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Appendix part 1

Example 1

“Let the Dreadful Engines” bar 23 – 24



Example 2

“From Rosy Bowers” bar 39 – 46

air and a face, And a shape, and a grace, Let me charm like Beau-ty's god - den.

(Recit.)
Slow
(p)
Ah! ah! — 'tis in vain, — 'tis all, all, all, all — in vain, Death and

Example 3

“Let the Dreadful Engines” bar 25 – 32

25

cold than all the winds can blow. Can

29

no-thing, can no-thing warm me, can no-thing, can no-thing warm me? Yes,

Example 4

“From Rosy Bowers” bar 57

fin- gers glow, My

Example 5

“Let the Dreadful Engines” bar 25 – 26



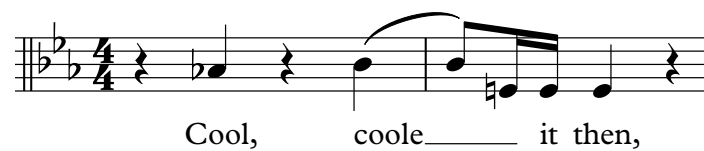
Example 6

“From Rosy Bowers” bar 61 – 62



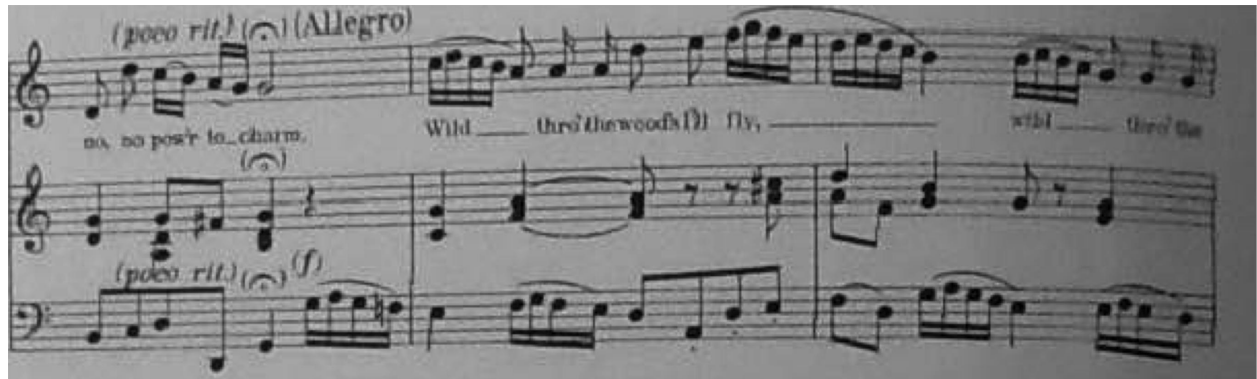
Example 7

“Let the Dreadful Engines” bar 129 – 130



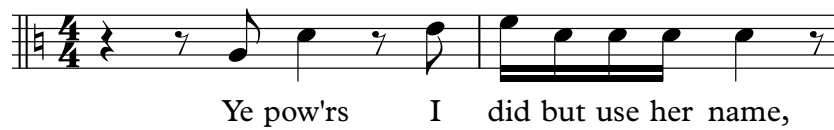
Example 8

“From Rosy Bowers” bar 139



Example 9

“Let the Dreadful Engines” bar 69 – 70



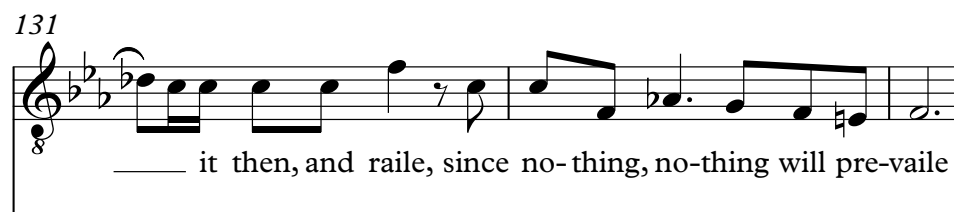
Example 10

“From Rosy Bowers” bar 43 – 46



Example 11

“Let the Dreadful Engines” bar 131 – 132



Example 12

“From Rosy Bowers” bar 83 – 87



Appendix part 2

80

From Rosy Bowers

(Don Quixote)

Realization of the Figured Bass and editing by SERGIUS KAGEN

HENRY PURCELL
(ca. 1659-1695)

(Recitative)
(Andante)

Voice

From ro-sybow'rs where sleeps the god of Love,

PIANO

(mf) (arpeggiando ad lib.)

