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OF OPERA-LIBRETTOS

THE TROJANS IN CARTHAGE
A LYRIC POEM
IN FIVE PARTS AND A PROLOGUE
MUSIC
BY
HECTOR BERLIOZ

ADAPTED FOR USE ON THE CONCERT-STAGE
BY
FRANK VAN DER STUCKEN
ENGLISH VERSION, WITH AN ESSAY ON THE OPERA
BY
HENRY EDWARD KREHBIEL

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THE TROJANS IN CARTHAGE
A LYRIC POEM IN FIVE PARTS
AND A PROLOGUE

CHARACTERS

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Carthaginians, Trojans, Spectres, Nymphs and Fauns
THE TROJANS IN CARTHAGE
LAMENTO (ORCHESTRA)

PROLOGUE

Rhapsode

Ten years of war and useless siege o'erpast,
Despair fell on the Greeks that o'er Troy's walls
Should fall before them, or revenge be had
For Menelaos' wrongs. And now they feigned
To raise the siege of Priam's sturdy town.
On Pallas calling loud, they moved away,
But left behind, as 't were a votive gift,
A monstrous horse, upreaching like a tower.
Its hollow bulk a band of warriors fill'd,
The chosen men of brave Ulysses' soldiery.

Then hark! The circumambient air doth shake
With shouts prodigious and with joyful noise.
And thus the frenzied, maddened Trojans sing:

CHORUS OF TROJANS
O Child of Zeus, O glorious goddess,
With helmet and with spear endow'd,
Wisdom and valor are pair'd in thy mild eyes!
To all our projects be propitious,
Let Ilium's host remain victorious;
O, Pallas fair, protect us now!
O hear our voice, virgin celestial,
O hear the soft flutes of Dindymene
In true accents proclaim thy praise.
O hear the Phrygian trumpet's clanger
Sounding with the lyre of Ilium
To celebrate thy endless fame!
With bright flowers adorn gaily the off'ring.—

Dance, youths and maidens, and scatter all along our pathway
Snowy flow'rs with odors fragrant,
Strew thickly on our pathway
Snowy lilies from our vales.
O Pallas! Protect us now!

Rhapsode

The song was hushed, when from the monster's flanks
Was heard the noise of clanging arms. The fear
Allayed, with increas'd power the chant flow'd on:
THE TROJANS IN CARTHAGE

Chorus of Trojans

Lofty towers of Pergamum, with joyous
fires be crested!
Shine triumphant o'er the land!

Rhapsode

With death and ruin big, the dread machine
Within the sacred citadel is lodg'd.

(End of the Prologue. Orchestra)

PART I

SCENE I

(A floral hall in the palace of Dido at Carthage)

No. 1. Chorus of Carthaginians

On our city's great feast,
See how the heavens are smiling!
Dawned ever such a glorious morn,
Succeeding a night of such terror?
How soft the breeze! Fann'd by its soothing wings
The radiant sun lessens his potent ardor,
While at his sight the mighty valley
Trembles with joy! He advances!
His golden kiss now is felt by the fields,
And Nature wakes with happy blush.

(Dido enters with her court, and takes her place on the throne)

National Hymn

Hail! all hail to our queen!
Hail! all hail to great Dido!
Queen by right of her grace,
Her beauty and her wisdom!
Queen by the favor of the gods,
And monarch by the love
Of all o'er whom she reigns!

No. 2. Recitative and Aria

Dido (from her throne)

Scarce seven years have passed since here we landed,
To flee the hatred of the vile Pygmalion,
The arch-tyrant, who fouly slew my royal spouse.
From lov'd Tyre thus we came, to found a new home on these shores;
Yet already we see fair Carthage arise;
On all sides fields in bloom, a fleet mighty and strong,
Thro' which, from yonder East where Aurora awakes the day,
Your sailors bring from the far-distant lands
The wheat, the wine, the iron and the wool,
The fruits of loom and forge, which as yet here are lacking.

