

TRACK INFORMATION

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LIBRETTO

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Purcell **Dido & Aeneas**

FLEUR BARRON · MATTHEW BROOK · GIULIA SEMENZATO
TIM MEAD · NICKY SPENCE · LA NUOVA MUSICA · DAVID BATES

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Dido & Aeneas (1688) opera in a prologue and three acts
 Libretto by Nahum Tate, based on Book IV of Virgil's *Aeneid*

1	Overture	3. 15
Act 1		
2	Shake the cloud - Banish Sorrow	1. 07
3	Ah! Belinda	4. 27
4	Grief increases by concealing - When Monarchs unite - When could so much virtue spring	2. 30
5	Fear no danger - See, your royal guest appears	2. 23
6	Cupid only throws the dart - If not for mine for Empire's sake - Persue thy conquest Love	1. 58
7	To the hills and the vales - The Triumphant Dance	2. 28
Act 2		
8	Prelude for the Witches	0. 47
9	Wayward sisters - Harm's our delight	1. 22
10	The queen of Carthage - Ho, Ho, Ho	0. 42
11	Ruined ere the set of Sun! - The trojan Prince - Ho, Ho, Ho	1. 08
12	But ere we this perform - In our deep vaulted cell - Dance	3. 37
13	The Grove - Thanks to these lonesome vales	3. 45
14	Gitter Ground at Dance - Often she visits	3. 01

15	Behold, apon my bending spear - The skies are coloured - Haste haste to town	3. 01
16	Stay Prince	2. 44

Act 3

17	The Sailors Dance	2. 17
18	See, See the flags - Our next motion - Destruction's our delight	2. 01
19	The Witches' dance	2. 12
20	Your counsel all is urged in vain - Great minds	4. 59
21	Thy Hand Belinda	0. 53
22	When I am laid	3. 28
23	With drooping wings	5. 16
Total playing time:		57. 33

Dido	Fleur Barron , mezzo-soprano
Aeneas	Matthew Brook , bass-baritone
Belinda	Giulia Semenzato , soprano
Sorceress	Avery Amereau , alto
Second Lady	Hilary Cronin , soprano
Sailor	Nicky Spence , tenor
Spirit	Tim Mead , countertenor
First Witch	Helen Charlston , mezzo-soprano
Second Witch	Martha McLorinan , mezzo-soprano

La Nuova Musica
David Bates, artistic director & organ



La Nuova Musica

Violin 1 Matthew Truscott, Agata Daraskaite, Kirra Thomas, Henry Tong

Violin 2 Simon Jones, Davina Clarke, Jorge Jiménez, Conor Gricmanis

Viola Jane Rogers, Jim O'Toole

Cello Alex Rolton, Lucy Scotchmer, Gavin Kibble, Jacob Garside

Oboe & recorder Leo Duarte, Sarah Humphrys

Theorbo & guitar Sergio Bucheli

Theorbo Karl Nyhlin

Harp Joy Smith

Harpsichord & organ Silas Wollston

Harpsichord David Bates

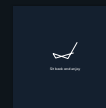
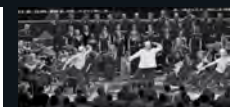
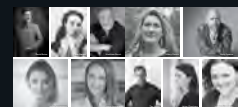
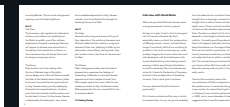
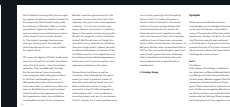
Percussion Elsa Bradley, Zands Duggan

Soprano Hilary Cronin, Alexandra Kidgell, Rosanna Wicks, Amy Wood

Alto Helen Charlston, David Clegg, Matthew Farrell, Martha McLorinan

Tenor Jeremy Budd, Ben Vonberg-Clark, Richard Dowling

Bass Jonathan Arnold, James Arthur, Philip Tebb



“The only perfect English opera” Henry Purcell’s *Dido and Aeneas*

Dido and Aeneas is Purcell’s single most famous work. Familiar to audiences long before the rediscovery in recent decades of Monteverdi and Handel, it is also the best-known opera to have been composed before Mozart. And, for good measure, it is probably the world’s favourite opera in English.