(poco accel.)

fi-ther, hi-ther ye lit-tle wait-ing Cu-pids, fly, fly, fly,

(colla voce)

(a tempo)

(poco più mosso)

Hi-ther, ye lit-tle wait-ing Cu-pids, fly Teach me,

(cresc.)

teach me in soft, me-lo-dious songs to move, With ten-der, ten-der

(cresc.)

(Original key)
Figured Bass

According to Edmondstone Duncan, Tim Darley, the author of the text, describes this piece as "a Mad Song; by a lady distracted with love... performing in the most all the degrees of madness", which are characterised as follows: "suddenly mad, mirthfully mad (a swift movement), Melancholy madness, Fantastically mad, Stark mad".

2071

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31

(Tempo I)

(riten.) *(p)*

passion, my heart's, my heart's dar - ling joy. Ah! let the soul of music tune my

(dim.) *(p)*

(cresc.)

voice, To win - dear - Stre-phon, Ah! ah! let the soul of music tune my

(cresc.)

voice, To win - dear - Stre-phon, dear, dear, dear - Stre-phon, whose soul en- joys.

(Vivace)
(p e leggiero)

Or if more in - flu - en - cing is - to be brisk and al - ry. With a

(p e leggiero, non legato)

step and a bound. And a frisk from the ground, I will trip like a - ny fat - ry.

32

As once on I - da - danc - ing, Were three ce - les - tial ho - des, With an
 air and a face, And a shape, and a grace, Let me charm like Beau - ty's god - dess, With an
 air and a face, And a shape, and a grace, Let me charm like Beau - ty's god - dess.

(Recit.)
 Slow
 Ah! ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis all, all, all, all in vain, Death and its
 pair - most and the fa - tal pain, Cold - des - pair, cold - cold - des -

2071

pain disguis'd, like snow and rain, Falls, falls, falls on my breast!

(Piu mosso)
Bleak winds in tempests blow, in tempests blow, My

(Tempo I)
veins all shiver and my fingers glow, My pulse beats a dead, dead

march, My pulse beats a dead, dead march for lost re-

pose, And to a so lid lump of ice, my poor, poor fond heart is - there.

34

(Andante)

(*ff*)

(*Il basso ed espressivo sempre*)

(*p*)

say, — ye Pow'rs, say, say, — ye Pow'rs, my peace to crown, Shall I,

shall I, shall I, throw my self, — or, down, shall I, shall I, shall I

throw my self, — or, down? A — mongst the foam — ing bill — bows, In — creas — ing all, with

learn I shew, On beds of snow and crys — tal pil — lows, Lay down, down, down, lay

2071

down, down, down my love - sick head. Say, say, ye Pow'rs say,

(p) *(cresc.)*

say, ye Pow'rs, my peace to crown, Shall I, shall I, shall I thow my -

self - or - drown, shall I, shall I, shall I thow my - self - or - drown?

(p)

(Recit.)
(Allegro)
No, no, no, no, no, I'll straight run mad, mad, mad, mad, mad, That soon, that

soon my heart will warm; When once the sense is fled, is fled, Love, Love has no pow'r, no, no, no,

(sostenuto)
(mf sostenuto)

[illegible]

Let the dreadful engines

Thomas d'Urfey

Henry Purcell

Tenor

Piano

8 Let the dread-ful En-gines of e-ter - nal will, the Thun -

4 - - - - der Roar and crook -

7 - - ed Light - ning kill; My Rage is hot, is hot, is hot as

10 8 theirs, as fa - - - tal too, and dares as hor-rid and dares as

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2

14

hor-rid hor-rid ex - e - cu-tion do. Or let the Fro-zen North

18

its ran - - cour show, with-in my Breast, far far great -

22

- er Tem - pest grow; des- pair's more cold, more

25

cold than all the winds can blow. Can

29

no- thing, can no - thing warm me, can no- thing, can no - thing warm me? Yes,

33

yes, yes, yes, Lu-cin - da's Eyes; Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,

38

yes, Lu-cin - da's Eyes; Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lu-cin - da's Eyes. There there there,

44

there, there Et - na, there, there, there, there Ve-su - vio leyes, To fur - nish Hell with

49

flames, that mount - - - ing, mount-ing reach the Skyes.

