

THE
J U D G M E N T
O F
M I D A S.
A
M A S Q U E.

Auriculas Afini Mida Rex habet.

Juv.

P E R S O N S represented.

A P O L L O .

P A N .

T I M O L U S , God of the Mountain.

M I D A S .

C A L L I O P E .

M E L P O M E N E .

A G N O ,

M E L I N O E ,

} Two Wood-nymphs.

S A T Y R S , &c.



T H E

J U D G M E N T of M I D A S.

TIMOLUS, MELINOE and AGNO, two Wood-nymphs.

TIMOLUS.

A G N O, To-day we wear our acron crown,
The parsley wreath be thine; it is most meet
We grace the presence of these rival gods:
With all the honours of our woodland weeds.
Thine was the task, Melinoe, to prepare
The turf-built theatre, the boxen bow'r,
And all the sylvan scen'ry.

MELINOE.

That task,
Sire of these shades, is done. On yester eve,
Assisted by a thousand friendly fays,
While fav'ring Dian held her glitt'ring lamp,

We:

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We ply'd our nightly toils, nor ply'd we long,
 For Art was not the mistress of our revels,
 'Twas gentle Nature, whom we jointly woo'd;
 She heard, and yielded to the forms we taught her,
 Yet still remain'd herself.-----Simplicity,
 Fair Nature's genuine daughter, was there too,
 So soft, yet so magnificent of mien,
 She shone all ornament without a gem.
 The blithsome Flora, ever sweet and young,
 Offer'd her various store : We cull'd a few
 To robe, and recommend our darksome verdure,
 But shun'd to be luxuriant.-----

TIMOLUS.

It was well.

Agno, thy looks are pensive : What dejects
 Thy pleasure-painted aspect ? Sweetest nymph,
 That ever trod the turf, or sought the shade,
 Speak, nor conceal a thought.

AGNO.

King of the woods,
 I tremble for the royal arbiter.
 'Tis hard to judge, whene'er the great contend,
 Sure to displease the vanquish'd : When such pow'rs
 Contest the laurel with such ardent strife,
 'Tis not the sentence of fair equity,
 But 'tis their pleasure that is right or wrong.

TIMOLUS.

TIMOLUS.

'Tis well remark'd, and on experience founded.
 I do remember that my sister Ida
 (Whenas on her own shadowy mount we met,
 To celebrate the birth-day of the Spring,
 And th' orgies of the May) wou'd oft recount
 The rage of the indignant goddeffes,
 When shepherd Paris to the Cyprian queen,
 With hand obsequious gave the golden toy.
 Heav'n's queen, the sister and the wife of Jove,
 Rag'd like a feeble mortal; fall'n she seem'd,
 Her deity in human passions lost :
 Ev'n Wisdom's goddess, jealous of her form,
 Deem'd her own attribute her second virtue.
 Both vow'd and fought revenge.

AGNO.

If such the fate
 Of him who judg'd aright, what must be his
 Who shall mistake the cause? for much I doubt
 The skill of Midas, since his fatal wish :
 Which Bacchus heard, and curs'd him with the gift.
 Yet grant him wise, to err is human still,
 And mortal is the consequence.

MELINOE.

Most true.

Besides, I fear him partial; for with Pan

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He

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He tends the sheep-walks all the live-long day,
And on the braky lawn to the shrill pipe
In aukward gambols he affects to dance,
Or tumbles to the tabor---'tis not likely
That such an umpire shou'd be equitable,
Unless he guesses at justice.

TIMOLUS.

Soft---no more---

'Tis ours to wish for Pan, and fear from Phœbus,
Whose near approach I hear: Ye stately cedars
Forth from your summits bow your awful heads,
And reverence the gods. Let my whole mountain tremble,
Not with a fearful, but religious awe,
And holiness of horror. You, ye winds,
That make soft, solemn music 'mongst the leaves,
Be all to stillness hush'd; and thou their echo
Listen, and hold thy peace; for see they come.

