

Purcell: Dido and Aeneas

COMPACT DISC 1

PURCELL: 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 press'd
With torment not to be confess'd.
Peace and I are strangers grown,
I languish till my grief is known,
Yet would not have it guess'd.

BELINDA

- 4 Grief increases by concealing...

DIDO

Mine admits of no revealing.

BELINDA

Then let me speak: the Trojan guest
Into your tender thoughts has press'd.

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 mix'd 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 unmov'd could see
Such distress, such piety?

DIDO

Mine with storms of care oppress'd
Is taught to pity the distress'd.
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,
Gather'd 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 bless'd,
With cares of Love and State distress'd?

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 prosp'rous 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
Ruin'd 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,
Discover'd, discover'd 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
Allow'd by th'almighty powers
To gain th' Hesperian shore,
And ruin'd Troy restore.

AENEAS

Jove's command shall be obey'd
Tonight our anchors shall be weigh'd.
But ah! What language can I try,
My injur'd 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 enjoy'd, 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'a 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!

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 urg'd 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 thats good...

DIDO

By all that's good, no more,
All that's good you have forswore.
To your promis'd 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 injur'd Dido's slighted flame.
For 'tis enough, whate'er 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 o'er 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

COMPACT DISC 2

GALLIARD: Pan and Syrinx, an opera

- 1 Overture: Part 1
- 2 Overture: Part 2
- 3 Overture: Part 3
- 4 Overture: Part 4

Scene: a Wood, & Plain; at distance is seen the God of the River, leaning on his Urn, from whence the waters flow. Enter Syrinx

SYRINX

- 5 On sunny Hills, in gloomy Shades,
O'er Mountains steep, and at the Limpid
Stream,
Still let my Virgin Days be spent
In innocent Delights!
Where, whilst each rising Morn renews our
Joy,
In blest Diana's guiltless Train,
I follow in the Sprightly Chase:
With ardent Speed pursue the panting Prey
And taste the Sweets which give a Goddess
pleasure.

SYRINX

Free from Sorrow, free from Anguish
With no Am'rous pains I Languish
No tumultuous cares molest.
Freedom prizing
Love dispising
All is calm within my breast.

Enter Pan

PAN

- 7 What do I see?
What form divine?

SYRINX

But why delay the nymphs? Here were they
summon'd
To attend the Goddess; th'appointed Hour is
fled.
I grow impatient.

PAN

Bright Nymph!

SYRINX

Ha!

PAN

Let not awfull Love affright thee.
Behold the Sylvan King adores thee.

SYRINX

Wert thou the King of Gods
I must not hear thee.
Am I not sworn a Foe to Love?

PAN

Disclaim that silly Vow:
Nature condemns, & Venus will resent it.
Believe me lovely Maid.

SYRINX

Fond God! forbear; & leave me.

PAN

Let not idle fears possess thee.
Pan will protect thee on the lonely Glade.

SYRINX

The Goddess is my Guard:
Diana & my Innocence protect me.

PAN

Relentless Nymph!
O Listen to my passion
& let me press thee.
See the place,
The gentle Season,
& thy blooming years,
Invite to Love,
& dictate pleasing Joys.

SYRINX

Desist, rude Sylvan, 'tis in Vain.
Syrinx contemns thy passion.

SYRINX

- 8 Go leave me 'tis in vain.
I Scorn thee nor will prove
A Slave to thee and love.
Cease to woo me
Nor pursue me
Love & Courtship I disdain.

Exit Syrinx

PAN

- 9 How Insolently Coy! am I to be despis'd?
Perhaps I was too pressing:

But whither shall I turn?
Shall I pursue her?
No – 'tis resolv'd –
I'll wait for her return.
I heard her say, the Nymphs were
summon'd here,
And with them will my Sylvans join;
O Syrinx! Then again I'll tempt my fate:
But see, the Sporting Train advance.

PAN

- 10 Gentle Cupid aid my pleasure
& thy Power I will adore.
Crown me with this lovely Treasure
I no greater Bliss implore.

Exit Pan

11 **Symphony**

*Enter Nymphs dancing. Diana appears
above in her chariot, & is landed on the
Stage.*

DIANA

- 12 The rising Morn her purple Beams now
sheds
O'er all th'aetherial Plains.
Each warbling bird hails her approach,
And the beasts their coverts hast to leave.
'Tis Time, our sportive Toils begin.

DIANA

- 13 Bid the Tunefull cornet Sound
Each your wonted task obey.

Some with Nets the Woods surround,
Some prepare to rouse the Prey.

DIANA

- 14 Yet hold; Some Ill our much-lov'd Syrinx
waits,
Which to prevent demands my Speediest
care:
Awhile the promis'd chase suspend,
Instant is my return.

Exit Diana.

15 Air for Nymphs

Enter Sylvens

16 Air I for the Nymphs and Sylvens

17 Air II for the Nymphs and Sylvens

SYLVAN (*aside*)

- 18 Those glances Stol'n a Flame confess;
'Tis Hers, to Love; mine to address.

