

**O**FFICIAL PROGRAMMES  
AND  
LIBRETTO

OF THE  
**THIRD** ANNUAL  
DAY  
FESTIVAL

DAY 21 - 22 - 23  
1896

UNIVERSITY HALL  
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MICH.



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9:55 P. M.

SOUTH—7:10 A. M.  
11:30 A. M.  
9:02 P. M.

ANY INFORMATION CHEERFULLY GIVEN

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## Choral Union Series

1895-1896

SEVENTH SEASON

# Third Annual May Festival

MAY 21, 22 and 23

1896



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# SCHEDULE OF CONCERTS

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MAY 21

I. Thursday Evening, 7:30

## WAGNER NIGHT

SOLOISTS { FRAU KATHRINA LOHSE-KLAFSKY  
MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN, Contralto  
MR. BARRON BERTHALD, Tenor  
MR. MAX HEINRICH, Baritone  
MR. GARDNER S. LAMSON, Baritone-Bass

MAY 22

II. Friday Afternoon, 3:00 o'clock

## SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOISTS { MR. ALBERTO JONAS, Pianist  
MR. MAX HEINRICH, Baritone

III. Friday Evening, 8:00 o'clock

## MISCELLANEOUS PROGRAM

SOLOISTS { MISS ROSE STEWART, Soprano  
MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN, Contralto  
MR. EVANS WILLIAMS, Tenor  
SIG. GUISEPPE CAMPANARI, Baritone

MAY 23

IV. Saturday Afternoon, 2:30

## POPULAR PROGRAM

SOLOISTS { MISS ROSE STEWART, Soprano  
MR. HERMANN ZEITZ, Violinist  
MR. VAN VEACHTON ROGERS, Harpist

V. Saturday Evening, 7:30

## SAMSON AND DELILAH

SAINT SAENS

SOLOISTS { MRS. KATHERINE BLOODGOOD, Contralto  
MR. EVANS WILLIAMS, Tenor  
MR. GUISEPPE CAMPANARI, Baritone  
SIG. GARDNER S. LAMSON, Baritone-Bass

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The Boston Festival Orchestra takes part in all concerts. The Choral Union takes part in Concerts Nos. I, IV and V.

Doors will be opened one hour before the beginning of each concert

# Choral Union Series

1895-1896

SEVENTH SEASON  
SIXTH CONCERT  
(No. XLIV. Complete Series)

## FIRST MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 21

7:30 O'CLOCK

### Wagner Night

#### SOLOISTS

FRAU KATHRINA LOHSE-KLAFSKY, Soprano

MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN, Contralto  
MR. MAX HEINRICH, Baritone

MR. BARRON BERTHALD, Tenor  
MR. GARDNER S. LAMSON, Bass

MR. EMIL MOLLENHAUER and MR. A. A. STANLEY, Conductors  
THE CHORAL UNION (300 voices) BOSTON FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA (50)

## PROGRAM

### PART I.

#### I. LOHENGRIN. Act I.

ELSA,	- - - - -	Frau Lohse-Klafsky
ORTRUD,	- - - - -	Miss Stein
LOHENGRIN,	- - - - -	Mr. Berthald
HERALD AND TELRAMUND,	- - - - -	Mr. Heinrich
KING,	- - - - -	Mr. Lamson

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

### PART II.

II. TRISTAN AND ISOLDE,	{	(a) Vorspiel
		ORCHESTRA
		(b) Isolde's Liebestod
		FRAU LOHSE-KLAFSKY

III. DIE WALKUERE. Siegmund's Love Song  
MR. BERTHALD

IV. EINE FAUST OVERTURE  
ORCHESTRA

V. SONGS,	{	(a) Träume
		(b) Schmerzen
		MISS STEIN

VI. DIE MEISTERSINGER,	{	Pogner's Address
		MR. HEINRICH
		Vorspiel
		ORCHESTRA

The Next Concert will be given Friday, at 3:00 P. M.

# LOHENGRIN

By RICHARD WAGNER

*(The Scene passes in Antwerp; period, the first half of the 10th century)*

## Argument

Henry "the Fowler," King of Germany, has come to Antwerp to summon his lieges against the Hungarians, who threaten the eastern frontier; he finds the chiefs divided and without a leader—Gottfried, the young son of the late Duke, having mysteriously disappeared, and Frederick Telramund, in virtue of his wife's royal descent, claiming the sovereignty of Brabant. Telramund openly accuses Elsa (Gottfried's sister) of having murdered her brother to win the crown for herself; Elsa is summoned to appear and answer the charge; the King decrees that her cause shall be submitted to ordeal of battle between Telramund and any champion Elsa may choose to defend her. She describes a Knight whom she has seen in a vision, and conjures him to fight for her. After repeated appeals, a skiff, drawn by a swan, is seen to approach the shore; in it is Lohengrin, Elsa's chosen Knight, who accepts Telramund's challenge. Before they fight, Lohengrin betroths himself to Elsa, first claiming her solemn promise never to question him as to his name or race, nor whence he came to her; Telramund is overcome in combat and stripped of land and honors.

## ACT I—SCENE I

### Vorspiel

*The curtain rises. A meadow on the banks of the Scheldt. King Henry under the Oak of Justice, surrounded by Saxon Counts and Nobles. Opposite to them the Counts and Nobles of Brabant, headed by Frederick of Telramund, with Ortrud by his side. The King's Herald signals trumpeters to play the call to muster.*

HERALD:

Hark! Princes, Nobles, Freemen of Brabant! Henry, our German Sovereign calls ye forth, that ye shall muster for the realm's defence.

Will ye as faithful vassals serve your King?

THE BRABANTIANS:

We will as faithful vassals serve our King. Be welcome, Henry, to Brabant.

KING HENRY:

Heaven shield ye, loyal lieges of Brabant. Not idly have I journeyed to your shores; I come to warn that danger is at hand! Ye know full well the tide of death and ruin that oft hath from the East swept o'er the land? Upon the frontiers pray the wives and children: "Lord, from the Hungarian hordes protect our hearths." For me, the nation's guardian, it was fitting to make an end of misrule and oppression. As Conqueror, at last I gained a nine-years' truce; that time I used to arm the land; with walls and towers I fortified the towns, and now against the foe I summon you. The term is just o'erpast, the foe prepares, the wonted tribute I refuse to pay. Now is the time to guard the nation's honor; from East and West, all men of German blood, arise united! Knights, your thralls assemble! No man shall dare deride my sovereign rule.

THE SAXONS (*clashing their arms*):

'Tis well! we'll guard our German land.

THE KING:

Thus have I sought ye, Freemen of Brabant, to summon you to Mentz, nobles and vassals; here, to my grief, I meet with nought but strife. All in disunion from your chiefs estranged! Confusion, civil warfare, meet me here. On thee I call, Frederick of Telramund! I know thee for a Knight as brave as true. I charge thee let me know this trouble's cause.

FREDERICK:

Thanks, gracious King, that thou to judge art come. The truth I'll tell thee; falsehood I disdain: When death was closing round our valiant Duke, 'twas me he chose as guardian of his children, Elsa the maid, and Gottfried her brother, whose dawning years with tender care I guarded; whose welfare I have treasur'd as my honor. My sovereign, mark now, if I am aggrieved, when of my honor's treasure I am robbed. One day when Elsa had with her brother wandered forth, without the boy, trembling, she returned, with feigned lamenting questioned of his safety, pretending she had been from him divided, and in vain his traces she had sought. Fruitless was every search we made to find him; and when I questioned her with words severe, her pallor, and her faltering tongue betrayed her; her crime, in its guilty blackness stood confessed. A horror fell upon me of the maid; the claim upon her hand her father had confer'd, with willing heart I straight resigned, and chose a wife full pleasant to my sense, Ortrud, daughter of Radbot, true in death. I here arraign her, Princess Elsa of Brabant, of fratricide be she charged. I claim *dominion o'er this land* by right. My nearest kinsman was the valiant Duke, my wife descendant of the race that gave this land their rulers thro' long ages past. Oh King! give judgment, all now thou hast heard.

ALL THE MEN:

Ha, Telramund what hast thou said?  
I mark thee with dismay and dread.

THE KING:

A dreadful accusation thou hast brought!  
A crime so deadly how can I believe?

FREDERICK:

Oh King! listless and dreamy is the maid, she who with scorn refused my proffered hand. Some secret love her senses hath beguiled. She deemed, perchance, because the boy had perished she'd reign secure as sovereign of Brabant, for that, her vassal she disdained as consort, that openly she might her lover cherish.

THE KING:

Summon the maid accused! For judgment let all be prepared. Heaven let me deem aright.

