

NEW EDITION, REVISED & CORRECTED.

DEDICATED TO

Michael Costa Esq.^{re}

with affection & respect.

KENILWORTH,

** Masque of the days of Queen Elizabeth*

AS PERFORMED AT

The Birmingham Festival,

WORDS BY

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

Music by

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

REDUCED PRICE 3/6 NET CASH.

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Index.



	PAGE
INTRODUCTION...	1
CHORUS—"Hark! the Sound that hails a King"...	7
SONG—THE LADY OF THE LAKE—"I have slept beneath the Water" ...	16
QUARTET AND CHORUS—THE SYLVANS ...	22
SLOW DANCE, WITH CHORUS ...	34
ARION'S SONG—"I am a Ruler on the Sea" ...	40
RECITATIVE ...	46
DUET—SCENE FROM THE "MERCHANT OF VENICE"—"How sweet the Moonlight sleeps" ...	47
A BRISK DANCE ...	56
FINALE—SOLO AND CHORUS ...	62

KENILWORTH:

A MASQUE OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The Words by HENRY F. CHORLEY. The Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

INTRODUCTORY.

ONCE having chosen "the Princely Pleasures of Kennelworth," prepared in the summer of 1575 for Queen Elizabeth, by the Earl of Leicester, as subject for an English *Cantata*, nothing was required save to make rhymes fit for music;—so rich in contrast were the entertainments offered to the Queen.

"A temporary bridge, seventy feet in length," says Miss Aikin, in her careful biography, "was thrown across the valley to the great gate of the Castle. * * * The Lady of the Lake, invisible since the disappearance of the renowned Prince Arthur, approached on a floating island along the moat to recite adulatory verses. Arion, being summoned for like purpose, appeared on a dolphin four-and-twenty feet long, which carried in its belly a whole orchestra. A Sybil, a Salvage man, and an Echo, posted in the park, all harangued in the same strain. Music and dancing enlivened the Sunday evening, and a play was performed," &c.

My fancy was directed to this Kenilworth pageant, not merely from its local interest to those interesting themselves in our great Midland Festival, but because I have long known, almost by heart, Scott's wondrously musical, but as wondrously simple, description of the arrival of England's maiden Queen at her subject's palace on "a summer night." And I name Scott expressly, seeing that I have to plead his great example for an anachronism which will be found here. When such a master of history, of passion, of poetry, and of romance, as he, allowed himself to introduce in his novel allusions to "Troilus and Cressida," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," as so many court (if not household) words, familiar to Raleigh and to Sidney, ere the Queen made her progress into Warwickshire—at which time Shakespeare was but a boy,—I hope I may be forgiven for representing the play "set before the Queen" by the exquisite "summer night" scene from the "Merchant of Venice."

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

KENILWORTH.

ORCHESTRA.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Solo. Hark! the sound that hails a king,
Yonder cannon signalling.

Chorus. She is near! she is near!—

Solo. Lo! the blaze more bright than day,
Spreading down the throngèd way.

Chorus. She is here! she is here!

Solo. Hail! the flower of England met,
Mitre, spear, and coronet,
To salute our Sovereign dear.

Cho. And a bevy fair of Pleasures
Waits to greet her with their treasures;
For the Lady of the Lake
Does her haunted couch forsake.
Sylvans come in jolly train:
Old Arion from the main,
Thespis in her gilded car;—
Dancers, who the nimblest be,
Minstrels, harping, lustily,
Crowd around the brightest star
Of the host that brightest are,
As she sweeps in maiden state
Through her vassal's palace gate;—
While the trumpets' pompous breath,
And the bells that thundering peal
Till the towers with gladness reel,
Welcome our Elizabeth.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

SOLO.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

I have slept beneath the water,
On my quiet bed of green,
As the great magician's daughter,
Who hath dreamed, unheard, unseen,
Since the times of brave King Arthur,
When the Knight was used to roam
In the search of wild adventure,
And the Lady wept at home.—
But I wake to life and summer,
With my lilies on my brow,
For there's joy for each new comer,
And the merry days are now.

I have dreamed beneath the water,
On my quiet bed of green,
While above me storm and slaughter
Have passed, though heard, and seen.
But the secrets I have treasured
Will my lake to none betray;
For below they hide in twilight,
Though above you have the day.—
Now I wake to life and glory,
With my lilies on my brow,
To forget that old rude story,
For the golden days are now.

CHORUS OF MALE VOICES, ECHO, & QUARTET.

THE SYLVANS AND ECHO.

Let Fauns the cymbal ring,
And blow the cornet sweet,
While Sylvans tribute bring,
To Oriana's feet.

And from her secret cell,
Where she alone doth dwell,
Let Echo's voice declare
How proud she is, how fair !
Oriana !

Like Summer's bounteous noon,
Most radiant to behold ;
As chaste as yonder moon,
But not one half so cold,
Hark ! while in joyous crowd
Stout Dryads shout aloud
Her part will Echo bear,
And far away declare
How brave she is, how fair !
Oriana !

SLOW DANCE, WITH A BURTHEN.

SONG.—ARION.

I am a ruler on the sea,
Over these sturdy Mariners,
Who feel not fear so much as glee,
Whenever wind old Ocean stirs.
Let e'er so blithe its dolphins play,
Let e'er its waves so wildly roar—
Go east, go west—go where we may—
Our hearts are firmly moored on shore.
And from the deep, or from the strand,
Where Tritons fling their trumpets down,
This is our message through the land,
"We guard from harm Old England's Crown !"

Who dares to brag and taunt afar,
Like thunder-clouds that threaten rain ?
What need we care if jealous war
Be brooding in the ports of Spain ?
Our Queen may let such bodings pass,
And answer with a haughty smile,
No Don shall touch one blade of grass
In any border of our isle !—
The very highway stones would rise,
The shepherds' hills rain ruin down,
Were we not there against surprise
To guard our glorious England's Crown !

SOLO.

Place for the Queen ! our show to see
Now speak, Immortal Poetry !

THE PLAY.

(Scene from "The Merchant of Venice.")

RECITATIVE—LORENZO.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears. Soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Look ! how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold !
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But, in his motion, like an Angel sings
Still quiring to the young-ey'd Cherubims :
Such harmony is in immortal souls !

DUET.

Lorenzo. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise ; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jessica. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the Lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran, dismayed, away.

The Two. In such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

A BRISK DANCE.

FINALE—SOLO AND CHORUS.

Solo. After banquet, play, and riot,
Cometh timely hour of quiet ;
Bower and hall and corridor
Are with poppy leaves bespread,
Morpheus stayeth by the door
Of the guest so cherished.

Chorus. Sleep, great Queen ! and do not dream.
Sleep in peace—our watch is set
Till to-morrow's dawn shall beam
On the masque not ended yet.
Day shall bring thee new delight.
Trumpets ! sound ! before "Good-night"
O'er our Sovereign's couch is said,
With a blessing to her bed.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN !