ſhape is humane, but his face divine;
He calls me Love: but ah! would he were mine.

Cup. I am the Serpent Heav'n for you deſign'd,
Which ſhou'd on you his poiſon breathe.

Pſyc. This poiſon ne'r can cauſe my death,
For ſuch a Serpent I wou'd quit Mankind.
Yours is the pleaſant'ſt poiſon e'r was felt;
My eyes drop ſhowers of joy, my heart will melt.
My mind was never full before,
But now my ſwelling Joys run o'r;
My heart does pant like a ſeal'd Doves:
What is it thus my paſſion moves?

Cup. How does my charming fair, my Dove?
Let me approach my Dear, my Love:
Let me but touch thy ſnowy hand,
And thou ſhalt all my heart command.

Pſyc. There's no requeſt of yours I can withſtand.
Oh I am ſtung! what's this I feel?
It is no pointed Steel:
'Tis ſuch a pretty tingling ſmart,
Now it invades my heart.
Oh it increaſes on me ſtill,
And now my bloud begins to chill.
But, Oh the pleaſure! Oh the pain!
And, Oh! might both a thouſand years remain!

Cup. Courage, my Dove, I have thee here, } *embraces her*
Thou need'ſt no Serpent fear;
For I am all the Serpents thou ſhalt ſee,
And Love is all the poiſon I'll infuſe in thee.

Pſyc. What can it be my ſenſes thus allarms?
What have you done t' your hand that thus it charms?
But, Oh your pow'rful eyes bewitch me more.
I never ſaw or felt ſuch eyes before.

Nor know I now what 'tis I feel or ſee. [*He turns his head aſide.*
Turn not away thoſe eyes that poiſon me.
Thoſe ſweet, thoſe piercing am'rous eyes,
That can ſo eaſily a heart ſurpriſe.
Oh, may my breaſt this poiſon ne'r forſake!
I'm ſure no Antidote I'll take.
Why do you ſigh? are you tranſported too?
Cup. As you by me, ſo I am charm'd by you.
Oh let my wandring heart find reſt
VVithin thy ſoft and ſnowy breaſt.
Thou muſt to me thy heart reſign,
And in exchange I'll give thee mine.
And when my heart within thy breaſt does ſit.
Thou muſt be kind, and nurſe, and cheriſh it.
Pſyc. Oh! how mine flutters; yet I hold it faſt,
It beats till it it ſelf will tire;
'Twill loſe it ſelf with violent deſire:
Do what I can, it will be gone at laſt.
Oh give me thine, for mine will flie away;
Ah give it me! for if you longer ſtay,
Mine will be gone, and I ſhall die.
Pray let your heart the want of mine ſupply.
Cup. Thou through thy Lips, my Love, muſt mine receive,
And the ſame way thine to my breaſt convey;
And when to me that pretty thing thou'lt give,
I'll us't ſo kindly, 't ſhall not flie away.
Pſyc. Then take it, for with me it will not ſtay. [*They kiſs.*
VVhat have I done! I am too blame;
I bluſh and feel a ſecret ſhame:
But I feel ſomthing which o'rcomes that ſenſe.
I'm charm'd with ſo much excellence!
Some Power Divine thus animates my bloud,
And 'twere a ſin, if that ſhould be withſtood.
Your ſacred form ſo much does move,
That I pronounce aloud, I love.
How am I rapt! what is it thus does force
My inclination from its proper courſe?

I was

I was to love an open enemy;
But now the more I look on Thee,
The more I love. My first surprise
Is heighten'd still by thy bewitching eyes.
Cup. Love's debt was long deny'd by thee,
But now h'as paid himself with usury.
Psyc. Should I to one I know not be thus kind,
To one who will, perhaps, unconstant be;
Pray let me so much favour find,
To let me know who 'tis has conquer'd me.
Cup. Do not suspect my constancy,
Believe my sighs, and then trust me.
Words may be false and full of Art,
Sighs are the nat'ral language of the heart.
But, pray beware of curiosity,
Lest it shou'd ruine Thee and Me.
You must not yet know who I am;
I will in time disclose my name.
I in this Region a vast Empire have,
Each Prince y'have seen compar'd to me's a Slave.
To me all Grecian Princes Tribute owe,
Which they shall pay to you.
A thousand Beauties shall be still at hand,
Waiting for thy command;
And, without envy, they shall thee adore.
The pomp which here thou shalt enjoy, is more
Then e'r was seen in Earthly Princes Courts:
And pleasures here shall be
Beyond all mortal Luxury;
Our Recreation shall be heav'nly sports.
And to such splendid Joys I thee invite,
As do the Gods on Festivals delight.
But first thy pallat thou shalt satisfie,
Thy ear shall then be ravish'd, then thy eye;
And all thy other Senses thou shalt feast:
Here thou shalt entertain, and I will be the guest.

This following Song is sung by invisible Singers.

ALL Joy to fair Psyche *in this happy place,*
And to our great Master, who her shall embrace:
May never his Love nor her Beauty decay,
But be warm as the Spring, and still fresh as the day.
Chor. *No Mortals on Earth ever wretched coul'd prove,*
If still while they liv'd, th'y'd be always in love.

There's none without Love ever happy can be,
Without it each Brute were as happy as we.
The knowledge men boast of doth nothing but vex;
And their wandring Reason their minds does perplex:
Chor. *But no Mortals,* &c.

Love's sighs and his tears are mix'd with delights,
But were he still Pester'd with cares and with frights,
Shou'd a thousand more troubles a Lover invade,
By one happy moment they'd fully be paid.
Chor. *No Mortals,* &c.

Then lose not a moment, but in Pleasure employ it;
For a moment once lost will always be so;
Your Youth requires Love, let it fully enjoy it,
And push on your Nature as far as 'twill go.
Chor. *No Mortals,* &c.

Psyc. How am I rap't! what pleasures do I find!
My Love, I have but one request to thee;
Two Sisters I have left behind,
I hope my Love will be so kind,
That they the Witnesses may be
Of all my pomp and my felicity.

Enter Zephyrus.

Cup. My *Zephyrus* is still at hand
To wait for thy command.

Be

Be gone ——

Zeph. I'll fly as quick as thought,
They ſuddenly ſhall to this place be brought.

[*Exit* Zephyrus,

Cup. My Dear, let them not here much time employ,
For I muſt thy whole heart enjoy.
From me, my Love, not one poor thought muſt ſtray,
For I have given thee all my heart away.
But now prepare thy ears and eyes,
For I thy ſenſes will ſurpriſe.
Along with me, and thou ſhalt ſee
What Miracles in Love there be.

[*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to the principal Street of the City, with vaſt numbers of People looking down from the tops of Houſes, and out of the Windows and Balconies, which are hung with Tapeſtry. In this Street is a large Triumphal Arch, with Columns of the Dorick *Order, adorned with the Statues of* Fame *and* Honour, *&c. Beautified with Feſtoons of Flowers; all the Inrichments of Gold. Through this Arch, at a vaſt diſtance, in the middle of a Piazza, is ſeen a ſtately Obelisk.*

Enter two Men.

1. *Man.* What ſhouts are thoſe that eccho from the Plain?
2. *Man.* The Stranger-Princes have the Monſter ſlain:
The People the victorious Champions meet,
And them with Shouts and Acclamations greet.
1. *Man.* Our freedom theſe brave Conqu'rors have reſtor'd,
The bloud of Men no more ſhall be devour'd;
No more young Ladies ſhall be ſnatch'd away
To be the cruel Serpents prey.

