THE WORKS

OF .





VOLUME II.



LONDON: NOVELLO, EWER & CO.

1882.

THE PURCELL SOCIETY,

FOUNDED ON MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1876, for the purpose of doing justice to the memory of HENRY PURCELL; firstly, by the publication of his works, most of which exist only in manuscript; and secondly, by meeting for the study and performance of his various compositions.

PERMANENT COMMITTEE.

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In his remarks upon HENRY PURCELL, Dr. Burney said :---

"While the Frenchman is loud in the praises of a Lulli and a Rameau; the German in that of a Handel and a Bach; and the Italian, of a Palestrina and a Pergolesi; not less is the pride of an Englishman in pointing to a name equally dear to his country; for PURCELL is as much the boast of England in music as Shakespeare in the drama, Milton in epic poetry, Locke in metaphysics, or Sir Isaac Newton in mathematics and philosophy. As a musician he shone not more by the greatness than the diversity, by the diversity than the originality of his genius; nor did the powers of his fancy prove detrimental to the solidity of his judgment. It is true that some musicians of eminence had appeared in this country previously to him, but the superior splendour of his genius eclipsed their fame. We hear with pleasure of Tallis, Gibbons, and Blow; but upon the name of PURCELL we dwell with delight, and are content to identify with his the musical pretensions of our country."

These weighty utterances may be taken as still representing in substance the opinion of English musicians with regard to HENRY PURCELL. But while the advance of time abates nothing of that reverence for his genius and pride in his achievements which are the inheritance of the master's countrymen, it unquestionably increases the obligation under which we all lie to do justice to his memory in a more practical way. The fame of PURCELL is no longer confined to England. It has spread to every country where the art is cherished, and pages might be filled with eloquent tributes to his genius written by foreign pens. One only will suffice as an example, and it shall be that of a Frenchman. In his Les Clavecinistes de 1637 à 1790, M. Amédée Méreaux says:—

"We have here a name which is not anything like as well known as it deserves to be; it is that of a great musician whose career in the musical world left traces of remarkable progress. Nevertheless the musical world, if it have not wholly forgotten him, has not paid the tribute justly due to his celebrity. HENRY PURCELL is one of the artistic glories of England. He is, without doubt, the most able and most fertile of all the English composers."

When the genius of our countryman is thus asserted in other lands; when his music, as in the case of M. Méreaux's volumes, is printed for the use of foreign connoisseurs, and especially when foreign writers point significantly to the neglect which PURCELL suffers, it is time for us to consider what practical measures of appreciation and homage can be taken. The thought, however, is no new one. While the national tongue has for more than a century and a half lavished praises upon PURCELL, the national conscience has been uneasy at the bestowal of a barren honour and nothing more. Hence the attempts made from time to time to bring his works within reach. In 1788 Goodison made a gallant effort to print such of the master's MS. compositions as were then available, and actually succeeded in publishing, in a more or less complete form, The Tempest, Indian Queen, Ode for Queen Mary, Christ Church Ode, an Organ Voluntary, several Anthems, and The Yorkshire Feast, together with portions of *Œ dipus* and *King Arthur*. But the time was not ripe for such an enterprise. Only about 100 subscribers supported Goodison, and he had to retire from the field. Forty years passed before PURCELL found another champion of this practical order. In 1828 Vincent Novello began the publication of the master's sacred music, and carried it on with such energy that in 1832 he had given to the world what was then thought to be a complete collection. It is impossible to look back upon Novello's achievement without admiration for the research which made it possible, and without gratitude for the service rendered to English music. But justice was done only to one phase of PURCELL's genius. Great though the master was as a composer for the Church, he was, perhaps, greater as a writer for the stage and of secular music generally. To prove this -to reveal the treasures which ever since his death have been lying hidden, to the detriment alike of his own fame and the repute of his country-is a manifest obligation, the time for the discharge of which has fully come. But to this end there must be a widely extended co-operation, for the work to be done is great. Of the amazing number of secular compositions bearing PURCELL's name very few have been published. He himself printed but fourthe "Sonnatas of three Parts" (1683); the "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" (1684); Dioclesian (1691), and The Fairy Queen (1692). Under the auspices of his widow there were given to the world—" Lessons for the Harpsichord" (1696); "Ayres for Theatre" (1697); a second set of "Sonnatas," in four parts (1697); and the collection entitled "Orpheus Britannicus" (1698). Add to these portions of the music to Don Quixote, the works published by Goodison, and the three-King Arthur, Bonduca, Dido and Encas-issued by the Musical Antiquarian Society, and the tale of printed secular works is complete. But how much remains? PURCELL is know to have written music for nearly fifty Dramas, while his Odes and Choral Songs still in MS. number twenty-four. Moreover, since the completion of Novello's edition of the master's sacred music, discoveries of high importance have been made. A folio volume known to be in the Royal Library, but sought in vain by Vincent Novello, has come to light. It is described by Burney as "PURCELL'S COMPOSITIONS : A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS IN HIS OWN HANDWRITING;" and contains Anthems with Symphonies and instrumental parts, and also Odes and miscellaneous Songs. At York Minster several other volumes of Sacred Music have been happily discovered. The task of completing the noblest possible monument to our English masterviz., the publication of his Complete Works-is thus shown to be a heavy one. But the PURCELL SOCIETY enters upon it with a well-founded trust in the sympathy and support of the musical public. For that the Committee now appeal, desiring to enrich the available treasures of English art, and to wipe away a national reproach by doing justice to one of whom the nation has abundant reason to be proud.

