

MUSIC - UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 07192 453 4

2/6

Ariadne on Naxos

Opera in one act

by Hugo von Hofmannsthal

Music by

Richard Strauss

ML
50
S918A72
1913
c.1
MUSIC

*To be performed after the
"Bourgeois Gentleman"
of Molière
(The Perfect Gentleman)*

Adolph Fürstner Berlin Paris



Presented to the
LIBRARY *of the*
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
from
the estate of
Robert A. Fenn

ARIADNE ON NAXOS

TO BE PERFORMED AFTER
"LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME" OF MOLIÈRE
(THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN)

ARIADNE ON NAXOS

OPERA IN ONE ACT BY
HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL

MUSIC BY
RICHARD STRAUSS

TO BE PERFORMED AFTER
"LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME" OF MOLIÈRE
(THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN)
(ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY ALFRED KALISCH)

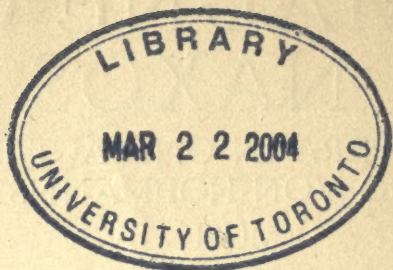


PRICE sh. 1/- NET

PROPERTY OF THE PUBLISHER FOR ALL COUNTRIES
BERLIN W · ADOLPH FÜRSTNER · PARIS

ALL RIGHTS, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRANSLATION, RESERVED
COPYRIGHT INCLUDING RIGHT OF PERFORMANCE 1913
BY ADOLPH FÜRSTNER, PARIS

A. 6309. F.



ALL RIGHTS OF PUBLIC PERFORMANCE RESERVED.
Dr. RICHARD STRAUSS.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

This translation is not adapted to the music
for the purpose of being sung. A. K.

CHARACTERS OF THE OPERA: ARIADNE ON NAXOS

ARIADNE		Soprano . . .		
BACCHUS		Tenor		
NAIAD		High Soprano		
DRYAD		Alto		
ECHO		Soprano . . .		
ZERBINETTA	}	as Intermezzo	{	High Soprano
HARLEQUIN				Baritone . . .
SCARAMUCCIO				Tenor
TRUFFALDINO				Bass
BRIGHELLA				Tenor



ARIADNE ON NAXOS.

*Ariadne at the mouth of the cave, stretched motionless.
Naiad on the left. Dryad on the right. Echo at the back
at the wall of the Grotto.*

She sleepeth? **Naiad.**

Sleepeth she? **Dryad.**

No, she weepeth! **Naiad.**

Weepeth sleeping! **Dryad.**
Hear her moaning!

Both.
She is always thus, alas!

Naiad.
Day by day benumbed by sorrow,

Dryad.

She renews her bitter moan.

Naiad.

Fever shakes her frame anew.

Dryad.

Wounded heart that now and ever

Echo.

Now and ever.

Dryad.

Fate defiest;

All Three.

For so long her pain endureth,
That no more our senses heed it,
Than the winds that through the tree-tops
Whisper, or the rippling waves.
Use has dulled the edge of pity,
For the days — who knows their number —
Pass, and naught allays her pain.

Ariadne

(on the ground).

Where was I? Dead? Or still among the living?
Wake I to pain?
I live, but yet, ye gods, I live not truly:

Oh shattered heart, oh, cease thy bootless throbbing.

(Half rising.)

What was it then I dreamed?—Alas, forgotten!

O memory, art thou fled?

Jourdain.

This is a little monotonous, do you not find it so?

Dorante.

Hush! That is the simplicity of the Great Style, it is that that men of taste place higher than anything else.

Jourdain.

Yes, yes. I find it very pretty, but I am sorry he has not used the hunting horn.

Ariadne.

Shadows are flitting
Where one dark shadow broods:
And then a quivering light—and then the cruel pain!
Ah!

Echo.

Ah!

(Behind the scenes.)

Harlequin.

How young! how fair! How great her sorrow!

Zerbinetta.

So childlike in her form, yet grief has marred her
features!

Brighella. Truffaldino.

And hard the task, I fear to comfort her will be.

Ariadne

(paying no heed to them, continues her monologue).

A thing of beauty—"Theseus" 'twas. Ariadne
Gloried in sunlight and rejoiced in life!
Why know I aught, who fain would be forgetting?
But one thing would I find: for it is shame
To be no more myself!
I must arouse myself: yea, I must find her,
The maid that once was I.

Jourdain.

She does nothing but complain. It makes one melancholy. I wish they had lit more candles. There are surely enough in the house.

Dorante.

She is dreaming of Theseus who has deserted her.

Jourdain.

Is he coming back?

Dorante.

Hush, let us listen.

Jourdain.

I wish something more amusing would happen. I gave orders that . . .

(Rises from his seat to look for the Dancing Master).

Dorimene. Dorante.

Hush! Hush!

Ariadne.

Nay, not the name, the name has grown entwined
Close with another name, for all things soon
Are lost in other things. Alas!

Naiad. Driad. Echo.

Ariadne!

Ariadne

(with deprecating gesture).

Nay! Not again! She dwells close by alone.
And light her breath and light too is her step,
No blade of grass moves when she walks,
Gentle her sleep! at peace her mind,
Her heart is pure as crystal well:
With loving care she tends herself, for soon
The day will dawn when in her mantle's folds
She will enwrap herself, and in a shroud,
Covering her face, will gladly lay herself,
To rest among the dead.

(She dreams on.)

Harlequin

(behind the scenes).

I fear great grief has quite overthrown her mind.

Zerbinetta.

Will music soothe her pain?

Brighella. Truffaldino.

For certain, she is mad.

Ariadne

*(without turning her head, to herself, as if the last words
formed part of her dream).*

Mad—but with method. Yes! I know what blessings
To sorrowing heart relentless Fate denieth.