*S C E N E opens, and discovers Apollo, attended by
Clio and Melpomene, on the right hand of Midas,
and Pan on the left, whom Timolus, with Agno and
Melinoe, join.*

MIDAS.

Begin, celestial candidates for praise,
Begin the tuneful contest: I, mean while,

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With

With heedful notice and attention meet,
Will weigh your merits, and decide your cause.

APOLLO.

From Jove begin the rapturous song,
To him our earliest lays belong,
We are his offspring all ;
'Twas he, whose looks supremely bright,
Smil'd darksome chaos into light,
And fram'd this glorious ball.

PAN.

Sylvanus, in his shadowy grove,
The seat of rural peace and love,
Attends my Doric lays ;
By th' altar on the myrtle mount,
Where plays the wood-nymph's favourite fount,
I'll celebrate his praise.

CLIO.

Parnassus, where's thy boasted height,
Where, Pegasus, thy fire and flight,
Where all your thoughts so bold and free,
Ye daughters of Mnemosyne ?
If Pan o'er Phœbus can prevail,
And the great god of verse shou'd fail ?

AGNO.

From nature's works, and nature's laws,
We find delight, and seek applause ;

The prattling streams and zephyrs bland,
 And fragrant flow'rs by zephyrs fann'd,
 The level lawns and buxom bow'rs,
 Speak Nature and her works are ours.

MELPOMENE.

What were all your fragrant bow'rs,
 Splendid days, and happy hours,
 Spring's verdant robe, fair Flora's blush,
 And all the poets of the bush?
 What the paintings of the grove,
 Rural music, mirth and love?
 Life and ev'ry joy wou'd pall,
 If Phœbus shone not on you all.

MELINOE.

We chant to Phœbus, king of day,
 The morning and the evening lay.
 But Pan, each satyre, nymph and fawn,
 Adore as laureat of the lawn;
 From peevish March to joyous June
 He keeps our restless souls in tune,
 Without his oaten reed and song,
 Phœbus, thy days wou'd seem too long.

APOLLO.

Am I not he, who prescious from on high,
 Sends a long look thro' all futurity?
 Am I not he, to whom alone belong
 The powers of Med'cine, Melody and Song?

Diffusely

Diffusely lib'ral, as divinely bright,
Eye of the universe and fire of light.

PAN.

O'er cots and vales, and every shepherd swain,
Inpeaceable pre-eminence I reign;
With pipe on plain, and nymph in secret grove,
The day is music, and the night is love.
I blest with these, nor envy nor desire
Thy gaudy chariot, or thy golden lyre.

CLIO.

Soon as the dawn dispels the dark,
Illustrious Phœbus 'gins t' appear,
Proclaimed by the herald lark,
And ever-wakeful chanticleer,
The Persian pays his morning vow,
And all the turban'd easterns bow.

AGNO.

Soon as the evening shades advance,
And the gilt glow-worn glitters fair,
For rustic gambol, gibe and dance,
Fawns, nymphs and dryads all prepare,
Pan shall his swains from toil relieve,
And rule the revels of the eve.

MELPOMENE.

In numbers as smooth as Callirhoe's stream,
Glide the silver-ton'd verse when Apollo's the theme;

While

The JUDGMENT of MIDAS.

While on his own mount Cyparissus is seen,
And Daphne preserves her immutable green.
We'll hail Hyperion with transport so long,
Th' inventor, the patron, and subject of song.

MELINOE.

While on the calm ocean the Halcyon shall breed,
And Syrinx shall sigh with her musical reed,
While fairies, and satyres, and fawns shall approve
The music, the mirth, and the life of the grove,
So long shall our Pan be than thee more divine,
For he shall be rising when thou shalt decline.

MIDAS.

No more-----To Pan and to his beauteous nymphs
I do adjudge the prize, as is most due.

*Enter two Satyres, and crown MIDAS with
a pair of ass's ears*

APOLLO.

Such rural honours all the gods decree,
To those who sing like Pan, and judge like thee.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

F I N I S.

