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HENRY

PURCELL

DIDO AND AENEAS

Tragic Opera in Three Acts

Libretto by Nahum Tate, after Virgil
Edited by William H. Cummings

Z. 626

FULL SCORE
(INCLUDES KEYBOARD PART)

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(1)
A N O P E R A

Perform'd at
Mr. JOSIAS PRIEST's Boarding-School at
CHELSEY.

By Young Gentlewomen.

The Words Made by Mr. NAT. TATE.

The Mufick Compos'd by Mr. Henry Purcell.

The PROLOGUE.

Phæbus Rises in the Chariot,
Over the Sea, The *Nereids* out of the Sea.

Phæbus, **F**rom *Aurora's* Spicy Bed,
Phæbus rears his Sacred Head.
His Courfers Advancing,
Curvetting and Prancing.

1. *Nereid*, *Phæbus* strives in vain to Tame 'em,
With *Ambrosia* Fed too high.

2. *Nereid*, *Phæbus* ought not now to blame 'em,
Wild and eager to Survey
The fairest Pageant of the Sea.

Phæbus, *Tritons* and *Nereids* come pay your Devotion

Cho. To the New rising Star of the Ocean.

Venus Descends in her Chariot,
The *Tritons* out of the Sea,
The Tritons Dance.

Nereid, Look down ye Orbs and See
A New Divinity.

Phæ. Whose Lustre does Out-Shine
Your fainter Beams, and half Eclipses mine,
Give *Phæbus* leave to Prophecy.

Phæbus all Events can see.
Ten Thousand Thousand Harmes,
From such prevailing Charmes,
To Gods and Men must instantly Enfue.

Cho. And if the Deity's above,
Are *Victims* of the powers of Love,
What must wretched Mortals do.

Venus) Fear not *Phæbus*, fear not me,
A harmless Deity.

These are all my Guards ye View.
What can these blind Archers do.

Phæ. Blind they are, but strike the Heart,

Ven. What *Phæbus* say's is always true.
They Wound indeed, but 'tis a pleasing smart.

Phæ. Earth and Skies address their Duty,
To the Sovereign Queen of Beauty.

All Resigning,
None Repining

At her undisputed Sway.

Cho, To *Phæbus* and *Venus* our Homage wee'l pay,
Her Charms blest the Night, as his Beams blest the day.

The Nereids Dance. Exit.)

The Spring Enters with her Nymphs. [Scene the Grove.

Ven. See the Spring in all her Glory,

Cho, Welcomes *Venus* to the Shore.

Ven. Smiling Hours are now before you,
Hours that may return no more. [*Exit, Phæ. Ven. Soft Musick*

Spring, Our Youth and Form declare,
For what we were designed.
'Twas Nature made us Fair,
And you must make us kind.
He that fails of Addressing,
'Tis but Just he should fail of Possessing.

The Spring and Nymphs Dance.

Shepherdesses, Jolly Shepherds come away.
To Celebrate this Genial Day,
And take the Friendly Hours you vow to pay.

Now make Trial,
And take no Denial.

Now carry your Game, or for ever give o're.

The Shepherds and Shepherdesses Dance.

Cho. Let us Love and happy Live,
Possess those smiling Hours,
The more auspicious Powers,
And gentle Planets give.
Prepare those soft returns to Meet,
That makes Loves Torments Sweet.

The Nymphs Dance.

Enter

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Enter the Country Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

- He,* Tell, Tell me, prithee *Dolly*,
And leave thy Melancholy,
Why on the Plains, the Nymphs and Swaines,
This Morning are so Jolly.
- She,* By *Zephiroes* gentle Blowing,
And *Venus* Graces Flowing,
The Sun has bin to Court our Queen,
And Tired the Spring with wooing.
- He,* The Sun does guild our Bowers,
She, The Spring does yield us Flowers,
She fends the Vine,
- He,* He makes the Wine,
To Charm our happy Hours.
- She,* She gives our Flocks their Feeding,
He, He makes 'em fit for Breeding.
- She,* She decks the Plain,
He, He fills the Grain,
And makes it worth the Weeding.
- Cho,* But the Jolly Nymph *Tbitis* that long his Love fought,
Has Flustred him now with a large Morning's draught.
Let's go and divert him, whilst he is Mellow,
You know in his Cups he's a Hot-Headed Fellow.

