

# Henry Purcell



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# Triumph, Victorious Love

## Overture

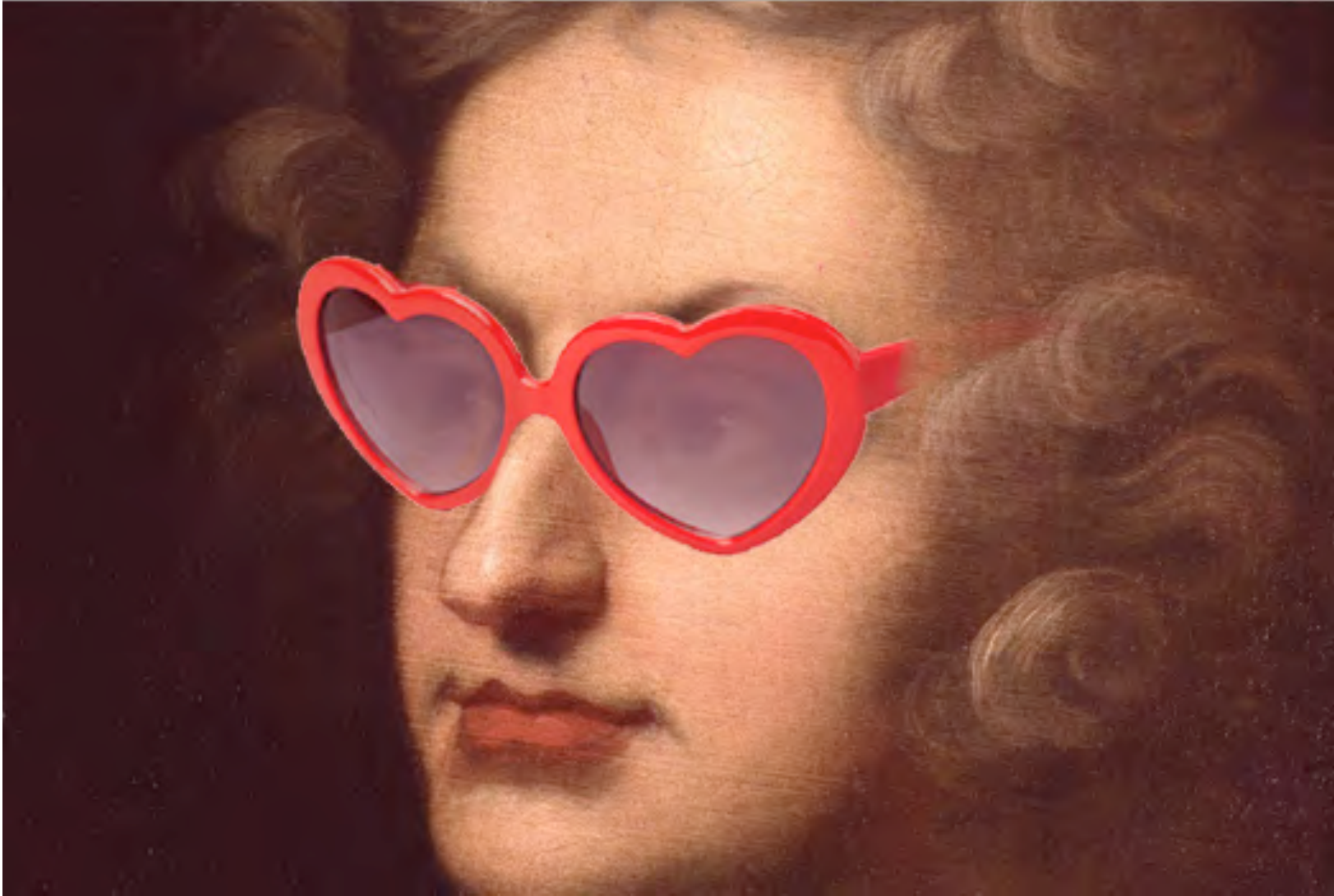


**Henry Purcell**

**Music, for a while,  
shall all your cares beguile.**

Performed by Lesley Walton

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## The Masque in 'Dioclesian'

'Dioclesian' was a play by Thomas  
Betterton first performed 1690.

