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T-SAENS

MSON
AND
LILAH

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OF OPERAS

SAMSON AND DELILAH

G·SCHIRMER NEW YORK

G. SCHIRMER'S
COLLECTION
OF
OPERAS.

SAMSON AND DELILAH

Opera in Three Acts

BY

FERDINAND LEMAIRE

(English Version by Nathan Haskell Dole)

MUSIC BY

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

Vocal Score Complete

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DELILAH, ...	*Mezzo-Soprano.*
SAMSON, ...	*Tenor.*
THE HIGH PRIEST OF DAGON, ...	*Baritone.*
ABIMELECH, SATRAP OF GAZA, ...	*First Bass.*
AN OLD HEBREW, ...	*Second Bass*
PHILISTINE MESSENGER, ...	*Tenor.*
FIRST PHILISTINE, ...	*Tenor.*
SECOND PHILISTINE, ...	*Bass.*

(Chorus of Hebrews and Philistines.)

SAMSON AND DELILAH.

ENGLISH VERSION BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

ACT I.

Public place in the city of Gaza in Palestine. At L., *the portal 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.*

SCENE I.

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 prevaileth !

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 soldiery of the Philistines.*

ABIMELECH.

Who dares to raise the voice of pride ?
Do these slaves accuse 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 have you !
Let the sun of freedom shine !

Do ye 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 (*inspired*).

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.
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 wrath, death-entailing!

SAMSON.

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!

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!
  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!
  Arise! display your might!

(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 revenge 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 ye fear their God's puny arm?

SCENE IV.

The same, a PHILISTINE MESSENGER.

PHILISTINE MESSENGER.

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

FIRST AND SECOND PHILISTINE.

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 tribe from earth would sever,
And leave no trace to tell!
Curse him, too, their guide! How 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 her 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!

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 daylight.*)

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 great disasters,
They will mock Him no more!

(*The* HEBREWS, *led by* SAMSON, *enter* R.)

AN OLD 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 MAN. *The gates of the 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 thy 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 the 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 Soreck, 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 raven tresses.

THE OLD HEBREW.

Oh, turn away, my son, and go not there !
  Avoid this stranger's seductive devices ;
  Heed not her voice, though softly she 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 brightness 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 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, that flame that my heart oppresses,
  Burning anew in this hour,
  Before my God, before my God give o'er thy power !
Lord, pity him who his weakness confesses !

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 seduce 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 movements 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 scent-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 woman
Fair to the eye, to disturb thy repose ;
Turn from her glance, fraught with fire not human ;
Her love is a poison that brings countless 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.

The stage represents the valley of Soreck 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.*

SCENE I.

DELILAH (*alone*).

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.

This eve Samson makes his obeisance,
This eve at my feet he will lie !
Now the hour of my vengeance hastens—
Our Gods I shall soon satisfy !

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 faileth ;
E'en he, the strongest of the strong,
Through whom in war his tribe prevaileth,
Against me shall not battle long !

SCENE II.

DELILAH ; *the* HIGH PRIEST *of Dagon.*

HIGH PRIEST.

I have crossed 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 could vie.

A vow hath bound him ever,
He from birth was elect
To consecrate 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 said, 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 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 bitter than thou, I abhor him !

HIGH PRIEST.

Thy design and thy deadly 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 accomplish 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, disappointed 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 hurried 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 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 winnest 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 hidden heart,
And rob him of his treasure ;
Make him tell where resides
That force which none may measure.
[*Exit.*

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

Oh, can it be, I have lost the sway
I held o'er my lover ?
The night is dark, without a ray ;
If he seek me now, how discover ?
Alas !
The moments pass !

SCENE III.

DELILAH ; SAMSON. (*Distant flashes of lightning.*)

SAMSON.

Once again to this place
My erring feet draw nigh !
I ought to shun her face,
No strength have I !
Though my passion I curse,
Yet its torments still slay me.
Away ! away from her,
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 unto 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 art thou elected
To lead them back to God their Lord,
Ending all the woes whereby they are afflicted !

DELILAH.

What cares 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 forever was 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 thy 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 proclaimeth ;
'Tis the God of Love, the divine,
Whose law thy God's small sceptre shameth !
Recall blissful hours at my side,
If thou from thy mistress must 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,
May God's lightning swift overwhelm me !
I struggle with my fate no more,
I know on earth no power above thee !

(*Flashes approach nearer.*)

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 !
Oh, to the charms of love surrender !
Rise with me to its heights 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 on thy heart !
Oh, to the charms of love surrender !
Rise with me to its heights of splendor !

SAMSON.

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

DELILAH, SAMSON, *in ensemble.* *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,
Too flagrant thy offences !

SAMSON.

When I dare to follow thee now ?
Forgetting my God and my vow—
The God who hath sealed my existence
With strength divine that knew no resistance ?

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 power 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 thine annoyance !

DELILAH.

Yea, my power is vain,
  Because thy love is bounded !
My desire to disdain,
  To despise my spirit, wounded
By thy 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 have I displayed
  All my beauty's decoration ;
And how am I repaid ?
  In tears and lamentation !

SAMSON.

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

DELILAH.

To see thy stern, cold 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.

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.

No !

DELILAH.

Come !

SAMSON.

Say no more !

DELILAH.

At His wrath cast defiance !

SAMSON.

Vain is my self-reliance.
'Tis the voice of my 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.—*The 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 doth it betoken ?

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 watches ever !

CHORUS.

God meant thou shouldst take the command
To lead us to our fatherland ;
Samson ! why thy vow hast thou broken ?
What doth it betoken ?

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 !

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 fades away !
Let us revel still, and despite its warning
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 a mist-veil light !
The horizon glows with a rosy splendor ;
The sun shines bright
On each swelling height,
And the tree-tops tender !

Bacchanal.

SCENE III.

THE HIGH PRIEST.

All hail the judge of Israel,
Who by his presence here,
Makes our festival splendid !
Let him be by thy fair hands,
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 lofty mountains
To make thy way to thy bride,
Where by the murmuring fountains,
Thou wert in bliss at my side !
Tell me thy heart still blesses
All the warmth of my caresses !
Thy love served well 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 hath wrought our salvation !
'Twas Delilah's hand assured
Her god, her hate, and her 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 idly roaring.

SAMSON.

Hearest thou, O God, from Thy throne
How this impudent knave 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,
Thy light and Thy might be mine,
That I again may overthrow them!

CHORUS.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!
We laugh at thy fury's spite!
Us thou canst not affright.
With idle rage thou ragest;
Thy 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 rod.
Consult we now
What the godhead advises,
E'en while we bow
The altar 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 hand hath aided,
And my faint heart he raised
When our last hope had faded.

HIGH PRIEST.

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

BOTH.

Oh, thou ruler over all the world,
Thou who all stars greatest,
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,
And keep 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, hidden story
Which behind Fate's veil written lies!
God hear our prayer
  Before thy fane!
Make us thy care!
  Thy justice reign!
Success attend us
  Whene'er we fight!
Protection lend us
  By 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.
And all his people feareth at his nod!

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 thou thy care enfold him
That all the people from afar behold him!

SAMSON.

O Lord, now is Thy time,
  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,
  And by thy wonders
Kept us from harm,
  Brought this 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 two pillars and endeavoring to overturn them*).

Hear Thy servant's cry, God, my Lord,
  Though he is sore distressed with blindness!
My former force once more restored,
  One instant renew Thy gracious kindness!

Let Thine anger avenge my race;
Let them perish all in this place.

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

ALL.

Ah!

END OF THE OPERA.

SAMSON AND DELILAH.

Opera in three Acts.

Act I.

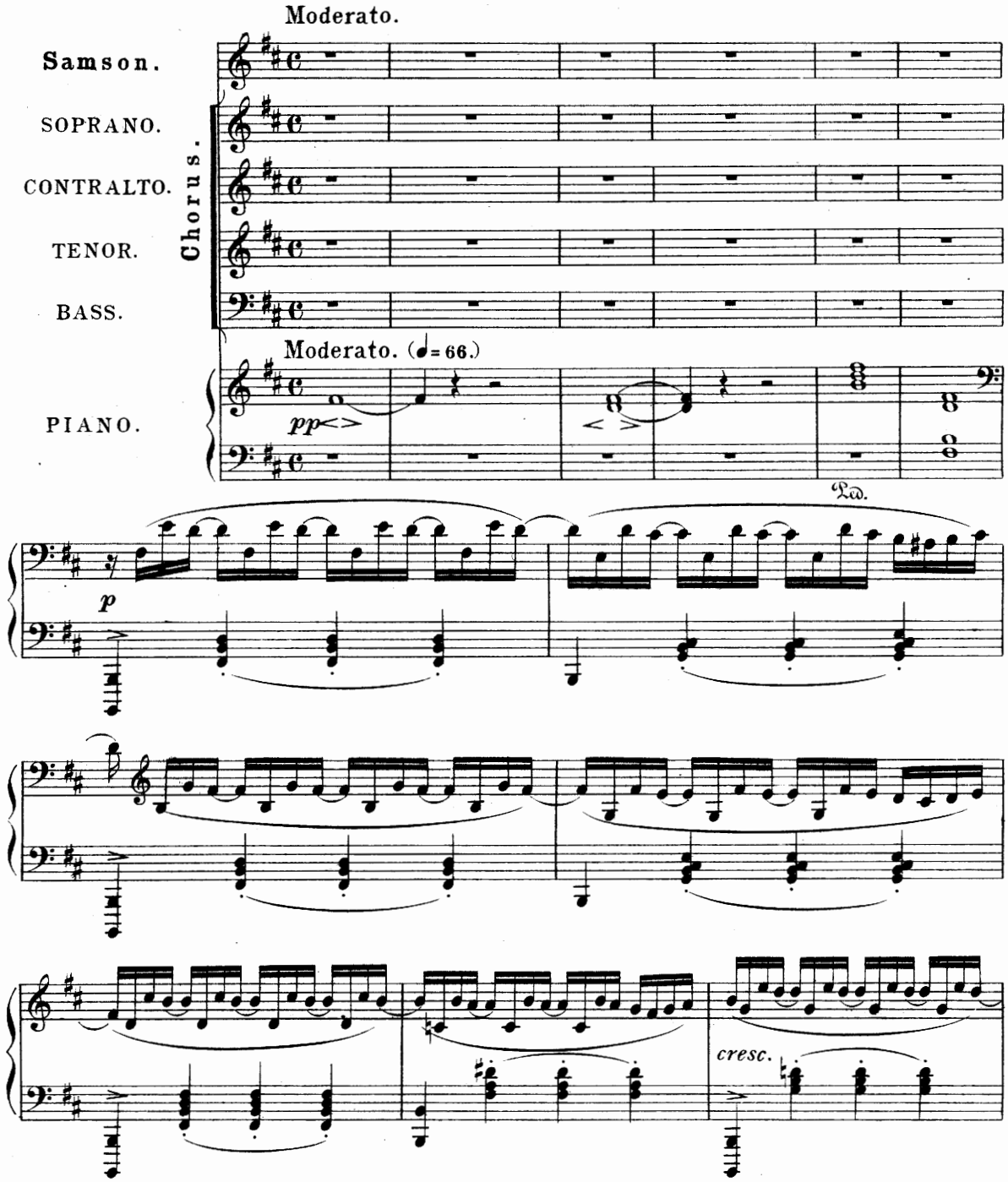
A public square in the city of Gaza, in Palestine; at the left the portico of the temple of Dagon. As the curtain rises, a throng of Hebrews, men and women, are discovered in attitudes of grief, dejection and prayer.

Samson is among them.

Scene I.

English Version by
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

CAMLLE SAINT-SAËNS.



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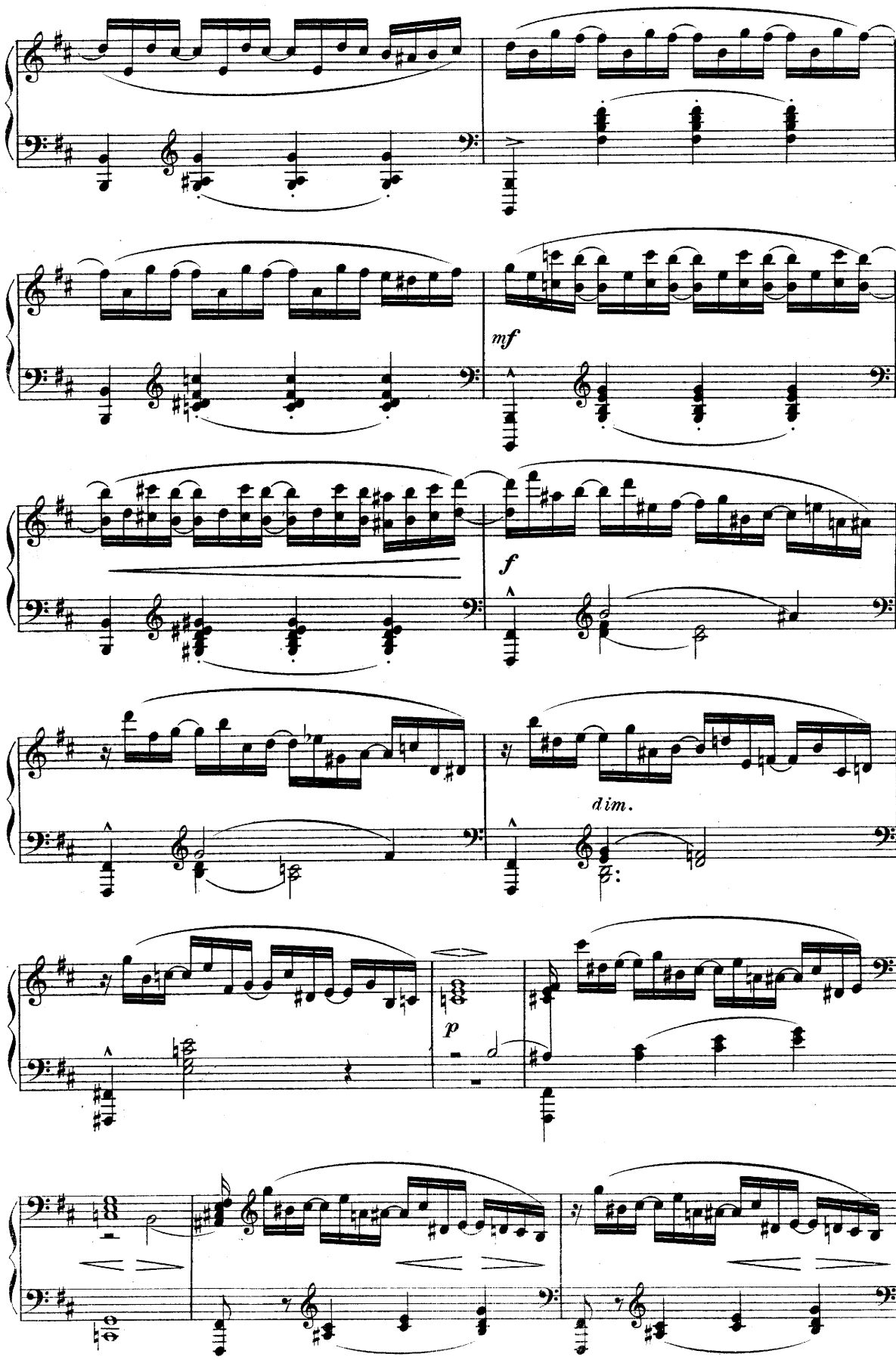
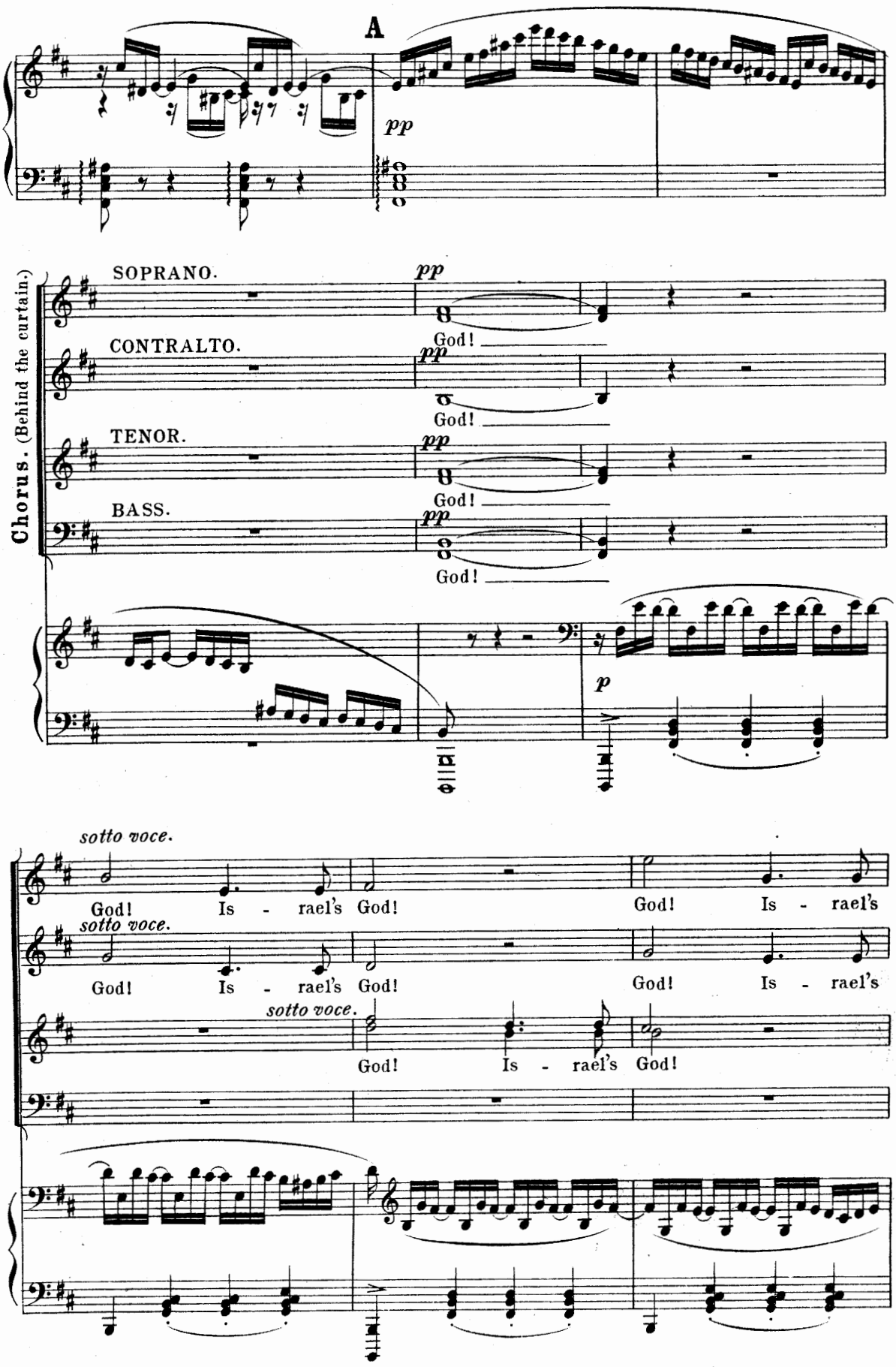
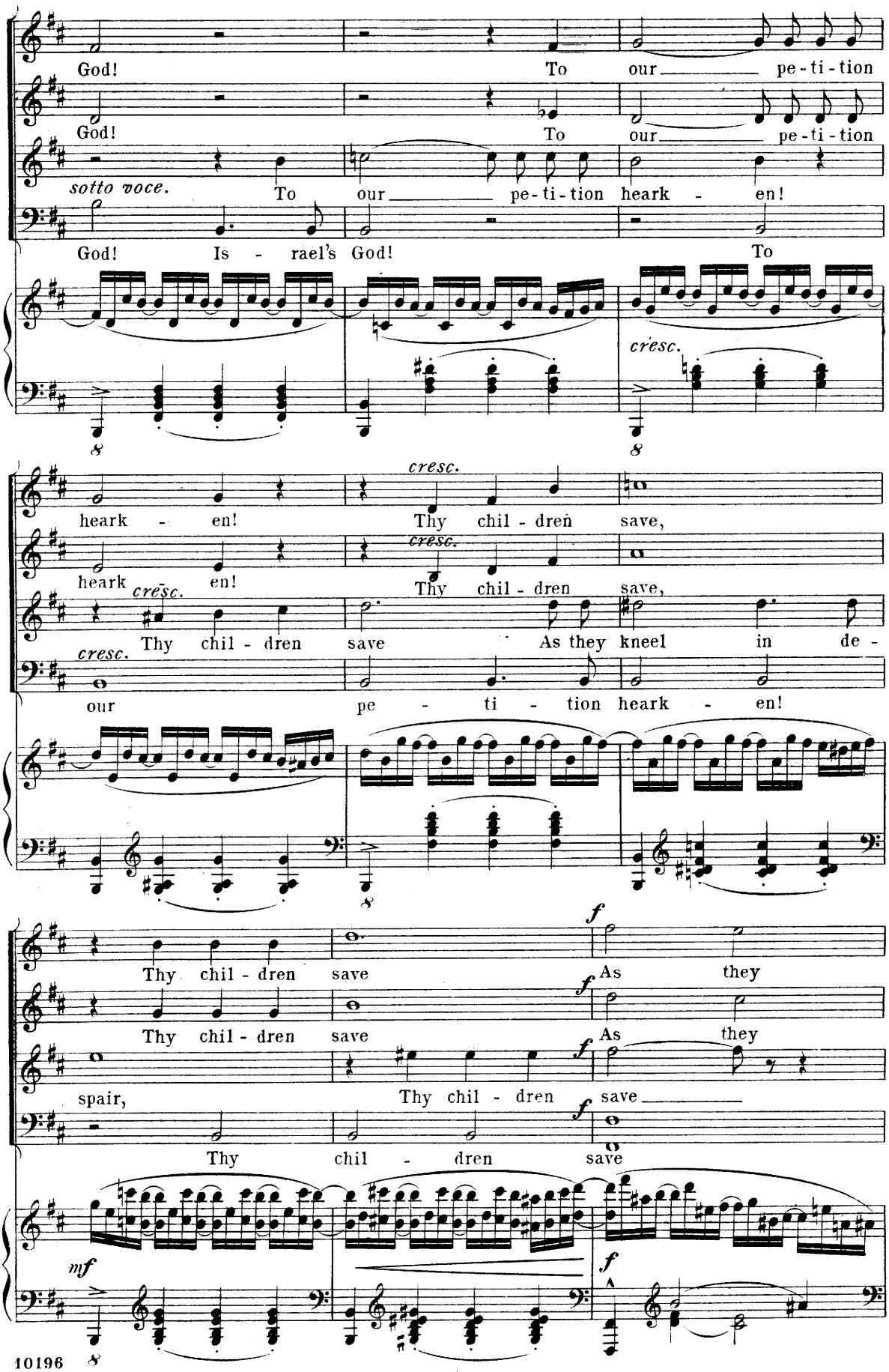
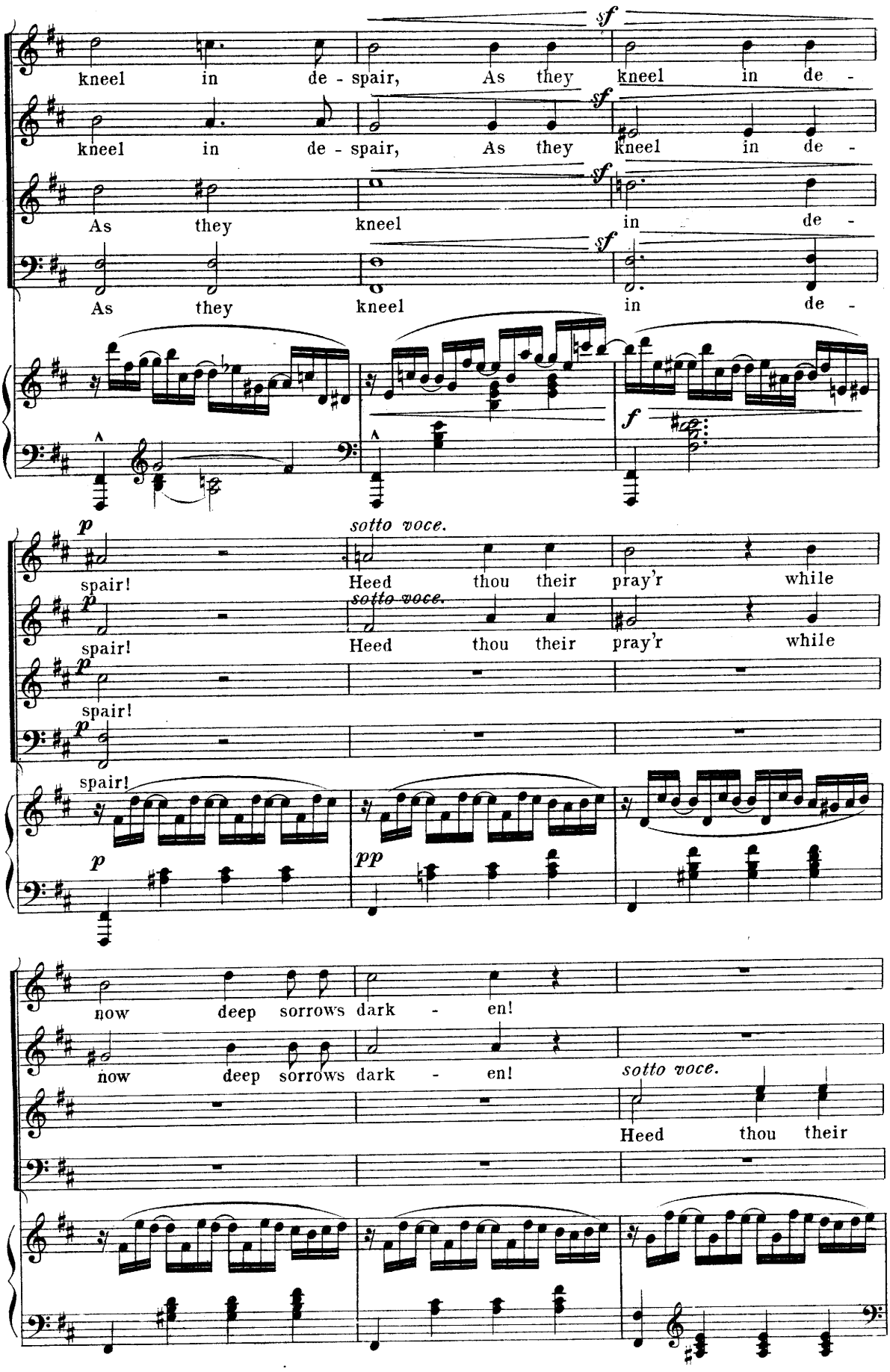
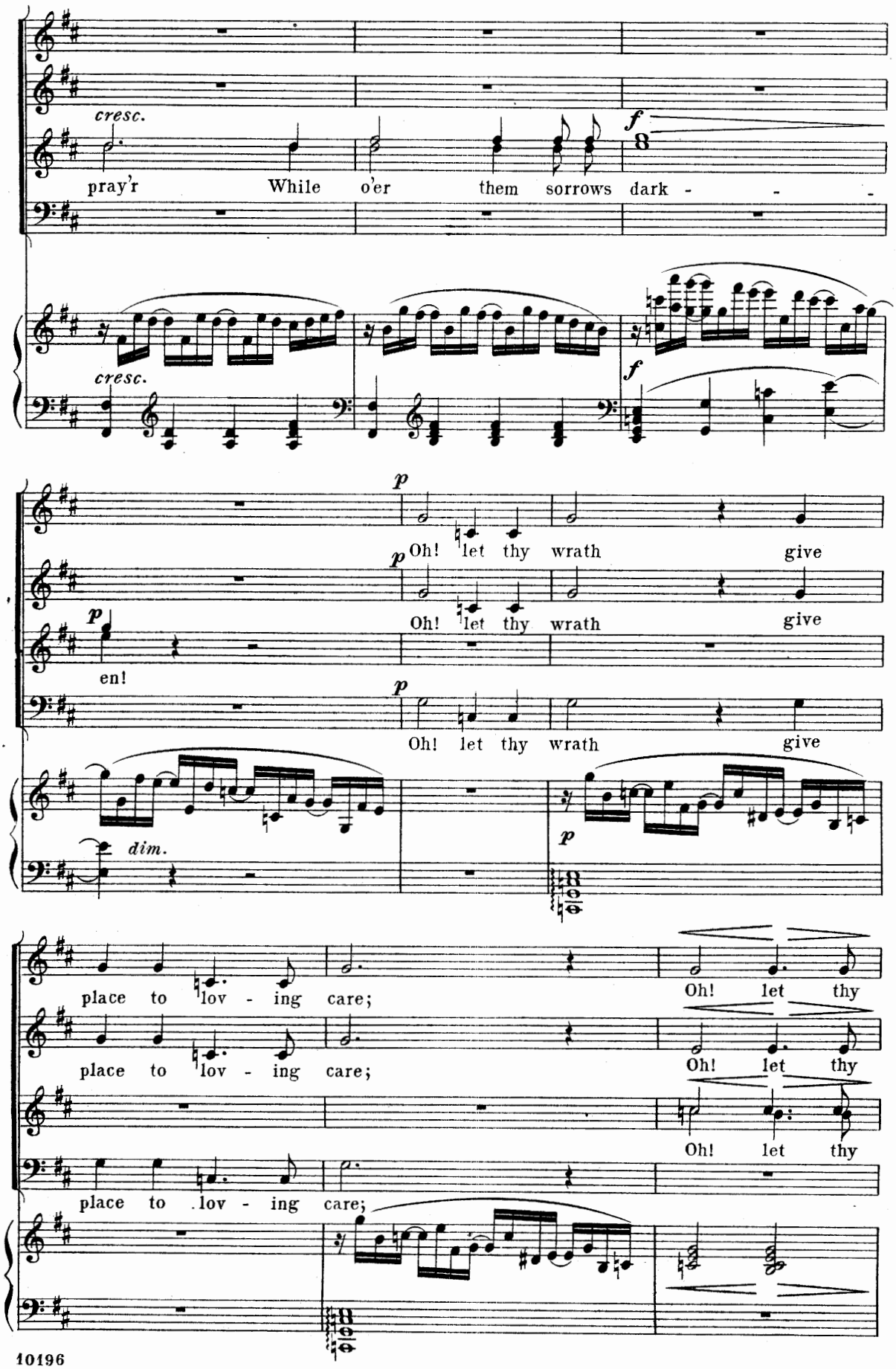
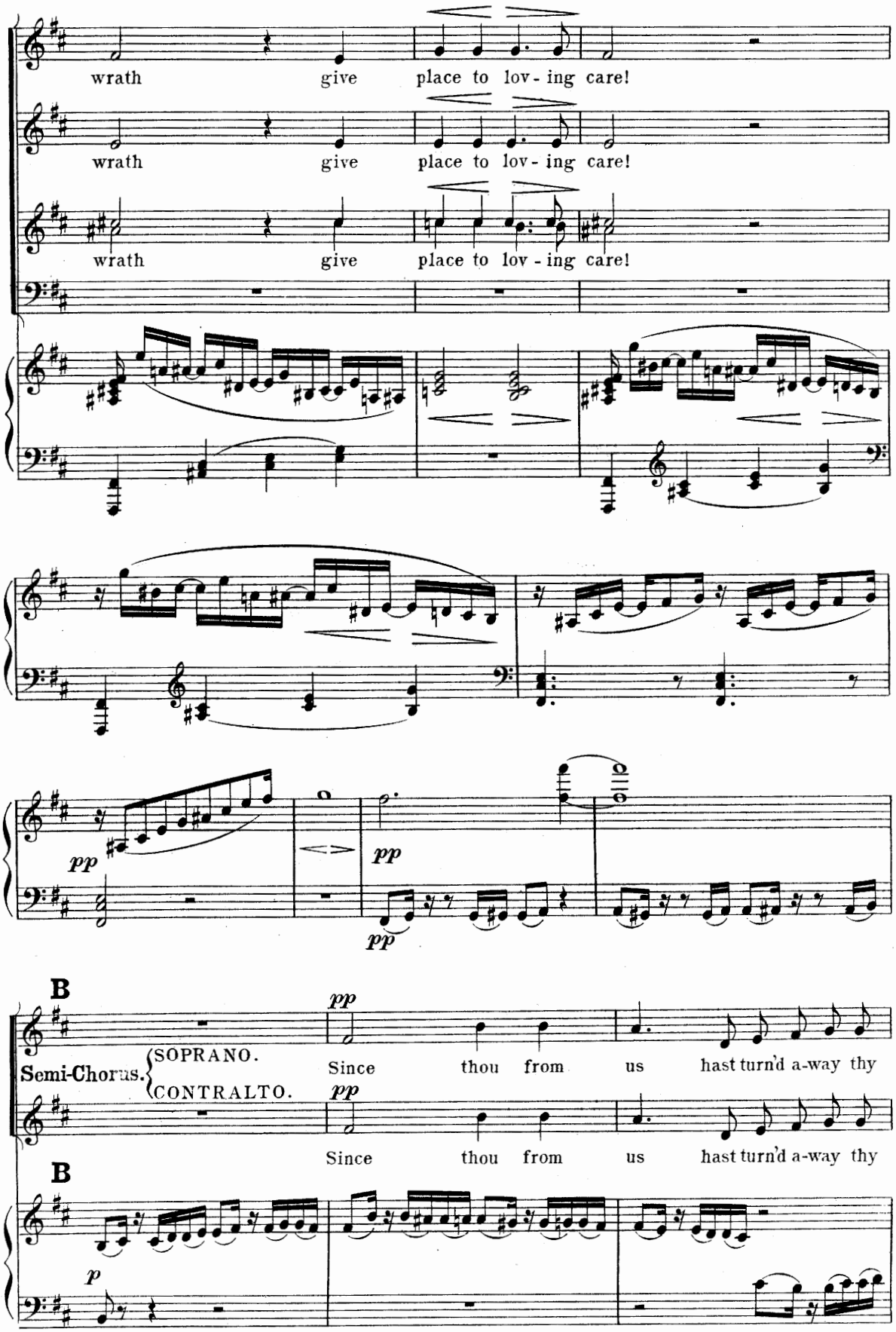

mf
f
dim.
p

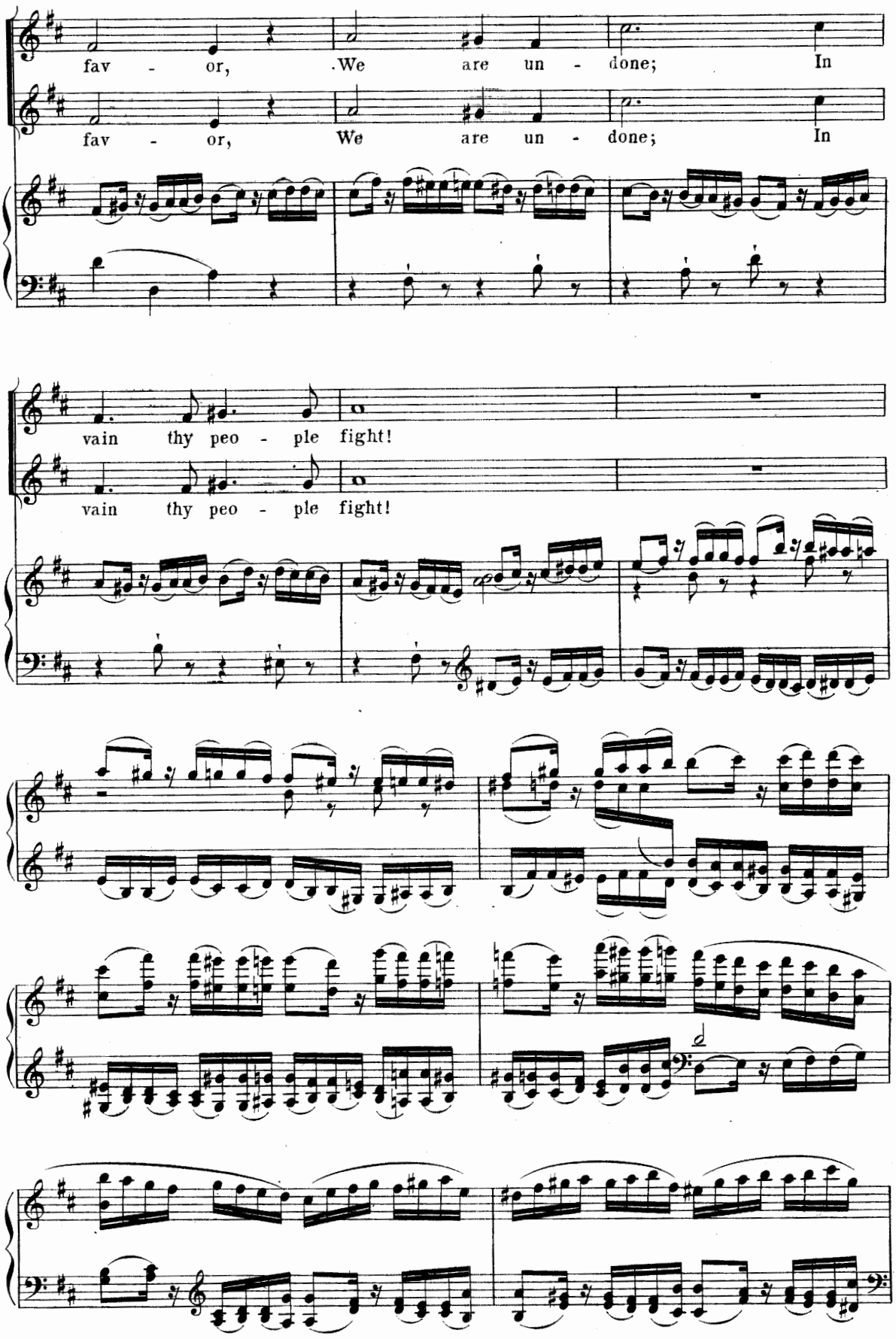

A
pp
Chorus. (Behind the curtain.)
SOPRANO.
CONTRALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
pp
God!
p
sotto voce.
God! Is - rael's God!
God! Is - rael's


God! To our pe-ti-tion
God! To our pe-ti-tion
sotto voce. To our pe-ti-tion heark - en!
God! Is - rael's God! To
cresc.
heark - en! Thy chil - dren save,
heark en! Thy chil - dren save,
cresc. Thy chil - dren save As they kneel in de -
cresc.
our pe - ti - tion heark - en!
Thy chil - dren save
f
As they
Thy chil - dren save
f
As they
spair, Thy chil - dren save
f
Thy chil - dren save
mf
f

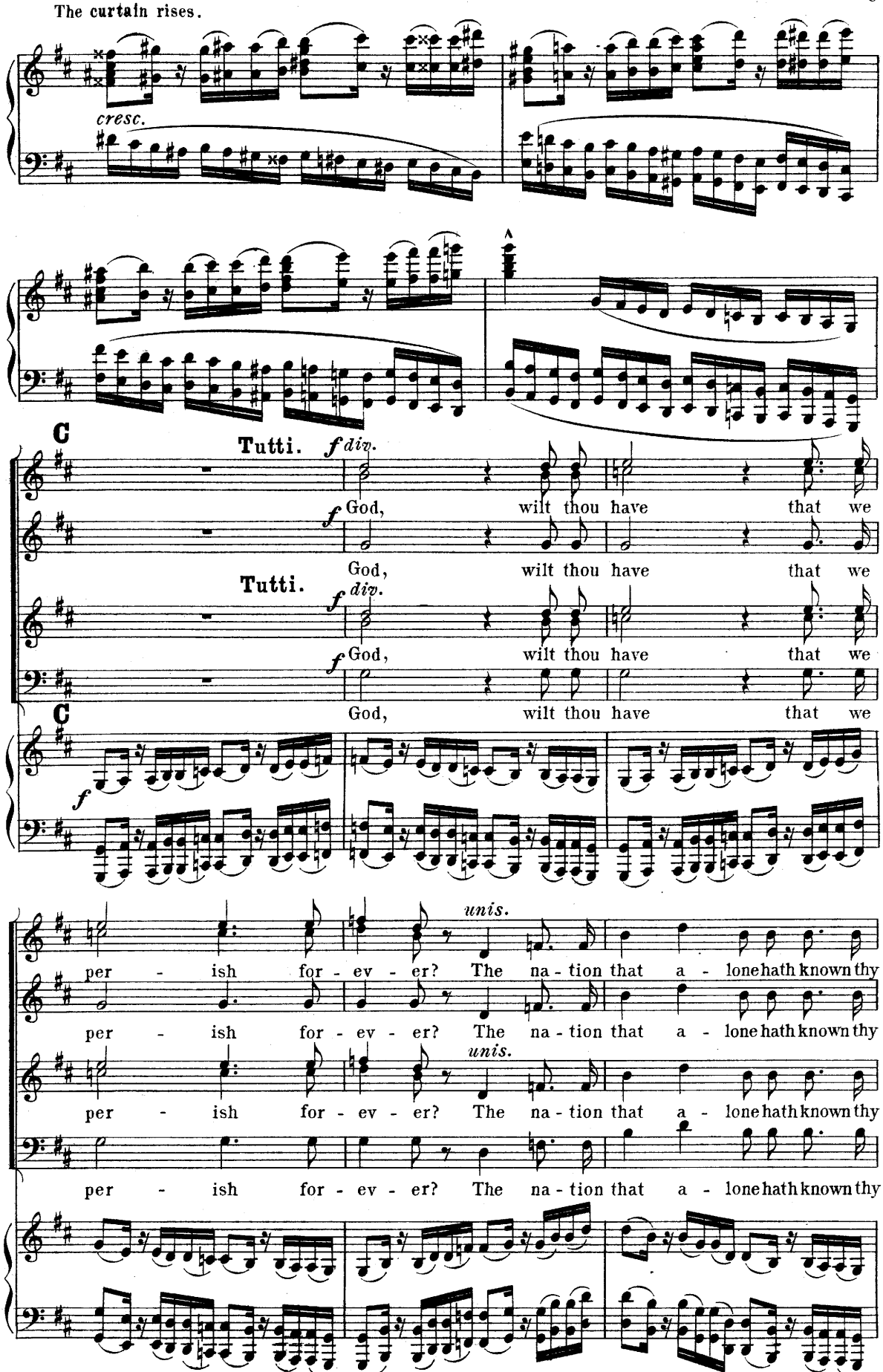

kneel in de - spair, As they kneel in de -
kneel in de - spair, As they kneel in de -
As they kneel in de -
As they kneel in de -
sf
f
spair!
Heed thou their pray'r while
sotto voce.
p
pp
now deep sorrows dark - en!
Heed thou their

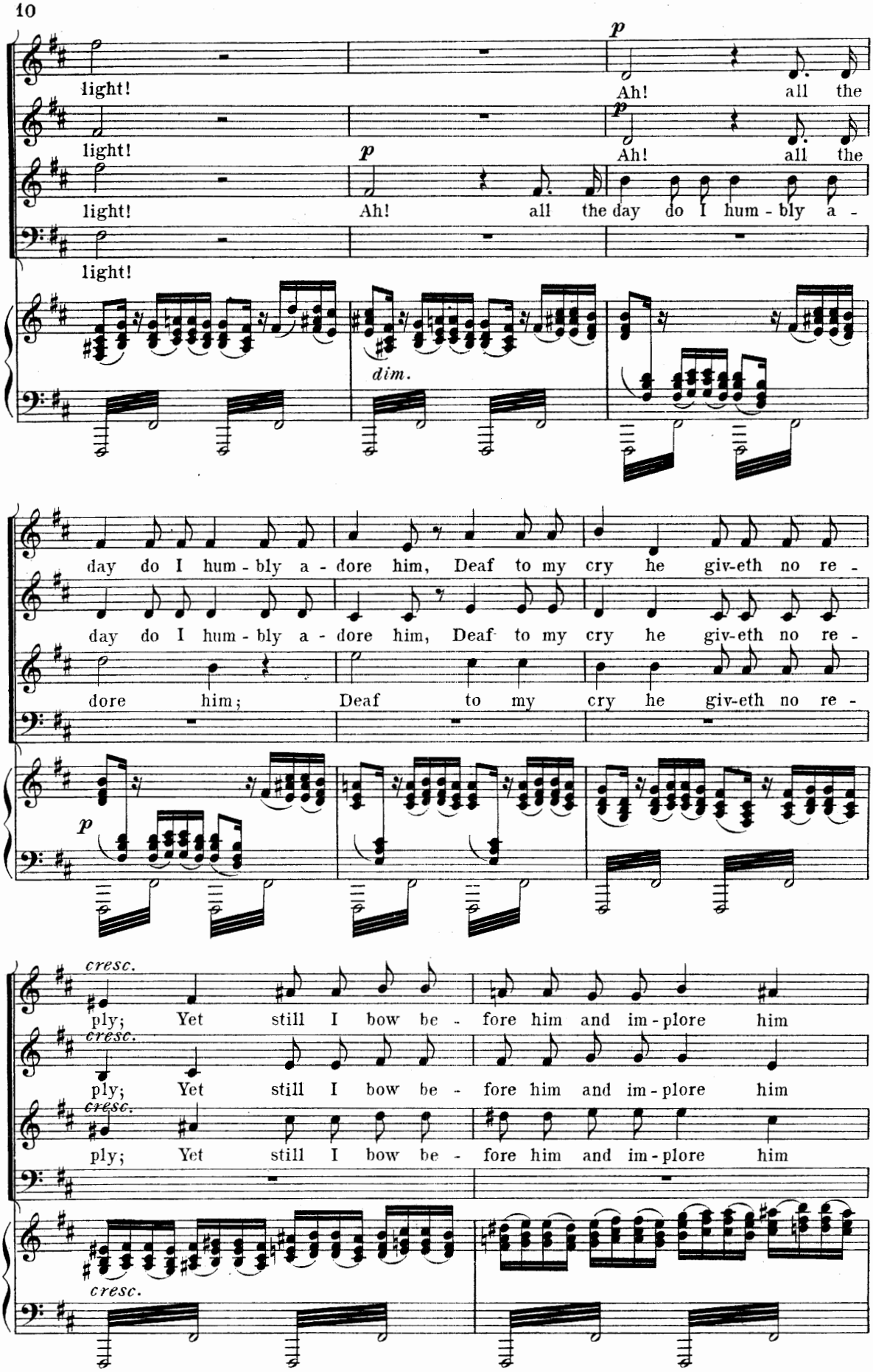

cresc.
pray'r While o'er them sorrows dark - - -
f
cresc.
f
p
Oh! let thy wrath give
p
Oh! let thy wrath give
p
en!
p
Oh! let thy wrath give
dim.
p
place to lov - ing care;
Oh! let thy
place to lov - ing care;
Oh! let thy
Oh! let thy
place to lov - ing care;

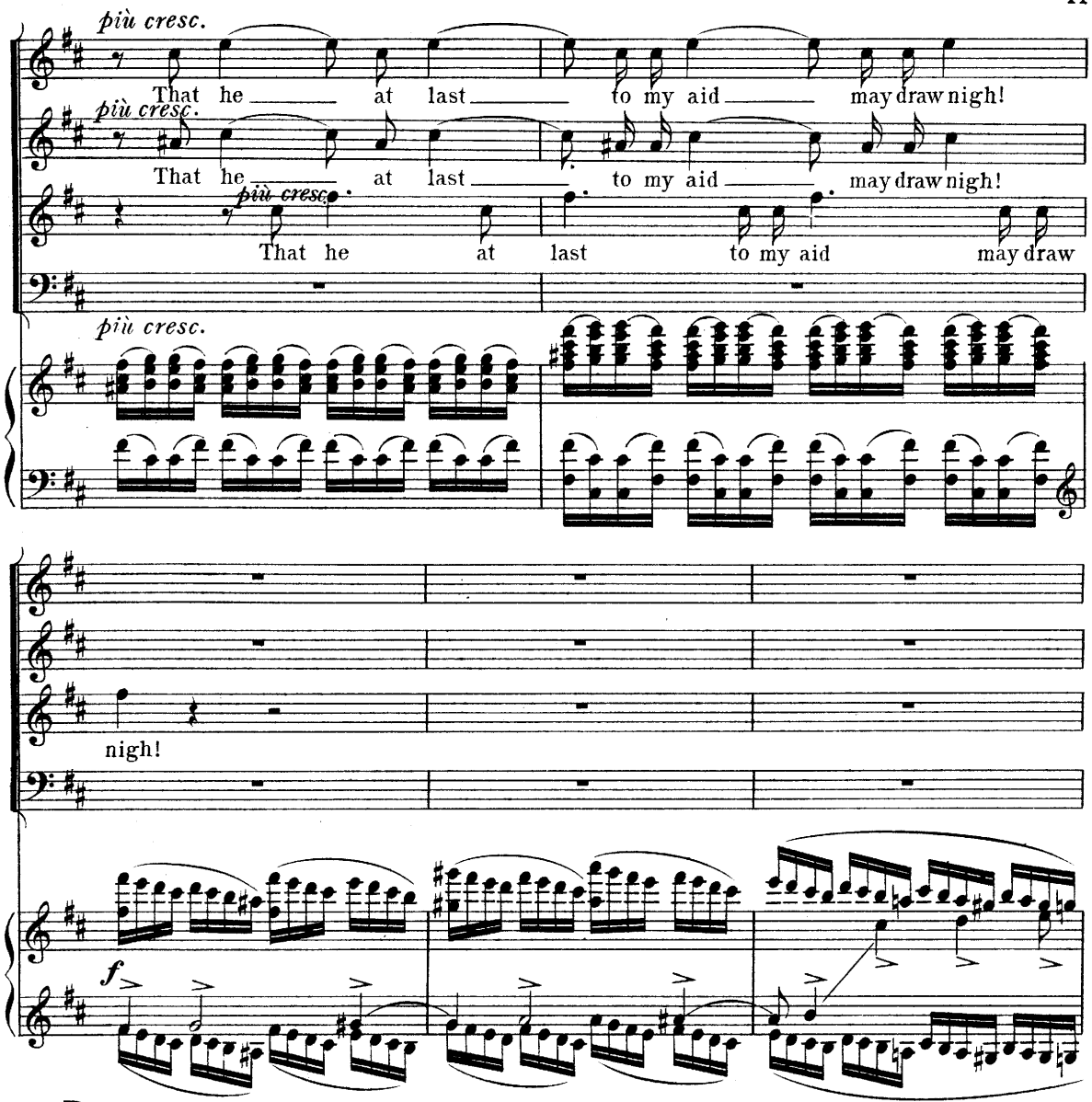

wrath give place to lov - ing care!
wrath give place to lov - ing care!
wrath give place to lov - ing care!
pp
pp
pp
B
pp
Semi-Chorus.
SOPRANO.
CONTRALTO.
Since thou from us hast turn'd a-way thy
pp
Since thou from us hast turn'd a-way thy
B
p


fav - or, We are un - done; In
fav - or, We are un - done; In
vain thy peo - ple fight!
vain thy peo - ple fight!

The curtain rises.

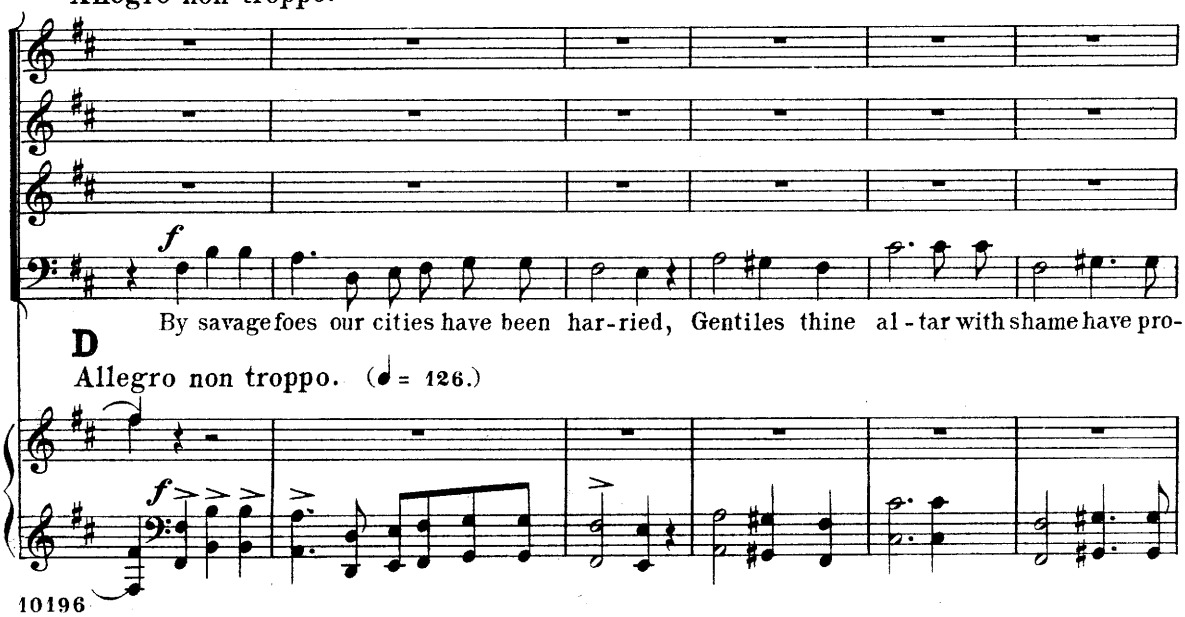



light!
light!
light!
light!
p
Ah! all the
p
Ah! all the
p
Ah! all the day do I hum - bly a -
dim.
day do I hum - bly a - dore him, Deaf to my cry he giv-eth no re -
day do I hum - bly a - dore him, Deaf to my cry he giv-eth no re -
dore him; Deaf to my cry he giv-eth no re -
p
cresc.
ply; Yet still I bow be - fore him and im - plore him
cresc.
ply; Yet still I bow be - fore him and im - plore him
cresc.
ply; Yet still I bow be - fore him and im - plore him
cresc.



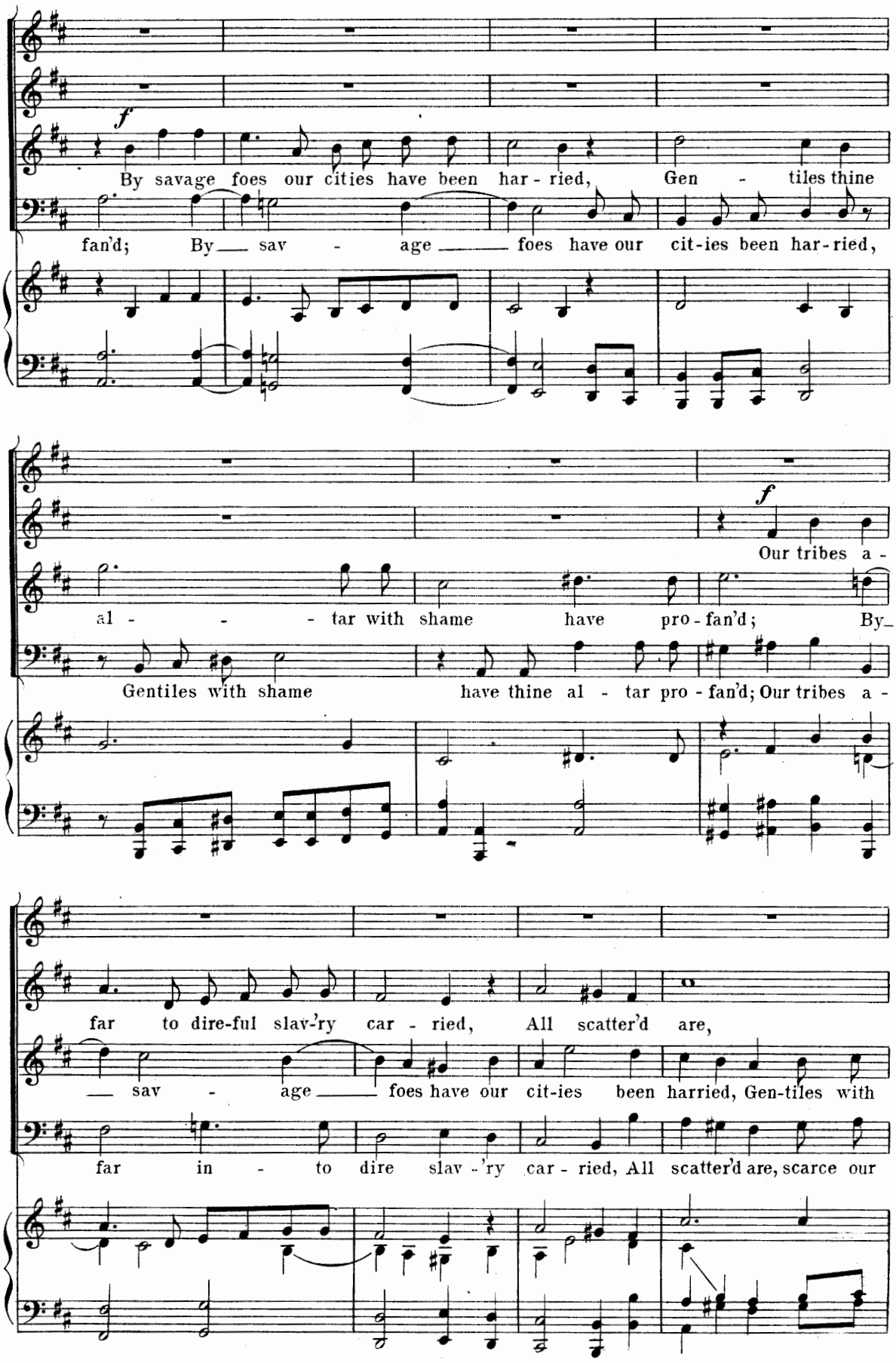
D

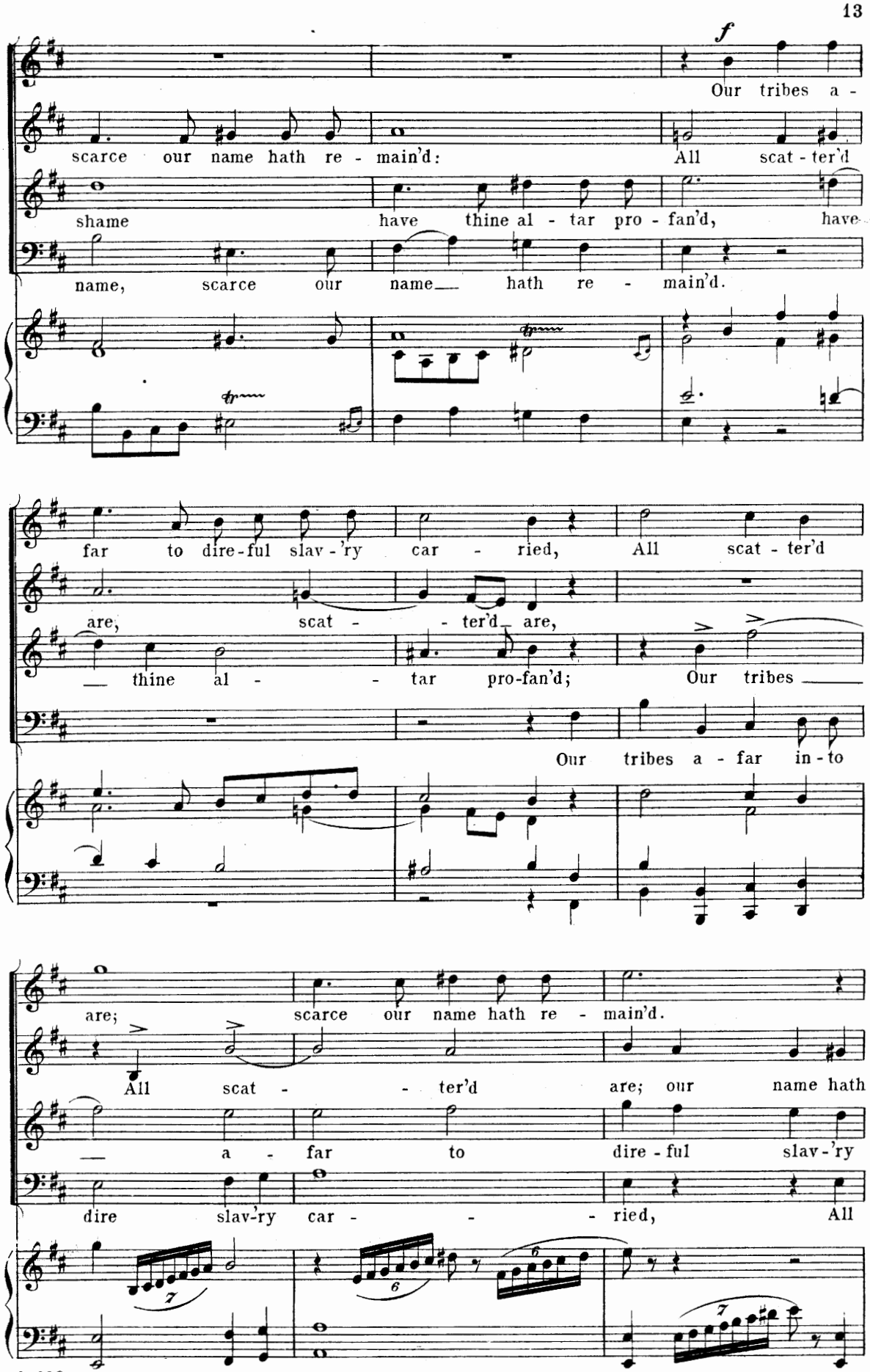
Allegro non troppo.

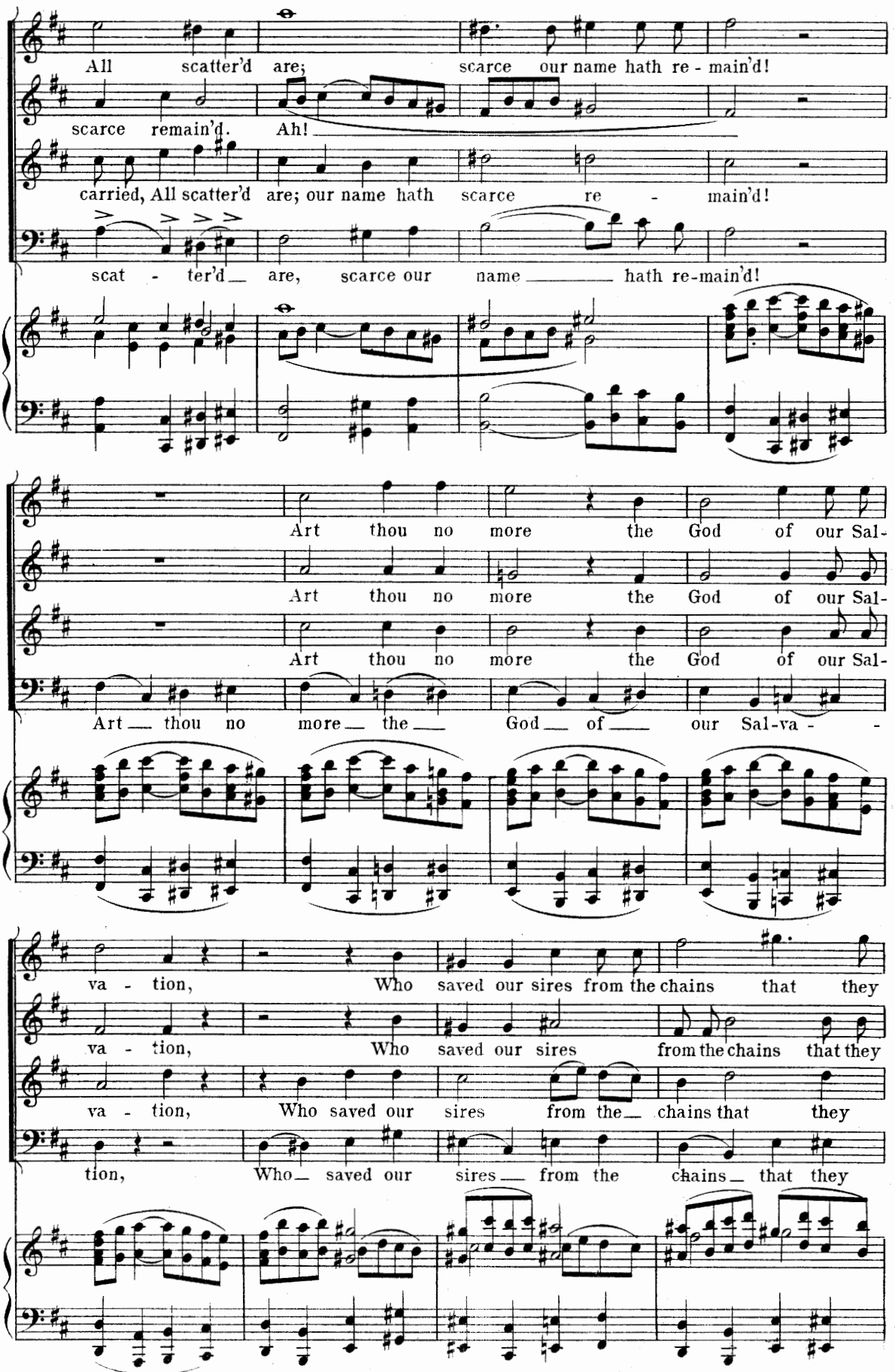


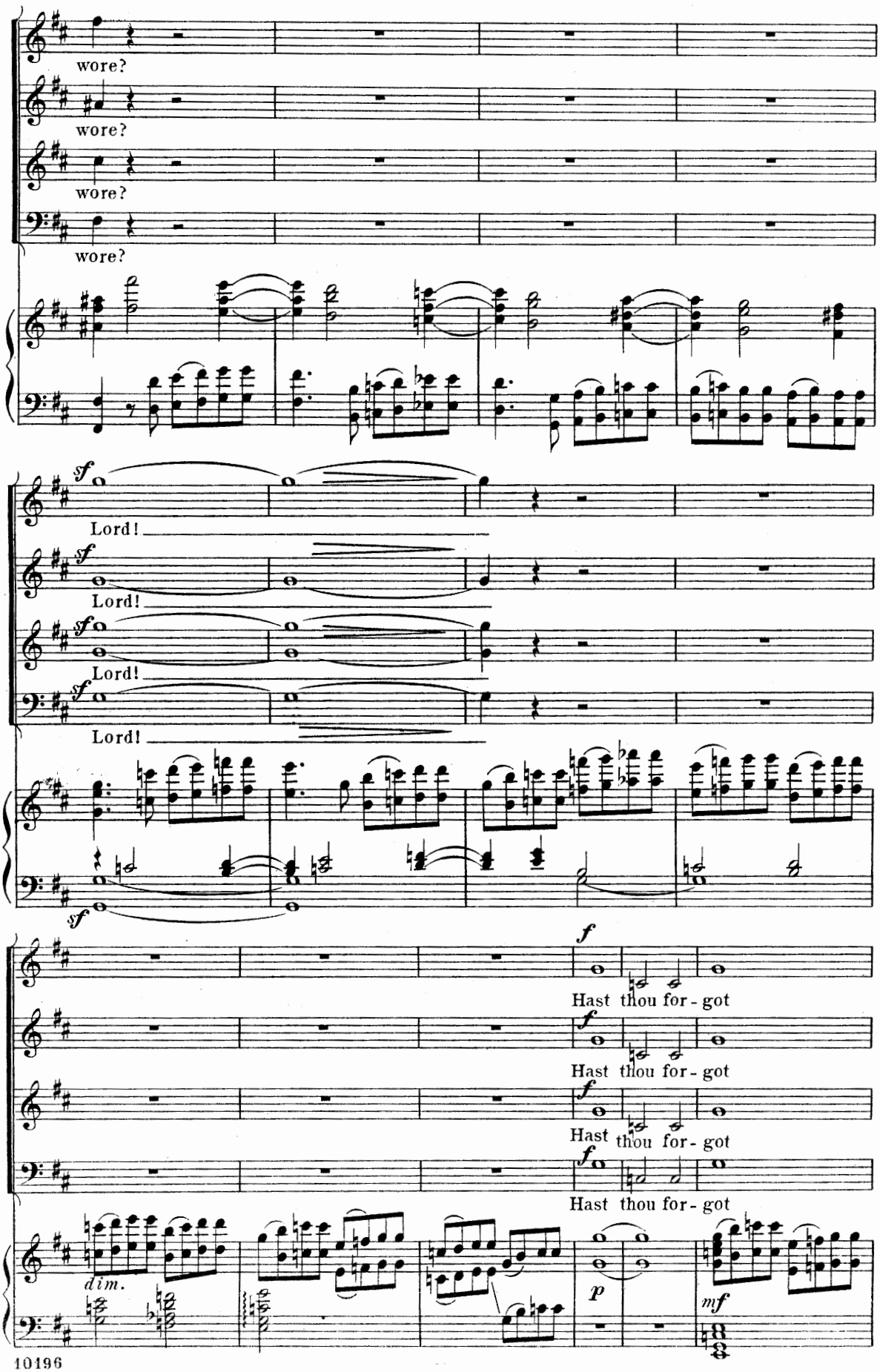
D

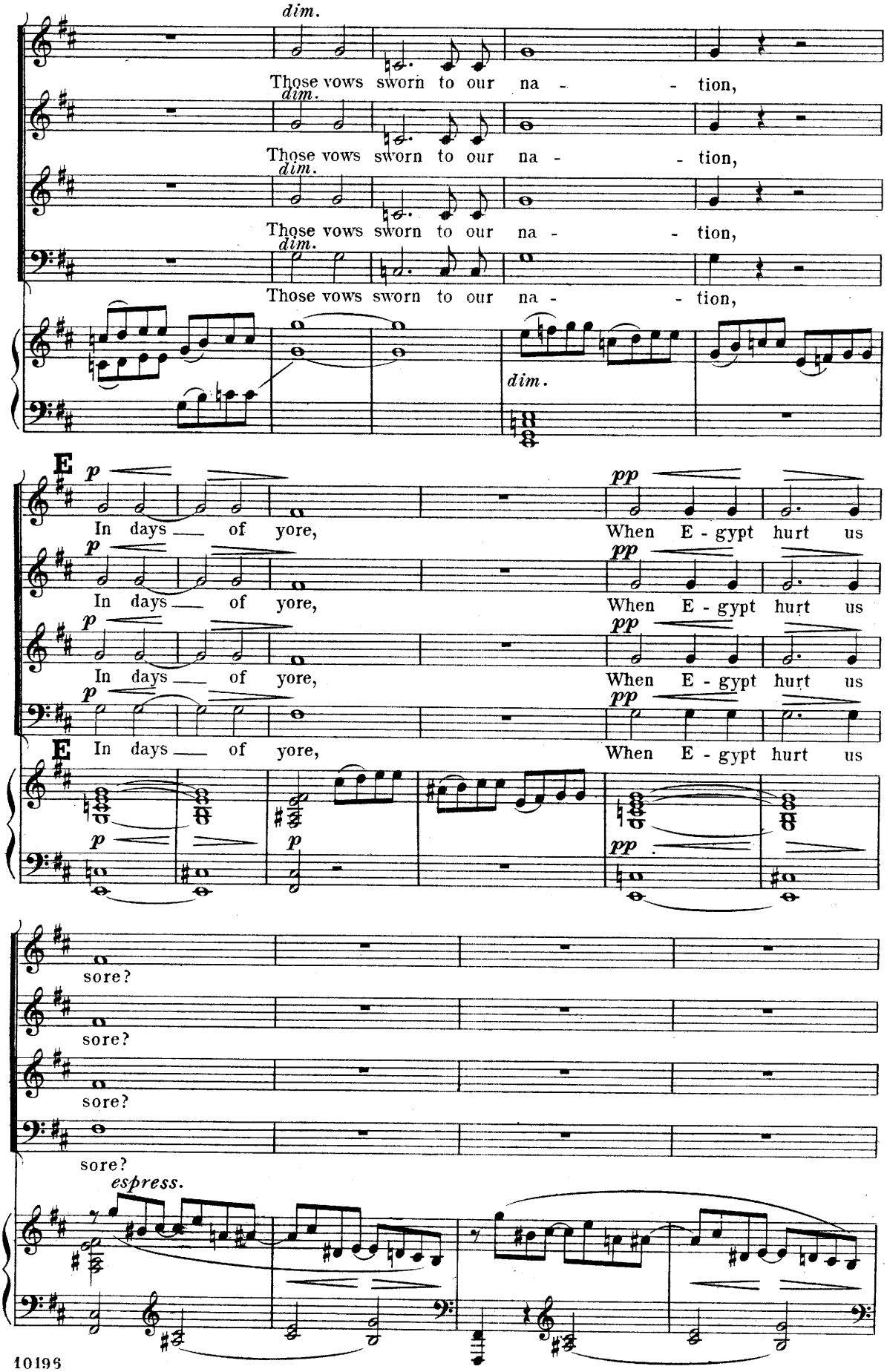
Allegro non troppo. (♩ = 126.)

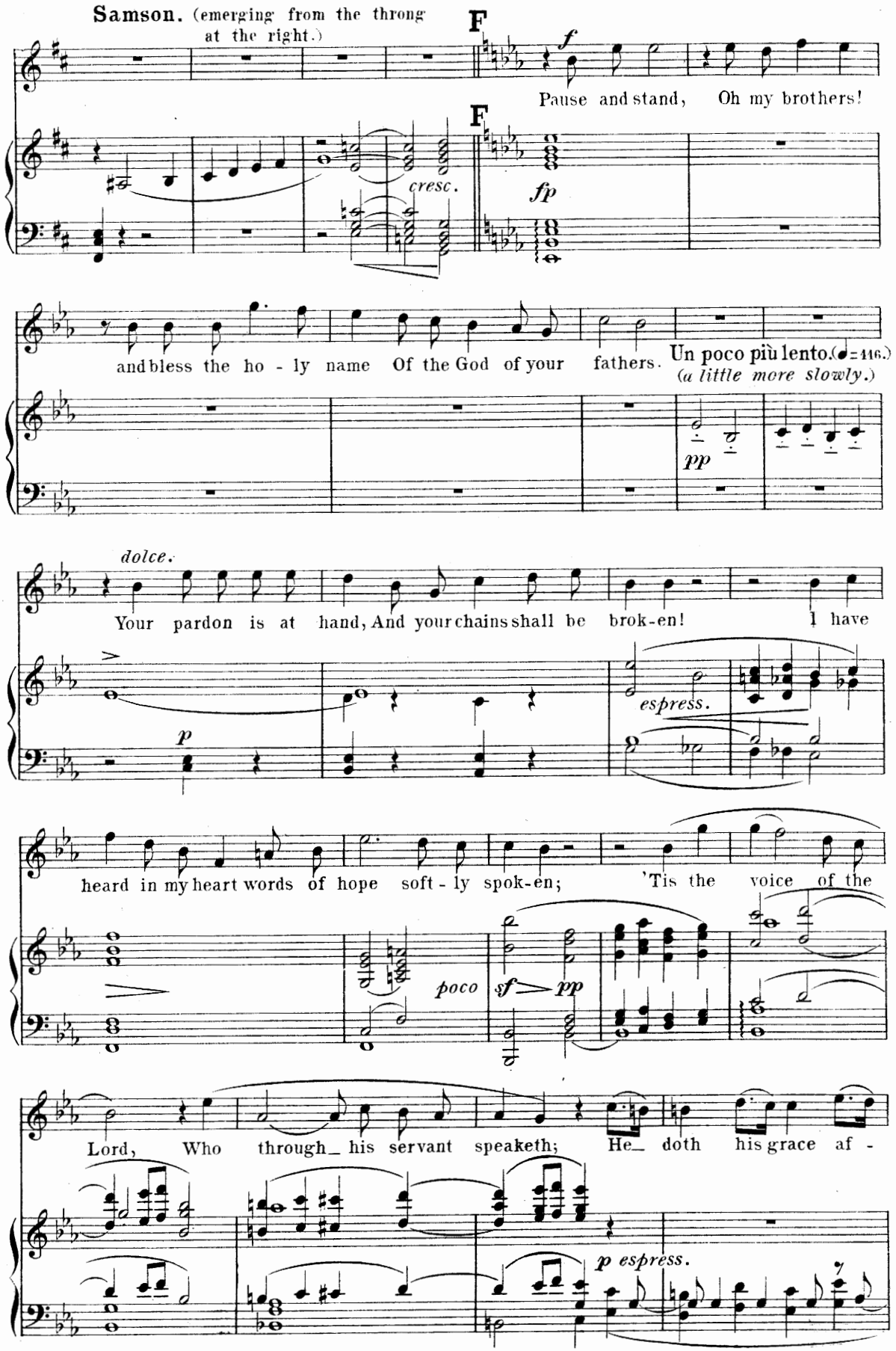

f
By savage foes our cities have been har - ried, Gen - tiles thine
fan'd; By sav - age foes have our cit-ies been har-ried,
f
Our tribes a -
al - - - tar with shame have pro - fan'd; By
Gentiles with shame have thine al - tar pro - fan'd; Our tribes a -
far to dire-ful slav-'ry car - ried, All scatter'd are,
sav - age foes have our cit-ies been harried, Gen-tiles with
far in - to dire slav - 'ry car - ried, All scatter'd are, scarce our

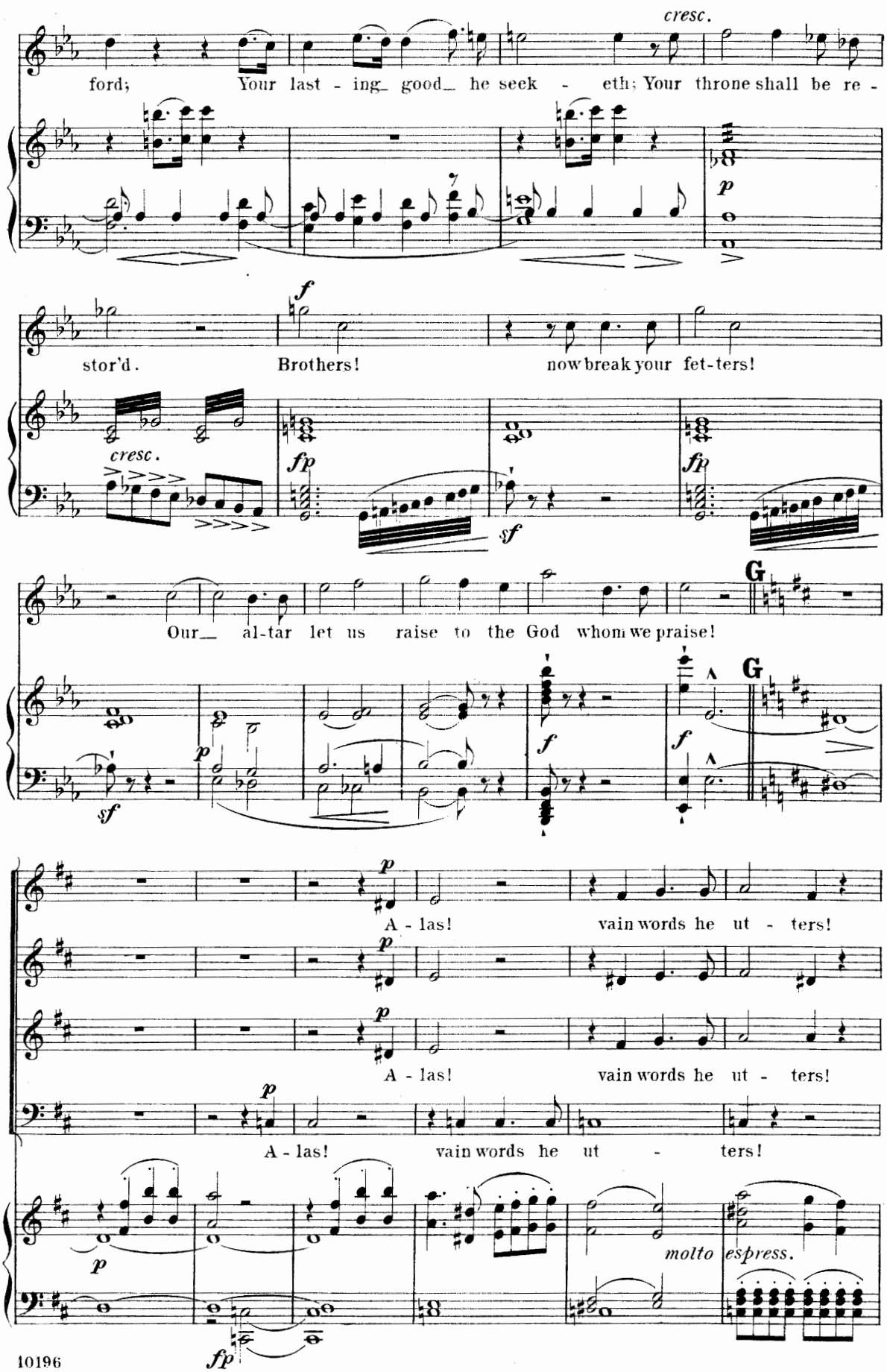

f
Our tribes a -
scarce our name hath re - main'd:
All scat - ter'd
shame
have thine al - tar pro - fan'd, have
name, scarce our name hath re - main'd.
far to dire-ful slav - 'ry car - ried, All scat - ter'd
are, scat - ter'd are,
thine al - tar pro-fan'd; Our tribes
Our tribes a - far in - to
are; scarce our name hath re - main'd.
All scat - ter'd are; our name hath
a - far to dire - ful slav - 'ry
dire slav-'ry car - ried, All

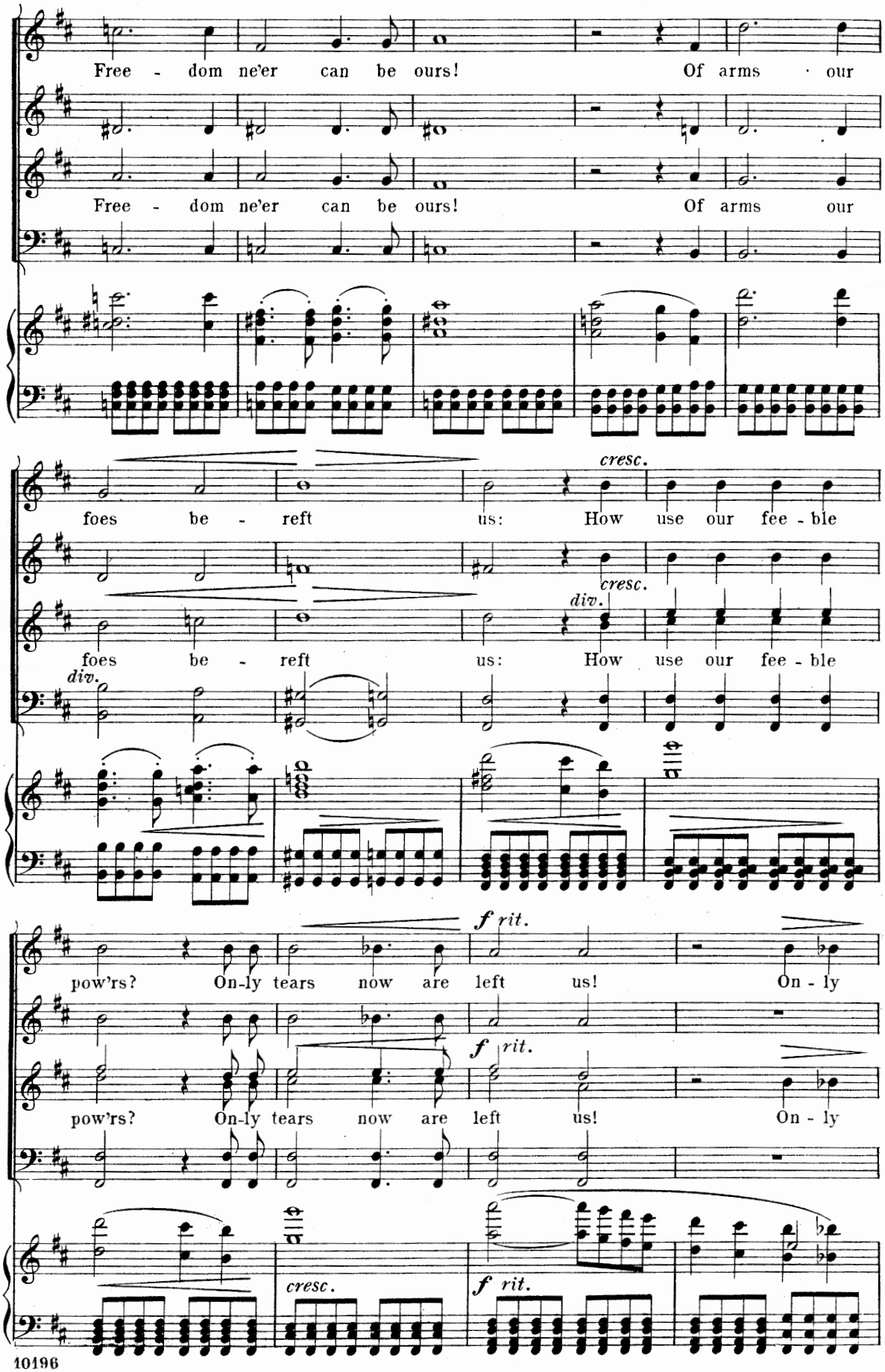

All scatter'd are; scarce our name hath re - main'd!
scarce remain'd. Ah!
carried, All scatter'd are; our name hath scarce re - main'd!
scat - ter'd are, scarce our name hath re-main'd!
Art thou no more the God of our Sal-
Art thou no more the God of our Sal-
Art thou no more the God of our Sal-
Art thou no more the God of our Sal-va - -
va - tion, Who saved our sires from the chains that they
va - tion, Who saved our sires from the chains that they
va - tion, Who saved our sires from the chains that they
tion, Who saved our sires from the chains that they

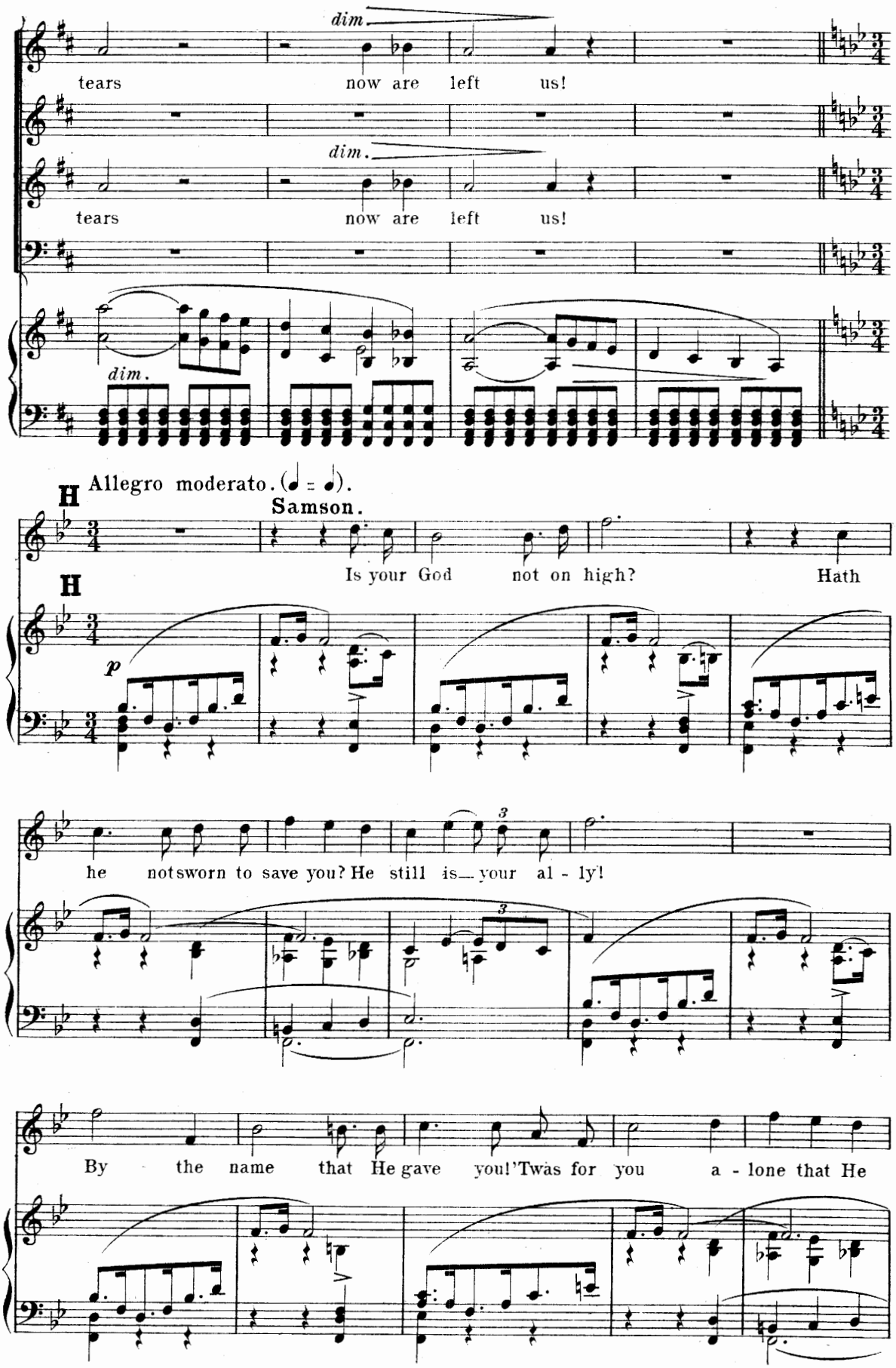

wore?
wore?
wore?
wore?
sf
Lord!
sf
Lord!
sf
Lord!
sf
Lord!
sf
f
Hast thou for - got
f
Hast thou for - got
f
Hast thou for - got
f
Hast thou for - got
dim.
p
mf

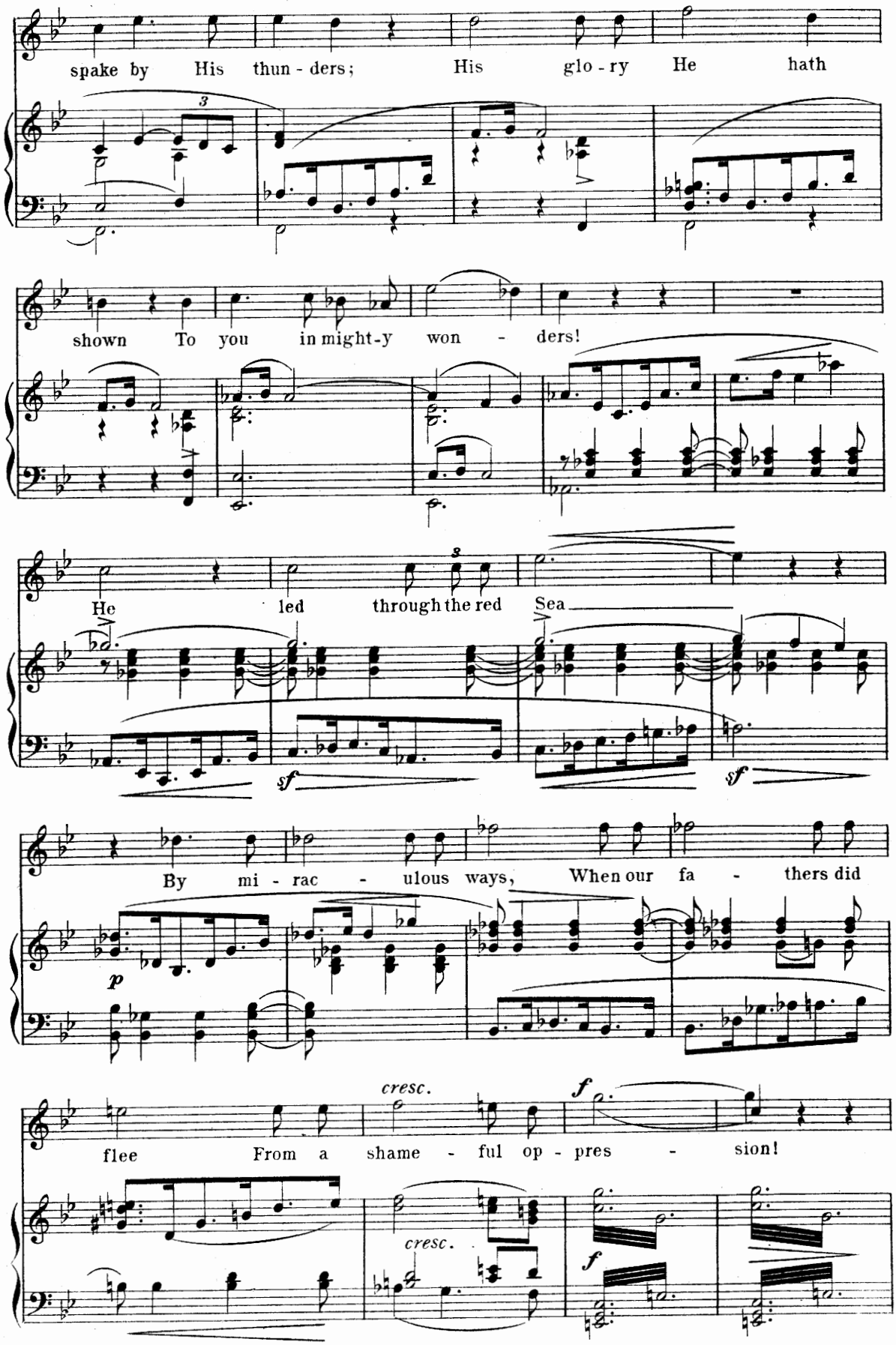

dim.
Those vows sworn to our na - tion,
dim.
Those vows sworn to our na - tion,
dim.
Those vows sworn to our na - tion,
dim.
Those vows sworn to our na - tion,
dim.
E
p
In days of yore,
pp
When E - gypt hurt us
p
In days of yore,
pp
When E - gypt hurt us
p
In days of yore,
pp
When E - gypt hurt us
E
p
In days of yore,
pp
When E - gypt hurt us
p
p
pp
sore?
sore?
sore?
sore?
espress.

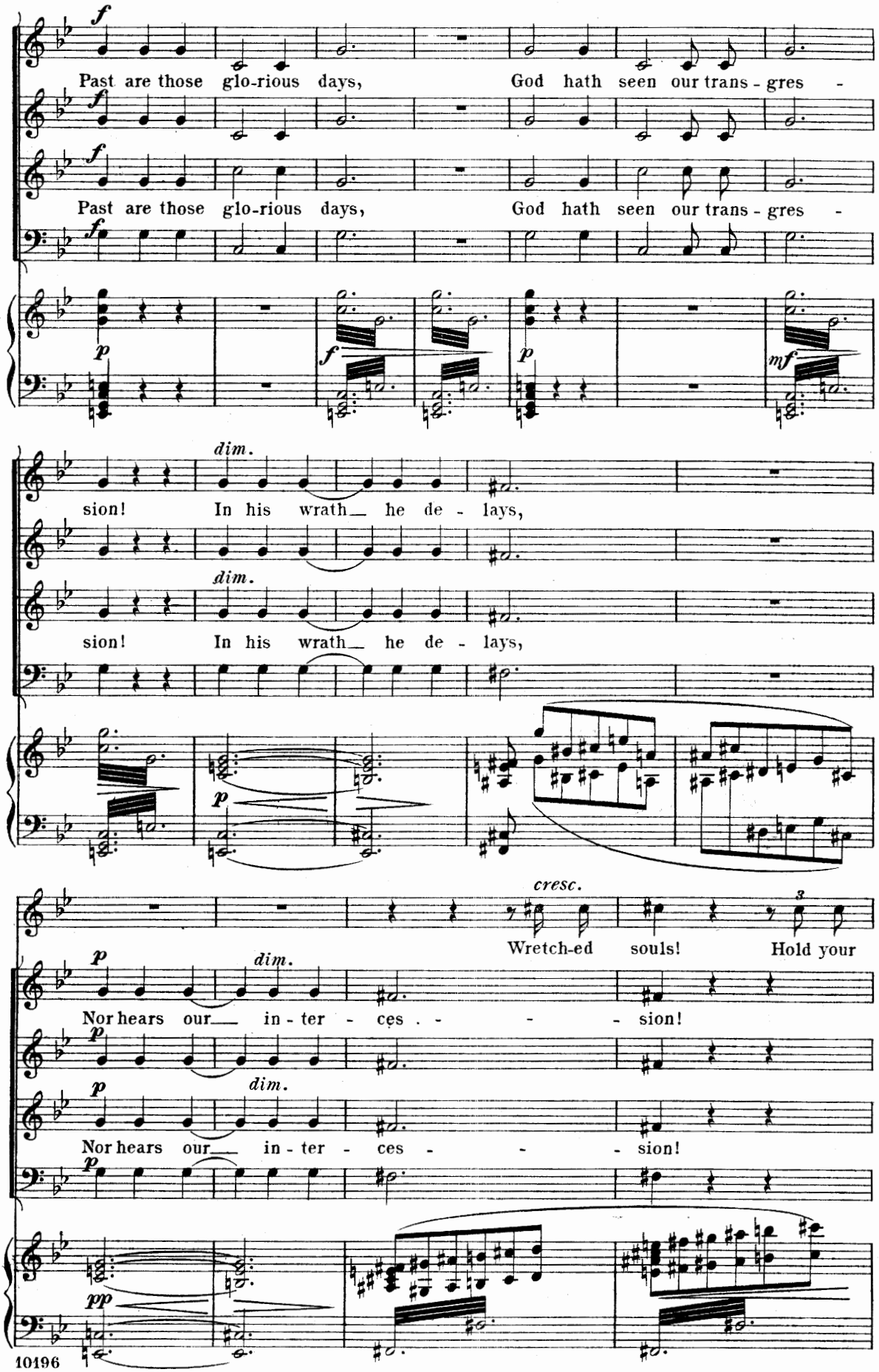

Samson. (emerging from the throng at the right.)
F
f
Pause and stand, Oh my brothers!
F
cresc.
fp
and bless the ho - ly name Of the God of your fathers.
Un poco più lento. (♩=116.)
(a little more slowly.)
pp
dolce.
Your pardon is at hand, And your chains shall be brok-en! I have
p
espress.
heard in my heart words of hope soft - ly spok-en; 'Tis the voice of the
poco
sf
pp
Lord, Who through his servant speaketh; He doth his grace af -
p espress.

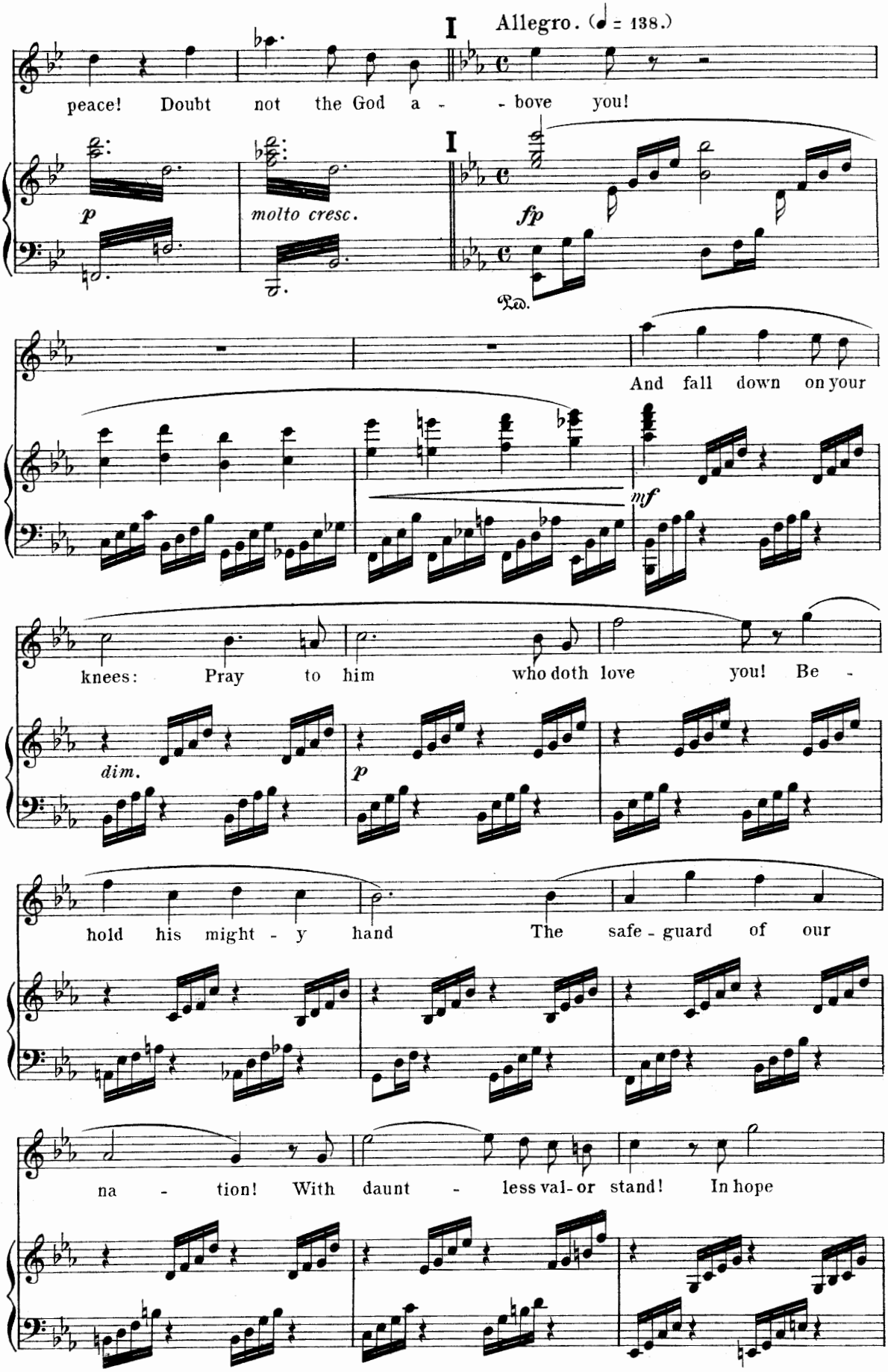

cresc.
ford; Your last - ing_ good_ he seek - eth; Your throne shall be re -
p
f
stor'd. Brothers! now break your fet-ters!
cresc.
fp
sf
fp
Our_ al-tar let us raise to the God whom we praise!
G
p
sf
f
f
G
p
A - las! vain words he ut - ters!
p
A - las! vain words he ut - ters!
p
A - las! vain words he ut - ters!
p
molto espress.
fp

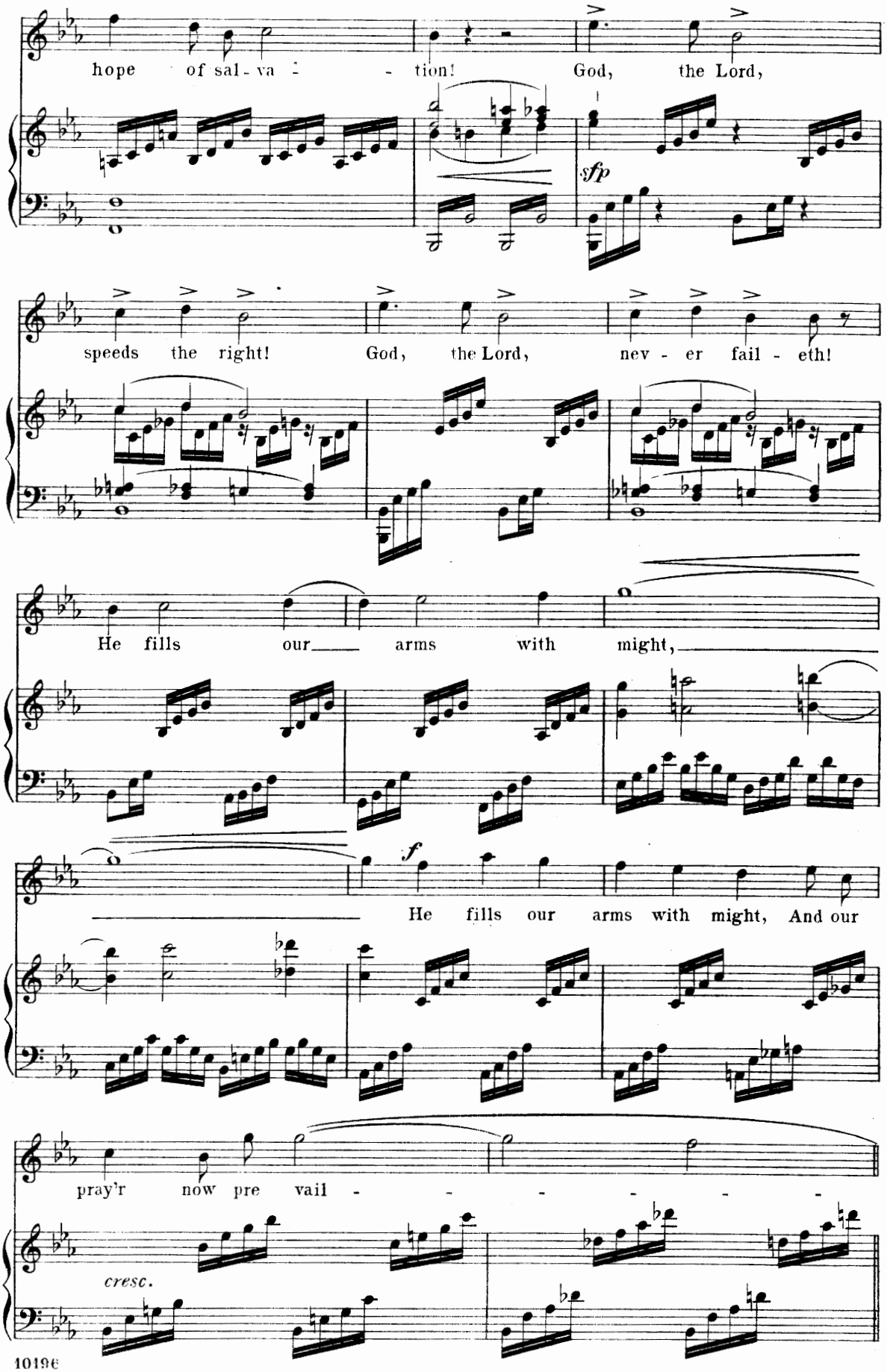

Free - dom ne'er can be ours! Of arms · our
Free - dom ne'er can be ours! Of arms our
foes be - reft us: How use our fee - ble
cresc.
div.
foes be - reft us: How use our fee - ble
pow'rs? On-ly tears now are left us! On - ly
f rit.
pow'rs? On-ly tears now are left us! On - ly
cresc.
f rit.

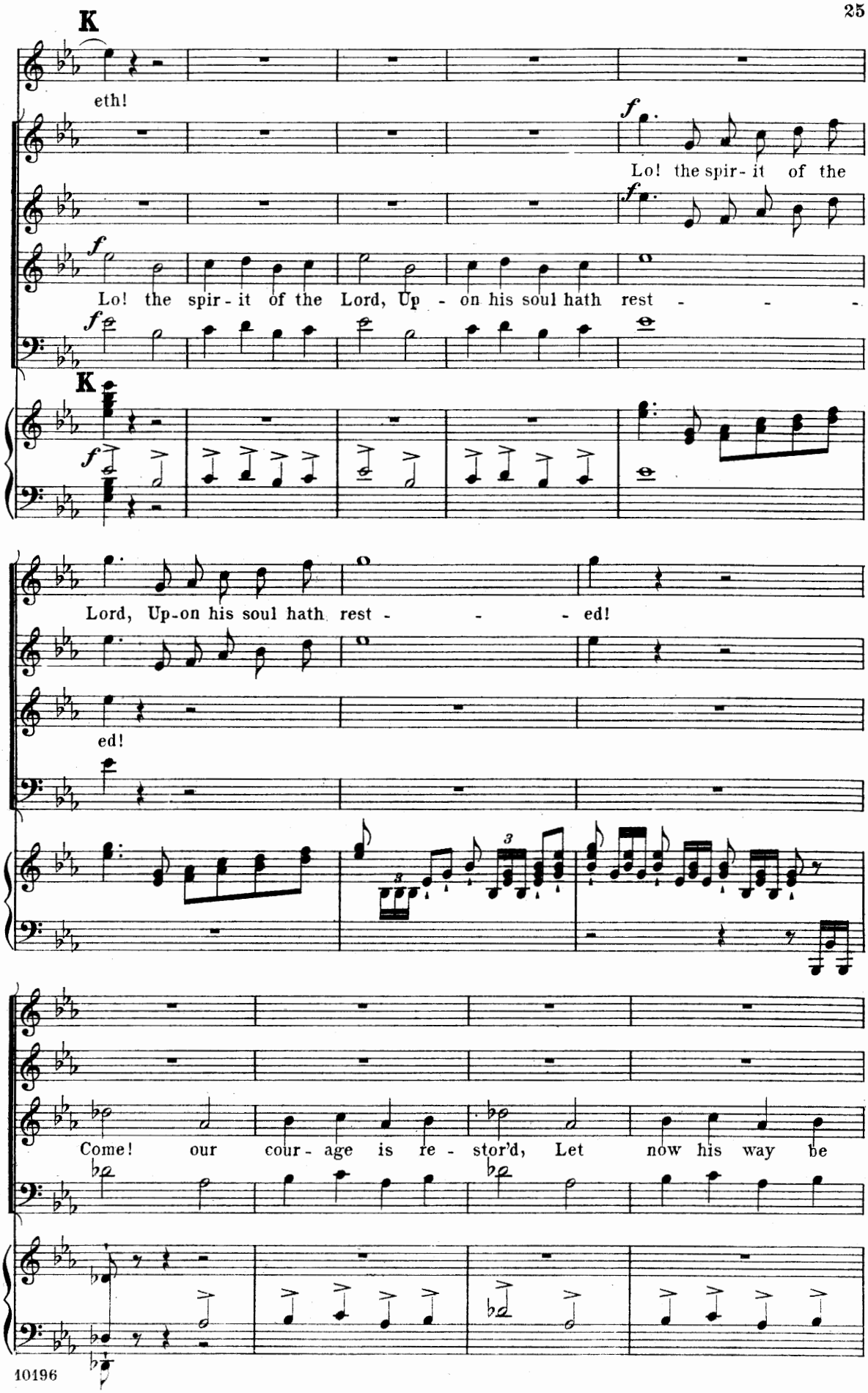

dim.
tears now are left us!
dim.
tears now are left us!
dim.
H
Allegro moderato. (♩ = ♩).
Samson.
H
p
Is your God not on high? Hath
he not sworn to save you? He still is your al - ly!
By the name that He gave you! 'Twas for you a - lone that He

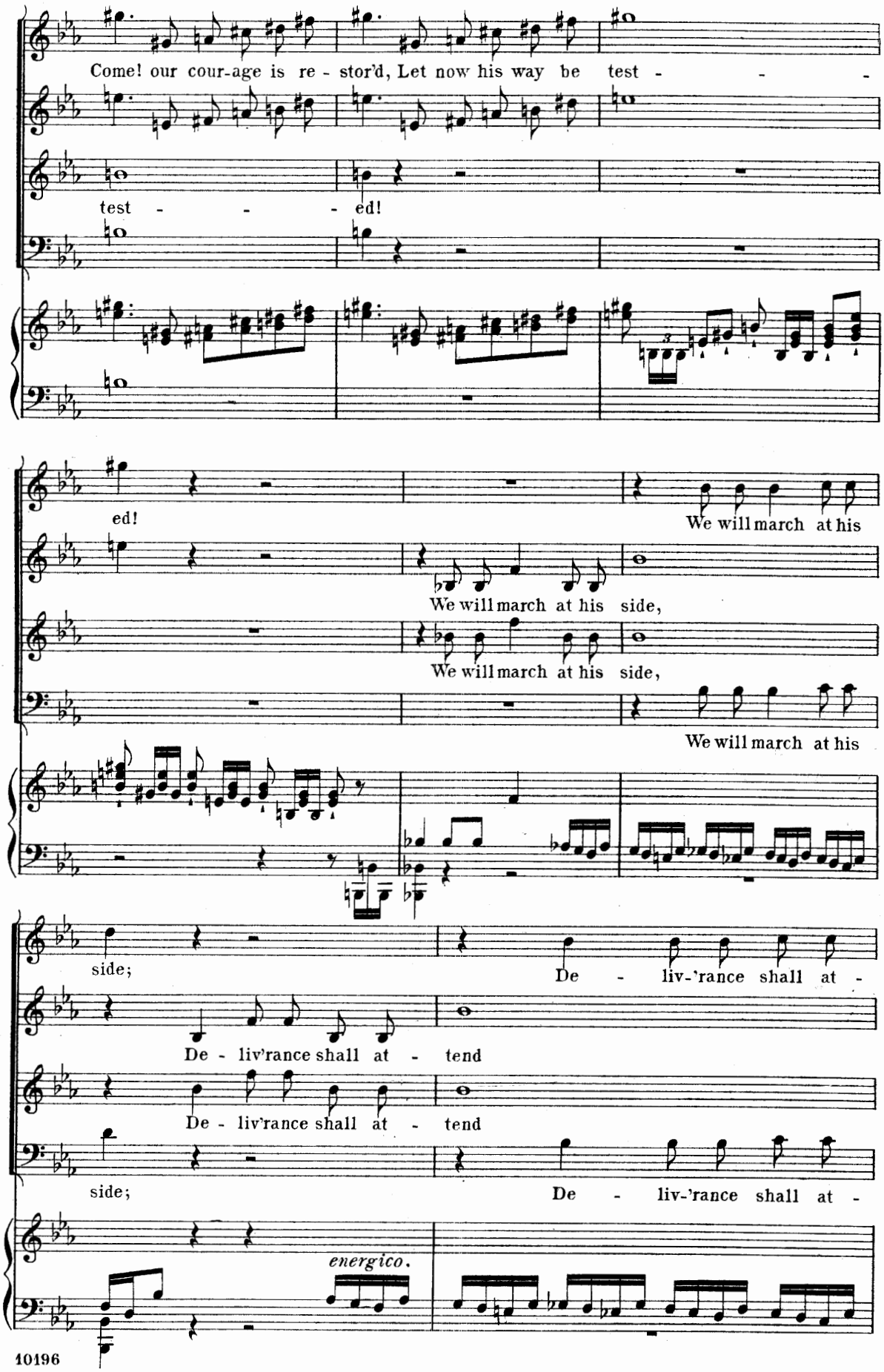

spake by His thun - ders; His glo - ry He hath
shown To you in might-y won - ders!
He led through the red Sea
By mi - rac - ulous ways, When our fa - thers did
flee From a shame - ful op - pres - sion!
cresc.
cresc.

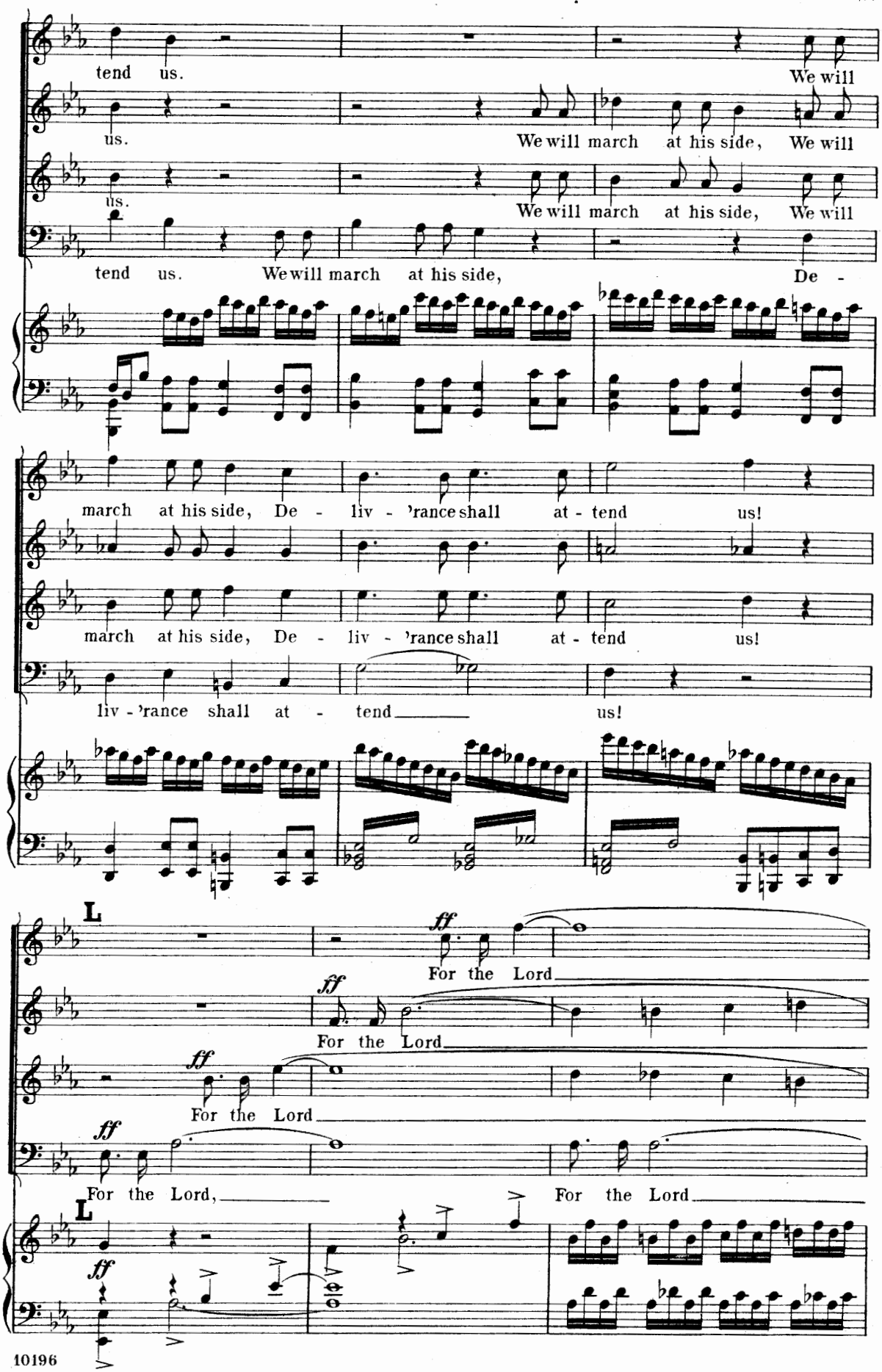

Past are those glo-rious days, God hath seen our trans - gres -
Past are those glo-rious days, God hath seen our trans - gres -
sion! In his wrath he de - lays,
sion! In his wrath he de - lays,
Wretch-ed souls! Hold your
Nor hears our in - ter - ces - - - sion!
Nor hears our in - ter - ces - - - sion!

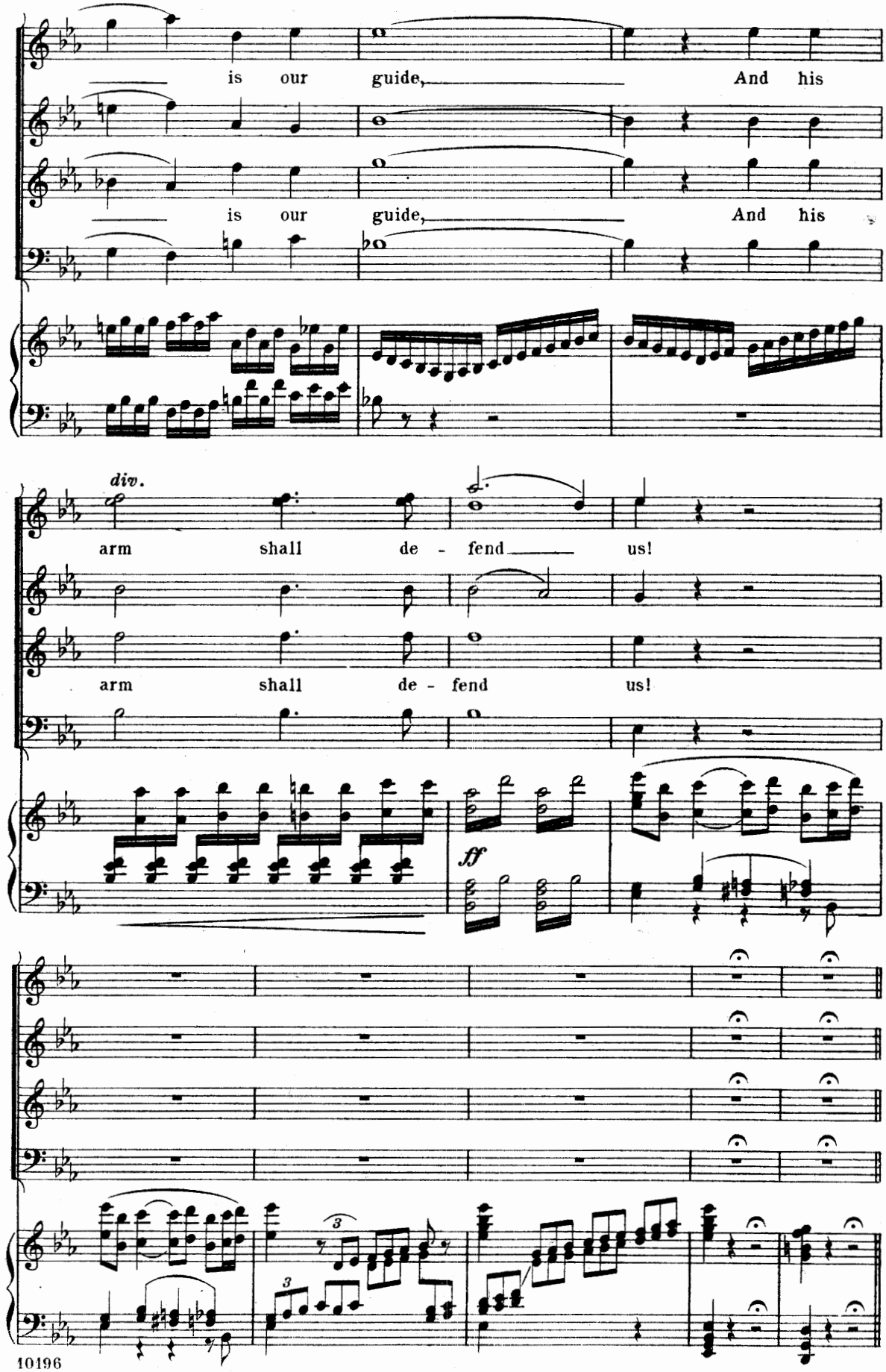

I
Allegro. (♩ = 138.)
peace! Doubt not the God a - - bove you!
p
molto cresc.
I
fp
Ped.
And fall down on your
mf
knees: Pray to him who doth love you! Be -
dim.
p
hold his might - y hand The safe - guard of our
na - tion! With daunt - less val - or stand! In hope


hope of sal - va - tion! God, the Lord,
sfp
speeds the right! God, the Lord, nev - er fail - eth!
He fills our arms with might,
f
He fills our arms with might, And our
pray'r now pre vail -
cresc.


K
eth!
Lo! the spir- it of the
Lo! the spir- it of the Lord, Up - on his soul hath rest - - -
K
Lord, Up-on his soul hath rest - - - ed!
ed!
Come! our cour- age is re - stor'd, Let now his way be

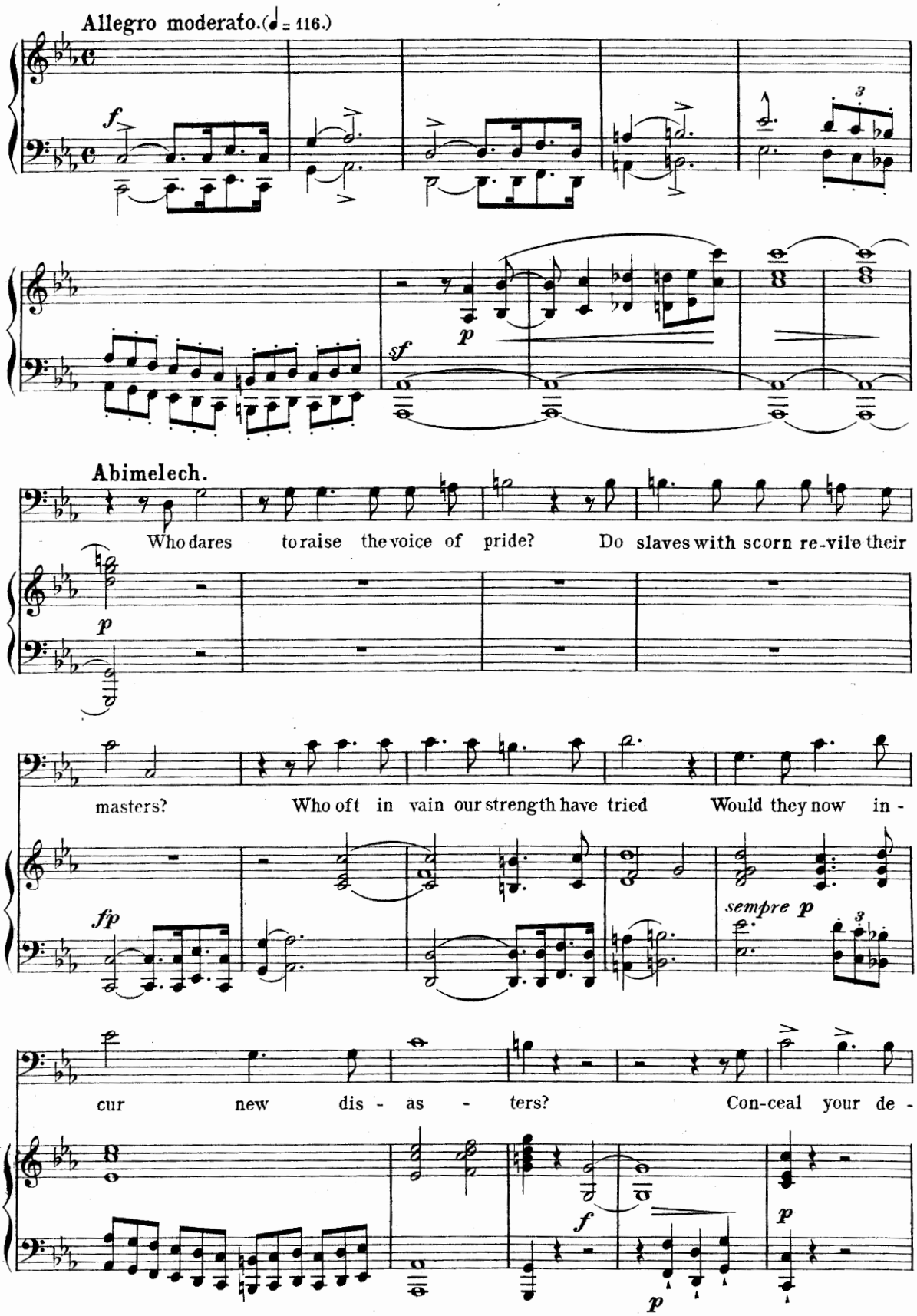

Come! our cour-age is re - stor'd, Let now his way be test - - -
test - - - ed!
ed!
We will march at his
We will march at his side,
We will march at his side,
We will march at his
side;
De - liv-'rance shall at -
De - liv'rance shall at - tend
De - liv'rance shall at - tend
side;
De - liv-'rance shall at -
energico.

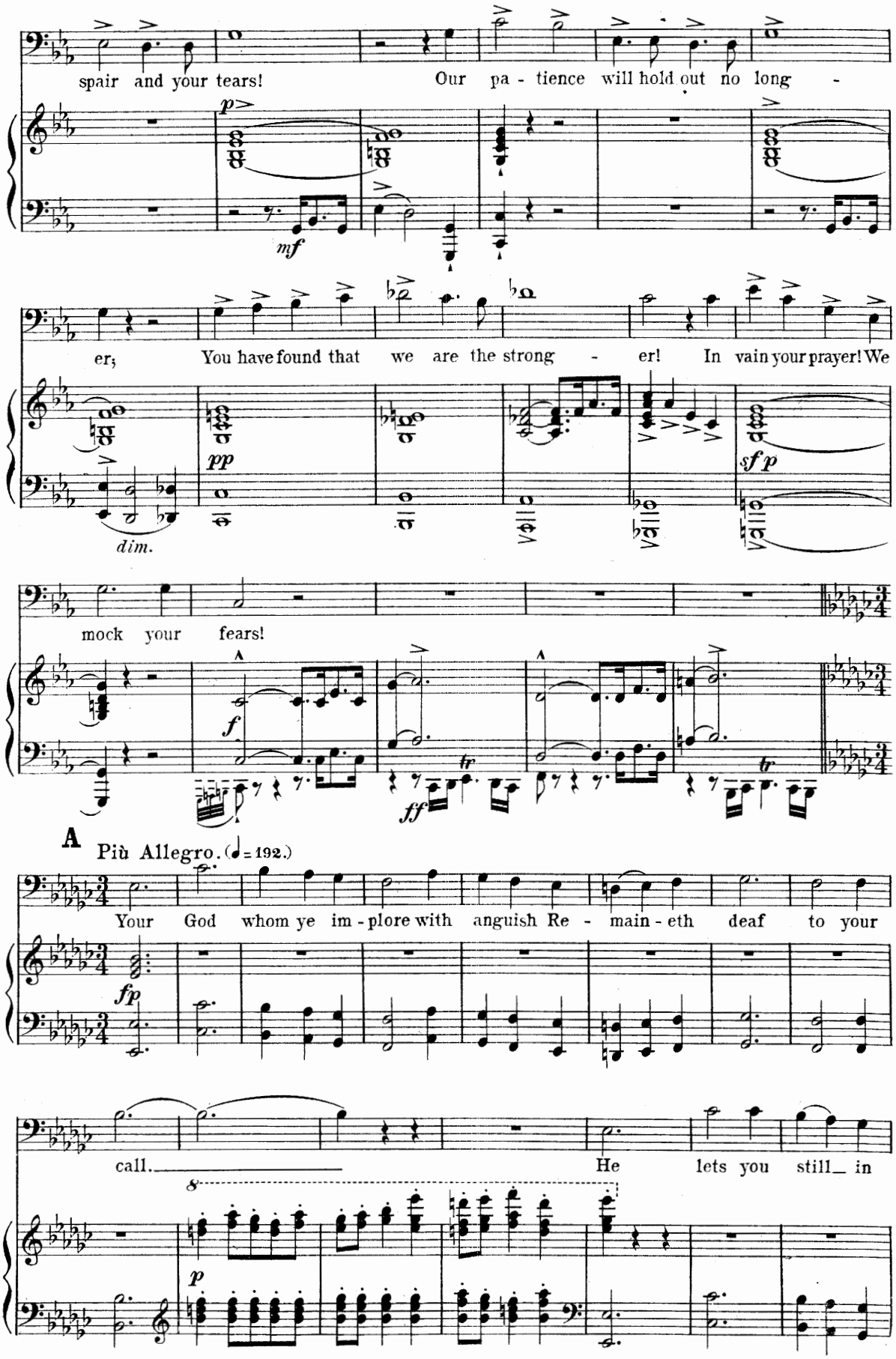

tend us.
We will
us.
We will march at his side, We will
us.
We will march at his side, We will
tend us.
We will march at his side,
De -
march at his side, De - liv - 'rance shall at - tend us!
march at his side, De - liv - 'rance shall at - tend us!
liv - 'rance shall at - tend us!
L
ff
For the Lord
ff
For the Lord
ff
For the Lord
ff
For the Lord,
For the Lord
L
ff

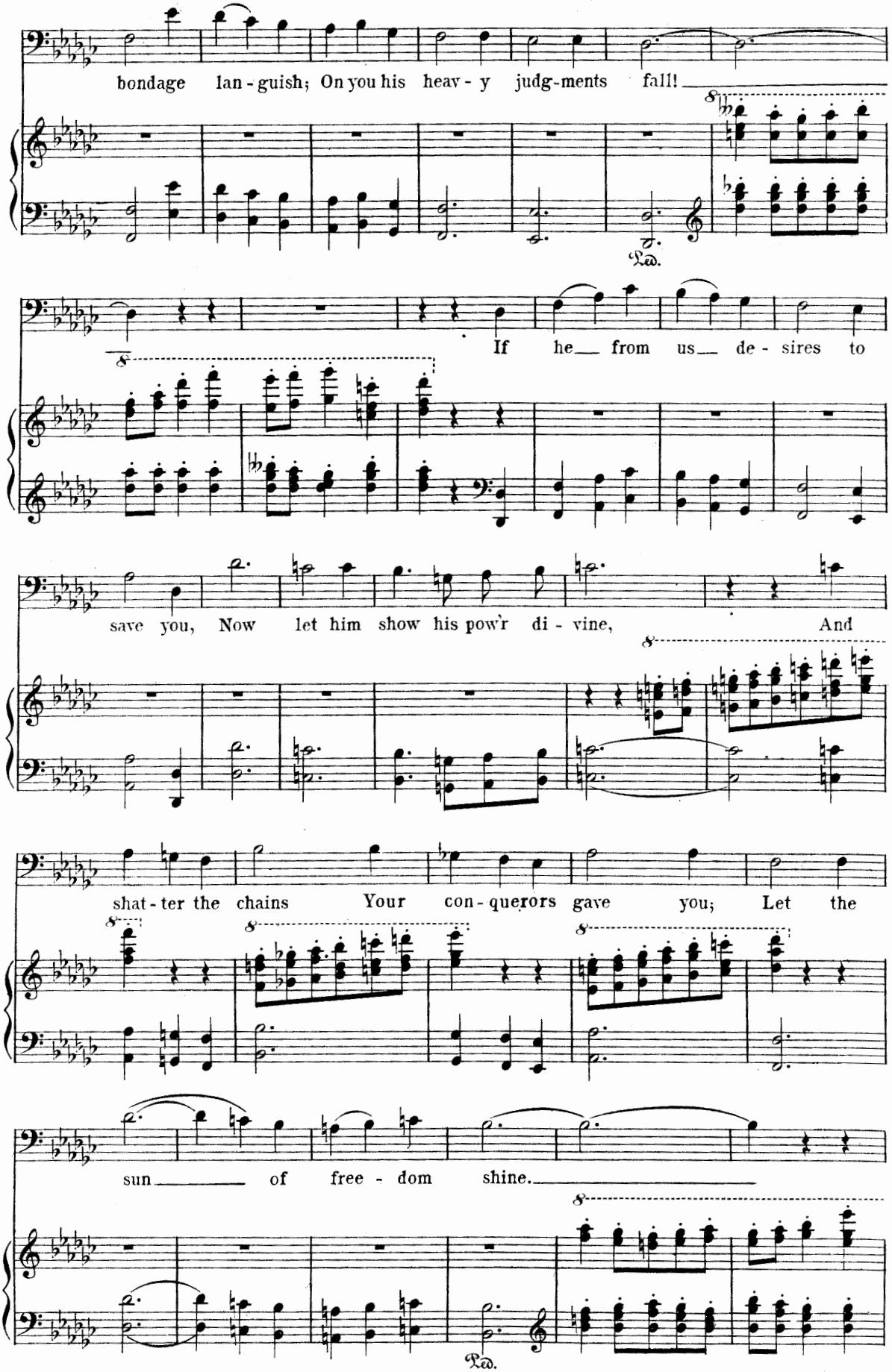

is our guide, And his
is our guide, And his
div.
arm shall de - fend us!
arm shall de - fend us!
ff
3
3

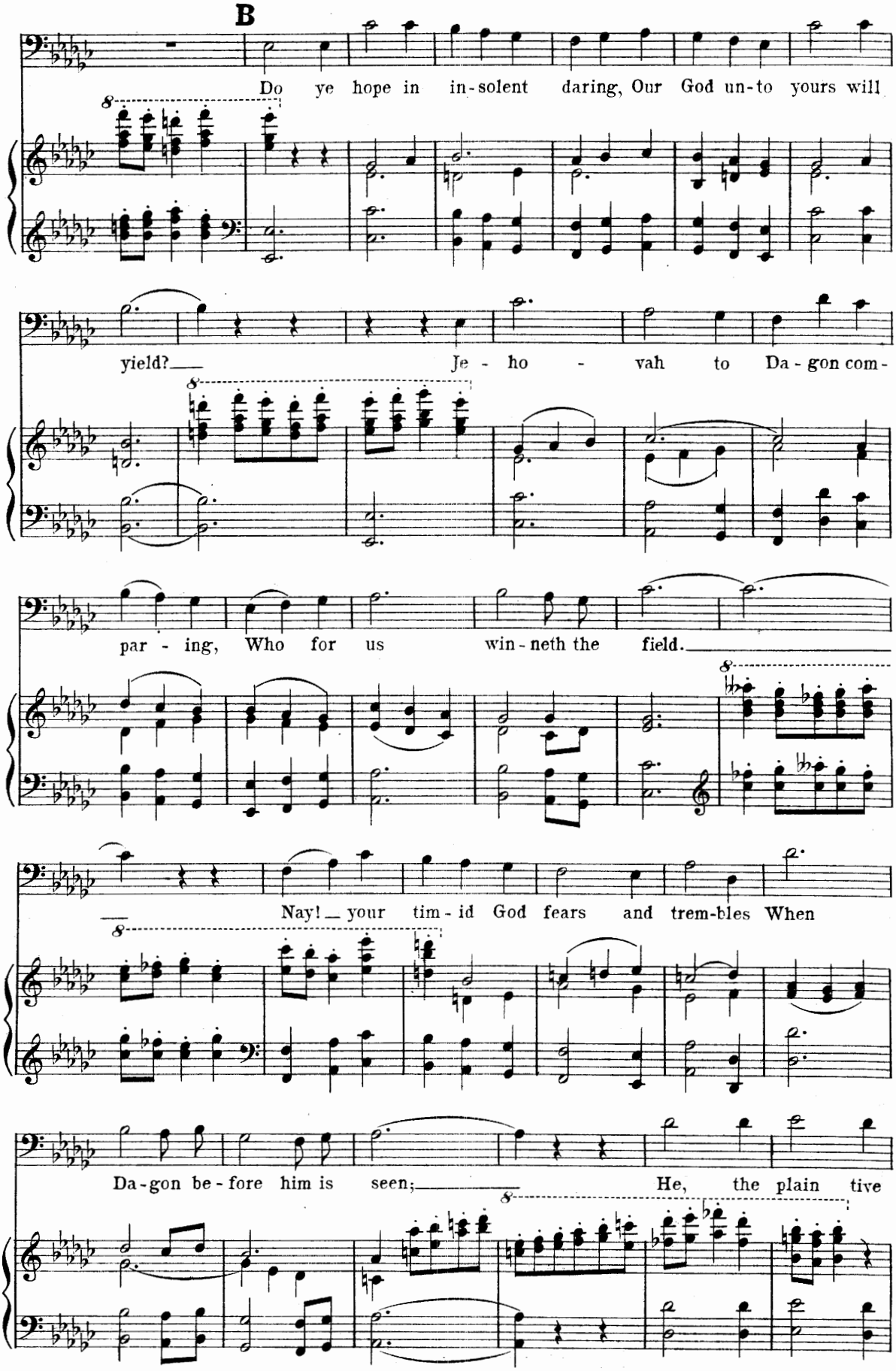
The same; ABIMELECH, Satrap of Gaza.
Enters by the left with a suite of many warriors and Philistine soldiers.

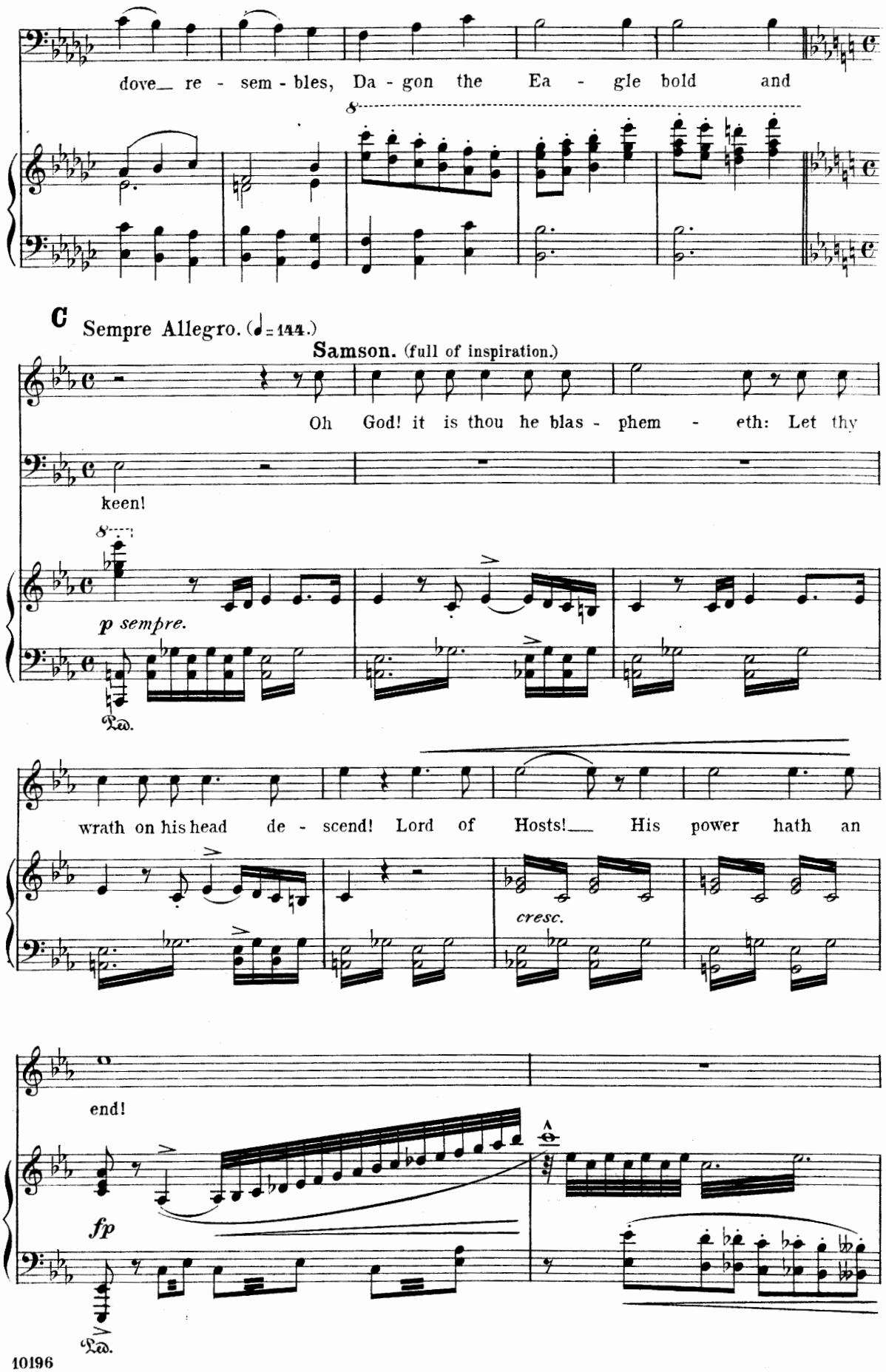
Scene II.

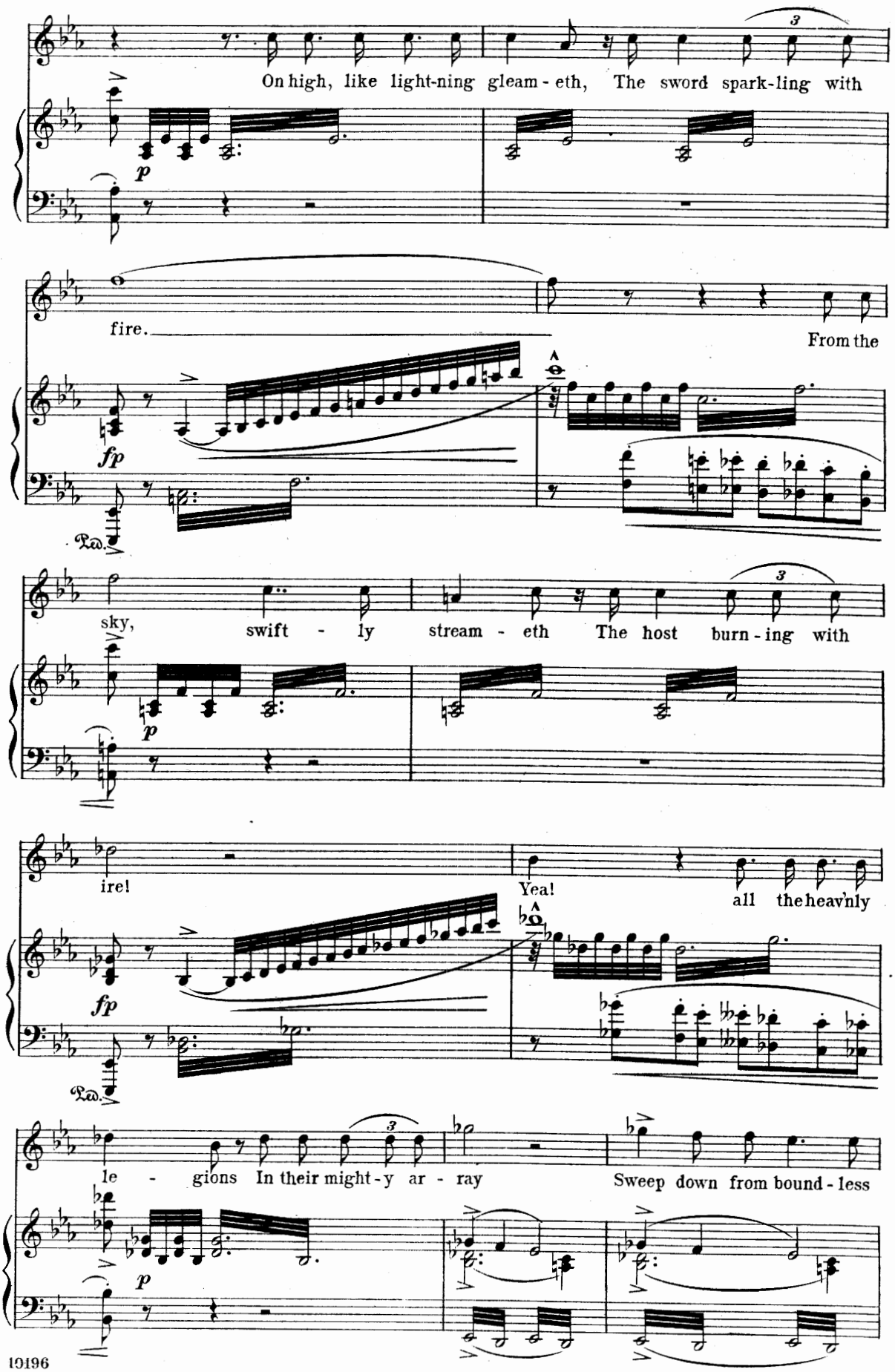


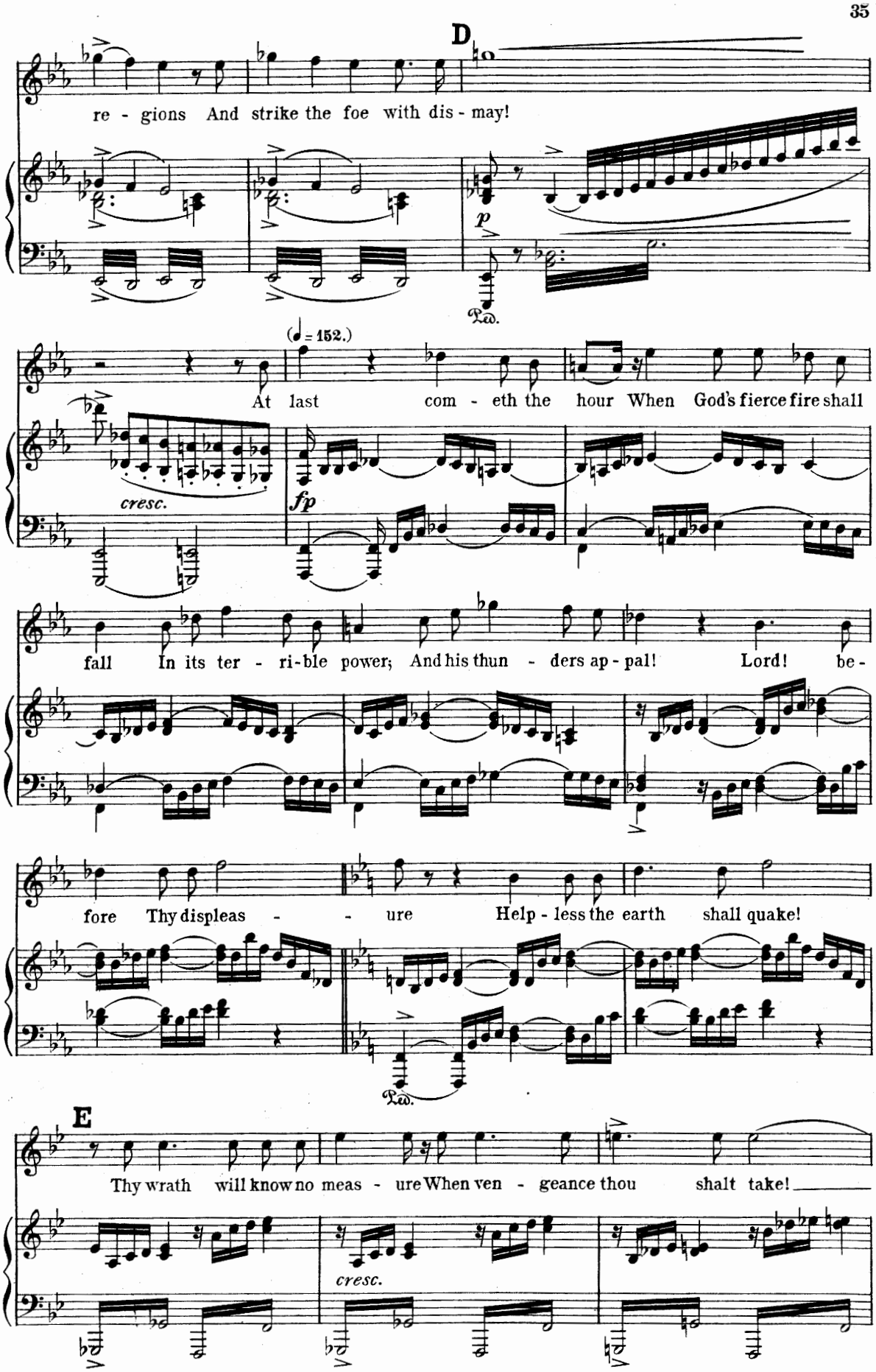

spair and your tears!
Our pa - tience will hold out no long -
mf
er;
You have found that we are the strong - er!
In vain your prayer! We
pp
dim.
sf p
mock your fears!
f
ff
tr
A
Più Allegro. (♩= 192.)
Your God whom ye im - plore with anguish Re - main - eth deaf to your
fp
call.
He lets you still in
8
p

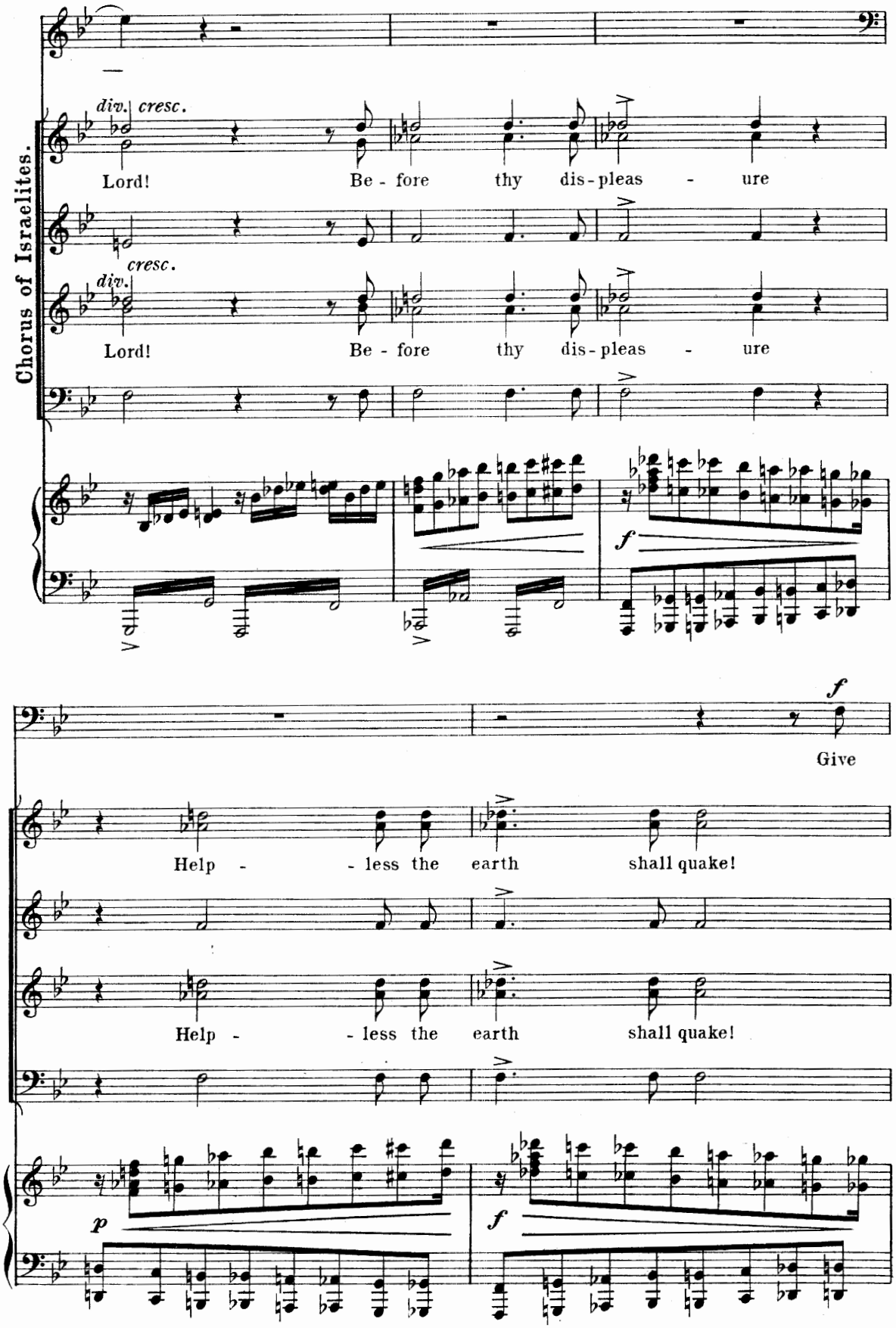

bondage lan - guish; On you his heav - y judg-ments fall!
Ped.
If he from us de - sires to
save you, Now let him show his pow'r di - vine, And
shat - ter the chains Your con - querors gave you; Let the
sun of free - dom shine.
Ped.

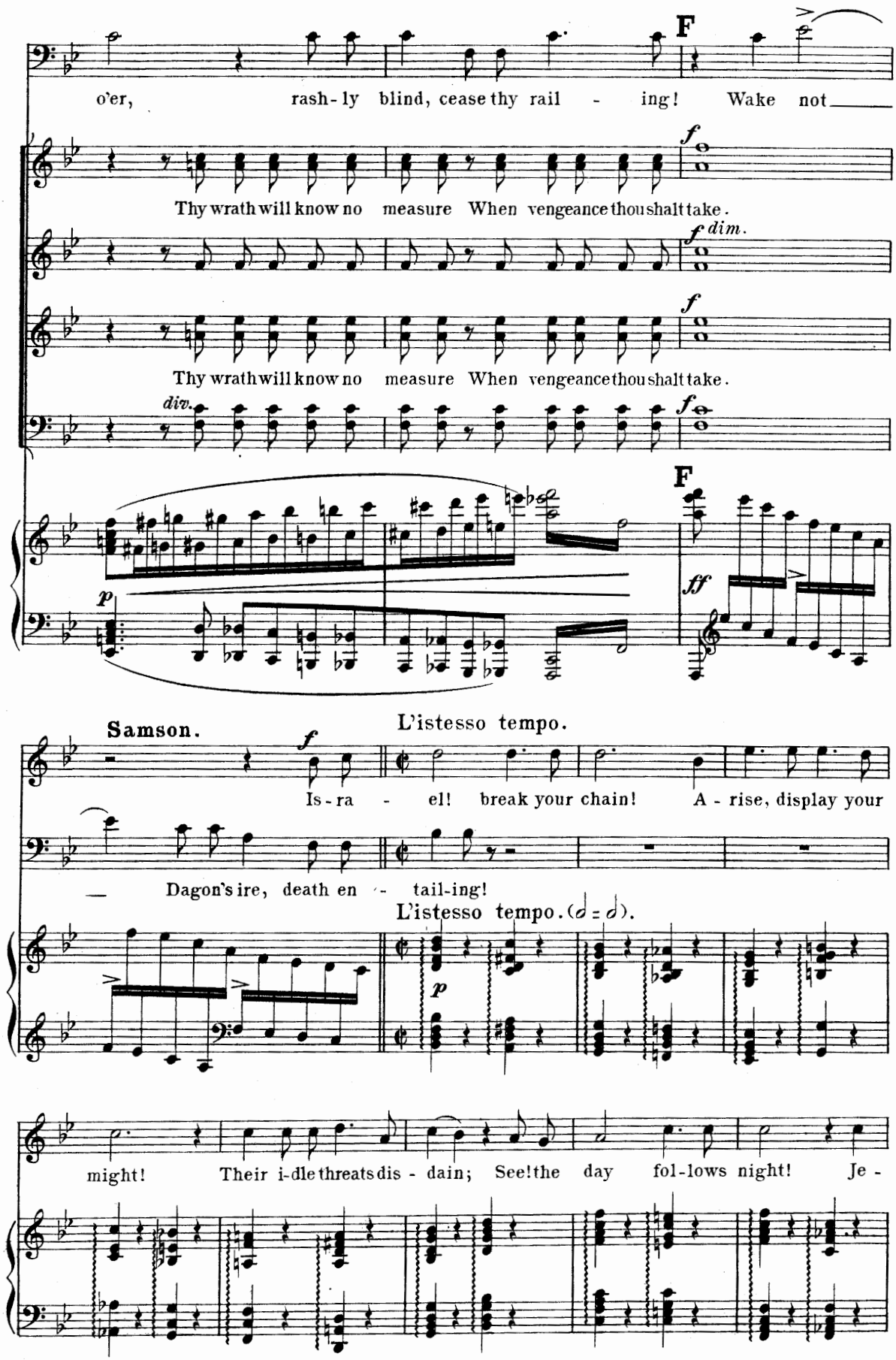

B
Do ye hope in in-solent daring, Our God un-to yours will
yield? Je - ho - vah to Da - gon com -
par - ing, Who for us win - neth the field.
Nay! your tim - id God fears and trem-bles When
Da-gon be - fore him is seen; He, the plain tive

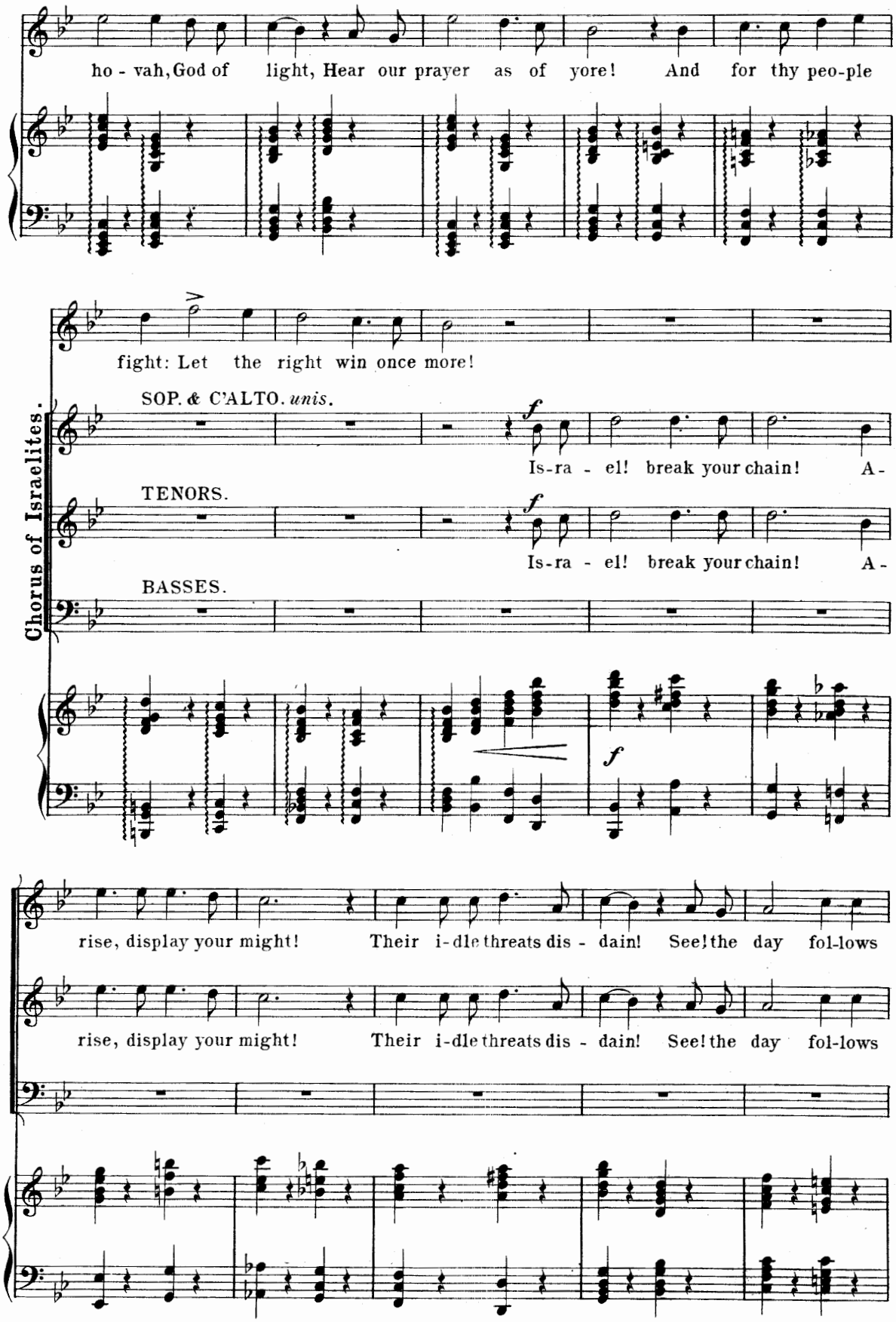

dove_ re - sem - bles, Da - gon the Ea - gle bold and
8
C
Sempre Allegro. (♩=144.)
Samson. (full of inspiration.)
Oh God! it is thou he blas - phem - eth: Let thy
keen!
8
p sempre.
Ped.
wrath on his head de - scend! Lord of Hosts!_ His power hath an
cresc.
end!
fp
Ped.

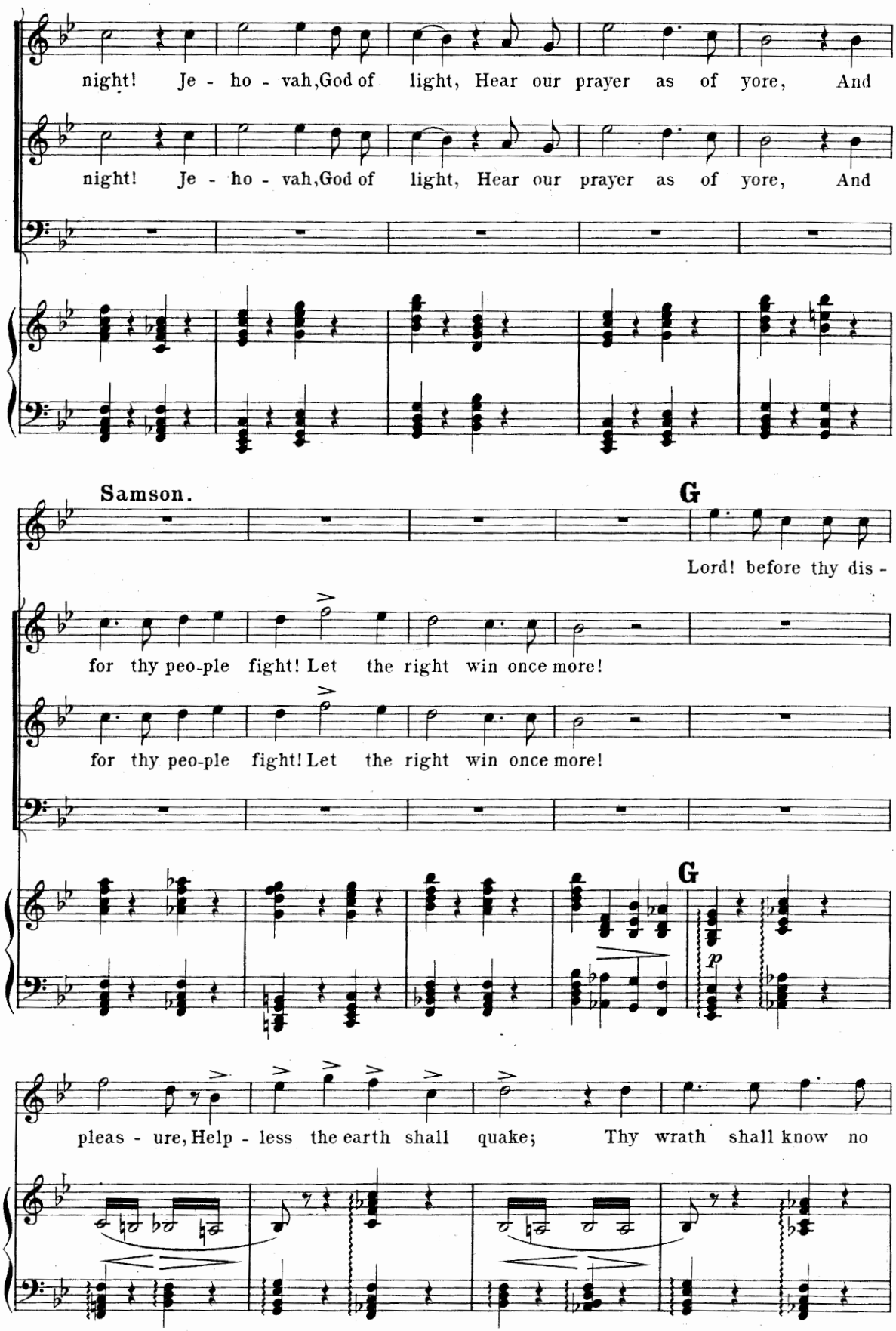

On high, like light-ning gleam - eth, The sword spark-ling with
fire.
From the
sky,
swift - ly stream - eth The host burn - ing with
ire!
Yea!
all the heav'nly
le - gions In their might - y ar - ray
Sweep down from bound - less

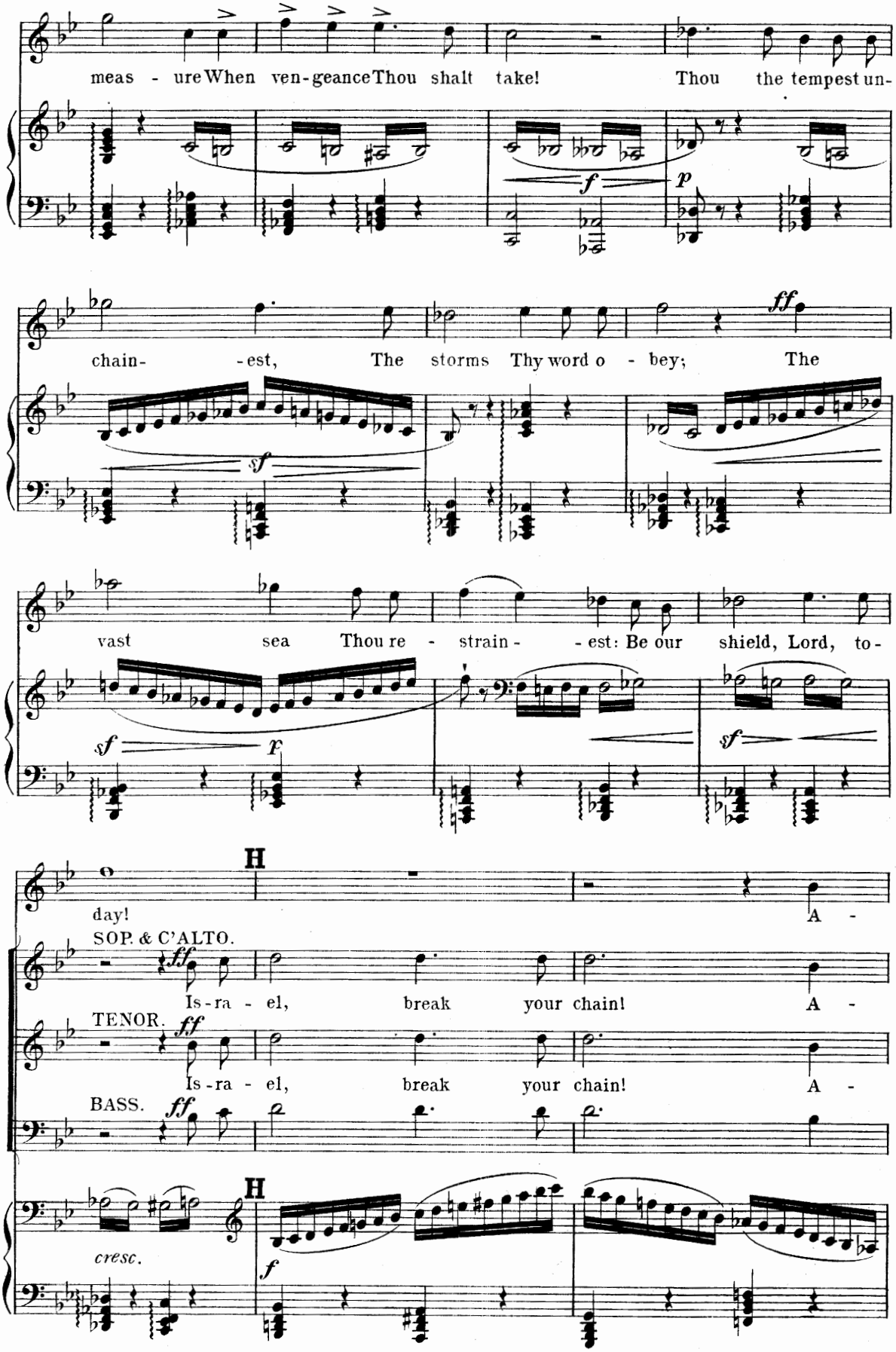

D
re - gions And strike the foe with dis - may!
p
Ped.
(♩= 152.)
At last com - eth the hour When God's fierce fire shall
cresc.
fp
fall In its ter - ri-ble power; And his thun - ders ap - pal! Lord! be-
fore Thy displeas - - ure Help - less the earth shall quake!
Ped.
E
Thy wrath will know no meas - ure When ven - geance thou shalt take!
cresc.

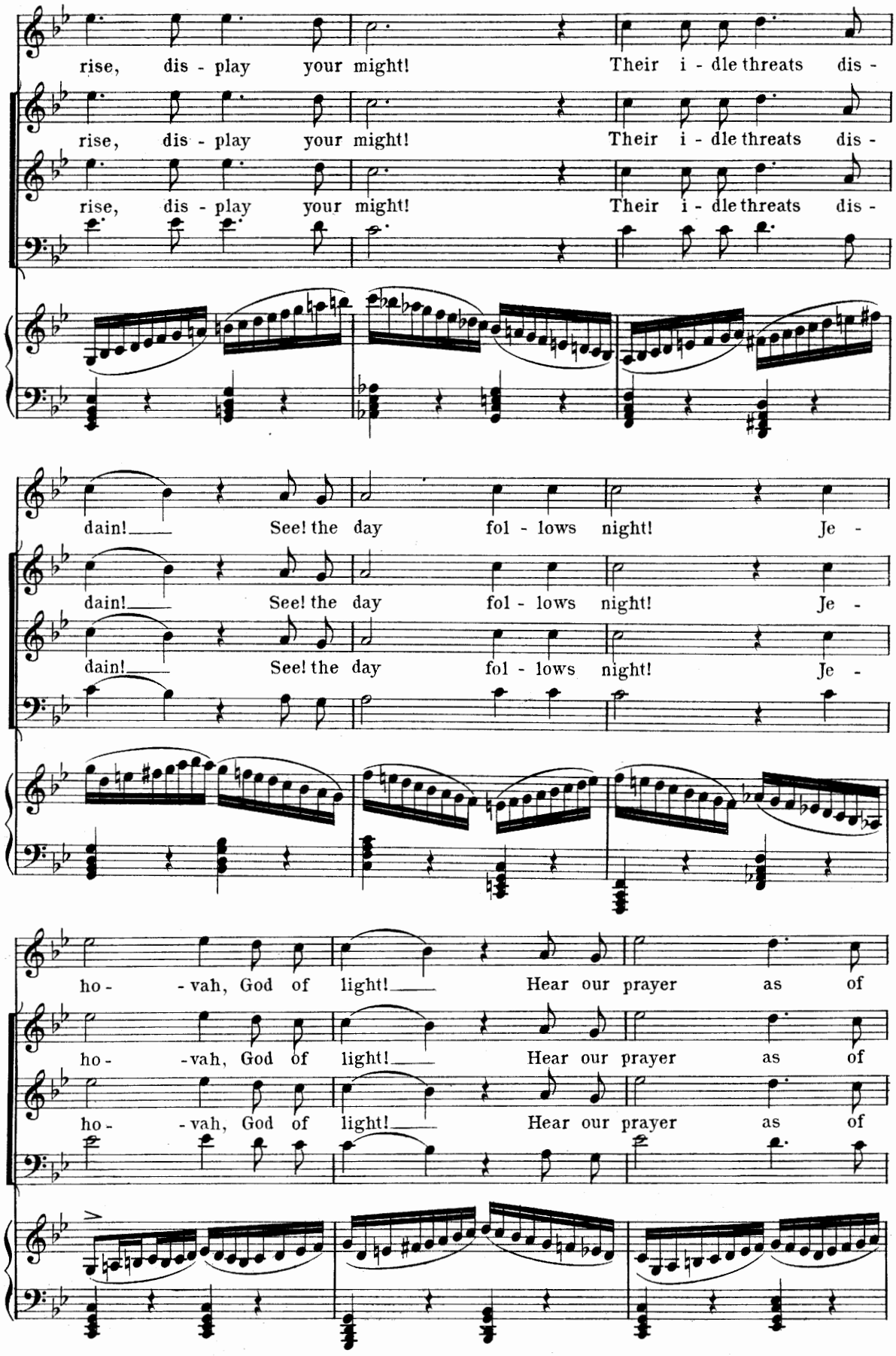

Chorus of Israelites.
div.
cresc.
Lord!
Be - fore
thy
dis - pleas - ure
cresc.
div.
Lord!
Be - fore
thy
dis - pleas - ure
f
Give
Help - - less the
earth
shall quake!
Help - - less the
earth
shall quake!
p
f

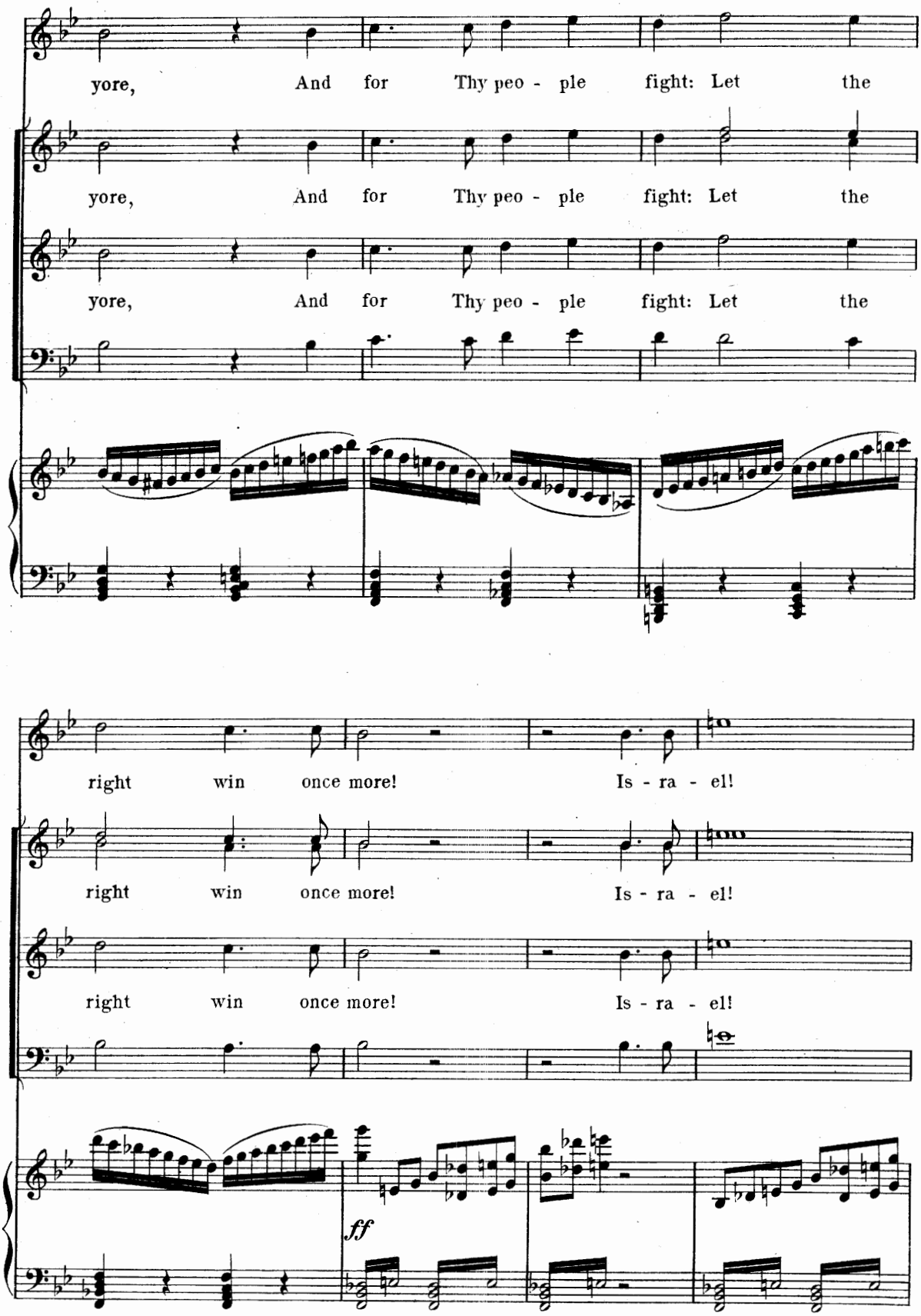

o'er, rash-ly blind, cease thy rail - ing! Wake not
F
Thy wrath will know no measure When vengeance thou shalt take.
f dim.
Thy wrath will know no measure When vengeance thou shalt take.
div.
p
ff
Samson.
L'istesso tempo.
Is-ra - el! break your chain! A - rise, display your
Dagon's ire, death en - tail-ing!
might! Their i-dle threats dis - dain; See! the day fol-lows night! Je -


ho - vah, God of light, Hear our prayer as of yore! And for thy peo-ple
fight: Let the right win once more!
Chorus of Israelites.
SOP. & C'ALTO. unis.
Is-ra - el! break your chain! A-
TENORS.
Is-ra - el! break your chain! A-
BASSES.
rise, display your might! Their i-dle threats dis - dain! See! the day fol-lows
rise, display your might! Their i-dle threats dis - dain! See! the day fol-lows


night! Je - ho - vah, God of light, Hear our prayer as of yore, And
night! Je - ho - vah, God of light, Hear our prayer as of yore, And
Samson.
G
Lord! before thy dis -
for thy peo-ple fight! Let the right win once more!
for thy peo-ple fight! Let the right win once more!
G
p
pleas - ure, Help - less the earth shall quake; Thy wrath shall know no


meas - ure When ven-geance Thou shalt take! Thou the tempest un-
chain- -est, The storms Thy word o - bey; The
vast sea Thou re - strain- - est: Be our shield, Lord, to-
day!
A -
SOP. & C'ALTO.
Is-ra - el, break your chain! A -
TENOR.
Is-ra - el, break your chain! A -
BASS.
cresc.


rise, dis - play your might! Their i - dle threats dis -
rise, dis - play your might! Their i - dle threats dis -
rise, dis - play your might! Their i - dle threats dis -
dain! See! the day fol - lows night! Je -
dain! See! the day fol - lows night! Je -
dain! See! the day fol - lows night! Je -
ho - - vah, God of light! Hear our prayer as of
ho - - vah, God of light! Hear our prayer as of
ho - - vah, God of light! Hear our prayer as of


yore, And for Thy peo - ple fight: Let the
yore, And for Thy peo - ple fight: Let the
yore, And for Thy peo - ple fight: Let the
right win once more! Is - ra - el!
right win once more! Is - ra - el!
right win once more! Is - ra - el!
ff

Now a - rise, now a - rise!

Now a - rise, now a - rise!

Now a - rise, now a - rise!

ff

I Abimelech, sword in hand, attacks Samson: Samson wrests the sword from him, and runs him

through. ABIMELECH, falling, cries: *help! help!* The Philistines in his suite run to his aid; Samson,

brandishing his sword, keeps them off. They fill the stage at the right. The greatest confusion reigns among them. Samson and the Israelites exeunt at the right.

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.

L'istesso tempo.

ff *dim.*

The High Priest.

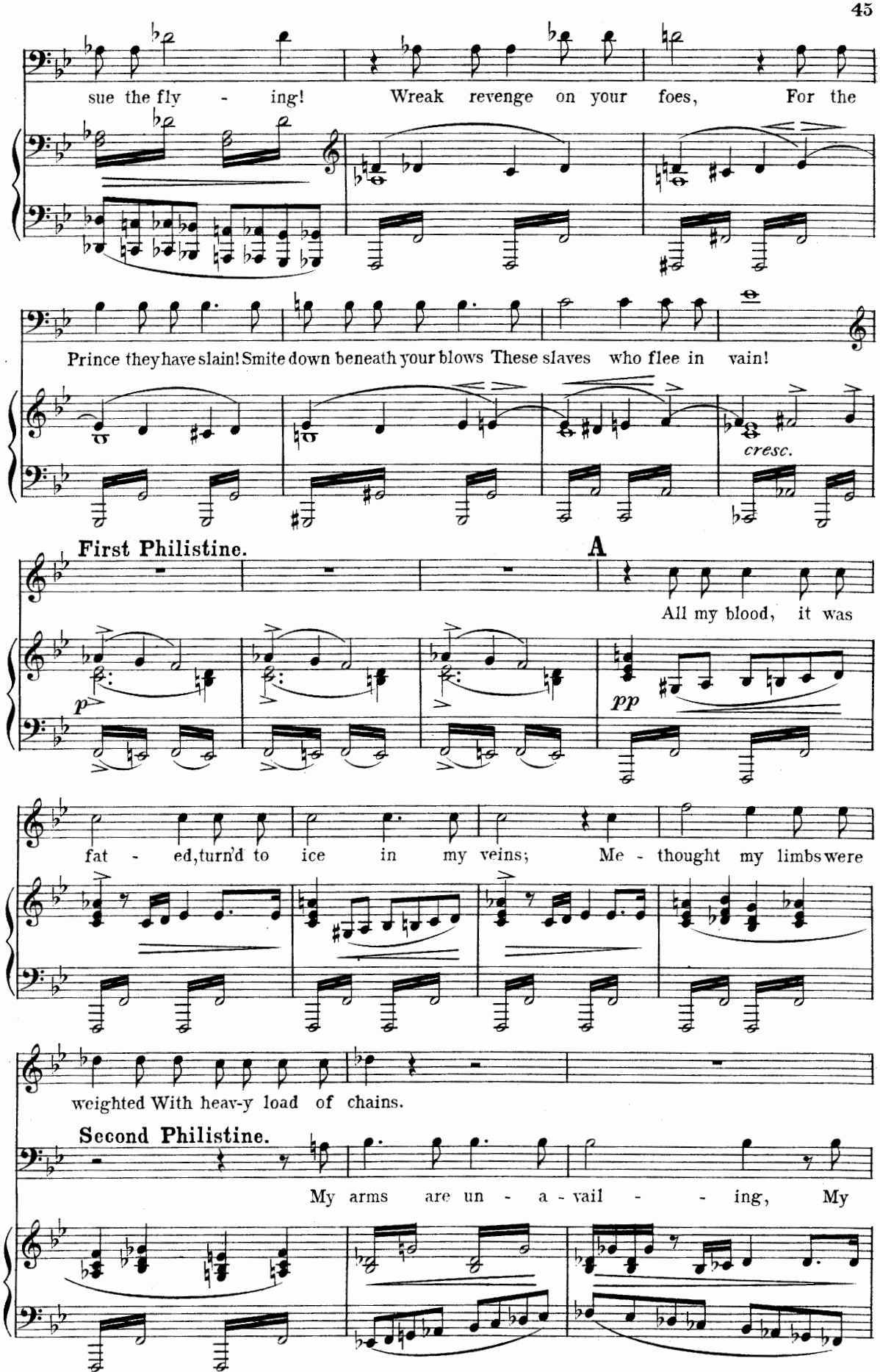
f

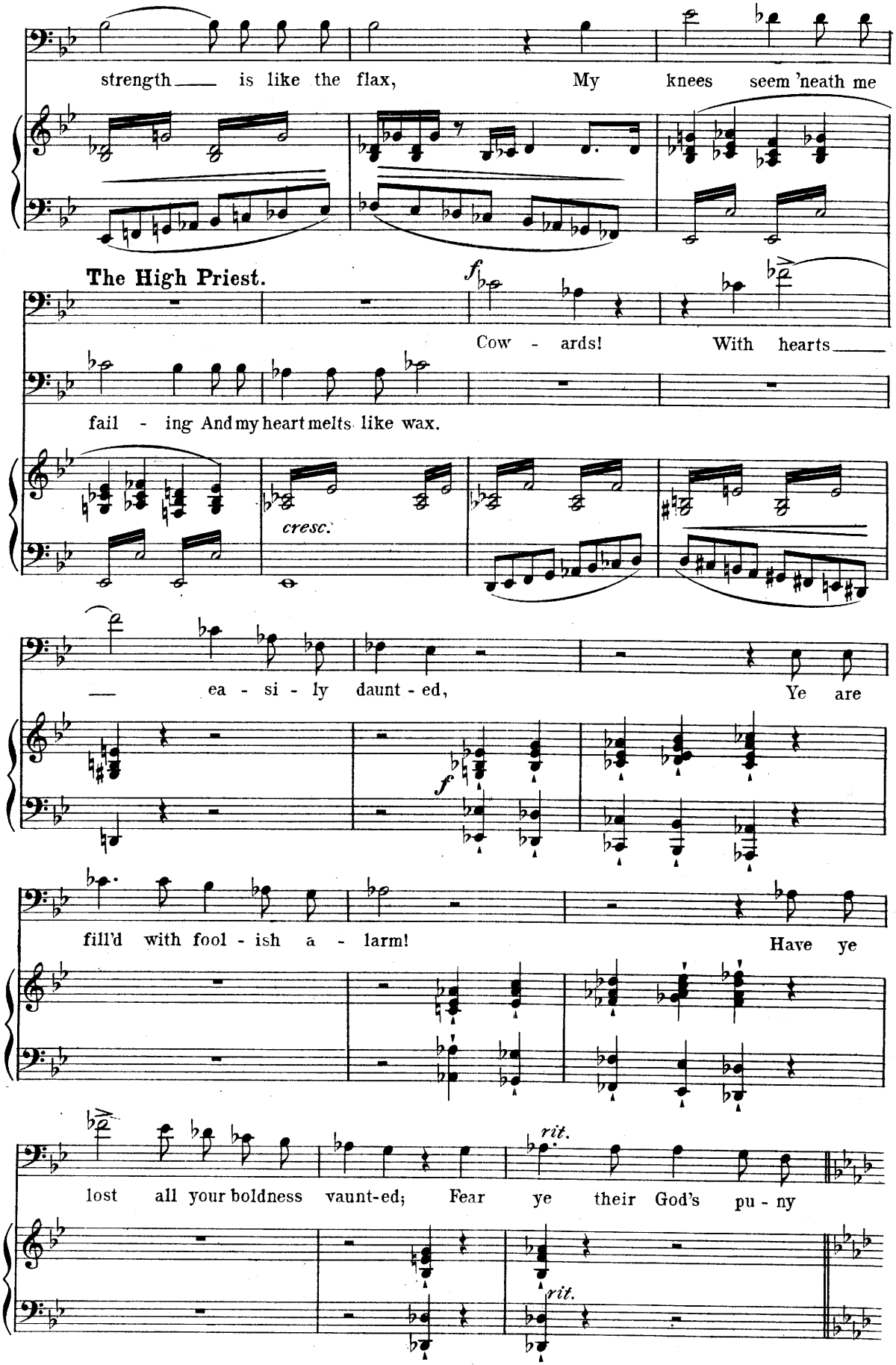
What see I?

p

A - bim-e-lech! By slaves struck down and dy - ing!

Oh, let them not e-scape! To arms! Pur -


sue the fly - ing! Wreak revenge on your foes, For the
Prince they have slain! Smite down beneath your blows These slaves who flee in vain!
cresc.
First Philistine.
A
All my blood, it was
p
pp
fat - ed, turn'd to ice in my veins; Me - thought my limbs were
weighted With heav-y load of chains.
Second Philistine.
My arms are un - a - vail - - ing, My


strength is like the flax, My knees seem 'neath me
The High Priest.
Cow - ards! With hearts
fail - ing And my heart melts like wax.
cresc.
ea - si - ly daunt - ed, Ye are
fill'd with fool - ish a - larm! Have ye
lost all your boldness vaunt-ed; Fear ye their God's pu - ny
rit.
rit.

Scene IV.

A Philistine Messenger.

B

My Lord! the band by Samson guid - ed To re - volt with fu - ri - ous

arm?

B (♩ = 92.)

pp a tempo.

wrath, A-cross our land by fear di - vid - ed March, leaving woe in their

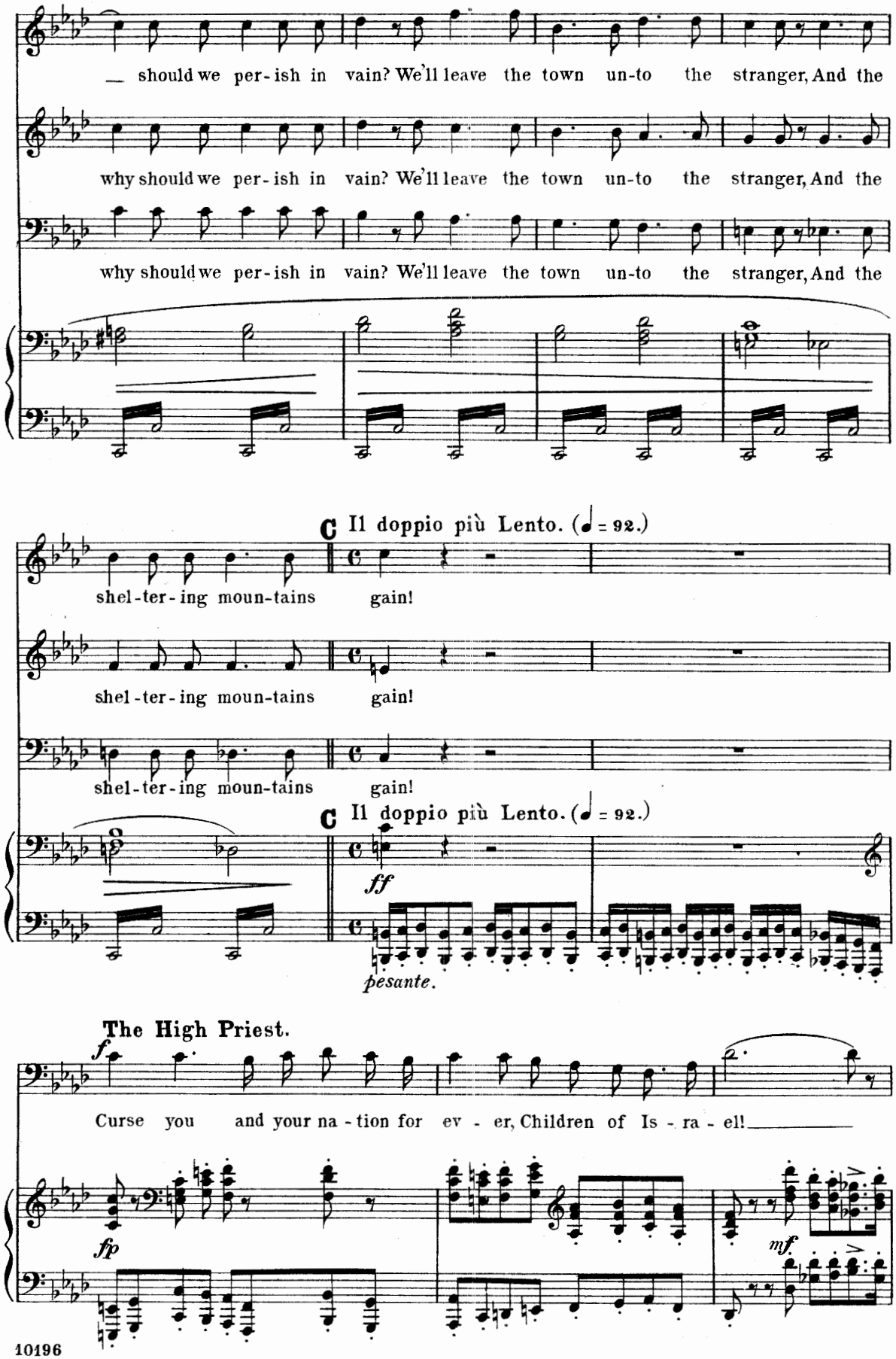
path Come! why

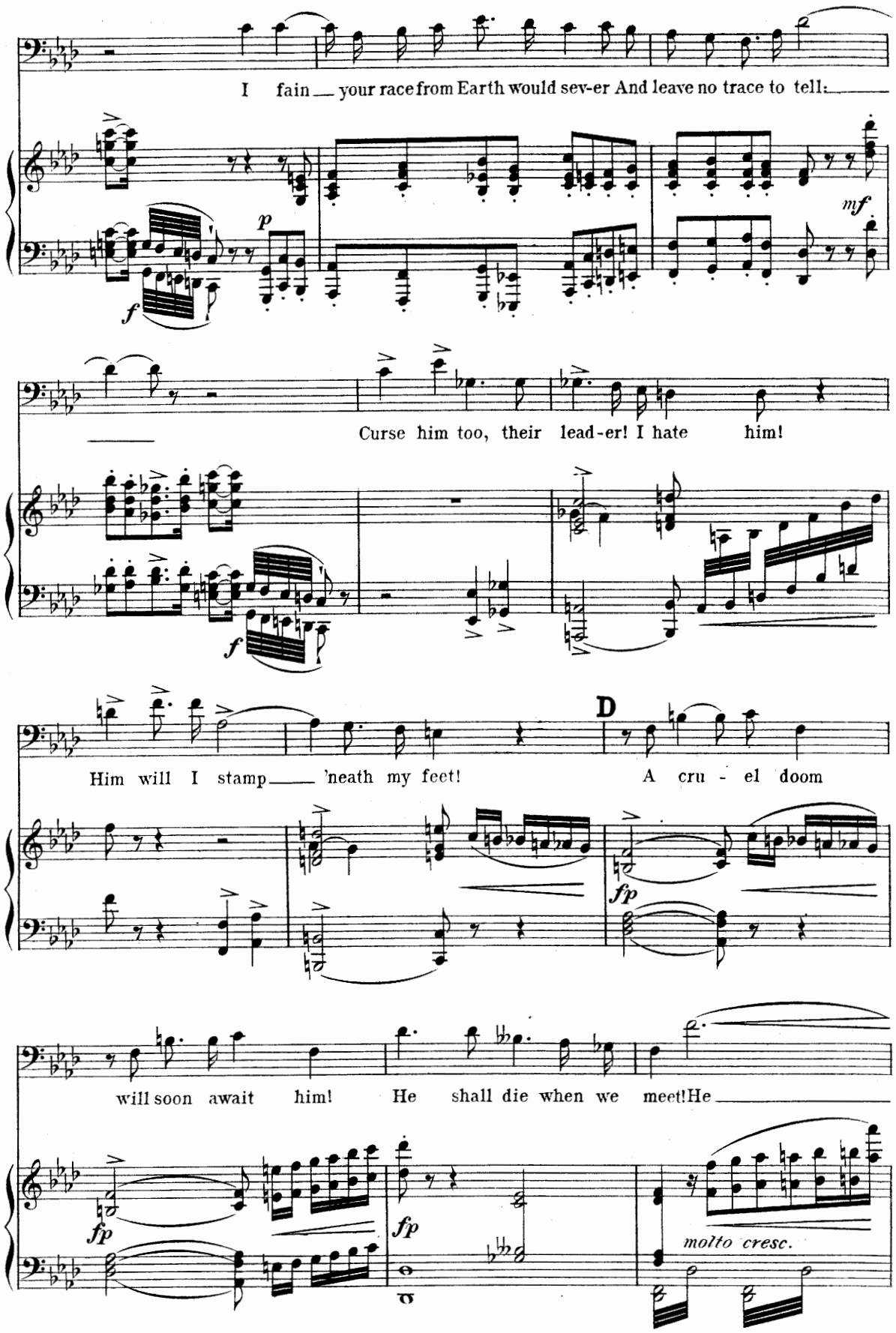
First Philistine.

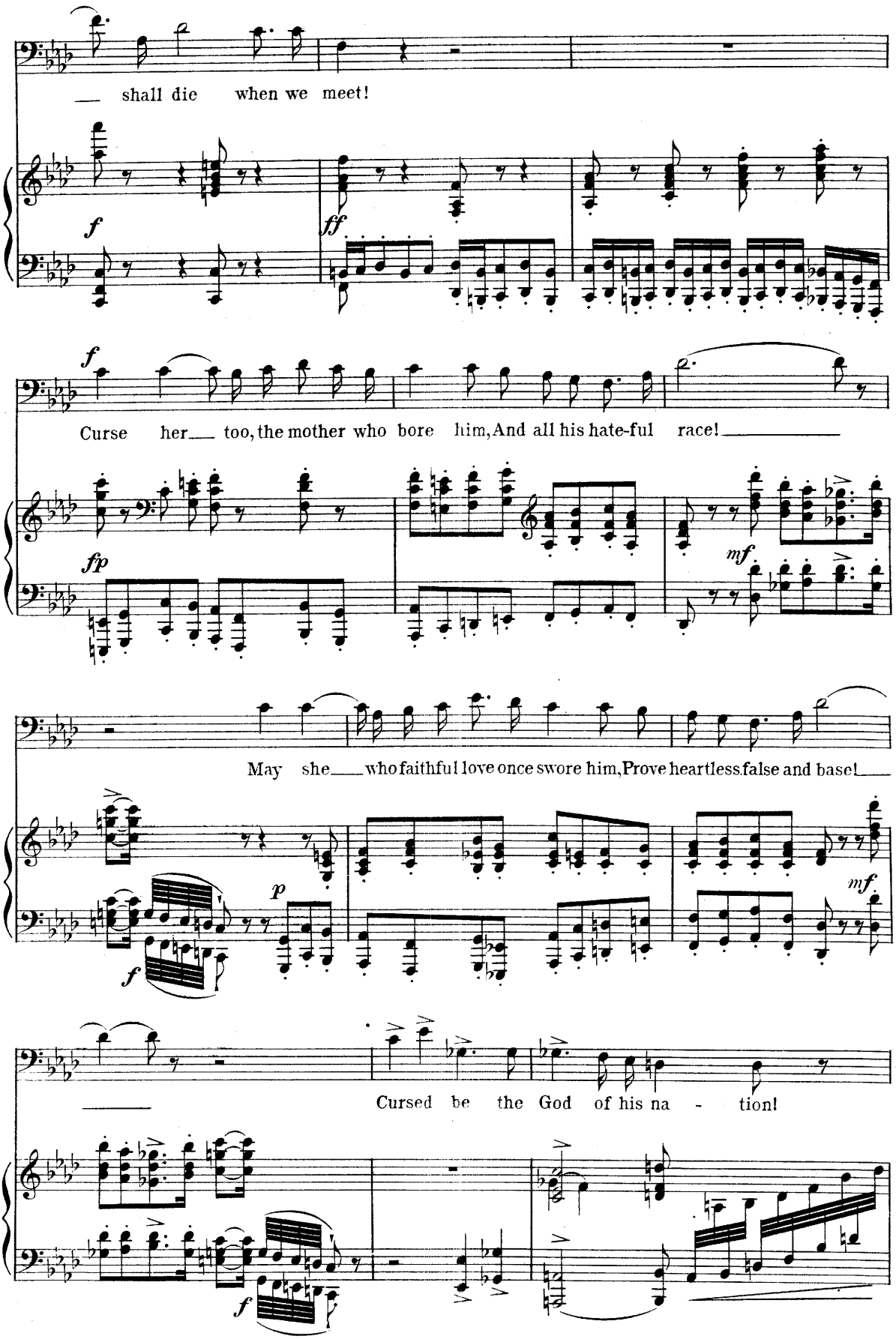
Oh, fly from the threat-en-ing dan- -ger! Come!

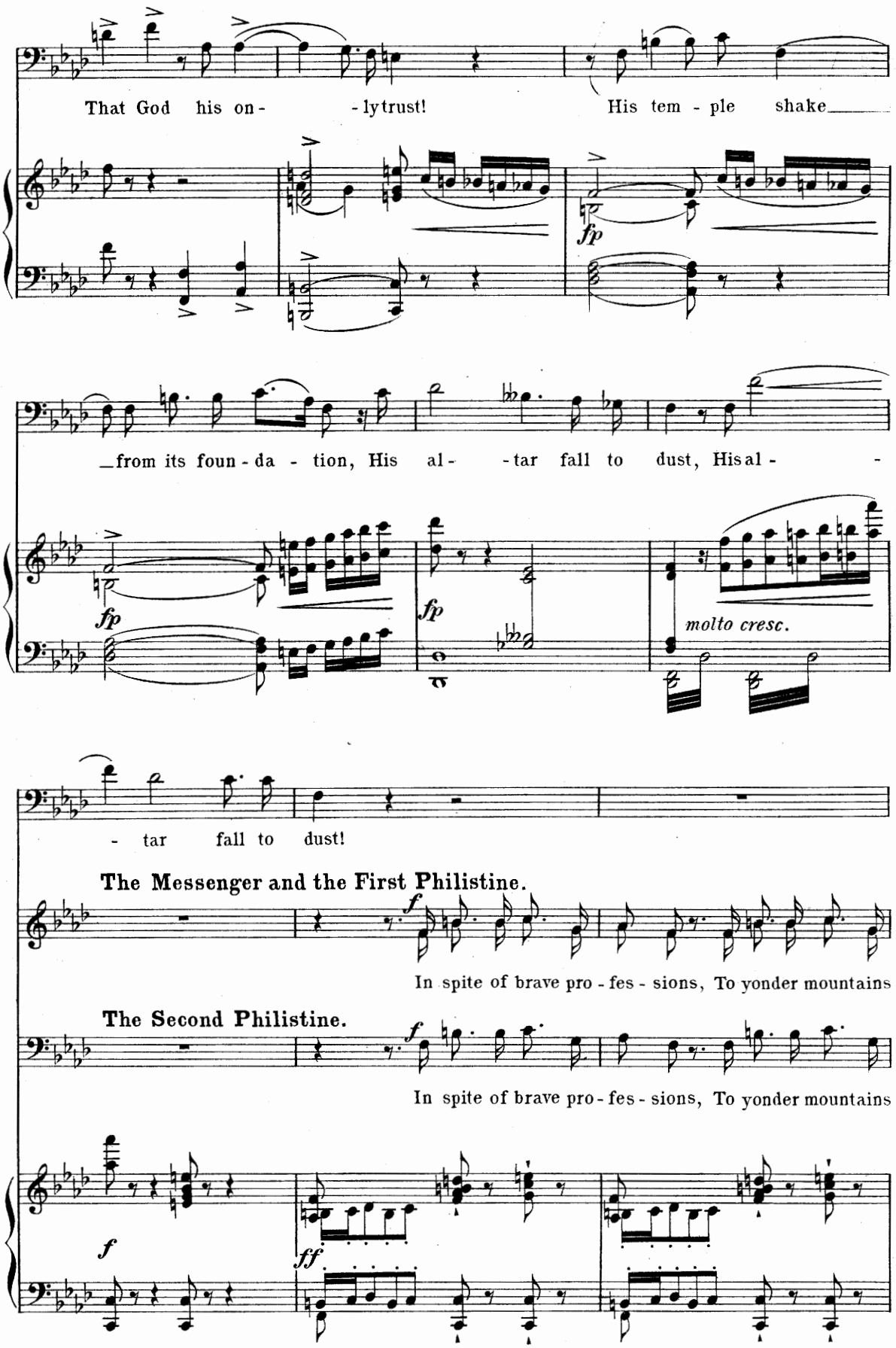
Second Philistine.

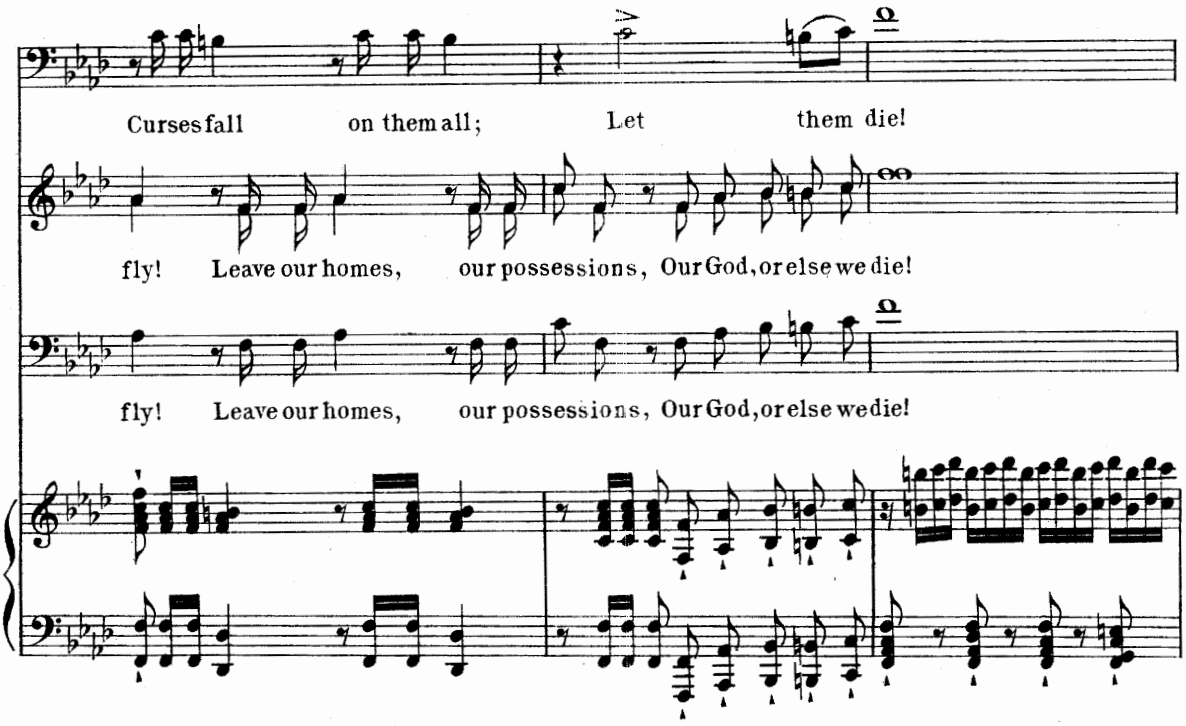
Oh, fly from the threat-en-ing dan- -ger! Come!


_ should we per-ish in vain? We'll leave the town un-to the stranger, And the
why should we per-ish in vain? We'll leave the town un-to the stranger, And the
why should we per-ish in vain? We'll leave the town un-to the stranger, And the
shel-ter-ing moun-tains
gain!
shel-ter-ing moun-tains
gain!
shel-ter-ing moun-tains
gain!
C Il doppio più Lento. (♩ = 92.)
C Il doppio più Lento. (♩ = 92.)
ff
pesante.
The High Priest.
f
Curse you and your na-tion for ev-er, Children of Is-ra-el!
fp
mf

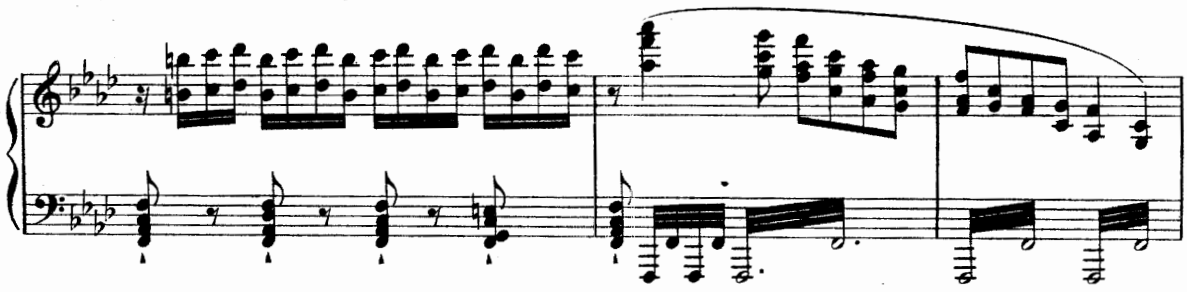

I fain your race from Earth would sev-er And leave no trace to tell:
Curse him too, their lead-er! I hate him!
Him will I stamp 'neath my feet! A cru - el doom
D
will soon await him! He shall die when we meet! He
molto cresc.


shall die when we meet!
Curse her too, the mother who bore him, And all his hate-ful race!
May she who faithful love once swore him, Prove heartless false and base!
Cursed be the God of his na - tion!

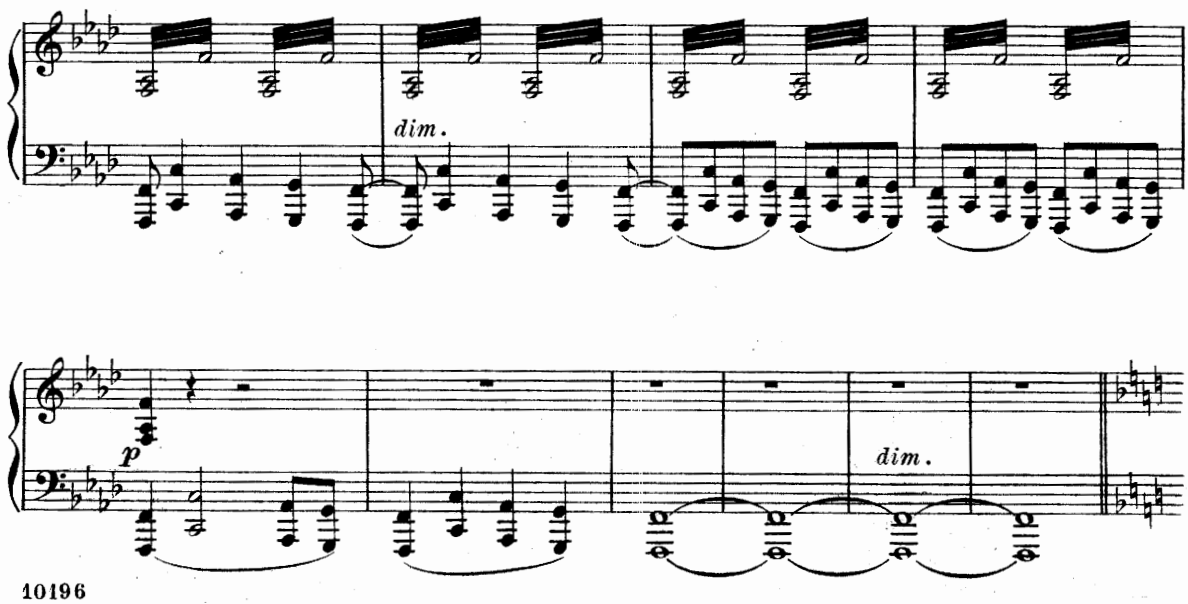

That God his on- -lytrust! His tem - ple shake
fp
from its foun - da - tion, His al- -tar fall to dust, His al- -
fp
fp
molto cresc.
- tar fall to dust!
The Messenger and the First Philistine.
f
In spite of brave pro - fes - sions, To yonder mountains
The Second Philistine.
f
In spite of brave pro - fes - sions, To yonder mountains
f
ff



Exeunt left, carrying Abimelech's dead body. Just as the Philistines leave the stage followed by

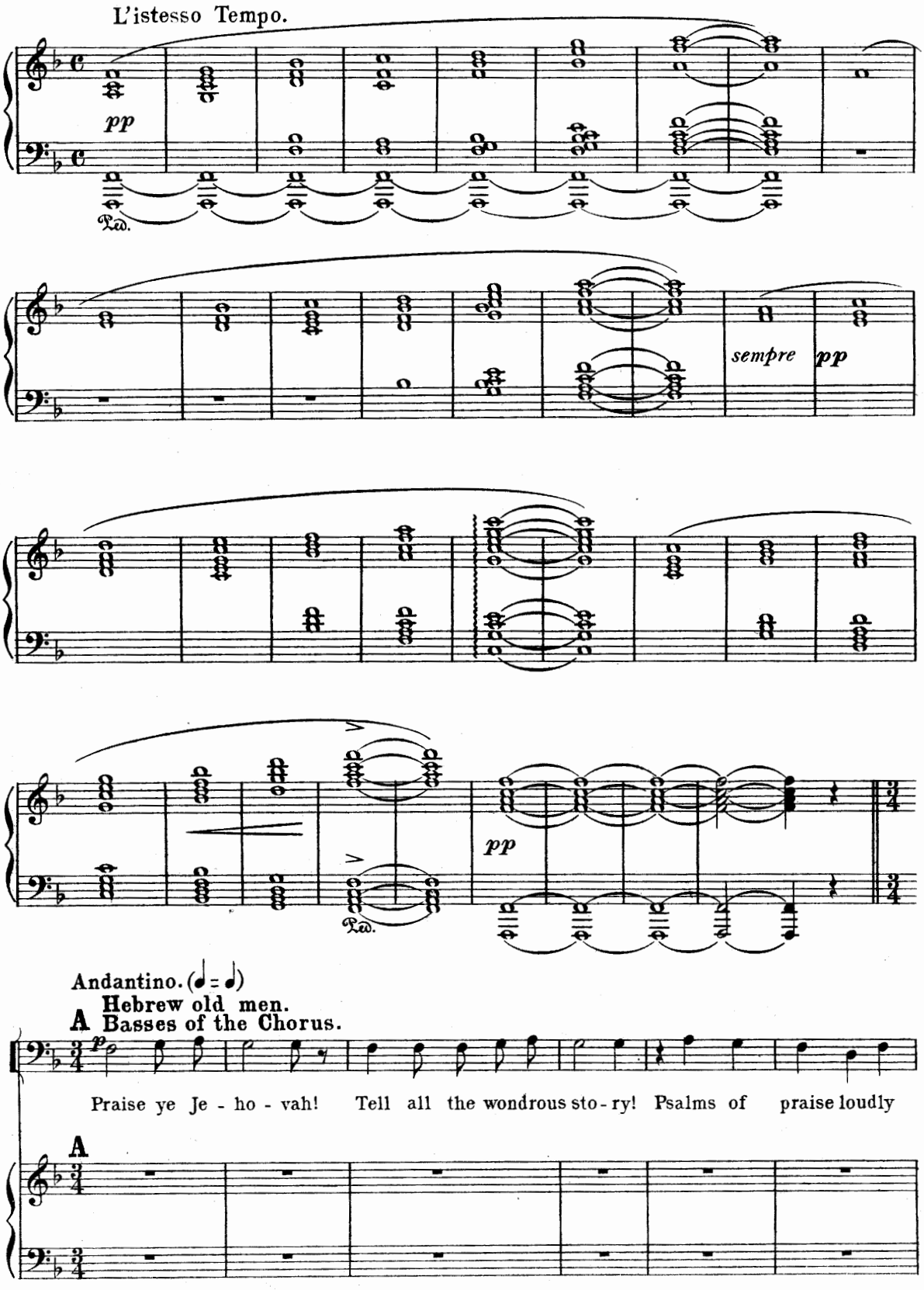


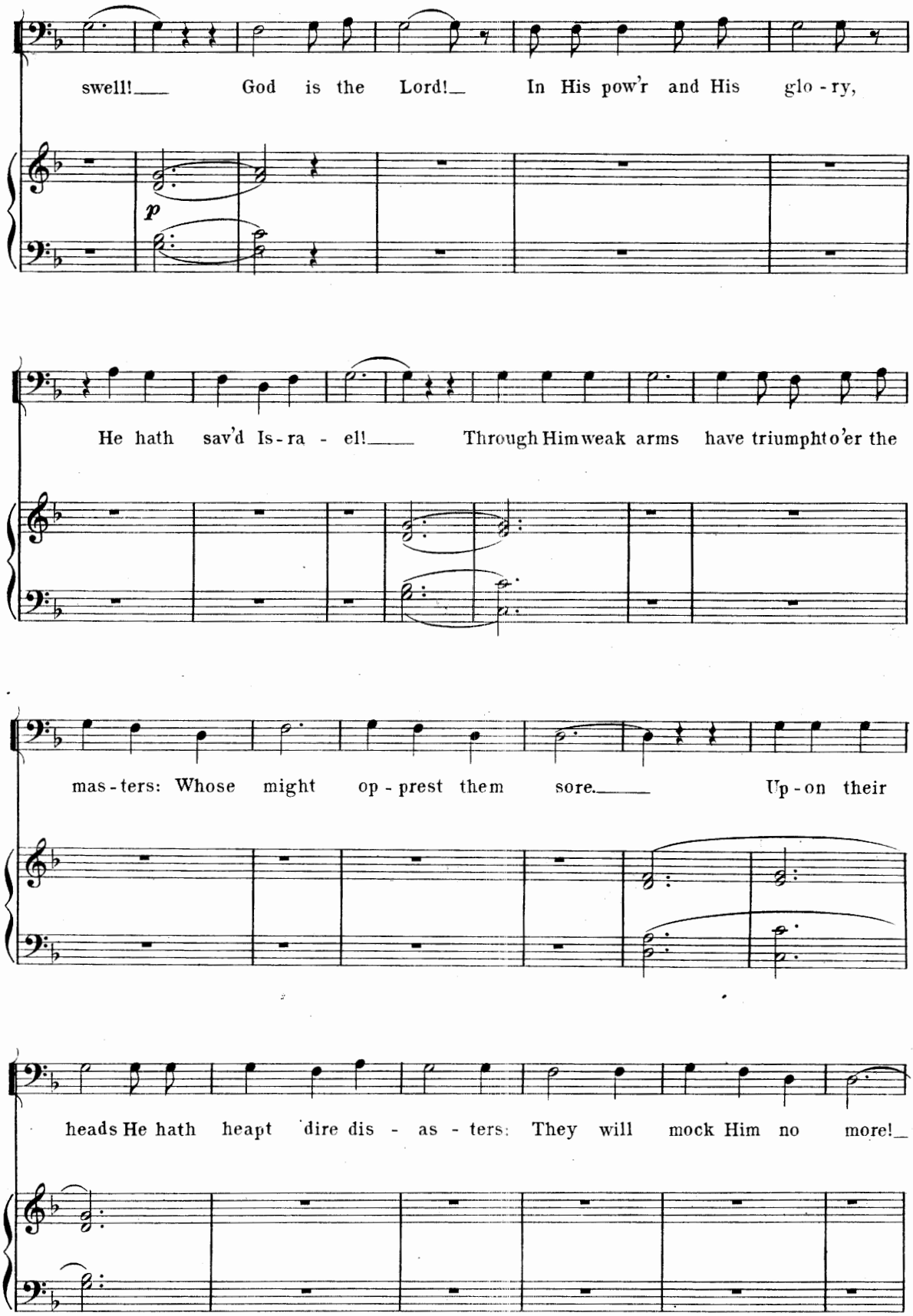
the High Priest, the old men and the women of the Hebrews enter right. The sun is fully risen.



Hebrew women and old men – Then Samson followed by the victorious Hebrews.

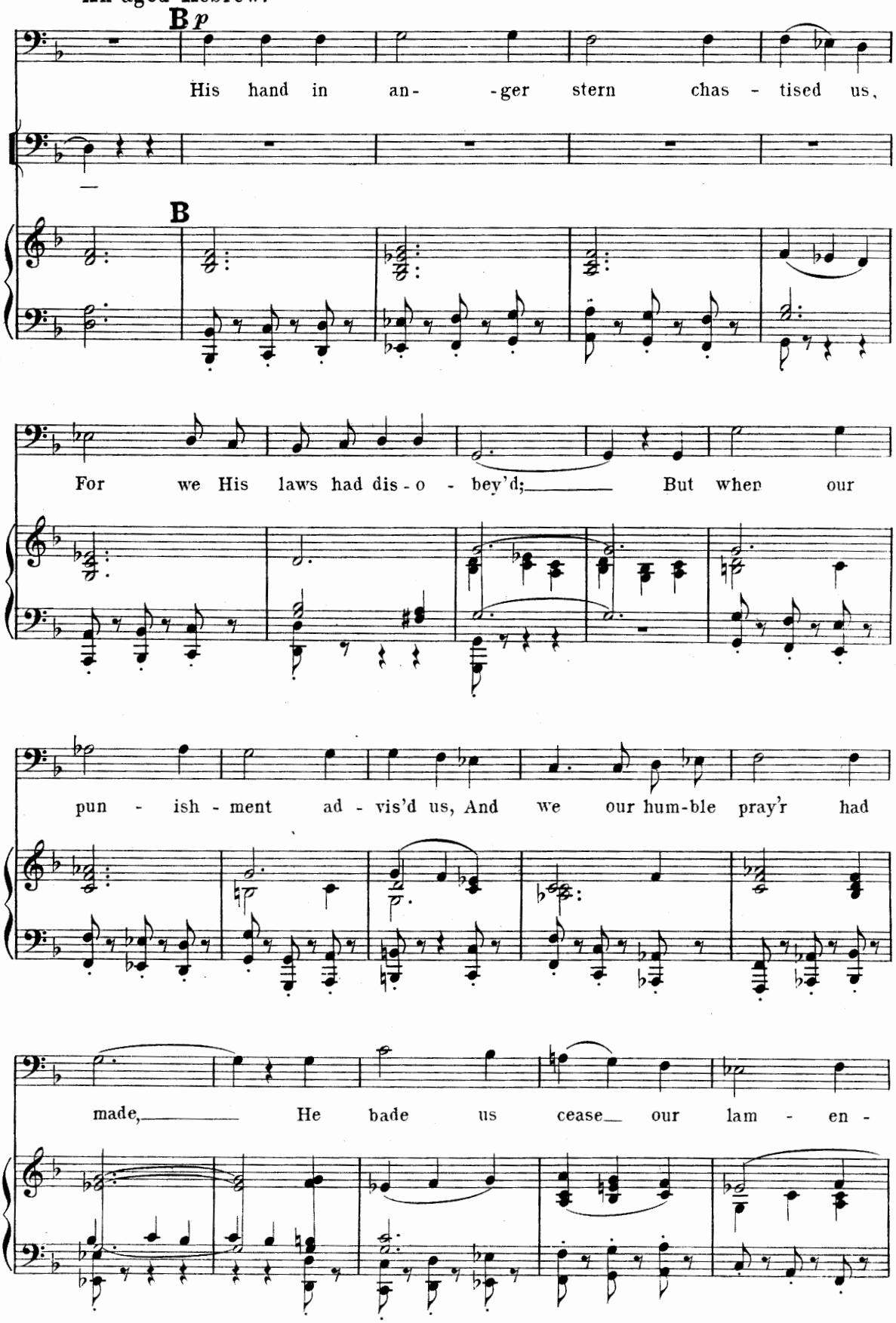
Scene V.

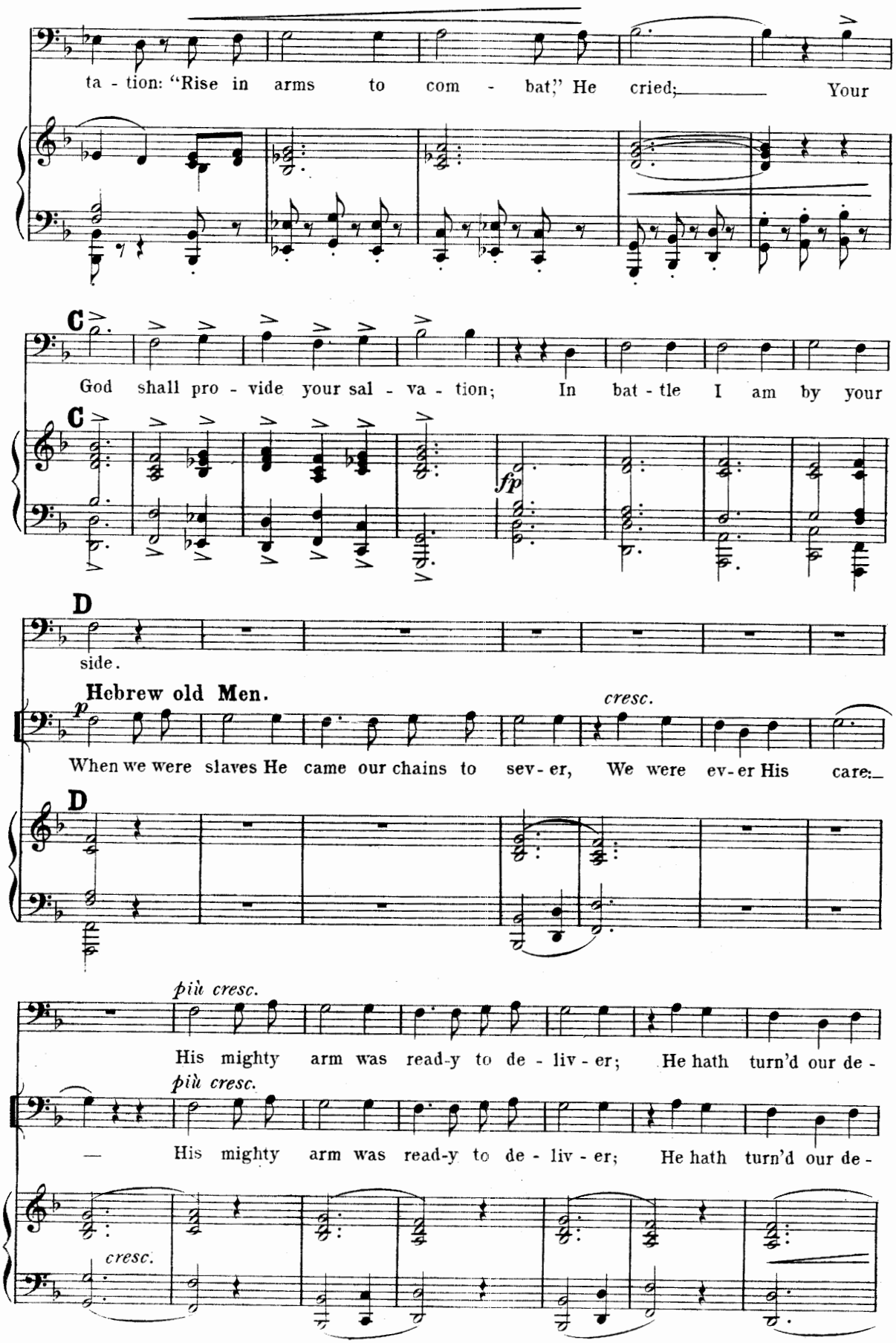


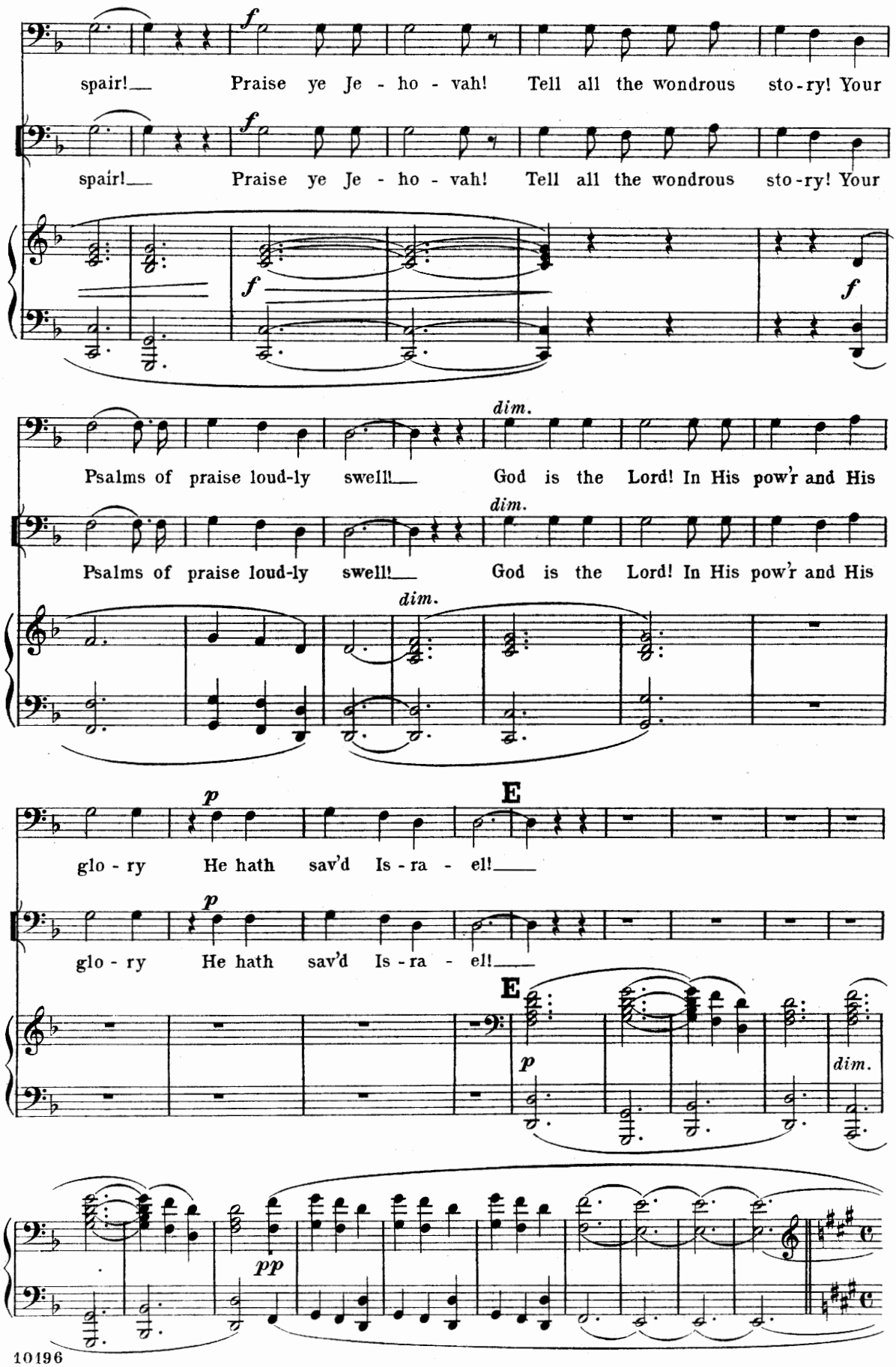

swell! God is the Lord! In His pow'r and His glo - ry,
p
He hath sav'd Is - ra - el! Through Him weak arms have triumph to'er the
mas - ters: Whose might op - prest them sore. Up - on their
heads He hath heapt dire dis - as - ters: They will mock Him no more!

The Hebrews led by Samson enter right.

An aged Hebrew.




ta - tion: "Rise in arms to com - bat," He cried; Your
C
God shall pro - vide your sal - va - tion; In bat - tle I am by your
C
fp
D
side.
Hebrew old Men.
p
cresc.
When we were slaves He came our chains to sev - er, We were ev - er His care:
D
più cresc.
His mighty arm was read-y to de - liv - er; He hath turn'd our de -
più cresc.
His mighty arm was read-y to de - liv - er; He hath turn'd our de -
cresc.


spair! Praise ye Je - ho - vah! Tell all the wondrous sto-ry! Your
spair! Praise ye Je - ho - vah! Tell all the wondrous sto-ry! Your
f
f
f
Psalms of praise loud-ly swell! God is the Lord! In His pow'r and His
dim.
Psalms of praise loud-ly swell! God is the Lord! In His pow'r and His
dim.
glo - ry He hath sav'd Is - ra - el!
p
E
glo - ry He hath sav'd Is - ra - el!
p
E
p
dim.
pp

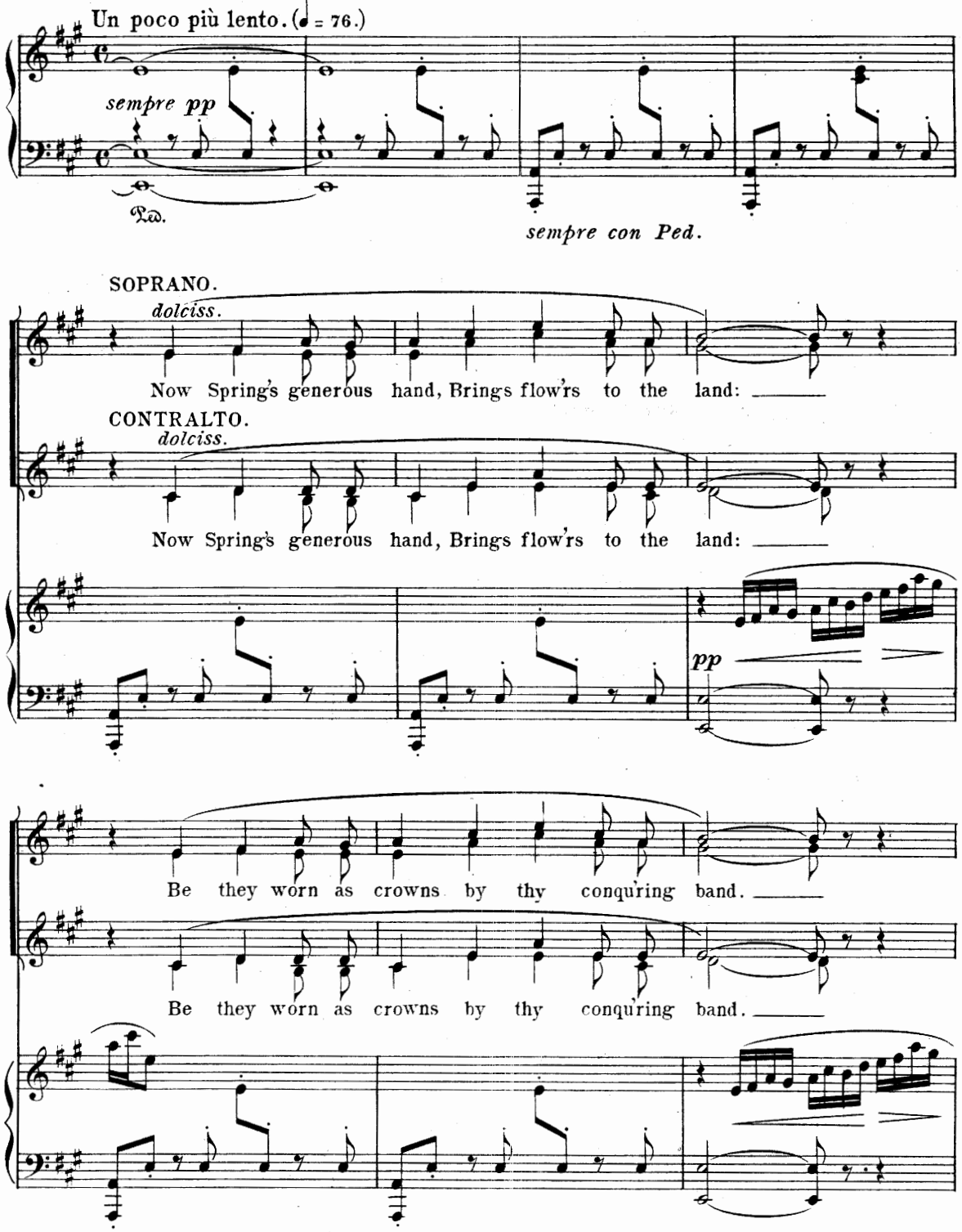
Spring Chorus

St. Saens

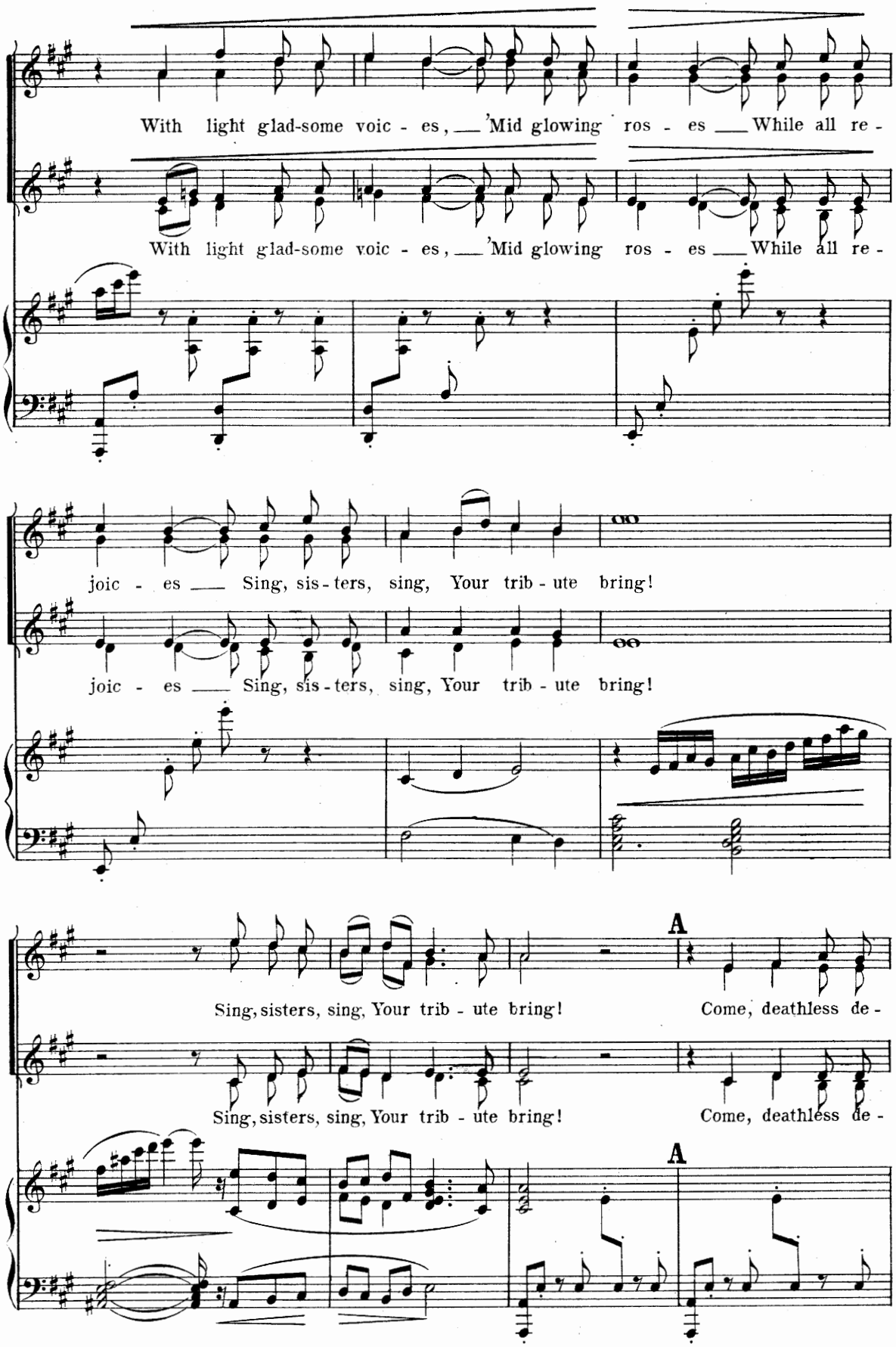
SAMSON, DELILAH, CHORUS OF PHILISTINES, THE OLD HEBREW, CHORUS OF HEBREWS.

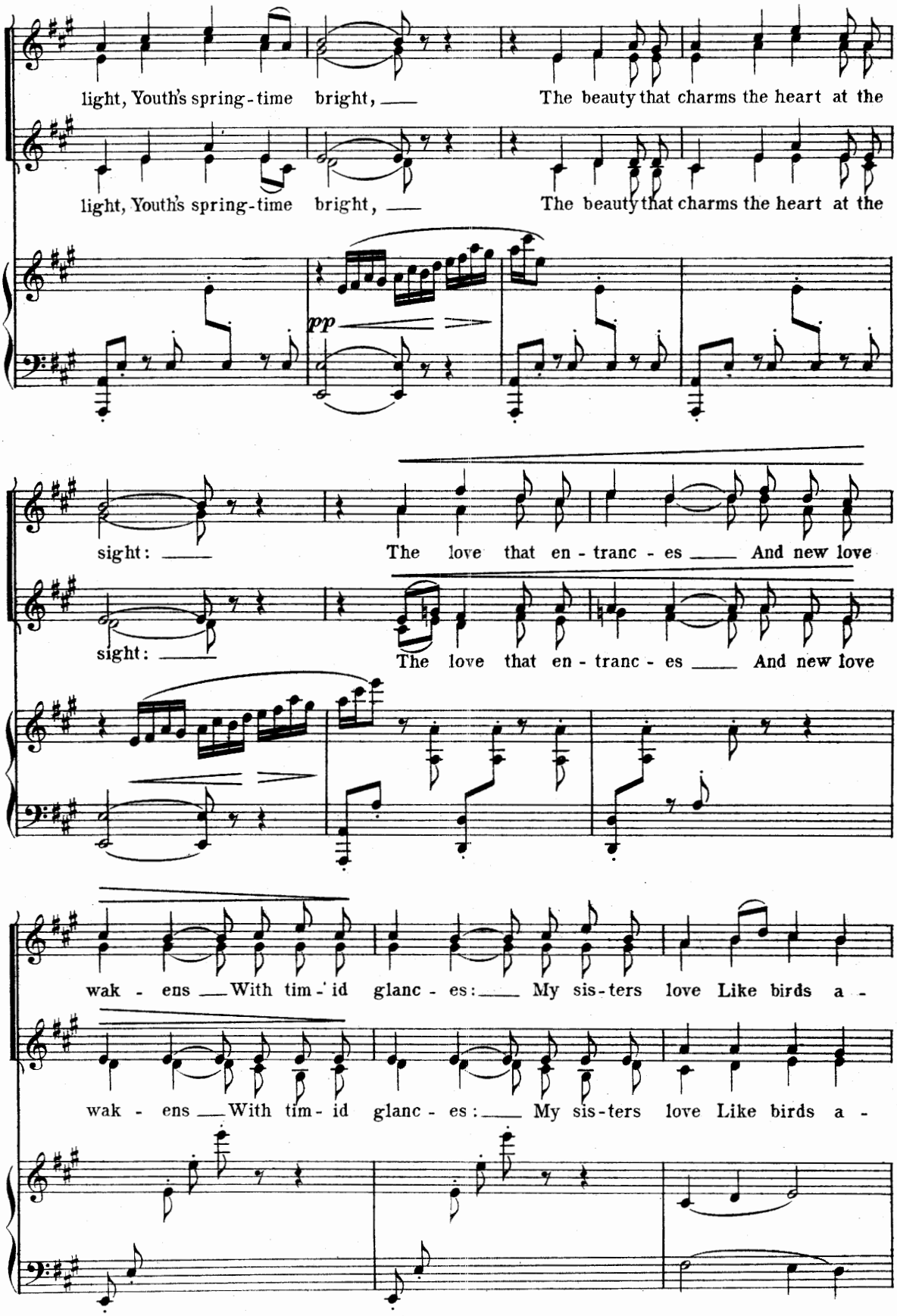
The gates of Dagon's temple swing open. Delilah enters, followed by Philistine women holding garlands of flowers in their hands.

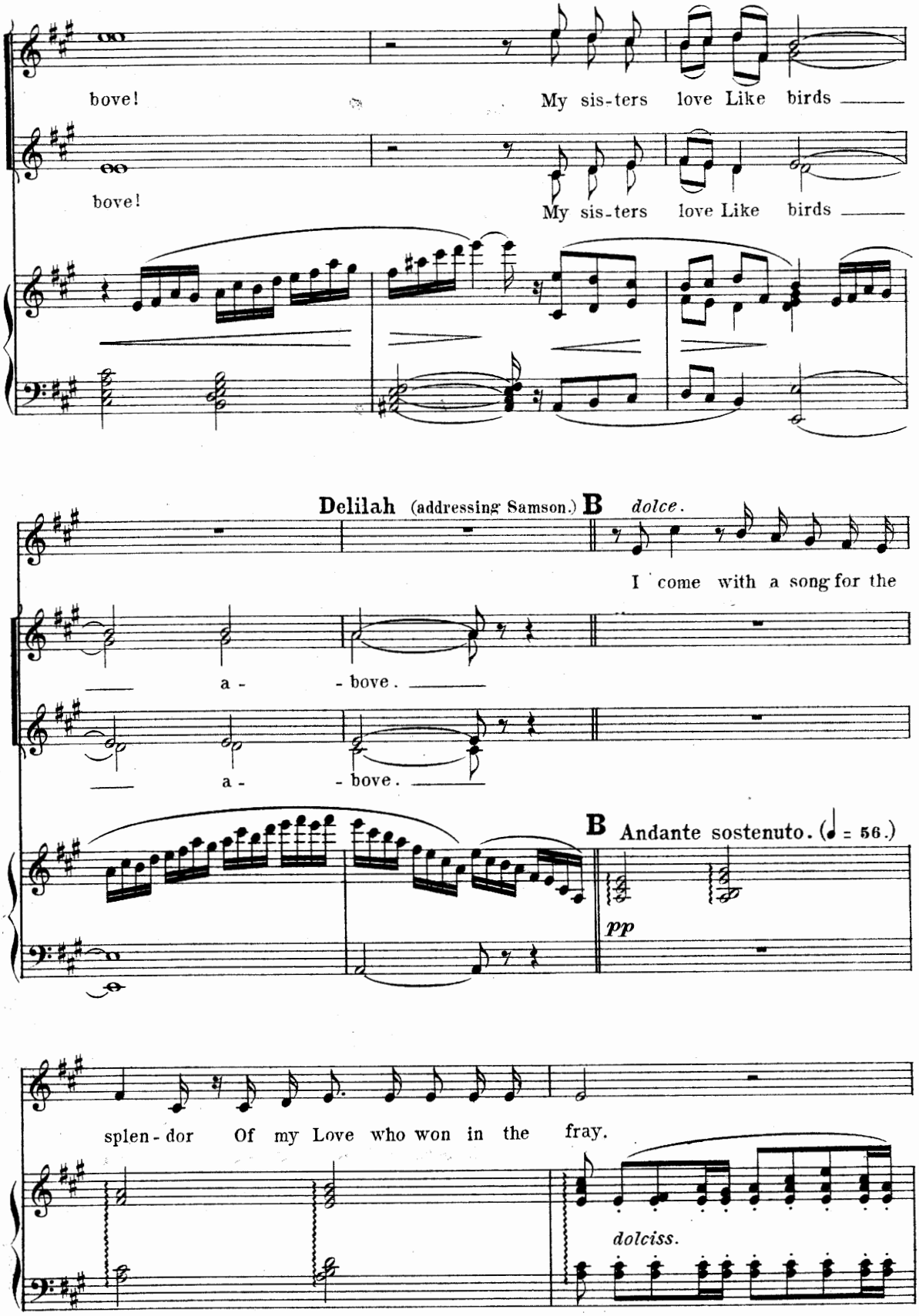
Scene VI.

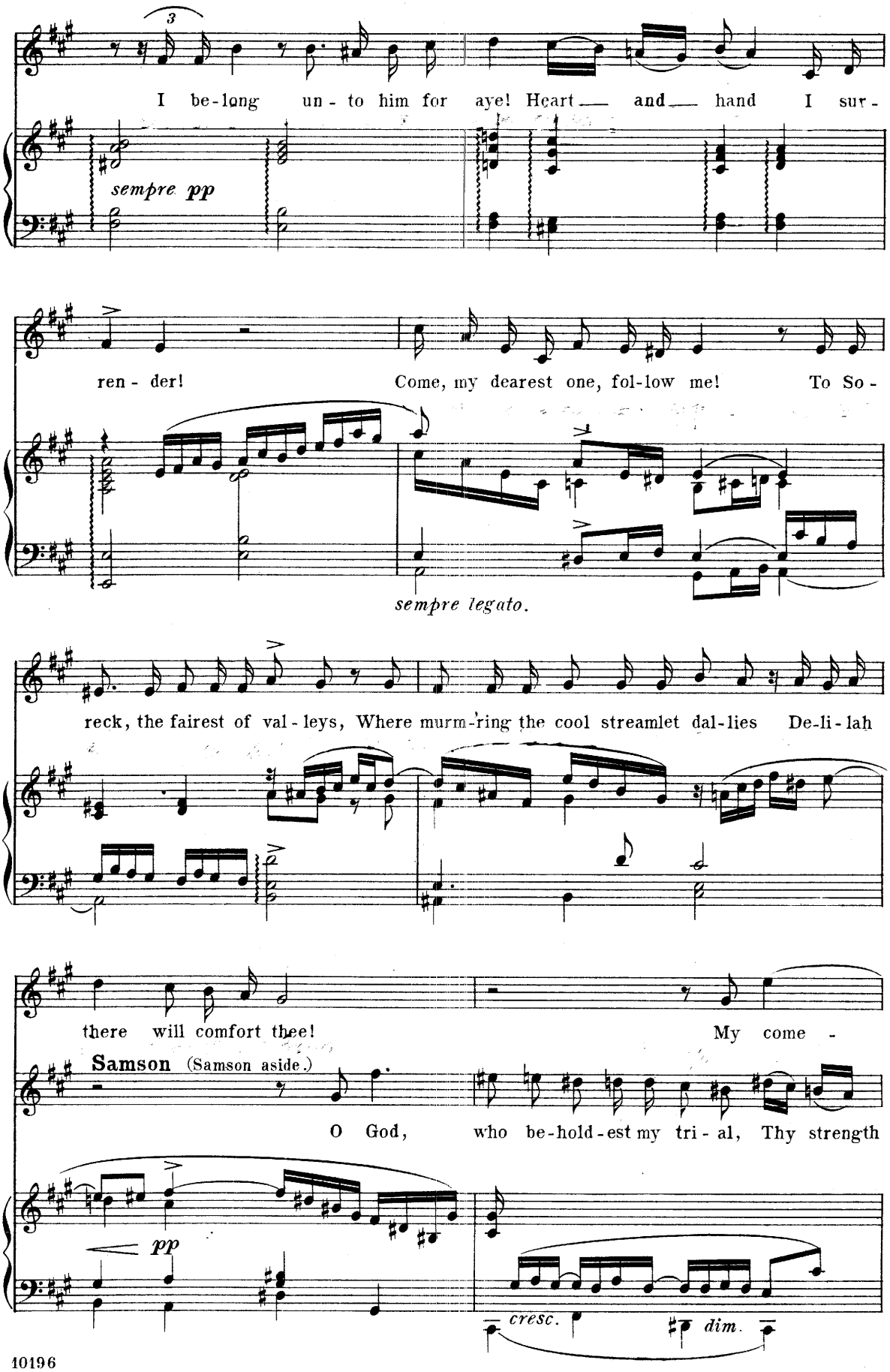


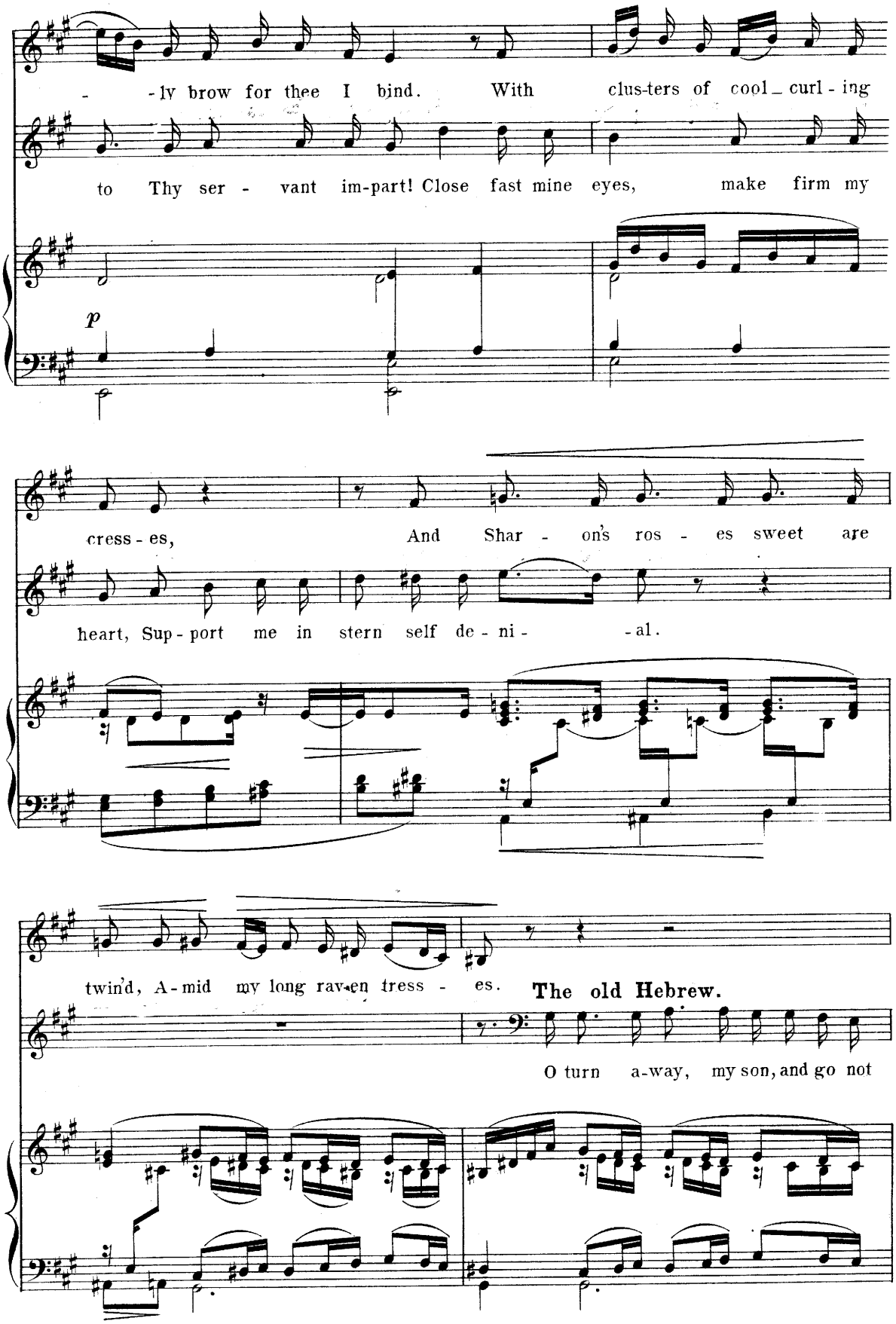
Copyright, 1892, by G. Schirmer.

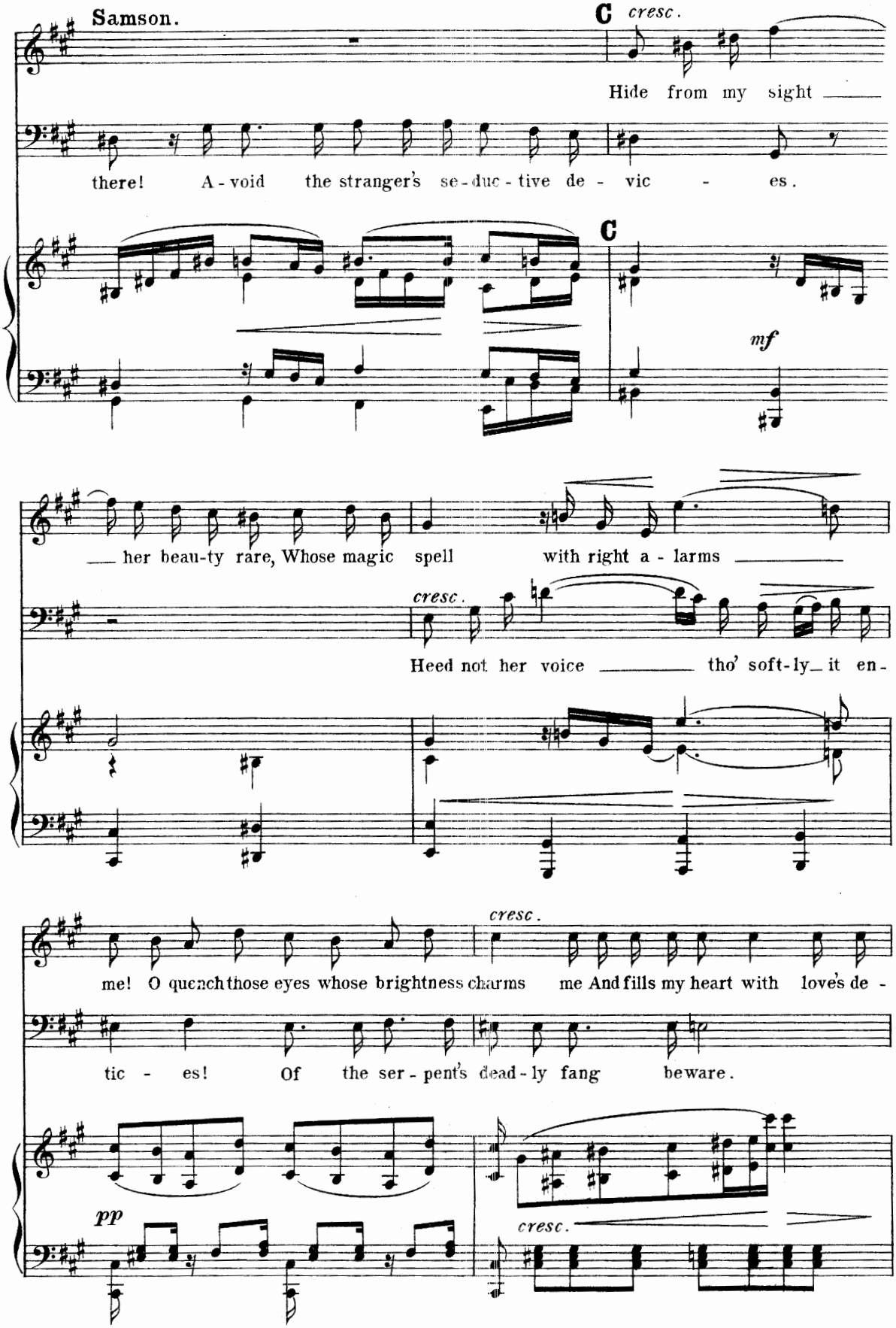

With light glad-some voic - es, 'Mid glowing ros - es While all re -
With light glad-some voic - es, 'Mid glowing ros - es While all re -
joic - es Sing, sis - ters, sing, Your trib - ute bring!
joic - es Sing, sis - ters, sing, Your trib - ute bring!
Sing, sisters, sing, Your trib - ute bring!
Come, deathless de -
Sing, sisters, sing, Your trib - ute bring!
Come, deathless de -
A
A

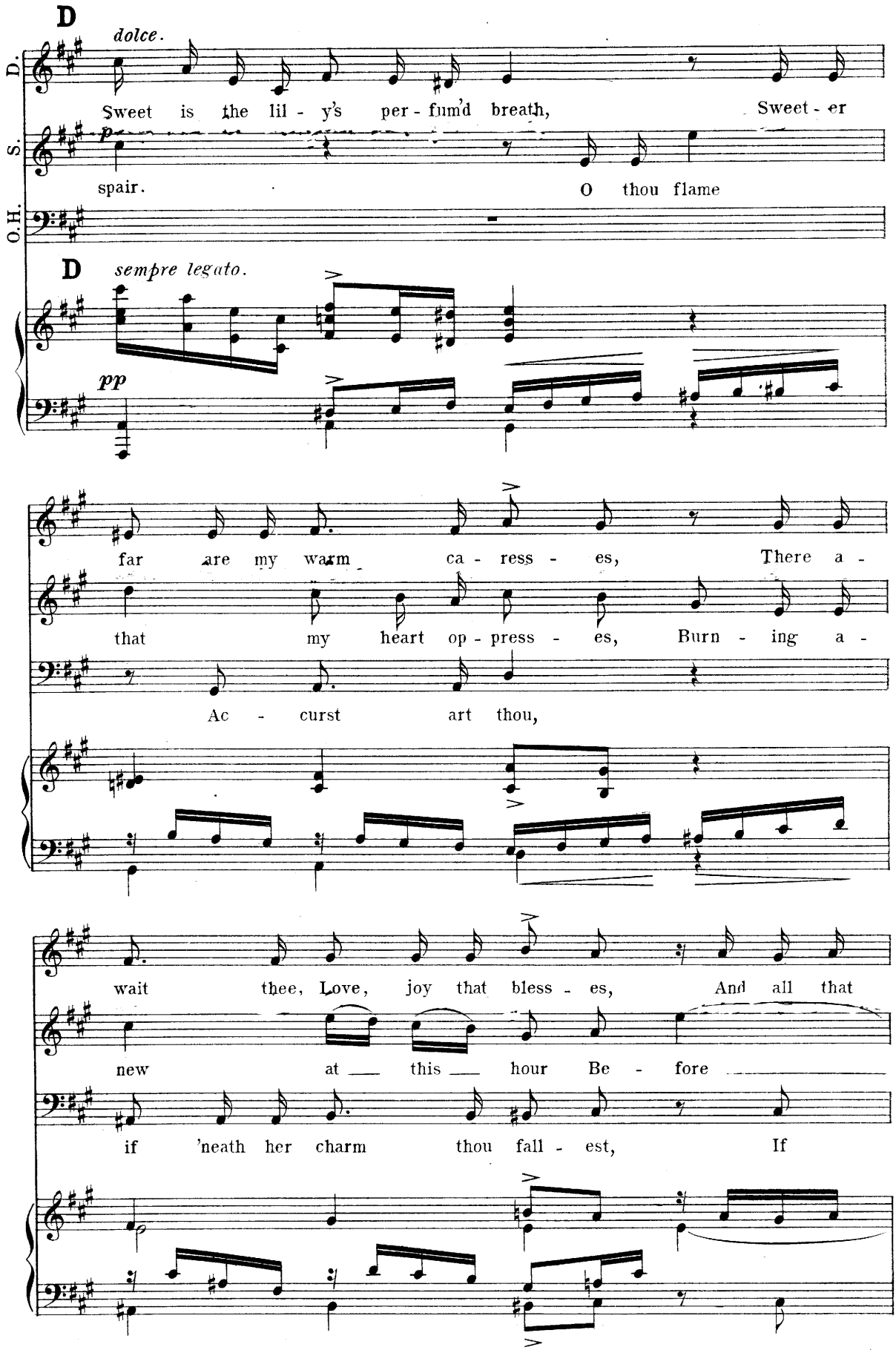

light, Youth's spring-time bright, The beauty that charms the heart at the
light, Youth's spring-time bright, The beauty that charms the heart at the
pp
sight: The love that en - tranc - es And new love
sight: The love that en - tranc - es And new love
wak - ens With tim - id glanc - es: My sis-ters love Like birds a -
wak - ens With tim - id glanc - es: My sis-ters love Like birds a -

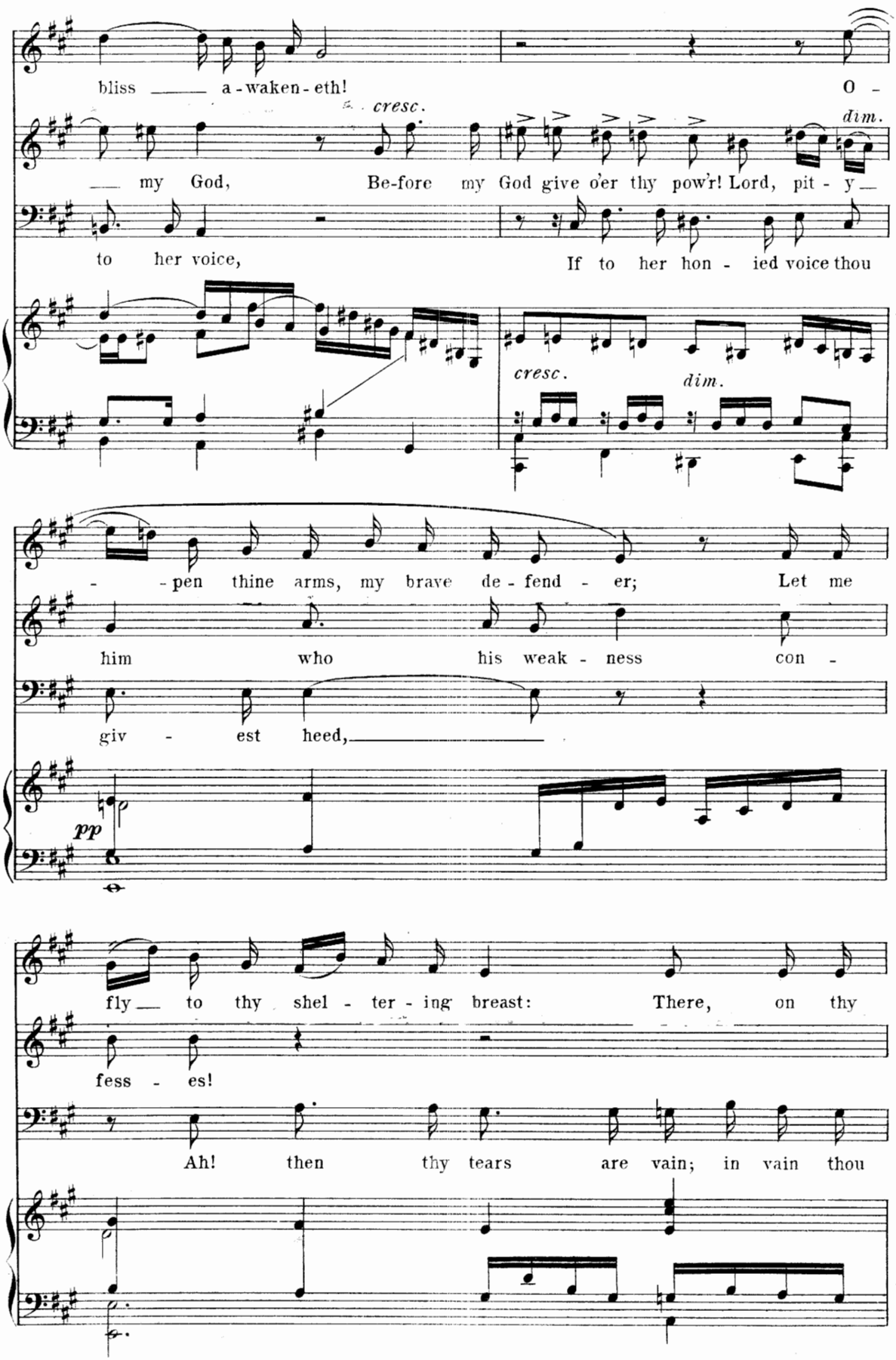

bove!
My sis-ters love Like birds
bove!
My sis-ters love Like birds
Delilah (addressing Samson.)
B
dolce.
I come with a song for the
a - - bove.
a - - bove.
B
Andante sostenuto. (♩ = 56.)
pp
splen-dor Of my Love who won in the fray.
dolciss.

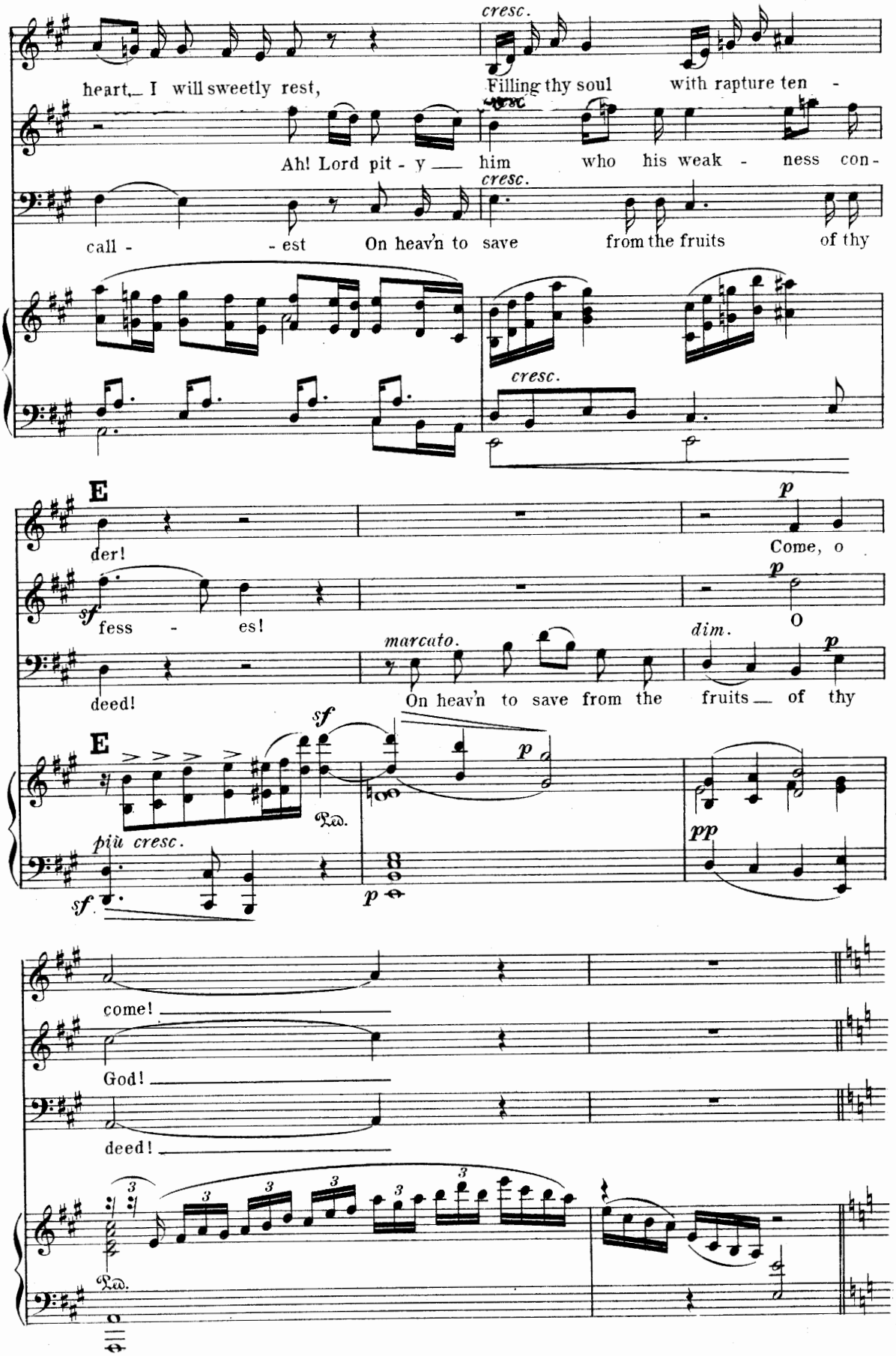

I be-long un-to him for aye! Heart — and — hand I sur-
sempre pp
ren-der! Come, my dearest one, fol-low me! To So-
sempre legato.
reck, the fairest of val-leys, Where murm-ring the cool streamlet dal-lies De-li-lah
there will comfort thee! My come-
Samson (Samson aside.)
O God, who be-hold-est my tri-al, Thy strength
pp
cresc.
dim.


-ly brow for thee I bind. With clus-ters of cool_curl-ing
to Thy ser - vant im-part! Close fast mine eyes, make firm my
p
cress-es, And Shar - on's ros - es sweet are
heart, Sup-port me in stern self de-ni- -al.
twin'd, A-mid my long raven tress - es.
The old Hebrew.
O turn a-way, my son, and go not


Samson.
C
cresc.
Hide from my sight
there! A - void the stranger's se - duc - tive de - vic - es.
C
mf
her beau-ty rare, Whose magic spell with right a - larms
cresc.
Heed not her voice tho' soft-ly it en -
cresc.
me! O quench those eyes whose brightness charms me And fills my heart with love's de -
tic - es! Of the ser - pent's dead - ly fang beware.
pp
cresc.

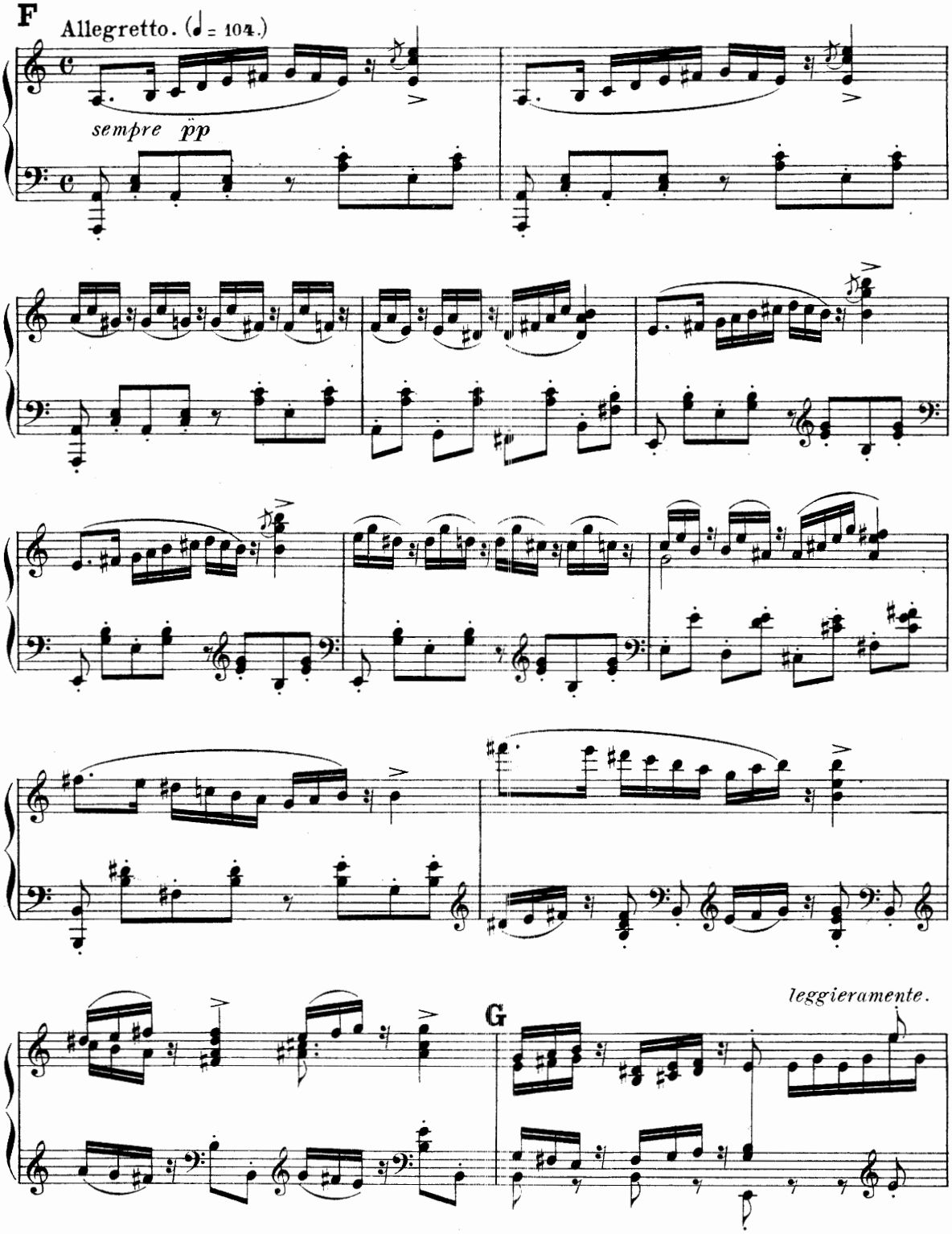

D
dolce.
D.
Sweet is the lil - y's per - fum'd breath, Sweet - er
S.
p
spair. O thou flame
O.H.
D
sempre legato.
pp
far are my warm ca - ress - es, There a -
that my heart op - press - es, Burn - ing a -
Ac - curst art thou,
wait thee, Love, joy that bless - es, And all that
new at this hour Be - fore
if 'neath her charm thou fall - est, If

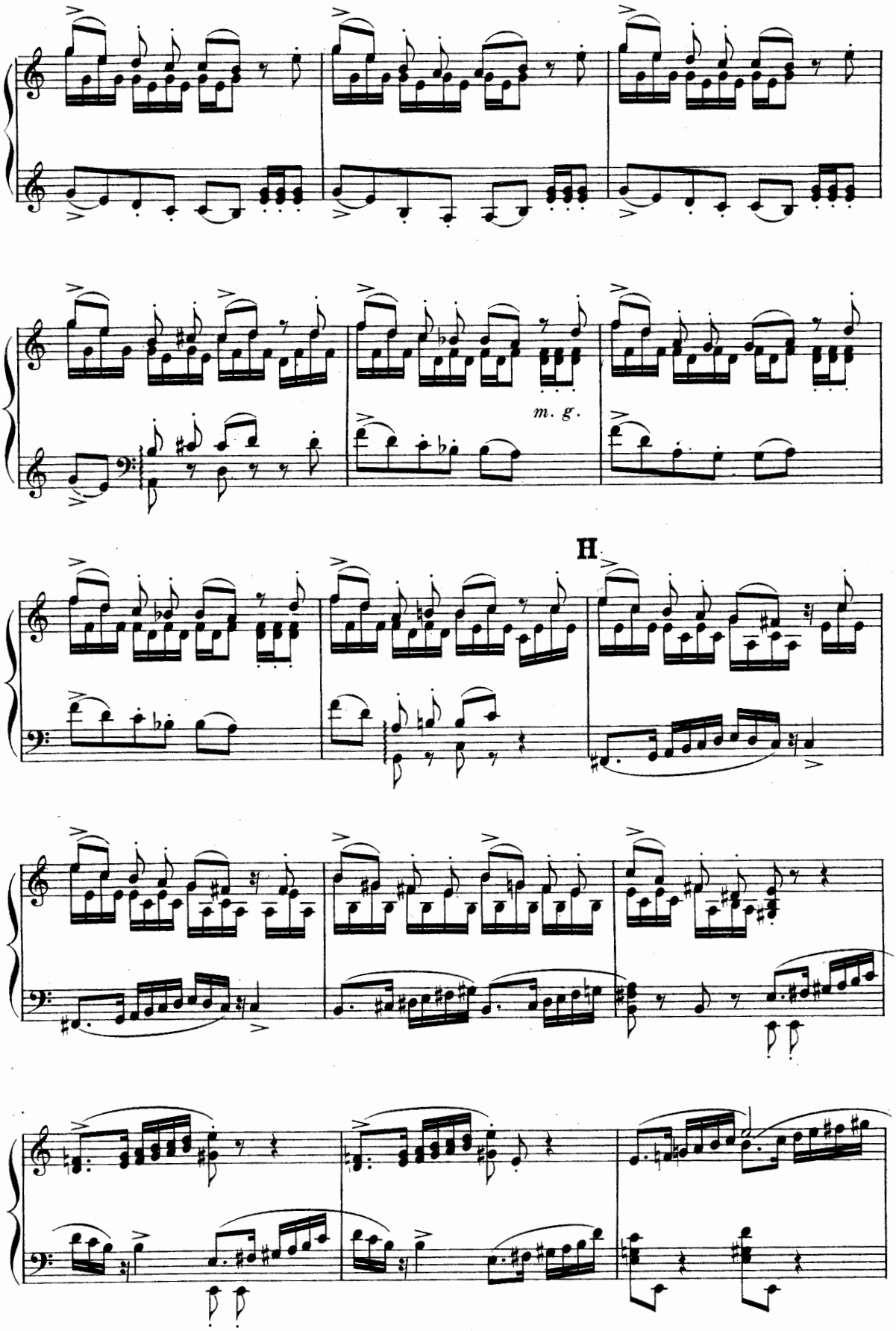

bliss ___ a-waken-eth!
O -
cresc.
dim.
___ my God, Be-fore my God give o'er thy pow'r! Lord, pit - y ___
to her voice, If to her hon - ied voice thou
cresc.
dim.
- - pen thine arms, my brave de-fend - er; Let me
him who his weak - ness con -
giv - est heed, ___
pp
fly ___ to thy shel - ter - ing breast: There, on thy
fess - es!
Ah! then thy tears are vain; in vain thou

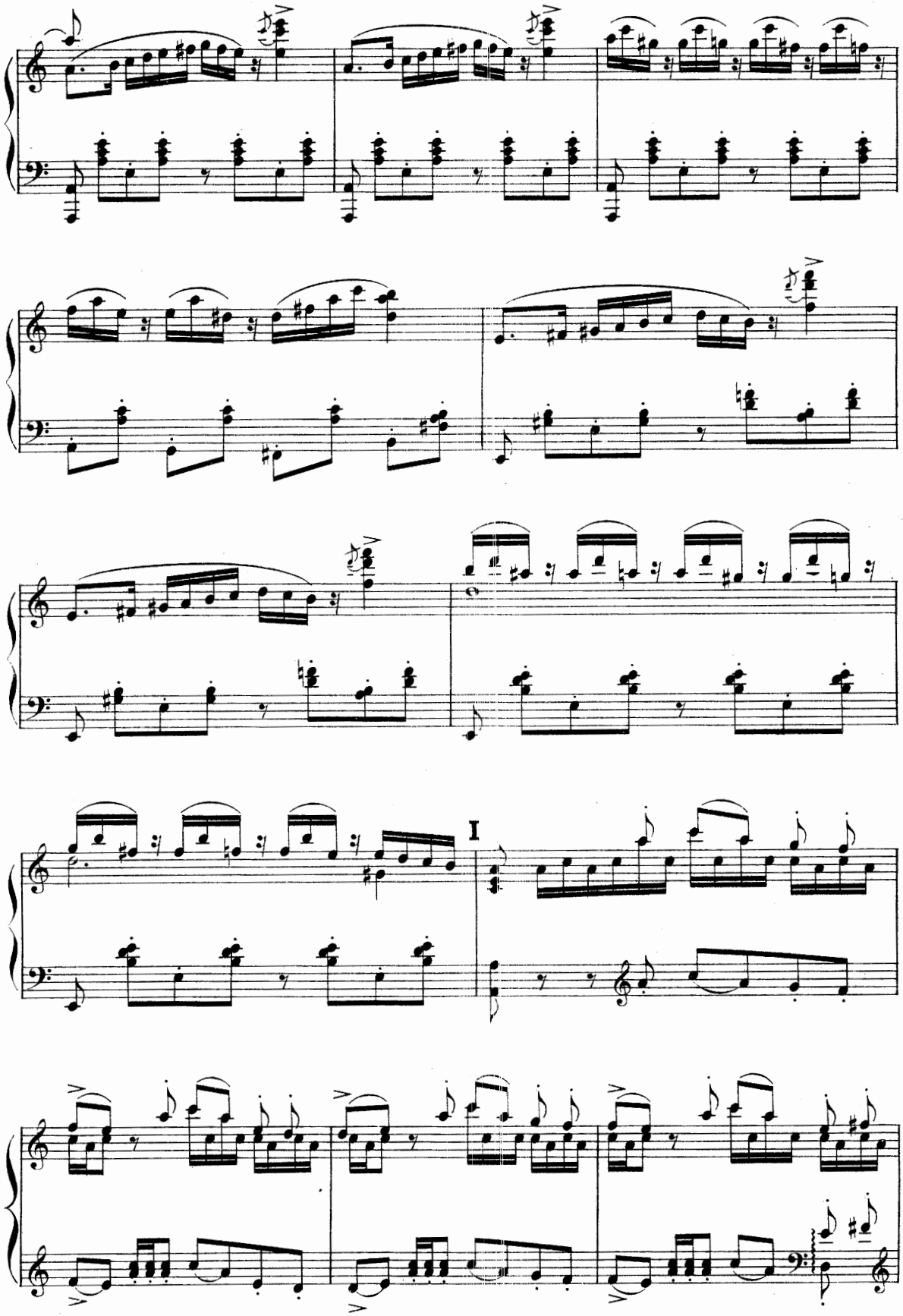

cresc.
heart, I will sweetly rest,
Filling thy soul with rapture ten -
Ah! Lord pit - y — him who his weak - ness con -
cresc.
call - - est On heav'n to save from the fruits of thy
cresc.
E
der!
p
Come, o
sf
fess - es!
p
O
marcato.
dim.
deed!
On heav'n to save from the fruits — of thy
E
sf
Ped.
più cresc.
sf
p
p
pp
come!
God!
deed!
Ped.

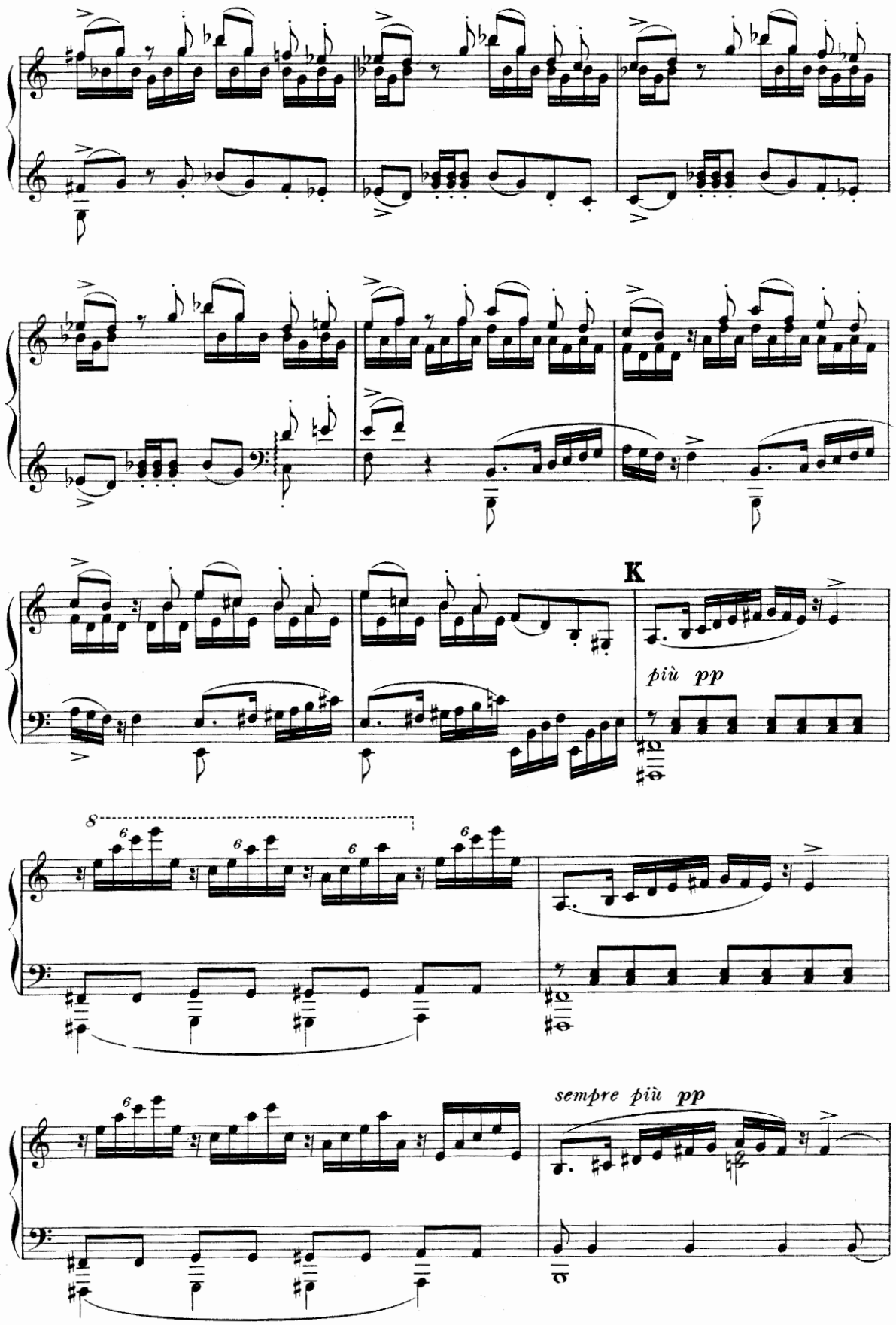
The young girls, accompanying Delilah, dance, waving garlands of flowers, which they hold in their hands and seem to entice the Hebrew warriors who are with Samson. Samson anxiously tries, but in vain, to avoid Delilah's glances. His eyes, in spite of him, follow all the enchantress's movements, as she takes part in the voluptuous poses and gestures of the young Philistine maidens.

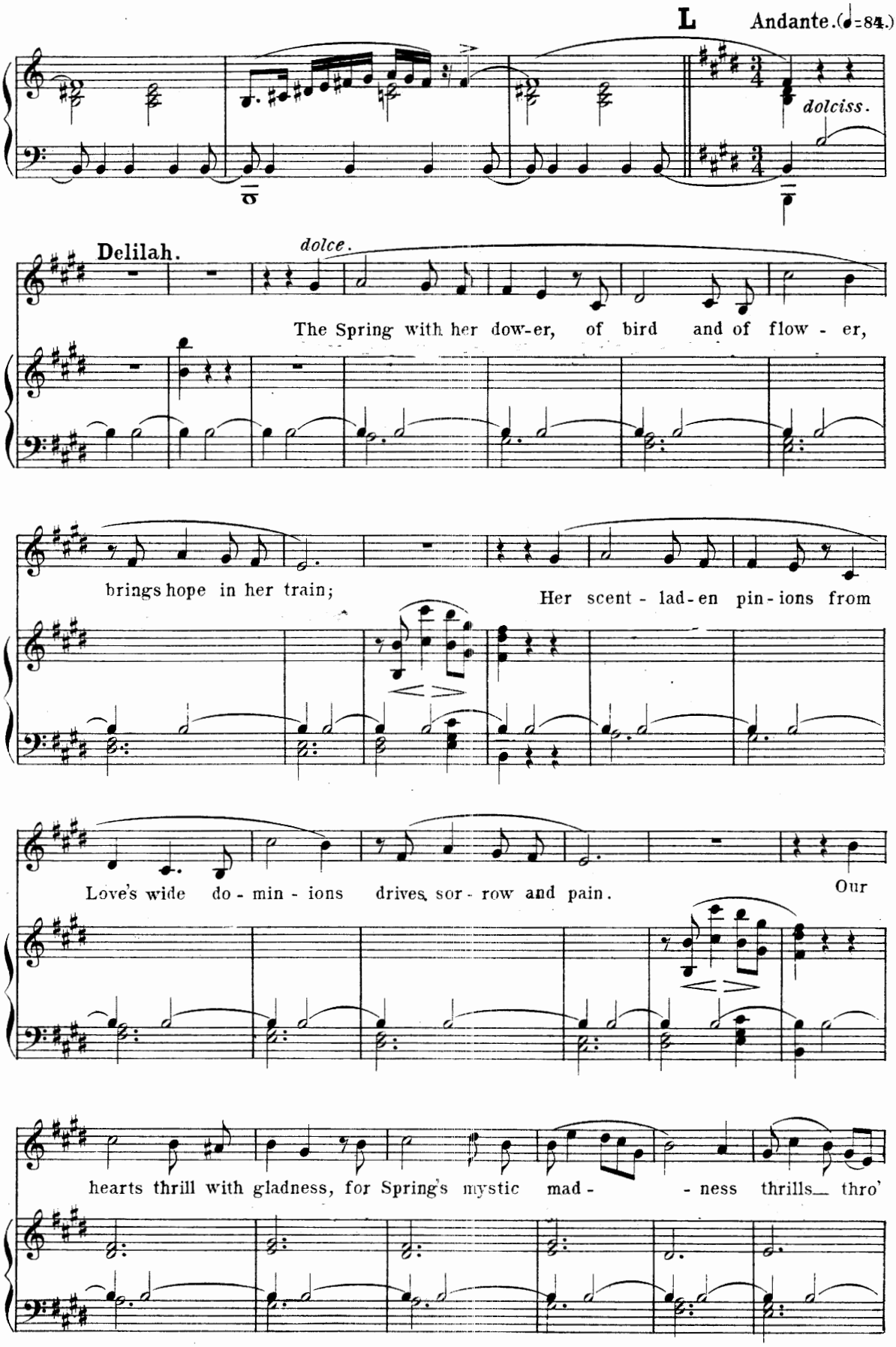
Dance of the Priestesses of Dagon.

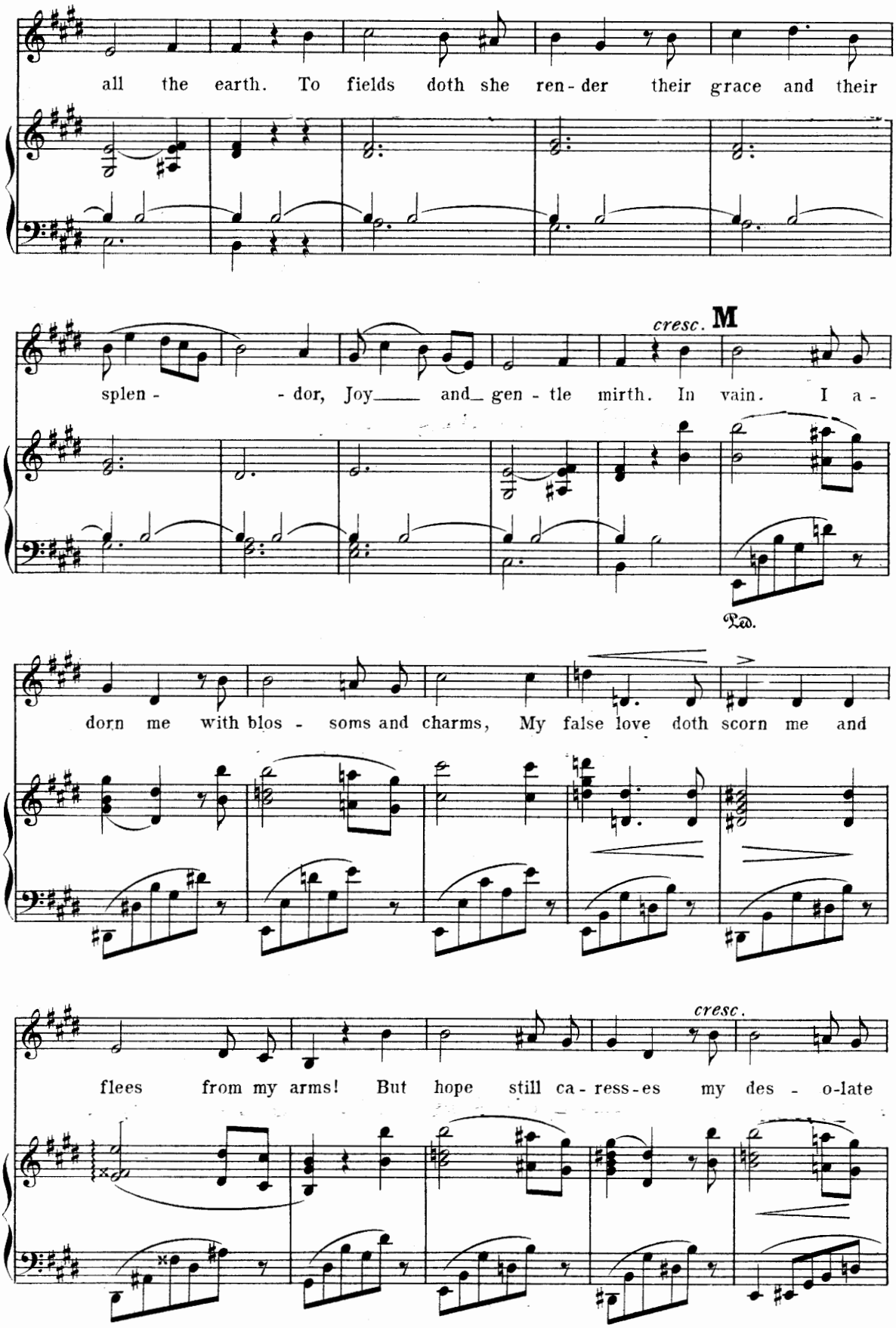


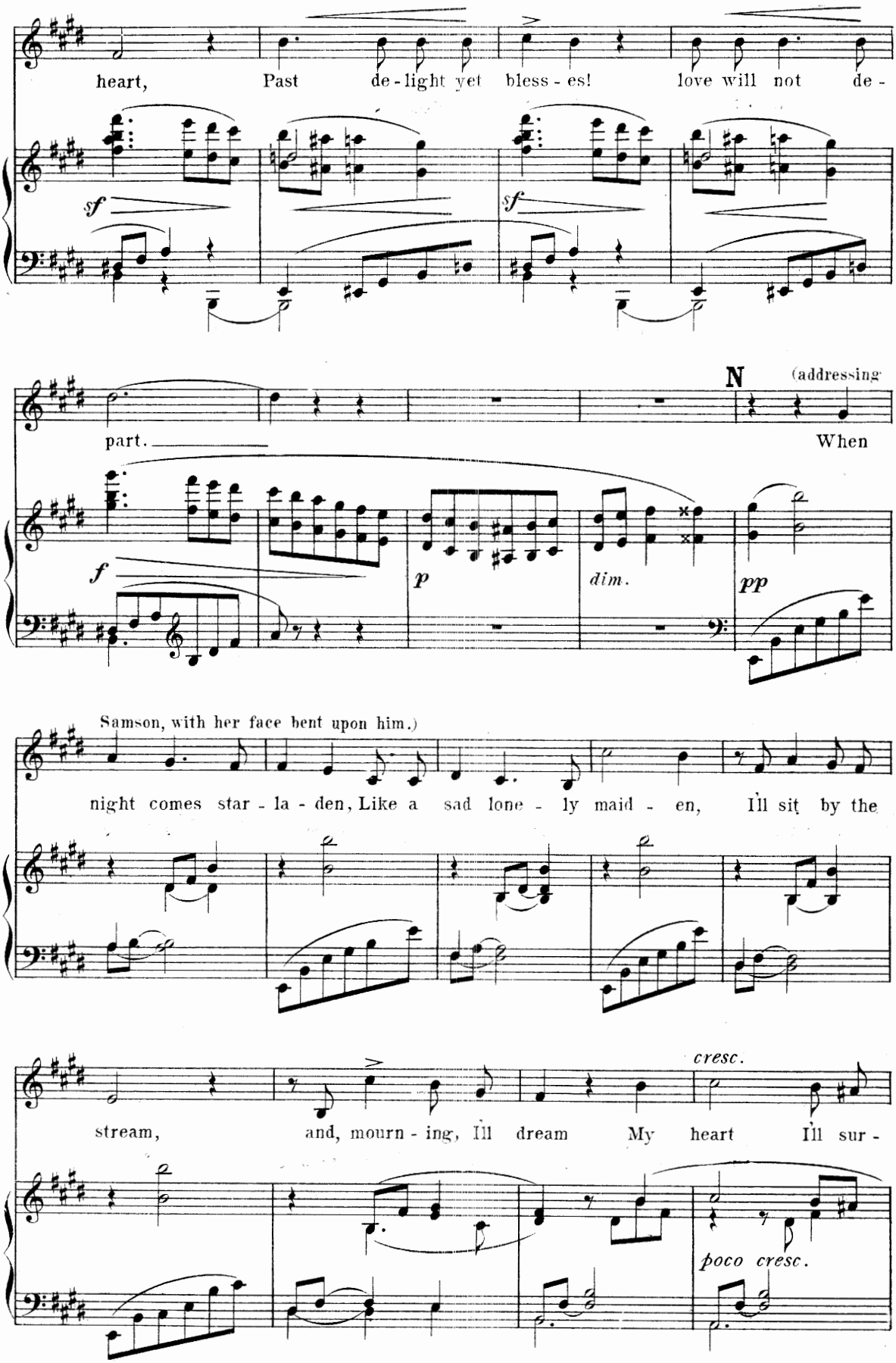

m. g.
H

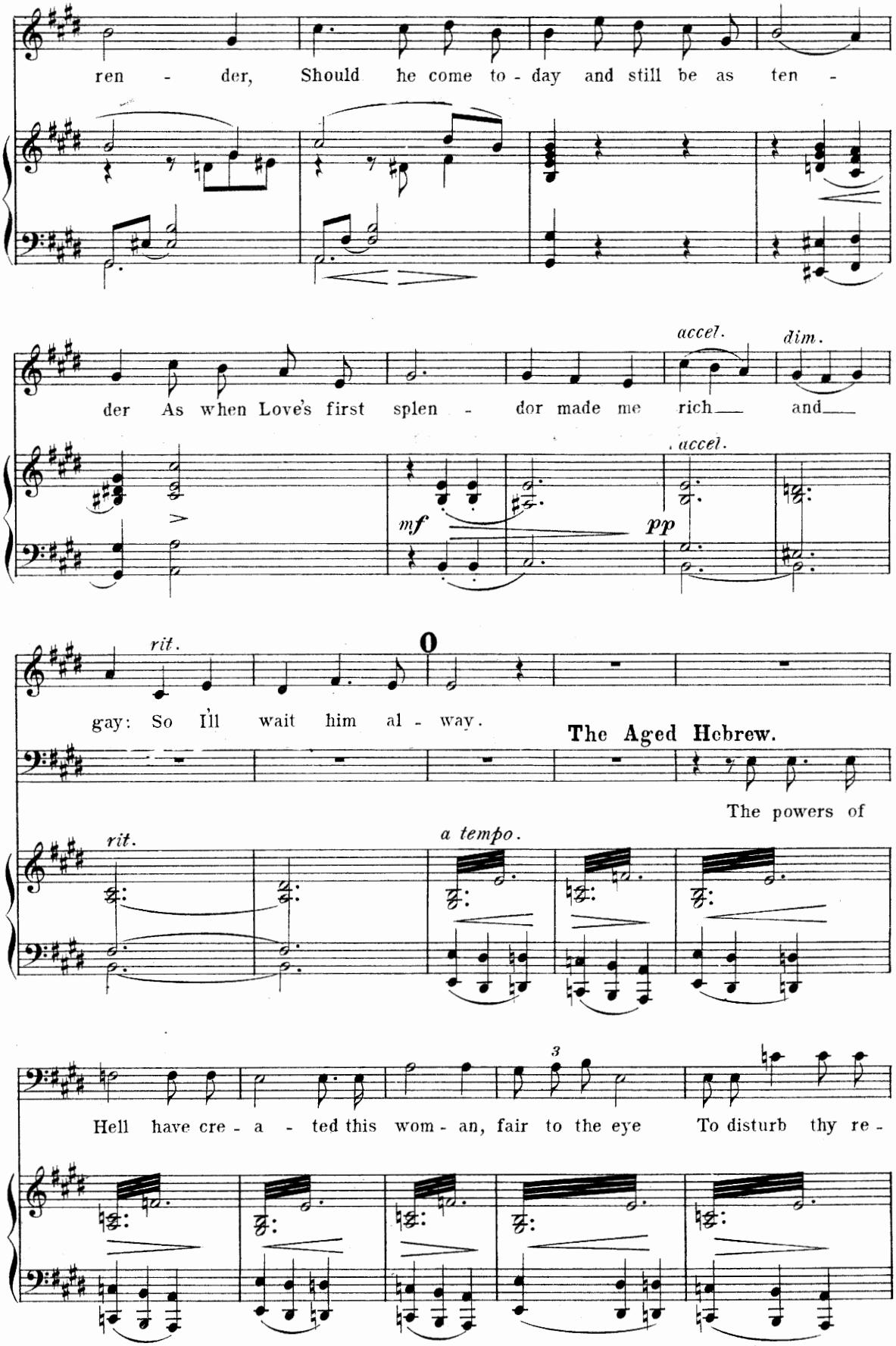


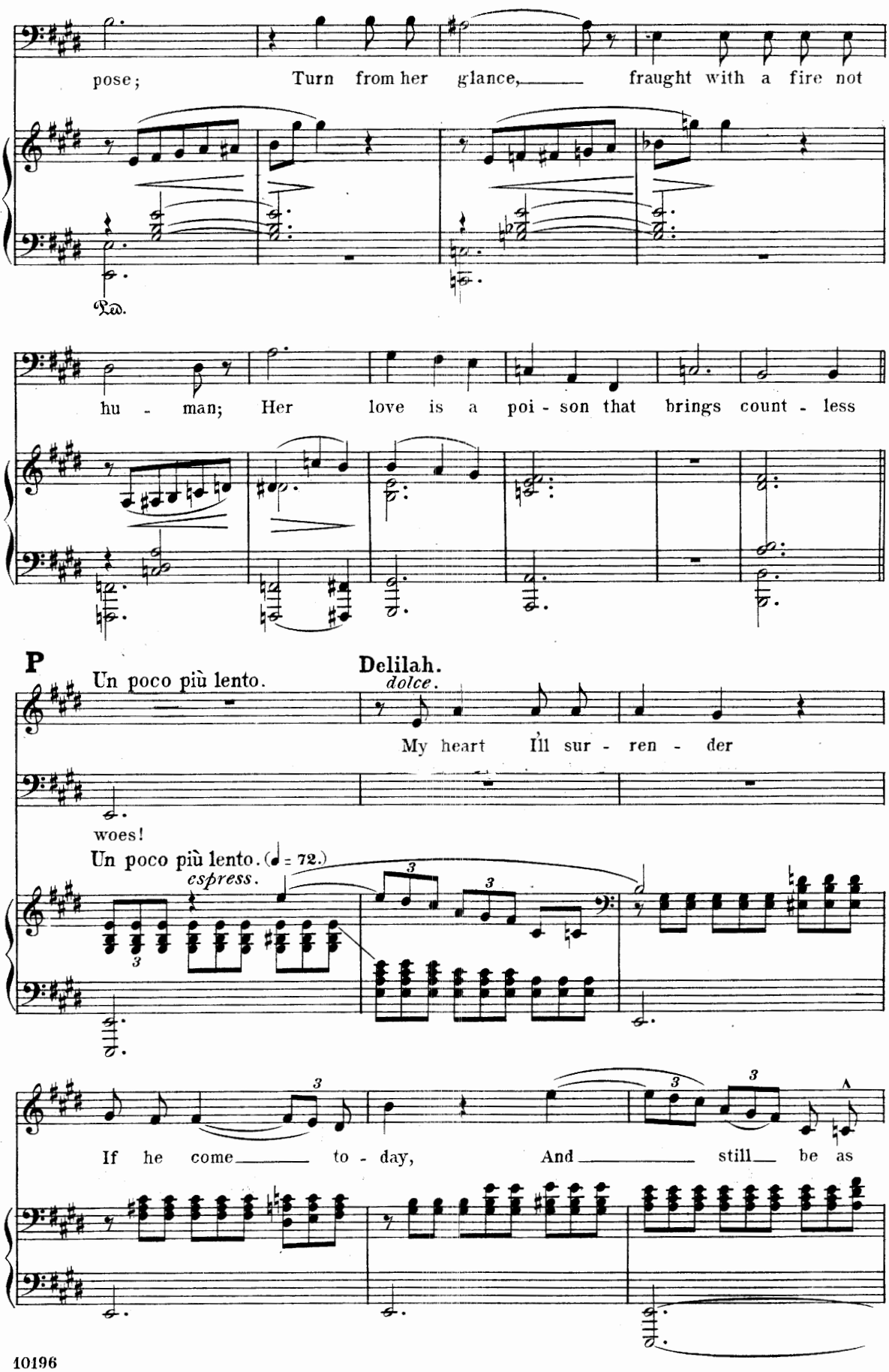

K
più pp
sempre più pp


L
Andante. (♩=84.)
dolciss.
Delilah.
dolce.
The Spring with her dow-er, of bird and of flow - er,
brings hope in her train;
Her scent - lad-en pin-ions from
Love's wide do - min - ions drives sor - row and pain.
Our
hearts thrill with gladness, for Spring's mystic mad -
- ness thrills thro'

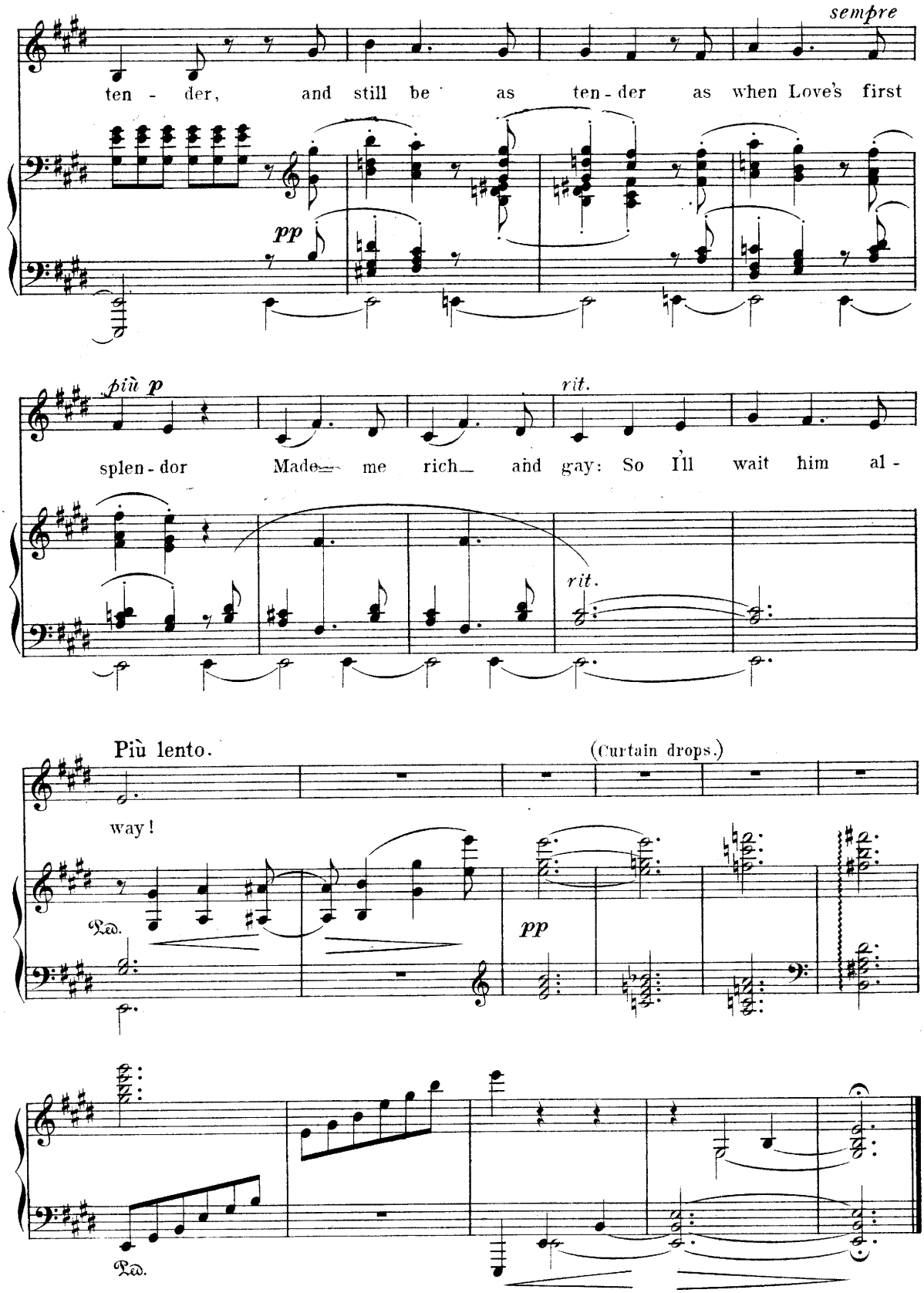

all the earth. To fields doth she ren - der their grace and their
cresc.
M
splen - - dor, Joy and gen - tle mirth. In vain. I a -
Ped.
dorn me with blos - soms and charms, My false love doth scorn me and
cresc.
flees from my arms! But hope still ca - ress - es my des - o-late


heart, Past de - light yet bless - es! love will not de -
sf
sf
part.
When
N
(addressing
f
p
dim.
pp
Samson, with her face bent upon him.)
night comes star - la - den, Like a sad lone - ly maid - en, I'll sit by the
stream, and, mourn - ing, I'll dream My heart I'll sur -
cresc.
poco cresc.


ren - der, Should he come to - day and still be as ten -
der As when Love's first splen - dor made me rich and
accel.
dim.
accel.
mf
pp
rit.
gay: So I'll wait him al - way.
The Aged Hebrew.
The powers of
rit.
a tempo.
Hell have cre - a - ted this wom - an, fair to the eye To disturb thy re -


pose; Turn from her glance, fraught with a fire not
Ped.
hu - man; Her love is a poi - son that brings count - less
P
Un poco più lento.
Delilah.
dolce.
My heart I'll sur - ren - der
woes!
Un poco più lento. (♩ = 72.)
espress.
If he come to - day, And still be as

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.

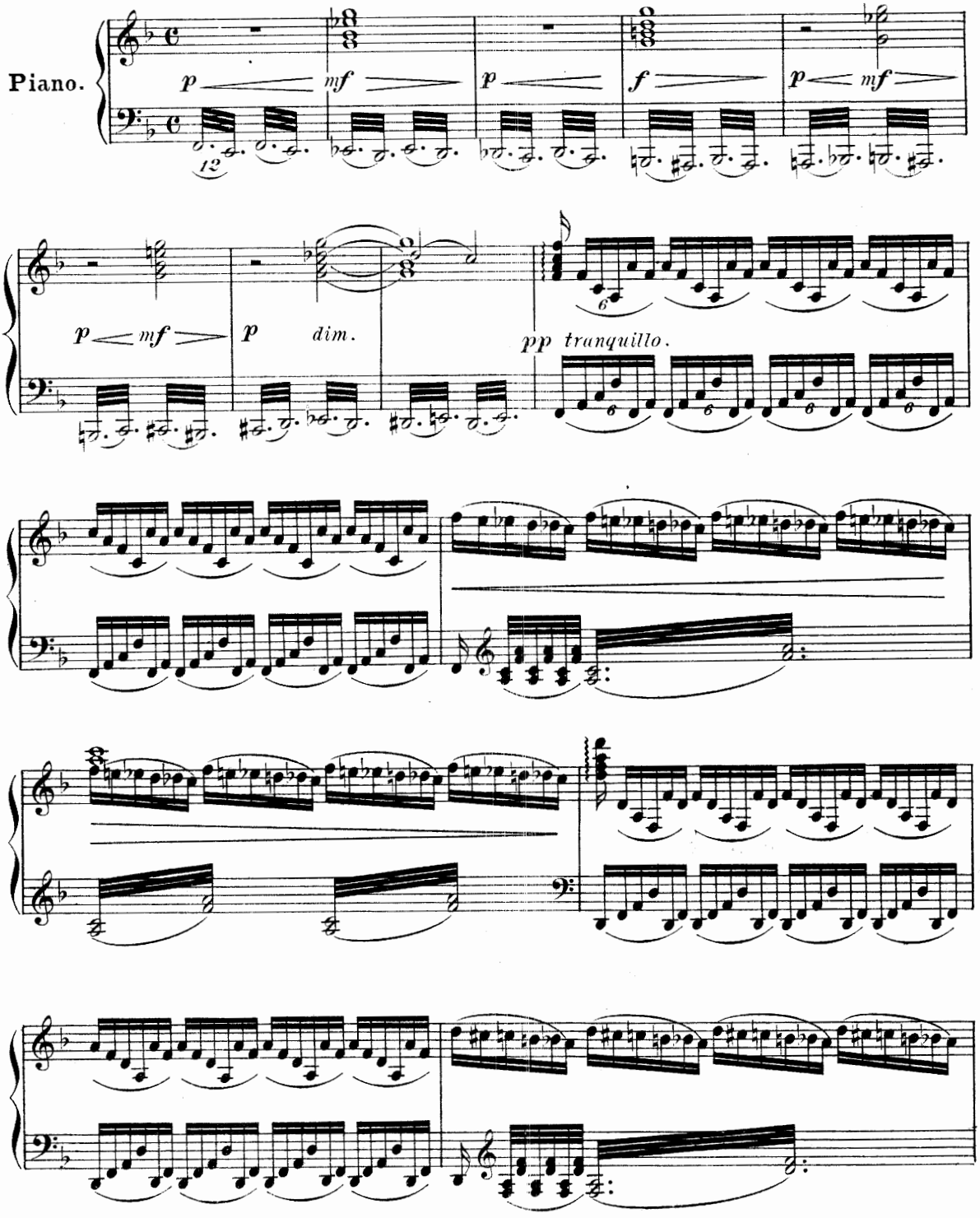


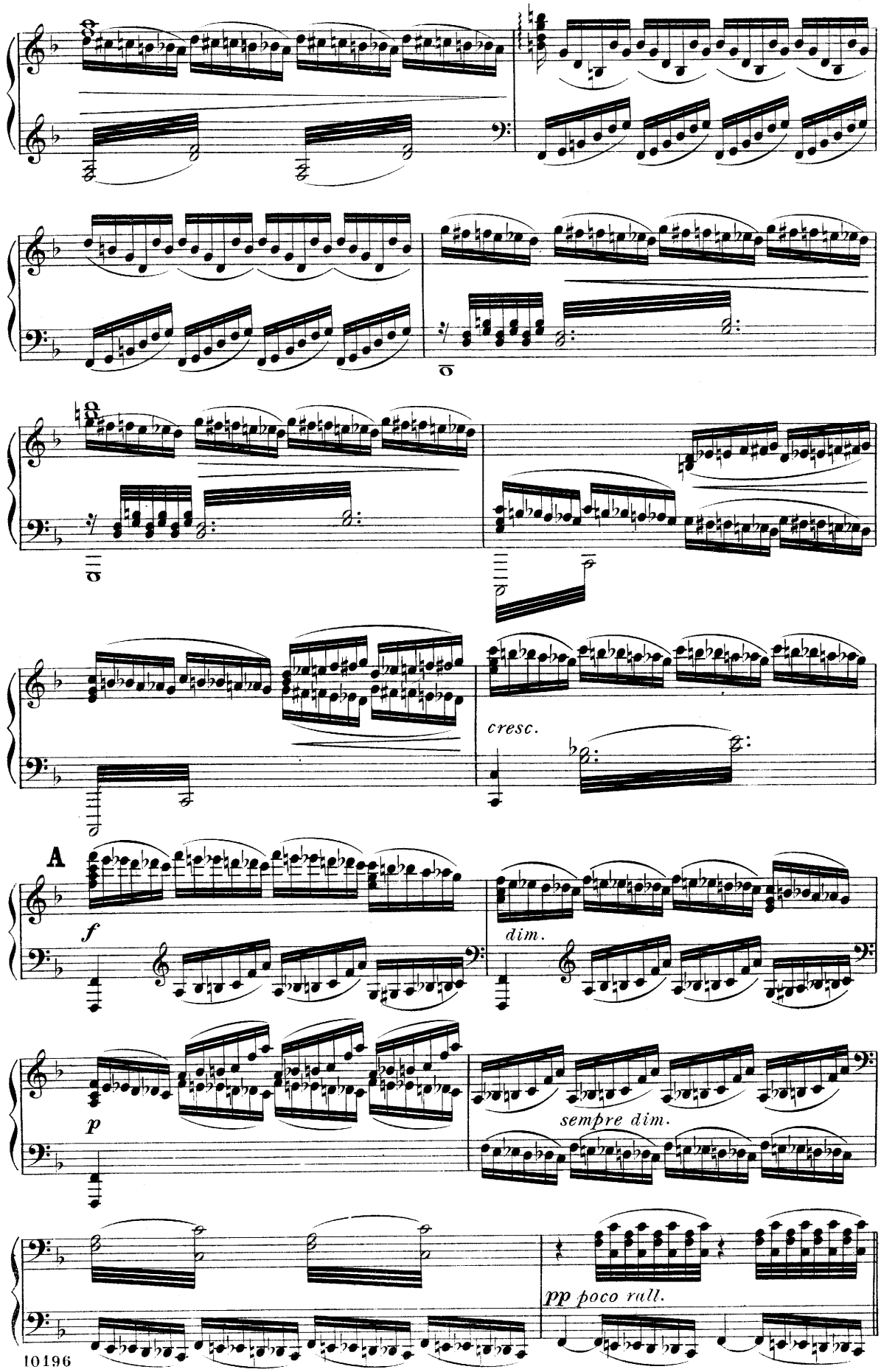
Act II.

The stage represents the valley of Soreck, 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.

Moderato assai. (♩ = 69.)

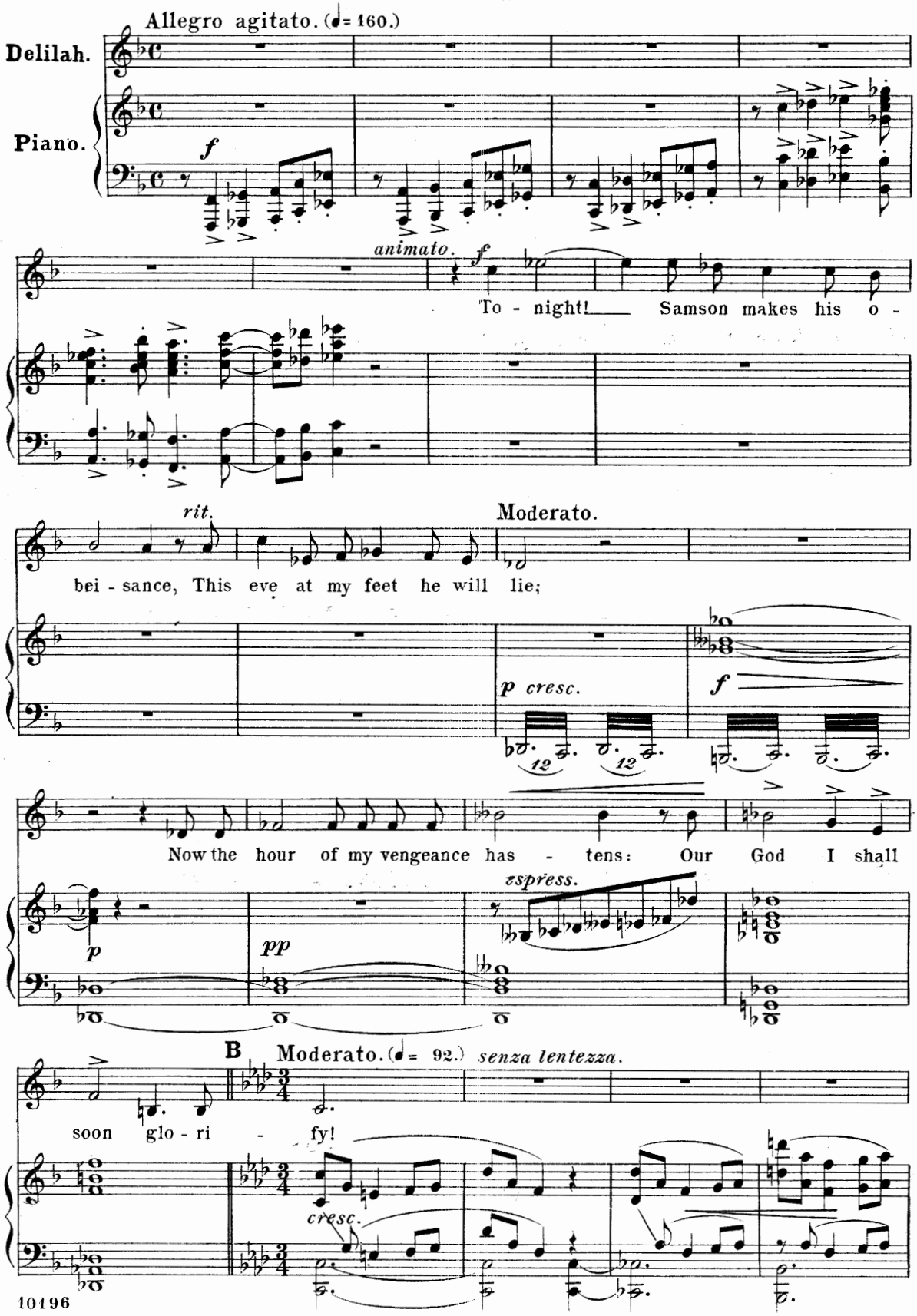


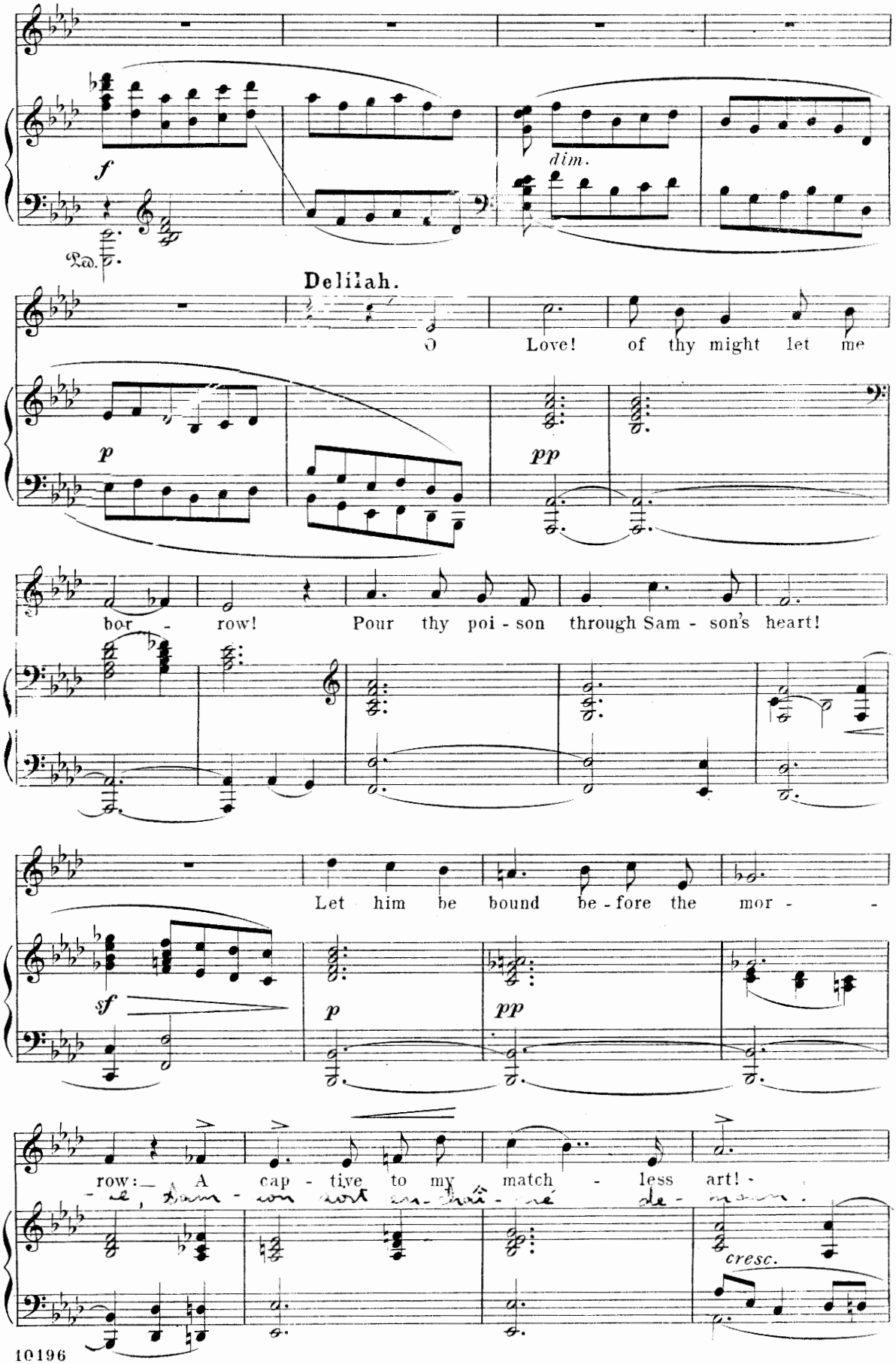

cresc.
A
f
dim.
p
sempre dim.
pp poco rall.

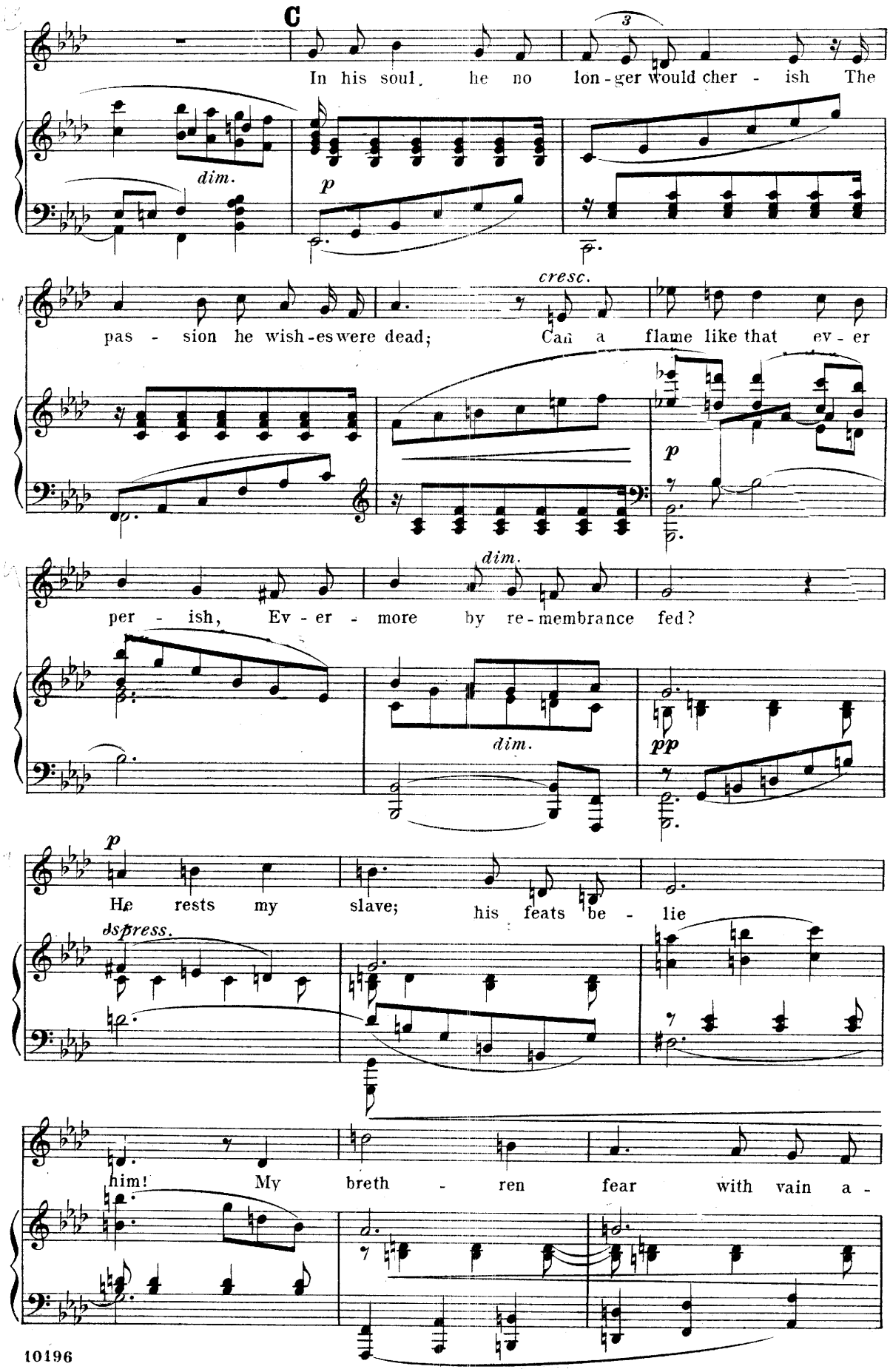
Delilah (alone.)

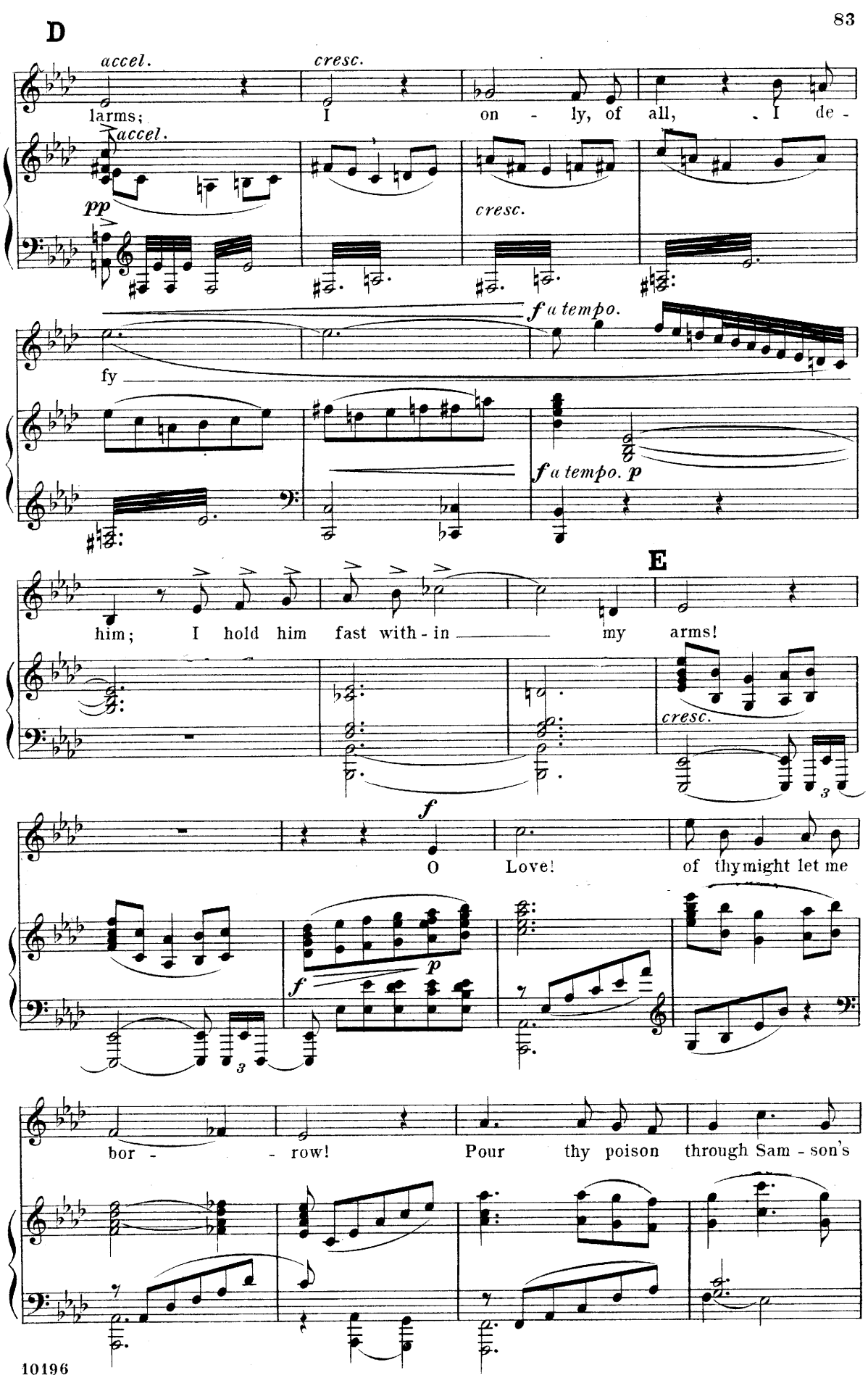
She is more richly attired than in Act I. At the rising of the curtain, she is seated on a rock near the entrance of her dwelling, and seems to be in a dreamy mood.

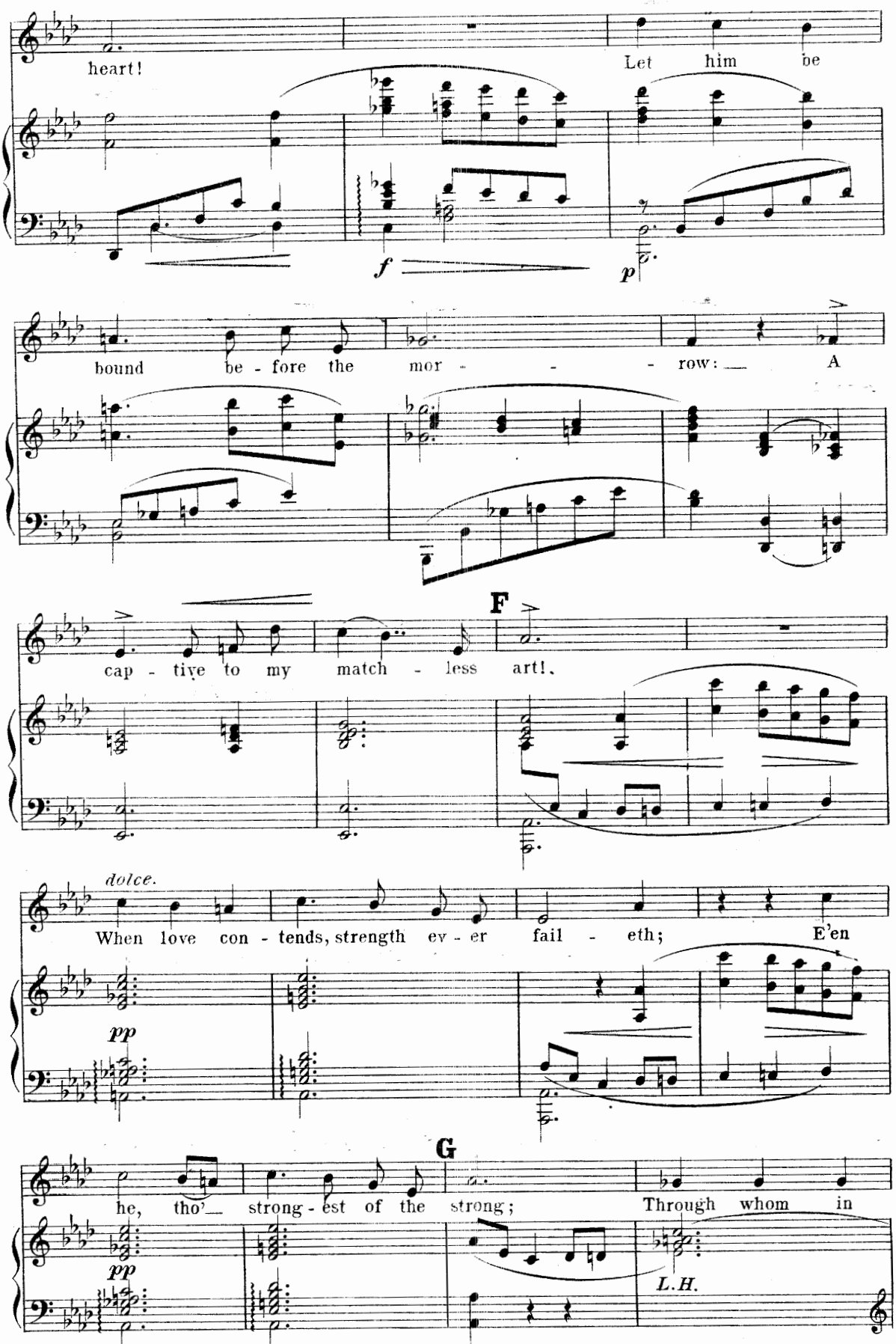
Scene I.

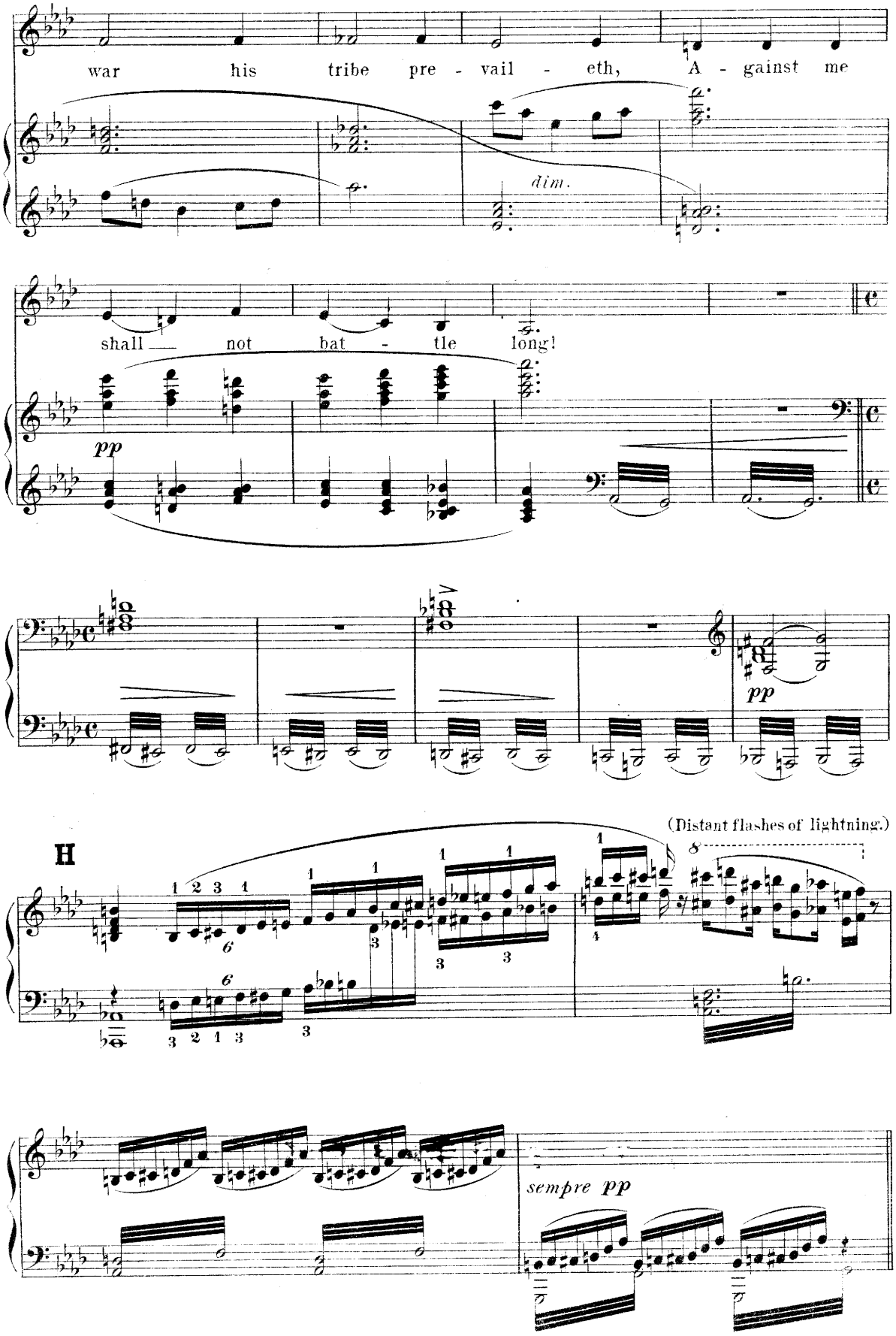



f
Ped.
dim.
Delilah.
O Love! of thy might let me
p
pp
bor - row! Pour thy poi - son through Sam - son's heart!
Let him be bound be - fore the mor - -
sf
p
pp
row: A cap - tive to my match - less art!
cresc.

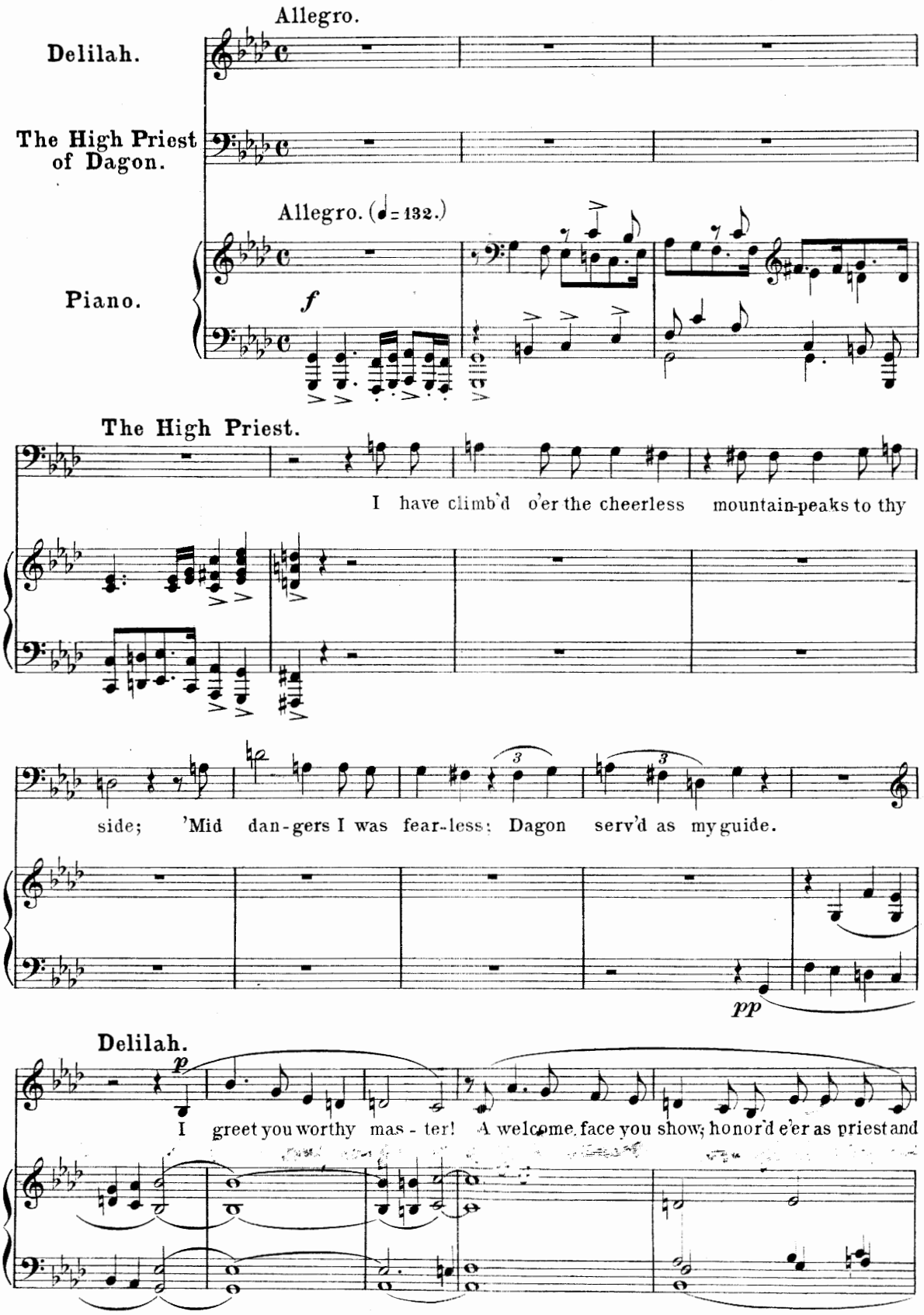

C
In his soul, he no lon - ger would cher - ish The
dim.
p
cresc.
pas - sion he wish - es were dead; Can a flame like that ev - er
p
dim.
per - ish, Ev - er - more by re - membrance fed?
dim.
pp
p
He rests my slave; his feats be - lie
dspress.
him! My breth - ren fear with vain a -

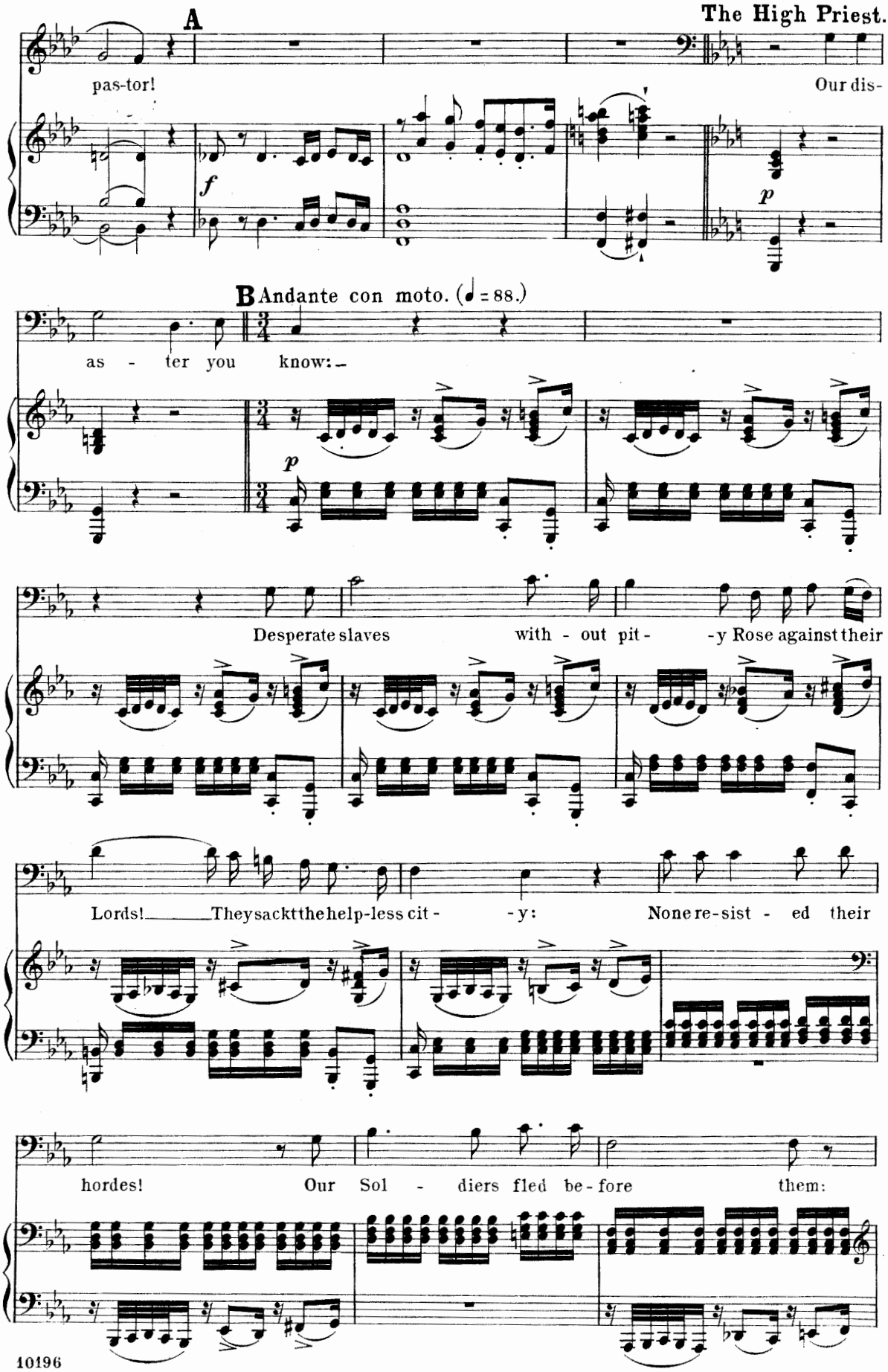

D
accel.
cresc.
larms;
I
on - ly, of all, - I de -
accel.
pp
cresc.
f a tempo.
fy
f a tempo. p
E
him; I hold him fast with - in my arms!
cresc.
f
O Love! of thy might let me
f
p
bor - - row! Pour thy poison through Sam - son's

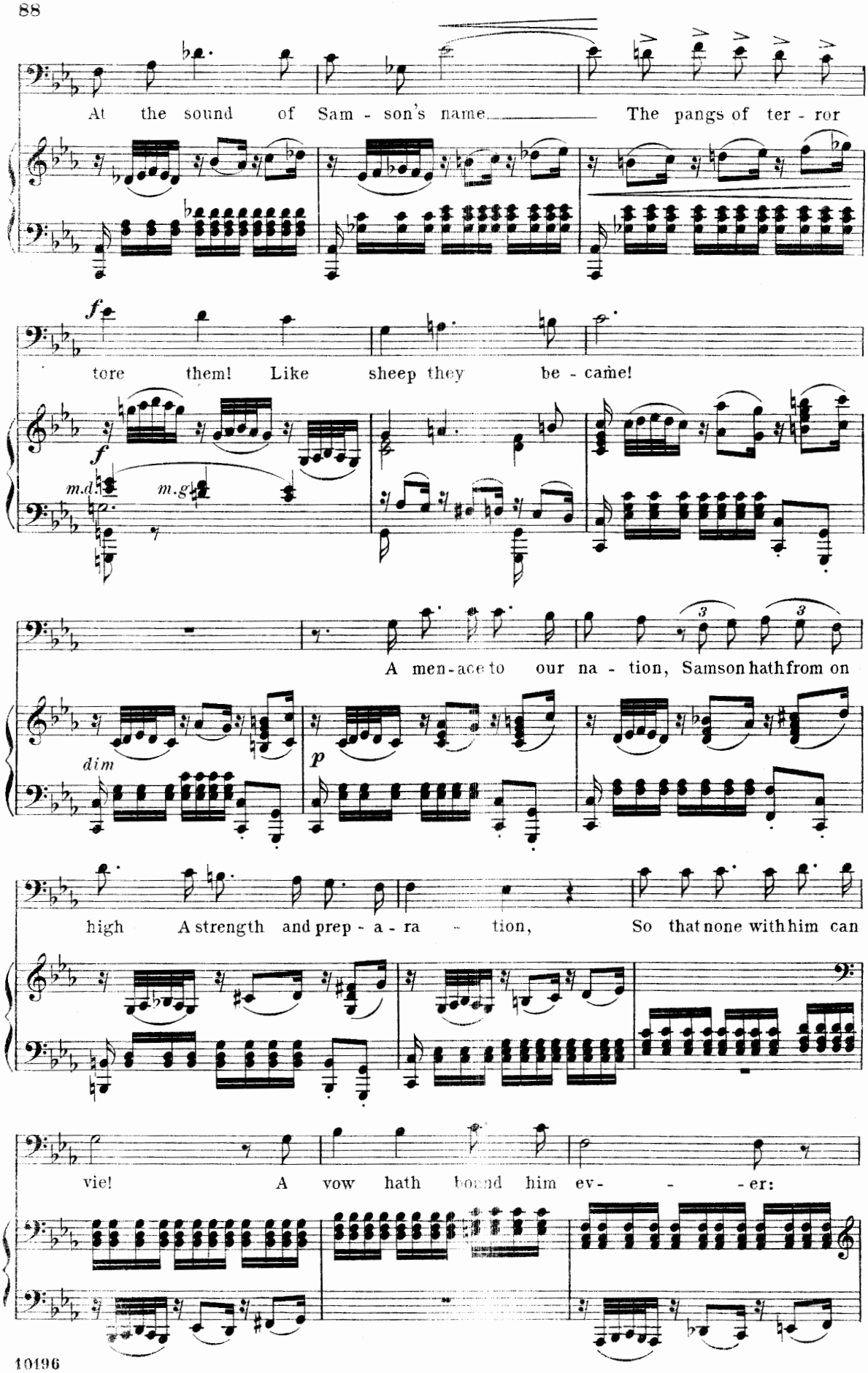

heart!
Let him be
f
p
bound be - fore the mor - - - row: A
cap - tive to my match - less art!
F
dolce.
When love con - tends, strength ev - er fail - eth; E'en
pp
G
he, tho' strong - est of the strong; Through whom in
pp
L.H.

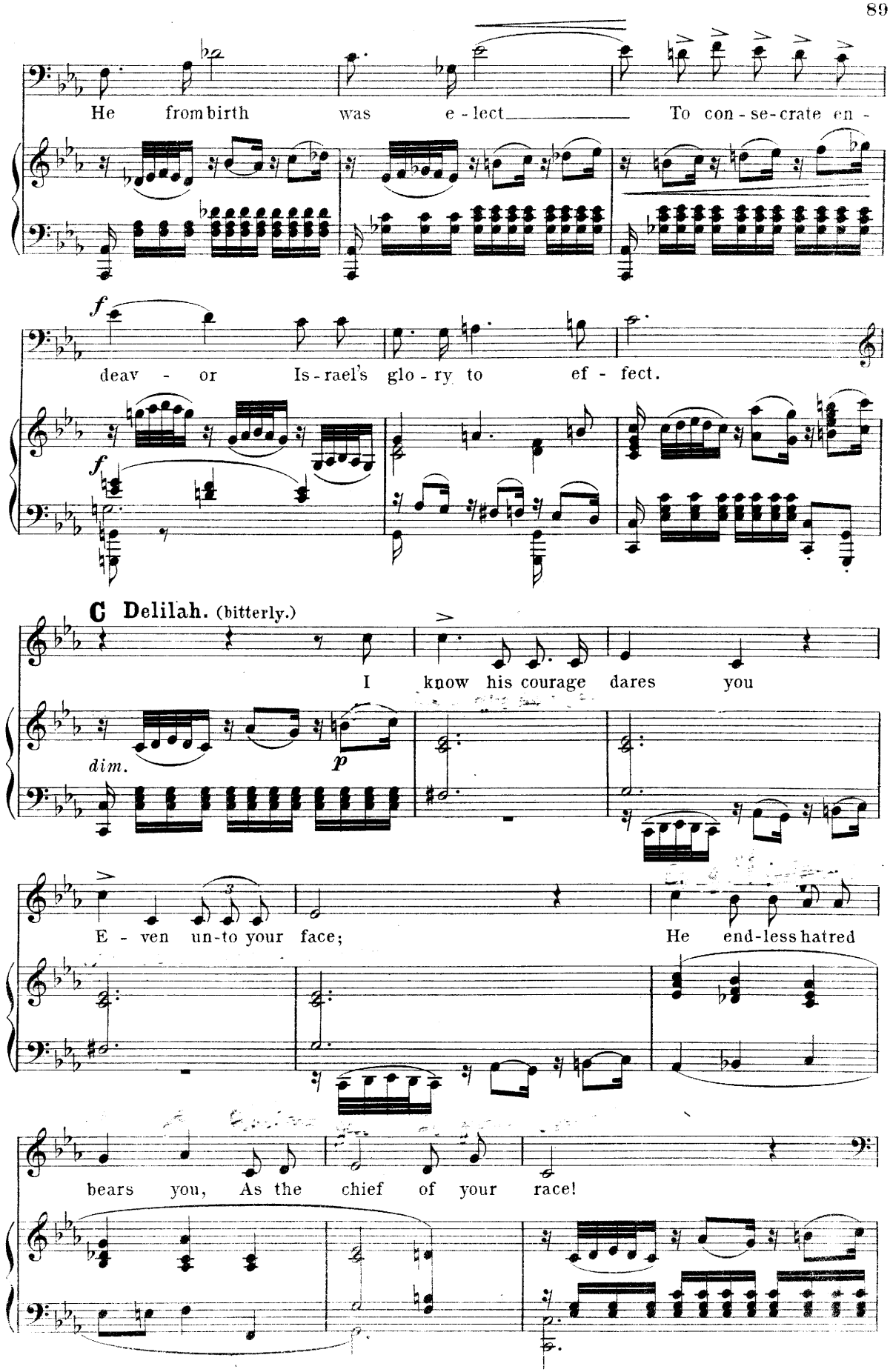

war his tribe pre - vail - eth, A - gainst me
dim.
shall not bat - tle long!
pp
pp
(Distant flashes of lightning.)
H
sempre pp

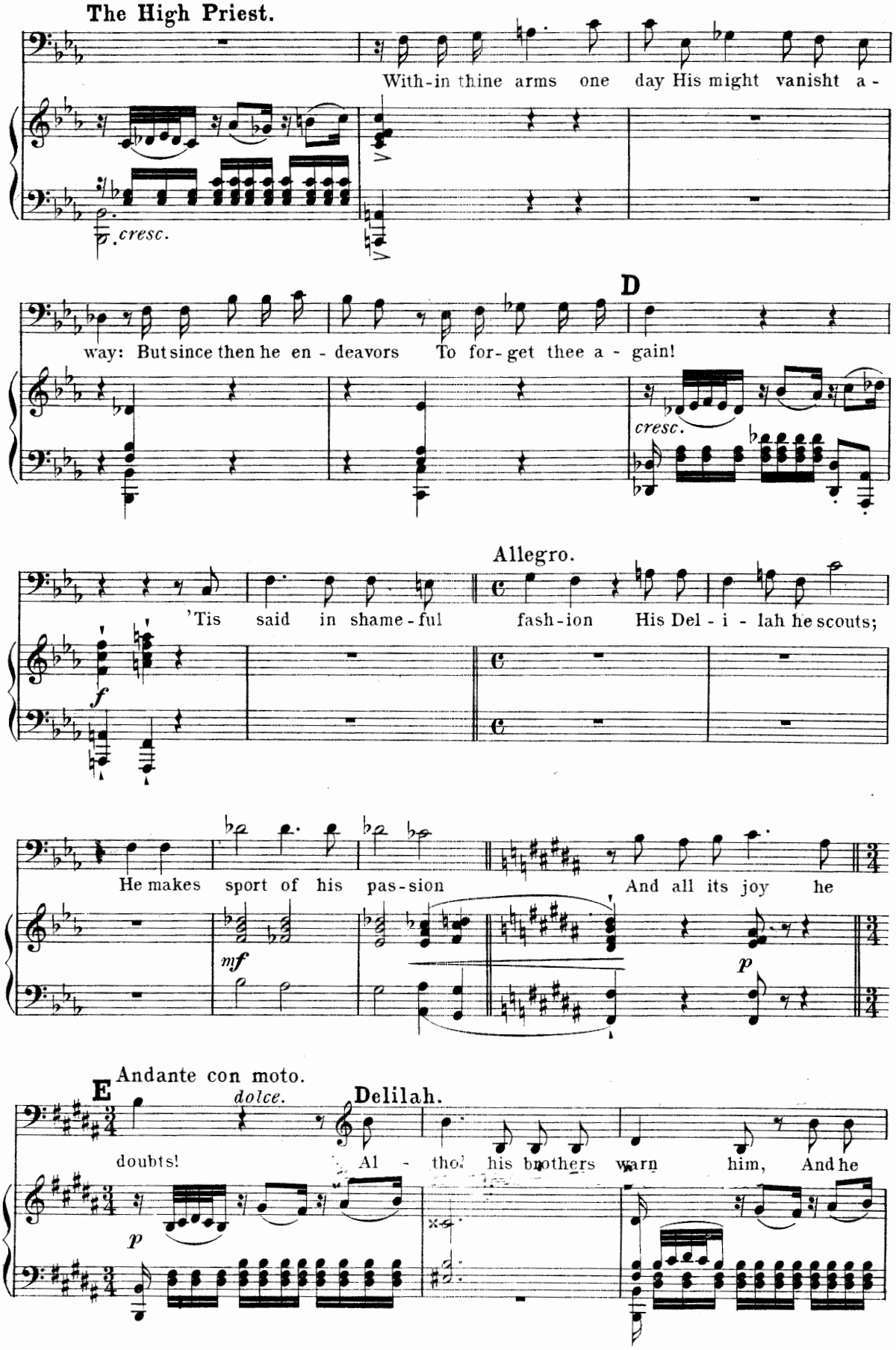
Scene II.

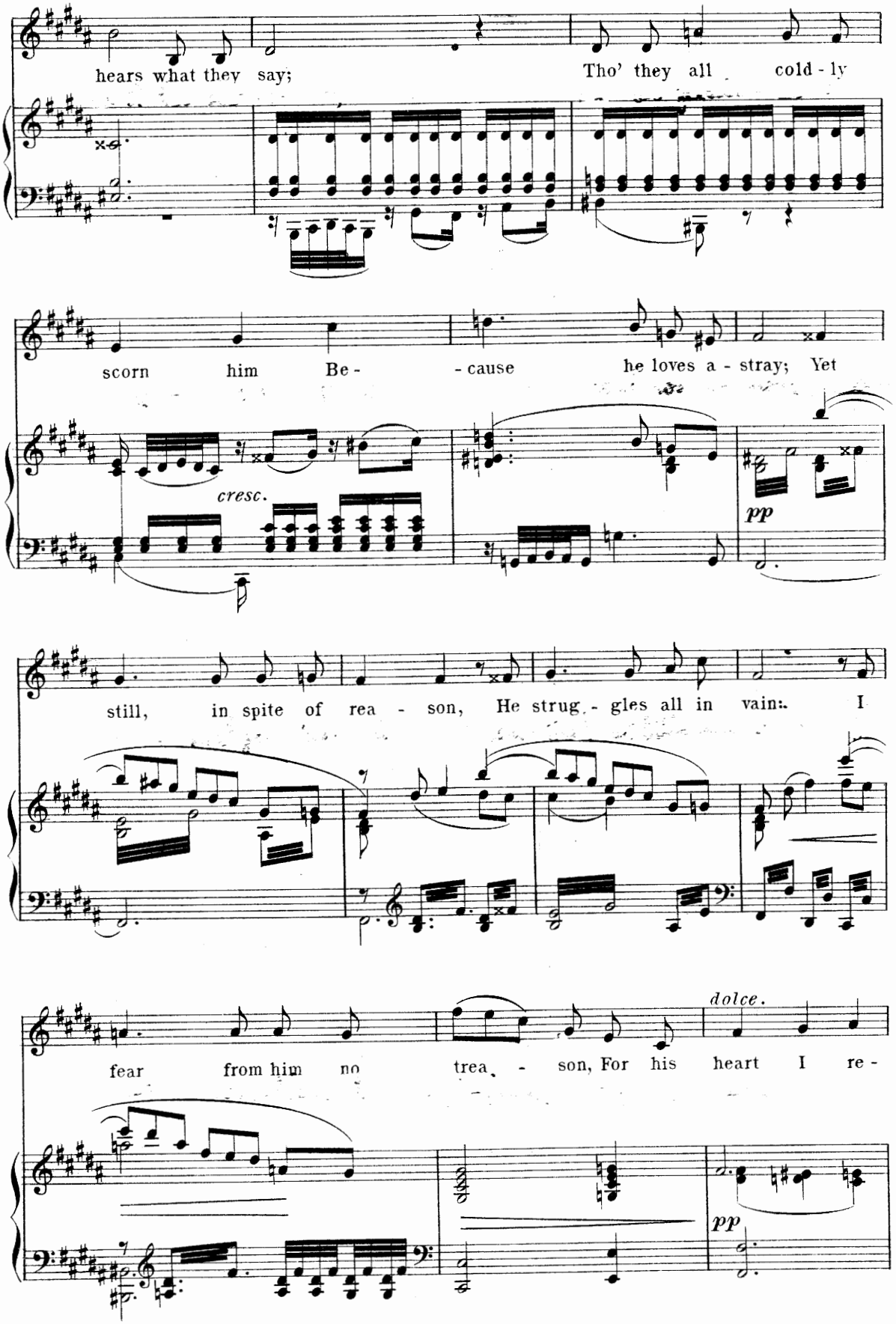

Allegro.
Delilah.
The High Priest of Dagon.
Allegro. (♩= 132.)
Piano.
f
The High Priest.
I have climb'd o'er the cheerless mountain-peaks to thy
side; 'Mid dan-gers I was fear-less; Dagon serv'd as my guide.
pp
Delilah.
p
I greet you worthy mas - ter! A welcome face you show; honor'd e'er as priest and

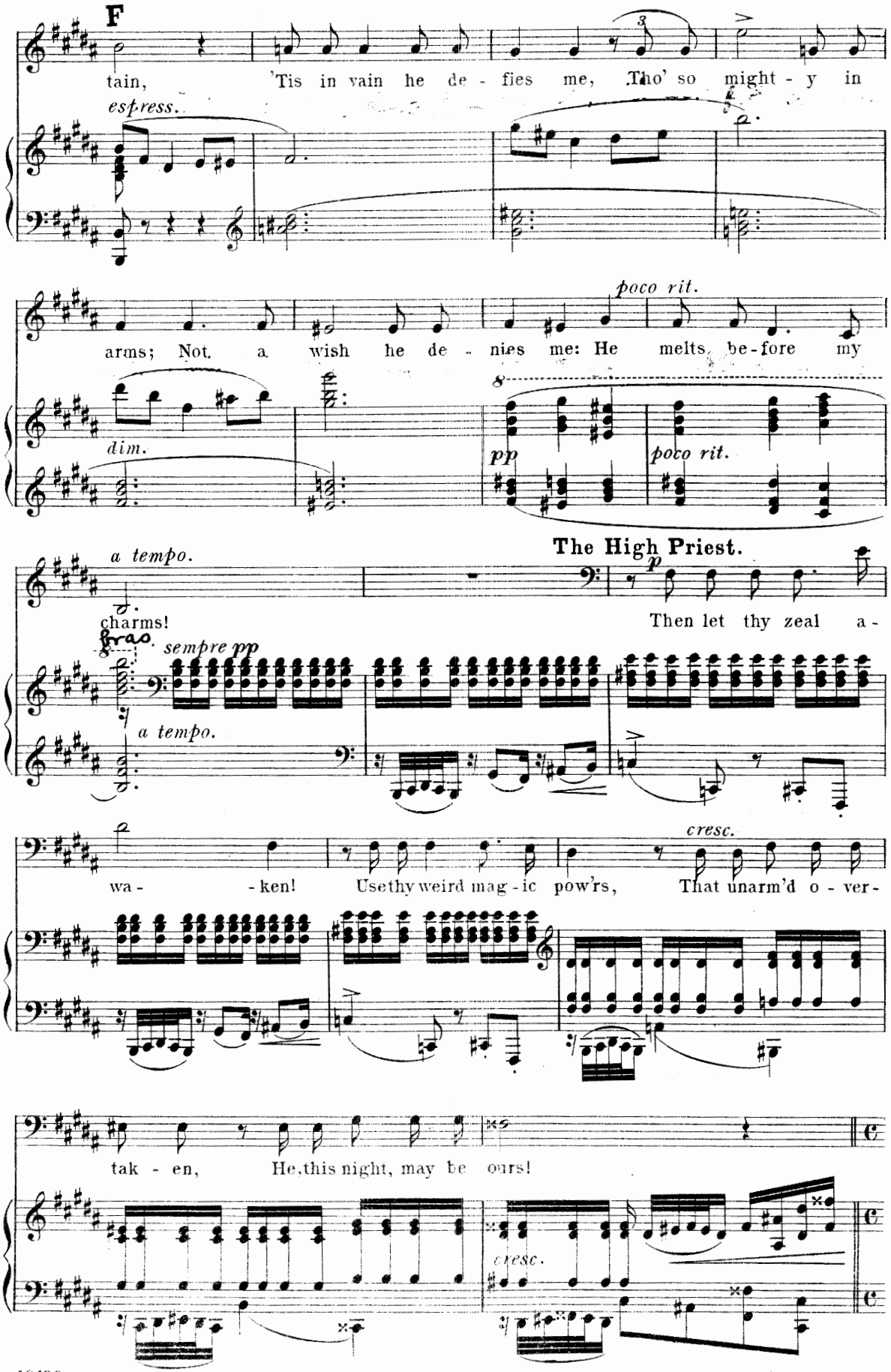

A
The High Priest.
pas-tor!
Our dis-
f
p
B Andante con moto. (♩ = 88.)
as - ter you know:—
p
Desperate slaves with - out pit - -y Rose against their
Lords! They sack the help-less cit - -y: None re-sist - ed their
hordes! Our Sol - diers fled be-fore them:

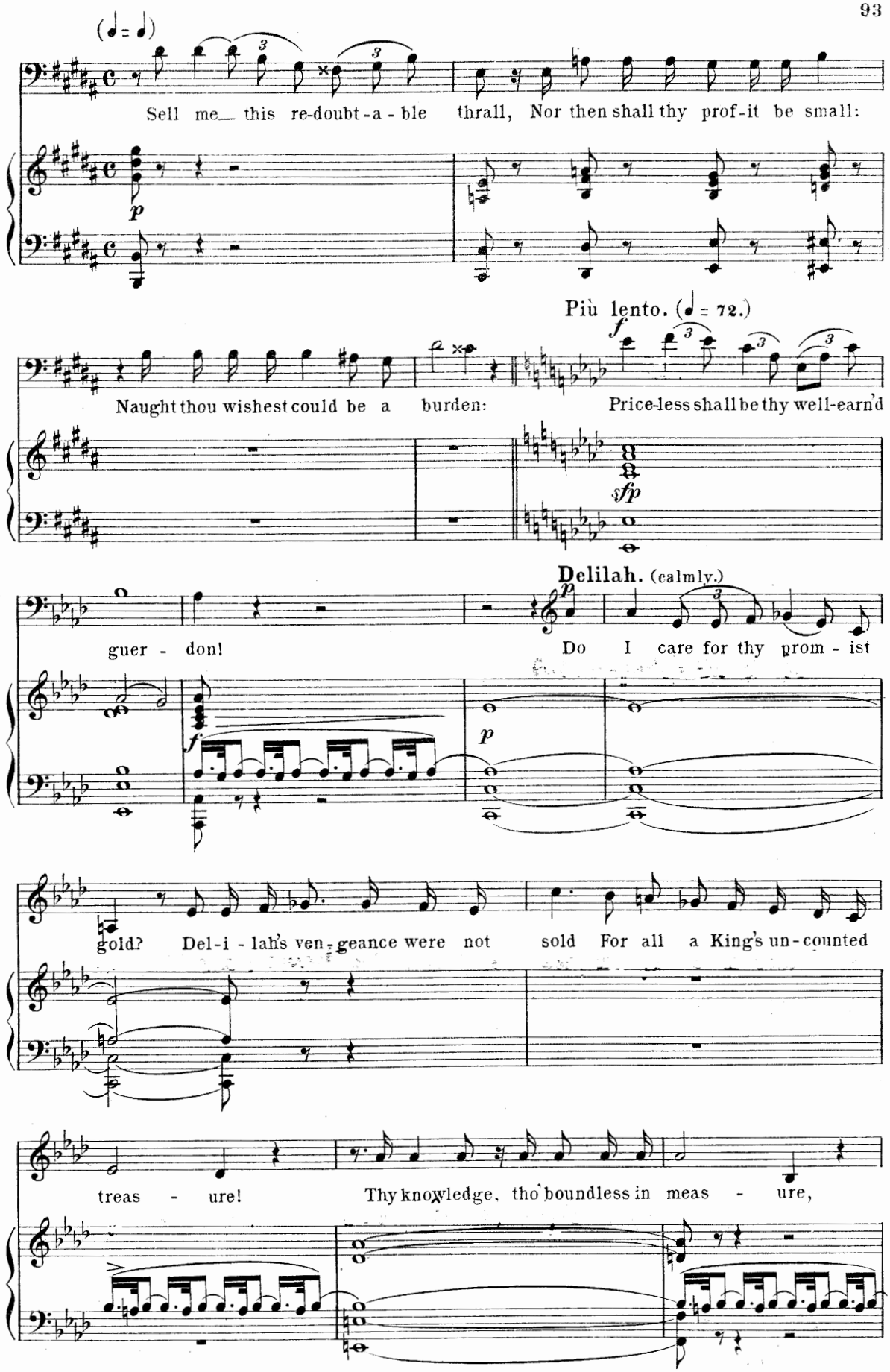

At the sound of Sam - son's name The pangs of ter - ror
f
tore them! Like sheep they be - came!
f
m.d.
m.g.
A men-ace to our na - tion, Samson hath from on
dim
p
high A strength and prep - a - ra - tion, So that none with him can
vie! A vow hath bound him ev- - -er:

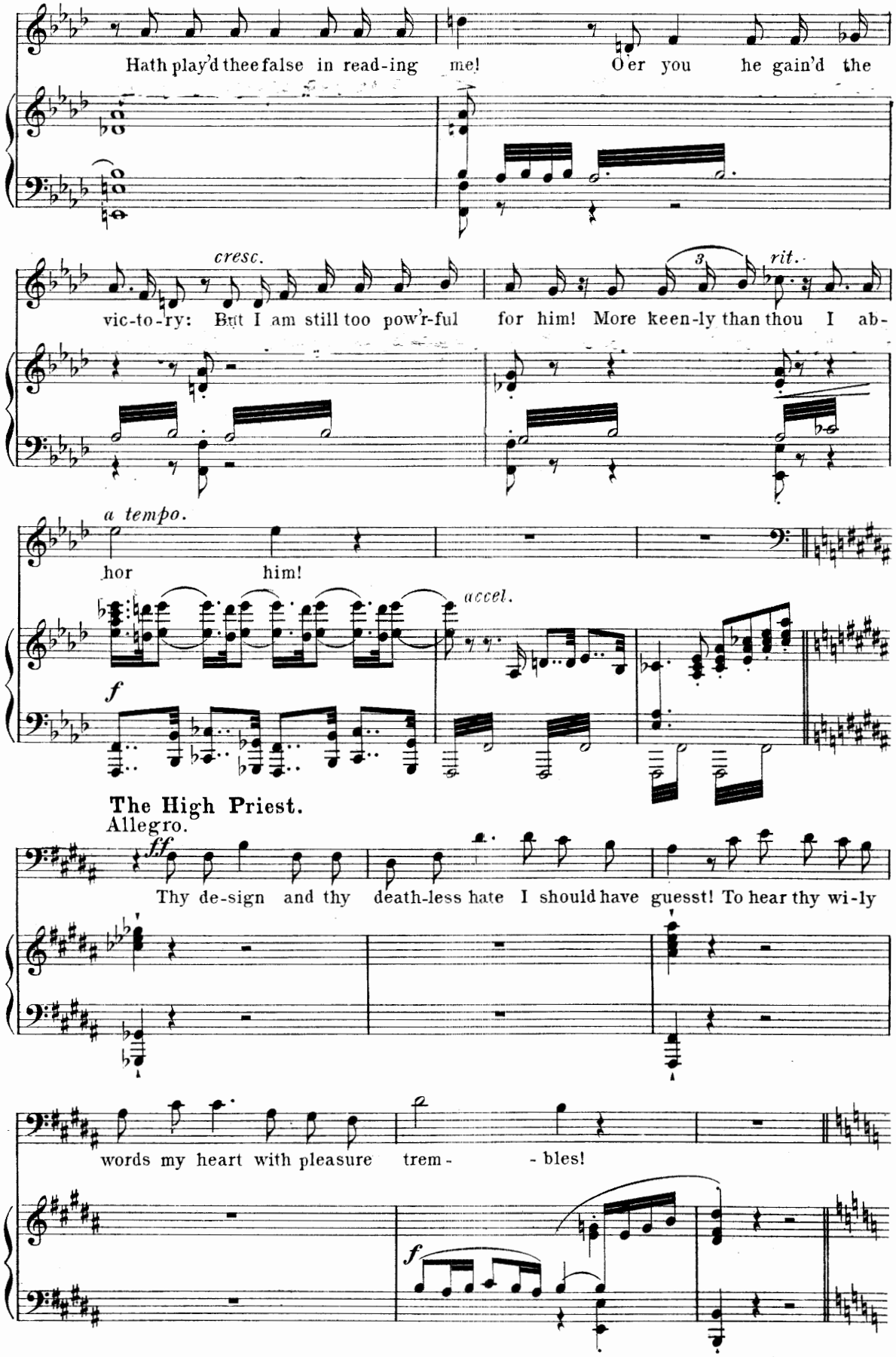

He from birth was e - lect To con - se - crate en -
f
deav - or Is - rael's glo - ry to ef - fect.
f
C Delilah. (bitterly.)
I know his courage dares you
dim.
p
E - ven un - to your face; He end - less hatred
bears you, As the chief of your race!

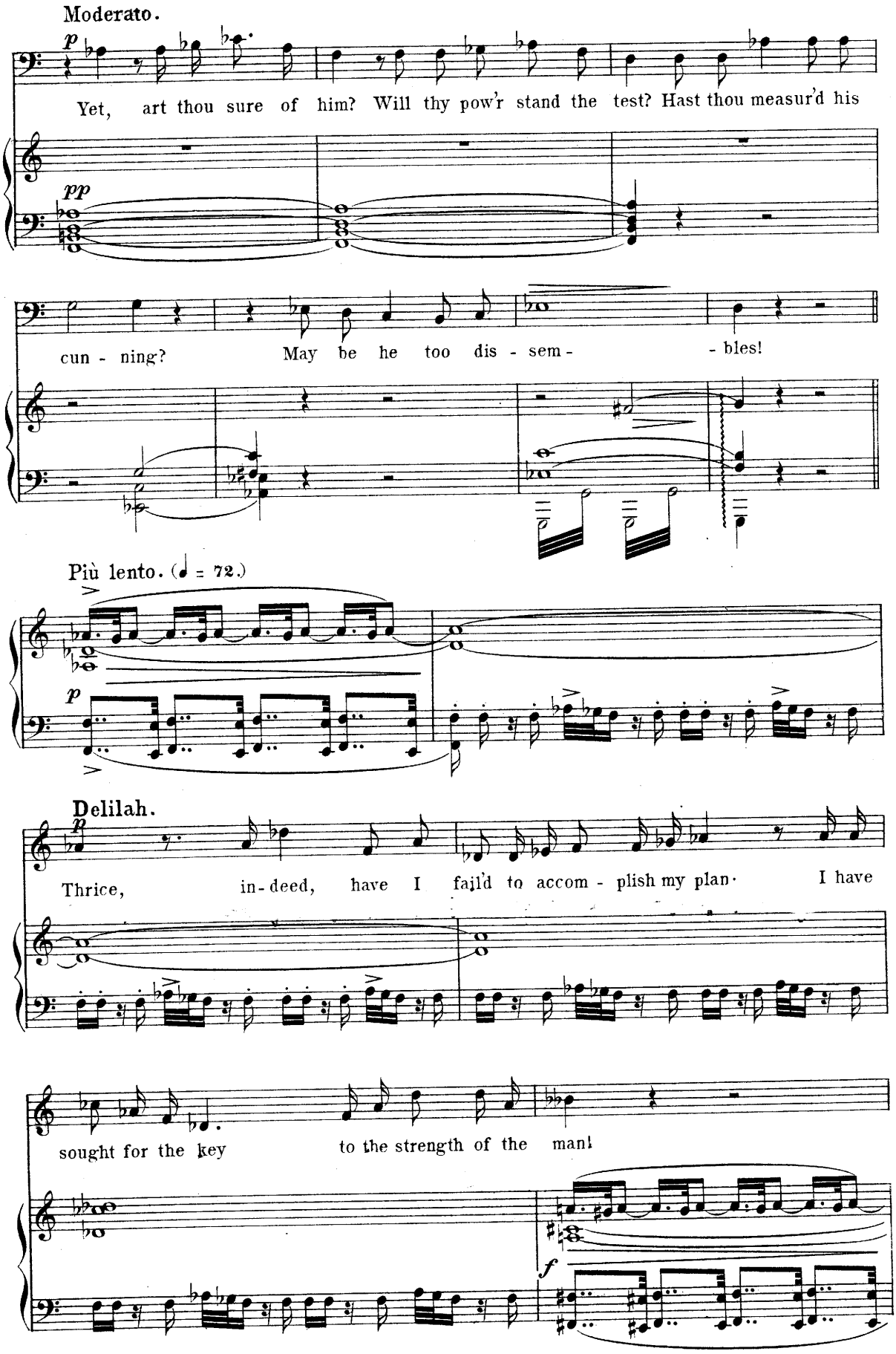

The High Priest.
With-in thine arms one day His might vanisht a-
cresc.
D
way: But since then he en - deavors To for-get thee a - gain!
cresc.
Allegro.
'Tis said in shame-ful fash-ion His Del - i - lah he scouts;
f
He makes sport of his pas-sion And all its joy he
mf
p
E
Andante con moto.
dolce.
Delilah.
doubts! Al - tho' his brothers warn him, And he
p

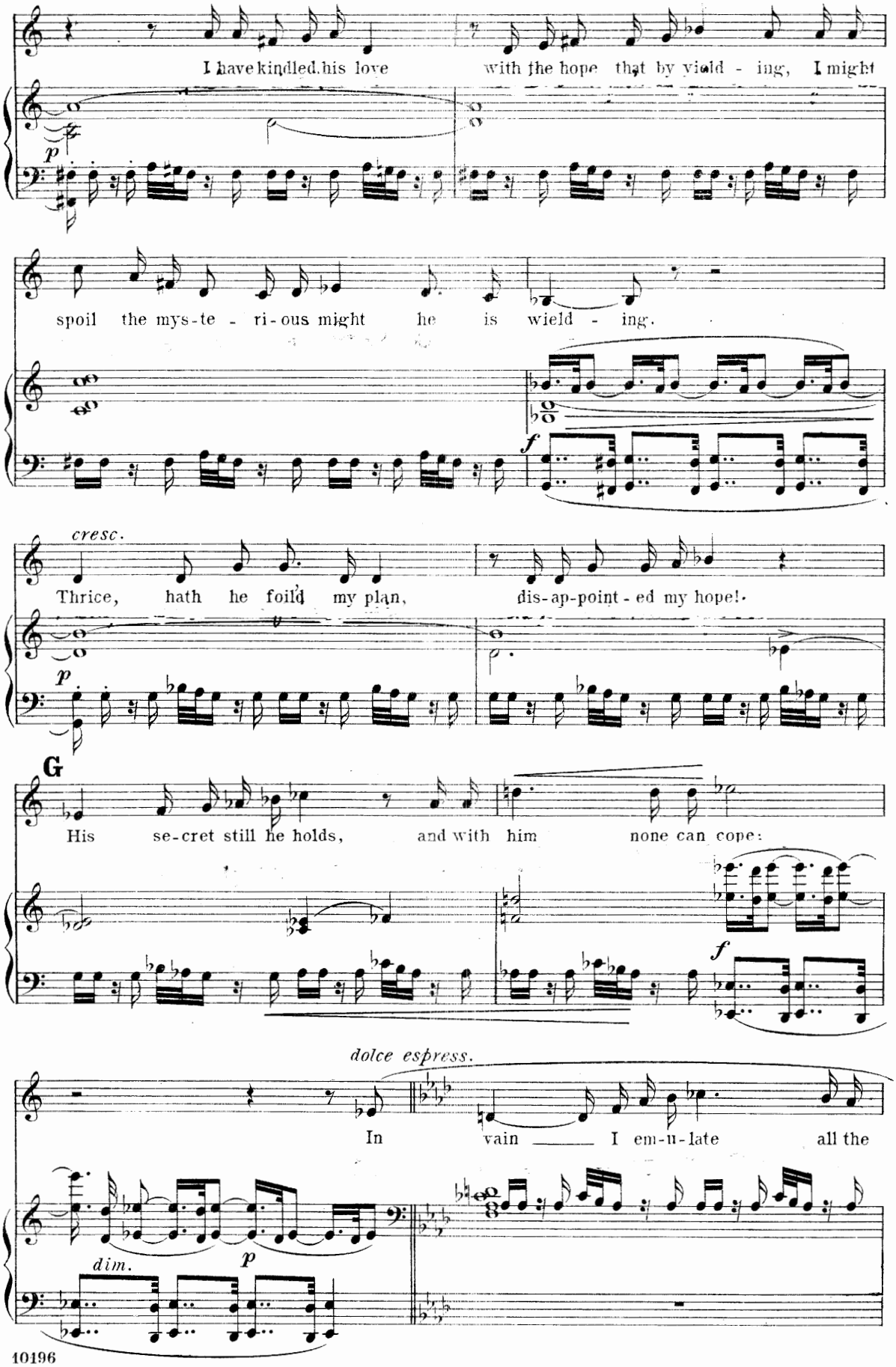

hears what they say;
Tho' they all cold - ly
scorn him Be - - cause he loves a - stray; Yet
cresc.
pp
still, in spite of rea - son, He strug - gles all in vain: I
fear from him no trea - son, For his heart I re -
dolce.
pp

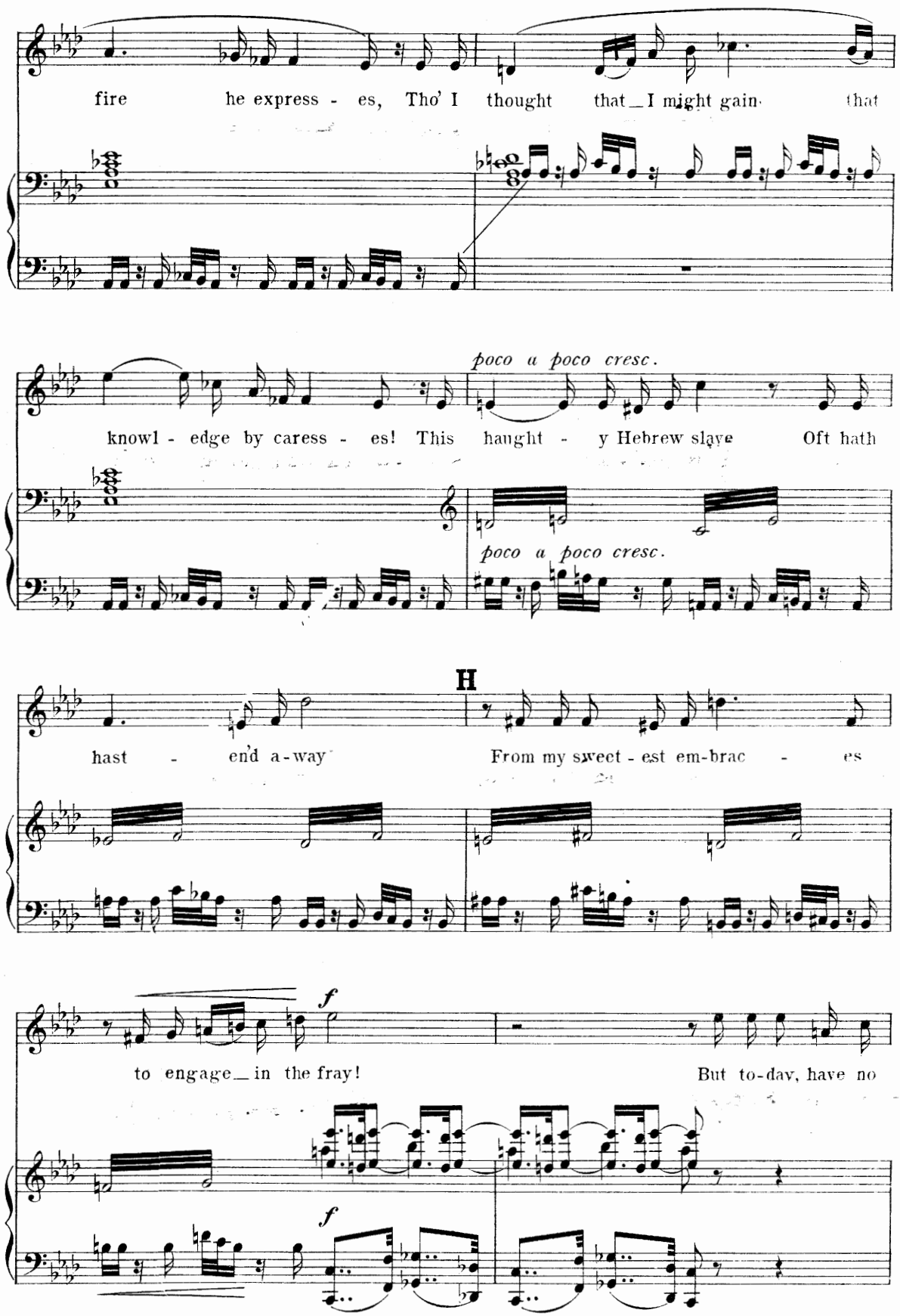

F
tain, 'Tis in vain he de - fies me, Tho' so might - y in
espress.
arms; Not a wish he de - nies me: He melts be-fore my
poco rit.
dim.
pp
poco rit.
a tempo.
charms!
The High Priest.
p
Then let thy zeal a -
sempre pp
a tempo.
wa - - ken! Use thy weird mag - ic pow'rs, That unarm'd o - ver -
cresc.
tak - en, He, this night, may be ours!
cresc.

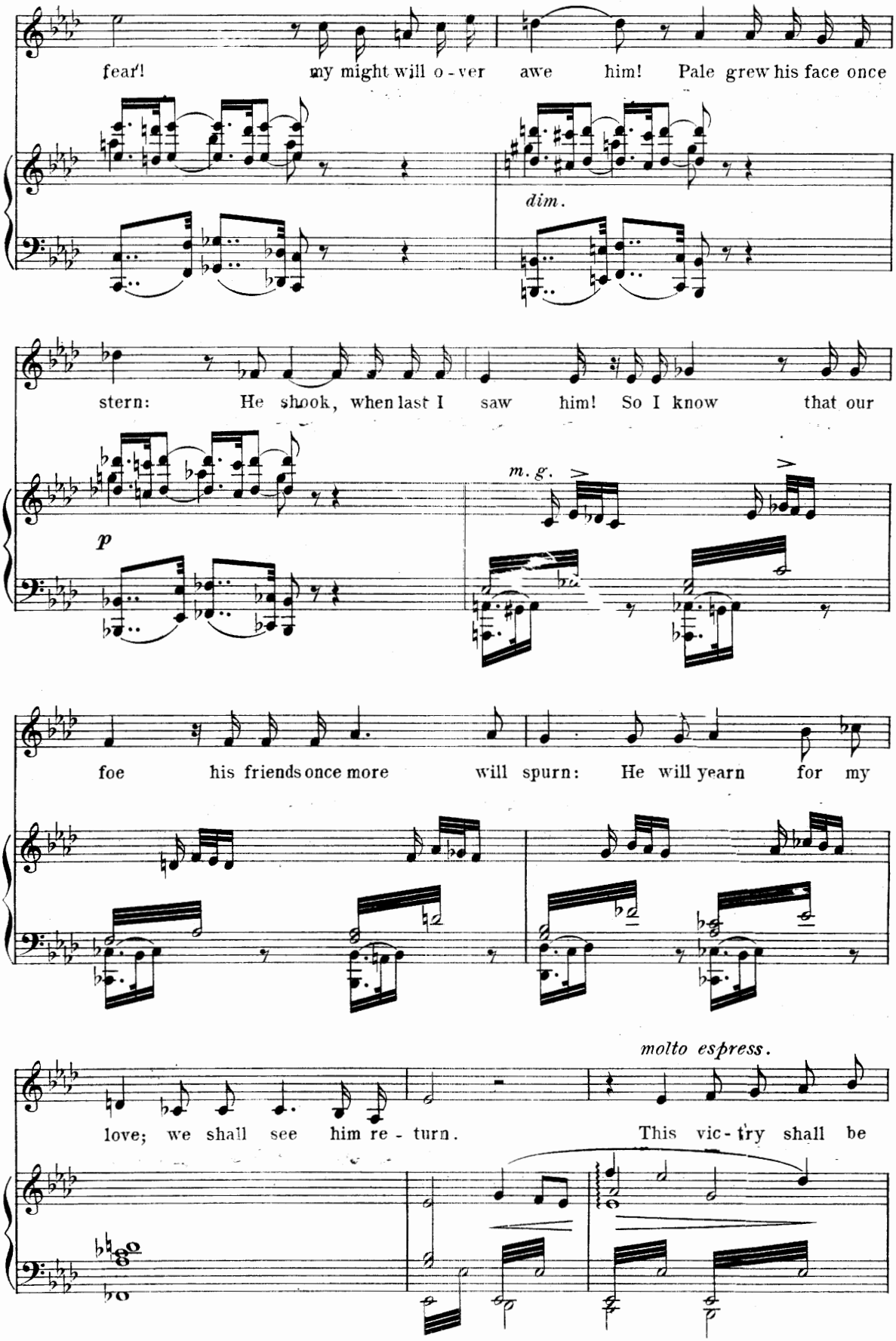

(♩ = ♩)
Sell me this re-doubt-a-ble thrall, Nor then shall thy prof-it be small:
p
Più lento. (♩ = 72.)
f
Naught thou wishest could be a burden: Price-less shall be thy well-earn'd
sfp
Delilah. (calmly.)
p
guer - don! Do I care for thy prom - ist
f
p
gold? Del-i-lah's ven-geance were not sold For all a King's un-counted
treas - ure! Thy knowledge, tho' boundless in meas - ure,

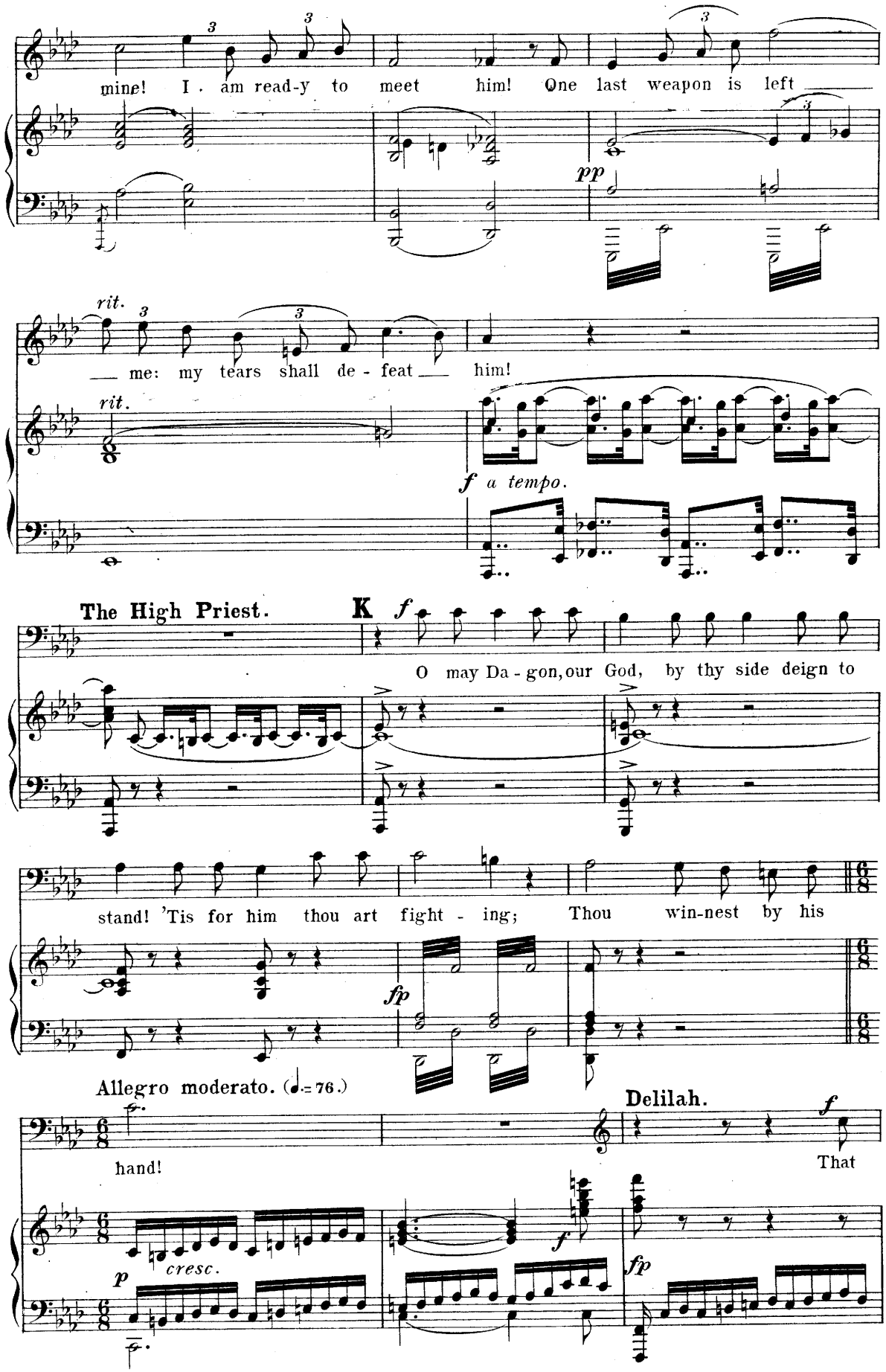

Hath play'd thee false in read-ing me! O'er you he gain'd the
cresc.
vic-to-ry: But I am still too pow'r-ful for him! More keen-ly than thou I ab-
rit.
a tempo.
hor him!
accel.
f
The High Priest.
Allegro.
ff
Thy de-sign and thy death-less hate I should have guesst! To hear thy wi-ly
words my heart with pleasure trem- - bles!
f

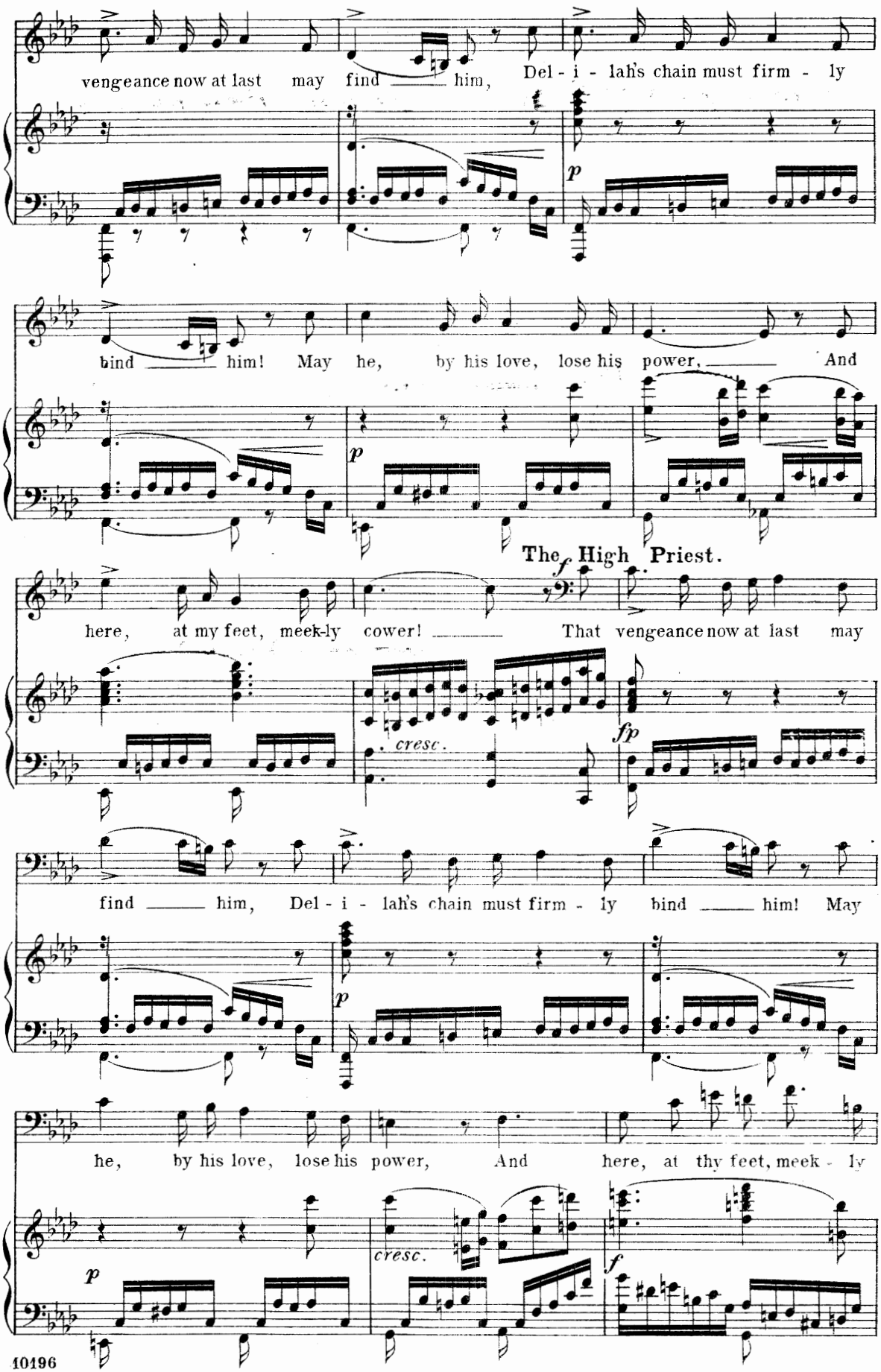

Moderato.
p
Yet, art thou sure of him? Will thy pow'r stand the test? Hast thou measur'd his
pp
cun - ning? May be he too dis - sem - - bles!
Più lento. (♩ = 72.)
p
Delilah.
p
Thrice, in-deed, have I fail'd to accom - plish my plan. I have
sought for the key to the strength of the man!
f

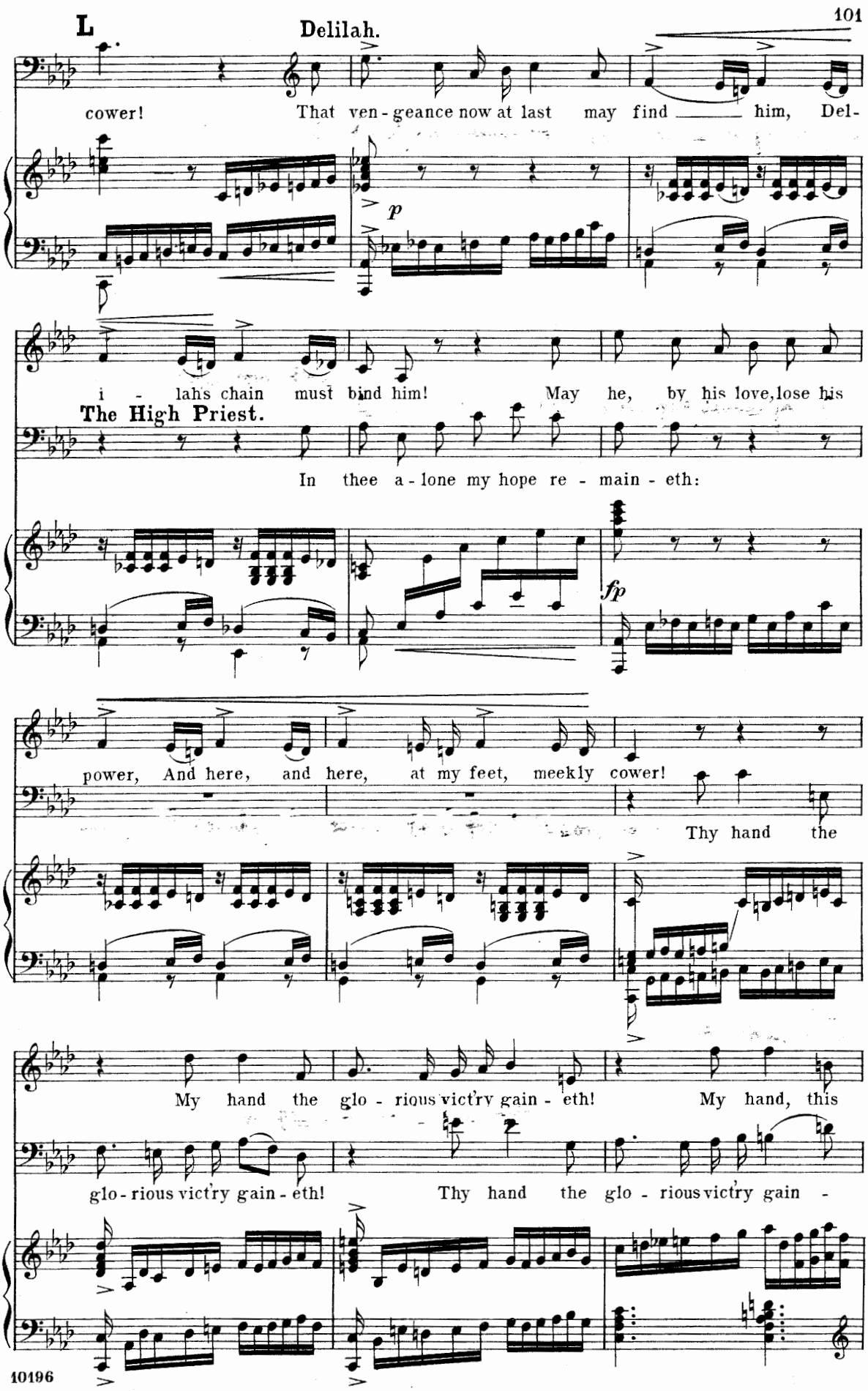

I have kindled his love with the hope that by yield - ing, I might
p
spoil the mys-te - ri-ous might he is wield - ing.
f
cresc.
Thrice, hath he foild my plan, dis-ap-point - ed my hope!
p
G
His se-cret still he holds, and with him none can cope:
f
dolce espress.
In vain ___ I em-u-late all the
dim.
p

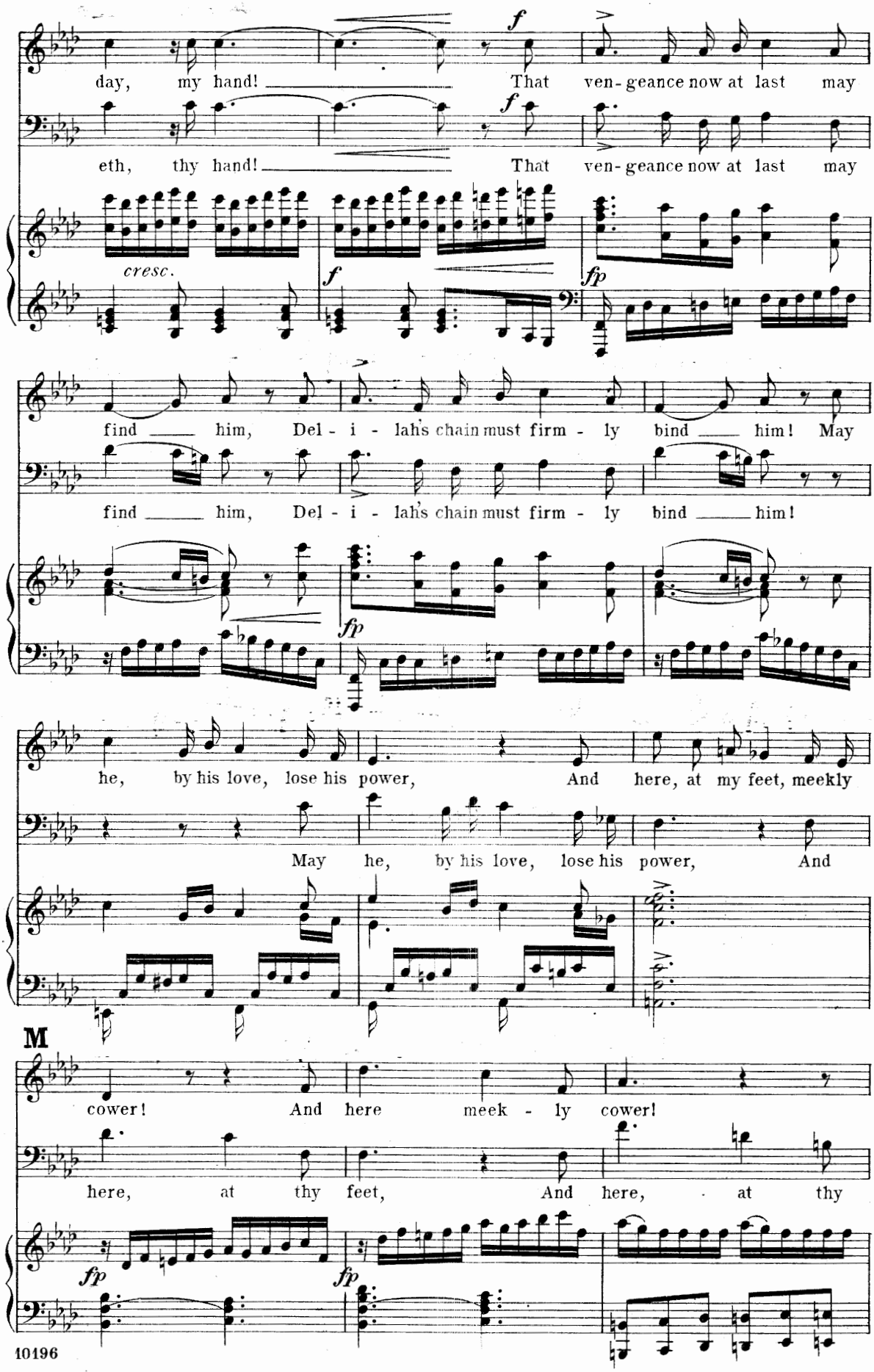

fire he express - es, Tho' I thought that_I might gain that
poco a poco cresc.
knowl - edge by caress - es! This haught - y Hebrew slave Oft hath
poco a poco cresc.
H
hast - end a-way From my sweet - est em-brac - es
f
to engage_in the fray! But to-day, have no
f

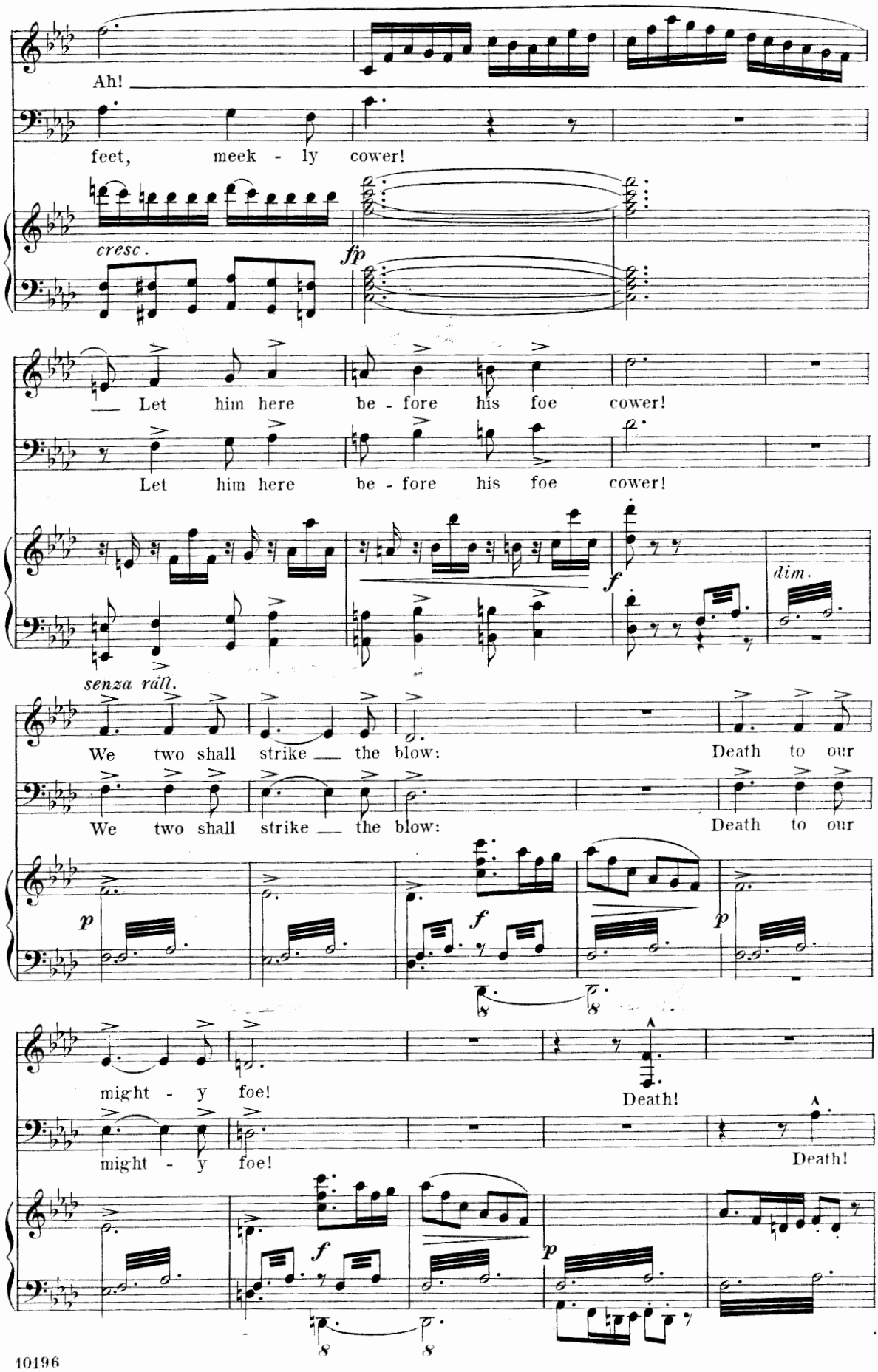

fear! my might will o - ver awe him! Pale grew his face once
dim.
stern: He shook, when last I saw him! So I know that our
p
m. g.
foe his friends once more will spurn: He will yearn for my
molto espress.
love; we shall see him re - turn. This vic - try shall be

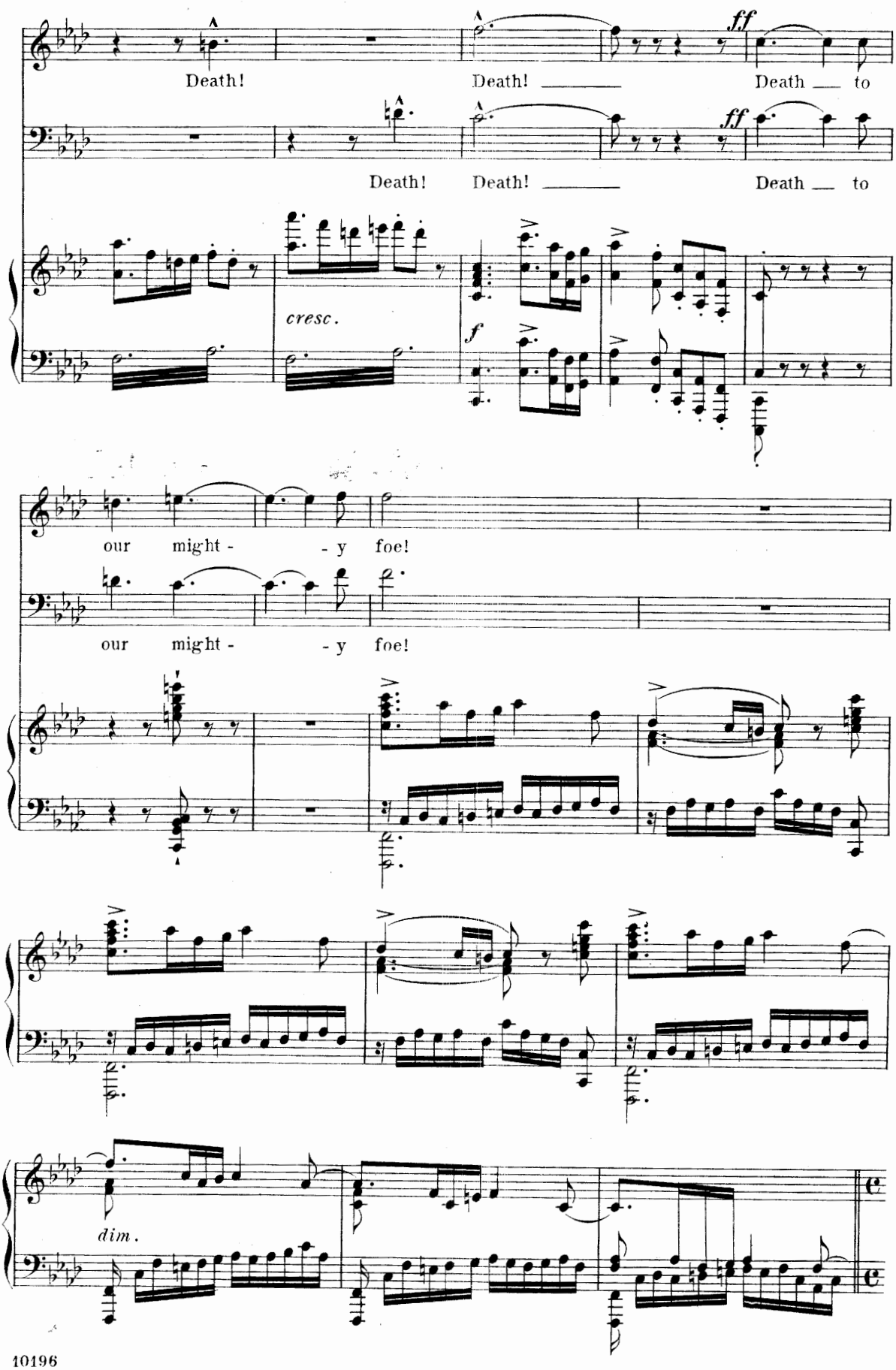

mine! I . am read-y to meet him! One last weapon is left
pp
rit.
me: my tears shall de - feat him!
rit.
f a tempo.
The High Priest.
K
f
O may Da - gon, our God, by thy side deign to
stand! 'Tis for him thou art fight - ing; Thou win-nest by his
fp
Allegro moderato. (♩.= 76.)
Delilah.
f
That
hand!
p
cresc.
f
fp

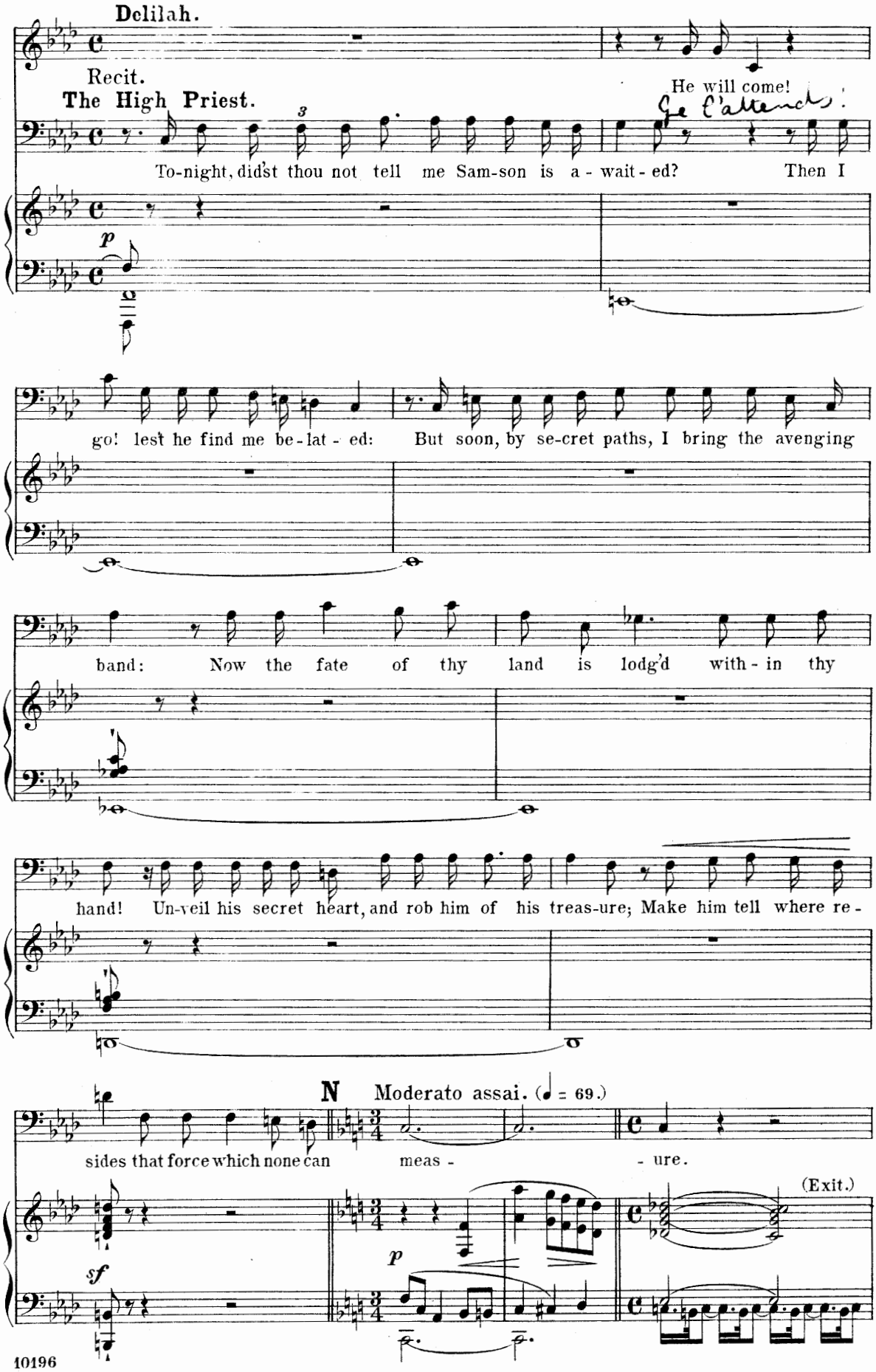

vengeance now at last may find him, Del - i - lah's chain must firm - ly
bind him! May he, by his love, lose his power, And
The High Priest.
here, at my feet, meek-ly cower! That vengeance now at last may
find him, Del - i - lah's chain must firm - ly bind him! May
he, by his love, lose his power, And here, at thy feet, meek - ly
cresc.
cresc.


L
Delilah.
cower! That ven - geance now at last may find him, Del-
p
i - lah's chain must bind him! May he, by his love, lose his
The High Priest.
In thee a - lone my hope re - main - eth:
fp
power, And here, and here, at my feet, meekly cower!
Thy hand the
My hand the glo - rious victry gain - eth! My hand, this
glo - rious victry gain - eth! Thy hand the glo - rious victry gain -

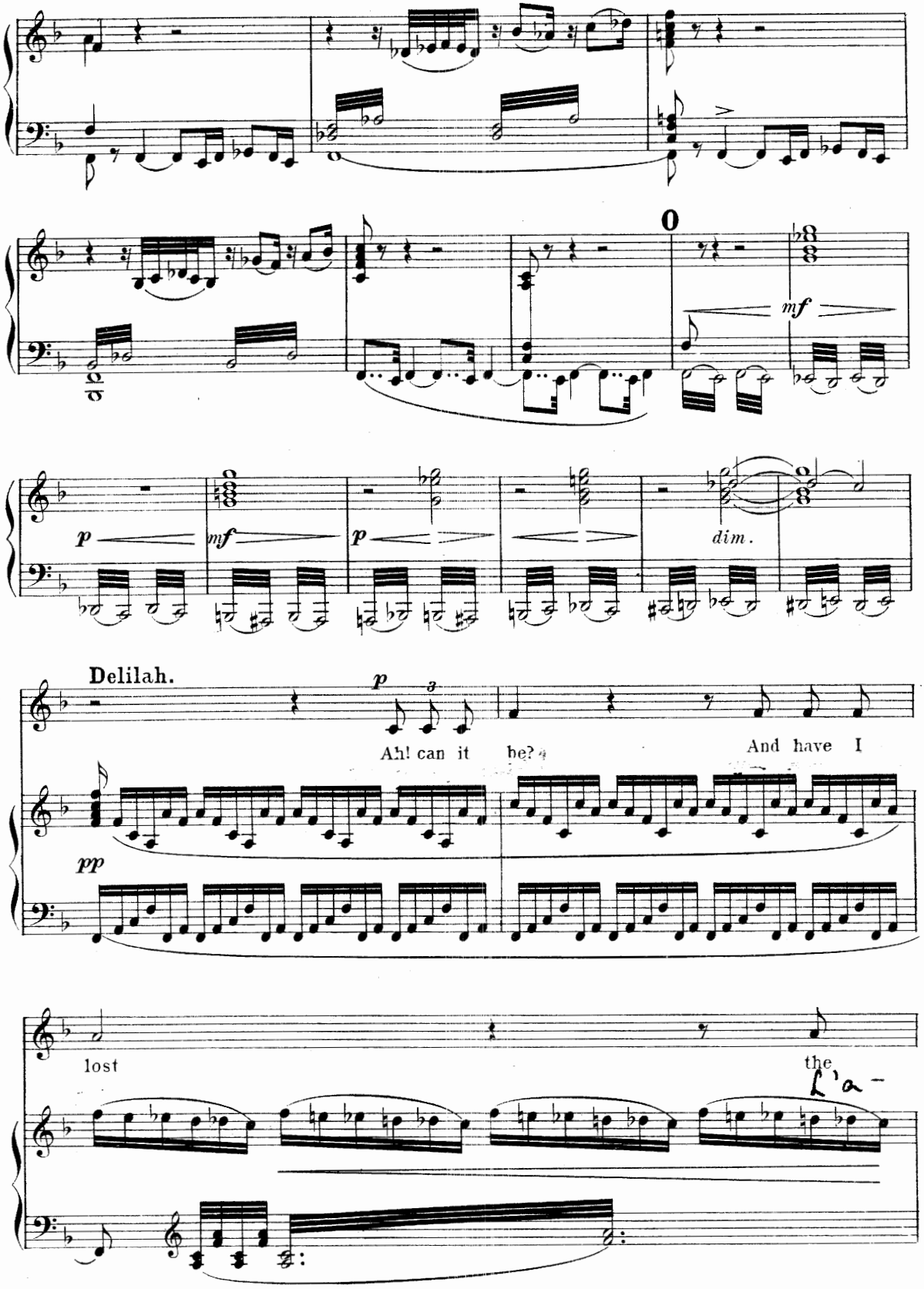

day, my hand! That ven-geance now at last may
eth, thy hand! That ven-geance now at last may
cresc.
f
fp
find him, Del-i-lah's chain must firm-ly bind him! May
find him, Del-i-lah's chain must firm-ly bind him!
he, by his love, lose his power, And here, at my feet, meekly
May he, by his love, lose his power, And
M
cower! And here meek-ly cower!
here, at thy feet, And here, at thy

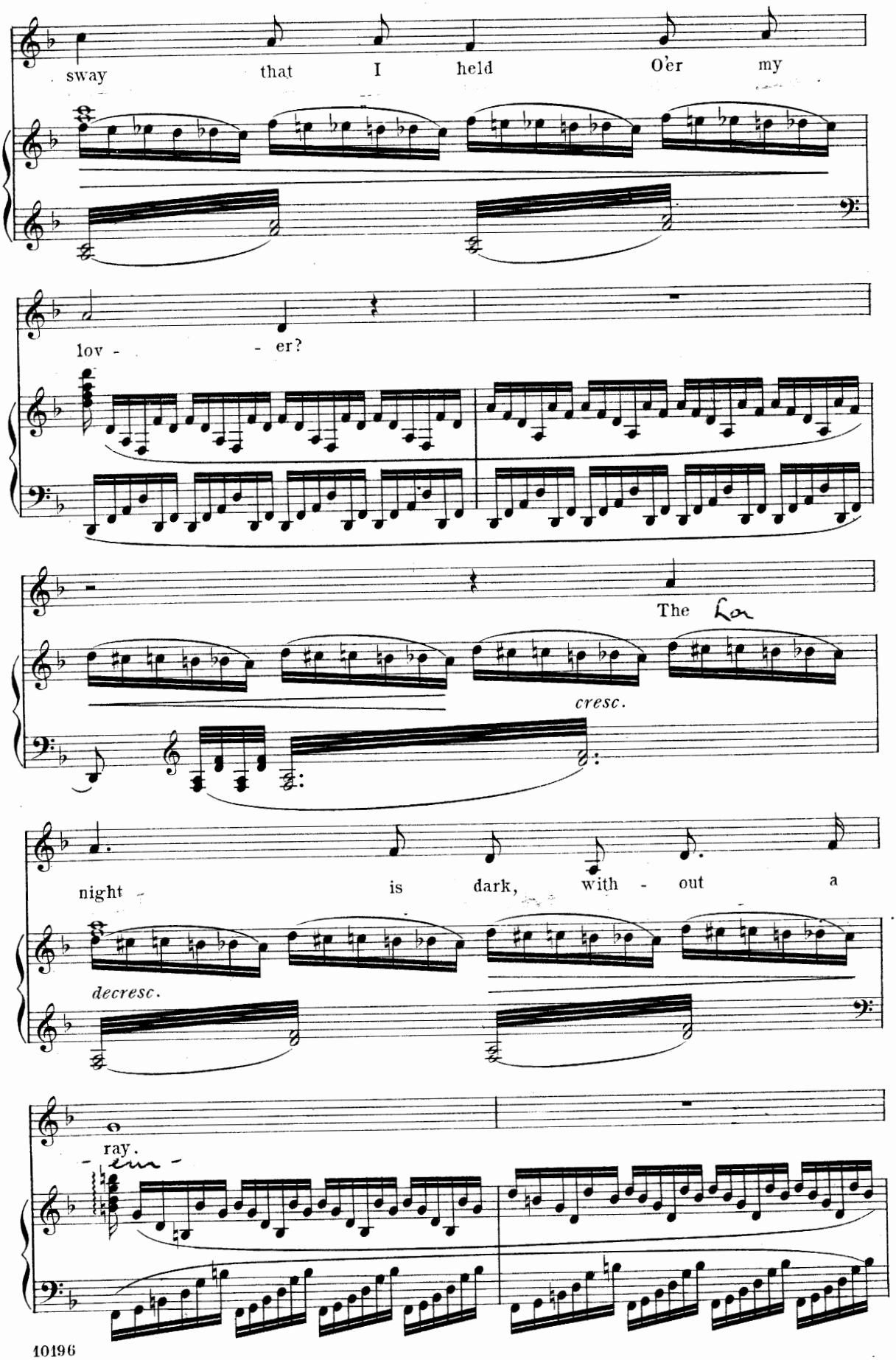

Ah!
feet, meek - ly cower!
cresc.
fp
Let him here be - fore his foe cower!
Let him here be - fore his foe cower!
f
dim.
senza räll.
We two shall strike the blow:
Death to our
We two shall strike the blow:
Death to our
p
f
p
might - y foe!
Death!
might - y foe!
Death!
f
p

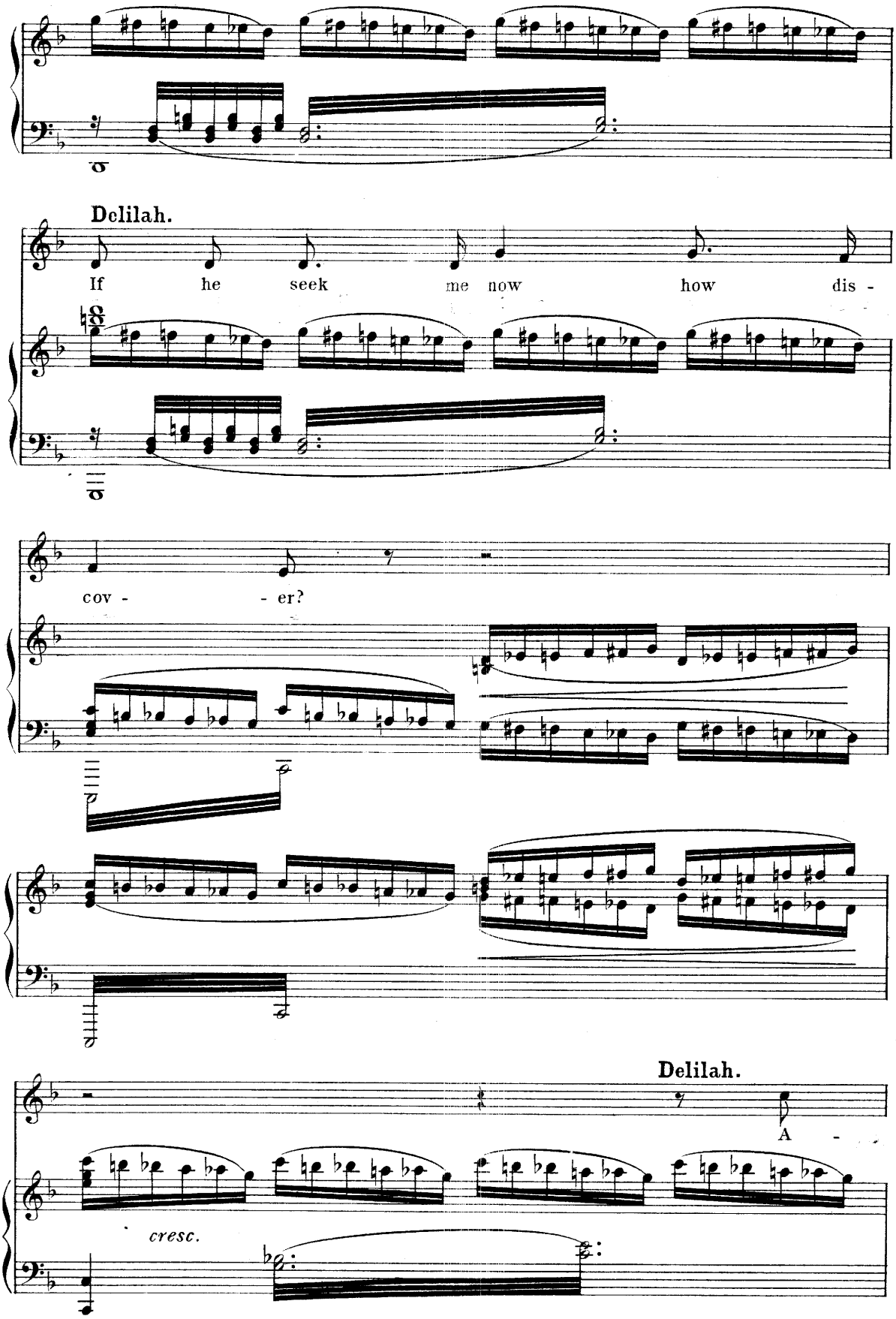

Death!
Death!
Death to
Death!
Death!
Death to
cresc.
ff
ff
f
our might - y foe!
our might - y foe!
dim.

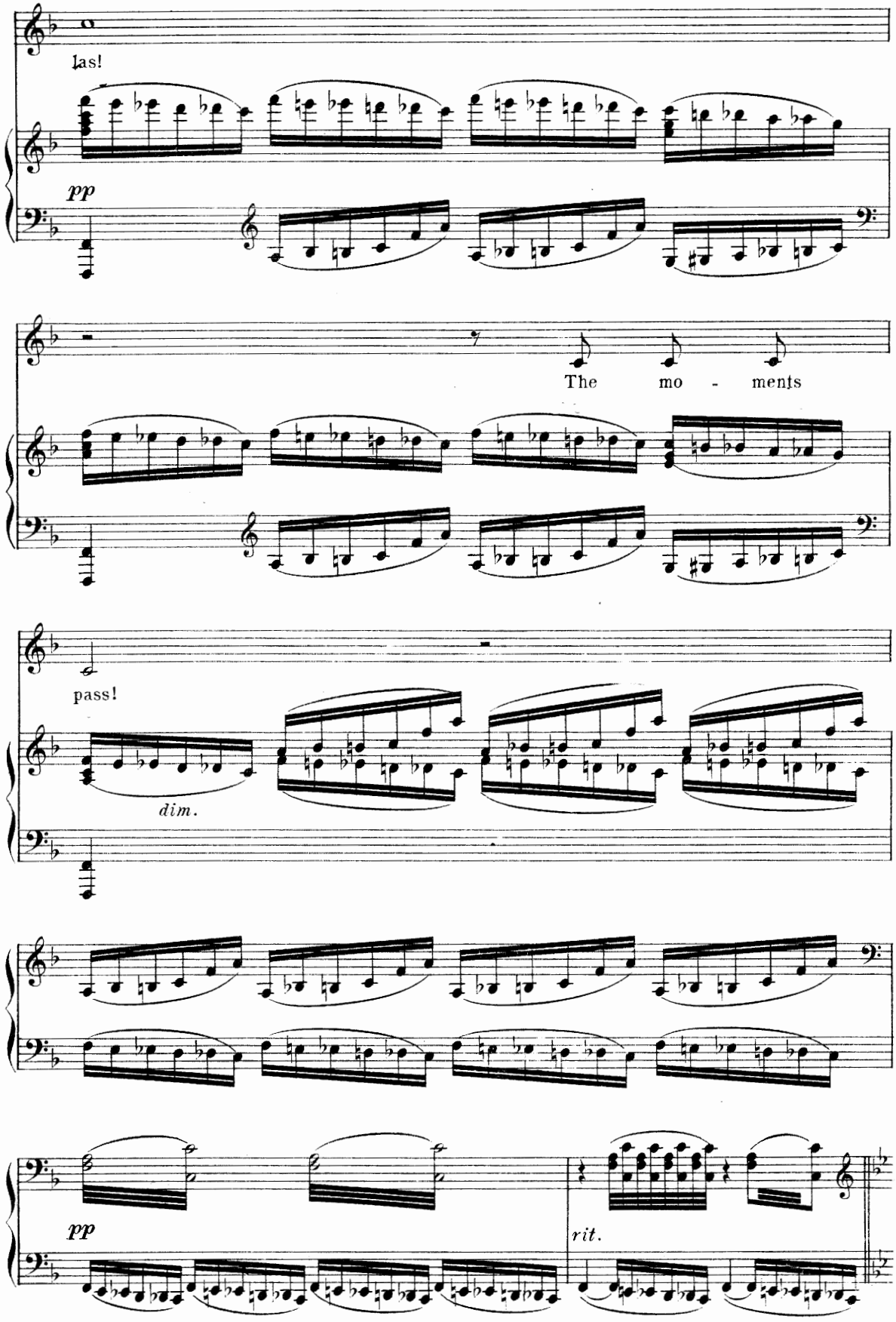

Delilah.
Recit.
The High Priest.
He will come!
Ce t'attends!
To-night, didst thou not tell me Sam-son is a - wait - ed? Then I
go! lest he find me be-lat - ed: But soon, by se-cret paths, I bring the avenging
band: Now the fate of thy land is lodg'd with - in thy
hand! Un-veil his secret heart, and rob him of his treas-ure; Make him tell where re -
N Moderato assai. (♩ = 69.)
sides that force which none can meas - ure.
(Exit.)

Delilah approaches by L. of the stage the entrance to her dwelling, and dreamily leans against one of the pillars.



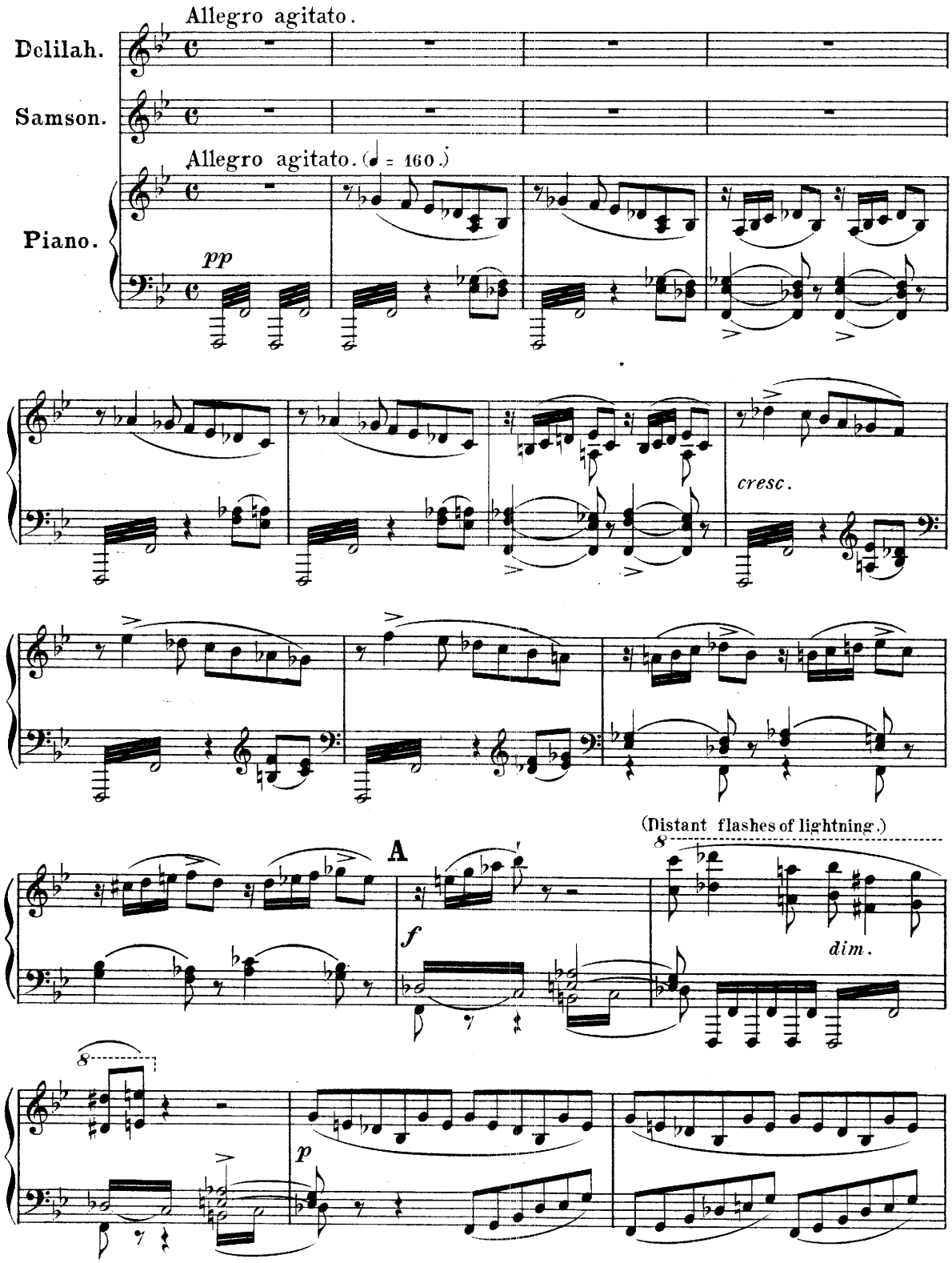

sway that I held O'er my
lov - er?
The
cresc.
night is dark, with - out a
decresc.
ray.
em -

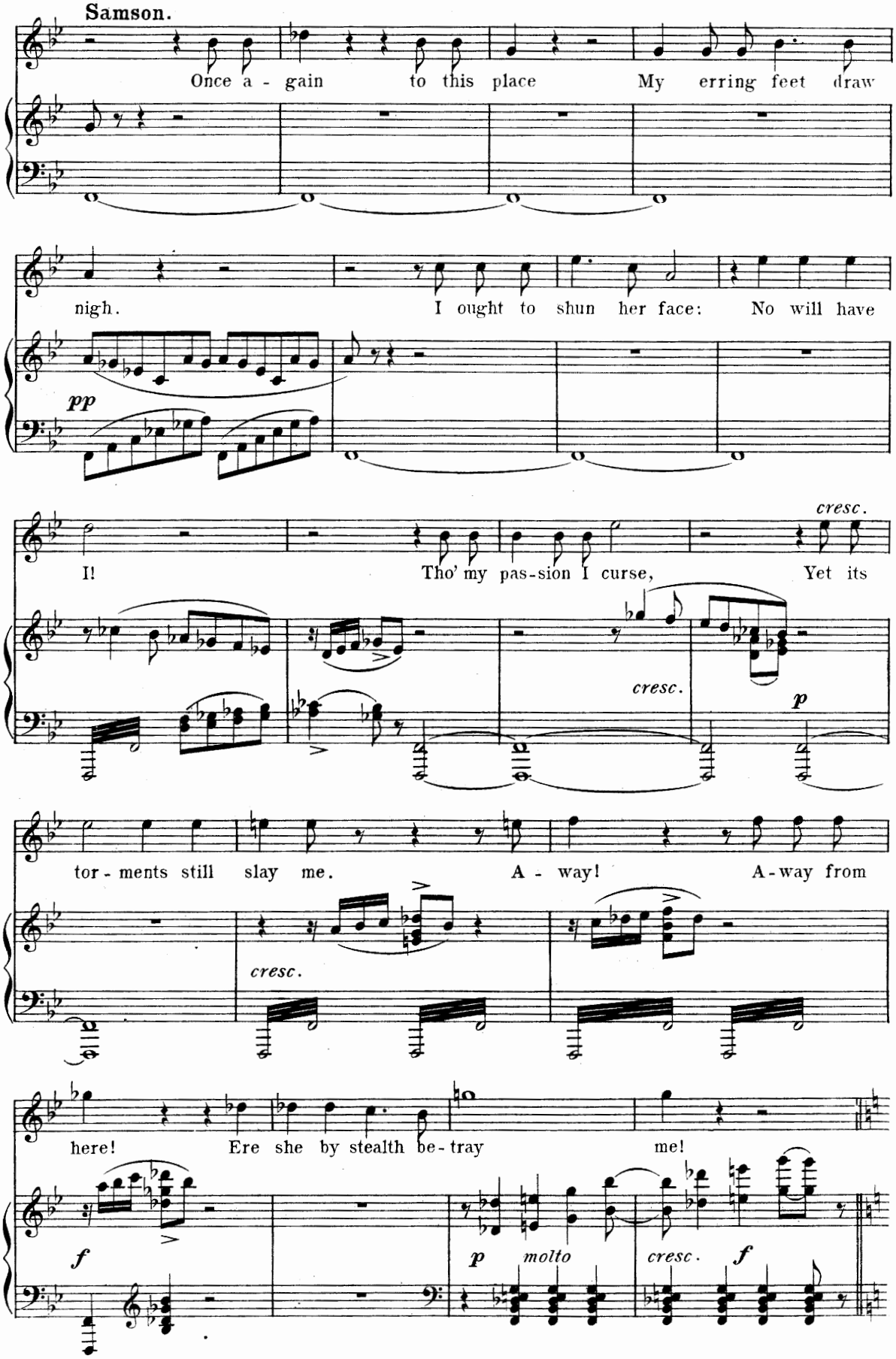

Delilah.
If he seek me now how dis -
cov - - er?
Delilah.
A -
cresc.

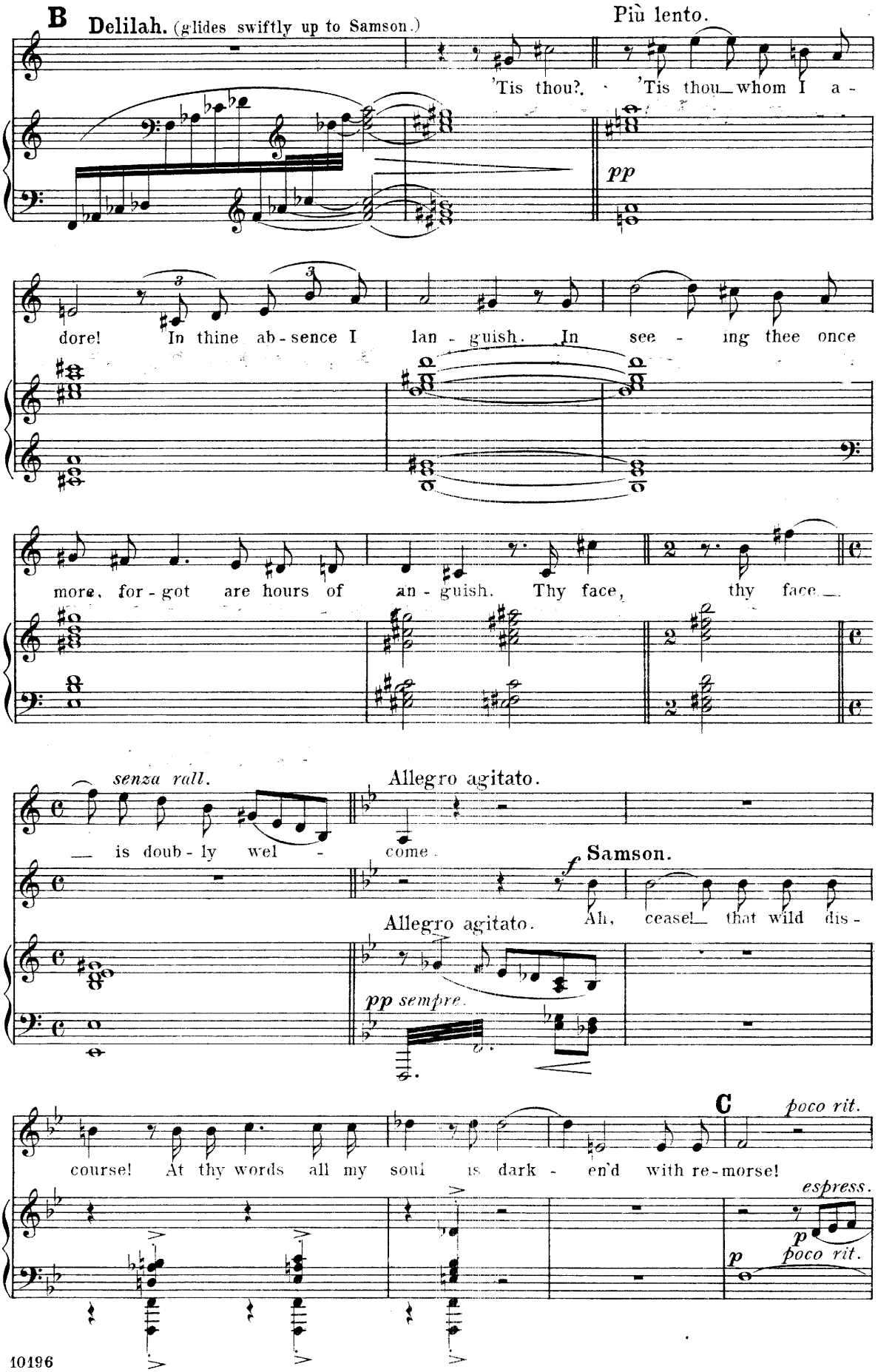

las!
pp
The mo - ments
pass!
dim.
pp
rit.

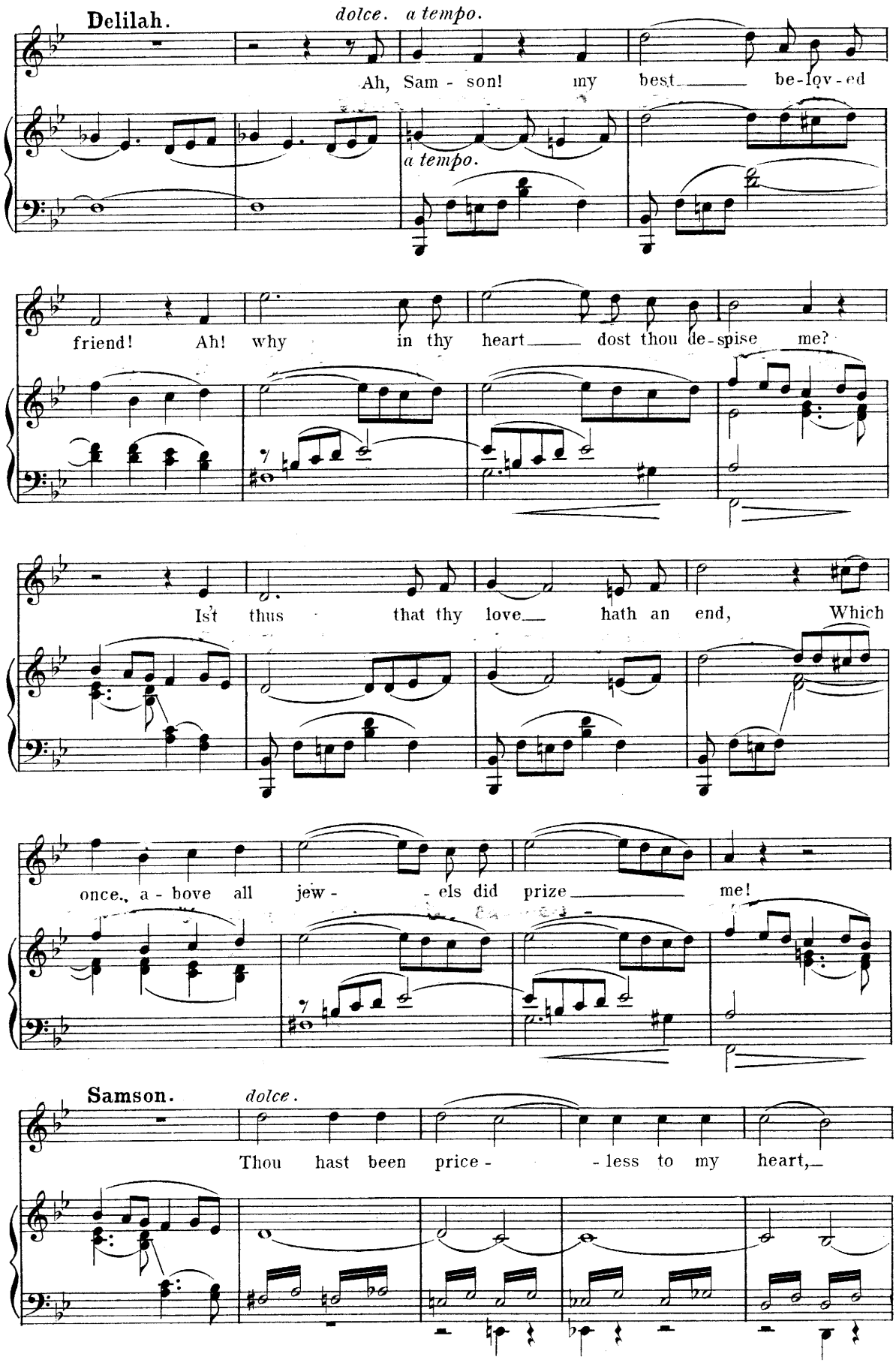
Enter Samson, R. He seems to be disturbed, troubled, uncertain. He glances about him. It grows darker and darker.

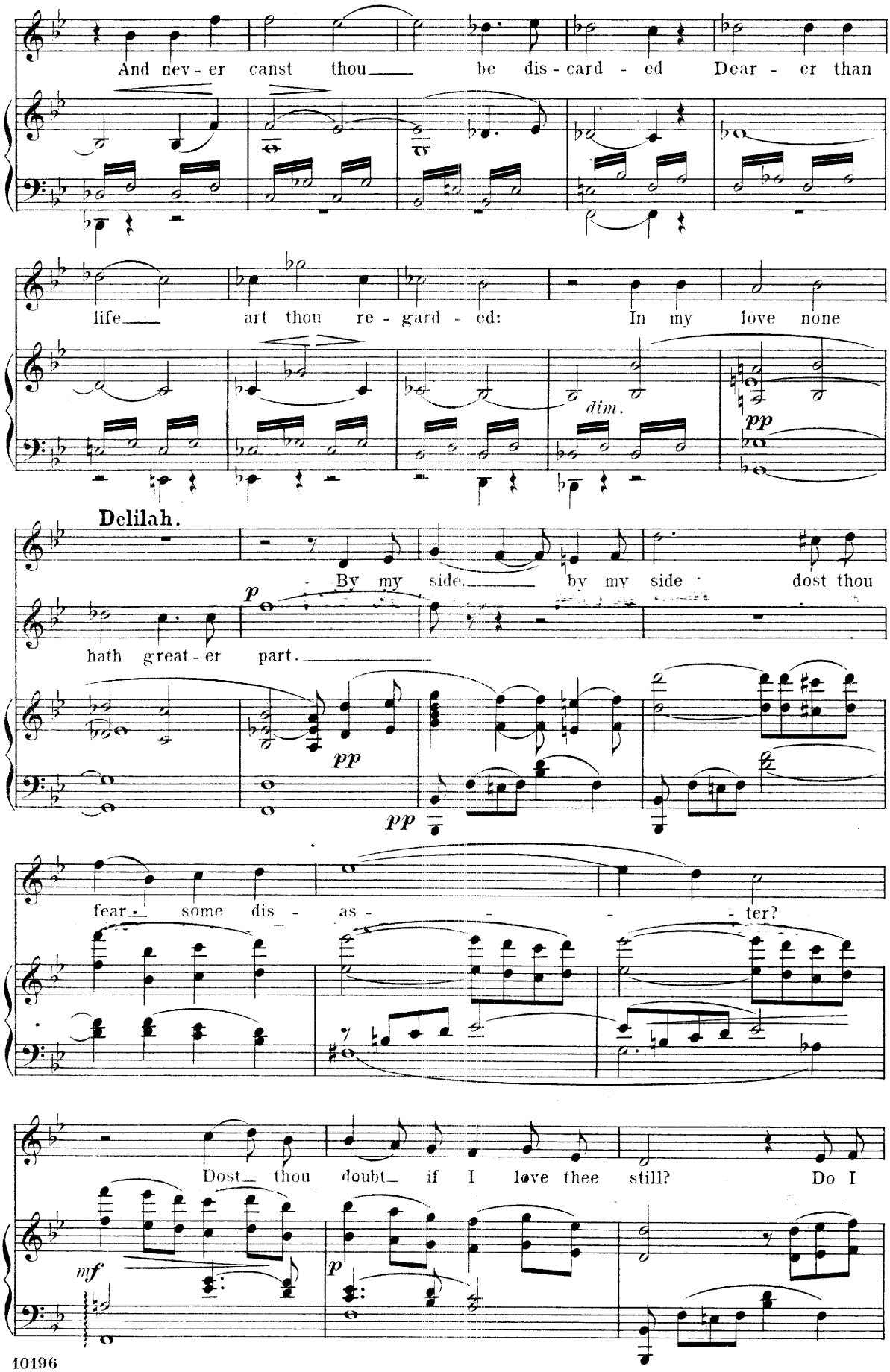
Scene III.

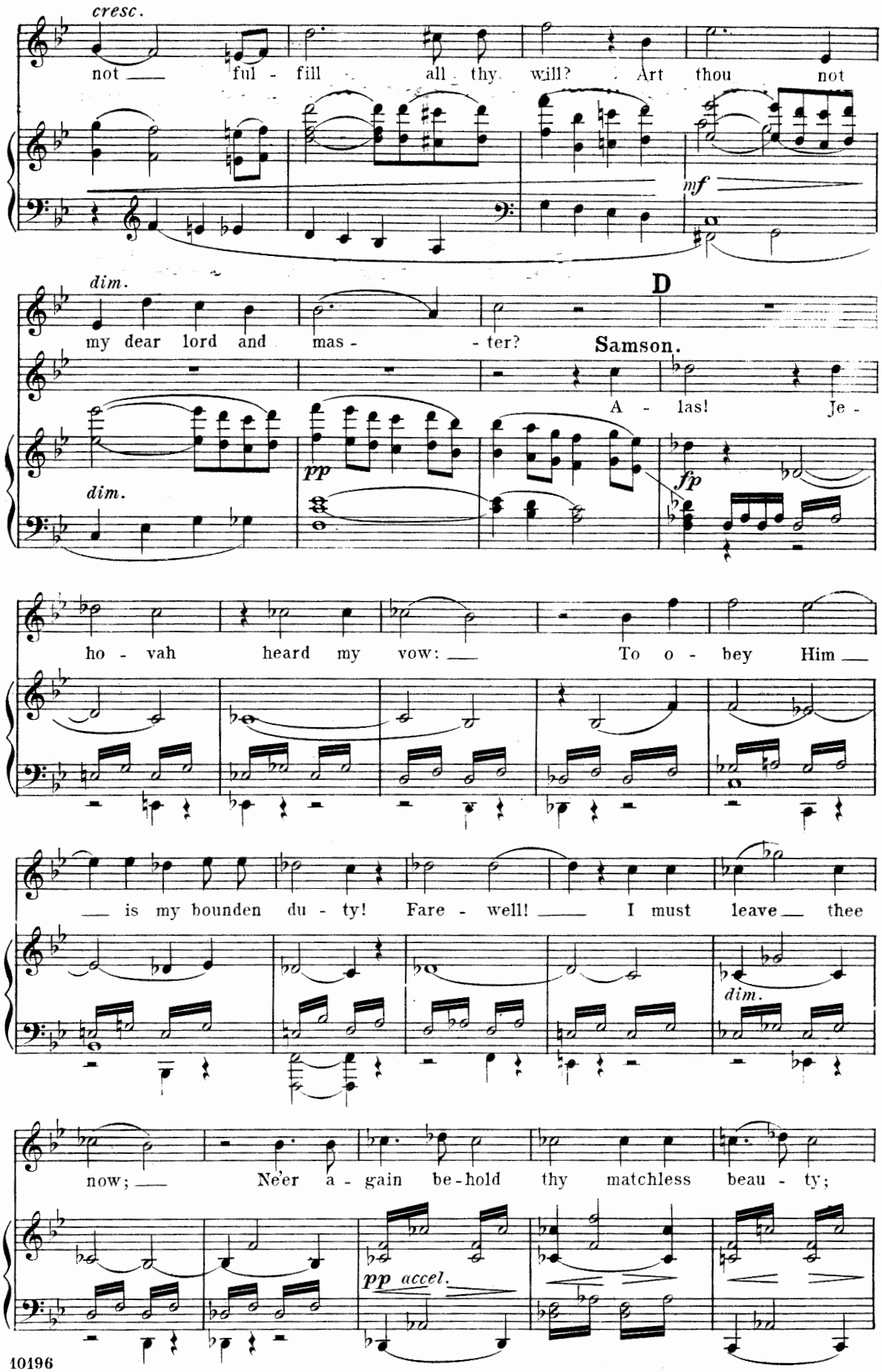


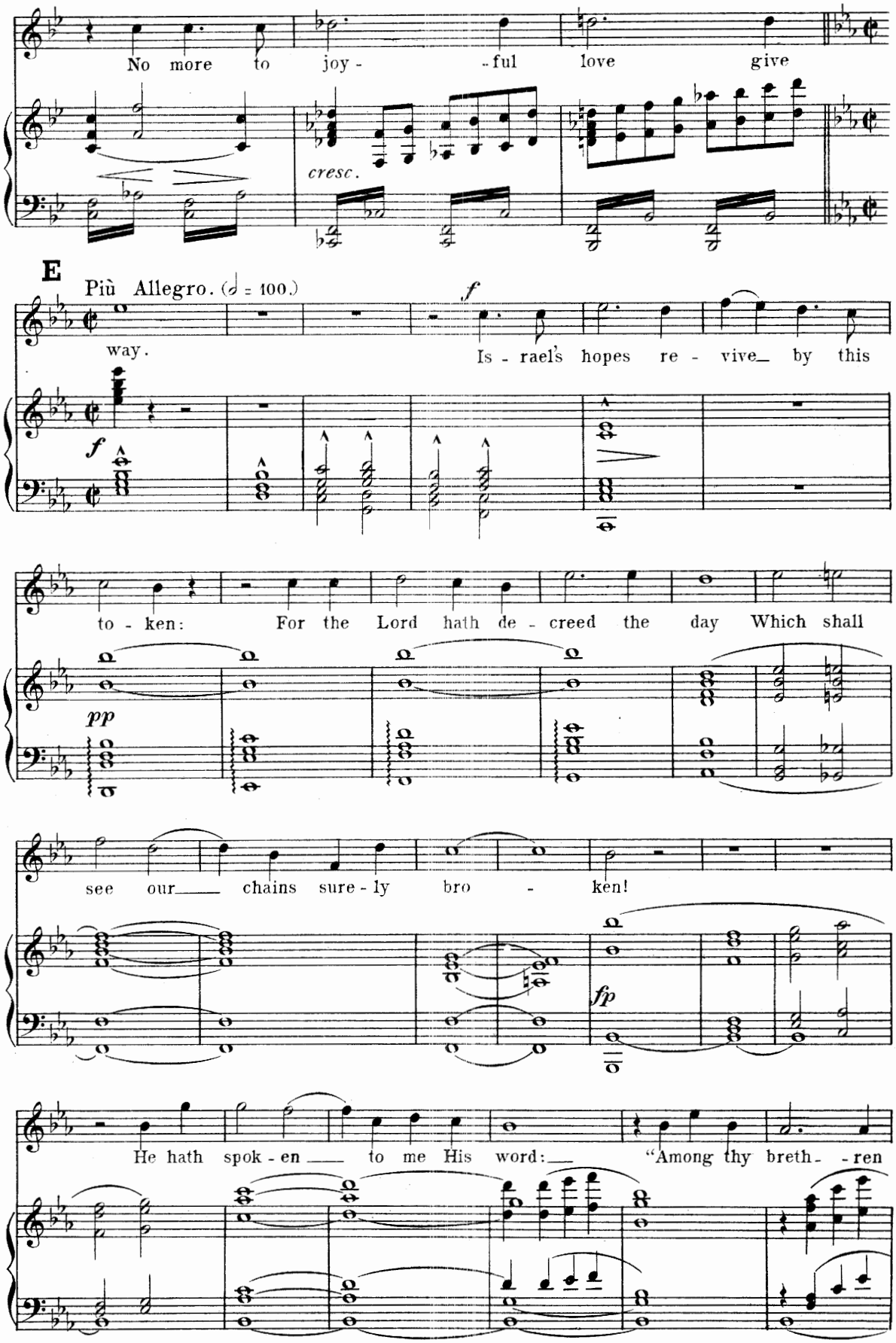

Samson.
Once a - gain to this place My erring feet draw
nigh. I ought to shun her face: No will have
pp
I! Tho' my pas-sion I curse, Yet its
cresc.
cresc.
p
tor - ments still slay me. A - way! A-way from
cresc.
here! Ere she by stealth be-tray me!
f
p molto
cresc.
f

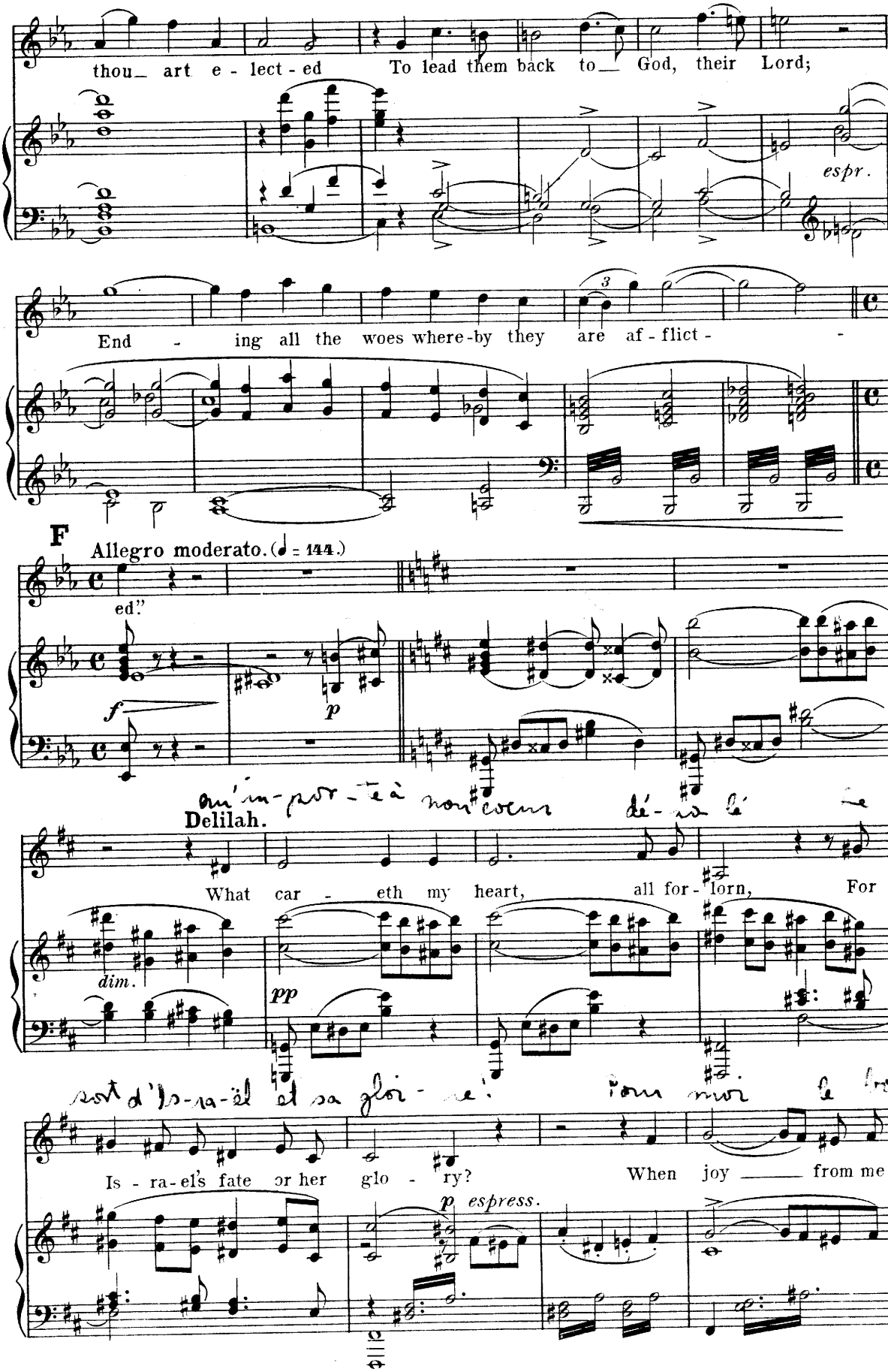

B
Delilah. (glides swiftly up to Samson.)
Più lento.
'Tis thou?. 'Tis thou whom I a -
pp
dore! In thine ab - sence I lan - guish. In see - ing thee once
more, for - got are hours of an - guish. Thy face, thy face
senza rall.
is doub - ly wel - come.
Allegro agitato.
Samson.
f
Ah, cease! that wild dis -
Allegro agitato.
pp sempre.
C
poco rit.
course! At thy words all my soul is dark - en'd with re - morse!
espress.
p
p
poco rit.

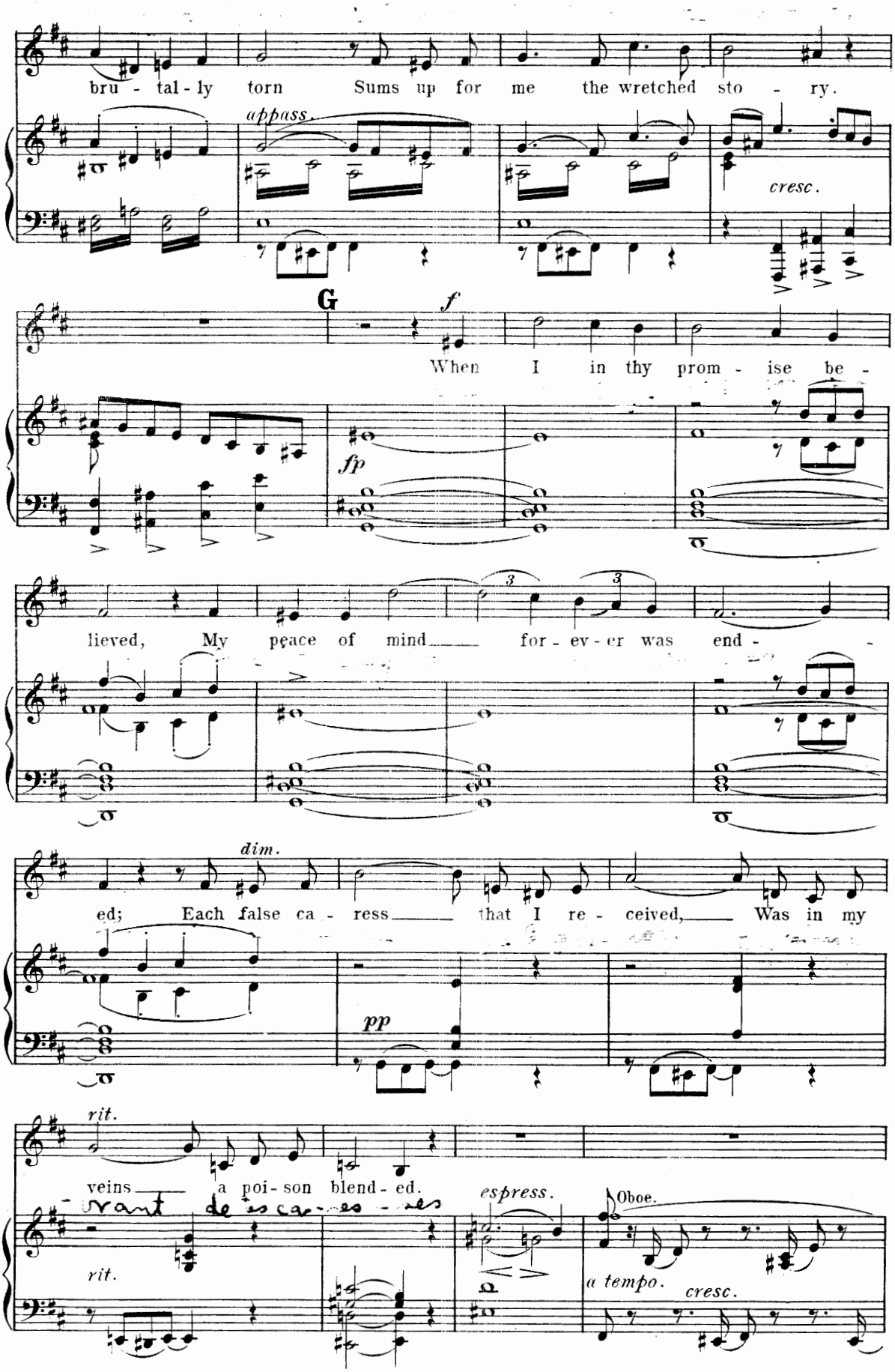

Delilah.
dolce.
a tempo.
Ah, Sam - son! my best be-lov-ed
a tempo.
friend! Ah! why in thy heart dost thou de-spise me?
Is't thus that thy love hath an end, Which
once, a - bove all jew - - els did prize me!
Samson.
dolce.
Thou hast been price - - less to my heart,

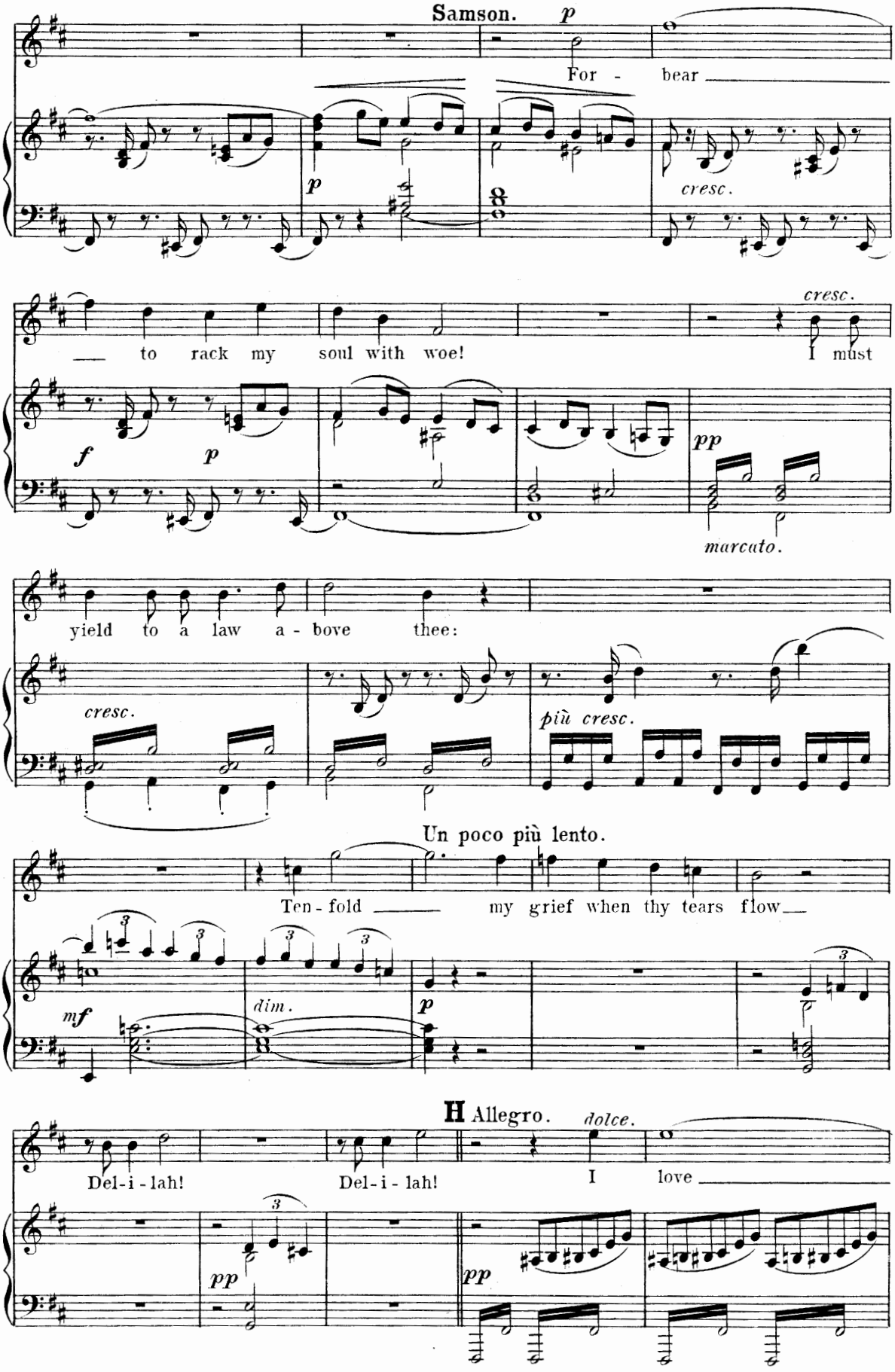

And nev - er canst thou be dis - card - ed Dear - er than
life art thou re - gard - ed: In my love none
dim.
pp
Delilah.
By my side by my side dost thou
p
hath great - er part.
pp
pp
fear - some dis - as - - - - ter?
Dost thou doubt if I love thee still? Do I
mf
p

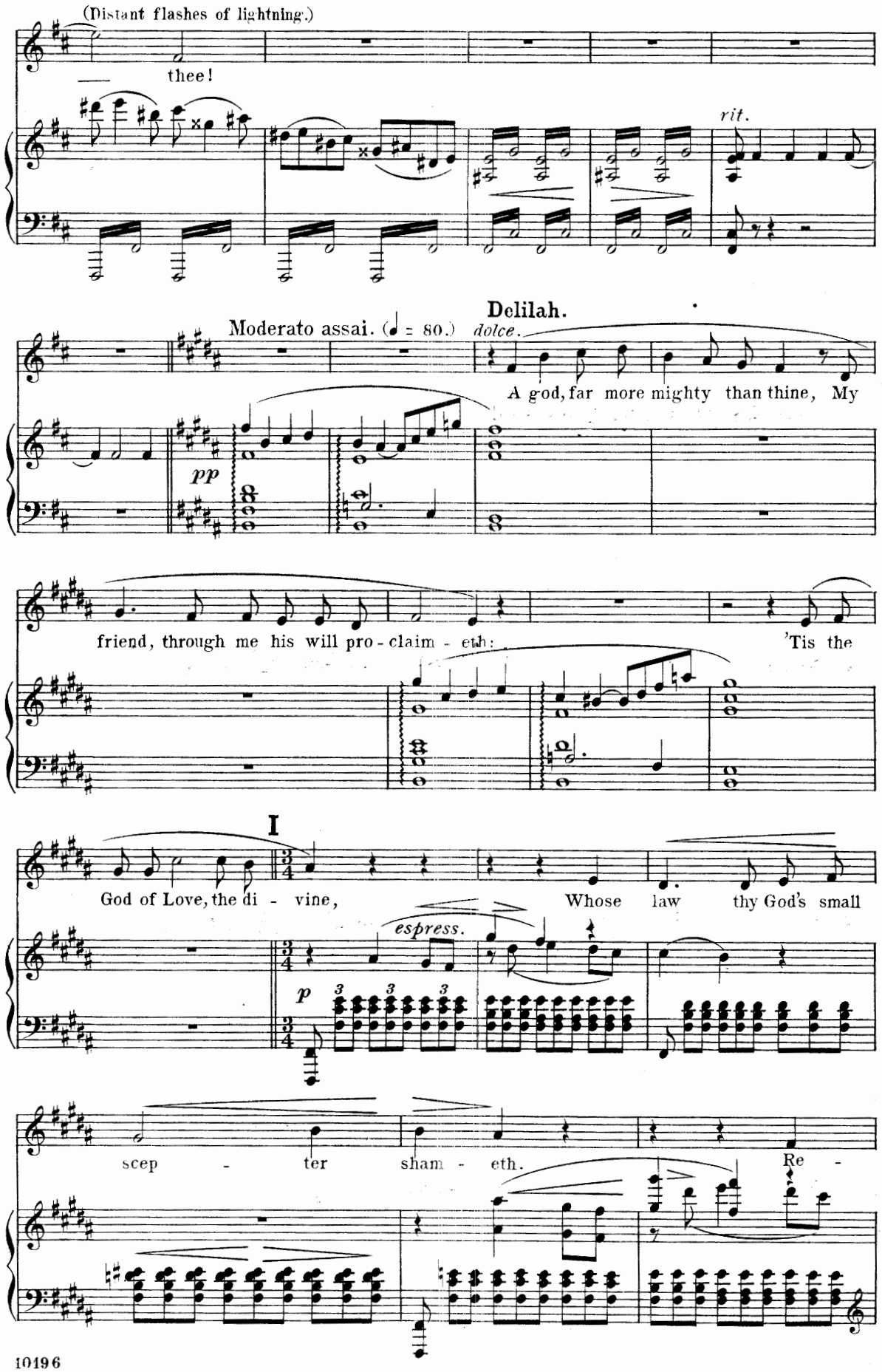

cresc.
not ful - fill all thy will? Art thou not
mf
dim.
D
my dear lord and mas - ter?
Samson.
A - las! Je -
pp
fp
dim.
ho - vah heard my vow: To o - bey Him
is my bounden du - ty! Fare - well! I must leave thee
dim.
now; Ne'er a - gain be - hold thy matchless beau - ty;
pp accel.

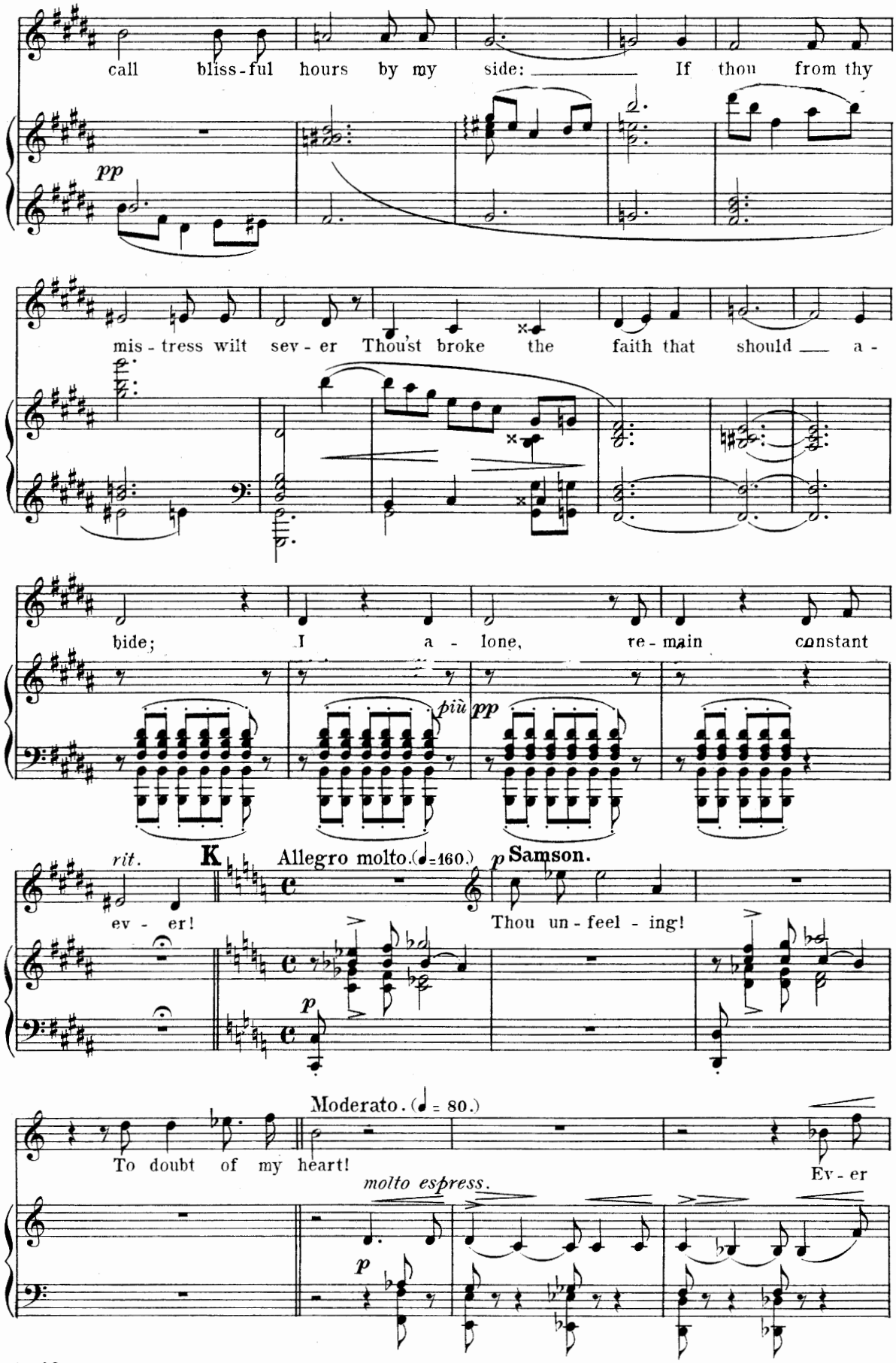

No more to joy - - ful love give
cresc.
E
Più Allegro. (𝅗𝅥 = 100.)
f
way.
Is - rael's hopes re - vive by this
f
to - ken: For the Lord hath de - creed the day Which shall
pp
see our chains sure - ly bro - ken!
fp
He hath spok - en to me His word: "Among thy breth - ren

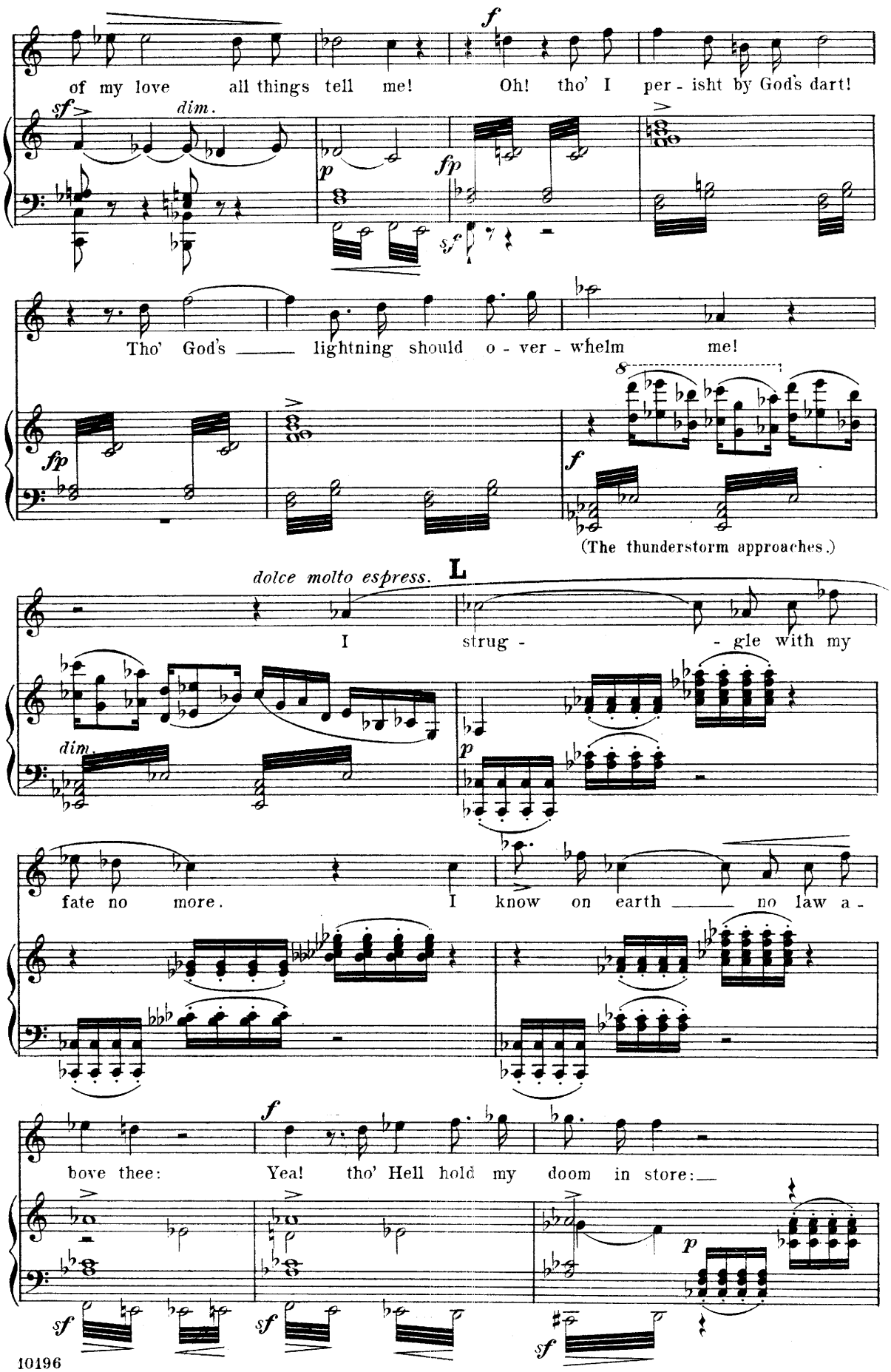

thou_ art e - lect - ed To lead them back to_ God, their Lord;
espr.
End - ing all the woes where-by they are af - flict -
F
Allegro moderato. (♩ = 144.)
ed."
f
p
Delilah.
What car - eth my heart, all for - lorn, For
dim.
pp
Is - ra-el's fate or her glo - ry? When joy _____ from me
p espress.

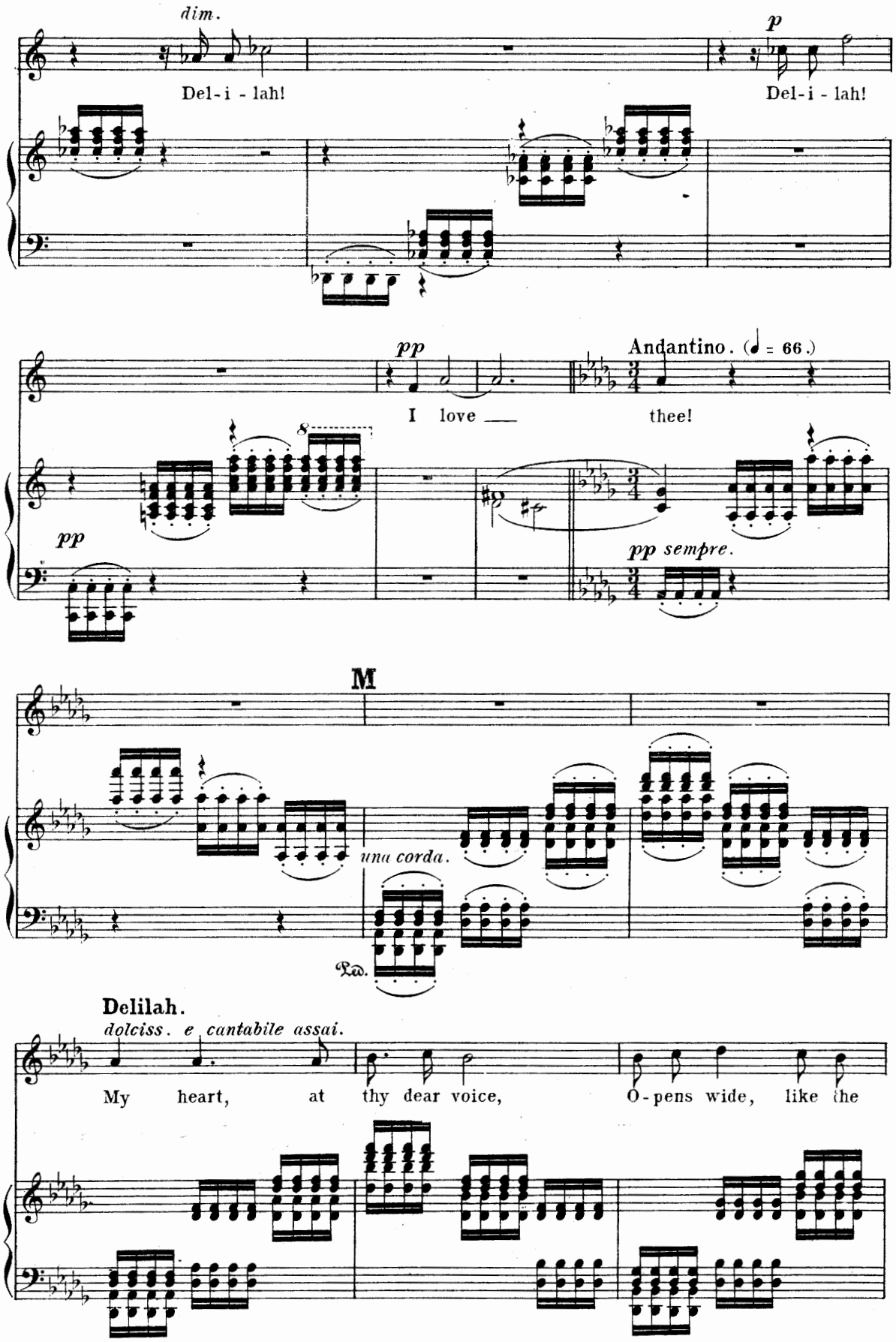

bru - tal - ly torn Sums up for me the wretched sto - ry.
appass.
cresc.
G
f
When I in thy prom - ise be -
fp
lieved, My peace of mind for - ev - er was end -
dim.
ed; Each false ca - ress that I re - ceived, Was in my
pp
rit.
veins a poi - son blend - ed.
rit.
espress.
Oboe.
a tempo.
cresc.

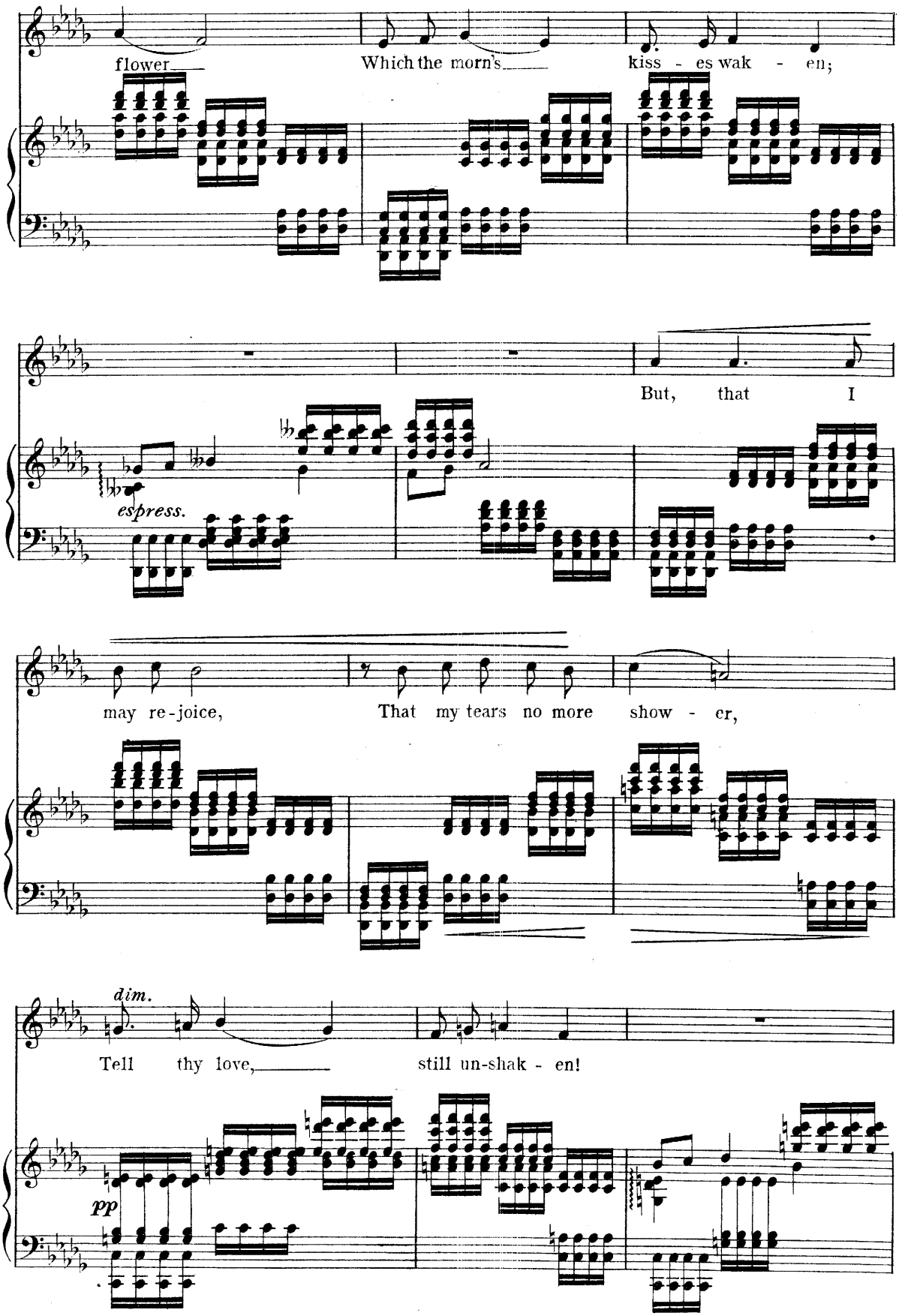

Samson.
p
For - bear
cresc.
to rack my soul with woe!
cresc.
I must
f
p
pp
marcato.
yield to a law a - bove thee:
cresc.
più cresc.
Un poco più lento.
Ten - fold my grief when thy tears flow
mf
dim.
p
H Allegro.
dolce.
Del - i - lah!
Del - i - lah!
I love
pp
pp

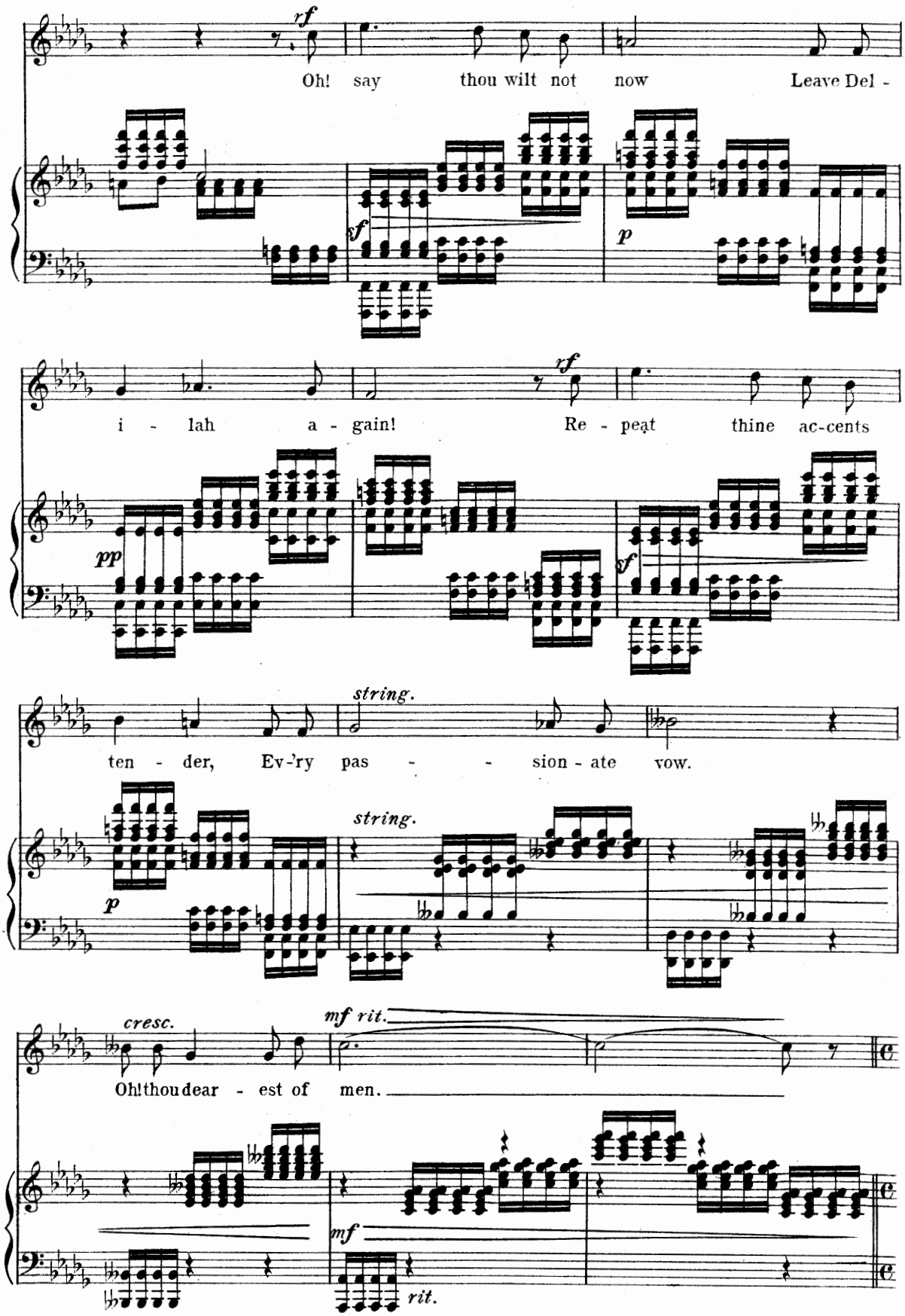

(Distant flashes of lightning.)
thee!
rit.
Delilah.
Moderato assai. (♩ = 80.)
dolce.
A god, far more mighty than thine, My
pp
friend, through me his will pro - claim - eth:
'Tis the
I
God of Love, the di - vine,
Whose law thy God's small
espress.
p
scep - ter sham - eth.
Re -


call bliss-ful hours by my side: If thou from thy
pp
mis-tress wilt sev-er Thou'st broke the faith that should a-
bide; I a-lone, re-main constant
più pp
rit.
K
Allegro molto. (♩=160.)
p Samson.
ev-er!
Thou un-feel-ing!
p
Moderato. (♩= 80.)
To doubt of my heart!
Ev-er
molto espress.
p


of my love all things tell me!
Oh! tho' I per - isht by God's dart!
Tho' God's lightning should o - ver - whelm me!
(The thunderstorm approaches.)
dolce molto espress.
L
I strug - gle with my
fate no more.
I know on earth no law a -
bove thee:
Yea! tho' Hell hold my doom in store:


dim.
Del-i - lah!
p
Del-i - lah!
pp
I love
Andantino. (♩ = 66.)
thee!
pp
pp sempre.
M
una corda.
Ped.
Delilah.
dolciss. e cantabile assai.
My heart, at thy dear voice, O-pens wide, like the


flower
Which the morn's
kiss - es wak - en;
But, that I
espress.
may re-joice,
That my tears no more show - er,
dim.
Tell thy love,
still un-shak - en!
pp


rf
Oh! say thou wilt not now Leave Del -
sf
p
i - lah a - gain! Re - peat thine ac-cents
rf
pp
sf
string.
ten - der, Ev-'ry pas - - sion - ate vow.
p
string.
cresc.
mf rit.
Oh! thou dear - est of men.
mf
rit.

N Un poco più lento.

dolce.

Ah! to the charms of love sur - ren - der!

pp

Rise with me to its heights of splen - dor!

cresc. senza accel.

To love's delights sur- ren - der!

più cresc.

To love's delights sur - ren - der!

f

Ah! Rise with me to its heights of splen - dor!

dim.

cresc.

p

pp

Samson.

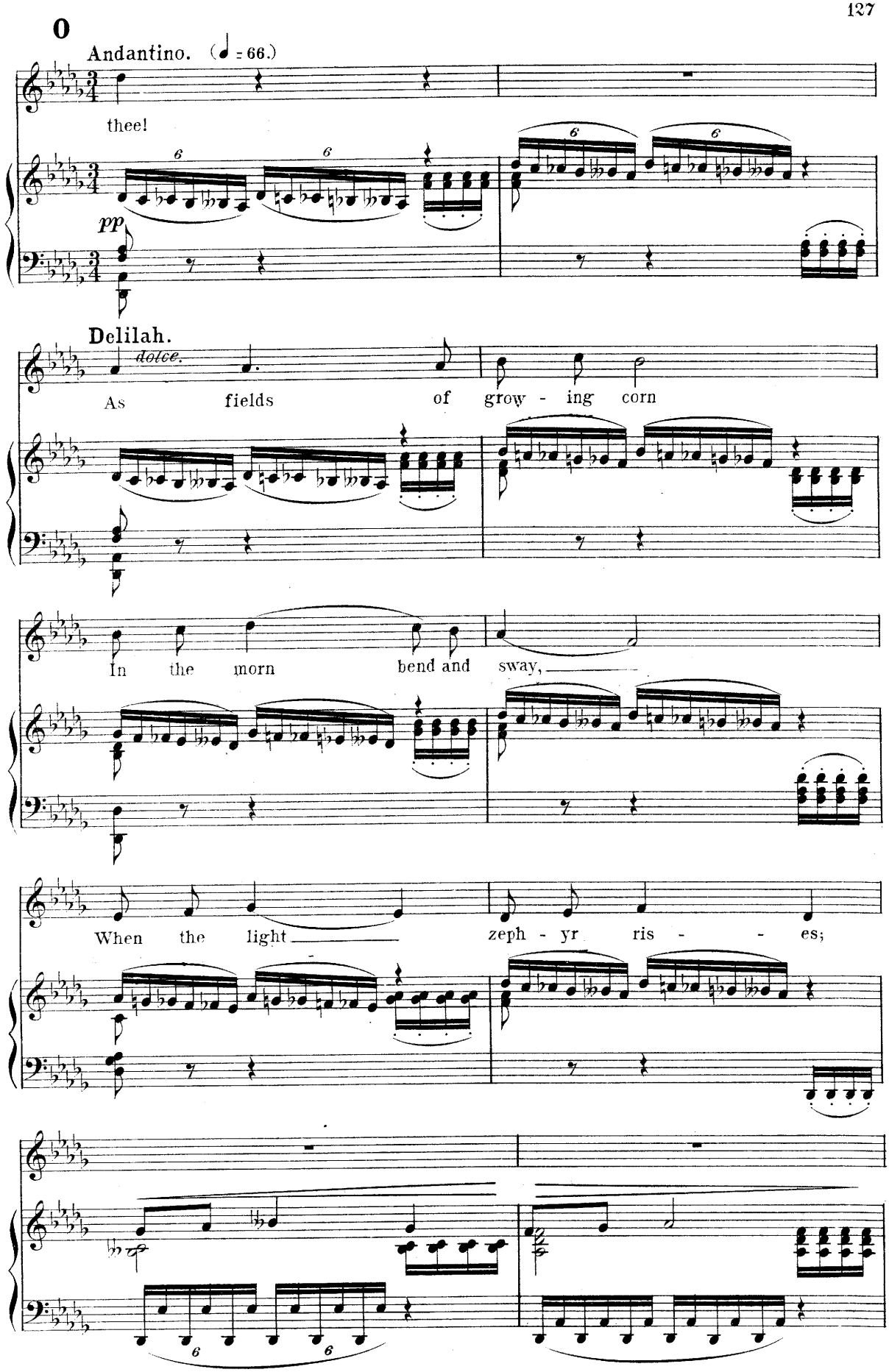
p

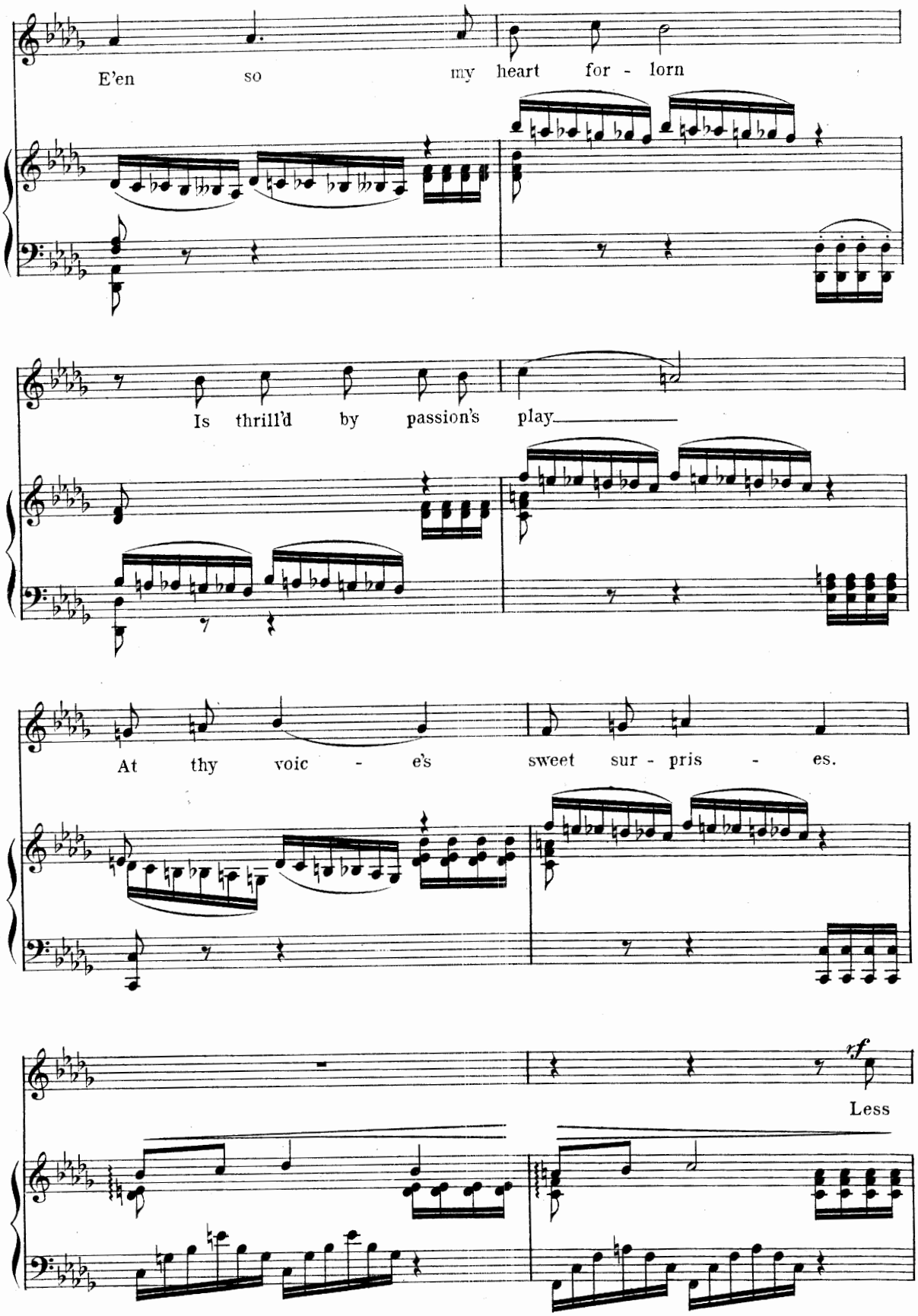
Del-i - lah! Del-i - lah! I love.

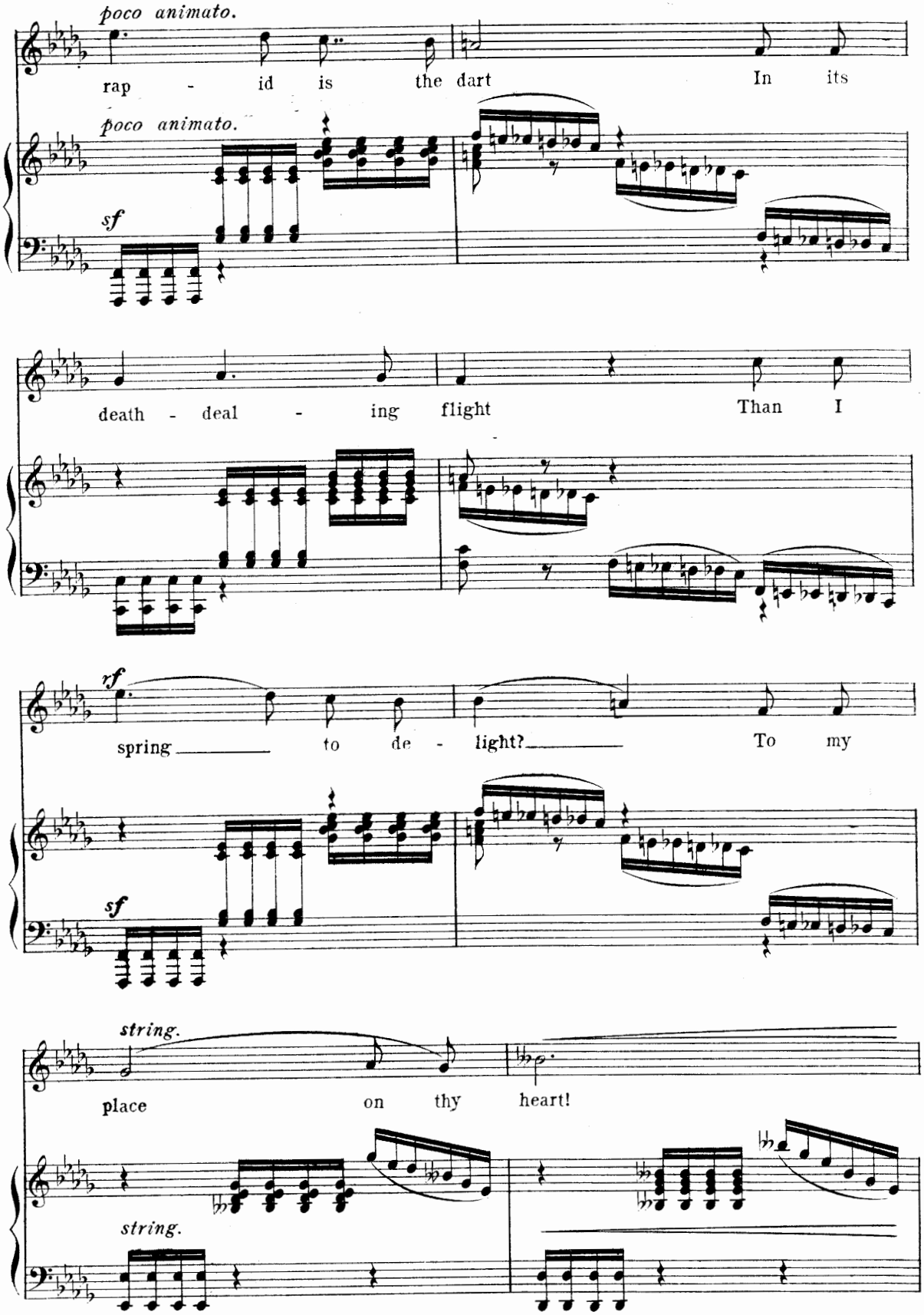
molto espr.

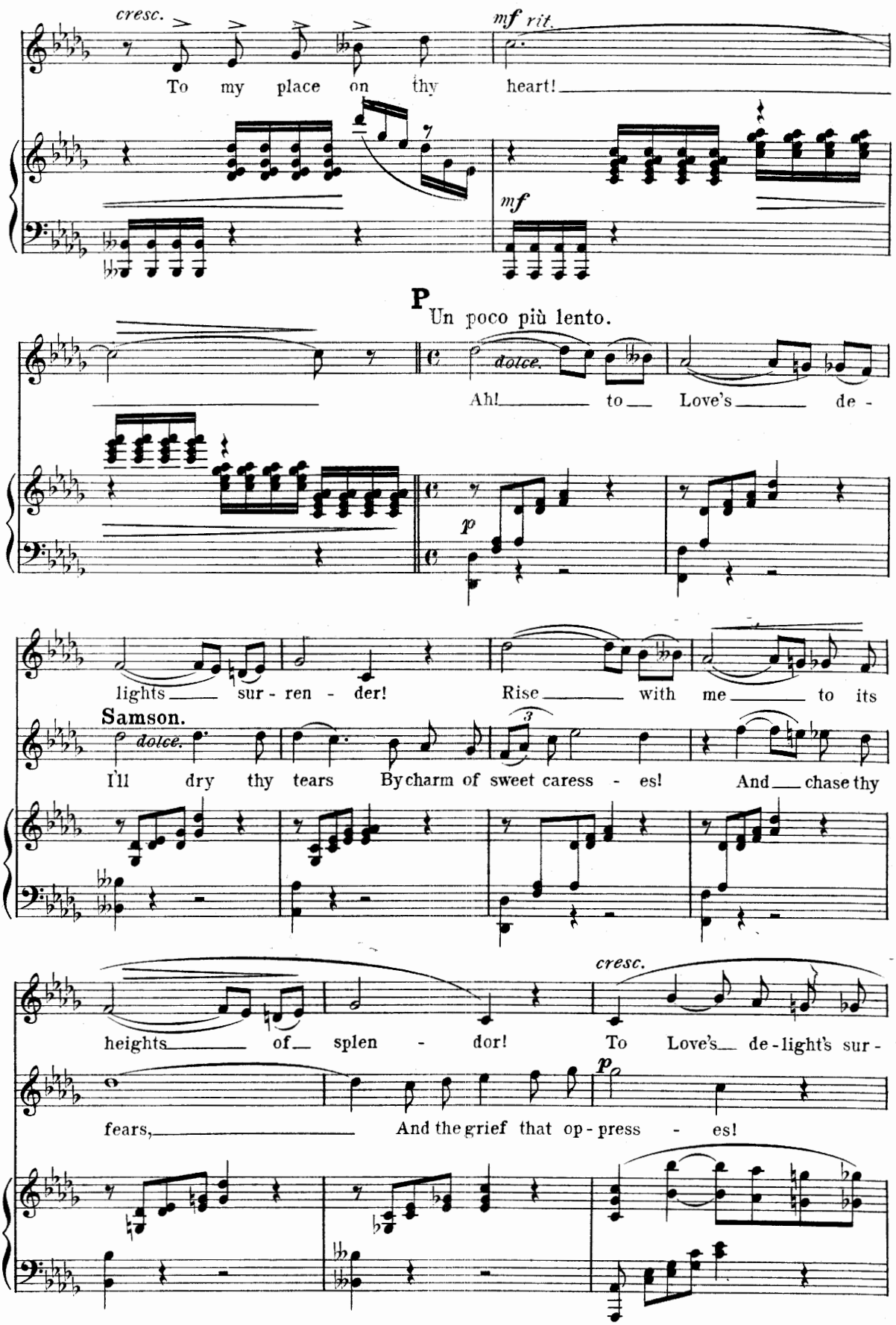
p

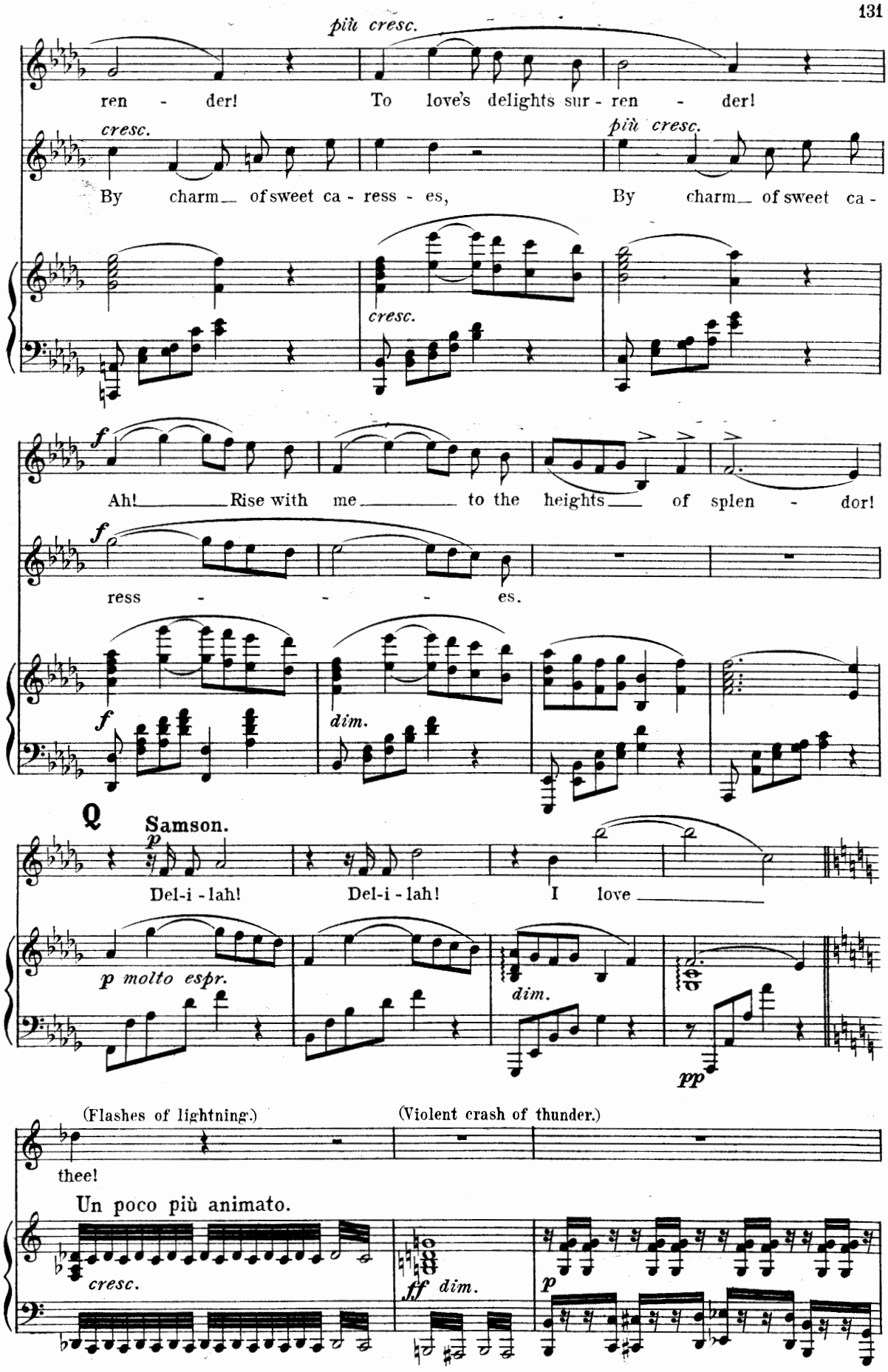
dim.

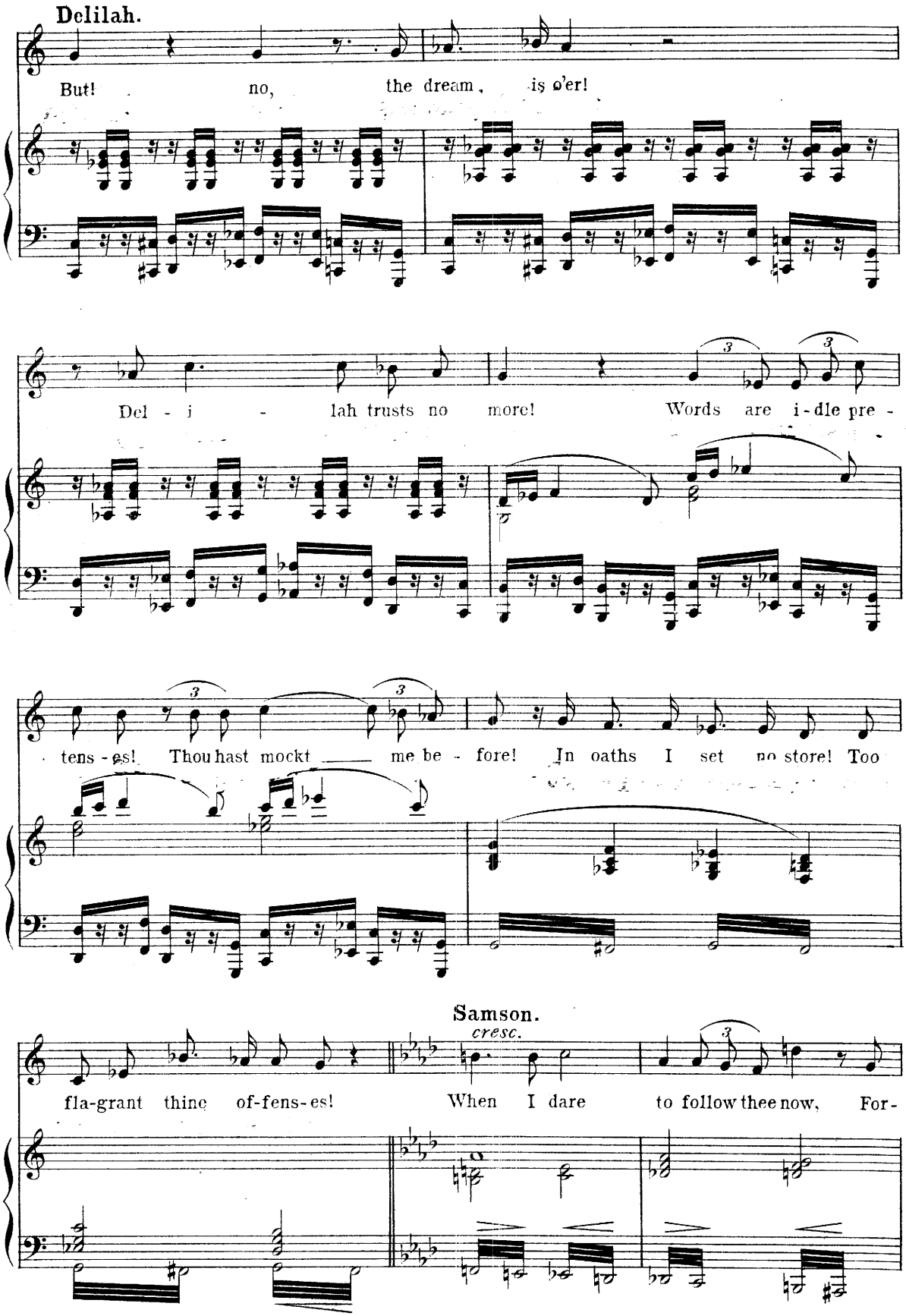

0
Andantino. (♩ = 66.)
thee!
pp
Delilah.
dolce.
As fields of grow - ing corn
In the morn bend and sway,
When the light zeph - yr ris - - es;

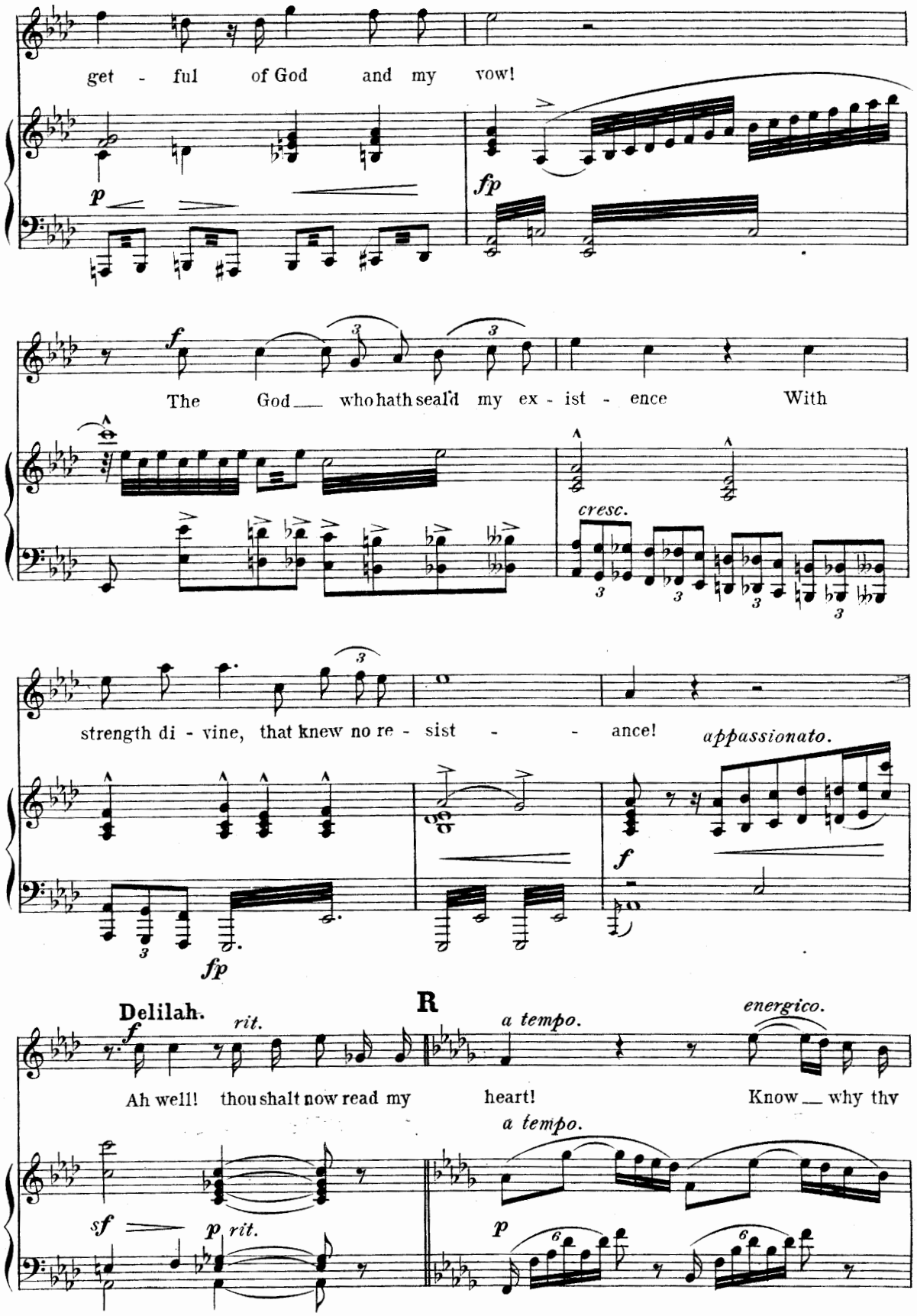

E'en so my heart for - lorn
Is thrill'd by passion's play
At thy voic - e's sweet sur - pris - es.
rf
Less

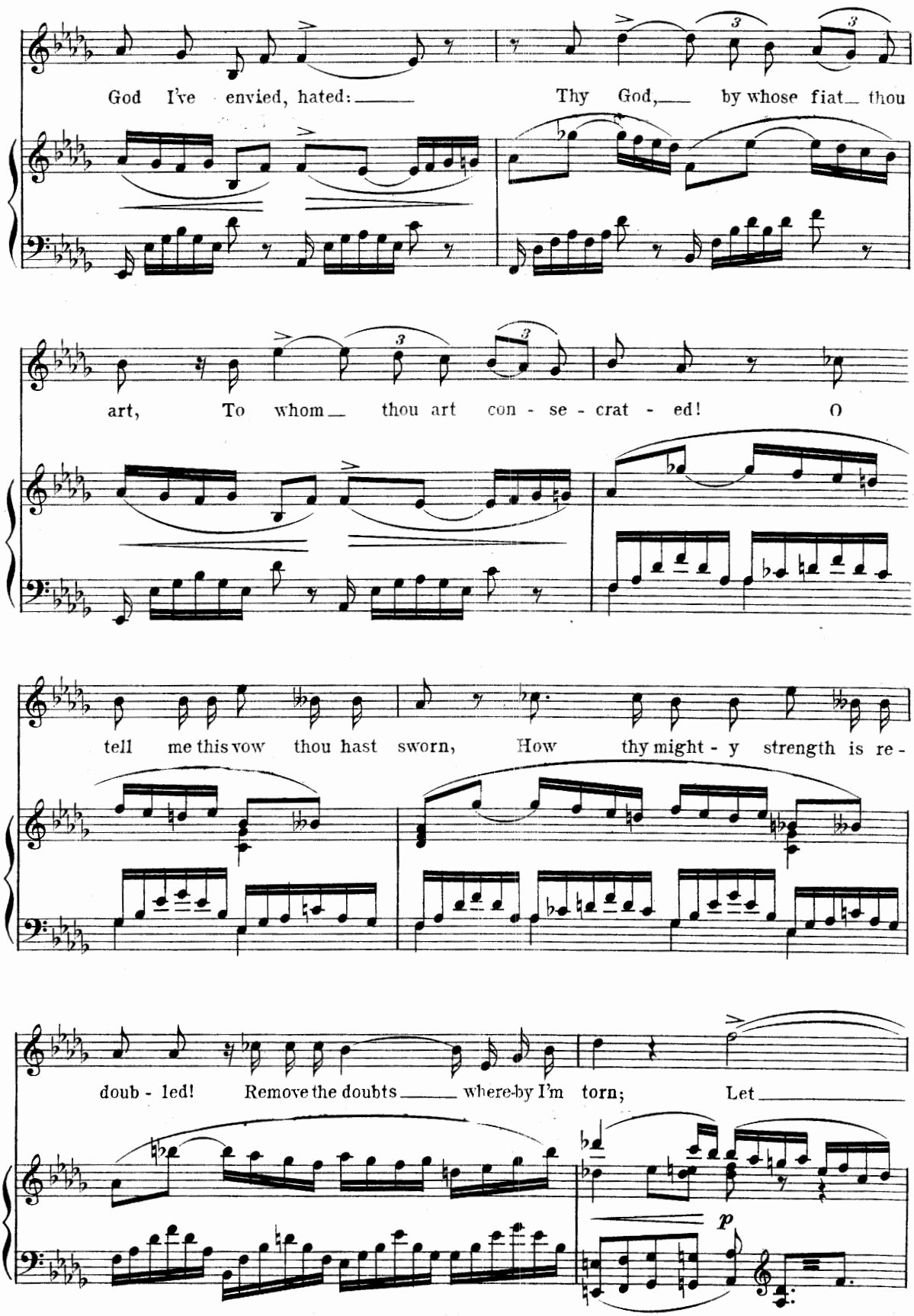

poco animato.
rap - id is the dart In its
poco animato.
sf
death - deal - ing flight Than I
rf
spring to de - light? To my
sf
string.
place on thy heart!
string.

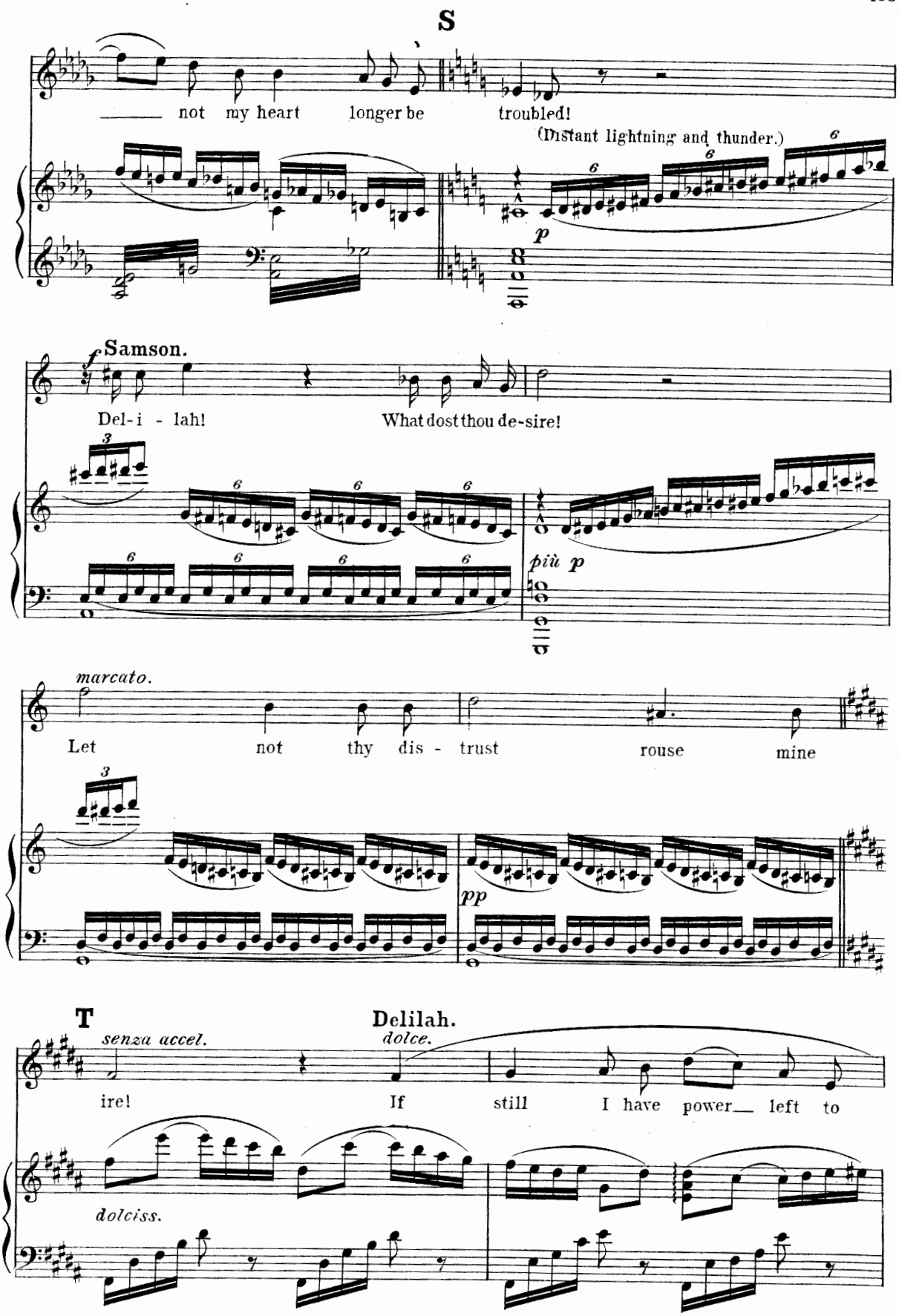

cresc.
mf rit.
To my place on thy heart!
mf
P
Un poco più lento.
dolce.
Ah! to Love's de -
p
lights sur - ren - der! Rise with me to its
Samson.
dolce.
I'll dry thy tears By charm of sweet caress - es! And chase thy
cresc.
heights of splen - dor! To Love's de-light's sur -
p
fears, And the grief that op - press - es!

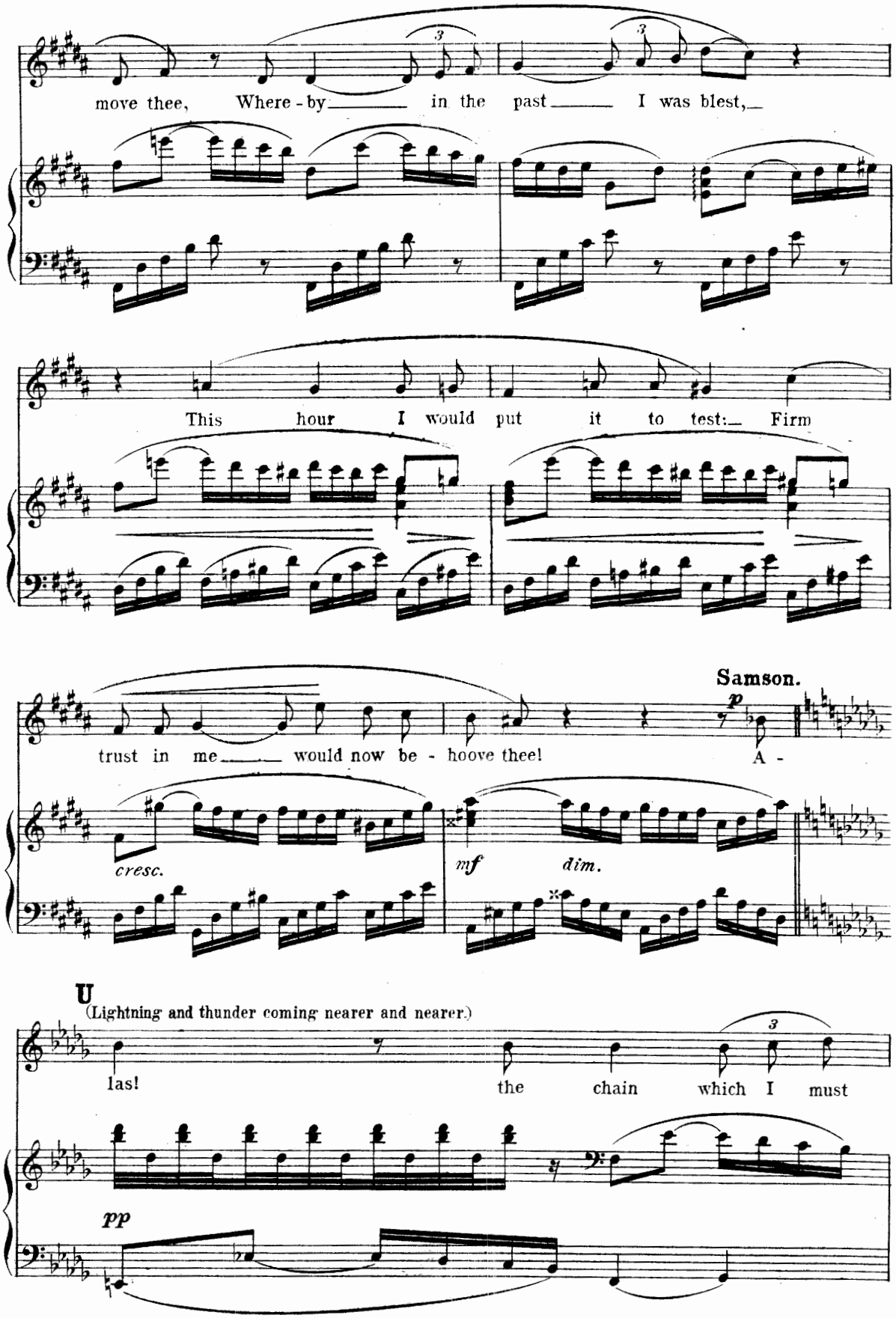

più cresc.
ren - der! To love's delights sur - ren - der!
cresc.
By charm of sweet ca - ress - es,
più cresc.
By charm of sweet ca -
cresc.
f
Ah! Rise with me to the heights of splen - dor!
f
ress - - - es.
f
dim.
Samson.
p
Del-i - lah! Del-i - lah! I love
p molto espr.
dim.
pp
(Flashes of lightning.)
(Violent crash of thunder.)
thee!
Un poco più animato.
cresc.
ff dim.
p

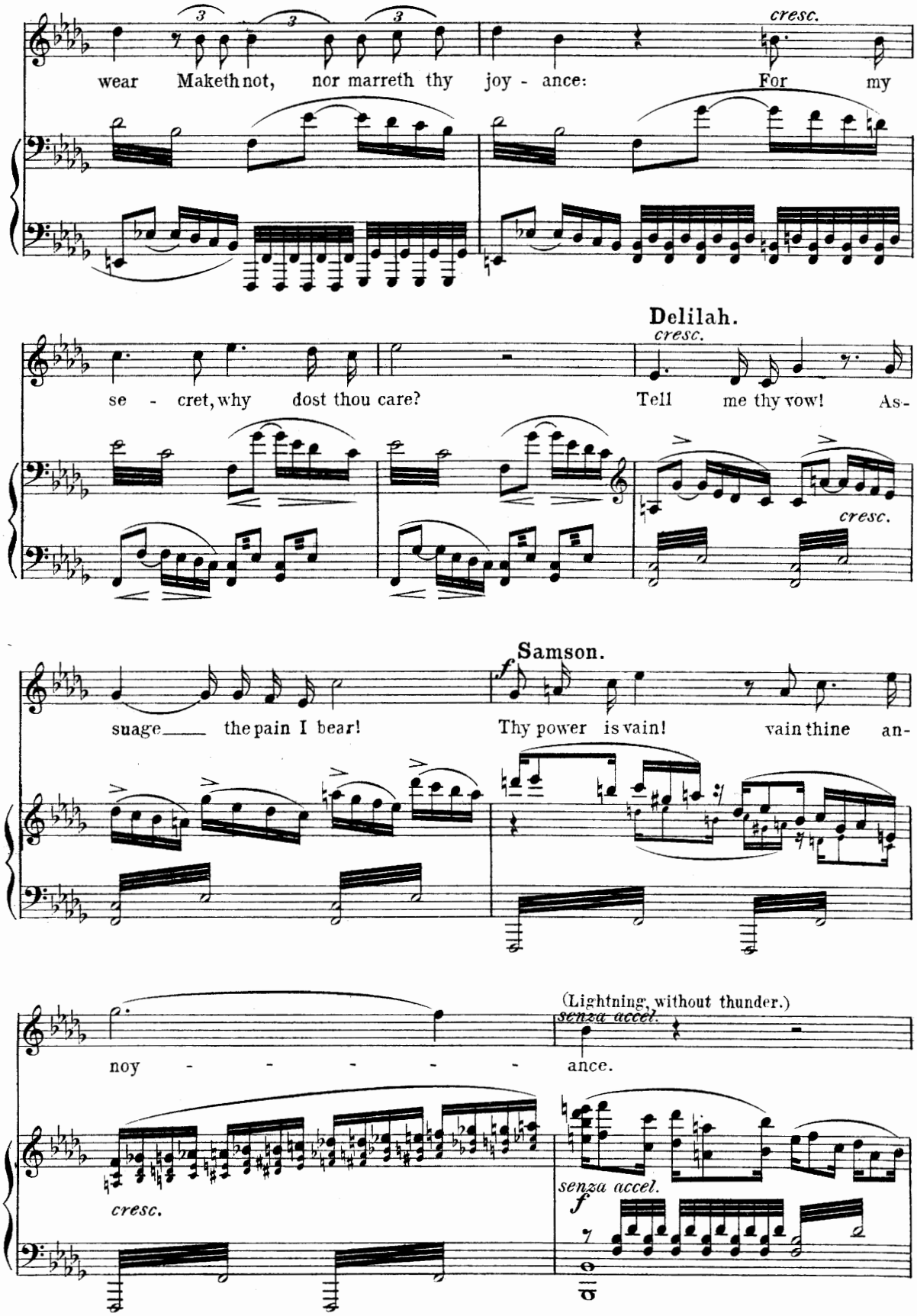

Delilah.
But! no, the dream is o'er!
Del - i - lah trusts no more! Words are i-dle pre -
tens-es! Thou hast mockt me be - fore! In oaths I set no store! Too
Samson.
cresc.
fla-grant thine of-fens-es! When I dare to follow thee now, For-

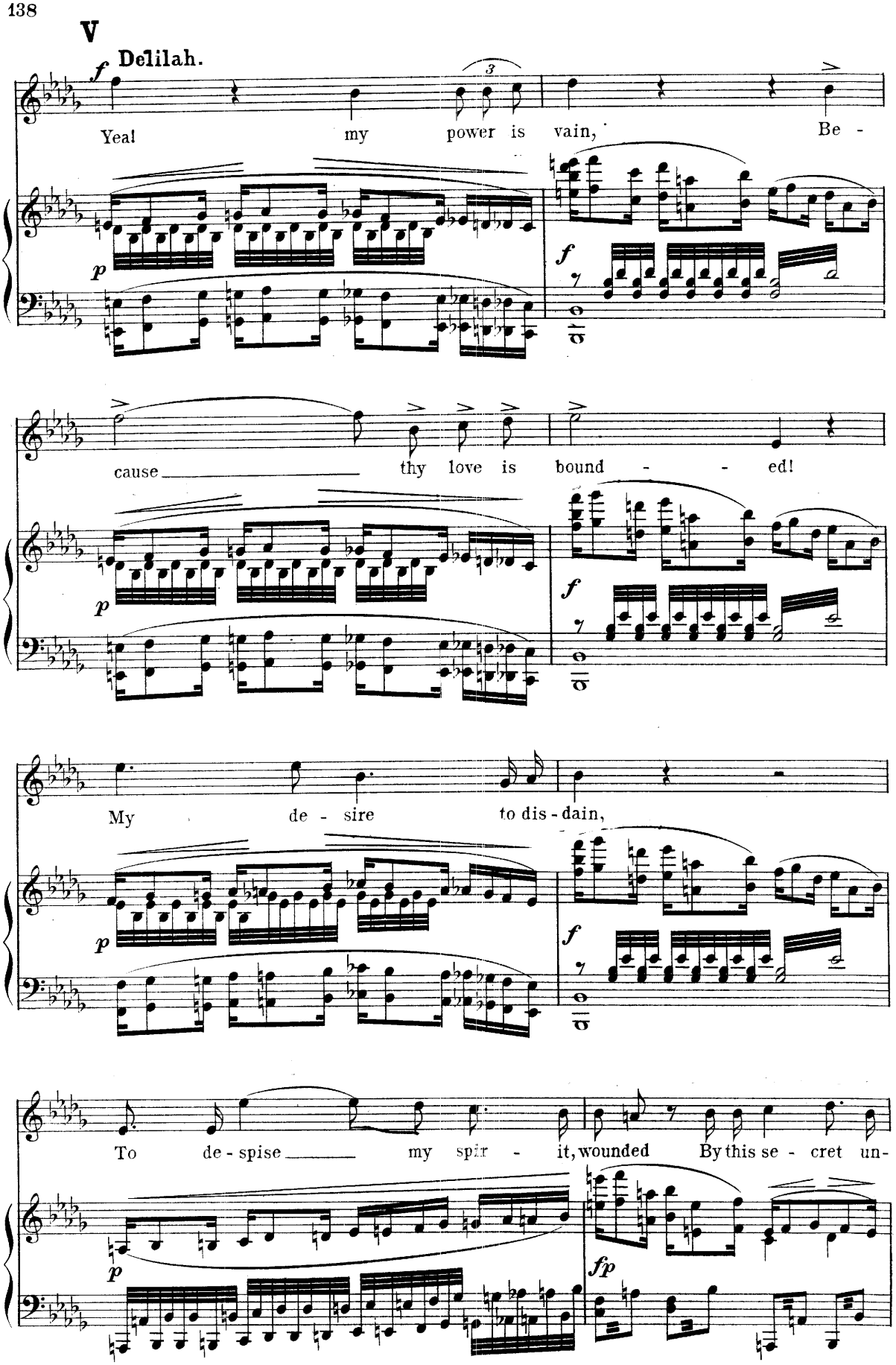

get - ful of God and my vow!
p
fp
f
The God who hath seal'd my ex - ist - ence With
cresc.
strength di - vine, that knew no re - sist - - ance!
appassionato.
f
fp
Delilah.
f
rit.
R
a tempo.
energico.
Ah well! thou shalt now read my heart! Know why thy
a tempo.
sf
p rit.
p

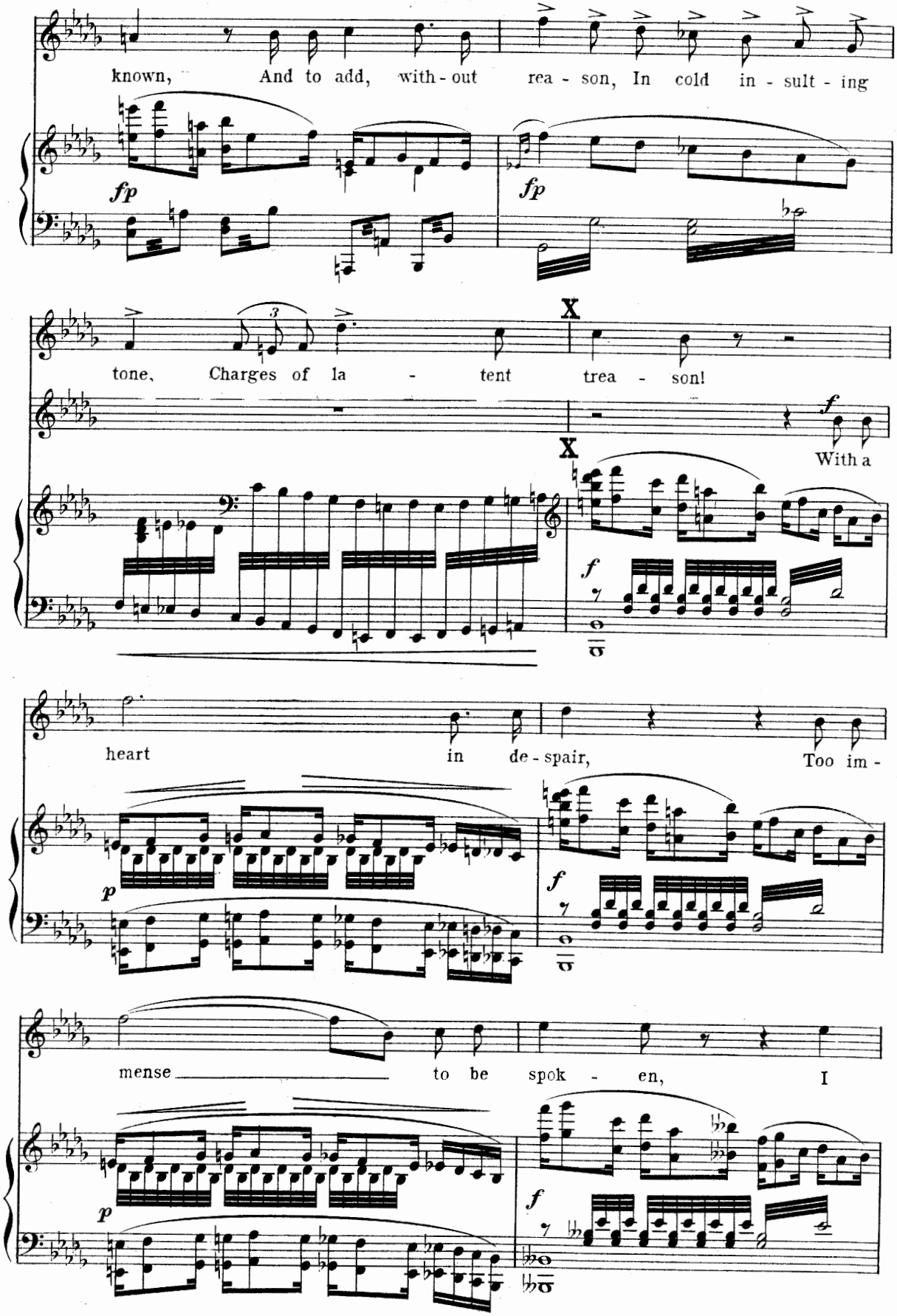

God I've envied, hated: Thy God, by whose fiat thou
art, To whom thou art con - se - crat - ed! O
tell me this vow thou hast sworn, How thy might - y strength is re -
doub - led! Remove the doubts where-by I'm torn; Let
p

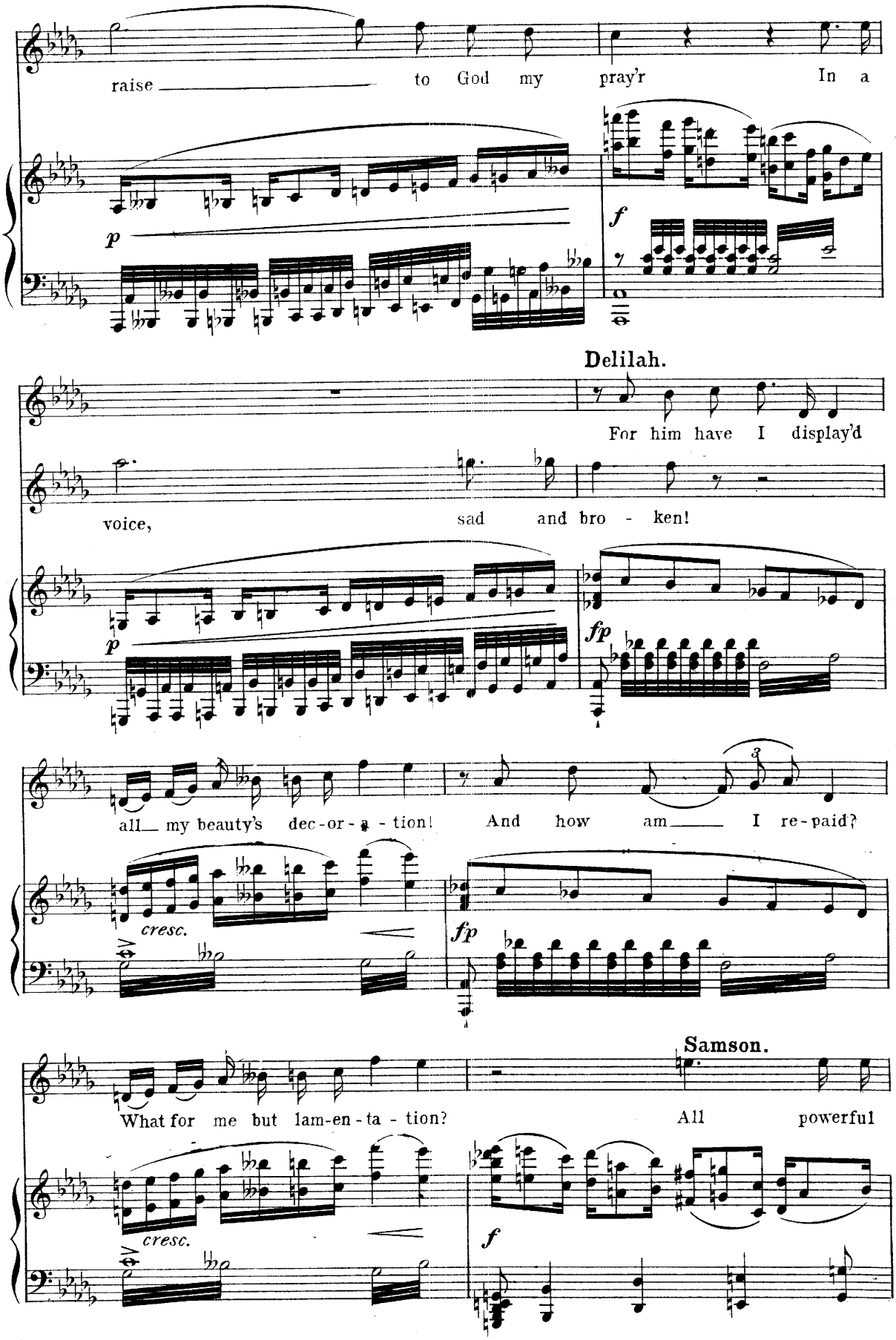

S
not my heart longer be troubled!
(Distant lightning and thunder.)
p
Samson.
Del-i - lah! What dost thou de-sire!
più p
marcato.
Let not thy dis - trust rouse mine
pp
T
Delilah.
senza accel.
dolce.
ire! If still I have power left to
dolciss.

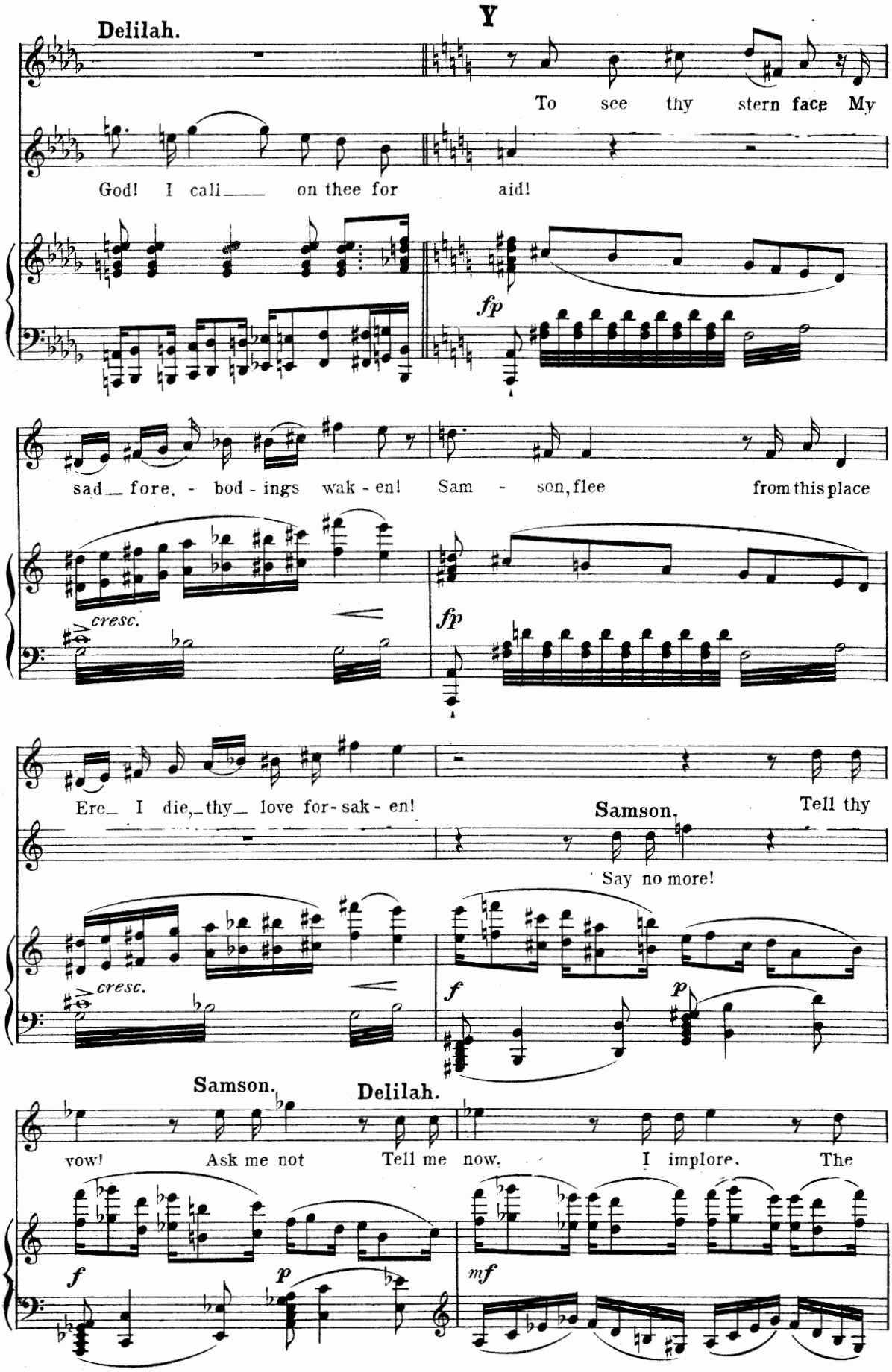

move thee, Where - by in the past I was blest,
This hour I would put it to test: Firm
trust in me would now be - hoove thee!
Samson.
p
A -
cresc.
mf
dim.
U
(Lightning and thunder coming nearer and nearer.)
las! the chain which I must
pp

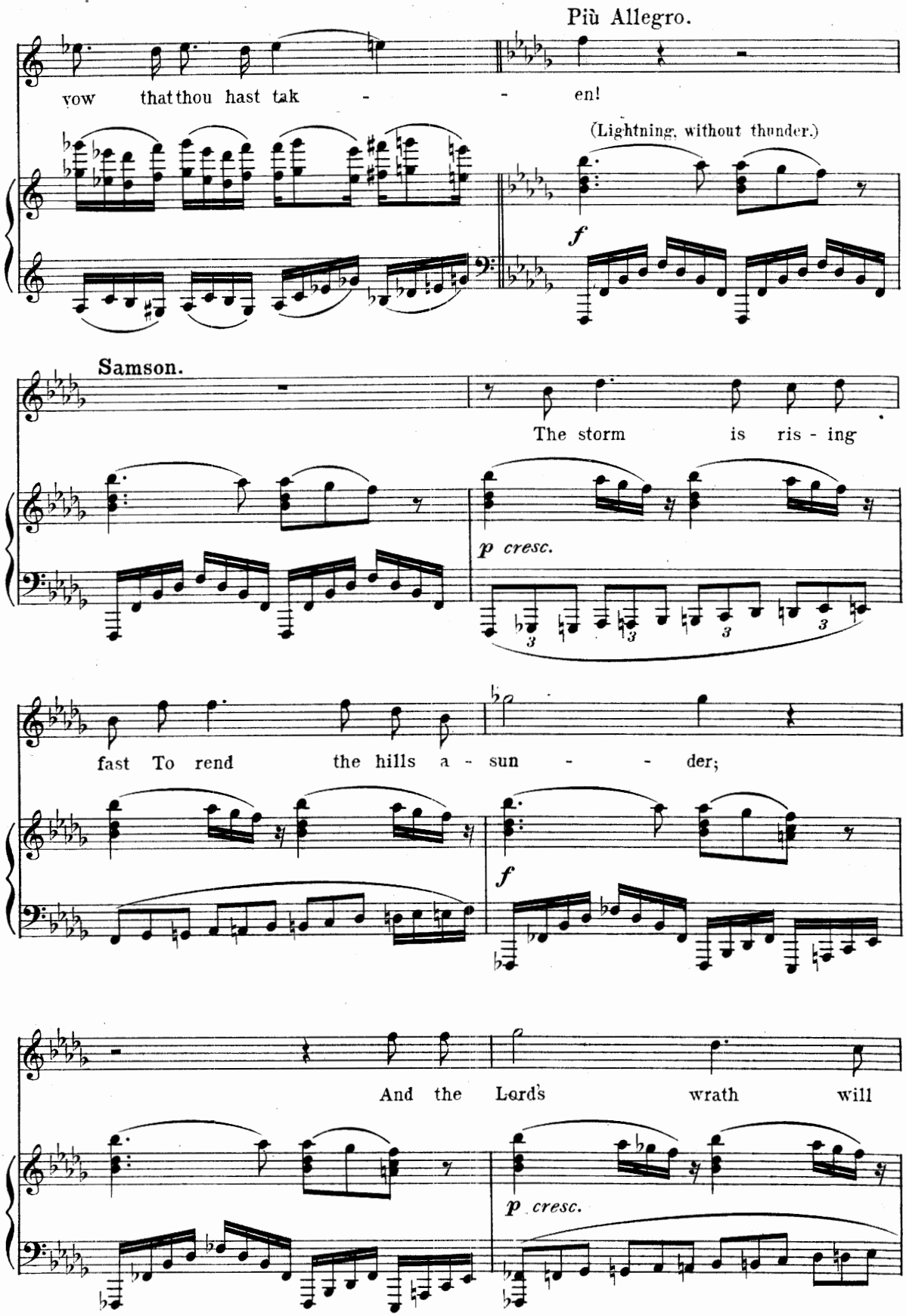

cresc.
wear Maketh not, nor marreth thy joy - ance: For my
Delilah.
cresc.
se - cret, why dost thou care? Tell me thy vow! As-
cresc.
Samson.
f
suage the pain I bear! Thy power is vain! vain thine an-
(Lightning, without thunder.)
senza accel.
noy - - - - - ance.
cresc.
senza accel.
f

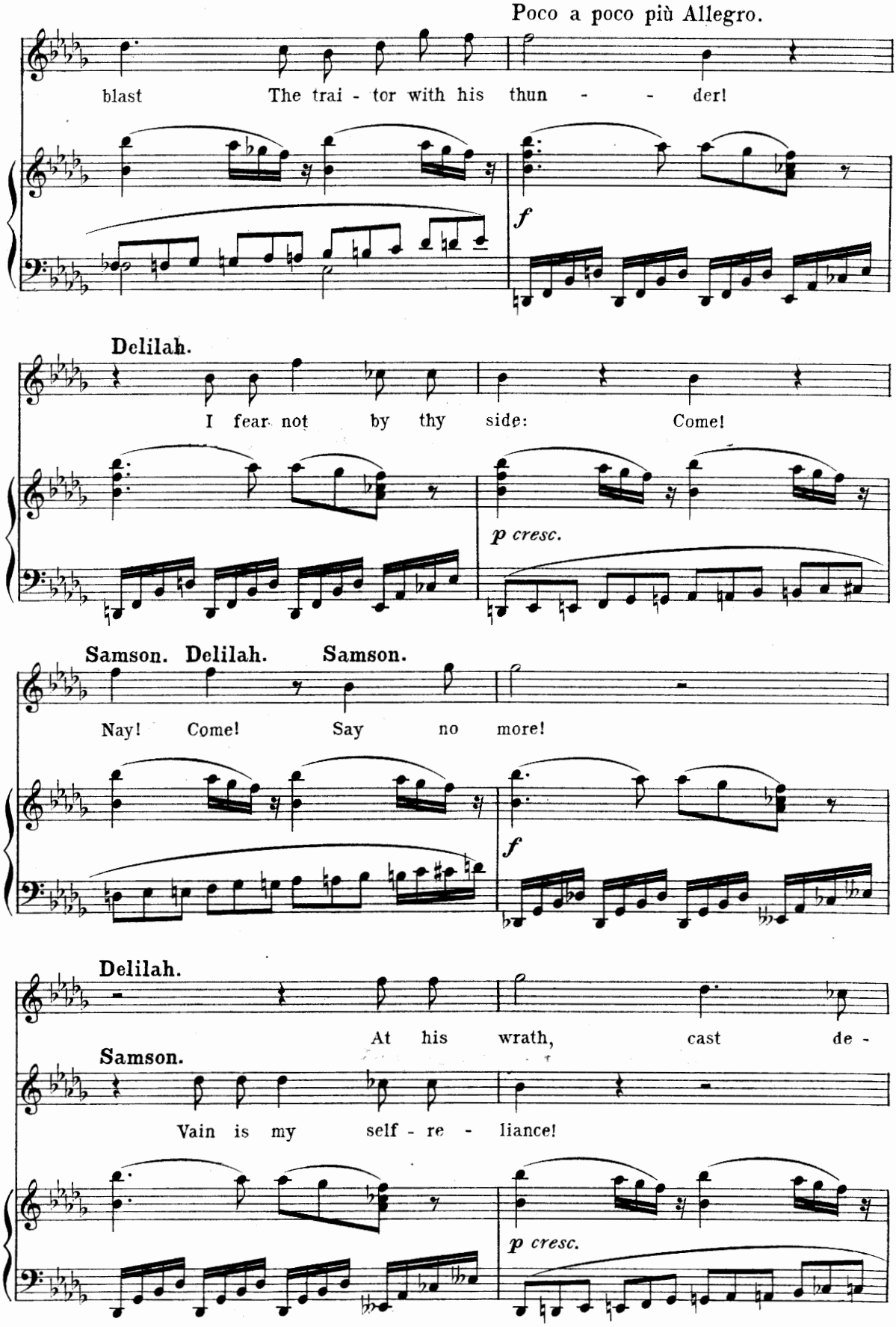

V
Delilah.
Yea! my power is vain, Be -
cause thy love is bound - - ed!
My de - sire to dis - dain,
To de - spise my spir - it, wounded By this se - cret un-


known, And to add, with - out rea - son, In cold in - sult - ing
fp
fp
tone, Charges of la - tent trea - son!
X
X
f
With a
f
heart in de - spair, Too im -
p
f
mense to be spok - en, I
p
f


raise to God my pray'r In a
p
f
Delilah.
For him have I display'd
voice, sad and bro - ken!
p
fp
all my beauty's dec-or-a-tion! And how am I re-paid?
cresc.
fp
Samson.
What for me but lam-en-ta-tion? All powerful
cresc.
f


Delilah.
To see thy stern face My
God! I call on thee for aid!
fp
sad fore. - bod - ings wak - en! Sam - son, flee from this place
cresc.
fp
Ere I die, thy love for - sak - en!
Samson.
Tell thy
Say no more!
cresc.
f
p
Samson.
Delilah.
vow! Ask me not Tell me now. I implore. The
f
p
mf


Più Allegro.
vow that thou hast tak - - en!
(Lightning, without thunder.)
f
Samson.
The storm is ris - ing
p cresc.
fast To rend the hills a - sun - - der;
f
And the Lord's wrath will
p cresc.


Poco a poco più Allegro.
blast The trai - tor with his thun - - der!
f
Delilah.
I fear not by thy side: Come!
p cresc.
Samson. Delilah. Samson.
Nay! Come! Say no more!
f
Delilah.
At his wrath, cast de -
Samson.
Vain is my self - re - liance!
p cresc.

Samson.

Molto Allegro.

fi - ance! 'Tis the voice of my

f

Delilah.

God! Cow - - - ard! You love-less

ad lib.

p

(Thunder and lightning.)

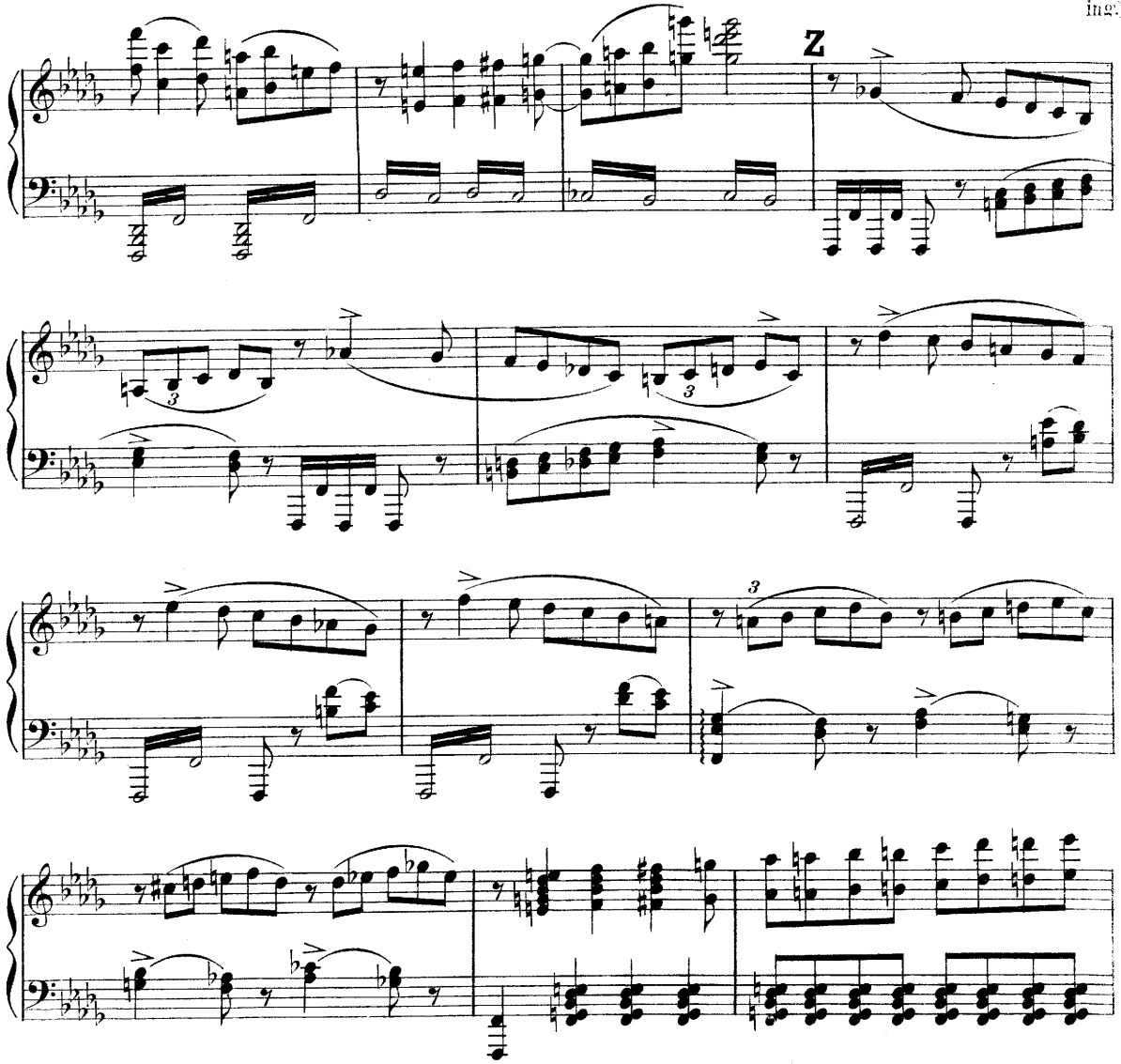
Più mosso.

heart, I de - spise you! A - way!

ff

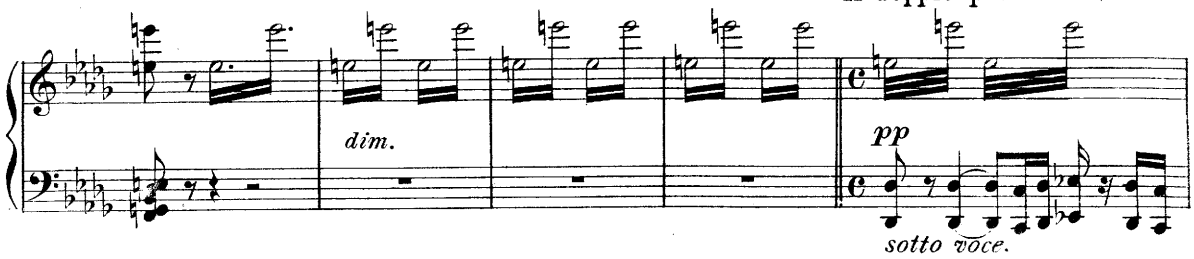
(Delilah runs toward her dwelling: the storm breaks in all its fury; Samson, raising his arms to

heaven, seems to call upon God. Then he springs in pursuit of Delilah, hesitates, and, finally, enters the dwelling.)

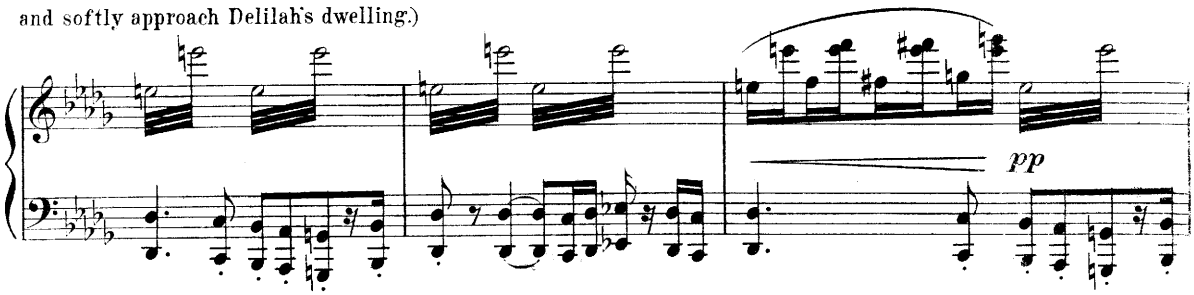


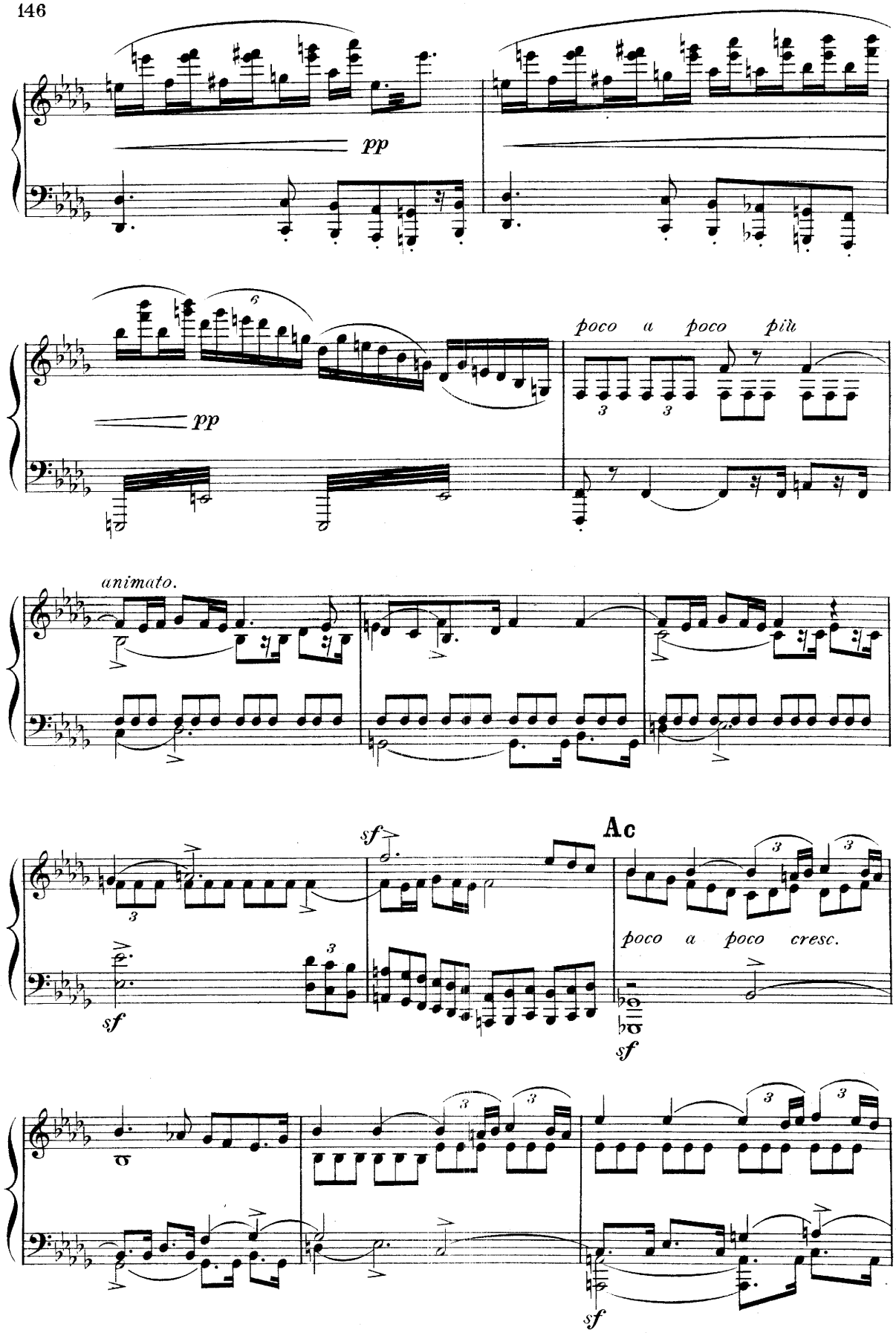
Ab (Philistine soldiers enter R.,

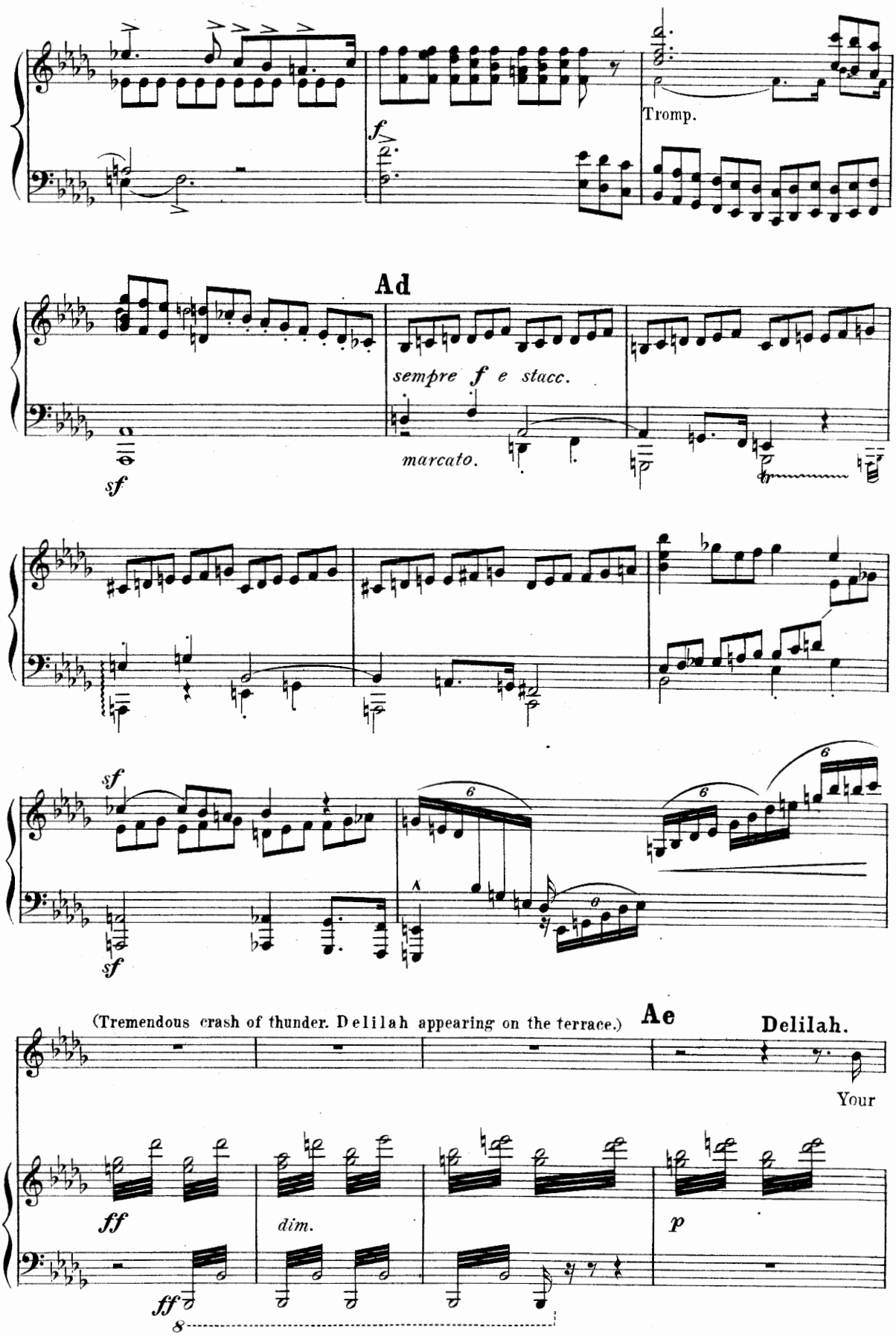
Il doppio più lento. (♩= 116.)

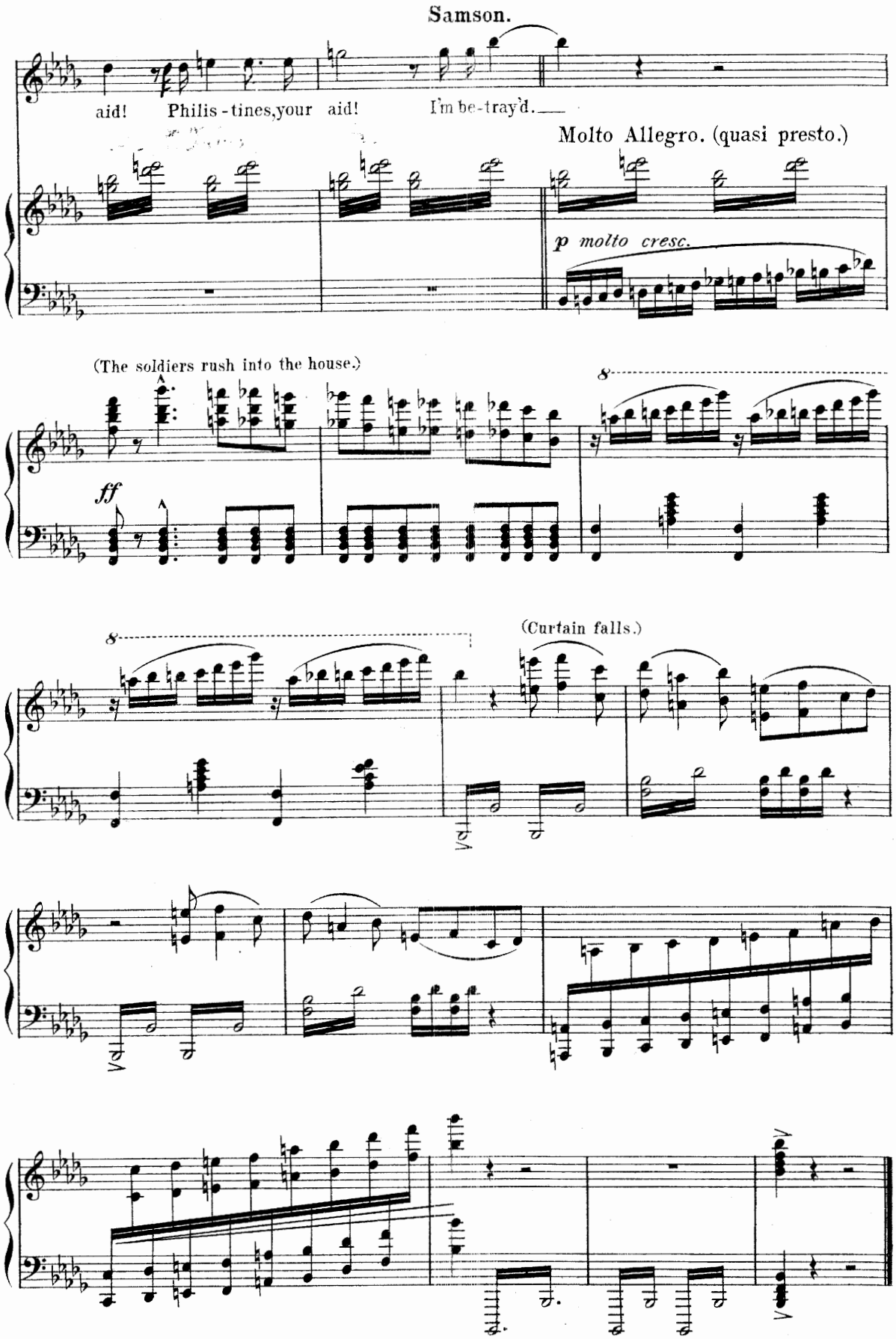


and softly approach Delilah's dwelling.)




pp
pp
poco a poco più
animato.
sf
Ac
poco a poco cresc.
sf
sf


Tromp.
Ad
sempre f e stacc.
marcato.
sf
(Tremendous crash of thunder. Delilah appearing on the terrace.)
Ae
Delilah.
Your
ff
dim.
p
8


Samson.
aid! Philis-tines, your aid! I'm be-tray'd.
Molto Allegro. (quasi presto.)
p molto cresc.
(The soldiers rush into the house.)
ff
8
(Curtain falls.)

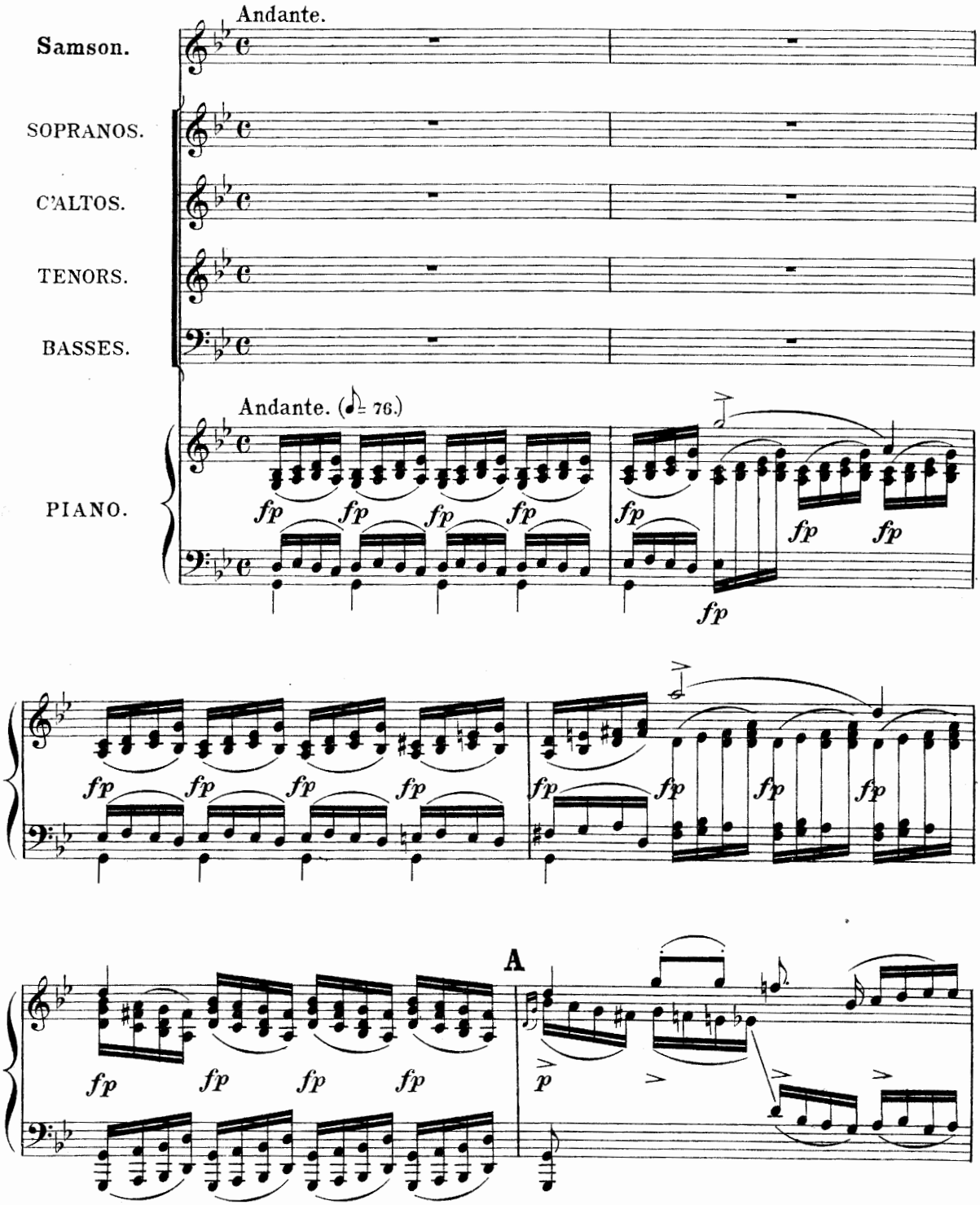
Act III.

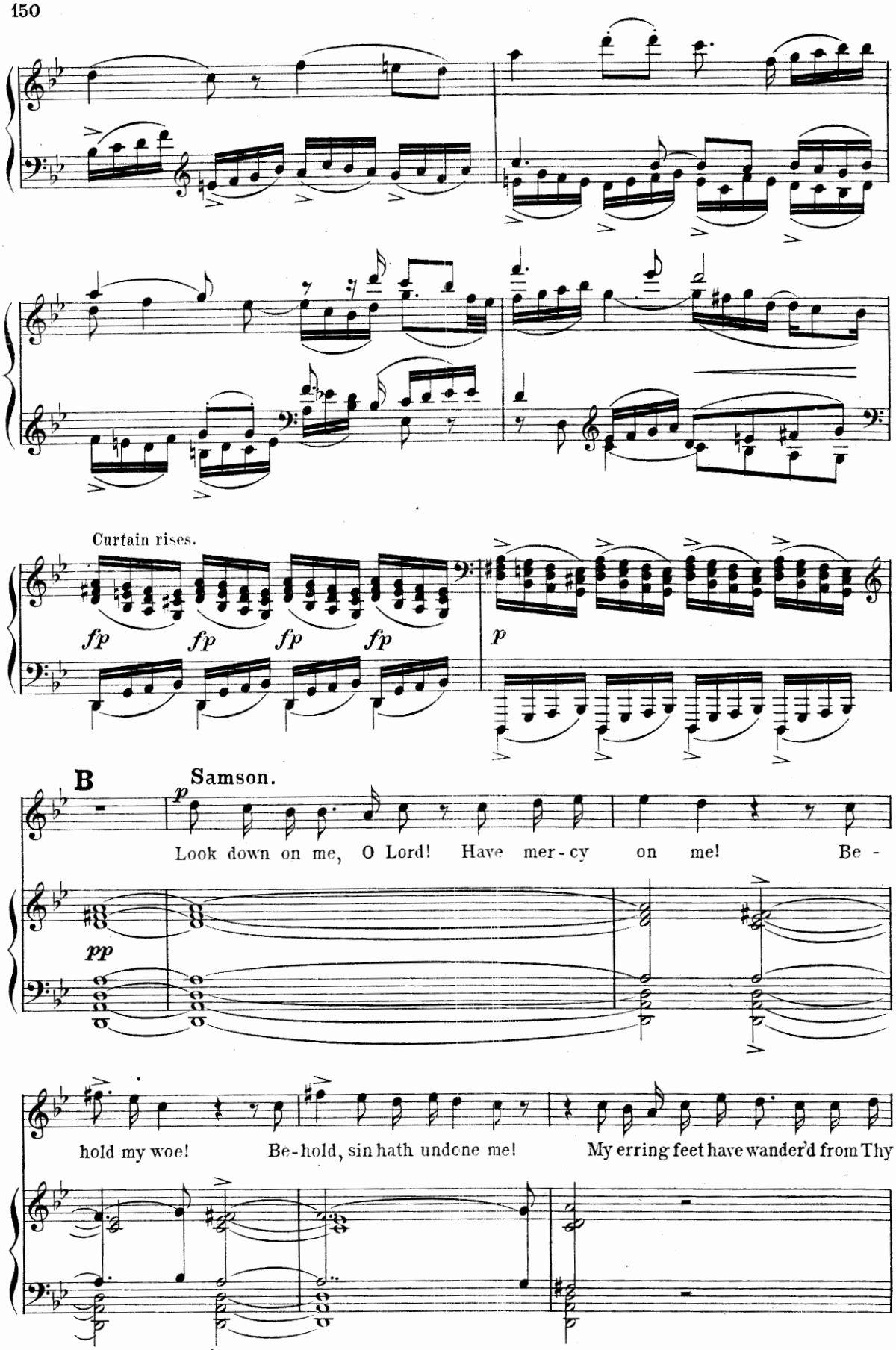
First Tableau.

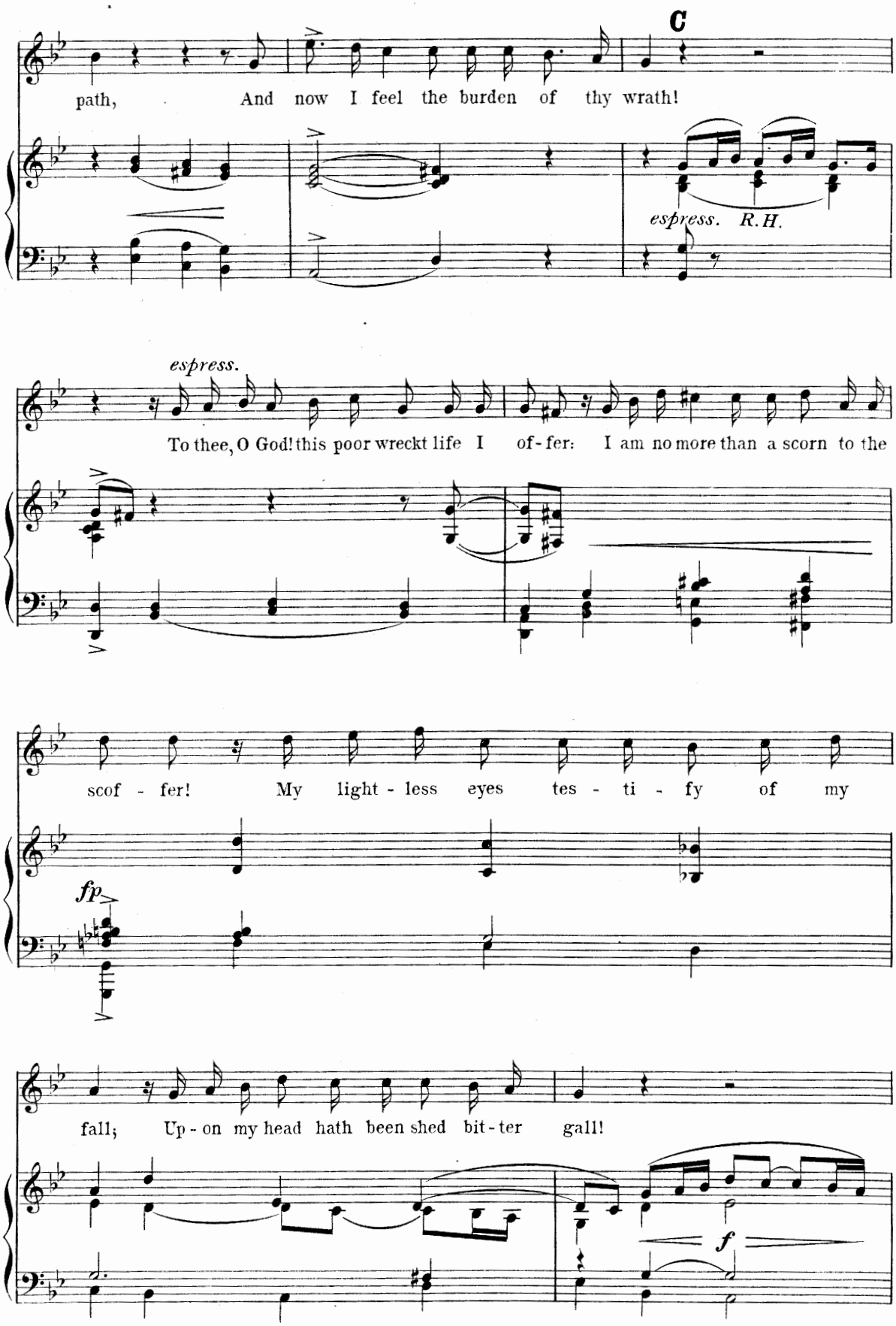
A prison at Gaza.

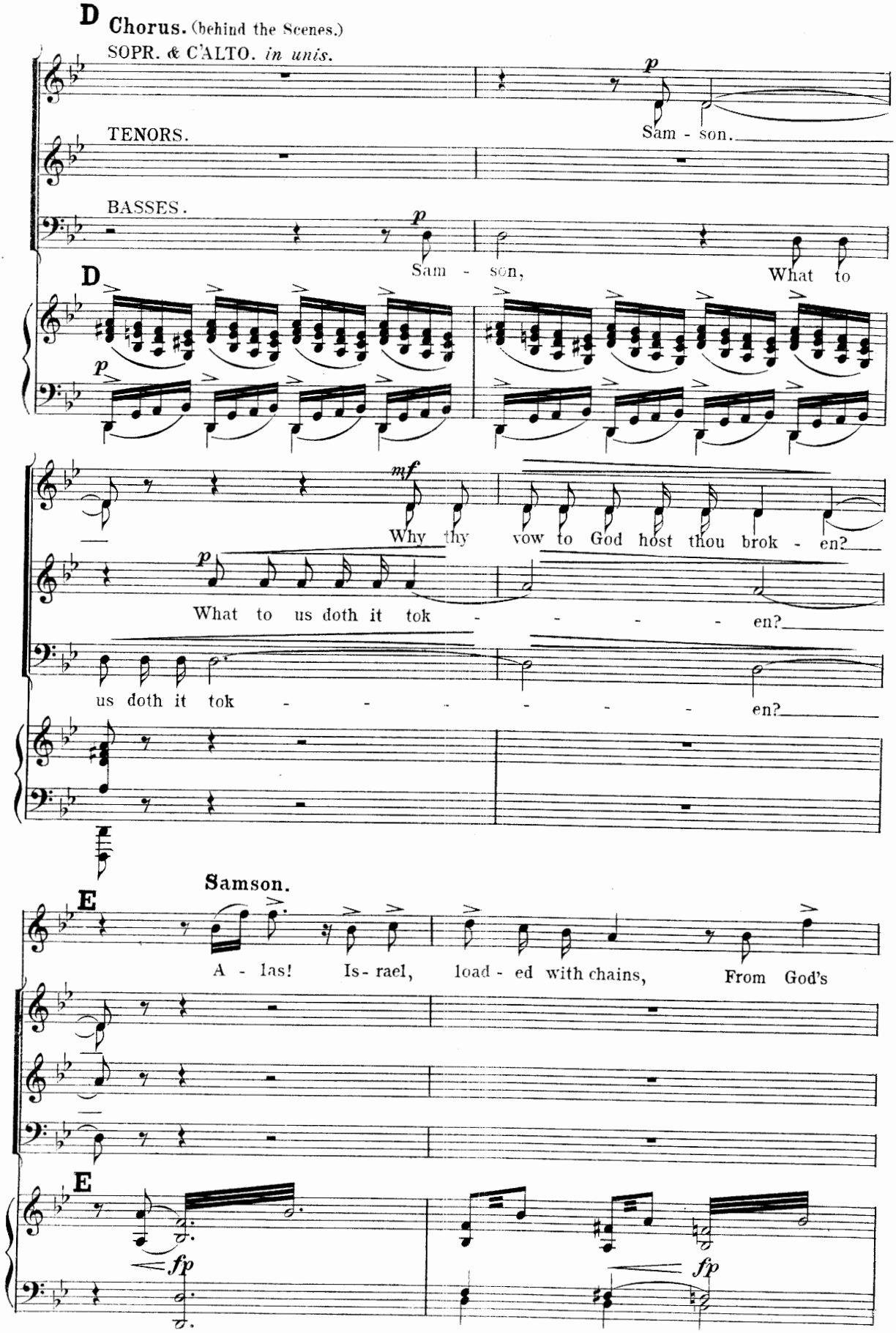
Samson, loaded with chains, blinded, and with shorn locks, is grinding at a mill.
Chorus of captive Hebrews behind the scenes.

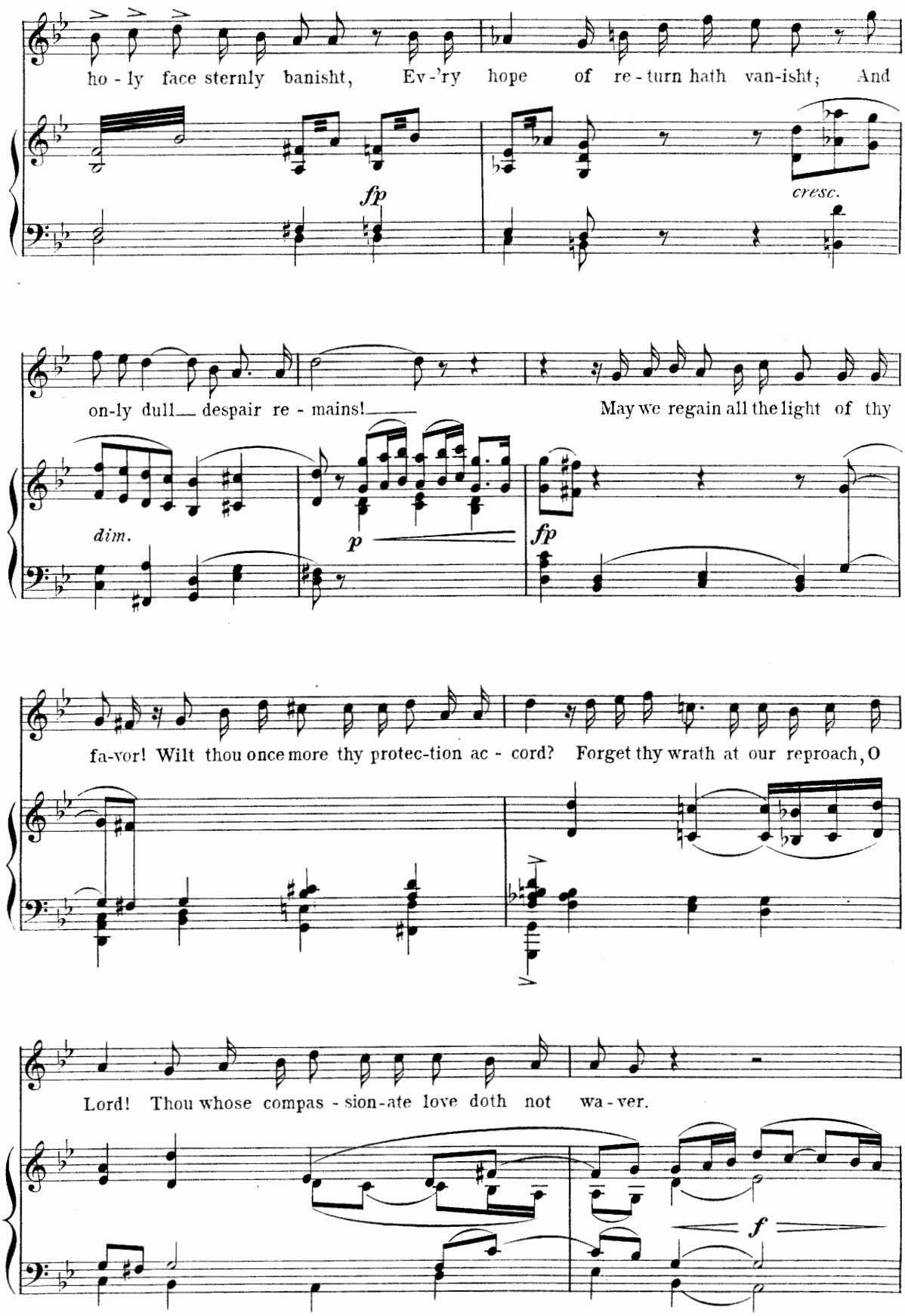
Scene I.




Curtain rises.
fp fp fp fp
p
B
Samson.
p
Look down on me, O Lord! Have mer-cy on me! Be -
pp
hold my woe! Be-hold, sin hath undone me! My erring feet have wander'd from Thy


C
path, And now I feel the burden of thy wrath!
espress. R.H.
espress.
To thee, O God! this poor wreckt life I of-fer: I am no more than a scorn to the
scof - fer! My light - less eyes tes - ti - fy of my
fp
fall; Up - on my head hath been shed bit - ter gall!
f


D
Chorus. (behind the Scenes.)
SOPR. & C'ALTO. in unis.
TENORS.
BASSES.
Sam - son.
Sam - son, What to
Why thy vow to God hast thou brok - en?
What to us doth it tok - - - - - en?
us doth it tok - - - - - - - en?
Samson.
E
A - las! Is - rael, load - ed with chains, From God's
fp
fp


ho - ly face sternly banisht, Ev-'ry hope of re - turn hath van-isht; And
fp
cresc.
on-ly dull despair re - mains! May we regain all the light of thy
dim.
p
fp
fa-vor! Wilt thou once more thy protec-tion ac - cord? Forget thy wrath at our reproach, O
Lord! Thou whose compas - sion-ate love doth not wa - ver.
f

F Poco animato.

SOPRANOS. *f* God meant thou shouldst

C'ALTOS. *f* God meant thou shouldst take the com -

f TENORS. God meant thou shouldst take the com - mand To lead us

BASSES.

F *p*

take the com - mand To lead us back to fa-ther-

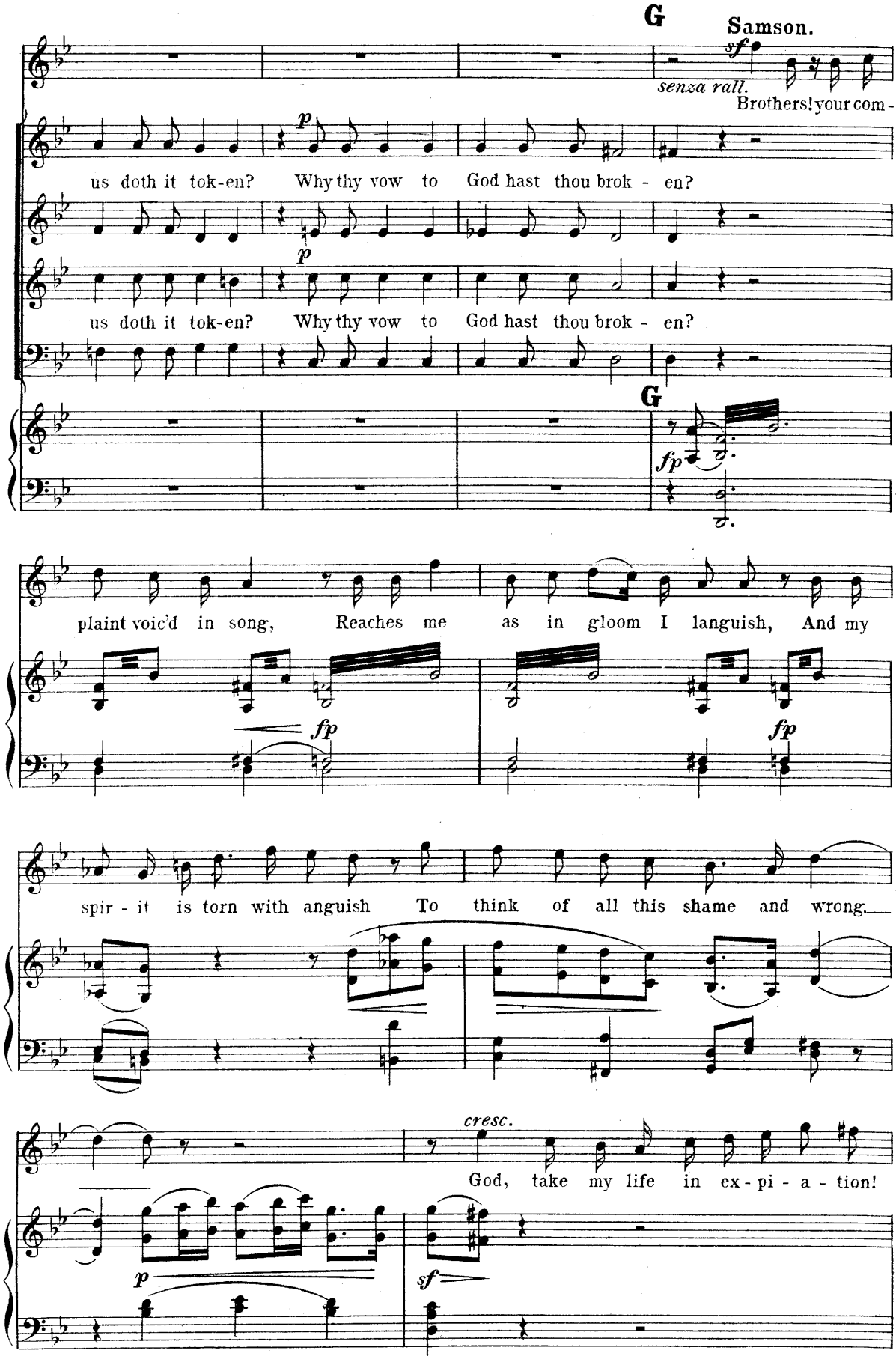
mand To lead us back, To lead us back to fa-ther-

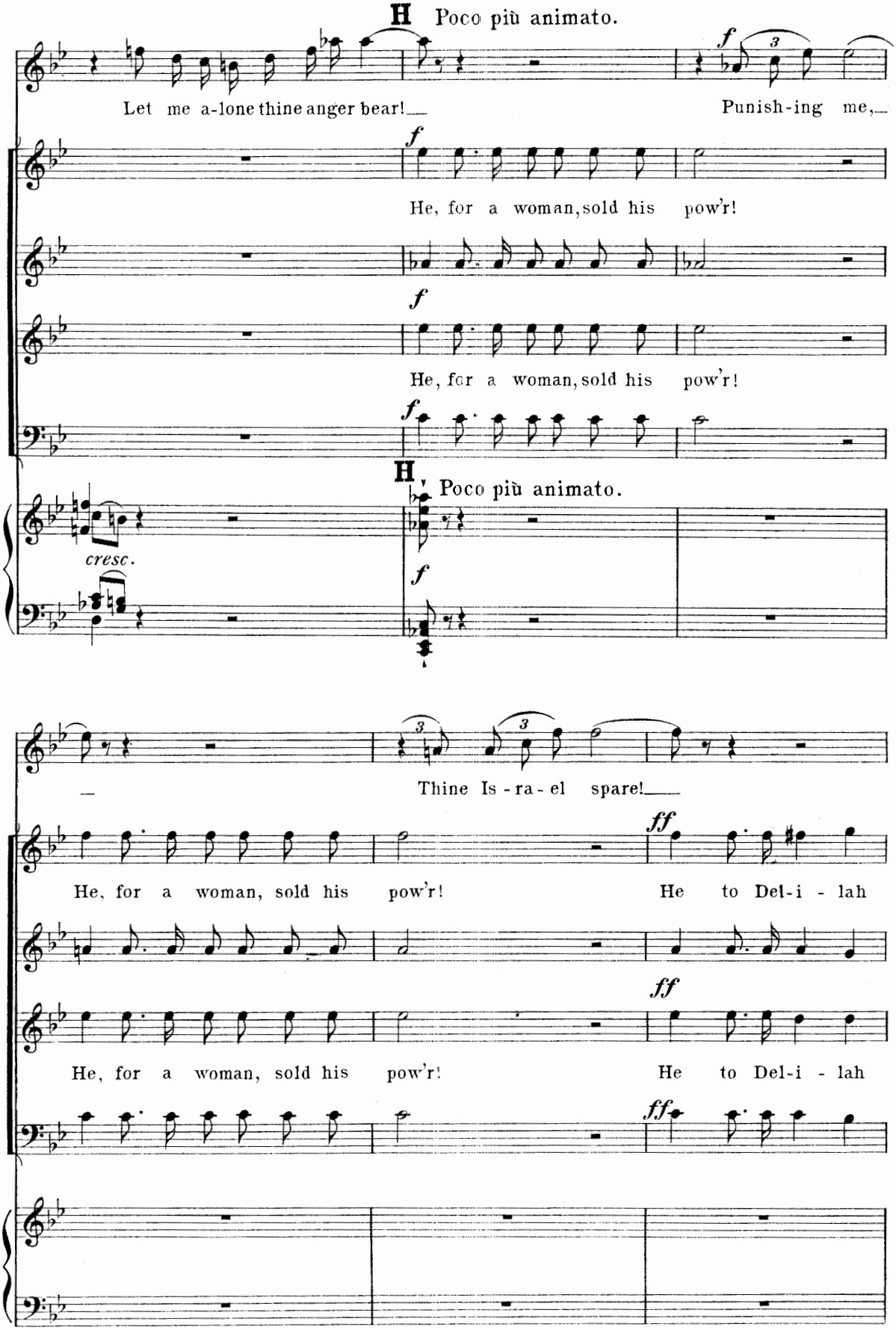
back to fa - ther - land, To lead us back to fa-ther-

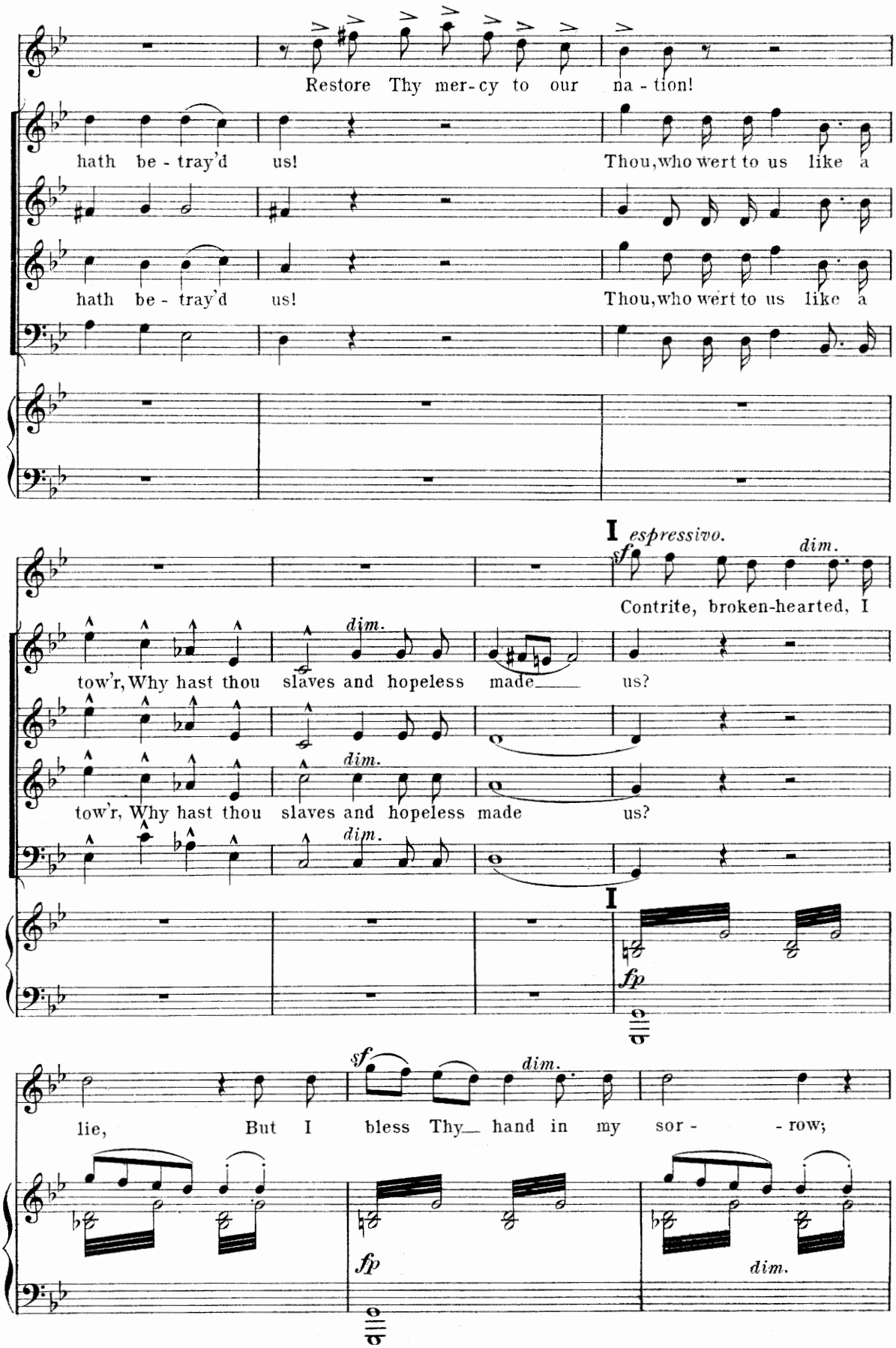
God meant thou shouldst take the com - mand To lead us back to fa-ther-

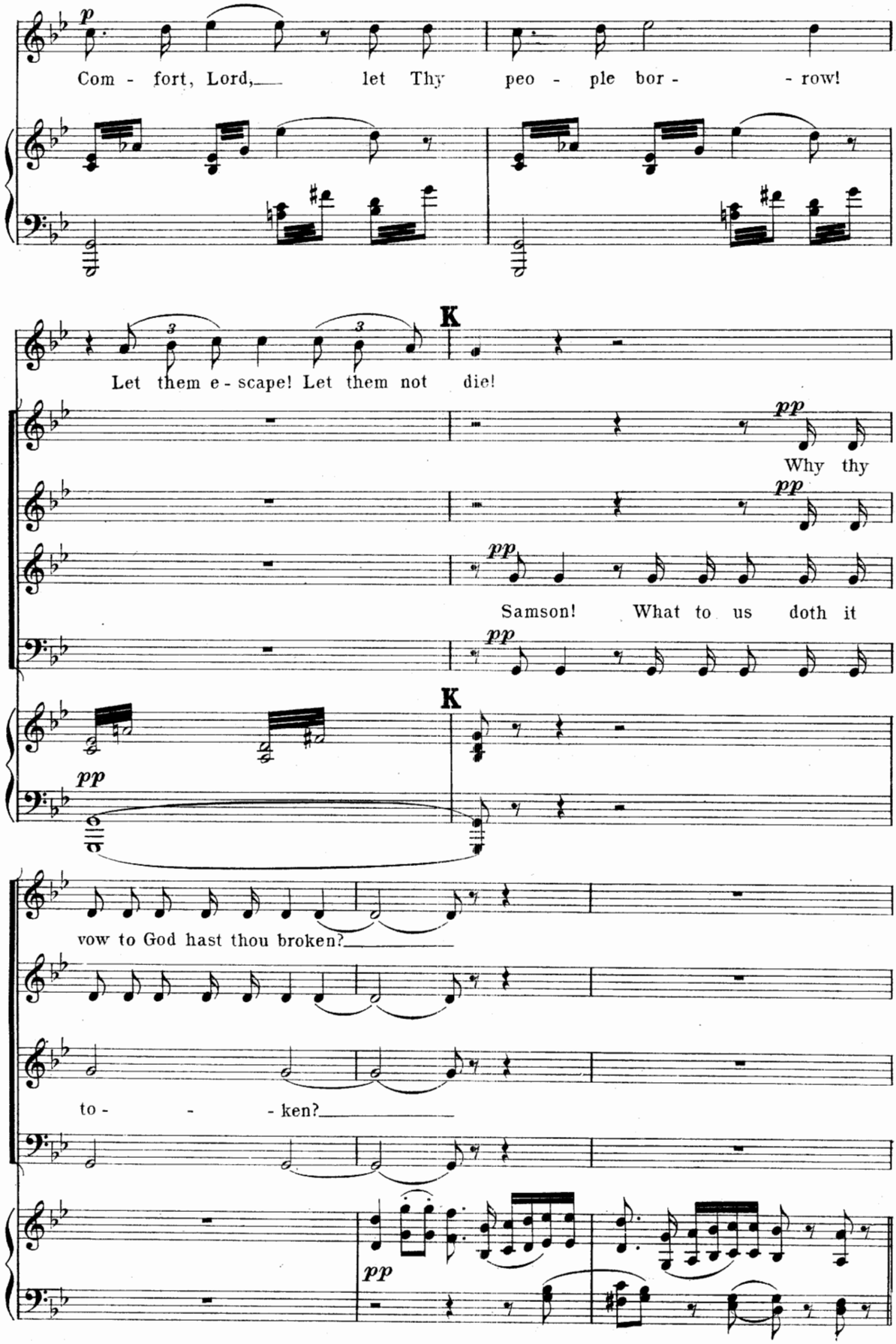
land. Sam - son! What to us doth it tok - en? *dim.* Sam-son! What to

land. Sam - son! What to us doth it tok - en? *dim.* Sam-son! What to


G
Samson.
sf
senza rall.
Brothers! your com -
us doth it tok-en? Why thy vow to God hast thou brok - en?
p
us doth it tok-en? Why thy vow to God hast thou brok - en?
G
fp
plaint voic'd in song, Reaches me as in gloom I languish, And my
fp
fp
spir - it is torn with anguish To think of all this shame and wrong.
cresc.
God, take my life in ex - pi - a - tion!
p
sf


H Poco più animato.
Let me a-lone thine anger bear!
Punish-ing me,
He, for a woman, sold his pow'r!
He, for a woman, sold his pow'r!
H Poco più animato.
cresc.
Thine Is-ra-el spare!
He, for a woman, sold his pow'r!
He to Del-i-lah
He, for a woman, sold his pow'r!
He to Del-i-lah

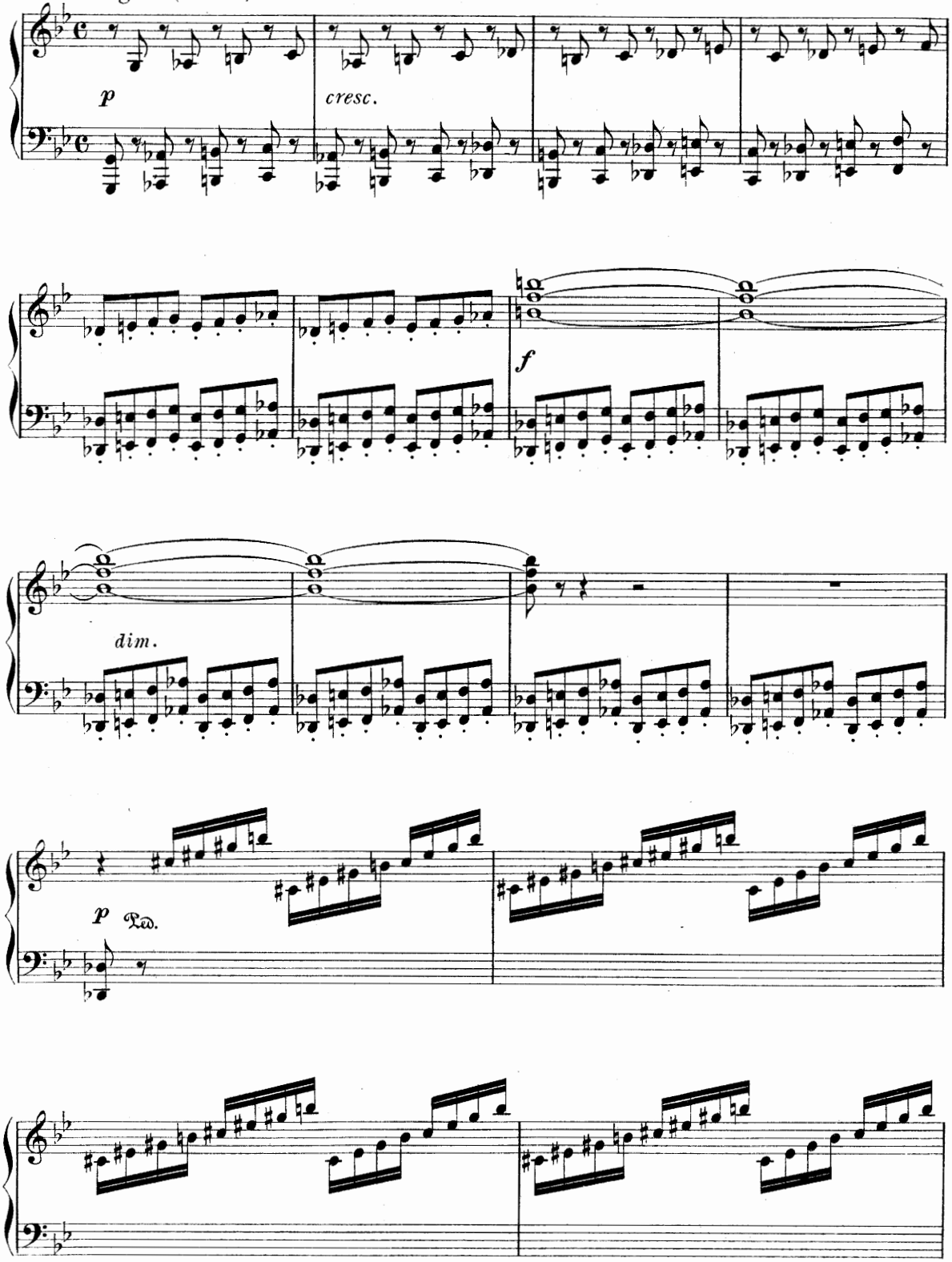

Restore Thy mer-cy to our na-tion!
hath be-tray'd us! Thou, who wert to us like a
hath be-tray'd us! Thou, who wert to us like a
I espressivo.
sf
dim.
Contrite, broken-hearted, I
tow'r, Why hast thou slaves and hopeless made us?
dim.
tow'r, Why hast thou slaves and hopeless made us?
dim.
I
fp
lie, But I bless Thy hand in my sor- row;
sf
dim.
fp
dim.

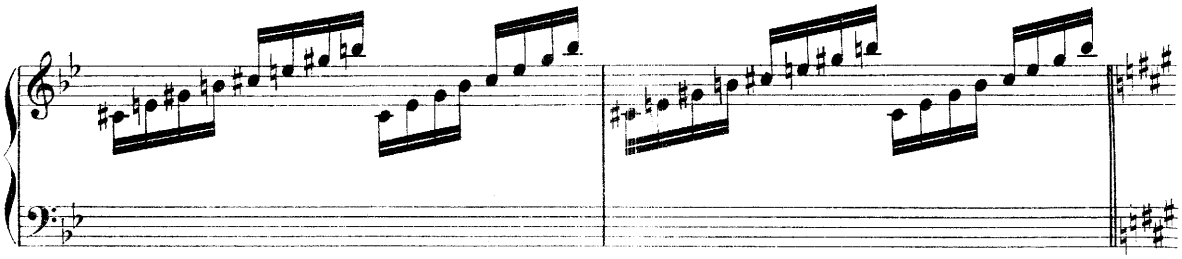

p
Com - fort, Lord, let Thy peo - ple bor - - row!
K
Let them e - scape! Let them not die!
pp
Why thy
pp
Samson! What to us doth it
pp
K
pp
vow to God hast thou broken?
to - - - ken?
pp

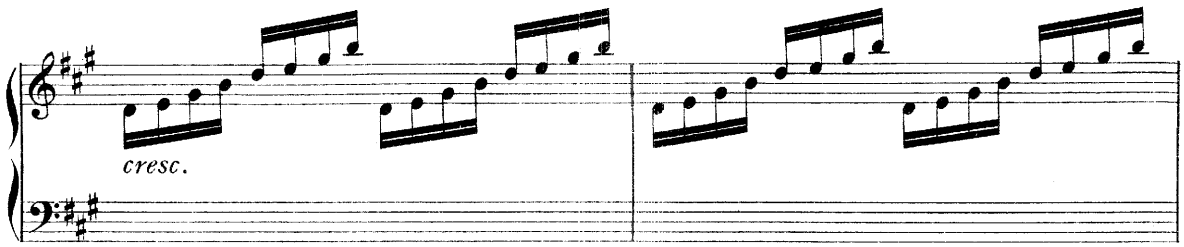
The Philistines enter the prison, and take Samson out. *(Transformation.)*

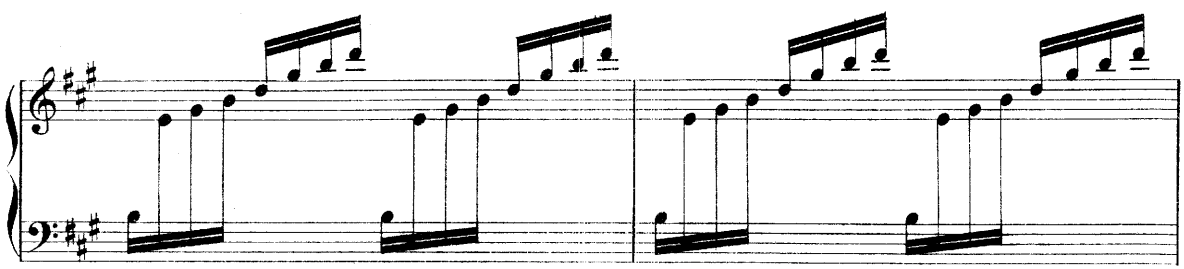
L

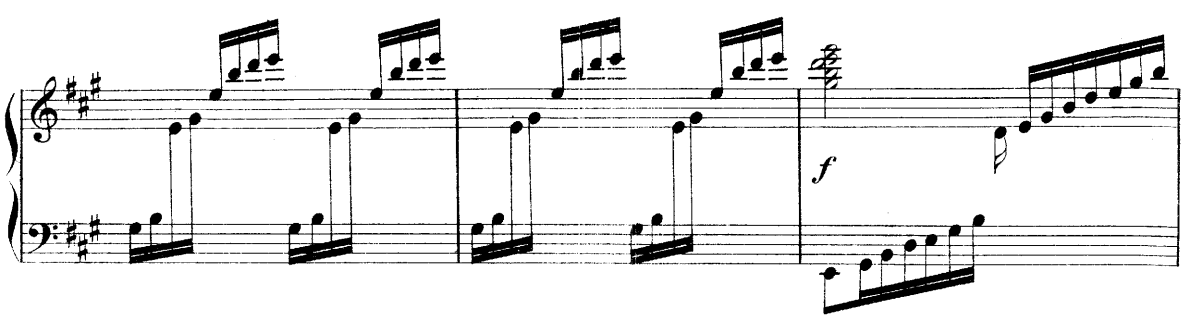
Allegro. (♩ = 152.)

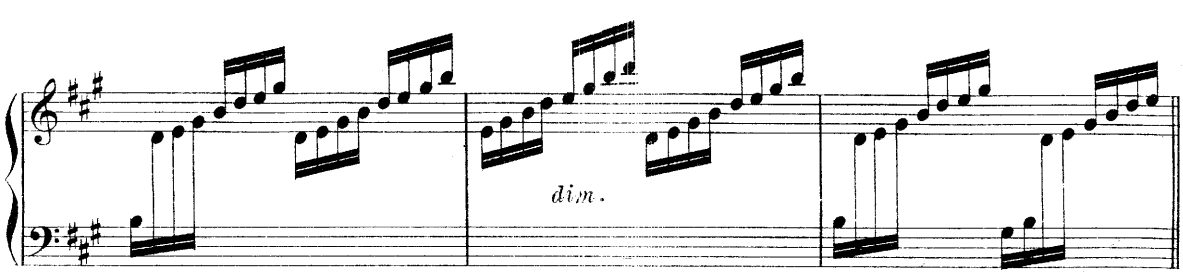





cresc.




f

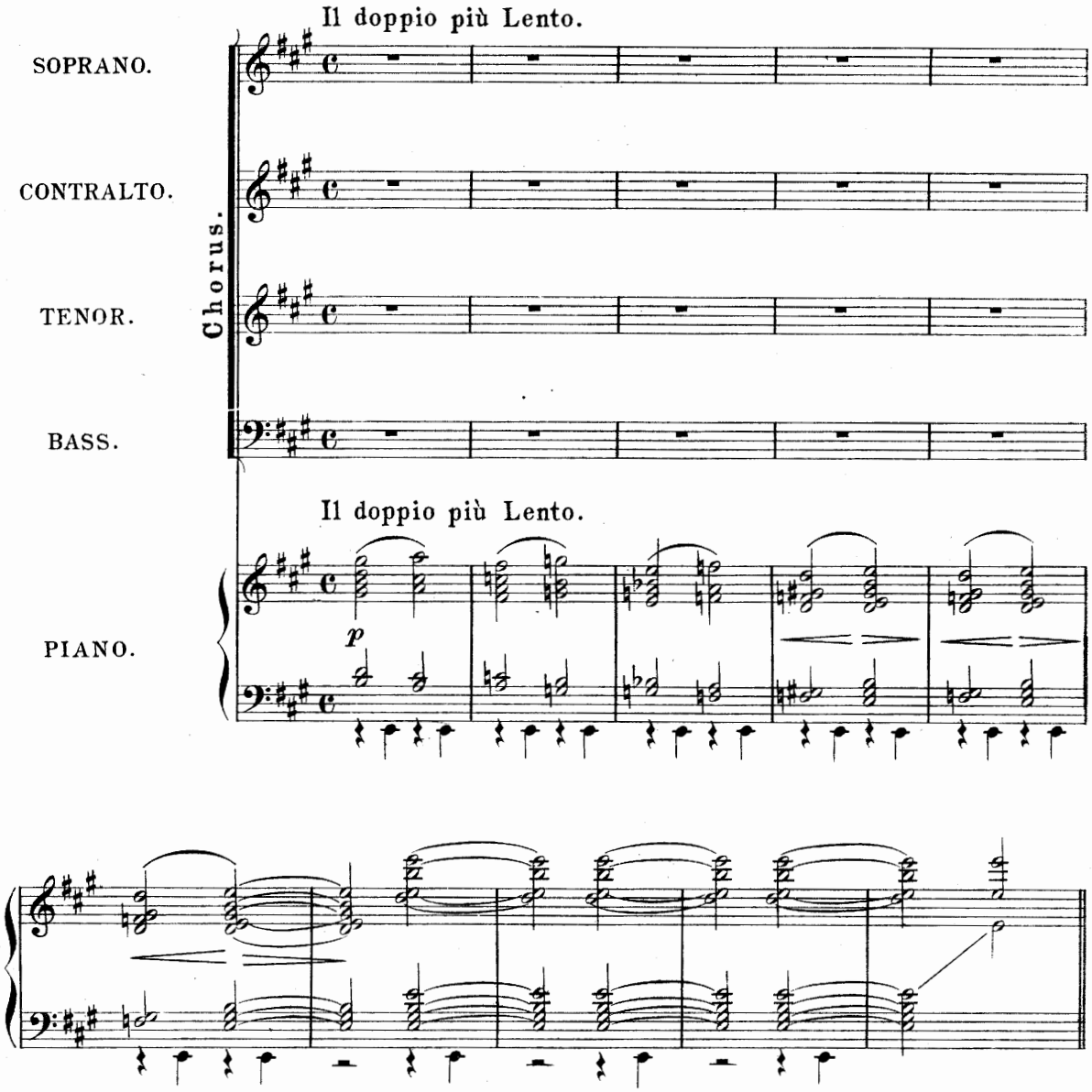

dim.

Second Tableau.

Interior of Dagon's temple.—Statue of the God. Altar on which sacrifices are performed. In the midst of the sanctuary, two marble columns, which apparently support the edifice.

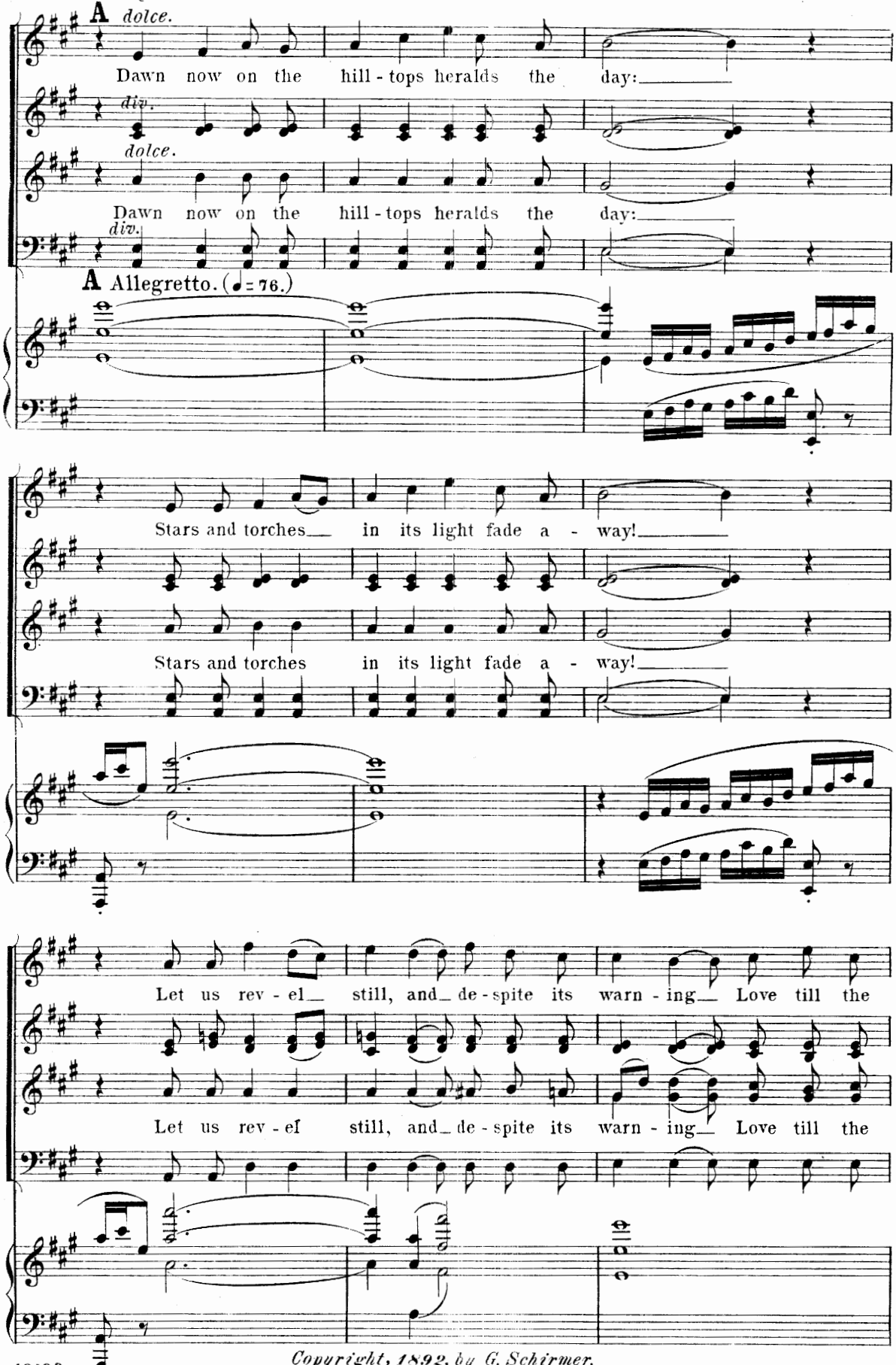
The High Priest of Dagon, surrounded by the chief men of the Philistines. Delilah, followed by young Philistine women with wine-cups in their hands. The temple is thronged. Day is breaking.

Scene II.

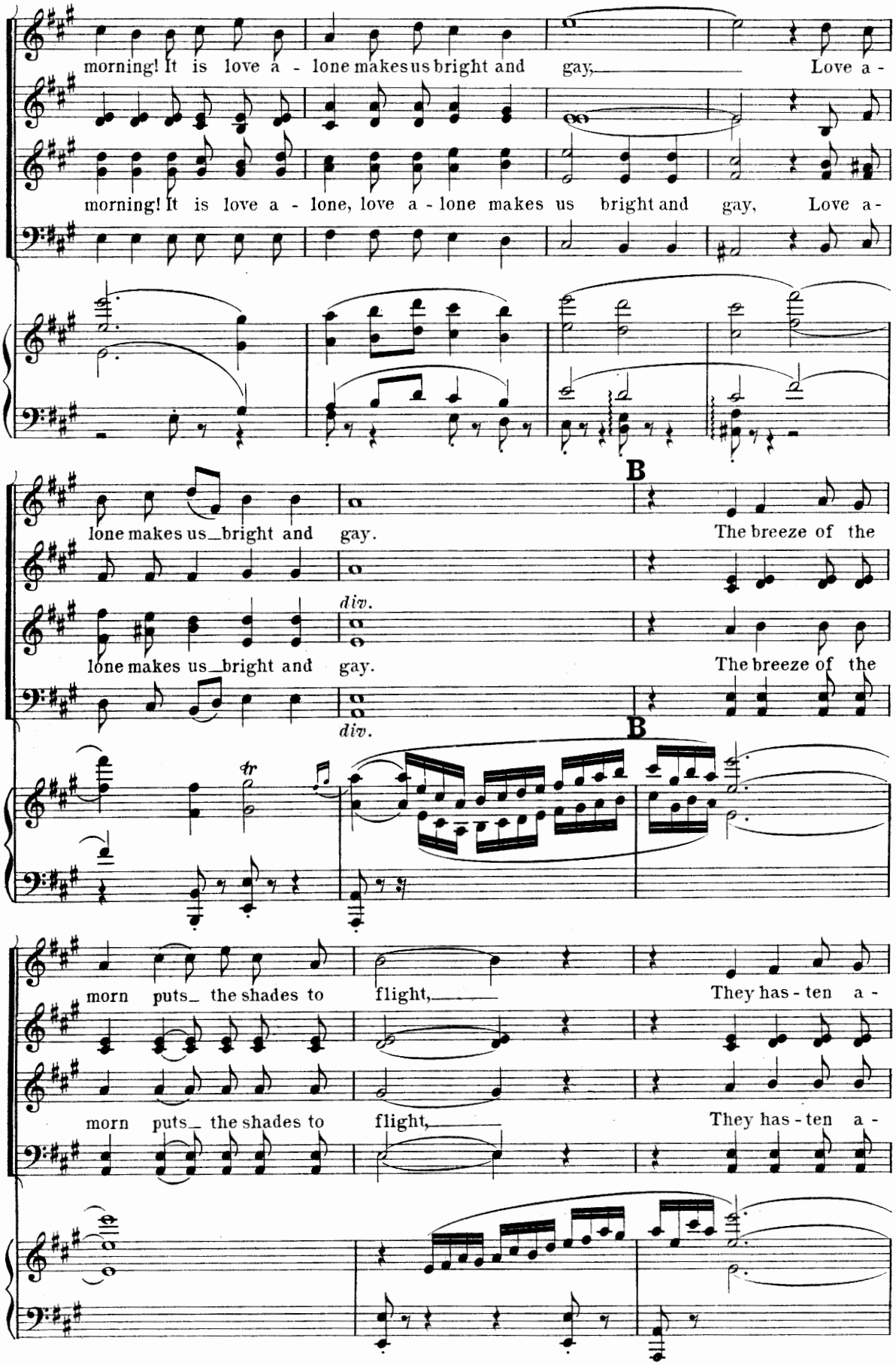


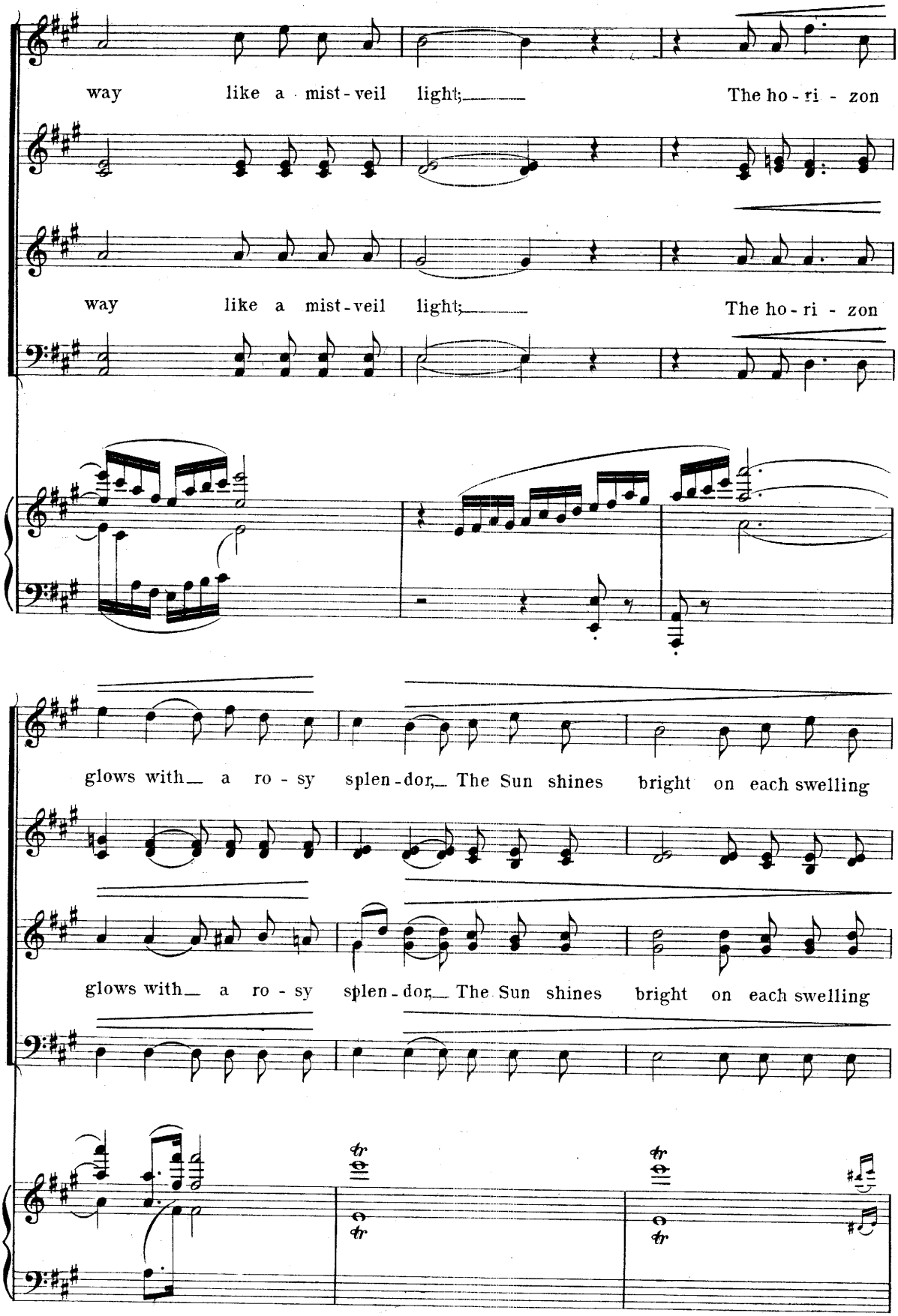
Allegretto.

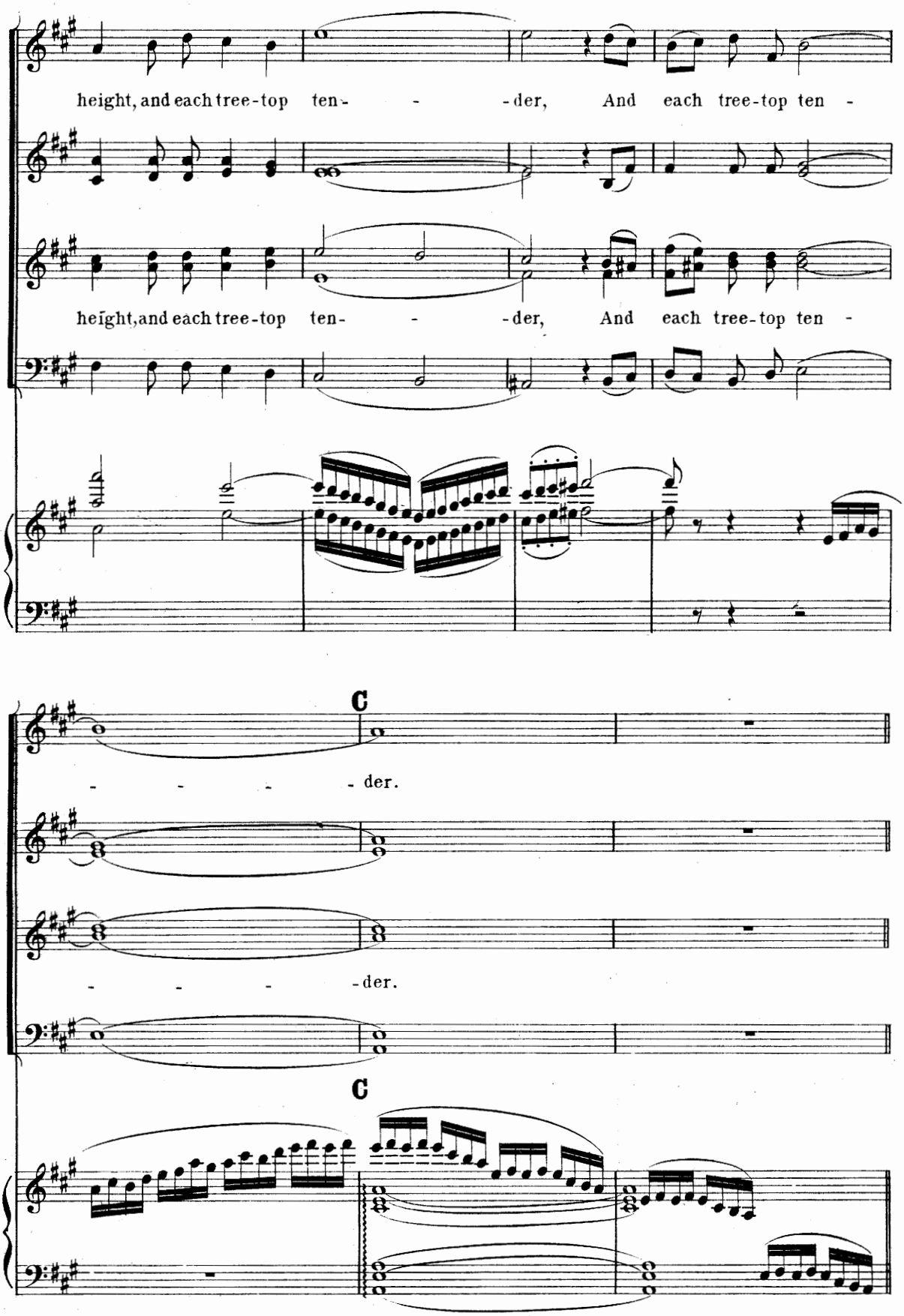
Chorus of the Philistines.



Copyright, 1892, by G. Schirmer.


morning! It is love a - lone makes us bright and gay, Love a -
morning! It is love a - lone, love a - lone makes us bright and gay, Love a -
lone makes us bright and gay.
B
The breeze of the
div.
lone makes us bright and gay.
The breeze of the
div.
tr
B
morn puts the shades to flight,
They has - ten a -
morn puts the shades to flight,
They has - ten a -


way like a mist-veil light; The ho-ri-zon
way like a mist-veil light; The ho-ri-zon
glows with a ro-sy splen-dor, The Sun shines bright on each swelling
glows with a ro-sy splen-dor, The Sun shines bright on each swelling
tr
tr
tr
tr


height, and each tree-top ten- - -der, And each tree-top ten -
height, and each tree-top ten- - -der, And each tree-top ten -
- - - - der.
- - - -der.
C
C

DANCE.
(Ballet.)