THE HERALD:

Dost thou decree, O King, to hold a judgment here?

THE KING:

I will not rest beneath my shield,  
Until the truth hath been revealed.

ALL THE MEN:

No sword to scabbard shall return  
Until thy will, O King, we learn.

HERALD:

Where'er the royal shield you see,  
Know that the King doth there decree.  
Resound my cry both far and near;  
Elsa, thou royal maid, appear.

## SCENE II.

CHORUS (*all the men*):

Behold! She comes, how grief o'erclouds  
her!

How like an angel of light her hue!  
He who with base suspicion loads her,  
Must prove his dark surmise is true.

THE KING:

Art thou she, Elsa of Brabant?  
Wilt thou be deemed by me, thy sovereign  
lord?

Then further I ask thee, if the charge to  
thee is known, that darkly is alleged  
against thee? Canst thou meet the ac-  
cusation?

Thy guilt dost thou confess?

ELSA:

Oh my poor brother!

THE MEN:

'Tis wondrous strange! Her words I  
cannot fathom!

THE KING:

Speak, Elsa, in thy King thou may'st  
confide!

ELSA:

Oft when the hours were lonely, I unto  
Heaven have prayed,  
One boon I asked for only, to send the  
orphans aid;

I prayed in tears and sorrow, with heavy  
heart and sore,  
Hoping a brighter morrow yet was for us  
in store.

Afar my words were wafted, I dreamt not  
help was nigh,  
But One on high vouchsafed it, while I in  
sleep did lie.

THE MEN:

'Tis passing strange! Wondrous! Or  
doth she dream?

THE KING:

Elsa, defend thyself before thy judge!

ELSA:

I saw in splendor shining a Knight of  
glorious mien,  
On me his eyes inclining with tranquil  
gaze serene;

A horn of gold beside him, he leant upon  
his sword,  
Thus when I erst espied him 'mid clouds  
of light he soar'd;  
His words so low and tender brought life  
renewed to me.  
My guardian, my defender, thou shalt my  
champion be!

THE MEN:

Oh Heaven! in mercy be thou near,  
This day make truth from error clear!

THE KING:

Frederick, bethink thee while there's time.  
Could she enact so foul a crime?

FREDERICK:

Her dreamy mood my mind hath ne'er  
deceived,  
Ye hear, she raves about a lover!  
I speak the truth, of that I'm well assured.  
One do I know who can the deed attest.  
But if ye doubt my word as knight and  
noble, no further proof or witness will  
I deign! For battle here I stand!  
Who dares attain my honor, let that man  
stand forth and fight!

THE MEN:

I am thy friend, I will not fight with thee.

FREDERICK:

And thou, my king, recall to thy remem-  
brance the day I sav'd thee from the  
murd'rous Dane!

THE KING:

'Twere ill if there were need of that to  
mind me!  
Thou'rt brave and true, all honor's meed  
be thine,  
As guardian of this land, I'd fain appoint  
thee, thou of my chiefs the noblest.  
Heaven alone shall now for life or death  
decide between you.

THE MEN:

A judgment of God! 'Tis well!

THE KING:

Answer me noble Count of Telramund!  
Wilt thou do battle here for life or death,  
Shall Heaven's ordeal decide if thou  
spok'st truly?

FREDERICK:

Yea!

THE KING:

And now I ask thee Elsa of Brabant;  
Wilt thou commit thy cause for life or  
death,  
As Heaven's ordeal pronounceth by thy  
champion?

ELSA:

Yea!

THE KING:

Choose one who shall defend thee!

FREDERICK:

Now ye shall know the name of her ac-  
complice.

ELSA:

My guardian, my defender, he shall my  
champion be!  
This is the prize I offer to him whom  
Heaven shall send:—  
The lands and crown I proffer, my sire to  
me did lend;  
As lord I will declare him, and glory in  
his fame.  
If in his heart he'll wear me, I'll give him  
all I am!

THE MEN:

A noble prize, who will the victor be?  
Who will contend what will be Heaven's  
decree?

THE KING:

The sun stands high, noon will not tarry.  
Call forth the warrior knight with trump-  
et's call.

THE HERALD:

Who will do battle here on life or death  
for Elsa of Brabant, let him appear!

THE MEN:

No champion to the call comes forth!

FREDERICK:

Ye see, what now her cause is worth,  
Both right and power are justly mine!

THE MEN:

Ah hapless maiden hope resign.

ELSA:

My gracious sov'reign let me pray thee  
Yet once again my knight to summon,  
He dwells afar, and heareth not.

THE KING:

Once more then let the call go forth.

THE HERALD:

Who will do battle here, etc.

THE MEN:

The Heav'ns are silent, she is doomed!

ELSA (*sinking on her knees in prayer*):

When in my grief I bent before thee  
Thou sentest him who hath my vow;  
Oh Lord, hear me again implore thee  
In my distress, oh send him now!  
Stainless and white, radiantly dight,  
Let me behold that form of light.

CHORUS (*They perceive Lohengrin in a skiff drawn by a swan appearing in the distance.*):

Look! This is sure a marvel! See! a swan!  
A fair swan leading yonder pinnace on!  
And lo, a knight! a warrior fair, standing  
on the prow!

His arms resplendent gleam!  
A helm of light on his brow!

Look! there! he comes nearer, he hath  
gained the shore!

And with a chain of gold the swan he  
reins!

Lo, he comes! (*In great excitement as  
Lohengrin approaches nearer*):

A marvel!

A marvel wrought amongst us, a great  
unheard of marvel.

FULL CHORUS:

All hail thou hero from on high!  
Be thou welcome, Heaven hath sent thee  
here!

LOHENGRIN (*standing with one foot on  
the shore*):

I give thee thanks my faithful swan.  
Turn thee again and breast the tide,  
Return unto that land of dawn  
Where joyous we did long abide,  
Well thy appointed task is done! farewell,  
my trusty swan!

CHORUS:

Doth he not seem from Heaven descended?  
His radiant mien holds me enthralled!  
Valor and grace in him are blended,  
To deeds of glory he is called.

LOHENGRIN (*making obeisance to the  
King*):

Hail, gracious sovereign!  
Victory and honor be thy valor's meed!  
Thy gracious name shall from the land  
that chose thee ruler, ne'er depart.

THE KING:

Have thanks! Methinks I know the  
Power that sent thee here in this dread  
hour:

On Heaven's mission thou art come.

LOHENGRIN:

I came for yonder maid to fight, from  
dark surmise her name to clear,  
In combat true, to guard her right, who  
now my proffered vow shall hear. (*He  
turns to Elsa.*)

I ask thee Elsa of Brabant if thou the  
boon to me wilt grant,  
As thy champion to fight this day. Wilt  
thou entrust thy cause to me?

ELSA:

My hope, my solace, hero mine! Do thou  
protect me, I am thine!

LOHENGRIN:

If in thy cause to-day I conquer,  
Wilt thou enpledge thy faith to me?

ELSA:

As here I lowly bend before thee  
Thine will I now and ever be.

LOHENGRIN:

Elsa, if thou thy troth wilt plight me,  
If from the foe this land I save,  
If nought from me shall disunit thee,  
A promise I of thee must crave.

Never, as thou dost love me,  
Aught shall to question move thee  
From whence to thee I came,  
Or what my race and name!

ELSA:

Lord, at thy will thou shalt command me!

LOHENGRIN:

Elsa! say, dost thou understand me?  
Never, as thou dost love me, etc.

ELSA:

Oh thou! my hero, my defender,  
No doubt of me is in thy heart,  
I life and faith to thee surrender.  
How could I question what thou art?  
As thou wilt guard my name and land  
Thus will I cherish thy command!

LOHENGRIN:

Elsa, I worship thee!

CHORUS:

Oh sweet enchantment, wondrous love,  
some magic power my senses sways.  
Deep in my heart thy spell I prove,  
splendor divine about them plays!

LOHENGRIN:

Ye knights, nobles and freemen of this  
land,

Guiltless and true is Elsa of Brabant!

Thy tale was falsehood, Count of Telra-  
mund,

By Heaven's assistance all thou shalt  
recant!

FREDERICK:

If I must fail, I die!

What spells soe'er have brought thee here,

Stranger, who dost my sword defy,

No cause have I thy threats to fear,

For all is truth my words imply;

Behold me prepared for the fray,

If right prevails, I'll win the day!

LOHENGRIN:

Great sovereign, now ordain the fight!

THE KING:

Upon each side three knights the space  
shall measure.

I here proclaim this place a fenced field.