Aria (with Chorus)

Men of Tyre! As I view these achievements,
Feel grows my heart with pride! I rejoice
in your glory:
Ne'er may your spirit fail! O hear the voice of reason,
THE TROJANS IN CARThIGNE

The voice divine that summons all to great and noble deeds!
And once again an example give inspiring;
Mighty in peace, but when foes are conspiring,
Yet mightier then in war!
Fierce Hierbas, the Moor,
Into a union abhorred
Seeks to force your queen. But in vain!
Fruitless is your wile endeavor!
My cause is in your hands,
And the hands of the gods!

Chorus
Hail! all hail to our queen!
Hail! all hail to great Dido!
Each Tyrian, justly proud,
To give his life is ready;
Gladly we hear her call!
We defy her vile foe,
Scorn his threats and his fury;
Before us he shall fly!
To the wild waste of sand
We will drive the barbarian!

Dido (recitative)
Let this day in your memories,
Yea, in your inmost hearts,
Be treasured up for aye,
A crown and capstone of the work of peace,
The first fruits of my mission.
Approach, ye farmers, sailors, artisans!
Receive from your queen the just remuneration
Due to the work which is the source
Of power and of life to the state.

No. 3. Entrance of Artisans, Sailors and Farmers
(Orchestra)

Dido
'Tyrians! the greatest honors to the greatest art,
Humanity's preserver!

Chorus
Hail, O husbandmen true! We owe to your toil
Our grateful thanks, for you give us our bread.

Dido
Ceres fair, our future is bright and secure!

Chorus
Hail! all hail to our queen!
Hail! all hail to great Dido!
Each Tyrian, justly proud,
To give his life is ready!
Here our vows we renew,
Greater love here we pledge!
Ye men of Tyre,
Let val'rous fire
Fill ev'ry breast!
Hail! all hail to our queen!
Hail! all hail to great Dido!
Queen by right of her grace, etc.

SCENE II

No. 4. DUET
(Dido and Anna, alone)

Dido
These joyous songs, this scene of merriment and gladness,
Bring solace to my heart, and my soul fill with peace:
Freely now do I breathe: yes, banished is all sadness,
While blest quiet returning, to sorrow brings solace.
THE TROJANS IN CARthAGE

ANNA
Queen of a youthful nation,
Which day by day in strength and power grows,
Peerless in beauty, queen of the world’s admiration,
What could cause thee to grieve?
What shouldst thou know of woes?

Dido
Yet at times a strange sadness
Sinks round me, with its gloom
Enshrouds my heart like a tomb;
It defies all control;
Though I strive against the madness
I feel the weight rest on my soul,
And bar the way to gladness;
While through my tears’ misty haze
Glow my cheeks all ablaze!

ANNA
Dido shall love again!

Dido
No; the sweet, tender passion
For me is dead, and my heart ne’er shall move.

ANNA
Dido shall love again!

Dido
The sweet, tender passion, ne’er again shall it fill my heart!
No more thoughts of love find entrance to my soul.

ANNA
O Queen, too young art thou, far too young and beauteous,
To close thy heart to love, nature’s eternal law!
Thy Carthage needs a King!

Dido
May all the gods and my people forsake me,
Should I forget my vow and this ringlet of gold!

ANNA
At such a vow, so idle and unchallenged,
Venus, love’s goddess, signifies,
And eke the pitying gods refuse it record!

Both
Words, inspiring, fill my soul
With dreams and hopes alarming,
Feeble will disarming,
And bid them yield again to pow’r beyond control.

Dido
Sic haecus, O my spouse, grant pardon,
For thoughtless, unintended, idle fault!
May the sweet thought of thee
Drive from my troubled heart
The torments which consume it!
Alas! grant pardon, O spouse so dear!

ANNA
My sweet, my gentle sister, pardon
A thoughtless, unintended, idle fault!
O pardon, if my words
Awakened in thy heart
The thoughts which now consume it!
O Queen, grant pardon, O sister dear!

