

## PURCELL COLLECTION

### EXTENSIVE LINER NOTES

#### CD1+2

#### **‘King Arthur’: Purcell’s Music and Dryden’s Play**

John Dryden called *King Arthur* ‘A dramattick opera’, a proud and idiosyncratic subtitle which has caused much confusion. It has been said unfairly that this work is neither dramatic nor an opera. To be sure it is not like a real opera, nor could it be easily turned into one. *King Arthur* is very much a play, a tragi-comedy which happens to include some exceptionally fine music. During the Restoration, the term ‘opera’ was used to describe any stage work with elaborate scenic effects, and did not necessarily mean an all-sung music drama. The original 1691 production of *King Arthur*, though it included flying chariots and trap-door effects, was modest compared to other similar works. More importantly, the music was less grandiose and on a smaller, more intimate scale than that for *Dioclesian* or *The Fairy-Queen*. In fact Purcell got by with just two or three solo singers: the baritone John Bowman and soprano Charlotte Butler doubled up on several roles each. And the orchestra did not include kettledrums, which usually signal bigness and ostentation in Purcell.

So what exactly did Dryden mean by ‘dramattick’? *King Arthur* is not like Purcell’s other semi-operas, all of which were adaptations of plays with music fitted in or grafted on, more or less skilfully. Dryden conceived *King Arthur* as a play ‘adorned’ with Scenes, Machines, Songs and Dances’. Thus the music was meant to be integral to the plot and not merely incidental. The main characters – Arthur, Oswald, Merlin, Emmeline and the others – participate in the musical scenes, though, like all protagonists in semi-opera, never sing themselves. Two characters, the rival spirits Philidel and Grimbald, are pivotal, since they sing and speak; Dryden modelled them closely on Ariel and Caliban in *The Tempest*.

*King Arthur*’s gestation was long and complicated, and Purcell only became involved at a late stage. Dryden wrote the play in 1684 in anticipation of the celebration of the silver jubilee of King Charles II. As Poet Laureate, he was expected to provide royalist ceremonial works of this sort. The play originally had a sung prologue, which was an allegorical enactment of the circumstances surrounding the Restoration of the Stuart monarchy. But the King specifically requested a French-style opera, so Dryden had to abandon *King Arthur* and expand its prologue into his full-length

opera, *Albion and Albanius*, which was set to music by the Spanish composer Luis Grabu and performed in 1685. Six years later, after the Glorious Revolution had stripped Dryden of the Laureateship, and poverty had forced him once again to write for the public stage, he dusted off the old play, altered its original political message, and sent it to Purcell, whose music he had come to admire, especially the brilliantly successful semi-opera *Dioclesian* (1690).

How much revision the play required is unknown, since the original version does not survive, but Dryden implies major surgery: ‘... not to offend the present Times, nor a Government which has hitherto protected me, I have been oblig’d...to alter the first Design, and take away so many Beauties from the Writing’. Besides trimming for political reasons, he also had to satisfy his new collaborator: ‘the Numbers of Poetry and Vocal Musick, are sometimes so contrary, that in many places I have been oblig’d to cramp my Verses and make them rugged to the Reader, that they may be harmonious to the Hearer’. Dryden hoped that the audience would be able to distinguish between those songs which follow ‘the Rules of Poetry, in the Sound and Cadence of the Words’ and those ‘in which I have comply’d with him’, the composer. Purcell went even further: while composing, he occasionally changed Dryden’s words to suit his ear or to clarify meaning, and liberally interpreted the stage directions. This quickly became Purcell’s show, a fact which the poet conceded, though a little sarcastically: ‘because these sorts of Entertainments are principally design’d for the Ear and Eye, my Art, on this occasion, ought to be subservient to his’. Incidentally, this sentence puns on Art(hur) and gives added meaning to lines such as ‘Art shall meet Art’, found throughout the play; *King Arthur* must find himself as well as secure his country’s destiny.

The plot is drawn vaguely from Geoffrey of Monmouth’s 12th-century *Historia Regum Britanniae* and other sources of Arthurian legend, but it is essentially Dryden’s own creation and therefore a disappointment to audiences expecting Camelot, Guinevere and the Knights of the Round Table. Arthur and the Britons fight Oswald and the Saxons to establish a United Kingdom. Most of the action concerns Arthur’s attempts (assisted by Merlin, a familiar character) to free his beloved Emmeline from the clutches of Oswald and his evil magician Osmond. The play is inherently patriotic, but one is immediately struck by the coarse, even obscene, humour, the mixture of sentiment, magic, slapstick and spectacle – all remarkably similar to a

modern English pantomime. The play also explores awakening sexuality and the loss of innocence. Emmeline and her attendant Matilda converse in witty and often lewd doubles entendres, for Emmeline very much un-entendre, but not for the attendant: commenting on her mistress's notion of an after-life, Matilda says, 'I have heard something, how two Bodies meet, / But how Souls joyn, I know not'. The central episode of the play is Oswald's abduction of Emmeline and his attempted rape of her, which tends to vitiate the high-minded patriotic tone.

Although Dryden yielded centrestage to Purcell, all the music is at the service of the play. Each of the six separate musical scenes centres on some visible stage action or is a manifestation of leading and following, or leading and misleading, devices which the Dryden scholar James Winn has identified as the key to understanding what the poet meant by 'dramatick opera'. The blind Emmeline is literally led through the story, even after her sight is restored in Act III. The importance of movement and the use of physical space are paramount for the music of King Arthur.

The first musical scene (in Act I) is the heathen sacrifice offered by the Saxons on the eve of battle; the 'foolish' victims are led in and out. Purcell constructed this, exactly like a verse anthem, with solemn choral responses interspersed between solo incantations which lead to longer, more developed choruses. After a battle is heard offstage 'with Drums, Trumpets, and Military Shouts and Excursions', the Britons sing the taunting air and chorus 'Come if you dare', our trumpets sound'. Handel later imitated Purcell's vivid treatment of 'the double, double, double beat of the thundering drum' in his setting of the similar line from Dryden's 1687 St. Cecilia's Day Ode. But unlike Handel, Purcell eschews the drum itself in his scoring.

The Second Act opens with the Britons in hot pursuit of the routed Saxons, whose earthy spirit Grimbald (the Caliban figure) misdirects the attackers into perilous rivers and 'dreadful downfalls'. In the remarkably athletic song and double chorus, 'Hither this way', Philidel and his followers try to redirect Arthur's soldiers to safety while Grimbald's evil crew pull in the opposite direction. Purcell evidently relied on the staging to mark the true path, since there is nothing in the music to reveal which chorus is the cheat.

The next musical scene in Act II is a moment of repose, the calm before the storm of Emmeline's abduction. 'How blest are shepherds' is pure pastoral, dripping with nostalgia which Dryden then undercuts in the following piece, 'Shepherd, shepherd, leave decoying'. The lasses remind their swains of the consequences of sexual intercourse and force them to sign marriage vows, because 'a little after toying, women have the shot to pay'.

The plot thickens in Act III. In a mysterious and obviously symbolic episode, Philidel restores Emmeline's sight by instilling magic drops into her eyes. She can now see not only the evil face of her captor and would-be rapist Osmond, but can also vainly admire her own beauty and disparage Matilda's plainness. Dryden wrote several lyrics for this scene, but no music survives; either it is lost or Purcell never provided any. The heroine curtly refuses the advances of Osmond, who, frustrated, demonstrates his magical powers by showing her 'a Prospect of Winter in Frozen Countries'. The famous Frost Scene is thus an allegorical expression of Emmeline's supposed sexual frigidity, though this music is also essentially physical. Cupid descends in a chariot and the Cold Genius rises through a trap door. His aria, 'What power art thou?', one of Purcell's greatest pieces, is extremely chromatic, with some chord progressions that foreshadow those of a century later. The composer underscored the string and voice parts with wavy lines whose exact meaning is unknown. On this recording they are interpreted as a series of pulsed trills, or 'shakes' (to use the apt contemporaneous term for this ornament). In a mid 18th-century revival of King Arthur, the singers and dancers appeared in this scene in gloves and woolies caked with icicles, rubbing their hands and chattering with cold - effects which the music would seem to render entirely superfluous. Supposedly inspired by the shivering chorus in Lully's opera Isis (1677), one of the French composer's most popular pieces, Purcell's daring harmonic technique and intensity of expression are on a completely different scale.

The Fourth Act concentrates on Arthur's attempts to rescue Emmeline, which are repeatedly thwarted by Saxon magic. His first trial is presented by naked river nymphs, whose duet, 'Two daughters of this aged stream are we', is alarmingly seductive, thereby cleverly defeating its own purpose: Purcell's high suspensions are siren voices in more than one sense. The centrepiece of the act and, indeed, the centre of gravity of the whole opera, is the great Passacaglia, 'How happy the lover'. This is sung by sylvan and wood nymphs

who would lure Arthur to his death in the enchanted forest. It is probably Purcell's longest, single movement - a four-bar ground bass repeated 59 times with ingenious and increasingly complex variations - a succession of solos, duets, trios, choruses and instrumental interludes danced throughout. The Passacaglia far exceeds Dryden's modest stage direction for a 'Song to a Minuet' and was clearly influenced by the chaconnes in Lully's tragédies en musique. The ending might seem abrupt and rather too quiet for so monumental a piece, but Purcell knew when to get out of the way and let the play continue.

In Act V Arthur and Oswald decide to settle their differences in a single combat. Dryden's stage direction is unusually explicit and gives a further idea of just how physical a production this was:

They Fight with Spunges in their Hands dipt in Blood; after some equal Passes and Closeing, they appear both Wounded: Arthur Stumbles among the Trees, Oswald falls over him, they both Rise; Arthur Wounds him again, then Oswald Retreats. Enter Osmond from among the Trees, and with his Wand, strikes Arthur's Sword out of his Hand, and Exit. Oswald pursues Arthur. Merlin enters, and gives Arthur his Sword, and Exit, they close, and Arthur in the fall, disarms Oswald.

There follows a miscellaneous pageant in celebration of Arthur's victory, British unity and, as Merlin says, 'what rolling Ages shall produce'. This final masque begins with a violent tempest at sea, which quickly abates as the bass, Aeolus, rises stratospherically to high G, before descending two full octaves. This is one of the wildest and shortest storms in music.

But then Dryden begins to loosen the reins on the drama. The key characters Philidel and Grimbald do not reappear in Act V, the sort of gaff rarely committed by a playwright of his experience. Britannia rises slowly on her island, 'with Fishermen at her Feet'. In an early manuscript (but not Purcell's original, which does not survive) the majestic symphony accompanying Britannia's ascent is scored for three violins and bass. The top part is, however, playable on natural trumpet, and the mixed scoring for trumpet, violin and oboe heard on this recording sounds suitably idiomatic. Britannia is entertained by a series of pieces in praise of her country's natural resources and market economy. Scholars have spilt much ink trying to explain what Dryden really intended here. Some have read in this final masque an ironic, uncomplimentary political message, since Dryden is forced to praise King William III, a foreigner

whom he despised. Others see this as simply a glorified Lord Mayor's show, whose underlying logic and integrity are provided by the music itself. Thus one finds Venus's sublime song 'Fairest isle', with its noble melody supported by richly dissonant harmony, preceded by the boisterous, show-stopping appearance of Comus and his revellers singing 'Your hay it is mow'd', a rough-hewn folksong with incongruously elegant harmonization.

Purcell's autograph score of *King Arthur* does not survive, and no single source includes all the available music, which has been pieced together from several manuscripts, none of them closely related to the 1691 premiere. Therefore it is impossible to tell if some music may have been lost (for instance, from the scene in which Emmeline's sight is restored), or whether Purcell omitted to set these and other lines. *King Arthur* was by far his most successful stage work, and it was revived several times during his lifetime, repeatedly in the two decades after his death, and sporadically throughout the 18th century. Garrick's 1770 production included additional music by Thomas Arne, and the fifth-act masque was especially susceptible to alteration. The setting of the penultimate verse, 'Saint George, the patron of our isle', which is included on this recording, has long been regarded as spurious, a later substitution. Arguing against its authenticity are the two obbligato trumpets, which Purcell used in no other piece, the rather meandering ground bass, one or two rough patches of harmony and a generally static quality. But the genuine final chorus, 'Our natives not alone appear', in which Dryden takes a backhanded swipe at King William ('foreign kings adopted here, their crowns at home despise'), also includes some musical solecisms, such as parallel fifths and 'backwards' harmonic progressions. Perhaps Purcell was making a musical joke, too subtle for us now fully to appreciate. The listener can judge whether 'Saint George' is the work of an inferior, later, composer, or whether this is Purcell being deliberately incompetent.

The final chorus contrasts sharply with the quality of the rest of *King Arthur*. Purcell plays to the gallery but never cheapens his art. The music is exquisitely detailed and carefully worked. Its genius is that the chamber-like sophistication somehow comes across the footlights, humanizing these emblematic characters and turning stage gimmicks into icons. Perhaps Dryden was right after all: *King Arthur* is a 'dramatick' opera.

© 1992 Prof. Curtis Price

#### CD3+4

#### The Fairy Queen

During his lifetime, Henry Purcell was recognised as an exceptionally gifted composer by colleagues, audiences and royalty alike. Despite living to the age of just 36, only a year older than Mozart when he died, this English composer excelled in every field, and had few rivals that could match his musical skill. Born in Westminster (which at the time did not yet belong to the nearby City of London) in the year 1659, Purcell began his musical education during his childhood as a choirboy at the Chapel Royal, becoming assistant to the Keeper of the King's Instruments in 1673 following the gradual breaking of his voice, and leaving in the same year to become organ tuner at Westminster Abbey. In 1677, at the age of 18, he was appointed Composer in Ordinary of the Violins, the string ensemble founded by King Charles II of England an imitation of the 24 *Violons du Roy* of the Versailles court.

In 1679, Purcell became organist at Westminster Abbey, succeeding John Blow. Two years later he married Frances Peters, and in 1682 he became one of the three organists at the Chapel Royal. By this point in his career, he had not only made a name for himself as an experienced instrumentalist but also as a composer, having published short solo vocal compositions and collections of songs from 1675 onwards. A first complete anthology of instrumental compositions, *Fantasias for Strings*, and the first of his 24 Odes for official occasions appeared in 1680, and in the same year Purcell also began writing for the theatre, composing the music to Nathaniel Lee's drama *Theodosius*. Subsequently, during an estimated period of 15 years, Purcell composed theatre music to approximate 40 plays, 5 operas with dialogue (or semi-operas) and his great masterpiece *Dido & Aeneas* (1689), an opera in three acts.

In 1683, Purcell finally became Chief Keeper of the King's Instruments and two years later he entered the service of the new king, James II, as chamber-harpsichordist. In the following years he was largely occupied with writing court and theatre compositions. In the autumn of 1695, at the climax of his success, he suddenly became ill and died on 21 November, the evening before the day of St Cecilia, a celebration that he had often embellished with his music. The Chapter of Westminster approved his burial in the Abbey, at the foot of the organ that he had played for years. His tombstone can be viewed to this day.

Following his death, Purcell's work was not forgotten, which was quite unusual for the era, and for many years his music remained popular with audiences and publishers. For example, in 1698 Henry Playford printed the first part of *Orpheus Britannicus* (the second part was published two years later), an extensive collection of the composer's most well-known melodies. New editions continued to be published up until 1721, demonstrating Purcell's continuing fame for many years after his death.

Purcell lived through a unique era of English history, born one year prior to the Restoration of the monarchy, which succeeded the severe Commonwealth republic led by Oliver Cromwell between 1649 and 1660. During his lifetime, music gained a new significance, influenced by royal patronage, the birth of the public concert, music theatre's increasing popularity with audiences and the return of the Anglican Church to a position of importance. Purcell was the prime representative of a generation of important English composers, among them Mathew Locke (1630-1677), John Blow (1649-1708) and John Eccles (1668-1735). However, England also continued to import musicians from the Continent (especially from Italy and Germany). This would later have a negative effect on the development of an individual national style, even more so when George Frideric Handel arrived in 1711, throwing aside the entire competition in one blow and establishing a series of formal and stylistic models that were gradually adopted by English composers. Unfortunately, by this time there were no musicians in England with the stature or skill of Purcell to prove a worthy competitor to this new arrival.

A work by Mathew Locke, *The Siege of Rhodes*, is regarded as the first English opera: a collaboration of several composers including Henry Lawes (writer of two acts) and Thomas Cooke, who was a great admirer of the Italian style. Although the opera is sadly lost, we know that the text was sung and presented according to this Italian style, somewhat like a recital, at its first performance in 1656. After Cromwell's death in 1658, theatre life began to return to normality, and a new, specifically English form of theatre started to emerge from the 1670s onwards, later referred to as semi-opera, which drew on both French and Italian influences.

Jean-Baptiste Lully's French operas, which rejected the Italian style as unnatural and unsuitable for the French language, were famous in England for their brilliance and extravagance. Matthew Locke's



semi-opera *Psyche* (1675), with a contribution by Giovanni Battista Draghi for the dance, was undoubtedly inspired by Lully's 1671 work of the same title; Locke's offering was, however, met with subdued enthusiasm by the London audience and the enormous construction costs of the theatre machinery were only partly covered. However, the path had now been cleared for semiopera, to which Purcell made a significant contribution with five pieces (*Dioclesian*, 1690; *King Arthur*, 1691; *The Fairy Queen*, 1692; *Indian Queen*, 1695; *The Tempest*, 1695). This remained a popular form of theatre in England, before Handel's arrival led to Italian opera superseding it as the primary genre.