2. *Man.*

2. *Man.* For this the large Triumphal Arch was built,
For this the Joyful People meet in throngs,
The Princes Triumph for the bloud they spilt,
And celebrate the Conquest with loud Songs.
They in this place a Sacrifice prepare,
To pay their vows and thanks to th' God of War.

[*A Consort of loud Martial Musick.*

Enter the Priests of *Mars*, one carrying the Serpents Head upon the Spear, all of them having Targets, Breast-plates, and Helmets of Brass. Then the *Præsul*, having a Trophy of Arms carry'd before him. Then *Nicander*, *Polynices*, *Cydippe*, *Aglaura*, Train and Guards. The Priests sing this following Song, and dance to't.

Let us loudly rejoyce,
With glad heart and with voice;
For the Monster is dead,
And here is his head.
No more shall our Wives
Be afraid of their lives,
Nor our Daughters by Serpents miscarry.
The Oracle then
Shall bestow them on Men,
And they not with Monsters shall marry.
Let us lowdly rejoyce
With glad heart and with voice;
For the Monster is dead,
And here is his head.

Præsul sings. *Great God of War to thee*
We offer up our thanks and pray'r
For by thy mighty Deity
Triumphing Conquerors we are.

Chor.

Chor. *Thou'rt great among this heavenly race,*
And onely to the Thunderer giv'ſt place.

Præſul. Jove *is thy father, but does not exceed*
Thy Deity on any ſcore.
Thou, when thou wilt, canſt make the whole world bleed,
And thou canſt heal their breaches by thy power.

Chor. *'Tis thou that muſt to Armies give ſucceſs,*
Thou that muſt Kingdoms too with ſafety bleſs,
Thou that muſt bring, and then muſt guard their peace.

They dance, ſtriking their Swords upon the Targets, ſhowing the poſtures of their Swords, Kettle-Drums beating, and Trumpets ſounding: Whilſt the *Preſul* and the reſt prepare the Altar, and kindle the Fire. After the Dance ——

Præſ. ſings. *While we to Mars his praiſes ſing,*
A Horſe, th'appointed Victim, bring.
[*Mars* and *Venus* meet in the Air in their Chariots, his drawn by Horſes, and hers by Doves.

Venus ſings. *Great God of War, if thou doſt not deſpiſe*
The power of my victorious eyes,
Reject this Sacrifice.
My Deity they diſreſpect,
My Altars they neglect,
And Pſyche *onely they adore,*
Whom they ſhall ſee no more.
Have I yet left ſuch influence on your heart,
As to enjoyn you wou'd take my part.
By ſome known token puniſh their offence,
And let them know their inſolence.

Mars. *So much your influence on me remains,*
That ſtill I glory in my chains,
What ever you command ſhall be
A ſov'reign Law to me.
Theſe ſaucy Mortals ſoon ſhall ſee

What

What 'tis to disrespect your Deity.
To show how much for you I them despise,
Since they with Venus *dare contend,*
Ye powers of Hell your Furies send,
And interrupt their Sacrifice.
[*Mars* and *Venus* fly away.

Furies ascend and strike the Altar, and break it, and every one flies away with a fire-brand in's hand.

1. *Pr.* What dreadful prodigies are these!
Hence from his bloudy rage let's flie,
And in his Temple let us try
If we his angry Godhead can appease.
Nican. What Magick Charms do this sad place infest,
And us in all our actions thus molest?
Polyn. The pow r of Hell it sure must be
That thus against us wages war;
For when fair *Psyche* he wou'd free,
It still does mischiefs against us prepare.
But no Enchantment yet our courage binds,
No accidents can alter valiant minds.
Nican. In spight of Hell we will go on in quest
Of our lov'd *Psyche*, who is charm'd from hence.
Aglau. You might from all your fruitless toyls have rest,
If of your present fortune y' had a sense.
Cid. Our Father, who is now at point of death,
Does in his Will us two to you bequeath.
Aglau. Envy it self will sure confess,
Our Beauties and our Vertues are not less,
Then the mean Idol's you so much adore,
And whom ye never can see more;
The Monster you have slain did her devour.
Polyn. We by his rav'nous Maw did find to day,
The Monster had not yet made her his prey.
Cid. VVhat if he had, we two are left behind,
And by the Gods you are for us design'd.
Nican. Heav'n has not yet to me reveal'd that mind,
My inclinations still are hers I find.

The

The honour's great we might by you enjoy,
But it would all our vows and all our love destroy.
Polyn. To *Psyche* I have offer'd my whole heart,
Sh'has for no other left me the least part.
Pardon that I the honour must refuse;
No Mortals can their own affections chuse;
Love, Heav'ns high power does into us infuse.
Nican. VVhen we lost *Psyche*, solemnly we swore,
The search of her we never wou'd give o't.
Polyn. Should we not find her, we our lives must spend,
VVhich in th'unwearied search of her must end.
Aglau. Think you with safety you shall us despise?
Though we're too weak to wound you with our eyes,
Our full revenge shall both of you pursue,
And give what to your insolence is due.
Cid. Your heads shall pay for the affront you give,
And you shall dye, or we will cease to live.
Nican. If danger cou'd our courages remove,
VVe were not fit t'aspire to *Psyche*'s love.
Polyn. Our absence now you must excuse,
VVe in our search no farther time must lose.
[*Exeunt* Nican. Polyn
Aglau. I have a trusty Villain which I'll send,
VVho in disguise shall their unwary steps attend;
And then an ambush shall for them be laid,
That their base lives may be to us betray'd.
Cid. The powers of all this Kingdom we'll engage,
To sacrifice their lives to our insatiate rage.
Aglau. They dearly shall by their example show,
How soon rejected Love to dangerous Rage can grow.
[*Exeunt ambo.*

ACT IV.

The Scene is a ſtately Garden belonging to the Magnificent Palace, ſeen in the former Act. The great Walk is bounded on either ſide with great Statues, Figures of Gold ſtanding on Pedeſtals, and ſmall ſitting at their feet: And in large Vaſes of Silver are Orenge, Lemon, Citron, Pomegranate: and behind Mirtle, Jeſſemine, and other Trees. Beyond this a noble Arbour, through which is ſeen a leſs Walk, all of Cypreſs Trees, which leads to another Arbour at a great diſtance.

Enter Aglaura, Cydippe, Pſyche *with her Train.*

Aglau. ENough the Splendor of your Court w'have ſeen,
Such ne'r was known by any earthly Queen.
Cyd. But we your Conqu'ring Lover wou'd behold,
Of whom ſuch charming ſtories you have told.
Pſyc. Oh! he's the brighteſt thing your eyes e'r ſaw;
Beauty he has might give the whole World Law.
And then ſuch tender kindneſs you ſhall ſee;
For he delights in nothing but in me.
VVe ſport and revel all the day,
In ſoft delights melting the hours away.
And ſuch reſiſtleſs ways he has to charm.
We kiſs, embrace, and arm in arm,
With am'rous ſighs, and ſoft diſcourſe,
Our fainting Paſſions ſtill we reinforce:
When I would ſpeak, my words he does devour;
And when he ſpeaks, I kiſs him o'r and o'r.

And

And when from kiſſing we our lips remove:
He tells a thouſand pretty Tales of Love.
And all the while his beauty I ſurvey,
And he ſo greedily beholds my eyes,
As he'd devour them. But a moment ſtay,
And he will you, as he did me, ſurpriſe. [*Exit* Pſyche.