These are heavy burdens for such a relatively small-scale work to bear, and the weight of them has undoubtedly distorted perception of its place in the composer’s output. In Purcell’s time, through-composed operas in which the entire text was sung were rare in England, where the dominant musico-dramatic form mixed music with speech. This latter type of opera (known today by the term ‘semi-opera’) was the one that was regularly seen on the professional stage and carried the most prestige, and it was on Purcell’s own semi-operas — *Dioclesian*,

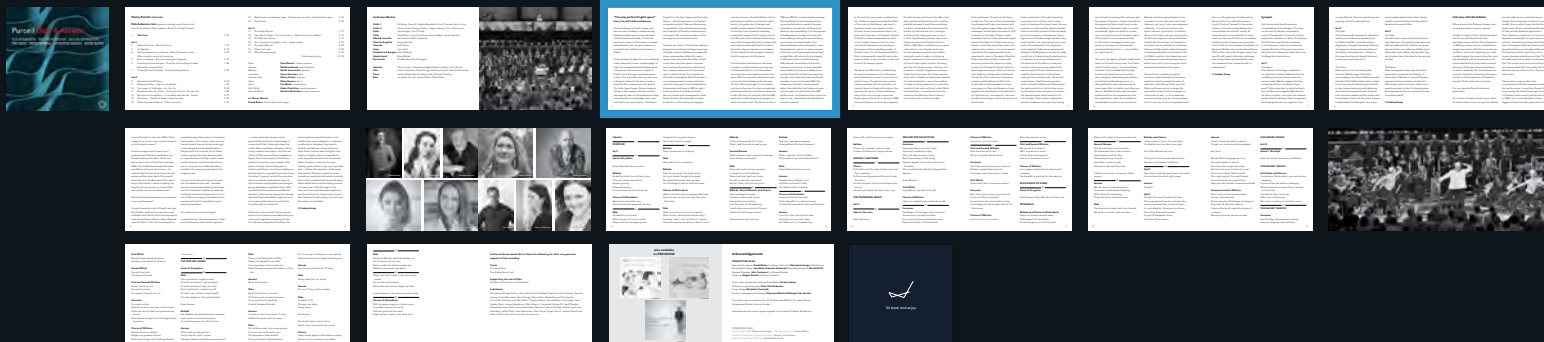
King Arthur, *The Fairy Queen* and *The Indian Queen* — that his reputation as a theatre composer was built. *Dido and Aeneas* was composed for more intimate surroundings, and those few of Purcell’s contemporaries who knew it did not even consider it to be among his most important works.

The idea, too, that in it Purcell was making a brave but vain attempt to forge a new type of English opera is a dubious one, especially when one remembers that all his semi-operas were composed after *Dido*. Purcell, no less than any other opera composer, was an eminently practical musician and this, it seems, was a one-off work served up for a particular set of circumstances that were not repeated. What those exact circumstances were, however, is far from clear. For many years it was accepted that the premiere took place in 1689 at a girls’ boarding school in Chelsea run by the dancing master and choreographer Josias Priest, and that this essentially amateur production, performed by teenage girls,

was the only one in Purcell’s lifetime. Such a performance could account for the work’s brevity, its slender role for Aeneas, and possibly certain aspects of the treatment of the story. It also presents a pleasing conjectural image of Priest inviting some of his influential London theatre friends along, and of their being sufficiently impressed with what they heard to ask Purcell to write for the public stage. It may be no coincidence that his theatrical career began in earnest the following year with *Dioclesian*.

