

**SCENES FROM THE BIRDS OF
ARISTOPHANES. COMPOSED
FOR MALE CHORUS, TENOR
SOLO AND ORCHESTRA**

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Scenes from The Birds of Aristophanes. Composed for male chorus, tenor solo and orchestra by
John Knowles Paine

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JOHN KNOWLES PAINE

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ARISTOPHANES. COMPOSED
FOR MALE CHORUS, TENOR
SOLO AND ORCHESTRA**

Walter D. Spalding from his friend John K. Paine.

S C E N E S
FROM THE BIRDS
OF ARISTOPHANES
COMPOSED BY
JOHN KNOWLES
P A I N E
FOR MALE CHORUS, TENOR
SOLO AND ORCHESTRA

**G. SCHIRMER, JR. THE BOSTON
MUSIC COMPANY, BOSTON**

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA

PÈITHETAERUS, AN ATHENIAN
CHORUS OF BIRDS
PROMETHEUS

POSEIDON
TRIBALLIAN
HERAKLES

A MESSENGER

THIS PLAY IS ONE OF THE BEST EVER WRITTEN. IT WAS BROUGHT OUT WHEN CHABRIAS WAS ARCHON, IN THE NAME OF CALLISTRATUS, AT THE CITY DIONYSIA (MARCH, 414 B.C.). CALLISTRATUS WAS SECOND. AMEIPSIAS WAS FIRST WITH THE "REVELLERS"; PHRYNICHUS THIRD WITH THE "RECLUSE." IT IS THE THIRTY-FIFTH PLAY OF ARISTOPHANES.



THIS MUSIC WAS COMPOSED FOR THE REPRESENTATION GIVEN AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY, MAY, MDCCCCI.

THE BIRDS OF ARISTOPHANES: FINAL SCENES

The words of the Cues are taken from the translation into English verse by BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY (Macmillan & Co., publishers). The English verse of the Chorus is by AUSTIN HALL EVANS.

Cue:

PEITHETAERUS

Now let us gather up the wings and go.

CHORUS

[Exit.]

I

MANY sights both strange and new,
Many marvels dread to view,
Only those who fly can see:
For a tree from Hart far growing,
Foreign shrubs, we spy, full knowing
'Tis the wretch Kleonymus.
He's a worthless idle brute,
Mighty coward, bulky lout.
In the spring he's always swelling,
Monstrous crop of lies he's telling,
But in winter's dreary day
Sheds his coat and runs away.

There's a spot in realms of night,
Where our pinions seldom light,
In the lampless quarter drear;
Here with heroes mortals dine,
Dwell together, drink, recline,
Save in evening-tide alone.
Risky then it is to be
In such persons' company.
For Orestes, mighty hero,
Whom he meets in night's dark shadows,
Strips his victim, then departs,
Smiting all his noble parts.

Cue:

PEITHETAERUS

There! take this campstool also for your purpose.

[Exit PROMETHEUS.]

N EAR the *Shade-feet* lies a slough,
Where men's souls a-wandering go,
Led by dirty Socrates.
Here Peisander came to see
Soul of his from body free,

Spirit gone though still alive
Camel-lamb his sacrifice:
This he slew Odysseus-wise.
Leaping back, he saw below,
Rise to sight one all may know,
Supping blood from gullet drawn,
But detested, Chairephon!

Cue:

PEITHETAERUS

Let some one get me out a wedding-mantle.

[*Exeunt PEITHETAERUS and the three gods.*]

MEN there are in tell-tale court,
Who by lying gain support,
While the Waterclock times their spite.
Villains these they reap and sow,
Gather in the grapes they grow,
Harvest with their tongues the figs.
These are all a foreign race;
Philips all, like Gorgias.
From such men who gain their food,
Wagging thus their tongues so rude,
Comes the custom in this land,
Victims' tongues the priests demand.
Thus have Philips, Gorgiasses
Made the custom here in Attica,
The victims' tongues the priests demand.

[*Enter Third Messenger.*]

THIRD MESSENGER

O YE of every countless good possest,
O flying race of birds, supremely blest,
Receive the monarch in his prosperous home.
He comes, he comes: like him in goldbright dome
Ne'er dawned to view the full-orbed glittering star:
No beamy splendor of the sun from far
Shone forth so glorious as the queenly bride
Of untold beauty moving by his side.
Flashing the wingèd levin-bolt of Jove
He comes, while soars to vaulted skies above
A scent unutterable, beauteous sight,
And incense-breezes coil a smoky light.
Himself appears: the goddess Muse to-day
Behoves from holy lips to pour the auspicious lay.

[*PEITHETAERUS and BASILEIA descend in a flying car.*]

II

ROOM for the company! stand away! fly away!
Flutter about him,
Wishing him joy on his bridal day.
O beauty rare! fortune's care! charm of youth!
O blessed marriage! sacred troth!
Thine be our praise evermore!

CHORUS LEADER *recites*

Never thus in the past have we found such great joy,
We the feathered race,
In the victorious deeds of one man;
So sing your glad songs, and watch for the groom
With joy in your breasts,
And greet his beautiful princess.

III

With Hera Olympian,
Great Zeus of the lofty throne!
The ruler of Gods above,
Fate joined in the bonds of love,
With this happy bridal song!
Singing Hymen, Hymenaio!
And Love with the wings of gold,
His car drawn by horses bold!
Escorted the lovely bride,
Attending the groom beside.
Love divine! charming Love!
Hymenaio! Singing Hymen, Hymenaio!

PEITHETAERUS

I rejoice in the hymns, I rejoice in the songs,
And I delight in the words.

CHORUS LEADER

Come now celebrate even of Zeus himself
His thunderings on earth, his fiery lightnings,
And his dread flashing thunderbolts.

IV

O DREADFUL lightning!
Zeus' thunder, fierce gleaming!
O mighty shaft always flaming!
Wild is the tempest raging, o'erwhelming us!
Clouds and the storm which beset us!
These are the strong arms of dread Zeus!

Through thee we have won triumphs glorious!
Lovely the woman whom Zeus kindly gave us,
Singing Hymen! Hymenaio!
Singing Hymen! Hymenaio!

PEITHETAERUS

V

Come follow us, ye birds who may!
This is now our bridal day,
Escort me your brother to Zeus on high,
There the couch where we shall lie.
Come forth, thou happy, happy maid!
Clasp me, do not be afraid!
Thy wings are joined with mine,—I move,
Flying swift to realms above!

[The procession goes forth amidst jubilant music.]

VI

Alalalai! alalalai! to thee we sing,
O father Zeus, our guardian King!
O may our joyous Pæan-cry
Reach thy golden throne on high!
Alalalai! attend our call,
Thou source divine of blessings all,—
Wedded bliss and fortune won!
Hail to thee, Earth's greatest son!
Singing Hymen! Hymenaio!
Singing Hymen! Hymenaio!
O waft on high our Pæan-cry!
Hail to thee, kind God of Love!
Hail to thee, O mighty Jove!