

HERODIAS: OPERA IN FIVE ACTS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649266579

Herodias: Opera in Five Acts by M. M. P. Milliet & H. Gremont & A. Zanardini

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

M. M. P. MILLIET & H. GREMONT & A. ZANARDINI

HERODIAS: OPERA IN FIVE ACTS

Hp 23

HERODIAS

OPERA IN FIVE ACTS

FRENCH WORDS BY

M. M. P. Millet, H. Grémont and A. Zanardini.

MUSIC BY

J. MASSENET.

Copyright, 1909, by Charles E. Burden.

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES E. BURDEN

109 EAST 14TH STREET

NEW YORK

Mus 578.280

PROPERTY OF THE DIVISION OF MUSIC
HARVARD UNIVERSITY
May 19, 1941

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

ARGUMENT.

JUN 5 - 1967

EDA KUHN LOEB MUSIC LIBRARY

ACT I.

In a great court of Herod's palace at Jerusalem, a caravan of Jewish merchants bearing gifts to Herod is waiting for day to break. A quarrel arises among them; they insult each other and threaten to fight. Phanuel, a young Jew, stops the general and scores them for their practical strife.

Salome enters. Phanuel is surprised to find her in the palace and wonders if she can be ignorant of her parentage. Salome tells him she is vainly searching for her mother, but as she has failed to find her, she will seek John the Prophet. Phanuel sends her on her way with promises of friendship.

Herod enters, looking for Salome. Failing to find her, he soliloquizes upon his love for her, and begs her to return. Herodias pale and excited rushes in and calls on Herod to avenge an insult she has received from a half naked uncouth man who has called her "Jesabel," and frightened her with threats. Herod asks who this man is. She tells him it is John, the impious Prophet. She demands John's head. Herod refuses on grounds of policy. She is about to leave him vowing vengeance against John, when John appears, and continuing his denunciation, drives them both out in terror. Salome enters and tells John of her love for him. He will not hear her, but tells her that if she must love him, it must be with an ideal love. She persists in her infatuation; he bids her turn to the new faith and immortality.

ACT II.

Herod lies on his couch, unable to sleep. Slaves sing to him. He speaks of his desire for Salome and bids the slaves dance. [Babylonian Dance.] One of the slaves offers him a love potion, saying it will make him see the face of the one he loves. After some hesitation he drinks, and is at once seized by a delirious madness, in which he thinks Salome is with him; then falls exhausted on his couch and sleeps. Phanuel enters, and apostrophizes the insensible king. Herod awakes. He begs Phanuel to cure him of his love. Phanuel upbraids Herod for thinking only of a woman when his kingdom is in danger. Herod boastfully declares he is equal to all dangers.

In the great Square at Jerusalem, Herod receives the Messengers from the allies. They promise assistance and all swear to gain independence or die. Herodias appears and announces the coming of Vitellius, the Proconsul, who soon arrives with his guard, to the consternation of the conspirators, who tremble before him. Vitellius asks what the people desire. They make certain

Herodias.

demands, which are granted, and give their acclamations to the Proconsul and Cæsar. The Canaanite women enter—also John and Salome. John prophesies against Vitellius.

ACT III.

Phaniel while studying the stars is visited by Herodias who comes seeking revenge. At her request he reads her horoscope; tells her that her star is often eclipsed by that of Salome; that she is a mother and her star drenched with blood. Herodias implores Phaniel to show her her daughter. He points to Salome who is just entering the temple. Herodias recognizing her rival repudiates her.

(In the Temple.) Salome enters fainting. She hears voices singing the praises of Herod and the Queen, and laments that John has been thrown into prison; she prays God to save him. Herod enters and finds Salome. He tells her of his love and begs her to follow him. She repulses him, and tells him of her love for John. Herod in anger declares that he will have them both put to death. The people come into the Temple to worship. Soon Herodias, Herod, Vitellius and the Court arrive. The Priests demand that John shall be put to death. John is brought in and questioned by Herod who announces that he is a mere madman, and cannot be condemned. Herod furtively promises John to save him, if he will assist him (Herod) in his plots. John haughtily refuses. The Court and the people are divided in opinion. Salome asks to share John's fate. All are astonished. Herod denounces John and Salome and condemns them both to death.