HERALD:

All here attend and mark me well;  
The fight no man shall seek to quell!  
Let none within th' enclosure stand;  
Who hinders aught that may befall,  
If Freeman straight shall lose his hand,  
And his base head shall forfeit the thrall!

THE MEN:

The Freeman straight shall lose his hand,  
And his base head shall forfeit the thrall!

HERALD:

Mark me, ye combatants of might,  
In fair and open quarrel fight!  
By magic arts ye shall not win,  
That were the judgment to deride!  
Prosper as free ye are from sin,  
Not in yourselves, in Heaven confide.

LOHENGRIN:

Judge me free as I am from sin!

FREDERICK:

Not in myself, in Heaven I bide!

THE KING:

Oh King of Kings, on Thee I call;  
Look down on us in this dread hour!  
Let him in this ordeal fall  
Whom Thou know'st guilty, Lord of  
power!  
To stainless knight give strength and  
might,  
With craven heart the false one smite;  
Do Thou, O Lord, to hear us deign,  
For all our wisdom is but vain.

ELSA, ORTRUD, LOHENGRIN, FREDERICK,  
AND THE KING:

Now, Lord, make known thy just decree;  
I have no fear, I trust in thee!  
Oh King of Kings, on Thee I call;  
Let not my honor tarnished be.

CHORUS:

To stainless knight, etc.

#### The Combat

LOHENGRIN (*with the point of his sword  
on Frederick's breast*):

By Heaven's behest to me was vict'ry lent,  
Thy life I spare, may'st thou in peace  
repent!

CHORUS:

Hail! Hail! Hail! Great hero, hail!

ELSA:

Oh joy, oh joy, oh that my tongue thy  
name could praise,  
The songs of the angels for thee I would  
upraise,  
My lord, here I confess thee, I'll live for  
thee alone!  
Wilt thou divinely bless me, oh take me  
for thine own!

CHORUS:

Intone a lay of pleasure, a loud triumphant  
measure!  
Great be thy fame! Blest hour that  
brought thee!  
Glorious thy name; base he that fought  
thee.  
Thou cam'st to save when grief besought  
thee.  
All praise to thee is due, thy name shall  
live in story.  
Ne'er did a knight so true fulfill the land  
with glory.

LOHENGRIN:

Heaven lent me strength to right thee,  
That truth might stand confessed;  
But now I will requite thee  
For all thy sorrow past.

ORTRUD:

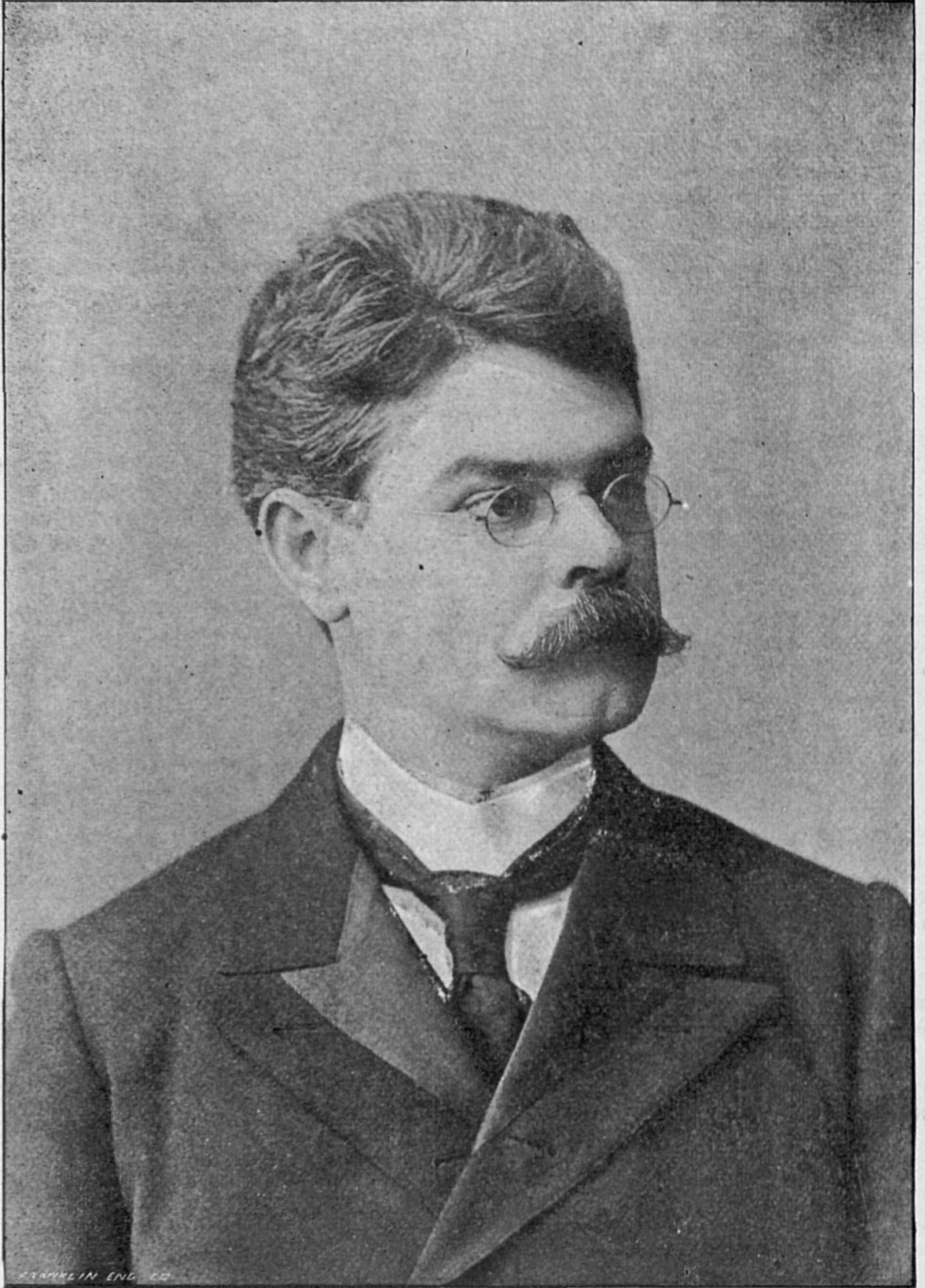
Who is't that thus hath doomed us?  
Who brings my power to naught?  
Oh had the earth entombed us  
Ere we to shame were brought!

FREDERICK:

Woe! Heaven itself hath doomed me,  
And brought my trusted sword to naught.  
Oh earth, hadst thou entombed me  
Ere I to this were brought!

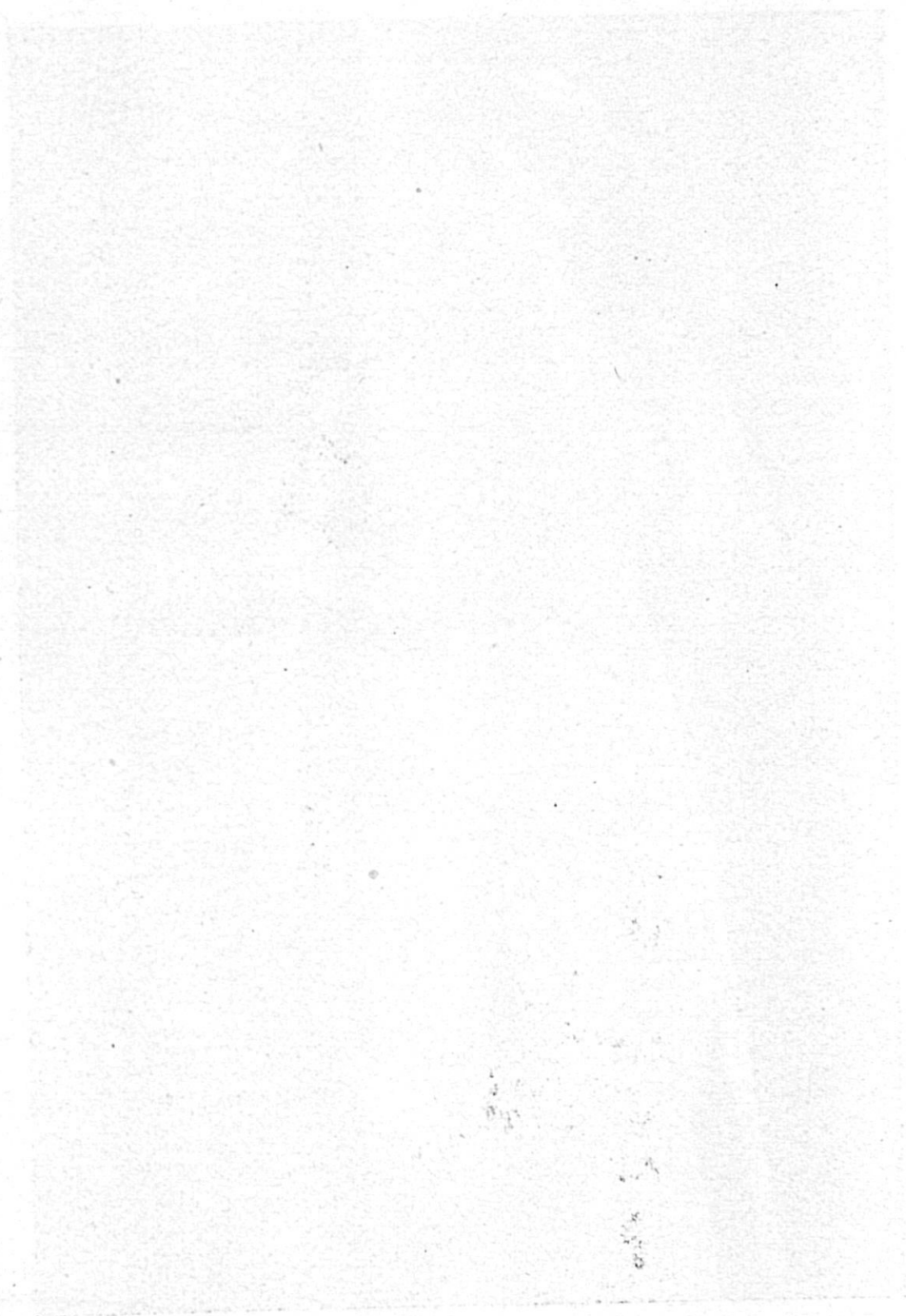
CHORUS:

Great be thy fame—long live in glory, etc.  
All hail to thee! Hail! Hail!



EMIL MOLLENHAUER







FRAU KATHRINA LOHSE-KLAFSKY

# Samson and Delilah

By CAMILLE SAINT SAENS

## Argument

The following sketch of the Saint-Saens' opera is translated freely from *Les Annales du Theatre et de la Musique*, by Noel and Stouling, 1892:

"The prelude is singular. There is a darting phrase which is developed, and mingled with this phrase is a chorus of Hebrews, sung behind the curtain. The lamenting captives ask deliverance of God. The fugal form of the number, which continues until the rise of the curtain, indicates at once the severe and classic nature of the work. Samson arouses the courage of his co-mates, and prepares the revolt which the insolence of Abimelech hastens to fury. Samson kills the Satrap of Gaza, and the Israelites *exeunt* at the right of the stage. The High Priest of Dagon descends, attended, from the temple, and curses Samson. The return of the triumphant Hebrews is one of the most ingenious numbers of the opera. There is a chorus of basses, to which liturgic color and rhythm give astonishing breadth, and they emphasize the more strongly the fresh chorus of the women of Philistia, 'Now Spring's generous hand.' The charming phrase will be found again in the temple-scene, the last tableau, as will the melodic design of the great duet of the second act, but ironically, in the orchestra, while Delilah insults the blinded hero. The Dance of the Priestesses of Dagon, which follows the chorus, is of delightful inspiration, and it prepares effectively the grandeur of the drama that follows. Delilah looks earnestly at Samson and sings to him, and Samson listens, not heeding the old man near him who says 'The powers of hell have created this woman, fair to the eye, to disturb thy repose.'

"The second act is in the valley of Sorek. Delilah's house is at the left. It is surrounded with eastern and luxuriant plants. Night is coming on. Delilah sings a passionate appeal to Love, invoking his aid. Then comes the duet with the High Priest who, deceived by the

feigned love of Delilah, begs of her to deliver Samson to him; Delilah reveals her real hatred in a dramatic burst. The duet of Samson and the temptress is, as one knows, the chief number of the work. It is impossible to paint better the hesitations of Samson, as he stands between love and religious faith. The great phrase of Delilah is a superb expression of passion. The orchestral storm hastens the action on the stage, and when the elemental fury is at its height, Delilah enters her dwelling. Samson follows her; and the curtain falls on the appearance of the Philistines to master their foe.

"The first tableau of the third act is a lament of remarkable intensity. Samson mourns his sin, and a chorus of Hebrews behind the scenes reproach him and despair. The style is here rather that of the oratorio than the opera. An exquisite chorus follows, 'Dawn now on the hill-tops,' which brings to mind the chorus of Philistines in the first act. Then comes the ballet so well known in concerts. From this moment until the fall of the curtain there runs in the orchestra a hurried motive, which is heard with rhythmic effect in the evolutions of the sacred dance; which gives the measure to the bitter mockings of Delilah and the sacrificial ceremonies; which, constantly quicker and more impetuous, accentuates the movement of the final chorus. The motive is feverish, mystical; its rapid pulsations give the idea finally of the religious madness of the Philistines inspired by the madding rites at the shrine of Dagon. The ballet is cut in two by a phrase of great breath sustained by arpeggios of the harp, and thus is a strange solemnity given to the dance of the priestesses. After the irony of Delilah, and the supplication of Samson to the Lord, is a skilfully made canon, sung by Delilah and the High Priest. There is a sonorous chorus of great brilliancy, in which effect is gained by simple means. Samson pulls down the temple, and the curtain falls with a few measures of orchestral fury."

ACT I—SCENE I

*Public place in the city of Gaza in Palestine. At L., the portal of temple of Dagon. At the rising of the curtain a throng of Hebrews, men and women, are seen collected in the open space, in attitudes of grief and prayer. Samson is among them.*

CHORUS:

God! Israel's God!  
To our petition hearken!  
Thy children save!  
As they kneel in despair  
Heed Thou their prayer,  
While o'er them sorrows darken!  
Oh, let thy wrath  
Give place to loving care!

THE WOMEN:

Since Thou from us  
Hast turned away Thy favor  
We are undone,  
In vain Thy people fight.  
[*Curtain rises.*]

CHORUS:

Lord, wilt Thou have  
That we perish forever—  
The nation that alone  
Hath known  
Thy light? Ah! all the day  
Do I humbly adore Him:  
Deaf to my cry  
He gives me no reply,  
Yet still I bow before Him  
And implore Him  
That He at last  
To my aid may draw nigh!

THE HEBREW MEN:

By savage foes our cities have been harried;  
Gentiles Thine altar with shame  
Have profaned;  
Our tribes afar  
To dire slavery carried  
All scattered are;  
Scarce our name  
Hath remained!  
Art Thou no more  
The God of our salvation,  
Who saved our sires  
From the chains that they wore?  
Lord! hast Thou forgot  
Those vows, sworn to our nation  
In days of yore  
When Egypt hurt us sore?

SAMSON (*emerging from the throng at R.*):

Pause and stand  
O my brothers,  
And bless the holy name  
Of the God of our fathers!  
Your pardon is at hand,

And your chains shall be broken!  
I have heard in my heart  
Words of hope softly spoken:—  
'Tis the voice of the Lord  
That through His servant speaketh;  
He doth His grace afford:  
Your lasting good He seeketh;  
Your throne shall be restored!  
Brothers! now break your fetters!  
Our altar let us raise  
To the God whom we praise!

CHORUS:

Alas! vain words he utters.  
Freedom can ne'er be ours!  
Of arms our foes bereft us;  
How use our feeble powers?  
Only tears are left us!

SAMSON:

Is your God not on high?  
Hath He not sworn to save you?  
He is still your ally  
By the name that he gave you!  
'Twas for you alone  
That He spake through His thunders!  
His glory He hath shown  
To you by mighty wonders!  
He led through the Red Sea  
By miraculous ways,  
When our fathers did flee  
From a shameful oppression!

CHORUS:

Past are those glorious days,  
God hath venged our transgression;  
In His wrath He delays,  
Nor hears our intercession.

SAMSON:

Wretched souls! hold your peace!  
Doubt not the God above you!  
Fall down upon your knees!  
Pray to Him who doth Love you!  
Behold His mighty hand.  
The safeguard of our nation!  
With dauntless valor stand  
In hope of our salvation!  
God the Lord speeds the right;  
God the Lord never faileth!  
He fills our arms with might,  
And our prayer now prevaieth!

CHORUS:

Lo! the Spirit of the Lord  
Upon his soul hath rested!  
Come! our courage is restored;  
Let now His way be tested!  
We will march at His side;  
Deliverance shall attend us,  
For the Lord is our guide.  
And his arm shall defend us!