Zerbinetta.

Ah, charm her with your singing from her grief.

Harlequin.

Love and Hate and Hope and Terror
Every pleasure, every pain,
Human heart can bear their anguish
Once, and many a time again.

But to feel nor pain nor pleasure
In a heart that's numb and cold,
Cannot be endured—'tis anguish
Worse than death a hundredfold.

Lift thyself from out thy darkness,
Though it be to fiercer pain,
Live, and let not life dismay thee,
Wake to love and life again.

Echo

*(repeats soullessly like a bird the melody of Harlequin's
song).*

Ariadne

(still motionless, dreams on).

Zerbinetta

(half whispered—parlando).

She does not even lift her head!

Harlequin

(the same).

'Tis all in vain. It felt it as I sang.

Zerbinetta.

Pity for her sorrow quite unmans you.

Harlequin.

Never has man's or woman's lot so moved me.

Zerbinetta.

'Tis thus with every girl you see.

Harlequin.

And perhaps you are not the same with every man?

Ariadne

(to herself).

A land there is whence all uncleanness,
Is banished far—the land of death.

(Rises from the ground as she speaks.)

Here all is tainted!

Here nought is holy!

(She fold her mantle round her.)

Soon a messenger approacheth—

Hermes do the gods him call.

With his wand

He urges on the huddled souls!

Like birds that flutter,

Like leaves all faded

Drives he them on.

Thou beauteous god serene! See, Ariadne waiteth!

Ah! from every taint of passion

Purged must be the human heart.

Then with a smile thy godlike features

Towards me turning, quickly hither

Thou wilt wing thy fight, and on me

Press thy icy death-compelling hand.

In the glittering festal raiment,

Work of best loved mother's hand,

I will wrap these limbs, and lay me

In my tomb in yonder cave.

But my soul in seemly silence
Followeth its new-made lord,
Like a leaf by zephyr driven,
Followeth to the realms below.

It is thou wilt give me freedom,
Thou wilt to myself restore me.
This life and its burdens
From me thou wilt lift,
In thee shall I be lost completely,
With thee will Ariadne dwell.

The Four.

This Lady's all too much inclined
To yield to heaviness of mind.
Whate'er misfortune may befall,
In time its traces vanish all.

Love betrayed and truly grieving
Moves our compassion.
But 'tis folly past believing
To pine in this fashion.

Now striving to cheer her,
This beauteous maiden
Comes modestly near her
With all her companions.

(They dance.)

To stay thee from weeping
All other aids fail us:
Will dancing or singing
To help thee avail us?

The sun's caresses
Dry glistening tear-drops
The wanton winds
Dry glistening tear-drops.

Sad lady, to cheer thee
The beauteous maiden,
Who now standeth near thee
Did bid her companions.

Zerbinetta

(all the four continue their dance).

Behold them now dancing,
Their dainty feet gleaming
Should she not beholding
Their sweet mazy measure,
Find comfort and pleasure?

But lo! The sad lady
Her closed eye averteth,
She hears not the singing,
She sees not the dance.

(Stepping in between the four dancers.)

Go, Go! Have done! You do but give her pain.

The Four.

In vain all our dancing,
In vain all our singing,
Naught aids us in winning
Her lips to a smile.

Sad lady, to cheer thee
The beauteous maiden
Who now standeth near thee
Did bid her companions.

Zerbinetta

(forcibly dragging them away).

Then cease from your dancing,
And cease from your ceasing!
And leave us awhile.
Most gracious sovereign lady, who but knows full
well
That grief and pain of noble kingly souls like thine
Cannot be measured or be weighed by the same means
As those of common mortals. None the less,

(Approaches a step. Ariadne pays no heed.)

Are we not women, both? And in each breast
Throbs not a heart that passeth understanding?

*(Approaches still nearer, with a curtsy. Ariadne so as
not to see her, veils her face.)*

To speak of our own frailty,
Unto ourselves confess it,

Say, is't not bitter-sweet?
And do not all our senses long for it?
Alas! You will not listen,
Fair and proud you sit, and move not,
As though you were in truth the monument on
your own tomb.

And will you have no partner of your sorrows
But heartless rock and unresponsive ocean?

(Ariadne retreats to the mouth of the cave.)

Hear, gracious lady, hear my words. Not you alone,
Each woman—yea, each woman has endured it all.
What woman's heart but bleeds from wounds just
such as thine—

Deserted, outcast, and despairing!

Unnumbered are the desert islands such as this
E'en midst the throng of men. E'en I myself
Have dwelt in such—not once but many times,
And yet I have not learned to curse all mankind.

*(Ariadne retreats into the cave. Zerbinetta still addresses
his consolations to her after she is no longer visible.)*

Faithless, they are!
Wholly, unspeakably!
One fleeting day,
One night soon passed,
One breath of air,
One burning glance
Transforms their heart!
But are we women proof

Against such cruel, such entrancing magic
Of fickleness ununderstandable?

I think myself plighted for aye to one only
I deem myself steadfast, content with my lot—
When, treacherous, my heart and my senses be-
witching

A dream of sweet freedom ne'er tasted before,
A vision of secret delight of new love,
In a twinkling allures me—my vows are forgot.

Still am I true: but truth is falsehood,
My faith I keep with heart by unfaith stained—
With weights that cheat me all things are assayed.
Half knowing what I do, and half as in a dream,
At last I deceive him, yet love him right well.
Half knowing what I do, and half as in a dream,
At last I deceive him, yet love him right well.

'Twas thus with Pagliazzo,
'Twas thus with Mezzetino,
And next it was Cavicchio,
Then Burattino

Then Pasquiarello!

Yes, and at times too
Methinks there were two!

But ne'er was it fancy—

'Twas always a something
Within me, with wonder
With trembling compelled me.

Strange is woman's heart that ever,
Ever knows itself so ill.