ACT IV.

John, in prison, prepares for death, and prays for help in his struggle against his love for Salome. She enters, and John, considering this a sign that God permits their love, declares his love for Salome, and they embrace to meet again in eternity. The High Priests and slaves come to take John to execution and Salome to Herod. She is dragged away.

In a great hall of the palace the Romans are celebrating the glories of the Empire. (Chorus and Ballet.) Salome is brought in by slaves and again asks to be allowed to die with John. She implores Herodias to save him; she tells him he received her when abandoned by her mother, whom she bitterly reproaches. Herodias, who has been deeply moved by Salome's appeal, and was on the point of recognizing her as her daughter, now determines to remain silent. The executioner appears carrying a blood-stained sword. A cry goes up, "The Prophet is dead!" Salome denounces Herodias as the murderess of John. Herodias breaks down and declares herself to be Salome's mother. Salome cries out, "If this be so, take back thy blood, and my life." She stabs herself and dies.

Herodias.

HÉRODIADE

ACTE PREMIER.

Une grande cour extérieure du palais d'HÉRODE.—A gauche, un portique qui sert d'entrée au palais; à droite, bocages d'oléandres, de sycomores et de cèdres; en face, une balustrade avec colonnade à jours qui domine la vallée; dans le lointain la mer Morte entourée des collines de la Judée.

SCÈNE PREMIÈRE.

Chefs, Marchands, Jeunes Esclaves, puis PHANUEL, puis SALOMÉ.

C'est l'aurore, presque la nuit encore; des chefs sont endormis à terre près de la barricade qui domine la vallée où repose la caravane en attendant le jour.—Peu après le lever du rideau, le jour paraît, les chefs s'éveillent, se lèvent et appellent les marchands.

LES CHEFS.

Alerte! levez-vous! le palais est ouvert!
Debout! vous tous qui venez du désert!

Des marchands de différents pays, des esclaves portant de lourds fardeaux gravissent lentement la côte.

MARCHANDS ET ESCLAVES.

Voici que le jour se lève,
Nous avons touché le but!
Notre voyage s'achève,
O Jérusalem! salut!
Au bord des claires fontaines
Nous pourrons nous rafraîchir,
Quand de plus chaudes haleines
Sur les sables vont courir.

LES CHEFS.

Que dès l'abord on remarque,
Dans ce que vous apportez,
Les dons offerts au tétrarque
Par ses nombreuses cités!
Séparez l'or et les baumes,
Les ivoires et l'argent,
Rangez l'encens, les arômes
Et la nacre au ton changeant.
(Les esclaves ouvrent les ballots, et étalent les parfums, les étoffes, etc.)

LES ESCLAVES.

Voici l'ambre de Judée!
Voici les parfums d'Ophir!
Les pistaches d'Idumée!
Voici les agrès de Tyr!

MARCHANDS, *(premier groupe.)*
Nous arrivons des plus lointaines
villes
Sans fatiguer nos chevaux de Saron!

MARCHANDS, *(deuxième groupe.)*
Mais nos chevaux ne sont pas moins
agiles,
Nous avons pris cette pourpre à
Sidon!

PREMIER GROUPE, *(avec mépris.)*
Oh! le Pharisien!

DEUXIÈME GROUPE, *(de même.)*
Ah! le Samaritain!

PREMIER GROUPE.
Nos chevaux ont des ailes...

DEUXIÈME GROUPE, *(raillant.)*
Comme les sauterelles
Des rives du Jourdain!

Tous, *(prêts à en venir aux mains.)*
Quoi! cette indigne race
Ose nous outrager!
D'une pareille audace
Nous saurons nous venger!

HERODIAS

ACT FIRST.

A large outer court in HEROD'S palace.—To the left, a portico serving as an entrance to the palace; to the right, thickets of oleander, sycamore and cedar.—In front, a balustrade with colonnade dominating the valley.—In the distance, the Dead Sea, surrounded by the hills of Judea.