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ODES AND WELCOME SONGS BY PURCELL.

CHIEFLY IN MS.

- I.—" A Song to Welcome Home His Majesty from Windsor, 1680."
- 2.—" A Welcome Song for His Royal Highness on his return from Scotland, 1680."
- 3.- "A Welcome Song for the King, 1681."
- 4.—" A Welcome Song for the King on his return from Newmarket, October 21, 1682."
- 5.—" A Welcome Song for the King, 1683."
- 6.—" Ode on the Marriage of Prince George with Lady Anne, 1683."
- 7.—" ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, November 22, 1683." (Printed by Playford in the following year.)
- 8.—" A Welcome Song on the King's return to Whitehall after his Summer Progress, 1684."
- 9.—"A Welcome Song for the King, 1685."
- 0.-" A Welcome Song for the King, 1687."
- 1.--- "A Welcome Song for the King, 1688."
- 2.—" THE YORKSHIRE FEAST SONG, 1690." (Printed by Goodison.)
- 3.—" A SONG THAT WAS PERFORMED AT MR. MAID-WELL'S (a Schoolmaster), on the 5th of August, 1689. The Words by one of his Scholars."

- 14.—" A Welcome Song at the Prince of Denmark's Coming Home."
- 15.—" ODE TO KING WILLIAM, 1690."
- 16.--- "Ode on King William's Birthday."
- 17.—" A QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY SONG, 1690."
- 18.—"Ode on Queen Mary's Birthday, April 29, 1691."
- 19.—" Ode on Queen Mary's Birthday, 1692."
- 20.—" ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, Nov. 22, 1692." (Printed by the Musical Antiquarian Society.)
- 21.—" ODE FOR QUEEN MARY'S BIRTHDAY, 1693."
- 22.--- "Ode for the New Year, 1694."
- 23.—" ODE FOR QUEEN MARY'S BIRTHDAY, 1694."
- 24.—" COMMEMORATION ODE, performed at Christ Church, Dublin, January 9, 1694." (Printed by Goodison.)
- 25.—"Ode for the Birthday of the Duke of Gloucester, July 24, 1695."
- 26.—" AN ODE," no date. Beginning, "Hark how the wild musicians sing."
- 27.---" ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY," no date. Beginning, "Raise the voice, all instruments obey."
- 28.—" ОDE BY MR. Cowley," no date. Beginning, "If ever I mere riches did desire."

OPERAS AND DRAMAS.

- 1. Epsom Wells.
- 2. AURENGE ZEBE.
- 3. THE LIBERTINE.
- 4. CIRCE.
- 5. Abdelazar.
- 6. TIMON OF ATHENS.
- 7. THEODOSIUS; OR, THE FORCE OF LOVE.
- 8. DIDO AND ÆNEAS. A complete Opera, with Musical Recitative, and without Dialogue.
- 9. The Virtuous Wife.
- 10. TYRANNICK LOVE.
- 11. A Fool's Preferment.
- 12. The Tempest.
- 13. DIOCLESIAN; OR, THE PROPHETESS.
- 14. The Massacre of Paris.
- 15. Amphitryon.
- 16. King Arthur.
- 17. THE GORDIAN KNOT UNTIED.
- 18. SIR ANTHONY LOVE.
- 19. DISTRESSED INNOCENCE.
- 20. The Indian Queen.
- 21. THE INDIAN EMPEROR.
- 22. ŒDIPUS.

- 23. THE FAIRY QUEEN.
- 24. THE WIFE'S EXCUSE.
- 25. THE OLD BACHELOR.
- 26. The Richmond Heiress.
- 27. THE MAID'S LAST PRAYER.
- 28. Henry the Second.
- 29. The first part of Don Quixote.
- 30. The second part of Don Quixote.
- 31. THE MARRIED BEAU.
- 32. THE DOUBLE DEALER.
- 33. THE FATAL MARRIAGE.
- 34. THE CANTERBURY GUESTS.
- 35. THE MOCK MARRIAGE.
- 36. THE RIVAL SISTERS.
- 37. Oroonoko.
- 38. THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.
- 39. Bonduca.
- 40. The third part of Don Quixote.
- 41. THE SPANISH FRYER.
- 42. THE MARRIAGE HATER.
- 43. THE CAMPAIGNERS.
- 44. The Conquest of Grenada.
- 45. The Old Mode and the New.

