TRANSLATING WAGNER
A MULTIMODAL STYLISTIC CHALLENGE

A TRANSLATION AND COMMENTARY

A practice based thesis in two volumes
Volume 2 Practical Component
English Translations of Richard Wagner's 'Die Walküre' and 'Götterdämmerung' from 'Der Ring des Nibelungen'

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Translation of Richard Wagner’s Die Walküre (the first day of the Ring of the Nibelung) set to the vocal melody.

The Valkyrie
The Valkyrie Act I scene 1

Inside a dwelling built around the trunk of a mighty ash-tree. In the foreground, a hearth, behind it a storeroom. In the background, a large entrance-door. A table with a broad bench fastened to the wall and wooden stools.

An empty stage; outside a storm begins to abate. Siegmund enters. He looks around the room; he is exhausted; his clothing and appearance proclaim him a fugitive. He walks, with the great effort, to the hearth, and lies down.

Sieglinde

Siegmund

A hearth and a fire, here I can shelter.

Who can this be? I must look closer.

Who found this house? Who lies on our hearth?

Tired he lies there, from journey's toil.

Is it but weariness, or something worse?

How softly he's breathing, how blissful his slumber.

Fearless, that's how he looks, yet he's faint and worn.

I'll draw some water.

A drink! A drink!

Cool refreshment will quicken your spirit:

Siegl.
wa-ter, just as you wished.

Cool-ing re-lief you brought in that cup, my

wear-y load, once more is light: re-stored to new-life, my

eyes en-joy a sight of sweet-est de-light. Who

then, re-stored me to life?

house and this wife call Hund-ing mas-ter,

stran-ger, stay here and rest, tar-ry, un-til he comes!

Wea-pon-less am I: a wound-ed guest is no

Oh let me tend to your wounds!

threat to your hus-band.

They're small scratch-es, they soon shall be healed; my

bo-dy is whole, I've bro-ken no
Sieg.

bones. Had my spear and shield had the

strength, half the strength that my

arm has, I would never have fled, but they

shattered my spear and shield.

The fiendish horde came hard on my heels, the raging storm

struck at my soul; yet faster than I was fleeing,

flees my faintness away. Darkness of

night cloaked my sight; but daylight smiles now a-

This sweet-hon-eyed mead is spiced with herbs,

may it not be refused.

First must you take a
For a mis-fortune man you cared:

May mis-fortune stay far from you!

My tired body feels strength return.

Now I'll go on my way.

Who then follows, that you must flee?

Ill fortune follows fast in my footsteps;

stalks me, soon it will strike me.

To you, though, may it not come! That's why I leave your

Then bide with me! You'll bring no ill fortune

house. piu lento

here for ill fortune's home, is mine!
He leans against the hearth: his gaze
calmly and with growing sympathy rests
on Sieglinde: she slowly raises her eyes to his
and both gaze at each other in long silence with a
look of great emotion in their eyes.
Act I scene 2

Sieglinde is suddenly startled. She listens, and hears Hunding outside, leading his horse to the stable. She goes quickly to the door and opens it. Hunding, armed with shield and spear, enters, and pauses at the threshold on noticing Siegmund. He turns to Sieglinde with a glance of stern inquiry.

Sieglinde answering Hunding’s look

Hunding takes off his weapons and gives them to Sieglinde.
Sieglinde hangs the weapons on branches of the ash tree, then brings food and drink from the store room and prepares the table for an evening meal. Unable to stop herself, she stares at Siegmund again. How great is their
Hun.

like-ness! A glist-en-ing snake glim-mers bright in his

glan-ces. He hides his surprise and turns nonchalantly to Siegmund

What rea-

Hun.

so takes you this way? You rode no horse to reach our house:

your trou-bled path has brought you much pain!

Through field and for-est, mead-ow and

moor, driven by storm and star-kest

need, I can’t say the way that I came. Where it has led me,

wan-der-ing blind-ly, could I now learn this from you?

Hun.

This

roof, these walls, this wel-come room, Hund-ing calls his

home; west-ward from here, if you wend your way, are

hand-some halls, hous-ing my kins-men, where

Hund-ing’s hon-our is guard-ed. Will you tell me, your

name? It’s my right, as host, to be told.
Though you fear to tell it to me, my wife then
let her hear it: see, how longing-ly she waits.

Guest, won't you please say your name. Siegmund gazes into her eyes and begins very seriously

"Peace-ful" no one could call me; "Joy-ful": Oh to be
him! I'm "Woe-ful", that's what I name me.

Wolf was my worth-y fa-ther; his two children were twins, my be-
lov-èd sis-ter and I. Soon sib-ling and
mo-ther were lost. My mo-ther's touch, and my sis-ter and twin,
scarce did I know them at all.

Wolf was a val-iant war-rior; his foes were fear-some and wild.
The boy and father would bravingly go hunt-ing:

wear-y and worn, one day they came home, their hall was

laid to waste. The foe had burned their

beau-ti-ful hall, de-stroyed the oak tree's blossoming
stem. They'd slaughter my mother, murdered she lay; for signs of my sister I searched in vain. We knew who struck the blow: the Neidings who sought revenge. We fled together, father and son;

Wolf I grew strong and wise:

manya a raid was made by our foe, but mghty warriors the wolf-pair made. A Wolf-cub tells you this tale, who as "Wolf-ling" many have known.

Strange and astound-ing stories, tells our intrepid guest, "Woe-ful" the "Wolf-cub"!

I know of this warrior pair who led a wild existence; though "Wolf" and his "Wolf-cub", I
Wolf your father, near?

With force they hunted us down, fiercely the Neidings attacked: the hunters fought but fell to the wolf-pair, or fled through the woods chased by us wolves. Like straw, we scattered the foe.

But I, from my father was torn; and his tracks, I lost them, though long I did seek them: when I found his wolf skin deep in the woods, all empty it lay, and father's fate, unknown. Then the woods drove me away: I drifted where men were, and women.

But where I went, I did not find either a friend nor woman's love, ev'rywhere I was an
out-cast: evil fol-lowed me. And all that I thought
right, oth-ers thought of as wrong: and all that I thought
true, oth-ers told me was false. A feud I
found wher-ev-er I fared, strife came wher-ev-er I strayed;
I sought out plea-sure, found on-ly pain: my name must be
"Woe-ful", al-ways, for woe lives ev-er in me.
What mis-fortune fate has de-creed, the
Norn denies you love! None will greet you with joy, when
Fear-less hearts feel no threat from
you as guest ar-rive.
wea-pon-less wound-ed foes!
Tell us more, guest, tell of the
fight where late your wea-poms were lost.
Sieg.

anguish, a girl called for my aid; her kinsmen wanted to

make her marry a man that the maid could not love. I, at her
cry, came to her aid; the fearless

foe fought with their might, but fell before my sword.

There cold as clay lay her brothers: their corpses, she

clasped in her arms, then heartache banished her

hate. With dread and desp'rate tears she drenched the dy'ing and

dead: for the death of her dearest brothers,
sorrowed the ill-fated bride.

Then her brother's kinsmen struck out again: countless warriors

cried for revenge on me; round me they

stood, all raging with anger.

Meanwhile, the maid mourned for the dead: my shield and

spear sheltered her life, till spear and shield
were hacked from my hands.

wounded I stood there, watching her as she died:

fled then the furious foe; on the corpses,

turning to Sieglinde with a look of poignant affection.

now you must know, that I'm not “Peaceful” nor

"Joyful"!

I know a barbarous race, our

holiest laws they do not heed: they're

hated by all and by me.

A voice cried out to take

vengeance, blood needed spill ing for brothers' blood:

I rode quickly but came there too late; but the

fiend that fled my kin; in Hunding's house, now I find!
She turns slowly towards the store room. She opens the cupboard, fills a drinking horn and shakes some spices into it from a box. She then meet Siegmund’s gaze. She realises Hunding is watching her and goes into the bedroom.

On the steps she turns once again and looks longingly at Siegmund and indicates persistently and with meaningful intent with her eyes, a particular spot in the ash tree’s trunk.

Hunding drives her from the room. With a last look at Siegmund, she goes and closes the door behind her.

Taking his weapons from the tree trunk

With

As he goes he turns to Siegmund

You Wolf-cub meet me to-

He goes, locking the door.

mor-row; my words, you have heard, arm your-self well.
Act 1 scene 3

Sieglinde

Siegmund

25

29

36

32

39

42

45

48

53

Act 1 scene 3

Sieglinde

Siegmund

21

A sword was pledged by my father, I'd

find it when pressed to fight.

Sword-less I fell, in the foe-man's hands in his

house I'm held hostage to wrath, his

wife stood there, wondrous and fair:

sweetest terror seized my heart, that

woman ensnared my soul and her smile still pierces my

heart; like a slave she's held by this man, who

mocks my weapon-less hand!

Wälse! Father!

Where is your sword? The sturdy sword, that will strike at
Hagen: branchishing rage that my breast keeps brid led, and

The fire collapses; bright ray of light strikes the ash-tree's

tank where a sword-hilt is clearly visible.

heart still hides. What glints there near the

glowing fire, like a star caught in the ash-tree's stem?

The blind man's eyes are lit by its blaze, glinting

gladly and bright.

How that spark of light in-
spires my heart! Is it the glowing gaze of that

maid, which still lingers to lighten the dark, though she has

gone away? Darkening shadows shrouded my

eyes, but that glancing flash fired my soul:

warm and winning my heart.

Sacred warmth lent the sun's bright rays; my
face was a-glow in its heaven-ly gleam,
moun-tains it sank. And on me, as it went,
glowed the eve-nig's soft warmth; and the an- cient
ash-tree's trunk then glist-ened and glowed like gold:
its flush has fad-ed, its light sunk low;
night's deep'ning shad-ows shroud me in dark-ness:
deep in my hid-den heart there flick-ers a dim, dy-ing flame.

The fire has burnt out; complete darkness. Are you a-sleep?
Who steals this way?
I do: heed to my words! In deep-est sleep lies Hund-ing; I
gave him a drug in his drink. Haste__
from this house, save your life!

You, bring me to

There’s a weapon here that’s been waiting; a

life!

sword for you to win! A noble hero

then I shall name you: for the strongest all-

one master’s its steel. Now heed me well,

this is what happened! My husband’s

kinsmen came at his call, to

wit ness his wedding day nuptials: he
wedded a girl against her

will that swindlers had sold him to wife. Sad, I

sat there, while they were supping; a

stranger slipped in the house: an

old man dressed all in grey; his hat hanging

low, so one of his eyes was hidden: but the

other flashed, awful and fright'ning, as the

men met his menacing glance: I alone

found in those glances sweet sorrow and pain,
sadness and solace, both. His glance warmed me; he glared at them coldly, then he swung his powerful sword and struck it deep in the ash-tree’s stem, to its hilt, hidden it lies: to one man the sword is fated, he who can set it free. Though many tried it, the brave and the mighty, not one has pulled out the sword: Guests were coming and guests were going, the
strongest pulled on the steel, from its place the
blade would not stir: there waits in silence the
sword. I knew then who he was, came to
greet me in my grief; I know now, who a lone can
take the sword from the tree. O might__
_____yoube him the man of my hopes; come from a-
far, who will change my fate? And all I have
suffered and all my distress, yes all of the
slights, the scandal and shame,_______ all_______will be
paid for, I will have vengeance! I'll find all that I feared I had lost, and win for my-self.

all I have wept for; if I have found you my friend; and hold my hero in my arms.

Yes, happiest maid, I am that man, who weap-on and woman claim! Bright in my heart burns now a vow that ever binds me to you. For all that I sought I see here in you; in you lives what in me ever lacked! Shame you have suffered, sorrow was mine; I was degraded and you were disgraceful glorious
Siegmund draws Sieglinde towards him. The door flies open. Sieglinde asks: “Ha, who left? Who came inside?”

A glorious spring night, the full moon shines in, so that suddenly they can clearly see each other. Siegmund draws Sieglinde towards him.

The moonlight becomes brighter.

The door flies open.

No one left but someone came. Look now, the heart!

Spring smiles on our love!

Winter storms give way to the wondrous May, in gentle sunlight sparkles the Spring: who sweetly sighing, soft and soothing, weaving wonders, wends his way; through.
fields and woods__ he's faint-ly waft-ing,
op-enwide his smil-ing eyes:__ with sil-ver tongue he sings__ and
sweet-ly pipes,__ sub-tle per-fumes scent__ his
breath; from his fer-vent blood there bloom__ the
fair-est of blos-soms, leaves and buds, he bring them to
life. He soft-ly wields his sword to sway all the world;
win-ter and storm wane as his strength__ a-wakes;__ why
see how his dar-ing strike at the
stur-dy door made it shatter, that stub-born and stern, long
kept__ us from him. To find his sis-ter
swift-ly he came; for love__ had sum-moned the
Spring: though in our hearts love hid in the dark, it lives now blessed by the light. The bride and the sister is freed by her brother; in ruin lies what kept them apart: joyous rapture ensues their hearts: as one are love.

You are the spring, for and spring!

which I've been longing, when winter time ruled my life. I felt in my heart the happiest fear, in the glow and warmth of your glances.

Strange and bleak seemed all the land,
strangers, all who came near me; I was alone in this world, all was sor-row and woe. But you came and all was then clear: as I looked on your face I knew I loved you; what I hid in my heart, what I am, bright as the day, dawns on me now, its deaf-en-ing peal pierces my ears, for the frosty win-ter waste-land has brought you my friendShe embraces him and gazes into his eyes. to me.

Oh wond-rous en-chantment,
O let me closer wom-an most blessed!

that I might clasp you, and see more
clear-ly the sac - red light that from

your eyes... and vi-sage shines and so

sweet-ly... speaks... to my heart.

Spring's fair moon spark-les on you, weav-ing
gold through your wav-ing hair: I... was be-
guiled, but guessed... at the cause; for lov-
Your no-ble

-ing looks fell on me.

brow is fair and broad, and in-tric-ate

veins on your temples en-twine! I trem-ble

at this rap-ture, I am en-tranced! This

won-der wakens a mem’ry: a stranger came here to-

day, and yet I know his face!

mem’ry wakes in me as-well: it’s you I’ve longed for,

In streams I’ve

you are my dreams!
seen my reflected self and now that face is before me: the face I saw in the stream finds its reflection in you!

Yours is the face that my dreams sought and found.

But wait! Let me again but listen: that voice, I once knew long long ago. But no! that sound is a new one, did I not hear that voice just echo mine in the woods?

How sweet are those sounds that flood all my senses!
And I know that glow, that gleam in your eye: the stranger in grey gazed thus at me, when he soothed all my sorrow away, By that glance I knew him at once and straight away knew how to name him!

"Woe ful", is that your name? That name is false now you are mine: now reigns only noblest

So "Joy ful" is now fitting and rap ture! 

call me that name that your love wants to
call me that name I'll know as my own!

But was it not Wolf you called father?

A wolf to the fearful foxes! But when his eye looked at me proudly, as,

fair-est one, yours looks on me, he was Wälse by

Sieglinde excited

If Wälse's your father name.

and you are a Wäl sung, take then the sword he struck in the tree and let me then name you

as I do love you: Siegmund victor and
shield!

Sieg - mund call me, for Sieg - mund am I! The proof is this sword, I'll pull it and free it!

Wäl-se once said that in sor - rest need, help would be found and here it is! Ho-li-est love's most high - est need, hun - ger - ing pas - sion's heart-break - ing need, burns like fire in my breast, drives me to deeds and death: No - tung! No - tung! my name for the sword. No - tung! No - tung!

No - blest of steel! Show me your sharp - ness, bold - est of blades: come out of your scab - bard to me!
Siegmund draws the sword from the tree.

Sieg - mund, the Wäl-sung, stands re-

vealed! As bride - gift I brings you this sword:

I win with it the sweet - est of wives; let's

flee this house and fly from our foe. Far from here,

fol - low me now, forth in - to spring - time,

smil - ing and free: your safe with No - tung, my sword,

should Sieg - mund fall, lost in your

she tears herself away

Is this Sieg-mund, stand - ing be - fore me? Sieg -

He takes hold of her ready to flee.

love!

lin - de hails you, for you I've longed: your one true
He draws her passionately towards him; with a cry, she falls on his breast. The curtain falls quickly.
The Valkyrie Act II Scene 1

A mountainous terrain.
Wotan, armed for battle, carries his spear; before him Brünnhilde, a Valkyrie is likewise fully armed.

Now bridle your steed, warrior maid! Storm and strife soon will begin. Brünnhilde will go to the fight and favour Siegmund to win! Hunding's destiny, that's up to him; for Walhall he is not fit.

With swiftness and speed, fly to the field!