Musical theatre performances in Purcell's era were characterised by spectacular productions involving elaborate staging and machinery, influenced by both Italian opera, particularly works originating in Venice, and Lully's *Tragédie en musique*. Purcell's first three semi-operas, including *The Fairy Queen*, were written for the new Dorset Garden Theatre in London, which opened in 1671 on the initiative of the impresario William Davenant, although he died one year earlier. *The Fairy Queen* was staged for the first time in the spring of 1692, and was revised the following year with several additions and changes by the composer. Despite its great success, it soon vanished from the repertoire due to the unexpected disappearance of its score. In 1701, six years after Purcell's death, a notice even appeared in the *London Gazette*, promising a reward of 20 guineas to anyone able to recover the score. However, the music was only found 200 years later in the library of the Royal Academy of Music; the first modern edition was published in 1903.

Semi-operas occasionally drew on existing pieces of English theatre repertoire, but with drastic cuts in the spoken parts. Individual acts would sometimes conclude with a lengthy section of music, with no spoken dialogue at all. In the case of *The Fairy Queen*, the work as a whole lasts for around four hours, of which Purcell's music makes up for about two and a half. As in another of Purcell's semi-operas *The Tempest*, *The Fairy Queen* is based on a text by William Shakespeare, with the anonymous libretto a free adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The librettist (thought by some researchers to be Elkanah Settle, to others the impresario and actor Thomas Betterton) drastically shortened the piece to just under 1400 verses (in Shakespeare's original there are 2174, plus 441 lines of prose), and added 250 new verses that Purcell set to music. In actual fact, the composer did not set to music a single one of

Shakespeare's verses in *The Fairy Queen*, a decision that was probably influenced by the different tastes of audiences for Shakespeare's plays and musical theatre; in *The Fairy Queen*, the magical atmosphere of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is reduced to a sequence of jokes and embarrassing situations between human and enchanted beings. Furthermore, the characters were drastically altered: Hippolyta, for example, is omitted from the plot, while Duke Theseus only makes an appearance at the end of the third act. Instead, the librettist added four extensive musical scenes to the end of the second, third, fourth and fifth acts, which Purcell set to music. For the revival in 1693, further musical pieces were added to the end of the first act, so that every act ended with music.

The masques that conclude each act of *The Fairy Queen* can be regarded as one of the peaks of Purcell's achievements, a glorification of magic, employing elaborate stage effects and machinery. With the exception of the duets between Oberon and Titania and the chorus of fairies, these compositions are not directly linked to Shakespeare's plot and text. They are 'festive-merry interludes, which reflect the suggestions of the piece and symbolic figures such as the night, winter and sleep. The themes of Masques (love, fairytale, magic, humour) are nothing more than an independent, elucidating rendition of the fundamental elements of the piece' (Paolo da Col). From a musical point of view, Purcell uses a broad palette of forms and styles in the *The Fairy Queen* - as well as in the other semi-operas - meandering freely from a richly embellished virtuoso aria in the Italian style to dances of pure French origin, from a lament reminiscent of Monteverdi and Cavalli (and his own from *Dido & Aeneas*) to a richly contrapuntal chorus of unmistakably English influence. *The Fairy Queen* shows how successfully Purcell integrated the Italian and French styles within his own personal language, and it comes as no surprise that more than 30 years after the premiere of the work, a song from the third act, 'If love is a sweet passion', was used by Gay and Pepusch in *The Beggar's Opera* (1728). In the dedication of Purcell's semi-opera *Dioclesian* (1690), John Dryden remarked, presumably also representing the composer's opinion, that 'poetry and art have already reached perfection in our country, while music, still in its youth (...), is learning Italian, which is its best teacher, and is also studying a little French aura, from which it can acquire lightness and freshness. As we are further away from the sun than our neighbouring countries, ripeness comes a little later and we have to accept that we will only gradually lose our

barbarism'. Sadly Purcell, the only composer who could accelerate this maturing process, died only few years after completing *The Fairy Queen*. With Handel's arrival in 1721, English music took a new direction, one that an objective onlooker at the end of the 17th century would have been unlikely to predict.

Danilo Prefumo

Translation: Alan Bagge

## Synopsis

### Act 1

Titania orders the fairies to entertain her Indian page and to blindfold, spin and pinch any mortal who should disturb their sport until such time as he confesses his sins. Victims are soon found; the fairies lead in three drunken poets and make merry at their expense, relenting only when one of the three, blindfolded and stuttering, confesses that he is drunk and a wretched, execrable poet.

### Act 2

Titania and Oberon quarrel, then Titania changes the forest into a fairyland with trees in blossom and picturesque grottos. The fairies entertain their queen with songs and dances until Titania asks them to sing her a lullaby: immediately, four allegorical figures - Night, Mystery, Secrecy and Sleep approach to do her bidding. While the followers of Night dance around Titania, Oberon sprinkles juice from a magic flower into her eyes.

### Act 3

Titania has fallen in love with the ass-headed Bottom. To charm him, she transforms the scene into a great forest: fauns, dryads and fairies dance and sing about love until four green savages come and drive them away with an uproarious dance. Then the shepherd Coridon enters - he would like to steal a kiss from his escort Mopsa. A nymph's song and haymakers' dance conclude the entertainments.

### Act 4

After Titania and Bottom have fallen asleep, the action follows Shakespeare's third act, with confusion between two couples - Hermia and Lysander, Helena and Demetrius - who also fall asleep. Oberon wakes Titania and Bottom from their enchantment and asks Titania for music; she readily accedes and the scene changes once again into a garden of fountains with the sun rising over it, a celebration of Oberon's birthday. Phoebus appears on a cloud and greets the new day. The four Seasons enter and conclude the magnificent spectacle with songs and dances.

### Act 5

Theseus gives his consent to the marriages of Hermia and Lysander, and Helena and Demetrius. His sceptical reaction to their tales of that night's strange experiences is an excuse to introduce the most extravagant of all five tableaux. In order to prove to Theseus that much stranger things happen than his disbelieving nature is willing to admit, Oberon displays the full extent of his magic powers: Juno appears in a heavenly chariot drawn by peacocks, a paradisiacal Chinese garden (a real Garden of Eden) is created and finally even Hymen with his torch is seen. The spectacle ends with a grand ballet and a chorus of joy.

## CD5

### Purcell and Galliard

*Pan and Syrinx*, a through-sung, one-act English opera to an original text by Lewis Theobald and set to music John Ernst Galliard, was premiered in Lincoln's Inns Fields Theatre in 1718. It was not Galliard's first attempt to break into the London opera scene, which at the time was dominated by Italian opera, with an English-language work, but it was one of his most successful. It was given numerous performances, including one attended by the Prince of Wales and his consort, and was revived in 1726. It tells the tale of the woodland god Pan, who falls for Syrinx, a cold-hearted nymph devoted to the virgin Goddess Diana. Driven mad by desire, he attempts to ravish her and she flees him, begging the gods to help her. Just as his prize is within his grasp, she is miraculously transformed into a bunch of reeds, from which the panpipe is made, a flute to sing her eternal praise and lament her needless death. The history of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* is much more clouded than that of *Pan and Syrinx*, leaving ample room for speculation and controversy. The first performance we know about was one in a chic girls' school in Chelsea in 1689, but it is currently generally accepted that the work must have been written for and premiered much earlier, and at court. It tells the tale of the widowed Carthaginian Queen Dido and her doomed love for the wandering Aeneas, who, driven from Troy, dallies with Dido on his way to found Rome. The inevitable tragedy of her abandonment and death is given a non-Virgilian twist by the librettist Tate's addition of a coven of witches led by a malevolent Sorceress, who plot the destruction of the lovers by magical means. Here it is not so much the conflict between love and duty that brings on disaster: in this version of the tale Evil, not Love, conquers all.

Galliard's sunny *Pan and Syrinx* is a perfect foil to Purcell's dark masterpiece, for both operas treat the theme of love's destructive power from completely different angles: if Purcell's treatment is tragic, Galliard's is comic. In *Pan and Syrinx*, not only the wooings of the transvestite Nymph by her amorous but dim-witted Sylvan ('Let Nature henceforward neglect'), but also the sufferings of the main characters themselves are treated with a light touch. While *Dido* is a tragedy with one comic scene (the scene starting with the Sailor's 'Come away'), *Pan* is a comedy with one tragic moment of breathtaking beauty (Pan's lament 'Surprising Change!'); the motto of *Dido and Aeneas*, the magnificent chorus 'Great minds against themselves conspire' is treated with Baroque dignity and pomp, whereas the moral of *Pan and Syrinx*, Diana's aria 'Lawless rage and wild desire do the lover's name disgrace' is treated with Gallant grace and charm. Our sympathies, so formed by 19th-century standards of the sublime and beautiful, reject the idea that charming, graceful music can be great, and are sadly unfavourable towards the aesthetic behind Galliard's opera. Its critics shall grumble: 'Yes it is lovely, but is that enough? Must it not also be deep, difficult and perhaps even a little dull, to be worthy of our attention?' To which its exponents shall reply: 'Why should the aesthetic of the late-Baroque and Gallant not be accepted on its own terms? Perhaps one day we will allow Joy back among the Muses, and Delight a place on Parnassus?'

The performances here attempt to present *Dido and Aeneas* in as early a form as possible – 'authentic'! – by taking the 1689 libretto as a guide, and *Pan and Syrinx* in as late a version – 'improved'! – by using the 1726 revival music throughout. In order to 'complete' *Dido* I have chosen music from Purcell's vast treasure-house of incidental theatre music: the result is a recording in which several dances and one chorus (tracks 7, 20, 21 and 30) mentioned in the libretto but not extant in the surviving scores are 'filled in' using Purcell's own music (only the guitar improvisations are not by the master himself). In the Galliard, the copious revisions made by the composer to *Pan and Syrinx* for the 1726 revival have all been incorporated into our performing score. And last but not least, the charming *Masque of Cupid and Bacchus* from *The Tragedy of Timon of Athens* offers a viable solution to the philosophical love-conundrums posed by both *Dido* and *Pan*. A light-hearted comparison of the joys of love and drunkenness, it proposes a co-operative compromise: if wine cannot supply us with the ecstasies of love, it at least has

anaesthetic qualities that any who have felt Cupid's wounds will appreciate. Perhaps – who knows? – like Alice in Wonderland, nibbling from the right hand and the left of the caterpillar's mushroom to achieve the correct height – shrinking from the right hand and growing from the left hand bits – so too can we, drinking deep draughts of Love's pleasures alternated with oblivious sips from the forgetful grape, find happiness at last?

Jed Wentz

## CD6

### The golden age of the verse anthem

The Christian martyr Cecilia was executed, probably, in Sicily during the reign of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, between 176 and 180 AD. It is part of her legend that she died singing the praises of God, and this melodious expiry has made her ever since the patron saint of musicians. Her feast day, 22 November, has long been the occasion for concerts and musical festivals.

In 1682 the 'Musical Society', a group of musicians and amateurs including the publisher John Playford, initiated a specifically British annual celebration of St Cecilia's Day, making use of singers from Westminster Abbey Choir, St. Paul's Cathedral and the Chapel Royal, along with musicians from the King's band and from the London theatres. In 1683 they commissioned a large-scale Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, *Welcome All the Pleasures*, from Henry Purcell, already recognized as the leading composer of his times. Laid out on a grand scale, it was the model for further odes produced in the following years by such composers as John Blow, John Eccles and Jeremiah Clarke – and, in 1687, the London-domiciled Italian Giovanni Batista Draghi, whose tentative use of trumpets and drums and a larger body of strings seems to have impressed Purcell.

In 1692 Purcell himself, commissioned by the 'Gentleman Lovers of Musick', agreed to write a second 'Saint Cecilia Ode'. This, *Hail! Bright Cecilia*, is one of his most ambitious compositions. Based upon a specially-written poem by the Reverend Nicholas Brady that praises Cecilia, the art of music, the various instruments, and traces their origin to the woodlands from whose trees so many of them were fashioned, the work uses soloists, chorus and orchestra with a breadth and freedom and inventiveness that would not be rivalled until Handel began composing his English oratorios a generation later.

Unlike most of Purcell's other odes, *Hail! Bright Cecilia* seems to have been intended from the first for a large group of performers. The majestic introduction to the 'Symphony' (overture), with its trumpets and drums, followed by a theme that Handel seems to have remembered when he composed the *Water Music*, immediately establishes the scale of the work that is to follow. Alternate slow and fast sections, contrasting pathos and vitality, and a passage of incisive fanfare, build up into one of the most elaborate orchestral movements of its period. Solo bass and chorus then sing the opening salutation in praise of St Cecilia, and throughout this first vocal movement massed effects alternate with solo voices and a few instruments, while touches of fugue evoke the Saint's 'celestial art'.

'Hark Each Tree' is the first of three movements that Purcell builds over a ground (a repeated pattern in the bass). Above this the music takes shape as a soprano and bass voice. The text is about the creation of the flutes and the violins, so the instrumental writing is a duet between flutes (or in Purcell's time recorders), and violins. There is some beautiful chromatic word-painting at points in this movement, and a floridly ecstatic setting of the word 'rejoice'. The spectacularly-decorated solo "'Tis Nature's voice' is traditionally thought to have been sung by Purcell himself, though this idea is almost certainly based on a misreading of a report of the first performance printed in November 1692. Purcell was a bass, while the air is for a high voice (it is usually given to a high tenor or tenor), and in any case Purcell was probably playing the organ, not singing. The misunderstood phrase 'sung with incredible Graces by Mr. Purcell himself' surely means that the singer did not improvise his ornamentation but used the intricate decoration that Purcell had specially written for him.

The highly evocative chorus 'Soul of the world', which follows, is full of brilliant wordpainting. 'The jarring seeds of matter' are depicted with pungent dissonance, while the 'scattered atoms' are melodic fragments bound together over a ground bass. This movement is conceived on a grand scale, full of imitation and varied in texture, the chorus uniting in homophonic writing on the words 'One Perfect Harmony'. Next 'Thou Tun'st this World' presents a delicate minuet (over a ground bass) in three different forms. First it appears as the introduction to the movement, scored for oboes and continuo; then it becomes a soprano aria; and finally it is a chorus.

The next five movements are devoted, in Brady's text, to proving the superiority of the organ to all other earthly instruments: or rather this superiority is asserted in 'With that Sublime Celestial Lay', and the claims of other instruments are dismissed in the four following movements. As the text reminds us, the organ is the instrument of St. Cecilia, who is usually depicted with a portative organ in medieval and renaissance art. Three singers sing the praise of the organ, and in the second half of the movement Purcell suggests the delicate tones of the organ-pipes. The claims of the lute are casually denied in 'Wondrous Machine!', an impressive aria for the bass (again over a ground bass) in the unexpected key of E Minor. This is an essay in the then-modern *ca capo* form, with the opening words and music returning towards the end. 'The Airy Violin' is an aria for high tenor, accompanied appropriately enough by violins – Purcell, also appropriately, keeps the textures light and airy – though the words are all about the instrument's limitations. Brady's criticism of the flutes in 'In Vain the Am'rous Flute' inspires a lament for tenor and tenor constructed over a descending chromatic ground bass whose first six bars closely resemble those of the great lament in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*. 'The Fife and all the Harmony of War' is evoked in a brilliant tenor aria with bravura supporting parts for trumpets and kettledrums. In 'Let these amongst themselves contest' Purcell depicts the instruments' contention with an imitative duet for two basses. The work ends with the grandest chorus of all. This begins, as did the first chorus, with the words 'Hail! Bright Cecilia', and it recalls the music of that chorus as well, but develops and improves upon it – in fact the words 'Thou dost thy former skill improve' bring forth an elaborate passage of six-voice double counterpoint, showing Purcell at the height of his powers. The movement provides a fitting conclusion to perhaps the grandest and most brilliant work for chorus and orchestra that had yet been written in England.

The two anthems on this disc typify Purcell's early and late styles. *My beloved spake* is believed to be one of his earliest anthems, from the 1670s. A colourful and animated piece, it takes its text from *The Song of Solomon*, and contains a good deal of graphic wordpainting. Notice, for instance, the grave minor-key atmosphere of 'For lo, the winter is past', and the contrast with the major-key rising figure at 'The flow'rs appear'. Eleven years separates this piece from one of Purcell's acknowledged masterpieces in the genre, *O Sing Unto The Lord*, composed in 1688 for Whitehall Chapel and taking a text from Psalm 96. For the



past few years Purcell's works in this genre had been verse anthems, in sections that alternated solo voices and chorus, with string accompaniment. This is one of Purcell's most Italianate verse-anthems, interweaving voices and instruments with great magnificence; it contains impressive solo and ensemble numbers as well as employing dynamic antiphony between voices. In 'The Lord is great' he creates an exquisite duet over a ground bass, and the crown of the work is a glorious and highly contrapuntal 'Alleluia'.

