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T H E

F A L L

O F

P H A E T O N.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*.

Invented by Mr. *P R I T C H A R D*.

The Musick compos'd by Mr. *A R N E*;

And the Scenes painted by Mr. *H A Y M A N*.



L O N D O N :

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The ARGUMENT.

PHAETON *was the Son of Phœbus and Clymene ; Epaphus, the Son of Jupiter by Io, wou'd often upbraid him with the Infamy of his Mother Clymene, telling him, she reported him to be Son of Apollo, only to cover her Adultery. He complains to Clymene of the Affront put upon them both. She advises him to go to the Temple of his Father, and there be resolv'd, from his own Mouth, of the Truth of his Sire ; bidding him, at the same time beg some indubitable Mark, that should for ever convince the World of the Virtue of his Mother, and the Divinity of his Father. He goes to the Temple of the Sun, where Apollo grants his Request, and gives him the Guidance of his Chariot for a Day. The Youth, unable to manage the Steeds, was flung out of the Chariot, and drown'd in the River Po.*



Persons Represented.

Jupiter,	Mr. <i>Winstone.</i>
Neptune,	Mr. <i>Turbut.</i>
Phœbus,	Mrs. <i>Cantrel,</i>
Phaeton,	Mr. <i>Cross.</i>
Clymene,	Mrs. <i>Clive.</i>
Terra,	Mrs. <i>Cross.</i>
Priest of the Sun,	Mr. <i>Salway.</i>





THE
FALL of PHAETON.

SCENE I. *A Magnificent Garden.*

The Curtain rises, and discovers Phaeton leaning against a Tree, in a pensive Posture. Clymene (his Mother) enters to him.

CLYMENE.



WHY seems thy *Phaeton* with Care
opprest?

What Grief, or Pain, sits heavy on
thy Breast?

Phae. My Sorrows, Mother, all
arise from you;

Clymene, tell me then, and tell me true,
Whom must I Father call? for thro' the Plains
I'm scorn'd by Nymphs, and jested by the Swains:

All to reproach me with my Birth conspire ;
 All know my *Mother*, but all doubt my *Sire*.

Cly. Regard 'em not, my Son, but be advis'd,
 The Witing's Jest is lost, if once despis'd.
 And who wou'd heed what sportive Maids de-
 clare?

Scandal is Policy among the Fair.

A I R.

*No more let Grief torment thee,
 Nor sigh and languish ;
 Let this alone content thee,
 And ease thy Anguish.*

*The Prude each Maid will blame,
 And censure others Fame :
 Yet when some Swain prevailing
 To Love has won her,
 Then she in secret failing
 Will yield her Honour.*

Phæ. In vain, *Clymene*, with this pleasing Art,
 You strive to ease the Anguish of my Heart ;
 Then, O my Mother ! I conjure you, tell,
 By him (whoe'er he be) you lov'd so well !
 By all your blisful Hours of Joy, and Love !
 Tell me, if I the Son of *Phæbus* prove ?

Cly. By all my Joys ! by yon bright God, I
 swear !

Who with the Seasons brings about the Year ;

Who

Who glads all Nature with his Genial Fire,
 That He, and He alone, is thy undoubted Sire.
 Now to the Palace of great *Phæbus* go,
 And from thy Father's Self thy Father know.
 A Proof, Request, worthy a God to give,
 And worthy *Phæbus*' Offspring to receive.

Phae. With Joy I fly, and will a Boon require,
 Shall clear my Mother's Fame, and prove my
 Sire.

Cly. My Fame you'll clear ;
 For she, who of the Great the Love can boast,
 Need fear no Satire on her Virtue lost.

A I R.

*All on the Maid Reproaches make,
 Who only loves for Loving sake :
 But, if a Man of Power claim,
 Her Frailty then her Wisdom shows,
 More bright she from her Failing grows,
 And who dares doubt her Fame ?* [Exeunt.

SCENE *draws, and discovers Phœbus on his Throne, in the Palace of the Sun, attended by the Hours and Seasons. Phaeton enters.*

Phae. What do I see! what Beams of Heav'n-ly Light

Pour on my Eyes, too strong for Mortal Sight.

Phæb. O! tell me, *Phaeton*,
Tell, what strange Cause cou'd hither bring my Son?

Phae. Father! (if I may call thee by that Name)
I come to clear my own, and Mother's Fame:
But, Oh my Sire! —

Phæb. Recover from thy Fears,
While all the Seasons shall divert thy Cares.

A Dance of the Hours and Seasons.

Phae. O! Father *Phæbus*, to my Boon agree,
And grant some Proof that my Descent's from thee.

Phæb. As with fond raptur'd Eyes my Son I view,
And, from my Soul! believe thy Mother true;
I'll grant your Wish, whatever Wish you make,
I will, by Hell's inviolable Lake!

Phae. Then let me, since that Vow must ne'er be vain,
Drive thy fierce Steeds along th' Ætherial Plain;
And

And guide thy fiery Chariot for a Day,
 While radiant Beams around my Temples play;
 Then wond'ring Mortals shall with Envy know,
 'Tis *Phaeton* that lights the World below.

Phæb. Rash was my Promise, but more rash
 thy Will.

With Godlike Ardour, but with Human Skill,
 You crave a Blessing, but you chuse an Ill.
 See where the ready Hours, with sportive Grace,
 Have brought my Chariot, to begin my Race.

Phæ. I claim your Promise.

Phæb. Then, Son, the Reins receive;
 Yet take my Counsel, and my Chariot leave.

Phæ. No more, my Father, to dissuade me try,
 If I succeed, all Scandal I defy,
 I'll live with Honour, or with Honour die.

[Goes off in the Chariot of Phœbus.