Aglau. What curſed Fate is this, that did ordain,
That ſhe ſhou'd have ſuch pleaſure, we ſuch pain?
Oh that I had infection in my breath,
I my own life wou'd loſe to give her death.

Cid. Baſe Fortune! that on *Pſyche* wou'd beſtow
So vaſt a ſhare of happineſs,
And give her elder Siſters ſo much leſs,
That ſhe ſhou'd be ſo high, and we ſo low.

Aglau. Such glory yet no Monarch ever ſaw;
Such humble Vaſſals, ſuch obedient awe,
Such ſhining Palaces yet ne'r have been,
Such pomp the Sun in all his progreſs ne'r has ſeen.

Cid. A thouſand Beauties wait for her command,
As many heavenly Youths are ſtill at hand:
And to our envious eyes ſhe choſe
Theſe hated objects to expoſe.

Aglau. When we to our great joy believ'd,
That ſhe deſtroy'd had been,
Oh how the Ridling God has us deceiv'd;
We ſee her here like ſome immortal Queen,
Whom all her ſubjects ſerve not, but adore.

Cid. Oh! I ſhall die with envy: ſay no more,
But of ſome quick revenge let's meditate,
To interrupt their happy ſtate:
Let's by ſome Art cauſe fatal Jealouſies
Between theſe proſperous Lovers to ariſe.

Enter Cupid *and* Pſyche, *with many Attendants.*

Aglau. They're here: What divine Object ſtrikes my eyes?

Cid. What heavenly thing does my weak heart ſurpriſe?

Aglau. Her hated ſight I can no longer bear.

Cid. Oh with what Joy I could her heart-ſtrings tear!

Aglau. This is the goodliest Creature Heav'n e're made;
And I will summon Hell up to my aid,
But I will *Psyche*'s life destroy;
And I will then this God-like Youth enjoy.
Cid. When I am dead, he may be had by thee:
But know, *Aglaura*, I'll ne'r live to see
This goodly thing enjoy'd by any one but me.
Cup. Ladies———
You such a welcome in this place shall find,
As fits the greatness of your Sisters mind;
And by your entertainment I will show,
What I to my lov'd *Psyche* owe:
For her shall Quires of *Cupids* sing,
For her the Sphears shall their loud Musick bring.

SONG.

LEt old Age in its envy and malice take pleasure,
In business that's sower, and in hoarding up treasure:
By dulness seem wise, be still peevish and nice;
And what they cannot follow, let them rail at as vice.

Wise Youth will in Wine and in Beauty delight,
Will revel all day, and will sport all the night.
For never to love, wou'd he never to live;
And Love must from Wine its new vigour receive.

How insipid were life without those delights,
In which lusty hot Youth spend their dayes and their nights;
Of our nauseous dull beings we too soon should be cloy'd,
VVithout those bless'd joys which Fools onely avoid.

Unhappy grave VVretches, who live by false measure,
And for empty vain shadows refuse real pleasure;
To such Fools while vast joys on the witty are waiting,
Life's a tedious long journey without ever baiting.

Now

Now ſee what is to *Pſyche*'s beauty due,
And what th' Almighty pow'r of Love can ſhow:
Theſe ſenſeleſs Figures motion ſhall receive;
Pſyche's bright beams can life to Statues give

[*Ten Statues leap from their Pedeſtals, and dance. Ten* Cupids *riſe from the Pedeſtals, ſtrew all the Stage with Flowers, and fly all ſeveral ways. During the Dance,* Cupid *and* Pſyche *retire.*

Cid. VVith what divine Magnificence
They in this place treat every ſenſe?
Aglau. Exceſs of Love and Hate diſturb my reſt,
VVhich equally divide my breaſt.
Cid. You may hate her, and other Princes love;
But your affection muſt from him remove,
Or th' utmoſt rage of a revengeful Rival prove.
Aglau. Mountains ſhall ſooner leap or fly,
The Sun may prove inconſtant, but not I:
All my preſumptuous Rivals I'll deſtroy;
I cannot live, unleſs I him enjoy.
Cid. Then ſuddenly reſign your hated breath;
You ſhall not live to cauſe my death:
Your fruitleſs Love ſhall ſoon be loſt,
You to your elder Siſter ſhall give place,
For I will this Celeſtial Youth embrace,
Tho'it the lives of half the world ſhou'd coſt.
Aglau. The pow'r of Hell ſhall ne'r change my deſign;
I wou'd a thouſand Lives before one Love reſign.
Cid. But *Pſyche*'s Life and Love muſt have an end,
Or we in vain for him contend,
VVhat e'r againſt each other we deſign,
Againſt the common Enemy let's joyn.
Aglau. Should we kill her, it would provoke his hate.
And on our ſelves pull down a certain Fate.
Let's poiſon them with jealouſie;
And Lovers had much better die,
Then ſuffer that extremity.

Enter Psyche.

Psyc. Now Sisters! how do you approve my Dear?
Cid. You are secure: but give us leave to fear.
Psyc. Fear not: you are in my Protection now.
Aglau. We fear not for our selves, but you.
Psyc. For me! I am so full of Joy,
That nothing can my happiness destroy.
I have my Love, and that's enough for me.
My life is one continued Extasie.
His love to me is infinite,
Each moment does transcend
Ages of common gross delight,
For which dull sensual men so much contend.
Cid. Why does he still conceal his name?
It argues little love, or else much shame.
Psyc. You cannot doubt his love, he is so kind;
Envy in him no cause of shame can find:
What need I care who 'tis I love,
Since all that see him must my choice approve.
Aglau. This violent Love may soon decay,
And he for some new Mistriss may
Your easie heart betray.
Cid. When he shall please to frown,
You from this heighth are suddenly thrown down:
And when he thus shall have abandon'd you,
On whom will you inflict the vengance due?
Psyc. Could I this fatal change survive,
I sure should be the wretched'st thing alive.
Aglau. True Love has no reserve, this is some cheat;
Your wisdom's small, though your affection's great.
Cid. Th' Impostor does by Magick Art surprise!
And this is all delusion of our eyes.
The Miracles each moment does produce,
Sufficiently may make this clear;
Your Lover does no Natural Causes use.
All Natures Order is inverted here.
Aglau. You see that his Attendants are
The winged Spirits of the Air.

He's

He's ſure ſome *Demon*, which commands the Winds,
And him the Clouds obey:
How eaſily may he delude our minds,
Wh'our bodies can by VVinds and Clouds convey.
This muſt be ſome inchanted place.
Cid. (*aſide.*) Let him be what he will, I'll him embrace.
(*To her.*) How ſoon may Fate your ſeeming Heav'n deſtroy,
Which like a dream reflects imaginary Joy.
Pſyc. Oh I am ſeiz'd with an unuſual fright,
A ſudden ſtop is put to my delight.
Aglau. This ſtill may be the Serpent you did fear,
Tho'with a humane ſhape he cheats your eyes;
And Heav'n by this more cruel will appear,
After this Joy to ruine by ſurpriſe.
Cid. In wrath the Oracle thy doom declar'd,
Here no effects we of its anger ſee:
Thou know'ſt not yet what ruine is prepar'd,
VVhat dreadful Fate Heav'n does reſerve for thee.
Pſyc. How I'm amaz'd! Oh my poor trembling heart!

Enter Zephyrus.