As a god came each one towards me,
His very footsteps bereft me of speech.
When I felt his first caresses,
Captive was I of the god.
All my being suffered change.
As a god came each one towards me,
Each one made my being change,
When I felt his first caresses,
Captive was I, reft of speech,
Captive was I, reft of speech,
Captive was I, reft of speech,
When the new god came towards me
Captive was I, reft of speech.

Echo

(invisible, repeats the Rondo, but without words, ad libitum).

Harlequin

(re-enters from the wing).

Pretty sermon, but to ears that hear not!

Zerbinetta

Yes, it seems the lady and I do not speak in the
same tongue.

Harlequin.

It seems so.

Zerbinetta.

But I doubt not, she soon will learn to speak in mine.

Harlequin.

Let us wait. But what we will not await . . .

(With a bound he is close to her, attempts to embrace her.)

Zerbinetta

(frees herself).

Harlequin.

A ravishing girl, whose relationship to me should
be closer, more vital—

Zerbinetta.

Shameless! Remember I pray where you are,
Two paces from the royal lady's dwelling.

Harlequin.

Pah! Dwelling! Nothing but a cavern.

Zerbinetta.

What matters that?

Harlequin.

It matters much — a cavern hath no windows!

(Again tries to kiss her.)

Zerbinetta

(struggles energetically).

It seems that you would really venture

Harlequin.

Doubt not. I venture all things.

Zerbinetta

(eying him closely, half to herself).

To think that they are women who would like him, just because—

Harlequin.

And to think that you are from top to toe just such a woman!

Zerbinetta

(still eyeing him).

(The faces of Brighella, Scaramuccio, Truffaldino appear on the left from the wings.)

Brighella. Scaramuccio. Truffaldino.

Pst! Pst! Zerbinetta.

Zerbinetta

(has freed herself from Harlequin, runs to the front, straight on, nearly to the spectators).

Men! If Heaven really wanted us to resist them, why did it create them all so different!

(She finishes in the middle of her words with a roulade.)

Harlequin. Brighella. Scaramuccio. Truffaldino.

Try no more this moody lady
To console, 'tis labour lost'.

If all comfort she refuses,
Do not baulk her of her will.

Zerbinetta

(dances from one to the other—cajoling each one).

Brighella.

No moody youth am I
If you but smile reply.
In love and sun to bask
Is all that e'er I ask.

Scaramuccio.

In this sweet island
Are sweet recesses.
Come, let me lead thee,
I know them well.

Truffaldino

*(loutishly*amorous).*

Had I but a chariot
And of horses a pair.
Right quickly this maiden
I'd take to my lair.

Harlequin

(discreetly in the background).

What gestures alluring!
What glances endearing!
The end I await here
'Twixt hoping and fearing.

Zerbinetta.

(still dancing from one to the other).

A something compelling,
Ne'er a free fancy,
Always a marvel
Past understanding!

(The Four with Zerbinetta.)

Brighella.

I am not moody.

Harlequin.

The end I await here.

Zerbinetta

(still dancing).

'Twas thus with Pasquariello,
With Mezzetino too.

Scaramuccio.

Had I the fair one . . .

Truffaldino.

I'd know what to do.

Zerbinetta.

Then with Cavicchio
And with Burattin.

Two.

Come, let us lead you,
The end I await here.

Zerbinetta
(still dancing).

Yes—and not seldom
Two loves had I.

Two.

There are sweet recesses
I know them full well.

(As she is dancing she appears to lose a shoe. Scaramuccio with great agility seizes the shoe and kisses it. She permits him to draw it on her foot, supporting herself the while on Truffaldino, who has fallen at her feet on the other side.)

Zerbinetta.
(to Truffaldino).

See, what grace, what eagerness!
(To Scaramuccio, to whom she holds out the palm of her hand to be kissed.)

How caress repays caress!

Zerbinetta and Scaramuccio
(retreat Right and Left respectively).

Brighella
(leaps clumsily towards Zerbinetta).

Zerbinetta

(resuming her dance).

If I make this bumpkin jealous,
See how nimble, see how zealous
Round me he will dance and skip.

Brighella.

If the false jade makes me jealous,
See how nimble and how zealous
Round her I will dance and skip.

Scaramuccio

(dancing).

If the false jade makes me jealous,
See how nimble and how zealous
Round her we will dance and skip.

Truffaldino

(also dancing).

How the false jade makes them jealous,
How she makes them nimble, zealous,
Round and round her dance and skip.

(As the three turn their backs on her, Zerbinetta falls backwards into the arms of Harlequin and hurriedly disappears with him.)

Scaramuccio, Brighella and Truffaldino.

Mine the shoe!

Mine the glance!

Mine the hand!

That was the sign—

Cunningly now I must vanish: she's mine.

'Tis I am her friend, 'Tis me she expecteth,

My rivals the loveliest goddess rejecteth.

(All three slink into the wings. Immediately afterwards Scaramuccio reappears from the right, hiding his face. To himself.)

Scaramuccio.

Pst! Where is she? Where may she be?

(Looks round. Walks round the stage to the right.)

Brighella

(hiding his face. Coming from the left, softly, foolishly cunning).

(Turns to the right and runs against Scaramuccio who is returning.)

Truffaldino

(hiding his face, coming from the left hand corner at the very moment when Brighella takes the first step to the right).

Pst! Where is she? Where may she be?

(Runs against the two who are running against each other.— All three stagger to the centre of the stage.)

All Three

(each one to himself).

Accurst mischance! But no one knows me who I am!

Zerbinetta's Voice

(from the back, as if from a distance behind the cavern).

That a woman's heart should ever,
Ever know itself so ill.

Harlequin's Voice

(invisible).

What grace of form, what charm of feature.

Zerbinetta's Voice

(also invisible).

Hands that clasp and lips that kiss!

The Three.

Ai! Ai!

Harlequin's Voice.

How caress repays caress!