© Malcolm MacDonald, 2010

## CD7

### Purcell: Harmonia Sacra

Purcell's genius found its chief outlet in vocal composition. His skill at capturing in music both the energy and the subtlest inflections of his native tongue led to his being dubbed 'the British Orpheus' – the title (in Latin, ironically) of the publisher John Playford's hugely popular memorial collection of Purcell's vocal works. *Orpheus Britannicus*, however, was exclusively secular. Music-lovers were, and still are, less familiar with his superb sacred songs. Although some of these had appeared in Playford's anthology *Harmonia Sacra*, published in 1688 and 1693, others remained in manuscript, known only to musical and literary connoisseurs.

But it was probably for the discriminating minority that Purcell composed them. Their texts, unlike those of his secular songs, reveal a most fastidious literary taste. It may be that some discerning friend of his in the court circle drew his attention to them, for they include works by the Metaphysical poets of the first half of the century – no longer fashionable in Purcell's day – as well as by divines and professional writers among his contemporaries. He treated these sacred poems with unwonted respect, allowing himself none of the small alterations which he often made, for purely musical reasons, when setting secular verse and even words from the Bible or the Book of Common Prayer.

The settings are restricted in scoring (one to four voices, accompanied by continuo alone) and also in style (predominantly declamatory, with lines, rhythms and harmonies which combine to illuminate the words with all Purcell's matchless vividness). But their range of mood is wide. A few are quietly contemplative, among them 'Close thine eyes' and 'O solitude'. The latter is actually a secular song, though one with an unusually

introspective text; in setting it, Purcell employed a device he rarely used in a sacred context – underpinning its intricate and fluctuating vocal line with an unvarying foursquare ground bass.

The majority of the poems are penitential – offering Purcell plenty of opportunities for the chromatic lines and dissonant harmonies at which he excelled – though they invariably turn from contemplating man's sin to seeking or celebrating God's mercy. Both 'Lord, I can suffer thy rebukes' and 'Plung'd in the confines of despair' explore such a formula; Purcell varied his treatment of it with a lyrical interlude in 'Lord, what is man', and with touches of vocal drama in 'With sick and famish'd eyes' and 'In the black dismal dungeon of despair'.

More unusually, the text of 'O, I'm sick of life' rails at a cruel avenging deity; the vocal textures of the setting recall, with delicate irony, those found in Purcell's verse anthems. 'The earth trembled' depicts not only the earthquake but the whole catalogue of unnatural portents which accompanied Christ's death on the cross. The Passion is the subject matter also of 'My opening eyes are purged', whose anonymous composer rivalled Purcell in imaginative detail, though not in his sense of purely musical direction. 'Awake, ye dead' has an extrovert character rare among Purcell's sacred songs, and equips the performers – not least the continuo team – with powerful musical imagery to summon up another and greater earthquake, this one accompanied by trumpet calls: the Last Judgement.

But most arresting of all is *Saul and the Witch of Endor* ('In guilty night'). Its anonymous text – an enthralling paraphrase of the biblical story recounting how the beleaguered Saul sought a conjuration of the spirit of Samuel – had been set by other composers before Purcell, but none of them matched his sheer theatricality. The three voices represent the characters in a claustrophobic and unnerving drama, combining only in the narrative introduction and a final chorus of farewell. What comes between is, in all but name, a miniature opera.

The sacred songs span Purcell's entire creative life. But not far removed from them in style is one of his earliest compositions for the Anglican church, the Funeral Sentences. Its text is part of the Burial Service, which includes seven 'sentences' compiled largely from Holy Writ: three said or sung at the beginning of the service, three more at the graveside, and the final one after the interment.

Purcell, most unusually, set only the graveside sentences – almost certainly to complement a setting of the remaining four by another composer. A possible contender is Henry Cooke, the royal choirmaster at the Restoration in 1660; Purcell's setting is compatible in key and scoring with that by Cooke, and it may conceivably have been his personal tribute at Cooke's funeral in 1672, when he himself was still a chorister.

Its musical language, however, is strongly individual. Purcell illustrates the words with uncomfortable vividness, by means of jagged, angular lines (with sudden low notes on such key words as 'secrets' and 'fall'), chafing dissonances (at 'justly displeased', for instance), and chromatic harmony of unforgettable intensity (especially at 'the bitter pains of eternal death'). In his later teens or early twenties Purcell extensively revised this 'prentice setting, clarifying both structure and musical imagery; the revised version was widely circulated in manuscript, but the autograph fair copy contains further changes, albeit minor ones. The circulated version – newly edited for this, its first recording – casts valuable light on the musical thinking of England's greatest Baroque composer in his early maturity.

Although Purcell was one of the most brilliant organists of his day, music for his own instrument represents only a tiny part of his output: just half a dozen works, all of them modest in scale. The Voluntary in C (Z717), indeed, is but a chipping from the workshop floor, though an attractive one. But its cousin in G (Z720) is a more considerable affair, consisting of a grave and pensive opening section, spiced with characteristically pungent harmonies, and complemented with a lively and graceful canzona.

Purcell's legacy to harpsichordists is more substantial: some 60 original pieces, plus various arrangements of vocal and instrumental movements from his operas and odes. The Ground in C Minor is clearly an arrangement, for after a simple harmonized statement of the bass the right hand shifts upwards to play a melodic line which is unmistakably vocal in character. The piece is of doubtful authenticity (anonymous in two of its four manuscripts and attributed in the others to William Croft), but it has a decidedly Purcellian flavour and may well belong to a lost ode.

Bruce Wood © 1995 Deutsche Grammophon GmbH

## CD8

### Purcell: Sacred Music

In 1534, under the reign of King Henry VIII, the English Church formally broke with the Roman Catholic congregation. This also had an impact on music. In England, the traditional motet on a Latin text made way for the so-called 'anthem'. This new genre, on an English text, was to be practised for a long period, up to the time of Handel in the 18th century.

Henry Purcell grew up with the anthems of his predecessors William Byrd, Thomas Tallis and Orlando Gibbons. He copied and studied these composers carefully. When composing anthems himself, he had to search for a new form to please King Charles II, who was partial to grand settings for soloists, massive choirs and orchestral accompaniments. From 1682, the year of his appointment as organist at the Royal Chapel, to 1689, when the English king was forced off the throne by William III, Purcell wrote about 70 so-called 'verse anthems'. A feature of the new style he introduced was the extensive use of verse sections for solo voices. His anthems were composed in such a manner that performances both with and without strings were possible, strings only being required when the king was present. The main function of the string orchestra was to provide an overture and ritornellos. According to the records, many of Purcell's anthems were sung and played in Westminster Abbey. Four of the anthems recorded here date from the period 1680–3. One of these, *O God, Thou art my God*, is a 'full anthem', still written in the traditional polyphonic style, with few moments for soloists. This work contrasts heavily with the other anthems (*Hear my prayer, O Lord, Remember not, Lord, our offences* and *Lord, how long wilt Thou be angry?*), in which there is room for declamation and personal expression. With sections for solo voices, duets and antiphonal settings, this music is more secular, even moving towards opera. The verse anthems are also characterized by dramatic, unexpected harmonic progressions and, at times, an imaginative treatment of the text. 17th-century listeners must have been startled by the way Purcell intensified emotions evoked by the text of his music. Especially *Man that is born of a woman*, from Purcell's *Funeral Sentences*, must have been very impressive to them. The three phrases used in this remarkable anthem originated from the text of the funeral Mass. They were traditionally sung or spoken at the open grave of the deceased. The moving words are intensified by the music by way of expressive musical underlinings, such as very

low notes at the words 'fall' and 'secrets', and an extreme level of dissonance at 'displeased'. Chromatic progressions accompany the mourning words 'the bitter pains of eternal death'. The emotional depth of this music is typical of the *Funeral Sentences* as a whole. They were written for the burial of Queen Mary, who had been much loved, and whose death from smallpox in 1694 left the entire population grief-stricken. The *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, composed for the Holy Mass that was held on the eve of Saint Cecilia's Day (22 November) in 1694, and commissioned by the Gentlemen Amateurs of Music, was an even greater step towards the secularization of the anthem. This work, originally scored for trumpets and strings, is on a liturgical text, but functioned as a glorification of the (alleged) patroness of music, Saint Cecilia. Purcell divided the text into sections and set each of these to music of a very different nature. That the well-established vocal polyphony was no longer suitable for Purcell is already shown in the opening bars of the *Te Deum*, in which 'We praise thee, O God' is not, as expected, a massive fugue, but an expressive dialogue for solo voices. A striking passage is 'Vouchsafe, O Lord', a silent reflection worked out in the form of an aria. This section is followed by the chorus 'Let me never be confounded', ingeniously illustrated by Purcell with a short fugato. Central sections in the *Jubilate* are the duets 'Serve the Lord with gladness' and 'For the Lord is gracious', which are followed by an exuberant 'Glory be to the Father'.

Jos van der Zanden

#### CD9

##### **Purcell: Songs and Instrumental Music**

One of the constant features of Purcell's career is his song-writing. The songs became very popular after his death because a huge selection of them was published in 1698 under the title *Orpheus Britannicus*. These songs are written in Italian monodic style: a melody with a lot of expressive gestures and clearly within a metric pattern and a bass line. They are also strongly influenced by English church music: modest gestures, with few big jumps and restrained expression.

This restraint is even more crucial in Purcell's instrumental music which includes several pieces for harpsichord and string ensembles. The Chaconne in G minor is a perfect demonstration of Purcell's pleasure in harmonic adventures, especially when a framework has been set which allows the composer a great amount of harmonic freedom. The Chaconne - a set of variations on a

bass line - is the ideal setting for such an enterprise and Purcell took the opportunity many times. Like his religious music, his instrumental music lacks a sense of theatre. In spite of the virtuosity and the high tempo of the Chaconne it remains an intimate piece throughout.

*Dioclesian* is not an opera, but theatre music. This means that the music is heard between or during scenes and that all the separate numbers don't constitute an ongoing story as in opera. The music serves the text. The story, set in the Roman Empire, tells about the prophetess Delphia who foretells that the Roman soldier Diocles will become Emperor. This prophecy becomes reality when Diocles murders Aper, the murderer of the Emperor. The struggle for power is complicated by personal feelings. Diocles falls in love with Aurelia, who previously wanted to marry the man who avenged the death of the late Emperor; and Diocles's nephew is also in love with Aurelia.

In contrast to the drama of the story, the music is quite peaceful. The fragments on this CD are short instrumental interludes (although the complete music also contains vocal sections). In Purcell's time, actors did not sing in *Dioclesian*. As in Shakespeare's time, a theatre performance was as much a music performance as a theatrical spectacle. Much of the music for *Dioclesian* is heard before the beginning or the play and in the Masque in Act V.

Purcell was not the kind of composer who was at his best in one genre and whose pieces in other genres betray that his heart went most out to one form. He was supremely personal in everything he wrote.

Emanuel Overbeeke

#### CD10-16

##### **".....a great deal of Art mixed with good Air which is the Perfection of a Master."**

The death of Henry Purcell on November 21st 1695, the eve of St Cecilia's Day, at the tragically early age at thirty six devastated the musical world of England for which he was "one of the most celebrated Masters of the Science of Musick in the Kingdom and scarce inferior to any in Europe". He was buried in solemn splendour in Westminster Abbey to the sound of his own music, composed only eight months previously for the obsequies of Queen Mary, in a ceremony which was more or less a state funeral itself. In his commemorative ode, John Dryden described how like other birds

fall silent and listen to the nightingale “ so ceas’d the rival Crew when Purcell came/ They Sung no more, or only Sung his Fame./Struck dumb they all admir’d the God-like Man” and had his contemporaries been asked to describe the music they associated with the British Orpheus, the chances are it would have been vocal or dramatic (or both). For in his short and prolific career, Purcell composed more than sixty anthems, twenty five Odes and Welcome Songs, over forty five hymns, psalms and sacred songs, nine secular cantatas, six operas (or semi -operas) of which *Dido and Aeneas* can lay claim to be the first (and for a long time, the last) through-composed opera in English, incidental music for forty three plays and over two hundred songs for various combinations of voices (many collected by his widow Frances and published in two volumes entitled *Orpheus Britannicus*). It is unlikely however that many then or indeed today, would have chosen purely instrumental music since although, as this collection will show, Purcell was a worthy heir to the rich heritage of English keyboard and consort music, musical fashion and royal taste steered him towards ceremonial and theatrical composition.

Purcell was born in 1659 on the eve of the Restoration which placed Charles II on his throne and restored music, both sacred and secular, to its former place as an accompaniment to public ceremony and pleasure. Music was a family tradition in the Purcell family. Henry followed both his father and uncle, Henry and Thomas Purcell (although the records are ambiguous to which was actually which) to become one of the twelve choristers in the then recently re-established Chapel Royal where he was taught by Henry Cooke (known from his period as an officer in the Royalist Army as Captain Cooke) and after Cooke’s death, Pelham Humphrey. He left the Chapel in 1673 when his voice broke and became a “keeper, maker, mender, repayer and tuner” of the royal instrument collection as (unpaid) assistant to John Hingston, probably through the influence of his uncle (or father) Thomas Purcell who held various court positions including gentleman of the Chapel Royal, composer for the violins, and groom of the robes. The following year he took on the role of organ tuner and copier of organ music at Westminster Abbey which also gave him the opportunity to continue his studies with the Abbey’s organist John Blow (who had succeeded Humphrey as Master of the Children at the Chapel). In 1677 he was appointed, like his father and uncle before him, as a composer of the violins (filling a vacancy left by the death of Matthew

Locke) and the following year Blow, obviously impressed by the talents of his young protégé, stood aside to allow Purcell to become organist at Westminster Abbey, a position he held to the end of his life.

### The Sonatas

By 1683 he had composed several anthems for the Chapel Royal, three royal *Welcome Odes* and the incidental music for *Theodosius* but his only published compositions were the songs which had appeared in various volumes of John Playford’s *Choice Ayres and Catches*. However in May 1683 Playford placed an advertisement in the London Gazette informing those who had subscribed “ to the proposal by Mr Henry Purcell for the printing his sonatas of three parts” that the works were now complete and could be collected from a number of specified locations including Purcell’s own house. The published price was ten shillings, rising to fifteen for non-subscribers (the equivalent of about £100 today) and such subscription schemes were a not uncommon method of assessing potential demand for works before the cost of their printing was incurred: the publication of the sonatas going ahead shows that there must have been a ready market for them. Although a subsequent notice in the Gazette referred to them as “new Musical compositions called Sonatas” suggesting an unfamiliarity with the term, Purcell was not the first English composer to write in this form - Henry Butler and William Young had preceded him by some thirty years (although both lived and worked abroad and their works were not in general circulation in England) and John Jenkins had also produced a set of sonatas in 1660. The handsomely engraved set of parts came complete with a portrait of the composer (looking in his full wig rather older than his twenty-four years) a dedication to Charles II and Preface to the “ingenious Reader” in which Purcell gives some interesting background to the composition of the sonatas.

Although the preface refers to the “Author” in the third person and Playford often wrote the introductory material to his publications, it is likely that these are Purcell’s own words or at least his sentiments: “he has faithfully endeavour’d a just imitation of the most fam’d Italian masters, principally to bring the seriousness and gravity of that sort of Musick into vogue and reputation among our Countrymen whose humour, ‘tis time now, should begin to loathe the levity and balladry of our neighbours”. The identity of the “fam’d Italian masters” and the maligned “neighbours” has the subject of much speculation. Corelli’s



highly influential Op. 1 sonatas which had been published in 1681, may not have been available to Purcell when he was composing his own but there was no shortage of other candidates. Italian sonatas were circulating in England, both in manuscript, such as those of Lelio Colista, whom Purcell singled out for praise in *The Introduction to the Skill of Musick*, and in published form, such as the “printed consorts” of Giovanni Batista Vitali and Maurizio Cazzati. Another Italian, the virtuoso violinist Nicola Matteis who had been in the country since the early 1670s, included a number of works in sonata form in his *Ayres for the Violin* published between 1676 and 1685. According to Roger North, an assiduous chronicler of the musical history of the period, Matteis “was the means of settling Italian music in England ... and nothing in town had relish without the spice of Italy. The masters began to imitate them - witness Mr Purcell in his noble set of sonatas.”