Zeph. My Lord commands your Siſters muſt depart,
And none muſt his commands deny.
Aglau. VVhat is't I hear! I dye, I dye!
Cid. But if I dye, I will not dye alone;
She ſhall not here remain when I am gone.
Aglau. Hold! take me with thee in thy brave deſign;
I'll in the noble execution joyn.
[*Both offer to ſtab at* Pſyche, *as ſhe looks another way, and are ſnatch'd away by* Zephiri.
Pſyc. Ah! what unwelcome change is this I ſee?
Muſt they ſo ſuddenly be ſnatch'd from me?

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Now let's enjoy our ſelves, the time invites:
True Love alone in privacy delights.
VVhat is't diſturbs my *Pſyche*'s mind?
What fatal change is this I find?

Such

Such a black ſtorm me-thinks hangs on thee now,
As I have ſeen upon the Mornings brow;
Which bluſhing firſt had promis'd a fair day,
But ſtrait did nought but dark-ſwoln Clouds diſplay.
Is it your Siſters abſence makes you grieve?
All ſuch relations you ſhou'd now forget;
Lovers ſhould for each other onely live,
And having one another ſhould have no regret.

Pſyc. So ſmall a thing cannot afflict my mind.

Cup. 'Tis for ſome Rival then your griefs deſign'd.

Pſyc. This mean ſuſpition proves my Lord unkind!
Ah! did your charms but to your ſelf appear,
You'd know that I no other chains cou'd wear.
No Rhetorick can paint my Loves exceſs,
Ere mine can be deſcrib'd, it muſt be leſs.

Cup. I love thee too at ſuch a rate,
No Mortal can approach my height.
What is it can produce thy grief?

Pſyc. I fear you'l not afford it your relief.

Cup. If thou by any thing my wrath cou'dſt move,
'Twou'd be by thy ſuſpicion of my love.
Thou o'r my heart art grown ſo abſolute,
That no commands of thine I can diſpute:
Thou of thy pow'r know'ſt not the large extent;
To eaſe thy doubt, make an experiment.

Pſyc. No: I ſhall finde a harſh repulſe, I fear.

Cup. By thy victorious eyes,
Which govern now the heart they did ſurpriſe;
By th' Gods inviolable Oath I ſwear,
By *Styx*, all thy commands ſhall be to me
Sacred, as Heav'ns decree.

Pſyc. I with theſe am'rous vows am doubly pleas'd,
I am of half my grief already eas'd.
By this all fear of coldneſs you remove,
And then you'll tell me now, who 'tis I love.

Cup. Heav'n! [*Starts.*

Pſyc. 'Tis fit that I who did great Kings refuſe,
Shou'd know who is the charming Youth I chuſe.

Cup. What do I hear?
Pſyc. 'Tis true I love, and glory in my Chains;
But to compleat my joys, it yet remains,
That thou, my Love, wou'dſt thy dear name expoſe,
And my illuſtrious choice to me diſcloſe.
Why doſt thou frown? thou muſt my doubts ſecure,
I by my Love and by this Kiſs conjure,
If thou doſt love me this aſſurance give:
'Tis Love, my Dear, makes me inquiſitive.
Thou ſhou'dſt all ſecrets to my breaſt reſign,
Beſides, th'haſt ſworn this is no longer thine.
Cup. I've ſworn; and, if you will, I muſt comply,
But then thy fatal curioſity
Inevitably ruines Thee and Me.
Pſyc. Is this my Sov'reign Empire over thee?
Cup. You muſt what e'rs within my power command;
But your extravagant deſires withſtand:
Unleſs you will abandon him you love,
And will for ever from my ſight remove.
Pſyc. You found a heart too ready to believe,
And wou'd you ſtill that poor weak heart deceive?
Cup. Muſt I my fatal ſecret then reſign?
Pſyc. Can you keep back your heart, and yet take mine?
Cup. Conſider yet what 'tis you do.
Pſyc. I fear'd I ſhou'd be thus refus'd by you.
Cup. Let me not yet my name declare.
Pſyc. Oh unkind Youth! thou mak'ſt me now deſpair,
That thou'lt reward my Love, or eaſe my care.
Cup. Conſider yet, and let me hold my peace.
Pſyc. Will your unkind denials never ceaſe?
Cup. Know then, my ſelf a God I muſt declare,
Whom all the other Deities obey:
All things in Earth, Hell, Water, Air,
Muſt to my Godhead their devotion pay.
I am the God of Love, whom, to thy coſt,
Thy fooliſh curioſity has loſt.
By this thou doſt my Love to Anger turn,
And muſt in fatal deſolation mourn.

I from thy once lov'd eyes must flye;
For 'tis ordain'd by cruel destiny,
Which rules o'r all the God's and me,
That for thy folly I shou'd thus abandon thee.

Cupid *flies away. The Garden and Palace vanish, and* Psyche *is left alone in a vast Desart, upon the brink of a River in Marish, full of Willows, Flags, Bullrushes, and Water-flowers; beyond which, is seen a great open Desart.*

Psyc. Oh! whither art thou fled, my Dear?
Why hast thou left me here?
Of all my glorious pomp I am bereft,
And in despair am in a Desart left.
Oh my misfortune! oh my crime!
I lov'd a God, and was ador'd by him.
My self I banish'd, and am left forlorn,
A fatal subject of injurious scorn;
A scorn to all the Princes I've refus'd,
By my own folly I my self abus'd.
Yet sure the God is much unkind,
To fly himself, yet leave his power behind.
My Love remains still to increase my care,
And heighten all the torments of despair.
[Psyche *retires to the River side.*

Enter Aglaura, Cidippe, *with a Soldier.*

Sold. We of your Royal Father are bereft,
Who you the Heirs of this great Kingdom left.
So much he for the loss of *Psyche* griev'd,
That he by death his fatal grief reliev'd.
Aglau. But are not yet the Rival Princes slain?
Sold. We have not follow'd your Commands in vain;
The Princes are in sight upon the Plain:
In quest of *Psyche* they each path will trace,
And their unwearied search will bring them to this place.

So

So many of us here in ambush lye,
As soon as they approach us, they shall dye.
Cid. Begone, we largely will reward your Loyalty.
Exit Soldier.
How luckily did *Zephyrus* convey
Us to this Desart, where we may,
To our great pleasure, standing by,
Behold these insolent Rivals die.
Aglau. Since of all hopes of Love we are bereft,
Revenge is all the pleasure we have left.
Oh my bless'd Eyes! behold yon Face;
Psyche is thrown upon this Desart place.
Cid With pleasure I my sufferings embrace,
Since her an equal sufferer I find.
Is all your splendid Pomp to this declin'd?
Fate did your Pallace to a Desart turn,
And you for all your arrogance shall mourn.
Psyc. Am I the object of my Sisters scorn?
Ah, had I there your fatal eyes ne'r seen,
I still had prosp'rous in my Palace been.
You urg'd that curiosity,
Which brought this dreadful ruine upon me.
Aglau. How well did our first Artifice succeed,
She like a Prince when he's depos'd should bleed.
Cid. Under our power you now a Slave remain;
Our Father's dead, and has left us to Reign.
Psyc. No: a more glorious Fate for me's design'd,
Since he is gone, I'll not stay long behind,
Aglau. She shall not if she wou'd;
We to be safe must shed her bloud.
Cid. Her with her Lovers Heads we'll first surprize,
Then to our rage her life we'll sacrifice.
Exit Aglaura *and* Cidippe, *smiling on* Psyche.
Psyc. No longer these misfortunes I'll endure;
Of all such wounds, death is the sovereign cure.
In this deep Stream that softly by does glide,
All my misfortunes and my faults I'll hide.