That the school performance took place is certain, since the earliest surviving copy of the libretto tells us so, but the earliest surviving score was copied more than forty years after the composer’s death and does not say that the Chelsea production was the first. More worryingly, it is incomplete and shows the scars of a more complicated performance history, one that was brief and brutal. We know, for instance, that the 1689 production had an allegorical prologue, for which the music is lost. We also know that in

1700 and 1704 the London theatre manager Thomas Betterton had the opera broken up and performed as a series of musical interludes in a production of *Measure for Measure*, accommodating it to the purposes of Shakespeare’s comedy with some skill but reordering it along the way and doing who-knows-what-else besides. Such free-handedness with existing texts — even Shakespeare’s — was by no means unusual at the time, and the procedure did at least provide *Dido* with almost its only staging in 200 years. How much this tinkering affected later transmission of the work, however, is not known. In recent decades the possibility has been mooted by some scholars that *Dido* is older than previously thought, and might have been performed privately at court in the early 1680s. The evidence put forward is circumstantial rather than definitive, but it gives us cause to think again, for what if even the 1689 performance — and therefore the score as we know it now — was itself much altered from an earlier original?



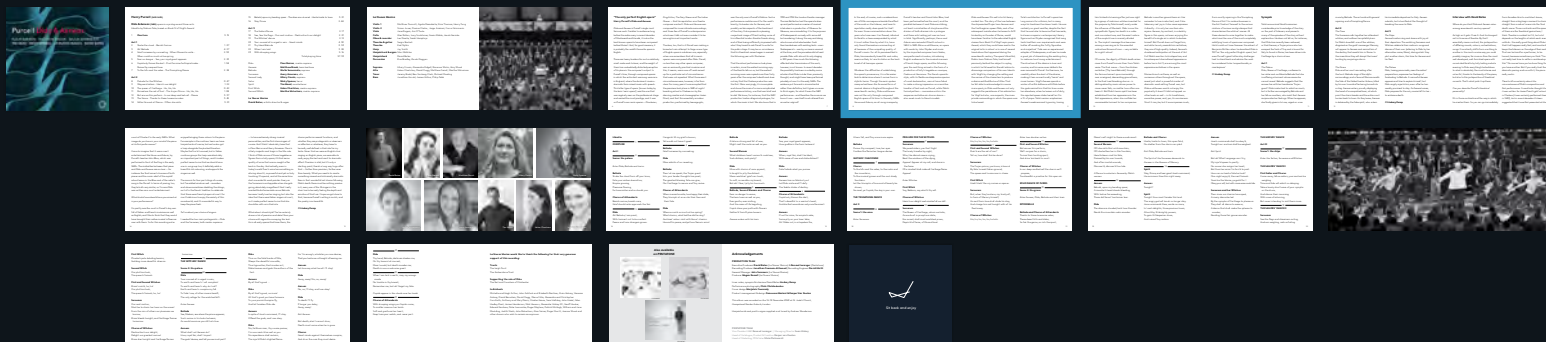
In the end, of course, such considerations are of little consequence beside the effect of the work on the listener, and here its reputation really does speak for itself. For even those commentators down the years who have seen it as flawed, ridiculed its libretto or been exasperated by what it is not rather than by what it is, have only found themselves commenting at all because of the compelling quality of Purcell's music. For all its perceived faults *Dido*, transcendently beautiful and noble, seems unlikely to lose its status as the best-loved of all baroque operas.

Whatever the difficulties of establishing the opera's provenance, it is a far easier task to determine where it comes from in stylistic terms. Though the semi-spoken masque had been the favoured form of musical drama in England throughout the seventeenth century, *Dido and Aeneas* was not the only through-composed English opera of its time. In the early 1680s *Venus and Adonis*, an all-sung masque by

Purcell's teacher and friend John Blow, had been performed before the court, and the parallels between it and *Dido* are striking, not least in similarities of storyline and the division of both dramas into a prologue and three acts lasting just over an hour in total. Significantly, perhaps, *Venus and Adonis* was revived at Priest's school in 1684. In 1685 *Albion and Albanus*, an opera with words by John Dryden and music by the imported composer Louis Grabu, was performed in London, introducing English audiences to the musical manners of French tragic opera, and the following year the real thing arrived in the form of a production of Lully's *tragédie en musique*, *Cadmus et Hermione*. The French operatic style, with its flexible and expressive species of vocal declamation, cannot have failed to make a strong impression on a sensitive handler of text such as Purcell, while *Dido's* formal pattern — successive units in the sequence recitative-air-chorus-dance — also owed much to French models.