SCENE III

No. 5. Recitative and Aria
(Enter Iopas)

Iopas
Spent with buffetings sore on the turbulent
Monarch, the delegates of a vast alien fleet
Send their greetings to thee, and crave an audience here.
THE TROJANS IN CARTHAGE

Dido
Our gates are never closed, nor our bounty
e’er stinted
To suppliant voice.

Air
Like them, by tempest tossed,
I’ve wandered o’er the sea,
All neglected, forsaken,
By the wrath of Zeus o’ertaken,
Pursued by his decree!
Aias! the scourge of fate,
I’ve felt its cruel torture,
Its angry lashes!
But my heart grows elate
With a duty divine:
Who misfortune has suffered,
Sweet mercy’s law will ne’er abate.

No 6. Trojan March (Orchestra)

(Enter Æneas disguised, with Panteus,
Ascarius, and the Trojan chiefs,
bearing gifts)

Ascarius
O gracious monarch! Before thee see a
hapless crew
Who beg from thee protection and shelter.
At your feet here we lay homage due
And rich gifts—of wealth the sole remains,
Which by my hands, so feeble, in the name
of the gods
Our chiefstain offers thee!

Dido
Of thy father, dear child, tell me the name
and lineage.

Ascarius
O Dido! Stains of blood have marked our
ev’ry footstep!
For from the heights of Ida to this shore
of the sea
We’ve fought our way! Ilione’s jewel’d
sceptre,
(She Priam’s daughter fair,) here Hecu-
ba’s rich circlet,
And the light, filmy, golden veil of Grecian
Helen—
Such gifts proclaim aloud that from Ilium
we come.

Dido
From Troy!

Ascarius
And our chief is Æneas! His son am I.

Dido
What strange destiny guides us!

Ascarius
Æneas, bowing to the will of Zeus,
Now seeks only to reach Italia,
Where a glorious death is to crown his
great deeds
After his conquest of fair Latium for his
people!

Dido
Welcome and hail to valiant Hector’s
friend;
Who does not know his fame?
Who has not heard his name?
The world resounds with his glory!
To him now quickly send
And bid him here attend
With all his comrades.
His vessels and his men safe within our
good harbor,
Let him forget all his woes.

No. 7. Finale

(Enter Narral, much excited)

Narral
Woe is me, that I bear to the queen such
dread tidings!

Dido
Thy message—speak!
THE TROJANS IN CARTHAGE

NARBAL
The rebellious Numidian, fierce Hiarbas, is seen,
And with him an army of men advancing towards the city!

CHORUS (in the distance)
To arms! ye warriors!

NARBAL
The wild horses of the tyrant are slaying all our flocks,
Devastating our fields!
But all I have not told, nor yet the direst misfortune:
For our brave, youthful troops, the defenders of our nation,
We lack the needful arms!

DIDO
You tell me naught but woe!

NARBAL
The struggle now at hand
Finds us all unprepared!

Æneas (lets fall his cloak and discloses himself clad in armor)
Dido, behold Æneas!
My ships with warriors are fill'd, by rude winds hither driven;
To great hardships inured, gladly see they a duty!
Grant the Trojans the boon, with thee, for thee to fight!

DIDO
With joy my heart accepts such a potent alliance!
Æneas, arm'd for my protection, was sent by the grace of the gods!

(Aside to Anna)
O, my sister, how noble is the hero's bearing!
See his brow, how resplendent with beauty and with courage!

ENSEMBLE
Trojans and Tyrians, leagued in friendly bonds,
In serried ranks will march, facing the foe,
To victory will hasten together!
Whirling like clouds of sand before the fierce siroon,
We'll drive him back into the wilderness.
The Numidian king shall tremble!
Mars, great Mars, he brings us together,
'Tis the son of fair Venus who leads on our hosts!
Exterminate the dusky army!
And on the morrow, all rejoicing,
Proclaim the great dishonor and the death of our foe!

Æneas (to Pantheus)
Announce, then, to our men this our new undertaking,
Which promises them glory. (To Dido)
Monarch,
I pledge thee deliverance full soon from this odious savage.
Into your tender care I surrender my son.