She offers to throw her ſelf into the River. The God of the River ariſes upon a ſeat of Bulruſhes and Reeds, leaning upon an Urn. The *Naiades* round about him ſing.

The God ſings. *STay, ſtay, this act will much defile my ſtreams:*
With a ſhort patience ſuffer theſe extreams.
Heav'n has for thee a milder Fate in ſtore,
The time ſhall be when thou ſhalt weep no more.
And yet fair Pſyche *ne'r ſhall dye.*

1 Nymph. *She ne'r ſhall dye.*
2 Nymph. *She ne'r ſhall dye.*
Chor. *She ne'r ſhall dye:*
But ſhall be crown'd with immortality.
But ſhall be, &c.

The God ſings again. Venus *approaches, from her anger fly;*
More troubles yet your conſtancy muſt try
But th' happy minute will e're long arrive,
That will to you eternal freedom give.
And yet fair Pſyche *ne'r ſhall dye.*

1 Nymph. *She ne'r ſhall dye.*
2 Nymph. *She ne'r ſhall dye.*
Chor. *She ne'r ſhall dye.*
But ſhall be crown'd with immortality.
But ſhall be, &c.

Pſyc. I need not fly, I have done no offence,
I'm ſtrongly guarded by my Innocence.

Venus *deſcends in her Chariot.*

Venus. Dares *Pſyche* before me appear?
From my dread wrath you ſcorn to fly:
'Tis Impudence, not conſtancy.
I'll bend your ſtubborn heart, and make you fear.

Pſyc. Dread Goddeſs! how have I
Provok'd ſo your unwonted cruelty?

Venus

Venus. You did usurp my Honours; men to you
Did give that Worship which to me was due:
For you they did my Deity despise,
And wou'd have rais'd up Altars to your Eyes.
Psyc. Is Beauty then (Heavn's gift) a fault in me?
It is a fault I cannot help, you see.
Ven. Your Pride did first all Earthly Kings refuse,
And then my Son, a God, must chuse.
How durst you thus my Heavenly Race abuse?
Psyc. Against all Kings he harden'd my poor heart,
And for himself he struck me with his Dart:
His Beauty wou'd make hearts of Stone to melt,
And his almighty power your self have felt.
Ven. Dare you with me expostulate?
I'll make you feel the worst effects of hate:
My pow'r you fatally shall know,
And for your insolence to Hell shall go. [Venus *flies away.*

Enter Nicander *and* Polynices.

Nican. How long shall we our search pursue,
Without all hope that we shall *Psyche* find?
Polyn. Each day our weary labour we renew,
And all our life must be for that design'd.
Nican. What happy Vision does salute my eyes!
Polyn. It must be *Psyche*'s face that can so much surprize.
Nican. At length the joy of both our lives is found;
Blest Fate! that brought us to this sacred ground!
Polyn. Oh Divine *Psyche*! you're at length restor'd;
We will defend you now from future harms.
Nican. Now we have found the Goddess we ador'd,
We will protect her against all Hells charms.
Psy. Oh come not near, Heav'n does not me restore;
I have committed an unknown offence,
For which I must be snatch'd from hence,
And, Princes! I shall never see you more.
[*Furies rise, and then descend with* Psyche.
Nican. Oh cruel Fate!
Polyn. Oh my curst Stars!

Enter

Enter Soldier.

Sold. Fall on, fall on———

Enter Soldiers, who lay in ambush, and fall upon the Princes, who kill four or five of them, the rest fly.

Nican. This from the envious Sisters must proceed.
Polyn. 'T must be their stratagem to make us bleed.
Nican. Why should we thus our lives defend,
Since *Psyche* we've for ever lost.
Polyn. 'Tis fit our hated lives should end,
But not that Slaves shou'd of the victory boast.
Nican. Why I am resolv'd I'll not this loss survive.
Polyn. Nor shou'd you think I am so tame to live.
Nican. Let's hand in hand go plunge into the deep,
There all our sorrows may for ever sleep.
Polyn. Agreed: and our immortal Souls shall that way go,
And meet our much lov'd *Psyche* down below.
[*They arm in arm fling themselves into the River.*

Enter Aglaura *and* Cidippe, *with Soldiers.*

Aglau. Villain, what Cowards did you entertain,
That two weak men could not by you be slain?
Cid. Oh Heaven! the Princes are with *Psyche* fled.
Base Slave! thou hast forfeited thy head.
[*Soldier runs out.*

Cupid *descends.*

Cup. Oh envious Fools, that *Psyche* thus pursue!
You both shall soon a deserv'd vengeance find;
Hells everlasting pangs to you are due,
Since she is gone you shall not stay behind.
'Gainst *Psyche* you provok'd my Mothers rage.
And your destruction must my wrath asswage.
When from below my *Psyche* shall return,
You with damn'd Spirits shall for ever mourn.
Arise ye Furies, snatch 'em down to Hell.
No place becomes such envious Hags so well.
[Aglaura *and* Cidippe *sink.*

ACT.

ACT V.

The *Scene* represents Hell, consisting of many burning Ruines of Buildings on each side: In the foremost Pieces are the Figures of *Prometheus* and *Sisyphus*, *Ixion* and *Tantalus*. Beyond those are a great number of Furies and Devils, tormenting the damned. In the middle arises the Throne of *Pluto*, consisting of Pillars of Fire; with him, *Proserpina*; at their feet sit *Minos*, *Æacus*, and *Rhadamanthus*. With the Throne of *Pluto* arise a great number of Devils and Furies, coming up at every rising about the House. Through the Pillars of *Pluto*'s Throne, at a great distance, is seen the Gate of Hell, through which a Lake of Fire is seen; and at a huge distance, on the farther side of that Lake, are vast Crowds of the Dead, waiting for *Charon*'s Boat. The following Song is sung by Furies and Devils.

To what great distresses proud Psyche *is brought?*
Oh the brave mischiefs our malice has wrought!
Such Actions become the black Subjects of Hell,
Our great Prince of Darkness whoe'r will serve well,
Chor. { *Must to all Mortals, nay, Gods shew their spight,*
And in horror and torments of others delight.

How cool are our Flames, and how light are our Chains,
If our craft or our cruelty Souls enow gains:

In perpetual howlings and groans we take pleasure,
Our joys by the torments of others we measure.
Chor. *To rob Heav'n of the fair is our greatest delight,*
To darkness, seducing the Subjects of Light.

How little did Heav'n of its Empire take care,
To let Pluto *take the Rich, Witty, and Fair:*
While it does for it self Fools and Monsters preserve,
The Blind, Ugly and Poor, and the Cripple reserve.
Chor. *Heav'n all the worst Subjects for it self does prepare,*
And leaves all the best for the Prince of the Air.

[A Dance of Furies.

