



*Concert of  
Choral and Orchestral  
Music*

Presented by CHESTERFIELD SCHOOL  
at the Co-operative Hall, Chesterfield,  
on Tuesday, March 6th, at 7 p.m.

# DIDO AND AENEAS

Words by—Nahum Tate.

Music by—Henry Purcell

This is one of the earliest English operas. It was written for and first performed at a girls' school in Chelsea in 1689 but there is no record of a second performance until 1895 when it was given by the students of the Royal College of Music. The music is continuous throughout.

## PRINCIPALS :

DIDO OR ELISSA	..	..	..	{	S. HARRIS
					D. MORRISON
					D. PEXTON
BELINDA, a lady in waiting	..	..	..	{	P. HOOLEY
					D. STOCK
SORCERESS	..	..	..	{	K. BRUNT
					D. CAVE
FIRST WITCH	..	..	..		J. HUNT
SECOND WITCH	..	..	..		T. SMEDLEY
SPIRIT	..	..	..		S. FAWCETT
AENEAS, a Trojan Prince	..	..	..		D. ALLSOP
A SAILOR	..	..	..		A. BACK
CHESTERFIELD SCHOOL CHOIR					
Pianists	..	..	..	{	MR. J. HALL
					MR. K. S. MCKAY

## THE STORY.

### SCENE I. *Dido's Palace.*

Dido, or Elissa, Queen of Carthage is tormented by her love for Aeneas. Belinda, a lady in waiting, tries to cheer her with the solo, "Shake the cloud from off your brow." This is emphasised by the chorus, "Banish sorrow, banish care." Belinda suggests (and the chorus support her) a Royal Wedding between "Dido and Aeneas" and encourages her to "Fear no danger to ensue." Aeneas enters and the chorus frivolously sing of Cupid and the triumphs of love.

### SCENE II. *A Cave.*

The sorceress and her attendant witches are chuckling over Dido's forthcoming fate which they have prepared. They decide to send a messenger disguised as Mercury to hasten the departure from Carthage of Aeneas and to conjure up a storm to spoil the sport of Dido and Aeneas who are hunting.



SCENE III. **A grove.**

Dido and Aeneas are resting. Homage is paid to Diana, Goddess of hunting. Aeneas boasts of his successes in the hunt but is rudely interrupted by Dido's shouts of the approaching storm. Belinda and the chorus cry, "Haste, haste to town," but Aeneas is detained by the Spirit (disguised as Mercury) warning and persuading him to leave Carthage that night.

SCENE IV. **The ships.**

The sailors accompanying Aeneas boisterously sing of their imminent departure. The Sorceress and the Witches are delighted at their success. But Dido, believing Aeneas to be completely unfaithful cries, "Away! Away!" when he is inclined to change his mind and remain with her. Dido prostrate with grief, sings of her approaching death, "When I am laid in earth." She stabs herself, and the chorus quietly invoke the Cupids to guard her tomb.

THE WORDS.

SCENE I.

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! Ah! Belinda  
I am prest with torment  
Not to be coniest.  
Peace and I are strangers grown,  
I languish till my grief is known,  
Yet would not have it guessed,  
Peace and I are strangers grown.

BELINDA.

Grief increases by concealing

DIDO.

Mine admits of no revealing.

BELINDA.

Then let me speak :  
The Trojan guest into your tender heart 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 ?  
Anchises' valour mixed with Venus' charms,  
How soft, 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,  
What stubborn heart unmoved  
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 AND CHORUS.

Fear no danger to pursue,  
The hero loves as well as you,  
Cupid strew your path with flowers  
Gathered from Elysian bowers.

BELINDA.

See, 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 defy  
The feeble stroke of Destiny.

CHORUS.

Cupid only throws the dart that's dreadful, dreadful to a warriors  
heart,  
And she that wounds  
Can only cure the smart.

AENEAS.

If not for me, 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,  
Pursue thy conquest love.

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.*



SCENE II. THE CAVE.

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 a fame  
Of a mischief shall make all Carthage flame.  
Appear!

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,  
Ere sunset shall most wretched prove.  
Deprived of fame, of life and love.

