

*Music
of the
Baroque*

*15th
Anniversary
Season*



Music of the Baroque
Chorus and Orchestra

Soprano

Sarah Beatty
Theresa Brancaccio
Elizabeth Gottlieb
Susan Lutz
Patrice Michaels
Patricia Peterson
Alicia Purcell
Anne D. Reisig
Benita Wandel

Alto

Susanna Blatz
Susan Bloss
Karen Brunssen
Emily Lodine
Steven Rickards
Virginia Warren
Marcia Waxman

Tenor

Donald Doig
Kurt R. Hansen
Timothy O'Connor
Darrell Rowader
William Smith
William Watson
Edward Zelms

Bass

Arthur Berg
Bruce Cain
Richard Cohn
William Diana
Jan Jarvis
Myron Myers
Mark Sundberg

Violin I

Elliott Golub, *Concertmaster*
 Thomas Hall
 Adrian Gola
 Otakar Sroubek
 Ikuko Mizuno

Violin II

Everett Zlatoff-Mirsky, *Principal*
 Ellen Panitch
 Jenny Wagner
 Marlou Johnston
 David Hildner

Viola

Martin Abrams
 Robert Swan
 John Bartholomew

Violoncello

Barbara Haffner
 Carter Enyeart

Doublebass

Joseph Guastafeste

Flute and Piccolo

Lyon Leifer
 Sandra Morgan

Oboe

Robert Morgan
 Judith Kulb
 Judith Lewis
 Scott Bell

English Horn

Carolyn Hove
 Robert Sheena

Bassoon

Joseph Urbinato
 William Kaplan

Contrabassoon

Jonathan Sherwin

Trumpet

Barbara Butler
 Charles Geyer

Timpani

Douglas Waddell

Keyboard

David Schrader
 Richard Webster

Guitar

Patrick Ferreri

Alternate Performers, May 27**Violin I**

Mihaela Ionescu
 Richard Posner (also May 28)
 Florentina Ramniceanu

Viola

Melissa Trier
 Robert Shamo

Text

ACT I

Prelude (Orchestra)

Hornpipe (Orchestra)

Rondeau (Orchestra)

Overture (Orchestra)

Duet:

May 21, 27, 28

May 23, 25

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 sports shall pass,

Thus time shall slide away.

Scene of The Drunken Poet

Drunken Poet:

May 23, 25

Fi-fi-fi-fill up the bowl, then—

First Fairy:

and Chorus

Trip it, trip it in a ring;

Around this mortal dance and sing.

Poet

Enough, enough.

We must play at blindman's buff.

Tu-tu-turn me round and stand away.

I'll catch whom I may.

Second Fairy:

and Chorus

About him go, so, so, so,

Pinch the wretch from top to toe,

Pinch him forty times,

Pinch till he confess his crimes.

Poet:

Hold, hold you damn'd tormenting
punk;

I do confess.

Fairies:

What, What?

Poet:

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

Fairies:

What art thou? Speak!

Poet:

If you will know it,

I am a scurvy Poet.

Chorus:

Pinch him for his crimes

His nonsense and his dogrel rhymes,

Pinch him for his crimes.

Fairies:

Confess more.

Poet:

I confess I'm very poor

Nay prithee now do not pinch me so,

Good dear — devil, let me go;

And as I hope to wear the bays,

I'll write a sonnet in thy praise.

Chorus:

Away, away,

Drive 'em hence.

Let 'em sleep till break of day.

Jig (Orchestra)

ACT II

Song:

Mr. Watson

Come all ye songsters of the sky,

Wake and assemble in this wood:

But no illboding bird be nigh,

No, none but the harmless, and the
good

Trio:

**Mr. Rickards, Mr. Watson
and Mr. Cohn**

May the God of Wit inspire

The sacred nine to bear a part;

And the blessed heavenly quire,

Shew the utmost of their art —

While Echo shall in sounds remote,

Repeat each note.

Chorus:

Now join your warbling voices all

Chorus:

Sing while we trip it upon the green;

But no ill vapours rise or fall,

No, nothing offend our Fairy Queen.

Entrance of Night, Mystery, Secrecy,
and Sleep, with Chorus of Attendants

Night: Ms. Mabbs
See, even Night herself is here,
To favour your design,
And all her peaceful train is near,
That men to sleep incline.
Let Noise and Care,
Doubt and Despair,
Envy and Spite,
(the fiend's delight)
Be ever banish'd hence,
Let soft Repose
Her eyelids close,
And murm'ring streams
Bring pleasing dreams;
Let nothing stay to give offence.