Hojo-to-ho! Hojo-to-ho! Heia-ha! Heia-ha! Hojo-to-ho! Hojo-to-ho! Heia-ha! Heia-ha! Hojo-to-ho! Hojo-to-ho! Heia-ha! Heia-ha! Hojo-to-ho! Hojo-to-ho! hei ______ a
Brünn.

Ha____ ha!_____ hei-a-ha____

Now listen, father, look to yourself; brave the storm and take a stand. Fric-ka comes all a-

Look at the golden whip that she wields! Her woe-ful rams are waving with fear; wheels rat-tle and rumble; fury leads to a fight! This kind of battle brings me no joy, I prefer men and their martial feuds!

Let's see how you fare in this fight: I laugh as I leave you to fate!

Ho-jo-to-ho!___ Ho-jo-to-ho!___ hei-a-ha_____ hei-a-ha____

Ho-jo-to-ho!___ Ho-jo-to-ho!___ hei-a-ha_____ hei-a-ha____
Brünn.  
Brünn.  
Brünn.  
Wot.  
Wot.  
Wot.  
Fricka  
Fricka  
Fricka  
Fricka  
Fricka  
Fricka  
Fricka  
Fricka  
Fricka  
Fricka  
Fricka  
Fricka  

Brünnhilde disappears. Fricka enters in a chariot drawn by two rams.  
The same old storm, the same old strife!  
But now I must be steadfast!  
Though you hide among the hills, where Fricka's eyes cannot see,  
here I came seeking you out, for aid you certainly owe me.  
Let Fricka's troubles freely be told.  
I have heard Hun-ding's cry, his voice for vengeance has called: as wedlock's guardian I answered him.
and swore pain would punish the sins of those brash,

brazen faced twins who poisoned Hunding's repute.

Say what wrong this pair has done, whom

Spring unites in love? When love's enchantment has

You charmed the heart no law can undo what's done!

feign to be foolish and deaf, you act like you're unaware, that they abused the oath that I bound, now

broken vows cry for vengeance.

Law is no lord of the heart, where love rules all alone; on

me you can make no demand to exert my powers where yours were help-less; for when
strong spirits are stirring, I urge them ever to strive.

Do you en-cour- age adult’rous love? You’re proud of their

actions you praise and hal-low their blood ming-ing and

blend-ing, bind-ing such shame-ful love?

I trem-ble at heart, it trou-bles my mind:

bridal em-brace from sis-ter to bro- ther!

Such things are un-known, that sib-lings unite to be lov-ers!

Now it will be known! So

learn that things of them-selves have

life, that we can-not con-trol as we wish.

They love one anoth-er, this you must

know; now hear some hon-est ad-vice: if sweet-est

bliss be re-w ard for your fav-ours, be-stow with hea- ven-ly
blessings Siegmund and Sieglinde’s love.

So is this the end for the gods everlasting, now you have sired those siblings, the Wålsungs? I speak frankly;

is it not so? What hope have your hallowed, heav- enly kinsmen; you squander all you had once given honour; and break ev’ry bond that you once held as binding; lightly loosening heaven’s hold: so those lustful lovers might flourish, that scurrilous twin-born pair, who are fruit of your treacherous sins.

O, why mourn over virtue and vows, which you were first to profane! Your trusting
wife you’ve tricked and betrayed; down in the
valleys, up on the mountains, your eyes
looked and lusted for love, as your fickle heart took its
fan-cy, your hateful scorn broke my heart.
Sad-dened in spirit, I had to see you riding to
war with those wicked maidens, a brood your
lawless love brought to life: but you held your wife still in
awe, and the Valkyrie horde and Brünnhilde,
too, your own will made flesh, they were bound in o-
bedience to me. But now there’s another
name that you go by; as Walse, wolf-like, you
wander the woodlands; now you have entered the
There's Wal-hall, that I, though may never attempt.
With subtle reason you would deceive me: what marvel can a mortal accomplish, that we as gods aren’t able to do, we who grant the mortal his life?

Does his noble courage count then for naught? Who breathed the soul into men?

Who brightened their faces with hope? With godly help heroes are strong, when you inspire, it stirs them to fight. You fill them with boldness and then you boast of their fame.

With cunning tricks you want to betray me, with artful scheming you would e-
scape me; but for this Wäl-sung, your pleas are in vain: it’s your work that he does, and it’s your will in his deeds.

In grief and sorrow he grew up alone:

Then give no help to day!

this god gave him no help.

Take back the sword, you gave to your son!

The sword?

Yes, the sword, the magi-cal, mar-vel-lous sword, that the god once freely gave.

Sieg-mund has won it him-

You sent him the need and that no-ta-ble self, in his need.
Fricka

sword. Would you de-
ceive me, who day and

night follows hard on your heels? For him you

left the noble sword in the tree, for you

promised him a prince-

ly blade: will you de-

ny it, that your will a-

long has led him where it was

found? A lord does not bat-
tle with

bonds-men, but scourges slaves that de-

fy him!

We as eq-

uals fight, god a-

gainst god, but Sieg-

mund must serve as my slave!

Or shall your serv-

ant, servile and hum-

ble, make

me your wife, pay him hom-

age and bow? Must I be

shamed by one I find shame-

ful, be scoffed at by fools and
Fricka

scorned by the free? How could my husband allow me, his goddess to live with such shame?

Wot.

What redeems me?

Fricka

with a muffled voice

Then you'll offer no aid, when 'to arms' calls the venger's voice!

Wot.

I'll do as you say.

Fricka

Let's have no lying, look in my eyes, let Brünn-hilde abandon him, too.

Wot

I'll aid him no more.

Fricka

eyes, let Brünn-hilde abandon him, too.

Wot

Oh no!

Fricka

Your commandments she clearly obeys; re-
Fricka: call her from Siegmund’s side!
Wot: I cannot de-
Fricka: Remove all its
Wot: stroyn him: he found my sword!
Fricka: magic, or bid it to break! Swordless,
Brünn: Ho-jo-to-ho!
Fricka: Siegmund will die!
Brünn: Hei-aha! Hei-aha!
Fricka: Your brave and in-trepid
Brünn: Hei-aha! Hei-aha!
Fricka: maid: gladly galls this way.
Wot: She ral-
Brünn: Ho-ho—ho-to-ho-to-ho-
Wot: Siegmund and rides.
Fricka meets Brünnhilde and stops for a moment before her.

She mounts her chariot and leaves.

War-father waits for you: She mounts her chariot and leaves.

Brünnhilde anxiously advances. Wotan is sunk in gloomy brooding.
Brünnhilde: All is not well, I fear. Fric-ka laughed as she left him.

Wotan: Father what news have you to tell me?

Brünn. Grave, your face looks, and gloomy!

Wot. I live in fetters, forged by me: I, least of all living!

Wot. To see you like this! What saddens you so?

Wot. How great is my shame! How shame-ful my grief!

Wot. God's despair! Endless regret! Infinite grief. The saddest of beings is Wotan!

Brünn. Father! Father! Tell me, what is it? How you
frigh-den and star-tele your child? O trust in me! You know I'm true: speak, Brünn-hil-de begs you! Head looks long in her eyes, then strokes her hair with tenderness.

Should I but speak it shall I not los-sen my

To Wo-tan's Will you're speak-ing.

Will's all-pow-er ful hold?

when you say what you want; what am I, if I'm not Wo-tan's Will?

To none have I giv-en this knowledge;

un-spon-ken it re-mains how and al-ways: it's me I

talk to, tel-ling you this.

With even more muted and fearful voice,

When youth-ful love had

lost its de-light, I longed to be Lord of

Life: im-pled by wan-ton wish-es for pow'r, I won my-self the

world. Blind to de-cep-tion, false-ly I act-ed, bind-ing up

trea-ties, where ev-il bred:
craftily counselled by Loge, he led me on, then left.

And yet, love I could never relinquish, it was

love I longed for not power.

The son of night, that spineless Nibelung, Alberich, broke from his bonds; his cursing of love let him win by that curse the Rhinemaidens' glittering gold and with it, measureless might.

The ring, that he made, I ravished by cunning, yet to the Rhine it was not returned, but served to ransom Wal-hall's ram parts, the fort, the giants had fashioned to put all the world at my feet.

The one who knows, how once it was, Erda, the wisest, holiest Valhalla, reading ill in the ring, warned that my fate would defeat me.
Of my end I then asked her to tell me, but softly she slipped from my sight. Thus departed my peace of mind, and wisdom was all I desired: to the deepest depths, downwards did I go, with love's own magic I mastered the Walla, broke down her wisdom's pride and constrained her then to speak. Wisdom I took from her words; but something I gave in return: the world's wisest of women, bore me, Brünnhilde, you. With eight sisters you were brought up; so you Val-kyries might avert the doom, that the Walla had made me fear: the shameful demise of the mortals. So foes would find us fit for the fight, heroes were hailed to our service; those bound by our runes and
laws in bondage, those mortals, tamed of their
mettle-some pride, who by de-vi-ous treat-ies,
tarnished and dir-ty, were bound to o-bey and fol-low us
blindly; and you were to spur their
spir-its for war-fare and to rouse brave hearts for
battle's rage, 'til hosts of fear-less heroes had
filled up the heav'n-ly hall.
brims now with heroes man-y I brought to you there.
So why are you fear-ful, for we never failed?
again in muffled voice There's more to tell: mark it now
well, here's what the Wal-la re-
vealed: that Al-be-rich's host threat-ens our down-
fall. A ran-corous rage gnaws at the Nib-lung:
Wot.
yet fear-lessness I face his ma-le-volent legions, for my heroes fight but to win!

But if by that wretch the ring is re-cover-ed,

he conquers Wal-hall for ev-er: he who made love a

forfeit, he al-ONE, warped by

en-vy, might wield its pow-er and bring the

gods to end-less dis-grace: my heroes

hearts he'd win and make his, my brav-est

host he'd or-der to fight and with their force give bat-tle to me.

Fear then forced me to think how to keep the ring from his clutch-es.

For Faf-ner's lab-our, I paid in gold, that ac-cursed gold, ac-quired by guile:

now he's guard-ing the gold he mur-dered his broth-er to gain. From him must the
Wot. ring be wrest-ed, who once had won it as
Wot. wag-es. But I made him
Wot. bond which must not be bro-ken; were I to
Wot. try, my pow-ers would wane: such are the
Wot. chains which bind and chafe me: I, who of trea-ties am
Wot. Lord, to those trea-ties I am en-slaved. There's
Wot. one could do what this god may not: a her-o ne-ver
Wot. helped by my pow-ers, who finds no guide nor
Wot. friend in this god, free of mind, free of my Will, he'll
Wot. act a-lone, let his own de-sires drive him to do what I
dare not do; a deed my heart has hid, one that I long have
Wot. wished! One who gain-says his god, yet de-fends me,
Wot. this friend-li-est foe, who'll find him for
Wot. me? Who'll show me a free man whom I've not
shielded, who in his defiance is faithful to me?

Who'll find me this Other who not through me, but on his own, can achieve my will? O godly distress!

Grievous disgrace! How loathsome finding always myself in all that I have created! That Other, whom I have longed for, that Other is lost to me: for I have no power to make him:

Grievous disgrace! How loathsome finding always myself in all that I have created! That Other, whom I have longed for, that Other is lost to me: for I have no power to make him:

Free and easy we roamed the forests; scorn for his sacred laws, Wotan taught to the boy: now when the gods seek vengeance all that he has is his sword, that through my godly grace he received.

What self-delusion I have been living!
How easily Frick-a found out my fraud: what
foul disgrace she glimpsed in my soul!
Now my will must bend to her wish-es.
You mean then that Siegmund must die?
I have ravished Alberich's ring, grasped with greed at the gold!
The curse I incurred still clutches at me:
Though I love him, I must desert him,
slay him, I hold most sacred, trick him, be-
tray him, and his trust!
So its fare-well—
honour and grace, heavily glory's glittering
shame! Be laid to ruin, all I have raised!
All now is complete; just one thing I desire:
an ending, an ending!
And for that ending strives Albereich!
Wot.

fathom the Walu's words, which first were wild and confusing:
Wot.

"When the fiercest foe of love breeds in anger a son, the gods shall know their end is near!"
Wot.

From Nibelheim a rumour has come, that the dwarf has won a woman; his gold gained him her grace. The seed of spite now has been sown, yes, envious son stirs in her womb: this wonder befell the loverless Nibelung, but though my love was fervent, a free man I could not beget. So now have my blessing, Nibelung son! What I find hateful you will now inherit, the empty pomp of the gods, consume it with greed and with spite!
Brünn.

Wot. O speak, father and tell me my task!

Wot. Fight boldly for Fric-ka, battle for wed-lock's vows, for what she chose, I choose it as-well: my

Wot. Will is but weak and worth-less, and a free man I can not

Wot. Fashion: be Fric-ka's cham-pion, fight for her slaves!

Brünn. No! Repent and repeal your words! You love_

Brünn. Sieg mund; and that love, com-

mands me: fight for the Wäl-sung.

Wot. Sieg mund must be

Wot. van-quished let Hund-ing be vic-tor to-day! Guard your-self

Wot. well and gath-er your strength; en-ter the bat-tle, be brave and be bold: a sure sword shields

Brünn. You made me

Wot. Sieg mund; fierce and fear-less he'll fight!
learn to give him my love, and his noble virtue you nurtured and valued. I will not strike at Siegmund despite what you say!

What brazen words, what are you, but the obedient, blind slave of my Will. I revealed my secrets, now I am scorned, did I sink so low that you speak to me thus? Child, why challenge my wrath? Your courage will reel, my wrath shall crush it in one furious flash!

Within my breast is buried such rage, that might raze and waste all of the world, that once I loved with delight: woe to him whom it strikes! Sorrow pays for his spite!

I warn youthen, wake not my wrath! But
swiftly do what I say: Siegmund, slay him That is the

I’ve never known him like Val‐kyrie’s task!

this, though strife has often stirred his wrath!

How weary my weapons’ weight: when for

love I fought, I found they were light! This

evil fight fills my heart with fear. Woe, my

Wäl‐sung! With deepest sorrow your true one be‐

trays and forsakes you!

She turns slowly towards the back.
Act II scene 3

Having arrived at the summit, Brünnhilde sees Siegmund and Sieglinde approach then disappears from view. Sieglinde walks quickly forward, Siegmund tries to restrain her.

Stop here and rest; stay and be still!

No farther now. Let's bide our time sweetest bride! You fled my embraces, fled from my side, with sudden haste swiftly you sped: I almost lost sight of you; through wood and field, over fell and crag, speechless, silent, Sieglinde stares ahead as if mad.

Speeding ahead, my voice called out in vain!

Stop here and rest: speak but a word!

Why are you so afraid? Here's your brother holding his bride: Siegmund stands at your
Sieglinde gazes into Siegmund's eyes and embraces him. She suddenly starts up in terror.

A-way! A-way! Keep from the cursed one! Wick-ed is the warmth of her arms; dis-graced, dis-honoured, dead is her heart: flee her car-cass, cast off her corpse! May winds waft her a-way, who dis-honoured the one that she loves!

There in his lov-ing em-brace, where bliss-ful de-light a-bounds, he poured his love in her heart, and there her love_____ woke to life: in that heav-en-ly rap-ture, sweet-est en-chant-ment, in which her soul_____ and sen-ses were
110 Siegm. thrilled, ter ror and hor ror for hate ful dis-
114 Siegm. hon our, struck with de spair this scan dal ous
116 Siegm. wo man, who once be longed to a man, she could not
120 Siegm. love in her heart! Let me be left here,
125 Siegm. leave while you can! De grad ed am I, of
129 Siegm. grace be reft! The blame less he ro, I must a-
134 Siegm. band on, the lord that I love, I'll ne ver be long to.
138 Siegm. Shame I'll bring on my broth er, shame to lov er and
144 Siegm. friend.
148 Siegm. All your shame and your pain that
150 Siegm. brute will re pay with blood! So flee then no fur ther;
154 Siegm. Hun ding shall find us; here I shall de feat him: for
158 Siegm. No tung's point will pierce his heart,
Hark! The ven-geance then, that is my vow!

horns call! Hear how they roar! Round us swirl wild angry sounds, from wood and vale voic-es a-rise. Hund-ing has wok-en from heav-y sleep! Kinsmen and hounddogs come at his calling; hot on our heels hounds are howling, wild cries rise to heav-en mourning wed-lock’s dis-card-ed oath! Where are you, Siegmund?

Are you still here? Bra-vest of lov-ers, loving broth-er! Let your star-lit eyes for the last time be-
hold me: take one last kiss from this woe-ful wo-man’s lips! Hear! O hear!
That is Hunding's horn! Now his men approach with mighty force: no sword shields from the hounds assault: throw it down, Siegmund!

