S A L A M M B Ô

Based on
Gustave Flaubert's
novel of the same name

Music and Text by
IRVING SCHLEIN

Libretto

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INSTRUMENTATION

Flutes (2) Picc.
Oboes (2) E.H.
Clarinets (2) Bb
Bassoons (2)

Fr. Hns. (2) F
Tpts. (2) Bb
Trbs. (2)
Tuba (1)

Violins
Violas
Cellos
Basses (5-string)

Percussion (Timbales Cgromatiques)

Cast of Characters:

Spendius (Bass-Baritone): "Figaro", unclouded by passion, malicious, full of acumen

Matho (Tenor): childlike and credulous-elemental

Salammbô (Soprano): divine and sexual

Schahabarim (Baritone): symbol of desexuality, unfeelingness, dehumanization

Taanach (Mezzo-Soprano)

Tanith (Soprano): symbol of fecundity

Hamilcar (Baritone): father of Salammbô, ruthless and suspicious

Hanno (Bass): obscene

Narr' Havas (Baritone): suitor for Salammbô, opportunistic

Cisco (Baritone): cunning, yet faithful

Slaves, Carthaginians, Mercenaries, Priests, etc.

Salammbô is a combination of Oriental elements: (Arabia plus Africa), violence and passion, glowing through a pageant of pungent perfumes, fetid odors. It is based on the struggle of ancient Carthage to maintain its sovereignty against the Mercenaries, who came to destroy and pillage.

Duration: 2 Hours

KING BRAND

Scene I The Feast

In the gardens of Hamilcar, soldiers are having a feast to celebrate the battle of Eryx. In the background is the palace of marble. Soldiers and slave running half-naked: Ligurians, Negroes, Lusitanians, Balearians, Greeks, Egyptians, wtc. The slave are marched in. Spendius stands apart.

SLAVES: Ah!
Hail! All Hail! All Hail to Carthage... Hail, All Hail!

Carthaginians: We are the people.
We hold our land dear to our hearts.
People are we who will let them pass, like weeds, away!
Man's clouded sun shall proudly rise again,
And songs be heard instead of sighs.
Save our people from bondage and despair!

Spendius

Hail to thee, Baaleschmoun; my people call you Aesculapius,
And to you, spirits of the fountain light and woods,
And to you, ye Gods, hidden far beneath the mountain sides
and the caverns of the earth;
And to you, you strong men in shining armour who have set me free,
My name is Spendius; I thank you again for setting me free.
(He bows to them.)

A Mercenary

Bring the cups of the sacred legion.

All

The sacred legion...
All the cups are closed in the temple. Let it be opened.
The cups are in the possession of Gisco; let him bring the cups.

(Gisco appears, in full black cloak; his beard is white,
his headdress radiant; he is followed by soldiers.)
The cups...the cups.

Gisco

You are worthy of the cups as a testament to your courage.

Mercenaries

That's true, true, that's true, that's true.

Gisco

The republic respects your customs and your ways of worship;
Here in Carthage you are free, but the cups of the legion
are private property!

(A Gaul springs at Gisco, but the latter repels him. The feast recommences; general gayety: drinking, carousing, dancing. Salammbô appears on the balustrade; all is quiet as she descends, flanked by eunuch priests. Her hair is adorned with luminous pearls, her bosom with stones, her arms with diamonds)

Populace

Carthage divine, we sing thy praise eternal,
and to the Temple of Tanith, and to your daughter, Salammbô.

Salammbô

Dead, all dead.
No more will you come when I call you;
What have you done?
What have you done ?
You had bread and meats and oil for your enjoyment.
Pray, where are you now?
In the palace of the master, my father.
Know you any in your land more skillful in battle?
Our palace is full of victories.
Oh! Burn it! Desist not!
Ah! Poor Carthage! Lamentable city.
No longer do strong men of former days protect you.
Poor Carthage, Lamentable city, wracked by wars, pillaged.
Invaders have come from distant shores and laid my Carthage bare.
Poor city, lamentable city.
Oh, my Gods! Punish them!

Populace

Punish them. Poor Carthage.

Salammbô

Lamentable city.

