

# WIGMORE HALL

Saturday 15 June 2024  
7.30pm

This concert is supported by Sam and Alexandra Morgan

## La Nuova Musica: Baroque Masterpieces and Luke Styles

Anna Dennis soprano  
Jake Arditti countertenor  
Joshua Ellicott tenor  
Benjamin Appl baritone

### La Nuova Musica

David Bates director, harpsichord  
Jane Gordon leader  
Louis Creach violin II  
Jane Rogers viola  
Heather Birt viola  
Sarah MacMahon cello  
Judith Evans bass

Rebecca Austen Brown recorder  
Oonagh Lee recorder  
Inga Maria Klaucke dulcian  
Oliver Wass harp  
Sergio Bucheli theorbo  
William Whitehead organ  
Alexander Duggan percussion

Amy Wood soprano  
Rebecca Hardwick soprano  
Christopher Field countertenor  
Simon Wall tenor  
James Arthur bass

Giacomo Carissimi (1605-1674)

Jephte (1648)

Luke Styles (b.1982)

Jephtah's Daughter (libretto by Jessica Walker) (2024)  
*world première*

Co-commissioned by the Continuo Foundation, Cockayne  
Grants for the Arts and The London Community Foundation

*Interval*

John Blow (1649-1708)

Venus and Adonis (?1683)



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'Each singer represented a character of the story and expressed perfectly the force of the words ... I could not praise enough that recitative music; one must have heard it on the spot to judge well its merits'. This comment by the French visitor to Rome André Maugars in 1639 almost certainly describes the work of **Giacomo Carissimi** (1605-74). Born in a small town 15 miles from Rome, Carissimi was appointed to the Collegio Germanico at the age of 23, becoming *maestro di cappella* quickly thereafter. Carissimi became arguably Europe's most admired composer not via publishing or self-promotion, but through the passing of hand-written copies of his music between students and admirers across the continent. From London to Lübeck, the work of Carissimi came to be regarded as the epitome of fine vocal style. His fame led to offers of employment (including one enticing opportunity to succeed Monteverdi in Venice) – all of which were turned down.

The dramatic sacred music Carissimi composed for performance at the church adjacent to the Collegio Germanico perfectly matched the spiritual mission of his Jesuit employers in harnessing the persuasive power of the liberal arts such as poetry, music, painting and sculpture. In 1650 the German Jesuit scholar Athanasius Kircher expressed his admiration for Carissimi, declaring he had the power to move 'the minds of listeners to whatever affection he wishes'. This compact retelling of part of the Old Testament story of Jephthah includes many features that were to become hallmarks of the genre later labelled oratorio. While solo recitative with continuo accompaniment is the main vehicle for transmitting text, there are also opportunities for ensemble singing as various crowds or groups contribute to the action. Carissimi also uses a narrator but, instead of using a single singer, the narrator's voice is presented variously by solo tenor, bass, soprano, a duet and even a small vocal ensemble. Stylistically, the music has much in common with the popular public operas by contemporaries such as Cavalli, elements of which were co-opted into sacred music for the spiritual benefit of churchgoers.

**John Blow** (1649-1708) would certainly have known the music of Carissimi. It is however the French influence of Jean-Baptiste Lully which is more pronounced in his *Venus and Adonis*. Regularly hailed by modern commentators as 'the first English opera', *Venus and Adonis* was understood by contemporaries to be part of the masque tradition – a popular court entertainment combining music, dance and allegory as well as political and sexual satire. The piece was written for performance at the court of Charles II around 1680 and contains many references that would have been understood by members of the court, some of whom were participants in the first performance.

The operatic credentials of *Venus and Adonis* are nevertheless noteworthy. Just as Carissimi set the template for future composers of oratorio, Blow's work incorporates many elements that came to epitomise English opera. It is entirely through-composed, combining recitative, song, choruses and the ubiquitous French-style orchestral overture typical of the musical dramas performed at the court of Louis XIV. All these elements served as direct inspiration for Blow's pupil Henry

Purcell as he set about composing his own opera *Dido and Aeneas* some years later.