It is a possibility that the reference to his Italian models was simply a ploy by Purcell (or his publisher) to add his own spice to the newly published works but given his habit of studying other composers, often by copying out their work (a practice he recommended to the students of music) it is probable that they did exist. His use of Italian tempo markings, whose meaning he felt it necessary to explain to the “English Practitioner” does suggest a concession to fashion as Purcell did not generally use them in his autograph scores, preferring English terms such as “Brisk”, “Slow” and “Drag”. The recommendation to reject “the levity and balladry of our neighbours” is often taken as a dig at the French, although given the professed partiality of Charles II, the sonatas’ dedicatee, to French music and his less well-advertised close political ties with Louis XIV, it is unlikely that an overt anti-French sentiment was intended (or would have been wise). In the preface to *Dioclesian* of 1690, Purcell commented that English music which was in comparison with poetry and painting still in an immature state, enjoyed the beneficial influence of both Italian and French music, the latter providing “somewhat more of Gayety and Fashion”. He may have changed his mind since 1683 or more probably, the earlier vague reference was simply designed to provide a contrast with the seriousness of the Italian style he wished to promote. The *twelve sonatas* published in 1683 are scored for two violins, gamba and continuo for harpsichord (or organ), but were issued as *Sonatas of Three parts*, thus discounting the continuo as a discrete part after the Italian fashion. Purcell’s original intention, as he mentions in the preface, had been not to print the continuo

part at all, and his change of mind on this point resulted in a delay in the publication. The downgrading of the continuo’s role in the 1683 sonatas may represent another attempt at “Italianisation” since the identically scored set of ten sonatas, posthumously published in 1697, were issued as *Ten Sonatas of IV Parts*. Eight of the 1697 group appear in the autograph manuscript which contains the pavans and fantasias, securely dated to the early 1680s, and so it is probable that they were also composed around this time. The Four Part works do not therefore represent any development in his approach to the sonata form over those he had selected for earlier publication and may in fact predate them. Great care had been taken in the arrangement of the Three Part set - each minor key sonata is paired with one in the major a third higher, in a pattern which first ascends by thirds and then, with the major work now a third below, begins to descend in the same intervals (although the scheme is not fully worked out). The Four Part set, other than the first two which are also a minor/relative major pairing, shows no sign of conscious patterning on this scale, and although they are not in exactly the same order as they appear in the 1680s manuscript, there is nothing significant in their printed sequence. In both sets the bass part contributes to the musical argument on a more or less equal footing with the violins with the keyboard continuo having a semi-independent role from it. However in certain passages, notably the *Largo* of the fifth sonata of the 1683 group (Z794), the continuo becomes fully independent as a fourth part which is curious if it really had been Purcell’s intention not to provide the player with a written out part. The sonatas show Purcell’s fascination with contrapuntal technique which he elaborated in his contribution to the 12th edition of Playford’s *The Introduction to the Skill of Musick* of 1694. His comment that it embodies “a great deal of Art mixed with good Air, which is the Perfection of a Master” neatly sums up his own achievement. He employs the full range of contrapuntal devices - augmentation and diminution (the lengthening or shortening of the subject’s note values across the parts), inversion and reversion (note for note reversal of the subject) - see Z735 for single and double augmentation, Z739 for inversion and augmentation in the opening section, Z743 for single, double and triple augmentation at the conclusion and Z810 (the so called *Golden Sonata*) for triple invertible counterpoint in the final movement. He generally follows the format of the *sonata da chiesa* (church sonata) in the alternation of slow and fast movements, rather than the *sonata da camera* (chamber sonata) with its looser

sequence of dance movements (but he neither adheres to the strict four movement structure of the former or excludes the dance rhythms of the latter).

The number of movements varies but the 1697 group usually have five with a fugal canzona in second place, apart from the sixth (Z807) which consists of a single long *Adagio* in the form of a chaconne. This is based on an irregular five measure ground bass from an Italian song *Scocca pur* by a “Mr Baptist” once thought to be Jean-Baptiste Lully but possibly Giovanni Battista Draghi (organist to Charles II’s wife, Catherine of Braganza and music master to his nieces, the Princesses Mary and Anne). The Italian tempo markings which mark off the sections or movements were explained in the preface in very broad (and for the interpreter rather unhelpful) terms as: ‘Adagio and Grave which import nothing but a very slow movement, Presto Largo, Poco Largo or Largo by itself a middle movement and Allegro and Vivace a very brisk, swift or fast movement’ so there may not be as much subtle variation in the tempi as the range of different markings suggests.

### The Fantasias

If the sonatas show Purcell at the cutting edge of fashion, striking out into new musical territory, his consort works – the fantasias and pavans – take him on a journey into the past. By the early 1680s the fantasia or fancy as it was often known in England was an obsolete musical form. It had been popular since the beginning of the sixteenth century, as medium for both solo instrument (keyboard or lute) and string or wind consort and when written for the latter, was essentially an instrumental motet in which a short theme is treated contrapuntally, usually in three to six parts. Thomas Morley, himself a great composer of fancys, described the free-form nature of fantasia composition in his *Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practicall Musick* of 1597: “the musician taketh a point at his pleasure and wresteth and turneth it as he list, making as much or little of it as it shall seem best at his own conceit. In this may the more art be shown than in any other music because the composer is tied to nothing but that he may add, diminish or alter at his pleasure”. Most of the great Elizabethan and Jacobean composers, including William Byrd, Thomas Tompkins, and John Dowland, tried their hand at the fancy and it was further developed by the constellation of musicians at the court of Charles I including Giovanni Coperario (who began life more prosaically as John Cooper), Orlando Gibbons and William Lawes. The Civil War and Commonwealth

period, in which public music making more or less ceased, provided ideal conditions for the domestic consort to flourish, since, as Roger North commented, “many chose rather to fiddle at home than go out and be knocked on the head abroad”. With the theatres closed and music proscribed in church (many organs and choir books suffering destruction at the hands of the more zealous Puritans) it was only within the domestic context that music could be played or heard. The court musicians and composers had been dispersed when the king left London in 1642, some like Henry Cooke and William Lawes joining the royalist forces (Cooke survived but Lawes was killed during the siege of Chester), others, like John Jenkins who became resident music master for Lord Dudley North (Roger’s father) finding refuge around the country in royalist households where they maintained the consort tradition. However the Restoration which occasioned a great rebuilding and refurbishing of broken and silent organs, the re-establishment of church choirs, the re-opening of the theatres and the return of music to the centre of court life also brought about a profound change in the course of English music. Ironically it was the personality of the new king that proved fatal to the more intimate and reflective musical forms that had survived the rigours of the Puritan era. Charles’s musical taste had been formed during his lengthy exile abroad and he was unsympathetic to the subtle and ingenious interweaving of musical lines which characterised the fancy – a form which he professed to detest. He preferred to listen to music to which he could beat time and augmented the court orchestra in emulation of the *Vingt-quatre violons du Roi* of his cousin Louis XIV, expanding its role from the provision of public music for dances and to accompany dinner to playing in the private apartment, an invasion of the domain of the Private Musick which, as North put it “disbanded the old English music at once”.

Therefore Purcell’s decision in 1679 or 1680 to embark on the composition of a series of pieces in an all-but vanished form and for the viol consort, now almost completely superseded by the violin, is puzzling. It is possible he was simply testing his musical skill against the masters of the past and it is clear that he had made a close study of his predecessors. The Four Part works look back to the those of Matthew Locke, the Three Part to Orlando Gibbons and the Six and Seven part *In nomines* to the beginning of the tradition more than a century before. Whether the works were ever performed is unknown. Certainly Roger North, who had a nostalgic affection for the older musical styles and

was generally well informed about the music of the period, thought that Locke's *Consort of Fower parts* (written twenty years previously) had been the last large scale work for viol consort which suggests that he was unaware of the existence of Purcell's sequence.

Purcell headed the four sections in the autograph score containing the fantasias with references to their increasing number of parts, the final section being "Here beginneth ye 6, 7, and 8 part Fantazia's". This suggests that he had planned to create a much larger and more comprehensive collection and the blank pages in the score may have been intended to contain more five part compositions to supplement the single completed one and the fragmentary work which breaks off after thirty-one bars (Z744) and the eight part works which remained tantalizingly unwritten. The *Four Part fantasias* were all composed in the space of a few months in the summer of 1680 and Purcell's precise dating of each piece may indicate that he wished them to be perceived as a continuous sequence. Like the sonatas, they display his fascination with contrapuntal technique – there is single and double augmentation in Z735, inversion and augmentation in the opening section of Z739, and single double and triple augmentation in the closing section of Z743. The *Fantasia in Five Parts* (Z745) takes its name "One Note Fantasia" from the tenor viol part which holds middle C for the entire duration of the piece. Purcell may have intended this a joke – the creation of a part for a particularly unskilled player – or it may have been a test of his ingenuity in working out a contrapuntal argument having deliberately restricted the scope of one of the parts as far as it was possible. If the Three and Four Part *fantasias* revisit the relatively recent musical past then the Six and Seven part *In nomines* (Z746 and Z747) go back much further in time. The *In nomine* derives from the cantus firmus setting of the words "In nomine Domini" from the Benedictus of John Taverner's mass *Gloria Tibi Trinitas* (c1530). This provided the basis for over one hundred and fifty later compositions for viol consort or keyboard and was a hugely popular form in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. However it had long since fallen out of fashion and when Purcell took it up, it had been almost thirty years since anyone had written such music. However from being an exercise in musical archaeology or an exercise in musical nostalgia, in the words of Percy Grainger they "abound in discords strange but lovely to the modern ear".

### Works for Keyboard

Purcell's keyboard music has been preserved in a variety of sources but the three principal collections are *The Second Part of Musick's Handmaid* published in 1689 by Henry Playford, containing three suites, a number of marches and minuets, song tunes and transcriptions from two odes; *A Choice Collection of Lessons* posthumously published in 1697 containing eight suites, two of which had previously appeared in *Musick's Handmaid*, and transcriptions from theatrical incidental music; and a recently discovered autograph manuscript containing twenty one pieces, five of which were previously unknown and which is the only surviving score of Purcell's keyboard music in his own hand. *The Second Part of Musick's Handmaid* was intended to supplement and update the original volume published by Henry's father John in 1678 by providing "the newest lessons, Grounds, Sarabandes Minuets and Jiggs". In addition to Purcell's pieces, it contains works by John Blow and other lesser known (and some anonymous) composers which, as Purcell edited the entire volume himself, he may have had a hand in arranging or transcribing. Purcell's contributions include two song tunes - *Ah how pleasing it is to love* (Z353) (track 1) and *Sylvia now your scorn give over* (Z420) (track 3) which had appeared the previous year in Playford's *A Banquet of Music*, transcriptions of parts of two of his *St Cecilia Odes*, the alto solo from *Welcome to all the Pleasures* of 1684 (Z331/3) which is described rather ingenuously as "A New Ground" (track 9) and a section of *Raise raise the voice* (Z334) of c1685 (track 13).

"A New Scotch Tune" (track 8) had previously appeared in Playford's collection *Apollo's Banquet* of 1685 and was in fact the popular Scottish air "Peggy I must love you" (which Haydn was also to arrange a century later in his second set of *Scottish Songs* produced for George Thomson of Edinburgh [Hob XXXIa-167]). Perhaps the best known tune in the collection is "A New Irish Tune" better known as *Lilliburlero* which for many years was regularly broadcast across the world as the signature tune of the BBC World Service. Although he was responsible for popularising it, Purcell certainly did not compose the tune which had already appeared in a flute tutor of 1686 and was probably an English rather than an Irish folk tune. It was taken up by the forces opposed to James II who had been deposed in 1688 and finally lost his bid to regain the throne at the battle of the Boyne in 1690 and, equipped with a set of satirical anti-Catholic verses, it was the tune to which King James was "whistled out of three kingdoms".

Perhaps the most interesting piece in *Musick's Handmaid* is the short work entitled *Sefauchi's Farewell* (track 12) which refers to Giovanni Francesco Grossi, a famous castrato of the period who became known as Siface after singing the role of Syphax in Cavalli's *Scipione*. Siface was associated with the Modenese court of Duke Francesco II, brother of Mary, second wife of King James II, and had been sent by the Duke to England to entertain his sister. He is known to have sung in James's Catholic chapel in Whitehall and at a private recital at the house of Samuel Pepys and may also have performed the soprano part in Purcell's anthem *My Song shall always be of the loving kindness* (Z031) the only full length soprano part in the anthems. If this is the case Purcell may have got to know him quite well and although he was apparently an absolute prima donna, this rather tender little piece suggests an affectionate remembrance. Siface returned to Italy in 1687 because the English weather was bad for his voice and ended up murdered by the brothers of the Marchese Marsili with whom he was reputed to be having an affair (a curious circumstance for one in his physical condition).

*A Choice Collection of Lessons for the Harpsichord or spinet* was published under the direction of Purcell's widow Frances in 1697 with a dedication to Princess Anne and was the first published collection of keyboard works by an English composer. The word "lesson" can be understood both in the sense of something which is to be read (as in a church lesson) and an instruction to a pupil and, unlike *The Second Part of Musick's Handmaid* which contained no theoretical or practical advice for the player, *A Choice Collection* includes four pages of musical theory and advice on ornamentation and fingering by Purcell. However a recent study has shown that these may have been pirated from Thomas Walsh's *The Harpsichord Master* published in 1697 which contains an identical set of instructions and yet by Purcell advertised as being "taken from his own Manuscript and never before published being ye best extant." Comparison of the two versions lends support to the theory that it was Playford who copied Walsh's pages which would mean that the three surviving copies of the 1696 edition were actually printings made after the appearance of Walsh's volume but without a change to the original publication date. As well as evidence of the cut-throat nature of the publishing trade in the pre-copyright days of the late 17th century, the inclusion of? Purcell's keyboard tutorial in rival volumes highlights his reputation as a player and teacher. During the 1690s he had taken on a

number of pupils from the upper and aristocratic classes including Rhoda Cartwright who married Lord Henry Cavendish, Annabella Dyce, one of Princess Anne's maids of honour, who later married Sir Robert Howard, and Sir Robert's granddaughter Diana.

The main content of *A Choice Collection* are the eight keyboard suites comprising two or three brief dance movements including an Alamand followed by a Corant (apart from no. 6) and preceded by a short prelude (apart from no. 7) and for all their unassuming conciseness of expression they proved very influential for later generations of English keyboard composers. The other pieces in the collection are a version of the Trumpet Cible (track 18) and five transcriptions of theatrical incidental music - two more trumpet tunes from *The Indian Queen* (Z630/9) and *Dioclesian* (Z627/21) (tracks 15 and 19), a march from *The Married Beau* (Z603/8) (track 14) a chaconne from *Timon of Athens* (Z632/20) (track 16) and a jig from *Abdelazar* (Z510/9) (track 17).

In 1993 a manuscript was discovered which contained twenty keyboard pieces by Purcell (and one by Orlando Gibbons – the *Prelude in G* from *Parthenia*) written in his own hand, as well as eighteen pieces by Draghi which are almost certainly in Draghi's hand. The arrangement of the pieces suggest that it was intended to be a keyboard tutor with pieces graded in order of difficulty, and which was used first by Purcell for his own pupils and then after his death by Draghi for his. Of the Purcell works, five were previously unknown and four others transcriptions which do not appear in any other source. The later works in the Purcell section of the manuscript are movements from the suites which appear in *Musick's Handmaid* and *A Choice Collection* (and so are not included here) and the earlier ones comprise a Prelude, Minuet and Air (all in C), a Jigg, transcriptions of *Thus be happy and Free* from *The Fairy Queen* (Z629/44a), an Air from *The Double Dealer* (Z592/9), two hornpipes from *The Old Bachelor* (Z607/4) and *The Fairy Queen* (Z629/1b) and three pieces from *The Virtuous Wife* – The Trumpet Minuet (Z611/8), The Air (La Furstenburg, (Z611/9) and the Minuet (Z611/7). The other works recorded here are keyboard transcriptions of theatrical music from *The Indian Queen* (tracks 27, 29 and 31), *Abdelazar* (tracks 25, 32 and 35) - including the Round O (rondeau) which Benjamin Britten made famous as the theme of *The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra* -, *The Double Dealer* (track 23) and *The Old Bachelor* (track 33); two grounds from odes – *Ye Tuneful Muses*,



(Z344/11) (track 30) and *Celebrate this Festival* (Z321/1) (track 31) and various airs and dance movements showing Purcell's immense versatility and inexhaustible inventiveness. In the light of Purcell's long and distinguished career as an organist it is unfortunate that hardly any of his works for organ survive but given their essentially improvisatory nature perhaps this is not surprising. There is also some doubt as to the authenticity of some of the few that have been handed down under his name but Z718 and Z719 are generally believed to be genuine Purcell.

His reputation as an organist was such that in 1686 he was invited to assess the quality of the recently installed organ in the church of St Katherine Cree in London as well give his opinion in the appointment of the new organist. He was also involved in the long running dispute on the choice of an new organ for the Middle Temple which reached such a pitch that the rival instruments were assembled in the Temple Church where they underwent rigorous competitive testing at the hands of Purcell, Blow and Draghi with the final judgement on the winner being given by the Lord Chief Justice himself, the notorious Judge Jeffreys.

#### **Pavans, Chacony, Overtures and other instrumental music**

The Pavans, which are slightly earlier in date than the fantasias, also look back to a vanished age. The earliest surviving English pavans (the name is derived either from *pavo* the Latin for peacock or *padovana* relating to the town of Padua) date from the 1540s and they flourished as accompaniment to the stately court dances of the Elizabethan era. The form lived on in the Jacobean and Caroline period in the consort suites of Lawes and Jenkins and was briefly revived after the Restoration by Matthew Locke in his *Broken Consort* suites of the early 1660s. The influence of Locke is apparent in the four *Three Part Pavans* (Z748-51) but unlike Locke's, each of which head a suite of dance movements, Purcell's pavans are independent pieces. However the *Four Part Pavan* in G minor (Z752) is followed in the autograph by three blank pages and so may originally have been intended as a prelude to a suite (and the existence of another fragmentary pavan followed by a dance movement may indicate that Purcell had contemplated incorporating the pavan form into a larger structure). Z752 (c1678) is conceived on a larger scale than the others and is in three contrasting sections the third of which is modelled on John Jenkins's 1652 *Lyra Consort* and the work may in fact be intended as a tribute to Jenkins following his recent death. As with the fantasias, Purcell's

attempt to breathe life into an antique form did not bear fruit as he was probably the last composer for over two hundred years to write music in this form.

