

The Fairy Queen (1692) Henry Purcell

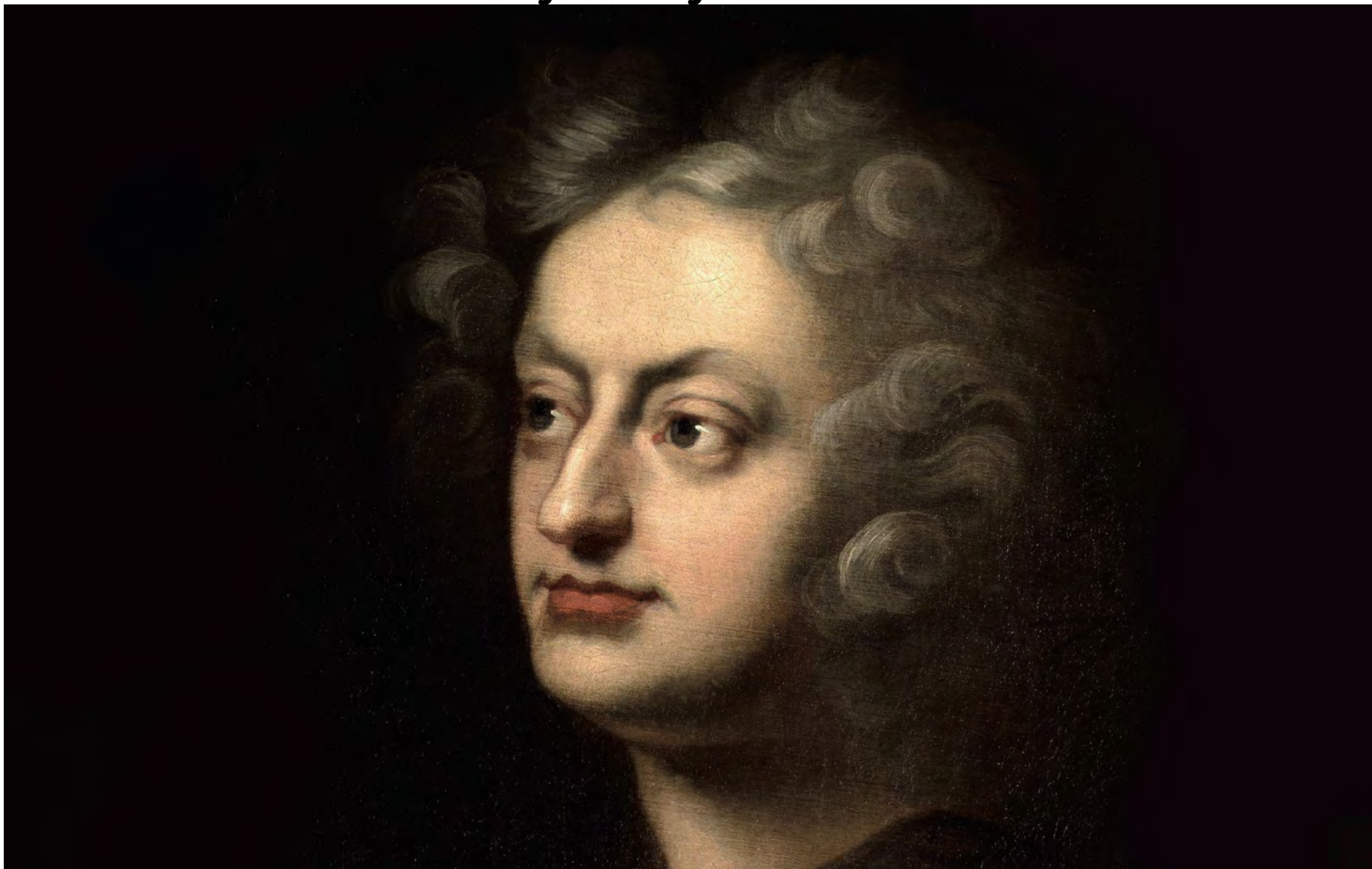
An entertainment of Music, Dance and Image



Music to accompany performances of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer night's Dream*



by Henry Purcell



Act I

Queen Titania – has the Indian boy;



**King Oberon wants him.
Stand-off!**

**Come, come, come, let us leave the town
And in some lonely place,
Where crowds and noise were never known,
Resolve to spend our days.**



In pleasant shades upon the grass
At night ourselves we'll lay;
Our days in harmless
sport
shall pass,
Thus time
shall
slide away.