The Countrys Maids Dance.

[*Exit.*

A C T the Firft,

Scene the Palace

Enter Dido and Belinda, and Train.

- Bel.* S Hake the Cloud from off your Brow,
Fate your wishes do Allow.
Empire Growing,
Pleasures Flowing,
Fortune Smiles and so should you,
Shake the Cloud from off your Brow,
- Cho.* Banish Sorrow, Banish Care,
Grief should ne're approach the Fair.
- Dido,* Ah! *Belinda* I am prest,
With Torment not to be Confest.
Peace and I are Strangers grown,
I Languish till my Grief is known,
Yet wou'd not have it Gueft.

Grief

- Bel.* Grief Encreafing, by Concealing,
Dido Mine admits of no Revealing.
- Bel.* Then let me Speak the *Trojan* gueft,
 Into your tender Thoughts has preft.
- 2 Women,* The greateft bleffing Fate can give,
 Our *Carthage* to fecure, and *Troy* revive.
- Cho.* VVhen Monarchs unite how happy their State,
 They Triumph at once on their Foes and their Fate.
- Dido,* VVhence could fo much Virtue Spring,
 VVhat Stormes, what Battels did he Sing.
Anchifes Valour mixt with *Venus's* Charmes,
 How foft in Peace, and yet how fierce in Armes.
- Bel.* A Tale fo strong and full of wo,
 Might melt the Rocks as well as you.
- 2 Women,* VVhat ftubborn Heart unmoved could fee,
 Such Diftrefs, fuch pity.
- Dido,* Mine with Stormes of Care oppreff,
 Is Taught to pity the Diftreff.
 Mean wretches grief can Touch,
 So foft fo fenfible my Breaft,
 But Ah ! I fear, I pity his too much.
- Bel.* Fear no danger to Enfue,
2 Women, The *Hero* Loves as well as you.
- Cho.* Ever Gentle, ever Smiling,
 And the Cares of Life beguiling.
Cupid Strew your path with Flowers,
 Gathered from *Elizian* Bowers.

Dance this Cho.

The Baske.

Æneas Enters with his Train.

- Bel.* See your Royal Gueft appears,
 How God like is the Form he bears.
- Æn.* VVhen Royal Fan fhall I be bleft,
 VVith cares of Love, and State diftrefst.
- Dido.* Fate forbids what you Enfue,
Æneas has no Fate but, you.
 Let *Dido* Smile, and I'le defie,
 The Feeble ftroke of Deftiny.

Cupid

Cho. *Cupid* ony throws the Dart.
That's dreadful to a Warriour's Heart.
And she that VVounds can only cure the Smart.

Æn. If not for mine, for Empire's fake,
Some pity on your Lover take.
Ah! make not in a hopelefs Fire,
A *Hero* fall, and *Troy* once more Empire.

Bel. Pursue thy Conquest, Love—her Eyes,
Confess the Flame her Tongue Denyes.

A Dance Gittars Chacony

Cho. 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.

The Triumphant Dance.

ACT the Second,

Scene the Cave.

Enter *Sorcerefs*.

Sorc. **W**Eyward Sisters you that Fright,
The Lonely Traveller by Night.
VVho like dismal Ravens Crying,
Beat the VVindowes of the Dying.
Appear at my call, and share in the Fame,
Of a Mischiefe shall make all *Carthage* to Flame.

Enter Inchanteresses.