Cidip. Some ease they find i'th' midst of pain,
When Hell does a new Subject gain.
Aglau. But in the hottest flames this sight would please,
And *Psyche*'s howling will our greatest torments ease.
Cid. Were mine the hottest Furnace of all Hell,
If she were there, , my flames I could bear well.
Aglau. Were I into some dreadful Cavern tost,
Where the Damn'd are bound in eternal Frost;
Where gnashing teeth and shuddering they lie,
Cursing their births, wishing in vain to dye:
To see her there would warm my icy chain,
And her extream damnation thaw my pain.
Cidip. But oh our Hell is yet to come!
With horror I expect my doom.
Aglau. There our eternal Judges are,
By their stern looks of mercy I despair.
Psyc. Does my too criminal Love deserve this pain?
Circl'd with horror must I here remain?
Through thousand terrors I have been convey'd,
With dismal yellings, shrieks and groans dismay'd:
O'r troubl'd Billows of eternal Fire,
Where tortur'd Ghosts must howl, and ne'r expire:
Where Souls ne'r rest, but feel fresh torments still,
Where furious Fiends their utmost rage fulfil;

Tossing

Toſſing poor howling Wretches to and fro,
From raging Fires into eternal Snow.
From thence to Flames, from thence to Ice again,
In theſe extreams th' encounter equal pain,
And no refreſhing intervals can gain.
The curſed Fiends ſtill laughing at their moans,
Hugging themſelves to hear their ſhrieks and groans;
Upbraiding them with all their crimes on earth.
Each miſerable Ghoſt curſes, in vain, his birth.
Encompaſs'd with theſe horrors round:
No beam of comfort have I found.
Oh cruel *Venus*! wilt thou ne'r relent?
Canſt thou of Love ſuch an example make?
Can Love deſerve ſuch puniſhment?
Oh cruel God, thus to forſake
Me at the moment when I need him moſt!
I fear he is for ever loſt.
I could endure the horrors of this place,
Could I again behold his much-lov'd Face.

Pluto ſings. *REfrain your Tears, you ſhall no pris'ner be;*
Beauty and Innocence in Hell are free:
They're Treaſons, Murders, Rapes, and Thefts that bring
Subjects to th' infernal King.
You are no ſubject of this place.
A God you muſt embrace.
From Hell to Heaven you muſt tranſlated be,
Where you ſhall live and love to all eternity.

Proſerp. Pſyche, *draw near: with thee this Preſent take,*
Which given to Venus, *ſoon thy Peace will make:*
Of Beauty, 'tis a Treaſury Divine,
And you're the Meſſenger ſhe did deſign.
Loſt Beauty this will ſoon reſtore,
And all defects repair:
Mortals will now afreſh her Beams adore,
And eaſe her mind of jealouſie and care.
No Beauty that has this can e're deſpair,

Pluto. *Here are your Sisters, who your life once sought:*
Their malice to this place has Psyche *brought,*
And against her all these dire mischiefs wrought.
For ever here they shall remain,
And shall in Hell suffer eternal pain:
But Psyche *shall a Deity embrace.*

Proserp. *Begone, fair* Psyche!

Pluto. *Begone fair* Psyche!

Both. *Begone, fair* Psyche, *from this place!*

Chor. of all. *For* Psyche *must the God of Love embrace.*
For Psyche *must the God of Love embrace.*

Aglau. O mercy, mercy, Sister, we implore;
You'll intercede for a Reprieve,

Cidip. No more our malice can fair *Psyche* grieve;
You'll be a Goddess, we must you adore.

Minos. No grace for you she shall obtain,
For you must here remain.
Yet for her sake we'll ease you of some pain
No raging pangs of sense here you shall know,
But must eternal labours undergo;
And with the *Belides* for ever live,
Still shall wish death, but never dye;
Each of you must draw water in a Sieve
To all Eternity.

[*The envious Sisters sink, with all the Devils and Furies and the Throne of* Pluto *vanishes.*

Psyc. In vain, poor Sisters, I deplore your Fate!
Though living, you pursu'd me with your hate?
'Tis a dark Cloud upon my happiness.
But I'll strive to forget what's past redress,
Wer't not for this, my Joys I could not bear.
Immoderate joy would overthrow,
Were it not ballasted with care.
My Love! I shall enjoy thee now,
Together we shall happy be,
And live and love to all eternity!

Enter

Enter the Ghosts of Polynices *and* Nicander.

[Psyche *starts.*

This was a dismal Tragedy.
These are the Princes Ghosts we see:
Oh what sad chance has brought you down to me.

Nicand. We felt the extremes of love and grief,
Which never cou'd have found relief:
And hand in hand we plung'd into the deep,
To seek repose by deaths last sleep.

Polyn. Since you are lost, to ease us of our care,
We both obey'd a generous despair:
For since we could not live for you,
Our miserable lives we could not bear.
To all th' insipid World we bad adieu,
Since nothing that remain'd could please us there.

Nicand. Death we enjoy'd, and heavy life remov'd,
For we in death behold your charms again:
Those charms which both in life and death we lov'd,
Which we had sigh'd and wept for there in vain.

Psyc. Poor Ghosts! why would you suffer for my sake?
In vain too 'twas your death design'd,
Now I no recompence can make;
And then by force I was ungrateful and unkind:
Could I have lov'd, your merits were so much,
Your equal greatness and your vertues such:
I ne'r had fix'd my choice on one of you,
But must eternally have waver'd betwixt two.

[*She weeps:*

Nicand. Who would not willingly resign his breath,
Who by a glorious death,
The honor of your Tears might gain?

Polyn. I cannot now of Fate complain.
Nor would with tedious fools above remain.
Nor can your pity now or love implore.
Since you from hence must mount above.
And must embrace th' all pow'rful God of Love,
And at an humble distance we must you adore.

Nicand. Nor can we you of cruelty accuſe,
Who for a God all mortal Kings refuſe.
Polyn. Farewell: our Deſtiny recalls us now,
And we t' immortal happineſs ſhould go;
If without you it could be ſo.
Pſyc. Stay, Princes! and declare where, and what it is,
This everlaſting place of Bliſs?
Nican. In cool ſweet ſhades, and in immortal Groves,
By Chryſtal Rivulets, and eternal Springs;
Where the moſt beauteous Queens and greateſt Kings,
Do celebrate their everlaſting Loves.
Polyn. In ever peaceful, freſh, and fragrant Bowers,
Adorn'd with never fading Fruits and Flowers;
Where perfum'd Winds refreſh their heat,
And where immortal Quires their Loves repeat.
There your great Father we have ſeen,
Where he afreſh enjoys his beauteous Queen.
Nican. Who did for hopeleſs Loves themſelves deſtroy,
Are there the greateſt Hero's far;
Your God with infinite and endleſs joy,
Rewards their meritorious deſpair.
Polyn. Each moment there does far out-go
The happieſt minute earthly Lovers know.
With ſoft eternal Chains of Love combin'd,
There they are ever youthful, ever kind:
Their endleſs pleaſure is all Extaſie,
And not like Earthly joys diſturb'd with care;
Each fruitful minute does new pleaſures bear:
From all unwelcome interruption free;
Each moment there more pleaſure is deſign'd,
Then mortal Lovers can, when firſt united, find.
Pſyc. 'Tis fit that you thoſe glorious Crowns ſhould wear,
Of Friends and Rivals, the unequall'd pair.
Nican. The ſplendid Crowns of Lovers we'v receiv'd,
But are by Heav'n of you bereav'd.
Strangers to Love we are alone;
Our Love is up to Adoration grown:
Our hours in contemplation we'll employ,

Of

Of the transcendent glory which you share;
Our am'rous sighs shall turn to Holy Pray'r;
While we that friendship, which you made, enjoy.

Polyn. For ever without you we must remain.
And now we must no longer stay,
Lest we contribute to your pain,
And your immortal happiness delay.
Farewel for ever, and remember me.

Nicand. Farewel for ever, and remember me. [*Ex.* Nic & Pol.