Blow's retelling of the tragic myth of Cupid, Venus and Adonis holds closely to the classical tale. After an initial prologue in which Cupid muses on the nature of love, Venus and Adonis hear news of the off-stage hunt and of the fierce wild boar none have yet been able to slay. Adonis is reluctant to join the hunt (singing 'Adonis will not hunt today. I have already caught the noblest prey') but is persuaded by his lover Venus. Adonis's subsequent death at the hands of boar inspires the grief of all involved. The work concludes with an illustration of John Blow's own ability to move 'the minds of listeners' as the chorus laments 'Mourn for thy servant...Weep for your hunstman'.

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### **Jephthah's Daughter**

This piece represents the result of work with two of my most cherished collaborators. The writer Jessica Walker and the conductor and director of La Nuova Musica, David Bates.

In 2015, David and I began collaborating after he saw my opera *Macbeth* at Glyndebourne. I wanted to create a 'neo-Baroque aesthetic', blending period instruments and compositional practices. This involved developing my own continuo style and vocal approach, allowing for improvisation within the Baroque framework while maintaining my own compositional voice.

This challenge has led David, myself and La Nuova Musica to close collaboration in workshops, refining compositions and embracing the idiomatic qualities of period performance practice to discover new avenues for compositional expression within these forms. *Jephthah's Daughter* marks a significant step in this development, alongside the ongoing creation of *Sitcom*, a neo-Baroque comedic opera.

My partnership with Jessica Walker dates from 2011, encompassing various projects. We recently created *The People's Cabaret*, a series of protest songs for several festivals, and in 2022 we premièred *Voices of Power*, a large-scale orchestral song cycle at the Three Choirs Festival for the Philharmonia Orchestra and soloist Hilary Summers.

Jessica writes about *Jephthah's Daughter*: 'The narrative of Carissimi's *Jephte*, and the biblical passages on which it is based, does not end well for Jephthah's daughter. Not only is she never named, but she is needlessly sacrificed after her father makes a foolish vow in the heat of battle. In our contemporary companion piece, the daughter, here named Seila, takes control of the narrative, challenging her father and the narrators of Carissimi's oratorio for allowing her unnecessary death. Initially resistant, the narrators and Jephthah eventually collaborate with Seila and the villagers on a new story, with a very different outcome from the original!'

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## Giacomo Carissimi (1605-1674)

**Jephte** (1648)

*Liturgical text*

*Historicus*

Cum vocasset in proelium  
filios Israel rex filiorum  
Ammon et verbis  
Jephte acquiescere  
noluisset, factus  
est super Jephte  
Spiritus Domini  
et progressus ad  
filios Ammon votum  
vovit Domino  
dicens:

*Jephte*

Si tradiderit Dominus  
filios Ammon in  
manus meas,  
quicumque  
primus de  
domo mea  
occurrerit  
mihi, offeram  
illum  
Domino in  
holocaustum.

*Coro*

Transivit ergo Jephte ad  
filios Ammon, ut in spiritu  
forti et virtute Domini  
pugnaret contra  
eos.

*Historicus*

Et clangebant tubae et  
personabant tympana et  
proelium commissum est  
adversus Ammon.

Fugite, cedite impii, perite  
gentes, occumbite in  
gladio. Dominus  
exercituum in  
proelium surrexit et  
pugnat contra vos.

*Coro*

Fugite, cedite, impii,  
corruite, et in  
furore gladii  
dissipamini.

*Historicus*

Et percussit Jephte viginti  
civitates Ammon  
plaga magna  
nimis.

**Jephthah**

*Historicus*

The king of Ammon  
called the children of  
Israel to war, and  
having paid no  
attention to the  
message Jephthah sent  
him, the Spirit of the  
Lord came upon  
Jephthah. And  
Jephthah made a vow  
to the Lord

*Jephthah*

Jephthah If you give the  
Ammonites into my  
hands, whatever comes  
out of the door of my  
house first to meet me  
when I return in  
triumph from the  
Ammonites will be the  
Lord's, and I will  
sacrifice it as a burnt  
offering.