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HYMNS, ANTHEMS, AND OTHER SACRED MUSIC.

INSTRUMENTAL PIECES:--FANTASIAS IN 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, & 8 PARTS; OVERTURES, DANCES, CURTAIN-TUNES, &c.

.....

Persons desirous of becoming Members of the Society are requested to forward their names and subscriptions to the Hon. Sec.

Extract from the Resolutions adopted by the Permanent Committee:----

"Each Member shall pay an Annual Subscription of One Guinea, which amount shall entitle the subscriber to receive one subscription copy of the Society's publications for the current year.

"An Additional Subscription of Ten Shillings and Sixpence per annum shall entitle each Member to attend the Monthly Music Meetings to take place in November, December, January, February, March, and April.

"Members shall be further entitled to additional transferable tickets for these meetings on the same terms."

The Society's publications will be printed in full score, as left by the composer, with the addition of a pianoforte accompaniment.

ALFRED H. LITTLETON,

Hon. Sec.

London, I, Berners Street, W.



THE MASQUE TIMON OF ATHENS.





THE occasion for which the music was written, which constitutes this second volume of the Purcell Society's publications, was the revival of Shakspere's play, "Timon of Athens." In accordance with the vicious taste of the time at which this revival took place, Shakspere's text required much alteration before it could be made acceptable to the players or the public of the latter part of the seventeenth century. In order, therefore, to fit it for the approval of these critics, it was "made into a Play," as the adapter modestly phrases it, under the title of "The History of Timon of Athens, the Man-Hater," by Thomas Shadwell.

This playwright,* descended from an ancient family in Staffordshire, was born about the year 1640, at Lauton Hall, in Norfolk, a place belonging to his father, who had been bred to the law. Possessing, however, ample means, he did not follow that profession, but was content to serve his country as a justice of the peace. Having lost much of his fortune in the civil wars, in which he was a great sufferer for the royal cause, he resolved to educate his son to the legal profession; but the latter had no taste for the law, quitted the Temple, and travelled for some time abroad. On his return he devoted himself to literature, and soon produced his first play, "The Sullen Lovers," which was acted at the Duke's Theatre in 1668, and was well received. This success encouraged him to write many more comedies, most of which were as fortunate as the first.

Siding with the Whigs, since it was almost inevitable for a literary man in those days to side with one or other political party, Shadwell incurred the dislike of Dryden; and, on the appearance of the poet-laureate's "Duke of Guise" in 1683, followed by a pamphlet in which it was severely handled, "Some Reflections on the pretended Parallel in the Play called the Duke of Guise, in a letter to a Friend," of which Shadwell was suspected to be part-author, Dryden replied with a "Vindication," and so fierce a storm was raised against Shadwell and his collaborator, Hunt, that the latter was obliged to escape to Holland. Shadwell himself was flayed by the poet in the bitterest satire that was perhaps ever penned,-the celebrated Mac-Flecknoe. By a strange reverse of fortune, however, in 1688, Dryden, disqualified by his change of religion for retaining his place as poet-laureate, having embraced the Romish faith, was succeeded by his former victim, Shadwell. But the new laureate only enjoyed the dignity for a few years, for he died suddenly in 1692, in his fifty-second year, at Chelsea, where he was buried. He was described in the funeral sermon preached by his friend, Dr. Nicholas Brady, as "a man of great honesty and integrity," who "had a real love of truth and sincerity, an inviolable fidelity and strictness to his word, an unalterable friendship wherever he professed it, and a much deeper sense of religion than many have who pretend to it more openly. His natural and acquired abilities made him sufficiently remarkable to all that he conversed with, very few being equal to him in all the becoming qualities and accomplishments of a complete gentleman."

In forming an estimate of Shadwell's character and powers, we must undoubtedly not give implicit credence to Dryden's strictures, which were but too evidently influenced by personal and political hostility. In the Epilogue to a posthumous comedy, "The Volunteers,

* The materials of this short memoir of Shadwell are chiefly borrowed from the "Biographia Dramatica," 1812.

or The Stock-Jobbers," published by Shadwell's widow, his character as a poet is placed in the most advantageous light, probably with the intention of counteracting the description given by Dryden. On the other hand, Lord Rochester, who admired his conversational talents extremely, says that "if Shadwell had burnt all he wrote and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humour than any other poet." The truth lies somewhere between the two extremes. Aiming at an imitation of Ben Jonson, Shadwell, of course, fell far short of his great model; but his plays contain many admirable passages, and some excellent strokes of humour; while the characters are often original, strongly marked, and well-sustained. He wrote with great speed, and sometimes produced a play in the space of a month.

The tragedy before us was, perhaps, written in some such short period, for it is not a favourable specimen of his skill. Almost every good line in it has been taken verbatim from Shakspere, and the alterations, without exception, seem now only changes for the worse, as they could hardly fail to be.

It is impossible, nor, if possible, would it be desirable, to reprint here the whole of this "History, made into a Play," side by side with Shakspere's work, though that would be the only fair way of showing how the adapter has treated his original, how he has changed and destroyed not only the rhythm of the lines, but also the truth and force of the ideas, by every *improvement* that he has introduced into the text. A few examples must suffice.

SHAKSPERE.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me. Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes From whence 'tis nourished: the fire i' the flint Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame Provokes itself, * * * *

(Act I., Sc. 1.)

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing, I call the gods to witness, I will choose Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world, And dispossess her all. *Tim.* How shall she be endow'd,

If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all. Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long: To build his fortune I will strain a little, For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter: What you begin in him I'll security and the security is a security in him I'll security and the security is a security of the security of the security is a security of the security of th

For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter : What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise, And make him weigh with her.

(Act I., Sc. 1.)

Apem. So, so, there ! Aches contract and starve your supple joints ! That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves.

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out Into baboon and monkey.

(Act I., Sc. 1.)

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood, Call me before the exactest auditors, And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me, When all our offices have been oppress'd With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept With drunken spilth of wine; when every room Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy; I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock, And set mine eyes at flow.

(Act II., Sc. 2.)

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb Infect the air ! * * * * *

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SHADWELL.

Poet. I have a little thing slipt idly from me: The fire within the flint shews not it self Till it be struck; our gentle flame provokes It self-----

Old Man. If to her marriage my consent be wanting, I call the gods to witness, I will make The Beggars of the street my Heirs e're she Shall have a drachma. *Tim.* This Gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long; There is a duty from a Master too; To build his Fortune I will strain a little What e're your Daughters Portion weighs, this Mans shall counterpoise.

Apem. So, so, crouching slaves aches contract and make your supple
Joynts to wither; that there should be so little
Love among these Knaves, yet all this courtesie!
They hate and scorn each other, yet they kiss
As if they were of different Sexes! Villains! Villains!

Apem. None are so honest to tell thee of thy vanities, So the gods bless me. When all your Offices have been opprest With riotous feeders, when every vault has wept With drunken spilth of wine, when every room Has blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with Minstrels, Or roaring singing drunkards, I have retir'd To my poor homely Cell, and set my eyes At flow for thee, because I find something in Thee that might be worthy—but, as thou art, I Hate and scorn thee.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the Fens, The Bogs and muddy Marshes, and from Corrupted standing Lakes, rotten humidity Enough to infect the Air with dire consuming Pestilence !

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* Earth, yield me roots! [Digging. Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate With thy most operant poison ! What is here? Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ? No, gods, I am no idle votarist: * * * * * * * * * I will use none, 'twill bring me flatterers. * * * * Come, damnèd earth, Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds Among the rout of nations, I will make thee Do thy right nature. Ha! a drum? Thou'rt quick, [March afar off. But yet I'll bury thee; thou'lt go, strong thief, Where gouty keepers of thee cannot stand :--[Keeping some gold. (Act IV., Sc. 3.) Nay, stay thou out for earnest. Tim. Come not to me again : but say to Athens, Tim. Now after all the follies of this life, Timon hath made his everlasting mansion Timon has made his everlasting Mansion; Upon the beached verge of the salt flood; Which once a day with his embossed froth Upon the beached Verge of the Salt Flood; Where every day the swelling Surge shall wash him; The turbulent surge shall cover : thither come, There he shall rest from all the Villainies, And let my grave-stone be your oracle. Betraying smiles, or th'oppressing frowns Lips, let sour words go by, and language end : Of proud and impotent Man.

[Exit. (Act V., Sc. 2.)

* * *

What is amiss, plague and infection mend !

Graves only be men's works, and death their gain ! Sun, hide thy beams ! Timon hath done his reign.

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The most important of Shadwell's additions is the Masque* in Act I., at Timon's banquet. The arrival of the "masqu'd ladies" is announced, as in Shakspere's text, by a servant; but Cupid's part is omitted by the adapter. The introduction runs as follows, Apemantus having gone off, and his speech ("Heyday, what a sweep of vanity," &c.) being, of course, consequently left out of the reconstructed scene :----

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, there are some Ladies masqu'd desire admittance. Tim. Have not my doors been always open to Ev'ry Athenian? They do me honour. Wait on 'em in, were not I bound to do My duty here, I would. Chloe. I have not had the opportunity To deliver this till now, it is a Letter From Alcibiades. *Mel.* Dear *Alcibiades*, Oh how shall I love him, When he's restored to his Estate and Country! He will be richer far than Timon is, And I shall chuse him first of any man; How lucky 'tis I should put off my Wedding.