NYMPH (*aside*)

A proper Swain! – But, female Art,
Instruct me to disguise my heart.

SYLVAN

- 19 Fairest if thou canst be kind, Ah!
Thou'rt the Damsel to my Mind Ah!
If in me thou canst discover
Ought to please thee as a lover

Be it in thy smiles confest
Thou'lt consent & I am blest.

NYMPH

- 20 Think'st thou that aukward mien has
Charms
To tempt a Virgin to thy Arms?

SYLVAN

If my aukward mien affright thee,
Let this ruddy Cheek delight thee.
See, with what bewitching Grace
This Manly Beard O'ershades my face.

NYMPH

The Charms you boast, perhaps may please,
Wild Fawns, and Clumsie Savages;
But a more engaging Form
Must my Breast with passion warm.

SYLVAN

The Goddess self, Fantastick Fair,
Might look, and be Enamour'd Here!

NYMPH

Foolish Sylvan! What conceit
Makes thee think thy Charms so Great?

Duo

NYMPH

- 21 Let Nature henceforward neglect
Too much Beauty on man to bestow;
Since opinion can help the defect
And for Charms that are wanting allow.

SYLVAN

Tho' Nature should ever neglect
Any Beauty on Nymphs to bestow,
Their opinion will help the defect
And for charms that are wanting allow.

22 A Sylvan & a Nymph Dance

PAN (*to the Nymphs & Sylvens*)

- 23 Well do these Sports become Diana's Train,
And well ye Sylvens, have you join'd
In honour of the Goddess of the Groves.
Let Love, & Innocence, & Rural Joys
Still glad the Plains, & Dictate New
Delights.

(*aside*)

Yet what can please, whilst Syrinx is not
here?

Her absence Racks my anxious breast:
But do I not at distance View the Fair?

'Tis She! – She comes: – I will retire
And waite some happy moment to approach
Her.

(*To Nymphs & Sylvens Again*)

Renew your Vocal Mirth,
Again your jocund measures tread:

PAN

- 24 Whilst your Harmony fills
The Valleys and Hills
The Goddess your Strains shall approve.
All Nature will smile
Whilst your Songs reconcile
The praise of Diana and Love.

Exit Pan

CHORUS

Whilst our Harmony fills
The Valleys and Hills
The Goddess our Strains shall approve.
All Nature will smile
Whilst our Songs reconcile
The praise of Diana and Love.

Enter Syrinx

SYRINX

- 25 How Sweet the warbling Linnet sings
To usher in the New-born Day,
While gentle Winds on Balmy Wings
Diffuse around
The Vocal Sound
& make the Groves and Forest Gay.

SYRINX

- 26 Toi'd & Impatient have I sought you long,
Neglectfull Nymphs! Were you not
summon'd
Soon as the Sun shou'd gild the Mountains
tops
Here on Old Ladon's Verdant Banks to
meet?
It suits not Cynthia's Train to Loiter thus,
And frolick with Licentious Sylvens.
Or are your Solem Vows forgot,
& do your Bosoms glow with Wanton
pleasures?

SYRINX

- 27 Why should Love, that triffling Passion
Which procures such certain Pain,

Be the darling Sport of Fashion
And O'er Gods and Mortals reign?
Since it fills our Hearts with Anguish,
Robs our Nights of balmy Rest;
Makes our Mirth and pleasures Languish,
Chases reason from the Breast.

Enter Pan

- PAN (*aside*)
28 Love! How impatient hast thou made me?
I can no longer wait. –
To Syrinx Divinest Nymph! –

SYRINX
Ah! Must I be tormented still?
Help! Help! Assist me Nymphs!

PAN
Forbear: – Quick, fly the place; –
Fly, or I'll call my Satyres of the Woods to
Chase you hence:
By all the pow'rs, I swear:
Away, you Sylvans too, & wait my pleasure.

- CHORUS
29 Fly, fly, fly, fly, fly, fly, fly, fly.

Exeunt

SYRINX
What must I do, Or how escape?
Alas! I tremble...

PAN
Why those tears? Hear me, Lovely, cruel
Fair,
Behold me prostrate at your Feet
Low & submissive as a Rurall Swain.

SYRINX
I must not hear of Love.

PAN
Not hear of Love? Why then were all those
Heav'nly Beauties giv'n?
Not Cynthia's self can rivall you in charms.

SYRINX
Thy Flatt'ry & thy Love alike I scorn.

PAN
Consent to Love,
& thou like Her shalt reign
Queen of the Lawns,
& have thy Nymphs t'attend thee.

SYRINX
No such Ambition can allure my Mind:
I must not hear of love.

PAN
Force shall befriend me, since Intreaties fail.
I will possess thee, stubborn Maid!
Thy Beauty has inflam'd my Soul;
Nor will I Languish, Scorn'd & in Despair.