Populace

(Choral interplay of following lines:

They came from distant shores and laid my Carthage bare.
Weep not, Salammbô, for the groans of the wounded soul will
one day be answered.
Oppressed hearts will once again be free.
The land that was enslaved will be free again.)

(Narr' Havas, a Numidian chief, watches her, on the other side;
Matho, the Libyan, of colossal stature, leans toward her;
She approaches him, pours some wine into a golden cup.)

Narr' Havas

You are the most glorious, Salammbô, in all the land of Carthage,
Salammbô is the gem. There is but one Salammbô! Drink!

(Matho takes the cup to his lips...)

Narr' Havas

The Gods protect you. You will be rich. When will the wedding be?

Matho

What wedding?

Narr' Havas

When a woman gives a drink to a soldier, it means she offers
him her bed!

(Narr' Havas jumps on Matho, who repels him. General commotion.
Narr' Havas and Salammbô disappear. Matho flees...
Spendius follows him...)

Spendius

Begone!

Matho

Why do you follow me?

SCENE II

(They find themselves in an open clearing, with the moon shining down.)

MATHO

Leave me!

SPENDIUS

Oh! No; you freed me from prison.
I am yours; you are my master, command me!
Listen, I can wind like a viper through the walls;
An ingot of gold lies bemeath every flagstone.
An underground path leads to their tombs. Speak!

MATHO

Well, what matters it?

SPENDIUS

Ah! What riches, and those who possess them have not the steel to defend them.
Their hatred is aroused, and nothing binds them to Carthage.
Families, oaths, nor Gods. They have no pride of country.
Do you understand me, soldier?
We should bathe in perfumes, and I, in turn, should have slaves.
Are you not weary of sleeping on the ground?
Think of all the injustice of your chiefs, the tyrranies of discipline and the everlasting menace of the cross.
After all this misery, they give you a necklace of honor, a man like you, braver than Pyrrhus.
If only you had wished it. Ah! how happy you will be with the sound of lyres, lying on flowers, with women and buffoons.
Do not tell me that the enterprise is impossible.
Who is to prevent you? Hamilcar is away; the people execrate the rich.
Gisco can do nothing with the cowards who surround him;
But you are brave; and they will obey you. Command them;
Carthage is ours; command them.

MATHO

No, the curse of Moloch is upon me. I saw it in her eyes.
But where is she? Where is she?

SPENDIUS

You are suffering. What is the matter with you?

MATHO

Hamilcar's daughter pursues me. I am afraid of her.
Speak to me, Spendius, am I sick?
You know some stronger Gods, or some restless invocation.

SPENDIUS

And for what purpose?

MATHO

To rid me of her. I am the victim of an offering she has promised the Gods.
She holds me fast by a chain which people cannot see.
If I walk, 'tis she who walks; when I stop, she rests;
Her eyes burn me; I hear her voice; she enfolds me.

She penetrates me; it seems that she has become my soul, and yet
Between us is a boundless ocean; she is far away.
The splendour of her beauty forms a cloud of light around her.
And at times I think that I have never seen her, that she does not exist; it is all a dream.
Salammbô, my own Salammbô, my one Salammbô; my dream Salammbô,
You are my love.

SPENDIUS

Be strong, my master. Summon your will.
Beseech the Gods no more, for they heed not the cries of men.
Weeping like a coward! Are you not humiliated that a woman can cause you so much suffering?

MATHO

She has nothing in common with other daughters of men.
Have you seen her eyes beneath her brows, like suns beneath triumphal arches?
Her naked breast shone here and there through the diamonds of her necklace, her whole being emitted something sweeter than wine, and more terrible than death.
But I want her; I need her; I am dying for her;
I am transported with frenzied joy at the thought of clasping her in my arms, and yet I hate her, Spendius;
I should like to beat her; what shall I do ?
Shall I sell myself as her slave? (as though in a trance)
He pursued into the forest the female monster whose tail undulated over the dead leaves like a silver brook.

SPENDIUS

Up, master, we are departing.

MATHO

Where are you going?

SPENDIUS

To Carthage.

MATHO

Carthage. (EXEUNT)

SCENE III

(Salammbô standing on the terrace of her palace. Her slave follows her.)