SCENE II

*The same. Abimelech, satrap of Gaza, enters at L., followed by a throng of warriors and soldiers of the Philistines.*

ABIMELECH:

Who dares to raise the voice of pride?  
Do these slaves revile their masters?  
Who oft in vain our strength have tried,  
Would they now incur new disasters?  
Conceal your despair  
And your tears!  
Our patience will hold out no longer;  
You have found that we are the stronger;  
In vain your prayer,  
We mock your fears:  
Your God, whom ye implore with  
anguish,  
Remaineth deaf to your call;  
He lets you still in bondage languish,  
On you His heavy judgments fall!

If He from us desires to save you,  
Now let him show His power divine,  
And shatter the chains your conquerors  
gave you!  
Let the sun of freedom shine!

Do you hope in insolent daring  
Our God unto yours will yield,  
Jehovah with Dagon comparing,  
Who for us winneth the field?  
Nay, your timid God fears and trembles  
When Dagon before Him is seen;  
He the plaintive dove resembles;  
Dagon the vulture bold and keen.

SAMSON (*insp red*):

O God, it is Thou he blasphemeth!  
Let Thy wrath on his head descend,  
Lord of hosts!  
His power hath an end.  
On high like lightning gleameth  
The sword sparkling with fire;  
From the sky swiftly streameth  
The host burning with ire:—  
Yea! all the heavenly legions  
In their mighty array  
Sweep over boundless regions,  
And strike the foe with dismay.  
At last cometh the hour  
When God's fierce fire shall fall:  
Its terrible power  
And His thunder appall.

SOLO AND CHORUS OF ISRAELITES:

Lord before Thy displeasure  
Helpless the earth shall quake;  
Thy wrath will know no measure  
When vengeance Thou shalt take!

ABIMELECH:

Give o'er! rashly blind! Cease thy railing,  
Wake not Dagon's ire, death entailing!

SAMSON AND CHORUS:

Israel! break your chain!  
Arise! display your might!  
Their idle threats disdain!  
See, the day follows night!  
Jehovah, God of light,  
Hear our prayer as of yore,  
And for Thy people fight!  
Let the right  
Win once more!

SAMSON:

Lord, before Thy displeasure  
Helpless the earth shall quake;  
Thy wrath will know no measure  
When vengeance Thou shalt take!  
Thou the tempest unchainest;  
The storms Thy word obey;  
The vast sea Thou restrainest;  
Be our shield, Lord, to-day!

CHORUS:

Israel! break your chain! etc.

Israel! now arise!

*(Abimelech springs at Samson, sword in hand, to strike him. Samson wrenches the sword away and strikes him. Abimelech falls, crying "Help." The Philistines accompanying the satrap would gladly aid him, but Samson, brandishing the sword, keeps them at a distance. He occupies the R. of stage, the greatest confusion reigns. Samson and the Hebrews exeunt R. The gates of Dagon's temple open; the High Priest, followed by a throng of attendants and guards, descends the steps of the portico; he pauses before Abimelech's dead body. The Philistines respectfully draw back before him.)*

SCENE III

*The same, the High Priest, Attendants, Guards.*

HIGH PRIEST:

What see I?  
Abimelech by slaves struck down and  
dying!  
Oh, let them not escape!  
To arms! Pursue the flying!  
Wreak vengeance on your foes!  
For the prince they have slain!  
Strike down beneath your blows  
These slaves who flee in vain!

FIRST PHILISTINE:

All my blood, it was fated,  
Turned to ice in my veins;  
Methought my limbs were weighted  
With heavy load of chains!



SECOND PHILISTINE:

My arms are unavailing,  
My strength is like the flax;  
My knees beneath me failing—  
And my heart melts like wax.

HIGH PRIEST:

Cowards! with hearts easily daunted,  
Ye are filled with foolish alarm!  
Have ye lost all your boldness vaunted,  
Do you fear their God's puny arm?

#### SCENE IV

*The same.*

PHILISTINE MESSENGERS:

My Lord! the band by Samson guided  
To revolt, with furious wrath  
Across our land by fear divided  
March, leaving woe in their path.

O fly from the threatening danger!  
Come! why should we perish in vain?  
We'll leave the town unto the stranger,  
And the sheltering mountains gain.

HIGH PRIEST:

Curse you and your nation forever,  
Children of Israel!  
I fain your race from earth would sever,  
And leave no trace to tell!  
Curse him, too, their leader! I hate him!  
Him will I stamp 'neath my feet!  
A cruel doom must now await him;  
He shall die when we meet!  
Curse her, too, the mother who bore him,  
And all his hateful race!  
May she who faithful love once swore him  
Prove heartless, false, and base.  
Cursed be the God of his nation,  
That God his only trust;  
His temple shake from its foundation,  
His altar fall to dust!

MESSENGERS AND PHILISTINES:

In spite of brave professions,  
To yonder mountains fly;  
Leave our homes, our possessions,  
Our God, or else we die.

*(Exeunt L., bearing Abimelech's dead body. Just as the Philistines leave the stage, followed by the High Priest, the Hebrews, old men and children, enter R. It is broad day-light.)*

#### SCENE V

*The Hebrew Women and Old Men; then Samson and the victorious Hebrews.*

HEBREW OLD MEN:

Praise ye Jehovah! Tell all the wondrous  
story!  
Psalms of praise loudly swell!

God is the Lord! In His power and His  
glory  
He hath saved Israel!  
Through him weak arms have triumphed  
o'er the masters,  
Whose might oppressed them sore;  
Upon their heads He hath poured dire  
disasters,  
They will mock Him no more!

*(The Hebrews, led by Samson, enter R.)*

AN AGED HEBREW:

His hand in anger stern chastised us,  
For we his laws had disobeyed;  
But when our punishment advised us,  
And we our humble prayer had made,  
He bade us cease our lamentations—  
“Rise in arms, to combat!” He cried,  
“Your God shall provide  
Your salvation;  
In battle I am by your side!”

HEBREW OLD MEN:

When we were slaves, He came our chains  
to sever,  
We were ever his care;  
His mighty arm was able to deliver,  
He hath turned our despair!  
Praise ye Jehovah! Tell all the wondrous  
story!  
Psalms of praise loudly swell!  
God is the Lord! In His power and His  
glory  
He hath saved Israel!

#### SCENE VI

*Samson, Delilah, the Philistines, the Hebrew Old Men. The gates of Dagon's temple open. Delilah enters, followed by Philistine Women holding garlands of flowers in their hands.*

THE PHILISTINE WOMEN:

Now spring's generous hand  
Brings flowers to the land;  
Be they worn as crowns  
By their conquering band!  
With light, gladsome voices,  
Mid glowing roses,  
While all rejoices,  
Sing, sisters, sing—  
Your tribute bring!  
Come, deathless delight,  
Youth's springtime bright,  
The beauty that charms  
The heart at the sight,  
The love that entrances  
And new love wakens  
With timid glances!  
My sisters, love  
Like birds above!

DELILAH (*addressing Samson*):  
I come with a song for the splendor  
Of my love who won in the fray!  
I belong unto him for aye.  
Heart as well as hand I surrender!  
Come, my dearest one, follow me  
To Sorek, the fairest of valleys,  
Where, murmuring, the cool streamlet  
dallies!

Delilah there will comfort thee.

SAMSON:

O God! who beholdest my trial,  
Thy strength to thy servant impart,  
Close fast mine eyes, make firm my  
heart.  
Support me in stern self-denial!

DELILAH:

My comely brow for thee I bind  
With clusters of cool, curling cresses,  
And Sharon's roses sweet are twined  
Amid my long tresses.

THE OLD HEBREW:

Oh, turn away, my son, and go not  
there!  
Avoid this stranger's seductive de-  
vices;  
Heed not her voice, though softly it  
entices;

Of the serpent's deadly fang beware!

SAMSON:

Hide from my sight her beauty rare,  
Whose magic spell with right alarms  
me!  
Oh, quench those eyes whose bright-  
ness charms me,  
And fills my heart with love's despair!

DELILAH:

Sweet is the lily's perfumed breath;  
Sweeter far are my warm caresses;  
There awaits thee, Love, joy that  
blesses,  
And all that bliss awakeneth!  
Open thine arms, my brave defender!  
Let me fly to thy sheltering breast;  
There on thy heart I will sweetly rest,  
Filling thy soul with rapture tender,  
Come, oh come!

SAMSON:

Oh, thou flame that my heart oppresses,  
Burning anew at this hour,  
Before my God, before my God give  
o'er thy power!  
Lord, pity him who his weakness con-  
fesses!

