Ariadne on Naxos

Opera in one Act
With a Prelude by
Hugo von Hofmannsthal
(Translated into English by Alfred Kalisch)

New Version
Music by
Richard Strauss
Op. 60.

Vocal Score by Otto Singer
English words

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Dr. Richard Strauss.
Dedicated to

Max Reinhardt

in admiration and gratitude.

Richard Strauss  Hugo von Hofmannsthal.
Characters in the Prelude.

The Major Domo . . . . Speaking part.
The Composer . . . . Soprano.
The Tenor (Bacchus). . . Tenor.
An Officer . . . . . . . Tenor.
A Dancing Master . . Tenor.
A Wig Maker . . . . High Bass.
A Lackey . . . . . . . Bass.
Zerbinetta . . . . . . High Soprano.
Prima Donna (Ariadne). Soprano.
Arlecchino . . . . . Baritone.
Scaramuccio . . . . . Tenor.
Truffaldino . . . . . Bass.
Brighella . . . . . . High Tenor.
ARIADNE ON NAXOS
BY
RICHARD STRAUSS
PRELUDE

Very vivacious and cheerful.
poco più moderato.

furioso, quicker.

Begin a little more quietly.
(Curtain rises.)

Enter the Major Domo.

Music Master. (meeting him)

(A spacious, barely furnished hall in the town mansion of a great noble. Two doors R., two doors L., in the centre, a round table, quite in the background can be seen the appurtenances of a private theatre. Paperboys and carpenters have put up a backcloth, the back of which is velvet. Between this part and the front a clear passage across the stage.)

7

(in strict rhythm, but in the character of Recitative Secco)

very excitedly

O, Sir Maj-Domo, o Sir Maj-Domo!

Fow saught the high and low this

Major Domo:

spoken: At your service, but permit one to observe that I have but scant leisure, the preparations for tonight's great Assembly in the mansion of the richest man in Vienna, as I may well describe my noble master...

half-hour! one word, pray!

GGG
A. 7448 F.
And that might be?

A message has reached me, which indeed I find hard to understand.

Tell me briefly, please.

A message, by which I am of course greatly perturbed.

That at his Lordship's express request I am attending here, it is proposed that the opera season of my pupil—so monstrous a speculation—be followed by—there is surely some error somewhere.
Now! Permi? Your pardon.
Pray, how?

Manner of I-ta-sian O-p-e-ra! Buf-fa, forsooth! That I'll not per-mit! Must not!
Quicker.

Who will not suffer? Did I hear right. I, do not know, Sir, who has to suffer, to say nothing of com-mand-ing, anything, except my noble master, in whose mas-son you are, where you are about to have the honour to exhibit your tricks...

That the com-po-ser will ne-ver, no, ne-ver suf-fer.

A. Tba F.
10  Sempre Allegro

It is an outrageous breach of faith. The Opera seria: Ariadne was composed for to night's fest-

The promised honorarium for which will be paid by me into your hands, together with a munificent gratuity.

ti-vities expressly, and by desire. I donot doubt this abilit y to pay hebas

For whom you and your pupil have had the privilege of providing your crochets and quavers. Can I serve you in ought else?

wealthy as Midas 'Tis a work of seriousness. Crochets and quavers in-

To us 'tis of vital concern in what condition this great work is produced!
None the less it rests first and last and only, with his Lordship, my master, what kind of spectacle he is disposed to offer to his most worshipful guests after the consumption of a most festive collation.

First that, and then the display of fireworks, commanded for nine o'clock precisely, and between the two the interpolated Operetta. With which I have the honour to wish you good evening.

(A young lackey introduces a young officer, carrying lights before him.)
(Sotto voce)

Here will your Excellency find Nunzio Zerbi - netta. Just now she's at her toilet, I'll knock and

(Officer)

Do not disturb her and go to the devil!

(Lacks at the door front R.)

say you're here.

(silits the Lackey violently aside and enters)

(Off)

(Lackey staggers, just seeps the candle by placing it on a console R between the two doors, and arranges his dress)

That is the language of

sinful love, that is by an unworthy object inspired.
Composer (enters hurriedly from the back)

My good friend, please hurry and get my fiddles. Please let them know from me, they must all come to me at once; I want just a short rehearsal to make a few changes.

Lackey (vulgar and insinuant)

Composer (mournfully, explaining; not noticing that the other is begging at him)

When I called them 'the fiddles,' I meant to say 'the secondly, they're in hand now.'

A. 7433 F.
O, them! Just look and you'll find them where I too should be

And

And where I soon shall be — instead of wasting time with your messages.

where, pray? Now? When my Opera starts in fifteen minutes,

At the table!
Lucky.

When I say, they're at dinner, I mean it's his Lordship and his guests that are dining, not the common fiddler crew.

Composer (excited, musing)

I think I'd better have a rehearsal of Ariadne's music.

Lucky.

Playing at dinner.

D'you take me? And so you must wait till the dinner's over.
(moves towards the door front R.)

**Lockey:**

- soo with the la- dy (Beaming him.)

Your la- dy is in a no- ther room That's the wrong door.

**Lockey:**

In the room the la- dy, not yours at all, she will see no one, she too, is bu- sy.

**Composer (with naive pride.):**

You for-get your- self. I can speak at a- ny time to any one of my own sin- gers.

*(laughs derisively.)*

**Lockey:**

+(Knocks at the door R, gets no answer; then suddenly, purple with rage.)

**Composer:**

Poco più tranquillo.

(Exit.)

**Lockey:**

In-so- lentass! Shame he! he he he!
Quicker.

The blockhead, brainless donkey.

Idiot leaves me here by the door.

Poco più tranquillo.

Here by the door alone and goes.

(Express changes from that of anger to that of deep reflection)
Composer.

At the eleventh hour there's much I

Comp.

want to change; and very soon my Opera—O the donkey! O joy!

Comp.

(He takes up again the melody that had just occurred to him)

(Thinks out his melody, looks in his coat pocket for a piece of music paper—flinches, crumples it up—strikes his forehead)

Comp.

Peace, oh my quivering heart!

Thou omnipotent god!

6348
A. 7433 P.
Più vivace.

Tomake that Bacchus learn that he is immortal, eternally youthful.

(Runs to the second door and knocked... has self-conceited swaggering down draped in a panther skin! I think that must be his door.

23 captured the melody and sings it with full voice.)

O high symbol of youth, thou omnipotent god! O high symbol of youth, thou omnipotent god!

(The door flies open, the Wig Maker staggers out, and receives a box on the ear)

Quickly.

O high symbol of youth, thou omnipotent god!

6368
A. 7453 F.
Tenor.

That! Call that a Bacchus! To think that I could ever make myself ridiculous

Take that, then, for your pains!

Composer (springs backward)

My dearest friend. One word, I beg you; this most urgent!

Wig Maker.

I can

accelerando tempo primo

più moderato

only the excess of passion are due to weakness of intellect, inherited from lunatic ancestors!
Prima Donna (comes out of the first door R. with the Music Master. She is wearing a wrap over the costume of Ariadne.)

Quick, my dear Friend Fechmin, hake up quick. I must speak to His Lordship this very moment.

(The Music Master is about to go.)

Music Master

(The Composer has seen her; she shuts the door.)

You cannot speak to her now. The

Composer (catching sight of Zerbinetta)

Who is that young woman?

Dancing Master (coming from the back of the stage, going to Zerbinetta and the officer)

(to Zerbinetta) It will not be hard, be-

hail-dressers with her.

D.M.

Hew me, Made-in-selle, the op’ra is wea-

M.M.

Be as you always are!

A. 7150 F. 6360
-bension, and as fortunes and ideas, the heel of my left boot has more than the whole of this

29 più mosso
Composer
Who is this most enchanting young

dull-witted sentimental Ariadne on Naxos.

più mosso

Comp.
la dy?

Well, so much the better if you like her. Iris Mannello Zerbinetta. With
four of her companions shall be singing and dancing a small play after your opera.

30 Agitato.
Composer (with a start)

After my opera?
A comedy follows?
Trills and low dancing;

Comp.

Gestures indecent, and speeches unseemly, after A

Comp.

I dare you Music Master (instinct) To them comes overcome

For all reasons I beg you!
Comp.

-lation of the hol-est mys-te-ries of Life.

32 Allegro (vehemently)

Comp.

and af-ter that they wish a Jack-pud-ding co-me-dy, that will

poco largamente

Comp.

drive the sac-red mes-sage of e-ter-al-ty from their thought-less, their un-spea-

Comp.