Psyc. Farewel! such Friends and Rivals ne'r were found.
How much am I by Love and Honor bound? [*Exit* Psyc.

The Scene *changes to the Marish which was in the former Act.*

Enter Psyche.

Psyc, These Lovers must for ever in my thoughts remain;
And would for ever give me pain,
Did not the thoughts of him my mind employ,
Who'll banish all my cares, and will compleat my joy.
But ah! my sufferings have transform'd me so,
My decay'd Face, and languid Eyes;
My ruin'd Beauty he'll not know,
Or if he does, he will my looks despise.
But I have here a sacred Treasury,
Which all my ruines may repair;
Since it can make *Venus* her self more fair,
Is't an offence if it be us'd by me? [*She opens the Box.*
Oh! what dark fumes oppress my clouded brain!
I go, and never shall return again.
Farewel, my Love, for ever fare thee well. [*She swounds.*

Cupid *descends.*

Cup. Love o're my anger has the victory gain'd;
Thy pardon is at length obtain'd:
Thy dangers and thy sufferings I have known,
My Love has made them all my own:
With thee I languish'd, with thee did complain,
With thee I sigh'd and wept, and suffer'd all thy pain,
Why dost thou hide thy conqu'ring Eyes?
Dost thou a Lover and a God despise?

Open

Open thy pretty Eies, I am ſtill the ſame,
I ſtill retain my unreſiſted flame;
And all my vows are ſtill paid to thy ſacred name.
She's dead, ſhe's dead! O whither art thou gone?
O Tyrant death! what has thy bold hand done?
O cruel Mother! whoſe inſatiate rage
Could thee againſt ſuch innocence engage?
Thou haſt, by this, all ties of duty broke;
No longer I'll endure thy yoke:
My filial duty to revenge ſhall turn,
You ſoon ſhall feel what to my pow'r you owe;
With hopeleſs Love you ſhall for ever burn,
Your unregarded pains no eaſe ſhall know:
You ſtill ſhall rage with Love, and to deſpair ſhall bow.

Venus *deſcends in her chariot.*

Ven. What inſolence is this I hear?
This from a Son I can no longer bear.
Reſume your Duty, and put on your fear.
Cup. Duty to her, who has made *Pſyche* dye?
Revenge ſhall Piety ſucceed,
Revenge ſhall make your cruel heart to bleed.
And by your torments you ſhall find that I
Am much the greater Deity.
Ven. Sure the great Thunderer aſleep does lye,
Or does not hear this Blaſphemy.
Cup. My pow'r can make the Thund'rer bow;
You all the dire effects of it ſhall know.
For thee, dear *Pſyche*, full revenge I'll take,
And of my Mother firſt I'll the example make.
What helliſh Rage provok'd you to this deed?
Whom Monſters would have ſpar'd, you have made bleed.
Ven. You ſuffer'd her my glory to invade;
And when I call'd *Apollo* to my aid,
You did the fraudulent God ſuborne:
For you he that ambiguous Riddle made,
And promis'd Judgement did to mercy turn;
And by that Oracle I was betray'd.

Now

Now to deceive me is beyond his power,
Not all his Art can make her live one hour;
For none but I could *Psyche*'s life restore.
Cup. Can you? Oh do, and punish me;
If there were any Crime, 'twas mine.
For her I'de lose my immortality.
Oh give me her, I'll all my power resign:
Here take my Quiver, take my Darts;
You when you please shall rule all hearts:
You shall the power of Love to that of Beauty joyn.
Ven. *Psyche* and you have so provok'd my hate,
Your Pray'rs as soon may alter Fate.
Cup. Behold the all-commanding Deity, [*Kneels.*
An humble suppliant on his knee!
Look on my Love! can you this form destroy?
Oh my lov'd *Psyche*! Oh my only Joy!
Oh give me her! my duty I'll retain,
Your Son for ever shall your humblest Slave remain!
Ven. I must be gone, you sigh and beg in vain.
Cup. Oh hear my Pray'rs! do not my Tears despise;
Behold the humble offerings of my Eyes.
If ever yet true grief y'ave felt,
Your marble heart will at this object melt.
Ah think what pity to your Son is due!
Think but what wonders he has wrought for you!
How many hearts he 's wounded for your sake!
Remember this, and then some pity take.
Ven. No more for her will I neglected be,
Nor will I be affronted more by thee:
I'll be reveng'd on all your insolence,
And with eternal death I'll punish her offence.
Cup. Oh cruel Murdress! I will take her part,
And will revenge my self upon your heart;
Against your Breast I'll sharpen every Dart.
You in despair shall languish and decay:
Those feeble charms y'have left shall fly away.
Languid shall be your looks, and weak your Eyes,
Your former Worshippers shall your faint Beams despise!

No,

No Lover more you e'r ſhall gain,
I will be deaf when ever you complain;
Without Lov's pow'r, all Beauty is but vain.
Its ſeeming Eſſence Beauty does derive
Onely from the reflexion which Love makes
Like that———
Which from reflected Light a colour takes,
The Body does no being to it give.
Tremble at my revenge, for well you know,
What I by my reſiſtleſs pow'r can do.
Ven. Farewel you inſolent and daring Boy:
A living *Pſyche* you ſhall ne'r enjoy.
[*She mounts her Chariot and flies away.*

Cup. Oh cruel Mother! do not fly;
Oh think how great muſt be that miſery,
Makes an immortal Being wiſh to dye.
Spight of my ſelf I muſt for ever live,
And without her, eternally muſt grieve:
You I conjure by all the Heavenly Race,
By all the pleaſure of each ſtolen embrace;
By the moſt raviſhing moment of delight
You ever had free from your Husbands ſight,
By all the joys of day, and raptures of the night,
Return, return.

{ Venus *being almoſt loſt in the Clouds.* Cupid *flies up and gets into her Chariot, and brings her back.*

Do but my *Pſyche's* life reſtore,
And I will never ask you more:
Do it, and all your pleaſures I'll renew,
And add a thouſand which you never knew.
Ven. At length your ſad complaints have ſoften'd me—
Pſyche ſhall live———
Cup. Oh Heav'n
Ven. But not for thee;
Nature returns, and I forgive my Boy.
Reſtor'd you her ſhall ſee, but never ſhall enjoy.

Cup.

Cup. What dreadful words are these I hear!

Jupiter *appears upon his Eagle.*

But lo! the mighty Thund'rer does appear,
To him your cruelty I will reveal:
To the great *Jupiter* I now appeal.
Soul of the World, I beg you'll do me right,
Against my savage Mothers rage and spight.
Jup. Goddesses of Beauty, you must gentle grow,
And your severe Decree recall;
T' almighty Love the Universe must bow,
And without him must to confusion fall:
On Earth no Prince, in Heav'n no Deity,
Is from his pow'rful Scepter free.
Do not the God of Union provoke,
Lest Heav'n and Earth feel his revenging stroke.
Should he the utmost of his Rage employ,
He might the frame o' th' Universe destroy.
Ven. Should he a Mortal for his Wife embrace.
And by this hated Match blemish my heavenly Race.
Jup. *Psyche* to him shall equal be,
She is no Mortal, she shall never dye;
For I will give her immortality.
Ven. This puts a happy end to all our strife:
Psyche, arise: from seeming death return,
And with my Son enjoy immortal life,
Where you shall ever love, and never mourn.
[Psyche *revives.*
Psyc. Who is it calls me from deaths silent night,
And makes me thus revisit Light?
Oh Gods, am I again blest with thy sight!
Cup. For ever both your Godheads I'll adore,
Who did my *Psyche* to my arms restore,
Nor Hell nor Heaven shall make me quit thee more.
Psyc. Do I again view thy Celestial Face,

Cup. Do I again my Dear, my Love embrace?
Jup. Come, happy Lovers, you with me ſhall go,
Where you the utmoſt Joys of Love ſhall know:
Amongſt the Gods I *Pſyche* will tranſlate,
And they ſhall theſe bleſt Nuptials celebrate:
In honour to them, I will ſummon all
The pow'rs of Heaven to keep a Feſtival.