THE OLD HEBREW:

Accursed art thou, if 'neath her charm  
thou fallest,  
If to her voice, if to her honeyed  
voice thou givest heed:  
Ah! then thy tears are vain, in vain  
thou callest  
On Heaven to save thee from the  
fruits of thy deed!

*(The young girls accompanying Delilah  
dance, waving the garlands of flowers  
which they hold in their hands, and  
seem to be trying to entice the Hebrew  
warriors who follow Samson. The  
latter deeply agitated, tries vainly to  
avoid Delilah's glances. His eyes in  
spite of all his efforts follow all the  
enchantress's movement as she takes  
part in the voluptuous postures and  
gestures of the Philistine maidens.)*

*Dance of the Priestesses of Dagon.*

DELILAH:

The spring with her dower  
Of bird and of flower  
Brings hope in her train;  
Her scant-laden pinions  
From Love's wide dominions  
Drives sorrow and pain.  
Our hearts thrill with gladness  
For spring's mystic madness  
Thrills through all the earth.  
To fields doth she render  
Their grace and their splendor—  
Joy and gentle mirth.

In vain I adorn me  
With blossoms and charms!  
My false love doth scorn me,  
And flees from my arms!  
But hope still caresses  
My desolate heart—  
Past delight yet blesses!  
Love will not depart!

*(Addressing Samson, with her face bent  
upon him.)*

When night comes star-laden,  
Like a sad, lonely maiden,  
I'll sit by the stream.  
And mourning I'll dream.  
My heart I'll surrender  
If he come to-day,  
And still be as tender  
As when Love's first splendor  
Made me rich and gay:—  
So I'll wait him alway.

HEBREW OLD MAN:

The powers of hell have created this  
women  
Fair to the eye, to disturb thy repose;  
Turn from her glance, fraught with fire  
not human:  
Her love is a poison that brings count-  
less woes!

DELILAH:

My heart I'll surrender  
If he come to-day,  
And still be as tender  
As when Love's first splendor  
Made me rich and gay:—  
So I'll wait him alway!

*(Delilah, still singing, again goes to the steps of the portico and casts her enticing glances at Samson, who seems wrought upon by their spell. He hesitates, struggles, and betrays the trouble of his soul.)*

[END OF ACT I]

ACT II—SCENE I

*The stage represents the valley of Sorek in Palestine. At L., Delilah's dwelling, which has a graceful portico, and is surrounded with Asiatic plants and luxuriant tropical creepers. At the rising of the curtain night is coming on, and becomes complete during the course of the action.*

Prelude

*(She is more richly apparelled than in the first act. At the rising of the curtain she is discovered seated on a rock near the portico of her house, and seems to be in a dreamy mood.)*

DELILAH *(alone)*:

To-night Samson makes his obeissance,  
This eve at my feet he will lie!  
Now the hour of my vengeance hastens—  
Our Gods I shall soon glorify!

O Love! of thy might let me borrow!  
Pour thy poison through Samson's  
heart!

Let him be bound before the morrow—  
A captive to my matchless art!

In his soul he no longer would cherish  
The passion he wishes were dead;  
Can a flame like that ever perish,  
Evermore by remembrance fed?

He rests my slave; his feats belie him;  
My brothers fear with vain alarms;  
I only of all—I defy him.  
I hold him fast within my arms!

O Love, of thy might let me borrow!  
Pour thy poison through Samson's heart!  
Let him be bound before the morrow—  
A captive to my matchless art!

When Love contends strength ever falleth!  
E'en he, the strongest of the strong,  
Through whom in war his tribe prevailleth;  
Against me shall not battle long!

*(Distant flashes of lightning.)*

SCENE II

*Delilah; the High Priest of Dagon.*

HIGH PRIEST:

I have climbed o'er the cheerless  
Mountain-peaks to thy side;  
'Mid dangers I was fearless;  
Dagon served as my guide!

DELILAH:

I greet you, worthy master:  
A welcome face you show,  
Honored e'er as priest and pastor! . . .

HIGH PRIEST:

Our disaster you know!  
Desperate slaves without pity  
Rose against their lords,  
They sacked the helpless city—  
None resisted their hordes.

Our soldiers fled before them  
At the sound of Samson's name;  
The pangs of terror tore them,  
Like sheep they became!  
A menace to our nation,  
Samson had from on high  
A strength and preparation  
That none with him can vie.

A vow hath bound him ever,  
He from birth was elect  
To concentrate endeavor,  
Israel's glory to effect.

DELILAH:

I know his courage dares you,  
Even unto your face;  
He endless hatred bears you,  
As the first of your race.

HIGH PRIEST:

Within thine arms one day  
His strength vanished away;  
But since then  
He endeavors to forget thee again.  
'Tis sad, in shameful fashion  
His Delilah he scouts;  
He makes sport of his passion,  
And all its joy he doubts.

DELILAH:

Although his brothers warn him,  
And he hears what they say,  
They all coldly scorn him  
Because he loves astray;  
Yet still, in spite of reason,  
He struggles all in vain;  
I fear from him no treason,  
For his heart I retain!  
'Tis in vain he defies me,  
Though so mighty in arms;  
Not a wish he denies me:  
He melts before my charms.

HIGH PRIEST:

Then let thy zeal awaken,  
Use thy weird magic powers,  
That unarmed, overtaken,  
He this night may be ours!  
Sell me this redoubtable thrall,  
Nor then shall thy profit be small;  
Naught thou wishest could be a burden;  
Priceless shall be thy well-earned guerdon!



DELILAH:

Do I care for thy promised gold?  
Delilah's vengeance were not sold  
For all a king's uncounted treasure!  
Thy knowledge, though boundless in  
measure,  
Hath played thee false in reading me!  
O'er you he gained the victory,  
But I am still too powerful for him;  
More keenly than thou, I abhor him!

HIGH PRIEST:

Thy design and thy deathless hate I  
should have guessed;  
To hear thy wily words my heart with  
pleasure trembles,  
Yet, art thou sure of him? Will thy  
power stand the test?  
Hast thou measured his cunning?  
Maybe he, too, dissembles.

DELILAH:

Thrice, indeed, have I failed to accom-  
plish my plan—  
I have sought for the key to the strength  
of the man;  
I have kindled his love with the hope that  
by yielding  
I might spoil the mysterious might he is  
wielding!  
Thrice hath he foiled my plan, disap-  
pointed my hope;  
His secret still he holds—with him no one  
can cope!  
In vain I emulate all the fire he expresses;  
Though I thought that I might gain that  
knowledge by caresses!  
This haughty Hebrew slave oft hath hur-  
ried away  
From my sweetest embraces to engage in  
the fray.  
But to day  
Have no fear, my might will overawe him;  
Pale grew his face once stern,  
He shook when last I saw him.  
So I know  
That our foe  
His friends once more will spurn;  
He will yearn  
For my love.  
We shall see him return.

The victory shall be mine, I am ready to  
meet him;  
One last weapon is left me—my tears shall  
defeat him!

HIGH PRIEST:

Oh, may Dagon, our God, by thy side  
deign to stand!  
'Tis for him thou art fighting; thou  
windest by his hand.

DELILAH:

That vengeance now at last may find him,  
Delilah's chains must firmly bind him!  
May he by his love yield his power,  
And here at my feet meekly cower.

HIGH PRIEST:

That vengeance now at last may find him,  
Delilah's chains must firmly bind him!  
May he by his love yield his power,  
And here at thy feet meekly cower.

{ DELILAH:  
That vengeance now at last may find  
him, etc.  
HIGH PRIEST:  
In thee alone my hope remaineth,  
Thy hand the honored victory gaineth,  
That vengeance, etc.  
We two shall strike the blow—  
Death to our mighty foe!

DELILAH:

My hand the honored victory gaineth,  
That vengeance, etc.  
We two shall strike the blow—  
Death to our mighty foe!

HIGH PRIEST:

To-night didst thou not tell me  
Samson is awaited?

DELILAH:

He will come!

HIGH PRIEST:

Then I go, lest he find me belated;  
But soon by secret paths I bring the  
avenging band.  
Now the fate of thy land  
Is lodged within thy hand.  
Unveil his secret heart,  
And rob him of his treasure;  
Make him tell where resides  
That force which none can measure.

[Exit.

DELILAH (*approaches the portico, L., and  
stands leaning in a dreamy attitude  
against one of the pillars*):

Ah! can it be? And have I lost the sway  
That I held o'er my lover?

The night is dark, without a ray;  
If he seeks me now, how discover?

Alas!

The moments pass!