Fill up the bowl, then.

Trip it, trip it in a ring;
Around this mortal dance, and sing.

Enough, enough,
We must play at blind man's buff.
Turn me round, and stand away,
I'll catch whom I may.

About him go, so, so, so,
Pinch the wretch, from top to toe;
Pinch him forty, forty times,
Pinch till he confess his crimes.

Hold you damned tormenting punk,
I do confess ...

What, what?

I'm drunk, as I live boys, drunk.

What art thou, speak?

**If you will know it,
I am a scurvy poet.**

**Pinch him, pinch him for his crimes,
His nonsense and his dogrel rhymes.**

Hold! Oh! Oh! Oh!

Confess more, more.

I confess, I'm very poor.
Nay prithee do not pinch me so,
Good dear devil, let me go;
And as I hope to wear the bays,
[poet's costume]
I'll write a sonnet in thy praise.

**Drive 'em hence, away, away
Let 'em sleep till break of day.**

Act II

← Oberon gets Puck to use a magic juice to put Titania to sleep.



**Come all ye songsters of the sky,
Wake, and assemble in this wood;
But no ill-boding bird be nigh,
None but the harmless and the good.**



**May the god of wit inspire
The sacred nine [the Muses] to bear a
part;
And the blessed heavenly choir
Show the utmost of their art.**

**While Echo shall in sounds remote,
Repeat each note, each note, each note.**





Now join your
warbling voices all.
Sing while we trip it
on the green;
But no ill vapours
rise or fall,
Nothing offend
our Fairy Queen.

Secrecy:

**One charming
night
Gives more
delight,
Than a hundred
lucky days.**



**Night and I improve the taste,
Make the pleasure longer last,
A thousand, thousand several ways.**

**Hush, no more, be silent all,
Sweet repose has closed her eyes.
Soft as feathered snow does fall!
Softly, softly, steal from hence.
No noise disturb her sleeping sense.**



Act III

When she wakes she falls in love with a man with the head of a donkey.



If Love's a Sweet Passion,
why does it torment?
If a Bitter, oh tell me
whence comes my content?
Since I suffer with pleasure,
why should I complain,
Or grieve at my fate,
when I know 'tis in vain?
Yet so pleasing the pain,
so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me,
and tickles my heart.



I press her hand gently,
look languishing down,
And by passionate silence
I make my love known.

But oh! I'm blest
when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake
to discover her love.

When in striving to hide,
she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other,
what neither dares name.

Ye gentle spirits of the air, appear;
Prepare, and join your tender voices here.
Catch and repeat the trembling sounds anew,
Soft as her sighs and sweet as pearly dew,
Run new division, and such measures keep,
As when you lull the god of love asleep.



When I have often heard young maids complaining,
That when men promise most they most deceive,
Then I thought none of them worthy of my gaining;
And what they swore, resolved ne'er to believe.



But when so humbly he made his addresses,
With looks so soft, and with language so kind,
I thought it a sin to refuse his caresses;
Nature o'ercame, and I soon changed my mind.



Should he employ all his wit in deceiving,
Stretch his invention, and artfully feign;
I find such charms, such true joy in believing,
I'll have the pleasure, let him have the pain.

If he proves prejured, I shall not be cheated,
He may deceive himself, but never me;
'Tis what I look for, and shan't be defeated,
For I'll be as false and inconstant as he.