*Chorus*

Coro a 6 Then Jephthah  
went over to fight the  
Ammonites, and the  
Lord gave them into his  
hands.

*Historicus*

The trumpets and drums  
were sounded and the  
battle against Ammon  
began.

Escape, surrender, you  
evil people and die by  
the sword. The Lord  
of Hosts has  
called war against  
you.

*Chorus*

Escape, surrender, you  
evil people fall and be  
scattered by the rage of  
the sword.

*Historicus*

And Jephthah devastated  
twenty towns with one  
heavy strike.

Et ululantes filii Ammon facti  
sunt coram filiis Israel  
humiliati.

Cum autem victor Jephte  
in domum suam  
revertetur, occurrunt  
ei unigenita filia  
sua cum t  
ympanis et  
choris  
praecinebat:

*Filia*

Incipite in tympanis et  
psallite in cymbalis.  
Hymnum cantemus  
Domino et  
modulemur canticum.  
Laudemus  
regem coelitum,  
laudemus belli  
principem, qui  
filiorum Israel  
victorem ducem  
redidit.

*Coro*

Hymnum cantemus Domino  
et modulemur canticum,  
qui dedit nobis  
gloriam et Israel  
victoriam.

*Filia*

Cantate mecum Domino,  
cantate omnes populi,  
laudate belli principem, qui  
dedit nobis gloriam  
et Israel  
victoriam.

*Coro*

Cantemus omnes Domino,  
laudemus belli principem,  
qui dedit nobis gloriam et  
Israel victoriam.

*Historicus*

Cum vidisset Jephte, qui  
votum Domino voverat,  
filiam suam venientem in  
occursum, prae dolore et  
lachrimis scidit vestimenta  
sua et ait:

Thus the children of  
Ammon were  
humiliated by Israel.

When Jephthah returned  
to his home in Mizpah,  
who should come out  
to meet him but his  
daughter, dancing to  
the sound of  
tambourines and  
singing:

*Jephthah's Daughter*

Make a sound with the  
timbrel and loud  
sounding cymbals. Sing  
a hymn to the Lord and  
begin a canticle. Praise  
the King of Heaven.  
Praise the Lord of  
Hosts who has brought  
victory to the head and  
commander of the  
children of Israel.

*Chorus*

Sing a hymn and begin a  
canticle to the Lord  
who has brought us  
glory and to Israel, the  
victory.

*Jephthah's Daughter*

Sing to the Lord with me,  
all of you people. Praise  
the Lord of Hosts who  
has brought us glory  
and to Israel, the  
victory.

*Chorus*

Let us sing and praise the  
Lord of Hosts who has  
brought us glory and to  
Israel, the victory.

*Historicus*

When he saw her and  
remembering having  
sworn an  
oath, he tore  
his clothes and  
cried:

*Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.*

<i>Jephte</i> Heu mihi! Filia mea, heu decepisti me, filia unigenita, et tu pariter, heu filia mea, decepta es.	<i>Jephthah</i> Oh! My daughter! You have made me miserable and wretched, my only child. You too are among those that have made me miserable!	<i>Jephte</i> Vade, filia mia unigenita, et plange virginitatem tuam.	<i>Jephthah</i> You may go, go and weep because you shall never marry.
<i>Filia</i> Cur ergo te, pater, decipi, et cur ergo ego filia tua unigenita decepta sum?	<i>Jephthah's Daughter</i> How O father, have I made you miserable and why, your only child, am among those that have made you wretched?	<i>Historicus</i> Abiit ergo in montes filia Jephte et plorabat cum sodalibus virginitatem suam, dicens:	<i>Historicus</i> She left with her companions and the daughter of Jephthah wept that she should die and never marry, saying:
<i>Jephte</i> Aperui os meum ad Dominum ut quicumque primus de domo mea occurrerit mihi, offeram illum Domino in holocaustum. Heu mihi! Filia mea, heu decepisti me, filia unigenita, et tu pariter, heu filia mea, decepta es.	<i>Jephthah</i> I have made a vow to the Lord saying that whatever comes out of the door of my house first to meet me I will sacrifice it as a burnt offering. Oh! My daughter! You have made me miserable and wretched, my only child. You too are among those that have made me miserable!	<i>Filia</i> Plorate colles, dolete montes et in afflictione cordis mei ululate.	<i>Jephthah's Daughter</i> Cry you hills and grieve you mountains and ululate the affliction of the heart.
<i>Filia</i> Pater mi, si vovisti votum Domino, reversus victor ab hostibus, ecce ego filia tua unigenita, offer me in holocaustum victoriae tuae, hoc solum pater mi praesta filiae tuae unigenitae antequam moriar.	<i>Jephthah's Daughter</i> My father, you have given your word to the Lord. Now that the Lord has avenged you of your enemies, here am I, your only child. Do to me just as you promised for your victory. But grant this one request, my father, to your only child, before she should die.	<i>Eco</i> Ululate!	<i>Echo</i> Ululate!
<i>Jephte</i> Quid poterit animam tuam, quid poterit te, moritura filia, consolari?	<i>Jephthah</i> What might give peace to your soul, O my daughter destined to die?	<i>Filia</i> Ecce moriar virgo et non potero morte mea meis filiis consolari, ingemiscite silvae, fontes et flumina, in interitu virginis lachrimate!	<i>Jephthah's Daughter</i> I shall die a virgin and shall never be consoled by my children. Wait you forests and rivers, shed tears for the death of a virgin!
<i>Filia</i> Dimitte me, ut duobus mensibus circumeam montes, et cum sodalibus meis plangam virginitatem meam.	<i>Jephthah's Daughter</i> Give me two months to roam the hills and weep with my friends, because I will never marry.	<i>Eco</i> Lachrimate!	<i>Echo</i> Shed tears!
<i>Jephte</i> Quid poterit animam tuam, quid poterit te, moritura filia, consolari?	<i>Jephthah</i> What might give peace to your soul, O my daughter destined to die?	<i>Filia</i> Heu me dolentem in laetitia populi, in victoria Israel et gloria patris mei, ego sine filiis virgo, ego filia unigenita moriar et non vivam. Exhorrescite rupes, obstupescite colles. Valles et cavernae in sonitu horribili resonate!	<i>Jephthah's Daughter</i> I am wretched and I suffer while my people are joyous for my father and for Israel's victory. I, virgin without children and an only child, shall die and no longer live. Be horrified you cliffs, be stupefied all you hills. Valleys and caverns, resound with a horrible sound!
<i>Filia</i> Dimitte me, ut duobus mensibus circumeam montes, et cum sodalibus meis plangam virginitatem meam.	<i>Jephthah's Daughter</i> Give me two months to roam the hills and weep with my friends, because I will never marry.	<i>Eco</i> Resonate!	<i>Echo</i> Resound!
<i>Jephte</i> Quid poterit animam tuam, quid poterit te, moritura filia, consolari?	<i>Jephthah</i> What might give peace to your soul, O my daughter destined to die?	<i>Filia</i> Plorate filii Israel, plorate virginitatem meam et Jephte filiam unigenitam in carmine dolore lamentamini.	<i>Jephthah's Daughter</i> Weep, children of Israel, shed tears for my virginity and raise a sad lament for Jephthah's only child, with a song of sorrow.
<i>Filia</i> Dimitte me, ut duobus mensibus circumeam montes, et cum sodalibus meis plangam virginitatem meam.	<i>Jephthah's Daughter</i> Give me two months to roam the hills and weep with my friends, because I will never marry.	<i>Coro</i> Plorate filii Israel, plorate omnes virgines et filiam Jephte unigenitam in	<i>Chorus</i> Weep, children of Israel, cry all virgins, and raise a sad lament for

carmine doloris  
lamentamini.