Dido and Aeneas fits well into its literary context too. The story of the love between the shipwrecked Trojan hero Aeneas and the Carthaginian queen Dido, and of her subsequent suicide when he leaves to fulfil his destiny as founder of Rome, would have been familiar to the educated English classes from Book IV of Virgil's epic poem *Aeneid*, which they could have read in the original Latin in school or in one of several translations that appeared during the seventeenth century. The opera's librettist, Dublin-born Nahum Tate, had himself previously tackled the subject in a play, in which he followed his friends' advice to discourage comparison of his own talents with Virgil's by changing the setting and the names of the characters to produce a drama entitled *Brutus of Alba*. That he felt able to acknowledge his source more openly in *Dido and Aeneas* not only suggests the persistence of his admiration for Virgil but also, one suspects, the more private surroundings in which the opera was to be heard.

Tate's contribution to Purcell's opera has long come in for criticism, but in many ways his treatment has been harsh. He was certainly no great versifier, despite the fact that he was later to become Poet Laureate, but even a superior contemporary literary figure such as Dryden recognised that sung texts had their own requirements and were better off avoiding the 'lofty, figurative and majestic'. Tate was an experienced adapter of Shakespeare, and here he made a good job of streamlining the existing story to make an hour's sung entertainment. The structure of the drama is clear and concise, and his verse never defeats the ever-resourceful Purcell. Furthermore, he carefully alters the slant of the drama, making it less conventionally 'heroic' and more human. Virgil's Aeneas spends a winter of lustful dalliance with Dido before the gods remind him that his true course lies elsewhere; when he leaves out of duty, the rejected queen stabs herself as if in a fit of pique. Tate's version emphasises Aeneas's weakness and hypocrisy, having



him tricked into leaving after just one night by a group of malicious witches invented for the purpose by Tate himself, surely under the influence of *Macbeth*. Dido is now the sympathetic figure; her death is a noble and non-violent one, and the exact nature of the couple's love is scarcely alluded to. The implicit message thus becomes among a warning as to the essential untrustworthiness of men — very suitable for a girls' school!

Of course, the dignity of Dido's death arises more from Purcell's music than from Tate's verse. The final scene — from the stricken recitative ('Thy hand Belinda') through the famous lament spun memorably over a resigned, descending ground bass, to the final heartbreaking chorus — is distinguished by music whose power to move never fails, no matter how often one hears it. But Dido's heroic spirit has been established from her appearance in the first appearance, when she confides her unnameable torment to her companion

Belinda in another ground-bass air. Her surrender to love is reluctant, and if she takes any real joy in it she never expresses it directly — it is only her courtiers who rejoice. Aeneas, by contrast, is a sketchy figure in this opera, not even enjoying the benefit of a single air in which to declare himself. But Purcell does not forget him, and while he only awards him recitatives, they are of high quality. Indeed, Aeneas's chastened anticipation at the end of Act 2 of Dido's reaction to his departure, and his subsequent shamefaced appearance before her in Act 3, are among the most expressive recitatives in the opera.

Moments such as these, as well as numerous others throughout the opera, reveal just what a powerful master of dramatic word-setting Purcell was, but *Dido and Aeneas* would not enjoy the popularity it does if it did not appeal on other levels as well — in its tunefulness, evocative power, and, yes, its conciseness. Short it may be, but it encompasses much,

from courtly rejoicing in the Triumphant Dance of Act 1 to rumbustiousness in the Act 3 sailors' farewell to the curious mixture of humour and grotesque that characterises the witches' scenes. All these elements come together to make what must be one of the most completely satisfying hours of opera ever composed. Holst could not have foreseen the advent of Benjamin Britten when he described *Dido* in 1927 as 'the only perfect English opera', but even Purcell's great latter-day challenger had to stand back and admire the work he considered to be 'unquestionably a masterpiece'.