(laughs hysterically)

emp-ty train-pans! What an ass am I? Don't speak to me of calm, Sir!

Music Master

Pray calm yourself!
quick, vehement

A comedy to follow! To lead them back to every day

grossness! This un-thinkably uneducated mob seeks a way for sooth from my idea

...where, to its material life! O you Patrons! This ex-

...perience, like a deadly poison, stays inspiration! I can
scarce believe I shall ever again invent a melody! How can, in such a world a melody soar on airy opinions?

(with sudden change of tone quite genially)

Half an hour ago I invented a truly delightful subject! I had just flown in a mighty rage with an insolent lackey
It came to me in a flash... Then, out of that door flew the wig-maker.

(quietly and with deep feeling)

had his ears boxed by the Tenor, then-then I held it fast. A

feeling of love, that knows no taint of pride, such as naught in this world inspires or can

(me - rit... yes. Thou, Venus boy Dost give us joy. Sweet

When
A. 7455 F.)
Zerbinetta has seated herself on the little chair front Rinstein—making

**accelerando**

cast from me for e-ver, for e-ver, for e-ver, For

43 a tempo, moderately quick.

**Prima Donna** (opens the door and makes a sign to the Music Master) (advances a little.

(tears the music paper in a rage) Have you sent for the Count, as I asked?

herself up, with her partners helping her. Arbodina holds the candle, Irighella the mirror.

notice Zerbinetta and the others) (to the Music Master, not too softly)

**P.D.** Faugh! Who can these strang-ep-pa-sions be! We to be mixed up on the

stir with screwlike that? Do they not know who I am?

6666

A. PASSE F.
Virace

Zerbinetta (with an insolent look at the Prima Donna, purposely loud)

If that stuff is so very dull, surely it would have

But how could the Count?

Vivace

dim.

Zerbin. been the best we should come first, to cheer them, instead of spoiling all their

pleasure. If these solemn owls for an hour have made them

sleepy, how can we ever make them laugh and be
Arietta

Dancing Master (to Zerlina)

On the contrary. When dinner's done, they feel op-

pressed, and not inclined to think; in the dark they doze in-

noticed: then, when they wake they clap, just out of mere pol-

teness.

And that will make them quite ready to listen; and they ask "What comes next?"
"The Tale of Fükle Zer-bi-net-ta"

and of her Four True Lovers; a little merry entertainment,

light melodies quite easy to remember, action clear as the day;

and that's all they want to know. "Just what I like best," they reply.
They're wide awake, alert and all attention. When they're rolling home in their

equacages, they will think only of one thing,

believe me of the incommurable Zerubabel

Musk Master to the

Pray
Princ Donna, trying to soothe her)

slowly

Do not be angry for things of no account. Aria-dne is the o-
gameste

vent of the evening, 'tis Aria-dne that draws all who truly love

music, all Vienna's nobility here to see you triumph to-

night. Aria-dne is on all men's lips. You are A-na-dne, to
mor-row all re-col-lec-tion of the o-thers will have va-nished.

Very quick

ry <one that's the on-ly thing will-swim in the pure-

The com-pa-ny's ri-sing from

Very quick

Lac-key

din-ner. Be-quick, are his Lord-ship's or-ders.

(Exit) To your pla-ces, la-dies and

(gen-eral con-vo-ca-tion. The workmen at the back have finished. The Tenor, as usual, as well as the Nymph, the Naiad, the Dryad and Echo have come out of the door L. The Major Drum comes bustling from the back, L, and goes to the Es-ter Master.)

gees

L. 2413 P.
Major Domo (spoken)
I have the honour to inform you all of a decision suddenly taken by my noble master.

Maestoso

Music Master (muttering)
It has been done. We are prepared to start the opera _Ariadne_ in two...

Maestoso

M.D.

M.M.

Maestoso

or three minutes.

The

Your pardon. Where is the Dancing Master? I have a command from his Lordship for you gentlemen both.

Prima Donna

What is that?

M.D.

M.M.

Order is changed and the opera now commences?
His Lordship has been pleased to decide that the programme drawn up by himself shall be altered.

Dancing Master (singing to join them)

And what is your wish?

Now, now, just at the last? That altered, and as follows.

Più vivace

Re- verses the order: the surely is oddest of all reason!

Più vivace

firstpiece will be The Tale of Ficke Zarbi-net-ta, then Ariadne. Very
Forgive me. The Dance Masquerade will be neither the first piece nor the second, but will be played simultaneously with the Tragedy of Ariadne.

Major Domo (General consternation)

M.S. Maestoso Tenor

D.M. pro-per.

Maestro

Prima Donna

Is he

Tenor this rich gent - is - man de - maet - to? Music Master

Is he try - ing to make fools of all of us?

Primad quite a lunatic? I must see his Lord - ship this ve - ry ins - tant!

(The Composer approaches,

6268
A 7450 F.
It is precisely as I say. How you will execute your orders, that is your affair.

His Lordship is of the opinion, which is very flattering to yourselves, that both you gentlemen understand your business well enough to be able to carry out such a trifling alteration in the twinkling of an eye. It is the will of my master, to have the two pieces, the merry one and the sad one, served up to him on the stage simultaneously, but just as he had ordered them, and paid for them, with all the personages and the proper music.

And it must be so arranged that the whole performance shall not, in consequence be prolonged for one moment, for on the stroke of nine a display of fireworks is commanded to begin in the garden.
Composer (quite to himself, softly.)

Transfixed at my birth by spi-rit vol-o-sis

how in heaven's name does his Lordship think such a thing can be done?

Major Demo

It is presumably not the business of his Lordship, when he has paid for a spectacle, to trouble his head as well how it shall be performed. His Lordship is accustomed to have his orders carried out when given.

Moreover, for three whole days his Lordship has been greatly displeased to think that in a mansion so magnificently equipped as his, a scene so poorly struck as a desert island should be set before him; and just now the idea has occurred to him to remedy this error to change the scene, decorated, at least with some show of respectability by the characters out of the other play.

Dancing Master

Poco più vivace.

I find that very proper. There's nothing more want of sense than a desert island.
riad-ze on Na-xos, Sir, she is the sym-bol of Man-kind in so-li-tude.

Dancing Master
(quickly fiercely)

Naught a-round her hut rocks, the o-sean, the

That is just why com-pa-ny’s see-ded.

heftig bewegt

poco più largamente

for-rest, and E-ros that fed not. Does she but see one human face,

ancora più espress

my mu-sic has no mean-ing. Dancing Master.

But it is more for the au-dience.
As it is written now  Before it's half over  they'll be sleeping.

Forgive me, but I must ask you to
Majordomo, use the utmost despatch. The Company will enter at once. (Exit)

M.M. think out a solution.

Composer

Oh such a thing you'd waste a thought? When
crass vulga-ri-ty con- fronts you, like Me-du-sa, tur-ning our

hearts to stone! Hence! What have we to gain by stay-ing?

Music Master (slowly and sadly)

What we have to gain by stay-ing? The fifty good du-cats, in the first place, on

Composer (to himself, gloomily)

This world and I have

which you must live at least six months in plenty and com-fort.
Why stay longer in it?

Dancing Master.

accelerando

Moderato

It sur-

D.M.

preses we that you two gentlemen are so very strongly op-

D.M.

posed to this very practical compromise which the Count proposes.

D.M.

accelerando

65 tempo primo

Music Master.

The easiest thing.

Do you really think it might be managed?

accelerando

tempo primo
Opera contains, does it not? some weary rose

accelerando

pages. You leave them out. These performers know how to improvise very very

69

cleverly in every situation. Music Master.

Hush! If he should hear,

Quickly

Ask him at once whether he prefers to hear his

Quickly

hell surely kill himself.

A.7453 F.
work with a few bars omitted just this once or had rather it never sees the light.

Find him an inkpot somewhere, a pen and pencil and such-like. There

Composer (tenderly presses to his heart the sheets of music paper that are handed to him from all sides)

Far better burn

is no other way to save his masterpiece.

plötzlich etwas ruhiger

them.

Scores of mighty masters to whom on our knees we pay homage.
haven-ness to win their first hearing by sacri-fices far beyond.

Composer (gloomily hampered)

Is it so? Is he right? You?

this.

Comp.