The Three.

Ail Ai!

Harlequin und Zerbinetta

(together invisible).

Hands that clasp and lips that kiss,
Tremulous with magic bliss!

The Three

(as they dance off sad and angry).

Ai! Ail The thief! The thief!

The Three.

The wicked, wicked, rascally thief!
Ail Ail Ail Ail

*(After the exit of the five Masks—Zerbinetta, Harlequin &c.,
the stage remains empty.)*

*(Intermezzo of the orchestra, referring to Bacchus—very
strange, mysterious. Then, almost simultaneously, Naiad,
Dryad and Echo hastily appear from the right, the left,
and the back respectively.)*

Dryad.

*(agitated). **

A beauteous marvel!

Naiad.

A radiant youth!

Dryad.

Youthful god.

Echo.

A youthful god! A youthful god!

Dryad.

And know you—

Naiad.

His name?

Dryad.

'Tis Bacchus.

Naiad.

O hear me.

Echo.

O hear me, I pray.

Dryad.

His mother died as he was born.

Naiad. Dryad.

Aroyal lady.

Dryad.

A god's beloved! A god's beloved!

Naiad.

What godlike lover's?

Echo

(with enthusiasm).

A god's beloved! A god's beloved!

Naiad

(eagerly).

What godlike lover's?

Dryad.

Lovingly—hear me—then did Nymphs of Nysa
nurture the child.

Echo

(with enthusiasm).

Nymphs did nurture the child, Nymphs did nurture
the child.

Naiad. Dryad.

Nymphs! Oh, the tender weanling divinel

Three.

Oh! that an office so sweet had been minel

Dryad.

He throve like a flame in a fostering breeze!

Naiad.

Ripening to manhood, no longer a child.

Dryad.

Quickly to sea, with his playfellows wild.

Naiad.

Setting his sails in the dead of the night.

Dryad.

He the helmsman, he the helmsman.

Naiad.

God undaunted.

Echo

(in a birdlike voice).

He the helmsman.

Dryad. Naiad.

Eager for the first adventure . . .

Echo.

He the helmsman, he the helmsman.

Dryad.

The first—and know ye what it was?

Naiad.

Circe! Circe! To her island
Steer they the ship, to her abode
Come they at night, torches to guide them

Dryad

(taking the words from her mouth).

At the threshold Circe greets him,
To the feast she leads him in,
His thirst, his hunger she allays

Naiad.

The magic potion! The magic lips!
In their sweetness peril hidden.

Dryad

(in tones of triumph).

Then by her the god is bidden,
Striving with her spells to charm him,
Lowly at her feet to kneel:
But her magic cannot harm him,
None but beasts her power feel.

All Three.

All her magic cannot harm him,
None but beasts her power feel!

Dryad.

From her arms unchanged he flieth,
To her arts he pays no heed,
Passionless her wiles defieth,
Stands revealed, a god indeed.

Dryad. Echo. Naiad.

Passionless her wiles defieth,
Stands revealed, a god indeed.

Echo

(ecstatically, in a birdlike voice).

All unchanged!

Naiad. Dryad

(at the entrance of the cave).

Ariadne!

Naiad.

Sleeps she?

Dryad.

Sleeps she?

Naiad.

No, she hears us!

Echo.

All unchanged!

Dryad

(speaking to Ariadne).

A radiant marvell

Naiad.

A god, yet a boy!

Dryad

(still turned towards the cave).

Yesterday still guest of Circe,
Feasting, by her side reclining,
Sipping of the magic wine . . .

Echo.

All unchanged! All unchanged!

Naiad.

Sojourns he with us to-day.

Dryad.

Hearst thou?

Naiad.

Hearst thou?

Both

(softly).

Ariadne.

(The voice of Bacchus is heard. At the same moment, as if drawn by irresistible magic, Ariadne emerges from the cave listening. The three nymphs, also listening retire to the two sides and to the back respectively.)

Bacchus

(young—mysterious—dreamy).

Circe, canst thou, distant, hear me?
Me thy magic could not touch,
But who is wholly thine, I fear me,
Through thee must suffer much.

Circe, I had power to escape thee.
See, I can yet smile, at peace.
What ill was in thy mind, enchantress,
To wreak on me?

Ariadne

(while he is singing, to herself, very softly).

As light through clouds of sorrow.
It melts my ancient pain: it shines like sunlight on
my heart.

Naiad. Dryad. Echo

(softly, timidly).

Pause not, pause not, voice enchanting;
Sing on, mystic songster, sadly:
Lamentation so melodious,
Who but hears its cadence gladly?

The voice of Bacchus

(melancholy—sweetly).

But since no change I suffered,
Since I feared not thy caress,
Why are thus my heart, my senses
Weighed down with heaviness?

I faint as a beast of the forest,
Numbed by some venom's pain:
Must then their fate befall me,
Though Circe's arts were vain?

Ariadne

(as before).

O messenger of death! How sweet thy singing
That bringest peace and healest souls in sorrow!

Naiad. Dryad. Echo

(as her voice seems to die down. Softly).

Pause not, pause not, voice enchanting.
Sing on, mystic songster, sadly:
Lamentation so melodious,
Who but hears its cadence gladly?

Bacchus

(with a sound as of playful scorn, a little nearer).

Circe, I had power to escape thee.
See, I can yet smile at peace.
What ill was in thy mind, enchantress,
To wreak on me?

Ariadne

*(together with him, and with closed eyes, and with hands
uplifted in the direction whence his voice seems to come).*

Oh give not gifts so lavish
Of joy of death and darkness
To my distracted sense!
End thou my weary waiting,
Take me hence!

Zerbinetta

(enters hurriedly with a deep curtsey to Ariadne).

Great lady! Say what guerdon for good tidings
have I earned!

