

The fall of Angels

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Man in mourning.

The first scene represents a Chaos, or confused mass of matter, the stage is almost wholly dark. A Symphony of warlike music is heard some time, then from the heavens which are opened, fall the rebellious Angels whirling in the air, and seeming transfixed with thunder bolts: at the same time thunder is heard, & flashes of lightning are seen. The bottom of the stage being opened, we see the Angels who fall out of sight: Sounds of victory are played, Angels discovered about brandishing their swords, & a shower of fire rained on the stage. This together with the music ceasing, & the heavens being closed, the scene is a lake of brimstone, or rolling fire, a great dry earth of a burnt colour; the fallen Angels appear on the lake lying prostrate, & a fund of horror and lamentation is playd, which being ended, Lucifer raised himself upon the lake; and after having lookt about him speakt.

Lucifer. Is this the state our conquerour hath given?  
And this the climate we must change for heaven?

These regions & that wretched state we have got,  
This mournfull empire is the losse we lot:

In liquid burnings, or in dry to dwell  
Is all the sad variety of hell.

But see the piters have we rall'd from far

The avenging storm, his ministers of war;  
His shafts are sent, & his tired thunders roar,  
No longer blown through the boundless deeps,  
Best take the occasion, & these warred fouls take,  
While time is given. Ho! Almotel, awake;

If thou art he, but oh! how chang'd from him?

Companion of my arms, how wan, how dim?

How faded all thy glories are? I see

My selfe too well, and my own change in thee.

Almotel. Prince of the thrones, who in the fields of light

Lead'st forth the unbattled Seraphims to fight.

Who shoot'st the powder of heaven's stonall state:

Hadst bro't it too, if not upheld by fate:

But now these hopes and flos, that low we lay

Shout from his day, & the contended sky,

And lost at far as heavenly fumes can die.

Basse, William, d. 1653?

The pastorals and other works of William Basse never before imprinted, 1653.

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