Siegmuend, where are you? Ha, there! I see you now! Terrible sight! Dogs have fastened their teeth in your flesh; and give no heed to the hero's glance; by your feet they hold you, their bite draws your blood, you fall; to splinters they split your sword:

the ash is felled, its branches fall!

Holding her, he sits down, her head rests on his lap. They remain in this position until the end of the following scene.

After a long silence, Siegmund kisses Sieglinde on her brow.
Brünnhilde appears with her horse and observes Siegmund from a distance.

She comes nearer. In silence, she watches Siegmund.

Brünnhilde! Look at me! I come to call you hence.

You're so fright'ning, fear-some, yet fair!

Those doomed to death are deigned to see me;

who meets my gaze must go from the light of life.

In the battle I seek the bravest heroes:

those whom I greet will go where I shall lead!

If I am one, tell me...
To Wotan, for that is his

where will you take me?

will, follow me to Wal-hall where he waits.

The

In Wal-hall's hall, Wotan is waiting alone?

fallen heroes' holy throng will flock to give you

glad greetings of joy.

Say, shall I find there,

You'll find your

Walse my noble father?

father is waiting there.

Is there a woman

Wishmaidens

wait as well?
Brünn. wait on you there: Wotan's daughter brings you welcoming wine!

Siegm. Brave goddess I bow to the valour of Wotan's child; but one thing tell me immortal! Attends on his brother his bride and his sister, will I see there Sieglinde's face?

Brünn. Life for her must be with the living; Sieglinde sees

Brünn. Siegmund no more. turns to Brünhilde

Siegm. Then greet for me Wotan, greet for me Walthall, greet for me Wotan,

Siegm. Walse and all the heroes, greet too the happy wish maidens, for I won't follow you

Brünn. You've seen the Valkyrie's there!
Where Sieglinde lives, and laughs and weeps, that’s where Siegmund must linger:
your gaze and your glance, they do not fright me, no force can drive me from her!
force counts for naught; but fool, you’re destined for death: death’s doom I herald, hear his call.
So tell me, which hero strikes me down?
Hunding kills you today.
You think I’m threatened by Hunding’s thunder? Lurking like death, lust ing for blood, claim that coward as
Brünn.  
You, Siegmund,

Siegm.  
spoil, for he shall be killed by my sword!

Brünn.  
list—en to me: you meet with death, to—day.

Siegm.  
See here my sword! It has been sent to save my life. I shall

Brünn.  
He who once thwart all threats with this sword.

Siegm.  
sent it, sends you now death: and with—draws his

Brünn.  
charms from the sword.  

Siegm.  
Stop

Siegm.  
don't wake her from wel—com—ing sleep.

Siegm.  
Woe! Woe! Sweet—est of wives! Most trou—bled but

Siegm.  
sure—ly the tru—est! For your sin

Siegm.  
war is now waged by the world and I, who a—lon—e am your
Siegm.

friend, for whom you de-fied all the world, I can-not

Siegm.

shield nor of-fer you-shel ter, but fail you alas in the

Siegm.

fight. O shame on him if the sword he

Siegm.

sent now serves me a sor-did death! Though I must

Siegm.

die here, I'll not go to Wal-hall' Hel-la hold me for

Brünn.

2 2 You judge but

Brünn.

low-ly then, joy ev-ver-last-ing? Can this wom-an be

Brünn.

all you want, who worn and wear-y lies in her grief on your

Brünn.

lap? Noth-ing else is as dear?

Siegm.

So

Siegm.

young and fair, you first seemed to me, yet how

Siegm.

cold and hard pro-claims you my heart! You came to

Siegm.

mock me, now leave me a- lone, you spite-ful, mer-ci-less
maid! I see you are greedy to taste my grief; then freely

feast on my woe; may my plight glad - den your

pit - i - less heart: but of Wal-hall's trif ling vir - tues

tell me tru - ly no more!

see the distress that has struck at your heart, I

feel for the her - ro's ho - ly de - pair! Sieg - mund,

en-trust me your wife, my shield will be her de - fence.

As long as she lives I a - lone shall shel - ter and

shield her; if death is my fate, then to death the

dream-er goes first! Wäl-sung! Mad-man! List - en to me:

en-trust me your wife and that pre - cious gift, that you
Sieg. gave to your love as a pledge! drawing his sword

Sieg. This sword, that a

Sieg. true man from traitor received, this sword,

Sieg. may fail me when foemen attack,

Sieg. falter when I meet my foe, but fails me not, killing my friend!

Sieg. Two lives delight in your blade, take them Notung.

Brünn. Hold off!

Sieg. no blest of swords! Take them at one fell stroke!

Brünn. Siegmund! Heed what I say! Sieglinde

Brünn. lives then and Siegmund lives by her side!

Brünn. The choice is mine; I'll change the

Brünn. outcome: now, Siegmund, take my blessing and

Brünn. win! Hark to the horn! Now hasten to
arms! Trust in your sword it strikes ever true: seek

life through its blade, and by Brünn-hil-de's shield be

saved! Fare-well Sieg-mund, hero most blest! On the

field of battle I'll find you!

She disappears with her horse.
Sieg-mund looks after her with joy.
Act II scene 5

Brünnhilde

Sieglinde

Sieglinde

Sieg

Sieg

Hunding

Wotan

4

Sieg.

fears.

Did the Valkyrie cast the spell that

gives her this comforting sleep?

Let not the fury and strife give fright to this sorrowful soul.

Ly ing still as in living death: her dread has been calmed by loveliest dreams.

So slumber a while, till the strife is done, and

Slumber works its soothing spell to still my fair one's fears.
peace brings you its prize.

Let him, who calls, ready himself what he deserves, soon is his:

Not-ung set-tles the score!

Why doesn't father come home? With his son he still roams in the woods. Moth-er! Moth-er!

I'm so afraid: how stern and spite-ful seem all these stran-gers! Smoke and darkness, smould-ering ash, fi-ery flames that flare all a-round, they burn the house, O help us, broth-er! Sieg-mund! Sieg-mund! Sieg-mund!
She stares about her: the stage is covered in black thunderclouds. Hunding’s horn call sounds close by.

Ah!

Hunding’s voice in the background.

Woe-ful!  Woe-ful!

Face me and fight, or must I hunt you with hound dogs!

Well show yourself, what are you hiding from?

Stand and let me see you.

Could I but see them!

Come here, a-

dul-ter-ous lover!  Frick-a, deal him his death!

You think me still weapon-less, foolish wretch?

Don’t call on Fric-ka but fight your own fight, don’t
count on Fric-ka for help! For see: from the tree that holds up your house I drew un-daub-ted this sword; and its steel you’ll sav-our this day! She rushes towards the pass, a flash of light blinds her.

mad - men! Mur-der me first!

Brünnhilde appears, protecting Siegmund with her shield.

Strike him, Sieg-mund! Trust in the sword!

Submit to my spear! I’ll splin-ter your sword!

To horse! Come, let me save you!

Wotan stands gaz-ing sorrow-fully at Siegmund’s corpse.

Be gone, knave! Kneel be-fore Fric-ka:

tell her that Wo-tan’s spear a-venged the slight she bore:
175
Wotan in terrible rage

Go! Go! At a wave of his hand,
Hunding falls dead.
But Brünn - hil - de!

187
Wotan

Woe to that wic - ked child! Venge - ance will be

190
Wotan

vent - ed on her, if my steed can stop her from flight!

He disappears with thunder and lightning.
The Valkyrie Act III scene 1

On the summit of a rocky mountain.

On the right, a forest of fir trees. Occasional clouds fly past the mountain peak, as if driven by a storm. Gerhilde, Ortlinde, Waltraute and Schwertleite have assembled in full armour.
Lightning breaks through the cloud; a Valkyrie on horseback becomes visible; on her saddle hangs a slain warrior. 

calling to the new arrival

Near Ort-lin-de’s fill – ly fas-ten your horse: she will be glad to graze with your stall- ion!

Who

Hangs from your saddle?
Fast-en your stallion far from her filly, Ortlinde’s grey carries

As foes they have battled, Sinolt and

Wittig, the Irming!

Hei-a-ha! Hei-a-ha! Your stallion’s kicking my

Wittig!

She runs to the wood

mare!

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

ha! The heroes’ feud makes foes of the

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

hoi-hoi-ho!

hor-ses! calling into the wood

Quiet, stop that, strife is now ended.
Walt.  
Ho-i-o-ho! Sig-Run-e, here! What kept you so long?

Siegr.  
Work to do!

Have the

Schwer.  
Ho-jo-to-ho!

Walt.  

Siegr.  
Oth-ers ar-rived?

Schwer.  

Rossw.  

Grim.  

Walt.  

Gerh.  

Schwer.  

Ho-jo-to-ho!

Hei-a-ha!

Hei-a-ha!

Hei-a-ha!

Grim-gerd’ and

Hei-a-ha!
Grimgerde and Rossweisse appear with dead warriors on their saddles

They ride as a pair.

You warriors, Rossweisse and Grimgerde!
Hojo - to - ho! Hei - a - ha! Hei - a - ha!

Hei - a - ha! Hei - a - ha! Hei - a - ha!

Hei - a - ha! Hei - a - ha! Hei - a - ha!

Hei - a - ha! Hei - a - ha! Hei - a - ha!

Hei - a - ha! Hei - a - ha! Hei - a - ha!

Hei - a - ha! Hei - a - ha! Hei - a - ha!

Hei - a - ha! Hei - a - ha! Hei - a - ha!

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

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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!
Tie up the mares away from each other,

until our heroes' hate has been calmed!

The grey has paid for the heroes' anger!

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!
Walt.

Gerh.

Ort.

Rossw.

Helm.

Siegr.

Helm.

Ort.

Rossw.

Gerh.

Siegr.

Helm.

Ort.

Rossw.

Gerh.

Siegr.

Helm.

Ort.

Rossw.

Gerh.

Siegr.

Helm.

Ort.

Rossw.

Gerh.

Siegr.

Helm.

Ort.

Rossw.

Gerh.

Siegr.

Helm.

Ort.

Rossw.

Gerh.

Siegr.

Helm.

Ort.

Rossw.

Gerh.

Siegr.
Ort. & Helm.

Rossw. & Grim.

Wel - come!

We rode sep'arate-ly and met but to - day!

Schwer.

Did you ride as a pair?

Grim.

If we're all in at - tendance, it's time we de - parted: for Wal - hall waits for the brave;

Schwer.

Rossw.

Eight now are we:

Rossw.

Wö - tan will wel-come the slain.

Helm.

One is to come.

Gerh.
Then here we'll rest until she arrives:

Brünnhild'.

War father's wrath and rage would be raised, if without

her we return!

Ho-jo-to-ho Ho-jo-to-ho!

She's here! She's here! With blazing speed comes

all hasten to the look-out

Ho-jo-to-ho!

Ho-jo-to-ho!

Ho-jo-to-ho!-

Brünnhilde's horse.
Ho-jo-to-ho! Brünn-hil-de!
Ho-jo-to-ho! Ho-jo-to-ho!
Brünn-hil-de!
Hei! Hei-a-ha!
Hei!

Look poor Gra-ne
for-est flies her fal-ter-ing steed.

She flies at such
is pant-ing hard!
speed, rides with such fury!

That's not a man!

It's a young woman!

But why is she here?

She makes no sign, signals no greeting!

Help our sister dismount her

An - swer our call!
Ort.

Helm.
& Gerh.

Rossw.
& Siegr.

Grim.

Walt.

Schwer.

210

Ho - jo - to-ho!

Ho - jo - to-ho!

Ho - jo - to-ho!

Ho - jo - to-ho!

stal-lion!

Ho - jo - to-ho!

Ho - jo - to-ho!

Ha! Hei-a-
Ha! Hei-a-
Ha! Hei-a-
Ha! Hei-a-

The pow-er ful

The pow-er ful

The pow-er ful

The pow-er ful

95
Sister! Sister! What have you carries the maid! Sister! Sister! What have you Sister! Sister! What have you Sister! Sister! What have you

Brünnhilde breathless Shield me, and help.

done?

done?

done?

Brünn.  I'm in dire distress!

Ort.  You

Rossw.  From where do you ride with

Grim.  You

Walt.  What brings you here at such

Siegr.  You

Schwer.  You
Ort.
ride as though you're pur-

Helm.
You ride as though you're pur-

Rossw.
ride as though you're pur-

Grim.
ravenous speed?

Walt.
ride as though you're pur-

Gerh.
From where do you ride with

Siegr.
Are you pur-

Schwer.
ride as though you're pur-
I hurried to find you, I've had to flee,
sued?
sued!
sued?
sued!
sued?
sued!

sued!
Wo—tan is af—ter me!

O 3 Speak!

What are you say ing?

O 3 Speak!

What are you say ing?

O 3 Speak!

What are you say ing?

O 3 Speak!
You flee from War - fath - er? O
Speak to us! What? Why do you
You flee from War - fath - er? O
Speak to us! What? Why do you
You flee from War - fath - er? O
Speak to us! What? Why do you
You flee from War - fath - er? O
Speak to us! What? Why do you
You flee from War - fath - er? O
Ortlinde and Waltraute go to keep watch.

summit! See if War-father nears from the north!

Speak! Say what you see?

thunder-storm nears from northward.

Threat-ening
clouds strengthen and grow.

By a savage hunter, I'm hotly pur-

va- li-ant steed!

va- li-ant steed!

va- li-ant steed!

va- li-ant steed!

va- li-ant steed!

va- li-ant steed!
sued, he's near, he nears from northward. Save me sisters!

Shelter this maid!
What's wrong with the
What's wrong with the
What's wrong with the
What's wrong with the
What's wrong with the

What's wrong with the
Brünn.  Listen now quickly: this is Sieg-lin-de, Siegmund's woman?

Helm.  woman?

Rossw.  woman?

Grim.  woman?

Gerh.  woman?

Siegr.  woman?

Schwer.  woman?

Brünn.  sister and bride: one of the Wäl-sungs who roused in Wo-tan his

Brünn.  wrath; her broth-er's death was Brün-nil-de's task to-

Brünn.  day on the field; to Sieg-mund's side I flew in the fight,

Brünn.  scorn-ing the god, who struck at his sword with his

Brünn.  spear: Sieg-mund fell; but I fled far with his

Brünn.  wife; and to save her, hur-ried to you, will you help...
us both and hide us from his rage and his wrath?

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!

O foolish sister what have you done? Sister!
Helm.

bro-ken your fath-er's most sac-red com-mand?

Rossw.

bro-ken your fath-er's com-mand?

Grim.

bro-ken your fath-er's most sac-red com-mand?

Walt.

Ort.

297

Wotan steers the clouds in a
comes from the north like the night.

Walt.

Ort.

299

bro-ken your fath-er's com-mand?

Walt.

Ort.

300

storm.

Walt.

Ort.

302

bro-ken your fath-er's com-mand?

Walt.

Ort.

305

bro-ken your fath-er's com-mand?

Walt.

Ort.
Woe to this wo\-man when

Fast and fur\-i\-ous he comes!

Fast and fur\-i\-ous he comes!

Fast and fur\-i\-ous he comes!

Wo\-tan ar\-rives; the Wäl\-sungs are doomed to
depth and de\-struc\-tion! So lend me a horse, the

light\-est of foot, to save the maid from his spite.

Must we

Ross\-weis\-se, sis\-ter,

al\-so share in your crime?

let me have your ra\-cer!

My steed would re\-fuse to
flee from our lord.

Grimger-de! Gerhil-de!\h

I have been true, so trust in me now: save

Pray suffer no

sorrow for me: all I long for is death! O

warrior maid, O why did you save me?

strife I might have been struck and slain by the self same
wea-pon that dealt his death: my end would make me at one in

him! Far from Sieg-mund, Sieg-mund, from

you! De - li - ver me death, from re-

mem - brace! Lest for your care, dear maid, I should

curse you do but hear my ho-ly en-trea-ty: strike with your

sword to my heart!

mand - ment! Cher - ish the pledge that in you___ has been

placed: for Sieg-mund's son you shall bear!

Res - cue me, brave one! Res - cue the babe! Shel - ter me

maid - ens, your might be my shield!

The storm gath ers
Flee all who fear it!

Here you're in danger, hide from his wrath: None may

On the look-out
Siegl.
Helm.
Rossw.
Grim.
Gerh.
Brünn.
Schwer.

387

Rescue me, maid! Rescue a mother!

391

Then fly from here swiftly but flee by your-

395

self! I'll stay for the storm, stand and brave Wotan's

398

anger: and he'll vent his revenge then on me, whilst you flee__

401

from his furious rage.