CHORUS.

Ho! Ho! Ho!

1ST WITCH AND 2ND WITCH.

Ruined 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 will all his fleet away.

CHORUS.

Ho! Ho! Ho!

1ST AND 2ND WITCH.

But ere 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.

*ECHO DANCE OF FURIES.*

SCENE III. THE GROVE.

BELINDA 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.

DIDO.

Of she visits this lone mountain,  
Of she bathes her in this fountain,  
Here, Actæon met his fate,  
Pursued by his own hounds,  
And after mortal wounds,  
Discovered too late ;  
Actæon met his fate.

AENEAS.

Behold, upon my bending spear  
A monster 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.

SPIRIT.

Stay ! Prince, and here 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  
Allowed by the almighty power to gain the Latian shore  
And ruined Troy restore.

AENEAS.

Jove's commands shall be obeyed,  
To-night our anchors shall be weighed.  
But ah ! what language could I try  
My injured 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 enjoyed, the next forsook !  
Yours be the blame ye gods,  
For I obey your will,  
But with more ease could die.

#### SCENE IV. THE SHIPS.

SAILOR AND 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  
And never intending to visit them more.

#### SAILORS' DANCE.

SORCERESS.

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



1ST WITCH.

Phoebe's pale deluding beams  
Gliding o'er deceitful streams.

2ND WITCH.

Our plot has took,  
The Queen's forsook !  
Elissa's ruined,  
Ho ! 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.

Destruction our delight,  
Delight our greatest sorrow,  
Elissa dies to-night  
And Carthage flames tomorrow.  
Ho ! Ho ! Ho !

*DANCE OF WITCHES AND SAILORS.*

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.

BELINDA.

See, Madam, 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 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 commands I'll stay,  
Offend the Gods and love obey.

DIDO.

No, faithless man thy course pursue.  
I'm now resolved as you.  
No repentance shall reclaim  
The injured Dido's slighted flame,  
For 'tis enough what e'er you now decree  
That you had once a thought of leaving me.

ARNEAS.

Let Jove say what he will  
I'll stay, and love obey.

DIDO.

No! No! Away! Away!  
To death I'll fly if longer you delay. Away! Away!  
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, never part.

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INTERVAL—10 MINUTES.

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### THE ORCHESTRA

A. E. BACK, A. BERRESFORD, R. BALE, G. CROOKES, A. S. FAWCETT, D. FRYER,  
A. HARWOOD, J. HIGGINBOTTOM, P. HOOLEY, K. S. HUDSON, K. JACKSON,  
E. LAYTON, J. LILLEY, W. LONGDON, P. LOWE, J. MOSELY, I. NASH, P.  
NIGHTINGALE, F. PEACOCK, J. PILKINGTON, S. PROCTOR, P. RAMSDALE,  
T. ROBERTS, J. D. SMITH, D. STAFFORD, C. R. UNWIN, MR. N. S. JINKINSON  
MR. K. S. MCKAY.

Orchestra	.. ..	Minuet and trio, London Symphony	.. ..	<i>Haydn</i>
Violin Solo	.. ..	1st Movement, Sonata in D.	.. ..	<i>Beethoven</i>
		D. STAFFORD.		
Orchestra	.. ..	Gavotte and Bourée	.. ..	<i>Bach</i>
Cello Solo	.. ..	Sarabande	.. ..	<i>Mozart</i>
		A. E. BACK.		
Flute and Oboe Duet	Moderato	.. ..	.. ..	<i>Langey</i>
	J. PILKINGTON AND S. FAWCETT.			
String Quartet	.. ..	Presto and Andante, No. 68	.. ..	<i>Haydn</i>
	D. STAFFORD, A. HARWOOD, P. NIGHTINGALE, A. E. BACK.			
Violin Solo	.. ..	Prière	.. ..	<i>Squires</i>
	A. HARWOOD.			
Orchestra	.. ..	1st Movement, London Symphony	.. ..	<i>Haydn</i>

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GOD SAVE THE KING.

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Programme arranged and conducted by Mr. C. A. BRYARS.

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