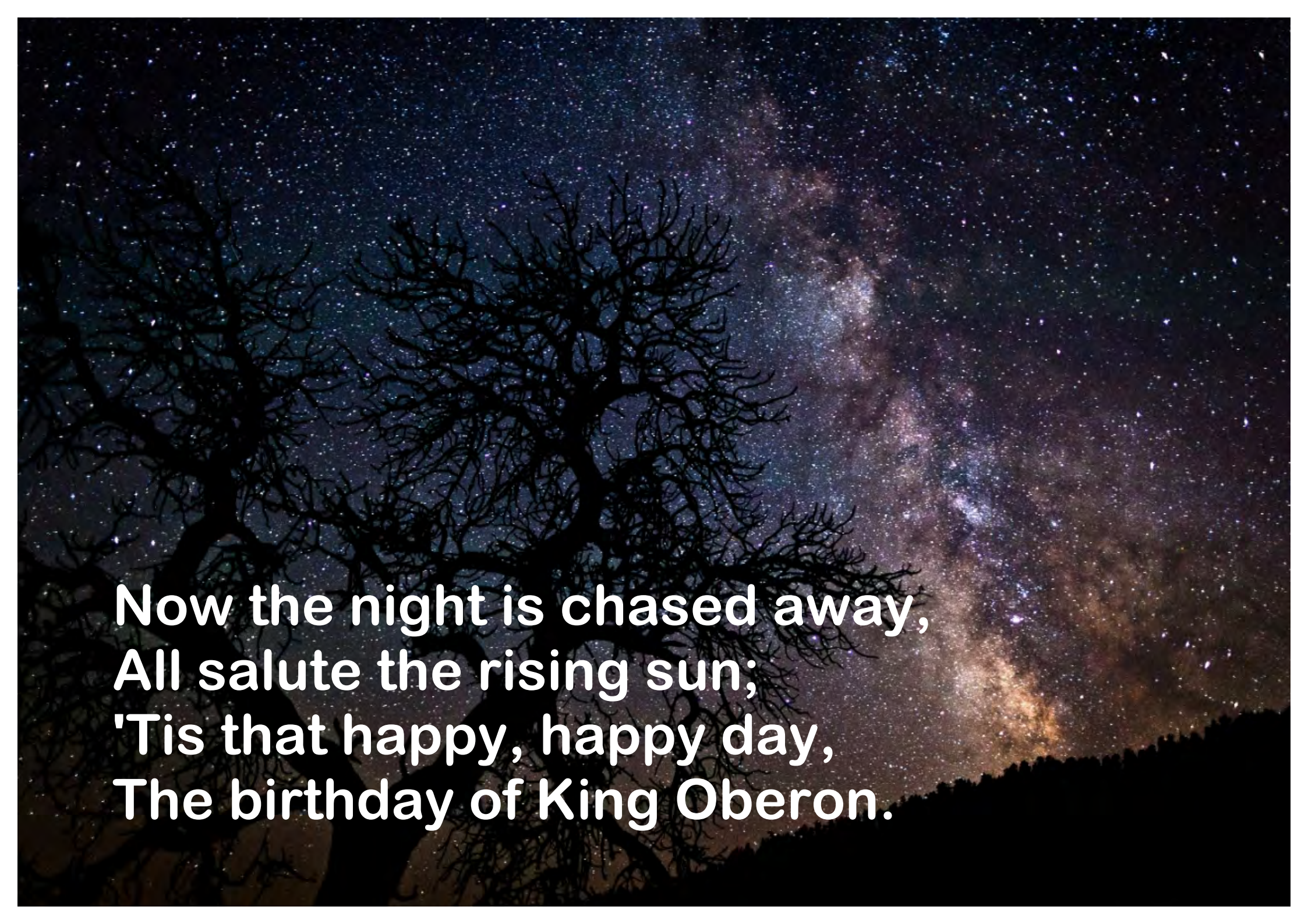
**A thousand thousand ways we'll find
To entertain the hours;
No two shall e're be known so kind,
No life so blest as ours.**



Act IV

Oberon takes the Indian boy, and Puck removes the donkey head. Celebration!