Why then? Must I then? (To the Music Master)

Seetheat his cuts are suf-

(fiercely forced him to the table, where the music spread out. The candle is placed beside him)

I'll give fer-ti- nent to her orders.

ves

A.714 P.
In two words we tell her the whole of the story. She is a past mistress of impro-

sa- tion as she al ways plays her self, you see. She is al ways at home in ev ry

kind of scene. The others know all her tricks by heart, so there can’t be a ny

(The Composer begins to make cuts with feverish energy by the light of the candle)

70 Allegro

hit - ches. (He fetches Zerbinetta from her room and speaks to her)
Prima Donna (to the Music Master)

Tenor (goes quietly to the Composer, leans over him)

Now be sure that a great deal is taken from

You must cut the part of Ariadne.

F.D.

Rash, he has far too much, and his endless

Tenor.

Music Master (whispering to the Prima Donna)

No one can sit

Nono. of yours is altered.

P.P.

High, now just madden the audience

Tenor.

still if she is shouting with all her lungs the
whole night long.

Music Master (to the Tenor, turning to the other side)

Two of her airs disappear. You don't lose a

immer lebhafter

Dancing Master (to Zerbinetta, very merry and fantastic)

(to the Prima Donna)

This A - ri - qua - ver. I beg you not a word. He's taking half of his part from

immer lebhafter

Vivacissimo (of the 4/4)

D.N.

ad - ne is a Princess who rashly ran off one day with a

M.M.

Bac - chus. Do not betray my

Vivacissimo (of the 4/4)

6388
A.7453 7.
Certain Theseus whose life she had previously

secret.

Zorbinetta

She'll come to a bad end I'm sure.

saved at the risk of her own.

Theseus had enough of her. So he left her alone on a deserted
Naughty

is hard one night.

Music Master (to the Composer)

That too: it must be.

75

For

man!

(most heroically)

She's distracted with yearning and prays for speedy death.

dead!

They all say that, but what she wanted
was another admirer.

And so it turns out, of course.

Poco più largamente.

No, no, it is not so. For, Sir, she is a woman-minded, one that gives her heart.

Zerbinetta

Hal!

— for ever to one man, knowing no other love.

Vivacissimo again.

But death passes her by. But

(stares at her bewildered)

untill conquered by death.

Vivacissimo again.
what do I wager there comes instead a pale faced young lover with

shining eyes, full of passion exactly like you.

Music Master

You have guessed it quite right. It

(merrily scoffing)

As

is the god of Bacchus, and worthy prayer.
Zerbin. 
if we did not know it! And so she has ev - ry - thing that she

79 Not slowly but with solemnity. \( \text{\textit{sempre piu scoltamente}} \)

wants

Composer

She thinks he is the God of Death. It is. Death she

Not slowly but with solemnity. \( \text{\textit{sempre piu scoltamente}} \)

sees, he Deats quite fills her soul, and there - fore, there -

Zerbinetta (from the door, very coquettishly)

Dear child, she is fooling you.

fore a - lone

Yea, therefore a - lone
she goes with him os his skip to die she dee

(softly not impressively)

Fish, tush-

-meth No! she dies tru-

soon you'll know what I am in my in-most heart of hearts

(gnoosily)

Like her you re-

68x8
A.7155 F.
Much more quietly

- ver can be, I know it, that she died. Ariadne is the

one, without a peer among millions, she is the one who cannot forget.

Piu vivace.

Zerbinetta (she turns her back on him. To her partners who have come to her)

Nonsense. At tend, we are to join in the piece: "Ariadne on Naxos." The plot is this: There's a Princess who has been jilted by her
lover, and he leaves her, and no other admirer has as yet ar-

ived to cheer her. The scene is the beach of a desert island, and we are a

live-ly band of travellers who by chance have come to visit that desolate island. You

take your cues from me, and as soon as there's a good chance to come forward,
then we appear and take our part in the

Rather slow.

Composer

She goes to destruction

From

Rather slow.

mor-tal's ken

hid for aye

In-scrutable mys-teries of

allmählich bewegter

transfor-ma-tion en-gulf

her!

A.7453 P. 6268
Then she is new-born

in his em-

-molto espr-

bra-
cos her life re-

86

(grandioso)

new-ing!

Thus be his god-hood gains.

What o-ther power could wa-ken to life a young god's be-

dim.
Zerbinetta (looks into his eyes)

Now courage! Now common

but this one miracle of loving?

Zerbinetta

sense will bring you down to earth!

And if

And once she freed, and stood so!

semper più moto.

Zerbinetta

I take a hand will it hurt you?

Comp.

with his hand in the air

God grant I may not fall dead in this

semper più moto.
Far worse hours than this you will have to live through!

hour of shame!

What means it all, and why speak thus to me allmählich ruhiger

at this moment?
A movement is a little thing a moment's glance means much; there are brackets to be only barely perceptible modifications.

Many think that they know me, but they have eyes that are unseeing. Not of my own choice do I play on ly co-

(poco più scioltamente.)
Zerbin. -quette's parts. But who knows my heart is in the

play I act? They think me merry yet I am

weeping, Fond of cressata they think me, yet none is more lonely.

poco accelerando
Zerbin.
whom she could be

faith - ful for - ever.

Composer (eagerly)
Who - so he may - be for whom thou lov -

Comp.
-gest thou thou art as I, an
(without hurrying)
airy spirit, pining in earthly

(Zerinetta 100)

Your words ex-

(gesto rall.)

fet-ters.

cresc.

exp. pp. ad lib.

(Zerinetta)

press my deepest feel-
ings.

(qwickenings somewhat)

(quickly)

I must go.

espr.

4288

J. 7453 7257 F.
Will you forget, in one minute, this one moment of our lives.

Composer (Quite carried away, with excitement)

(Quicker again) Can such moments be forgotten
(Gestures to free herself, and runs off.)
The Music Master, acting as stage manager of the opera, has during this dialogue directed the other characters, the Tenor and then the three Nymphs... to the back, to the centre, to the front, to the back where the stage seemed to be, and now comes bustling to the front, to fetch the Prima Donna who had again disappeared into her dressing-room.

Music Master

Please take your places. Ladies and gentlemen! Aria, dnc. Zer-bi-

Music

Net-ta: Scaracchio, Arlecchino! Take your
Prima Donna (to the Music Master)

Am I to stand on the places on the stage at once!

stage with common girls like that? What are you about?

Let me implore you! Am I not your old friend and teacher?

(a little more quietly)

If that young person is not driven from my presence,

(Quicker again)

A. 7553 F. 8168
I am sure I don't know what I'll do!

Music Master

Where is there a better

(a little broader)

opportunity to show than on this stage, what an infinite

Frma Dona (laughing derisively)

Gulf indeed! Ha ha ha

gulf is fixed between your great art, and a girl like that?

6265
A. 7483 P.
ha! A whole world, let us hope!

Let them feel this whole world in every gesture, and you will

returns immediately to fetch the Composer, who embraces him rapturously

scotch all the ideas of your feet in ecstasy! Molto vivace

more. With eyes newly opened I see what was hid-den!
The depths of existence, who is there can plumb them?

My dearest friend! There is much in this great world, that
(still more flowing)

may not be spoken. The poets they can
(poco calando)

write for us good words for music, quite good words,
Very impetuously

and yet...

and yet...

Very impetuously

and yet...

and yet...

Courage!

The world is

Courage!

The world is

Courage!

The world is
And what then

(With almost crazy solemnity)

A little quieter, but still impetuously and with enthusiasm.

which unites in sacred bonds all who dare.
like Cherubin guarding a radiant

throne! That is why, of all the arts

music is the holiest,

the holiest of all the
A little quicker

arts!

What is that? Wheredo they go?

These of-fen-sive crea-tures?

To pro-fane

—but you have al-

855

A. 7413 F.
Very quickly and passionately

It was a crime to allow it.

lowt!....

Very quickly and passionately

your crime to allow me to allow it.

Who bade you drag me.
me from my ownworld to this? No, let me

dim.

pe - rish of hun - ger and cold in my own world of Art!

(Resignedly. Music Master looks after him, shaking his head)

(Quicker again)

(The Curtain falls quickly)

End of the Prelude.
Personages of the Opera.

Ariadne .................. Soprano.
Bacchus .................. Tenor.
Nalad .................. High Soprano.
Dryad .................. Contralto.
Echo .................. Soprano.
Zerbínetta .................. High Soprano.
Arlecchino .................. Baritone.
Scaramuccio .................. Tenor.
Truffaldino .................. Bass.
Brighella .................. Tenor.

