

NEW
MUSIC
DUBLIN
2026

Gerald Barry Salome
with NSOI

7.30pm, Friday, 17th April - National Concert Hall

GERALD BARRY

SALOME

BASED ON THE TEXT BY OSCAR WILDE

The Princess

The King

The Queen

The Prisoner

A Young Syrian

Soldier

The Young Syrian: The Princess is beautiful tonight.

Soldier: Look at the moon.

The Young Syrian: She has a strange look.

Soldier: She's like a woman who's dead.

The Young Syrian: The Princess is beautiful tonight.

Soldier: You're always looking at her. You look at her too much. It's dangerous to look
at people in that way. Something terrible can happen.

The Young Syrian: She's beautiful tonight.

Soldier: The King looks dark.

The Young Syrian: Yes he has a dark look.

Soldier: He's looking at something.

The Young Syrian: He's looking at someone.

Soldier: Who's he looking at?

The Young Syrian: I don't know. The Princess is pale. I've never seen her so pale.

Soldier: You musn't look at her. You look at her too much.

The Young Syrian: The Queen has filled the King's glass.

Soldier: The King loves wine. He has yellow wine like gold.

The Young Syrian: I love gold.

Soldier: He has Sicilian wine like blood.

The Prisoner: *Après moi viendra un autre encore plus puissant que moi. Je ne suis pas digne même de délier la courroie de ses sandales. Quand il viendra la terre déserte se réjouira. Elle fleurira comme le lis. Les yeux des aveugles verront le jour, et les oreilles des sourds seront ouvertes . . . Le nouveau-né mettra sa main sur le nid des dragons, et mènera les lions par leurs crinières.*

The Young Syrian: He's always saying ridiculous things. Who is he?

Soldier: I don't know.

The Young Syrian: Where does he come from? What does he say?

Soldier: We don't know. Sometimes he says terrible things, but it's impossible to understand them.

The Young Syrian: I'd like to see him.

Soldier: The King has forbidden it.

The Young Syrian: The Princess's hands are like two white butterflies.

Soldier: Why do you look at her? You must not look. Something terrible will happen.

The Young Syrian: The Princess is coming this way. She's pale. I've never seen her so pale.

Soldier: Don't look at her. Please. Don't look.

The Young Syrian: She's like a narcissus.

The Princess: Why does the King look at me like that? It's strange that my mother's husband looks at me like that.

The air is sweet here! I can breathe here!

The Young Syrian: Will you sit, Princess?

Soldier: Why do you speak to her? Why do you look at her? Something terrible will happen.

The Princess: It's good to see the moon. She's like a little piece of money. The moon is cold. I'm sure she's a virgin. Yes, she's a virgin.

The Prisoner: *Il est venu, le Seigneur! Il est venu, le fils de l'Homme. Les centaures se sont cachés dans les rivières, et les sirènes ont quitté les rivières et couchent sous les feuilles dans les forêts.*

The Princess: Who is that?

The Young Syrian: The prisoner, Princess.

The Princess: The prisoner! The King is afraid of him. He says terrible things about my mother.

The Young Syrian: We never understand what he says, Princess.

The Princess: Yes; he says terrible things about her. He is young.

Singing Lesson (The Prisoner gives Salome a singing lesson.)

The Prisoner: *Ne te réjouis point, terre de Palestine, parce que la verge de celui qui te frappait a été brisée. Car de la race du serpent il sortira un basilic, et ce qui en naîtra dévorera les oiseaux.*

The Princess: What a strange voice! I want to speak to him.

The Young Syrian: The King has forbidden it, Princess.

The Princess: I want to speak to him.

The Young Syrian: It is impossible, Princess.

The Princess: I will speak to him. Bring him.

The Young Syrian: We cannot, Princess.

The Princess: There's no room there. Bring him here. I want to see him. You keep me waiting.

You will do this for me. You will do this for me. And tomorrow I will give you a little green flower.

The Young Syrian: Princess, I cannot.

The Princess : You will do this for me. You know that you will. And tomorrow I will look at you, I will look at you and smile at you.

Look at me, look at me, you know that you will do it.

The Young Syrian: Bring him out.

Soldier: The moon looks strange.

The Prisoner: *Où est celui dont la coupe d'abominations est déjà pleine? Où est celui qui en robe d'argent mourra un jour devant tout le peuple? Dites-lui de venir afin qu'il puisse entendre la voix de celui qui a crié dans les déserts et dans les palais des rois.*

The Princess: What is he saying?

The Young Syrian: You can never tell, Princess.

