



Buckingham Palace.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2ND, 1856.

Part the First.

Graduale, "Quod in orbe"	- - - - -	<i>Hummel</i>
Air, "Cujus animam." Signor GARDONI	- - - - -	
Quatuor, "Sancta Mater." Madame NOVELLO,	- - - - -	
Madlle. WAGNER, Signor GARDONI, and Herr FORMES	} (Stabat Mater)	<i>Rossini</i>
Air and Chorus, "Inflamatus." Madame NOVELLO		
Chorus and March, "See the conquering Hero comes"	- (Judas Maccabæus)	<i>Handel</i>
Duetto, "Pazzerello, oh qual ardir," Mr. WEISS and Herr FORMES	(Faust)	<i>Spohr</i>
Air, "Deh per questo istante" Mdlle. WAGNER	(La Clemenza di Tito)	<i>Mozart</i>
Finale, Madame NOVELLO, Mdlle. WAGNER, Signor GARDONI, Mr. WEISS, and Herr FORMES, and Chorus	- - - "Fidelio,"	<i>Beethoven</i>

Part the Second.

THE FIRST WALPURGIS-NIGHT. Madlle. WAGNER, Signor GARDONI,
Mr. WEISS, and Herr FORMES, with Chorus - *F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy*



τὸ παρὸς διανεμὲν ἐκ τῶν προσημασμένων
 καὶ αὐτὴν διότι τοῦτο ἐκ τῆς μερῆς
 ἀποδοῦναι εἰς τοὺς σκοποὺς ἐν τῷ ἔργῳ
 οὗ ὅτι τοῦ καὶ αὐτῶν, οὗτο αὐτὴν πῶς
 τῶν ἀποδοῦναι. —



We shall not be detected :
Our trusty guards shall tarry here,
And ye will be protected.
With courage conquer slavish fear,—
Show duty's claim respected.

CHORUS OF DRUID GUARDS.
Disperse, disperse, ye gallant men,
Secure the passes round the glen !
In silence there protect them,
Whose duties here direct them.

A DRUID GUARD.
Should our Christian foes assail us,
Aid a scheme that may avail us !
Feigning demons, whom they fable,
We will scare the bigot rabble.

CHORUS OF GUARDS AND THE PEOPLE.
Come with torches brightly flashing ;
Rush along with billets clashing ;
Through the night-gloom lead and follow,
In and out each rocky hollow.
Owls and ravens,
Howl with us, and scare the cravens.

DRUID PRIEST, AND CHORUS OF THE WHOLE
PEOPLE.
Restrain'd by might,
We now by night,
In secret, here adore Thee !
Still it is day,
Whene'er we pray,

And humbly bow before Thee !
Thou can'st assuage
Our foemen's rage,
And shield us from their terrors—
The flame aspires !
The smoke retires !
Thus, clear our faith from errors !
Our customs quell'd,
Our rights withheld,
Thy light shall shine for ever.

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDS.
Help, my comrades ! see a legion,
Yonder comes from Satan's region !
See yon group of witches gliding
To and fro, in flames advancing ;
Some on wolves and dragons riding,
See, ah, see them hither prancing !
What a clattering troop of evil !
Let us, let us quickly fly them !
Imp and devil,
Lead the revel ;
See them caper,
Wrapt in clouds of lurid vapour !

FULL CHORUS OF DRUIDS.
Unclouded now, the flame is bright !
Thus faith from error sever !
Though foes may cloud or quell our light,
Thy light shall shine for ever !



THE FIRST WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

[The German legend, that witches and evil spirits assemble in the night of the 1st of May (Walpurgis-nacht) on the summit of the Harz mountains, is supposed to have taken its origin in the heathen time, when the Christians tried by force to prevent the Druids from observing their accustomed rites of sacrificing in the open air and on the hills. The Druids are said to have placed watches round their mountains, who, with their dreadful appearance, hovering round the fires and clashing their weapons, frightened the enemy, and the ceremonies were proceeded with. On this tradition Goethe founded the following poem.]

OVERTURE (The Storm and the approaching Spring).

A DRUID, AND CHORUS OF DRUIDS AND PEOPLE.

Now May again
Breaks Winter's chain,
The bud and bloom are springing;
No snow is seen,
The vales are green,
The woodland choirs are singing!
Yon mountain height
Is wint'ry white;
Upon it we will gather,—
Begin the ancient holy rite,—
Praise our Almighty Father.
In sacrifice
The flame shall rise;
Thus blend our hearts together.
Away, away!

AN AGED WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Know ye not, a deed so daring,
Dooms all to die despairing?
Know ye not, it is forbidden
By the edicts of our foemen?

Know ye, spies and snares are hidden
For the sinners call'd the "heathen?"
On their ramparts they will slaughter
Mother, Father, Son, and Daughter!
If detected,
Naught but death can be expected.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

On their ramparts they will slaughter
Mother, Father, Son, and Daughter!
They oppress us,
They distress us,
If detected,
Naught but death can be expected.

DRUID PRIEST, AND CHORUS OF DRUIDS.

The man who flies
Our sacrifice,
Deserves the tyrant's tether.
The woods are free!
Disbranch the tree,
And pile the stems together.
In yonder shades,
Till daylight fades,

ΑΚΑΔΗΜΙΑ
ΑΚΑΔΗΜΙΑ



ΑΘΗΝΑΝ
ΑΘΗΝΑΝ