A night sky photograph featuring the Milky Way galaxy. The galaxy's core is visible as a bright, yellowish-white band of stars, curving across the upper right portion of the frame. The surrounding sky is filled with numerous smaller, distant stars. In the foreground, the dark, intricate silhouette of a tree's branches is visible against the starry background. The overall scene is a serene and majestic view of the night sky.

**Now the night is chased away,
All salute the rising sun;
'Tis that happy, happy day,
The birthday of King Oberon.**

**Let the fifes and the clarions
and shrill trumpets sound,
And the arch of high heaven
the clangor resound.**



**Hail! great parent of us all,
Light and comfort of the earth;
Before your shrine the seasons fall,
Thou who givest all nature birth.**



**Thus the ever-grateful Spring,
Does her yearly tribute bring;
All your sweets before him lay,
Then round his altar, sing and play.**



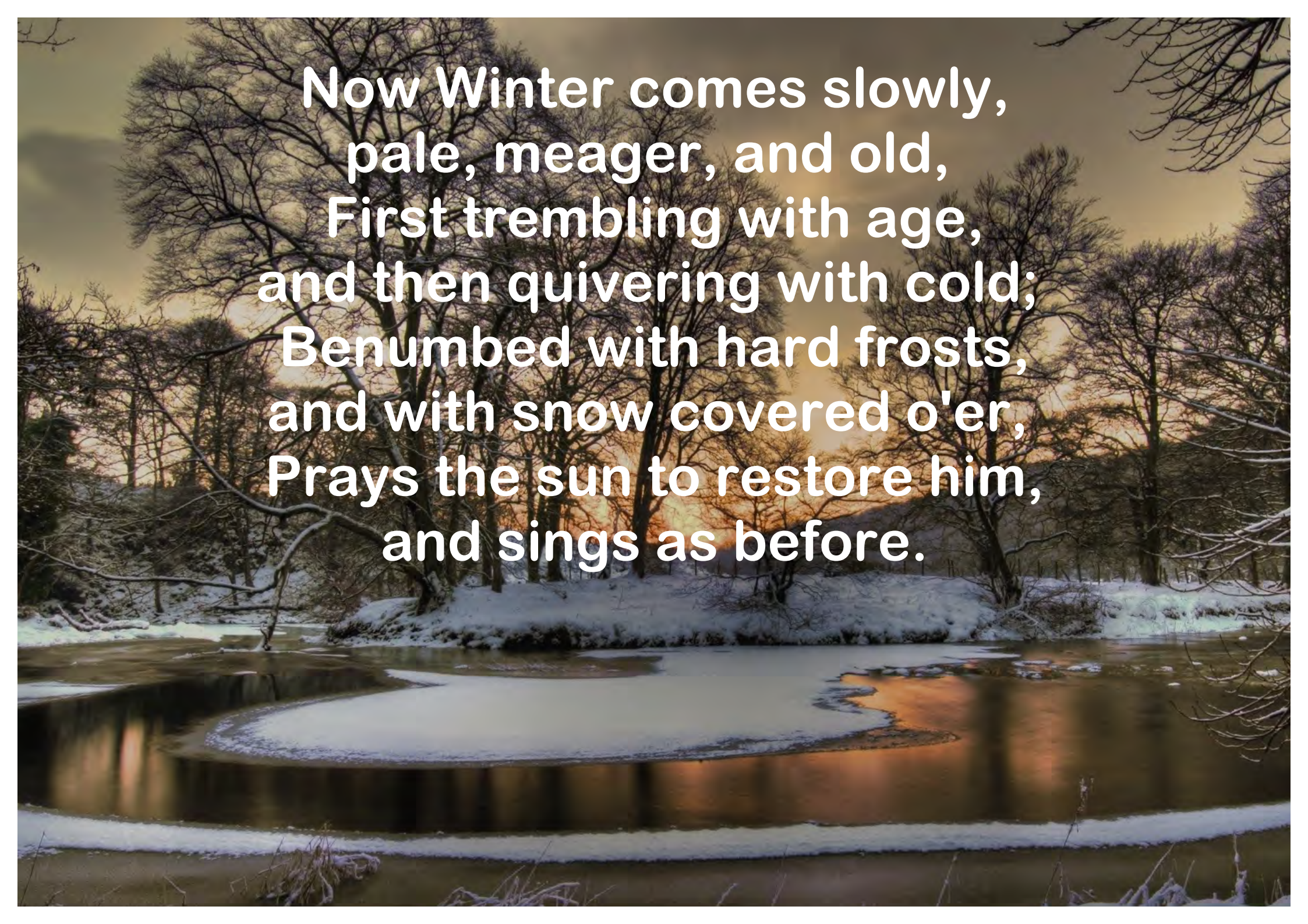
**Here's the Summer, sprightly, gay,
Smiling, wanton, fresh and fair;
Adorned with all the flowers of May,
Whose various sweets perfume the air.**