The Prisoner: *Où est celle qui ayant vu des hommes peints sur la muraille, des images de Chaldéens tracées avec des couleurs, s'est laissée emporter à la concupiscence de ses yeux, et a envoyé des ambassadeurs en Chaldée?*

Orchestra: Very nasty.

The Princess: He speaks of my mother.

The Young Syrian: Oh, no, Princess.

The Princess: Yes, he speaks of my mother.

The Prisoner: *Où est celle qui s'est abandonnée aux capitaines des Assyriens, qui ont des baudriers sur les reins, et sur la tête des tiaras de différentes couleurs? Où est celle qui s'est abandonnée aux jeunes hommes d'Égypte qui sont vêtus de lin et d'hyacinthe, et portent des boucliers d'or et des casques d'argent, et qui ont de grand corps? Dites-lui de se lever de la couche de son impudicité, de sa couche incestueuse, afin qu'elle puisse entendre les paroles de celui qui prépare la voie du Seigneur; afin qu'elle se repente de ses péchés. Quoiqu'elle ne se repentira jamais, mais restera dans ses abominations, dites-lui de venir, car le Seigneur a son fléau dans la main.*

The Princess: But he is terrible, he is terrible.

The Young Syrian: Don't stay here, Princess.

The Princess: Above all, it is his eyes that are terrible. They are black holes. Will he speak again?

The Young Syrian: Do not stay here.

The Princess: I'm sure he is as chaste as the moon. His flesh must be cool. I want to look closer.

The Young Syrian: No no.

The Princess: I must look closer.

The Young Syrian: Please.

The Prisoner: *Qui est cette femme qui me regarde? Je ne veux pas qu'elle me regarde. Pourquoi me regarde-t-elle avec ses yeux d'or sous ses paupières dorées? Je ne sais pas qui c'est. Je ne veux pas le savoir. Dites-lui de s'en aller. Ce n'est pas à elle que je veux parler.*

The Princess: Speak again! Tell me what I must do.

The Prisoner: *Ne m'approchez pas.*

The Princess: You are beautiful.

The Prisoner: *Arrière! Arrière! J'entends dans le palais le battement des ailes de l'ange de la mort.*

The Young Syrian: Princess, please go in.

The Princess: There is nothing as white as your body. Let me touch it.

The Prisoner: *Ne me parlez pas.*

The Princess: Your body is hideous. It is your hair I want. I like your hair. There is nothing so black as your hair. Let me touch it.

The Prisoner: *Ne me touchez pas.*

The Princess: Your hair is horrible. It is your mouth I want. There is nothing so red as your mouth. Let me kiss it. I will kiss your mouth. I will kiss it.

The Prisoner: *Jamais!*

The Princess: I will kiss your mouth. I will kiss your mouth. I will kiss your mouth.

The Young Syrian / Soldier: You are beautiful. There is nothing as white as your body. Let me touch it. Your body is hideous. It is your hair I want.

I like your hair. There is nothing so black as your hair. Let me touch it. Your hair is horrible. It is your mouth I want. There is nothing so red as your mouth.

Let me kiss it. I will kiss your mouth. I will kiss it. I will kiss your mouth. I will kiss your mouth. Let me kiss your mouth. I will kiss your mouth.

Orchestra: The Young Syrian kills himself.

Soldier: I gave him a box of perfumes and earrings and now he has killed himself. I knew the moon wanted a dead thing. Why did I not hide him from the moon? If I had hidden him she would not have seen him.

The Princess: Let me kiss your mouth.

The Prisoner: *Ne vous ai-je pas dit que j'avais entendu dans le palais le battement des ailes de l'ange de la mort, et l'ange n'est-il pas venu?*

The Princess: Let me kiss your mouth.

The Prisoner: *Fille d'adultère.*

The Princess: Let me kiss your mouth.

The Prisoner: *Fille d'une mère incestueuse.*

The Princess: I will kiss your mouth.

The Prisoner: *Je ne veux pas te regarder. Je ne te regarderai pas.*

The Princess: I will kiss your mouth. I will kiss your mouth.

Orchestra: I will kiss your mouth.

(The King and Queen enter.)

The King: Where is the Princess?

There she is.

The Queen: Don't look at her. You're always looking at her.

The King: The moon looks strange. Isn't she strange? She's naked. Quite naked.

The Queen: The moon is the moon. That's all. Let's go in. Nothing to be seen here.

The King: I will stay. The air is delicious. *(The King slips.)* It's blood! I've slipped on blood!

Soldier: It's the young Syrian. He killed himself.

The King: Why?

Soldier: We don't know. He just killed himself.