Mystery: Ms. Purcell
I am come to lock all fast,
Love without me cannot last.
Love, like counsels of the wise,
Must be hid from vulgar eyes.
'Tis holy and we must conceal it;
They profane it who reveal it.

Secrecy: Mr. Rickards
One charming night gives more delight
Than a hundred lucky days.
Night and I improve the taste,
Make the pleasure longer last,
A thousand sev'ral ways.

Sleep: Mr. Myers
and Chorus
Hush, no more, be silent all,
Sweet Respose has clos'd her eyes,
Soft as feather'd snow does fall!
Softly, softly steal from hence,
No noise disturb her sleeping sense.

Dance For The Followers of Night
(Orchestra)

ACT III

Song: Mr. Hansen
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 is, so soft
is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me
and tickles my heart.

Chorus:
I press her hand gently, look languish-
ing down,
And by passionate silence I make
my love known.
But oh! how 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.

Symphony While The Swans Come
Forward (Orchestra)

Song: (The Plaint): Ms. Mabbs
O, let me weep! O, let me forever weep!
My eyes no more shall welcome sleep.
I'll hide me from the sight of day,
And sigh my soul away.
O, let me weep! O, let me forever weep!
He's gone, his loss deplore;
And I shall never see him more.

Dialogue Between Coridon and Mopsa

Coridon: Mr. Cohn
Now the maids and the men are making
of hay,
We've left the dull fools and are
stolen away.
Then Mopsa no more be coy as
before,
But let's merrily, merrily play,
And kiss the sweet time away.

Mopsa: Ms. Mabbs
Why how now, Sir Clown, what makes
you so bold?
I'd have ye to know I'm not of that
mould.
I tell you again, again and again,

Maids must never kiss no men —
No, no kissing at all;
I'll not kiss till I kiss you for good
and all.

Coridon:
Not kiss you at all?

Mopsa:
No, no kissing at all.

Coridon:
Should you give me a score,
'Twould not lessen your store,
Then bid me cheerfully kiss,
And take my fill of your bliss.

Mopsa:
I'll not trust you so far, I know you
too well;
Should I give you an inch, you'd
soon take an ell,
Then lordlike you rule, and laugh
at the fool.

Coridon:
So small a request you must not, you
cannot, you shall not deny,
Nor will I admit of another reply.

Mopsa:
Nay, what do you mean?
O fie, fie, fie, fie!

Dance For The Haymakers (Orchestra)

Solo: Mr. Rickards

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

Hornpipe (Orchestra)

— i n t e r m i s s i o n —

ACT IV
Symphony

Solo and Chorus:
Now the night is chased away,
All salute the rising sun,
'Tis that happy, happy day,
The birthday of King Oberon.

Duet: Mr. Rickards and Mr. Watson
Let the fifes and the clarions and
shrill trumpets sound,
And the arch of high heav'n the
clangor resound.

Entry of Phoebus (Orchestra)

Phoebus: Mr. Rowader

When a cruel long winter has frozen
the earth
And nature imprison'd seeks in vain
to be free;
I dart forth my beams to give all
things a birth,
Making Spring for the plants ev'ry
flow'r and each tree.
'Tis I who give life, warmth and
vigour to all,
Ev'n Love who rules all things in
Earth, Air and Sea,
Would languish and fade and to
nothing would fall,
The world to its Chaos would
return but for me.

Chorus

Hail! great parent of us all,
Light and comfort of the Earth,
Hail! great parent of us all,
Before your shrine the Seasons fall,
Thou who giv'st all Nature birth.

Spring Ms. Purcell

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

Summer: Mr. Rickards

Here's the Summer, sprightly, gay,
smiling wanton, fresh and fair,
Adorned with all the flow'rs of May,
Whose various sweets perfume the air.

Autumn: Mr. Hansen

See my many colour'd fields
And loaded trees my will obey,
All the fruit that Autumn yields
I offer to the God of Day.

Winter: Mr. Myers

Now Winter comes slowly, pale,
meager and old.

First trembling with age, and then
quiv'ring with cold;
Benumb'd with hard frosts and with
snow cover'd o'er,
Prays the Sun to restore him, and
sings as before.

Chorus:
Hail! great parent of us all,
Light and comfort of the Earth.
Hail! great parent of us all,
Before your shrine the Seasons fall,
Thou who giv'st all Nature birth.

ACT V

Symphony (Orchestra)

Song: Ms. Brunssen
Hark! how all things with one sound
rejoice,
And the world seems to have one
voice.