Recitativo. *(ad lib.)*

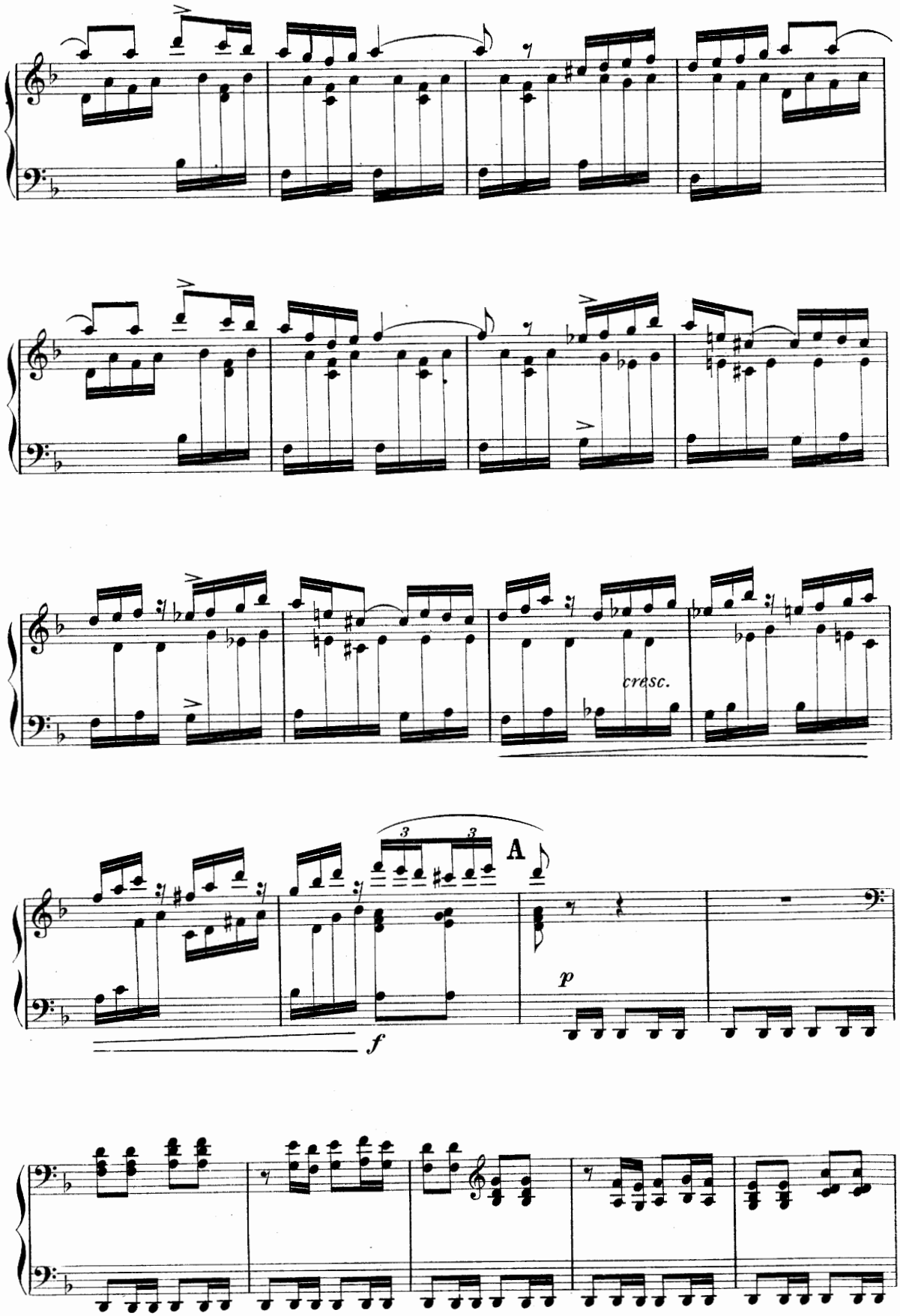
Piano.

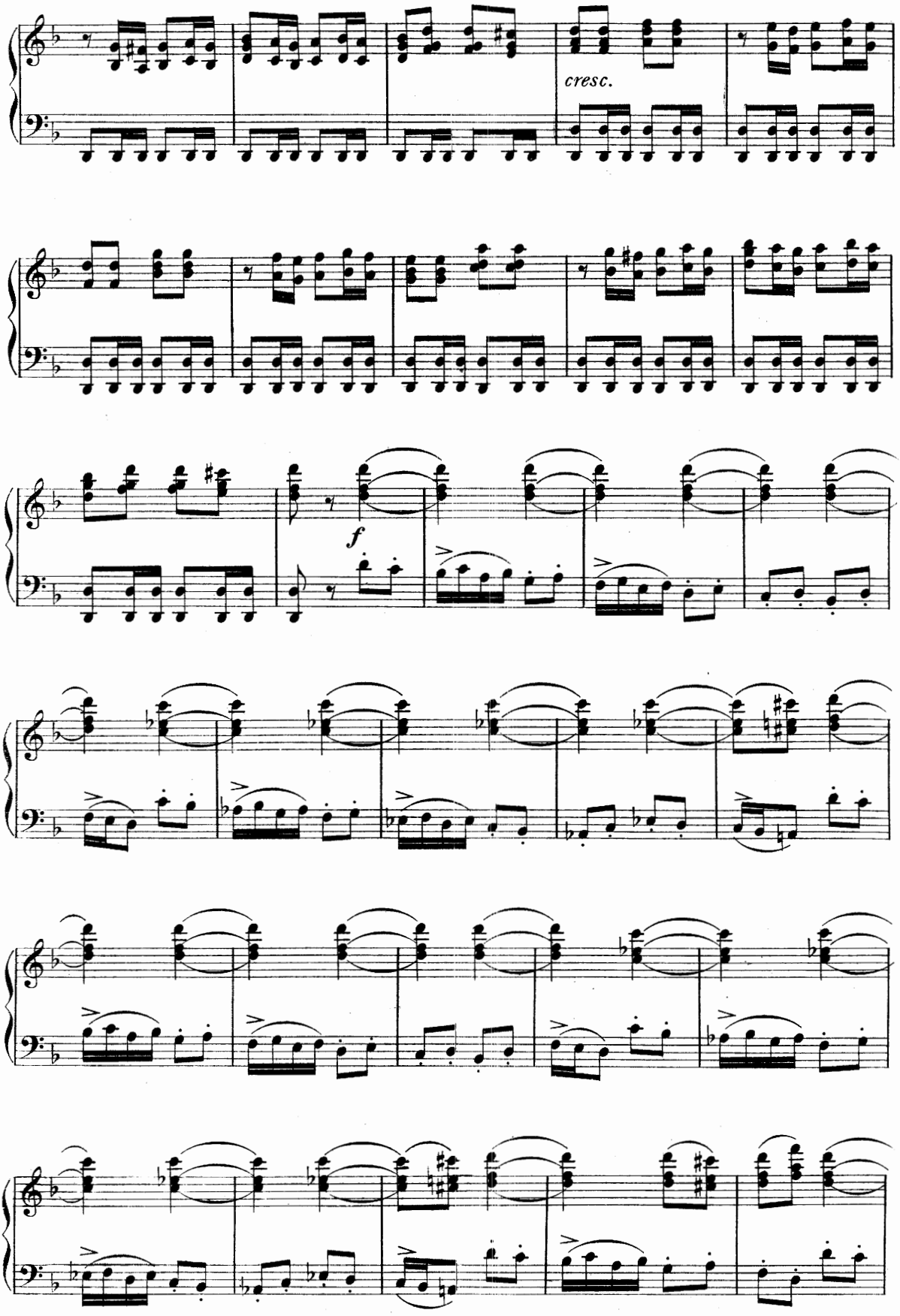
f

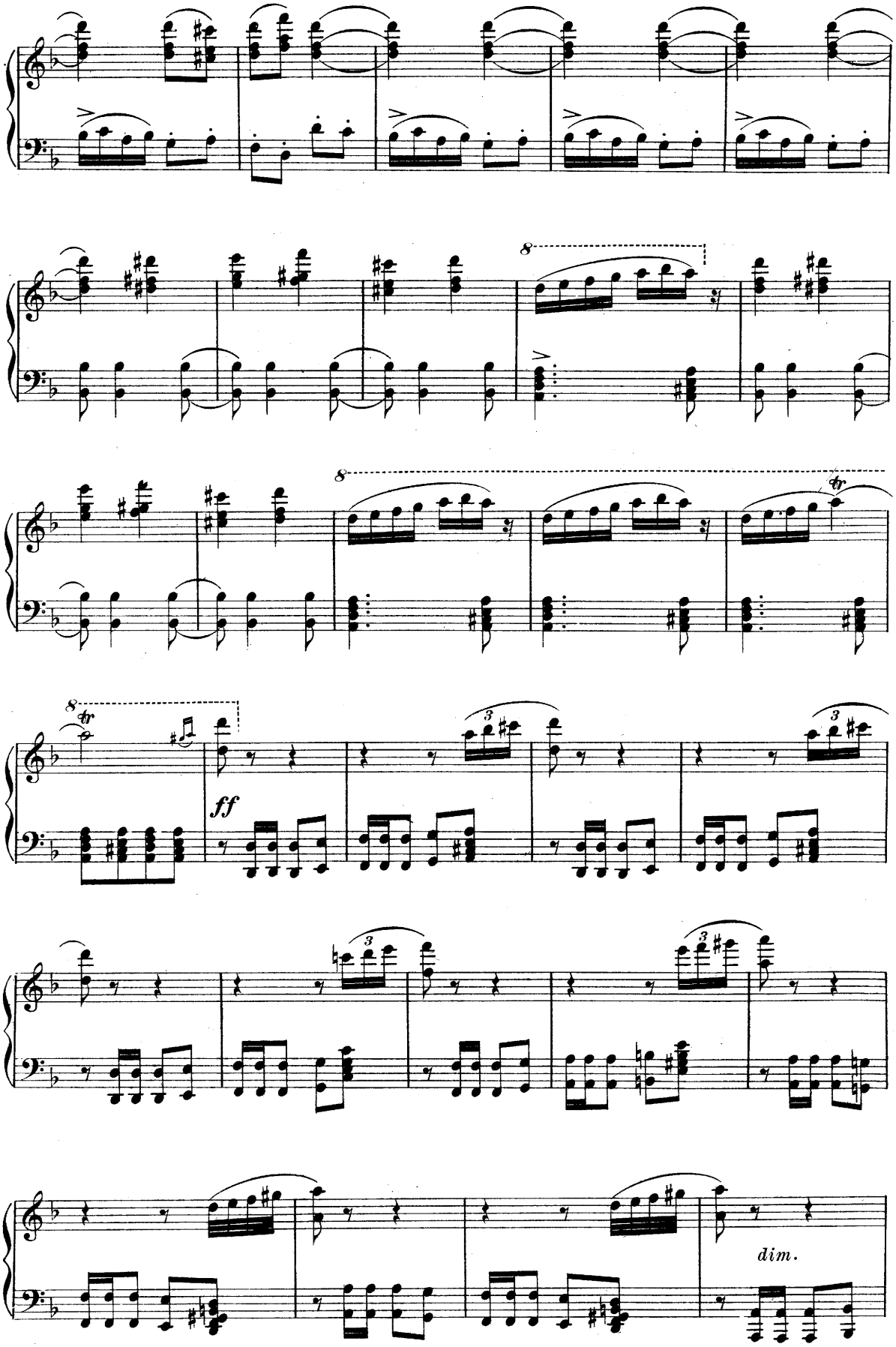
dim.

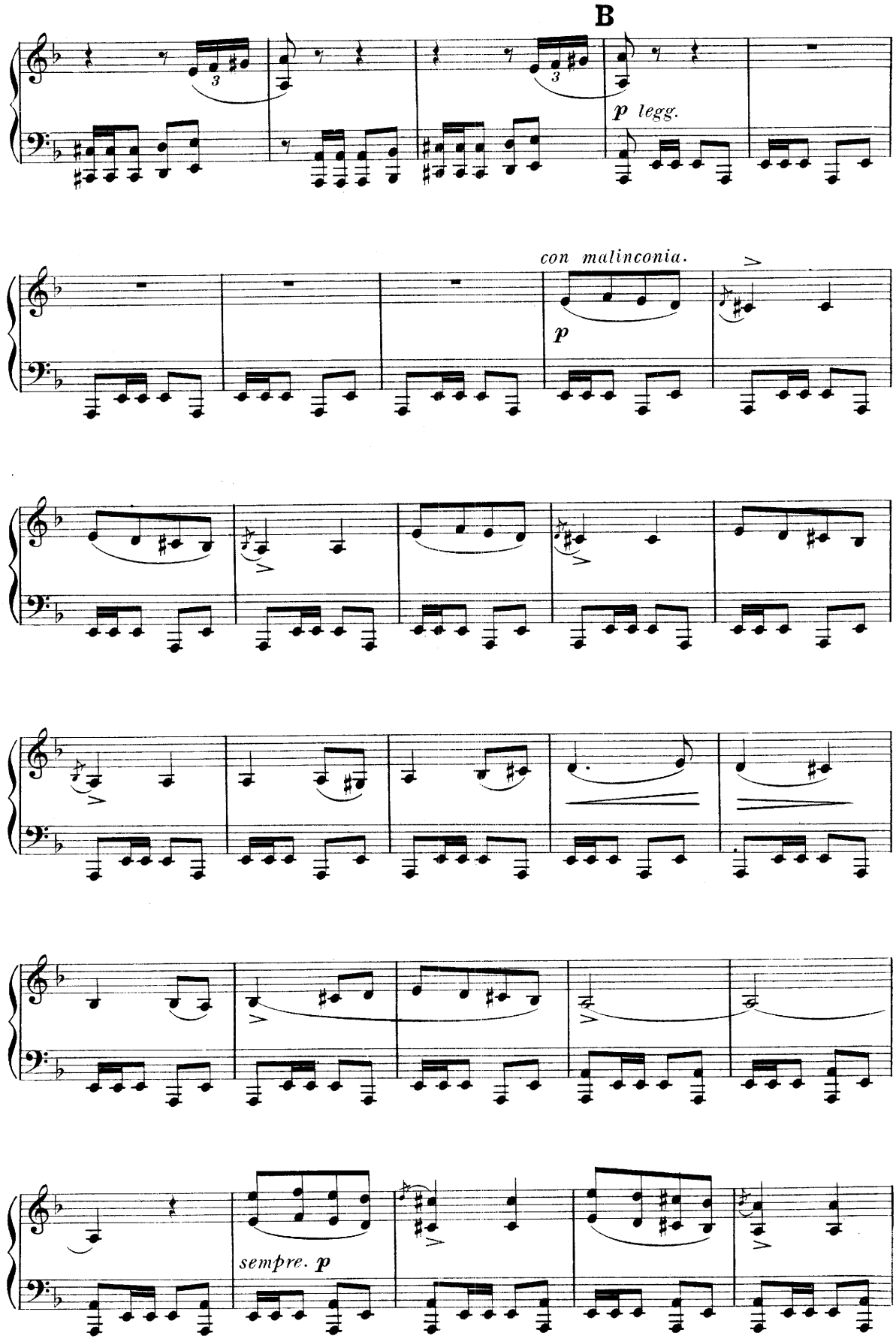
Allegro moderato. (♩ = 120.)

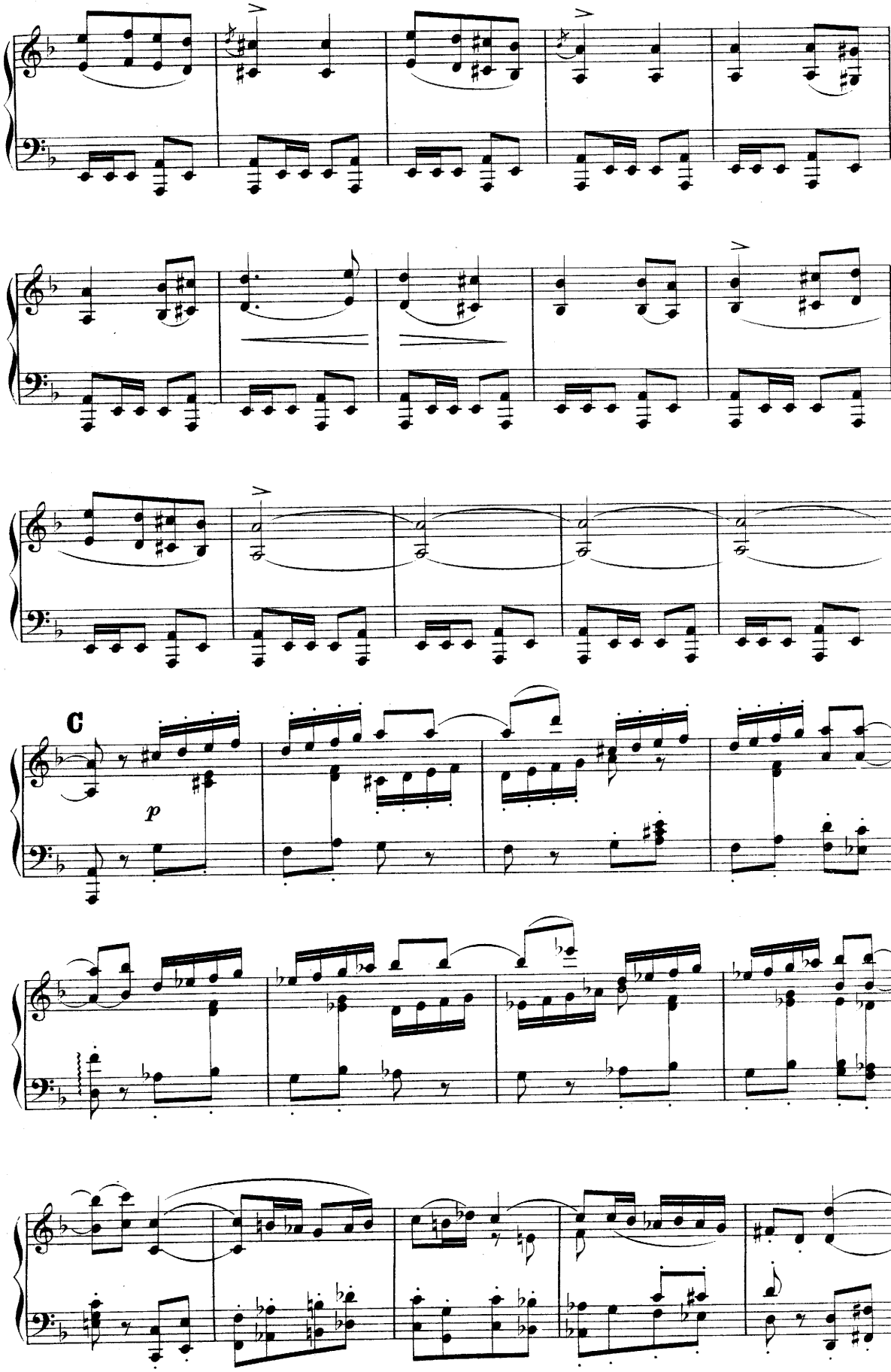
p

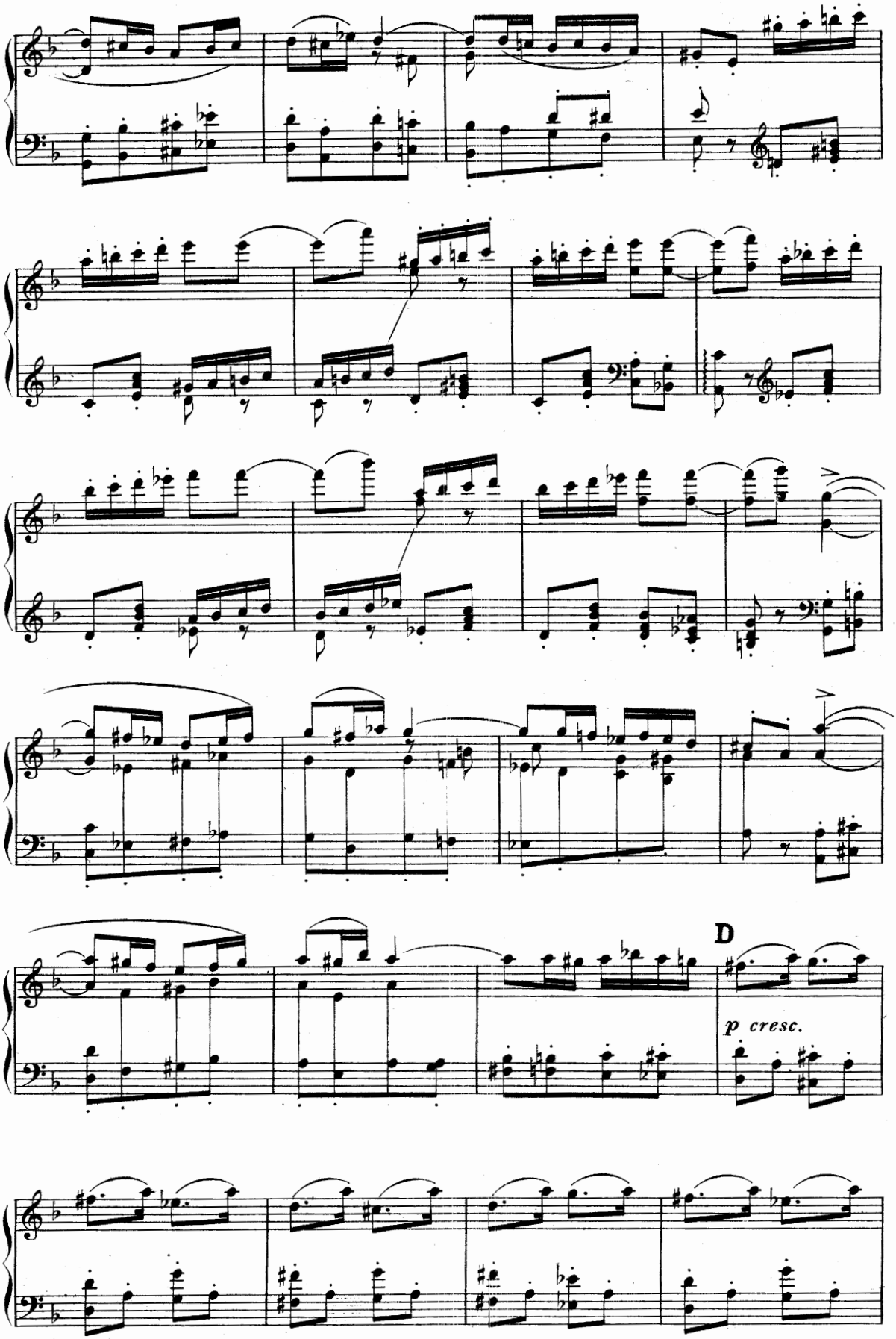

cresc.
3
3
A
p
f

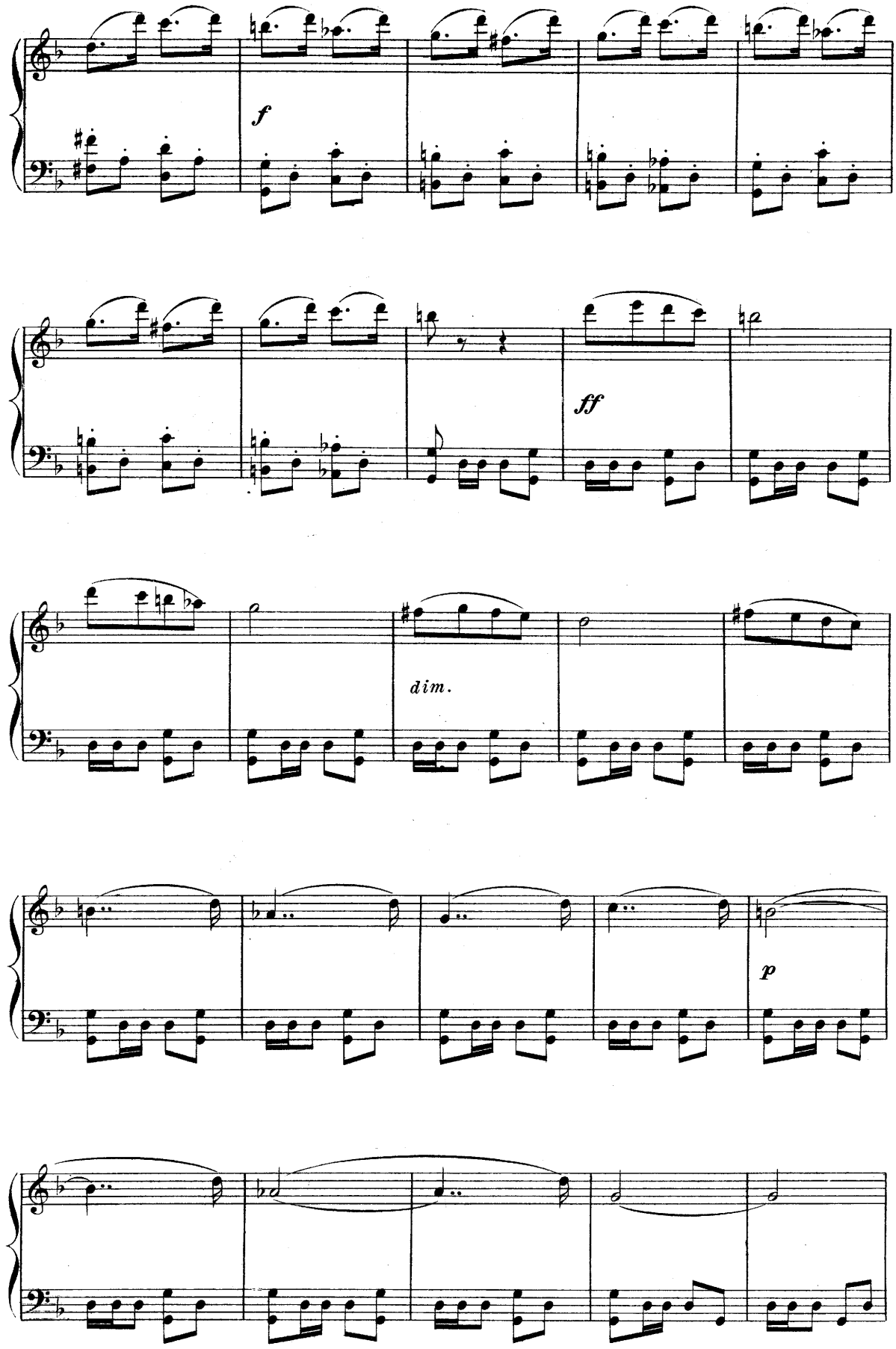

cresc.
f

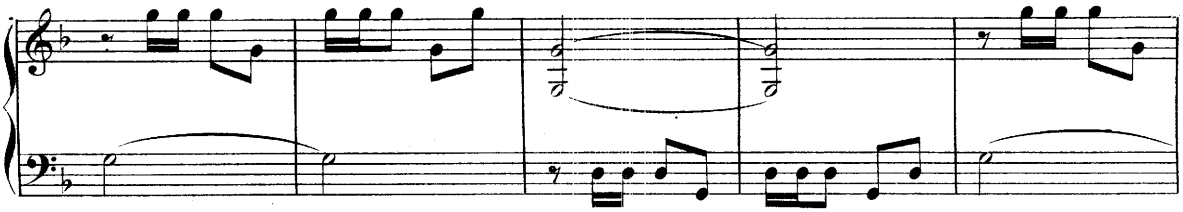

8
8
8
tr
tr
ff
3
3
3
3
dim.

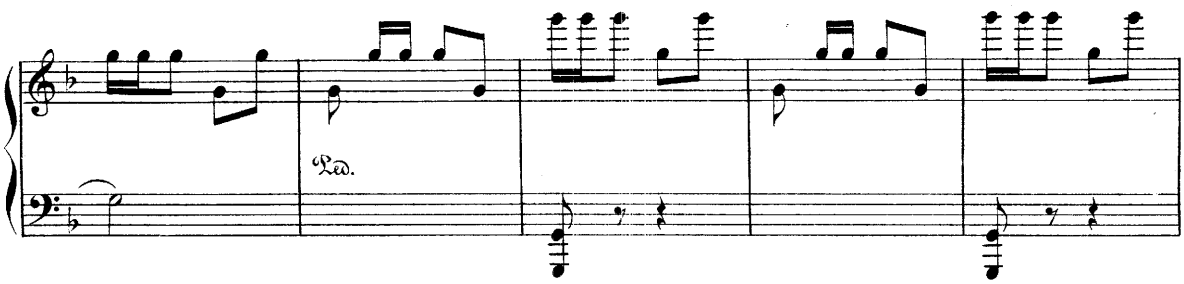

B
p legg.
con malinconia.
p
sempre. p

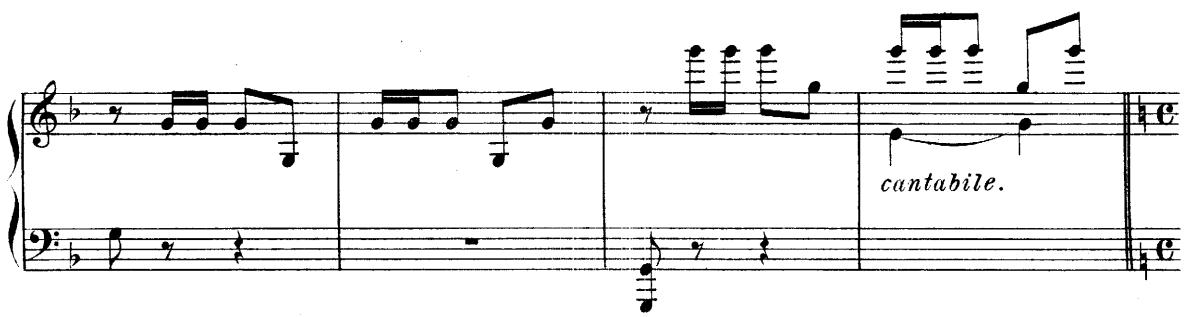

C
p

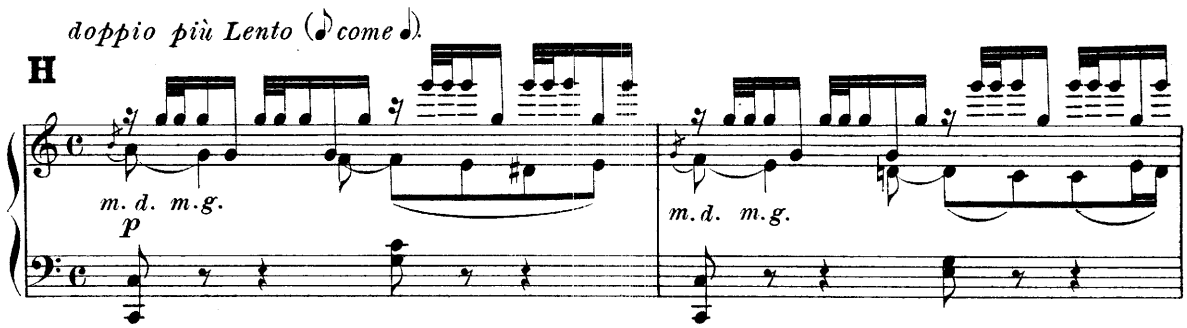

D
p cresc.

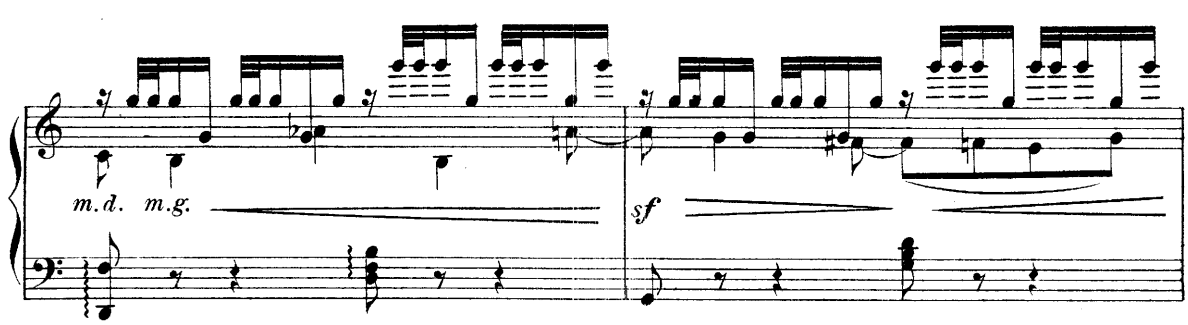

f
ff
dim.
p

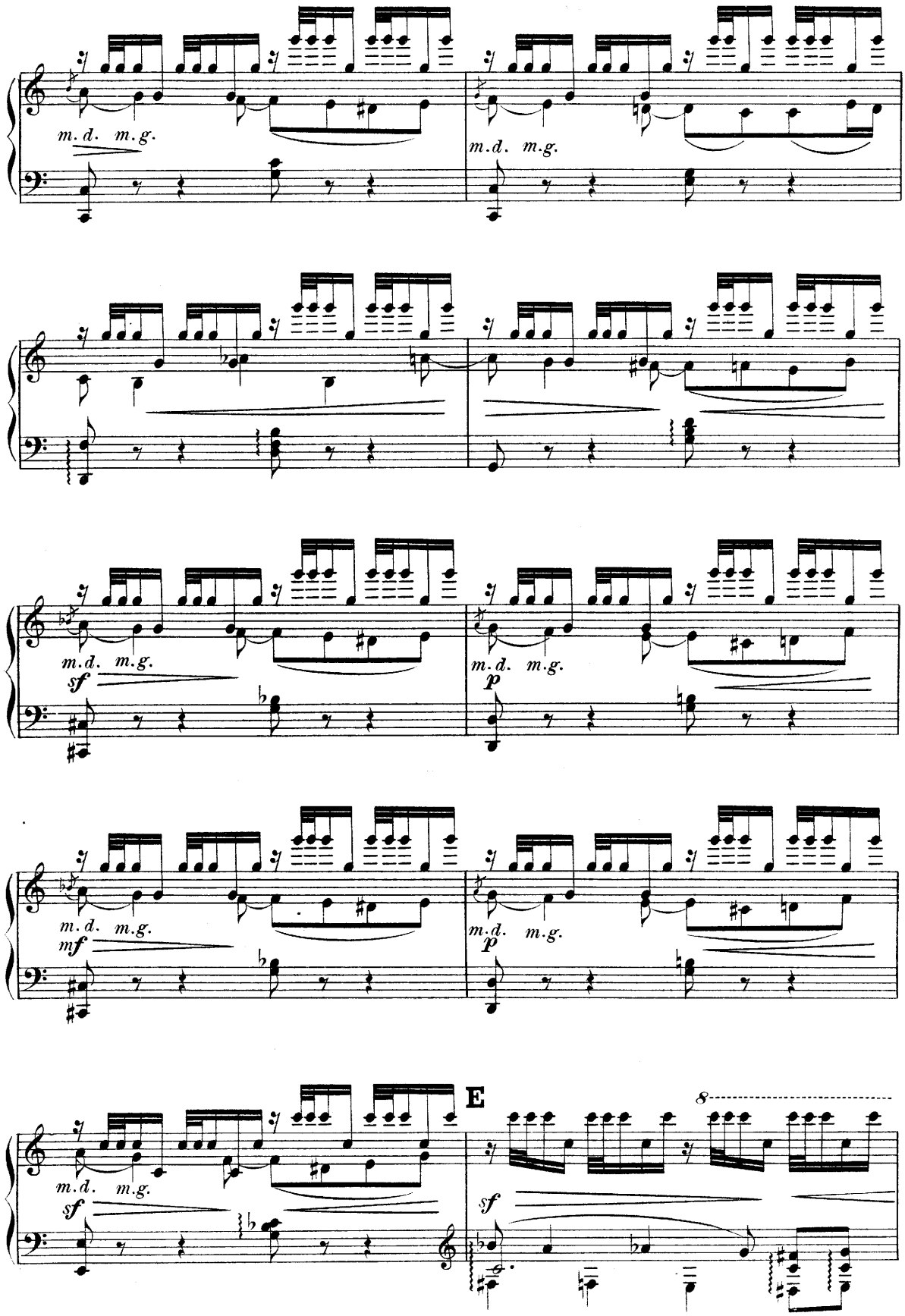


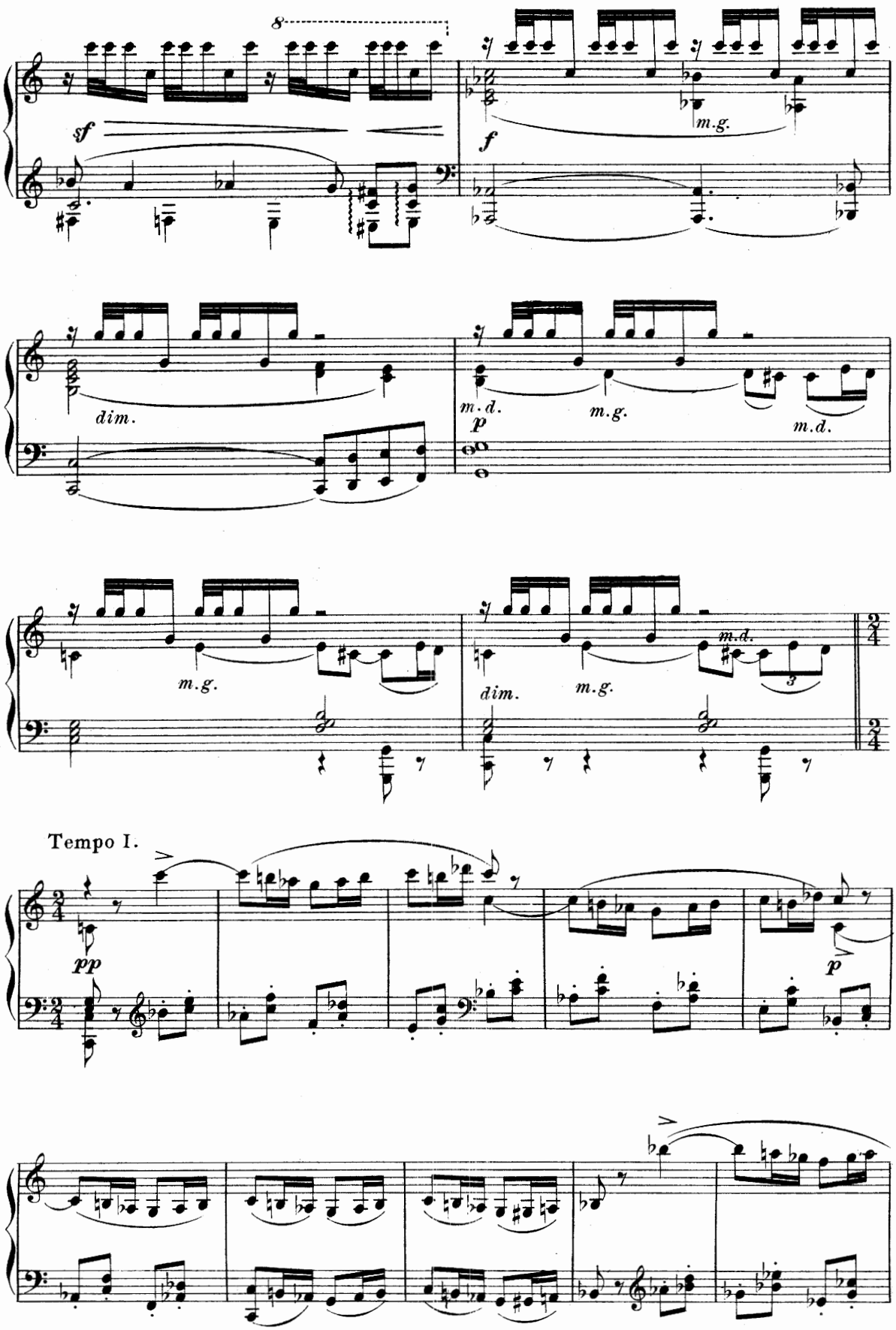

Ped.

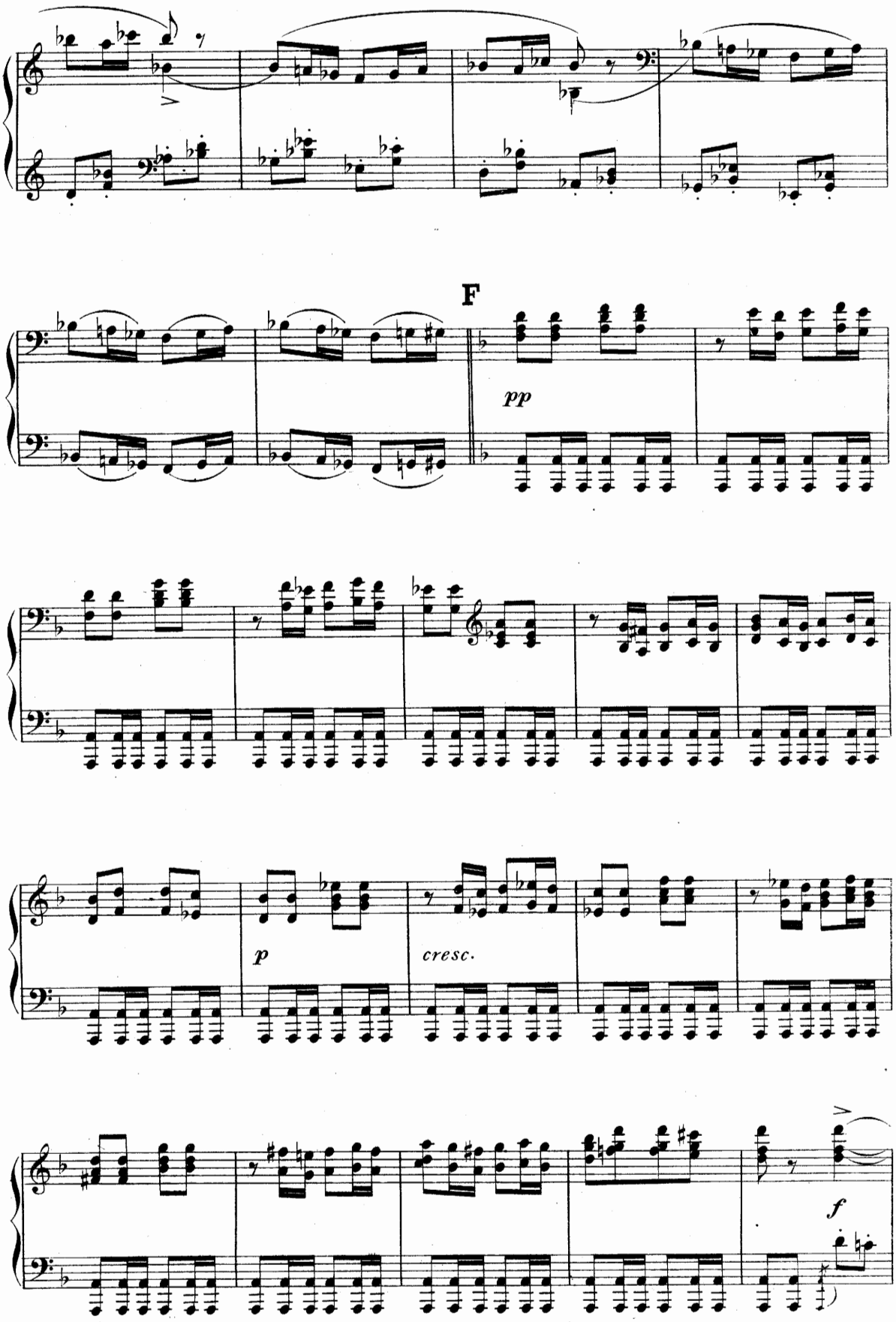

cantabile.

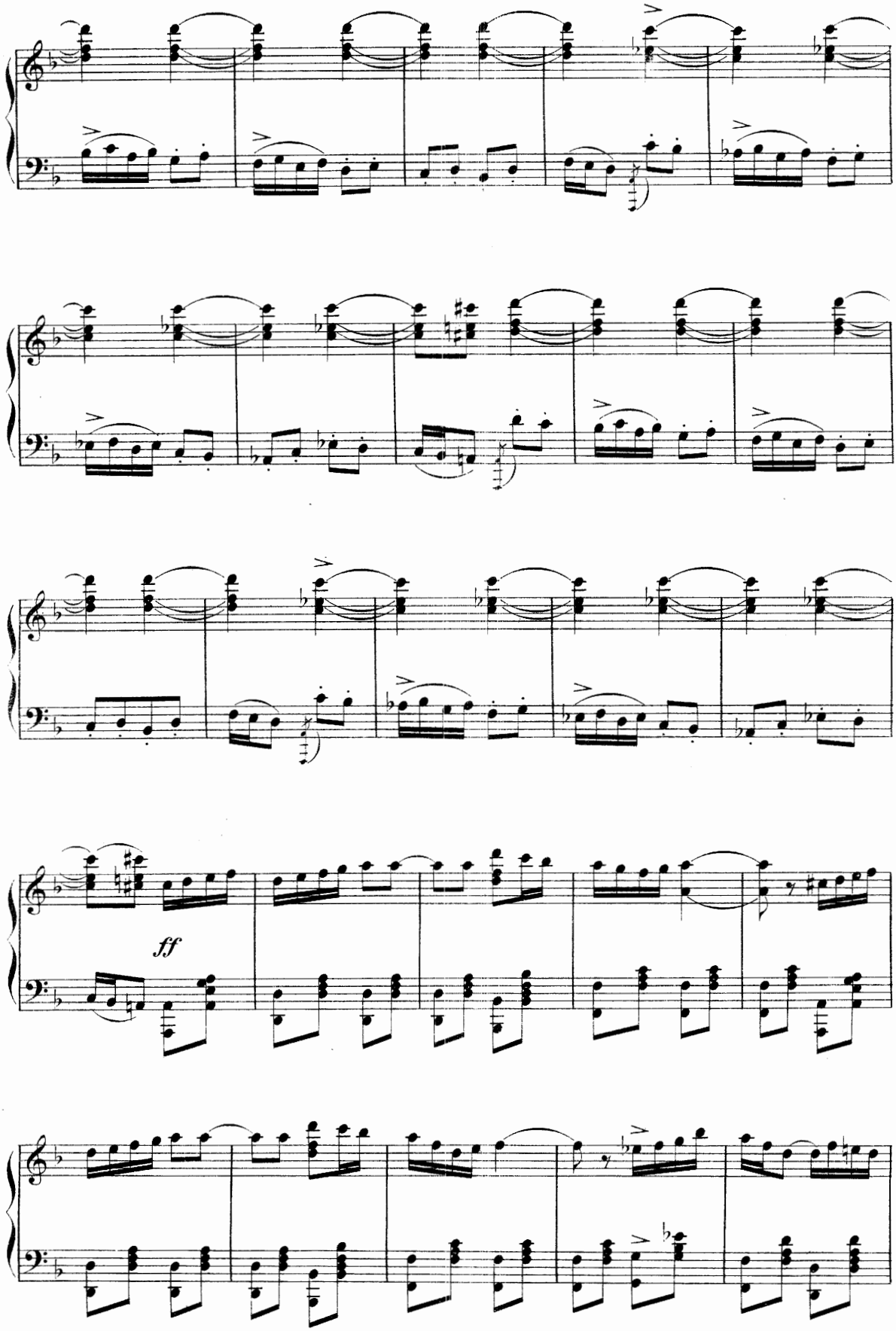

doppio più Lento (come)
H
m. d. m. g.
p
m. d. m. g.

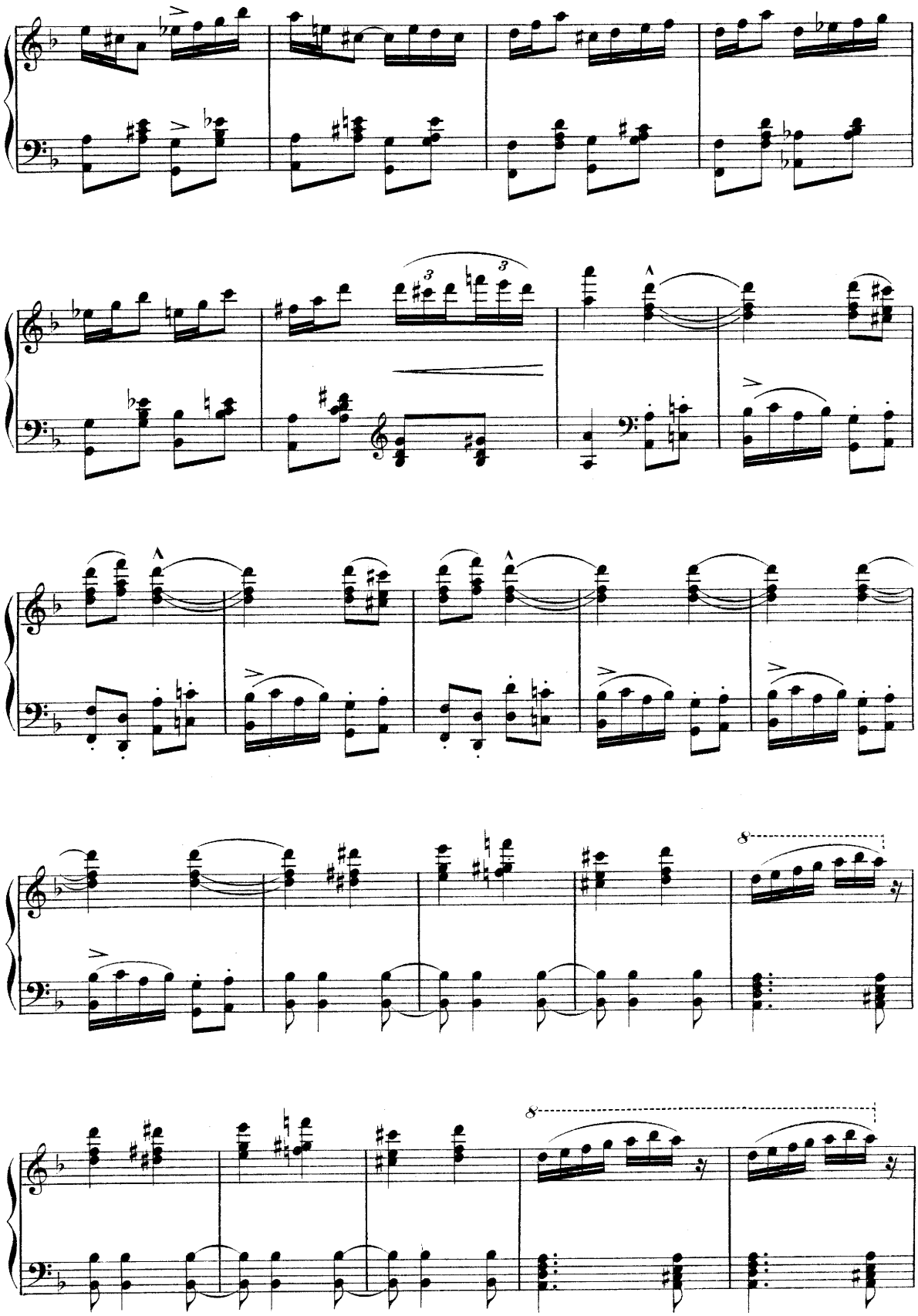

m. d. m. g.
sf

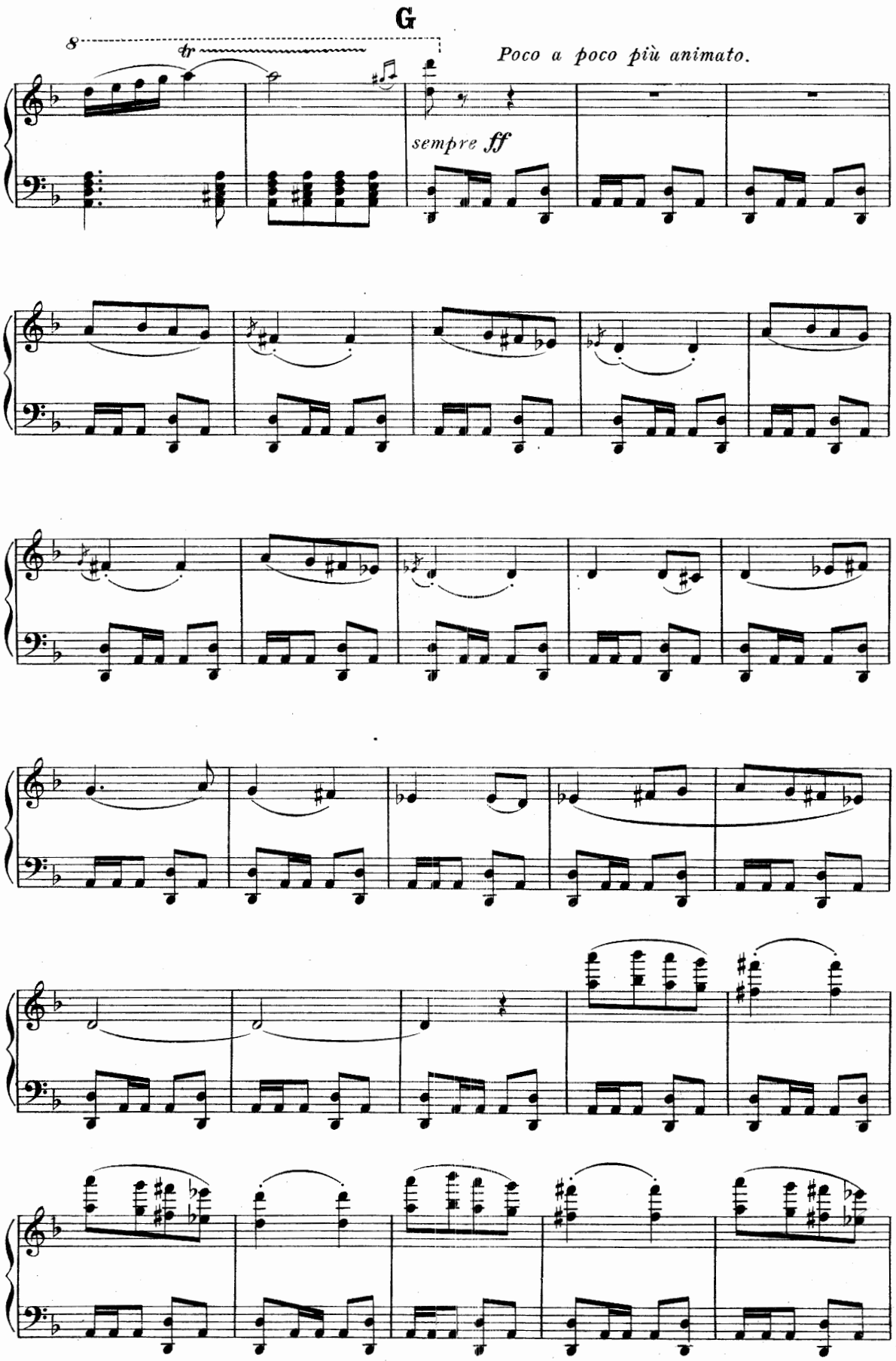

m.d. m.g.
m.d. m.g.
m.d. m.g.
sf
m.d. m.g.
p
m.d. m.g.
mf
m.d. m.g.
p
E
m.d. m.g.
sf
8
sf

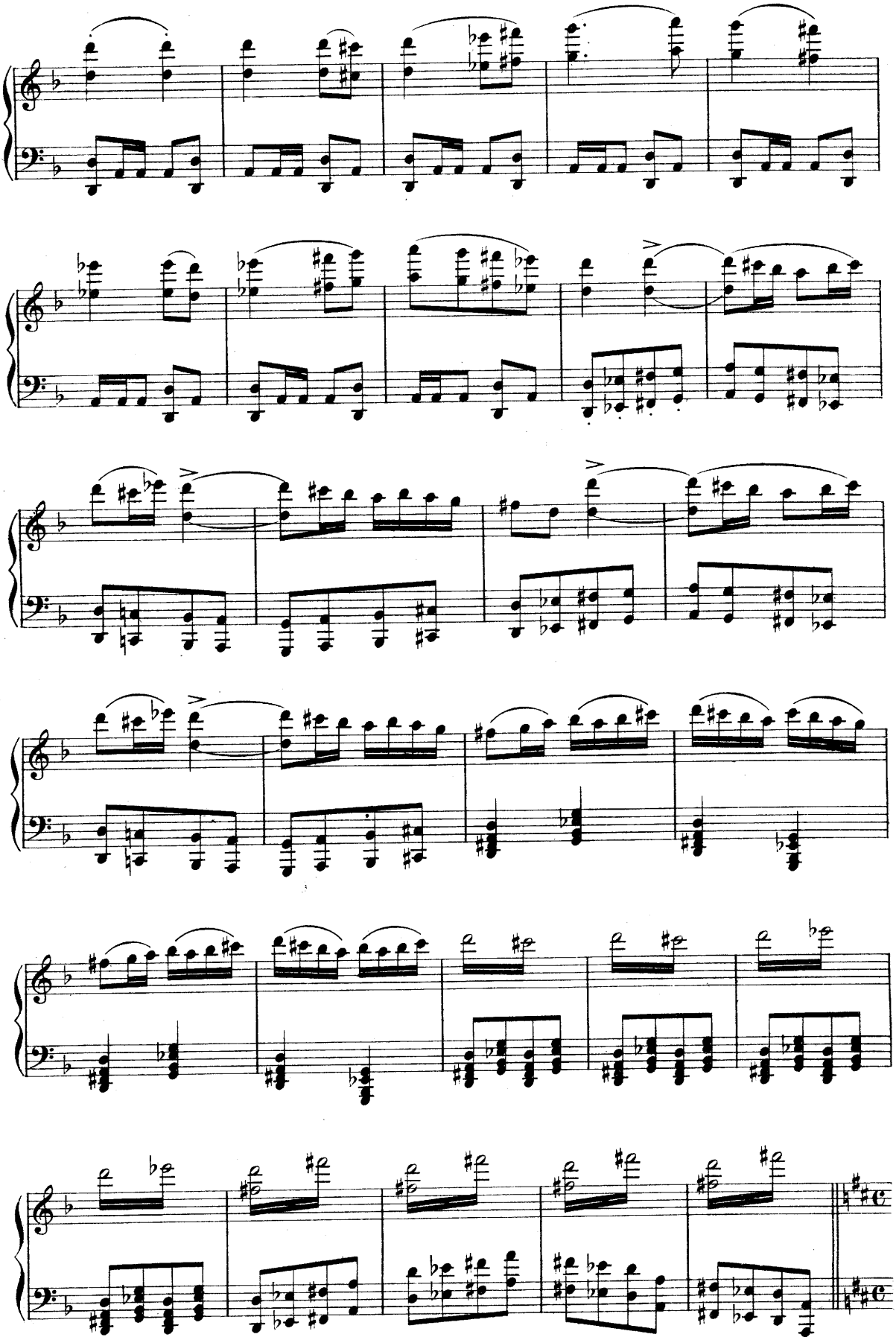

8
sf
f
m.g.
dim.
m.d.
p
m.g.
m.d.
m.g.
dim.
m.g.
m.d.
3
Tempo I.
pp
p


F
pp
p
cresc.
f


ff




G
8
tr
Poco a poco più animato.
sempre ff



(Samson, led by a child.)

Scene III.

Maestoso assai. (♩ = 50.)

Allegro non troppo. (♩ = 108.)

f *dim.* *p* *f*

The high Priest.

f

All hail!

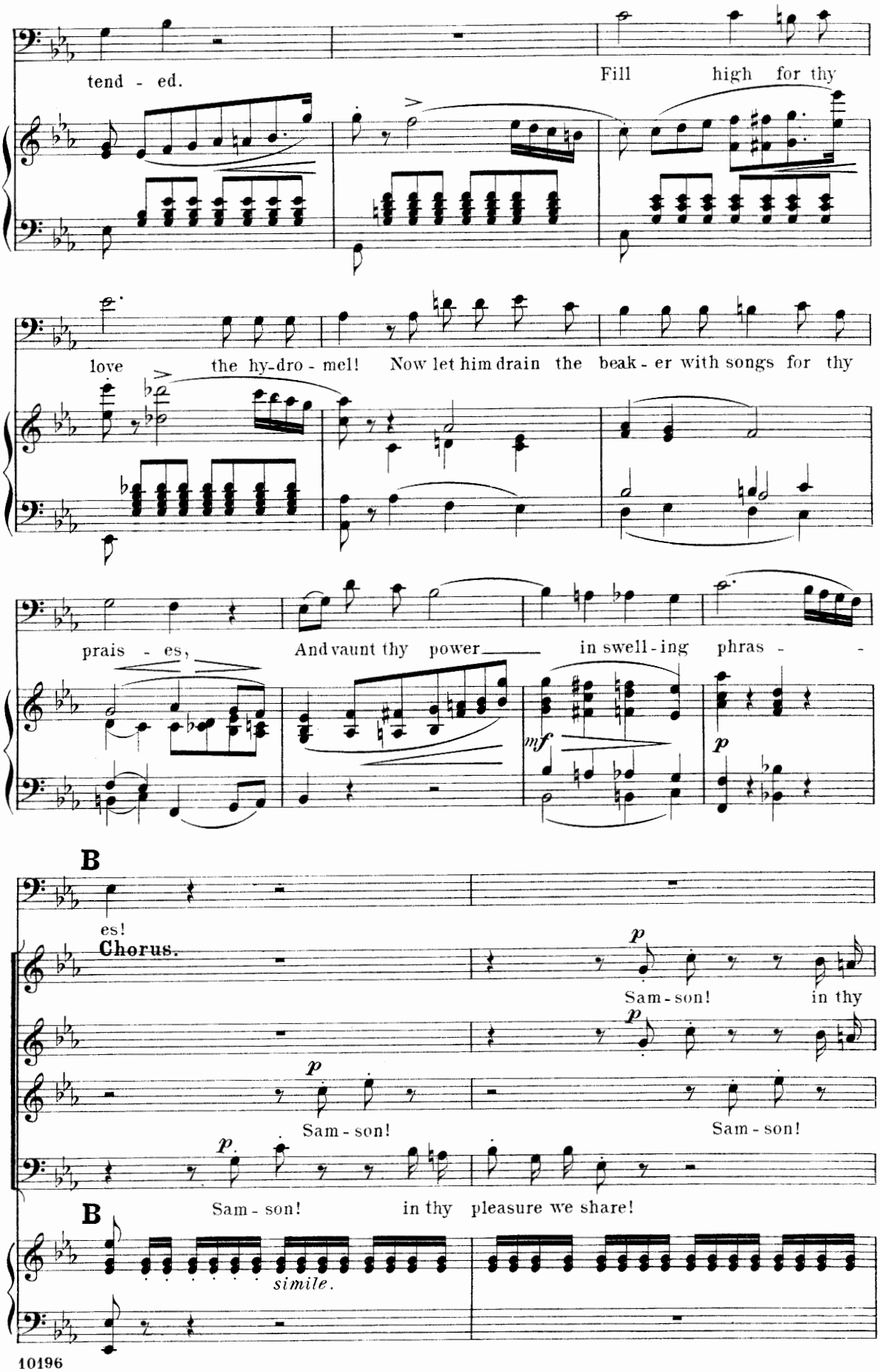
fp

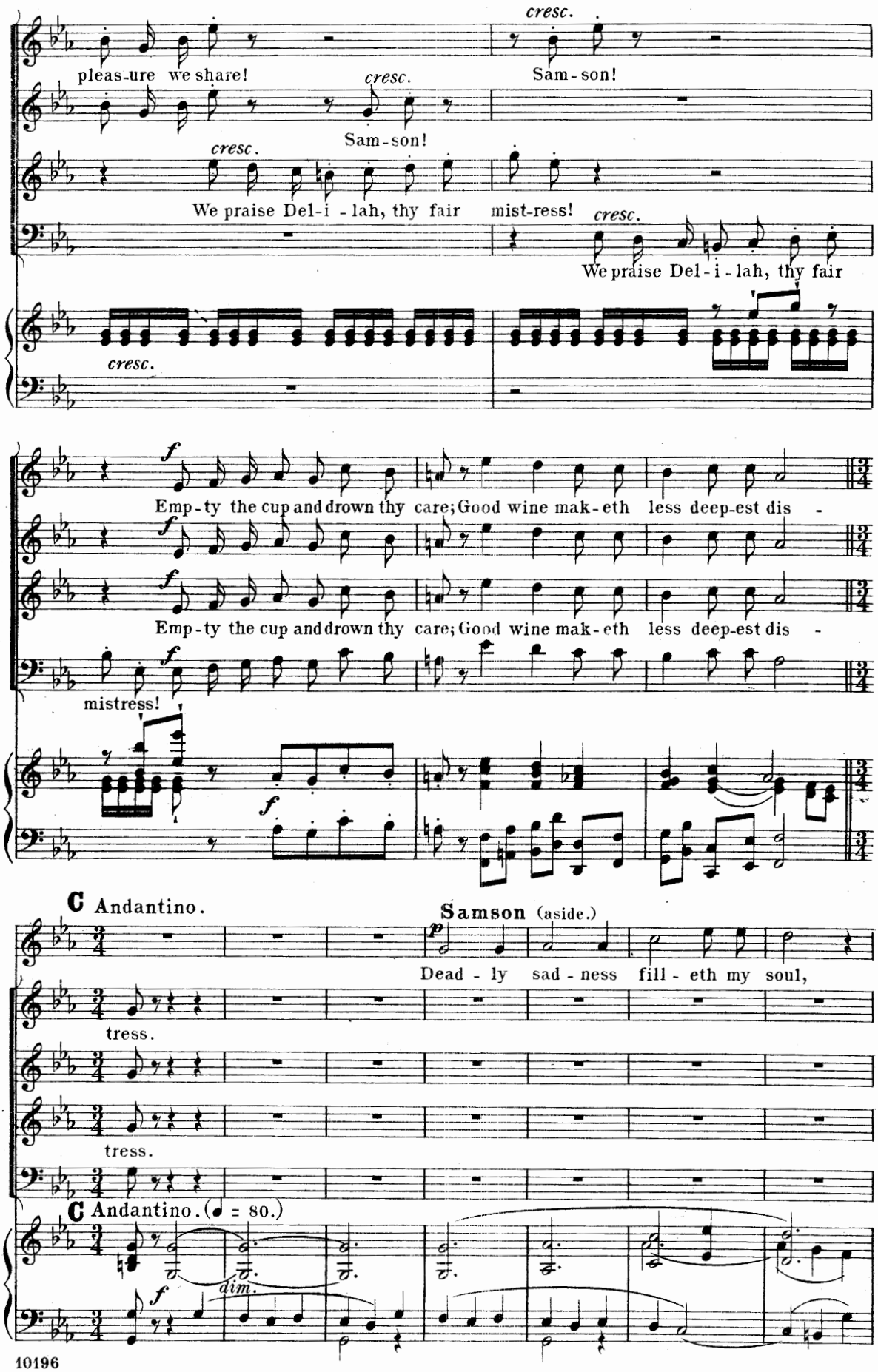
All hail! the judge of Is-ra-

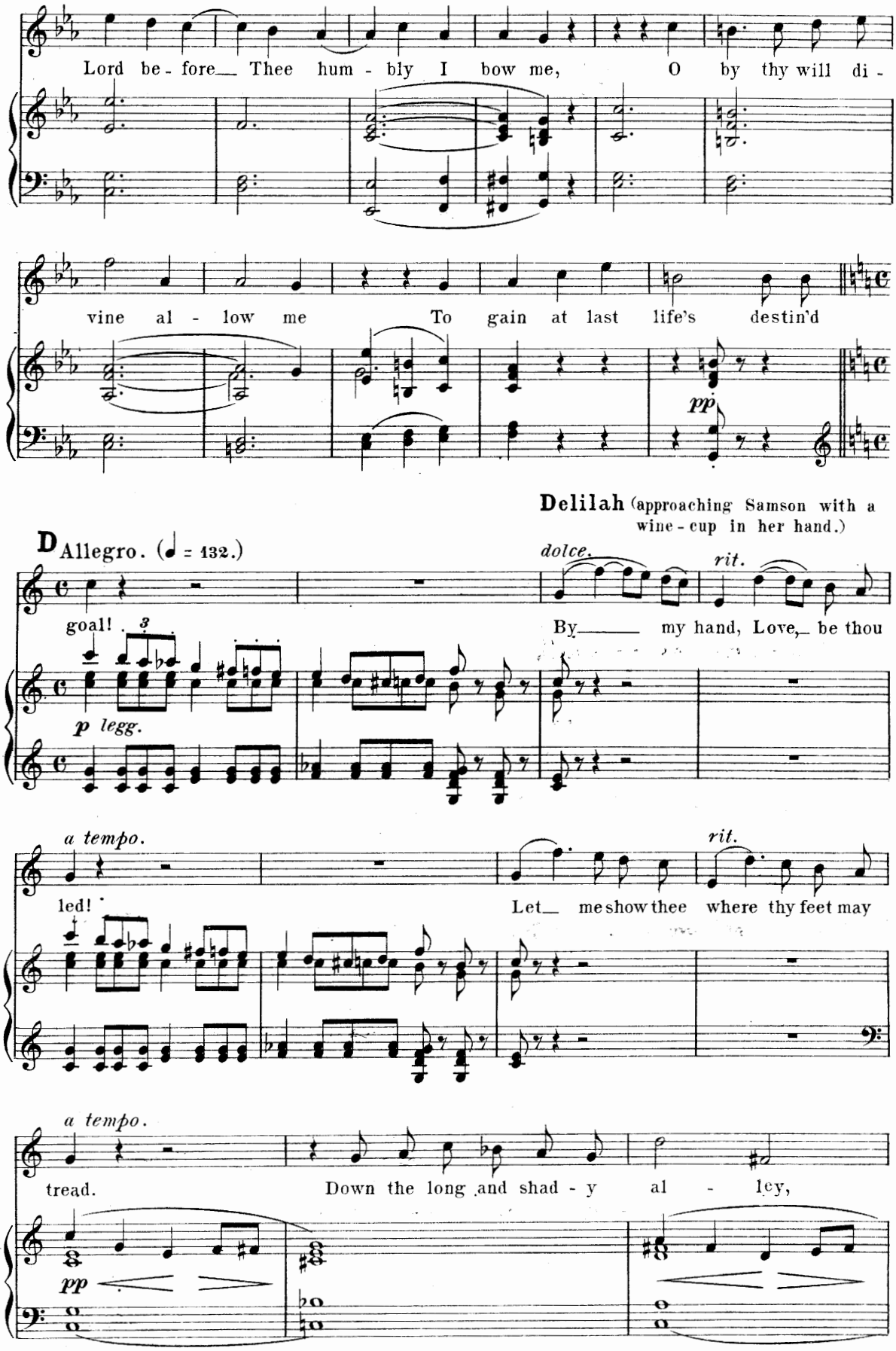
A

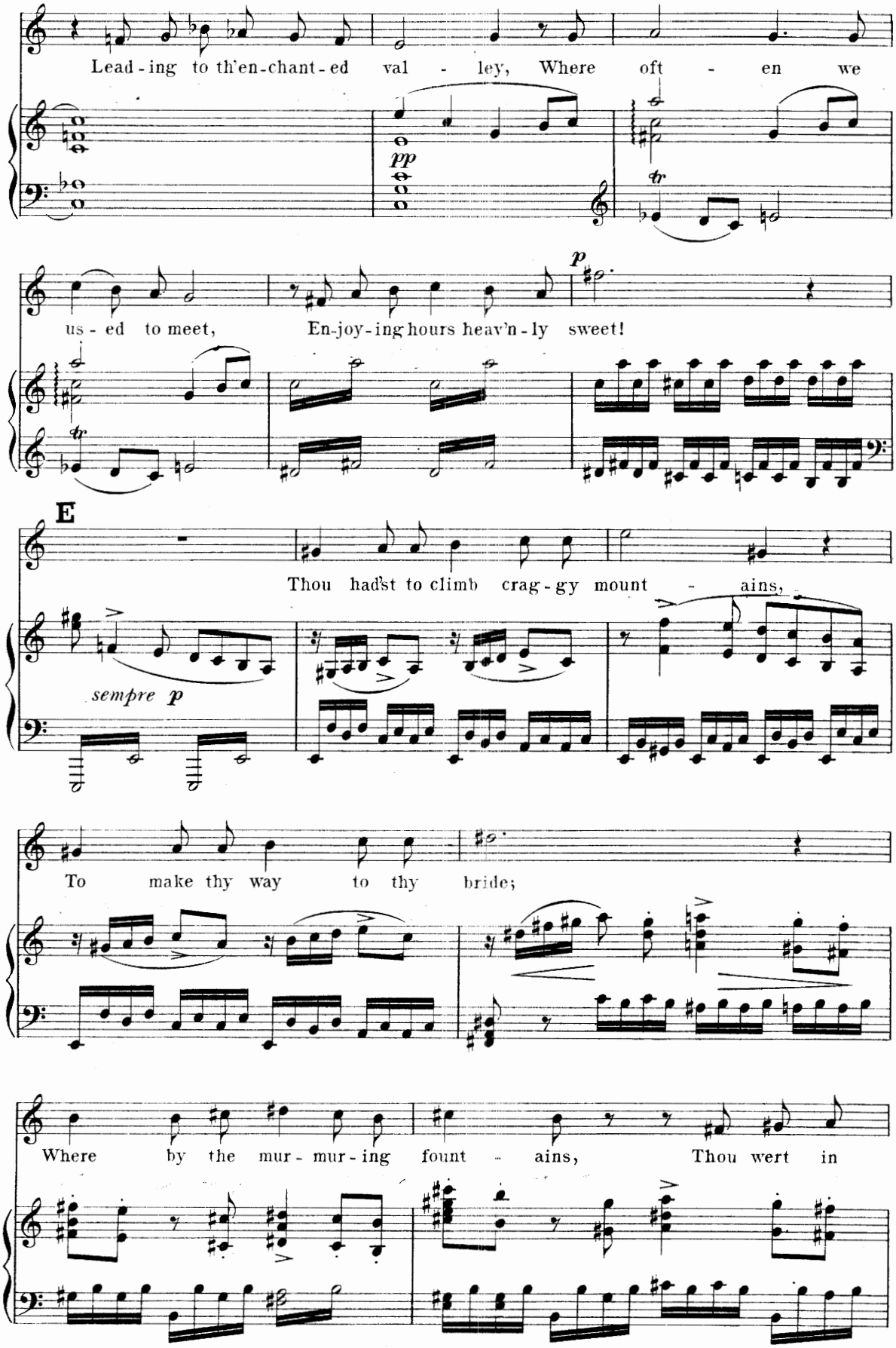
el! Who by his presence here makes our rite doubly splend-id!

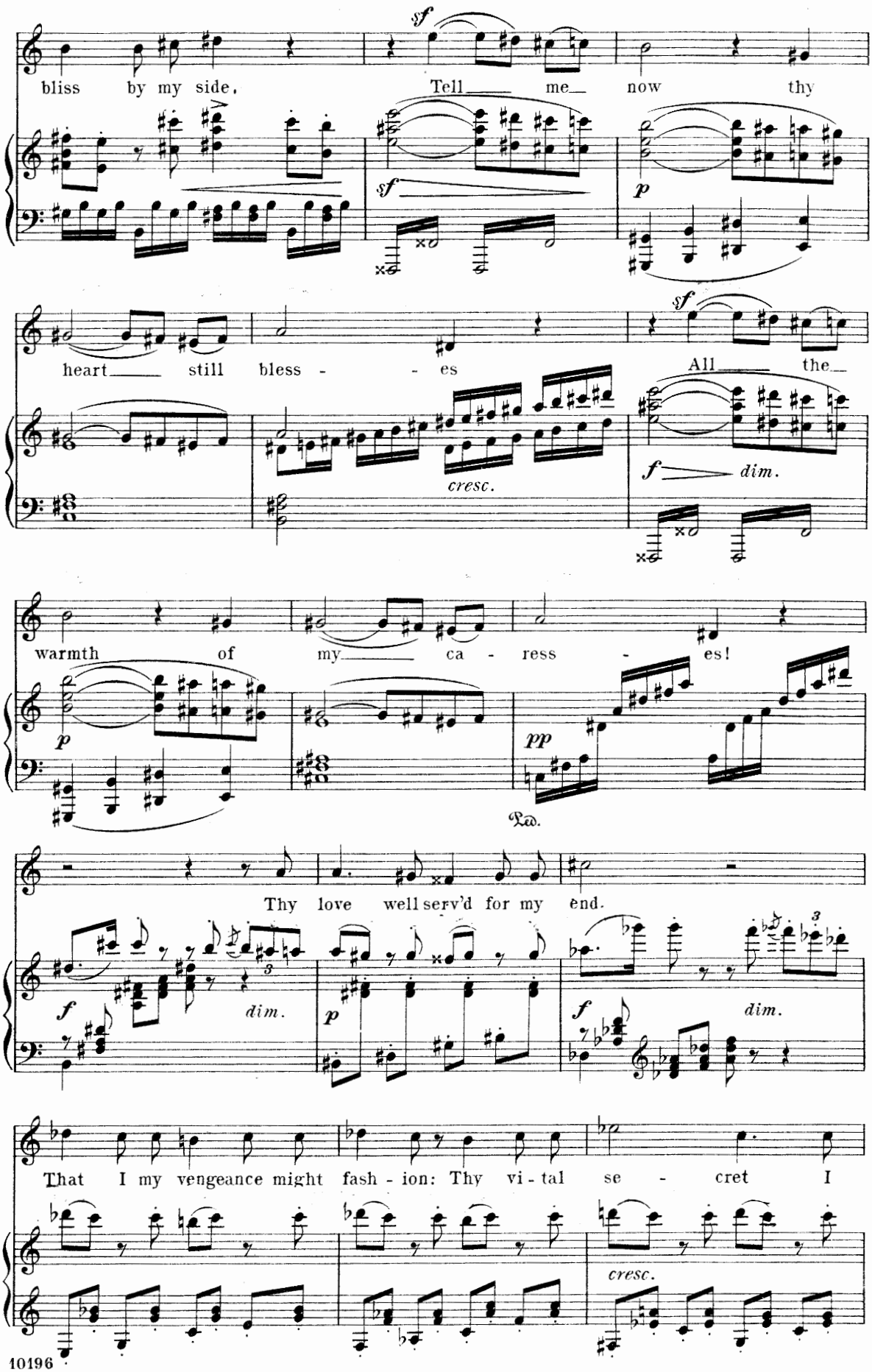
Let him be by thy hands fair Del-i-lah, at-

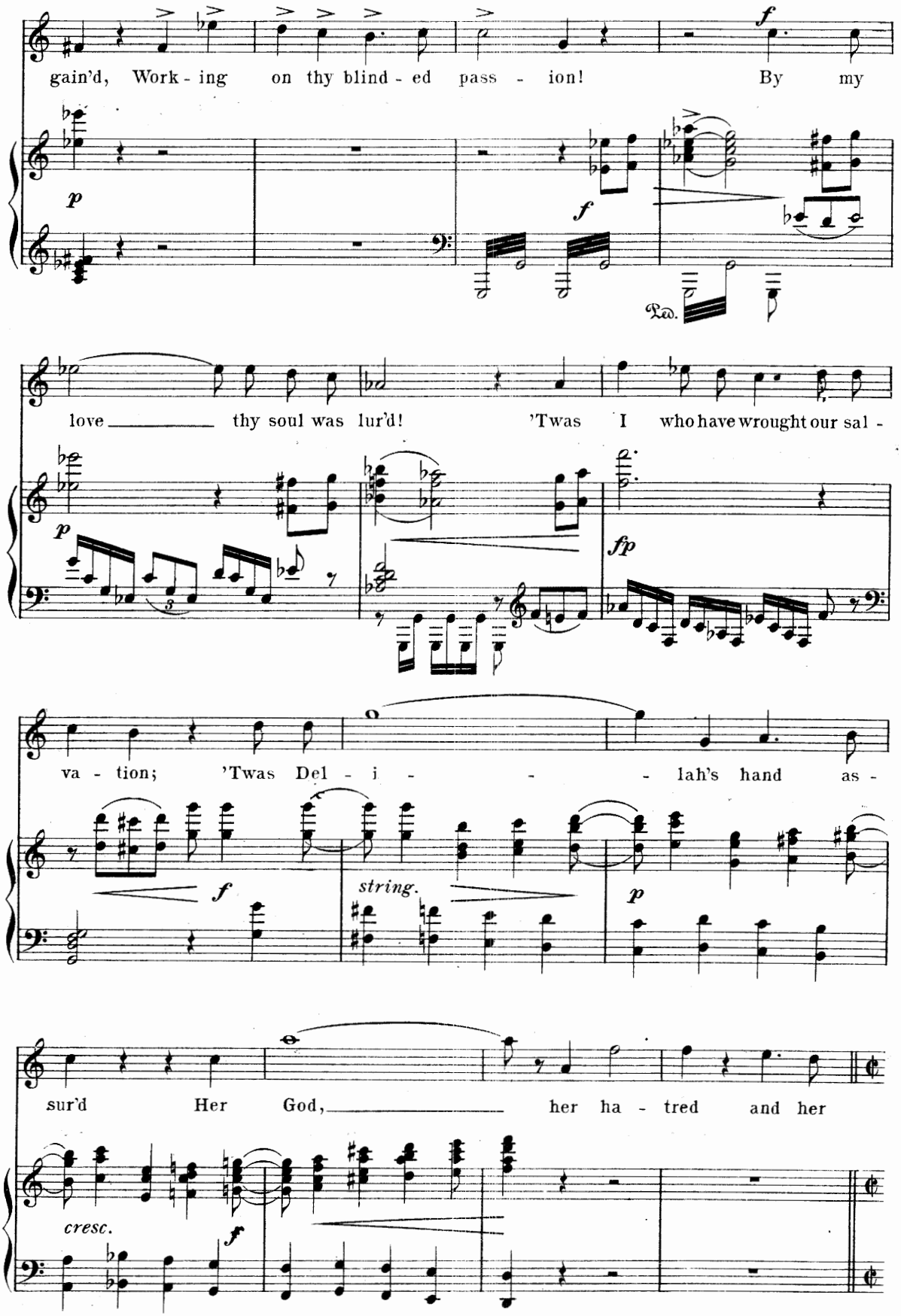

tend - ed.
Fill high for thy
love the hy-dro - mel! Now let him drain the beak - er with songs for thy
prais - es, And vaunt thy power in swell-ing phras - -
mf
p
B
es!
Chorus.
p
Sam - son! in thy
p
Sam - son!
Sam - son!
p.
Sam - son! in thy pleasure we share!
B
simile.


cresc.
pleas-ure we share!
cresc.
Sam-son!
cresc.
Sam-son!
We praise Del-i - lah, thy fair mist-ress!
cresc.
We praise Del-i - lah, thy fair
cresc.
f
Emp-ty the cup and drown thy care; Good wine mak-eth less deep-est dis -
Emp-ty the cup and drown thy care; Good wine mak-eth less deep-est dis -
mistress!
C Andantino.
Samson (aside.)
Dead - ly sad - ness fill - eth my soul,
tress.
tress.
C Andantino. (♩ = 80.)
dim.

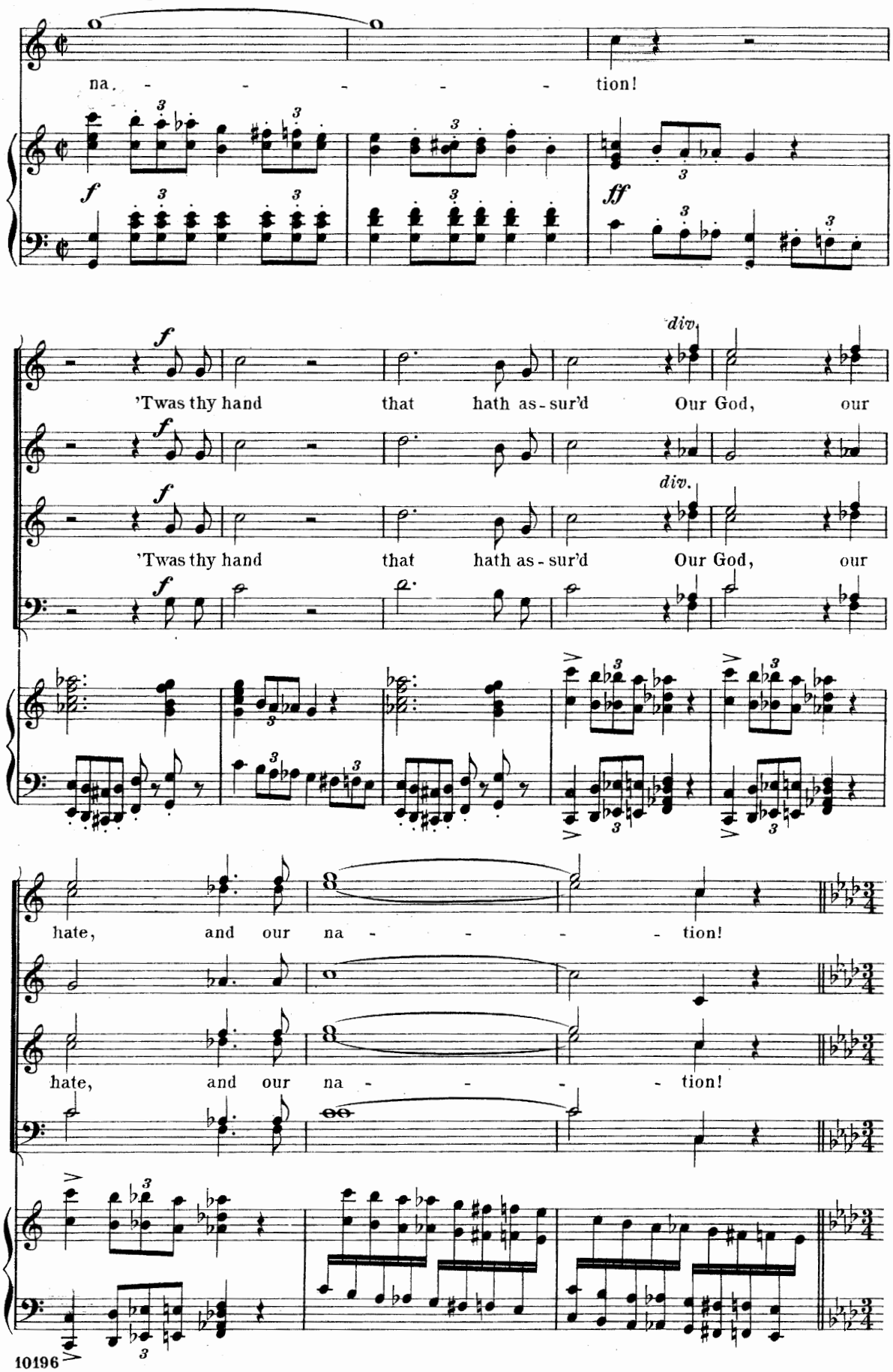

Lord be - fore Thee hum - bly I bow me, O by thy will di -
vine al - low me To gain at last life's destin'd
pp
Delilah (approaching Samson with a wine - cup in her hand.)
D Allegro. (♩ = 132.)
dolce.
rit.
goal!
By my hand, Love, be thou
p legg.
a tempo.
rit.
led!
Let me show thee where thy feet may
a tempo.
tread.
Down the long and shad - y al - ley,
pp

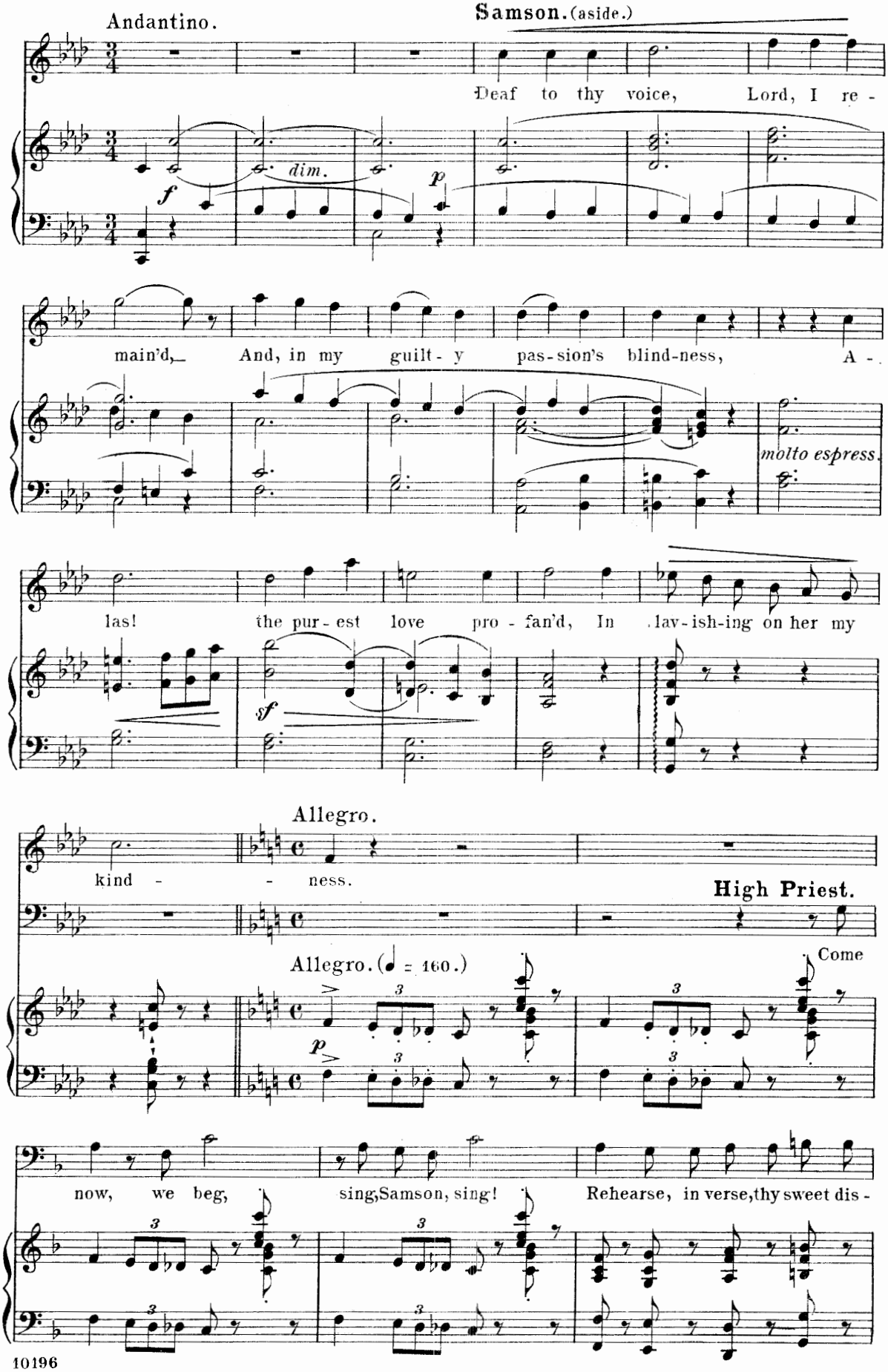

Lead - ing to th'en-chant - ed val - ley, Where oft - en we
pp
tr
us - ed to meet, En-joy - ing hours heav'n - ly sweet!
p
E
Thou had'st to climb crag - gy mount - ains,
sempre p
To make thy way to thy bride;
Where by the mur - mur - ing fount - ains, Thou wert in

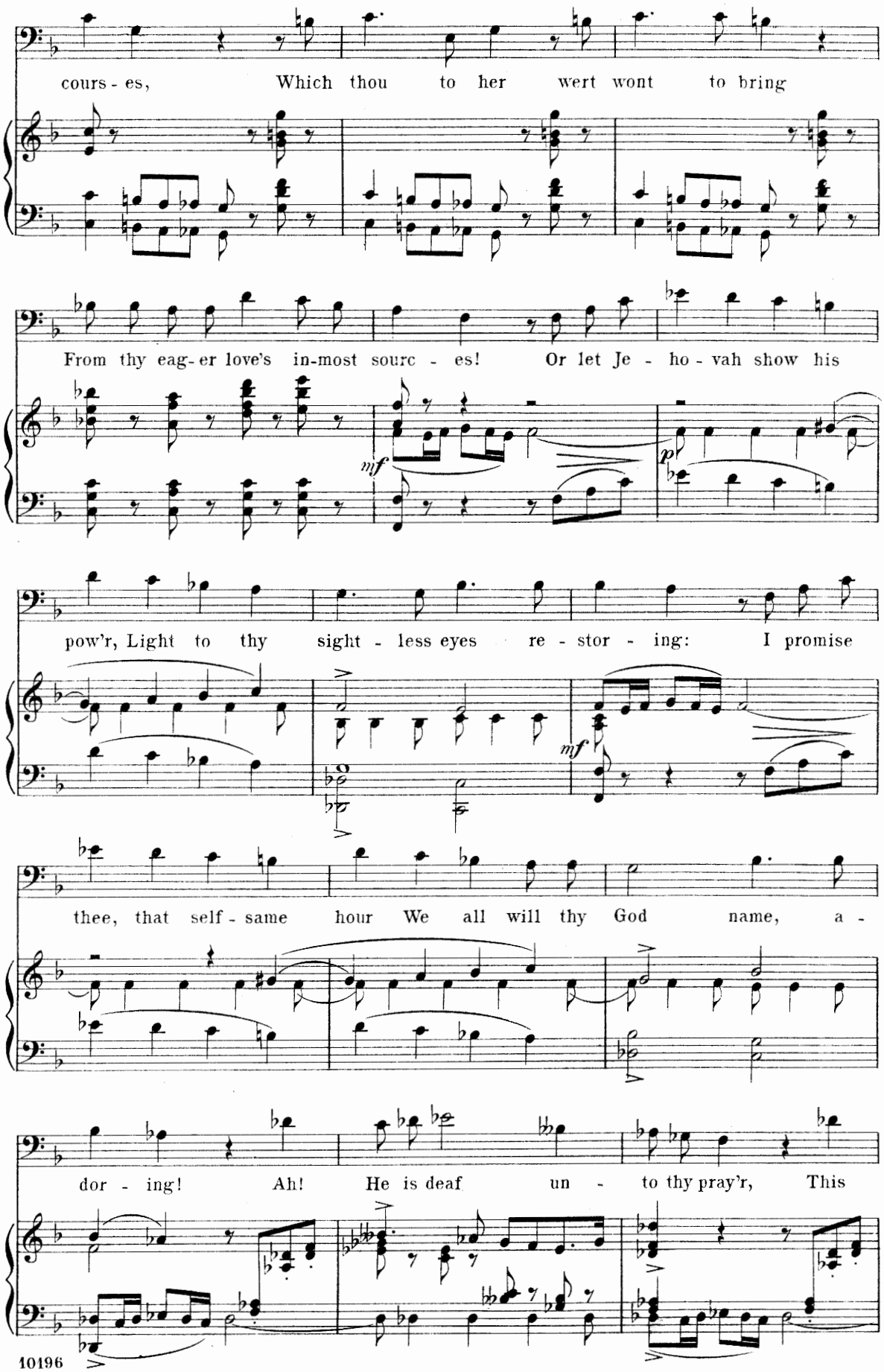

bliss by my side, Tell me now thy
heart still bless - es All the
cresc.
f dim.
warmth of my ca - ress - es!
pp
Ped.
Thy love well serv'd for my end.
f dim.
p
f dim.
That I my vengeance might fash - ion: Thy vi - tal se - cret I
cresc.

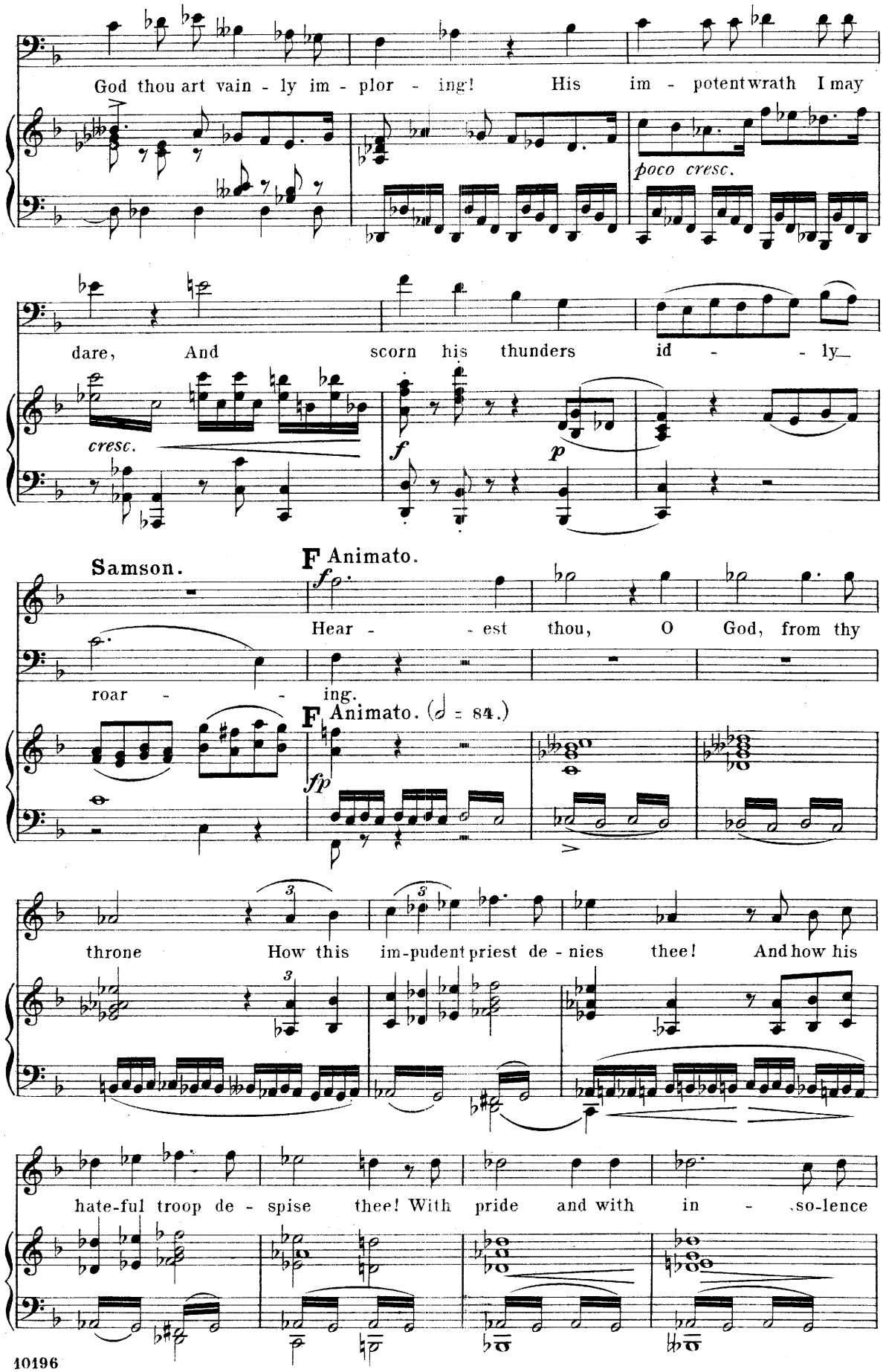

gain'd, Work - ing on thy blind - ed pass - ion! By my
p
f
Ped.
love thy soul was lur'd! 'Twas I who have wrought our sal -
p
fp
va - tion; 'Twas Del - i - - - lah's hand as -
f
string.
p
sur'd Her God, her ha - tred and her
cresc.
f

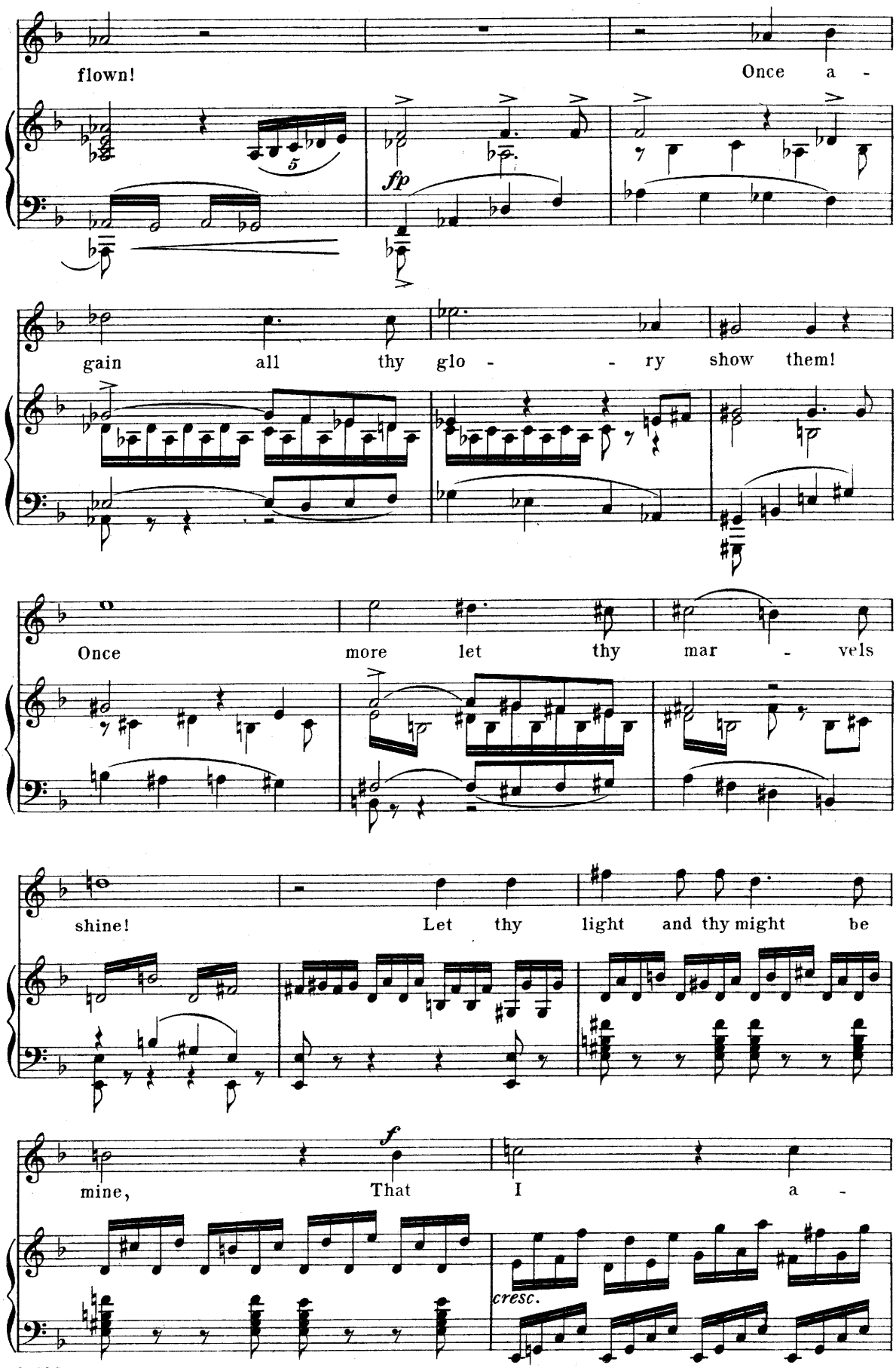
Più Allegro. (𝅗𝅥 = 96.)