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Synopsis

Tate's economical libretto assumes considerable prior knowledge of the story on the part of listeners, and presents many of the episodes of the story without explanation. He does not tell us, for instance, that Dido has recently been widowed, or that Aeneas, a Trojan prince who has escaped the Sack of Troy and is bound for Italy to found in Rome, has been driven into Carthage by a storm at sea.

Act 1

The Palace

Dido, Queen of Carthage, confesses to her sister and confidante Belinda that she is suffering a torment whose cause she cannot reveal. Belinda suggests that the answer lies with her handsome 'Trojan guest'. Dido is reluctant to admit as much, but is further encouraged by Belinda and her fellow courtiers, who insist that Aeneas reciprocates her feelings. When he appears, she finally gives in to love, urged on once



more by Belinda. The act ends with general rejoicing and a Triumphant Dance.

Act 2

The Cave

The Sorceress calls together her attendant witches, and outlines her spiteful plans for Dido's downfall: one of the witches, disguised as the gods' messenger Mercury, will appear to Aeneas and remind him of the destiny that awaits him in Rome. In the meantime they will disrupt the lovers' hunting by conjuring a storm.

The Grove

Dido and her court are resting after the hunt. Belinda sings of the idyllic surroundings, and a Second Woman recalls the fate of the fabled hunter Acteon, killed by his own hounds after being turned into a stag. Aeneas enters, proudly displaying the head of a vanquished boar, at which point the storm breaks and the entire court hurries back to town. As they leave, Aeneas is detained by the false spirit, who orders

his immediate departure for Italy. Aeneas submits, but is horrified at the thought of breaking the news to Dido.

Act 3

The Ships

Aeneas's sailors sing and dance with joy at their departure. The watching Sorceress and Witches celebrate their malice in songs and dances of their own (referring to Dido by her alternative name, Elissa), during which they plot another storm, this time for Aeneas and his fleet.

The Palace

Dido, having presumably seen the sailors' preparations, expresses her feelings of foreboding to Belinda. A sorrowful Aeneas appears and tries to explain himself, but Dido angrily rejects him, even after he has weakly promised to stay. As Aeneas leaves, Dido prepares for the only course left to her – to embrace death.

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Interview with David Bates

Where do you think Dido and Aeneas rates among seventeenth-century operas?

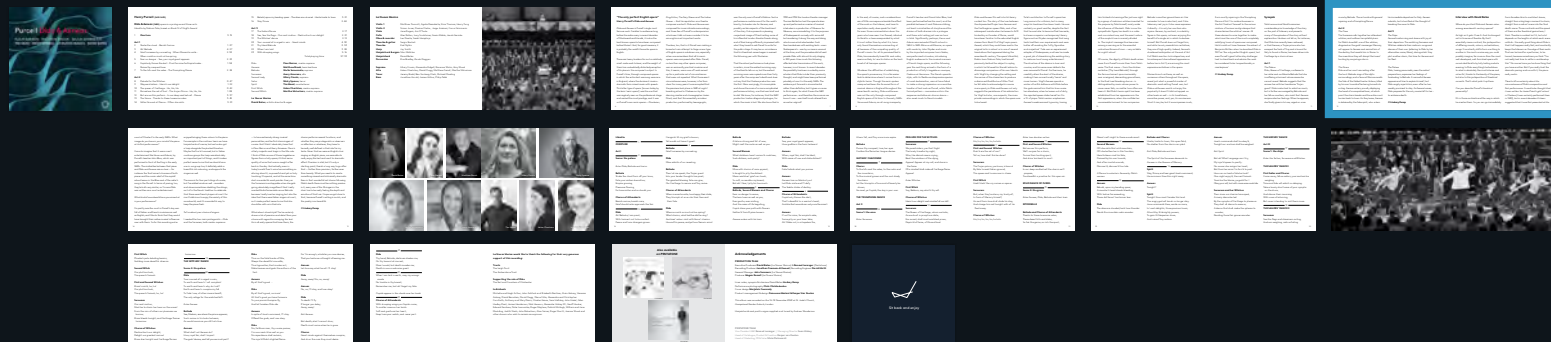
As high as it gets. Class A. And its strongest suit is its sense of theatre. By that I essentially mean contrast, the juxtaposition of differing moods, colours, orchestrations, songs. It constantly shifts from one thing to another in the most concise way you could possibly imagine, far more so than the most well-developed, well-furnished opera with convoluted libretto by Lully lasting a whole evening. In *Dido* everything's boiled down to what is absolutely the most intense and colourful, thanks to the brevity of the piece, but also to this juxtaposition of theatrical conceits. That's what puts it up there.