Song: Ms. Mabbs
Hark! the echoing air a triumph sings,
And all around pleas'd Cupids clap
their wings.

Chorus:
Hark! Hark!

Second Woman: Ms. Brunssen
Sure the dull God of Marriage does
not hear;
We'll rouse him with a charm.

First Woman: Ms. Mabbs
We'll rouse him with a charm.

Women and Chorus:
Hymen, appear, appear!
Our Queen of Night commands
thee not to stay.

Hymen: Mr. Myers
See, I obey.
My torch has long been out.
I hate
On loose dissembled vows to wait,
Where hardly love outlives the wed-
ding night,
False flames, love's meteors, yield
my torch no light.

Women:
Turn, turn then thine eyes
Upon those glories there,
And catching, catching flames will
on thy torch appear.

Hymen:
My torch indeed will from such
brightness shine:
Love ne'er had yet such altars,
so divine.

Trio (Women and Hymen):
They shall be as happy as they're fair;
Love shall fill all the places of care;
And ev'ry 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.

Chaconne (Orchestra)

Chorus:
They shall be as happy as they're
fair;
Love shall fill all the places of care;
And ev'ry 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.

Program Notes

Opera as a genre was born in Italy in 1600, with the first performance of Peri's *Euridice*, and was well-established by the time the first public opera house opened in Florence in 1637. Across the sea, however, England was slow to adopt the fashionable entertainment, due to lack of sufficient support and talent, and did not produce its own opera until the mid-seventeenth century when the *Siege of Rhodes* premiered in 1656. Although contemporary accounts assure us that this work was sung completely through, not a note of the score by five different composers has come down to us today.

The principal form of musical theatre in England during the first half of the seventeenth century, therefore, was the masque, a number of dance pieces and songs inserted at the end of each act of a spoken drama. Under the reigns of James I and Charles I, the masque was intended exclusively for the entertainment of royalty and consisted of a series of ballets performed by some twelve or sixteen dancers surrounded by lavish sets and elaborate stage machinery. During the Commonwealth, the masque was relegated to school and private performances by amateurs, but with the restoration of the monarchy and the consequent reopening and flourishing of the theatres, the masque once again became a favorite entertainment. The influence of these popular diversions can be seen in the many spectacular operatic productions of the period, but the one opera in which the masque dominates the entire structure is *The Fairy Queen* by Henry Purcell.

Although *The Fairy Queen* has been dubbed an opera ever since its premiere at Dorset Garden Theatre in 1692, this musical adaptation of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is actually a series of five masques, each portraying different characters and events applicable to the play. The anonymous author of the libretto, whose plot centers around the tumultuous romance between the fairy queen Titania and her lover Oberon, bowed to the London audiences' passion for novelty and spectacle by adding a number of characters foreign to Shakespeare's play — gods and goddesses, spirits, nymphs, shepherds, monkeys, Chinese dancers, and the Four Seasons. One of the play's principal characters, the Amazon queen Hippolyta, and the event of her wedding to Theseus were omitted from the opera, while the immortal and comical characters were preserved for the sake of the frivolity inherent in the masque. The extravagant stage directions for the 1692 premiere included such feats as swans turning into faeries, Phoebus appearing in the clouds in a four-horse chariot, and peacocks strolling across the stage. The production proved so costly

that the opera had to be repeated the following year in order to recoup its losses. But, with the addition of a musical scene to Act One of the play, which previously contained no music, plus two new songs in Acts Three and Five, *The Fairy Queen* became a tremendous financial and critical success.

The opera opens with a sprightly duet for soprano and bass ("Come let us leave the town"), preparing the audience for the mischief to come. The scene immediately switches to a wooded bower where a jolly drunken poet is discovered by the fairies and tormented for his slovenly ways. (In the 1693 production, the first scene of Shakespeare's play was dropped to accommodate this new musical episode, depriving the story of its beginning. Perhaps the audience was so familiar with the play that such a deletion was considered inconsequential, even though it made nonsense of the plot.) In Act Two, the immortals, after much merrymaking ("Come all ye songsters"), summon the spirits Night, Mystery, Secrecy, and Sleep to sing the fairy queen Titania to sleep. A commentary on the pains and pleasures of love ("If Love's a sweet passion") opens the Third Act masque. A comic interlude follows, featuring the flirtatious advances of a rustic clown Corydon toward his betrothed Mopsa, a role originally sung by a man in woman's clothing. Despite a water nymph's cynical comments on the fidelity of lovers, Mopsa and Corydon agree to join their lives in wedded bliss ("A thousand, thousand ways").