DIDO
On a love maternal you safely may rely.

Æneas (to Acanthus)
Come, child, embrace thy father!
Others may teach thee happiness:
'Tis not for me.
I can only teach thee what 'tis
Becomes a warrior: Revereence for the gods!
Treasure ever in thy heart,
Treasure ever in thy mem'ry
The example and the fame of Æneas and Hector!

ENSEMBLE
Up, warriors!
Trojans and Tyrians, leagued in friendly bond, etc.
Part II

Scene I

(The gardens of Dido by the seaside)

Entr'acte (Orchestra)

No. 8. Ballet (Orchestra)

(in celebration of Æneas' victory over Hiarbas)

(A) Dance of Carthaginian Maidens.
(B) Dance of Warriors.
(C) Dance of Nubian Slaves (with song).

Four Slaves

Ha! ha!
Ama loué,
Midonaé
Fai cara imé.
Dé bera imbé.
Ha! ha!

Scene II

No. 9. Recitative and Song

Dido

Iopas, take thy lyre! In soft and gentle strains
The praise of Ceres sing, who doth enrich our fields.

Iopas

My queen, I hear thy mandate, and obey.
O Ceres divine!
When thy gifts benigne,
Of grain, fruits and flowers
Adorn fields and bowers,
Grateful praise is thine!

O goddess, behold
How all, young and old,
To thee praise are bringing,
Our gratitude singing,
And praise manifold.

Fleeting birds in the air,
Fleecy flocks white and fair,
The breeze coolness bringing,
Over all perfume flinging,
Woods and fields are ringing,
All nature now is singing
To thee hymns of praise.

Dido

Iopas, enough! Thy sweet singing
Doth not delight my troubled senses,
Nor yet relieve my restless soul.

Æneas

Dido, my queen!

Dido

Æneas, pray, thy story resume,
And relate the mishap that befall noble Troy,
Thee and thy brave companions.
Fain would I be told the fate
Of the lovely Andromache.

Æneas

Alas! Enslaved by Pyrrhus, first fallen in his power,
She longed for death alone. But the obstinate love
Of the Prince for his captive touched at last
Her desolate heart; and forgetting the past,
She resisted no more, but married her enslaver.

Dido

She, who'd been Hector's wife?

Æneas

On the throne of Epirus she now shares his kingdom.
No. 10. Quintet
Dido
Shame, O shame! Thus forgotten! All conspires
To vanquish my remorse, and absolve my heart!
Could Andromache forgive him who destroyed
Her dear father, the son of him who slew Hector,
Her glorious spouse?
Æneas
She loves her enslaver, who destroy'd her dear father,
The son of him who slew Hector, her glorious spouse!

Ensemble
Dido, Æneas
All conspires to vanquish remorse,
All incites heart to love!

Anna, Iopas and Narbal (gazing at Ascanius)
Behold, the child that she caresses,
In form and face so like the god of love,
With innocent craft does remove
The ring that our queen holds sacred.
Æneas (leading Dido to the water’s edge)
Banish, O Queen, the mem’ries that distress you!
See the moon’s golden splendor!
O come, thou beauteous one,
Breathe with me the soft sighs
Borne upon breezes so caressing!

No. 11. Sextet and Chorus
Silence and peace all nature now enchain;
Soft night her veil is weaving;
In drowsy motion heaving,
A sweet, harmonious song gently murmurs the main.

(All depart, save Dido and Æneas)

SCENE III
No. 12. Duet
Dido and Æneas
Wondrous night, steep’d in strange, bewild’ring magic!
Phoebe, thou queen, and ye stars that with her rove,
O, shed your light, pour out your golden treasures!
Flow of heav’n, kindly smile on sweet, immortal love!

Dido
"Twas c’en on such a night,
Disdaining all disguises,
That thy mother divine
Encountered brave Anchises
In high Idas green grove.