A man dwells in this isle—nay more—a god!
A marvel dwelleth here beyond compare!
He fareth forth, and soon from yonder hill
Descending to this cave will wend his way!
And then—he is a man—and what a man!
And yet, not hard as they, nor rude as others are—
Cheeks like a girl, and eyes of timid doe.
To gaze at him, to follow in his steps,
No sweeter pleasure woman e'er could know.
O rapture! but in secret to observe him!
No mortal walked e'er thus: as poised in flight
He floats from spot to spot: with arms uplifted,
He laughs, as laughs a boy—a child.
He seems a youngling doe,
Affrighted on a mountain wild.

Is he the same that sudden pricks his ear,
When something rustles in the branches near,
Gathering his limbs together for a spring,
Strong with such strength as all men wonder at,
With panther's stealthy speed to hurl him at his prey?
Ah! All things stir and crowd to cross his path,
Yearning by such a foeman to be captured,
And in his arms' relentless clasp to die enraptured.

Ariadne

(mysteriously).

He comes to me!

Zerbinetta.

Hush! She is as entranced!

(They adorn Ariadne who is passive, half unconscious.)

Small wonder if she heard the great god singing.

And yet his form she has not seen!

The fillets quickly bring, and bring her mantle too!

Sandals to tie upon her beauteous feet!

Can you not feel it? He is near!

Doth not foreknowledge what must happen lend you
wings?

Ariadne

(tenderly).

Now am I robed for death. There is my grave.
My dearest mother! Now fares Ariadne forth from
hence.

(Sounds of approaching footsteps growing louder. Bacchus appears.)

(Ariadne in wildest terror covers her face with her hands.)

Theseus!

(Then bowing her head quickly.)

No, no! It is the beauteous peaceful god!

All hail to thee! Thou herald of the immortals!

(Zerbinetta, Naiad, Dryad, Echo have by now, after making deep obeisance retired in various directions.)

Bacchus

(quite young—in the tenderest accents.)

O loveliest being! Art thou the goddess of this
island?

And is this cavern thy abode? And are these maidens
thy attendants?

And sing'st thou, as thou spinnest, songs of magic?
Dost take the stranger to thy cave

And by his side recline

And at the feast allay his thirst with magic draught,
And whoso yields himself to thee, dost change his
shape?

Woe! Art thou a magician, such as she?

Ariadne.

I know not what thou sayest,

Is it thy will to put me to the test?

My mind is mazed from pining long uncomforted!

Here do I dwell and wait thy coming, wait thy
coming, Lord,

Through many a weary day and night, alas! How
long I know not.

Bacchus.

What? Knowest thou me? Didst thou hear tell
of me ere this?

Was it not thou that called me by my name?

Ariadne.

No! No! Thou art not he.

My mind is soon misled.

Ariadne

(with suppressed terror).

How comes the change from life to death? Dost
smite us
With magic wand? Or is't a draught that lulls
Our senses all to sleep? Thou spakest of a draught?

Bacchus

(absorbed in contemplation).

Spake I then of a draught?
I have forgot.

Ariadne

(nods).

It is thus in the land, to which thou guid'st me!
Who dwelleth there forgetteth all full soon.
And, quick as thought, nor breath nor speech remain,
There is repose that knoweth not any end;
For none are weary there with weeping.
All have forgot the things that caused them sorrow:
There all is nought that here had might, I know.

(She closes her eyes.)

Bacchus

(deeply moved, with unconscious solemnity).

As I am a god, begot by a god?
As thunder and lightning my mother destroyed
When, clad in his glory my father approached her—

As I could dread Circe's magic defy,
Secure in my godhead, since blood of mortals
Flows not in my veins, filled with balsam and aether—
So hear then, mortal, that looks't on me,
So hear me, thou that cravest death.
Far sooner will perish the stars in the heavens,
Than I will cause thee death or destruction.

Ariadne

(retreating, awed, from the majesty of his tones):

Ah, how mighty is thy magic! Woe! So soon!
Now there is no return. Giv'st thou oblivion
So soon? As quick as thought
Do all things leave me?
Leave me thus?
The heavens? The sunlight?
And I myself?
Is all my sorrow's weight for ever, ever,
Gone from me? Ah!

(Fainting.)

Dies all of Ariadne but a breath?

(She sinks down, he supports her.)

Bacchus

(with deep emotion rather than loud).

I say to thee, now first doth life in truth begin
For thee and me.

(He kisses her.)

How could it come to pass?
My very cave is fair—with roof
Arched o'er a sacred altar—
A couch so soft for blissful dreams.
How wond'rous, wond'rous is thy power to change.

Bacchus.

Thou! All is thou!
I am quite other than I was,
The power of godhood awakes in me;
Fierce longing quite thy soul to capture
Stirs all my limbs with rapture divine!
The cavern, then! Behold! The cavern of thy sorrows
Be it a roof to shelter our great joy!

*(A sudden gust of wind carries him and Ariadne with
him, quickly, to the mouth of the cave.)*

Ariadne

*(hanging on his arm. They are both still visible at the
mouth of the cave).*

What is it that hangs
Thus on my arm?
What secret was it
That thus thy wooing
From me that perish,
Could win for thy own?
Doth aught of Ariadne still remain?
Let not my sorrow be for ever lost!

*(Vine leaves and ivy fall from heaven to cover them both.
The sound of their voices is still heard.)*

Ariadne's Voice.

Let not my sorrow wholly perish!
With thee let Ariadne be!

(Repeated thrice.)

Bacchus' Voice.

Thee I needed since first I had sense!
Now am I other than erstwhile I was!
Through thy sorrow am I rich,
Now thrills all my being with rapture divine!
Far sooner will perish the stars in the heavens,
Than I will cause thee death or destruction.

(Zerbinetta, Harlequin, Scaramuccio, Truffaldino and Brighella, also the Naiad, the Dryad and Echo have come on to the stage from different sides: at first they stand still, listening.)