The Scene changes to a Heav'n.

In the higheſt part is the Palace of *Jupiter*; the Columns and all the Ornaments of it of Gold. The lower part is all fill'd with *Angels* and *Cupids*, with a round open *Temple* in the midſt of it. This Temple is juſt before the Sun, whoſe beams break fiercely through it in divers places: Below the Heav'ns, ſeveral Semi-circular Clouds, of the breadth of the whole Houſe, deſcend. In theſe Clouds ſit the Muſicians, richly Habited. On the front-Cloud ſits *Apollo* alone. While the Muſicians are deſcending, they play a *Symphony*, till *Apollo* begins, and ſings as follows.

Apollo.

Apollo sings.

Apollo. *ASSemble all the Heavenly Quire,*
And let the God of Love inspire
Your hearts with his Celestial Fire.
The God of Love's a happy Lover made,
His ravishing delights shall never fade.

Chorus of *Apollo's* followers with Flagellets and Recorders. } *With his immortal* Psyche *He*
Now tasts those joys which ought to be
As lasting as Eternity.

Apollo. *Come Lovers, from the* Elizian *Groves,*
And celebrate these Heavenly Loves.

[A Symphony of Pipes, then Enter six Princes of *Elizium*, with six Ladies.

Apollo. Bacchus *with all your jolly Crew,*
Come revel at these Nuptials too.

[A Symphony of Hoboys, then Enter *Bacchus*, with the *Mænades* and *Ægipanes*.

Apollo. *Come all ye winged Spirits of the Skies,*
And all ye mighty Deities.

[A Symphony of Recorders. *Cupids* and *Spirits* descend, hanging in the Skies, Gods and Goddesses in Chariots and Clouds.

Apollo. *You all his humble Vassals are,*
And in his joy should have a share.

Chor. *With his immortal* Psyche *he*
Now tastes, &c.

1 *Elisian* Lover sings a Treble. } *On Earth by unkindness are often destroy'd*
The delights in the Nymphs, who are so much (ador'd;
Or else the poor Lovers by kindness are cloy'd,
So faint are the pleasures their Love does (afford.

2 Treble. *With Sighs and with Tears,*
With Jealousies, griefs, and with fears,
The wretched poor Lover is tost,
For a few moments pleasure his Liberty's lost.

3 Treble. *How short are those moments, yet how few they (employ!*
Ah how short! ah how short is the joy!

2 Treble. *Ah how short! ah how short is the joy!*

1 Treble. *Ah how short! ah how short is the joy!*

Chorus of three Trebles to the Recorder, Organ, and Harpsicals. } *Thus wretched Mankind does suffer below,*
And in Heav'n each Godhead to Cupid *does (how.*
But Love, Love, was ne'r perfect till now.

A Sym.

[A Symphony of ſoft Muſick of all the Inſtruments. Then *Jupiter* deſcends in a Machine with *Cupid* on one ſide, and *Pſyche* on the other. Then a Dance of ſix *Elizian* Princes, glorioſly habited.

Mars ſings to a Warlike Movement.

Behold the God, whoſe mighty pow'r
We all have felt, and all adore;
To him I all my Triumphs owe,
To him my Trophies I muſt yield:
He makes victorious Monarchs bow,
And from the Conqu'ror gains the Field.

Chorus to Trumpets, Kettle-Drums, Flutes, & Warlike Muſick.

He turns all the horrors of War to Delight,
And were there no Love, no Heroes would (Fight.

[A Returnello by Martial Inſtruments, *&c.*

Mars.

Honour to Battel ſpurs them on,
Honour brings Pow'r's, when War is done:
But who would venture Life for Pow'r,
Only to govern dull Mankind?
'Tis Woman, Woman they adore;
For Beauty they thoſe dangers find.

Chorus to Warlike Muſick.

No Princes the toils of Ambition would (prove.
Or Dominion would prize, if it were not for (Love.

[A Returnello again.

Bacchus.

Bacchus. *The delights of the Bottle, and the charms of (good Wine,*
To the power and the pleasures of Love must (resign:
Though the Night in the joys of good Drinking (be past,
The debauches but till the next Morning will (last.

Chorus to Hoboys and Rustick Musick of *Mænades* and *Ægipanes*.

But Loves great debauch is more lasting and (strong;
For that often lasts a man all his life long.

A Returnello again.

Bacchus. *Love and Wine are the Bonds which fasten us all;*
The World but for these to confusion would fall:
Were it not for the pleasures of Love and good (Wine.
Mankind for each trifle their lives would resign.

Chorus. *They'd not value dull life, or would live with- (out thinking;*
Nor would Kings rule the World but for Love (and good drinking.

A Returnello again.

Apollo. *But to Love! to Love, the great Union they owe*
All in Earth and in Heav'n to his Scepter must (bow.

A general

A general Chorus of all the Voices and Instruments. The Dancers mingle with the Singers

All joy to this Celestial Pair,
Who thus, by Heav'n, united are:
'Tis a great thing, worth Heav'ns design,
To make Lov's Pow'r with Beauty's joyn.

[Six Attendants to the *Elizian* Princes bring in Portico's of Arbors, adorn'd with Festoons and Garlands, through which the Princes and they dance; the Attendants still placing them in several Figures.

Jup. For ever happy in your *Psyche* be,
Who now is crown'd with Immortality;
On Earth Love never is from troubles free,
But here 'tis one eternal Extasie:
'Mongst all the Joys which Heav'n and Earth can find,
Love's the most glorious object of the mind.

E P I.

EPILOGUE.

WHat e'r the Poet has deserv'd from you,
Would you the Actors for his faults undo,
The Painter, Dancer, and Musitian too?
For you those Men of skill have done their best:
But we deserve much more then all the rest.
We have stak'd all we have to treat you here,
And therefore, Sirs, you should not be severe.
We in one Vessel have adventur'd all;
The loss, should we be Shipwrack'd, were not small.
But if it be decreed that we must fall,
We fall with honour: Gallants you can tell,
No foreign Stage can ours in Pomp excell,
And here none e'r shall treat you halfe so well.
Poor Players have this day that Splender shown,
Which yet but by Great Monarchs has been done.
Whilst our rich neighbors mock us for't, we know
Already th' utmost they intend to do.
Yet all the Fame you give 'em we allow,
To their best Plays, and their best Actors too.
But, Sirs——
Good Plays from Censure here you'll not exempt,
Yet can like Farces, there below contempt
Drolls which so course, so dull, so bawdy are,
The dirty Rout would damn 'em in a Fair:
Yet Gentlemen such Stuff will daily see;
Nay, Ladies too, will in the Boxes be:
What is become of former modesty?
Yet——
Best Judges will our Ornaments allow,
Though they the wrong side of the Arras show.
But oh a long farewell to all this sort
Of Plays, which this vast Town can not support.
If you could be content th' expence to bear,
We would improve and treat you better ev'ry year.

FINIS.