The *Three parts on a Ground* (Z731) is the first of Purcell's ground-based compositions and can be played in D on strings (in an identical scoring as Z752) or as in this recording, in F on recorders (the form in which it may have been originally conceived). The opening chaconne is developed in four episodes of strict canon and displays elaborate counterpoint of dazzling virtuosity including passages of inversion and reversion which Purcell takes care to indicate in score either to aid the players' understanding or simply to draw attention to his ingenuity. The four part *Chacony* in G minor (Z730) has become one of Purcell's best known instrumental works. Its eighteen variations on an eight bar descending ground shows the influence of Robert Smith's three part chaconne published in 1677 and may have been composed for Charles' violin band. The *Suite in G* comprises an overture followed by four movements, Air, Borry, (boure) Minuet and Jig which do not correspond to the usual number or sequence of dance movements in suites of this period, but this appears to have been a deliberate choice on Purcell's part as the work is preserved in this form in his autograph.

The *Staircase Overture* so called because of the rapidly ascending scales in the opening section, is probably the earliest example of Purcell's instrumental music to have survived and was probably also written for the Charles' Twenty-four violins. It came to light in a manuscript in Tatton House in Cheshire into which it had been copied by the 18th century scholar Philip Hayes who obviously did not have access to a complete set of part books as the bass part is missing (the continuo part was almost certainly added by Hayes himself as it employs naturals which did not come into use until the 1700s). However a copy of the part book containing the missing part survived separately in a manuscript now in America and the reuniting of the two scores permits the overture to be heard as Purcell intended. It is heavily influenced by Matthew Locke's incidental music for a version of *The Tempest* staged in 1674, particularly its opening movement and the Storm Music of the Curtain tune (the equivalent of the overture). The opening almand is followed by a minuet-like movement and a B flat final section whose relationship to Robert Smith's *New Year's Day Suite*, performed on January 1st 1676 points to a composition date in 1677.

The other overtures may have originated as instrumental preludes to vocal music. The Overture in G (Z770) is a version for string consort of the opening sinfonia to the Welcome Song “Swifter Isis swifter flow” of 1681 (Z336). This was the second court ode commissioned from Purcell probably to mark Charles II’s return to London from Oxford where he had summoned a session of Parliament in order to isolate his political opponents from their London power base, and then immediately dissolved it. The Overtures in D minor and G minor (Z771 and Z772) may also have been attached to no longer surviving odes and Z772, which shares its five part string scoring with the 1689 Birthday Ode for Queen Mary, “*Now does the Glorious Day appear*” (Z332 ) and Draghi’s influential *St Celica Ode* of 1687, may indicate a later date for it than the other overtures.

Purcell’s name has become inextricably linked with the a work for trumpet that he did not write – the so called Trumpet Voluntary (actually “The Prince of Denmark’s’ March” by Jeremiah Clarke) but his association with the instrument began relatively late in his career. Although the sixteen royal trumpets had long been available to the court composers, it was only in the 1690s that Purcell began to make frequent use of them. Although one might have expected to hear them in the 1687 Welcome Ode – *Sound the trumpet beat the drum*, this work is scored for strings alone and it was in the “Yorkshire Feast Song” *Of old when heroes thought it base* (333) of 1690 in which trumpets first made their presence felt. The *Sonata for Trumpet and Strings* (Z850) may have originated as the sinfonia for the lost New Year Ode of 1693/4, a setting of *Light of the World and ruler of the Year* whose libretto suggests the inclusion of a trumpet part (although as the 1687 ode shows, music and text do not necessarily go hand in hand). The trumpet appears in the first and third section where it contributes to the thematic material rather than simply providing flourishes and fanfares with the contemplative inner section scored for strings and continuo alone. The *Cibell for Trumpet and Strings* is an example of a type of work that enjoyed popularity in England from 1690 to 1710. The tune is based on the melody of a chorus which accompanies the *Descente de Cybelle* in Lully’s 1687 opera *Atys* and Purcell’s version, with its sprightly trumpet tune over and running bass figures, became the model for several other “Cibells” including one by Jeremiah Clarke. The *Prelude* in D minor (Z773) also exists in a G minor version for violin and the *Sonata in G minor* (Z780) dating from 1683-4 survives in an incomplete version and was originally thought to be for solo

violin and continuo. However it is generally thought (believed???) that the continuo lacks sufficient material to harmonise adequately with violin line, and there have been various attempts at reconstructing the missing part (including in a version for gamba by Thurston Dart) in order to turn this work into a true trio sonata. In this recording however the inner harmonies are supplied by the bass line derived solely from the manuscript.

David Moncur

**SUNG TEXTS**  
**KING ARTHUR or**  
**THE BRITISH WORTHY**

**CD1**

**1 First Music: Chaconne**

**2 Second Music: Overture**

**3 Second Music: Air**

**FIRST ACT**

**BASS**

**4** Woden, first to thee  
A milk-white steed, in battle won,  
We have sacrificed.

**CHORUS**

We have sacrificed.

**TENOR**

Let our next oblation be  
To Thor, thy thundering son,  
Of such another.

**CHORUS**

We have sacrificed.

**BASS**

A third (of Friesland breed was he)  
To Woden's wife, and to Thor's mother;  
And now, we have atoned all three.

**CHORUS**

We have sacrificed.

**TENOR & ALTO**

**5** The white horse neighed aloud.  
To Woden thanks we render,  
To Woden we have vowed.

**CHORUS**

To Woden, our defender, thanks we render?

**SOPRANO**

**6** The lot is cast, and Tanfan pleased;  
Of mortal cares you shall be eased.

**CHORUS**

**7** Brave souls, to be renowned in story,  
Honour prizing,  
Death despising,  
Fame acquiring  
By expiring,  
Die and reap the fruit of glory.

**TENOR**

**8** I call ye all  
To Woden's Hall,  
Tour temples round  
With ivy bound  
In goblets crowned,  
And plenteous bowls of burnished gold,  
Where ye shall laugh  
And dance and quaff  
The juice that makes the Britons bold.

**CHORUS**

To Woden's Hall all  
Where in plenteous bowls of burnished gold  
We shall laugh  
And dance and quaff  
The juice that makes the Britons bold.

**TENOR**

**9** 'Come if you dare', our trumpets sound.  
'Come if you dare', the foes rebound.

'We come, we come, we come, we come',  
Says the double beat of the thundering drum.

**CHORUS**

'Come if you dare', our trumpets sound?

**TENOR**

Now they charge on amain,  
Now they rally again.  
The Gods from above the mad labour behold,  
And pity mankind that will perish for gold.

**CHORUS**

Now they charge on amain?

**TENOR**

The fainting Saxons quit their ground,  
Their trumpets languish in their sound,  
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly,  
'Victoria', the bold Britons cry.

**CHORUS**

The fainting Saxons quit their ground?

**TENOR**

Now the victory's won,  
To the plunder we run,  
We return to our lasses like fortunate traders,  
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquished  
invaders.

**CHORUS**

Now the victory's won?

**SECOND ACT**

**PHILIDEL**

**10** Hither, this way, this way bend,  
Trust not the malicious fiend.  
Those are false deluding lights  
Wafted far and near by sprites.

Trust'em not, for they'll deceive ye,  
And in bogs and marshes leave ye.

**CHORUS OF PHILIDEL'S SPIRITS**

Hither, this way, this way bend.

**CHORUS OF GRIMBALD'S SPIRITS**

This way, hither, this way bend.

**PHILIDEL**

If you step no longer thinking,  
Down you fall, a furlong sinking.  
'Tis a fiend who has annoyed ye;  
Name but Heav'n, and he'll avoid ye.  
Hither, this way.

**CHORUS OF PHILIDEL'S SPIRITS**

Hither, this way, this way bend.

**CHORUS OF GRIMBALD'S SPIRITS**

This way, hither, this way bend.

**CHORUS OF PHILIDEL'S SPIRITS**

Trust not the malicious fiend.  
Hither, this way, this way bend.

**GRIMBALD**

**11** Let not a moonborn elf mislead ye  
From our prey and from your glory;  
To fear, alas, he has betrayed ye;  
Follow the flames that wave before ye,  
Sometimes seven and sometimes one.  
Hurry, hurry, hurry on.  
See, see the footsteps plan appearing.  
That way Oswald chose for flying.  
Firm is the turf and fit for bearing,  
Where yonder pearly dewes are lying.  
Far he cannot hence be gone.  
Hurry, hurry, hurry on.

CHORUS OF PHILIDEL'S SPIRITS

**12** Hither, this way, this way bend.

CHORUS OF GRIMBALD'S SPIRITS

This way, hither, this way bend.

CHORUS OF PHILIDEL'S SPIRITS

Trust not the malicious fiend.

Hither, this way, this way bend.

PHILIDEL & TWO SOPRANOS, ALTO, BASS

**13** Come, follow me.

CHORUS

Come, follow me?

TWO VOICES

And green-sward all your way shall be.

CHORUS

Come, follow me?

No goblin or elf shall dare to offend ye.

THREE VOICES

We brethren of air

You heroes will bear,

To the kind and the fair that attend ye.

CHORUS

We brethren of air?

ONE SHEPHERD

**14** How blest are shepherds, how happy their  
lasses,

While drums and trumpets are sounding alarms!

Over our lowly sheds all the storm passes,

And when we die 'tis in each other's arms,

All the day on our herds and flocks employing,

All the night on our flutes and in enjoying.

CHORUS

How blest are shepherds, how happy their lasses?

ONE SHEPHERD

Bright nymphs of Britain with graces attended,

Let not your days without pleasure expire.

Honour's but empty, and when youth is ended,

All men will praise you but none will desire.

Let not youth fly away without contenting;

Age will come time enough for your repenting.

CHORUS

Bright nymphs of Britain with graces attended?

TWO SHEPHERDESSES

**15** Shepherd, shepherd, leave decoying:

Pipes are sweet on summer's day,

But a little after toying,

Women have the shot to pay.

Here are marriage-vows for signing:

Set their marks that cannot write,

After that, without repining,

Play, and welcome, day and night.

CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS

**16** Come, Shepherds, lead up a lively measure;

The cares of wedlock are cares of pleasure:

But whether marriage brings joy or sorrow,

Make sure of this day and hang tomorrow.

**17 Second Act Tune: Air**

**THIRD ACT**

**18 Prelude**

CUPID

**19** What ho! thou genius of this isle, what ho!

Liest thou asleep beneath those hills of snow?

Stretch out thy lazy limbs. Awake, awake!

And winter from thy furry mantle shake.

COLD GENIUS

**20** What power art thou, who from below

Hast made me rise unwillingly and slow

From beds of everlasting snow?

See'st thou not how stiff and wondrous old

Far unfit to bear the bitter cold,

I can scarcely move or draw my breath?

Let me, let me freeze again to death.

CUPID

**21** Thou doting fool, forbear, forbear!

What dost thou mean by freezing here?

At Love's appearing,

All the sky clearing,

The stormy winds their fury spare.

Thou doting fool, forbear, forbear!

What dost thou mean by freezing here?

Winter subduing,

And Spring renewing,

My beams create a more glorious year.

COLD GENIUS

**22** Great Love, I know thee now:

Eldest of the gods art thou.

Heav'n and earth by thee were made.

Human nature is thy creature.

Everywhere thou art obeyed.

CUPID

**23** No part of my dominion shall be waste:

To spread my sway and sing my praise,

E'en here, e'en here I will a people raise

Of kind embracing lovers and embraced.

**24 Prelude**

CHORUS OF COLD PEOPLE

**25** See, see, we assemble

Thy revels to hold,

Tho' quivering with cold,

We chatter and tremble.

CUPID

**26** 'Tis I, 'tis I that have warmed ye.

In spite of cold weather

I've brought ye together.

CHORUS

'Tis Love that has warmed us?

CUPID & GENIUS

**27** Sound a parley, ye fair, and surrender.

Set yourselves and your lovers at ease.

He's a grateful offender

Who pleasure dare seize:

But the whining pretender

Is sure to displease.

Sound a parley?

Since the fruit of desire is possessing,

'Tis unmanly to sigh and complain.

When we kneel for redressing,

We move your disdain.

Love was made for a blessing

And not for a pain.

CHORUS

'Tis Love that has warmed us?

**28 Third Act Tune: Hornpipe**

**CD2**

**FOURTH ACT**

TWO SIRENS

**1** Two daughters of this aged stream are we,

And both our sea-green locks have combed for ye.

Come, come, bathe with us an hour or two;

Come, come, naked in for we are so,

What danger from a naked foe?

Come, come, bathe with us and share

What pleasures in the floods appear.

We'll beat the waters till they bound

And circle round.



TENOR

**2** How happy the lover,  
How easy his chain!  
How sweet to discover  
He sighs not in vain.

CHORUS

How happy the lover?

SOPRANO & BASS

For love every creature  
Is formed by his nature.  
No joys are above  
The pleasures of love.

CHORUS

No joys are above  
The pleasures of love.

THREE NYMPHS

In vain our graces  
In vain are your ayes.  
If love you despise,  
When age furrows faces  
'Tis too late to be wise.

THREE MEN

The use the sweet blessing  
While now in possessing.  
No joys are above  
The pleasures of love.

THREE WOMEN

No joys are above  
The pleasures of love.

CHORUS

No joys?

**3 Fourth Act Tune: Air**

**FIFTH ACT**

**4 Trumpet Tune**

AELIOS

**5** Ye blustering brethren of the skies,  
Whose breath has ruffled all the watery plain,  
Retire and let Britannia rise  
In triumph o'er the main.  
Serene and calm and void of fear,  
The Queen of Islands must appear.

**6 Symphony**

NEREID & PAN

**7** Round thy coast, fair nymph of Britain,  
For thy guard our waters flow.  
Proteus all his herd admitting  
On thy green to graze below.  
Foreign lands thy fish are tasting;  
Learn from thee luxurious fasting.

CHORUS

Round thy coast, fair nymph of Britain?

COUNTERTENOR, TENOR & BASS

**8** For folded flocks, and fruitful plains,  
The shepherd's and the farmer's gains,  
Fair Britain all the world outvies;  
And Pan, as in Arcadia, reigns  
Where pleasure mixed with profit lies.  
Tho' Jason's fleece was famed of old,  
The British wool is growing gold;  
No mines can more of wealth supply,  
It keeps the peasants from the cold,  
And takes for kings the Tyrian dye.

COMUS

**9** Your hay it is mowed and your corn is reaped,  
Your barns will be full and your hovels heaped.  
Come, boys, come,  
And merrily roar out our harvest home.

CHORUS

Come, boys, come,  
And merrily roar out our harvest home.

COMUS

We've cheated the parson, we'll cheat him again,  
For why should a blockhead have one in ten?  
One in ten, one in ten?

ALL

One in ten, one in ten,  
For why should a blockhead have one in ten?

COMUS

For prating so long, like a book-learned sot,  
Till pudding and dumpling are burnt to pot;  
Burnt to pot, burnt to pot?

ALL

Burnt to pot, burnt to pot,  
Till pudding and dumpling are burnt to pot.

COMUS

We'll toss off our ale till we cannot stand;  
And heigh for the honour of old England;  
Old England, old England?

ALL

Old England, old England,  
And heigh for the honour of old England.

VENUS

**10** Fairest Isle, all isles excelling,  
Seat of pleasure and of love,  
Venus here will choose her dwelling,  
And forsake her Cyprian grove.  
Cupid from his favourite nation  
Care and envy will remove;  
Jealousy that poisons passion,  
And despair that dies for love.  
Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,

Sighs that blow the fire of love,  
Soft repulses, kind disdaining,  
Shall be all the pains you prove.  
Every swain shall pay his duty,  
Grateful every nymph shall prove;  
And as these excel in beauty,  
Those shall be renowned for love.

SHE

**11** You say, 'tis Love creates the pain  
Of which so sadly you complain,  
And yet would fain engage my heart  
In that uneasy cruel part;  
But how, alas! think you that I  
Can bear the wounds of which you die?

HE

'Tis not my passion makes my care  
But your indifference gives despair:  
The lusty sun begets no spring  
Till gentle showers assistance bring;  
So Love, that scorches and destroys,  
Till kindness aids can cause no joys.

SHE

Love has a thousand ways to please,  
But more to rob us of our ease;  
For waking nights and careful days,  
Some hours of pleasure he repays;  
But absence soon, or jealous fears,  
Overflows the joy with floods of tears.

HE

But one soft moment makes amends  
For all the torment that attends.  
SHE & HE  
Let us love and to happiness haste.  
Age and wisdom come too fast.  
Youth for loving was designed.

SHE

You be constant, I'll be kind.