It ended with Emperor Dioclesian's  
marriage. Hence the celebration of  
the triumph of Love.

**Nymph**





## **The invitation**

**Call the nymphs and the fauns from the woods,**

**Call the naiads and gods of the floods,**

**Call Flora and Comus,**

**Silenus and Momus,**

**Call Bacchus and his merry fellows,**

**Silvanus and Ceres and Tellus,**

**All leave for a while their abodes.**

**Let the Graces and Pleasure repair,  
with the youthful, the gay, the witty and fair.**

**May all harmless delights,  
happy days and kind nights  
forever attend this blest pair.**



**Come, come away,  
no delay, no delay.**

**All know 'tis his will,  
then all show their skill**

**To grace Love's  
triumphing day.**



**Behold O mightiest of Gods,  
at thy command we come!**

**The gay, the sad,  
the grave, the glad,  
the youthful and the old.  
All meet as at the day of  
Doom.**





**Oh, the sweet delights of love,  
who would live and not enjoy 'em?  
I'd refuse the throne of Jove,  
should power or majesty destroy 'em.  
Give me doubts or give me fears,  
give me jealousies and cares,  
But let love remove 'em,  
I approve 'em.**



**Hear mighty Love! to thee I call,**

**Give me Astrea\* and I have all.**

(\* Astrea, goddess of purity)

**That soft, that sweet, that charming  
fair,**

**Fate cannot hurt whilst I have her.**

**She's wealth and power,  
and only she,**

**Astrea's all the world to me.**



**Make room for the great  
god of wine.**

**The Bacchanals come with  
liquor divine.**

**I'm here with my jolly crew,  
Come near, we'll rejoice as  
well as you.**

**Give to everyone his glass. Then all together clash**

**Drink and despise the politic ass.**





**The mighty Jove who rules above,  
ne'er troubl'd his head with much thinking  
He took off his glass, was kind to his lass,  
and gained Heav'n by love and good drinking.**

## **The start of a relationship**

**(He – to she)**

**Tell me why, my charming fair,  
tell me why you thus deny me.**

**Can despair,  
or these sighs and looks of care,  
make Corinna ever fly me?**



**(She – to he)**

**O Mirtillo, you're above me,  
I respect but cannot love ye.**

**She who hears, inclines to sin,  
who parleys, half gives up the town,  
and ravenous love soon enters in.**

**When once the outwork's beaten down,  
then my sighs and tears won't move ye**

**No Mirtillo, you're above me,  
I respect but cannot love ye.**

**(His thoughts)**

**Could this lovely charming maid  
think Mirtillo would deceive her?**

**Could Corinna be afraid  
she by him should be betrayed?**

**No, too well I love her,  
therefore cannot be above her.**

**O let love with love be paid.**

**My heart, my life, my all I give her.**

**Let me now receive her.**

**(Her thoughts)**

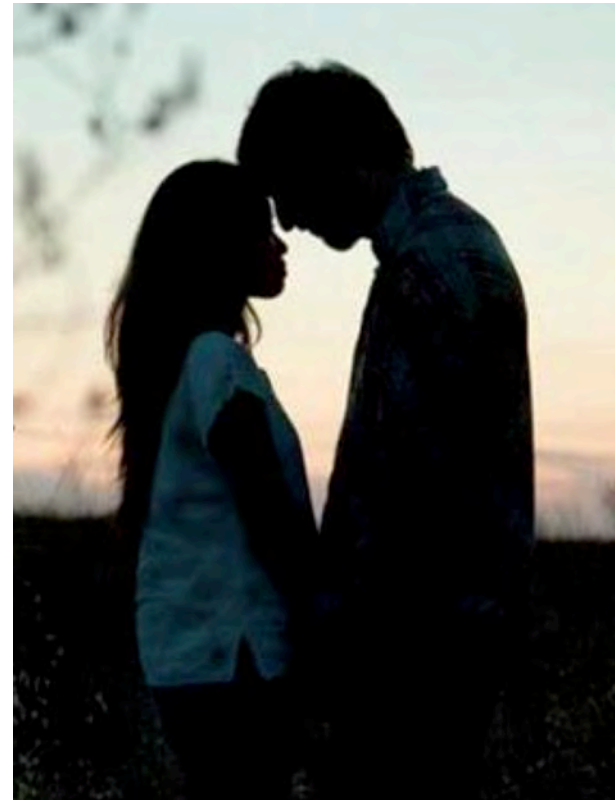
**O how gladly we believe  
when the heart is too too willing**

