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
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
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
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
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 admits of no revealing.

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.

BELINDA and SECOND WOMAN,

DIDO
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
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
Gather’d from Elizian bowers.

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 Triumphing Dance
At the end of the dance, thunder and lightning.

ACT THE SECOND

Scene: The Cave
Enter Sorceress.

SORCERESS
Wayward sisters, you that fright
The lonely traveller by night,
Who like dismal ravens crying
Beat the windows of the dying,
CD311c  •  cd booklet – facing pages – right  •  ccg5.1  •  01 sep 1999

Appear at my call,
And share in the fame
Of a mischief shall make all
Carrthage flame.

Enter Witches.

FIRST WITCH
Say, beldame, what's thy will.

CHORUS
Harm's our delight and mischief all our skill.

SORCERESS
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
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
But ere we this perform,
We'll conjure for a storm
To mar their hunting sport
And drive'rn 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.

Echo Dance
Witches and Furies

Thunder and lightning, browsid 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
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
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
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
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
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
Ruin'd ere the set of sun?
Tell us, how shall this be done?

SORCERESS
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
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.
Aneray 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 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.
Then remember me, but ah! forget my fate.
Cupids appear in the clouds o'er her tomb.

CHORUS
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.

DIDO
29 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.
Then remember me, but ah! forget my fate.
Cupids appear in the clouds o'er her tomb.

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

Exit Syrinx

PAN
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
Gentle Cupid aid my pleasure 
& thy Power I will adore. 
Crown me with this lovely Treasure 
Ino greater Bliss implore.

Exit Pan

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

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

DIANA
Bid the Tuneful cornet Sound 
Each your wonted task obey.
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 & Sylvans)

23 Well do these Sports become Diana’s Train,
And well ye Sylvans, 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 wait some happy moment to approach
Her.
(To Nymphs & Sylvans Again)
Renew your Vocal Mirth,
Again your jocund measures tread:

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 Toil’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 Sylvans.
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,
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 Transformed into Reeds.

PAN (solas)
31 Surprizing 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 sollicit Jove, & from Olimbus draw down sure revenge? 

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

DIANA
Then, to prevent the threatn’d Storm, Thy rash offence deplore: & strictly thy Licentious Sylvars Rule. So shall Diana be again thy friend, Forget thy Crime & Syrinx’ Loss forgive,
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 Rebells where d’ye goe?
D’ye know what Phantoms ‘tis misleads you
so,
To Grief and to Care,
To Tyrannous Chains,
To Doubt and Dispaire,
To barbarous Jealosy, 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’n 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 robs 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.

FIRST NYMPH, SECOND NYMPH
40 Hark how the Songsters of the Grove
Sing Anthems to the God of Love.
Hark how each amorous 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 always 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.

FIRST NYMPH
44 All that is fair, is virtuous, pure,
With Love’s sweet charms we please the Ear.

SECOND NYMPH
45 The Nymphs of Love, in tuneful sound
Do their vows of love to Cupid pour.

BACCHUS
46 Bacchus and Love, our blissful dance,
In love and wine

FIRST NYMPH, SECOND NYMPH
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’n a pleasure to complain.

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

BACCHUS
49 Return revolting Rebells where d’ye goe?
D’ye know what Phantoms ‘tis misleads you
so,
To Grief and to Care,
To Tyrannous Chains,
To Doubt and Dispaire,
To barbarous Jealosy, misery, slavery,
To Torments and pains?

CUPID
50 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
51 Who can resist such mighty Charmes,
Victorious Love,
Whose pow’r controuls the Gods above
And even the Thunderer disarmes?

BACCHUS
52 Return revolting Rebells where d’ye goe?
D’ye know what Phantoms ‘tis misleads you
so,
To Grief and to Care,
To Tyrannous Chains,
To Doubt and Dispaire,
To barbarous Jealosy, misery, slavery,
To Torments and pains?

CUPID
53 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’n a pleasure to complain.

FOURTH FOLLOWER OF BACCHUS
54 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 robs you of rest, wine lulls us asleep.

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