HE  
I'll be constant, you be kind.

SHE & HE  
Haven can give no greater blessing  
Than faithful love and kind possessing.

## 12 Trumpet Tune

HONOUR  
**13** Saint George, the patron of our Isle!  
A soldier and a saint!  
On this auspicious order smile,  
Which love and arms will plant.  
Our Sovereign high in awful state  
His honours shall bestow;  
And see his sceptred subjects wait  
On his commands below.

CHORUS  
Our natives not alone appear  
To court the martial prize;  
But foreign kings adopted here  
Their crowns at home despise.  
Our Sovereign high in awful state?

CD3

## THE FAIRY QUEEN

### First Music

### 1 Prelude

### 2 Hornpipe

### Second Music

### 3 Aire

### 4 Rondeau

### ACT I

### 5 Overture

### Scene: A Palace

*Titania, leading the Indian Boy, Fairies attending.*

### 6 First Song

Come, come, come, let us leave Town,  
And in some lonely place,  
Where Crouds and Noise  
were never so known,  
Resolve to spend our days.  
In pleasant shades upon the Grass  
At Night our selves we'll lay;  
Our Days in harmless Sport shall pass,  
Thus Time shall slide away.

*7 (Enter Fairies, leading in three Drunken Poets, one of them Blinded.)*

### BLIND POET

Fill up the Bowl, then, etc.

### FAIRY

Trip it, trip it in a Ring;  
Around this Mortal Dance, and Sing.

### POET

Enough, enough,  
We must play at Blind Man's Buff.  
Turn me round, and stand away,  
I'll catch whom I may.

### SECOND FAIRY

About him go, so, so, so,  
Pinch the Wretch from Top to Toe  
Pinch him forty, forty times  
Pinch till he confess his Crimes.  
Hold, you damned tormenting Punk,  
I confess...

### BOTH FAIRIES

What, what, etc.

### POET

I'm Drunk, as I live Boys, Drunk.

### BOTH FAIRIES

What art thou, speak?

### POET

If you will know it,  
I am a scurvy Poet.

### BOTH FAIRIES

Pinch him, pinch him for his Crimes.  
His Nonsense, and his Dogrel Rhymes.

### POET

Hold! Oh! Oh! Oh!

### FIRST FAIRY

Confess more, more!

### POET

I confess I'm very poor.  
Nay prithe do not pinch me so,  
Good dear Devil let me go;  
And as I hope to wear the Bays,  
I'll write a Sonnet in thy Praise.

### CHORUS

Drime 'em hence, away, away,  
Let 'em sleep till break of Day.  
*The Indian Boy falls asleep,  
and to hide him from Oberon,  
Titania causes the earth to open,  
into which he sinks.*

### 8 First Act Tune: Jig

### ACT II

### 9 Scene: A Wood, by Moon-light

*Enter Titania, and her Train. The scene changes to a Prospect of Grotto's, Arbors, and delightful Walks: The Arbors are Adorned with all variety of Flowers...*

### Then the first Song

Come all ye Songsters of the Sky,  
Wake, and Assemble in this Wood;  
But no ill-boding Bird be nigh,  
None but the Harmless and the Good.

### TRIO

May the God of Wit inspire,  
The Sacred Nine to bear a part;  
And the Blessed Heavenly Quire,  
Shew the utmost of their Art.  
While Echo shall in sounds remote,  
Repeat each Note,  
Each Note, each Note.

## 10 Interlude

### CHORUS

11 May the God, etc.

### 12 ECHO

### CHORUS

13 Now join your Warbling Voices all,  
Sing while we trip it on the Green;  
But no ill Vapours rise or fall,  
Nothing offend our Fairy Queen.

### CHORUS

14 Sing while we trip it on the Green;  
But no ill Vapours rise or fall,  
Nothing offend our Fairy Queen.  
(Dance of Fairies)

### Second Song

*Enter Night, Mystery, Secresie, Sleep, and their Attendants. (Night sings)*

### NIGHT

15 See, even Night her self is here,  
To favour your Design;  
And all her Peaceful Train is near,  
That Men to Sleep incline.  
Let Noise and Care,  
Doubt and Despair,  
Envy and Speight,  
(The Fiends delight)  
Be ever Banished hence,  
Let soft Repose,  
Her Eye-lids close;  
And murmuring Streams,  
Bring pleasing Dreams;  
Let nothing stay to give offence.  
See, even Night, etc.

### MYSTERY

16 I am come to lock all fast,  
Love without me cannot last.  
Love, like Counsels of the Wise,  
Must be hid from Vulgar Eyes.  
'Tis holy, and we must conceal it,  
They profane it, who reveal it.  
I am come, etc.

### SECRESIE

17 One charming Night  
Gives more delight,  
Than a hundred lucky Days.  
Night and I improve the taste,  
Make the pleasure longer last,  
A thousand, thousand several ways.  
Make the pleasure, etc.

### SLEEP

18 Hush, no more, be silent all,  
Sweet Repose has closed her Eyes.  
Soft as feathered Snow does fall!  
Softly, softly, steal from hence.  
No noise disturb her sleeping sense.  
Rest till the Rosie Morn's uprise

### CHORUS

Hush, no more, be silent all, etc.

19 (A dance of the followers of night, Oberon squeezes the flower on Titania, Lysander and Hermia fall asleep as in the original, and the Act ends with Robin-Good-Fellow's speech.)

## 20 Second Act Tune: Aire

### ACT III

*Helena enters, but not Demetrius. Lysander wakes and follows her. The Clowns rehearse the play as if it is given in Act V of the original; Robin-Good-*

*Fellow is present and disperses the actors. Bottom returns with the Ass's head and sings "The Woosel-Cocks o black of hue". Titania wakes and falls in love with him. There is no change of scene, but Titania, Bottom, and the Fairies go out, and Oberon and Robin-Good-Fellow enter.*

*Enter Titania, Bottom, and Fairies.*

*The scene changes to a great Wood; A long row of large Trees on each side; A river in the middle; Two rows of lesser trees of a different king just on the side of the river, which meet in the middle, and make so many arches; Two great dragons make a bridge over the river; Their bodies form two arches, through which two swans are seen in the river at a great distance. Enter a troop of fawns, Dryades, and Naides.*

### 21 A Song in Two Parts

If Love's a Sweet Passion, why does it torment?  
If a Bitter, oh tell me whence comes my content?  
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,  
Or grieve at my Fate, when I know 'tis in vain?  
Yet so pleasing the Pain, so soft is the Dart,  
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart.  
I press her Hand gently, look Languishing down,  
And by Passionate Silence I make my Love known.  
But oh! I'm Blest when so kind she does prove,  
By some willing mistake to discover her Love.  
When in striving to hide, she reveals all her Flame,  
And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dares Name.

### 22 Overture (Symphony)

*While a symphony is playing, the two swans come swimming on through the arches to the bank of the river, as if they would land; these turn themselves into fairies, and dance; at the same time the bridge vanishes, and the trees that were arched, raise themselves upright.*

## 23 Dance of the Fairies

*Four savages enter, fright the fairies away, and dance an entry.*

## 24 Dance of the Green Men

### 25 Song

Ye Gentle Spirits of the Air, appear;  
Prepare, and join your tender Voices here.  
Catch, and repeat the Trembling Sounds anew,  
Soft as her Sighs and sweet as pearly dew,  
Run new Division, and such Measures keep,  
As when you lull the God of Love asleep.  
(Enter Coridon and Mopsa.)

### CORIDON

26 Now the Maids and the Men are making of Hay,  
We have left the dull Fools,  
and are stolen away.  
Then Mopsa no more  
Be Coy as before,  
But let us merrily Play,  
And Kiss the sweet time away.

### MOPSA

Why, how now, Sir Clown,  
How came you so bold?  
I'd have ye to know  
I'm not made of that mold.  
I tell you again,  
Maids must never Kiss no Men.  
No, no; no, no; no Kissing at all;  
I'll not Kiss, till I Kiss you for good and all.

### CORIDON

No, no.

### MOPSA

No, no.

CORIDON  
Not Kiss you at all.

MOPSA  
Not Kiss, till you Kiss me for good and all.  
Not Kiss, etc.

CORIDON  
Should you give me a score,  
'T would not lessen your store,  
Then bid me cheerfully, cheerfully Kiss,  
And take, and take, my fill of your Bliss.

MOPSA  
I'll not trust you so far,  
I know you too well;  
Should I give you an Inch,  
you'd take a whole Ell.  
Then Lordlike you Rule,  
And laugh at the Fool,  
No, no, etc.

CORIDON  
So small a Request,  
You must not,  
you cannot you shall not deny,  
Nor will I admit of another play.

MOPSA  
Nay, what do you mean?  
Oh, fie, fie, fie!

**27 A song by a Nymph**  
When I have often heard young Maids  
complaining,  
That when Men promise most they most deceive,  
Then I thought none of them worthy of my  
gaining;  
And what they Swore, resolved never to believe.  
But when so humbly he made his Addresses,  
With Looks so soft, and with Language so kind,

I thought it Sin to refuse his Caresses;  
Nature overcame, and I soon changed my Mind.  
Should he employ all his wit in deceiving,  
Stretch his Invention, and artfully feign;  
I find such Charms, such true Joy in believing,  
I'll have the Pleasure, let him have the Pain.  
If he proves Perjured, I shall not be Cheated,  
He may deceive himself, but never me;  
'Tis what I look for, and shan't be defeated,  
For I'll be as false and inconstant as he.

### 28 A dance of Hay-makers

CHORUS  
**29** A Thousand Thousand ways we'll find  
To Entertain the Hours;  
No Two shall ever be known so kind,  
No Life so Blest as ours.  
*(After a shortened version of the scene at the  
beginning of Shakespeare's Act IV, Titania,  
Bottom, and fairies exeunt.)*

### 30 Third Act Tune: Hornpipe

#### CD4

#### Act IV

**1 Symphony**  
*(Canzona – Largo – Allegro – Adagio – Allegro)*  
*Oberon and Robin-Good-Fellow enter, then  
Lysander and Helena, Demetrius and Hermia  
Shakespeare's Act III is followed, with omissions,  
till the four lovers fall asleep. Oberon then wakes  
Titania, and Robin-Good-Fellow takes the ass's  
head off Bottom. The scene changes to a garden  
of fountains. A sonata plays while the sun rises, it  
appears red through the mist, as it ascends it  
dissipates the vapours, and is seen in its full lustre;  
then the scene is perfectly discovered, the*

*fountains enriched with gilding, and adorned with  
statues: The view is terminated by a walk of  
cypress trees which lead to a delightful bower.  
Before the trees stand rows of marble columns,  
which support many walks which rise by stairs to  
the top of the house; the stairs are adorned with  
figures and pedestals, with rails and balusters on  
each side of them. Near the top, vast quantities of  
water break out of the hills, and fall in mighty  
cascades to the bottom of the scene, to feed the  
fountains which are on each side. In the middle of  
the sage is a very large fountain, where the water  
rises about twelve feet. The 4 seasons enter, with  
their several attendants.*

**2 ONE OF THE ATTENDANTS**  
Now the Night is chased away,  
All salute the rising Sun;  
'Tis that happy, happy Day,  
The Birth-Day of King Oberon.

**3 TWO OTHERS**  
Let the Fifes, and the Clarions,  
and shrill Trumpets sound,  
And the Arch of high Heav'n  
the Clangour resound.

**4 Entry of Phoebus**  
*(A machine appears, the clouds break from before  
it, and Phoebus appears in a chariot drawn by four  
horses, and sings.)*

PHOEBUS  
**5** When a Cruel long Winter has frozen the Earth,  
And Nature Imprisoned seeks in vain to be free;  
I dart forth my Beams, to give all things a Birth,  
Making Spring for the Plants, every Flower, and  
each Tree.  
'Tis I who give Life, Warmth, and Vigour to all,  
Even Love who rules all things in Earth, Air, and  
Sea;

Would languish, and fade, and to nothing would  
fall,  
The World to its Chaos would return, but for me.

**6 CHORUS**  
Hail! Great Parent of us all,  
Light and Comfort of the Earth;  
Before your Shrine the Seasons fall,  
Thou who givest all Nature Birth.

**7 SPRING**  
Thus the ever Grateful Spring,  
Does her yearly Tribute bring;  
All your Sweets before him lay,  
The round his Altar, Sing and Play.

**8 SUMMER**  
Here's the Summer, Sprightly, Gay,  
Smiling, Wanton, Fresh and Fair;  
Adorned with all the Flowers of May,  
Whose various Sweets perfume the Air.

**9 AUTUMN**  
See my many Coloured Fields  
And loaded Trees my Will obey;  
All the Fruit that Autumn yields,  
I offer to the God of Day.

WINTER  
**10** Now Winter comes Slowly,  
Pale, Meagre, and Old,  
First trembling with Age,  
and then quivering with Cold;  
Benumbed with hard Frosts,  
and with Snow covered over,  
Prays the Sun to Restore him,  
and Sings as before.



CHORUS

**11** Hail! Great Parent of us all,  
Light and Comfort of the Earth;  
Before your Shrine the Seasons fall,  
Thou who givest all Nature Birth.

**12 Fourth Act Tune: Aire**

*All go out except Robin-Good-Fellow, who applies the juice of the herb to Lysander's eyes.*

**Act V**

**13 Prelude**

*The duke, Egeus, and attendants find the lovers asleep. Juno appears in a machine drawn by peacocks. While a symphony plays, the machine moves forward, and the peacocks spread their tails, and fill the middle of the theatre.*

**14 Epithalamium**

JUNO

Thrice happy Lovers, may you be  
For ever, ever free,  
From that tormenting Devil, Jealousy.  
From all that anxious Care and Strife,  
That attends a married Life;  
Be to one another true,  
Kind to her as she to you,  
And since the errors of this Night are past,  
May he be ever Constant, she for ever Chast.  
The machine ascends.

**15 The Plaint**

O let me weep, for ever weep,  
My Eyes no more shall welcome Sleep;  
I'll hide me from the sight of Day,  
And sigh, and sigh my Soul away.  
He's gone, he's gone, his loss deplore;  
And I shall never see him more.

*(While the scene is darkened, a single entry is danced. Then a symphony is played.)*

**16 Entry Dance**

**17 Symphony**

*After the scene is suddenly illuminated, a transparent prospect of a Chinese garden is uncovered. The architecture, the trees, the plants, the fruits, the birds and the beasts, are quite different to what we have in this world. It is terminated by an arch, through which other arches with close arbors can be seen, as well as a row of trees at the end of the view. Over it is a hanging garden, which rises by several ascents to the top of the house; it is bounded on either side with pleasant bowers, various trees, strange birds flying in the air; on the top of the platform, a fountain is throwing up water, which falls into a large basin.*

A CHINESE MAN

**18** Thus the gloomy World  
At first began to shine,  
And from the Power Divine  
A Glory round it hurled;  
Which made it bright,  
And gave it Birth in light.  
Then were all Minds as pure,  
As those Ethereal Streams;  
In Innocence secure,  
Not Subject to Extremes.  
There was no Room for empty Fame,  
No cause for Pride, Ambition wanted aim.

A CHINESE WOMAN

**19** Thus Happy and Free,  
Thus treated are we  
With nature's chiefest Delights.

CHORUS

Thus Happy and Free,  
Thus treated are we  
With nature's chiefest Delights.  
We never cloy,  
But renew our Joy,  
And one Bliss another Invites.

CHORUS

Thus wildly we live,  
Thus freely we give,  
What Heaven as freely bestows.  
We were not made  
For Labour and Trade,  
Which Fools on each other impose.

CHORUS

We were not made  
For Labour and Trade,  
Which Fools on each other impose.

A CHINESE MAN

**20** Yes, Xansi, in your Looks I find  
The Charms by which my Heart's betrayed;  
Then let not your Disdain unbind  
The Prisoner that your Eyes have made.  
She that in Love makes least Defence,  
Wounds ever with the surest Dart;  
Beauty may captivate the Sense,  
But Kindness only gains the Heart.  
*(Six monkeys come from between the trees, and dance.)*

**21 Monkey's Dance**

*(Two women sing in parts)*

FIRST WOMAN

**22** Hark how all things with one Sound rejoyce,  
And the World seems to have one voice.

SECOND WOMAN

**23** Hark now the Echoing Air  
a Triumph Sings,  
And all around pleased  
Cupids clap their Wings.

CHORUS

Hark! Hark!

SECOND WOMAN

**24** Sure the dull God of Marriage does not hear;

BOTH

We'll rouse him with a Charm,  
Hymen appear!

CHORUS

Hymen appear!

BOTH

Our Queen of Night commands thee not to stay,  
Appear!