Can you describe Purcell's theatrical personality?

It's in those contrasts and the way in which he creates them. So you can go immediately

from Arcadian bliss to a witches' dance, straight from a big tragic moment to storm, straight from a sailors' scene into the final death scene. Those contrasts and the speed of them are the theatrical genius here, I think. Theatre is contrast isn't it, but a lot depends on the lengths at which each scene unfolds – the really good thing about *Dido* is that it all happens really fast, and constantly keeps the listeners on the edge of their seats. That can be hard for a performer, to be honest, because sometimes you think "I've not really had time to settle in and develop this." No sooner have you had one thing that you have another. But if you really trust the dramatic pacing and run with it, the piece really works.

There's still uncertainty about the circumstances of Dido's composition and first performance. It used to be thought that it was written for Josias Priest's girls' school in Chelsea (it was certainly performed there in 1689), but in recent decades it's been suggested that it was first presented at the



court of Charles II in the early 1680s. What image do you have in your mind of the piece at its first performance?

I have to imagine that it was a court entertainment like *Venus and Adonis*, by Purcell's teacher John Blow, which was performed in front of the King in the early 1680s. The similarities between that piece and *Dido and Aeneas* are so clear — for instance the final lament choruses of both pieces and the comic relief of the cupids' school lesson in the Blow and of the sailor's song in the Purcell. In terms of pacing, too, they're both very similar, so I'm sure *Dido* was written as a court entertainment.

What kind of soundworld have you aimed at in your performance?

I'm pretty sure the court in Purcell's day was full of Italian and French musicians as well as English, and I like to think that they would have brought their native musical influences over with them. So for this recording we've

enjoyed bringing those colours to the piece. For example in the continuo team we have harpsichords of course, but we've also got a harp alongside the plucked theorbos. Maybe that's a bit unusual, but in Italian continuo groups the harp was absolutely an important part of things, and it makes perfect sense to me that we should have one in our group too; it definitely adds a beautiful rich colouring, and supports the singers as well.

The score is for four-part stings of course, but I've added winds as well — recorders and oboes sometimes doubling the strings, sort of in the French tradition to celebrate that there were French players at court. For me it's delicious to enjoy the variety of this soundworld, and it's a wonderful way to keep the piece fresh.

Tell us about your choice of singers.

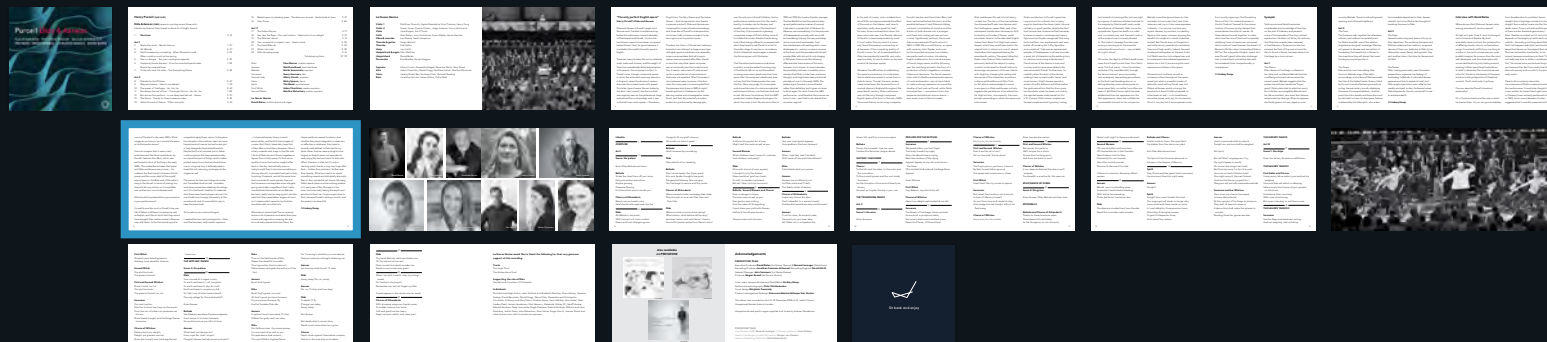
I needed the two main protagonists — Dido and the Sorceress, both mezzo-sopranos