A. 6369 F.
ARIADNE ON NAXOS

BY

RICHARD STRAUSS

Overture.

Andante. Metr. 1 = 76.

Piano.

Vocal Score by
Otto Singer.
Ariadne is discovered lying motionless on the ground, at the mouth of the cave.
Naiad on the left. Dryad on the right. Echo at the base, by the wall of the cave.

(The Curtain rises)

11 Allegretto. M. J = 52

See her.  
Sleeping?
Hear her weeping!

Weeps... yet

wakes not.  

Hark! she

She weeps eth.

Lo! she
Ah! – Thus day and night she
wakes not. Ah! – Thus day and night she

No. 13

s

lies.

Waits in vain for his returning.

lie.

expr.


pp

p


Still a new with

All her sorrow still renewing;

A. 6302. 7453 F
16 **ruhig** M. $= 66$

**Naiad. tranquillo**

P (expressionless)

Now the marvel scarce surpri-seth! But like

Echo.

P (expressionless)

Now the marvel scarce surpri-seth!

**Dryad.**

Now the marvel scarce surpri-seth!

**ruhig**

tranquillo

PP

17

**Naiad.**

ebb and flow of ocean.

Like the

**Dryad.**

Like the tree-tops' gen-tle mo-tion,
ECHO
Like the tree-tops', like the tree-tops' gentle motion
Like the ebb and flow of ocean

NEAED
18 pp
Heed-
Heed-
Heed-

DRIED
pp
Heed-
Heed-
Heed-

fließender più mosso cresc.

ECHO
not we pass it by.
Heed-
We pass it by.

DRIED
pass it by.

fließender più mosso

A 6303 7453 P 6308
Many a day now in this fashion

Ah! endures her passion, Scarcely we hear her

Ah! endures her passion, Scarcely we hear her

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!
Naiad.

Koto

Dryad.

Naiad.

Koto

Dryad.

Like the
treetops' gentle motion, gentle motion scarce

Like the
treetops' gentle motion, gentle motion scarce

Like the ebb and flow of

Like the ebb and flow of

Like the ocean, like the tree-tops' gentle motion scarce

Like the ocean, like the tree-tops' gentle motion scarce

K. 6309a 7433 F. 6308
Naid.  we heed her bitter cry.
Echo.  we heed her bitter cry.
Dryas.  we heed her bitter cry.

Lente.

Echo. (on the ground)  Ah!
Ariadne.  Ah!  Where was I?  Dead?

Lente.  Yet having breathe again and see the sun?
I live, but yet, ye gods, I live not truly.

Thou shattered heart, o cease thy

bootless throbbing!

What?—Was it but a
Echö (The same sounds as the cry of Ariadne, but soulless)

etwas fließender
31
un poco più mosso

Ah!

Arlechino (in the wings)

etwas fließender
un poco più mosso

How young

Zerbinetta (in the wings)

How child-like is her face, yet grief hath

Ari.

how fair, how great her sorrow!

Zerbi.

married her features!

Ari.

And hard, most hard the task, to comfort her.

Truffaldin

And hard, most hard the task, to comfort her.

GSBN

A. 6303.7453 F.
Andante sostenuto

Ariadne (without heeding them in the least, to herself, soliloquizing)

How beau-

- ti-ful ence ______ were Thesess A-

riadne.

And went ______ their way, ______ in light - and life re - joi-cing, and
went their way in light and life rejoicing.

(With great expression.)

How beautiful were Ariadne

accelerando

The-seus

The-seus! And

39

went their way in light and life rejoicing.
etwas breit
(un poco allargando)

Ariadne—Then—

(vehemently.) a tempo accelerando

Why know I aught of them? Let me for—

Allegro (A new thought flashes across her poor distraught brain.)

got them! One question must I answer:

It is shame Still thus to be distraught! Then let me
Rouse me: Yes, whither has she vanished,

Andante

The maid that once was I! I know now,

Hear me, let me not forget, ye gods!

Nay not the name, the name is with its
fellowgroomin-twi-net so close-ly: One thing— with a sec-ond

Naiad. 46

(as if trying to remind her, to wake her) A-riad-ne!

Echo

Dryad. A-riad-ne!

A-riad-ne! (motioning them away)

Ariad. ming-lest soon, Hor-ror!

Nay,

Molto Andante \( \text{P} = 92 \)

call no more! She lives here all a-

\( \text{dim.} \)

\( \text{pp} \)
And light is her breast, and light her step. The grass it moves not where she treads, Her sleep is pure serene her mind. Her heart unainted as the brook: And free from sin, soon
Ariad: _will she greet the day_  

When joy-

-ful-ly wrapping her cloak around her,

Shrouding her face, she will await deliverance, And

thus, in peace for ever Among the dead will rest.
52

Zerbinetta

Arischin (in the wings)

Try music healing

I fear me grief and pain her mind have quite overthrown.

53

Ariadne (without turning her head, to herself.

Zerbin

Madd, but she powerless.

Scaramuccio (in the wings)

She surely is quite mad!

Truffaldino (in the wings)

She surely is quite mad!

as if the last words had reached her through her dream.)

nicht schleppen

Ariadne

knows yea! I know the blessings

6368

A. 6368. 7453 F.
Aria

To hearts in sor-row, cruel fate de-

54 poco acceler.

Allegretto

ni-eth. Zerbinetta (in the wings)

poco acceler. Ah! from her sor-row woo her with a song.

poco acceler. Allegretto

Arlecchino 55

Love and hate and e-vry plea-sure,

Hope de-ferred and e-vry pain Hu-man heart can bear in mea-sure
etwas zögernd
poco rit.
56
ruhig
tranquillo

Once and many a time again.

etwas zögernd
poco rit.

56
ruhig
ttranquillo

(tempo primo)

(more emphatic)

But bereft of sense to languish, painless, joyless numb and cold,

(tempo primo)

Who can bear such cruel anguish, worse than death a hundred-fold?
West thee from such gloom and anguish, wake, if but to fiercer pain!

Live, for joy may come to-morrow,Live, and wake to

Echo (we whisper) (Ariadne unmoors, dreams on)

love again! poco calando

Zerbinetta (aside) 59 tempo primo

She does not even lift her head. (the same)

All in vain is our

(tempo primo)
Echo

Zorbin

Aril.

"Tis thus with ev'ry wench you see.

Aril.

Andante mosso

\( \text{N. } \text{j. } = 96 \)

Ari.

Do you not feel thus for ev'ry man?
Ariadne (to herself)

There is a land, from whence are banished all things unclean and un holy.

(rises from the ground)

Ariad.  

Land of death... Here naught is pure; All now suffers

(She draws her cloak close around her)

Ariad.  

Corruption. poco eal.

etwas ruhiger M. j. 84

Sooner comes from heaven a herald, Hermes call they his

dolce marcato

6368
A. 6395, 6339, 7453 F.
In gentle movement, Estatically.

Movimento piano, esattico

His wand was a wand of spirits compelling:

Like birds affrighted, like withered leaves before him they fly.

Thou

beauteous, peaceful god!

Lo!—Ariadne waiteth.

Ah! From pining from

life's hot fever, must my heart be purified;

A. 6303. 6337. 7458 F.
Ariad.  
Then thy face to me inclining, Thou wilt fly to this my 

Ariad.  
-Darkness will enshroud my being, On my 

rit.  66 a tempo  
heart-thy kindly hand—thou'lt lay. In the 

re-gain festal garments That my mother wrought for me, I will 

Ariad.  

A.G. 033, 034, 7432 F.
Aria.

wrap my weary body, And my tomb this cave will be.

But my soul in solemn silence Follo-woeth its

new-made lord, Like a leaf by zephyrs dri-ven

Full of rapture fol-lo-weth.

wieder etwas ruhiger poco meno mosso

A. 1302, 6222, 7459 F.
Ariadne

On mine eyes there falls a darkness
Peace will fill my heart for aye.
And within this cave my body richly
Alone will lie.