CHORUS

Our Queen, etc.  
*(Enter Hymen)*

**25 Prelude**

HYMEN

**26** See, see, I obey.  
My torch has long been out, I hate  
On loose dissembled Vows to wait,  
Where hardly Love  
out-lives the Wedding-Night, False Flames, Love's  
Meteors, yield my Torch no Light. *(Six pedestals of China-work rise from under the stage; they support six large vases of porcelain, in which are six China-Orange-trees.)*

**BOTH WOMEN**

**27** Turn then thy Eyes  
upon those Glories there,  
And catching Flames  
will on thy Torch appear.

**HYMEN**

**28** My Torch, indeed,  
will from such Brightness shine: Love ne'er had  
yet such Altars, so divine.  
*(The pedestals move toward the front of the stage, and the grand dance of twenty- four persons begins; then Hymen and the two women sing together.)*

**29 Chaconne**

They shall be as happy as they're fair;  
Love shall fill all the Places of Care:  
And every time the Sun  
shall display his Rising Light,  
It shall be to them a new Wedding-Day;  
And when he sets, a new Nuptial-Night.  
*(A Chinese man and woman dance.)*

**THE GRAND CHORUS**

**30** They shall be as happy as they're fair;  
Love shall fill all the Places of Care:  
And every time the Sun  
shall display his Rising Light,  
It shall be to them a new Wedding-Day;  
And when he sets, a new Nuptial-Night.  
*(All the dancers join in it. The play ends with a kind of epilogue, spoken by Oberon and Titania.)*

**CD5**

**DIDO AND AENEAS**

**1 Overture**

**ACT THE FIRST**

**Scene: The Palace**

*Enter Dido and Belinda, and Train.*

**BELINDA**

**2** Shake the cloud from off your brow,  
Fate your wishes does allow.  
Empire growing,  
Pleasures flowing,  
Fortune smiles and so should you.  
Shake the cloud from off your brow.

**CHORUS**

Banish sorrow, banish care,  
Grief should ne'er approach the fair.

**DIDO**

**3** Ah! Belinda, I am pressed  
With torment not to be confessed.  
Peace and I are strangers grown,  
I languish till my grief is known,  
Yet would not have it guessed.

**BELINDA**

**4** Grief increases by concealing...

**DIDO**

Mine admits of no revealing.  
Then let me speak: the Trojan guest  
Into your tender thoughts has pressed.

**SECOND WOMAN**

The greatest blessing Fate can give,

Our Carthage to secure, and Troy revive.

**CHORUS**

When monarchs unite, how happy their state,  
They triumph at once o'er their foes and their fate.

**DIDO**

**5** Whence could so much virtue spring?  
What storms, what battles did he sing?  
Anchises' valour mixed with Venus' charms,  
How soft in peace, and yet how fierce in arms.

**BELINDA**

A tale so strong and full of woe,  
Might melt the rocks as well as you.

**SECOND WOMAN**

What stubborn heart unmoved could see  
Such distress, such piety?

**DIDO**

Mine with storms of care oppressed  
Is taught to pity the distressed.  
Mean wretches' grief can touch,  
So soft, so sensible my breast,  
but ah! I fear I pity his too much.

**BELINDA and SECOND WOMAN, CHORUS**

**6** Fear no danger to ensue,  
The hero loves as well as you.  
Ever gentle ever smiling,  
And the cares of life beguiling,  
Cupids strew your paths with flowers,  
Gathered from Elizian bowers.

**Dance this chorus.**

**7 The Baske Dance**

*Aeneas enters with his Train.*

**BELINDA**

**8** See, your royal guest appears.  
How godlike is the form he bears!

**AENEAS**

When, royal fair, shall I be blessed,  
With cares of Love and State distressed?

**DIDO**

Fate forbids what you pursue.

**AENEAS**

Aeneas has no fate but you.  
Let Dido smile and I'll defy  
The feeble stroke of Destiny.

**CHORUS**

Cupid only throws the dart  
That's dreadful to a warrior's heart,  
And she that wounds can only cure the smart.

**AENEAS**

**9** If not for mine, for Empire's sake,  
Some pity on your lover take.  
Ah! make not in a hopeless fire  
A hero fall, and Troy expire.

**BELINDA**

Pursue thy conquest, Love! Her eyes  
Confess the flame her tongue denies.

**A dance (guitar chacony)**

**CHORUS**

To the hills and the vales,  
To the rocks and the mountains,  
To the musical groves  
And the cool, shady fountains  
Let the triumphs of Love  
And of Beauty be shown.  
Go revel, ye Cupids! The day is your own.

# **10 The Triumphant Dance**

*At the end of the dance, thunder and lightning.*

## **ACT THE SECOND**

### **Scene: The Cave**

*Enter Sorceress.*

SORCERESS

**11** Wayward sisters, you that fright  
The lonely traveller by night,  
Who like dismal ravens crying  
Beat the windows of the dying,  
Appear at my call,  
And share in the fame  
Of a mischief shall make all  
Carthage flame.

*Enter Witches.*

FIRST WITCH

Say, beldame, what's thy will.

CHORUS

Harm's our delight and mischief all our skill.

SORCERESS

**12** The Queen of Carthage, whom we hate,  
As we do all in prosperous state,  
Ere sunset shall most wretched prove,  
Deprived of fame, of life and love.

CHORUS

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!

FIRST AND SECOND WITCH

Ruined ere the set of sun?  
Tell us, how shall this be done?

SORCERESS

The Trojan Prince, you know, is bound  
By Fate to seek Italian ground.  
The Queen and he are now in chase.

FIRST WITCH

Hark! The cry comes on apace.

SORCERESS

But when they've done, my trusty elf,  
In form of Mercury himself,  
As sent from Jove, shall chide his stay  
And charge him sail tonight with all his fleet  
away.

CHORUS

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!

*Enter two drunken sailors, and dance.*

FIRST AND SECOND WITCH

**13** But ere we this perform,  
We'll conjure for a storm  
To mar their hunting sport  
And drive 'em back to court.

CHORUS IN A MANNER OF AN ECHO

In a deep-vaulted cell  
The charm we'll prepare,  
Too dreadful a practice  
For this open air.

### **14 Echo Dance**

*Witches and Furies*

*Thunder and lightning, horrid music. The Furies  
sink down in the cave, the rest fly up.*

### **Scene: The Grove**

*Enter Aeneas, Dido and Belinda, and their  
Train.*

### **15 Ritournelle**

BELINDA, CHORUS

**16** Thanks to these lonesome vales,  
These desert hills and dales.  
So fair the game, so rich the sport,  
Diana's self might to these woods resort.

### **A dance (guitar ground)**

SECOND WOMAN

**17** Oft she visits this lone mountain,  
Oft she baths her in this fountain.  
Here Actaeon met his fate,  
Pursued by his own hounds.  
And after mortal wounds,  
Discovered, discovered too late.

### **A dance to entertain Aeneas by Dido's women.**

AENEAS

**18** Behold! upon my bending spear  
A monster's head stands bleeding,  
With tushes far exceeding  
Those did Venus' huntsman tear.

DIDO, CHORUS

The skies are clouded, hark how thunder  
Rends the mountain oaks asunder.  
Haste to town, this open field  
No shelter from the storm can yield.

*Exit. The Spirit of the Sorceress descends to  
Aeneas in likeness of Mercury.*

SPIRIT

**19** Stay, Prince, and hear great Jove's command!  
He summons you this night away.

AENEAS

Tonight?

SPIRIT

Tonight thou must forsake this land,  
The angry god will brook no longer stay.  
Jove commands thee waste no more  
In love's delights those precious hours  
Allowed by the almighty powers  
To gain the Hesperian shore,  
And ruined Troy restore.

AENEAS

Jove's command shall be obeyed  
Tonight our anchors shall be weighed.  
But ah! What language can I try,  
My injured Queen to pacify?  
No sooner she resigns her heart,  
But from her arms I'm forced to part.  
How can so hard a fate be took,  
One night enjoyed, the next forsook?  
Yours be the blame, ye gods, for I  
Obey your will – but with more ease could  
die.

*Enter the Sorceress and her Witches.*

SORCERESS, CHORUS

**20** Then since our charms have sped,  
A merry dance be led  
By the nymphs of Carthage to please us,  
They shall all dance to ease us.  
A dance that shall make the spheres to wonder,  
Rending those fair groves asunder.

### **21 The Groves' Dance**

## **ACT THE THIRD**

### **Scene: The Ships**

*Enter the Sailors.  
The Sorceress and her Enchantresses.*

SAILOR, CHORUS

**22** Come away fellow sailors, your anchors be weighing,  
Time and tide will admit no delaying.  
Take a boozy short leave of your nymphs on the shore,  
And silence their mourning  
With vows of returning,  
But never intending to visit them more.

### 23 The Sailors' Dance

SORCERESS

**24** See the flags and streamers curling,  
Anchors weighing, sails unfurling.

FIRST WITCH

Phoebe's pale deluding beams  
Gilding o'er deceitful streams.

FIRST AND SECOND WITCH

Our plot has took,  
The Queen's forsook,  
Ho, ho, ho!  
Elissa's ruin'd,  
Ho, ho, ho!

SORCERESS

**25** Our next motion  
Must be to storm her lover on the ocean.  
From the ruin of others our pleasures we borrow,  
Elissa bleeds tonight, and Carthage flames tomorrow.

CHORUS

Destruction's our delight,  
Delight our greatest sorrow,  
Elissa dies tonight  
And Carthage flames tomorrow.  
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!

### 26 A Dance

*Jack of the Lanthorn leads the Spaniards out of their way among the Enchantresses.*

*Enter Dido, Belinda and Train*

DIDO

**27** Your counsel all is urged in vain,  
To earth and heaven I will complain.  
To earth and heaven why do I call?  
Earth and heaven conspire my fall.  
To Fate I sue, of other means bereft,  
The only refuge for the wretched left.

BELINDA

See, Madame, where the Prince appears!  
Such sorrow in his looks he bears  
As would convince you still he's true.

*Aeneas enters*

AENEAS

What shall lost Aeneas do?  
How, royal fair, shall I impart  
The god's decree, and tell you we must part?

DIDO

Thus on the fatal banks of Nile  
Weeps the deceitful crocodile.  
Thus hypocrites that murder act,  
Make heaven and gods the authors of the fact.

AENEAS

By all that's good...

DIDO

By all that's good, no more,  
All that's good you have forswore.  
To your promised empire fly,  
And let forsaken Dido die.

AENEAS

In spite of Jove's command, I'll stay,  
Offend the gods, and love obey.

DIDO

No, faithless man, thy course pursue,  
I'm now resolved as well as you.  
No repentance shall reclaim  
The injured Dido's slighted flame.  
For 'tis enough, whatever you now decree,  
That you had once a thought of leaving me.

AENEAS

Let Jove say what he will, I'll stay.

DIDO

Away!  
To death I fly if longer you delay.  
*Exit Aeneas*  
But death, alas! I cannot shun,  
Death must come when he is gone.

CHORUS

Great minds against themselves conspire,  
And shun the cure they most desire.

DIDO

**28** Thy hand, Belinda, darkness shades me,  
On thy bosom let me rest.  
More I would, but death invades me,  
Death is now a welcome guest.  
When I am laid in earth, may my wrongs create  
No trouble in thy breast.  
Remember me, but ah! forget my fate.

*Cupids appear in the clouds over her tomb.*

CHORUS

**29** With drooping wings ye Cupids come  
And scatter roses on her tomb.  
Soft and gentle as her heart,

Keep here your watch and never part.

### 30 Cupids' Dance

## HAIL! BRIGHT CECILIA

*Poem by Nicholas Brady*

CD6

### 1 Symphony

#### 2 Hail! Bright Cecilia

Fill every Heart With Love of thee and thy  
Celestial Art;?  
That thine and Musick's Sacred Love?  
May make the British Forest prove?  
As Famous as Dodona's Vocal Grove.

#### 3 Hark, each Tree its silence breaks

The Box and Fir to talk begin.  
This is the sprightly Violin,  
That in the Flute distinctly speaks.  
'Twas Sympathy their listening Brethren drew  
When to the Thracian Lyre with leafy Wings they  
flew.

#### 4 'Tis Nature's Voice

thro' all the moving Wood  
Of Creatures understood:  
The Universal Tongue to none  
Of all her numerous Race unknown.  
From her it learnt the mighty Art  
To court the Ear or strike the Heart:  
At once the Passions to express and move;  
We hear, and straight we grieve or hate,  
rejoiced or love; In unseen Chains it does  
the Fancy bind; At once it charms the Sense  
and captivates the Mind.

**5 Soul of the World** Inspired by thee,  
The jarring Seeds of Matter did agree.  
Thou did'st the scattered Atoms bind,  
Which, by the Laws of true proportion joined,  
Made up of various Parts one perfect Harmony.

#### 6 Thou tun'st this World below

the Spheres above,  
Who in the Heavenly Round  
to their own Music move.

#### 7 With that sublime Celestial Lay

Can any Earthly Sounds compare?  
If any Earthly Music dare,  
The noble Organ may.  
From Heav'n its wondrous Notes were given,  
(Cecilia oft conversed with Heaven).  
Some Angel of the Sacred Choir  
Did with his Breath the Pipes inspire;  
And of their Notes above the just  
Resemblance gave, Brisk without Lightness,  
without dulness Grave.

#### 8 Wondrous machine!

To thee the Warbling Lute,  
Tho' used to Conquest,  
must be forced to yield:  
With thee unable to dispute.

#### 9 The Airy Violin And lofty Viol quit the Field;

In vain they tune their speaking Strings  
To court the cruel Fair,  
or praise Victorious Kings.  
Whilst all thy consecrated Lays  
Are to more noble Uses bent;  
And every grateful Note to Heav'n repays  
The melody it lent.

#### 10 In vain the Amorous flute and soft Guitar,

Jointly labour to inspire  
Wanton Heat and loose Desire;  
Whilst thy chaste Airs do gently move  
Seraphic Flames and Heavenly Love.

#### 11 The Fife and all the Harmony of War

In vain attempt the Passions to alarm,  
Which thy commanding Sounds compose and  
charm.

#### 12 Let these amongst themselves contest

Which can discharge its single Duty best.  
Thou summ'st their differing Graces up in One,  
And art a Consort of them All within thy Self  
alone.

#### 13 Hail! Bright Cecilia

Hail to thee!  
Great Patroness of Us and Harmony!  
Who, whilst among the Choir above  
Thou dost thy former Skill improve,  
With Rapture of delight  
dost see Thy Favourite Art  
Make up a Part Of infinite Felicity.  
Hail, bright Cecilia, Hail to thee!  
Great Patroness of Us and Harmony!

#### 14 My beloved spoke, and said unto me

Rise up, my love, my fair one and come away.  
For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over  
and gone; The flowers appear on the earth;  
The time of the singing of birds is come,  
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our  
land: The fig tree putteth forth her green figs,  
And the vines with the tender grape give  
forth a good smell.  
Arise my love, my fair one, come away.  
My Beloved is mine and I am his:  
He feedeth among the lilies.

#### 15 O sing unto the Lord a new song.

Alleluia.  
Sing unto the Lord, all the whole earth.  
Alleluia.  
Sing unto the Lord and praise his name:  
be telling of his salvation from day to day.  
Declare his honour unto the heathen:  
and his wonders unto all people.  
Glory and worship are before him:  
power and honour are in his sanctuary.  
The Lord is great, and cannot worthily be  
praised: he is more to be feared than all gods.  
As for the gods of the heathen, they are but idols:  
but it is the Lord that made the heavens.  
O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness:  
let the whole earth stand in awe of him.  
Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is  
King:  
and that it is he who hath made the round  
world so fast that it cannot be moved;  
and how that he shall judge the people  
righteously.  
Alleluia.



## HARMONIA SACRA

### CD7

#### Lord, what is man, lost man

A Divine Hymn Z192

*William Fuller*

1 Lord, what is man, lost man, that thou  
should'st be  
So mindful of him, that the son of God  
Forsook his glory, his abode,  
To become a poor, tormented man!  
The deity was shrunk into a span,  
And that for me, O wondrous love, for me.  
Reveal, ye glorious spirits, when ye knew,  
The way the son of God took to renew  
Lost man, your vacant places to supply,  
Blest spirits, tell,  
Which did excel,  
Which was more prevalent,  
Your joy, or your astonishment,  
That man should be assumed into the deity,  
That for a worm a God should die?  
Oh! for a quill drawn from your wing  
To write the praises of the eternal love,  
Oh! for a voice like yours to sing  
That anthem here which once you sung above.  
Halleluia.

#### O solitude

A Song upon a Ground Z406

*Katherine Philips*

2 O solitude, my sweetest choice!  
Places devoted to the night,  
Remote from tumult and from noise,  
How ye my restless thoughts delight!  
O solitude, my sweetest choice!  
O heavens, what content is mine,  
To see those trees, which have appeared  
From the nativity of time,

And which all ages have revered,  
To look today as fresh and green,  
As when their beauties first were seen.  
O, how agreeable a sight  
These hanging mountains do appear,  
Which the unhappy would invite  
To finish all their sorrows here,  
When their hard fate makes them endure  
Such woes as only death can cure.  
O, how I solitude adore!  
That element of noblest wit,  
Where I have learnt Apollo's lore,  
Without the pains to study it.  
For thy sake I in love am grown  
With what thy fancy does pursue;  
But when I think upon my own,  
I hate it for that reason too,  
Because it needs must hinder me  
From seeing and from serving thee.  
O, how I solitude adore!