Jephthah's only child,  
with a song of sorrow.

## Luke Styles (b.1982)

### Jephthah's Daughter (2024) *world première*

Jessica Walker

#### *Historicus*

The daughter of Jephthah  
Ended her lament  
And the people expressed their exquisite grief  
At her fate...

#### *Jephthah's Daughter*

Wait -  
The story wrongs me  
Since my untimely death  
I have considered this fate

#### Father

You acted unwisely  
A vow  
Uttered in the heat of excitement  
Led to my demise

#### *Jephthah*

Asking the Lord  
For safe passage  
Is common practice

#### *Jephthah's Daughter*

With your daughter as sacrifice

#### *Jephthah*

He answered my prayer  
We were victorious

#### *Chorus*

Victorious!  
We returned victorious!

#### *An Elder*

A young maiden  
Should not question  
The actions  
Of her father

#### *Jephthah's Daughter*

Storytellers  
Should not commit  
Such a flawed narrative  
To print

#### *Sopranos One and Two*

Flawed narrative

#### *Jephthah's Daughter*

The story of Jephthah

Is the story of his daughter  
It is I who lose my life  
After the ill-advised utterings  
Of my father

Yet the text

Does not even grant me a name  
I meekly accede  
Travel into the mountains  
With my companions  
Then return  
To die  
A virgin  
Why?

#### *Jephthah*

Daughter  
When I promised to sacrifice  
Whatever I first saw  
Emerging from my house  
I imagined a beast  
A lamb  
Gamboling before me

The horror

When as I approached  
My eyes beheld  
The person dearest to me

#### *Jephthah's Daughter*

Our tradition is to dance  
To dance  
To sing  
To welcome the hero home

#### *Chorus*

You knew this

#### *Jephthah's Daughter*

There I waited  
Singing joyfully  
With my friends

#### *Sopranos One and Two*

Singing joyfully

#### *Jephthah's Daughter*

Singing joyfully  
Our hearts filled with admiration  
For the returning hero

*Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.*

*Chorus*  
On seeing her  
You might have turned away  
Fixed your gaze elsewhere  
Remained silent

*Soprano One*  
Silent

*Jephthah's Daughter*  
You were all silent  
When you learned I was to die  
Not a person among you  
Challenged the conquering Jephthah  
For his foolish commitment

*Historicus*  
The story is written thus

*Jephthah's Daughter*  
Then let us consider an alternative ending

*An Elder*  
One cannot alter the ancient text

*Historicus*  
Whatever next?

*All apart from Jephthah and Jephthah's Daughter*  
Most contrary  
Changing the text  
Take care

*Jephthah*  
This is no victory  
My life is spoiled  
Since my child's sacrifice  
I am bitter and alone  
Let us proceed as she proposes

*Instrumental*

*Chorus*  
Strike the timbrels  
Sound the cymbals  
We sing a hymn and play a song to the Lord  
Who gave glory and victory to us all!  
Jephthah the hero draws near

*Historicus*  
Jephthah the hero draws near  
On seeing his daughter  
He speaks not a word

*Male Chorus*  
The rejoicing crowd disperses  
Jephthah's daughter, named Seila, asks -

*Jephthah's Daughter*  
Father  
Are you not happy to see me?

*Male Chorus*  
Jephthah retreats into his house  
And speaks not a word

*An Elder*  
For ten days  
Jephthah refuses food and water  
Trapped in his torment  
Until at last, he breaks his silence

*Jephthah*  
Daughter – Seila  
When I led our men into battle  
I was scared I might die

Gripped with fear  
I asked the Lord to spare me  
To lead us to victory  
In return I offered Him a vow  
The sacrifice of whatever I first saw  
On my return

That triumphant day  
As I walked towards my house  
An angel appeared from above  
Bearing a mirrored glass  
In it I beheld my own image

*Jephthah's Daughter and Semi Chorus weep and wail*

*Jephthah*  
I knew I must die

*Historicus*  
And so the great Jephthah  
Leaves his beloved Seila for the mountains  
Never to be seen again