SALAMMBÔ

O, Rabetna, Baalet, Tanith, Anaïtis, Astarte, Derceto, Astoreth, Mylitta, Athara, Elissa, Tiratha.
By the hidden symbols, by the resounding sistra, by the furrows of the earth, by the eternal silence and by the eternal fruitfulness,
Mistress of the gloomy seas and of the azure shores, O Queen of the watery world, all Hail!
O Goddess, you bring serenity to man who stretches his breast towards thee.
Every germ ferments in the darkness of thy moisture, thou art white, gentle, luminous, immaculate, purifying, serene,
But thou art a terrible mistress!
Monsters, phantoms and lying dreams come from thee!
O Tanith! thou dost love me. I have looked so much on thee.

Thou sailest through thine azure, and I remain on the still earth.

TAANACH

What ails you, mistress? The blowing of the breeze, passing of the cloud; everything moves you; perhaps it is the smoke of your perfumes.

SALAMMBÔ

No! The spirit of the Gods dwells in fragrant odors.

Taanach

You must choose a husband among the sons of the ancients,
And then your grief will pass away in a man's arms.

SALAMMBÔ

Sometimes, Taanach, from the depths of my being there come hot fumes like from a volcano.
Voices call me, fire rolls within my bosom.
It stifles me, and then something sweet starts flowing from my brow to my feet, passes through my flesh, and I feel myself crushed as though a God were upon me.
O! would that I could lose myself in the mists of the night, the waters of the fountains, the sap of the trees;
That I could issue from my body, and be but a breath or a ray, and glide, go up to Thee, O mother!

(She raises her arms, and falls back on the couch. Taanach soothes her.)

Go and bring me Schahabarim! (Schahabarim enters.)

SCHAHABARIM

Speak, what will you?

SALAMMBÔ

I had hoped you had promised me there are things of which you will not speak.
I feel things within me. They mingle. They fill my soul, and I quiver with inward pulses.
What are these yearnings that devour me?
Tell me!

SCHAHABARIM

It is the soul that dreates desire in man. It inspires and governs the loves of men.

Salammbô

Loves of men.
O Father, I am consumed with desire. Pity me, help me!

SCHAHABARIM

Never! Your desire is sacrilege! Do be satisfied with the knowledge you possess!

(She falls upon her knees and sobs.)
(Thunderous noise in the distance.)

SEGUE TO SCENE IV

SCENE IV

(Matho and Spendius are seen on a rampart overlooking the city.)

SPENDIUS

Give free rein to your wrath, like a runaway chariot;
Shout and blaspheme,
Ravage and slay.
Grief is allayed with blood, and since you can't sate your love, gorge your hate; it will sustain you until I bring you into Carthage.

MATHO

How to do it?

SPENDIUS

Execute all my commands, and follow me like a slave.
By Tanith, I swear.

SCENE CHANGE TO

SCENE V

THE TEMPLE OF TANITH

(Matho and Spendius are on a balcony overlooking the Temple.)
(Broad, sloping valley below)

SPENDIUS

Fear nothing; I shall fulfill my promises.
Master, in the sanctuary of Tanith there is a mysterious veil
Which fell from heaven and covers the Goddess.
It is divine and forms part of her.
It is because Carthage possesses it that makes her powerful.
You will carry it off.

MATHO

Begone! I will not help you in this awful crime!

SPENDIUS

But Tanith is your enemy. She is persecuting you, and you are dying through her wrath.
You will be revenged and she will obey you, and
You will be immortal and invincible.
We will succumb. Our army is lost, but you will have power in your hands.
Would you rather die in misery beneath a bush, or amid the outrage of the people?
Master, one day you will enter Carthage, and they will kiss your sandals; and if Tanith weighs upon you still,
You will then reinstate it in its temple.
Follow me and seize it!

(They ascend a staircase leading to the balcony of Salammbô's bedroom...They stop at a window, which Matho slowly opens...On a wall nearby hangs the veil of Tanith...gently Matho picks it up and wraps himself in it...)

SPENDIUS

Let us go. Let us go. Let us go.

MATHO

But what if I go to her now?
I feel her beauty no longer.
What can she do now?
I am now more than a man.
I could pass through flames or walk upon the sea.
I am transported!
SALAMMBÔ! SALAMMBÔ! I am your master!
But where is she? But where is she?
I want to see her.
Please lead me to her.