Ariadne (with growing rapture)

...
Ariadne opens again, 
This burden of being

rising to a great climax

Lift it from me!
Lift, lift it from me;
This burden of being,
Ariadne: being, Lift it from me. To

Ariadne: thee, linked in union eternal, With thee will Ariadne dwell. With thee will Ariadne dwell.

etwas ruhiger werden (she stands as if in a trance) acceler.
(Echo, Naiad, Dryad have vanished during Ariadne's monologue)

(come to the stage from the front, and proceed to try to enliven Ariadne by a dance. Turbinella remains in the wings)

Allegretto Brighella

Tris l-a-dy is too much in-clined to yield to hea-vi-

Scaramuccio

This l-a-dy is too much in-clined to yield to hea-vi-

Ariochino

This l-a-dy is too much in-clined to yield to hea-vi-

Truffaldino

This l-a-dy is too much in-clined to yield to hea-vi-

Allegretto n. J. 88

in der Kalisse)

Brigh.

ness of mind. What e'er mis-fortune may be-fal, In time its tra-ces

Scara.

ness of mind. What e'er mis-fortune may be-fal, In time its tra-ces

Ari.

ness of mind. What e'er mis-fortune may be-fal, In time its tra-ces

Truff.

ness of mind. What e'er mis-fortune may be-fal, In time its tra-ces

5268
A. 4303 1452 F.
a little more deliberate

poco comodo

Brigh.

True loves melancholy Can move compassion

Scaram.


Ari.

But oh! what folly Topine in this fashion.

Truffl.

But oh! what folly Topine in this fashion.
move compassion, But oh! what folly to

love's melancholy Can move compassion, But oh! what folly to

True love's melancholy Can move.
Stands humbly near thee with all her friends.

maiden she and all her friends.

Stands humbly near thee with all her friends.

Come this fair maiden with all her friends.

tempo primo, still somewhat deliberately
tempo con moto

Stays thy weeping since we sail but we will dancing and singing Per-Giacony-will we?

(The they begin to dance)

tempo primo, still somewhat deliberately
tempo comodo

The

dim.
But stay thy weeping. Our words all fail us, will dancing and singing perchance avail us.

The

The

The wanton breezes

The wanton breezes

The wanton breezes

The wanton breezes

A. 4605. 7453 F.
Brigh-

pel the tear.

Are.
dim.

breezes Dispel the tear.

Truffal

dim.

pel the tear.

grazioso M. J.°

Zerbinetta

See them now dancing, see their feet glancing! Should she not, beholding, find here a

Zerbin

lover, lover, lover, a lover to her mind?

Sempre p

6368

A. 6809 738 8 F.
Zerbinetta

Arlecchino

To stay thy weeping Since words all fail us

Trafalgar

The wantion

allmählich etwas fliessender poco a poco più mosso

fail us, Will dancing and singing Per chance

Scaramuccio

To stay thy weeping Since words all fail us, Arlecchino

The sun's ca-

breezes Dispel the tear.

allmählich etwas fliessender poco a poco più mosso

6388
A. 6388. 7662 F
a - vail us? The sun's ca - res-ses All tears

To stay thy weeping Since words all fail us,

to res-ses All tears they soon ban - nish.
The wan - ton breezes The tear

To stay thy weeping Since words all fail us.

dis - pel. See them now dan - cing, See their feet glan - cing; Sure I would a -

A. 4303. 7453 F. 6368
(gradually returning to the former tempo)
(poco a poco ritornare al tempo primo)

Zerbin. mong them find a lover to my mind.
Scaramuccio. (Loud) The lady is too much inclined to yield to hea-
Arlecchino. (Loud) The lady is too much inclined to yield to hea-
Truffaldino. (Loud) The lady is too much inclined to yield to hea-

(gradually returning to the former tempo)
(poco a poco ritornare al tempo primo)

Brighella. 88 tempo primo, a little roughly
(tempo primo, un poco robusto)
To stay thy weeping Since words all fall us, Will dancing and singing Per-
Scaram. - vi - ness of mind.
Arli. - vi - ness of mind.
Truff. - vi - ness of mind. To stay thy weeping Since

tempo primo, a little roughly
(tempo primo, un poco robusto)
The sun's caresses all tears they soon banish,

To stay thy weeping since words all fall us, will dance

them find a lover, a lover to my taste.

The wanton breezes all tears dispel.

Perchance avail us?

The wanton,

To stay thy weeping since
Zorbin.

lover, a lover to my taste     But yonder lady Dis-

Brigh.

wanton breezes All tears dispel.

Soranz.

wanton breezes All tears dispel.

Arr.

wanton breezes All tears dispel.

Zorbin.

dains to regard them The song doth vex her, All their toil they waste.

Soranz.

To stay thy weeping Our
Leave us, cease now! She fain would have peace!

still dancing)

stay thy weeping! Our words shall fail us.

To stay thy weeping! Our words shall fail us.

She bade us near thee. And we strove her bidding To do right well.
she fain would have peace.

In vain our labour, In

To stay thy weeping, Our words all fail us, Will

van our dancing Our songs entran-

The sun's caress All tears they soothe, nish,

The sun's caress All tears they soothe, nish,

dancing wailing chance avail us?
Then cease your dancing, Cease your singing. Cease your singing. Leave us.

In vain our labour, Vain our dancing, Vain our songs end.

To stay thy weeping, Our words all fail us; Will
while.

Brigh:

tranc - ing She deigns _ not to smile.

Se - ran:

tranc - ing She deigns _ not to smile.

Arl:

She deigns _ not to smile

Truff:

sin - ging Wil' dan - cing Per - chance a _ vail us?

Zorbin:

dan - cing, So cease your dan - cing, Cease your

Brigh.

In vain our la - bour, Vain our dan - cing,

Se - ran:

In vain our la - bour, Vain our dan - cing,

Arl:

In van our la - bour, Vain our dan - cing,

Truff:

In vain our la - bour, Vain our dan - cing.
Zerbin.

---

Brigh.

---

Scarne.

---

Ari.

---

Truffé.

(She gets them out of the way)

while.

Brigh.

She deigns not to smile.

Scarne.

She deigns not to smile.

Ari.

She deigns not to smile.

Truffé.

deigns not to smile.

Then cease your
Zorbi.  

sin - ging,  

Brighella  

cease.  

your dan - cing,  

(As he goes)  

Arlecchino  

(As he goes)  

In vain our sin - ging  

In vain our sin - ging.  

Vain our dan - cing,  

She deigns not to  

In vain our sin - ging.  

Vain our dan - cing.  

Arri.  

In vain our sin - ging.  

(Exit to the right)  

Sceam.  

Smile.  

(Exit to the left)  

Truffaldino  

To slay her weeping, Our arts all fail us....  

(Exit to the left)
Recitative and Aria
Moderato, in strict time throughout
Moderato, senza alcuna licenza
Zerbinetta (Making a deep obeisance to Ariadne)

Most gracious sovereign lady, who but knows full well, That pain and sorrow of exal-

led king's hearts, and souls like thine, Can never be measured or weighed by rules and laws that guide The lot

of common mortal folk. But yet Are we not women, both of

us, And does not in each bosom beat a heart of woman that passeth un-

6388
A. 6302, 6320, 7453, 7458 P.
Zerbin.

(still nearer, with a courtesy)

(Ariadne in order to avoid seeing her, veils her face)

standing?

To tell how weak, how frail we are,

To confess—the truth to ourselves, is it not bitter?

(sageshy)

sweet?

And does our heart not yearn for it?

You will not deign to hear me...
etwas gemessen

un poco misurato

Zerbin.

Fair and proud and moving not, As if you were an effigy

On your own monument. You would have none to share

your sorrow's secret. But yonder rocks and tumbling waves of ocean?

lebhafter

(Ariadne retires to the mouth of the Cave)

Most noble lady: Jealous ear: Not these a lone all women, yea all women, All be
suffered it, there is not one, That by the same grief hath not been smitten. poco ritard.

Ziemlich rasch
Allegro assai

Deserted! And a-bandoned! Desolate!

Yes! Of such desert isles there is a multitude even in the hoarded

mankind: I, myself too have known them. have-seen in many a one.