Where can I find a
Which of my sisters saw what lies refuge?

The east has forests spreading far: where the Nibelung hoard with fearful Fafner lies hid.

Dread is his form now he's a dragon and in his cave he broods over Alberich's ring!

And yet from Wotan's wrath place for a helpless maid!

She would surely be safe: he shuns the forest and fears what is
there.

Wracked by rage he rides to our rock.

Fly then

hear how he comes with a blast

hear how he comes with a blast!

east-wards, be eager and fast! brave ev’ry

torment and bear ev’ry test: hunger and

thirst, thick et and thorns. Smile wheth er

want or suffer ing wound! But heed these
446 451 456 465 469 473 479 488 494 499 504

words for wisdom speaks them: the bravest hero of all bides in your warm and sheltering womb! Keep safe now the sturdy sword that splintered; from his father's side I have fetched it to give you: your son will wield that sword made new, his name I now give to you:

"Siegfried" victorious son!

greatest wonder! Glorious maid! O faithful friend what solace you bring!

For him, whom we loved, I save this beloved one:

may a sweet reward wait up on you! Fare you

well. Be blessed _____ by Sieg - lin - de's  
Brünnhilde, after watching Sieglinde's departure  
for a while, turns to the background, looks into the pinewood, and then comes forward again in fear.  
She hastens away; a storm breaks out; a fiery glow grows brighter  
on the right.  
Brünnhilde comes forward in fear.

Siegl.  
woe!  

Ort.  
They've reached the mountain,  

Walt.  
Wotan's voice from off-stage  
They've reached the mountain,  

Wotan  
Stay, Brünhild!  

Ort.  
horse and ri - der!  
Woe, Brünn - hild!  

Helm.  
Brünn - hil-de!  
Ven - geance is  

Rossw.  
Brünn - hil-de!  

Grim.  
Brünn - hil-de!  
Ven - geance is  

Walt.  
horse and ri - der!  
Brünn - hil-de!  

Gerh.  
Brünn - hil-de!  
Ven - geance is  

Siegr.  
Brünn - hil-de!  
Ven - geance is  

Schwer.  
Brünn - hil-de!
Brünn.  O, sisters help! My heart, it sinks! His
Ort.  Vengeance is here!
Helm.  here!
Rossw.  Vengeance is here!
Grim.  here!
Walt.  Vengeance is here!
Gerh.  here!
Siegr.  here!
Schwer.  Vengeance is here!

Brünn.  hate will crush me O won't you keep me from
Then hide Brünnhilde, come here! 

Come here, hide from his sight! 

Come here! 

Come here! 

Come here! 

Come here! 

Hide from his sight! 

Come here!
They hide Brünnhilde in their midst.

Ort. and shun Wo-tan's call!

Helm. Shelter here with us.

Rossw. and shun Wo-tan's call!

Grim. Shelter here with us!

Walt. Shelter here with us!

Gerh. us! Come here to us!

Siegr. and shun Wo-tan's call!

Schwer. us and shun Wo-tan's

Helm. See! Vengeful Wo-tan leaps from his horse!

Rossw. See! Vengeful Wo-tan leaps from his horse!

Grim. See! Vengeful Wo-tan leaps from his horse!

Walt. See! Vengeful Wo-tan leaps from his horse!
Here he strides and vaunts his revenge!
Wotan, in a rage, strides to the Valkyries, looking for Brünnhilde.

Where is Brünn-hild', where's that re-

bell-ious maid? Will you de-fend the one who de-
Wot.

Helm.

Gerh.

Ortl.

Waltr.

Sieg.

Rossw.

Grim.

Schwert.

Dread is your cry and clamour! With...
Helm. draw your rage from your daughters, say how we

Gerh. Who roused in

Ortl. draw your rage from your daughters, say how we

Waltr. Who roused in

Siegr. draw your rage from your daughters, say how we

Rossw. Who roused in

Grim. draw your rage from your daughters, say how we

Schwert. Who roused in
Wot.

Would you then mock me?

Helm.

Roused in you wrath such as this?

Gerh.

You a wrath such as this?

Ortl.

Roused in you wrath such as this?

Waltr.

You a wrath such as this?

Sieg.

Roused in you wrath such as this?

Rossw.

You a wrath such as this?

Grim.

Roused in you wrath such as this?

Schwert.

You a wrath such as this?

26

Mind me you vixens! I know:

29

Brunn-hilde bides in your midst. Aid her no

32

More for I have dis-owned her; all that she was she threw a-

124
way!

She fled here to escape you,

Here she came seeking our help; how fear

came seeking our help; fear

came seeking our help; fear and

came seeking our help; fear and
fills her with awe:
for our hopeless
terror seize her you
help!
for our hopeless
fear and terror seize her you
terror
seize
Helm.  

Soft - en your an - 

Gerh.  

an - - ger  

Ortl.  

hear - - - - our pray'r! 

Waltr.  

sis - ter,  hear us we pray, let your 

Sieg.  

fol - low 

Ross.  

sis - ter, hear us we pray. 

Grim.  

fol - low! 

Schwert.  

her you fol - low!
50
Helm. - ger and rage! Tame your wrathful rage!

Gerh. en your an ger!

Ortl. Soft en your anger

Waltr. fur ious an ger be eased.

Siegr. Tether your angry rage!

Rossw. Let your furious anger ease!

Grim. seech you listen to us!

Schwert. We beseech you listen to us!

54
Wot. Weak-hearted and wan-ianish brood! Such whining

57
Wot. ways were not learned from me. I brought you up bold, to

60
Wot. fight in the field, giving you hearts that are

62
Wot. hard and grim; now you wild-ly weep, wail and pine, when I

65
Wot. pun-ished a treach-er-ous crime? Now stop your
Wot.

whimpering, hear of her crime, and then you

Wot.
cowards won't weep all these tears: no one but she

Wot.

knew all my innermost secrets; no one but she

Wot.
knew my designs and desires!

Wot.

Through her, all that I willed was fashioned and formed:

Wot.

and yet she broke the most holy of bonds, with faithless

Wot.

love, all I willed she defied, my sacred command, Brünnhilde scorned, and against me

Wot.

brandished her blade, that she bore to do my will!

Wot.

Hear me, Brünnhilde! You who with

Wot.

breastplate, spear and sword, bliss and de-

Wot.

light, honour and life were once blessed, how can you
Wot. hear me accuse you and fail to face your accuser, like

Brünn. advances with humble yet resolute steps to Wotan. Here,

Brünn. see me, father I come to be punished!

Wot. A punishment comes, but it's

Wot. you that punish yourself. Through my

Wot. I woke you to life: yet against my will you have

Wot. worked; you were to act on the orders I
gave: yet you did not do what I ordered!

Wot. Wotan's will were you: but you did not do what I

Wot. Wotan's shield were you:
but you did not act as my shield; fate - cast - er you were to me: but the fate you cast went a - gainst me;

he - ro rous - er you were to me: yet a - gainst me roused up my he - roes.

What once you were: Wo - tan had willed it:

what now you are, you willed it your - self! Wo - tan's

Will you are not; Val - ky - rie are you no long - er:

from hence - forth be, what you chose to

Then you cast me off?

be!
It can - not be so!

No more shall you ride from_ Wall - hall'; no more shall you seek those who are slain; you'll bring no more he - roes to fill my hall:

and at Wal - hall's heav - en-ly ban - quets my horn won't be filled by you an - y - more; no more shall I kiss your in - no-cent mouth; the heav - en-ly host no more shall hail you, now be gone and ne - ver greet me a - gain, you broke the ho - li - est bond so from her fa - ther's sight
Wot.

Helm.
& Gerh

Waltr.
& Ort.

Siegr.
& Rossw.

Grim.
& Schwert

Brünn.

Helm.

All you once gave me, you

Horror! Woe!

Horror! Woe!

Horror! Woe!

Horror! Woe!

Sister ah sister!

Sister ah sister!

Sister ah sister!

Sister ah sister!
Brünn.

take a-way?

Wotan

One who comes, takes it a-way!

Wot.

for here, on this rock round-ed by spells, de-

Wot.

fence-less in sleep, slumber a-while; that

Wot.

man shall con-quer the maid, who will

Wot.

come this way and a-wake her.

Waltr.

Re-
in anxious groups surrounding Brünnhilde, who is half-kneeling before Wotan.

Helm.

Gerh.

Ortl.

Waltr.

Siegr.

Grim.

Rossw.

Schwert.

Oh father! Relent!

Oh father! Relent!

Oh father! Relent!

Re-call the curse!

Re-call the curse!

Re-call the curse!

Oh father! Relent!

Must our sister wither and yield to a man?
spare her we pray!

must our sister wither and yield to a man?

yield to a man?

Grim-hearted

must our sister wither and yield?

Oh spare her please from grievous distress.

Ah
Helm.  her from shame and
Gerh.  You grim - heart-ed,
Ortl.  spare_ her we pray from_
Waltr.  Oh_ spare_her from shame;
Siegr.  her we pray from
Rossw.  ther spare_ her dis-
Grim.  grace Oh hear our prayer!
Schwert.  spare her from dis - grace! Oh
Grievous disgrace! grim-hearted god!

Oh spare her from grievous disgrace!

Grace, dread father, spare her Oh

Oh spare her grim-hearted god, spare

Spare her grim god, from this grief and shame!
Spare her from shame!
shame, spare her from shame;

sparing her from shame!}

shame and grievous disgrace

grieve and from grievous disgrace
Helm.  

Gerh.  

Ortl.  

Waltr.  

Sieg.  

Rossw.  

Grim.  

Schwert.  

shame,  
and griev  

her shame,  
Oh  

spare her shame,  

Oh spare her father from dis -  

grace!  
Oh  

and shame!  

and from shame!  

Oh save her from
Oh spare her, spare her from shame!
Spare her from disgrace!
Oh spare her, spare her from shame!
Oh save her, save her from shame!
for we sisters also
for her sisters share all of her
spare her from shame spare
for we her disgrace for we sisters also would share in her
spare her from shame;
for her sisters also would share in her
save her from shame
Helm.

Gerh.

Ortl.

Waltr.

Siegr.

Rossw.

Grim.

Schwert.

share, should this holiest maiden with er and her, for we sisters would sisters also shame, should this holiest maiden with ther and sisters also shame, should this holiest maiden with ther and in her shame.
her shame; as her sisters, shame comes to us.

yield to a man; as her sisters, shame comes to us.

share her shame; as her sisters, shame comes to us.

yield to a man; as her sisters, shame comes to us.

share her shame; as her sisters, shame comes to us.

we must share, as her sisters, shame comes to us.
Did you not hear what I or-

as - well.

as - well.

as - well.

as - well.

as - well.

as - well.

as - well.

as - well.

as - well.

as - well.

dained? That from your band, your most

treach - er - rous sis - ter is ban-ished; no more she'll

haste through the skies on her horse with her sis-

the flow' r _ of her beau - ty will fade and
die; her womanly favours, a husband shall win;

a masterful husband will make her obey;

she'll sit and spin by the fire and the scornful will chide and scoff!

Brünnhilde sinks to the ground; the Valkyries shrink in horror from her side.

Fear for her doom and flee the condemned one!

Go from her side and never return!

She who would stay here, stays at her peril,

she who defies me and flies to her aid, that fool will find a like fate: obey me you bravest maids!

Hurry away; keep from this mountain!

Haste with speedonyour
They scatter and fly in haste into the wood.

A vivid flash of lightning; in it are seen the Valkyries, riding away.

The storm subsides; increasingly calm weather, twilight falls, and finally night.
Act III scene 3

Was it so shameful, this my offense, that the offender so shamefully is scourged?

Was it so base, this wrong that I did, that you must damn and degrade me this way?

Was my dishonor our dreadful and dark, and has my honor been lost now for good?

Speak, father! See me before you:

Silence your wrath, rein in your scorn, and grant me to know my grievous sin, which has stirred such terrible spite, that you spurn me, your
true lovin' child!

Learn from your deed, the

What you ordained, duly I did.

I ordered you

The

not to fight for the Wäl sung?

deed was decreed by des'tin'y's lord!

But my deed was then re-called as you know!

When Frick-a had turned your mind from its

pur-pose for when you made her that pro-mise,
to your-self you were false.

Yet I know you

heard me clear-ly, I curse your de-fi-ance and

scorn: he's weak and dull, that's what you

thought! Ex-cept that de-ci-t must be

cen-sured, I'd not squan-der my wrath on you.

Though wis-dom fails me, there's

one truth I do know, that the Wäl-sung, was

cher-ished. I knew that you strug-gled, when con-

strained, to drive this love from re-mem-brance.

The oth-er truth was all you could see, and that

bit-ter truth tor-tured your heart: that Sieg-mund
must be forsaken
And knowing this truth, you
beginning quietly
Yes, for dared to lend him your shield?
I beheld what your heart still desired, yet because of those truths, which tore you in two, made you remove your protection!
She who in the battle kept foes from your back, she saw the one thing you could not see:
Sieg mund must be saved. Death's doom I dealt him as told: then searched in his
eyes and heard what he said; I was stirred by

Sieg-mund's sacred distress; wild was the

sound of the warrior's sorrow, free was his

passion, fear-some his pain, brave his de-

fi-ance, bold in his fate! In my ears it rang;

my eyes could read it, and sad-dest feel-ings of

fear and terror troubled my soul.

Stunned, aston-ished, shak-ing with shame,

all I could think was how could I serve him;

vic-t'ry or death I'd share it with Sieg-mund:

thus I saw clear-ly how the lot must be cast!
You, who this love with-in my soul had in - spired, whose Will had put the Wäl - sung in my care, he was not be - trayed when I broke your com - mand.

You dared the deed that I craved so dear - ly to do, but by cru - el fate was cursed nev - er to do!

You thought love's own de - lights could be cap - tured so light - ly, while ang - uished grief and an ach - ing heart and hor - ri - ble tor - ment woke my rage, when to save cre - a - tion the springs of love in this
Wot.

But then when my soul was consumed by my torment, my flagging spirits sprang up in frenzy,

Wot.

fur-i-ous yearn-ing’s fer-vent de-sire had yield-ed a fear-ful re-solve: in the wreck of my own dear world my un-end-ing woes would be buried:

Wot.

sweet and sanc-ti-fied bliss, blessed by af-

Wot.

fec-tion’s rap-tu-rous flood, you drank, de-

Wot.

light-ed, the draught of love, for me, god-ly di-

Wot.

stress ming-led with sor-row and gall!
You were fool to love, follow its lead now: from me you have turned away.

Now I must shun you and share never more my thoughts in quiet counsel; our paths will now be parted for ever:

for as long as you live shall this god not see you or greet you!

was this foolish maid, who, stunned by your counsel, misunderstood, for by my own counsel, but one thing was clear: to love him whom you had loved. If I must
Brünn. lose you and live without you, if you

Brünn. shatter the bonds we have

Brünn. shared, then half your being will be ab-

Brünn. an-doned who gave her all at your bid-ding. O

Brünn. god, for-get not that! Your oth-

Brünn. self you could not dishon-our, shame for your

Brünn. daugh-ter means you'll be shamed: your fame_

Brünn. _ surely is sul-lied, if I am scorned and de-

Brünn. spiced!

Wot. You fol-lowed gladly where

Wot. love would lead, fol-low him now who must
If I must part from Walhall, if
be your lord!
I have no place as your vas-sal, if mor-tals may
claim me and make me obey: be sure no
brag-gart makes me his bride! No worth-less
man should win me to wife.

From Wo-tan you
chose to part, your fate I no long-er
You fath-ered a glo-ri-ous race;
choose.
to raise only her-oes not faint-hearts,
a val-i-ant man, I vouch it, will
bless the Wäl-sung’s line.

Speak not of Wäl-sungs to me! From them I parted

parting from you. I'll wreck that race with my wrath.

She, you send a-way, saved them from doom. Sieglinde harbours holiest fruit; in pain and sorrow, like no woman suffered, she will bring forth what in fear she hides.

Don't ask me to grant safety to her, or the child her womb now holds.
sword, that you gave to Siegmund.

The one that I just

struck and split!

Don't strive, my

child to change my decision, but bow to your

fate bear what it brings; I cannot

change what will come!

But

now, I must go, far from this place, with

you I've lingered too long; thus I turn from you now

treach-erousmaid; I will not hear what Brünn-hilde

wants; your punishment, I impose it,

What have you conceived, that I should suffer?

now!
In steadfast sleep I seal your fate:

and he who wakes the maid, that man shall

Should make her his wife!

fetters of sleep bind me firmly, the

feeblest mortal may find and claim me: there's

one thing you have to grant me; which grief_

_and anguish, now beg! Encircle my slum-

ber with hindering horrors; let but a

heero, fearless and free, come to these

heights to rouse me from sleep.