#### In the black, dismal dungeon of despair

Z190

*William Fuller*

3 In the black, dismal dungeon of despair,  
Pined with tormenting care,  
Wracked with my fears,  
Drowned in my tears,  
With dreadful expectation of my doom,  
And certain horrid judgment soon to come,  
Lord, here I lie,  
Lost to all hope of liberty,  
Hence never to remove  
But by a miracle of Love,  
Which I scarce dare hope for, or expect,  
Being guilty of so long, so great neglect.  
Fool that I was, worthy a sharper rod,  
To slight thy courtings, O my God!  
For thou did'st woo, intreat and grieve,  
Did'st beg me, to be happy and to live;  
But I would not; I chose to dwell

With Death, far, far from thee, too near to Hell.  
But is there no redemption, no relief?  
Thou sav'd'st a Magdalen, a thief!  
O Jesu! Thy mercy, Lord, once more advance;  
O give, O give me such a glance  
As Peter had; thy sweet, kind, chiding look  
Will change my heart, as it did melt that rock;  
Look on me, sweet Jesu, as thou did'st on him;  
'Tis more than to create, thus to redeem.

#### Lord, I can suffer thy rebukes

Z136

*John Patrick: paraphrase of Psalm 6*

4 Lord, I can suffer thy rebukes,  
When thou dost kindly me chastise;  
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear;  
O let not that against me rise.  
Pity my languishing estate;  
And those perplexities I feel,  
While crushed by thy heavy hand,  
O let thy gentler touches heal.  
Lord, for thy goodness' sake, return  
And save my life; for in the grave  
None can remember thee, nor thou  
Thankful acknowledgments canst have.  
See how I pass my weary days  
In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night,  
I drown my bed and self in tears:  
My grief consumes and dims my sight.  
Depart ye wicked foes; your hopes  
Are dashed; for this my mournful voice  
Will bring God nearer to my aid,  
When you come flocking to rejoice.  
The Lord hath heard my prayer; and those  
That gaped upon me as their prey  
Will vex themselves at their defeat,  
And with confusion turn away.  
Alleluia.

#### 5 Voluntary in G

Z720

#### In guilty night

Z134

*Paraphrase of I Samuel, 28:8–20 (anon)*

ALL

6 In guilty night, and hid in false disguise,  
Forsaken Saul to Endor comes and cries:

SAUL

Woman, arise, call powerful arts together,  
And raise the ghost, whom I shall name, up hither.

WITCH

Why shouldst thou wish me die? Forbear my son,  
Dust thou not know what cruel Saul has done?  
How he has killed and murdered all  
That were wise and could on spirits call?

SAUL

Woman, be bold, do but the thing I wish,  
No harm from Saul shall come to thee for this.

WITCH

Whom shall I raise or call? I'll make him hear.

SAUL

Old Samuel, let only him appear.

WITCH

Alas!

SAUL

What dost thou fear?

WITCH

Nought else but thee,  
For thou art Saul and hast beguiled me.

SAUL

Peace, and go on, what seest thou? let me know.

WITCH  
I see the gods ascending from below

SAUL  
Who's he that comes?

WITCH  
An old man mantled o'er.

SAUL  
Oh! that is he, let me that ghost adore.

SAMUEL  
Why hast thou robbed me of my rest to see  
That which I hate, this wicked world and thee?

SAUL  
Oh! I'm sore distressed, vexed sore;  
God has left me and answers me no more;  
Distressed with war, with inward terrors too,  
For pity's sake, tell me, what shall I do?

SAMUEL  
Art thou forlorn of God and com'st to me?  
What can I tell thee then, but misery?  
Thy kingdom's gone into thy neighbour's race,  
Thine host shall fall by sword before thy face.  
Tomorrow then, till then farewell, and breathe:  
Thou and thy son shall be with me beneath.

SAUL  
Oh!

WITCH, SAMUEL  
Farewell.

**Voluntary in C**  
**7 Z717**

**Plung'd in the confines of despair**  
**Z142**  
*John Patrick: paraphrase of Psalm 130*  
**8** Plunged in the confines of despair,  
To God I cried with fervent prayer;  
O lend to me a gracious ear;  
Not sunk so low but thou canst hear.

Should'st thou against each evil deed  
In strict severity proceed,  
Who would be able to abide  
Thy censure, and be justified?

But thou forgiveness dost proclaim,  
That men may turn and fear thy name.  
To thy rich grace, O Lord, we fly,  
And on thy promises rely.

My soul less brooks thy seeming stay  
Than guards that wait the approach of day.  
O therefore let the good and just  
In God alone repose their trust.

The frailty of our state he knows,  
His plenteous mercy ever flows.  
To humble souls he gracious is,  
And pardons what they have done amiss.

**Awake, ye dead**  
A Hymn upon the Last Day Z182  
*Nahum Tate*  
**9** Awake, ye dead, the trumpet calls,  
Awake, awake, to sleep no more;  
Hark! from aloft the frozen region a falls With  
noise so loud it deafs the ocean's roar; Alarmed,  
amazed, the clattering orbs come down: The  
virtuous soul alone Appears unmoved while  
earth's  
foundations shake, Ascends and mocks the  
universal wreck.

**The earth trembled**  
On our Saviour's Passion Z197 *Francis Quarles*  
**10** The earth trembled; and heaven's closed eye  
Was loth to see the Lord of glory die:  
The sky was clad in mourning, and the spheres  
Forgot their harmony; the clouds dropped tears:  
The arabitious dead arose to give him room;  
And every grave did gape to be his tomb;  
The affrighted heavens sent down elegious  
thunder;  
The world's foundation loosed to lose its founder.  
The impatient temple rent her veil in two,  
To teach our hearts what our sad hearts  
should do:  
Can senseless things do this, and shall not I  
Melt one poor drop, to me my Saviour die?  
Drill forth my tears; and trickle one by one,  
Till you have pierced this heart of mine, this  
stone.

**My opening eyes are purged**  
A Divine Song on the Passion of our Saviour Z72  
**11** My opening eyes are purged and lo!  
A dismal scene of mighty woe!  
What is it I see?  
Mankind's Redeemer stretched upon the cursed  
tree;  
With ghastly wounds his body torn,  
His limbs with ruder scourges worn;  
No room for doubt; alas! 'tis he!

See, my soul, the purple pride  
That adorns his thorny crown;  
See the streams that hast to meet  
Another headlong bloody tide  
From his hands and from his side,  
To his no less wounded feet,  
Trickling down, trickling down.  
Look how the meriting drops gush out

From their wide wound;  
Mysterious drops of mighty price,  
Each an offending world's sufficient sacrifice;  
Like common gore they stain  
The blushing earth around,  
From all his emptied veins  
They flow, profuse and prodigal  
As worthless streams; ah, see 'em how they fall!

**With sick and famished eyes**  
A Religious Elegy (Longing) Z200  
*George Herbert*  
**12** With sick and famished eyes,  
With doubling knees and weary bones,  
To thee my cries,  
To thee my groans,  
To thee my sighs, my tears ascend:  
No end?  
My throat, my soul is hoarse,  
My heart is withered like a ground  
Which thou dost curse;  
My thoughts turn round  
And make me giddy; Lord, I fall,  
Yet call.

Bowels of pity, bear!  
Lord of my soul, love of my mind,  
Bow down thine car!  
Let not thy wind  
Scatter my words, and in the same  
Thy name.  
Look on my sorrows round!  
Mark well my furnace! O what flames,  
What heats abound!  
What griefs, what shames!

Consider, Lord; Lord, bow thine car  
And hear!  
Lord Jesu, thou didst bow  
Thy dying head upon the tree;  
O be not now

More dead to me!  
Lord, hear! shall he that made the car  
Not hear?

Behold, thy dust doth stir,  
It moves, it creeps to thee,  
Do not defer To succour me, Thy pile of dust  
wherein each crumb Says 'Come'.

My love, my sweetness, hear!  
By these thy feet, at which my heart  
Lies all the year,  
Pluck out thy dart,  
And heal my troubled breast, which cries,  
Which dies.

**Ground in C**  
*(William Croft?)*  
13 ZD221

**O, I'm sick of life**  
A Paraphrase upon Job X, lines 1–18 and 41–46  
Z140  
*George Sandys*  
14 O, I'm sick of life! nor will control  
My passion, but in bitterness of soul  
Thus tear the air: what should thy wrath incense  
To punish him who knows not his offence?  
Ah! dust thou in oppression take delight?  
Wilt thou thy servant fold in shades of night,

And smile on wicked counsels? Dost thou see  
With eyes of flesh? Is Truth concealed from thee?  
What, are thy days as frail as ours? Or can  
Thy years determine like the age of man,  
That thou should'st my delinquencies enquire,  
And with variety of tortures tire?

Cannot my known integrity remove  
Thy cruel plagues? Wilt thou remorseless prove?  
Ah! wilt thou thine own workmanship confound?

Shall the same hand that did create now wound?  
Remember, I am built of clay, and must  
Resolve to my originary dust.

O, since I have so short a time to live,  
A little case to these my torments give,  
Before I go where all in silence mourn,  
From whose dark shores no travellers return:  
A land where death, confusion, endless night  
And horror reign, where darkness is their light.

**Close thine eyes**  
Upon a Quiet Conscience Z184  
*Francis Quarles*  
15 Close thine eyes and sleep secure;  
Thy soul is safe, thy body sure;  
He that guards thee, he thee keeps,  
Who never slumbers, never sleeps.

A quiet conscience in a quiet breast  
Has only peace, has only rest:  
The music and the mirth of kings  
Are out of tune, unless she sings;  
Then close thine eyes in peace, and rest secure,  
No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

## SACRED MUSIC

### CD8

**1 Te Deum**  
We praise Thee, O God,  
we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.  
All the earth doth worship Thee,  
the Father everlasting.  
To Thee all Angels cry aloud, the Heavens and all  
the powers therein.  
To Thee Cherubin and Seraphim continually do  
cry,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth;  
heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy  
glory.  
The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee.  
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise  
Thee.  
The noble army of Martyrs praise Thee.  
The holy Church throughout all the world doth  
acknowledge Thee.  
The Father of an infinite majesty;  
Thine honourable, true and only Son;  
Also the Holy Ghost the Comforter.  
Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.  
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.  
When Thou tookst upon thee to deliver man,  
Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.  
When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of  
death,  
Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heav'n to all  
believers.  
Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory  
of the Father.  
We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.  
We therefore pray Thee, help thy servants,  
whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious  
blood.

Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints, in  
glory everlasting.  
O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thine heritage.  
Govern them, and lift them up for ever.  
Day by day we magnify Thee,  
and we worship Thy name, ever world without  
end.  
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without  
sin.  
O Lord, have mercy upon us.  
O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us, as our  
trust is in Thee.  
O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be  
confounded.  
*(Ambrosian Hymn)*

**2 Jubilate Deo**  
O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands,  
serve the Lord with gladness,  
and come before his presence with a song.  
Be ye sure that the Lord he is God:  
it is he that hath made us and not we ourselves;  
we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.  
O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving,  
and into his courts with praise,  
be thankful unto him, and speak good of his  
name.  
For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is everlasting,  
and his truth endures from generation to  
generation.  
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,  
and to the Holy Ghost.  
as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever  
shall be,  
world without end.  
Amen.  
*(Psalm 100)*

### 3 My Beloved Spake

My beloved spake and said unto me,  
rise, rise my love, my fair one and come away.  
For lo, the winter is past,  
the rain is over and gone.  
The flowers appear on the earth,  
and the time of the singing of birds is come.  
Alleluia.  
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.  
The fig tree putteth forth her green figs,  
and the vines with the tender grape give a good  
smell.  
Rise, rise my love, etc.  
My beloved is mine and I am his.  
Alleluia.

### 4 O God, Thou art my God

O God, Thou art my God:  
early will I seek Thee.  
My soul thirsted for Thee,  
my flesh also longed after Thee  
in a barren and dry land where no water is.  
Thus have I looked for Thee in holiness,  
that I might behold Thy power and glory,  
For Thy loving kindness is better than life itself:  
my lips shall praise Thee.  
As long as I live will I magnify Thee on this manner  
and lift up my hands in Thy name,

Because Thou hast been my helper,  
therefore under the shadow of Thy wings  
will I rejoice.  
Alleluia.  
(*Psalm 63, vv. 1–5, 8*)

### 5 Lord, how long wilt Thou be angry?

Lord, how long wilt Thou be angry?  
Shall Thy jealousy burn like fire for ever?  
O remember not our old sins,  
but have mercy upon us, and that soon,  
for we are come to great misery.

Help us, O God of our salvation,  
for the glory of Thy Name;  
O deliver us and be merciful unto our sins,  
for Thy Name's sake.  
So we, that are thy people,  
and the sheep of Thy pasture,  
shall give Thee thanks for ever,  
and will always be shewing forth Thy praise  
from one generation to another.  
(*Psalm 79, vv. 5, 8, 9, 14*)

### 6 Remember not, Lord, our offences

Remember not, Lord, our offences  
nor the offences of our forefathers;  
but spare us, good Lord,  
neither take Thou vengeance of our sins,  
but spare us, good Lord,  
spare Thy people,  
whom Thou hast redeemed  
with Thy most precious blood,  
and be not angry with us for ever.  
Spare us, good Lord.  
(*from the Litany*)

### 7 Hear my prayer, O Lord

Hear my prayer, O Lord  
and let my crying come unto Thee.  
(*Psalm 102, v.1*)

## FUNERAL SENTENCES FOR QUEEN MARY

### 8 Funeral March (instrumental)

#### 9 Man that is born of a woman

Man that is born of a woman  
hath but a short time to live,  
and is full of misery.  
He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower;  
he fleeth as it were a shadow,  
and ne'er continued in one stay.  
(*from the Book of Common Prayer, 1660*)

#### 10 In the midst of life

In the midst of life we are in death:  
of whom may we seek for succour,  
but of Thee, O Lord,  
Who for our sins are it justly displeased?  
Yet, O Lord most mighty,  
O holy and most merciful Saviour,  
deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal  
death.  
(*from the Book of Common Prayer, 1660*)

### 11 Canzona (instrumental)

#### 12 Thou knowest, Lord

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts,  
shut not Thy merciful ears unto our prayers;  
but spare us, Lord most holy,  
O God most mighty,  
O holy and most merciful Saviour,  
Thou most worthy Judge eternal,  
suffer us not, at our last hour,  
for any pains of death, to fall away from Thee.  
(*from the Book of Common Prayer, 1660*)

### 13 Funeral March (instrumental)

## SONGS

### CD9

#### Strike the viol

1 Strike the viol, touch the lute,  
wake the harp, inspire the flute:  
sing your Patroness's praise,  
sing in cheerful and harmonious lays.  
*From Birthday Ode to Queen Mary.*  
'Come Ye Sons of Art, Away', 1694

#### The Queen's Epicedium

2 Incassum, Lesbia, incassum rogas,  
lyra mea, mens est immodulata:  
terrarium ore lachymarum pleno,  
dolorum pleno,  
rogitas tu cantilenam?

En nymphas! En pastores!  
Caput omne redinat  
junctorum instar,  
admodum fletur,  
nec Galatea canit,  
nee ludit Tityrus agris;  
non currant oves,  
moerore perdit.

Regina, heu,  
arcadiae regina periit,  
O damnum non exprimendum,  
non suspiriis, non gemitibus imis.  
pectoris aut queruli  
singultre turbido,  
miseros Arcades!  
O quam lugentes!  
Suorum gaudium aculorum mirum abiit  
nunquam, O nunquam revcrsurum!  
Stella sua fixa  
coelum ultra lucet.

*Elegy on Queen Mary's Death, 1694*

**Here the Deities approve**

**3** Here the Deities approve  
the God of Music and of Love;  
all the talents they have lent you,  
all the blessings they have sent you,  
pleased to see what they bestow,  
live and thrive so well below.

*From the Ode to St Cecilia Welcome to all the  
pleasures', 1683*

**Sweeter than roses**

**4** Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze,  
on a warm flowery shore  
was the dear, dear kiss, first trembling, made me  
freeze;  
then shot like fire all over.  
What magic has victorious love!  
For all I touch or see  
since that dear kiss hourly prove:  
all is love to me.

*From 'Pausanius'*

**Music for a while**

**5** Music for a while  
shall all your cares beguile:  
wondering how your pains were cased,  
and disdaining to the pleased,  
till Alecto free the dead  
from their eternal bands,  
till the snakes drop from her head,  
and the whip from out her hands.  
Music for a while  
shall all your cares beguile.

*From Oedipus. 1692*

**If music be the food of love**

**6** If music be the food of love  
sing on till I am filled with joy;  
for then my listening soul you move

to pleasures that can never cloy,  
your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare  
that you are music everywhere.  
Pleasures invade both eye and ear,  
so fierce the transports are thy wound,  
and all my senses feasted are;  
though yet the treat is only sound,  
sure I must perish by your charms,  
unless you save me in your arms.

*From Birthday Ode to Queen Mary, 1683*

**An Evening Hymn**

**7** Now that the sun hath veiled his light,  
and bid the world good night,  
to the soft bed my body I dispose:  
but where shall my soul repose?  
Dear God, even in thy arms,  
and can there be any so sweet security?  
Then to thy rest, O my soul!  
And singing, praise the mercy  
that prolongs thy days.  
Alleluia!

*Dr William Fuller*