6368
A. 6806, 6826. 7403, 7465 7.
And yet I did not learn to load all men with curses. Faithless are they, past

believing, without measure! A few hours of night, a feverish

day, The sigh of a breeze, a languishing glance... And lo! they are

changed! But are we— are we immune Against these pitiless enchantments, these
Allegretto mosso m. 140

Full oft, when I think, for ever unshaken, My constancy

(einged.)

po cantando

109

e'vry attack will repel, Strange propnings assail me, that

ja me a - wa - ken, For free - dom too long un
tasted a yearning, And soon 'tis a new love in

secrecy burning, Holds my heart fast in its

concoering spell, Though deceit scheming, in action, not

sinning, Though
trus to all see - ming, False is my will

Like one who with

false coin great pro - fit it win - ning, Half

ur - ging my - self on, half help-less-ly dri - ven, I
base-ly de-ceive him,     Though lo-ving him
still, Though lo-ving him still.

full oft when love seem-s for e-ver un-sha-ken, Longings for
free-dom in me a-wa-ken; Soon 'tis a new love wi-thin me in
(Breaks off suddenly)

secretly burning...

Allegro scherzando

So was it with Pag-

cresc.

liazzo and Mezzo-
ti-notti. Then it was Ga-
vichio, then Bu-rat-

117

tizio, Then Pasqua riel-
lo! Who could be-

Why sometimes all?
heart its secret, its own

secret should read so ill ah!
Rondo.
Allegro. M. \( \text{d} = 54 \)

Zerbin. Like a god each one did I wel-
come, Dumb when first he
greeted my sight; By his first kis-ses en-
rapped,
By the god soon was I cap-tured; By his arts trans-
for-med.

quite.

6308
A. 7453. 7458 F.
As a god each one did I welcome. By his —

arts transformed quite, By his first

kiss enraptured, Dumb and helpless captured quite. Like a
123 molto vivace

Zerbin. god each one did I

Tranquillo

Zerbin. welcome. Each one soon transformed me quite,

124 Still more quietly

Zerbin. By his first kiss entrap -

Zerbin. - tured, By the god I soon

630h
A. 7655. 7665 p.
was captured, Dumb when

first he greeted my

sight, sweet

tempo primo soon

cresc.

Zerbin.

cap.

cresc.
As a god each one did I welcome,
Zerbin.  
soon.  

\( \text{a tempo, molto vivace} \)

Recitativo, in strict rhythm

Zerbin.  
soon.  
soon.  
Arlecchino (leaping from the wings)

Pretty sermon, but you preach to

(Turning quickly to him)

Yes, it seems that lady and I, each have a different language.

defa earns.

Zerbin.  
(briefly)

'Twould not surprise me, if before long the learner must rise far the best for a

It seems so.
Zerbin: For whom do you take me?  
(With one bound, he is at her side)

Ari: We must wait patiently.  But there's one thing for which I won't wait.  For an en-

(Turn to embrace her)  

Ari: -chanting young woman, with whom is my ear- nest wish to in-prove my slight ac-

Zerbin: What pre-sumption!  And present at home!  Two steps from the royal lady's man-sion.

Ari: Pooh!  Mansion! It's

\[\text{Ari.} \]

\[\text{Zerbin.} \]

A6323, 7483 F.
Zerbin. What matters that? (Energetically frees herself.)

Arl. only a cavern. Why much, it has no windows.

festes Zeitmaß
in tempo forma

Zerbin. would be capablen To think that there are women, to

Arl. Do not doubt, of everything! festes Zeitmaß in strict time:

Zerbin. whom for this very reason he's pleasing.

Arl. And to think that you are from top to
Allegretto

- a - t ex.  

-at the front, Left

p

To con

(at the front, Right)

p

To con

(at the back)

p

To con

(at the front, Left)

To con

Allegretto m. \( \frac{3}{4} \)

Try no more, 'tis labour lost!

Try no more, 'tis labour lost!

Try no more, 'tis labour lost!

Try no more, 'tis labour lost!
If all comfort she refuses, Do not
If all comfort she refuses, Do not
If all comfort she refuses, Do not
If all comfort she refuses, Do not baulk.

150 (Zerbinetta dances from one to the other, coupling each one)

grazioso

grazioso M. 459

No moody lad am I

grazioso M. 459

grazioso M. 459
If kindly you reply; In your sweet smile to

bask. That is all that I ask. (With a cunning expression)

Here in this isle are sweet woods in

plent-ty. Then let me lead you, I know them all.

Did I a chariot and two horses own, Soon with this charmer
While her sly antics Fool them completely, I stand here

I'd fly alone.

Zerbinetta (dancing from one to the other)

Something coming

Waiting Watchingly discreetly!

Never calling
Always a precious, wonder, new wonder der de.

Brighella
I am not moody...

Scaramuccio
I'd fly...

Arlecchino
I watch here discreetly.
Scarpia

Zerbinetta

Scarpia

Zerbinetta

Ari

Truffaldino

Ari

Zerbinetta

Ari

TRUFFALDINO

ZERBINETTA

A. 6303. 7452 F.
Zerlin. 

precious, something com-

Brighella

No moody lad am I.

Arl. 

I wait here dis-

Pel - ling And there were some times not one but

Saramucio

I'd fly a lone. with her.

Arl.

creet - - ly.

A. 6303. 7458 F.
(While dancing, she seems to lose a shoe)

Scene: Quickly seize the shoe and kiss it.

Zerlina: Times, yes, there are two.

(She allows him to put it on and while he does so, she leans on Truffaldino, who had fallen at her feet.)

Zerlina: How he stoops, to conquer trying!
Zerbinetta: follow Nim-ly round me pi-rouette!

Brilli: pi-rouette!

Norina: dout her, All of us will pi-rouette!

Trurtia: makes her nimbly, Each of all the others jealous, Round a-

Zerbinetta: crep. If of them I make him jea-los, Soon you'll

Trurtia: bout her pi-rouette!
see the toy young fellow round about me pirouette!

Scaramuccio

See how nim-bly, see how zealous,

Truffo!

See how nim-bly, see how zealous.

(While the three are making their pirouettes, Zerbinetta throws herself backwards into the arms of Arlecchino, and hurriedly disappears with him.)

Brigl. I will round her pirouette.

Scaran. I will round her pirouette.

Truffo. I will round her pirouette.

sempre
etwas lebhafter

Poco piu mosso

Mine the

(two find themselves alone)

Mine the shoe.

Mine the hand.

etwas lebhafter

Poco piu mosso

ff

I have succeeded!

I have succeeded!

I have succeeded!

I have succeeded!

Mine the hand.

I have succed.!
167

Brigh.

I am her love—tis me she expec-teth,

Searam.

I am her love—tis me she expec-teth,

Truff.l.

—ceedeed! Now must I quick—

Brigh.

Me she has cho—sen, Them she rejec—teth!

Searam.

Me she has cho—sen, Them she rejec—teth!

Truff.l.

—ly creep off un—heed—ded!

6268
A. 6268. 2463 F.
Brigh.  
Mo she chooseth, Then she rejecteth! I'm her love, 'tis

Scaram.  
Mo she chooseth, Then she rejecteth! I'm her love, 'tis

Truff.  
Mo she chooseth, Then she rejecteth! I'm her love, 'tis

Brigh.  
Mo she expecteth!

Scaram.  
Mo she expecteth! (all slink into the wings)

Truff.  
Mo she expecteth!

(Immediately afterwards Scaramuccio reappears first of the three, from the right, in front of the stag's disguise.)

dim.

A. 6303. 7463 F.
Scaramuccio

(Loos around)

Hush! where can she be? where has she gone?

(going round the stage to the right)

Scaram-

Hush! where is she? where can she be?

170 Brighella (dressed as a woman)

(Coming from the left)

(Turns to the right)

and runs into Scaramuccio, who is just returning

171

pp

dim
Truffaldino (Disguised)  

(Come here, at the upper left hand corner, just Brighella is taking his first step to the right)

Hush! where is she?

Truffaldino

where can she be?

Brighella (To himself)

O, curse the fellow!

Scaramuccio (To himself)

O, curse the fellow!

Truffaldino (To himself)

O, curse the fellow! But I can't be
Zerbinetta (visible, at the back)

That a heart its own

But I can't be recognized!

But I can't be recognized!

re-ognized!

etwas gemütlicher

a poco comodo

Zerbin. (brighella, Serafino, Truffaldin look at each other)

secret should always read so ill, its own

176 

wieder lebhafter

più animato

Arlecchino (Also visible)

Form and feature praise defy ing!

98

wieder lebhafter

più animato

G.B.
Hands that clasp me, lips that kiss!

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Oh, oh, oh, oh!
tempo primo aber stets sehr lebhaft (sempre molto mosso)

Hands... that clasp... lips... that
tempo primo aber stets sehr lebhaft (sempre molto mosso)

kiss.

Binding heart to

heart in bliss!