Too
Wot. much you ask for, too great a gift!

Brünn. Then one thing you have to grant me!

Brünn. I plead at your feet that you put me to death; subdue your daughter, condemn her to die, let my breast receive the point of your spear:

Brünn. but cast, merciful god, this monstrous disgrace from me!

Brünn. By your decree, enkindle a fire,

Brünn. the fell will then glimmer, luster and glow; let it lick with its tongue and tear with its teeth the cowards who rashly venture to
Brünn.  
ra - vish the rock of its prize.

Wot.  
Fare - well my val - iant heav - enly child!  You were my heart’s own ho - li - est pride!  Fare - well!  Fare - well!  Fare - well!

Wot.  
Though I must leave you and

Wot.  
though my love can - not grant you its greet - ing, though you shall ne - ver

Wot.  
ride out be - side me, nor bring me mead and

Wot.  
serve me, though I must lose you, 

Wot.  
you, whom I love so, the love - ly de -
Wotan holds Brünnhilde in a long embrace. She gazes into Wotan's eyes.

light of my eye a beautiful fire will rise at my bidding as never has burned for a bride!

Flickering flames will flare round the fell; let terrible horrors hinder the timid;

let faint hearts flee from Brünnhilde's fell!

Let one alone find here a bride one fiercer than I, as

Your god!

bright and luminous eyes, which I so lovingly kissed, when courage earned a kiss in its honour, when childish chatter from
hap - py lips would laud our her - oes with praise: yes, your eyes all stream - ing with light, that through the storm bright - ly shone, when hope was dead and my heart was drea - ry, and my will a - wak - ened to world - ly pleasures from wild wav - er - ing ang - uish: for one last time, lured by their light, with my lips I give them love's fare - well! A hap - pier man you'll hold in their gaze: on me, sad - dest im - mor - tal, they will look no long - er. And thus parts the god from his child; one kiss takes your god -
He kisses her eyes. She slowly loses consciousness. He lays her down on a low mossy bank, over which a fir-tree stretches. He closes her helmet; and covers her with her shield. He directs the point of his spear towards a rock.

Wotan head away!

Wotan Loge, come!

Wotan Listen to me! As when first you were found, a fiery glow, as when later you fled me, a flickering glimmer, you who were bound;

Wotan Be so again! Arise, wavering fire and flare up in flames round the fell!

Flames leap from the rock. They surround Wotan. With his spear, he directs fire to encircle the rocks, where it encloses the mountain in flames.

Wotan Loge, appear!
No man who fears my sacred spear-point, shall pass through the fiery flames.

He stretches out the spear as if casting a spell, gazes sorrowfully back at Brünnhilde, and disappears through the fire.
Translation of Richard Wagner’s *Götterdämmerung* (the fourth day of the *Ring of the Nibelung*) set to the vocal melody.

Twilight of the gods
Twilight of the Gods Act I scene 1

The hall of the Gibichungs on the Rhine. Gunther and Gutrune on a raised dais at one side, in front of which is a table with drinking vessels. Hagen sits opposite them.

Gutrune

Siegfried

Gunther

Hagen

See here, Hagen; brother and friend, am I Lord of the Rhine, Gunther, of Gibich’s race?

You, true-born heir, you turn me to envy: but she, whoboth of us bore, Dame Grimhild, taught me your greatness.

me; I envy you more! Heir though may be, wisdom was yours alone: half-brother
Gun.

strife wassett-led ne-ver bet-ter. And I praise you,

Gun.

prize your wis-dom, when I ask of my re-known.

Hag.

My wisdom is weak, your fame still is flawed;

Hag.

for there is gold-en trea-sure that the Gib-ich-ing has yet to

Gun.

Then tell me where that trea-sure is!

Hag.

All

ripe with the strength of sum-mer stands the Gibich

Hag.

race, yet Gun-ther has no wife, and

Gunther and Gutrune are lost in silent thought

Hag.

Gut-run’ is un-wed.

Gun.

What wo-man might I find to bring me fame and

 Gun.

wealth?

Hag.

But one wo-man, the

Hag.

no-blest in the world: her home is on a fell,
Hag. a fire en-circles her hall; the hero who braves the flames is Brünn-hilde's con-q'ring lord.

Then might I not make her my wife?

For a

Who is that might-i-er man the deed is meant.

Sieg-fried, of Wäl-sung descent;

there is your might-i-er man. A pair of twins, two lovers im-pas-sioned, Sieg-mund and Sieg-linde,

sir-ed a brave, no-ble son. Strong and wild he grew in the woods, it's him that Gu-trun' should wed.
Say what deed______ took___ such great dar- ing that it
made____ him so migh-ty a man?

At

Neid-höh-le the Nibelung's hoard was
watched by a dra-gon most fierce.

Sieg-fried thrust home his con-quer-ing sword and
slew him by slit-ting his throat.

In this most awe-some

The

feat, he found his ex-alt-ed fame.

Nibelung hoard, I know of, it boasts a not-a-ble

wealth.

The one who can wield its pow'r, might
Gun. And Siegfried

press all the world to his will.

Hag. won all that pow'r?

Gun. And Brunhild may

Niblungs to him.

Hag. on-ly be his?

Gun. indignantly He a-lone can en-ter the blaze.

Why wa-ken dis-cord and doubt?

Why stir my heart's desire with dreams of a wo-man I can-not

"He walks agitatedly up and down in the hall.
Hagen, without moving from his seat, stops
Gunther as he again comes close to him,
with a mysterious look.

Win?"

But if Siegfried could

bring her here, could not then Brünhild be yours?
Gun. But why would he risk his life to make the maid my wife?

Hag. Your word would easily sway him, were but

Gutr. You mock me, wicked Hagen! For

Gutr. why would Siegfried wed me? If he's the mightiest

man alive, the fairest woman in the world have

Gutr. won all his love by now. leaning toward Gutrune

Re-call the draught in the chest; don't doubt the man who brought it home. The hero, for whom you long, soon he will

Gunther listens, attentively

love you alone. Should, ever Siegfried come, we'll

serve him our magical draught,
Hag.

he'll forget the women he's loved,

Hag.

for - get all wo - men but you,

Gun.

mem'ry soon would be lost. So tell me,

Hag.

how goodis Ha - gen's plan?

Gun.

be to Grim - hild' who made my bro - ther_

Gutr.

But will Sieg - fried ev - er come?

Gun.

wise.

Gun.

How could we find him out?

A horn is heard

Hag.

He hunts for deeds___ of dar - ing and fame, through out the

Hag.

world___ he seeks them out,____ he'll

Hag.

ride here___ in rest - less pur - suit where the Gi-bichs rule___ on the
Gun. 249

Welcome, he'll find in our hall.

Hag. 252

Rhine.

Gun. 258

On the Rhine there sounds a

Hag. 263

horn.

I see a vessel, man and horse!

Hag. 274

There! Hear the sound of his horn!

With a long easy stroke and a leisurely hand,

he drives the boat, braving the stream; the powerful strength

that can ply such oars boasts but one man, it's the dragonslayer.

Hag. 282

Siegfried it is, surely no other!

Gun. 287

Will he sail by?

Hag. 293

Hoi ho! Say
Siegfried's voice, from the distance

To Gunther son of boat-man, where are you bound?

His hall awaits you. Be welcome here.

This way! Tie up the boat.
Act I scene 2

The hall of the Gibichungs on the Rhine.

Gunther and Gutrune on a raised dais at one side, in front of which is a table with drinking vessels; Hagen sits opposite them.

Gutrune

Siegfried

Gunther

Hag.

Hagen

Siegfried moors the boat.
Siegfried leaps with his horse to the shore.

Hail!

Gunther joins Hagen on the shore.

Siegfried, hero, hail!

Gutrune looks from her raised seat in amazement.

All are fixed in silent contemplation of each other.

Siegfried, leaning on his horse, remains silently by the boat

Who is Gibich's son?

Gunther is famed beyond the Rhine: now

fight with me, or else be my friend.

Come in peace!
And be welcome to Hagen.

Siegfried: how did you know?

You called me

I knew when I saw your mighty strength.

Be careful with Gra-ne

You ne-ver yet have led by the rein, so noble a horse.

Hagen leads the horse away. Gutrune withdraws through a door on the left to her room, unnoticed by Siegfried.

Gunther invites Siegfried to enter the hall.

Be wel-come here my friend, my fa-ther's hall a-waits you;

the hall you stand in, and all you see, treat all as if you own it: share all I'm heir to, land and men:
by my life let me swear it! Liege-man am I for life.

Not land nor men are mine to give nor father's house or hall: all I'm heir to is life and limb;

living wastes them away.

But this sword, Gunther, forged by Siegfried,

let this sword pledge allegiance! This life and sword serve my liege.

Yet the Nibelung's hoard, we heard, belongs now to you?

The treasure I quite forgot: those trinkets are worthless gain. Deep in a cavern, there I left it, where a dragon used to dwell.

You took no
On-ly this, who knows what it is!

The Nib-lung made it; the Tarn-helm has mag-i-cal pow'rs: it serves, when set on your head, to trans-form you as you de-sire; if else-where you wish to be, it at once whisks you a-way.

Just a ring. Its guard is a grac-i-ous,

You guard it, I hope?

hand.

Now, Sieg-fried, keep all your Brün-hild's!

treasure, I've noth-ing that can com-pare, though... you might
Hagen opens Gutrune’s door. Gutrune comes out carrying a filled drinking horn and approaches Siegfried.

Siegfried bows and takes the horn. He holds the horn in front of him deep in thought.

He drinks.

He returns the horn to Gutrune, who avoids his gaze. Siegfried raises his eyes quickly with a burning passion to hers.

With one little glance your gaze burns my heart, I hunger to see it again.

Ah dearest maid! Darken that beam: the heart in this breast burns in its rays.

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Ah dearest maid! Darken that beam: the heart in this breast burns in its rays.
Sieg.  
flow- ing rivers it cruel- ly kind- les my blood!

Gun.

Gun.  
Gu - tru - ne

Sieg.

runes I'm read- ing there in your eyes, are they

Sieg.

good runes? For your broth- er, bavely I would

Sieg.

fight; but pride re- fused my blade: would

Sieg.

you, like him, re- fuse my plea, let me be pledged to you!

Gutrune warily meets Hagen's gaze: bows her head, and leaves the hall with faltering steps. Siegfried, closely observed by Hagen and Gunther, watches Gutrune as if under a spell.

Sieg.

Gun- ther, have you, a wife?

Gun.

No wife as yet, the one I want will not be eas- i- ly

Gun.

won My heart is sick with de- sire, for a maid who's
Siegfried, at the mention of Brünnhilde’s name, betrays by his look that all memory of her has disappeared.

out of reach.

Whom could you not have, with me to help?

Her home is on a fell;

Her home is on a fell?

A fire surrounds her hall.

A fire surrounds her hall?

On ly he who braves the fire, finds

On ly he who braves the fire?

Siegfried trying to recall a memory

braves the fire,

finds

Brünnhild’ and finds a wife.

I dare not ascend to the fell-side;

the flames will consume my flesh!

2 3
Siegfried coming out of a dreamy reverie

I fear not the fire, so I'll win you your wife: I will help my friend, with these hero's arms, if Gu-trun' and I can be wed. Gu-trun' I'll give to you gladly.
yours. How will you deceive her? With the Tarn-helm's spells, Siegfried will soon look like you! Blood

Let's seal our bond with an oath! brotherhood binds us as one!
Hagen fills a drinking horn with wine; he holds it out to Siegfried and Gunther who each makes a cut on his arm with his sword and lets the blood drop into the opening of the drinking horn. Both place two fingers on the horn, which Hagen continues to hold between them.

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Blos - som of

life that lives in our blood drop and sweeten this drink.

Brave - ly blend-ed broth-er-ly love,

Faith - ful frien-ship, I

Faith - ful friend-ship, I

live in the wine with our blood.

swear: fair and free,

swear: fair and free, let

let blood be our bond; blood -

blood be our bond; blood -

brothers are we! Break the broth-er-ly bond:
fail in faith and in trust, and may drops of blood
and may drops of blood

turn to torrents, and freely flow from our
turn to torrents, and freely flow from our
veins, traitors thus must a-tone! Gunther drinks and gives the horn to Siegfried.
veins, traitors thus must a-tone! I

drink to our bond!

Hagen breaks the horn into two with his sword. Gunther and Siegfried take each other by the hand.
Siegfried looks at Hagen, who has been standing behind him.

bond!

But you did not

share in the oath?

My blood would blight_

what you drink; it flows less
proud and pure than your own; sluggish and cold,
slow to stir, my cheek refuses to reddens.
I brook no faith in fiery bonds.

Well, let's away!

Let him sulk if he likes!

There lies my skiff: come, sail to the mountain:
on the boat, await me, when

He steps closer to Gunther

He turns to leave and indicates to Gunther to follow

He unties the boat.

Rest for a little while.

You, Hagen, keep guard on our
Whilst Siegfried and Gunther make sail,
Hagen takes up his spear and shield.
Gutrune appears.

Such haste, where are they going?

fortress.

Hagen sits down and makes himself comfortable with his shield and spear in front of the hall.

To win Brünnhild to wife.

See how he hastes to win you and to wed you?

Siegfried mine!

I'll sit and I'll wait, watching the hall,

warding our home from the foe.

Gibich's son is borne on the breeze, where Brünnhilde waits to be wooed.

The boat is steered by his stalwart friend, who'll
brave the fire in his stead: his new won

bride he'll bring to the Rhine; with her, he brings me the ring! You sons of freedom happiest

he-foes, sailing with joy on the Rhine; now you de-

spise me, but soon you'll serve the Nib -

- Be-lung's son.
Act I, scene 3

The rocky cavern as seen in the Prologue. Brünnhilde sits at the entrance contemplating Siegfried's ring. Distant thunder is heard; Brünnhilde peers into the distance from where a dark thundercloud approaches.

Old famil-iar sounds search

out my ear to greet me. A stal-lion, fly-ing

swift through the air: through the

clouds it thun-ders close to the fell. Who's found me

here all a - lone? Wal-traute's voice in the distance

Brünn-hil-de! Sis - ter!

Stir, from your slum-ber.

call, how wel-come the sound! Fear- less
She rushes to the wood and returns with Waltraute; she remains excited and does not notice Waltraute’s anxiety.

She sister! Steer your flight to my rock.

See the wood? (You know it well.)

Leap from your steed and leave the stallion to rest.

Why have you come?

Are you so bold, fearless of danger? Brünnergild’ welcome’s your kiss.

You are the cause of my haste.

Risking your life, breaking the ban, you came here? Or perhaps... Oh say!... War-father’s wrath, once so fierce, has waned?
Though I fired his fury, shielding the Wäl sung,

(sadly, I failed him), I served the deed, he desired.

Yet his anger relentless, that I know.

Though he sealed me in magic sleep,

fettered me here to the fell, made me a prize for any man who might pass and wake up the maid.

to my pitiful pleading he granted grace: with furious flames he surrounded my rock, to frighten the fearful away.

Here, was happiness born of affliction:

the mightiest of men has won me to wife!

Now that he
loves me, life delights me again.

She embraces Waltraute, who with diffident impatience parries her advances.

Why have you come here to my rock?

To share my fate and feast on my fortune,

would you share my reward?

Share in the madness, that has muddied your mind? On matters more urgent I came, and

Brünnhilde becomes aware of Waltraute's agitated tone.

Fear and broke out father's command.

dread darken your features. So, the
rode without fears through the heav'ns.

- tan's valiant heroes stood spurned and shunned.

Lonely he rode, without pause or peace; he roamed as a wand'rer the world.

then he came home; and his spear,

held within his hands, was splintered: a hero had hacked it to pieces. A silent sign sent the heroes wielding their swords; the World-Ash tree was

sundered.

boughs were broken and gathered, they heaped them up high all round the glorious hall.

clan sat then in counsel; in glory, the god took his seat:
Waltr.

at his side he bade all the fright-ened be seat-ed,

Waltr.

in rows, by rank, the hall was filled with his he-roes.

Waltr.

He sits there speaks no word, en-throned in si-lence, stern and sad; the

Waltr.

splint-ered spea-shaft hangs in his hands; Hol-da’s ap-ples

Waltr.

he does not eat. Fear-ful and fright-en-ed,

Waltr.

sit the gods in si-lence.

Waltr.

quest from Wal-hall, off flew his ra-vens;

Waltr.

when they come back and bring the news he a-waits,

Waltr.

for the last time but once a-gain, Wo-tan will

Waltr.

smile ev-er-more._

Waltr.