Incha. Say *Beldam* what's thy will,
Harms our Delight and Mischiefe all our Skill,

Sorc. The Queen of *Carthage* whom we hate,
As we do all in prosperous State.
E're Sun set shall most wretched prove,
Deprived of Fame, of Life and Love.

Cho. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, &c.

Incha. Ruin'd e're the Set of Sun,
Tell us how shall this be done.

Sorc. The *Trojan* Prince you know is bound
By Fate to seek *Italian* Ground,
The Queen and He are now in Chase,
Hark, how the cry comes on apace.
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 to Night with all his Fleet away.
Ho, Ho, ho, ho, &c. [*Enter 2 Drunken Saylor's, a Dance*

But

Sorc. But e're we, we this perform.
We'l Conjure for a Storm
To Mar their Hunting Sport,
And drive 'em back to Court.

Cho. In our deep-Vaulted Cell the Charm wee'l prepare,
Too dreadful a Practice for this open Air,

Eccho Dance.

Inchanteresses and Fairees.

Enter Æneas, Dido and Belinda, and their Train.

Scene the Grove.

Bel. Thanks to these Lovesome Vailes,

Cho. These desert Hills and Dales.

So fair the Game, so rich the Sport,

Diana's self might to these Woods Refort.

Gitter Ground a Dance.

2d. Wom. Oft she Visits this Loved Mountain,
Oft she bathes her in this Fountain.

Here *Acteon* met his Fate,

Pursued by his own Hounds,

And after Mortal Wounds.

Discovered, discovered too late.

A Dance to Entertain Æneas, by Dido Vemon.

Æneas, Behold upon my bending Spear,
A Monsters Head stands bleeding.
VVith Tusshes far exceeding,
These did *Venus* Huntsmen Tear.

Dido. The Skies are Clouded, heark how Thunder
Rends the Mountain Oaks afunder.

Haft, haft, to Town this open Field,

No Shelter from the Storm can yield.

[Exit.

} *The Spirit of the Sorceress descends*
{ *to Æneas in likeness of Mercury.*

Spir. Stay Prince and hear great *Joves* Command,
He summons thee this Night away.

Æn. To Night.

Spir. To Night thou must forsake this Land,
The Angry God will brook no longer stay,
Joves Commands thee waft no more,
In Loves delights those precious Hours,
Allowed by the Almighty Powers.
To gain th' *Hesperian* Shore,
And Ruined *Troy* restore.

Æn. *Joves* Commands shall be Obey'd,
To Night our Anchors shall be weighed,

But

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But ah! what Language can I try,
My Injured Queen to pacify.
No sooner she resigns her Heart,
But from her Armes I'm forc't to part.
How can so hard a Fate be took,
One Night enjoy'd, the next forfook.
Your be the blame, ye Gods, for I
Obey your will-but with more Ease cou'd dye.

The Sorceress and her Inchanteress.

Cho. Then since our Charmes 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 afunder.

The Groves Dance.

ACT the Third,

Scene the Ships.

Enter *the Saylor*s.

The Sorceress and her Inchanteress.

Cho. **C**OME away, fellow Saylor your Anchors be
Time and Tide will admit no delaying. (weighing,
Take a Bouze short leave of your Nymphs on the Shore,
And Silence their Morning,
With Vows of returning.
But never intending to Visit them more.

*The Saylor*s Dance.

Sorc. See the Flags and Streamers Curling,
Anchors weighing, Sails unfurling.
Phæbus pale deluding Beames,
Guilding more deceitful Streams.
Our Plot has took,
The Queen forfook, ho, ho, ho.
Elifas ruin'd, ho, ho, ho, next Motion,
Must be to storme her Lover on the Ocean.
From the Ruines of others our pleasure we borrow,
Elifas bleeds to Night, and *Carthage* Flames tomorrow.

Cho. Destruction our delight, delight our greatest Sorrow,
Elifas dyes to Night, and *Carthage* Flames to Morrow.

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

A Dance.

Enter

Enter Dido, Belinda, and Train.

