

The Fairy Queen

5.

Overture

Act I

6.

Come, come, come, let us leave the town,
And in some lonely place,
Where crouds 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.

7.

Drunken Poet:

Fill up the bowl, then, &c.

1st Fairy, Chorus:

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

Poet:

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

2d Fairy, Chorus:

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

Poet:

Hold you damn'd tormenting Punk!
I do confess...

Both Fairies:

What, what...?

Poet:

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

Both Fairies:

What art thou, speak?

Poet:

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

Chorus:

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

Poet:

Hold! Oh! Oh! Oh!

Both Fairies:

Confess more, more.

Poet:

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,
I'll write a Sonnet in thy praise.

Chorus:

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

1.

First music - Prelude

9.

Act II

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.

10.

Prelude

13a.

Chorus:

Now join your warbling voices all.

13b.

Song and Chorus:

Sing while we trip it on the green;
But no ill vapours rise or fall,
Nothing offend our Fairy Queen.

14.

Night:

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 spight,
(The fiends delight)

Be ever banish'd hence,
Let soft repose,
Her eyelids close;
And murmuring streams,
Bring pleasing dreams;
Let nothing stay to give offence.

15.

Mystery:

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.

16.

Secresy:

One charming night
Gives more delight,
Than a hundred lucky days.
Night and I improve the taste,
Make the pleasure longer last,
A thousand several ways.

17.

Sleep:

Hush, no more, be silent all,
Sweet repose has clos'd her eyes.
Soft as feather'd snow does fall!
Softly, softly, steal from hence.
No noise disturb her sleeping sence.
Rest till the rosie morn`s uprise.

Act III

20.

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.

Chorus:

I press her hand gently,
look Languishing 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.

22.

Dance of the Fairies

24.

Ye Gentle Spirits of the air, appear;
Prepare, and join your tender voices here.
Cath, and repeat the trembling sounds anew,
Soft as her Sighs and sweet as pearly dew,
Run new divisions, and such measures keep,
As when you lull the God of Love asleep.

25.

Coridon:

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 us merrily play,
And kiss the sweet time away.

Mopsa:

Why, how now, Sir Clown,
what makes you so bold?
I'd have ye to know
I'm not made of that mold.
I tell you again:
Maids must never kiss no men.
No, no: no kissing at all;
I'll not kiss, till I kiss you for good and all.

Coridon:

Not kiss you at all?

Mopsa:

Not kis, till you kiss me
for good and 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.
The 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!

Coridon:

You must not, you cannot,
you shall not deny.

28.

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

30.

Symphony

34.

Phoebus:

When a Cruel long winter
has frozen the earth,
And Nature imprisoned seeks
in vain to be free;
I dart forth my beams, to give
all things a birth,
Making spring for the plants,
every flower, and each tree.
'Tis I who give life,
warmth, and vigour to all,
Even 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.

35.

Hail! Great parent of us all,
Light and comfort of the earth;

Before your shrine the Seasons fall,
Thou who givest all Nature Birth.

36.

Spring:

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

37.

Summer:

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

38.

Autumn:

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.

39.

Winter:

Now Winter comes slowly,
Pale, meager, and old,
First trembling with age,
and then quiv'ring with cold;
Benumb'd with hard forsts,
and with Snow cover'd over,
Prays the sun to restore him,
and sings as before.

Chorus:

Hail! Great parent of us all,
Light and comfort of the earth;
Before thy shrine the Seasons fall,
Thou who givest all Nature Birth.

41.

Prelude

Act V

42.

Juno:

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 for ever chaste.

43.

O let me ever, ever weep,
My eyes no more shall welcome sleep;
I'll hide me from the sight of day
And sigh, and sigh my soul away.
He's gone, he's gone, his loss deplore
For I shall never see him more.

46.

A Chinese Man:

Thus the gloomy world
At first began to shine,
And from the power divine
A glory round it hurl'd;
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 for empty fame,
No cause for pride, ambition wanted aim.

47.

Chinese Woman:

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.

Chorus:

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.

49.

Monkey's Dance

51.

A chinese Woman:

Hark! the echoing air a triumph sings,
And all around pleas'd Cupids clap their Wings.

Chorus:

Hark! Hark!

52.

Two Chinese Women:

Sure the dull God of Marriage does not hear;

We'll rouse him with a charm.

Hymen, appear!

Chorus:

Hymen appear!

Both:

Our queen of night commands you not to stay.

Appear, appear!

53.

Prelude

54.

Hymen:

See, see, I obey.

My torch has long been out, I hate

On loose dissembled vows to wait,

Where hardly love outlives

the wedding night,

False flames, love's meteors,

yield my torch no light.

55.

Two Chinese Women:

Turn then thine eyes upon those glories there,

And catching flames will

on thy torch appear.

56.

Hymen:

My torch, indeed, will from

such brightness shine:

Love ne'er had yet such altars, so divine.

31.

One of the Attendants:

Now the Night is chased away,

All salute the rising sun;

'Tis that happy, happy day,

The birthday of King Oberon.

Duet:

Let the fifes, and the clarions,

and shrill trumpets sound,

And the Arch of high heaven
the clangor resound.

58.

Chaconne

59.

Chorus:

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.