At his knees, in vi-gil, trem-ble the Val-ky-ries;
Waltr. blind, he will not heed to our en-
Waltr. treat-ies and we are con-
Waltr. sumed, filled, with a fear-ful de-
Waltr. spair. There on his breast, weeping, with sor-row,
Waltr. I saw that he smiled. he re-
Waltr. mem-bered, Brün-hil-de, you! Deep sighs he
Waltr. breathed, closed his eye-lid, and like a
Waltr. dream-er, mur-mured these words: "The
day the Rhine's fair daugh-ters win, through sur-
Waltr. rend-er, Brün-hil-de's ring, then the curse will cease;
Waltr. she'll save both god and world!"
Waltr. I saw my task: and off I start-ed,
throughsi-lent he-roes steal-ing a-way; I sad-led my
horse in sec-re-tive haste, then flew like
fu-ry to you. Dear-est sis-ter, O send your
help: all you can do must
brave-ly be done!

She has thrown herself down at Brünnhilde’s feet
End our un-end-ing di-stress.
calmly

What fright’ning tales of fan-cy fall from your tear-watered
lips! From Wo-tan’s heav-en and hol-ly glo-ry, I poor
fool, have been forced: it’s sense-less all that you’re saying,
void and vain mean-ing-less words; yet in your
gaze, so gaunt and wea-ry, glows ard-our’s bright
gleam. My fret-ful sis-ter, so faint with sor-row, why
There on your hand, the ring, yes there, hear me I beg: for Wotan, cast it away!

My ring?

Let the Rhine-daughters have it again!

The Rhine-daughters... I... the ring? Siegfried's pledge to me? Your words are senseless!

Hear me! Hear what I fear! The world's future hangs on what you do next. Cast it from you, into the current, Walhalla's ills will be
end-ed, when you send it back to its source!

I’ll nev-er give up this ring!

How could you grasp it, hard-heart-ed maid!

More than god-ly glory, more than the god’s no-ble realm, more is this ring:

a glimpse of its brill-i-ant gold, a flash of its bless-ed

fire, weighs more dear-ly than all the god’s e-ter-
nal, love-less de-lights. Its lum-i-nous

flame tells me that Sieg-fried loves me!

Sieg-fried loves me! O

let all my rap-ture ex-press it! Love

reigns through this ring. Go hence to the
She rushes away. Soon a thundercloud rises from the woods bringing a storm.

Gazing after the thundercloud, which is soon lost in the distance.
Brünn.

Evening. The firelight below becomes gradually brighter. Brünnhilde looks out calmly over the landscape.

Brünn.

Night's--

Brünn.

Brünn.

Brünn.

Brünn.

Brünn.

Brünn.

Brünn.

Brünn.

Brünn.

Brünn.

Brünn.
She rushes rapturously to the cliff edge. Flames shoot up: Siegfried leaps out of them onto a high rock at which moment the flames immediately die down and once again like before merely glow from down below.

Siegfried wearing the Tarnhelm, which hides half of his face leaving only the eyes free, appears in Gunther's form.

Brünnhilde draws back in horror; in speechless astonishment she watches Siegfried.

Who braved the flames?

With a feigned (rougner) voice

Brünn-hild! A

I have sought you through the flames. I want you for my wife:

Who is the man, who worked this marvel which for the
Brünn.  

strong-est had been saved?

Sieg.  

A hero

Sieg.  

you'll obey, he'll bring you to your knees.

Brünn.  

A demon took to this rocky height!

Brünn.  

tear me to pieces, here flew an eagle! Who are you

dreadful one? Are you a mortal?

Brünn.  

Are you from Hell-a's night-dwelling host?

Sieg.  

A Gibichung I am with Gunther for a

Brünn.  

Wo- tan!

name, come now, come follow me.

Brünn.  

O monstrous, merciless god! Ah!

Brünn.  

Now the sentence is understood!

Brünn.  

Yes, shame and sorrow seal____

Brünn. up my fate!

Sieg. The night draws

Sieg. on: and this I command: 
mine you must be in threatendly pointing her finger on which she wears Siegfried's ring

Brünn. Stand back! Bow to this to ken!

Sieg. marriage!

Brünn. Dis hon our shall not be mine, whilstyet____ the ring____ is my shield.

Sieg. Wedding rights give it to

Brünn. A vaunt, you

Sieg. Gun ther, and the ring makes you his wife!

Brünn. vil lain! vil est of thieves! Don't venture to take it from

Brünn. me! Stronger than steel, makes me the ring: none____

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He forces himself on her. They struggle. Brünnhilde flees.
Siegfried seizes her again. Both struggle. He catches her by the hand and pulls the ring from her finger. Brünnhilde shrieks violently.
As she falls into his arms, her gaze unconsciously meets Siegfried’s.
He lowers her fainting body on to the stone bank in front of the cave.

Now you are mine, Brünnhilde, Gunther’s bride.

Go to your chamber with me!
Siegfried signals her to go forward.
Trembling, she goes into the chamber.

Now nothing can save me; ill-fated wife!

Now, Not-ung, witness this, that I have kept my vow. Make good my pledge to my brother,
Twilight of the Gods  Act II scene 1

The shore of the Rhine in front of the hall of the Gibichungs: right, the open entrance; left the bank of the Rhine, from which a rocky prominence, intersected by several mountain paths, rises diagonally across the stage towards the background, right. There can be seen an altar-stone erected to Fricka, higher up a larger one to Wotan, and at the side a similar one to Donner. It is night.

Hagen, his spear on his arm and his shield at his side, is sitting asleep, leaning against one of the posts of the hall. The moon suddenly throws a harsh light on him and his surroundings; now Alberich can be seen squatting in front of Hagen, resting his arms on Hagen's knees.

### Music Notation

Alberich: 

**Alb.**

Hagen: 

**Hag.**

Alberich: 

**Alb.**

Hagen: 

**Hag.**

### Text

Alberich: *quietly*

Hagen: are you asleep?

Alberich: without moving so that he still seems asleep although his eyes are open

Hagen: I hear your voice spiteful Niblung, though I am deep in

Alberich: Remem-ber the

Hagen: sleep I hear you.

Alberich: might that you were born with, for you have met-tle that your

Hagen: moth-ergave you at birth.

Alberich: Her met-tle may be

Hagen: mine, but must I real-ly thank her, who,
Hag. gave herself to your spells: wizened.

Hag. wan and pale, hating the joyful, joyless am

Alb. Hagen, my son! Hate them and

Alb. curse them. But your downcast and

Alb. doleful father you dearly love as you should. Now be

Alb. fearless, fierce and false: those whom we fight with our darkest of

Alb. deeds they'll soon feel the heat of our hate. The one who

Alb. ravished my ring, Wotan, that ravenous

Alb. robber, he now has been conquered by his own

Alb. kinsman: to the Walsung he lost dominion and

Alb. might; with his host of hero warriors, in dread he waits for his

Alb. downfall. I've no fear of him; doomed are Wotan and
Walhalla. Hagen, are you asleep?

The gods' holy pow'r, who gains that gift?

I and you! The world will be ours, if I can

trust in Hagen's word, if we are as one, in hate. Wotan's spear was split by the Walsung, who

conquered and killed the dragon most dread, then ravished the ring from his cave. His is the world, thus did he win it;

Walthall and Nibelheim know him as Lord!

For the stout-hearted hero my curse has no sting: for he's blind to the ring's true worth and makes no use of its magical pow'r. Laughter and love fill his life, which he is wasting a-
Siegfried must perish; this is our purpose!

Siegfried is bound.

Towards his destruction,

The golden ring, that

Siegfried must get it! The Wäl sung's

loved by a woman who's wise, were she to

say that the Rhine's fair daughters, in whose

wat'ry depths your father was duped, should

once again have the ring, we lose it, gone is the

gold, and no guile could gain it again.

So do not falter, find me the ring! For

boldness I bred you, my son, so you could help me fight any
true. True strength was not yours to destroy the dragon.

who only Siegfried could slay, but boundless hatred

I bred in Hagen; who now must avenge me, and

win the ring, putting Wal-sung and Wo-tan to scorn! Swear to me, Hagen, my son! always as before

The ring will be Hagen's; leave me in peace!

son! Alberich gradually disappears from sight, and his voice becomes inaudible.

To myself, I swear; go now and trust me!

Be true, Hagen, my son! Trusty hero! Be true!

Alberich completely disappears. Hagen stares motionless towards the Rhine, over which the sun rises.
Act II scene 2

Down. Hagen starts violently. Siegfried enters.

Siegfried appears as himself; but the Tarnhelm is still on his head; this he now takes off and hangs on his belt.

Hag. 10
Hei—Siegfried? Our speedy hero! Where were you till now?

Sieg. 13
At Brünn-hild's rock! It's there that I drew the breath, with which I just called: I came quick as a flash!

Sieg. 16
Following slowly by boat, that pair will soon be here! Where's Gutrune?

Hag. 19
You conquered Brünn-hild? Ho! Ho!

Hag. 22
Gutrune! Come and see! Siegfried is here: comespeak to him!

Sieg. 25
You both shall hear how I won Brünn-hild's hand.
Tell me I'm wel_come greet_me now. This
good_ly her_al brings you news.
ev_ry maid_en's hon_our!
Free_ly_
grant me_all_you_r fav_ours: as_wife, I've_won_you to-
So, did Gun ther win his Brünhild?
Yes, they were
Flames from the fire did no harm?
wed_straight a_way!
He could have passed through the fire but through it I went in-
And you, it did not
stead, for_ thus I hoped to win you!
singe?

I laughed as it soared in the air.

I gave no cause for doubt: the Tam-helm worked its spell, as Hagen told us it would.

I gave you good ad-

You mastered the stalwart maid?

She felt Gunther's vice.

So she gave herself to you?

Gunther's strength.

bride obeyed him gladly; through the night she bowed to his will.

But in faith, the groom was you?

Yet Siegfried was true to
Though beside him there was Brünnhild?

Between the east and west, the north: thus far

Now tell how lay Brünnhild' from me.

Gunther got her from you?

Through the fire as it flickered and faded, in morning's early mist she followed me down the vale; beside the shore, there, we swapped our places, Gunther and I: then through the Tarnhelm's power, here in a trice, I came. A driving wind now leads the lovers to Gibich's hall. Let's greet the pair, when they
Gutr. Sieg.

Sieg-fried, mightiest of men! In come!

Gutr. Hag.

Far away I see there's a sail-boat.

Gutr. Sieg.

Let us give a worthy greeting to Now give your herald thanks!

Gutr. Sieg.

welcome her and make her happy! You, Hagen, hail them to a wedding, say Gibich's hall awaits them! Merry

Gutr. Sieg.

maidens will join our mirth: they'll joyfully

Gutr. Sieg.

As she walks towards the hall, she turns to look back join in the feast! Rest awhile, wicked man!

Sieg.

Helping

Gutr. Sieg.

He takes her hand and goes with her into the hall Gutrun' is my rest.
Act II scene 3

Hagen has climbed a high rock and makes ready to blow his horn.

Hagen

Hoi-ho! Hoi-ho ho-ho! Youmen of

Vassals Tenor 1

Gibich, get to your feet! Wa-ken! Wa-

Vassals Tenor 2

-ken! Wea-pons! Wea-pons!

Vassals Bass 1

Wea-pons for all! Bring your wea-pons!

Vassals Bass 2

Stur-dy wea-pons! Sharp and strong. Dan-

Hagen

-ger comes! Dan-ger!

Hagen

Wa-ken! Wa-ken! Hoi-ho! Hoi-ho ho-ho!
Armed men hurry around, at first just one or two but then more.

Who calls us to arms?

Who sounds the horn?

We come as to war.

Who sounds the horn?
We come as to war.

We come with our weapons.

Three vassals

Hagen! Hagen! Hoi ho!

Hoi ho!

Three vassals

Hagen! Hagen!
Vass. T1
\[ \text{All} \quad \text{Hoi-ho!} \quad \text{Hoi-ho!} \quad \text{Hai-gen!} \]

Vass. B1
\[ \text{Hai-gen!} \quad \text{What's the danger here?} \]

Vass. B2
\[ \text{What's the danger} \]

Vass. T1
\[ \text{Who bids us} \]

Vass. T2
\[ \text{Who bids us} \]

Vass. B1
\[ \text{Who's the foe that's near?} \quad \text{Who bids us} \]

Vass. B2
\[ \text{Who bids us} \]

Vass. T1
\[ \text{fight?} \]

Vass. T2
\[ \text{fight?} \]

Vass. B1
\[ \text{fight?} \quad \text{Who's the foe that's near?} \]

Vass. B2
\[ \text{Who's the foe that's} \]
What's the danger here? Who bids us near?

Who bids us fight? fight? fight?

Who bids us fight?_ Hagen!

fights?_ Hagen! Does Gunther need help?

What's the danger

Does Gunther need help? What's the danger

Does Gunther need help?
Who bids us fight? Who needs our aid?

We're armed for war. We come with our weapons.

With weapons of steel.

Who needs our aid? Where's the foe?
Where's the fight? Where's the danger that's near? Hoi-ho!

Where's the foe? Where's the fight? Hoi-ho!

Come to my call, and quickly now; Gunther soon shall be here;

Why the alarm?
What is the threat?

wife follows him home.

Do furious kinsmen follow to kill him?

No one follows, they're alone.

So the peril is
past? And no fight must be Is it

The dragon slayer dealt with the threat:

Siegfried the hero kept him from harm!

One vassal What

Then why have you called us to combat?

What help are
Hag.  

Vass. T1  

Vass. T2  

Vass. B2  

Hag.  

Vass. B1  

Hag.  

Then Hagen, what else have we to

Hag.  

Vass. T1  

Vass. T2  

Vass. B1  

Vass. B2  

Hag.  

Hag.  

What shall we do?  

boar and fell it, honouring Froh; and the stockiest

Hag.  

ram, smite it for Donner, sheep must then be

Just 4 vassals  

Brawny oxen

What help are we to him?

help are we to him?

we to him?

bring and slaughter; with blood let Wotan's al-

Then Hagen, what else have we to

Take a

What else have we to do?

What else have we to do? All

What else have we to do?

4 men

4 men

4 men  

4 men
slaughtered for Fricka, then grace and blessings she'll

grant them! 2 vassals with increasing hilarity

Once they are

Once they are

Once they are

Once they are slaughtered, what else shall we do?

Let drink horns be

slaughtered what else shall we do?

slaughtered what else shall we do?

else shall we do?

What else shall we do?

by fairest maids with wine and mead merrily
filled!

With drink-horn in hand

With drink-horn in hand

With drink-horn in hand

what else have we to

do?

what else have we to do? What else have we to do?

what else have we to do? What else have we to do?

Freedly ca-

What else have we to do? What else have we to do?

What else have we to do? What else have we to do?

what else have we to do? What else have we to do?

Then when our

gods have been hon - oured they’ll grant this mar -

rouse, till you fall down drunk!

Hag.

Hag.

Vass. T1

Vass. T2

Vass. B1

Vass. B2

Hag.

Hag.

Vass. T1

Vass. T2

Vass. B1

Vass. B2

Hag.

Hag.
Vass. B1
Vass. B2

Vass. T1
Vass. T2

Gladness and hope light up the

Rhine, when grim-hearted Hagen with laughter can

shine! The Hagen-thorn pricks us no
Having remained serious throughout, he descends to join the vassals and now stands among them.
297

hag.

laughing valiant vassals!
Come greet

Some of the vassals hurry to the heights whilst others gather on the shore to watch the arrival.

304

hag.

Gunther's bride! Brünnhilde soon will be here.

310

hag.

Honour your lady, lend her your aid: if she is

326

hag.

He turns slowly aside towards the back.

During the following chorus the boat carrying Gunther and Brünnhilde appears.

333

vass. t1

Some of the vassals jump into the river and pull the boat ashore.

Be welcome!

Vass. T2

All press more closely along the shore.

Vass. B1

Hail!

Others

Be welcome!

Vass. B2

Hail! Be welcome!
Gunther steps out of the boat with Brünnhilde: the vassals line up respectfully to greet them. Gunther solemnly leads Brünnhilde by the hand.
They clash their weapons noisily together.

Brünnhilde follows Gunther with downcast eyes.

Brünnhilde, that rarest bride, I bring to the Rhine for you. No man ever won a nobler woman. The Gibichungs have been blessed; grace__from the gods we have gained, now our renown, nobler shall
Three vassals clash together their weapons in celebration.

Gunther leads Brünnhilde, who never lifts her eyes, into the hall, from which Siegfried and Gutrun now emerge, accompanied by women. All hail, glorious Gibichung!