Autumn:

**See my many
coloured fields
And loaded trees
my will obey;
All the fruit that
Autumn yields,
I offer to the
god of day.**



A winter landscape featuring a snow-covered riverbank and bare trees. The sky is a mix of orange and yellow, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The water in the river is dark and reflects the sky. The text is overlaid on the image in a white, serif font.

Now Winter comes slowly,
pale, meager, and old,
First trembling with age,
and then quivering with cold;
Benumbed with hard frosts,
and with snow covered o'er,
Prays the sun to restore him,
and sings as before.

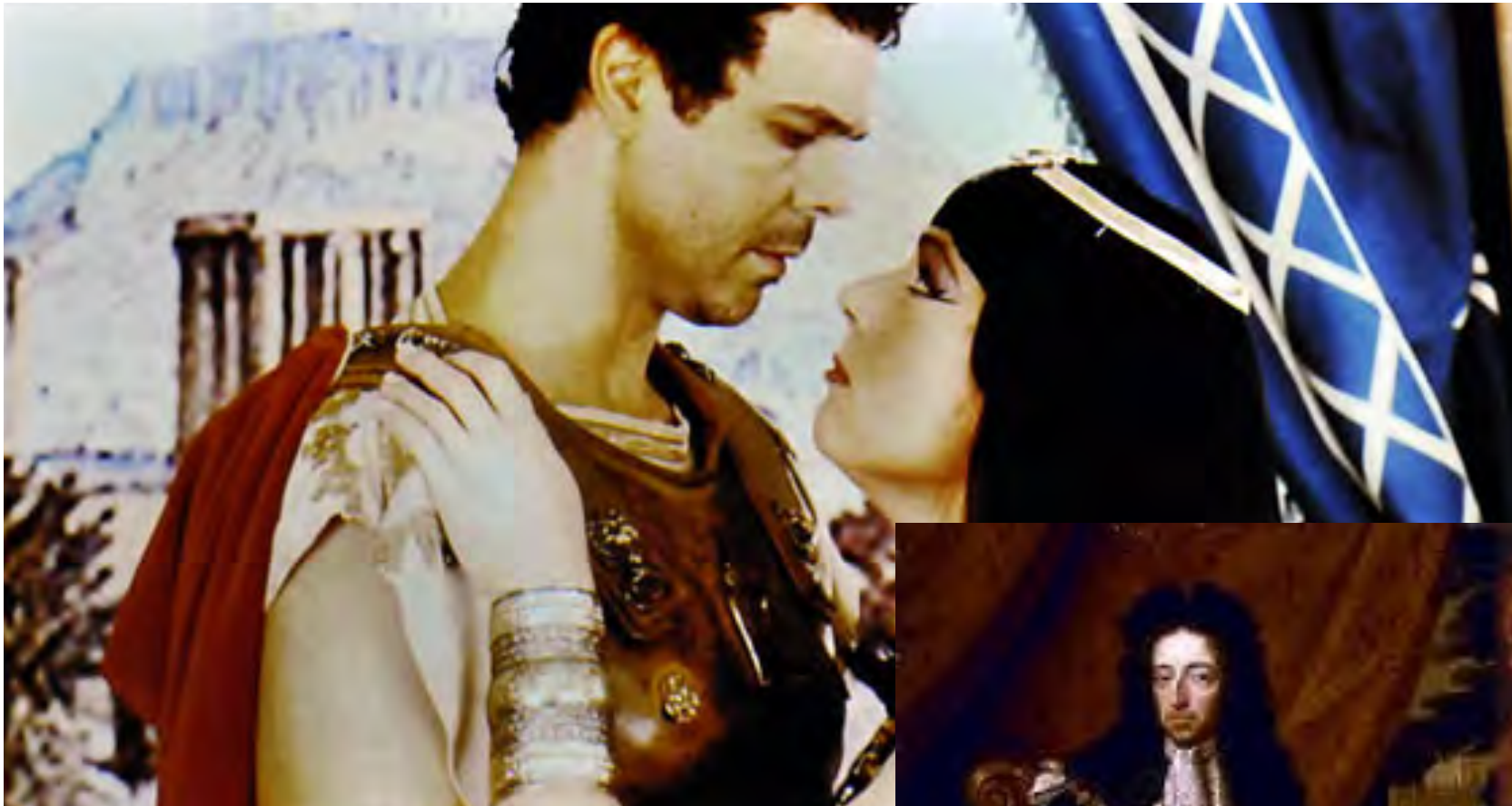
Hymn to the Sun

Hail! great parent of us all,
Light and comfort of the earth;
Before your shrine the seasons fall,
Thou who givest all nature birth.



Act V

At the end – a triple wedding, and music to help us reflect on the meaning of love.