Enter Evandra with Ladies masqu'd.

Tim. Ladies, you do my house and me great honour; I should be glad you would unmask, that I Might see to whom I owe the Obligation.

I. Lad. We ask your pardon, we are stoln out upon Curiosity, and dare not own it. *Tim.* Your pleasure Ladies, shall be mine.

Evan. This is the fine gay thing so much admir'd, That's born to rob me of my happiness,

And of my life; her face is not her own, Nor is her love, nor speech, nor motion so:

Her smiles, her amorous looks, she puts on all,

There's nothing natural: She always acts

And never shews her self; How blind is Love

That cannot see this Vanity!

[Masque begins.

* The words of the Masque will be found, reprinted complete, on pp. xi., xii.

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Earth yields me roots; thou common whore of mankind That put'st such odds amongst the rout of Nations; I'll make thee do thy right office. Ah, what's here? Gold, yellow, glittering precious gold! enough To purchase my estate again: Let me see further; What a vast mass of Treasure's here! There ly,

Evan. Speak not of death, I cannot lose thee yet, Throw off this dire consuming Melancholy. Oh could'st thou love as I do, thou'd'st not have Another wish but me. There is no state on Earth

Which I can envy while I've thee within These Arms-take comfort to thee, think not yet

Of Death-leave not Evandra yet.

[iv]

At the conclusion of the Masque, instead of the dignified lines which Shakspere puts into Timon's mouth,-

> You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies, Set a fair fashion on our entertainment, Which was not half so beautiful and kind; You have added worth unto 't and lustre, And entertain'd me with mine own device; I am to thank you for it,-

Shadwell makes him say, with vulgar and prosy ostentation,---

'Tis well design'd, and well perform'd and I'll Reward you well: let us retire into my next Apartment, where I've devis'd new pleasures for you, And where I will distribute some small Presents, To testifie my Love and Gratitude.

In spite of the faults indicated above, "Timon of Athens," in his new dress, according to Downes ("Roscius Anglicanus," 1708), "alter'd by Mr. *Shadwell*, was very well *Acted*, and the Musick in 't well Perform'd; it wonderfully pleas'd the Court and City; being an Excellent Moral." The play was licensed by R. L'Estrange, February 18, 1677-8, and acted in that year at the Duke's Theatre; and the book was published, at the same time, in 4to. The following is the title, with the dedication, prologue and epilogue, and words of the Masque as printed in the original adition:

the Masque, as printed in the original edition :---



THE HISTORYOF Timon of Athens, THE MAN-HATER.

As it is acted at the

DUKES THEATRE.

Made into a

PLAY.

By THO. SHADWELL.

Licenfed, Feb. 18. 167_7^8 . Ro. L'Estrange.

LONDON,

Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman, at the Blue Anchor, in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange, 1678.

(vii)

To the Moft ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE GEORGE

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, &c.

May it please your Grace,

NOthing could ever contribute more to my having a good opinion of my felf, than the being favour'd by your Grace; The thought of which has fo exalted me, that I can no longer conceal my Pride from the World; but muft publish the Joy I receive in having fo noble a Patron, and one fo excelling in Wit and Judgment; Qualities which even your Enemies could never doubt of, or detract from. And which make all good men and men of fence admire you, and none but Fools and ill men fear you I am extreamly fenfible what honour for 'em. it is to me that my Writings are approved by your Grace; who in your own have fo clearly fhown the excellency of Wit and Judgment in your Self, and fo justly the defect of 'em in others, that they at once ferve for the greateft example, and the fharpeft reproof. And no man who has perfectly underftood the *Rehearfal*, and fome

(viii)

The Epistle Dedicatory.

fome other of your Writings, if he has any Genius at all, can write ill after it.

I pretend not of an Epiftle to make a Declamation upon thefe and your other excellent Qualities. For naming the Duke of Buckingham is enough : who cannot have greater commendations from me than all who have the honour to know him already give him. Amongft which number I think it my greatest happiness to be one, and can never be prouder of any thing can arrive to me, than of the honour of having been admitted fometimes into your Graces Converfation, the most charming in the World. I am now to prefent your Grace with this Hiftory of Timon, which you were pleafed to tell me you liked, and it is the more worthy of you, fince it has the inimitable hand of Shake/pear in it, which never made more Masterly strokes than in this. Yet I can truly fay, I have made it into a Play, Which I humbly lay at your feet, begging the continuance of your Favour, which no man can value more than I shall ever do, who am unfeignedly,

My Lord,

Your Graces

Most Obedient,

humble Servant,

THO. SHADWELL.