Brünnhilde raises her eyes and sees Siegfried: her gaze riveted in astonishment. Gunther, is, like all the others, completely bewildered at her behaviour. Two happy couples herald their gladness: Brünnhild and Gunther, Gutrun' and Siegfried!

Brünnhilde raises her eyes and sees Siegfried: her gaze riveted in astonishment. Gunther, is, like all the others, completely bewildered at her behaviour.

What ails her?
She is deeply shocked

Seeing the ring on Siegfried's outstretched finger

Gunther's gentle sister: joined to me as Gunther to

My head's in a spin...

Gunter, your wife has fainted!

Seeing the ring on Siegfried's outstretched finger

she is deeply shocked

Ha! The ring, that's on his hand!
Brünn.

He? Siegfried?

Some vassals

Vas. B1

emerging from the background amongst the vassals

What's this?

Hag.

Now listen well and mark her words!

Vas T1

What's this?

115

119

124

131

136

140

144

146

148

157

161

165

170

175

180

185

190

195

200

205

210

Brünn.

She tries to pull herself together

See that ring there's upon your hand, that

pointing to Gunther

ring is my ring, and was taken by this man!

Brünn.

So how did you gain that token from him?

Sieg.

This ring, it has not come from him.

to Gunther

You took away my ring by which we then were

wed: now warn him of your rights, bid him return our

Brünn.

bond.

Gun.

What ring? I gave him nothing: yet you knew the ring on
Brünn.  
151  So tell me where's the ring that you have falsely taken?

Gun.  
154  sight.

Brünn.  
154  angrily

Brünn.  
162  Ah! He's the one, he's the man who

Brünn.  
169  robbed my ring. Siegfried, a traitor and thief!

Sieg.  
172  No woman's hand gave me this ring; from no such

Sieg.  
175  hand did Siegfried win this ring; this ring I

Sieg.  
178  wear was a warrior's prize, when at Neid-höhle I fought a

Sieg.  
181  fight, and the fiercest dragon was slain.

Hag.  
184  coming between them

Hag.  
188  For if it is Gunther's ring, the one he took then

Hag.  
188  Siegfried has won it through guile, and if guilt must

pay the price!

Shame - ful - ly de - ceived! Be - trayed!

How can I be re - venged?

Be - trayed!

Ho - ly gods,

whom?

Be - trayed?

Be - trayed?

Be - trayed?
_you heav-en-ly guard-ians! Was_ why must I
this the pur-pose of your will?_ Why must I
suf-fer as no oth-er soul? Why must I
_ grieve_and live in dis-grace? Vouch me a
venge-ance as nev-ver was vowed! Rouse me to
wrath_ that fore- ever will rage! Here is
_ Brün-hild_ whose heart will be bro-ken.
for_my be-tray-er, I_ must de-stroy!
A way be-tray-er,
Brün-hild', be-loved! Calm_ your self!
self-be trayed one! All of you, hear me:
not he_ that man_ I see, was
Brünn.

Women - a few

Vas T1

Vas. T2

Vas. B1

Vas. B2

282

Wed - ded to

He forced de - light and love

her?

Vas B1

Vas. B2

287

from me.

Are you so

Sieg.

care - less of your hon - our? Your lips speak, to de -
file it, but I allege they speak falsely. Judge

if I broke our bond! Blood-brotherhood,

it was sworn here to Gunther: Notung, my good-

ly sword, guarded the solemn oath: it

kept me, with its cutting edge, from this unhappy

You, lord of deceit, see how you lie! Notung your

wife!

sword won't serve you as proof! I know its biting

sharpness, I know, too, its scab-bard in which it

sweetly slept on the wall, Notung, your trusty

friend, while in true love you won me to
wife.

Was Siegfried a traitor, tarnishing Gunther's honour?

Gunther's honour?

My name's dishonoured, laden with shame, you must deny it; swear that she lies!

Faithless, Siegfried, attest that this woman's
The vassals form a circle round Siegfried and Hagen. Hagen holds out his spear; Siegfried lays two fingers of his right hand on the spear-point.

Hagen holds out his spear; Siegfried lays two fingers of his right hand on the spear-point.
Brünnhilde furiously strides into the circle, tears Siegfried's hand away from the spear and grasps the point with her own.

Sacred steel! Holiest spear point!

Help me to salvage my honour! On this piercing spear point sworn be this oath:

Spear point, witness my words! I declare your deeds, all to his downfall!
And I pray that at your point Siegfried may perish!

Brünn.

He's broken his oaths ev'ry one, and false-ly sworn to his friend!

Brünn.

Help Don-ner!

Vas. T1

Help Don-ner roar with your thun-der

Vas. T2

Help Don-ner roar with your thun-der

Vas. B1

Roar with your thun-der! Help Don-ner roar with your thun-der

Vas. B2

Roar with your thun-der! Help Don-ner roar with your thun-der

Sieg.

Gun_

Vas T1

and si-lence this shame-ful dis-grace!

Vas. T2

and si-lence this shame-ful dis-grace!

Vas. B1

and si-lence this shame-ful dis-grace!

Vas. B2

and si-lence this shame-ful dis-grace!
Sieg.

...ther! Stop her from speak-ing, her slander sul-lies your name!

Sieg.

Grant her time and rest, this tame-less moun-tain maid,

till her im-mod-est tongue is si-ent,

which by some de-mon's dev'-lish spell strikes at us all in her rage. You men, there, leave her a-lone. Let_

her soft-en her tongue! Like cow-ar ds,

men quit the field, when wom-en cut them with words. Friend, it grieves me more than you that she was poor-ly tricked: the

Tarnhelm, truth be told, has failed to work its spell. But wo-men's spite wanes in a trice: I have made her your wife, one day she'll thank me, I'm sure.
In high spirits he throws an arm round Gutrune and leads her off. The vassals and women follow.
The stage is empty. Only Brünnhilde, Gunther and Hagen remain. Gunther has covered his face and sat down at one side. Brünnhilde, standing in the foreground, gazes sorrowfully after Siegfried and Gutrune for some time then lowers her head.

Follow, good fellows come to the feast!

Happy women help with the wedding!

Blissful delight laughs out aloud! In all the

world none is more happy, none more merry than

I. All whom love has moved, may my

merry laughter fill you with gladness and

glee.
What demonic guile goes here unnoticed?

summoned it here? What is my wisdom faced with such witchcraft? What use is my reason, faced with such riddles?

Oh sorrow! Sorrow! Hurt, and heartache! All my wisdom, went to that man!

And in his might, he holds this maid, she has been bound and fettered in bondage; now, wailing in her disgrace,

gladly he gives her away! I beg of you now a sword, with which I may sever these
52

Brünn.

Have faith in me, of-fend-ed wife,

Hag.

bonds? Hagen coming close to Brünhilde

56

Brünn.

To whom?

Hag.

I shall re-turn this treachery.

60

Brünn.

To Sieg-fried? You?

Hag.

To Sieg-fried, he who was false.

63

Brünn.

A single flash of the fire in his glances, which de- spite his de-

ceit-ful dis-guise, stirred and glad-den ed my soul, makes the

67

Brünn.

brav-est foe trem-ble with ter-ror!

Hag.

But on my spear point Sieg-fried swore

70

Brünn.

Truth and false-hood, tri- vi-al words! With

false-ly!

Hag.

73

Brünn.

strong- er spells let your spear be arm-oured,
if it is Siegfried you strike!

I know of Siegfried's

sing-u-lar strength that none can slay him in battle; so whisper to

Un-grate-ful!

me some craft-y way to bring this war-ri-or death!

Shame-ful re-ward!

There's not a spell that I have

spared to keep Siegfried safe from his foes. He's blind

to my spells and the sor-cer-y, which from all

dan-gers keep him safe.

Sono blade or spear can harm him?

In battle none; yet if at his back you strike!

Sieg-fried, I knew it, ne-ver re-treats,

nor turns his back and flees the battle: so there I
Brünn.  

He turns quickly from Brünnhilde to Gunther  

Hag.  

It's there I'll strike my spear!  

Hag.  

Here stands your stalwart wife; why give yourself to grief?  

Gun.  

O shame! O scandal! Woe—  

Gun.  

—and grief, most wretched, suffering mortal!  

Brünn.  

You feeble man! Falsest of friends! Hiding behind the hero you came, and boast now a triumph won by a traitor! Low has sunk the lordly race that breeds a coward like you!  

Brünn.  

Deceived am I the deceiver! Be-trayed.
Gun.

— am I the betray-er! It cuts to the core, it har-

Gun.

— rows my heart! Help, Ha-gen! Help save my

Gun.

hon-our! Help me, whose moth-er was yours,

Hag.

No words can help, no hand comes to

Gun.

and bore us both!

Hag.

help, naught helps but Sieg-fried's death!

Gun.

Sieg-fried's

Hag.

His death saves you from shame!

Gun.

dead!

Hag.

Blood-

Gun.

broth-er-hood bound us as one!

Hag.

seeks out his blood!

Gun.

Did he break the bond?
Yes you've been betrayed!

Be-trayed by him?

He betrayed you; but I'm betrayed like no other! Were justice mine, would the blood of the world bring me what vengeance demands? No, but one man's grave gives me my vengeance.

Siegfried's downfall will settle his debt and yours! to Gunther secretly

His downfall serves you well!

All the world is yours to rule, if you set hands on his ring, which in death alone he'll surrender.

Brünn-hil-de's
The Niblung's golden ring.

His death will serve us all!

let his life be ended!

But Gut-rune, ah! to whom I gave him! How could we

gaze on her face if our hands are mur'ders hands?

My runes were all worth-less! My wisdom derisive! In

heart-breaking anguish, all is revealed: Gut-

ru-ne worked the mag -

ic that be-

guiled that honest man! My curse on her! to Gunther

Since his

dead. Tomorrow's hunting plays to our motives: let
Siegfried, fly on a-head: we'll find him slain by a boar.

It shall be so! Death to Siegfried!

Death will be

Die for the shame that I endured!

his, that mightiest man!

Oaths that he swore, he has

Our oath as brothers, Siegfried has
brœken: now must his blood blot out the

soon shall hold it: and then that ring

brœken: now must his blood blot out the

shame! All guiding, god of re-

will be Hagen's. Niblung father, and fallen

shame! All guiding, god of re-

venge! Oath witness and lord of vows!

prince! Night's guardian! Niblung lord!

venge! Oath witness and lord of vows!

Wotan! Hark to my voice! Wotan!
Brünn.  
Hag.  
Gun.  

As Gunther goes towards the hall with Brünnhilde, they meet the emerging bridal procession and servants bringing sacrificial animals to the altars.

The women invite Brünnhilde to join Gutrune who beckons her with a friendly smile.

As Brünnhilde is about to draw back, Hagen intervenes and urges her towards Gunther, who takes her hand again. The procession moves on, the curtain falls.
Twilight of the gods Act III scene 1

A wild, wooded and rocky valley on the Rhine, which flows past a steep cliff at the back of the stage...
The three Rhine-daughters, Woglinde, Wellgunde and Flosshilde rise to the surface and swim around in circles as if dancing.

Woglinde

Wellgunde

Flosshilde

Siegfried

Fair sun - light sends her rays of splen - dour; night lies in the wa - ters:

Fair sun - light sends her rays of splen - dour; night lies in the wa - ters:

Fair sun - light sends her rays of splen - dour; night lies in the wa - ters:

they once were bright, when bold and brave, our fa - ther's
Distant horns. They listen.

They jubilantly splash the water.

Fair sunlight, send to us the hero, who will give us back our gold! Let it be ours!

Your lustrous eye no more will arouse all our en-
Wog.

- vy. Rhine-gold! Radi-ant gold! How

Well.

- vy. Rhine-gold! Radi-ant gold how

Floss.

- vy. Rhine-gold! Radi-ant How

Wog.

fair you will spark le fre-est

Well.

fair will you spark le fre-est

Floss.

fair you will spark le, fre-est

Wog.

star of the wa ters! 5

Well.

star of the wa ters! 5

Floss.

star of the wa ters! 5

Siegfried’s horn sounds closer than before.

I hear his horn.

The hero’s
Siegfried appears on the cliff top fully armed.

Well.

near.

Floss.

Let us take counsel!

Sieg.

A

goblin led me astray, and now I've lost what I tracked.

Hey, rogue, where did you hide him?

Where have you hidden my bear?

They swim back to the surface and swim in a circle

Siegfried!

Siegfried!

Siegfried!

Siegfried!

Whyscold the earth and the

Were you annoyed by a

Has a goblin stirred your rage?

rocks?
Tell us, Siegfried, talk to us!

Well.

Tell us, Siegfried, talk to us.

Floss.

Tell us, Siegfried, talk to us.

A ragged little elf, en-rap tured by your charms, just fled from my grasp! If he's your lover, then loveliest ladies look to your love! They burst into loud laughter.

Tell us, Siegfried, talk to us.

Siegfried, what gift is ours, if what you seek, we give you?

I've had no luck to-day, but a golden ring gleams on your tell me, what do you want?
Wog. We want it!
Well. fin-ger! We want it!
Floss. We want it!
Sieg. A fe-ro-cious dra-gon,
Sieg. I slew to win this ring: not for the paws of hum-ble
Wog. You’re-very
Sieg. bears could this ev-er be the price!
Wog. mean!
Well. Amiser-ly man!
Floss. Give us the ring and glad-den our
Floss. hearts!
Sieg. And waste all my wealth on
Sieg. you? My wife would be quick to scold!
Well.

Floss.

Wog.

Sieg.

Well.

Floss.

Sieg.

Wog.

Sieg.

Well.

Floss.

Sieg.

Wog.

Sieg.

Well.

Floss.

Sieg.

Wog.

Sieg.

Well.

Floss.

Sieg.

Wog.

Sieg.

Well.

Floss.

Sieg.

Wog.

Sieg.

Well.

Floss.

Sieg.

Wog.

Sieg.

Well.

Floss.

Sieg.

Wog.

Sieg.

Well.

Floss.

Sieg.

Wog.

Sieg.

Well.

Floss.

Sieg.

Wog.

Sieg.

Well.

Floss.

Sieg.
Sieg.

praise! Why should I be scorned! Yet if again from the depths they rise, the ring, I shall surrender.

Sieg.

calling loudly

He!__ He, he!__ You merry watermaidens!

Sieg.

A-rise! The Rhine-daughters come up to the surface again. They appear grave and solemn.

Floss.

No,

hold the ring and guard its gold, and learn the within its golden round.

Wog.

then you'll be glad we kept you safe from its

Well.

then you'll be glad we kept you safe from its

Floss.

glad we kept you safe from its
Well.

Floss.

Sieg.

Wog.

Well.

Floss.

Sieg.

Wog.

Well.

Floss.

Sieg.

Wog.

Well.

Floss.

Sieg.

Wog.

Well.

Floss.

Sieg.

sings then what you know! 

fri - ed! Ev-il beckons your name; you'll find your

ru - in bound in that ring. From the Rhine's pure gold was the
Wog.

Well.

Floss.

Wog.

Well.

Floss.

Wog.

Well.

Floss.

Wog.

Well.

Floss.

Wog.

Well.

Floss.

Wog.

Well.

Floss.

Wog.

Well.

Floss.

Wog.

Well.

Floss.

Wog.

Well.

Floss.

Wog.

Well.

Floss.

Wog.

Well.

Floss.

Wog.

Well.

Floss.

Wog.

Well.

Floss.

Wog.

Well.

Floss.
Wog. Very day we vouch it to you, _____ if you don't
Well. Very day we vouch it to you, _____ if you don't
Floss. Very day we vouch it to you, _____ if you don't
Wog. Give us the ring,
Well. Give us the ring, whose gold the Rhine _____ has been
Floss. Give us the ring, whose gold the Rhine _____ has been
Wog. The Rhine _____ alone
Well. The Rhine _____ alone
Floss. The Rhine _____ alone
Wog. Cleans - es the curse!
Well. Cleans - es the curse
Floss. Cleans - es the curse
Sieg. Cleans - es the curse
Sieg. You sly, cunning wom-en, say no more! Flat-tering talk, that won't
fool me, and your threats don't trouble me.

Sieg - fried! Sieg - fried! We tell you the truth. Turn now, flee from the curse!

The Norns by night have woven its message in the rope of life and law!

My sword once splintered a spear: the endless rope of life and law, spun by the Norns with curses and spells,
He thinks he is wise, he
He thinks he is wise, he
He thinks he is wise, he
He thinks he is wise, he
He thinks he is strong, he
He thinks he is strong, he
He thinks he is strong, he
He thinks he is strong, he

They swim in widening circles.

