

Ode for musick on St. Cecilias day

Printed for Bernard Lintot ... - Hail, Bright Cecilia, Z.328 (Purcell, Henry)



Description: -

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Notes: Foxon P905.

This edition was published in 1719



Filesize: 18.109 MB

Tags: #Hail, #Bright #Cecilia, #Z.328 #(Purcell, #Henry)

HANDEL Ode for St. Cecily

By Music, minds an equal temper know, Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.

Hail, Bright Cecilia, Z.328 (Purcell, Henry)

Innovative practice aids, Sacred vocal music, Cantatas, Special days. So when the first bold vessel dared the seas, High on the stem the Thracian rais'd his strain, While Agro saw her kindred trees Descend from Pelion to the main: Transported demigods stood round, And men grew heroes at the sound, Inflamed with Glorys charms: Each chief his sevnfold shield displayd, And half unsheathd the shining blade; And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound To arms, to arms, to arms! Thus song could prevail O'er death and o'er hell, A conquest how hard and how glorious? Haemus resounds with the Bacchanals cries - - Ah see, he dies! If you believe that any review contained on our site infringes upon your copyright, please email us. Händel reworked the music for performances in 1739, 1742 and 1751.

Ode On St. Cecilia's Day Poem by Alexander Pope

Dryden has not only referred to different musical instruments to describe the capacity of music, but he also selected different rhythms in describing these different instruments, this way he has shown us their various kinds of impact. But when thro' all th' infernal bounds Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds, Love, strong as Death, the Poet led To the pale nations of the dead, What sounds were heard, What scenes appear'd, O'er all the dreary coasts! In the 18th century, gardens were an important asset to daily social life. Cecilia's Day 1692 Name Translations Hail! Tho fate had fast bound her, With Styx nine times round her, Yet music and love were victorious.

Cantata "Ode for St Cecilia's Day, HWV 76"

But when our Country's cause provokes to Arms, How martial music ev'ry bosom warms! No crime was thine, if'tis no crime to love. Now with Furies surrounded, Despairing, confounded, He trembles, he glows, Amidst Rhodope's snows: See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies; Hark! The ones who could not afford a shilling to enter the gardens, were refused access. CECILIA'S DAY 1739 An Ode Words by Newburgh Hamilton 1.

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