*Chorus*  
Weep  
Weep for Jephthah's end  
Lament with songs of anguish

*An Elder*  
Seila marries  
And bears a son  
Whom she names  
Jephthah

*Jephthah's Daughter*  
Bears a daughter  
Whom she has not yet named

*Chorus*  
Happy day!  
Seila lives  
Her daughter lives  
Happy, happy day  
Seila's story is reclaimed

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## Interval

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### John Blow (1649-1708)

#### Venus and Adonis (?1683)

*Anne Finch*

#### Overture

#### The Prologue

*Cupid*  
Behold my arrows and my bow  
And I desire my art to show:  
No one bosom shall be found  
Ere I have done, without a wound,  
But it would be the greatest art  
To shoot myself into your heart;  
Thither with both my wings I move,  
Pray entertain the God of Love.

*Shepherdess*  
Come, Shepherds all, let's sing and play,  
Be willing, lovesome, fond and gay.

*Shepherd*  
She who those soft hours misuses  
And a begging Swain refuses  
When she would the time recover  
May she have a feeble lover.

*Shepherdess*  
The best of the Celestial Pow'rs  
Is come to give us happy hours.

*Second Shepherd*  
Oh, let him not from hence remove

*Shepherdess*  
Till ev'ry bosom's full of love.

*Cupid*  
Courtiers, there is no faith in you,  
You change as often as you can:  
Your women they continue true  
But till they see another man.

*Shepherd*  
Cupid hast thou many found  
Long in the same fetters bound?

*Cupid*  
At court I find constant and true  
Only an aged lord or two

*Shepherd*  
Who do their Empire longest hold?

*Cupid*  
The foolish ugly and the old ...  
In these sweet groves love is not taught  
Beauty and pleasure is not bought;  
To warm desires the women nature moves  
And ev'ry youthful swain by nature loves ...

*Chorus*  
In these sweet groves ...

*Cupid*  
Lovers to the close shades retire,  
Do what your kindest thoughts inspire.

#### Act I

*Adonis*  
Venus!

*Venus*  
Adonis!

*Adonis*  
Venus, when shall I taste soft delights  
And on thy bosom lie?  
Let's seek the shadiest covert of this grove  
And never, never disappoint expecting love.

*Venus*  
Adonis, thy delightful youth  
Is full of beauty and of truth.  
With thee the Queen of Love employs  
The hours design'd for softer joys.

*Adonis*  
My Venus still has something new  
Which forces lovers to be true.

*Venus*  
Me my lovely youth shall find  
Always tender, ever kind.

Hark, hark, the rural music sounds,  
Hark, hark the hunters, hark, hark the hounds!  
They summon to the chase, haste haste away.

*Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.*

*Adonis*  
Adonis will not hunt today.  
I have already caught the noblest prey.

*Venus*  
No, my shepherd, haste away,  
Absence kindles new desire,  
I would not have my lover tire ...  
My shepherd, will you know the art  
By which I keep a conquer'd heart?  
I seldom vex a lover's ears  
With business or with jealous fears.  
I give him freely all delights  
With pleasant days and easy nights.

*Adonis*  
Yet there is a sort of men  
Who delight in heavy chains  
Upon whom ill-usage gains  
And they never love till then.

*Venus*  
Those are fools of mighty leisure  
Wise men love the easiest pleasure.  
I give you freely all delights  
With pleasant days and easy nights.

*Adonis*  
Adonis will not hunt today.

*Venus*  
No, my shepherd, haste away.

*Huntsmen*  
Come follow, follow, follow,  
Come follow to the noblest game.  
Here the spritely youth may purchase fame.

*Huntsman*  
A mighty boar our spear and darts defies,  
He foams and rages, see, see, he wounds  
The stoutest of our Cretan hounds,  
He roars like thunder and he lightens from his eyes.