The King: How strange. I thought only philosophers killed themselves.

Orchestra: Stoics kill themselves.

The Queen: They are coarse, ridiculous people. They are perfectly ridiculous.

The King: It is ridiculous to kill oneself. It's strange that the young Syrian killed himself. I'm sorry he's killed himself. I'm very sorry. He was beautiful. Wonderful eyes. He looked at the Princess. I thought he looked at her too much.

It's cold here. A wind is blowing. Isn't there a wind blowing?

The Queen: There is no wind.

The King: I'm telling you there is a wind that blows... I hear in the air something that is like the beating of wings, like the beating of vast wings. Don't you hear it?

The Queen: I hear nothing.

The King: I don't hear it now. But I heard it. It was the blowing of the wind, no doubt. It's gone. But now I hear it again. Don't you hear it? It's just like the beating of wings.

The Queen: I'm telling you there is nothing. You are ill. Let's go in.

The King: I am not ill. It's your daughter who is sick. She has the manner of a sick person. I've never seen her so pale.

The Queen: Itold you - don't look at her.

The King: Here is wine. Princess, dip your lips in this wine. I will finish it.

The Princess: I'm not thirsty.

The King: Princess, eat this fruit. I want to see the mark of your teeth in this fruit.

The King/The Young Syrian/Soldier: Princess, eat this fruit. I want to see the mark of your teeth in this fruit.

The Princess: I'm not hungry.

The King: Princess, sit with me. I will give you your mother's throne.

The Princess: I'm not tired.

The King: I forget what I want.

The Prisoner: *Apportez . . . Qu'est-ce que je veux? Je ne sais pas. Ah! Ah! je m'en souviens . . .*

The Queen: He's always vomiting insults at me.

The King: He says nothing against you.

The Queen: He's always insulting me. You're afraid of him.

The King: I'm not afraid of him. And he works miracles.

The Queen: I've seen too many miracles. *(To Soldier):* My fan! You have a dreamer's look. You mustn't dream. Only sick people dream. *(She strikes the soldier with her fan.)*

Salome/The Queen/The King/The Young Syrian/Soldier:

*Und ob es währt bis in die Nacht
Und wieder an den Morgen,
Doch soll mein Herz an Gottes Macht
Verzweifeln nicht noch sorgen.*

*Er ist allein der guten Hirt,
der Israel erlösen wird
Aus seinen Sünden allen.*

The Prisoner: *la prostituée!*

Salome/The Queen/The King/The Young Syrian/Soldier: Ha ha ha ha!

The Queen: You allow him to insult me?

The King: He didn't say your name.

The Queen: You know he means me.

The King: Don't you see how pale your daughter is?

The Queen: Does it matter?

The King: I've never seen her so pale.

The Queen: Stop looking.

The Prisoner: *En ce jour-là le soleil deviendra noir comme un sac de poil, et la lune deviendra comme du sang, et les étoiles du ciel tomberont sur la terre comme les figues vertes tombent d'un figuier, et les rois de la terre auront peur.*

The Queen: I want to see the day when the moon is blood. I hate his voice. Make him stop. I have already said.

The King: You say nothing else.

The Queen: I say it again. You are speaking randomly. Let's go in.

The King: Type for me.

The Princess: I have no desire to type.

The King: Type for me.

The Queen: Stop

The King: You will type.

The Princess: I will not type.

The Queen: You see how she obeys you?

The King: I don't care if she types or not. It's nothing to me. I am happy tonight. I'm very happy. I've never been so happy.

Soldier The King has a dark look.

The Young Syrian: Yes he has a dark look.

The King: Why should I not be happy? I have every right to be happy. Indeed, I am happy. I have never been so happy. There is nothing in the world that can spoil my happiness.

The Prisoner: *Et l'ange du Seigneur Dieu le frappera. Il sera mangé des vers.*

The Queen: You hear what he says about you? He says you will be eaten by worms.

The King: He doesn't speak about me. He never speaks of me. He has never spoken one word against me. You, are sterile.

The Queen: I am sterile? It's absurd to say that. *Absurd.* It is *you* who are sterile, not I. *You.*

The King: I say that you are sterile. But let's not talk about that now. I want to be happy now. I am happy. There is nothing I lack.

Salome: Danube so blue.