54

Can no-thing, can no - thing warm me, can no-thing, can no - thing

58

warm me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Lu-cin - da's Eyes; Yes, yes,

63

yes, yes, yes, Lu-cind - da's Eyes; Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lu-cin - da's

68

Eyes. Ye pow'rs I did but use her name, and see how all,

71

and see how all the Me-teors flame, blew light-ning flash-es round the Court of Sol, and

73

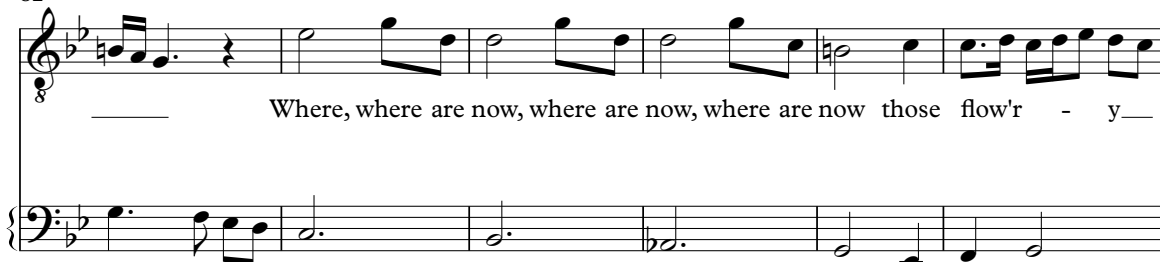
now the Globe more feirce-ly burns than once at Phae-ton's fall.

77



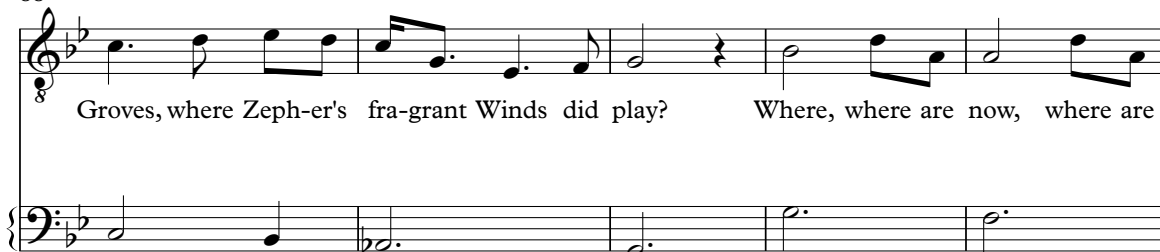
Ah! ah!

82



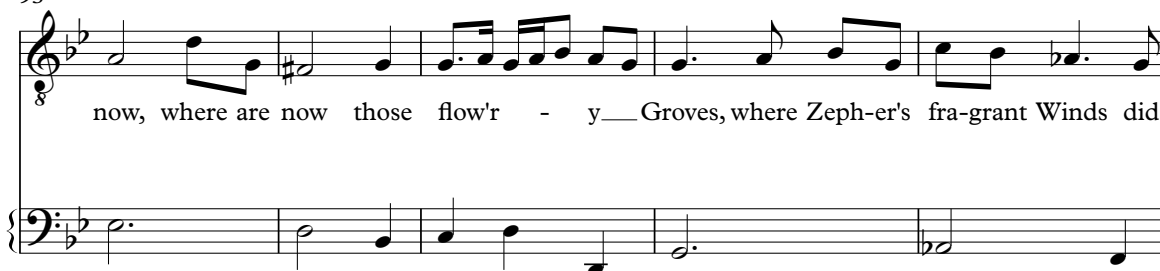
Where, where are now, where are now, where are now those flow'r - y

88



Groves, where Zeph-er's fra-grant Winds did play? Where, where are now, where are

93



now, where are now those flow'r - y Groves, where Zeph-er's fra-grant Winds did

98



play? Where guard-ed by a Troop of Loves, the fair, the fair Lu-cin-da sleep-ing lay;

105

There sung the Night-in-gale, and Lark, a-round us all was sweet and gay. wen-e're grew

110

sad till it grew dark, nor no-thingfear's but short - 'ning day.