SPENDIUS

It is a piece of insanity!

MATHO

Please take me to her.

SPENDIUS

She will call her slaves and you will die.

MATHO

Oh! Lead me to her.

(Spendius leads him to another door on the balcony, and opens the door.)
Salammbô is lying on the bed, sleeping; she is dressed in a full white tunic, outlining the curves of her body...
Matho stands motionless... Salammbô is awakened by the glow of the Goddess' veil.)

SALAMMBÔ

What is it?

MATHO

The veil of the Goddess!

Salammbô

The veil of the Goddess!

MATHO

I stole it for you, Salammbô, do you remember it?
(The veil shines brilliantly.)
You appeared in my dreams, Salammbô.
(She stretches out her arms.)
Your eyes bewitched me.
I tried to come to you,
Forgive me; You drew me to you.
Let us go, and drown my soul in your breath.
Let my lips be crushed with kissing your hands.
Salammbô, I love you.
Salammbô, Salammbô,
My dream, Salammbô!

SALAMMBÔ

Nearer, nearer.
Come to me. Give it to me.
(She keeps advancing...)
Let me see the veil! The veil!
Give it...the veil, to me!

(THEY EMBRACE... She withdraws from him, and instinctively rings the bell.)

SALAMMBÔ

To the rescue; back, sacrilegious man,
Infamous, and accursed.
Help! Taanach, Kroum, Ewa, Micipsa, Schaoul!

SPENDIUS (Appears)

Fly, they are coming!

(A great tumult ensues...flood of people, slaves, soldiers,
with swords drawn...indignation, wrath, consternation...
they go to fall on Matho, but Salammbô stops them...)

SALAMMBÔ

Touch him not, it is the mantle of the Goddess.
Curse upon you, who have plundered Tanith!

POPULACE

Who is this man that comes in the still night,
To steal the holy veil from our land?
For this infamy, may the Gods wreak vengeance on him!
Hatred, Massacre, Vengeance and Grief; (Salammbô joins.)
May the Gods rend you, stifle you, Burn you. Begone!

ACT II

SCENE VI

(In the tent, Matho and Spendius)

MATHO

(As though to himself)

I should have carried her off.
I should ave seized her, and torn her from her house.
No one would have dared to touch me. What is to be done?

(Turning to Spendius)

How can we reenter Carthage?

SPENDIUS

I do not know.

MATHO

The fault is yours. You carry me away and then you forsake me,
Coward that you are. Why, pray, should I obey you?
Do you think that you are my master?
Oh! you prostitutor! (He dresses himself.)
Slave, you son of a slave!

SPENDIUS

Where are you going?

MATHO

I am returning. Let me alone. I will bring her back, and if
they show themselves, I will crush them like vipers.
I will put her to death, Spendius; yes, I will kill her.

You shall see, I will kill her. (He is overcome by grief, and love of her beauty.)

SPENDIUS

Drive away those trifles from your soul which is degraded by them.
Formerly you were used to obey; now you command an army;
And if Carthage is not conquered, we shall at least be given provinces.
We shall become kings.

SCENE CHANGE TO

Scene VII

(Hamilcar, the suffete, descending from the deck of a ship; on the shore throngs gather to taunt and insult him. They are enraged. Hanno stands beside them.)

POPULACE

They are good friends of yours, are the barbarians?
Infamous traitor!
(First citizen) No, let him speak now.
(Second citizen) You come back to see us perish, do you not?
(Third citizen) We ask you, why you did not return to Carthage?

HAMILCAR

What is that to you? Did I manage the war poorly?
You have seen how I order the battles while you allow the Barbarians...

FIRST CITIZEN INTERRUPTS

Enough! Enough!

HAMILCAR

But there are strong men among you; (Turns to Hanno)
Tell me, Hanno, why didyou lead your galleys into the Roman fleet?

HANNO

I was driven by the wind.

HAMILCAR

You are trampling on your dung! Folly!

(To the crowd) Be silent!
If you had loved me as musch as him, there would be joy in Carthage now, and when things were bad with me, you left no vessels for me;
And what did you do here while the Romans sent their envoys to Ptolemaeus?