(After the last words of Bacchus, while it is quite dark, Dorante and Dorimène have silently left their seats. When the lights are lit again, Jourdain discovers with astonishment that the seats by his side are empty.)

(As the two voices die down, Zerbinetta springs to the front and in tones of ironical triumph repeats her Rondo.)

Zerbinetta.

When the new god came towards me,
Captive was I, reft of speech,
When I felt his first caresses,
Captive was I of the god.

As a god came each one towards me,
Each one made my being change.

(She gives her hand to Harlequin and the others do likewise, two by two. Zerbinetta sings and dances with her partner.)

'Twas thus with Pagliazzo,
(a curtsy)

'Twas thus with Mezzettin!
(a curtsy)

Then with Cavicchio,
And then Burattin!
(a curtsy)

But ne'er was it fancy,
'Twas always a something
Within me, with wonder,
With trembling compelled me.
Strange is woman's heart that ever,
Ever knows itself so ill.

(All join in, singing and dancing. Dancing and singing they disappear.)

(After the characters in the play have disappeared, dancing, through the door on the left, Jourdain stands disconcerted at the departure of his guests.)

First Footman

(Comes up to him and says something to him softly, while the music is still going on. He tells him that the lady and gentleman have gone out by the door on the right).

Jourdain

(makes a deep bow in the direction of the door).

Second Footman.

Shall the fireworks take place all the same?

Jourdain

(pays no attention to him, speaks to himself in a brown study).

Everybody is reproaching me for my intercourse with great nobles—and I, I find nothing more pleasing than that. Your great noble has a certain decency, and certain easy courtesy beyond comparison. I wish, it had cost me a few fingers of either hand, that I had been a Count or a Marquis by birth and had got that certain Something with my mother's milk with which they know how to give the Great Air to all that they do.

End.

ARIADNE ON NAXOS

OPERA IN ONE ACT BY

HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL

TO BE PERFORMED AFTER

„LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME“
 OF MOLIÈRE

(“THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN”)

MUSIC BY

RICHARD STRAUSS

OPUS 60

	net cash sh
Vocal score with German words (O. Singer) paper cover	20/-
Ditto cloth	22/-
Piano score with German words above (O. Singer) paper cover	16/-
Ditto cloth	18/-

Separate numbers for Voice and Piano with German words.

„Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.“	
No. 1. Ariette: „Du Venus' Sohn.“ Soprano	1/-
No. 2. Shepherd's Duet: „Kennst du ewig nichts als Kälte.“ Soprano and Alto	2/-
Ariadne on Naxos.	
No. 3. Monologue of Ariadne: „Es gibt ein Reich, wo alles rein ist.“ Soprano	2/6
No. 4. Recitativo and Air of Zerbinetta: „Großmächtige Prinzessin.“ High Soprano	5/-
No. 5. Duet: (Ariadne and Bacchus) „Ich grüße dich, du Bote aller Boten!“ Soprano and Tenor	6/-

Separate numbers and arrangements for Piano, Piano at 4 hands, Violin solo, Violin and Piano and Flute and Piano.

„Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.“	
Overture to 1 st Act. For Piano	1/8
Ariette. For Piano	1/-
Ditto. For Violin solo	-/8
Ditto. For Violin and Piano	1/3
Ditto. For Flute and Piano	1/3

	net cash sh
Minuet. For Piano	1/-
Ditto. For Piano at 4 hands	1/8
Ditto. For Violin solo	-/8
Ditto. For Violin and Piano	1/8
Ditto. For Flute and Piano	1/8
Dance of the first tailor. For Piano	1/8
Ditto. For Violin solo	-/10
Ditto. For Violin and Piano	2/-
Ditto. For Flute and Piano	2/-
Introduction to 2nd Act. For Piano	1/8
Ditto. For Piano at 4 hands	2/-
Ditto. For Violin solo	-/10
Ditto. For Violin and Piano	2/-
Ditto. For Flute and Piano	2/-
The Dinner. For Piano	3/-
Selection	3/-

Ariadne on Naxos.

Overture. For Piano	1/3
Ditto. For Piano at 4 hands	1/8
1st Dance Scene (Zerbinetta and her 4 lovers). For Piano	2/-
2nd Dance Scene (Zerbinetta and her 4 lovers). For Piano	1/8
Terzetto. For Piano	1/8
Ditto. For Piano at 4 hands	2/-
Ditto. For Violin solo	-/8
Ditto. For Violin and Piano	1/8
Selection	3/-
Book of words. German	1/-
Ditto. English (Ariadne only)	1/-

A Guide to the work by Dr. Leopold Schmidt. With musical examples and Facsimile of a manuscript page of the original Orchestra Score. German 1/-

THE ROSE-BEARER

(DER ROSENKAVALIER)

COMEDY WITH MUSIC IN THREE ACTS BY
HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL

MUSIC BY
RICHARD STRAUSS

OPUS 59

		<i>sh</i>
Vocal Score with German words (Otto Singer)	paper cover	net cash 24/-
Ditto	cloth	" " 26/-
Vocal Score with German and English words, simplified edition by Carl Besl	paper cover	" " 24/-
Ditto	cloth	" " 26/-
Vocal Score with French words (Otto Singer)	paper cover	" " 24/-
Ditto	cloth	" " 26/-
Vocal Score with Italian words (Otto Singer)	paper cover	" " 24/-
Piano Score with German and English Text underneath (Otto Singer)	paper cover	" " 16/-
Ditto	cloth	" " 18/-

Separate numbers for Voice and Piano.