They swim in widening circles.

strong, yet in bonds and in blindness he lives!
strong, yet in bonds and in blindness he lives!
strong, yet in bonds and in blindness he lives!
strong, yet in bonds and in blindness he lives!
Wog. Oaths he swore once yet
Well. Oaths he swore once yet
Floss. Oaths he swore once yet

Wog. hon ours no oath. Runes of wisdom
Well. hon ours no oath. Runes of wisdom
Floss. hon ours no oath. Runes of wisdom

Wog. he reads no more!
Well. he reads no more!
Floss. he reads no more! A noble

Wog. A noble gift lay in his grasp.
Floss. gift lay in his grasp.
Now he has lost it, thrown it away:
that will deal____ him

the ring_ he will not surren-der! Fare-well,

the ring_ he will not surren-der! Fare-well,
They return to their dance and slowly swim away. Siegfried watches, smiling.

They return to their dance and slowly swim away. Siegfried watches, smiling.

They return to their dance and slowly swim away. Siegfried watches, smiling.

They return to their dance and slowly swim away. Siegfried watches, smiling.
Floss.  

Well.  

Floss.  

Sieg.  

On  

Sieg.  

learned  

Wog.  

Well.  

Floss.  

Sieg.  

smiles,  

Wog.  

Well.  

Floss.  

Sieg.  

land_ or in_ the wa_ ter wom-en's ways,  

Wog.  

Well.  

Floss.  

Sieg.  

I've  

Wog.  

Well.  

Floss.  

Sieg.  

learned to know:_ the man who de-fies their smiles,____ with  

280
The Rhine-daughters have now completely disappeared. [Horns are heard in the distance; Siegfried is startled out of his reverie and answers the call on his horn.]

He stares after them.

Hagen's voice in the distance: [Hoi-bo]

Siegfried is startled out of his reverie and answers the call on his horn.
Act III scene 2

Hagen appears on the cliff followed by Gunther.

Catching sight of Siegfried:

Voices of vassals off stage

Hoi-ho? Hoi-ho? Hoi-ho?

Where were you hunting?

Come and see! Here._

We could not find you.
The vassals all appear on the cliff and climb down with Hagen and Gunther.

Sieg.  
Hag.  

"it's fresh and cool!"

Let's rest a while; make ready a meal.

Lay down the game bags and go bring the wine skins!

All settle down.

Sieg - fried caught then, what wonders can he

Poor hunting I have had and so I crave some

tell?

share of what you caught.  

No game at all?

wild bear____ that's what I sought but
Sieg.  wat-er-fowl were all that I found! Had I  
Sieg.  on-ly been more cun-ning, three wi-ly  
Sieg.  wa-ter-birds I’d sure-ly have caught and  
Sieg.  brought you, who sang from the Rhine and  
Sieg.  told me that death a-waits me to-day.  

Gunther starts and looks gloomily at Hagen.  
Siegfried sits down between them.

Hag.  A cru-el hunt is this, if the hun-ter’s luck runs  
Hag.  I’m out and treach’rous beasts at-tack him!  
Hag.  thir-sty!  Hagen has a drinking horn filled for Siegfried  
Hag.  and hands it to him  
Hag.  I heard it said that Sieg-fried  
Hag.  could hear the sound of bird-song
and know what they say: but can that be true?

Their warbling, I heeded once but no more.

He takes the drinking-horn and turns to Gunther.

Drink', Gun-ther, Drink'! Your brother brings you

wine!

The wine is weak and pale:

I'll mingle it with your blood is all I see!

He pours from Gunther's horn into his own, so that it overflows.

your blood! See now it's over-flowing:

and earth, our mother, finds sweet refresh-ing balm!

You're
Sieg. 

He fears Brünnhilde's full of joy today!

Gun. 

quietly to Hagen

Sieg. 

frown!

Hag. 

quietly to Siegfried

She's hard to understand, un-

Sieg. 

Now wom-

Hag. 

like your singing birds!

Sieg. 

men have sung and

Sieg. 

charmed me, I'm deaf to the songs of

Sieg. 

turning enthusiastically to Gunther

Hag. 

Hey!

But once they spoke to you?

Sieg. 

Gunther, gloom-ridden man!

Sieg. 

ish your grief, I'll sing you the tale of my
boyhood in the forest.

I'll hear your tale.

All gather round

Mi - me was a devil-ish

So tell your tale!

dwarf: for his greed-y aims he gave me a home, so that

when this boy had grown to be brave he could strike a dragon
dead, who'd long been guarding some gold.

I learned in his smith-y

how ores are

smelt-ed

but when the craftsman failed in his

craft, the pupil's might then proved him a master:

out of a weapon, smashed to splinters, soon I welded a

sword. My father's sword, fashioned like new:
nail-hard steel glittered in No-tung. Mighty and sharp.

Mi-me was pleased; he led me to Faf-ner's lair: the dragon, fought me and died. Now you must hear more of my tale: wondrous things I can tell you.

In the drag-on's blood my fing-ers were burn-ing; I cooled them off in my mouth:

my tongue had hard-ly been touched by the blood when the birds were war-bling. I heard as words, quite clear.

On a branch one sett-led and sang:

Sieg-fried in-her-its the Ni-be-lung's hoard!
Yes! Deep in the hollow the hoard awaits.

Look to the Tarnhelm to lead you to triumph in all of your trials!

And if you could ravish the ring you might bend all the world to your will!

So, you took the Tarnhelm and ring?

The songbird, did it speak further?

Ring and Tarnhelm quickly I took: I heard again the glorious woodbird; who sat there singing this song: "Hei, Siegfried you've taken the Tarnhelm and ring. Don't trust now in
Sieg. Mi-me, that treacherous dwarf!

Sieg. He's waiting to take all the

treasure; and cunningly creeps down the lane:

Sieg. he will take your life if you

Sieg. let him. Don't trust him, Sieg-fried, he'll kill you!

Hag. His warning was right?

Vas. Bass Was Mi-me out-

Sieg. A poisonous

Vas. Bass witt-ed?

Sieg. potion preferred the dwarf; pale and

Sieg. trembling he told me his purpose: No-tung set the rogue
244
Sieg. 

straight! 

Hagen has another drinking horn filled and squeezes into it the juice of a herb.

Hag. 

What he could not forge had finished off Mime!

247
Vas. Bass 

One vassal

249
Vas. Ten. 

Another vassal

251
Vas. Bass 

What else was said by the woodbird?

Hag. 

Drink first, hero, from my horn: I've mixed you a

253
Hag. 

noble draught, to awaken a new your remembrance, so far distant thoughts don't fail you!

256
Hag. 

he gives Siegfried the horn

259
Sieg. 

I longed for its voice and looked up aloft; it

266
Sieg. 

sat there still and sang:
"Hei, Siegfried has slain the deceitful dwarf!

Now, wake for yourself the noblest of wives,

who lies asleep on the fell, fire encircles her rock; now battle the blaze, waken the bride,

Brünnhilde soon will be yours!"

And did you take the wood bird's counsel?

Quickly I rose and rode without rest till the fiery fell was reached: I passed through the fire and saw the prize sleeping, a glorious...
maid, all gilt in glittering mail.

A fine helmet I freed from her head; she quickly woke to my kiss: Oh! then like flames of fire I felt the warmth of Brünnhilde's arms!

jumping up in the great horror

What's this then?

Two ravens fly out from a bush, circle over Siegfried and then fly away towards the Rhine. Siegfried leaps to his feet and watches the ravens fly away, turning his back to Hagen.

And can you tell what those ravens now say?

Vengeance, vengeance they cry!

He thrusts his spear in Siegfried's back. Gunther and the vassals lunge at Hagen. Siegfried lifts his shield up high with both hands to throw it at Hagen: his strength fails him, the shield drops behind him: he himself falls back on the shield.

4 Vassals

Hagen! O horror!
What deedis this?

Hagen disappears alone, over the cliffs, where he can be seen slowly striding away in the twilight. The grief-stricken Gunther bends down at Siegfried's side.

Death for false hood!

Who has sealed you once more in sleep?

Who doomed you to slumber so drear?

wak'ner came: and kissed you a-wake

and straightway, the bride's bonds they were broken:

he lived in Brünnhilde's love!

Ah!

See those eyes open for ev'er! Ah, how her
Siegfried dies. The motionless bystanders grieve.

Night has fallen.

At a silent command from Gunther, the vassals lift Siegfried’s body and slowly carry it away in solemn procession over the hill.

The moon increasingly lights up the funeral procession as it reaches the summit.

Mists rise from the Rhine and gradually fill the stage, the cortege has already become invisible, the stage is completely veiled in mist.

From this point, the mists disperse to reveal the hall of the Gibichungs, as it was seen in Act One.
Act III scene 3

The hall of the Gibichungs
It is night. The moonlight is reflected on the Rhine.
Gutrune comes out of her chamber into the hall.

Brünnhilde
Gutrune
Gunther
Hagen
Vassals

Was that his Horn? No!
He still is not here! Sombre visions stirred me in my sleep.
Wild sounds I heard from his horse; Brünnhild's laughter awoke me from sleep.
Who was it walked along the silent river's shore?
I fear this Brünnhild! Is she within?
Brünnhild! Brünnhild! Are you there?
No, she has gone. So it was she, beside the

296
Rhine, up on the shore. Was that his Horn?

No! All silent! Oh, if Siegfried were here!

Hagen's voice approaching from outside

Hoi-ho! Hoi-ho! A-wake! A-wake!

Torch, torches! Bring the torches!

Come, see the spoils of the hunt. Hoi-ho!

When Gutrune hears Hagen's voice she stands for a time motionless, transfixed by fear.
The glow of the torches increases outside.
Hagen enters the hall.

Hoi-ho! Up Gut-run!

And greet your Siegfried! The mighty hero is coming

What is wrong? Hagen! I heard no home!
Men and women, with torches and firebrands, accompany Siegfried's body.

That pallid hero, will play it no more; nor charge to the hunt, nor fight any more, nor flatten and charm lovely

What's that they bring? The vassals put down the body on a quickly erected dais.

A ferocious boar attacked him: Siegfried, your husband is dead.

Siegfried Siegfried is but a word!

Go, base-hearted brother!
the murd-'rer of my husband! O help me!

Help me! Sorrow! Sorrow! My husband

Siegfried is murdered!

Don't cast the blame on me, the blame must lie with Hagen.

He is the accursed assassin, by Hagen's spear he was killed.

Must I take all the blame?

Yes then! It was I who killed him! I Hagen claimed him for death.
For my spear, he was de-creed, on which he falsely swore. Hunters have sacred rights; render to me what's Hagen's: I here and now claim the ring. Away! The ring is mine, by rights it comes to me. You do not take vassals, grant me what's mine! Gu-trune's dow - er, devil-ish Nib-lung son. The Nib-lung's treasure is by rights his son's!

He rushes at Gunther who defends himself; they fight. The vassals throw themselves between them. Gunther falls dead. Mine, is the
He reaches for Siegfried's hand, which rises threateningly. All are fixed to the spot, shuddering. Brünnhilde emerges from the background, she walks to the front of the stage.

Brünn: ring!

Brünn: clam - our, stop all your cries!

She who knows you betrayed her, for vengeance comes to this place. Children I heard, whining to their mother, because some milk had spilled over, yet do I hear the true lamentation that befits this hero's fame?

Brünn: Brünn - hilde! Black with envy!

Gut: You brought this ill fate to us: it's you that drove the men to hate him, woe came to our house with you!

Brünn: Poor woman, peace! His
right-ful wife, you were not, his love you won false-ly through

The wife that he wed was I, a vow__

of de-vo-tion he swore, before he looked on your

face.

Accur-sèd Ha-gen! Yours was the hate-ful po-tion which

made her hus-band play false! What sor-row! How

sud-den truth comes, Brünn-hild was his

true love, who through a spell__, he____ for-

got!__

Brünhilde, after deep contemplation of Siegfried's face, turns in a mood of solemn exaltation, to the men and women. Hagen stands leaning defiantly on his spear and shield on the opposite side, sunk in deep thought.

Bring me logs and lay them down here; by the

Rhine let them rise up high! High and bright kin-dle a
Young men build a funeral pyre in front of the hall, close to the Rhine. Women decorate it with cloth, on which they strew plants and flowers.

Brünnhilde sinks again into contemplation of Siegfried's dead face: her face becomes increasingly transfigured with tenderness.
Brünn. tru-er than he were none to their treaties; love

Brünn. such as his lived in no other: and yet, he was

Brünn. faith-less, broke ev'ry prom-ise; to pure, tru-est

Brünn. love false trai-tor he proved!

Brünn. Shall I tell you why? O gods, of oaths the

Brünn. guard-ians most ho-ly, turn now your gaze on my tower-ing

Brünn. grief; and greet your e-ter-nal dis-grace!

Brünn. You will hear my griev-ance ho-ly god!

Brünn. In his most dar-ing of deeds, which

Brünn. you dear-ly de-sired, Sieg-fried was doomed by his suc-

Brünn. cess to suf-fer the curse you car-ried. He, tru-est of

Brünn. all men be-trayed me that I might fin-al-ly
know—
Brünn — hild’ knows, what must be!
All things, all things, all I know now,
all I now un-der-stand!
I hear your ravens reel-ing round me: with dread-ed, longed for tid-ings,
let them now fly home to you. Rest now, rest-

She signals the vassals to carry Siegfried’s body to the pyre; she takes the ring from Siegfried’s finger and looks at it thoughtfully.
My her-i-tage I claim from the he-ro. Ill-fa-ted ring! Fa-tal and feared! My hand grasps you and gives you a-way.
You wa-ter dwell-ers, wis-est sis-ter,s, the Rhine’s fair sin-u-ous daugh-ters,
I will do right by your ring;
That which you yearn, is yours again:

out of my ashes take what is owed you! The

fire, in which I burn, cleanses the curse from the ring!

There in the flood, dissolve it again, make

sinless your treasured, sacred gold,

whose theft brought evil to all.

Fly home, you ravens! murmur to your

master what you have heard on the Rhine.

To Brünnhilde's falls side fly with speed!

There Lo-ge smoulders, send the trickster to

Wall-hall! For the gods' destruction
soon will draw nigh. Let—flames rise and
burn—through Wal-hall’s beau-ti-ful hall.

She hurls the torch into the pile of wood, which bursts into flame.
Two ravens fly up and disappear into the background.
She catches sight of her horse. She takes hold of it and quickly
unbridles it; then leans towards it confidingly:

Grane, my steed!

We meet a-gain! Do you know, my
friend, the path we shall fol-low?

In lu-cen-t splen-dour lies our dear lord, Sieg-fried,

my love and my life. You’ll
meet with your mas-ter, neigh- ing with mer-ri ment,
lured by the fire, the light and its laughter!

Love, too, is burning, here in my breast; Flames of_
The fire lay hold on my heart; let me embrace him, and be bound by his arms in love everlasting, as one we shall be! Hei-a-ja-ho! Gra-ne!

Greet now your master! Sieg-fried! Sieg-fried! See!

Brünn-hild comes as your bride.

She leaps on her horse with one bound into the burning pyre. The flames immediately flare up high, the fire fills the whole space in front of the hall and seems to seize on this too.

Terrified, the men and women press to the front of the stage. When the entire stage appears to be completely filled with flame, the glow suddenly dies down, soon all that is left is a cloud of smoke which drifts towards the background and lies on the horizon like a dark pall.

At the same time the Rhine overflows its banks and inundates the area of the fire. The three Rhinemaidens swim past and appear above the pyre. Hagen, who has been watching Brünnhilde's behaviour with growing anxiety, is filled with the utmost terror at the sight of the Rhinemaidens. He hastily throws aside his spear and plunges, like a mad man, into the flood. Woglinde and Wellgunde twine their arms round his neck and, drag him with them into the depths.

Flosshilde exultantly holds up the recovered ring. Through the cloud bank that lies on the horizon breaks an increasingly bright red glow. In its light the three Rhinemaidens are seen happily playing with the ring and swimming in circles in the calmer waves of the Rhine, which has gradually returned to its normal height.

From the ruins of the collapsed hall, the men and women watch, in a state of intense emotion, the growing firelight in the sky. When this finally reaches its brightest point the hall of Valhalla becomes visible, in which the gods and heroes sit assembled, exactly as Waltraute described them in Act One. Bright flames seem to set fire to the hall of the gods. As the gods become completely hidden from view by flames, the curtain falls.
Appendix 8  See CD on inside back cover

Translation by Karen Wilson-deRoze
set side-by-side with the German text

Die Walküre/The Valkyrie (8a, 8b, 8c)

Götterdämmerung/Twilight of the gods. (8d, 8e, 8f, 8g)
Appendices 9 and 10  See CD on inside back cover

Die Walküre Original German Vocal Score

Götterdämmerung Original German Vocal Score