SCENE I.

CHIEFS, MERCHANTS, YOUNG SLAVES;
then PHANUEL, afterward SALOMÉ.

It is the dawn of day, but as yet almost as dark as night.—When the curtain rises, the CHIEFS are asleep on the ground, near the barrier which separates the palace from the depression where the caravans are resting while waiting for daylight.—Day dawns; the CHIEFS awake, arise, and call to the MERCHANTS.

CHIEFS.

Awake! Arise! The palace is open.
All ye who come from the desert
Awake! Arise!

MERCHANTS of different lands and
SLAVES, carrying heavy burdens,
come slowly up the slope.

MERCHANTS and SLAVES.

The day is breaking!
We have reached our goal.
Our journey is ended.
O Jerusalem, all hail!
Beside the clear fountains
We may refresh ourselves
While the hot winds
Blow across the desert.
Our journey is ended,
O Jerusalem, all hail!

CHIEFS.

First of all set aside
Of what you have brought
The gifts offered to the Tetrarch
By his numerous cities.
Set apart the gold from the balm,
The ivory from the silver!
Set in place the incense and the perfumes!

The SLAVES open the bales and spread out the presents, perfumes and fabrics.

THE SLAVES.

Here is amber from Judaea!
Here are the perfumes of Ophir!
Here are the spices from Idumaea!
Set apart the silver from the gold.
Separate the gold from the silver!

MERCHANTS. (first Group.)

We have come from the farthest cities,
Without wearying our horses of Sharon!

MERCHANTS, (second Group.)

Our horses are no less fleet!
These purples have we brought
from Sidon—

FIRST GROUP (*contemptuously*).
Fie on the Pharisees!

SECOND GROUP (*same*).

Fie! Samaritans are these!

FIRST GROUP.

All our horses are arrows.

SECOND GROUP (*mockingly*).
And swifter than the sparrows
Of Jordan's banks they fly!

ALL.

(on the point of active hostilities).
What! Does this ignoble race
Dare to insult us?
For such audacity
We shall have our revenge!

PREMIER GROUPE.

Va, va, Samaritain! nous acceptons
la lutte!

DEUXIÈME GROUPE.

Croient-ils vraiment nous égaler?
(PHANUEL paraît)

Tous, (apercevant PHANUEL.)
Le Chaldéen!

PHANUEL,
(au milieu des groupes qui se séparent)

Encore une dispute!
Eh quoi! toujours se quereller!
Le monde est inquiet, la patrie est
en larmes!
Et les voilà! contre eux-mêmes tour-
nant leurs armes!
Les insensés! les débiles humains!
Ils en viennent aux mains
Et restent sourds à la voix immortelle
Qui leur répète: "Amour! Pardon!
Vic éternelle!"

Tous.

L'avenir est trompeur!
Faut-il ouvrir son cœur
A l'espérance vaine?

PHANUEL.

Non! Contre les Romains
La révolte est prochaine!
J'arrive de pays lointains
Où les actes suivront de très près
les paroles;
Bientôt tout changera, les lois et les
symboles!

Tous.

Jusqu'à ce jour ce qu'on nous a pro-
mis
N'allège pas le joug des ennemis!

PHANUEL.

Soit! N'espérez donc rien! Poursui-
vez votre route
Ou descendez à la cité;
Pour moi, j'attends, calme et sans
doute,
Des jours meilleurs pour notre hu-
manité.

*Les marchands et les esclaves s'éloi-
gnent, se dirigeant vers la ville, les
chefs, suivis d'esclaves portant les
présents destinés au roi, entrent dans
le palais par le portique.—SALOMÉ
est sortie par la gauche du palais,
elle est inquiète, indécise, et semble
chercher une issue pour s'enfuir,
quand elle aperçoit subitement PHA-
NUEL.*

PHANUEL, (avec surprise.)

Salomé!... Quelle destinée
T'amène dans ces lieux?

(A part.)

Ignore-t-elle encore de quel sang
elle est née?

(A SALOMÉ.)

De Siloé pourquoi quitter les bords
heureux?

