

Let the Dreadful Engines

Text by *Thomas d'Urfey* (1653-1723) [Br], from *The Comical History of Don Quixote*, Act IV, scene 1
Set by *Benjamin Britten* (1913-1976) [Br], *Let the Dreadful Engines*; *Henry Purcell* (1658/9-1695) [Br],
Let the Dreadful Engines, from *Don Quixote*, #3, Z. 578

Let the dreadful engines of eternal will,
[lɛt ðʌ 'dɪɛd.fə(ʊ)l 'ɛn.dʒɪnz əv ɪ.'tɜːnəl wɪl]

The thunder roar and crooked lightning kill,
[ðʌ 'θʌn.də rɔː ənd 'krʊk.ɪd 'laɪ.t.nɪŋ kɪl]

My rage is hot as theirs, as fatal too,
And dares as horrid execution do.
Or let the frozen North its rancour show,
Within my breast far greater tempests grow;
Despair's more cold than all the winds can blow.

Can nothing, nothing warm me?
Yes, yes, Lucinda's eyes.
There Etna, there,
There, there Vesuvio lies,
To furnish Hell with flames
That mounting reach the skies.

Ye powers, I did but use her name,
And see how all the meteors flame;
Blue lightning flashes round the court of Sol,
And now the globe more fiercely burns
Than once at Phaeton's fall.

Ah, where are now those flow'ry groves
Where Zephyr's fragrant winds did play?
Where guarded by a troop of Loves...

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