— to have extremely strong musical personalities, and be first-class singers of course. And I think I absolutely have that in Fleur Barron and Avery Amereau. Fleur is utterly majestic and tragic in the title-role. I think of Dido as one of those *tragédienne* figures from a Lully opera; it's that same quality of voice that was so sought-after back in the day. And actually, even in today's world Fleur's voice has something so alluring about it, so powerful and yet so truly touching. It's special, and at the same time she's a wonderful word-painter. Avery as the Sorceress is unstoppable when she gets going, absolutely magnificent! And I really wanted Giulia Semenzato as our Belinda because I really love her singing, but also the idea that there were Italian singers at court, so it made perfect sense to me that she should be with us in that role.

What about choral style? You've certainly drawn a lot of precision and detail from your chorus with regard to conveying the text. As in all early operas that have them, the

chorus performs several functions, and whether they are protagonists or observers or reflectors or whatever, they have to be really well defined in that role for my taste. Given that we were an English choir singing an English piece, we were able to really enjoy the text and use it to dramatic effect. Precision is vital, but it's only a starting-point; there's a long way to go after that — further than precision, further even than beauty. What you need is to create something visceral and intrinsically dramatic. Even in that wonderful last chorus following Dido's death there must be nothing passive in it; every one of the 14 singers in the choir has to be really feeling the depth and emotion of that loss. I hope we got close to that, because Purcell's writing is so rich, and the poetry is so beautiful.

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David Bates



Fleur Barron



Matthew Brook



Hilary Cronin



Nicky Spence



Giulia Semenzato



Avery Amereau



Tim Mead



Helen Charlston



Martha McLorinan



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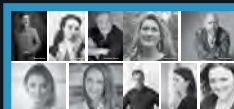


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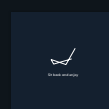
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Libretto

_____ 1 _____
OVERTURE

Act I

_____ 2 _____
Scene: the palace

Enter Dido, Belinda and trains

Belinda

Shake the cloud from off your brow,
 Fate your wishes does allow;
 Empire growing,
 Pleasures flowing,
 Fortune smiles and so should you.

Chorus of Attendants

Banish sorrow, banish care,
 Grief should ne'er approach the fair.

_____ 3 _____

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 guest.

_____ 4 _____

Belinda

Grief increases 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 of Attendants

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 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 distress.
 Mean wretches' grief can touch,
 So soft, so sensible my breast,
 But ah! I fear, I pity his too much.

_____ 5 _____

Belinda, Second Woman and Chorus

Fear no danger to ensue,
 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.

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 distress?

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.

_____ 6 _____

Chorus of Attendants

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 denies.

GUITARS' CHACONNE

_____ 7 _____

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.

THE TRIUMPHING DANCE

Act II

_____ 8 _____

Scene 1: the cave

Enter Sorceress

PRELUDE FOR THE WITCHES

_____ 9 _____

Sorceress

Wayward sisters, you that fright
The lonely traveller by night,
Who, like dismal ravens crying,
Beat the windows of the dying,
Appear! Appear at my call, and share in
the fame
Of a mischief shall make all Carthage flame.
Appear!