115

I glow, I glow, I glow, but 'tus with hate; Why must I burn, why must I

120

burn, why, why must I burn for this in - grate; why, why, must I burn for

127

this in - grate? Cool, coole it then, coole

131

____ it then, and raile, since no-thing, no-thing will pre-vaile When a Wo-man Love pre

135

tends, 'tis but till she gains her ends, and for Bet-ter and for Worse, is__ for

140

Mar-row of the_ Purse, Where she Jilts you o'er and o'er, proves a Slat-tern or__ a__

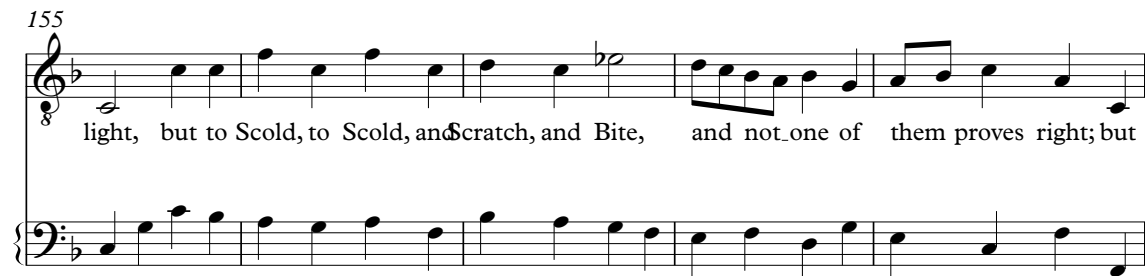
145

Whore; This hour will teize, will teize and vex, will teize, will teize and vex, and will

150

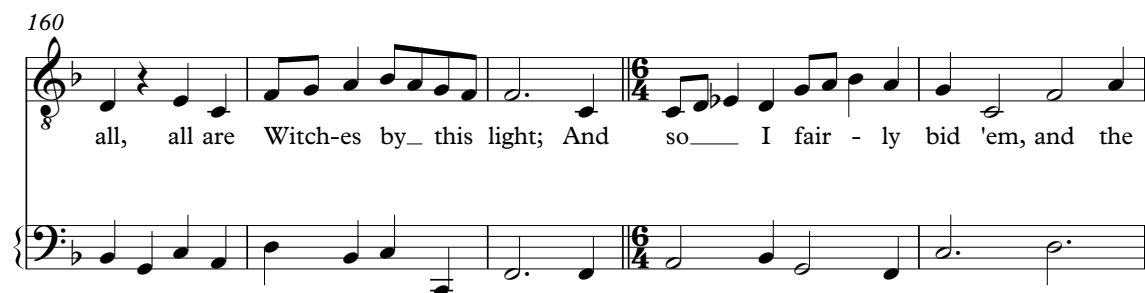
Cuck-old ye the_ next; they were all con-triv'd in spight, to_ tor- ment us,_ not de -

155



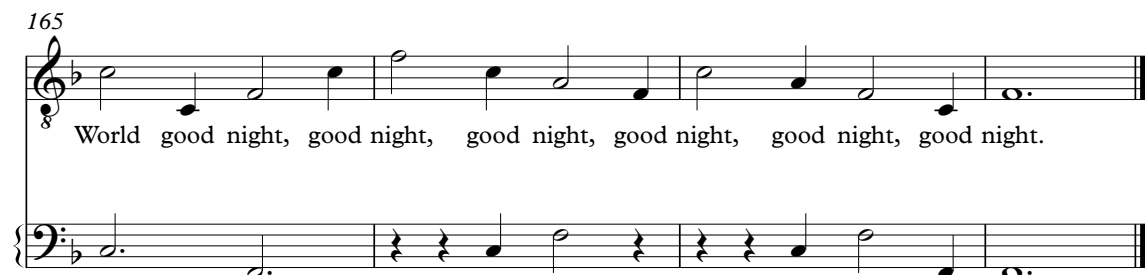
light, but to Scold, to Scold, and Scratch, and Bite, and not one of them proves right; but

160



all, all are Witch-es by this light; And so I fair - ly bid 'em, and the

165



World good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night.