Pro-

(ix)

Prologue TO TIMON.

ackslash Ince the bare gleanings of the stage are grown The only portion for brisk Wits o'th' Town, We mean fuch as have no crop of their own; Methinks you should encourage them that fore, Who are to watch and gather what does grow. Thus a poor Poet must maintain a Muse, As you do Mistresses for others use : The wittiest Play can serve him but one day, Though for three months it finds you what to fay. Yet you your Creditors of wit will fail, And never pay, but borrow on and rail. Poor Echo's can repeat wit, though they've none, Like Bag-pipes they no found have of their own, Till some into their emptiness be blown. Yet . To be thought Wits and Judges they're fo glad, And labour for't as if they were Wit-mad. Some will keep Tables for the Wits o'th' Nation, And Poets eat them into reputation.

Some Scriblers will Wit their whole bus' nefs make, For labour'd dullness grievous pains will take; And when with many Throes they've travail'd long, They now and then bring forth a Foolish Song. One Fop all modern Poets will condemn, And by this means a parlous Judg will seem. Wit is a common Idol, and in vain Fops try a thousand wayes the name to gain. Pray judge the nauseous Farces of the Age,

And

(x)

Prologue.

And meddle not with sence upon the Stage; To you our Poet no one line submits, Who fuch a Coil will keep to be thought Wits: 'Tis you who truly are so, he would please; But knows it is not to be done with ease. In the Art of Judging you as wise are grown, As in their choice some Ladies of the Town. Your neat shap't Barbary Wits you will despise, And none but lusty Sinewy Writers prize. Old English Shakespear stomachs you have still, And judge as our Fore-fathers writ with skill. Tou Coin the Wit, the Witlings of the Town Retailers are, that spread it up and down; Set but your stamp upon't though it be bras, With all the Wou'd-be-Wits, 'twill currant pa/s. Try it to day and we are fure 'twill hit, All to your Soveraign Empire must submit.

Mafque

(xi)

MASQUE.

Enter Shepherds and Nymphs.

A Symphony of Pipes imitating the chirping of Birds. Nymph. Hark how the Song fters of the Grove

Sing Anthems to the God of Love. Hark how each am'rous winged pair, With Loves great praises fill the Air. Chorus. On ev'ry fide the charming found Does from the hollow Woods rebound.

Retornella.

Nymph. Love in their little veins infpires Their cheerful Notes, their soft Defires: While Heat makes Buds or Bloffoms spring, These pretty couples love and sing. Chorus But Winter puts out their defire, With Flutes. And half the year they want Loves fire.

Retornella.

Full (But Ab how much are our delights more dear, Chorus. (For only Humane Kind love all the year.

Enter the Manades and Ægipanes.

1. Bach. Hence with your trifling Deitie A greater we adore, Bacchus, who always keeps us free From that blind childish power. 2. Bach. Love makes you Languish and look pale And sneak, and sigh, and whine; But over us no griefs prevail, While we have lusty Wine. Chorus with Then hang the dull Wretch who has care in his foul Whom Love, or whom Tyrants, or Laws can controul, Hout - boys. If within his right hand he can have a full Bowl. Nymph. Go drivel and snore with your fat God of Wine, Your swell'd faces with Pimples adorning, Soak your Brains over night and your senses resign, And forget all you did the next Morning. Nymph. With dull aking Noddles live on in a mift, And never discover true Joy; Would Love tempt with Beauty, you could not resist,

The Empire he slights, he'd destroy.

1 Bach

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I Bach. Better our heads, than hearts should ake, His childish Empire we despise; Good Wine of him a Slave can make, And force a Lover to be wife. Better, &c. 2 Bach. Wine fweetens all the cares of Peace, And takes the Terrour off from War. To Loves affliction it gives eafe, And to its Joy does best prepare. It sweetens, &c. Nymph. 'Tis Love that makes great Monarchs fight, The end of Wealth and Power is Love; It makes the youthful Poets write, And does the Old to Youth improve. Retornella of Hout-boys. Bach. 'Tis Wine that Revels in their veins, Makes Cowards valiant, Fools grow wife, Provokes low Pens to losty strains, And makes the young Loves Chains despise. Retornella. Nymphs and {Love rules the World. Mænades and {'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine. Ægipanes. Nymphs and {'Tis Love, 'tis Love. Mænades and {'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.

Enter Bacchus and Cupid.

Bacchus.	Hold, Hold, our forces are combin'd,
	And we together rule Mankind.
General	Then we with our Pipes, and our Voices will join
	To found the loud praifes of Love and good Wine.
	Wine gives vigour to Love, Love makes Wine go down.
	And by Love and good Drinking, all the World is our own.