A CITIZEN

Now he extols the Romans to us.

ANOTHER CITIZEN

How much did they pay you to defend them?

A THIRD CITIZEN

Tell us what you want!

HAMILCAR

I say we must be more ingenious and more terrible.

HANNO

Barca, Carthage needs you to take command of the Punic forces against the Mercenaries.

HAMILCAR

I refuse.

HANNO

We give you full command.

HAMILCAR

No! No! No! It is impossible to fight for you who are cowardly, greedy, ungrateful, pusilanimous, and mad!

HANNO (tauntingly)

He is careful of them. He'll turn against us and he wants to make himself King!

A CITIZEN

Your daughter takes her lovers from the Barnarians.
He was seen coming out of her room! The thief who stole the veil!
A very handsome man! Taller than you!

(General laughter)

(Hamilcar smashes his tira to the ground; Everyone freezes; Hamilcar stretches out his hands...in a vehement and livid rage)

HAMILCAR

Summon my daughter!

(Salammbô is led onto the center of the stage. She notices his displeasure.)

SALAMMBÔ

They have told you, O Master!

HAMILCAR

Yes, I know.

SALAMMBÔ

O, Father, you can not destroy what is done!
This man, who makes legions tremble, whom I hardly know terrifies me like a God!

(She holds up her arms in supplcation.)

Father, pardon. Forgive me. Forgive me. Forgive me.
I will repent; I will repent.

(A soldier runs in...)

SOLDIER

O! Master, they have pillaged, sacked everything! destroyed everything!
Burnt your house, your beautiful house!

SALAMMBÔ

It is a curse!

HAMILCAR

Enough! Be silent!
Good people of Carthage, I accept the command of the Punic forces against the army of the Barbarians!

POPULACE

Slaughter to the Barbarians.
We will bring the enemy to his knees. (repeat)
We will not lay down our arms until the Mercenaries are cleared off our land.

S C E N E C H A N G E

SCENE VIII

(The rampart of the Barbarians, overlooking a valley, where Hamilcar's men are embarked. Matho and Spendius are in military accouterments.)

BARBARIANS

WE will carry on the war, and devastate the land, till Carthage is ours.
Bastions will crumble as we go on to war.
Nations will yield to our might as we engulf them in the flames of war.
Surging ahead, we relish the monster of war that gives us supreme power.
Holy monster of war, we deify you.

MATHO

You will go and get your men! I will bring mine.
We are lost if Hamilcar attacks us;
Do you understand me? Rise.

(Barbarians "rise")

SPENDIUS

Master, I do not like these extraordinary chances that you take!

MATHO

Why! What does it matter?

SPENDIUS

Hamilcar is treacherous; we must be on guard!

(A trumpet call is heard in the distance.)

MATHO

In the end I will get at him. I will conquer him. I will slay him.

SPENDIUS

Yes, I know; I saw him pass along the mountain, and he looked at me from the distance.

MATHO

It matters not; we will carry on the war.

SPENDIUS

And I too; we will make a new start!

MATHO

Carry on the war! Carry on the war! (Spendius) (Barbarians join)

SPENDIUS

I am not for battles in the sunlight.
The flashing of the swords troubles my eyes.
But give me walls to scale at night; show me anyone, anything,
an enemy, a treasure, a woman; a King's daughter, and
I will bring your desire to your feet!
I brought you into Carthage! I stole the veil! I led you to her.
I will do more yet! You will see.
Ha, Ha, etc.
Calamity should help to make us cleverer.
By dint of work we may make fortune bend;
She loves politicians; she will yield!
Let us return to Carthage! to Carthage!

MATHO

Follow me!

SPENDIUS

Carthage

MATHO

Forward to Carthage! (Spendius)

(Thunder is heard in the rear phalanx)
(They walk off as the scene changes.)

SCENE IX

(SALAMMBÔ'S BOUDOIR) (Salammbo, possessed by solitude, sits with her bended legs in her hands, her mouth half open, her chin sunk, her eyes fixed. Schahabarim crouches near her, staring at her...)