Æneas
And c’en on such a night
"Twas that Troilus stood,
By love’s torment consum’d,
Near Ilium’s walls, awaiting
Cressida, the false.
"Twas c’en on such a night
That the clasie goddess, Dana,
At last removed the veil
Which concealed her from her lover,
From sweet Endymion!

Dido
And yet, ’twas in this night
That Cytherea’s son,
Cold at heart, all unprov’d
Heard the tender protestations
Of fair Dido, the Queen!

Æneas
And yet, on this same night,
E’en while she was upbraiding
And accusing her love,
Did full pardon declare.

Both
O, wondrous night, steep’d in strange, bewild’ring magic, etc.
PART III

No. 13. Descriptive Symphony

(Orchestra)

(Morning, in the depths of an African forest. Naiads, bathing, are disturbed by the sounds of an approaching hunt. They flee in alarm. Hunters dash by, seeking shelter from a coming storm. The sky is overcast. The thunderstorm breaks. Deep darkness sets in. Æneas and Dido take refuge in a grotto. Dryads and Sylphs enter in a mad rout, shouting, "Italia!" Lightning strikes a tree and sets it ablaze. The Sylphs seize burning branches and rush off brandishing them with loud cries. The storm dies away. Clouds veil the scene. Gradually they lift, the sun appears, and quiet is restored.)

PART IV

SCENE I

(Camp of the Trojans on the seashore. It is night. The fleet is seen in the offing)

No. 14. Song

HYLAS

(A young sailor singing on the mast of a ship)

O woods and meadows,
Where, chasing night’s shadows,
    My voice rose on the air;
O say!
Shall e’er an echoing strain
My tones send back again,
    My roundelay?

Cradled on thy breast
    With thy love maternal,
Comfort give, and rest,
    O Ocean— (He falls asleep)

O lowly dwelling!
My sad heart was swelling
    When I took leave of thee!
O hear!
Shall e’er a mother’s kiss
Fill this poor soul with bliss,
    Or bring it cheer?

SCENE II

No. 15. Scene and Chorus

PANTHEUS

Be ready, all! At last we must depart!
The queen’s despair,
All her pleadings and tears, can no longer move Æneas.
Again he’ll heed the call of glory and of duty,
And his heart shall he steel’d ’gainst the painful farewell!

TROJANS

Ev’ry day is increasing the rage of the gods!
Dread signs and omens dir their wishes are expounding;
The sea, the hills, the fields, the darksome woods
Are sighing! From blows of hands unseen our arms
Are oft resounding. As erst in Troy, when on that fatal night
Brave Hector came, clad in armor, as warning to us all,
With a host of grim shades, so last night he came again,
And thrice in gloomy accents the spectres cried:

GHOSTS
To Italia! To Italia! To Italia!

TROJANS
Vengeful gods! 'Tis their voice! Ah, too long
The divine command we are defying!
Make haste and leave these shores,
With the mandate complying.
Haste away! We must not longer stay!
(The Trojans disappear in their tents)

SCENE III

No. 16. RECITATIVE AND ARIA
ÆNEAS (advancing in great agitation)
RECITATIVE

Foolish, idle regrets! Now hence I must betake me. The die is cast. Dido's tears much too long have given me pause, made my courage forsake me. Now duty calls; go I must! Oh, can I e'er forget how sad her sweet face? How pale and wan her lovely features? In dread silence she stood, her eyes staring, infam'd with wild passion. In vain did I entreat how through omens and tokens the gods declar'd that I must go; vainly did I set forth what high duty now calls me for the sake of my son and my brave Trojan host, the death triumphant and proud by friendly Fates predicted, which on th' Au-

sonian plain shall crown my glorious fame. Answer me not did she deign. Her silence was affrighting. Then fled I from her gaze full of ominous meaning!