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Epilogue.

F there were hopes that ancient folid Wit Might please within our new fantastick Pit; This play might then Support the Criticks Shock, This Scien grafted upon Shakespears stock ; For join'd with his our Poets part might thrive, Kept by the vertue of his [ap alive. Though now no more substantial English Playes, Than good old Hospitality you praise; The time shall come when true old sence shall rife In Judgment over all your vanities. Slight kick/haw Wit o'th' Stage, French meat at Feafts, Now daily Tantalize the hungry Guests; While the old English Chine us'd to remain, And many hungry onsets would sustain. At these thin Feasts each Morsel's swallow'd down, And ev'ry thing but the Guests stomach's gone. At these new fashion'd Feasts you' have but a Tast, With Meat or Wit you scarce can break a Fast. This Jantee slightness to the French we owe, And that makes all flight Wits admire 'em fo. They're of one Level, and with little pains The Frothy Poet good reception gains; But to hear English Wit there's use of brains. Though Sparks to imitate the French think fit In want of Learning, Affectation, Wit, And which is most, in Cloaths, wee'l n'er submit. Their Ships or Plays o're ours shall ne're advance, For our Third Rates shall match the First of France. With English Judges this may bear the Test, Who will for Shakespear's part forgive the rest. The Sparks judge but as they hear others fay, They cannot think enough to mind the Play. They to catch Ladies (which they dress at) come,

Or

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Epilogue.

Or 'cause they cannot read or think at home; Each here deux yeux and am'rous looks imparts, Levells Crevats and Perriwigs at Hearts ; Yet they themselves more than the Ladies mind, And but for vanity wou'd have 'em kind. No passion -But for their own Dear persons them can move, Th' admire themselves too much to be in Love. Nor Wit, nor Beauty, their hard Hearts can strike, Who only their own sence or persons like. But to the men of Wit our Poet flies, To fave him from Wits mortal Enemies. Since for his Friends he has the best of those, Guarded by them he fears not little Foes. And with each Mistress we must favour find,) They for Evandra's sake will sure be kind ; At least all those to constant Love inclin'd.

FINIS.

The following list of Dramatis Personæ is taken from the edition of 1688: there is none in that of 1678.

Persons Names.

TIMON of Athens	Mr. Betterton.			
Alcibiades, an Athenian Capt.	Mr. Smith.			
Apemantus, a Rigid Philosopher	Mr. Harris.			
†Nicias,	Mr. Standford.			
†Phæax,	Mr. Underhill.			
†Ælius,	Mr. Leigh.			
†Cleon, } Senators of Athens.	Mr. Norris,			
+Ifander,	Mr. Percival.			
+Ifidore,	Mr. Gillo.			
†Thrafillus,)				
(Flavius in Demetrius, Timon's Steward.	Mr. Medburne.			
(Flaminius in Diphilus, Servant to Timon.	Mr. Bowman.			
Old Man.	Mr. Richards.			
Poet.	Mr. Jevon.			
Painter.	1.21. 5000.			
'Feweller.				
† Musician.				
Merchant.				
†Evandra,	Mrs. Betterton.			
†Melista,	Mrs. Shadwell.			
†Chloe,	Mrs. Gibbs.			
Thais, Physical Mistreffes to Alcibiades.	Mrs. Seymor.			
rmmas,) – –	Mrs. Le-Grand.			
Servants.				
Messengers.				
Several Masqueraders.				
Souldiers.				

Scene Athens.

All the characters marked + are new; Shakspere's Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, Ventidius, Lucilius, Servilius, Caphis, Philotus, Titus, Lucius (servant), Hortensius, two servants of Varro, Isidore's servant, Cupid, three strangers, a Page, and a Fool, being all omitted by Shadwell.

Davies, in his annotations on the "Roscius Anglicanus," edited by F. J. Waldron, tells us that the piece was still "acted at the Theatres of Drury-Lane, and Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, about forty-five years since" (circa 1740). "Mills played Timon, and Mrs. Thurmond, Evandra, at Drury-Lane; Walker, Tymon, and Quin, Apemantus, at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields."

Waldron adds the information that another alteration of Shakspere's play, by Love (a pseudonym for Dance), was performed about thirty years later at the Richmond Theatre, "with very splendid scenery, dresses, and decorations; the play well performed, and the receipts to it considerable." It was again revived at Drury Lane, with alterations by Cumberland, when Barry played *Timon*, and Love, *Apemantus*. Waldron, however, does not say if Purcell's music still accompanied the tragedy in any of these later transformations: in all probability, it did not, or he did not know if it did: nor, indeed, does Downes himself appear to have been acquainted with the name of its composer.