- Dido* Your Council 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.
- Bel.* See Madam where the Prince appears,
Such Sorrow in his Looks he bears, [*Æneas Enters*
- Æn.* As wou'd convince you still he's true,
What shall lost *Æneas* do.
How Royal fair shall I impart,
The Gods 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.
- Æn.* By all that's good,
- Dido* By all that's good no more,
All that's good you have Forsworn.
To your promised Empire fly,
And let forsaken *Dido* dye.
- Æn.* In spite of *Joves* Command I 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* flighted Flame.
For 'tis enough what e're you now decree,
That you had once a thought of leaving me.
- Æn.* Let *Jove* say what he will I'll stay.
- Dido.* Away [*Exit Æn.*
To Death I'll fly, if longer you delay.
But Death, alas? I cannot Shun,
Death must come when he is gone.
- Cho.* Great minds against themselves Conspire,
And shun the Cure they most desire.
- Dido.* Thy Hand *Belinda*, - darkness shades me, { *Cupids* appear in the
On thy Bosom let me rest, { Clouds o're her Tomb.
More I wou'd but Death invades me.
Death is now a Welcom Guest,
When I am laid in Earth my wrongs Create.
No trouble in thy Breast,
Remember me, but ah! forget my Fate.
- Cho.* With drooping Wings you *Cupids* come,
To scatter Roses on her Tomb.
Soft and Gentle as her Heart,
Keep here your Watch and never part. [*Cupids Dance.*

DIDO AND ÆNEAS.

OVERTURE.

Henry Purcell.

Adagio.

Violino 1st. *p*

Violino 2nd. *p*

Viola. *p*

Basso. *p*

PIANO. *p*

ACT I.

Scene. *The Palace. Enter Dido, Belinda, and train.*

Nº 1. SCENA and CHORUS.

Allegretto grazioso. BELINDA.

Soprano. Shake the cloud from off your

Basso. *mf* *p*

PIANO. *mf* *p*

brow, Fate your wish - es dóth al - low; *f* Em - pire

cresc. *f*

grow - ing, Plea - sures flow - - - ing, *p* For - tune smiles and so should

p

you. *f* Shake the cloud from off your brow, *p* shake

f *p*

Nº 2. SONG.

Slow. DIDO. *p*

Soprano. Ah! ah! ah! Be - lin - da, I am prest with

Basso. *p*

PIANO. *p*

p

tor - ment, Ah, ah, ah, Be - lin - da, I am prest with

tor - ment not to be con - fest, Ah, ah, ah, Be - lin - da,

p *f*

I am prest with tor - ment, Ah, ah, ah, Be - lin - da, I am

p

N^o 3. RECIT.

Soprano. *DIDO.*

Soprano. *BELINDA.* Mine admits of no re - veal-ing.

Grief increas-es by con-ceal-ing Then let me speak,

Basso.

PIANO.

The first system of the musical score features four staves. The top staff is for Soprano (Dido), the second for Soprano (Belinda), the third for Bass, and the fourth for Piano. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'DIDO. Mine admits of no re - veal-ing.' and 'BELINDA. Grief increas-es by con-ceal-ing Then let me speak,'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

a tempo

The Tro-jan guest in - to your ten-der thoughts has pressed; The great-est bless - ing

The second system continues the vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'The Tro-jan guest in - to your ten-der thoughts has pressed; The great-est bless - ing'. The tempo marking 'a tempo' is placed above the first staff. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support for the vocalists.

Fate can give, Our Car-thage to se - cure and Troy re - vive, The great-est

The third system continues the vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Fate can give, Our Car-thage to se - cure and Troy re - vive, The great-est'. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support for the vocalists.

bless - ing Fate can give, Our Car - thage to se - cure and Troy re - vive.

The fourth system concludes the vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'bless - ing Fate can give, Our Car - thage to se - cure and Troy re - vive.' The system ends with a double bar line and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord.