

THE TROJANS IN CARTHAGE

A LYRIC POEM IN FIVE PARTS AND A PROLOGUE

CHARACTERS

Mezzo-Soprano Dido, Queen of Carthage Contralto Anna, her sister Tenor ÆNEAS, a Trojan Hero Soprano Ascanius, his son Baritone NARBAL, a Carthaginian dignitary Pantheus, a Trojan Priest Bass Tenor Iopas, a Tyrian Poet Tenor Hylas, a Sailor RHAPSODE (in the Prologue) Speaking part

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 e'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.

The priests, the people and the Trojan King,

By Sinon's crafty tongue and mich deceived,

With admiration look on Pallas' gift,
And fain with joyful pomp and circumstance

Would place it in the citadel. To them Cassandra, sapient seer and Hector's kin, In warning cries, if haply she may ope The understanding of those doomed men. In vain her words. "Distraught is she!" they cried;

"Throw down the walls, and strew the way with flow'rs!

Ye youths and maidens, raise your voices sweet

In sacred songs! Let lyre and trumpet sound!"

A moment's pause.—A silence ominous.—

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 endowed, 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 clangor
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:

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.

Again Cassandra, with great eyes up turn'd

That pour forth tears like rain, in wild despair

Prophetic cries: "'Tis done! The Fates their prey

Have seized, and all is o'er! Beneath the walls

Of Ilium Hector's sister dies!"

(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,

The radiant sun lessens his potent ardo 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 foully 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,

Full grows my heart with pride! I rejoice in your glory:

Ne'er may your spirit fail! O hear the voice of reason,

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 Hiarbas, the Moor,
Into a union abhorrèd
Seeks to force your queen. But in vain!
Fruitless his vile 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 mem'ries,
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 surcease.

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 'gainst 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!

$\mathbf{D}_{\mathrm{IDO}}$

No; the sweet, tender passion

For me is dead, and my heart ne'er shall
move.

Anna

Dido shall love again!

Dipo

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, smiles, And eke the pitying gods refuse it record!

Вотн

Her { words, inspiring, fill {my } soul
 With dreams and hopes alarming,
 My { feeble will disarming,
 And bid {me } yield again to pow'r beyond control.

Dido

Sichæus, 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 sea,

Monarch, the delegates of a vast alien fleet Send their greetings to thee, and crave an audience here.

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!
Alas! 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 Pantheus, Ascanius, and the Trojan chiefs, bearing gifts)

ASCANIUS

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 chieftain offers thee!

Dido

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

ASCANIUS

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 Hecuba's rich circlet,

And the light, filmy, golden veil of Grecian Helen—

Such gifts proclaim aloud that from Ilium we come.

D_{IDO}

From Troy!

Ascanius

And our chief is Æneas! His son am I.

Dido

What strange destiny guides us!

Ascanius

Eneas, 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 Narbal, much excited)

NARBAL

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

Dino

Thy message—speak!

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 hordes 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 inurèd, 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 simoom.

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 deliv'rance 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 Ascanius)

Come, child, embrace thy father!

Others may teach thee happiness:

'Tis not for me.

I can only teach thee what 'tis

Becomes a warrior: Rev'rence 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 bonds, etc.

PART II

SCENE I

(The gardens of Dido by the seaside)

Entr'acte (Orchestra)

No. 8. BALLET (ORCHESTRA)

(in celebration of Eneas' 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,

Dei 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 benign,
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

Encas, pray, thy story resume,
And relate the mishap that befell 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

DTDO

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 incites {my her } 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. Septet 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!

Phæbe, thou queen, and ye stars that with her rove,

O, shed your light, pour out your golden treasures!

Flow'rs of heav'n, kindly smile on sweet, immortal love!

Dipo

'Twas e'en on such a night,
Disdaining all disguises,
That thy mother divine
Encountered brave Anchises
In high Ida's green grove.

And e'en on such a night

ENEAS

'Twas that Troilus stood,
By love's torment consumed,
Near Ilium's walls, awaiting
Cressida, the false.
'Twas e'en on such a night
That the chaste goddess, Diana,
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 unmov'd Heard the tender protestations Of fair Dido, the Queen!

ENEAS

And yet, on this same night, E'en while she was upbraiding And accusing her love, He, needing no persuading, Did full pardon declare.

Вотн

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 Sylvans enter in a mad rout, shouting, "Italia!" Lightning strikes a tree and sets it ablaze. The Sylvans seize burning branches and rush off brandishing them with loud cries. The storm dies away. Clouds weil 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 flect 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 vast, eternal!

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?

Cradled on thy breast
With thy love maternal,
Comfort give, and rest,
O Ocean—

(He falls asleep)

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 be steel'd 'gainst the painful farewell!

Trojans

Ev'ry day is increasing the rage of the gods!

Dread signs and omens dire 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 crst 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, inflam'd with wild passion. In vain did I relate 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 none did she deign. Her silence was affrighting. Then fled I from her gaze fuil 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,

Oh, no, queen divine,
Soul of perfection,
By me doom'd to dejection,
Benefactress benign!
Once I'll see thee again,
Within these arms will wind thee,
Thy fell sorrow 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!

ÆNEAS

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!

ÆNEAS

Ah, would that I might die!

GHOSTS

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

ÆNEAS

I must comply with your pitiless, 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 Phæbus awakens the day!

TROJANS

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

ENEAS

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!

Æneas (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 soul, 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 incited thee

To forget former vows. No one should tempt th' almighty gods!

His departure can not be stayed—yet he loves thee dearly.

Dibo

He, love me? No! His heart is of stone; Ah! I know passion's power, and if e'en great Zeus

Bade me to disavow my love, my poor, desperate heart

Of Zeus himself would defy th' imprecation!

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 entreaty

Through Narbal, our true friend, through thee, my faithful sister?

Iopas (entering)

The Trojans have sailed!

Dibo

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 imprecations!

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 Æneas

And those which he received, hated signs of my passion,

By the flames be devoured for ever! I pray you, leave me now.

(Exeunt 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 corse;

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!

(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!

(She 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. Did 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 base Eneas reach his destination.

May he there meet a hapless fate!

May the fierce Latin race, by bloody fury frenzied,

His every step impede! May vulgar hand | Ah! The Fates are our foes!

Him slay upon the field of battle; his corse Lie on the ground without burial, dishonored!

May the vile carrion birds upon his body feast!

Hear us, we pray, O Hades! O Chaos! Erebus!

Dino

(On the pyre; covering the relies of ÆNEAS with tearful kisses)

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

(Prophetically)

Heroic mem'ries fame for me shall fashion, My people's noble deeds future ages inspire!

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!

(She 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!

Dipo

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!

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