

AENEAS, DIDO: Behold, upon my bending spear...

BELINDA, CHORUS:
Haste, haste to town, this open field
No shelter from the storm can yield.

SPIRIT, AENEAS
Stay, Prince and hear great Jove's command...

Third Act – The Ships

SAILOR, 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
But never intending to visit them more.

SORCEROR, WITCHES: See the flags and streamers curling...

SORCEROR
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's our delight
Delight our greatest sorrow!
Elissa dies tonight and Carthage flames tomorrow.

DIDO, AENEAS: Your counsel all is urged in vain...

CHORUS:
Great minds against themselves conspire
And shun the cure they most desire.

DIDO: Thy hand, Belinda, darkness shades me...

DIDO
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 part.

DIDO AND AENEAS

Music by Henry Purcell, Libretto by Nahum Tate

Dido, also called Elissa, Queen of Carthage, Victoria Mulley, Jan Farmer

Belinda (Dido's sister) Brigitte Mordan-Grimm

Second Woman Frances Scott

Aeneas, a Trojan Prince Damien D'Arcy

The Sorcerer Simon Arscott

Witches Jude Evans and Tory Fea

Sailor Geof Hollas

Spirit Charlie Fison

Chorus: Musicianship Class of the Addison Singers – Sopranos: Nora Brook; Suzy Farnfield; Nova Ferguson; Brigitte Mordan-Grimm; Beth O'Brien; Joanna Thomas. Altos: Lorraine Ainscow-Searle; Cathy Copeland; Jan Farmer; Leslie Hoover; Sally Malin; Donna Moore; Fran O'Brien; Amelia Whately-Smith. Tenors: Simon Arscott; Charlie Fison; Geoffrey Hollas; Basses: John Birch; Damien D'Arcy; Stephen Farrant; Mike Lachowicz; Ben Rampton.

Musicians

First Violin Diana Moore Second Violin Joanne Lawrence

Viola David Brooker Cello Elizabeth Andrews

Harpichord Yeo Yat-Soon

Registered Charity: 286808, The Addison Group of Singers

Dido And Aeneas

First Act – The Palace at Carthage

BELINDA

Shake the cloud from off your brow,
Fate your wishes does allow;
Empire growing,
Pleasures flowing,
Fortune smiles and so should you.

CHORUS

Banish sorrow, banish care,
Grief should ne'er approach the fair.

DIDO

Ah! Belinda, I am prest
With torment not to be confess'd,
Peace and I are strangers grown.
I languish till my grief is known,
Yet would not have it guess'd.

BELINDA/DIDO: Grief increases by concealing...

CHORUS

When monarchs unite, how happy their state,
They triumph at once o'er their foes and their fate.

DIDO, BELINDA: Whence could so much virtue spring? ...

BELINDA, SECOND WOMAN, CHORUS

Fear no danger to ensue,
The hero loves as well as you,
Ever gentle, ever smiling,
And the cares of life beguiling,
Cupid strew your path with flowers
Gather'd from Elysian bowers.

BELINDA, AENEAS, DIDO: See, your Royal Guest appears...

CHORUS

Cupid only throws the dart
That's dreadful to a warrior's heart,
And she that wounds can only cure the smart.

AENEAS: If not for mine, for Empire's sake...

BELINDA

Pursue thy conquest, Love; her eyes
Confess the flame her tongue denies.

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.

Second Act, scene 1 – The Cave

SORCEROR, WITCH: Wayward sisters, you that fright...

CHORUS

Harm's our delight and mischief all our skill.

SORCEROR: The Queen of Carthage, whom we hate...

CHORUS: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

WITCHES, SORCEROR: Ruin'd ere the set of sun?...

CHORUS: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

WITCHES

But ere we this perform,
We'll conjure for a storm
To mar their hunting sport
And drive 'em back to court.

ECHO CHORUS

In our deep vaulted cell the charm we'll prepare,
Too dreadful a practice for this open air.

Second Act, scene 2 – A Grove

BELINDA, 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.

SECOND WOMAN

Oft she visits this lone mountain, oft she bathes her in this fountain;
Here Actaeon met his fate, pursued by his own hounds,
And after mortal wounds
Discover'd, too late, here Actaeon met his fate.