ARIA
Ah! moment supreme, soon I'll hear thy dull knell!
Moment of anguish, wet with sorrow's oblation.
How can I speak the last farewell?
How can I meet her rage and her fierce indignation?
Oh, lov'd one, I too suffer, I share thy anguish sore!
I wring thy heart with grief, yet thy pardon implore.
See my soul's desolation!
May waters dark engulf me,
Neptune's deepest abyss,
If now I dare to leave thee
Without a parting kiss,
Leave her thus? Basely fly?
Forget the sacred laws
Of hospitality?
Oh, no, queen divine,
Soul of perfection,
By me doom'd to dejection,
Beauteousness benign!
Once I'll see thee again,
Within these arms will wind thee,
Thy fel sorrows I'll share,
Kiss the hand that would bind me,
Thy pardon to obtain:
Then depart in despair!

SCENE IV

No. 17. FINALE

GHOSTS (of Trojan heroes arise, veiled, their heads crowned with lambent flames)
Æneas!
THE TROJANS IN CARthAGE

AENEAS
Again that call!
From the dark realms of Pluto,
Give me answer, ye shades,
What summons ye to me?

GHOSTS
Thy weakness and thy glory!

AENEAS
Ah, would that I might die!

GHOSTS
Do not delay, not a day, not an hour,
Till thy mission’s fulfill’d!

AENEAS
I must comply with your pibless, cruel
mandate;
I obey! I obey! Inexorable spectres,
I’ll sacrifice my love—Dido I’ll see no more!

(Before the Trojan tents)
On board, my friends! let no one henceforth
waver!
The sea is calm, the wind blows in our
favor.
Rouse ye, my men! we must away
Ere Phoebus awakens the day!

TROJANS
Arouse ye! Follow the stern command
Of chief Aeneas! We must away
At the break of the day!

AENEAS
My task now be fulfill’d, O gods,
To your great honor.
Arouse ye, friends!
Let the moment avail!
Cast off the cables! To sea, away!
To Italia!

TROJANS
Rouse ye, O men! Let the moment avail!
Cast off the cables! Let us sail!
To sea, away! To Italia!

AENEAS (looking toward Dido’s palace)
Farewell for ever! Thy pardon I must
lose:
I leave thee, O my queen!
My destiny, impatient, calls me
To a warrior’s grim fate,
To a death ever glorious!

TROJANS
To Italia! To Italia! To Italia!
(They board the ships. Morning dawns)

PART V
SCENE I
(An apartment in Dido’s palace)

No. 18. RECITATIVE AND SCENE

DIDO
Go, my sister, move his heart! From my
soil, full of sorrow,
All pride has fled. Go! His desertion
would kill me—
Yet he prepares to sail away.

ANNA
Alas! I feel that I was guilty when I in-
cited thee
To forget former vows. No one should
tempt th’ almighty gods!
His departure can not be stayed—yet he
lores thee dearly.
THE TROJANS IN CARTHAGE

Dido

He, love me? No! His heart is of stone;
Ah! I know passion’s power, and if c’en
great Zeus
Bade me to disavow my love, my poor,
desperate heart
Of Zeus himself would defy th’ impreca-
tion!
Go, sister dear, with Narbal go; beg him
to stay;
Beseech him to concede us a few days more
on this shore.
Pray, implore him to think of me, to think
Of all I’ve done for his fleet, for his son!
Can he fail to comply with my urgent en-
treaty
Through Narbal, our true friend, through
thee, my faithful sister?

Iopas (entering)
The Trojans have sailed!

Dido

What hear I?

Iopas

Before the daybreak their vessels left our
port;
They vanish in the distance.

Dido

Ye immortal gods! He flees! Arm ye,
Tyrians all!
Ye Carthaginians, help! The vile Trojans
pursue!
Hasten, hasten, ye oarsmen! Fly on o’er
the deep!
Hurl on them firebrands! Extirpate their
fleet!
And may they for ever— Vain clamor!
Unavailing my rage! I yield to fate,
mutely despairing!