No. 1. Arie des Tenors (I. Akt) „Di rigori armato il seno“	" "	1/-
No. 2. Monolog der Marschallin (I. Akt) „Kann mich auch an ein Mädcl erinnern“ — “I remember a girl”	" "	2/-
No. 3. Schlußduett (I. Akt) (Marschallin—Oktavian) „Die Zeit, die ist ein sonderbar Ding“ — “And time, how strangely goes its ways”	" "	3/-
No. 4. Ankunnit des Rosenkavaliers und Überreichung der silbernen Rose. Duett (II. Akt) (Oktavian—Sophie) „Mir ist die Ehre wider- fahren“ — “I am much honour'd by my mission”	" "	3/-
No. 5. Duett (II. Akt) (Oktavian—Sophie) „Mit ihren Augen voll Tränen“ — “With tear dimmed eyes all affrighted”	" "	2/-
No. 6. Terzett (III. Akt) (Sophie—Marschallin—Oktavian) „Hab' mir's ge- lobt, ihn lieb zu haben“ — “I made a vow to love him rightly”	" "	3/-
No. 7. Schlußduett (III. Akt) (Sophie—Oktavian) „Ist ein Traum, kann nicht wirklich sein“ — “'Tis a dream, tell me, is it true”	" "	1/6

Book of words. German	" "	1/-
Ditto. Bohemian	" "	1/-
Ditto. English	" "	1/-
Ditto. French	" "	1/3
Ditto. Italian	" "	-10d
Ditto. Hungarian	" "	1/-

A Guide to the work by Alfred Schattmann

with musical examples and Facsimile of a manuscript page of the
original Orchestra Score. German

Ditto. English	" "	1/-
Ditto. French	" "	1/3
Ditto. Italian	" "	1/3

Sole Agents for Great Britain, the Colonies and the United States of America:

CHAPPELL & CO. LTD, 50, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.

NEW YORK, TORONTO, AND MELBOURNE,

and may be had of all music sellers.

THE ROSE-BEARER

(DER ROSENKAVALIER)

COMEDY WITH MUSIC IN THREE ACTS BY
HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL

MUSIC BY
RICHARD STRAUSS

OPUS 59

Waltz for Piano (Otto Singer) containing the best Waltz themes		sh
	net cash	
from the opera		2/-
Ditto for Piano for 4 hands	" "	3/-
Ditto for 2 Pianos for 4 hands (complete)	" "	4/-
Ditto for Violin and Piano	" "	3/-
Ditto for Violin solo	" "	1/-
Ditto for Flute and Piano	" "	3/-
Ditto for Mandoline solo	" "	1/-
Ditto for Mandoline and Piano	" "	2/6
Ditto for 2 Mandolines	" "	1/6
Ditto for 2 Mandolines and Piano	" "	3/-
Ditto for full Orchestra	" "	8/-
Ditto for Salon-Orchestra	" "	5/-
Ditto for Parisian-Orchestra	" "	3/-
Ditto for Military Band (Infanterie-Musik)	" "	8/-
Ditto for Brass Band (Kavallerie-Musik)	" "	5/-
Ditto for Brass Band (Jäger-Musik)	" "	6/-
Ditto for English Military Band	" "	6/-
Dancing Waltz for Piano	" "	1/6
Ditto for Cither $\frac{3}{4}$	" "	1/6
Ditto for Cither $\frac{2}{4}$	" "	1/6
Ditto for full Orchestra	" "	2/-
Ditto for Salon-Orchestra	" "	2/-
Ditto for small Orchestra	" "	1/-
Ditto for Parisian Orchestra	" "	1/8
Prelude to the 1st Act for Piano	" "	2/-
Ditto for Piano for 4 hands	" "	3/-
Breakfast Scene (Act I) for Piano	" "	1/6
Ditto for Piano for 4 hands	" "	2/6
Ditto (Intermezzo) for Violin and Piano	" "	1/6
Ditto for Violin solo	" "	1/-
Ditto for Flute and Piano	" "	1/6
Nachklänge (Fantasie) for Piano (O. Neitzel)	" "	3/-
Suite for Piano	" "	3/-
Ditto for full Orchestra	" "	8/-
Ditto for Salon-Orchestra	" "	4/-
Ditto for small Orchestra	" "	4/-
Ditto for Parisian Orchestra	" "	3/-
Ditto for Military Band (Infanterie-Musik)	" "	8/-
Ditto for Brass Band (Kavallerie-Musik)	" "	5/-
Ditto for Brass Band (Jäger-Musik)	" "	6/-
Ditto for English Military Band	" "	15/-
Scene of Ochs von Lerchenau (II. Act), by composer	" "	1/6
Walzerfolgen of III. Act, by composer	" "	2/-

Sole Agents for Great Britain, the Colonies and the United States of America:

CHAPPELL & CO. LTD, 50, New Bond Street, **LONDON, W.**

NEW YORK, TORONTO, AND MELBOURNE,

and may be had of all music sellers.

FEUERSNOT

(BELTANE FIRE)

AN OPERA IN ONE ACT

The Poem by *Ernst von Wolzogen* — The English Text by *William Wallace*

MUSIC BY

RICHARD STRAUSS

VOCAL SCORE with German words (O. Singer)	paper cover	sh 16/- net
Ditto	cloth	sh 18/- net
VOCAL SCORE with English words (O. Singer)	paper cover	sh 16/- net
Ditto	cloth	sh 18/- net
VOCAL SCORE with French words (O. Singer)	paper cover	sh 16/- net
PIANO SCORE with German Text underneath (O. Singer)	paper cover	sh 12/- net
Ditto	cloth	sh 14/- net
LIEBESSCENE (Scene of Love) for Orchestra		
Ditto, for Military Band		sh 12/- net
Ditto, for Piano solo		sh 1/7 net
Ditto, for Piano at 4 hands		sh 2/7 net
POTPOURRI (Selection) for Piano solo		sh 3/- net
Ditto, for Orchestra		sh 10/- net
Ditto, for small Orchestra		sh 4/- net
Ditto, for Parisian Orchestra		sh 3/2 net
WALZER (Waltz) for Piano solo		sh 2/- net
LIEBESDUETT (Diemut, Kunrad) for voice and Piano with German words		sh 5/- net
Ditto with French words		sh 5/- net
ANSPRACHE DES KUNRAD, for voice and Piano with German words		sh 3/- net
Ditto, with French words		sh 3/- net
SZENE DES KUNRAD for voice and Piano with German words		sh 2/6 net
Ditto, with French words		sh 2/6 net
BOOK OF WORDS. German		sh -10 d net
Ditto French		sh 1/2 net
Ditto English		sh 1/- net

