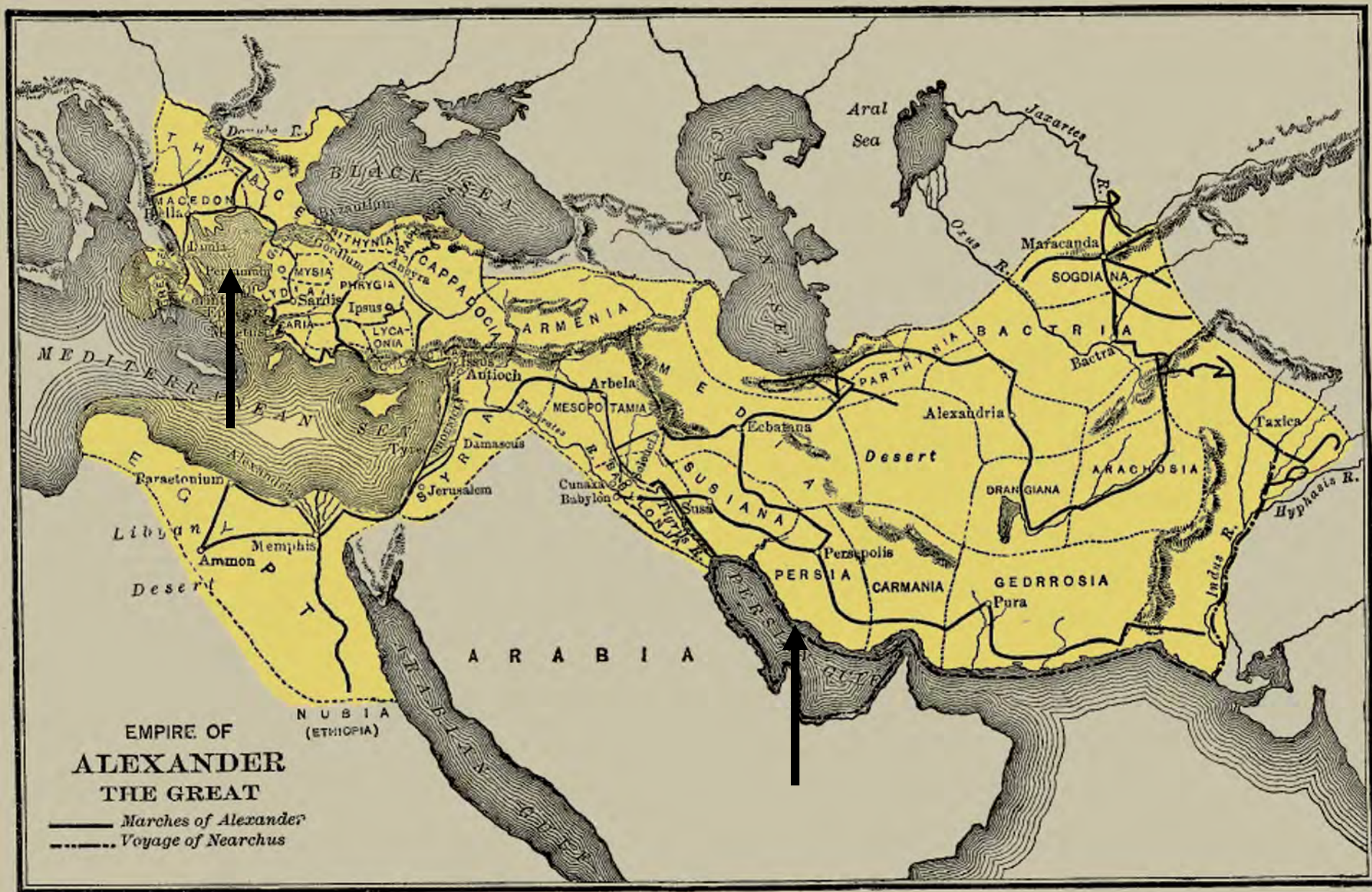


Alexander's Feast by Handel & Dryden



performed by Diamond Valley Singers
conductor Ian Lowe

Empire of Alexander the Great



Overture
Shortened

Pianist: Gerard Banner

Recitative

David Cox

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state the god-like hero sat
On his imperial throne:

His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.
So should desert in arms be crowned.