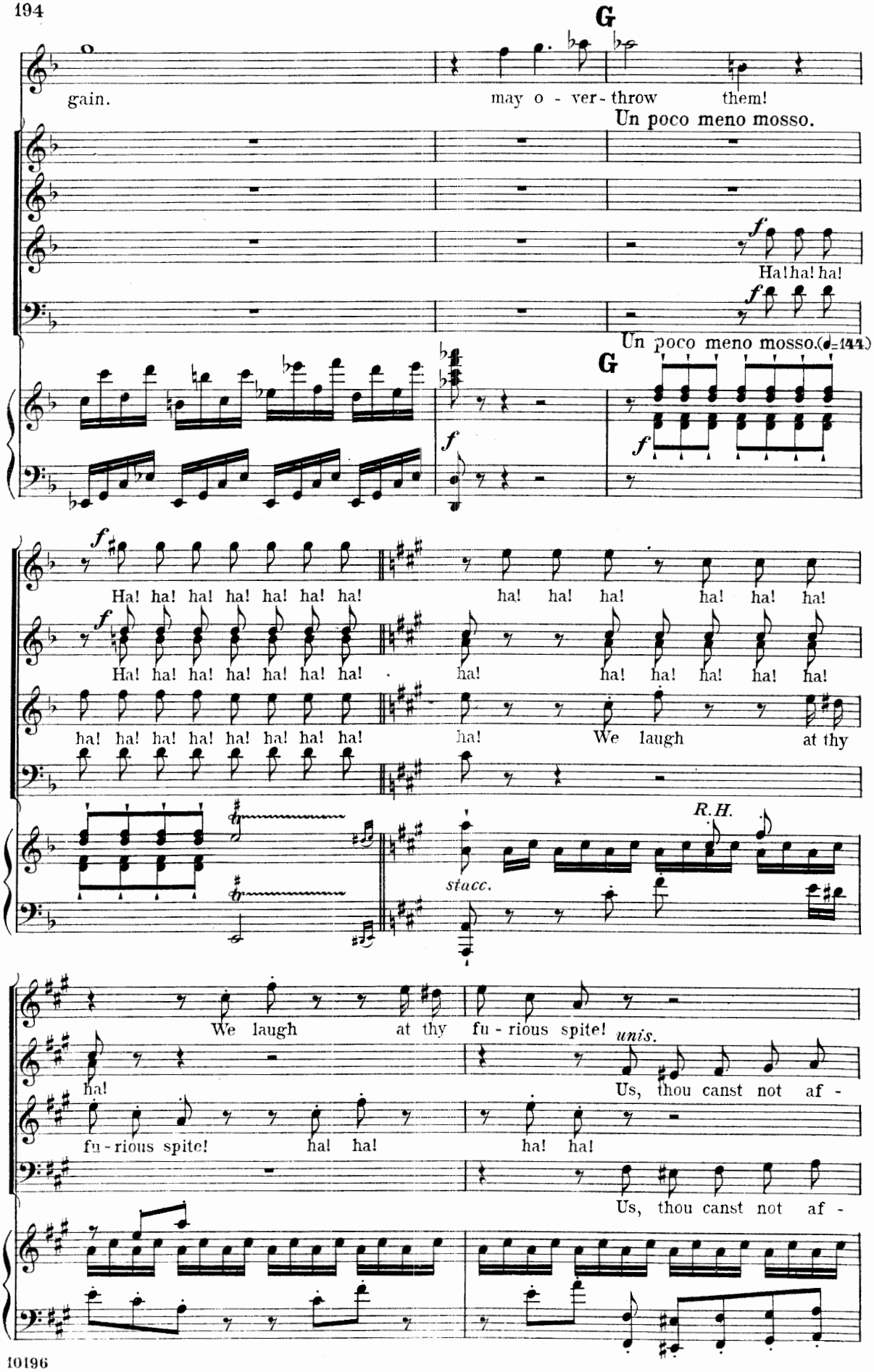


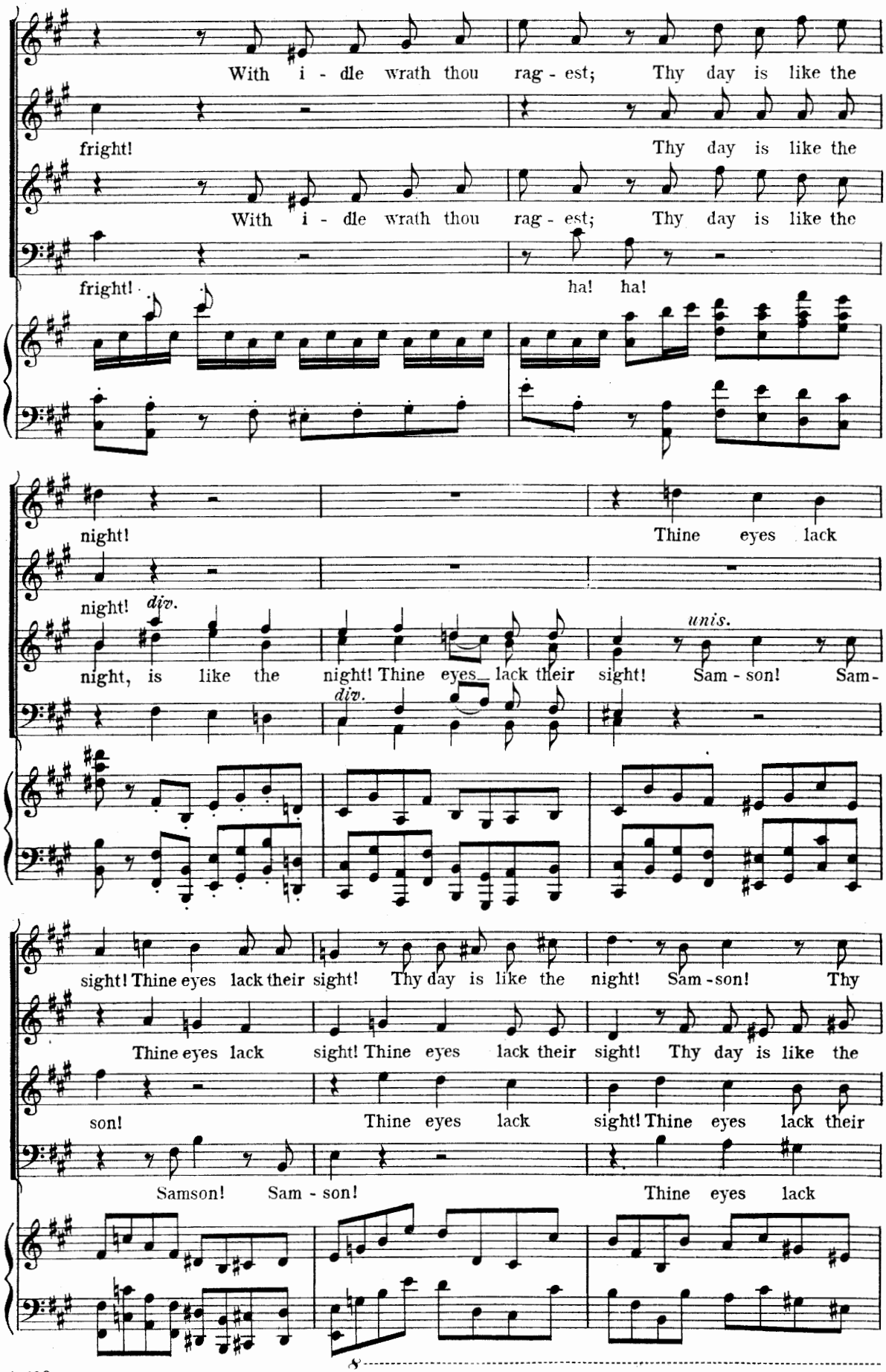

Andantino.
Samson. (aside.)
Deaf to thy voice, Lord, I re -
dim.
main'd, And, in my guilt - y pas - sion's blind-ness, A -
molto espress.
las! the pur - est love pro - fan'd, In lav - ish-ing on her my
Allegro.
kind - - ness.
High Priest.
Allegro. (♩ = 160.)
Come
now, we beg, sing, Samson, sing! Rehearse, in verse, thy sweet dis -

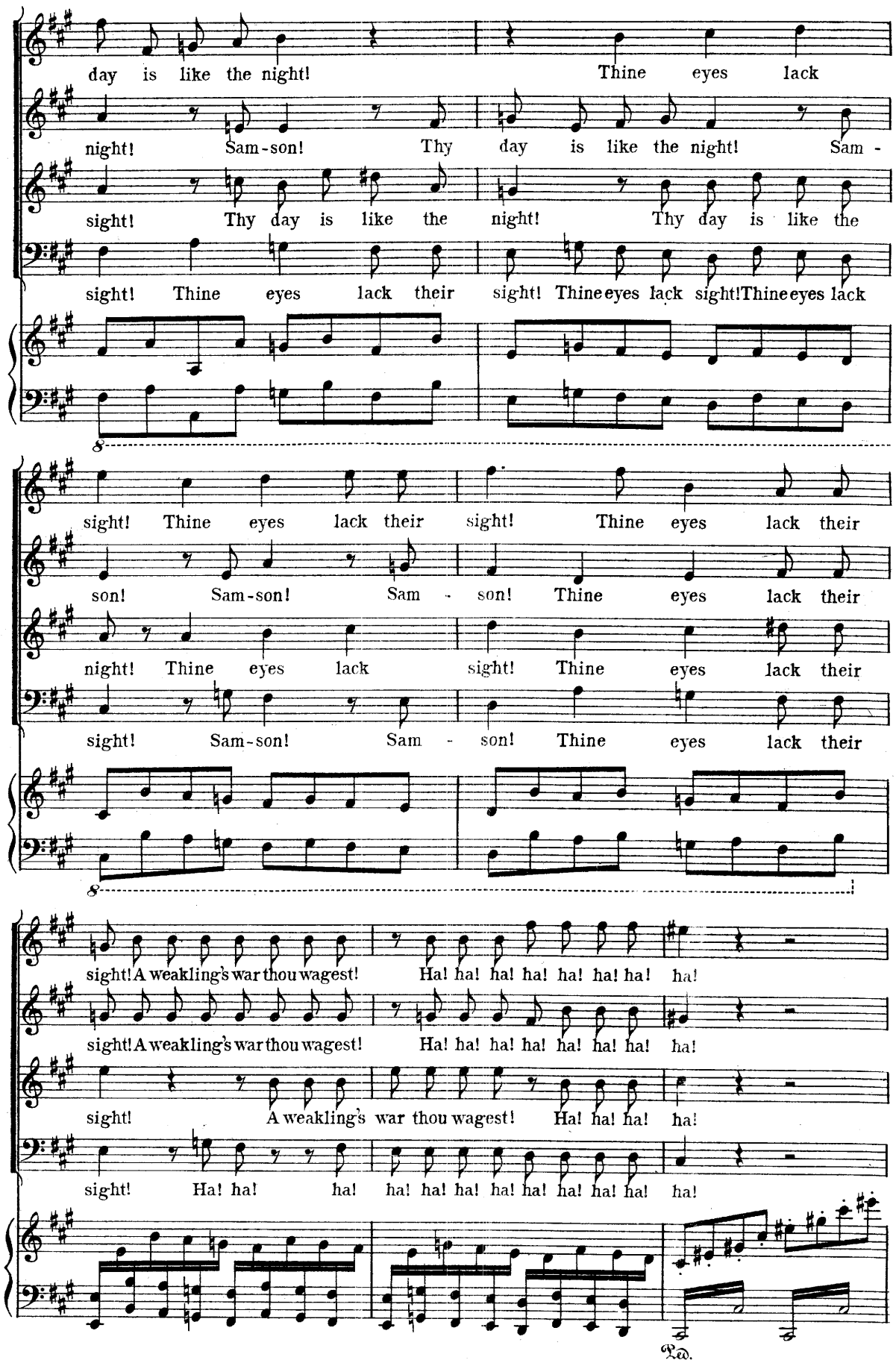

cours - es, Which thou to her wert wont to bring
From thy eag - er love's in-most sourc - es! Or let Je - ho - vah show his
mf
p
pow'r, Light to thy sight - less eyes re - stor - ing: I promise
mf
thee, that self - same hour We all will thy God name, a -
dor - ing! Ah! He is deaf un - to thy pray'r, This

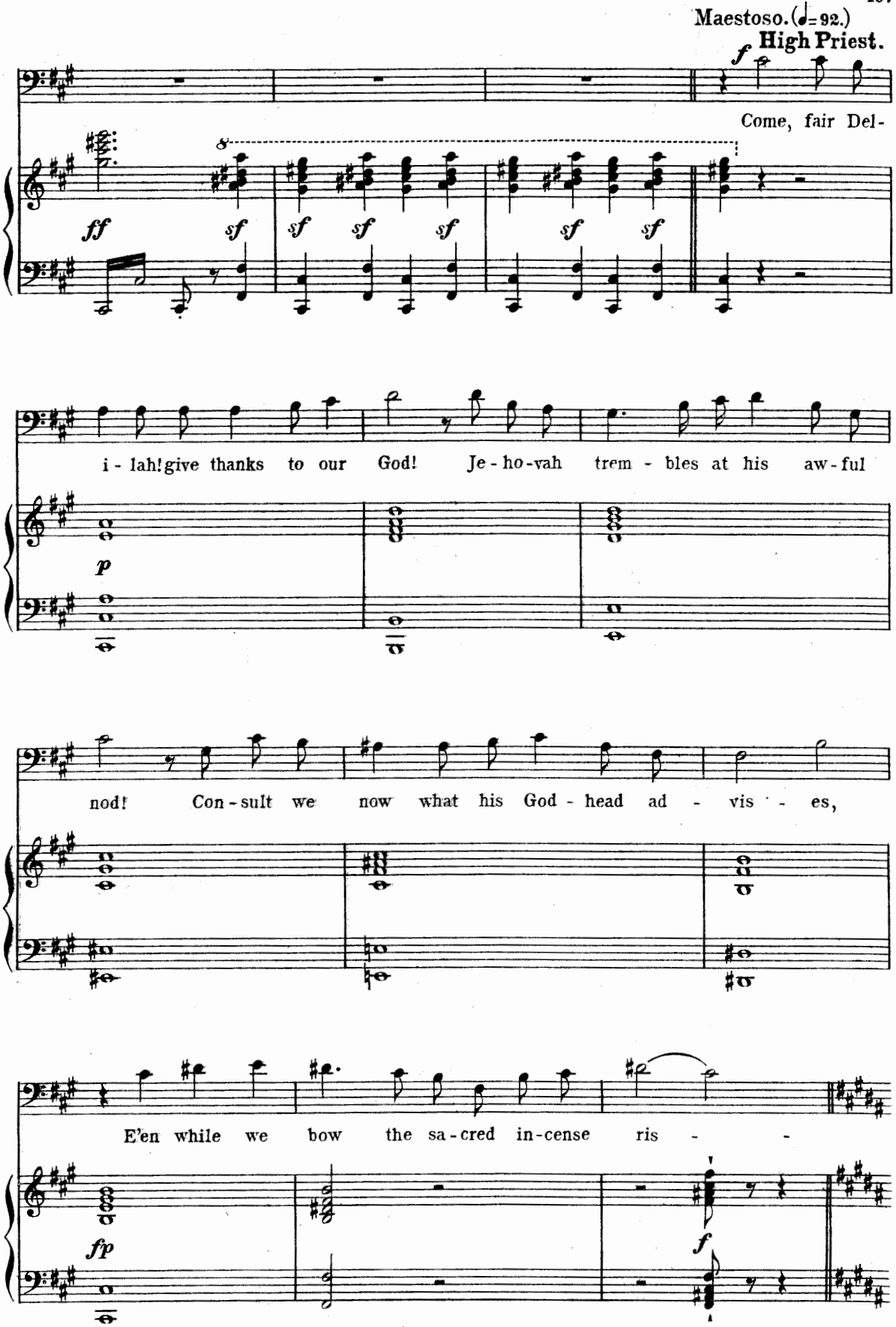

God thou art vain - ly im - plor - ing! His im - potent wrath I may
poco cresc.
dare, And scorn his thunders id - - ly
cresc.
f
p
Samson.
F Animato.
fp
Hear - - est thou, O God, from thy
roar - - ing.
F Animato. (♩ = 84.)
fp
throne How this im-pudent priest de - nies thee! And how his
hate-ful troop de - spise thee! With pride and with in - so-lence


flown!
Once a -
fp
gain all thy glo - - ry show them!
Once more let thy mar - vels
shine!
Let thy light and thy might be
mine,
That
I
a -
f
cresc.


G
gain.
may o - ver- throw them!
Un poco meno mosso.
Ha! ha! ha!
Un poco meno mosso. (♩=144)
G
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
ha! We laugh at thy
R.H.
stacc.
We laugh at thy fu - rious spite!
unis.
ha!
Us, thou canst not af -
fu - rious spite!
ha! ha!
ha! ha!
Us, thou canst not af -

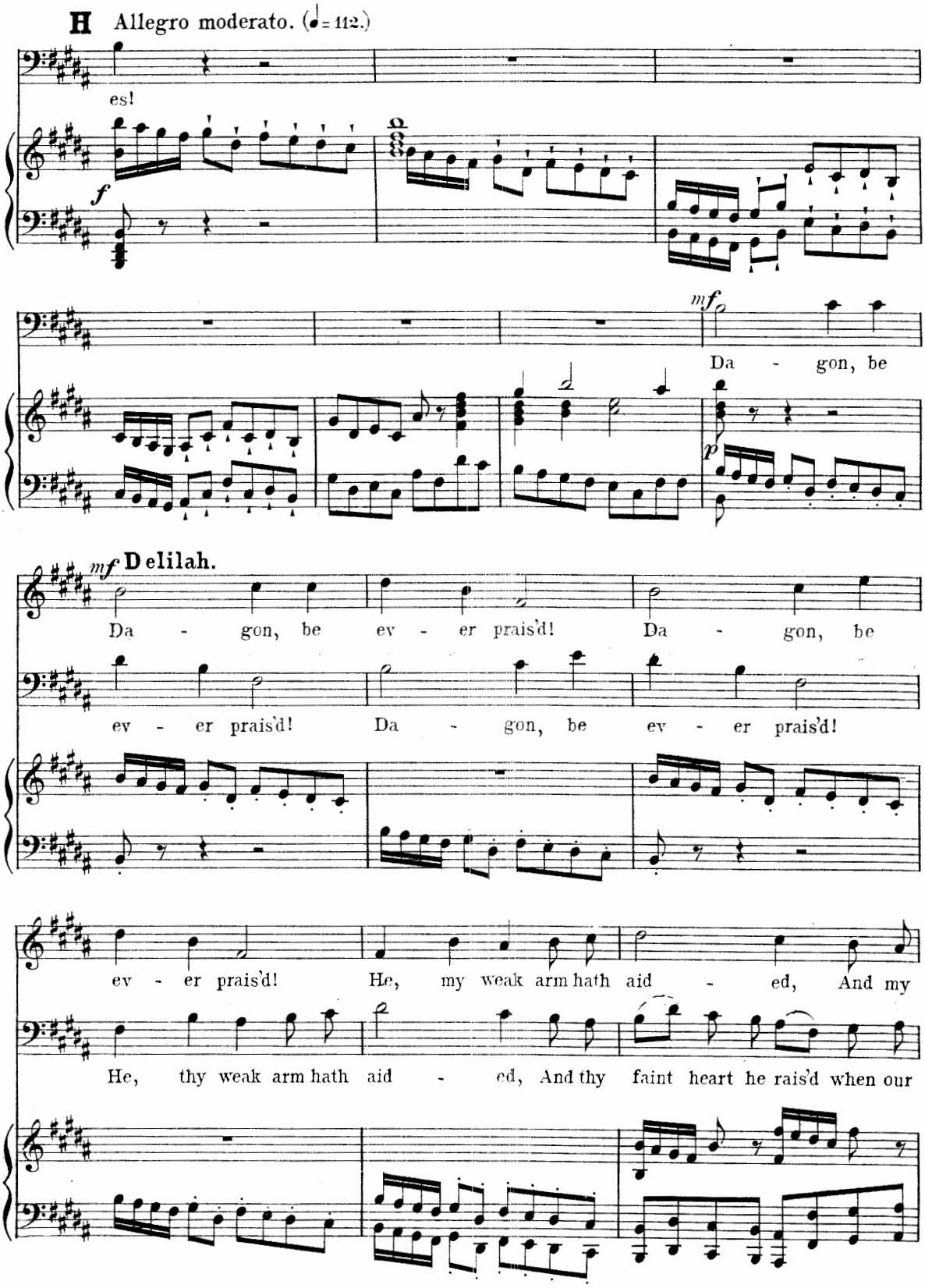

With i - dle wrath thou rag - est; Thy day is like the
fright!
Thy day is like the
With i - dle wrath thou rag - est; Thy day is like the
fright!
ha! ha!
night!
Thine eyes lack
night!
div.
night, is like the night! Thine eyes lack their sight! Sam - son! Sam -
unis.
div.
sight! Thine eyes lack their sight! Thy day is like the night! Sam - son! Thy
Thine eyes lack
sight! Thine eyes lack their sight! Thy day is like the
son!
Thine eyes lack
sight! Thine eyes lack their
Samson!
Sam - son!
Thine eyes lack
8

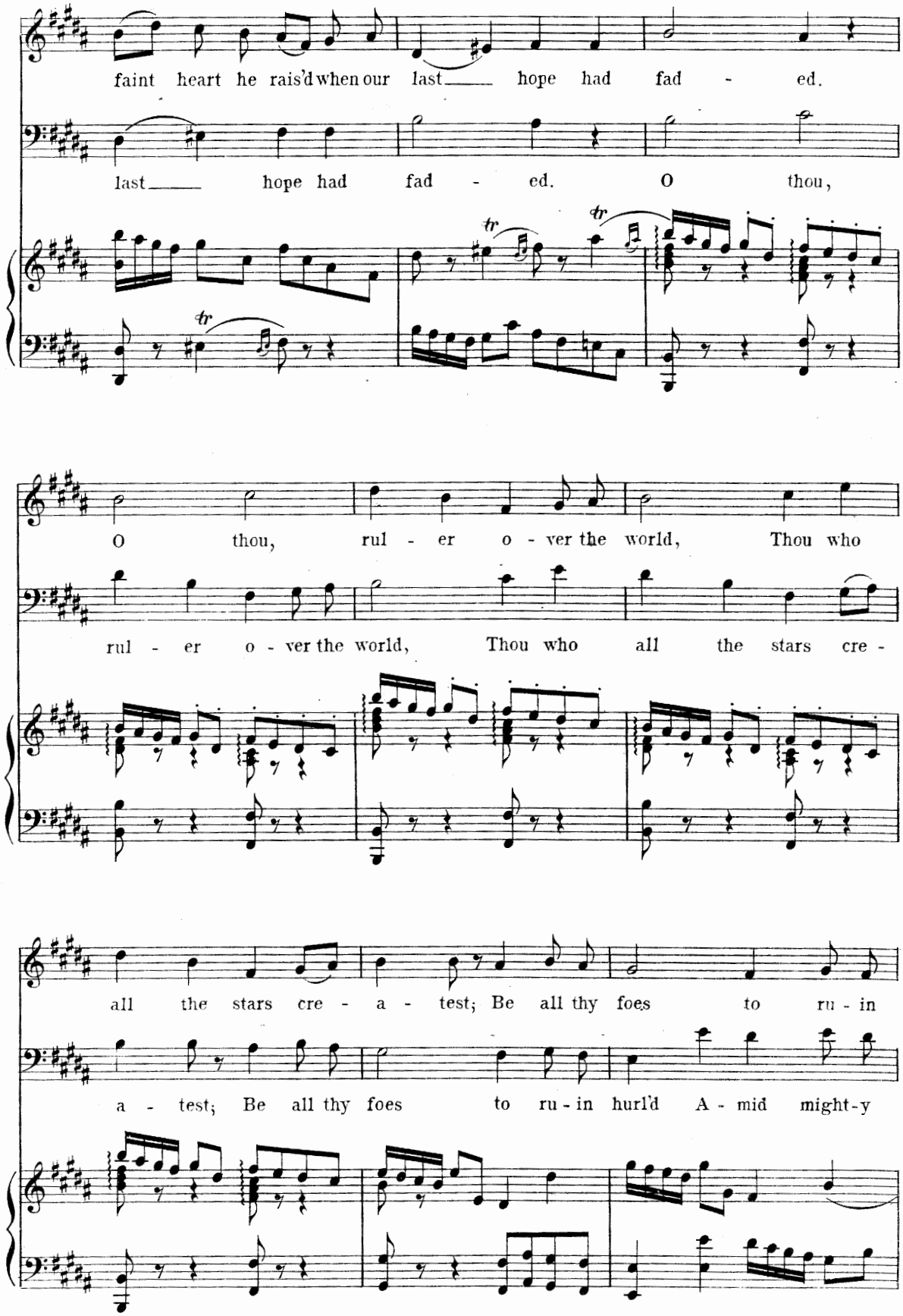

day is like the night! Thine eyes lack
night! Sam-son! Thy day is like the night! Sam -
sight! Thy day is like the night! Thy day is like the
sight! Thine eyes lack their sight! Thine eyes lack sight! Thine eyes lack
sight! Thine eyes lack their sight! Thine eyes lack their
son! Sam-son! Sam - son! Thine eyes lack their
night! Thine eyes lack sight! Thine eyes lack their
sight! Sam-son! Sam - son! Thine eyes lack their
sight! A weakling's war thou wagest! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
sight! A weakling's war thou wagest! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
sight! A weakling's war thou wagest! Ha! ha! ha! ha!
sight! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Ped.

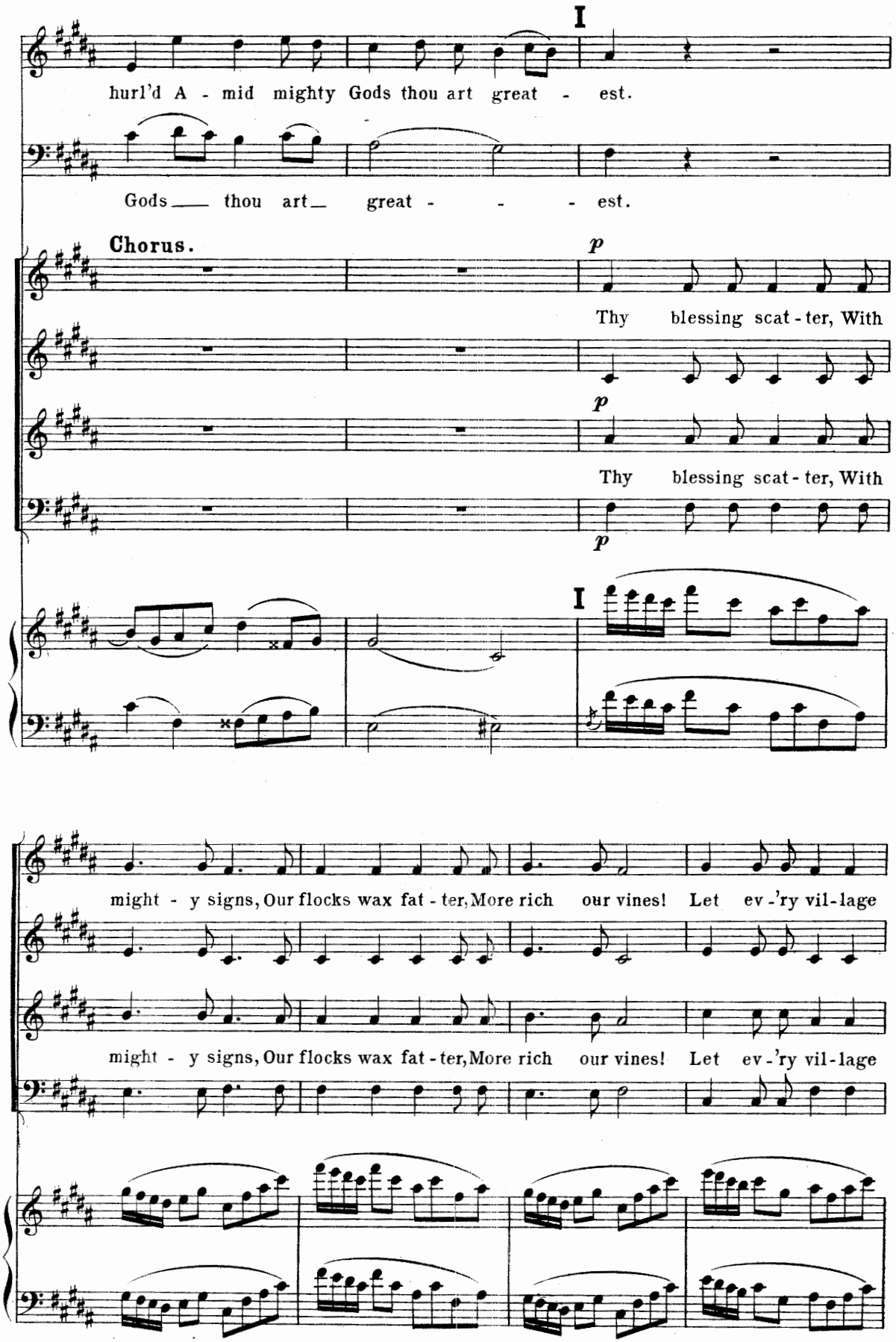

Maestoso. (♩= 92.)
High Priest.
Come, fair Del-
i - lah! give thanks to our God! Je - ho - vah trem - bles at his aw - ful
nod! Con - sult we now what his God - head ad - vis - es,
E'en while we bow the sa - cred in - cense ris -

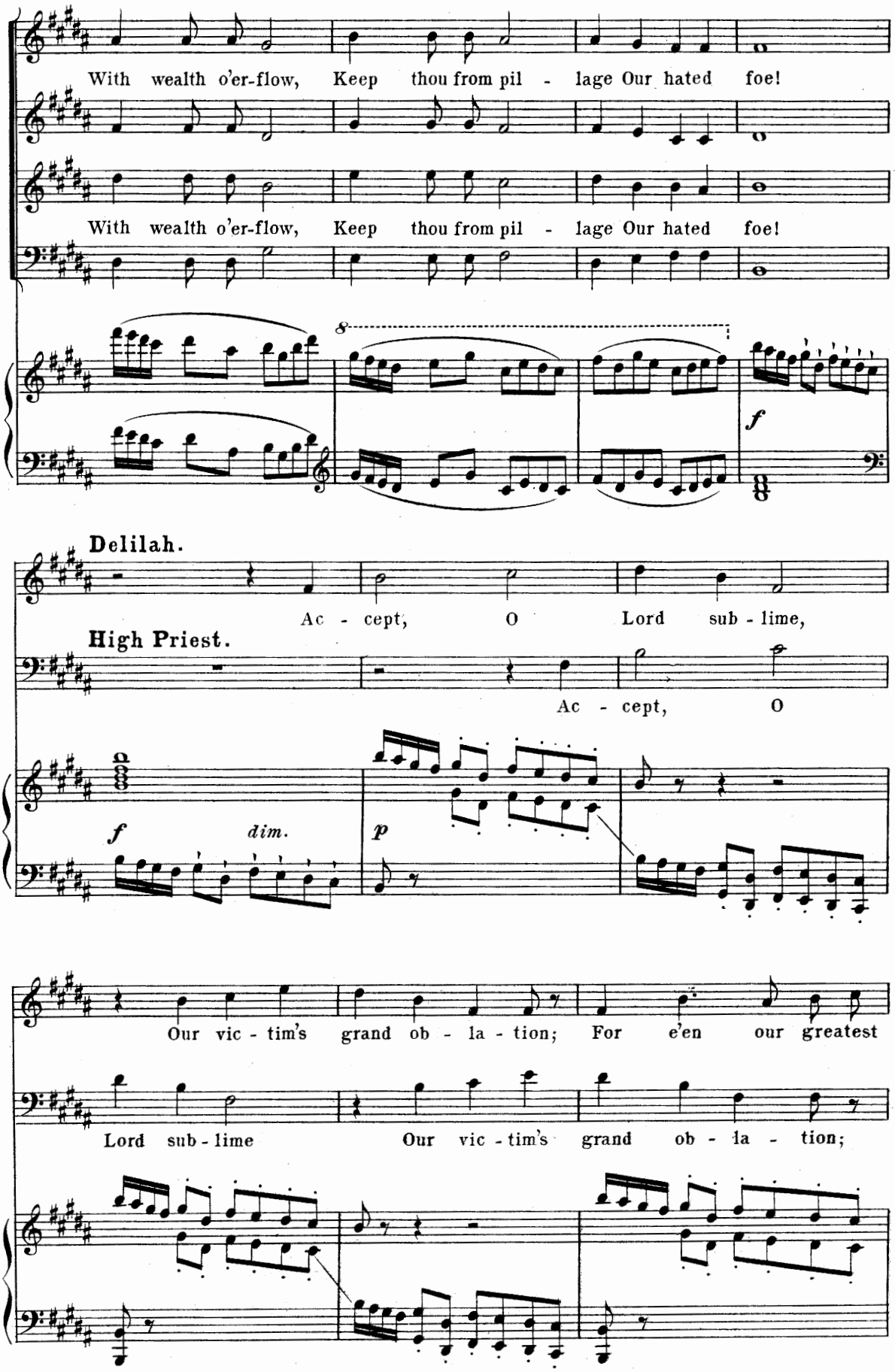
Delilah and the High Priest direct their steps toward the sacrificial table on which are placed the sacred bowls. A fire is burning on the flower-trimmed altar. Delilah and the High Priest take the bowls, and pour a libation on the sacred fire which flames up, then disappears, to reappear at the third couplet of the invocation.

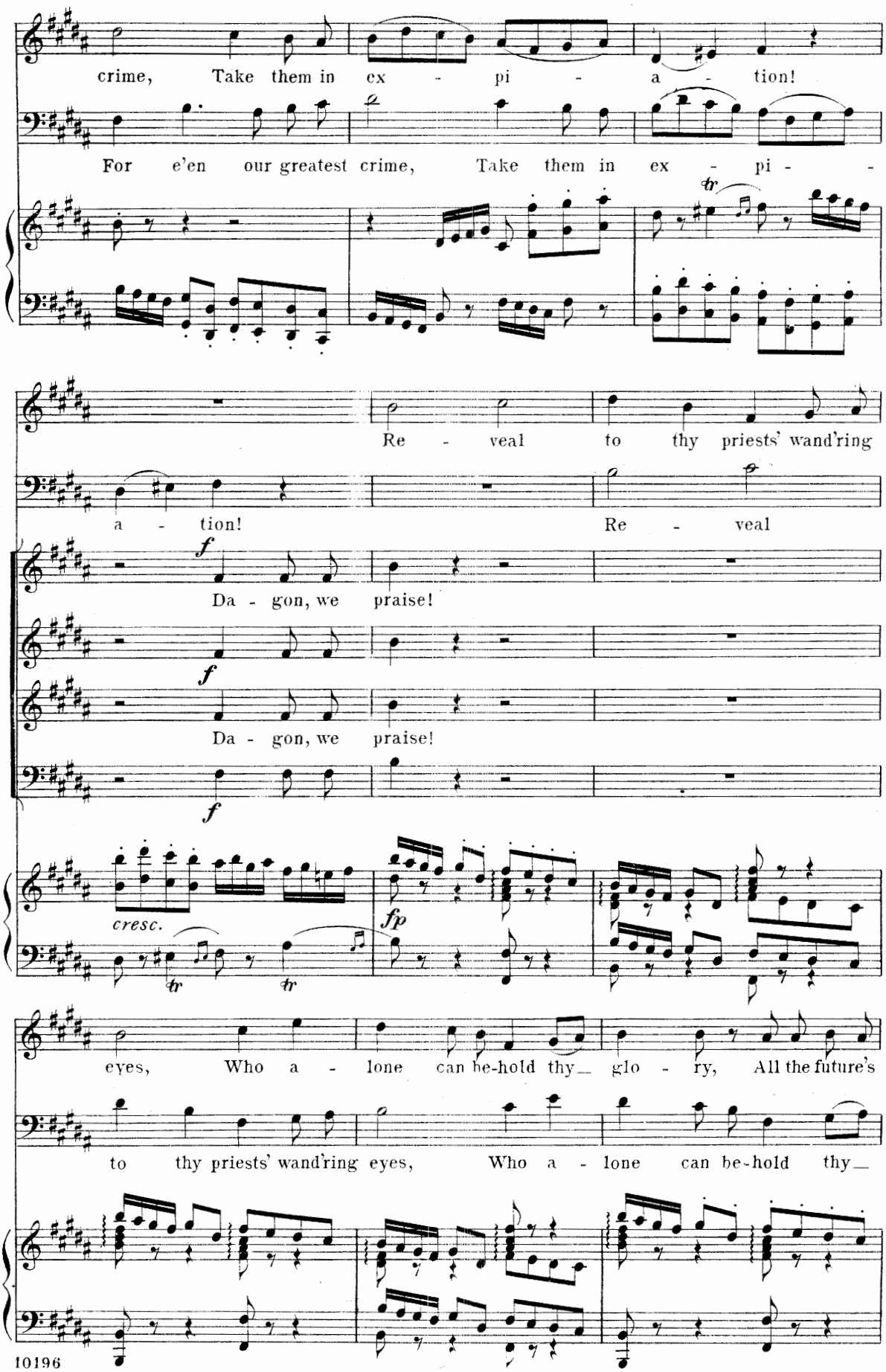
Samson stands in the midst of the stage with the child who was leading him. He is overwhelmed with grief, and seems to be absorbed in prayer.

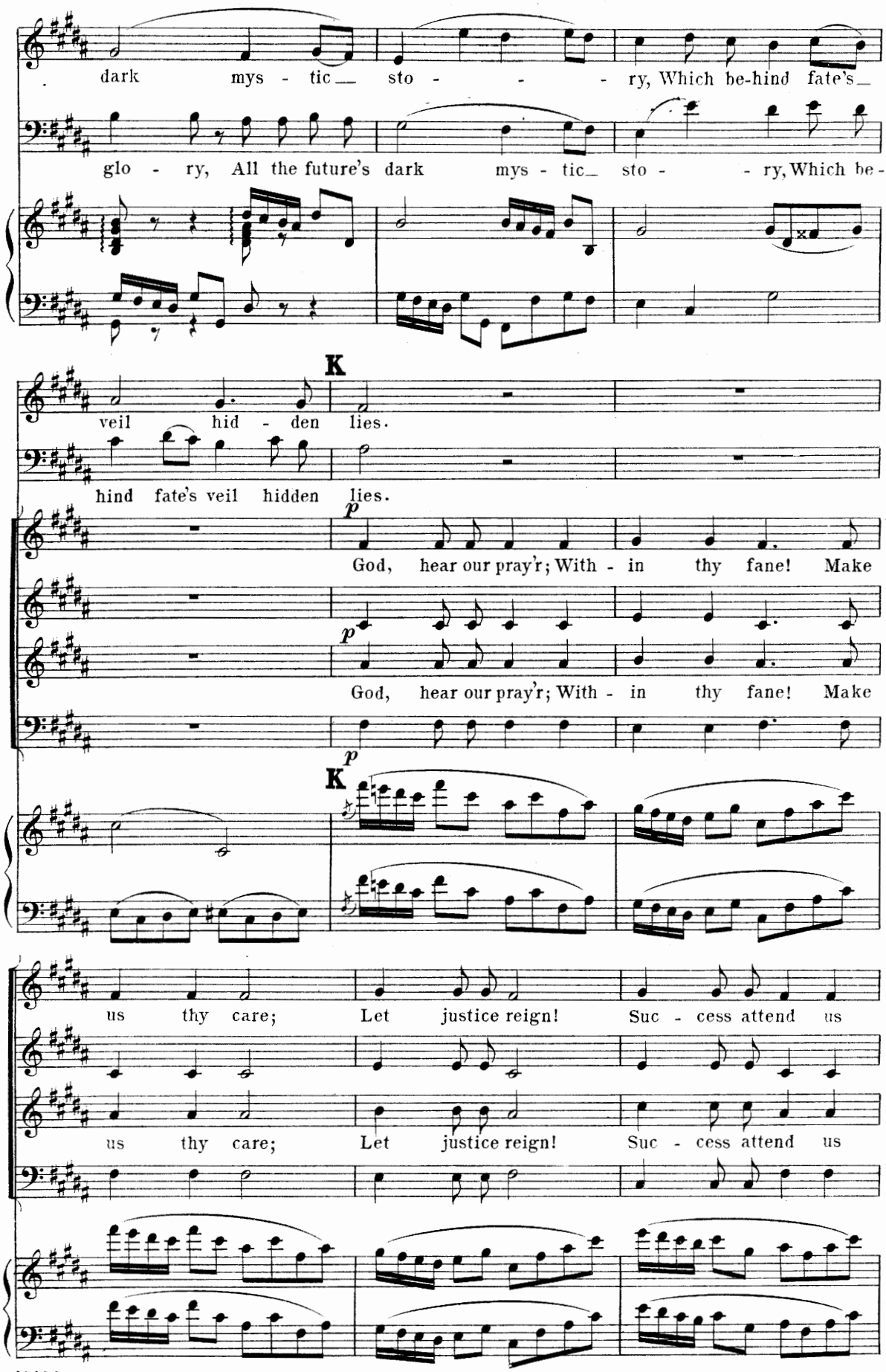


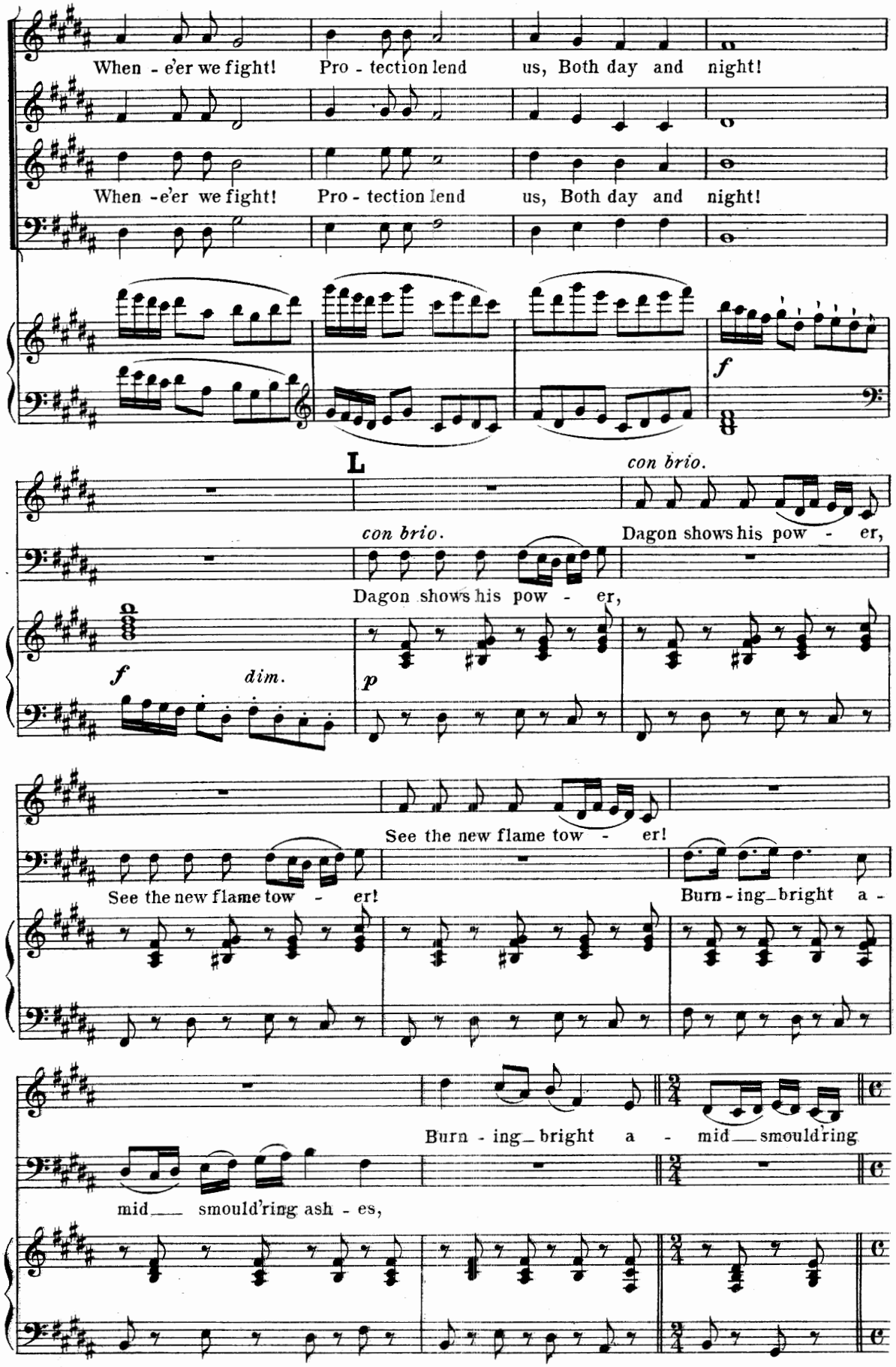

faint heart he rais'd when our last hope had fad - ed.
last hope had fad - ed. O thou,
O thou, rul - er o - ver the world, Thou who
rul - er o - ver the world, Thou who all the stars cre -
all the stars cre - a - test; Be all thy foes to ru - in
a - test; Be all thy foes to ru - in hurl'd A - mid might-y

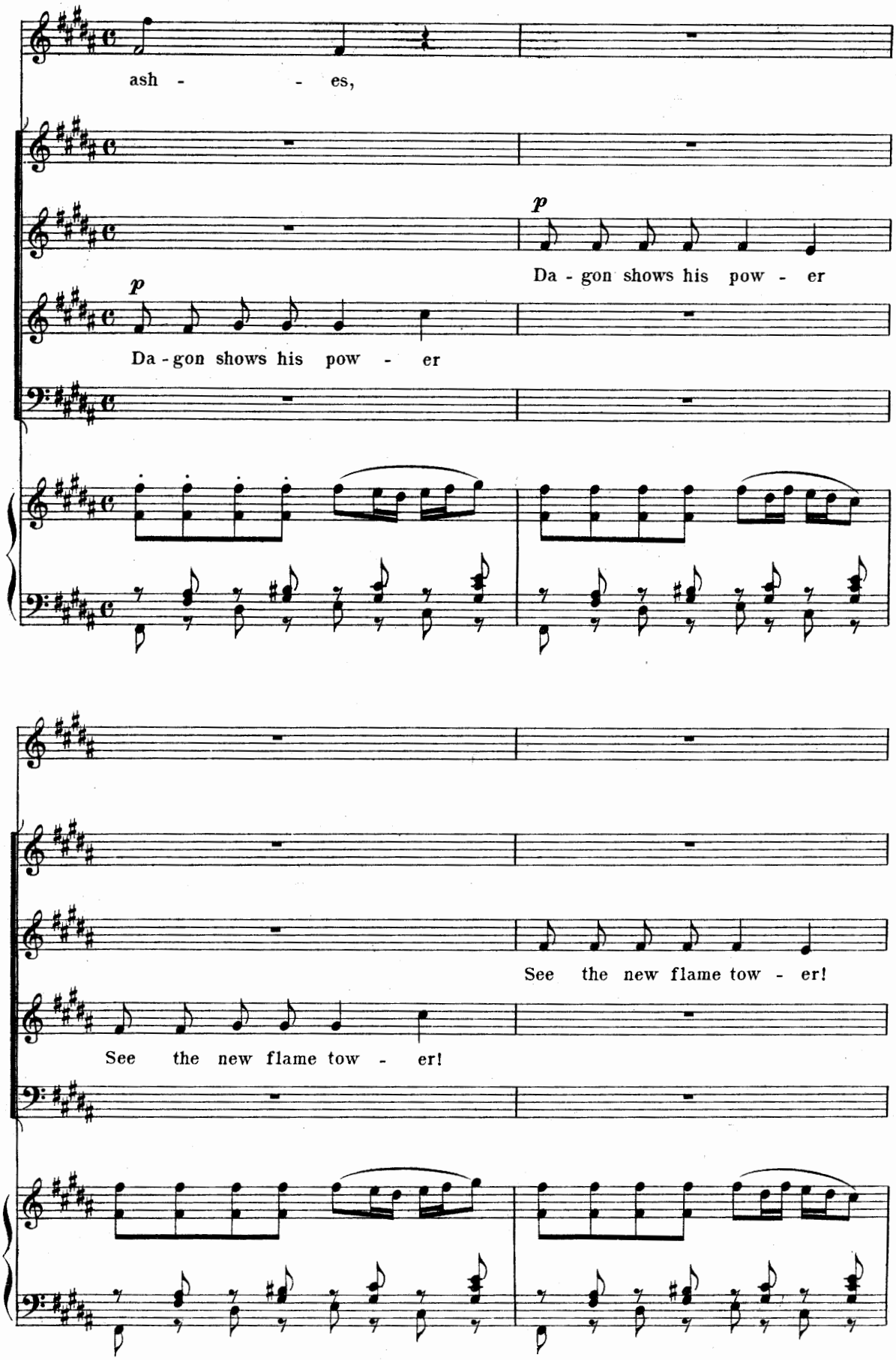

I
hurl'd A - mid mighty Gods thou art great - est.
Gods thou art great - - - est.
Chorus.
p
Thy blessing scat - ter, With
p
Thy blessing scat - ter, With
p
I
might - y signs, Our flocks wax fat - ter, More rich our vines! Let ev -'ry vil - lage
might - y signs, Our flocks wax fat - ter, More rich our vines! Let ev -'ry vil - lage

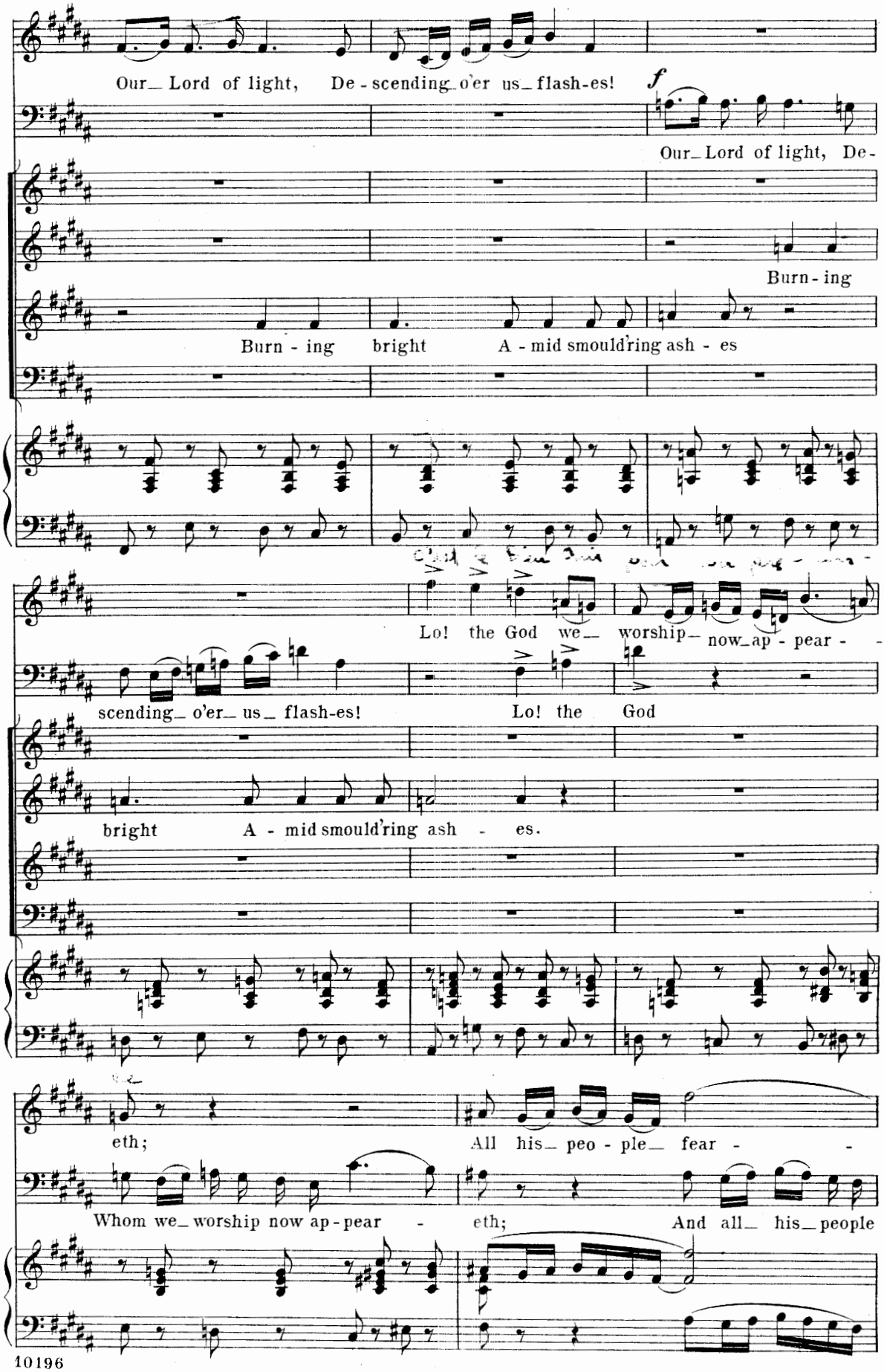

With wealth o'er-flow, Keep thou from pil - lage Our hated foe!
With wealth o'er-flow, Keep thou from pil - lage Our hated foe!
8
f
Delilah.
Ac - cept, O Lord sub - lime,
High Priest.
Ac - cept, O
f
dim.
p
Our vic - tim's grand ob - la - tion; For e'en our greatest
Lord sub - lime
Our vic - tim's grand ob - la - tion;

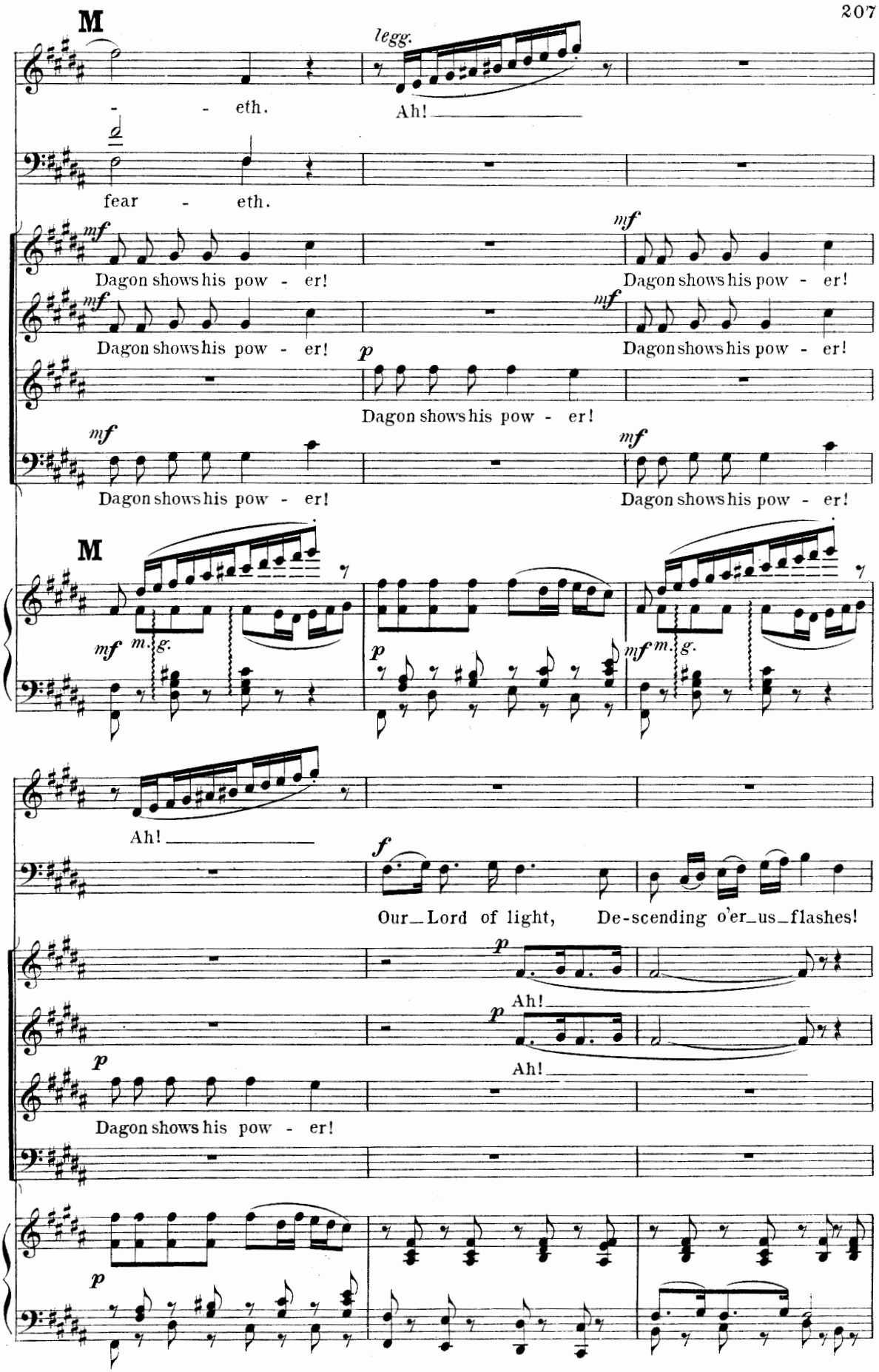

crime, Take them in ex - pi - a - tion!
For e'en our greatest crime, Take them in ex - pi -
Re - veal to thy priests' wand'ring
a - tion! Re - veal
f
Da - gon, we praise!
f
Da - gon, we praise!
f
cresc.
fp
eyes, Who a - lone can be-hold thy_ glo - ry, All the future's
to thy priests' wand'ring eyes, Who a - lone can be-hold thy_

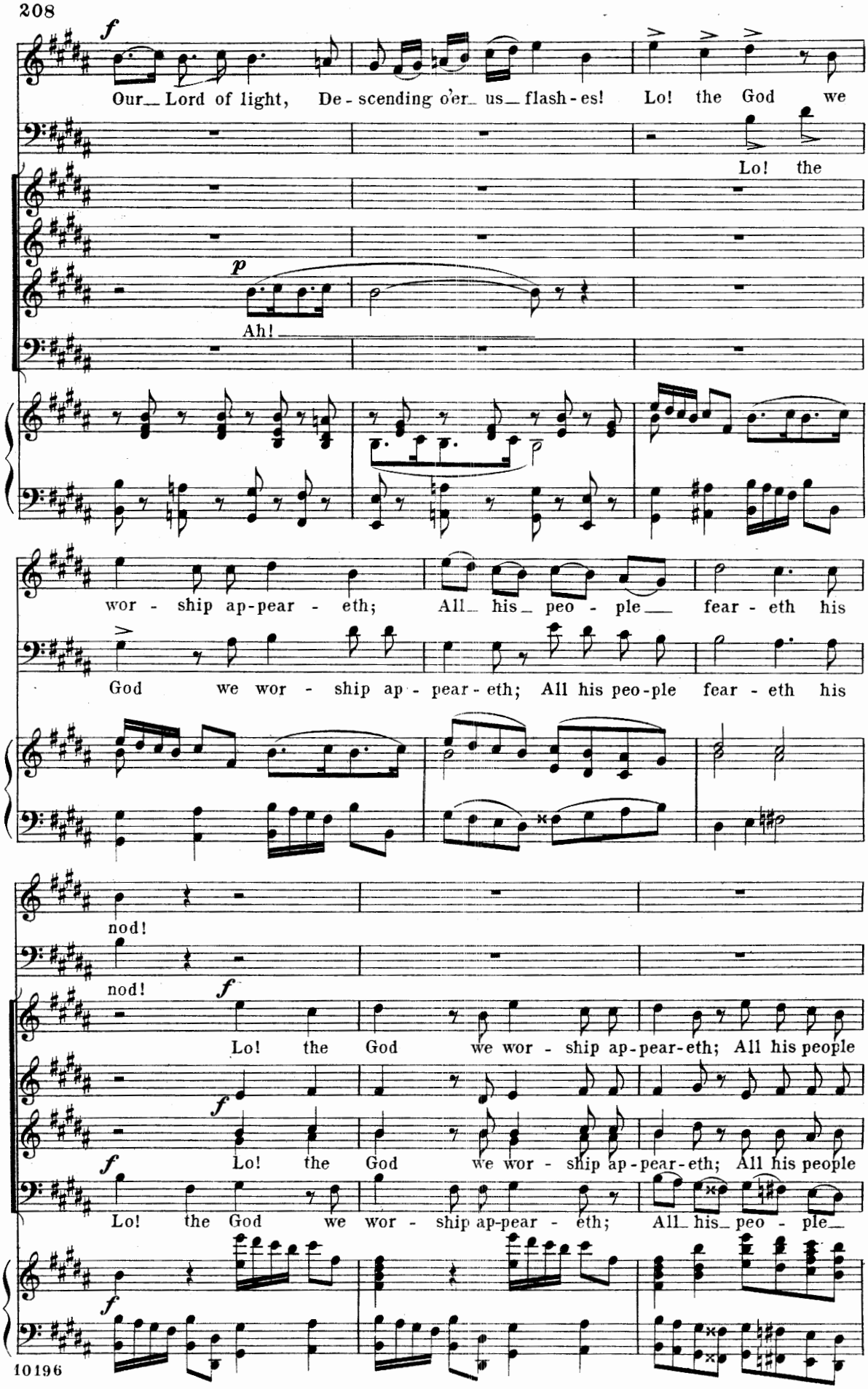

dark mys - tic_ sto - - - ry, Which be-hind fate's_
glo - ry, All the future's dark mys - tic_ sto - - ry, Which be-
K
veil hid - den lies.
hind fate's veil hidden lies.
p
God, hear our pray'r; With - in thy fane! Make
p
God, hear our pray'r; With - in thy fane! Make
p
K
us thy care; Let justice reign! Suc - cess attend us
us thy care; Let justice reign! Suc - cess attend us

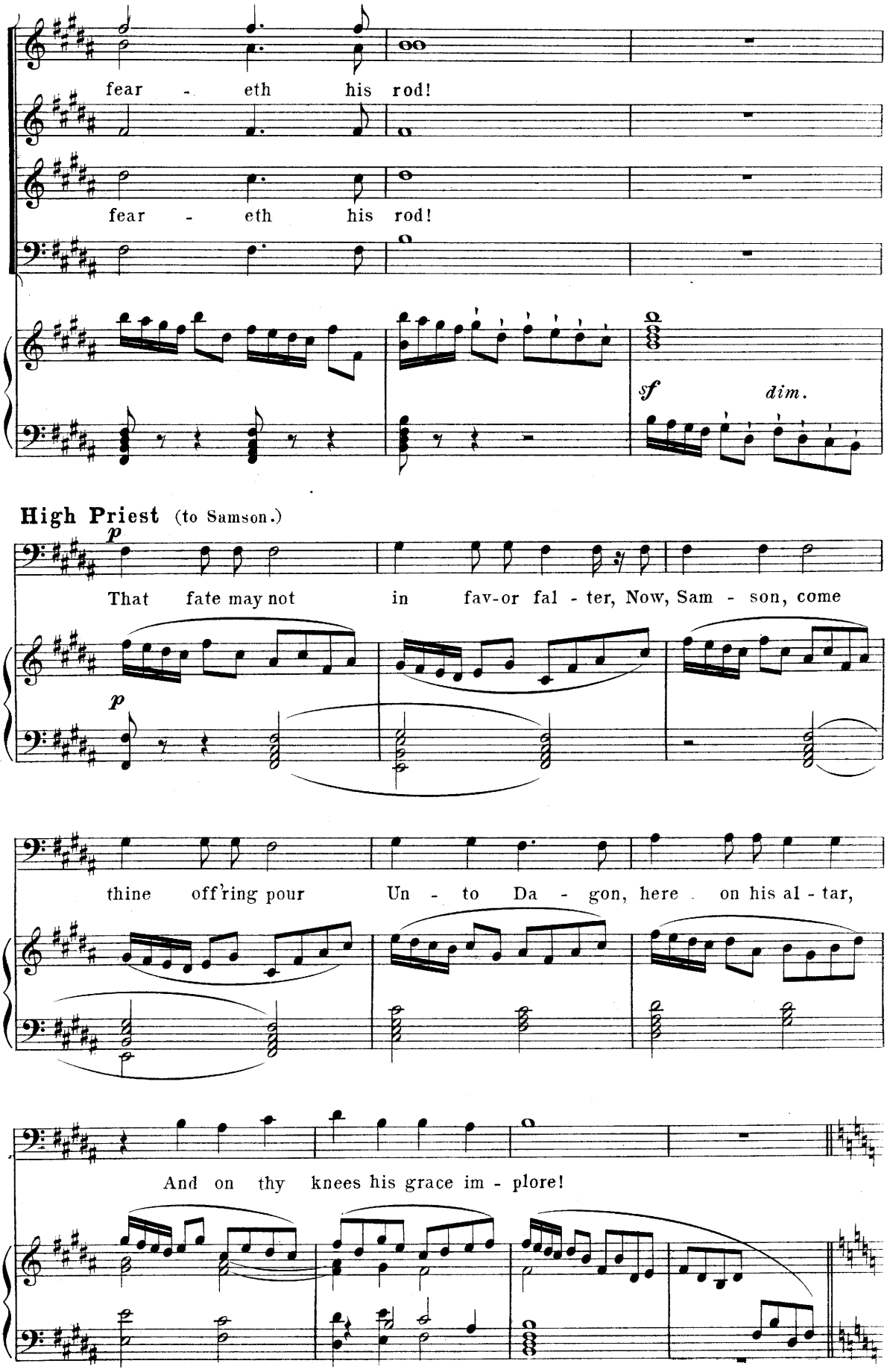

When - e'er we fight! Pro - tection lend us, Both day and night!
When - e'er we fight! Pro - tection lend us, Both day and night!
f
L
con brio.
Dagon shows his pow - er,
con brio.
Dagon shows his pow - er,
f
dim.
p
See the new flame tow - er!
See the new flame tow - er!
Burn - ing_bright a -
Burn - ing_bright a - mid__ smould'ring
mid__ smould'ring ash - es,


ash - - es,
p
Da - gon shows his pow - er
p
Da - gon shows his pow - er
See the new flame tow - er!
See the new flame tow - er!


Our_ Lord of light, De - scending_o'er us_ flash-es!
f
Our_ Lord of light, De-
Burn - ing
Burn - ing bright A - mid smould'ring ash - es
Lo! the God we_ worship_ now_ap - pear -
scending_ o'er_ us_ flash-es!
Lo! the God
bright A - mid smould'ring ash - es.
eth;
All his_ peo - ple_ fear -
Whom we_ worship now ap - pear -
eth;
And all_ his_ people


M
legg.
- - eth.
Ah!
fear - eth.
mf
Dagon shows his pow - er!
Dagon shows his pow - er!
Dagon shows his pow - er!
Dagon shows his pow - er!
p
Dagon shows his pow - er!
Dagon shows his pow - er!
Dagon shows his pow - er!
M
m. g.
Ah!
f
Our_Lord of light, De-scending o'er_us_flashes!
Ah!
Ah!
Dagon shows his pow - er!


f
Our Lord of light, De - scending o'er us flash - es! Lo! the God we
Lo! the
p
Ah!
wor - ship ap-pear - eth; All his peo - ple fear - eth his
God we wor - ship ap - pear - eth; All his peo-ple fear - eth his
nod!
nod!
f
Lo! the God we wor - ship ap-pear-eth; All his people
f
Lo! the God we wor - ship ap-pear-eth; All his people
f
Lo! the God we wor - ship ap-pear - eth; All his peo - ple
f


fear - eth his rod!
fear - eth his rod!
sf
dim.
High Priest (to Samson.)
p
That fate may not in fav-or fal - ter, Now, Sam - son, come
p
thine off'ring pour Un - to Da - gon, here on his al - tar,
And on thy knees his grace im - plore!

(To the lad.)

Maestoso. Quasi Recit. (♩ = 76.)

Guide thou his steps; let thy good care en - fold him That all the

pp

pp

N

peo - ple from a - far be - hold him!

molto espr.

pp

Ped.

Samson.

Now, Lord, to thee do I pray! Be thou once more my

(The lad leads Samson between the two pillars.)

pp (To the lad.)

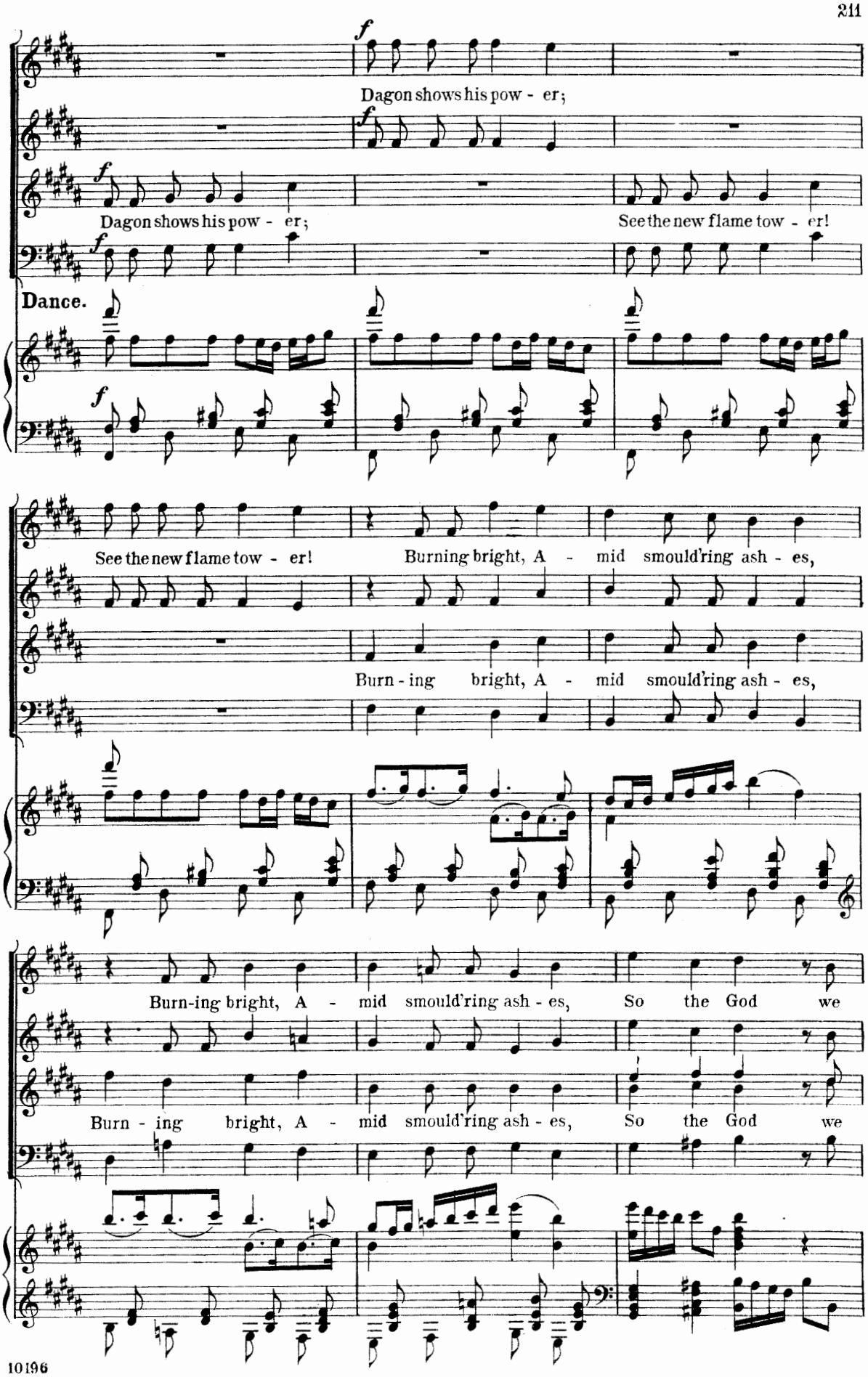
Allegro moderato. (♩ = 112.)

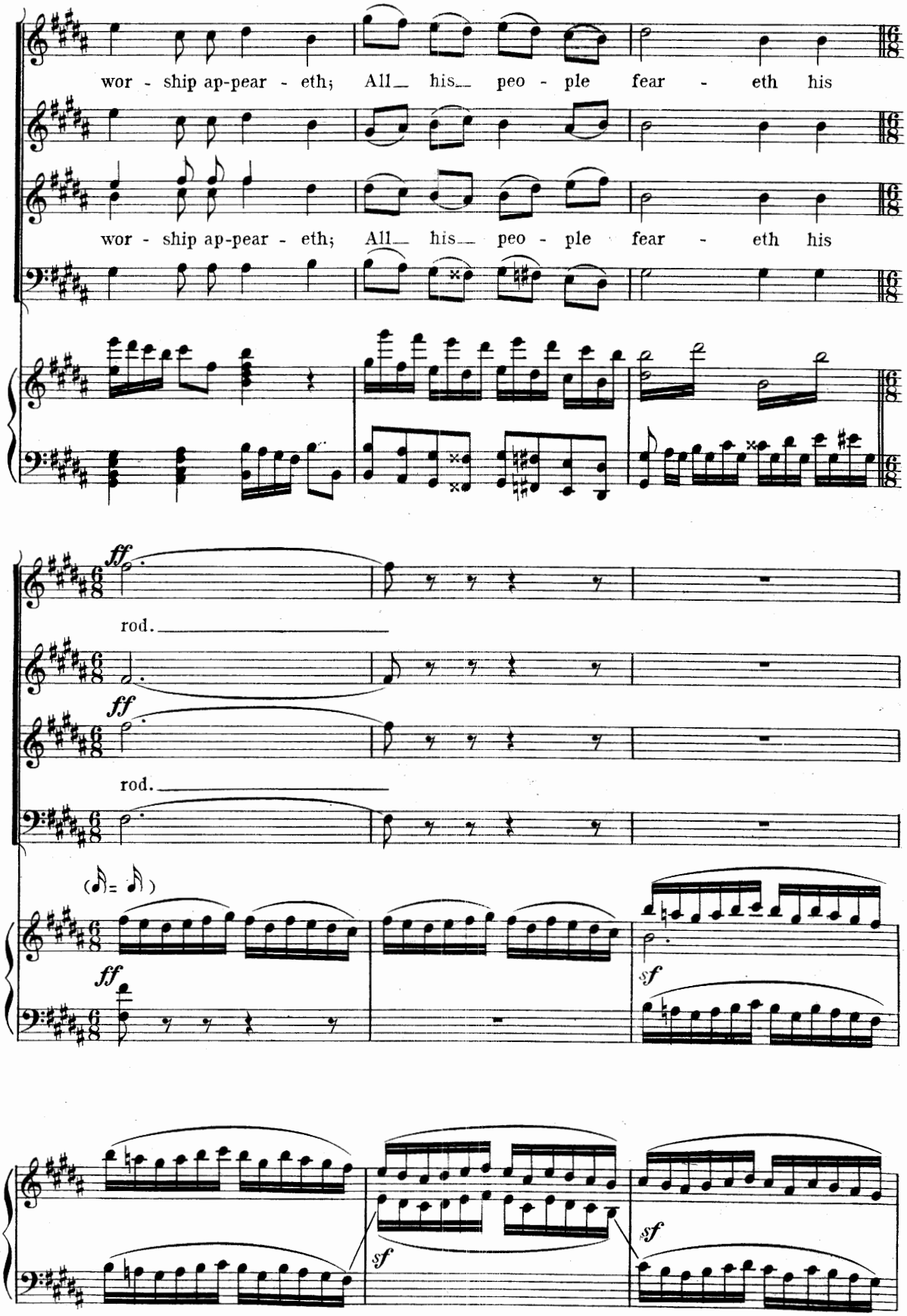
stay. Toward the marble columns, My boy lead thou the way!

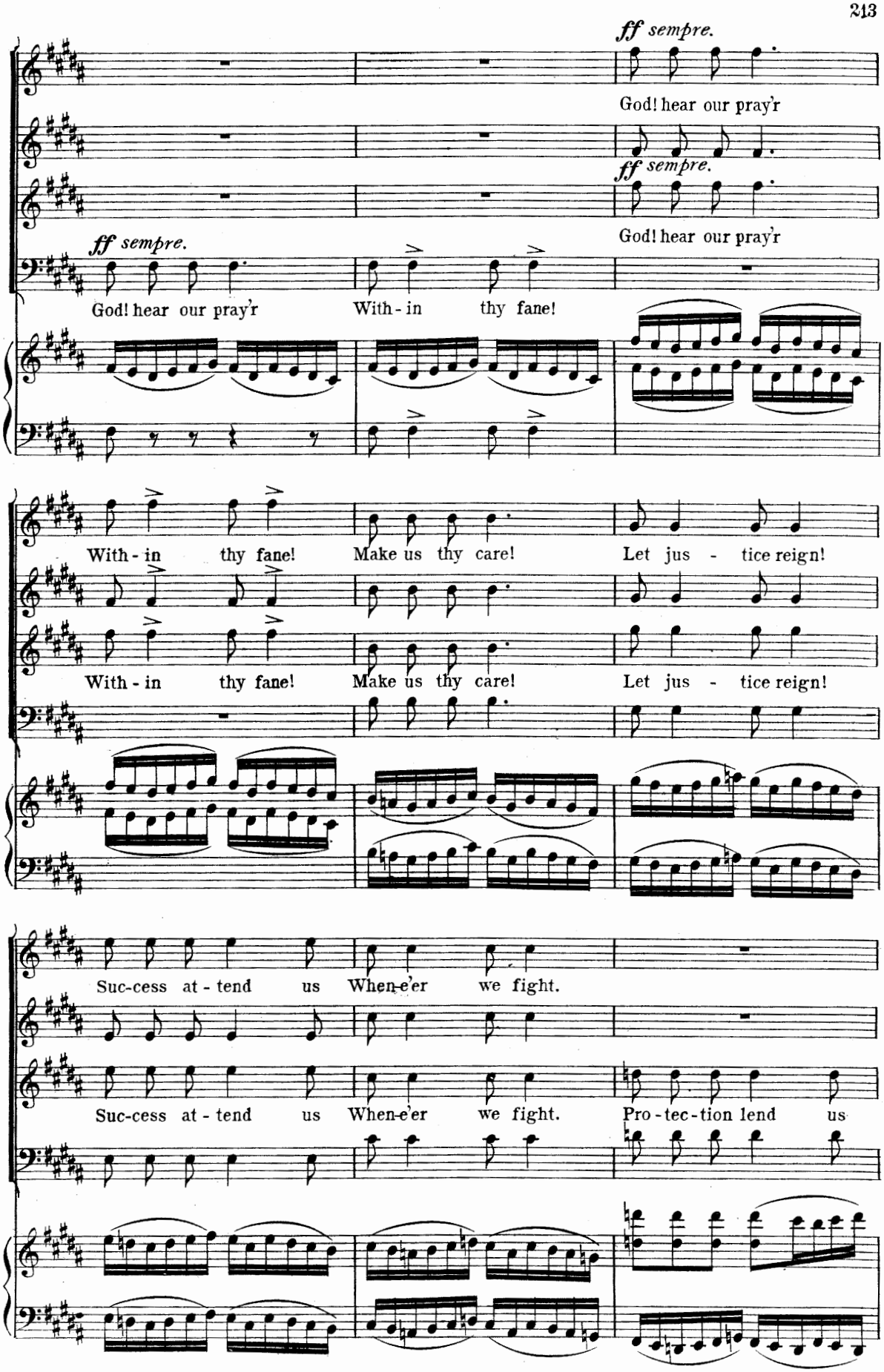
pp

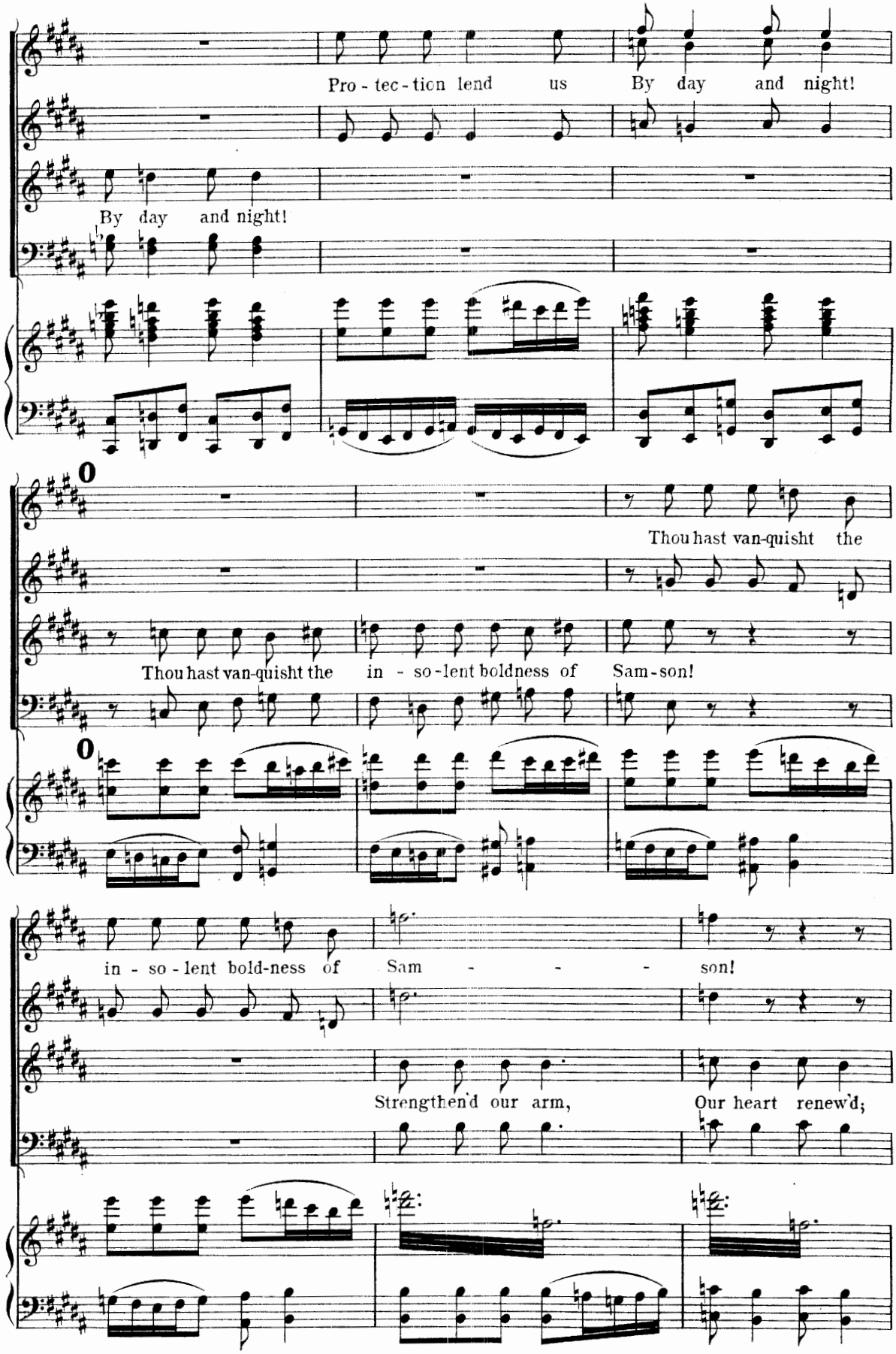
p

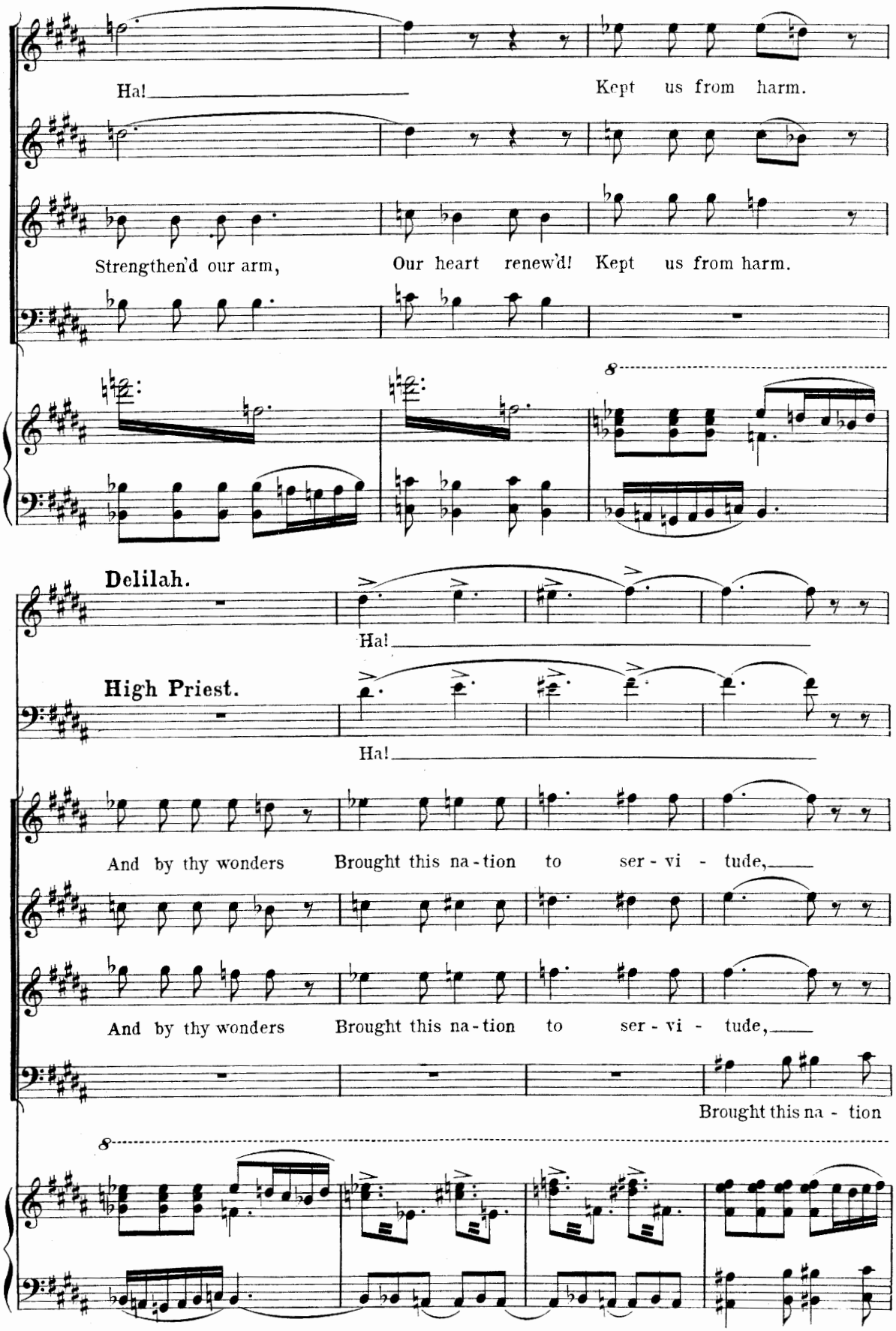
cresc.

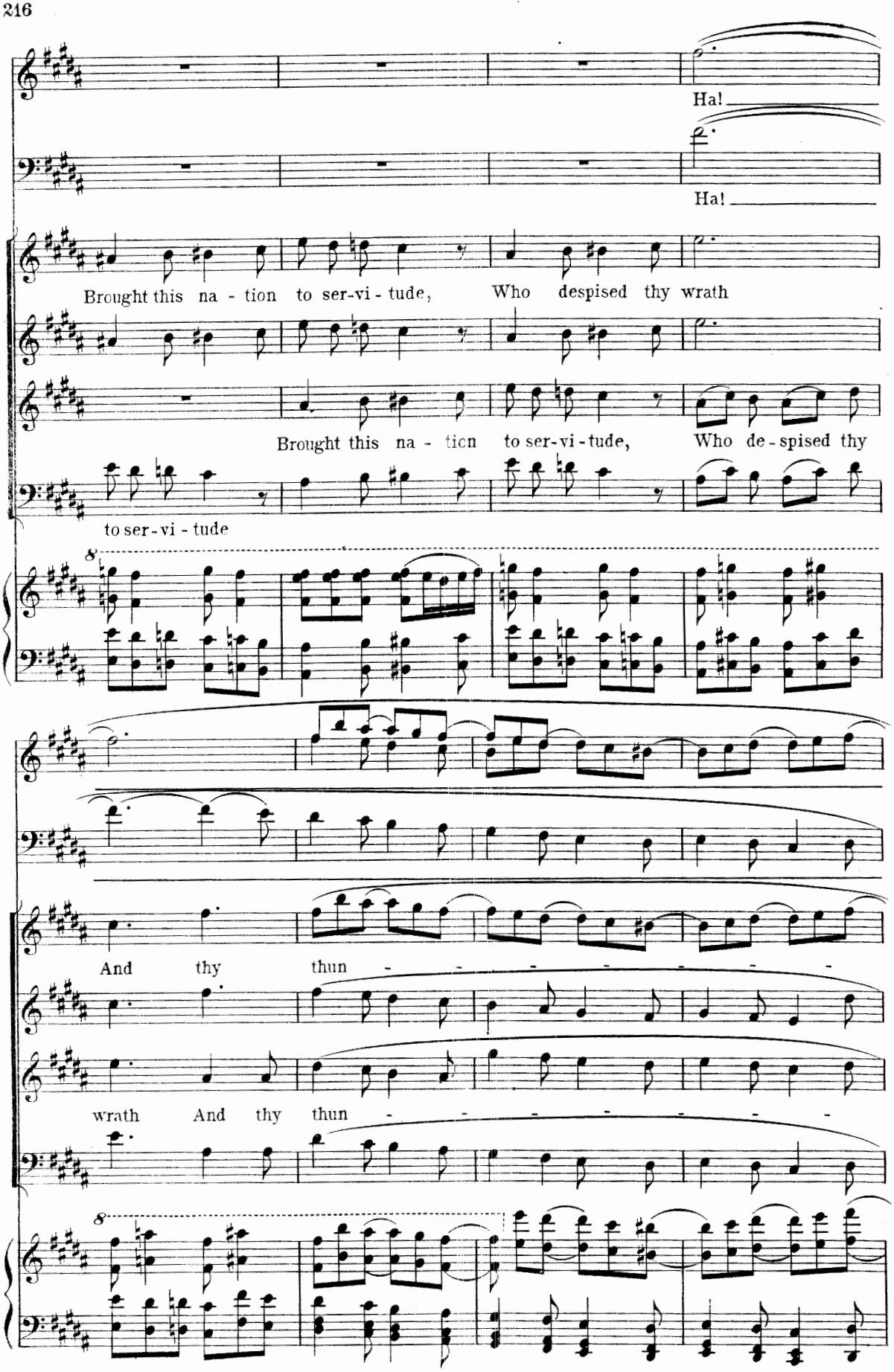

Dagon shows his pow - er;
Dagon shows his pow - er;
See the new flame tow - er!
Dance.
See the new flame tow - er!
Burning bright, A - mid smould'ring ash - es,
Burn - ing bright, A - mid smould'ring ash - es,
Burn-ing bright, A - mid smould'ring ash - es, So the God we
Burn - ing bright, A - mid smould'ring ash - es, So the God we

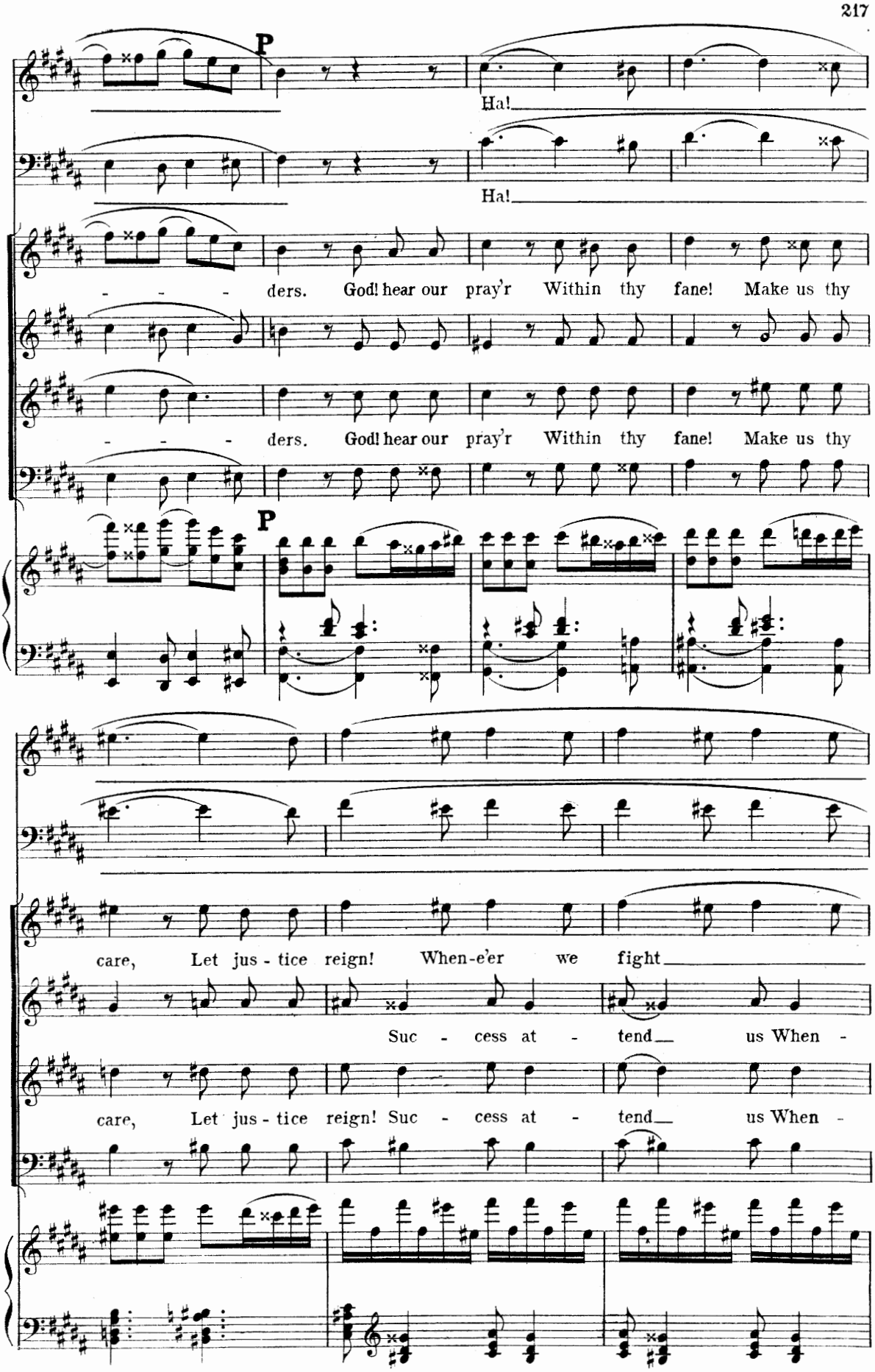

wor - ship ap-pear - eth; All his peo - ple fear - eth his
wor - ship ap-pear - eth; All his peo - ple fear - eth his
ff
rod.
ff
rod.
ff
sf
sf
sf

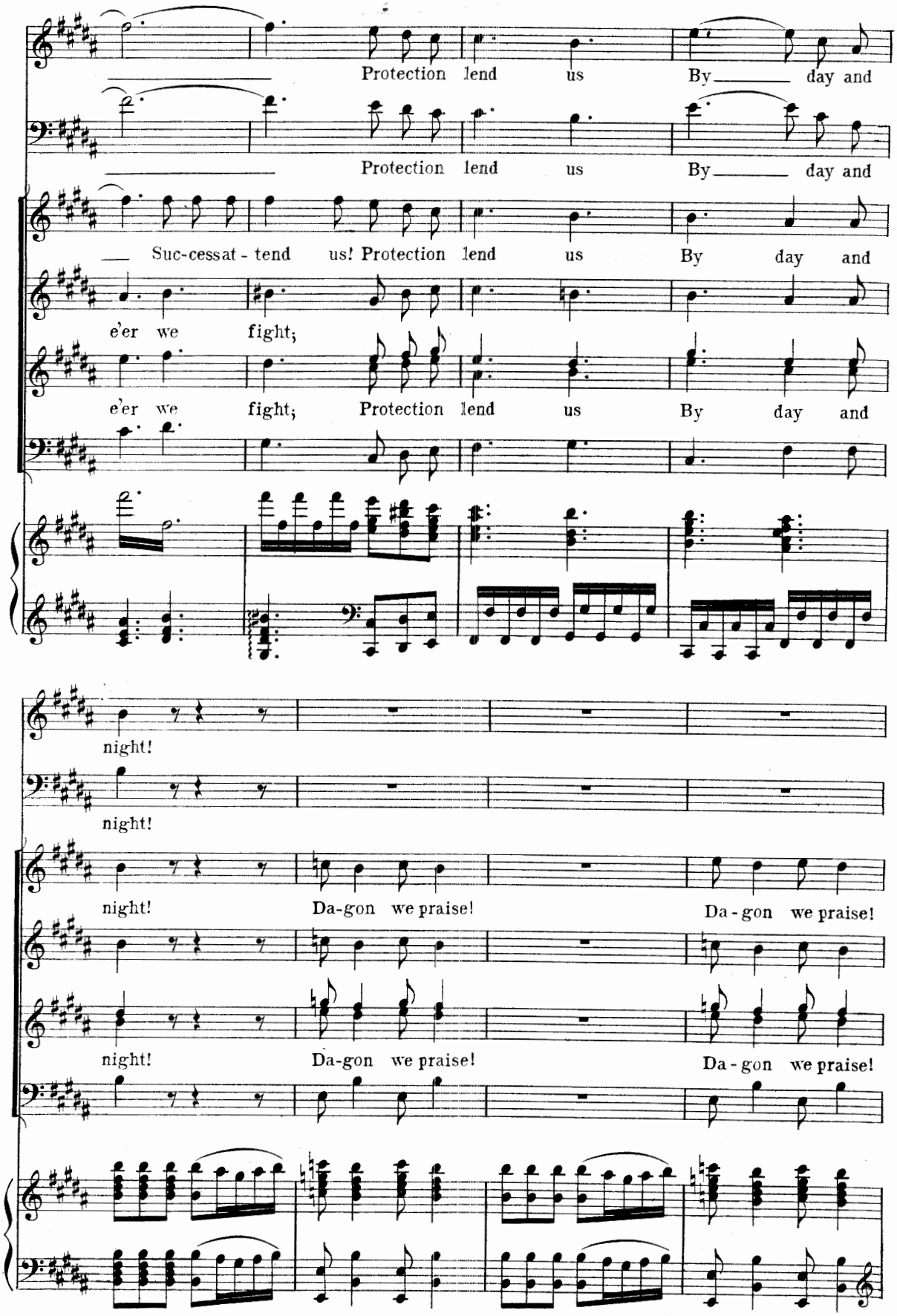

ff sempre.
God! hear our pray'r
ff sempre.
God! hear our pray'r
ff sempre.
God! hear our pray'r
With - in thy fane!
With - in thy fane!
Make us thy care!
Let jus - tice reign!
With - in thy fane!
Make us thy care!
Let jus - tice reign!
Suc-cess at - tend us
When-e'er we fight.
Suc-cess at - tend us
When-e'er we fight.
Pro - tec - tion lend us

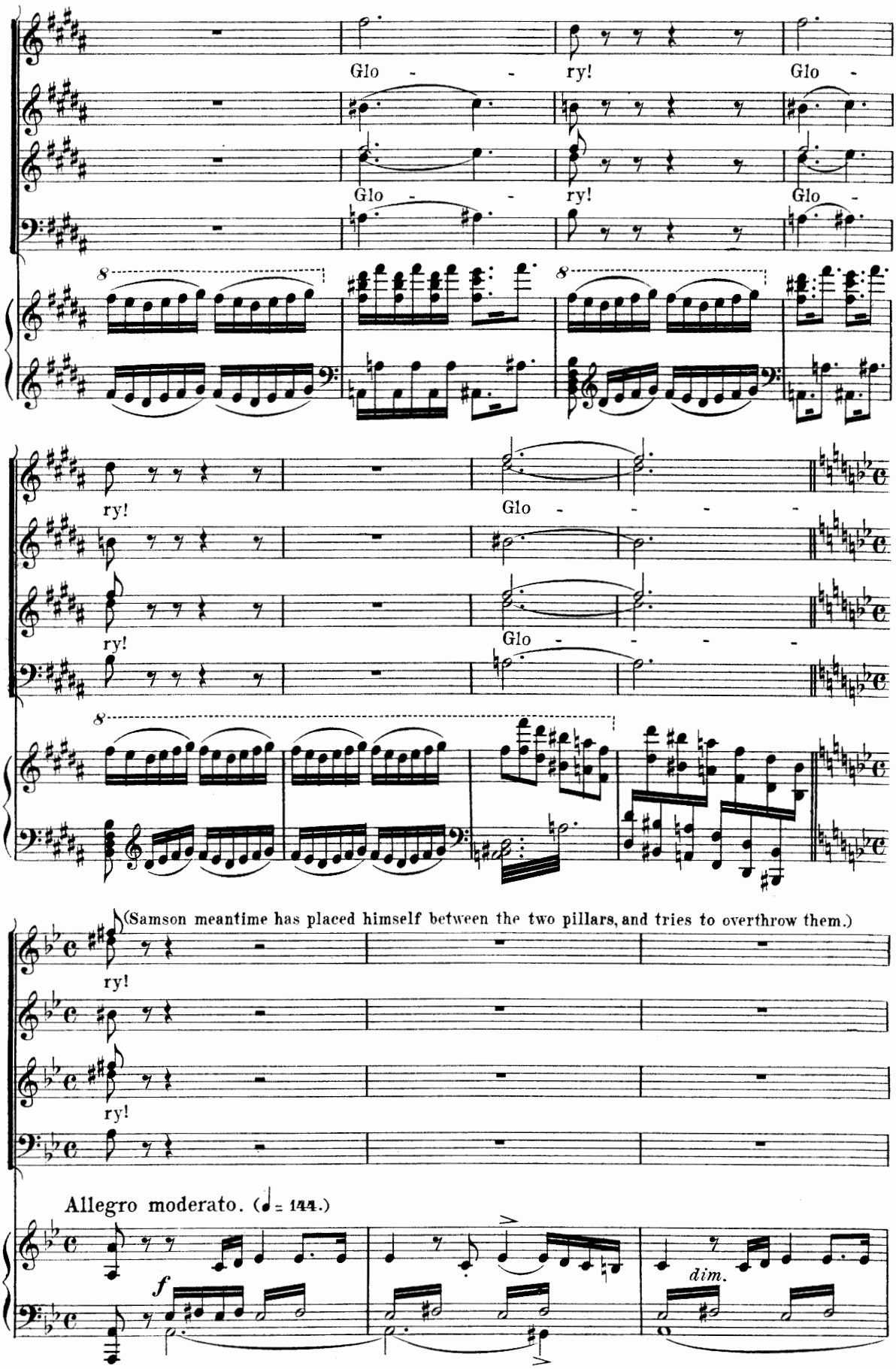

Pro - tec - tion lend us By day and night!
By day and night!
O
Thou hast van-quisht the
Thou hast van-quisht the in - so - lent boldness of Sam - son!
O
in - so - lent bold-ness of Sam - - - - son!
Strengthen'd our arm, Our heart renew'd;

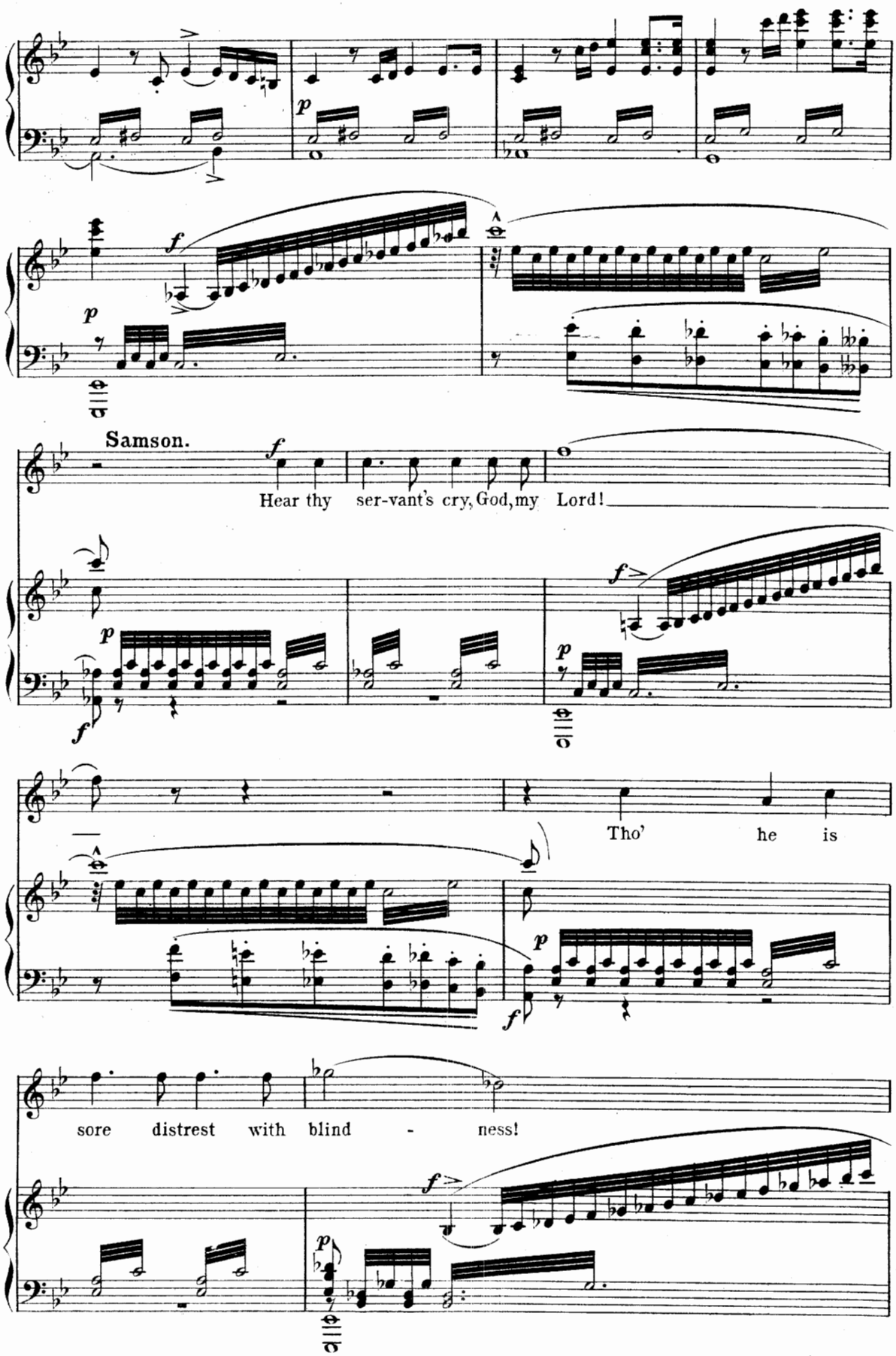

Ha!
Kept us from harm.
Strengthen'd our arm,
Our heart renew'd! Kept us from harm.
8
Delilah.
Ha!
High Priest.
Ha!
And by thy wonders Brought this na-tion to ser-vi-tude,
And by thy wonders Brought this na-tion to ser-vi-tude,
Brought this na-tion
8

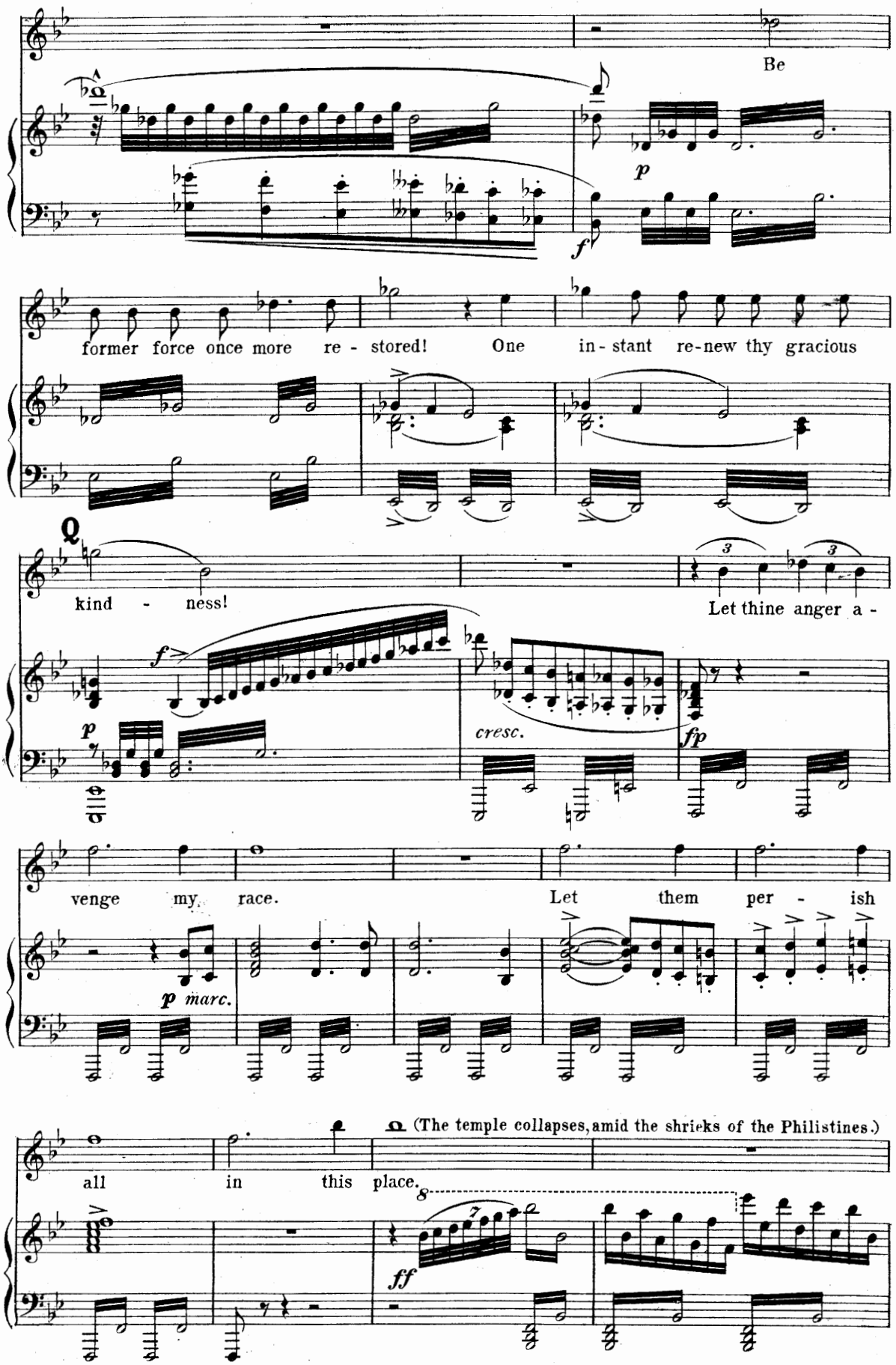

Ha!
Ha!
Brought this na - tion to ser-vi - tude, Who despised thy wrath
Brought this na - tion to ser-vi - tude, Who de - spised thy
to ser - vi - tude
8
And thy thun - - - - - - -
wrath And thy thun - - - - - - -
8

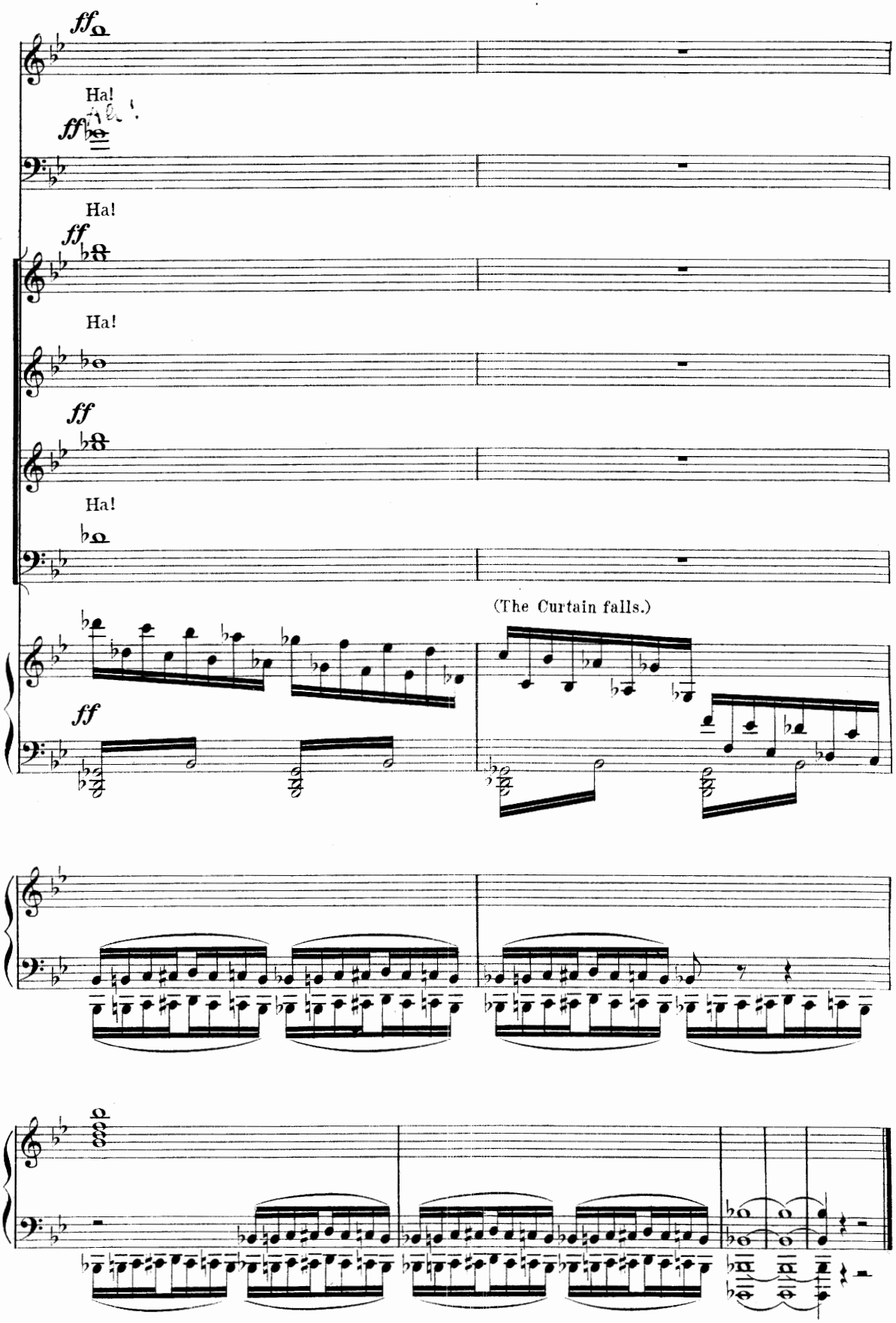

P
Ha!
Ha!
- - - - ders. God! hear our pray'r Within thy fane! Make us thy
- - - - ders. God! hear our pray'r Within thy fane! Make us thy
P
care, Let jus - tice reign! When-e'er we fight
Suc - cess at - tend us When -
care, Let jus - tice reign! Suc - cess at - tend us When -


Protection lend us By day and
Protection lend us By day and
Suc-cessat - tend us! Protection lend us By day and
e'er we fight;
e'er we fight; Protection lend us By day and
night!
night!
night! Da-gon we praise! Da - gon we praise!
night! Da-gon we praise! Da - gon we praise!


Glo - - ry! Glo -
Glo - - ry! Glo -
8
8
ry!
Glo - - - -
ry!
Glo - - - -
8
(Samson meantime has placed himself between the two pillars, and tries to overthrow them.)
ry!
ry!
Allegro moderato. (♩ = 144.)
f
dim.


Samson.
Hear thy ser-vant's cry, God, my Lord!
Tho' he is
sore distrest with blind - ness!


Be
former force once more re - stored! One in - stant re-new thy gracious
kind - ness!
Let thine anger a -
venge my race.
Let them per - ish
all in this place.
(The temple collapses, amid the shrieks of the Philistines.)


ff
Ha!
ff
Ha!
ff
Ha!
ff
Ha!
(The Curtain falls.)
ff