GUNTRAM

IN THREE ACTS BY

RICHARD STRAUSS

VOCAL SCORE with German words (O. Singer)	paper cover	sh 20/- net
Ditto	cloth	sh 22/- net
VOCAL SCORE with French words (O. Singer)	paper cover	sh 20/- net
PIANO SCORE with German text underneath (O. Singer), paper cover		sh 12/- net
Ditto	cloth	sh 14/- net
VORSPIEL ZUM I. AUFZUG (Prelude to the 1st act) for Orchestra		
Ditto, for Piano		sh 1/7 net
Ditto, for Piano at four Hands		sh 2/- net
Ditto, for 2 Pianos at four Hands, complete		sh 4/- net
VORSPIEL ZUM 2. AUFZUG (Prelude to the 2nd act) for Orchestra		
Ditto, for Piano		sh 1/7 net
Ditto, for Piano at four Hands		sh 2/- net
Ditto, for 2 Pianos at four Hands, complete		sh 4/- net
FRIEDENSERZÄHLUNG (Guntram) for voice and Piano		sh 2/- net
SCHLUSS-SCENE (Guntram) for voice and Piano		sh 2/- net
BOOK OF WORDS. German		sh -10 net
Ditto. French		

SALOME

MUSIC DRAMA IN ONE ACT AFTER OSCAR WILDE'S POEM

MUSIC BY

RICHARD STRAUSS

VOCAL SCORE with German and English words (O. Singer) paper cover	sh 16/- net
Ditto cloth	sh 18/- net
VOCAL SCORE with French and Italian words (O. Singer) paper cover	sh 16/- net
VOCAL SCORE with French words	sh 16/- net
Ditto cloth	sh 18/- net
PIANO SCORE with German and English text underneath (O. Taubmann) paper cover	sh 16/- net
Ditto cloth	sh 18/- net
PIANO SCORE with French and Italian text underneath . paper cover	sh 16/- net
Ditto cloth	sh 18/- net
PIANO SCORE at four hands, with German and French text under- neath (O. Taubmann) paper cover	sh 20/- net
SALOME'S DANCE for Orchestra	
SALOME'S DANCE for English or foreign Military Band	sh 24/- net
SALOME'S DANCE for Piano solo	sh 3/- net
SALOME'S DANCE for Piano at four hands	sh 5/- net
SALOME'S DANCE for Two Pianos at four hands	sh 8/- net
FANTASIE (Selection) for Orchestra	sh 20/- net
Ditto, for small Orchestra	sh 6/- net
Ditto, for Parisian Orchestra	sh 4/- net
Ditto, for Piano Solo	sh 4/- net
SOLO SCENE OF SALOME for Voice and Piano with German words	sh 5/- net
SOLO SCENE OF SALOME for Voice and Piano with French and Italian words	sh 5/- net
BOOK OF WORDS. German	sh-10d net
Ditto German with motives	sh 1/- net
Ditto German and English	sh 1/6 net
Ditto French	sh 1/3 net
Ditto Italian	sh-10d net
Ditto Swedish	sh-10d net
GUIDE THROUGH THE OPERA (O. Roese) with musical examples and Facsimile of a manuscript page of the original Orchestra Score	sh 1/- net

CHR. W. VON GLUCK:

IPHIGENIE AUF TAURIS

OPERA IN THREE ACTS

Translated new and prepared for the German stage

by

RICHARD STRAUSS

VOCAL SCORE with German words paper cover	sh 3/-
Ditto cloth	sh 6/6
BOOK OF WORDS. German	sh -16 net

ELEKTRA

TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT
 BY

HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL

English version by *Alfred Kalisch*

MUSIC BY

RICHARD STRAUSS

VOCAL SCORE with German words (O. Singer)	paper cover	sh 20/- net
Ditto	cloth	sh 22/- net
VOCAL SCORE with German and English words (C. Besl) paper cover		sh 20/- net
Ditto	cloth	sh 22/- net
VOCAL SCORE with Italian and French words (O. Singer) paper cover		sh 20/- net
PIANO SCORE with German text underneath (O. Taubmann)	paper cover	sh 16/- net
Ditto	cloth	sh 18/- net

Single numbers for VOICE and PIANO with German words:

No. 1. SOLO-SCENE DER ELEKTRA: Allein! weh', ganz allein!	sh 5/- net
No. 2. GESANG DER CHRYSOTHEMIS: Ich hab's wie Feuer in der Brust	sh 3/- net
No. 3. GESANG DER ELEKTRA: Wie stark du bist	sh 3/- net
No. 4. GROSSES DUETT (Elektra, Orest): Was willst du, fremder Mensch	sh 6/- net
No. 5. GESANG DER ELEKTRA aus dem Duett mit Orest: O, laß deine Augen mich seh'n	sh 2/- net
No. 6. GROSSER SCHLUSSGESANG von Elektra und Chrysothemis (Duett): Elektra, Schwester, komm mit uns	sh 5/- net

FOR PIANO:

SELECTION	sh 3/- net
BOOK OF WORDS. German	sh 1/- net
Ditto English	sh 1/- net
Ditto French	sh 1/3 net
Ditto Italian	sh -10 d net
Ditto Bohemian	sh -10 d net
Ditto Hungarian	sh -10 d net

GUIDE THROUGH THE OPERA (O. Röse and J. Prüwer) with musical examples; also containing a reproduction from the MS. full score	
In German	sh 1/- net
In English	sh 1/- net
In Italian	sh -10 d net