Phæb. Presumptuous Youth! thou'lt find thy
 Fault too late;
 I wish thy Safety — but I know thy Fate.

A I R.

*Thus the fond Lark, with Care oppress,
 Beholds the Darling of his Nest,
 Tempting to soar above the Sight,
 His Strength unequal to his Flight:*

The

*The Parent, with a Parent's Pain,
Hopes for the best, but hopes in vain;
With trembling Heart, and watchful Eye,
He sees him fall, and sees him die.* [Exit.

End of the First Serious.

*The Genius' Speech to Harlequin, in the First
Comic Interlude.*

O *Harlequin!*

Turn, *Harlequin!* destroy this Magick Tree,
Ne'er pause --- be bold --- and set a *Genius* free.
Start not! in me a friendly Spright you'll find,
Virtue's firm Friend, a Lover of Mankind:
For this, a dire Enchanter clos'd me here,
To languish out a whole long tedious Year:
But since my Power and Freedom you restore,
Resume your Freedom lost, resume your Power.
Let not your Mind to lawless Wishes stray,
If virtuous, all things shall thy Will obey;
Let *Colombine*, alone, your Passion move,
And sure Success shall crown your faithful Love.

*At the End of the First Comic the Scene draws,
and discovers the Temple of Aurora in a Grove.
Several Priests enter (as to sacrifice) with
Attendance.*

1 *Priest.* Begin, begin, ye grateful Swains,
Who dwell on *Æthiopian* Plains;

Begin

Begin to praise the rosy Morn,
 Whose pleasing Rays the Hills adorn.
 Lo! where *Aurora* slow appears,
 Sweet, blushing from her Lover's Bed;
 Now Nature all around she cheers,
 For all around is Pleasure spread:
 But, lo! ye Swains, the Morn to *Phæbus* yields,
 Who with a stronger Ray makes glad the Fields.

S O N G, by a Priest.

*Like a glad Bridegroom view the Sun
 Come forth, his glorious Race to run:
 Like him let constant Lovers glow;
 Like him let Mortals love below.*

1 *Priest*. What means this sudden Heat, this
 Blaze of Light!

Too fierce to bear, unsufferably bright!

2 *Priest*. Behold the mould'ring Statues there
 decay!

The Temple nods — it cracks — it melts away!

1 *Priest*. Forgive, O *Phæbus*! for thy Beams
 are hurl'd

With Vengeance, to destroy an impious World!

2 *Priest*. Alas! what sudden Change we've un-
 dergone!

Varying our Colour with th' approaching Sun.

1 *Priest*.

1 Priest. Fly! let us fly with haste th' approaching Heat,
And seek a cooler, and more safe Retreat.

[*Exeunt*

Neptune rises.

Nep. Father of Gods and Men, great *Jove!*
I come
To know the Meaning of thy *Neptune's* Doom;
Rivers, affrighted, from their Channels fly,
And Seas decreasing leave the Ocean dry.
Jove! if thou stop not soon th' impending Woe,
Thy Empire ends above, and mine below.

Terra rises.

But see! the Goddess of the Earth ascends,
And to my Prayer her kind Assistance lends.
Terra. Why thus must *Phaeton*, with fiery Rays
Consume all Nature in a common Blaze?
Cease, *Jove*, the whole Creation to destroy,
And from his Chariot drive the daring Boy.
Let him no more both Gods and Men affright,
But fall inglorious from the Realms of Light.

[*Thunder*

Behold! he plunges headlong from his Car,
Like the short Gleaming of a falling Star,

Tha

That shoots a sudden Blaze along the Skies,
 And whilst we wonder at his Glory, dies.
 [Neptune and Terra sink.]

Clymene Enters.

Clym. Art thou, my *Phaeton*, untimely gone!
 O too fond Father! O too rash a Son!
 Where shall I go, now all my Joy is fled?
 My Child, my *Phaeton*, my Child is dead!

A I R.

*Thus when the Nightingale has found
 Her Young, by some Disaster slain,
 O'er the sad Spoil she hovers round,
 And views it o'er, and o'er again:
 Then to some Grove retires, alone,
 Filling with plaintive Strains the Skies,
 There warbles out her tuneful Moan,
 'Till o'er th' unfinish'd Note she dies.*

End of the Second Seriou.

The Second Comic Interlude being ended, the Scene opens, and discovers the Palace of the Sun, darken'd. Jupiter, Neptune, and Phœbus discover'd.

Nep. O *Phœbus!* glorious God! your Grief
allay,

Resume your Chariot, and restore the Day.

Jup. Take, take your Steeds, dispel the
Gloom of Night,
And cheer again all Nature with your Light.

Phœb. No, let some other Hand the Chariot
drive,

While I, obscure, in mournful Darknes live.
Let *Jove* to drive the fiery Coursers try,
And guide 'em well, or lay his Thunder by!
The Steeds will make him know, but know too
late,

The Boy, tho' weak, deserv'd a milder Fate.

Jup. Not without Cause the Thunder was em-
ploy'd,

In one Hour more the World had been destroy'd.
But, *Phœbus*, learn, if thus you longer stand,
Rashly perverse, and slight my just Command,
My Thunder, which nor Gods nor Men can shun,
Shall strike the Father, as it struck the Son.

Phœb.

Phæb. *Jove*, I obey, I must contend no more
With thee, supreme in Wisdom as in Power.

[*The Temple returns to its former Lustre.*]

Jup. Now, let the gay Attendants all advance,
And in light Measures form the sportive Dance;
Hither let *Venus*, from the *Cyprian Grove*,
Haste with *Adonis*, and in Mazes move,
Inspiring all around with Joy and Love. }

A Grand Dance.

F I N I S.