SCHAHABARIM

You are so beautiful, and so rare, while I am forsaken,
More empty, more alone.
My love for you is pure, without passion.
But with Matho it is different!
He loves like a man.
And because of the veil, Matho is King of the Barbarians!
The safety of the Republic depends on you.

SALAMMBÔ

On me? How can I?

SCHAHABARIM

You must consent!

SALAMMBÔ

Do you know what this means?

SCHAHABARIM

You must go to Matho, and recover the veil.

SALAMMBÔ

I am afraid of Matho.

SCHAHABARIM

You will be alone with him. Alone in his tent.

SALAMMBÔ

Well? What then? What then?

SCHAHABARIM

Whatever he does, do not call out;
You will be humble, and submit to his desires.

SALAMMBÔ

But the veil.

SCHAHABARIM

The Gods will take care of that.

SALAMMBÔ

Come with me, O Father (imploringly)

SCHAHABARIM

No! You go alone.

SALAMMBÔ

Oh, my God! (Salammbô sobs; lights fade.)

SCENE X

IN THE TENT

(Matho's tent, in the field, lit by a lamp-holder; military things are displayed.)

(Salammbô enters, elegantly attired, in sparkling diamonds, loose attire. She removes the veil from her face. Matho stands puzzled... overjoyed...)

MATHO

Salammbô! Salammbô! Who brings you here, and why did you come?

SALAMMBÔ

I have come to recover the Holy veil of Carthage!

(He is carried away; gently he takes her by her wrists and draws her slowly toward him, kissing her rapturously... He sits down, while she stands; he looks up at her, holding her thus between his knees...)

MATHO

How beautiful you are! How beautiful you are!

SALAMMBÔ

What do you want of me? What have I done to you that you should desire my death?

MATHO

Your death! No! Never!

SALAMMBÔ

I hate you! Your name gnaws me like remorse. Alas!
What kind of man are you whose land I now am come to?
Are you fierce and cruel, unheeding justice?
You wish to drag me to some terrible thing at the bottom of an abyss!

MATHO

No! No!

(Salammbô reclines)

Salammbô, I am lost in the dust of your sandals.
The turn of the fold of your raiment seizes me and entwines me like a net; and I gasp.
In beauty, height and bearing, so fair have you blossomed;
Oh, come nearer, fear nothing. (He beckons to her...)
Mine eyes have never looked on your like before.
The freshness of your lips and the turn of your shoulders raise my passions to heaven.
You are immaculate and radiant as the sun.
Oh, how I think of you in the midst of war.
Your eyes, your voice give me courage in battle.
As I gaze upon your loveliness I wonder and I am awed and fear and dare not touch you.
I stand a suppliant to you. Are you Goddess of Mortal?
You are all powerful. Well do I kn9w this will not end yet before the Gods bring many an evil upon me and you.
Beautiful Salammbô. Beautiful Salammbô.
I need you. I want you, Salammbô. Salammbô.

SALAMMBÔ

I am going back to Carthage.

MATHO

You came to conquer me. Seek not to fly or I will kill you.

Forgive me. I am a scoundrel. Crush me if only I could feel your feet. Curse me if only I could hear your voice. Do not go! Have pity!

(Matho kneels before her. She is overcome with lassitude and yields to him...She falls back on the bed as Matho seizes her by the heels, the golden chainlets break apart.. He showers her with kisses...)

(THE MOON GLIDES OVER THE HORIZON)

MATHO

Now you belong to me.

SALAMMBÔ

I must return to Carthage.

MATHO

Your breath across my face makes me rejoice.

SALAMMBÔ

I must return. Let me go.

MATHO

Do not go. I love you. I love you.

SALAMMBÔ

Thou burnest me. (She looks down at him.)
This is the formidable man who made Carthage tremble.
You are at my feet, my slave, my Matho.
Oh, how many times have you come to me, in my sleep, my Matho.
Now I must go to Carthage, where I belong.
I have sinned, but I am happy. Let me go. Let me go, home.

(She sobs.)

(A trumpet call is heard outside...as Matho jumps up and runs out to see what happens. Salammbô seizes the veil and disappears...)

SCENA XI
OUTSIDE THE TENT

(Salammbô espies Gisco)

SALAMMBÔ

It is you.