Scaramuccio

Oh, oh! Truffaldino

A: 1903 V. 6488
Oh, oh, oh, oh, the thief!

The thief!

Oh, oh, oh, oh, the thief!

The wicked, wicked thief!

The wicked, wicked thief!

The wicked.
To caress caress replying, Love that binds

loving heart to heart, Binding heart to heart

heart to heart, Loving heart to heart

Brighella The thief, the thief, the

Scaramuccio The thief, the thief, the

Truffaldino Oh, oh, oh, oh, the thief, the

ISSN
A. 1800. 7453 F.
Zerbin. heart. to heart.

Ari. heart. to heart.

Brigh. wicked, wicked, wicked thief!

Scaram. wicked, wicked, wicked thief!

Truffa. wicked, wicked, wicked thief!

(The three as they dance off)

Zerbin. heart.

Ari. angry and disappointed.

A. 633. 7443 F.
Brighella
Oh, oh, oh, the thief!

Scaramuccio
Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Truffaldino
Oh, oh, oh, the

(Exit)

Brighella
Oh, oh.

Scaramuccio
Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Truffaldino
Thief! Oh, oh.

 dim.

pp
Scene III

(The Naiad, Dryad and Echo run on, almost simultaneously from the right, the left, and the back respectively.)

**Naiad**

*Placard.*

Sehr schnell.  

2. Sinfonie.

**Naiad**

boy, oh how comely!

**Echo.**

You are a youthful god!

**Dryad.**

- ve! A youthful god! His name then...

**Naiad.**

know it? Bacchus!

**Echo.**

A youthful god! A youthful god!

**Dryad.**

Bacchus!
A boy, oh how comely!
Pay heed.

Pay heed to my words!

Born of kingly lineage!

Mother died giving him birth!
A great

Born of royal lineage!

God's beloved!
A great god's be-

638
A. 6308 7959 F.
Who the god that loved her?

Echo: A great god's beloved!

Dry: But the young weanling.

Nai. reared and tended by Nymphs.

Echo: A great god's beloved! 'Twas by Nymphs he was reared.

Dry: Listen! 'Twas by Nymphs he was reared!

Nai. Guarded by Nymphs was his boyhood d

Echo: 'Twas by Nymphs he was reared!

Dry: Gu

A. 4593. 7463 P.
- vine!

His boyhood divine, his boyhood divine!

Nymphs his boyhood divine.

Would that so gracious a task had been mine. (In a birdlike voice)

Would that so gracious a task had been mine.

Would that so gracious a task had been mine.

Grows, like a flame of soft breezes
Nai

A boy no long- er, a youth a

Echo

A boy no long- er,

Dryad.

fan,

Nai

195

man!

Dryad.

Wild com- pa- nions he sum- mons to aid him,

Nai

196

Trim- ming his sails to the fa- vou- ring breeze!

Dryad.

He the
Dan - ger not hee - ding!

helms - man.

Dan - ger not hee - ding!

Echo.

(In a birdlike voice)

To his first ad - ven - ture

Dan - ger not hee - ding!

spee - ding!

Dan - ger not hee - ding!

The first? Ye - know what â€”

accelerando

crew.

expr.
200  noch schneller.

198  \textit{pizzicato}

Nati.
\[ \text{Cir-\-ce! Cir-\-ce! Right soon her is-\-land} \]

Klb.
\[ \text{Cir-\-ce! Cir-\-ce!} \]

Dry.
\[ \text{was? noch schneller.} \]

\textit{pizzicato}

199

Nati.
\[ \text{ha-\-ven they reach, Straight-way to her pa-\-lace the path he} \]

Klb.
\[ \text{Right soon... her is-\-land ha-\-ven they reach,} \]

\textit{cresc.}

Nati.
\[ \text{treads... Tor-\-ches are fla-\-ming...} \]

Klb.
\[ \text{The path to her pa-\-lace straight-\-way he} \]

\textit{dim.}
260

Echo: treads. Torches are flaming.

Dry:

M. o. 69

On the threshold she

dim. p'expr.

261

Dry:

welcomes him. To the banquet leads.

legato

him in. Meat she gives.
Echo. 202
Meat she gives him.

Naiad. 202 (ragerly)
The magic wine.
Gives him wine.

The lips.
wine, Danger in the sweetness hid;
Then by her the
Majestic!

God is hid—den,
Naught, she proudly deems,
can

Save him, Prone to fall in swi—"nish guise.

But all her
spells are vain,

None can enslave him,
All her arts the god de-

fies.
All her art defies
For her spells do
cresc.

Naiad.
But her spells,_
But her spells_

Echo

But her spells,_
But her spells_

Do not enslave him,
Do not enslave him,
All her

Do not enslave him,
Do not enslave him,
All her

not enslave him.
All her

cresc.
arts the god defies!

arts the god defies!

arts the god defies!
From the deadly arms that bound.

-- him, Pale, amazed behold him freed, 'Mid the

beasts that grovel round him, Stands revealed a god indeed!
Echo: vealed... stands re- vealed, Stands re- vealed — a god in-

209 Naiad. (At the Entrance of the cave)

A - ria - dne!

(Sigh.)

(In a birdlike voice, entombed.)

deed! God in - deed!

Dryad. (At the Entrance of the cave)

A - ri-a - dne!

Sleeping?

(Bringing tidings to Ariadne)

210 — ping?

Nai.

— ping? A beau - teous

Echo:

God in - deed.

Dryad:

No, she hears us!

A. 6303. 7653 F. & C.
Nai. mar-vel!

Echo

God. in-deed.

Dry. A beau-ti-fy mar-vel!

Nai. A god!

Echo veated! (Still speaking into the cave)

Dry. Yes - ter-day the

Echo

Dry. guest of Cir-.ec, at the Feast by her side re-

G355
A 6703. 7253 P.
Gemäßigt, aber immer noch schnell (C) Metr. d = 104

Cir - ce, Cir - ce, Canst thou hear me call to thee? What thou

didst to me is naught, But those now held in

thrall to thee, For them, what hast thou
wrought?

I could es-cape thee. See, I can smile with all my soul at
non tegundo

peace. Cir-ce, Cir-ce, What thought best
accelerando

thou to do, To do to me?

Schneller.
Piu mosso
Ariadne: (Breaking into a song, to herself, softly.)

Through all my woe I hear it: bringing

Ariadne: balm to every pain: Thy voice my

Half as fast Metr. d=48

Ariadne: heart enthralls.

Naiad: (softly, timidly)

Pause not, pause not, voice ent-

Echo: (softly, timidly)

Pause not, pause not, voice ent-

Dryad: (softly, timidly)

Pause not, pause not, voice ent-

Half as fast Mezzo Movimento cantando

A. 6303. 7453 P.
Früheres Zeitmaß, doppelt so schnell.
Tempra primo. Doppio movimento.
The Voice of Bacchus. (metacholos, mellowly)

But since no change I suffered, th.
Bach.

- scathed by thy ca - ress, Why then are my

Bach.

heart and my sen - ses Oer come with hea - vi -

Bach.

- ness? I sink like a beast of the fo - rest Be -

Bach.

num - bed by venom's pain Must then their fate be -
Half as fast. Metr. $\text{d} \times 4$.  

Mezzo movimento  
Salade (softly) (as the voice seems to die away)

Pause not, pause not, voice enchanting; Sing on,

Dryad (softly)

Pause not, pause not, voice enchanting; Sing on,

Dryad (softly)

Pause not, pause not, voice enchanting; Sing on,

Half as fast. Metr. $\text{d} \times 4$.  

Mezzo movimento

nai.

mystic songs ter sadly. Lamentation

Echo

mystic songs ter sadly. Lamentation

Dry.

mystic songs ter sadly. Lamentation
Nai.
so melo-dious, Who its ca-dence hears not
glad-ly! Who its ca-dence hears not
glad-ly! Who its ca-dence hears not

Echo

Dry.

so melo-dious, Who its ca-dence hears not
glad-ly! Who its ca-dence hears not
glad-ly! Who its ca-dence hears not

6368
A. 6300. 7453 E.
Twice as fast (faster than the first verse)

Doppio movimento (più mosso che la prima volta)

(More joyous, with a little humorous irony)

Twice as fast (faster than the first verse)

Doppio movimento (più mosso che la prima volta) Molto ♩ x 56

Bacchus, I could escape thee!

Bacchus, what thou didst to me was
naught...

