

## Mostly Mozart

Wednesday, August 14 through Saturday, August 17, 2002

### *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato*

Pastoral ode after poems by John Milton (1608–1674), rearranged by Charles Jennens (1700–1773)

#### PART ONE

##### *L'Allegro*

###### *Accompagnato*

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,  
In Stygian Cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights  
unholy,

Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding Darkness spreads her jealous  
wings

And the night-Raven sings;  
There under Ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,  
As ragged as thy Locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert, ever dwell.

##### *Il Penseroso*

###### *Accompagnato*

Hence, vain deluding Joys,  
Dwell in some idle brain,  
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
As thick and numberless  
As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,  
Or likest hov'ring dreams  
The fickle Pensioners of Morpheus' train.

##### *L'Allegro*

###### *Air*

Come, thou Goddess fair and free,  
In heav'n yclepd Euphrosyne;  
And by men heart-easing Mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,  
With two sister Graces more,  
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.

##### *Il Penseroso*

###### *Air*

Come rather, Goddess, sage and holy;  
Hail, divinest Melancholy,  
Whose saintly visage is too bright  
To hit the sense of human sight;  
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore,  
To solitary Saturn bore.

##### *L'Allegro*

###### *Air*

Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful Jollity,  
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek;  
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter, holding both his sides.

###### *Chorus*

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest, and youthful Jollity;  
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter, holding both his sides.

##### *L'Allegro*

###### *Air*

Come, and trip it as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe.

###### *Chorus*

Come, and trip it as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe.

**Il Penseroso**

*Accompagnato*

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, stedfast, and demure;  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Flowing with majestic train,

*Arioso*

Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step, and musing gait,  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

*Accompagnato*

There held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.

*Arioso*

And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet.  
And hears the Muses in a ring,  
Round about Jove's altar sing.

*Chorus*

Join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet.

**L'Allegro**

*Recitative*

Hence, loathed Melancholy,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell  
But hast thee, Mirth, and bring with thee  
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty,  
And if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

*Air*

Mirth, admit me of thy crew  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unprovoked pleasures free;  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night,  
Then to come in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good morrow.  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

**Il Penseroso**

*Accompagnato*

First, and chief, on golden wing,  
The cherub Contemplation bring;  
And the mute Silence hist along,  
'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night.

*Air*

Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy!  
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among,  
I woo to hear thy evensong.  
Or, missing thee, I walk unseen,  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wand'ring moon  
Riding near her highest noon.  
Sweet bird...

**L'Allegro**

*Recitative*

If I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew!

*Air*

Mirth, admit me of thy crew!  
To listen how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill.

**Il Penseroso**

*Air*

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,  
Hear the far-off Curfew sound,  
Over some wide-water'd shore,  
Swinging slow, with sullen roar;  
Or, if the air will not permit,  
Some still removèd place will fit,  
Where glowing embers, through the room,  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

*Air*

Far from all resort of Mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

**L'Allegro**

*Recitative*

If I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew!

*Air*

Let me wander, not unseen  
By the hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,  
There the ploughman, near at hand,  
Whistles over the furrow'd land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

**Il Moderato**

*Air*

Each action will derive new grace  
From order, measure, time, and place;  
Till Life the goodly structure rise  
In due proportion to the skies.

**L'Allegro**

*Accompagnato*

Mountains, on whose barren breast  
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.  
Tow'rs and battlements it sees,  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

*Air*

Or let the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebeck sound  
To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the checquer'd shade;

*Chorus*

And young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holyday,  
Till the live long daylight fail;  
Thus past the day, to bed they creep,  
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.

*Intermission*

**PART TWO**

**Il Penseroso**

*Accompagnato*

Hence, vain deluding Joys,  
The brood of Folly without Father bred!  
How little you bested,  
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!  
Oh! Let my lamp, at midnight hour,  
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,  
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear  
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere  
The spirit of Plato to unfold  
What worlds, or what vast regions hold  
Th'immortal mind that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook.

*Air*

Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy  
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine;  
Or what, though rare, of later age  
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

*Recitative*

Thus, Night oft sees me in thy pale career,  
Till unwelcome Morn appear.

**L'Allegro**

*Solo*

Populous cities please me then,  
And the busy hum of men.

*Chorus*

Populous cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men.  
Where throngs of knights and barons Bold,  
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold;  
With stores of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize  
Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
To win her grace, whom all commend.  
Populous cities...

*Air*

There let Hymen oft appear  
In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With mask, and antique pageantry;  
Such sights as youthful poets dream  
On summer eves by haunted stream.

**Il Penseroso**

*Accompagnato*

Me, when the sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me goddess bring  
To archèd walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves;  
There, in close covert, by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look.

*Air*

Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honey'd thigh,  
Which at her flow'ry work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such consort as they keep  
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;  
And let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture display'd,  
Softly on my eyelids laid.  
Then as I wake, sweet music breathe,  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or th'unseen genius of the wood.

**L'Allegro**

*Air*

I'll to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonson's learned sock be on;  
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

*Air*

And ever against eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs;  
Sooth me with immortal verse,  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out;  
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony.

**Il Moderato**

*Duet*

As steals the morn upon the night,  
And melts the shades away:  
So truth does Fancy's charm dissolve,  
And rising reason puts to flight  
The fumes that did the mind involve,  
Restoring intellectual day.

**Il Penseroso**

*Recitative*

But let my due feet never fail,  
To walk the studious cloisters' pale.  
And love the high embowed roof,  
With antique pillars' massy proof,  
And story'd windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.

*Chorus*

There let the pealing organ blow  
To the full voic'd choir below,  
In service high and anthem clear!  
And let their sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes!

*Air*

May at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown, and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of ev'ry star that Heav'n doth shew,  
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

*Solo*

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

*Chorus*

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And we with thee will choose to live.

**L'Allegro**

*Air*

Orpheus' self may heave his head,  
From golden slumbers on a bed  
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear  
Such strains as would have won the ear  
Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

*Air*

These delights if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

*Chorus*

These delights if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with thee we mean to live.