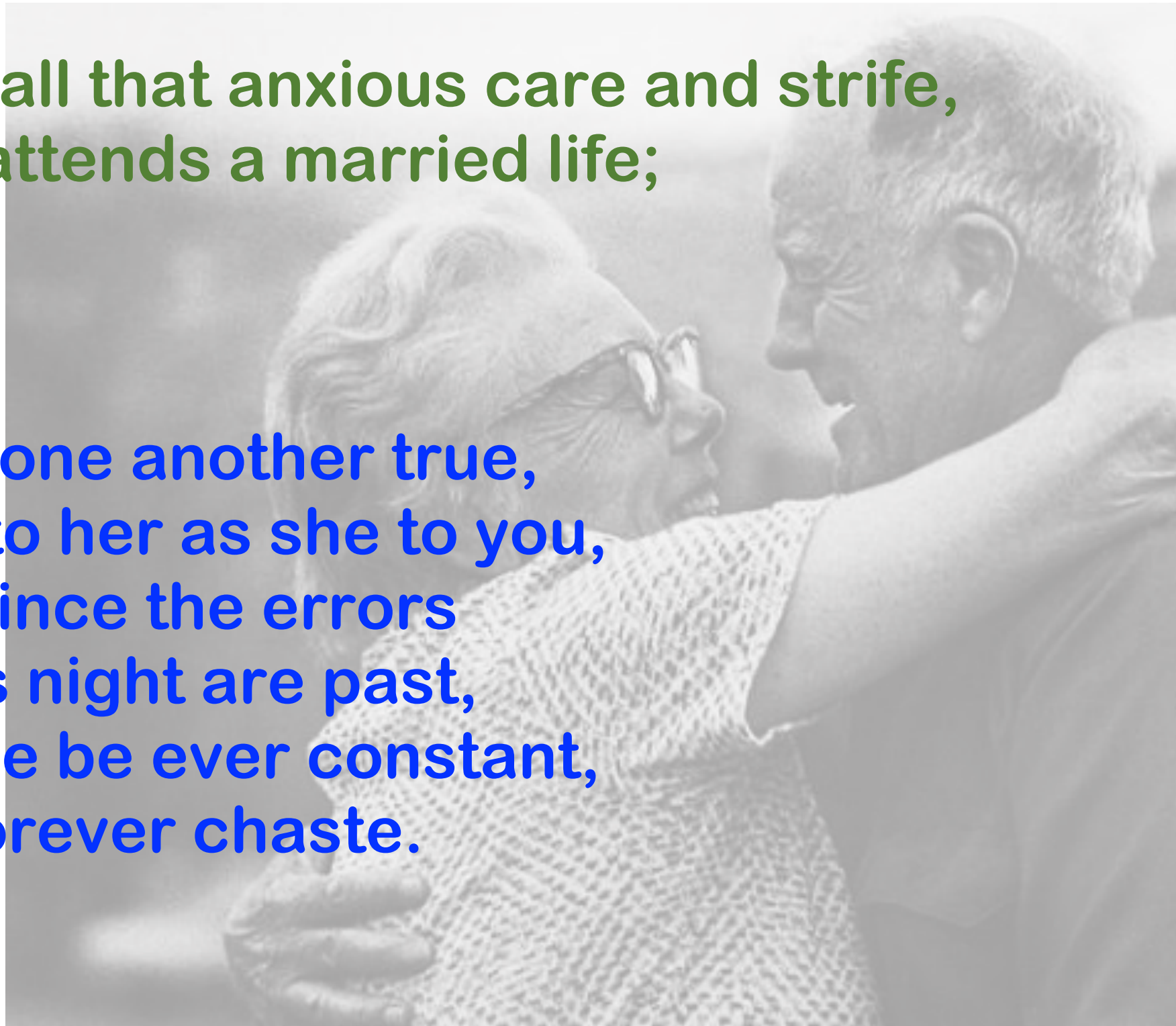
Several sides of LOVE

Thrice happy lovers, may you be
For ever, ever free,
From that tormenting devil, **jealousy**.



**From all that anxious care and strife,
That attends a married life;**

**Be to one another true,
Kind to her as she to you,
And since the errors
of this night are past,
May he be ever constant,
she forever chaste.**



The loss of a loved one

O let me weep, forever weep,
My eyes no more shall welcome sleep;
I'll hide me from
the sight of day,
And sigh, and
sigh my soul away.

performed by our
guest Kim Kocijan



**He's gone, he's gone, his loss deplore;
And I shall never see him more.**



LOVE RULES THE WORLD



Thus the gloomy world
At first began to shine,
And from the power divine
A glory round about it hurled;
Which made it bright,
And gave it birth in light.

**Then were all minds as pure,
As those ethereal streams;
In Innocence secure,
Not subject to extremes.**



**There was no room then for empty fame,
No cause for pride, ambition wanted aim.**

Thus the gloomy world
At first began to shine,
And from the power divine
A glory round about it hurled;
Which made it bright,
And gave it birth in light.





**Thus happy and free, thus treated are we
With nature's chiefest delights.
We never cloy, but renew our joy,
And one bliss another invites.**

Thus wildly we live,