In Act Four the musical episode occurs after the reconciliation of Titania and Oberon. The fairy queen and her chorus hail the arrival of Phoebus, the sun god, and a masque of the Four Seasons follows. The natural revolutions of the seasons around the sun symbolize a restoration of proper balance to the lovers' relationship. In Act Five, the masque features the arrival of Hymen, the god of marriage ("See, I obey"), who blesses the lovers and brings the opera to a close.

The rich fantasy of the libretto clearly appealed to Purcell's imagination, for the score is full of his ingenuity, wit and charm. The musical devices range from a double echo chorus ("May the God of wit inspire") to elaborate coloratura ("Come all ye Songsters," "Hark, the echoing air"), as well as vivid word painting ("Ye gentle spirits of the air," "Now comes Winter slowly"). Although Purcell's vocal music in *The Fairy Queen* is revered for its treatment of the words and understanding of the singer's art, his instrumental music is no less significant. In the introductory symphony to Act Four, for example, Purcell has anticipated Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* by opening with a timpani solo. An interesting experiment in scoring is found in the Act Two entrance of Night, where the accompaniment is entrusted to the three upper strings, the cellos and bass remaining silent. The imaginative ballet music, which includes not only jigs and

hornpipes but a masterful chaconne as well, occupies a large portion of *The Fairy Queen*.

After Purcell's death in 1695 the score of the opera disappeared; an advertisement for its return to the theater was published in 1700, but with no results. The score fell into the hands of a Dr. Pepusch, an ardent collector of musical rarities, and later was owned by organist and composer R.J.S. Stevens, who bequeathed it to the Royal Academy of Music in 1837. There it remained forgotten until accidentally rediscovered in 1903, becoming one of the major musicological finds of the Twentieth Century. In 1911 *The Fairy Queen* was performed complete in concert form at Morley College under the baton of Gustav Holst, and in 1920, at the suggestion of Ralph Vaughn Williams, a fully staged performance was given at Cambridge, the first stage revival since 1693. Thanks to the efforts of these judicious musicians, *The Fairy Queen* has since attracted a growing number of enthusiasts and has taken its place among Purcell's most cherished and revered works, such as *Dido and Aeneas* and *Dioclesian*. Of course, *The Fairy Queen* was not intended as a profound theatrical production but rather as a light musical diversion — a delightful evening of song, poetry, and dance designed to draw the audience into a world of fantasy. The anonymous author of the preface to the original text stated the composer's objective most succinctly in a sentiment echoed by musicians everywhere:

Our Business is, to study how to please,
To Tune the Mind to its expected ease.
And all that we expect, is but to find,
Equal to our Expencc, the Audience kind.

— Jennifer Willard

**Entrance of Night, Mystery, Secrecy,
and Sleep, with Chorus of Attendants**

Night: **Ms. Mabbs**

See, even Night herself is here,
To favour your design,
And all her peaceful train is near,
That men to sleep incline.
Let Noise and Care,
Doubt and Despair,
Envy and Spite,
(the fiend's delight)
Be ever banish'd hence.
Let soft Repose
Her eyelids close,
And murmur'ing streams
Bring pleasing dreams;
Let nothing stay to give offence.

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I am come to lock all fast,
Love without me cannot last
Love, like counsels of the wise,
Must be hid from vulgar eyes
'Tis holy and we must conceal it,
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and Chorus
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Sweet Repose has clos'd her eyes,
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(Orchestra)**

ACT III

Song: **Mr. Hansen**

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torment?
If a bitter, oh tell me whence comes
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Or grieve at my fate, when I know
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Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft
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That at once it both wounds me
and tickles my heart.

Chorus:

I press her hand gently, look languish-
ing down,
And by passionate silence I make
my love known.
But oh! how I'm blest when so kind
she does prove,
By some willing mistake to discover
her love.
When in striving to hide, she reveals
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And our eyes tell each other what
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Forward (Orchestra)**

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I'll hide me from the sight of day,
And sigh my soul away.
O, let me weep! O, let me forever weep!
He's gone, his loss deplore,
And I shall never see him more.

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Coridon: **Mr. Cohn**

Now the maids and the men are making
of hay,
We've left the dull fools and are
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Then Mopsa no more be coy as
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And kiss the sweet time away.

Mopsa: **Ms. Mabbs**

Why how now, Sir Clown, what makes
you so bold?
I'd have ye to know I'm not of that
mould.
I tell you again, again and again,