Conceal thy fearful anguish, O hapless
woman!
Now all regrets are vain, futile all impre-
cations!
Let Pluto’s priests their sacred office fill;
With my own hands a sacrifice I’ll offer
To all the gods that reign in the realm of
the dead!
Build a funeral pile. Let the gifts of
Aeneas
And those which he received, hated signs
of my passion,
By the flames be devoured for ever! I
pray you, leave me now.

(Exit Anna, Narbal and Iopas.
Left alone, Dido rushes despairingly
about the chamber, beating her breast
and tearing her hair.)

No. 19. Recitative and Arioso

Dido

Ah! (she stops abruptly.) My time is come.
Misfortune’s whelming billows
Now engulf me, and I die unavengèd!
’Tis better thus! Yea, if his heart retains
A spark of tender feeling, he may weep
when he sees afar
The funeral pile ablaze that consumes my
curse;
Deplore a fate like mine, let fall a pitying
tear!
He, weep for me? My love, my love! Oh,
my soul flees with thee!
To thine own fettered for ever, enslaved,
’Twill go with thine down to eternal night!
O Venus, give back thy son!— Vain and
idle petition
Of a heart breaking with sorrow! Gentle
death,
Thou my solace, attend; to Dido come:
Grant her thy peace!
THE TROJANS IN CARTHAGE

(Arioso)

Lov'd Carthage, fare thee well!
Thy queen's sincerest pride,
Thou noble symbol of gen'rous endeavor!
Farewell, my sister dear,
Farewell, my people brave and true,
Ye loving shores that so kindly received me,
Bright Afric's skies so blue, stars whose
bright beams I've lov'd,
Nights, wondrous nights, steep'd in
strange, bewild'ring magic,—
Ye I shall see no more! Now to death I
devote me!

(He walks out slowly)

SCENE II

(A terrace overlooking the sea. In the
foreground a funeral pile on which are
laid the armor, arms and relics of
Æneas. Priests of Pluto are grouped
around two flaming altars. Dido enters
with Anna and NARBAL.)

No. 20. Chorus, Duet and Finale

Priests (marching with solemn steps
around the pyre)

Gods of deep gloom! Gods of oblivion!
To wounded hearts give courage, strength
and repose!
From dismal Tartarus, hearken and hear,
O Hades! O Chaos and Erebus!

Anna and NARBAL

Should safely bear Æneas reach his desti-
nation,
May he there meet a hapless fate!
May the fierce Latin race, by bloody fury
frenzied,
His every step impede! May vulgar lend

Him stay upon the field of battle; his corse
Lie on the ground without burial, dishon-
ored!
May the vile carrion birds upon his body
feast!
Hear us, we pray, O Hades! O Chaos!
Erebus!

Dido

(On the pyre; covering the relics of Æneas
with tearful kisses)

Memories of a fatal, luckless passion,
Disappointment and grief bear ye into the
fire!

(Prophetically)

Heroic memories fame for me shall fashion,
My people's noble deeds future ages in-
spire!
Some day, here in these dominions,
A victorious avenger of my wrongs shall
rise;
Yea, even now I hear his glorious name:
Hannibal! Hannibal!
My heart with pride is swelling,
All past bitterness has fled;
Thus Queen Dido descends
To the realms of the dead!

(Shé stabs herself)

Chorus (hastening to the Queen)

Ah! help! The queen herself has wounded!
See, from a deep wound bleeding
Our good queen dies! Is it true?
What horror! Day of woe!

Anna

My queen!
'Tis I, 'tis thy sister who calls thee!

Dido

Ah! The Fates are our foes!
All our hopes are in vain!
Carthage will fall!

(She sees a vision of Rome in its glory)
Roma! Rome eternal! (She dies)

Chorus of Carthaginians (turning to the sea with gestures of imprecation)
Hatred eternal to the race of Æneas!
May a war, never ending and relentless, be waged

By our sons against their sons!
Whenever our ships in combat meet,
May their vessels in deepest ocean
Be ruthlessly destroyed!
That both on land and sea,
Our last descendants, enraged,
In battle fierce and bloody
May sweep them from the earth,
To our glory for ever!