### SCENE III

*Delilah; Samson. He seems to be dis-  
turbed, troubled, uncertain. He glances  
about him. It grows darker and darker.*

(*Distant flashes of lightning.*)

SAMSON:

Once again to this place  
My erring feet draw nigh!  
I ought to shun her face,  
No will have I!  
Though my passion I curse,  
Yet its torments still slay me.  
Away! away from here,  
Ere she through stealth betray me!

DELILAH (*advancing toward Samson*):

'Tis thou! 'tis thou whom I adore!  
In thine absence I languish;  
In seeing thee once more  
Forgot are hours of anguish!  
Thy face is doubly welcome.

SAMSON:

Ah! cease that wild discourse;  
At thy words all my soul  
Is darkened with remorse!

DELILAH:

Ah! Samson, my best-beloved friend  
In thy heart dost thou despise me?  
Is't thus thy love hath an end,  
Which once above all jewels did prize  
me?

SAMSON:

Thou hast been priceless to my heart,  
And never canst thou be discarded!  
Dearer than life art thou regarded!  
In my love none hath greater part!

DELILAH:

By my side dost thou fear some disaster?  
Dost thou doubt that I love thee still?  
Do I not fulfil all thy will?  
Art not thou my dear lord and master?

SAMSON:

Alas! Jehovah heard my vow—  
To obey Him is my bounden duty!  
Farewell, I must leave thee now,  
Ne'er again behold thy matchless  
beauty.  
No more to indulge joyful love give way!  
Israel's hopes revive by this token;  
For the Lord hath decreed the day  
Which shall see our chains surely  
broken!

He hath spoken to me His word:  
Among thy brethren thou art elected  
To lead them back to God their Lord;  
Ending all the woes whereby they are  
afflicted!

DELILAH:

What careth my heart all forlorn  
For Israel's fate or her glory?  
When joy from me brutally torn,  
Sums up for me the wretched story.  
When I in thy promise believed  
My peace of mind was forever ended;  
Each false caress that I received  
Was in my veins a poison blended.

SAMSON:

Forbear to rack my soul with woe!  
I must yield to a law above thee;  
Tenfold my grief when my tears flow—  
Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

(*Distant flashes of lightning.*)

DELILAH:

A God far more mighty than thine,  
My friend, through me his will pro-  
claimeth;  
'Tis the God of Love, the divine,  
Whose law thy God's small sceptre  
shameth!  
Recall blissful hours by my side,  
If thou from thy mistress wilt sever!  
Thou'st broke the faith that should abide!  
I alone remain constant ever!

SAMSON:

Thou unfeeling! To doubt of my heart!  
Ever of my love all things tell me!  
Oh, let me perish by God's dart,  
Tho' God's lightning should overwhelm  
me!

(*The thunderstorm approaches.*)

I struggle with my fate no more,  
I know on earth no law above thee!  
Yea, though Hell hold my doom in store,  
Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

DELILAH:

My heart at thy dear voice  
Opens wide like a flower,  
Which the morn's kisses waken;  
But that I may rejoice,  
That my tears no more shower,  
Tell thy love still unshaken!

Oh, say thou wilt not now  
Leave Delilah again!  
Repeat with accents tender  
Every passionate vow,  
Oh, thou dearest of men!  
Ah! to the charms of love surrender!  
Rise with me to its height of splendor!

SAMSON:

Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

DELILAH:

As fields of growing corn  
In the morn bend and sway,  
When the light zephyr rises,  
E'en so my heart forlorn  
Is thrilled by passion's play.  
At thy voice's sweet surprises!  
Less rapid is the dart  
In its death-dealing flight  
Than I spring to my delight,  
To my place in thy heart!  
Ah! to Love's delight surrender!  
Rise with me to its height of splendor!

SAMSON:

I'll dry thy tears  
By charm of sweet caresses,  
And chase thy fears  
And the grief that oppresses!  
Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

*(Flashes of lightning. Violent crash of thunder.)*

DELILAH:

But no! . . . the dream is o'er!  
Delilah trusts no more!  
Words are idle pretences!  
Thou hast mocked me before,  
In oaths I set no store,  
Too flagrant thy offences!

SAMSON:

When I dare to follow thee now?  
Forgetful of God and my vow—  
The God who hath sealed my existence  
With strength divine that knew no resist-  
ence?

DELILAH:

Ah! well, thou shalt now read my heart!  
Know why thy God I have envied,  
hated—  
Thy God by whose fiat thou art,  
To whom thou art consecrated!  
Oh, tell me this vow thou hast sworn—  
How thy mighty strength is redoubled!  
Remove the doubts whereby I am torn,  
Let not my heart be longer troubled!

*(Thunder and lightning in the distance.)*

SAMSON:

Delilah what dost thou desire?  
Ah! let not thy distrust rouse mine ire!

DELILAH:

If still I have power left to move thee,  
Whereby in the past I was blessed,  
This hour I would put it to test:  
Firm trust in me would now behoove thee!

*(Lightning and thunder nearer and nearer.)*

SAMSON:

Alas! the chain which I must wear  
Maketh not nor marreth thy joyance!  
For my secret why dost thou care?

DELILAH:

Tell me thy vow! Assuage the pain I  
bear!

SAMSON:

Thy power is vain; vain thy annoyance!

*(Lightning without thunder.)*

DELILAH:

Yea, my power is vain,  
Because thy love is bounded!  
My desire to disdain,  
To despise my spirit, wounded  
By the secret unknown;  
And to add without reason,  
In cold insulting tone  
Charges of latent treason!

SAMSON:

With a heart in despair  
Too immense to be spoken,  
I raise to God my prayer  
In a voice sad and broken!

DELILAH:

For him I have displayed  
All my beauty's decoration;  
And how am I repaid?  
What for me but lamentation!

SAMSON:

All-powerful God, I call on thee for aid!

DELILAH:

To see thy stern face  
My sad forebodings waken;  
Samson, flee from this place  
Ere I die, thy love forsaken.

SAMSON:

Say no more!

DELILAH:

Tell thy vow!

SAMSON:

Ask me not!

DELILAH:

Tell me now  
I implore—  
The vow which thou  
Hast taken.

*(Lightning without thunder.)*

SAMSON:

The storm is rising fast  
To rend the hill asunder  
And the Lord's wrath will blast  
The traitor with his thunder!

DELILAH:

I fear not by thy side! Come!

SAMSON:

Nay!

DELILAH:

Come!

SAMSON:

Say no more!

DELILAH:  
At His wrath cast defiance!

SAMSON:  
Vain is my self-reliance.  
'Tis the voice of God!

DELILAH:  
Coward!\* you loveless heart!  
I despise you! Away!

*(Delilah runs toward her dwelling; the storm breaks in all its fury; Samson, raising his arms to heaven, seems to call upon God. Then he springs in pursuit of Delilah, hesitates, and finally enters the house. Philistine soldiers enter R. and softly approach Delilah's dwelling. A violent crash of thunder.)*

DELILAH *(appearing at her window)*:  
Your aid, Philistines, your aid!

SAMSON:  
I am betrayed!

*(The soldiers rush into the house.)*

*Curtain.*

[END OF ACT II]

### ACT III

FIRST TABLEAU.—*A prison at Gaza.*

#### SCENE I

*Samson; the Hebrews. Samson, in chains, blinded, with his locks shorn, is discovered turning a hand-mill. Behind the scenes a chorus of captive Hebrews.*

SAMSON:  
Look down on me, O Lord! Have mercy  
on me!  
Behold my woe! Behold, sin hath undone  
me!  
My erring feet have wandered from Thy  
path,  
And so I feel the burden of Thy wrath!  
To Thee, O God, this poor wrecked life  
I offer!

I am no more than a scorn to the scoffer!  
My sightless eyes testify of my fall;  
Upon my head  
Hath been shed  
Bitter gall!

CHORUS:  
Samson, why thy vow to God hast thou  
broken?  
What to us doth it token?

SAMSON:  
Alas! Israel, loaded with chains,  
From God's holy face sternly banished  
Every hope of return hath vanished,

And only dull despair remains!  
May we regain all the light of Thy favor!  
Wilt Thou once more Thy protection  
accord?  
Forget Thy wrath at our reproach, O  
Lord—  
Thou whose compassionate love doth not  
waver

CHORUS:  
God meant thou shouldst take the com-  
mand  
To lead us back to fatherland,  
Samson! why thy vow to God hast thou  
Broken?  
What to us doth it token?

SAMSON:  
Brothers, your complaint voiced in song  
Reaches me as in gloom I languish,  
And my spirit is torn with anguish  
To think of all this shame and wrong!  
God! take my life in expiation!  
Let me alone Thine anger bear;  
Punishing me, Thine Israel spare!  
Restore Thy mercy to our nation!

