W34 Pelham Humfrey, Pietro Reggio, and Matthew Locke, "Masque of Devils" from The Tempest (1674), Act II, scene 4, from F:Pn, Libri MS Rés F 1090

Act II, scene 4

[A flourish of Musick.]

GONZALO
Musick! and in the air! sure we are Shiptwreck'd
On the Dominions of some merry Devil!

ANTONIO
This Isle's Incantated ground; for I have heard
Swift voices flying by my ear, and groans
Of lamenting ghosts.

ALONZO
I pull'd a Tree, and blood pursu'd my hand.
Heav'n deliver me from this dire place,
And all the after-actions of my life
Shall mark my penitence and my bounty.

[Musick agen lower.]

Hark, the sounds approach us!

[The Stage opens in several places.]

ANTONIO
Lo the Earth opens to devour us quick.
These dreadful horrors, and the guilty sense
Of my foul Treason, have unmann'd me quite.

ALONZO
We on the brink of swift destruction stand;
No means of our escape is left.

[Another flourish of Voyces under the Stage.]

ANTONIO
Ah! what amazing sounds are these we hear!

GONZALO
What horrid Masque will the dire Fiends present?

[Sung under the Stage.]
bear. Who in Earth all others in pleasures excel, Must feel the worst torments, must feel the worst torments of Hell.

ANTONIO
Oh Heav'ns! what horrid Vision's this?
How they upbraid us with our crimes!

ALONZO
What fearful vengeance is in store for us!

1. Devil
Ty- rants by whom their Sub- jects bleed, Should in pains all oth- ers ex- ceed. And

2. Devil

3. Devil
bar- ba- rous Mo- narchs, who their Neigh- bours in- vade, And their Crowns un- just- ly would get: And

such who their Bro- thers to death have be- tray'd, In Hell up- on burn- ing Thrones shall be
Chorus of all:

In Hell, in Hell, with flames they shall reign, And for e-ver, for e-ver, for e-ver shall suffer the pain.

ANTONIO
Oh my Soul; for ever, for ever shall suffer the pain.

ALONZO
Has Heav'n in all its infinite stock of mercy
No overflowings for us? poor, miserable, guilty men!

GONZALO
Nothing but horrors do encompass us!
For ever, for ever must we suffer!

ALONZO
For ever we shall perish! O dismal words, for ever!

1. Devil
Who are the Pil-lars of a Ty-rant's Court? Ra-pine and Mur-der their Crowns do sup-

2. Devil
port. His Cru-el-ty does tread On Orph-an-ten-der breasts and Broth-ers dead.

3. Devil
Can Heav'n per-mit such Crimes should be At-ten-ded with Fe-li-ci-ty? No: Ty-rants their
Scepters uneasily bear, In the midst of their Guards they their Consciences fear.

CHORUS OF ALL
Care their minds when they wake unquiet will keep, And we with dire Visions disturb all their sleep.

ANTONIO
Oh horrid sight! how they stare upon us! The Fiends will hurry us to the dark Mansion. Sweet Heav'n, have mercy on us!

1. Devil
Say, say, shall we bear these bold Mortals from hence? No, no, let us show their degrees of offence. Let's muster their sins up on every side, And first, first let's discover their Pride.

2. Devil

3. Devil
Lo here, here is pride who first led them astray, And did to Ambition their minds then be-
Fraud does next appear, their wandering steps who led, When they from virtue fled, They in my crooked paths their course did steer. From Fraud to Force they soon arrive, Where Ravine did their actions drive. These long they could not stay, Down the steep Hill they ran And to perfect the mischiefs which they had begun, To murder they bent all their way.

Chorus of all:
A-round, a-round, a-round, a-round we pace A-bout this cursed A-round, a-round, a-round, a-round we pace A-bout this cursed A-round, a-round, a-round, a-round we pace A-bout this cursed
place; While thus we circle in These Mortals and their sin.

ANTONIO

Heav'n has heard me, they are vanish'd!
ALONZO

But they have left me all unmann'd.
I feel my sinews slacken with the fright;
As if I were dissolving into water.
Oh Prospero, my crimes 'gainst thee sit heavy on my heart!

ANTONIO

And mine 'gainst him and young Hippolito.
GONZALO

Heav'n have mercy on the penitent.

ALONZO

Lead from this cursed ground;
The seas in all their rage are not so dreadful.
This is the Region of despair and death.

ALONZO

Shall we not seek some Fruit?
ALONZO

Beware all fruit, but what the Birds have peck'd.
The shadows of the Trees are poisonous too:
A secret venom slides from every branch!

My Conscience does distract me! O my Son!

Why do I speak of eating or repose,
Before I know thy fortune?

[Devils vanish.]
Earth; En- gen- der Earth- quakes, make whole Coun- tries shake, and state- ly Ci- ties in- to De- sarts

turn: And you who feed the flames by which Earth's En- trails burn. Ye ra- ging Winds, whose

ra- pid force can make All but the fix'd and so- lid Cen- tre shake. Come drive these Wret- ches
to that part o' the Isle, Where Na- ture ne- ver yet did smile. Cause Fogs and Storms, Whirl-
winds and Earth- quakes there, There let 'em howl and lan- guish in des- pair; Rise, and o- bey,

[Rise, and o- bey the power- ful Prince o' th' Air.

[Two Winds rise, Ten more enter and dance: At the end of the Dance, Three winds sink, the rest drive Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo off.
Locke

[Dance of Winds]

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Basso Continuo