

DIDO AND ÆNEAS,

A TRAGIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS,

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COMPOSED BY HENRY PURCELL.

Dramatis Personae.

TREBLES.

DIDO, or ELISSA, Queen of Carthage.
SECOND ATTENDANT.
FIRST WITCH.
SECOND WITCH.
SPIRIT.
ALTO.
ANNA, Sister of Dido.

TENORS.

ÆNEAS, a Trojan Prince.
FIRST ATTENDANT.
SAILOR.

BASS.

SORCERESS.

CHORUS.

CARTHAGINIAN COURTIERS and PEOPLE.
TROJAN WARRIORS.
HUNTERS.
MARINERS and their NYMPHS.
WEIRD SISTERS.

SCENE—*Carthage and its vicinity.*

ACT I.

SCENE.

The Royal Palace in Carthage.

Dido discovered reclining; Anna by her side. Attendants and numerous Courtiers, male and female, surround them.

SONG—ANNA—and CHORUS.

Anna. Shake the cloud from off your brow,
Fate your wishes doth allow;
Empire growing,
Pleasures flowing,
Fortune smiles and so should you.
Chorus. Banish sorrow, banish care,
Grief should ne'er approach the fair.

SONG—DIDO.

Ah! my Anna, I am press'd
With torment not to be express'd;
Peace and I are strangers grown;
I languish till my grief is known,
Yet would not have it guess'd.

RECITATIVE.

Anna. Grief increases by concealing.
Dido. Mine admits of no revealing.
Anna. Then let me speak—the Trojan guest
Into your tender thoughts has press'd—
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!

RECITATIVE.

Dido. 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!

Anna. A tale so strong, so full of woe,
Might melt the rocks as well as you;
What stubborn heart, unmoved, could see
Such distress, such piety!

Dido. Mine, with storms of care oppress'd,
And taught to pity the distress'd,
Mean wretches' grief can touch—
So soft, so sensible my breast—
But, ah! I fear I pity him too much.

DUET,—ANNA and FIRST ATTENDANT—and CHORUS.

Anna and } Fear no danger to ensue,
Attend. } The hero loves as well as you:
Ever gentle, ever smiling,
And the cares of life beguiling,
Cupid strew your path with flowers
Gather'd from Elysian bowers.

Chorus. Fear no danger to ensue,
The hero loves as well as you:
Cupid strew your path with flowers
Gather'd from Elysian bowers.

RECITATIVE.

Anna. See! your royal guest appears—
How god-like is the form he bears!

Enter Æneas with Trojan Soldiers.

Æneas. When, royal fair, shall I be bless'd?
With cares of love and state distress'd—

Dido. Fate forbids what you pursue.

Æneas. Æneas 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 he that wounds can only cure the smart.

RECITATIVE.

Æneas. 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.

AIR—ANNA.

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

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.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A wild and desolate place in the Island of Plataea.

A Sorceress discovered performing her Spells.

RECITATIVE.

Sorceress. Weird 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!
Appear! appear! appear!

Thunder. Enter Witches and Weird Sisters.

First Witch. Say, beldame, say,
What is thy will?

CHORUS.

Harm's our delight,
And mischief all our skill.

RECITATIVE.

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

CHORUS.

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

RECITATIVE.

Fir. & Sec. } Ruin'd ere the set of sun!
Witches. } Tell us how shall this be done?
Sorceress. The Trojan prince, you know, is bound
By Fate to seek the Latian ground;
The queen and he are now in chase.

Hunting music at a distance.

First W. Hark! the cry comes on apace.

Sorceress. But, when they're 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!

DUET—FIRST and SECOND WITCHES.

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

CHORUS.

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

Thunder. Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The plains of Gargaphia, with Diana's fountain.

Enter Anna and Courtiers, habited for the chase.

SONG—ANNA—and 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.

SONG—SECOND ATTENDANT.

Oft she visits this loved mountain,
Oft she bathes her in this fountain ;
Here Actæon met his fate,
Pursued by his own hounds ;
And after mortal wounds
Discover'd too late,
Here Actæon met his fate.

*Enter Æneas, Dido and Hunters, as from the chase ; a formidable
boar's head is borne upon a spear.*

RECITATIVE.

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

Dido. The skies are clouded. [*Thunder.*] Hark ! how thunder
Rends the mountain oaks asunder !

SONG—ANNA—and CHORUS.

Haste to town ! this open field
No shelter from the storm can yield.
Haste, haste, haste !

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The neighbourhood of Carthage, with distant view of the sea.

*Enter Æneas passing towards the city. A Spirit appears, suddenly
interrupting his progress.*

RECITATIVE.

Spirit. Stay, prince, and hear great Jove's command—
He summons thee this night away.

Æneas. Tonight ?

Spirit. Tonight thou must forsake this land,
The angry Gods will brook no longer stay—
Jove commands thee waste no more
In Love's delights those precious hours
Allow'd by the almighty powers
To gain the Latian shore,
And ruin'd Troy restore.

Æneas. Jove's command must be obey'd,
Tonight our anchors shall be weigh'd.

Exit Æneas. The Spirit disappears.

SCENE IV.

The port of Carthage, with the fleet of Æneus at anchor.