CHORUS:  
He for a woman sold his power!  
He to Delilah hath betrayed us!  
Thou who wert to us like a tower—  
Why hast thou slaves and hopeless  
made us?

SAMSON:  
Contrite, broken-hearted I lie,  
But I bless Thy hand in my sorrow!  
Comfort, Lord, let Thy people borrow,  
Let them escape! Let them not die!

*(The Philistines enter the prison and take Samson out. Transformation.)*

SECOND TABLEAU.—*Interior of the temple of Dagon. Statue of the god. Sacrificial table. In the midst of the fane two marble columns apparently supporting the edifice.*

#### SCENE II

*The High Priest, Delilah, the Philistines. The High Priest of Dagon is surrounded by Philistine princes. Delilah, followed by Philistine maidens crowned with flowers, with wine-cups in their hands. A throng of people fill the temple. Day is breaking.*

CHORUS OF PHILISTINES:  
Dawn now on the hill-tops heralds the day!  
Stars and torches in its light fade away!  
Let us revel still, and despite its warn-  
ing  
Love till the morning!

It is love alone makes us bright and gay!  
The breeze of the morn puts the shades to  
flight,  
They hasten away like the mist-veil light!  
The horizon glows with a rosy splendor;  
The sun shines bright  
On each swelling height,  
And each tree-top tender!

*Bacchanal.*

SCENE III

THE HIGH PRIEST:

All hail the judge of Israel,  
Who by his presence here,  
Makes our right doubly splendid!  
Let him be by thy hands,  
Fair Delilah, attended,  
Fill high for thy love the hydromel!  
Now let him drain the beaker with songs  
for thy praises,  
And vaunt thy power in swelling phrases!

CHORUS:

Samson, in thy pleasure we share!  
We praise Delilah, thy fair mistress!  
Empty the bowl and drown thy care!  
Good wine maketh less deepest distress!

SAMSON (*aside*):

Deadly sadness fills my soul!  
Lord, before Thee, humbly I bow me,  
Oh, by Thy will divine allow me,  
To gain at last life's destined goal!

DELILAH (*approaching Samson with a wine-cup in her hand*):

By my hand, love, be thou led!  
Let me show thee where thy feet may  
tread!

Down the long and shaded alley  
Leading to the enchanted valley,  
Where often we used to meet,  
Enjoying hours heavenly sweet!  
Thou hadst to climb craggy mountains  
To make thy way to thy bride,  
Where by the murmuring fountains,  
Thou wert in bliss at my side!  
Tell me now thy heart still blesses  
All the warmth of my caresses!

Thy love well served for my end.  
That I my vengeance might fashion  
Thy vital secret I gained,  
Working on thy blinded passion!  
By my love thy soul was lured!  
'Twas I who have wrought our salvation!  
'Twas Delilah's hand assured  
Her god, her hate, and her nation.

CHORUS:

'Twas thy hand that assur'd  
Our God, our hate, and our nation.

SAMSON (*aside*):

Deaf to thy voice, Lord, I remained,  
And in my guilty passion's blindness,  
Alas! the purest love profaned  
In lavishing on her my kindness.

HIGH PRIEST:

Come now, we pray, sing, Samson, sing!  
Rehearse in verse thy sweet discourses,  
Which thou to her wert wont to bring  
From thy eager love's inmost sources,  
Or, let Jehovah show his power,  
Light to thy sightless eyes restoring!  
I promise thee that self-same hour  
We all will thy God name, adoring.  
Ah! He is deaf unto thy prayer,  
This God thou art vainly imploring!  
His impotent wrath I may dare  
And scorn His thunder's idle roaring.

SAMSON:

Hearst Thou, O God, from Thy throne  
How this impudent priest denies Thee,  
And how his hateful troop despise Thee,  
With pride and with insolence flown?  
Once again all Thy glory show them!  
Once more let Thy marvels shine,  
Let Thy light and Thy might be mine,  
That I again may overthrow them!

CHORUS:

Ha! ha! ha! ha!  
We laugh at thy furious spite!  
Us thou canst not affright.  
With idle wrath thou ragest;  
The day is like the night!  
Thine eyes lack their sight,  
A weakling's war thou wagest!  
Ha! ha! ha! ha!

HIGH PRIEST:

Come, fair Delilah, give thanks to our  
god,  
Jehovah trembles at his awful nod.  
Consult we now  
What his godhead advises,  
E'en while we bow  
The sacred incense rises.

*(Delilah and the High Priest turn to the sacrificial table, on which are found the sacred cups. A fire is burning on the altar, which is decorated with flowers. Delilah and the High Priest, taking the cups, pour a libation on the fire, which flames, then vanishes, to reappear at the third strophe of the invocation. Samson has remained in the midst of the stage with the boy who led him. He seems overwhelmed with grief, and his lips are moving in evident prayer.)*

DELILAH:

Dagon be ever praised!  
He my weak arm hath aided,  
And my faint heart he raised  
When our last hope had faded.

HIGH PRIEST:

Dagon be ever praised!  
He thy weak arm hath aided,  
And thy faint heart he raised  
When our last hope had faded.

BOTH:

Oh, thou ruler over the world,  
Thou who all stars createst,  
Be all thy foes to ruin hurled!  
Over all gods thou art greatest!

CHORUS:

Thy blessing scatter  
With mighty signs!  
Let flocks wax fatter,  
More rich our vines!  
Let every village with wealth o'erflow,  
Keep thou from pillage  
Our hated foe!

DELILAH AND HIGH PRIEST:

Accept, O lord sublime,  
Our victim's grand oblation,  
For e'en our greatest crime  
Take them in expiation.

CHORUS:

Dagon we praise!

DELILAH AND HIGH PRIEST:

Reveal to thy priest's wondering eyes,  
Who alone can behold thy glory,  
All the future's dark, mystic story  
Which behind Fate's veil hidden lies!  
God hear our prayer  
Within thy fane!  
Make us thy care!  
Let justice reign!  
Success attend us  
Whene'er we fight!  
Protection lend us  
Both day and night!

DELILAH, HIGH PRIEST AND CHORUS:

Dagon shows his power!  
See the new flame tower!

Burning bright

Amid smouldering ashes,  
Our Lord of light,  
Descending, o'er us flashes!  
Lo! the god we worship now appeareth.  
All his people feareth his rod!

HIGH PRIEST (*to Samson*):

That Fate may not in favor falter,  
Now, Samson, come, thine offering pour  
Unto Dagon there on his altar,  
And on thy knees his grace implore!

(*To the boy.*)

Guide thou his steps! Let thy good care  
enfold him  
That all the people from afar behold him!

SAMSON:

Now, Lord, to Thee do I pray!  
Be Thou once more my stay;  
Toward the marble columns,  
My boy, guide thou my way.

(*The boy leads Samson between the two  
pillars.*)

CHORUS:

Dagon shows his power, etc., as above.  
God hear our prayer, etc., as above.

Thou hast vanquished the insolent  
Children of Israel,  
Strengthened our arm,  
Our heart renewed,  
Kept us from harm,  
And by thy wonders  
Brought these people to servitude,  
Who despised thy wrath  
And thy thunders!

God, hear our prayer, etc., as above.  
Glory to Dagon! Glory!

SAMSON (*standing between the pillars and  
endeavoring to overturn them*):

Hear Thy servant's cry, God, my Lord,  
Though he is sore distressed with blind-  
ness!

My former force once more restore.

One instant renew thy gracious kind-  
ness!

Let Thine anger avenge my race.

Let them perish all in this place.

(*The temple falls amid shrieks and cries.*)

ALL:

Ah!

(*The curtain falls.*)



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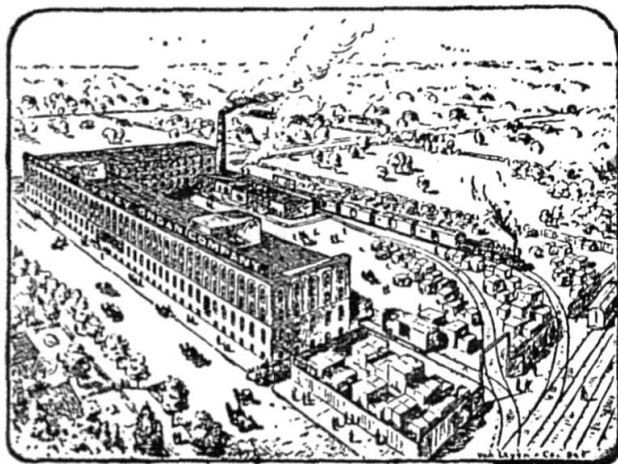
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