SYRINX
O savage Insolence! – protect me Gods!
Save me, Diana; Virgin-Goddess save me!

- SYRINX
30 Cruel Sylvan O forbear

PAN
Cruel Nymph O stay & hear

SYRINX
Thy Passion is in Vain.

PAN
Resistance is in Vain.

SYRINX
Ye Gods in Pity aid me

PAN
Piercing Charms invade me

SYRINX
O ease me from my Pain.

PAN
Yield to ease my Pain.

Syrinx wrests herself from Pan and flies away. The Scene represents Syrinx Transform'd into Reeds.

- PAN (*solus*)
31 Surprising Change!
Must I the Charmer Lose?

Ah! Cruel Fate, thus to oppose my Love.
Soft murmurs rises from the wondrous
Reeds;
The plaintive Sounds seem to condemn
The Rashness of my Flame.
O never cease
& Pan with you will join
Lost Syrinx to Lament.
Yet shall her Mem'ry Live;
And these fair Reeds to future times
Transmit her Name & Praise.

- PAN
32 But see! the Goddess comes;
How shall I her resentment meet?

- DIANA
33 Presumptuous God! Am I so little fear'd
That thou so boldly dost my Anger move?
Know'st thou not Cynthia cou'd solicit
Jove,
& from Olympus draw down sure revenge?

PAN
I own thy Pow'r, Celestial Maid,
& dread the tempest of thy Rage.

DIANA
Then, to prevent the threaten'd Storm,
Thy rash offence deplore:
& strictly thy Licentious Sylvans Rule.
So shall Diana be again thy friend,
Forget thy Crime & Syrinx' Loss forgive.

DIANA
 34 Lawless Rage & wild desire
 Do the Lover's Name disgrace,
 But when Virtue fans the fire
 There alone can Love take place.

PAN
 35 O mighty Goddess! To thy will I bend
 Confess my crime, & will my Sylvens Rule.
 & Now that she forgives
 Ye Nymphs, and Sylvens Great Diana
 praise,
 Renew your Sports, & follow in the Chase.

36 Dance of Nymphs and Sylvens

37 Bourrée I & II

CHORUS
 38 Great Diana will we Sing
 'Till the Plains with Echoes ring.
 To her pay the Honours Due,
 & the sprightly chase pursue. exeunt omnes

Finis

PURCELL
 The Masque of Cupid and Bacchus

Enter Shepherds and Nymphs.

39 A Symphony of pipes imitating the chirping
 of Birds.

FIRST NYMPH, SECOND NYMPH
 40 Hark how the Songsters of the Grove
 Sing Anthems to the God of Love.
 Hark how each amrous winged pair
 With Loves' great praises fill the Air.
 On ev'ry side the charming sound
 Does from the hollow woods rebound.

FIRST NYMPH
 41 Love in their little veins inspires
 Their chearfull notes, their soft desires.
 While heat makes Budds or Blossoms spring
 Those pretty couples love and sing.
 But Winter puts out their desire
 And half the year they want Love's fire.

FIRST NYMPH, SECOND NYMPH,
 FOLLOWER OF CUPID
 42 But ah! how much are our delights more
 dear,
 For only human kind love all the year.

Enter the Mænades and Ægipanes.

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD FOLLOWER
 OF BACCHUS
 43 Hence with your trifling Deity.
 A greater we adore,
 Bacchus who allways keeps us free
 From that blind Childish Pow're.
 Love makes you languish and look pale,
 And sneke and sigh and whine.
 But over us no Griefs prevail
 While we have Lusty wine.

CUPID
 44 Come all, come all to me, make haste
 The sweets of mutuall passion taste.
 Come all to me & wear my Chains,
 The Joys of Love without its Pains.

CHORUS
 45 Who can resist such mighty Charmes,
 Victorious Love,
 Whose pow'r controuls the Gods above
 And even the Thunderer disarmes?

BACCHUS
 46 Return revolting Rebels where d'ye goe?
 D'ye know what Phantosm 'tis misleads you
 so,
 To Grief and to Care,
 To Tyranous Chains,
 To Doubt and Dispaire,
 To barbarous Jealousy, misery, slavery,
 To Torments and pains?

CUPID
 47 The Cares of Lovers, their Allarms,
 Their sighs, their tears have Pow'rfull
 Charms.
 & if so sweet their torment is,
 Ye Gods how ravishing the Bliss!
 So soft so gentle is their pain
 'Tis ev'en a pleasure to complain.

FOURTH FOLLOWER OF BACCHUS
 48 Love quickly is pall'd tho' with Labour
 'tis gain'd.

Wine never does cloy, tho' with ease 'tis
 obtain'd.
 We sing while you sigh, we laugh while you
 weep,
 Love robb's you of rest, wine lulls us asleep .

CUPID & BACCHUS, GRAND CHORUS
 49 Come let us agree,
 There are pleasures Divine,
 In wine and in love
 In love and in wine.