Enter Witches

First Witch

Say, Beldam, say what's thy will.

Chorus of Witches

Harm's our delight and mischief all our skill.

_____ 10 _____

Sorceress

The Queen of Carthage, whom we hate,
As we do all in prosp'rous state,
Ere sunset, shall most wretched prove,
Depriv'd of fame, of life and love!

Chorus of Witches

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! etc.

_____ 11 _____

First and Second Witches

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! 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 of Witches

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! etc.

Enter two drunken sailors

_____ 12 _____

First and Second Witches

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

Chorus of Witches

In our deep vaulted cell the charm we'll
prepare,
Too dreadful a practice for this open air.

ECHO DANCE OF FURIES

_____ 13 _____

Scene 2: the grove

Enter Aeneas, Dido, Belinda and their train

RITORNELLE

Belinda and Chorus of Attendants

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.

_____ 14 _____

Second Woman

Oft she visits this lov'd mountain,
Oft she bathes 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

_____ 15 _____

Aeneas

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

Dido

The skies are clouded, hark how thunder
Rends the mountain oaks asunder.

Belinda and Chorus

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

Exit Dido, Belinda and train

The Spirit of the Sorceress descends to Aeneas in the likeness of Mercury

_____ 16 _____

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 powers,
To gain th'Hesperian shore,
And ruined Troy restore.

Aeneas

Jove's commands shall be obey'd,
Tonight our anchors shall be weighed.

Exit Spirit

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 die.

Sorceress and her Witches

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.

THE GROVES' DANCE

Act III

_____ 17 _____

Scene 1: the ships

Enter the Sailors, Sorceress and Witches

THE SAILORS' DANCE I

First Sailor and Chorus

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

_____ 18 _____

THE SAILORS' DANCE II

Sorceress

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





Instrument	Player
Conductor	[Name]
Violin I	[Name]
Violin II	[Name]
Viola	[Name]
Cello	[Name]
Double Bass	[Name]
Harmonium	[Name]
Harpsichord	[Name]
Harp	[Name]
Flute	[Name]
Oboe	[Name]
Bassoon	[Name]
Clarinets	[Name]
Saxophones	[Name]
Trumpets	[Name]
Trombones	[Name]
Tuba	[Name]
Drum Set	[Name]
Timpani	[Name]
Other Percussion	[Name]



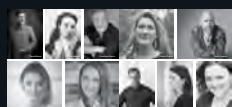
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First Witch

Phoebe's pale deluding beams,
Guiding more deceitful streams.

Second Witch

Our plot has took,
The queen's forsook.

First and Second Witches

Elissa's ruin'd, ho, ho!
Our plot has took,
The queen's forsook, ho, ho!

Sorceress

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 of Witches

Destruction's our delight,
Delight our greatest sorrow!
Elissa dies tonight and Carthage flames

tomorrow.

_____ 19 _____
THE WITCHES' DANCE

Scene 2: the palace

_____ 20 _____
Dido

Your counsel all is urged in vain,
To earth and heav'n I will complain!
To earth and heav'n why do I call?
Earth and heav'n conspire my fall.
To Fate I sue, of other means bereft,
The only refuge for the wretched left.

Enter Aeneas

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 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 resolv'd 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, away! No, no, away!

Aeneas

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

Dido

To death I'll fly
If longer you delay;
Away, away!

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.



21

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.

22

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 over her tomb

23

Chorus of Attendants

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.

La Nuova Musica would like to thank the following for their very generous support of this recording:

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The Amberstone Trust

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The Earl and Countess of Chichester

Individuals

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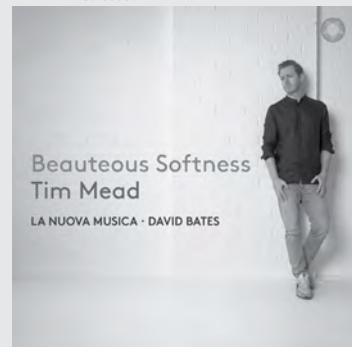
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Sit back and enjoy