SALOMÉ, (avec tristesse.)

Sans cesse, je cherche ma mère!...
Une voix me criait: "Espère,
Cours à Sion!..."—Je ne l'ai pas
trouvée, hélas!

Et je reste seule ici-bas.

Celui dont la parole efface toute

peine,
Le prophète est ici!... C'est vers
lui que je vais!...

Il est doux, il est bon; sa parole est
sereine.

Il parle, tout se tait... Plus léger
sur la plaine

L'air attentif passe sans bruit.

Partout mon souvenir le suit.

Ah! quand reviendra-t-il? Quand
pourrai-je l'entendre?

Je souffrais, j'étais seule, et mon
cœur s'est calmé

En écoutant sa voix mélodieuse et
tendre!

Puis-je vivre sans toi, prophète bien-
aimé!

C'est là, dans ce désert où la foule
étonnée

Avait suivi ses pas,
Qu'il m'accueillit un jour, enfant
abandonnée

Et qu'il m'ouvrit ses bras!

Ah! quand reviendra-t-il? Quand
pourrai-je l'entendre?

Je souffrais, j'étais seule, et mon
cœur s'est calmé

En écoutant sa voix mélodieuse et
tendre!

Puis-je vivre sans toi, prophète bien-
aimé!

VOIX, (dans le lointain.)

Jérusalem! Jérusalem! Salut.

PHANUEL.

Tu le veux! pars, enfant, la foi t'é-
clairé

Elle te guidera

Et dans ce palais veillera

Un ami fidèle et sincère.

FIRST GROUP.

We are ready to fight, Samaritans!

SECOND GROUP.

Do they really suppose they are equal to us?

(PHANUEL appears.)

ALL (perceiving PHANUEL).

The Chaldean!

PHANUEL (stepping between the disputants, who separate).

Another quarrel! Why must they always wrangle?

The world is full of unrest;

Their country is in tears.

And behold them! They turn their arms against themselves!

Insensate Madmen!

Depraved creatures! They will come to blows!

They are deaf to the eternal voice

Which calls to them and says:

Love, pardon, life everlasting!

ALL.

The future is full of uncertainty—
Dare I trust my heart to doubtful hopes!

PHANUEL.

Revolt against Rome is at hand,
I returned of late from distant lands,
Where deeds follow swiftly upon words.

Soon all laws and the symbols of laws will change.

ALL.

All that has been promised us as yet
Has not lightened the yoke of our oppressors!

PHANUEL.

True! Better have no hopes.
Take your own course!
As for me, steadfast and calm,
I wait for better days for all mankind.

The MERCHANTS and the SLAVES go down to the city; the CHIEFS, followed by SLAVES carrying the presents destined for the KING, enter the palace by the portico.

SALOME comes out of the palace on the left, anxious, undecided. She seems to be seeking an avenue of escape when she sees PHANUEL and approaches him.

PHANUEL (in surprise).

Ah, Salome, what fate has brought thee to the palace?

(Aside.)

Can it be that she does not yet know from what blood she is sprung?

(To SALOME.)

Why hast thou left the happy banks of Silo?

SALOME.

Still without ceasing, O Phanael, I search for my mother. I heard a voice cry: "Hope on! Go to Jerusalem!" Alas, I have not found her; and I am still alone in this world. But he whose words can dispel all griefs, the Prophet, is here. I shall go to him. He is kind, he is good. His words are calm. He speaks and all keep silence. The wind blows more softly over the meadows, and listens to him. He speaks— . . . ! Ah, when will he return; when shall I hear him? I was sick, I was alone, but my heart grew peaceful when I heard his voice, so melodious, and so tender. O Prophet, much beloved, how can I live without thee! It was there in the desert, with the people who had followed him in awe, that one day he took me to him; me, an abandoned child! And to me he opened his arms. He is kind, he is good, and his words are sublime.

VOICES (in the distance).

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Hail!

PHANUEL.

As you will! Go my child,
Thy faith shall enlighten thee,
Thy faith shall guide thee,
And in this palace a friend,
Sincere and faithful,
Will watch over thee—
Farewell, Salome!