Enter a Sailor with several Mariners and their Nymphs.

SONG—SAILOR—and CHORUS.

Come away, fellow-sailors, come away !
Your anchors be weighing,
Time and tide will admit no delaying.
Take a bowsey short leave of your nymphs on the shore,
And silence their mourning
With vows of returning,
Though never intending to visit them more.
Come away, fellow-sailors, come away !

DANCE

of Mariners and their Nymphs.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Island of Platea, as before.

Enter the Sorceress, the two Witches and Weird Sisters.

RECITATIVE.

Sorceress. See, the flags and streamers curling,
Anchors weighing, sails unfurling !

First Witch. Phœbus' pale deluding beams
Gliding o'er deceitful streams !

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

*First & Sec. } Our plot has took,
Witches. } The Queen's forsook.
Elissa's ruin'd ! Ho, ho, ho !*

SONG—FIRST WITCH.

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 bleeds tonight,
 And Carthage flames tomorrow!
 Ho, ho, ho! Ho, ho, ho!

Thunder. Exeunt.

SCENE II.

An open vestibule in the Royal Palace; through the colonnade the city is seen, and a funeral pile ready to be lighted.

Enter Dido disconsolate. Anna follows her, offering consolation. Courtiers and Attendants.

RECITATIVE.

Dido. 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.

Anna. See, sister, where the prince appears;
 Such sorrow in his look he bears
 As should convince you still he's true.

Enter Æneas and Trojans.

Æneas. 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 bank of Nile,
 Weeps the deceitful crocodile;
 Thus, hypocrites, that murder act,
 Make Heaven and Gods the authors of the fact.

Æneas. 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.

Æneas. In spite of Jove's commands 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, whate'er you now decree,
 That you had once a thought of leaving me.

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

Dido. No, no! away, away!

Æneas. I'll stay, and love obey.

Dido. No, no! to death I'll fly if longer you delay;
 Away, away! (*repulsing him.*)

Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.

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.

RECITATIVE.

Dido. Thy hand, my Anna! darkness shades me,
 On thy bosom let me rest;
 More I would, but death invades me,
 Death is now a welcome guest.

AIR—DIDO.

When I am laid in earth, may my wrongs create
 No trouble in thy breast!
 Remember me—but ah! forget my fate.

She stabs herself on the funeral pile which is lighted.

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, never part.

END OF THE OPERA.

CONTENTS.

ACT I.

No.		Page
	OVERTURE	2
{	1. SONG, ANNA—and CHORUS. Shake the cloud from off your brow	4
	2. SONG on a Ground Bass, Dido. Ah! my Anna	6
	3. RECITATIVE. Grief increases by concealing	7
	4. CHORUS. When monarchs unite	8
	5. RECITATIVE. Whence could so much virtue spring?	9
	6. DUET, ANNA and FIRST ATTENDANT—and CHORUS. Fear no danger to ensue	10
	7. RECITATIVE. See, your royal guest appears	13
	8. CHORUS. Cupid only throws the dart	13
	9. RECITATIVE. If not for mine, for empire's sake	15
	10. SONG, ANNA. Pursue thy conquest, Love	15
	11. CHORUS. To the hills and the vales	18

ACT II.

{	12. RECITATIVE (<i>accompanied</i>). Weird sisters, you that fright	23
	13. CHORUS. Harm's our delight	25
	14. RECITATIVE (<i>accompanied</i>). The Queen of Carthage	26
	15. CHORUS. Ho, ho, ho!	26
	16. RECITATIVE (<i>accompanied</i>). Ruin'd ere the set of sun?	27
	17. CHORUS. Ho, ho, ho!	29
	18. DUET, FIRST and SECOND WITCHES. But ere we this perform	30
	19. CHORUS. In our deep-vaulted cell	31
	20. SONG, ANNA—and CHORUS. Thanks to these lonesome vales	33
	21. SONG on a Ground Bass, SECOND ATTENDANT. Oft she visits this lov'd mountain	35
	22. RECITATIVE (<i>accompanied</i>). Behold, upon my bending spear	36
{	23. SONG, ANNA—and CHORUS. Haste to town	37
	24. RECITATIVE. Stay, prince, and hear great Jove's command	40
	25. SONG, SAILOR—and CHORUS. Come away, fellow-sailors	40
	26. DANCE	45

ACT III.

{	27. RECITATIVE. See, the flags and streamers curling	45
	28. SONG, FIRST WITCH. Our next motion	46
	29. CHORUS. Destruction's our delight	47
	30. RECITATIVE. Your counsel all is urged in vain	50
	31. RECITATIVE. But death, alas! I cannot shun	52
{	32. CHORUS. Great minds against themselves conspire	52
	33. RECITATIVE. Thy hand, my Anna	54
	34. SONG on a Ground Bass, Dido. When I am laid in earth	54
	35. CHORUS. With drooping wings, ye Cupids, come	56

. The Editor conjectures certain portions of the above to be so connected, by dramatic situation, by relationship or in some cases identity of key, and by general unity of character, as to form complete musical Scenes or lengthened pieces of several movements: he thinks it desirable to point out this probable connection, for the observation of it enhances the dramatic interest of the work, and will facilitate the selection of pieces for isolated performance; he has therefore marked them with brackets.