Gisco

Yes, it is I, Gisco. May the Gods curse you for your disgrace.
I was there and heard you gurgling with passion like a prostitute.

SALAMMBÔ

No!

Gisco

If the frenzy of your unchastity urged you to do it, you should have done as the fallow deer, who hide thamselves in their copulations.

SALAMMBÔ

Blasphemous old man!

GISCO

I should cry to your father: "Come and see your daughter in the Barbarians arms! She yields her body to him!"

SALAMMBÔ

Miserable old man! Unfeeling, decrepit! May the Gods curse you!

(She runs off.)

S C E N E C H A N G E CURTAIN ACT II

A C T III

NARR' HAVAS

My King, I bring you my army. They are yours. Matho will be conquered by all our forces, and then we will be victorious.

HAMILCAR

May the Gods favor you; and Hamilcar is grateful. Courage! And we will exterminate them.

(Salammbô appears,opens her cloak, and displays th holy veil...Both Narr' Havas and Hamilcar's eyes are directed to the broken chainlet o n her ankles...)

HAMILCAR

As a reward for the deeds you have rendered me, Narr' Havas, I give you my daughter! Be my son! And defend your father.

(Narr' Havas throws himself upon Hamilcar and kisses him... Salammbô, calm as a ststue, lowers here head...her thumb is tied to that of Narr' Havas with a thong. Salammbô and Narr' Havas are led away; Hamilcar is left alone; Spendius approaches stealthily)

SPENDIUS

Master, I wish to speak to you. I am your servant; I offer myself to you, forever!

Hamilcar

What of your Master, Matho?

SPENDIUS

He is but a weakling; I respect strong men.

HAMILCAR

Why then did you not kill him?

SPENDIUS

He is not worth killing!

HAMILCAR

I choose you and I shall keep you!

(Spendius falls to his knees and kisses Hamilcar's hand...)

S C E N E C H A N G E

S C E N E XIII

SALAMMBÔ'S GARDENS

(Salammbô receives Narr' Havas in her garden...)

NARR' HAVAS

I have news for you. The Barbarians are defeated.

SALAMMBÔ

Bless you for the services you have rendered my father.

NARR' HAVAS

Matho is weak, and I will kill him myself.

SALAMMBÔ

Yes, kill him; it must be so!

NARR' HAVAS

I too desire his death so ardently. When the war is over, I will be your husband. (Salammbô is immovable.)

You are more beautiful than the moon.
You are the light of gold!

(Segue to Final Scene XIV)

PALACE OF HAMILCAR

(Salammbô is seated on the terrace; on the lower tier are Narr' Havas and Hamilcar; multitudes below: priests, pontiffs, slaves, etc; general rejoicing, dancing.)

THE MULTITUDES SING A HYMN OF PRAISE

Carthage divine, we sing thy praises,
And to our leader, Hamilcar, and his daughter, Salammbô.
She has recovered the sacred veil.

(The door of the dungeon opens...Matho is led out in chains... the light dazzles him...he is bleeding...he walks to the foot of the terrace...looks up at Salammbô)

MATHO

Salammbô!

SALAMMBÔ (Repeat)

Matho!

MATHO FALLS BACK...DEAD! SALAMMBÔ IS BORNE BACK, SWOONING

POPULACE

All Hail! Salammbô! (repeat)
Hail to Salammbô! Bless you, Salammbô!
Genius of Carthage!

(Narr' Havas puts his left arm around Salammbô's waist, and with the other hand he lifts the golden patera...drinks,)

NARR' HAVAS

I drink to the genius of Carthage!

POPULACE

No more will they enslave us/
We are rid of them.
We have vanquished the enemy/
Never again will they come.
Tyranny has crumbled now.
A new sun will rise over our land.
All Hail to Salammbô, who gave of herself for our freedom.
Peace and freedom, the greatest blessings will reign over the earth.
A new age opens for us.
We will create wonderful things. (repeat)
A new heaven and earth. (repeat)
Carthage breathes again,

Free of the foreign invaders who came from distant shores to enslave us.
All Hail to Peace and Freedom!

(Narr' Havas hands the cup to Salammbô...she drinks...
falls to the ground...dead!)

THE END