

Boston Early Music Festival

Dido and Aeneas

TEXTS AND LIBRETTO

I

Ode

“Welcome, Vicegerent of the mighty King”

Welcome, Vicegerent of the mighty King
That made and governs ev’rything;
Welcome from rural pleasures to the busy throne
In this head city, this imperial town,
The seat and centre of the crown.

Ah! mighty Sir, if you
To such long absence are inclin’d,
Augusta will not stay behind,
But will your guardian light pursue,
And steal from this cold air to follow you,
As birds, when autumn is begun,
Follow the journey of the sun.

But your blest presence now
All we can hope or wish for does allow.

Your influous approach our pensive hope recalls,
While joyful sounds redouble from the walls,
As when Apollo with his sacred lyre,
Did in the Theban stones a harmony inspire.

When the Summer in his glory
Was delightful, warm and gay,
All was but a winter’s story
While our Sov’rign was away;
Now decrepit Winter’s coming,
Yet the presence of a King
Makes him young and still a-blooming,
Turns his autumn into spring.

All loyalty and honour be
To this our mortal deity.

Music, the food of love,
The gentle reliever of care,
Gift of the Pow'r above,
Please with a cheerful air,
Touch with a joyful sound
The sense of a mortal divine;
May his days and his pow'r abound,
By the pow'r of the Une and Trine.

His absence was autumn; his presence is spring,
That ever new life and new pleasure does bring.
Then all that have voices, let 'em cheerfully sing,
And those that have none may say,

“God save the King!”

II

DIDO AND AENEAS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Dido, Queen of Carthage, also known as Eliza
Belinda, her first Lady-in-Waiting
Second Woman of the Bedchamber

The Sorceress
Two Witches
The Spirit of the Sorceress

Aeneas, a Trojan prince
A Trojan sailor

Chorus of Carthaginian courtiers
Chorus of witches
Chorus of hunters
Chorus of sailors

ACT the First

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'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 would not have it Guess'd.

Belinda

Grief Encreasing, by Concealing.

Dido

Mine admits of no Revealing.

Belinda

Then let me Speak. The *Trojan* guest
Into your tender Thoughts has prest.
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?
Achises Valour mixt 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 opprest
Is taught to pity the Distrest,

Mean wretches Grief can Touch,
So soft, so sensible my Breast,
But Ah! I fear, I pity his too much.

Belinda, Second Woman & Chorus

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 path with Flowers,
Gather'd from *Elysian* Bowers.

Dance this Chorus.

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 blest,
With cares of Love and State distrest?

Dido

Fate forbids what you pursue,

Aeneas

Aeneas has no Fate but you.
Let *Dido* smile, and I'll defie,
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

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* once more Expire.

Belinda

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

A Dance

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.

A Dance.

ACT the Second

Enter *Sorceress*.

Sorceress

Weyward 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* to flame.

First Witch

Say, *Beldam*, 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,
E're Sun set shall most wretched prove,
Deprived of Fame, of Life and Love.

Chorus

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

First Witch & Second Witch

Ruin'd e're 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, 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!

A Dance.

First Witch & Second Witch

But e're we this perform,
We'll conjure for a Storm.
To mar their hunting Sport,
And drive 'em back to Court.

Chorus

In our deep vaulted Cell the Charm we'll prepare,
Too dreadful a Practice for this open Air.

A Dance.

The end of the first part.

The second part.

Enter Aeneas, Dido and Belinda, and their Train.

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.

Second Woman

Oft she Visits this lone Mountain,
Oft she bathes her in this Fountain.
Here *Acteon* met his Fate,
Pursued by his own Hounds,
And after Mortal Wounds,
Discover'd, discover'd too late.

A Dance to Entertain Aeneas.

Aeneas

Behold upon my bending Spear
A Monster's Head stands bleeding.
With Tushes far exceeding
These did *Venus*' Huntsmen Tear.

Dido

The Skies are Clouded. Hark how Thunder
Rends the Mountain Oaks asunder.

Belinda & Chorus

Haste, 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 thee 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 Pow'rs.
To gain th' *Hesperian* Shore,
And Ruin'd *Troy* restore.

Aeneas

Jove's Commands 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 forc'd 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 dye.

Exit.

Sorceress, First Witch & Second Witch

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.

A Dance.

ACT the Third

Enter the Sailors.

First Sailor & Chorus

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.

The Sailors Dance.

Sorceress

See the Flags and Streamers curling,
Anchors weighing, Sails unfurling.

First Witch

Phoebe's pale deluding Beams
Gilding o'er deceitful Streams.

First Witch & Second Witch

Our Plot has took,
The Queen's forsook,
Eliza's ruin'd, ho, ho, ho!

Sorceress

Our next Motion,
Must be to storm her Lover on the Ocean.
From the Ruin of others our Pleasure we borrow,
Eliza bleeds tonight, and *Carthage* flames tomorrow.

Chorus

Destruction's our delight, delight our greatest Sorrow,
Eliza dyes tonight, and *Carthage* flames tomorrow.

A Dance.

Enter Dido, Belinda, and Train.

Dido

Your Council 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.

Aeneas Enters.

Belinda

See Madam, see where the Prince appears,
Such Sorrow in his looks he bears,
As would convince you still he's true.

Aeneas

What shall lost *Aeneas* 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.

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* dye.

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* slighted Flame.

For 'tis enough what e're you now decree,
That you had once a thought of leaving me.

Aeneas

Let *Jove* say what he please, I'll stay.

Dido

Away, away. Away, away.

Aeneas

No, no, I'll stay, and Love obey!

Dido

To Death I'll fly, if longer you delay.

Exit Aeneas

Dido

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

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.

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.

Cupids Dance.

III

Ode

“Why, why are all the Muses mute?”

[Second part]

Caesar, for milder virtues honour'd more,
More for his goodness lov'd than dreaded for his pow'r,
Secur'd by his victorious arms,
And safe from any new alarms,
Is now at leisure to dispense
His universal influence,
And let unenvied blessings flow
On his obedient world below.

The many-headed Beast is quell'd at home,
And from abroad obsequious nations come
From Caesar to receive their doom.

In the equal balance laid,
Europe's fate by him is weigh'd.
This or that nation must prevail,
As he thinks fit to turn the scale.

Oh, how blest is the Isle to which Caesar is giv'n,
The glory of Earth, and the darling of Heaven!
His name shall the Muses in triumph rehearse
As long as there's number or music in verse;
His fame shall endure till all things decay,
His fame and the world together shall die,
Shall vanish together away.