The King: *Donau so blau, so schön und blau grüsst Wien
Weit vom Schwarzwald her eilst du hin zum Meer.*

The Queen/The King/The Young Syrian/Soldier: *Junges Blut! So blau! Donau! So schön
und blau! Am Donau strand - grüsst unser Wien
schlagen Herzen für alle Zeit und Blut geweiht
Neu'er stand voller Pracht*

Salome: *Die Donau so blau.*

The Queen/The King/The Young Syrian/Soldier: *die Herzen mit Macht!*

Salome: *So schön und blau.*

The Queen/The King/The Young Syrian/Soldier: *der Welt vollbracht!*

Salome: *Die Donau so blau.*

The Queen/The King/The Young Syrian/Soldier: *erobert mit Macht!*

Salome: *So schön und blau.*

The King: *Knüpft Land und Land!*

Lieb und Lust

schwellt die Brust

Donau so blau, so schön und blau grüsst Wien

Weit vom Schwarzwald her eilst du hin zum Meer.

Knüpft Land und Land!

Lieb und Lust

schwellt die Brust

Soldier: The King looks dark.

The Young Syrian: Yes, he has a dark look.

The King: I'm sad tonight. Please - I'm sad tonight. Yes I'm very sad tonight. When I came here I slipped in blood. And I heard, I'm sure I heard in the air a beating of wings, a beating of giant wings.

I can't tell what they mean. I'm sad tonight. So type for me - please. If you type for me you can ask anything from me and I will give it to you - even half of my kingdom.

The Princess: Will you give me whatever I ask?

The King: Half of my kingdom.

I swear.

The Queen: Do not type.

The King/The Young Syrian/Soldier: Whatever you want I will give it to you, even half of my kingdom, if you type for me. Princess, type for me. I have sworn.

The Queen: Do not type.

The King/The Young Syrian/Soldier: Will she not be a wonderful queen?

The King: It's cold here. There is an icy wind, and I hear... why do I hear in the air this beating of wings?

Is there a bird, a huge black bird hovering on the terrace?

Why can't I see it?

The beat of its wings is terrible.

The wind's breath is terrible.

It's a cold wind.

No, it's not cold, it's hot.

I'm choking.

Pour water on my hands.

Give me snow to eat.

Loosen my shirt.

Quick quick!

No, don't.

It's my hair that hurts me, my hair.

My hair is like fire.

It burns my head.

How red these petals are!

They're like stains of blood!

The Young Syrian/Soldier: It doesn't matter. You musn't find symbols in everything.

The King: Yes. That would make everything impossible.

The Young Syrian/Soldier: It's better to say that stains of blood are as lovely as petals.

The King: Stains of blood are as lovely as petals. Yes, much better to say that.

Orchestra: Stains of blood are as lovely as petals.

The King: But let's not talk about this. Now I'm happy, I'm very happy. Don't I have the right to be happy? The Princess is going to type for me.

The Queen: Do not type.

The Princess: I'm ready.

The King: You hear what she says?

And when you have typed, don't forget to ask me for anything you want. I will give you whatever you want, even half of my kingdom. I swear it.

The Princess: Yes.

The King: And I never break my word. I'm not one of those who breaks their word. I don't know how to lie. I'm the slave of my word, and my word is the word of a king.

Why do you delay?

(The Princess takes off her shoes.)

The King: Ah! You're going to type with naked feet! Wonderful! Wonderful! No, no, you're going to walk on blood. There's blood on the ground. You mustn't walk on blood.

The Queen: Does it matter if she walks on blood?

The King: Look at the moon! It's red like blood.

The Queen: Let's go in. You're sick. Everyone will say you're mad. Let's go in.

The Prisoner: *Qui éclate dans la beauté de ses vêtements, et qui marche avec une force toute puissante? Pourquoi vos vêtements sont-ils teints d'écarlate?*

The Queen: That man's voice drives me mad.

(Salome walks to the typewriter and sits. The King Dictates to Salome as if addressing a large crowd. Salome types.)

The King: Art.

Art has made us myriad - minded. Full stop. M - Y - R - I - A - D. A countless number of things.

Those who have the artistic temperament go into exile with Dante and learn how salt is the bread of others: Colon.

The catch for a moment the serenity and calm of Goethe, Comma, G - O - E

and yet know but too well why Baudelaire, BAU - DEL - AIRE, Baudelaire, why Baudelaire cried to God: Colon:

O Seigneur, Comma, donnez moi la force et le courage De contempler mon corps et mon coeur sans *dégout*. Dégout. Full stop.

(The phone on Salome's table rings. She answers it and listens. She speaks into the phone impatiently.)

Salome: Well I can't *now*.

I'm busy.

Okay.

Okay.

(Salome hangs up. The King, irritated by the interruption, resumes his previous lofty, public delivery.)

The King: New paragraph.

Far off, Comma, like a perfect pearl, Comma, one can see the city of God. Full stop.