Thus freely we give,
What heaven as freely bestows.
We were not made
For labour and trade,
Which fools on each other impose.



**Hark how all things with one sound rejoice,
And the world seems to have one voice.**




**performed by our
guest Kim Kocijan**

**Hark! hark!
the echoing air
a triumph sings,
And all around
pleased cupids
clap their wings.**

**performed by our
guest Megan Wilson**



A photograph of a sunset over a vast sea of white clouds. The sun is a bright, glowing orb in the center of the upper half of the image, casting a warm, golden light across the scene. The clouds are thick and textured, with some peaks catching the light. On the left side, a dark mountain peak rises above the cloud layer. The sky above the clouds is a clear, pale blue.

**They shall be as happy as they're fair;
Love shall fill all the places of care:**

**And every time the sun shall display
his rising light,
It shall be to them a new wedding-day;
And when he sets, a new nuptial-night.**

the end

SOLOISTS (in order of performing):

**Annette Dick, Ed Carter, Lucas Wilson-
Richter, Mary Wilkie, Loris McLean,
David Cox, Jeanette Flint,
Diane Morgan, Jess Heard,
Dianne Richter, Robyn Mulder,
Alan Flint, Barbara Carter, Tony
Morgan, Kim Kocijan, Megan Wilson**

Others: Alba Campobasso, Leonie Morgan

Pianist-conductor: Ian Lowe

Thank you for coming