*Adonis*  
You who the slothful joys of city hate  
And, early up, for rougher pleasures wait,  
Next the delight which heav'nly beauty yields  
Nothing, oh nothing is so sweet  
As for our huntsmen, that do meet  
With able coursers and good hounds to range the  
fields.

*Huntsmen*  
Lachne has fastened first but she is old;  
Bring hither Ladon, he is strong and bold,  
Heigh Lachne, heigh Melampus; oh, they bleed,

Your spears, your spears, Adonis thou shalt lead.

## Act II

*Cupid*  
You place with such delightful care  
The fetters which your lovers wear;  
None can be weary to obey  
When you their eager wishes bless,  
The crowding Joys each other press  
And round you smiling Cupids play.

*Venus*  
Flattering boy, hast thou been reading  
Thy lessons and refined arts  
By which thou may'st set ableeding  
A-thousand, thousand tender hearts?

*Cupid*  
Yes, but mother, teach me to destroy  
All such as scorn your wanton boy.

*Venus*  
Fit well your arrows when you strike  
And choose for all what each may like.  
But make some love, they know not why,  
And for the ugly and ill-humour'd die;  
Such as scorn Love's fire,  
Force them to admire.

*Cupid*  
The insolent, the arrogant,  
The M-E-R-: Mer; C-E: Ce; N-A: Na; R-Y: Ry;  
The mercenary, the vain and silly.  
The jealous and uneasy, all such as tease ye ...  
Choose for the formal fool  
Who scorns Love's mighty school,  
One that delights in secret glances  
And a great reader of romances.  
For him that's faithless, wild and gay,  
Who with Love's pain does only play,  
Take some affected, wanton she,  
As faithless and as wild as he.

*Venus*  
But, Cupid, how shall I make Adonis constant still?

*Cupid*  
Use him very ill ...

To play, my Loves, to play;  
Venus makes it holiday.

*Venus*  
Call, call the Graces.



*Cupid*

Come, all ye Graces! 'Tis your duty  
To keep the Magazine of Beauty.

*Graces*

Mortals below, Cupids above,  
Sing the praises of the Queen of Love.  
The world for that bright Beauty dies;  
Sing the triumphs of her conqu'ring eyes.  
Hark, ev'n Nature sighs. This joyful night  
She will beget desire and yield delight.

### **Act III**

*Venus*

Adonis, uncall'd-for sighs  
From my sad bosom rise,  
And grief has the dominion of my eyes.  
A mourning Love passed by me now that sung  
Of tombs and urns and ev'ry mournful thing:  
Return, Adonis, 'tis for thee I grieve.

*Adonis*

I come, as fast as Death will give me leave.  
Behold the wound made by th' Aedalian boar;  
Faithful Adonis now must be no more.

*Venus*

Ah, blood and warm life his rosy cheeks forsake.  
Alas, Death's sleep thou art too young to take.  
My groans shall reach the heav'ns; oh, pow'rs above  
Take pity on the wretched Queen of Love!

*Adonis*

Oh, I could well endure the pointed dart,  
Did it not make the best of lovers part.

*Venus*

Ye cruel gods, why should not I  
Have the great privilege to die?

*Adonis*

Love, mighty Love, does my kind bosom fire;  
Shall I for want of vital heat expire?  
No, no, warm life returns, and Death's afraid  
This heart (Love's faithful kingdom) to invade.

*Venus*

No, the grim Monster gains the day;  
With thy warm blood life steals away.

*Adonis*

I see fate calls; let me on your soft bosom lie.  
There I did wish to live, and there I beg to die.

*Venus*

Ah, Adonis my love, ah, Adonis ...  
With solemn pomp let mourning Cupids bear  
My soft Adonis through the yielding air ...  
He shall adorn the heav'ns, here I will weep

Till I am fall'n into as cold a sleep.

*Omnes*

Mourn for thy servant, mighty God of Love,  
Weep for your huntsman, oh forsaken grove.  
Mourn, Echo, mourn, thou shalt no more repeat  
His tender sighs and vows when he did meet  
With the wretched Queen of Love  
In this forsaken grove.