

# The Devil's Looking-Glass

## **LYRIC SHEETS**

1. Name the Price
2. Stay Thy Hand

## 1. Name the Price

Dickon (“a Yankee improvisation of the Prince of Darkness”), promises Justice Hawthorne anything he desires in this life on earth, if in return he’ll promise to sign over his soul.

DICKON

‘Tis plain enough. On the other hand, I certainly have the means to make the enterprise a bit more appealing. Shall I -- ?

HAWTHORNE

But my son, is he -- is he -- ?

DICKON

Still revivable. First things first.

*A soul such as yours is worth, what? Name the price.  
What earthly goods, what pleasures would entice?  
I’ll give to thee whate’er the fee  
If thou wilt enter willingly  
A bargain for thy soul, just name the price.*

*Might I be blunt? I might. You see  
Already ‘tis too late for thee.  
Thou hast a son adulterined  
And that alone means thou hast sinned  
And sinners cannot contemplate  
The other side of Heaven’s gate,  
Now can they? No, they can’t;  
No matter how they rave and rant..*

Trust me, I have tried.

*‘Tis true there might be circumstance  
Where Saint Peter absolution grants;  
But art thou willing to take that chance?  
How sure art thou of deliverance?  
If this offer you refuse  
And Heaven’s gamble you then lose  
Eternal flame is what you earn  
With nothing given in return!  
Your sins are far too grave to atone,  
So why not reap what you have sown?*

*A signature, ‘tis quickly wrought, my friend. In a trice.  
A hastily scrawled initial would suffice.  
Sign here, perforce the world is yours:  
Not merely rank of governors.  
A country for the taking. Name the price.*

DICKON (cont'd)

Let me put this another way.

*Thou'rt doomed to Hell.  
Since to Heaven thou must say farewell  
For sins committed gainst thy God  
Since already hath he smote his rod  
Why not the rest of life live well?  
Sign here and guarantee  
Come now, sign here...  
All earthly desires be granted thee.  
First have a life of awful ease,  
Then come meet the famed Mephistopheles.  
I'll be thy slave; do thy ev'ry task;  
Give more than thou hast wit to ask.  
The New World waits fertile for thy making  
To bend to thy will, 'tis yours for the taking.  
In gold, in pow'r, in fame, and in wife,  
Thou shalt have a panegyric life!*

*A soul such as yours deserves, what? Paradise?  
Not quite, perhaps, but Hell's almost as nice.  
'Tis quickly done, 'tis quickly won,  
And so's thy happiness begun.  
A bargain for thy soul. Just name the price.  
A bargain for thy soul. Just name the price!*

## 2. Stay Thy Hand

(LORD RAVENSBANE is about to draw open the curtains on the Devil's Looking-Glass, when GOODY JACOBY stops him gently.)

GOODY JACOBY

*Stay thy hand. O, please stay, my son!  
Reveal not thyself nor how thou wast begun.  
Had I foreseen this terrible moment,  
I'd never have birthed thee, my innocent.  
But what is once done can't then be undone,  
Nor mothers regrets for her only born son.  
Come 'way from the glass, e'en so not for me,  
Come 'way from the glass, I warn so for thee.  
Come 'way from the glass.  
Thou'lt not like what thou shalt see.*

RAVENSBANE

Think you I do not know that?

*Think you I do not despise already the figure which awaits?  
Pullulated from your womb of Vengeances and Hates,  
To you I was nothing more than an extraction  
Of revenge. Well, madame, of that satisfaction  
I deny you!  
I defy you -- and set you free.*