Cir-ce, I could escape...

thee, See I can smile with all my soul at peace.

Ariadne, with closed eyes, raising hands in the direction from which the voice comes.)

Cir-ce, Cir-ce, What thoughtest thou to do

Such lavish gifts be-stow... not of joy, of

To do to me?
Ariad: death of darkness On my my dis-

Ariad: trac-ted heart!

Ariad: wea-ry wait- ing, Let it be en-

Ariad: ded. Take o take me hence!
Bacchus stands before Ariadne.

Sehr schnell (whole bars) M 9—80

Molto allegro (!)

Ariadne (in frantic terror, covers her face with her hands.)

The - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

seus!

(Naiads, Dryads, Echo retire, making deep obeisances.)
No, no!

noch schneller

più allegro

It is

dim.

the beau-
teous peace-

ful god!
Mäßig Langsam (\textit{\text{of the $3_8$}}) M. \text{\#72} 

Ariadne

\text{\textit{wel}}

Ariadne

\text{\textit{come thee, thou}}

Noch ruhiger M. \text{\#68}

\textit{pui tranquillo}

Ariadne

\textit{he-rald of the im-mor-tale! Bacchus (very youthul)\textmd{}} (In the tendest tone.)

Noch ruhiger \textit{pui tranquillo}

\textit{Thou beau-teous}

A. 6303.7453 F.
Art thou the goddess of this island? And is this cavern thy abode? And these are they thy serving women?

Chantest thou, weaving songs of magic? Dost take the stranger to thy cave, and dost thou, at the

innermost being confused by his adventure with Circe, the first in his life.

(Bacchus, hold his
feast reclining By his side, 

And those, who yield themselves to thee, 

too? 

sor- 

ce- 

ress?
Ariadne (full of tenderness, ready to die)

I know not what thou say'st. Art thou then but come to

question me? Mazed is my mind with weary waiting here alone.

In dull despair I wait thy coming. Wait for naught but thee,

The nights of watching, the e'en laden days, Their number
Ariadne \(288\) poco acceler.

No, no! Thou art not he,

greet me.
Captain art thou, lord of a sablo ship, That sailst un-to night and glooms.

lebhafter

"Take me! What boots it here with

bro ken heart to tar ry? Whom can it serve or pro fit in this

world poco ritard.

Wilt thou then go with me upon my ship?
(Bacchus shakes his head)

Ariadne:

Holds. Dost ask? Art thou come to question me?

(In suppressed terror)

How wilt thou then trans-

Ariadne:

-form me? Wilt thou touch me? Art thou mad? How? is it magical wine

Ariadne:

That thou wilt give to me? Thy words were magical wine!
sehr ruhig
moto tranquillo

Bachus (half dreaming as he gazes on her.)

Spake I of magic wine? I know no.

Ariadne (nods assent.)

I know, so will it be soon.

Bach.

more.

Tempo primo

Ariad. where thou leadest me. All who abide there

in a trice forget. Of speech, of breathing, they cease to

Ariad. (softly)
Ariadne

297

be.
And peace to

298

all E - ter - ni - ty their lot,
For there none weep, and none are wea -

299

Dasselbe Zeitmaß, etwas feierlich gemessen.

(Comes near the robe)

Dasselbe Zeitmaß, etwas feierlich gemessen.
L’istesso tempo, un poco solenne.

As I am a god
Bach

son of the gods, As thunders and lightnings my mother consumed

When clad in his glory my father approached her,

As Circe's foul magic left me unscathed, For venom I

fear not, True blood of godhood

8368
A. 8363. 7453 p
Flows pure in my veins by no mortal taint marred.

Hear me thou mortal standing before me! Hear me thou that pray'st for death,

Sooner will perish the stars in their places,

Than that Death should in my arms o'er-take thee!
Dread words of incantation! Ah! So soon! Now is there no

return! Giv’st thou oblivion thus, Ere I can close an

eye? Do all things pass from me so? The sun another

starlight? I from myself too? Is all my pain Frommy
Ariadne: heart now lifted forever, now and forever? Ah!

(as if breathing her last)

Ariadne: Dies all of Ariadne but a

Fleierlich getragen.
sostenuto e solenne

(She is about to fall; he supports her)

Ariadne: breath?

Bacchus (deeply moved, not loudly)

Poco calando

Fleierlich getragen.
sostenuto e solenne

I say to thee, now, only now doth life begin For
Ariad. Lay not the world's whole weight on my heart!
(Breezes herself from thee and me. (He kisses her.)

poco più mosso

him, half unconsciously: looks around her in fear and wonder.)

310 früheres Zeitmaß

(tempo primo)

Did it, as clouds melt, fly before thee?

Now,

(früheres Zeitmaß

(tempo primo)

pp

(She points to the cave, in childlike fear.)

Ariad. Within that cave the mourning out—cast lay growing alone

Bach. now doth thy sorrows howliest

6368
A. 6368 7853 F.
couch of nettles, Mid loathly reptiles, and poorer than they.

joy with hope. triumph.

Poco accelerando

Thou master of spells that

phantom fill our hearts!

Poco accelerando

(Sigh in terror, like a timid child.)

change all the world! See I not from the shadow

expressivo dimin. P
of thy manner? Thy mother's eye upon me.

shine? Is this thy shadowland? Is all here so blessed? So free from

seed of the things of our world?

Enchantress! 'Tis thy

tempo primo

tempo primo
Bach.

self that art now So free from earthly needs!

Ariadne 314 ruhig beginnend Metr. d+42
tranquillo da prima

Is there no passing?

Ariad.

Is this the goal? How was it so-

Ariad.

comp-lished? is this E-ly-sium? Be-hold, my

6248
A. 6303 7153 F.
Ariadne

cavern's noble vault! See how a

316

couch, meet for a god—doss is spread be-

allmählich fließender

poco a poco più mosso

—side a sacred font!

317

Thy magic art, what changes hath it

6345
A. 6503, 7453 F.
ziemlich bewegt Metr. d. 48
con moto
wrought!
Thine, thine is the magic! Quite other

ziemlich bewegt con moto

am I now than I was! Through thee my god-

hood now wakened in me, Thy mighty en-

chantments, would I could know them! With

poco accelerando
god-like rapture now burns my soul!

320

più accelerando The ca-vern there,

Let me... The

321 Feierlich bewegt, aber ziemlich breit \textit{Mvtr. d. 48}

\textit{Moderato con moto e solenne}

ca-vern of thy sor-rows, a bowl of
(A gust of air carries love shall be for thee and me.

him, and Ariadne with him, heading to the mouth of the cave.)

weich fließend, sehr gesangvoll
dolce con scuovo, molto cantabile
Ariadne (clinging to his arm.)

what is't of Naiad.

All three invisible behind the scenes; Not prominent, only sounding with the soloist.

Echo

Pause not, pause not,

Dryad

Pause not, pause not,

Pause not, pause not,

weich fließend, sehr gesangvoll
dolce con scuovo, molto cantabile

6288
A 5202 7453 F
me that belongs to thee? What secret was it of my

voice enchanting, Sing on, hidden songster

voice enchanting, Sing on, hidden songster

voice enchanting, Sing on, hidden songster

324

being That, in one brief dying kiss, I could to thee im-

sadly. Lamentation so melodious

sadly. Lamentation so melodious

sadly. Lamentation so melodious
(Zerbinetta appears from the wings,)

Let not my sorrows unrequited

points with her fan over her shoulder at Bacchus and Ariadne.)  

Zerbinetta. (Softly and discreetly.)

end. When a new god comes to woo us

Captive are we, helpless, dumb.

* etwas weniger breit

poco meno tenuto

(Disappears again.)

dumb.
Ariadne (invisible)

Bacchus (invisible) Let not my Pas - sing great was my

Ariadne's sorrow un - re - quired

Bacchus need of thee! Now o - ther am I than erst-while I

breiter werden

Ariadne end, With thee, with thee let

Bacchus was! Great pas - sing, pas-sing great was my

breiter werden
Sehr breit
Largamente

ritard.

Noch breiter (Very expressive,
più largamente (with great intensity)

but restrained, so that the voice of the singer may still stand out, radiant.)

made,

With god-like rapture now burns my soul!
And sooner shall die the stars in their places, than Death.

shall tear thee from my arm!

Very broad and solemn. (The Canopy closes over Ariadne and Bacchus.)

6868
A. 7553 F.
Sempre più tranquillo.

(The curtain falls.)