**Can that look, that face,  
deceive?**

**Can he take delight in  
killing\*?**

**Ah! I die, if you deceive me,  
Yet I will, I will believe ye.**

**(\*betraying)**



## **In praise of the pleasures of love**



**All our days and our nights  
shall be spent in delights.**

**'Tis a tribute that due to the young.**

**Let the ugly and old,  
the sickly and cold,**

**think the pleasures of love last too long.**

**Begone, importunate reason,  
wisdom and counsel is now out of season.**

**Triumph victorious love,  
triumph o'er the universe.**

**The greatest heroes bow to thee,  
all nature owns thy deity.**

**Thou hast tamed almighty Jove.**

**Triumph victorious love.**

**Then all rehearse in lofty verse  
the glory of almighty love.**

**From pole to pole his fame resound,  
sing it the universe around.**

# INTERVAL





**Henry Purcell**

# **The Masque in Timon of Athens**

**‘Timon of Athens’ is a play of 1761 by Shakespeare,  
who died 400 years ago last week.**

**The masque is a celebration of love and ‘good  
drinking’ that comes at the end of the play.**

## **Overture**



**(In praise of love)**

**Hark! how the songsters of the grove  
sing anthems to the god of love.**

**Hark! how each amorous winged pair  
with love's great praises fills the air.**

**On every side the charming sound  
does from the hollow woods rebound.**

**Love in their little veins inspires  
their cheerful notes, their soft desires.**

**While heat makes buds and blossoms spring  
these pretty couples love and sing.**

**But winter puts out their desire,  
and half the year they want love's fire.**



**But ah! how much are our delights more dear  
for only humankind love all the year.**

**(In praise of wine)**

**Hence with your vain and trifling deity!  
A greater we adore;**

**Bacchus! who always keeps us free  
from that blind childish power.**

**Love makes you languish and look pale,  
and sneak, and sigh, and whine.**

**But over us no griefs prevail  
while we have lusty wine.**

## **(An invitation from Cupid)**



**Come all to me, make haste, make haste,  
the sweets of mutual passion taste.**

**Come all to me and wear my chains,  
the joys of love without its pains.**



**(Response to Cupid)**

**Who can resist such mighty charms?**

**Victorious, victorious love.**

**Whose power controls the gods above,  
and even the Thunderer\* disarms.**

**\* Jupiter**

**(Response from Bacchus)**

**Return, revolting rebels! where d' ye go?**

**D'ye know what phantasm 'tis misleads ye so.**

**To grief and care,  
to tyrannous pains.**

**To doubt and despair,  
to barbarous jealousy,**

**Misery, slavery,  
torments and pains?**



**(Response  
from a  
follower of  
Cupid)**



**The cares of lovers, their alarms,  
their sighs and tears have powerful charms.**

**and if so sweet their torment is,  
ye gods, how ravishing the bliss!**

**So soft, so gentle is their pain,  
'tis even a pleasure to complain.**

**(Response from a follower of Bacchus)**

**Love quickly is palled,  
though with labour 'tis gained,**

**Wine never does cloy,  
though with ease 'tis obtained.**

**We sing while you sigh,  
we laugh while you weep;**

**Love robs you of rest,  
wine lulls us asleep.**



**(A resolution)**

**Come let us agree,  
there are pleasures divine  
In wine and in love,  
in love and in wine.**

**and AMEN to that**

**Thank you for coming**