The lovely Thais by his side
Sat like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.

Air and Chorus

David Cox with Annette Dick

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

Recitative

Neil Spitz

Timotheus placed on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre.
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.

Air *Annette Dick*

The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above;
(Such is the power of mighty love)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime, on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And while he sought her snowy breast:
Then, round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself,
A sovereign of the world.

Chorus

The listening crowd
admire the lofty sound,
"A present deity!"
they shout around;
"A present deity!"
the vaulted roofs rebound.

Air

Jennie Barnett

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

Recitative

Darren Rosenfeld

The praise of Bacchus, then,
the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:
Flushed with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face;
Now give the oboes breath;
he comes, he comes!

Air and Chorus

Graham Ford

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Recitative

Dianne Richter

Soothed with the sound,
the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes,
and thrice he slew the slain!

The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he Heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.

Air

Robyn Mulder

He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse.

Air

Robyn Mulder

He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
Without a friend to close his eyes.

Air

Angela Hennel

With downcast looks
the joyless victor sat,
Revolving in his altered soul,
The various turns of chance below,
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

Chorus

Behold Darius, great and good,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
weltering in his blood;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
Without a friend to close his eyes.

Recitative

Kim Kocijan

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love:

Arioso

Kim Kocijan

Softly sweet,
in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed
the soul to pleasures.

Air *Briony Swan*

War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying,

**Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.**

Chorus

The many rend the skies,
with loud applause;
So love was crowned,
but music won the cause.

Air *Lesley Walton*

The Prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair, Who caused his care;
And sighed and looked, sighed and
looked, sighed and looked,
and sighed again:

*At length with love and wine
at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor
sunk upon her breast.*

Chorus

The many rend the skies,
with loud applause;
So love was crowned,
but music won the cause.

INTERVAL

**Let's leave Alexander
asleep at his feast
while we take a break
for refreshments**

PART TWO

Air and Chorus

Darren Rosenfeld

Now strike the golden lyre again,
A louder yet —
and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him,
like a rattling peal of thunder.

Chorus

Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him,
like a rattling peal of thunder.

Darren Rosenfeld

Hark, hark! — the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.

Air

Daniel Broadstock

Revenge, revenge,
Revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their
eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts,
that in battle were slain,
And unburied, remain
Inglorious on the plain.

Revenge, revenge,
revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their
eyes!

Recitative

Michael Try

Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:
Behold how they toss
their torches on high,
How they point
to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples
of their hostile gods!

Air

Michael Try

The princes applaud
with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau,
with zeal to destroy.

Air and Chorus *Lesley Walton*

Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey;
And like another Helen,
she fired another Troy.

Chorus

The princes applaud
with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau,
with zeal to destroy.

Air

Darren Rosenfeld

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage,
or kindle soft desire.

Chorus

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiasts
 from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn
sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit,
and arts unknown before.

Recitative and duet

Diane Morgan and Lesley Walton

Your voices tune, and raise them high,
Till they echo from the vaulted sky
The blest Cecilia's name;
Music to Heaven and her we owe,
The greatest blessing that's below;
Sound loudly then her fame:

Let's imitate her notes above,
And may this evening ever prove,
Sacred to harmony and love.

Recitative and chorus

*David Cox and Neil Spitzer,
then chorus*

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

Chorus

Your voices tune, and raise them high,
Till they echo from the vaulted sky
The blest Cecilia's name;
Music to Heaven and her we owe,
The greatest blessing that's below;
Sound loudly then her fame:
Let's imitate her notes above,
And may this evening ever prove,
Sacred to harmony and love.

FINIS