This Masque, then, was not well calculated to inspire the genius of Purcell. Written to order, and, perhaps, in some haste, the score is slight in character and design; nor will it convey, to those at least who are unfamiliar with Purcell's style, an adequate idea of the extent or quality of his powers, nor of the boldness of conception and grasp which mark him out from among his contemporaries, and frequently show him anticipating effects, and,

$(\mathbf{x}\mathbf{v})$

especially, harmonic effects, which have been commonly regarded as characteristics of a far later period. Yet even here no musician can fail to be struck by the melodious grace of the Duet at the beginning of the Masque, with its quaintly sportive imitations; nor by the bold Bass Song, "Return, revolting rebels," which, with its picturesque second part, retains to this day all its original freshness. The Chorus, "Who can resist such mighty charms," is vigorous and full of massive effect, in spite of its simplicity of construction; while the Duet and Chorus, with which the work ends, form as pointed and spirited a Finale as ever concluded a Cantata. There is neither conventionality nor elaborate display of science in these numbers. They express the words with a direct and unaffected purpose not common in that age. The other melodies have a more antiquated flavour, and reflect, perhaps, more closely than the rest the taste of the time or the requirements of the singers. Purcell was but twenty years old when he wrote this music.

The Curtain-tune, on a Ground, is ingenious, but seems to modern ears somewhat harsh in its strange progression, suggestive, as it is, of "false relation,"—a charge to which, strictly speaking, it is, perhaps, not open.

The Overture, being up to a certain point identical with the "Trumpet Sonata," is doubtless already familiar to most lovers of Purcell's music, and therefore needs no comment. Eight of the pieces in the Masque were printed in the "Orpheus Britannicus," viz., the opening Duet; the Solo, "Love in their little veins"; the Trio, "But ah ! how much"; the Solo, "Hence with your vain and trifling deity"; the Solo, "Come all to me"; the Solo, "Return, revolting rebels"; and the Duet, "Come, let us agree," in Vol. II., 1702; and the Solo, "The cares of lovers," in the second edition of Vol. I., 1706.

Solo, "Hence with your vain and trining deity"; the Solo, "Come all to me"; the Solo, "Return, revolting rebels"; and the Duet, "Come, let us agree," in Vol. II., 1702; and the Solo, "The cares of lovers," in the second edition of Vol. I., 1706. The Score has been critically edited by Professor the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore-Ouseley, who has added a compressed version of it for the Pianoforte. In doing this, he has used chiefly a MS. copy in his own library, made by John Travers; but this has been carefully collated and compared with two other MSS. in the Library of the Sacred Harmonic Society; with a MS., in the handwriting of J. Saville, in the possession of Mr. W. H. Cummings, who also possesses two other old MS. copies of the piece; with a contemporary MS. in the Musical Library in Buckingham Palace; and with another contemporary MS., and also a later copy, in the collection of the present writer.

JULIAN MARSHALL.

13, BELSIZE AVENUE, N.W.



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THE MASQUE

Duet.

Cupid's followers. 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.

Solo.

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.

Trio.

Mortals. But ah! how much are our delights more dear For only human kind love all the year.

Solo.

A Bacchanal. 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.

CHORUS.

Bacchanals. But over us no griefs prevail While we have lusty wine.

(xviii)

Solo.

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.

Chorus.

Who can resist such mighty charms? Victorious, victorious Love, Whose power controls the Gods above, And even the Thunderer disarms.

Solo.

Bacchus. Return, revolting rebels! where d' ye go? D' ye know what phantasm 'tis misleads ye so To grief and to care, To tyrannous pains, To doubt and despair, To barbarous jealousy, Misery, slavery, Torments and pains ?

Solo.

One of Cupid's The cares of lovers, their alarms, followers. 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.

Solo.

A Bacchanal. 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.

Duet and Chorus.

Cupid and Bacchus, Come, let us agree, there are pleasures divine and their followers. In wine and in love, in love and in wine.

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THE MASQUE IN TIMON OF ATHENS.

Nº 1. OVERTURE.

HENRY PURCELL.



















*) These 4 bars are wanting in the copy (Trumpet Sonata) in the library of Sac. Har. Soc.
**) Here the direction in the Trumpet Sonata is "end with the Allegro," the following movements are not to be found in that Sonata but are in the M.S.S. of the Overture in the possession of the Sac. Har. Soc. and W.H. Cummings. 5686


































Nº 4. TRIO.



	bp f				- bp					
2 b	on - ly	hu - man	kind,	for	on - 1y	hu-man	kind,	for	on - 1y	hu - man
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2 -	₽7 ₽ 8	57 6 5	6	46 3	67		6			
							8			
					- 1 <i>P</i>				- q	















Nº 6. CHORUS.

+ This part is clearly intended to be sung by male Alto voices.



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Nº 8. CHORUS.























Nº. 10. SOLO.

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CURTAIN TUNE ON A GROUND.







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