It is so wonderful that it seems as if a child could reach it in a summer's day. Full stop.

And so a child could. Full stop.

But with me and such as I am it is different. Full stop.

One can realise a thing in a single moment, Comma, but one loses it in the long hours that follow with leaden feet.

(Salome strikes Bass Drum and stands.)

Salome: Dee dee dee dee

I want the head.

The King: Ask me for half of my kingdom. Dee dee dee dee

Salome/The King: Dee dee dee dee

Salome/The Queen/The King/The Young Syrian/Soldier: Dee dee dee dee

Salome: I want the head.

The King: Ask me for half of my kingdom.

Salome/The Queen/The King/The Young Syrian/Soldier: Dee dee dee dee

Salome: I want the head.

The King: Ask me for half of my kingdom.

Salome/The Queen/The King/The Young Syrian/Soldier: Dee dee dee dee Da! Da! Da! Da!

Orchestral Solo

The King: What was I going to say?

Emerald.

One shouldn't look at things or people.

One should only look in mirrors.

I'm thirsty.

What was I going to say?

Forgot

mind

forgot

DEAR

yet

cup

mine

yet

DEAR

yet

slopes

fine

foot

DEAR

yet

stream

dine

ROARED

Orchestra: AAH!

The King: DEAR

yet

What was it?

I remember.

Come nearer. I'm afraid you won't hear me. You know my white peacocks. When they
cry out the rain comes, and when they spread their tails the moon appears.

I will give you fifty of my peacocks.

The Queen: You're ridiculous with your peacocks.

The King: Will you stop! You cry out always; you cry out like a beast of prey. Stop!
Your voice tires me. Quiet! Think.

Finger of God.

Has touched this man.

It's possible.

I do not know.

It's possible that God is for him and with him. If he died something awful might happen to
me.

Remember, I slipped in blood when I came in. Also, I heard a beating

Orchestra: Aaah!

The King: of wings in the air, a beating

Orchestra: Aaah!

The King: of great wings. You don't wish me harm. You don't wish that. Listen.

Salome: Give me the head.

The King: You're not listening. Be calm. I, I am calm. I am quite calm. Listen.

I have a collar of pearls like moons. Fifty moons. I have moonstones that change when the moon changes. Young men may not look at them until they have been beaten.

Orchestra: Aaah!

The King: If you carry them in your hand you can make women sterile.

Who drank my wine?

Salome: Head

(The two Basses walk to the typewriters and type for 1'35".)

The Prisoner: Right Thigh

Salome: Left Thigh

The Prisoner: Right Calf

Salome: Left Calf

The Prisoner: Right Toe One

Salome: Right Toe Two

The Prisoner: Right Toe Three

Salome: Right Toe Four

The Prisoner: Right Toe Five

Salome: Left Toe One

The Prisoner: Left Toe Two

Salome: Left Toe Three

The Prisoner: Left Toe Four

Salome: Left Toe Five

Testicle One

The Prisoner: Testicle Two

Salome: Penis.

Salome/The Young Syrian/Soldier: You would not let me kiss your mouth. Well I will kiss it now. Yes, I will kiss your mouth.

I said it. Didn't I say it? I will kiss it now. Why don't you look at me? Your eyes are shut. Why are they shut?

Open your eyes. Lift up your eyelids. Why don't you look?

Are you afraid of me that you won't look at me? And your tongue it doesn't move. Isn't that strange? Why doesn't your tongue move?

You didn't want me. You're the only man I ever loved. You're beautiful. There is nothing in the world as white as your body.

Salome/The Queen/The King/The Young Syrian/Soldier: There is nothing in the world as black as your hair.

There is nothing in the world as red as your mouth. Why did you not look at me? You saw God, but you didn't see me.

If you had seen me you would have loved me. I saw you and I loved you, I loved you.

Salome: I'm hungry for your body. Hungry. What will I do?

The King: Hide the moon.

(Salome walks to the prisoner and kisses him on the mouth.)

Salome: I have kissed your mouth. I have kissed your mouth.

There was a bitter taste on your lips.

Was it the taste of blood?

But maybe it was the taste of love...

They say that love has a bitter taste...

But what of that? What of that?

I have kissed your mouth.

Salome/The Queen/The King/The Prisoner/The Young Syrian/Soldier: I have kissed your mouth. I have kissed your mouth.

There was a bitter taste on your lips.

Was it the taste of blood?

But maybe it was the taste of love...

They say that love has a bitter taste...

But what of that? What of that?

I have kissed your mouth.

I have kissed your mouth.

END