GENOVEVA

AN OPERA

IN FOUR ACTS

BY

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(Op. 81).

THE PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENT BY

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NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

Full Score, 23s. 6d.; String Parts; Wind Parts,
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HIDULPHUS, Bishop of Treves ... ... ... Baritone.
SIEGFRIED, Count Palatine ... ... ... Baritone.
GENOVEVA ... ... ... ... ... Soprano.
Golo ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Tenor.
MARGARET ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Soprano.
DRAKO, Master of the household ... ... ... Bass.
BALTHASAR ... Huntsmen ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Bass.
CASPAR ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Baritone.
ANGELO ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ...
CONRAD, Siegfried's Squire ... ... ... ... ... ...

Knights, Ecclesiastics, Squires, Retainers, Country people, Apparitions.

ARGUMENT.

SIEGFRIED, Count Palatine, has been ordered by Charles Martel to lead a force against the Saracens, who have just invaded France under the command of Abdorhaman (more correctly, Abd-El-Rahman). After a religious service held by Hidulphus, Bishop of Treves, Siegfried bids an affectionate farewell to his young, newly-wedded wife, commending her to the special care of Golo, whom he elects to rule his house during his absence. Golo, however, is secretly in love with Genoveva and takes an early opportunity of declaring his passion. Genoveva repulses him, first with gentle words and then with scorn, which so incenses Golo that he vows revenge.

Margaret, his foster-mother, is the evil genius of the story: she is addicted to witchcraft; and having formerly been expelled from the castle by Siegfried, she has a private animosity of her own against him. In order to gratify this, she, in the first instance, encourages Golo in his love for Genoveva, persuading him that it is likely to be reciprocated; and later on, when he is maddened by Genoveva's scorn, she aids him in a diabolical scheme of vengeance.

Margaret spreads evil reports concerning Genoveva throughout the household, and when Drako, the faithful old steward, applies to Golo to contradict these, he affirms, on the contrary, that they are true. He suggests to Drako that he shall hide himself in Genoveva's ante-chamber, in order to detect a love-meeting which he pretends is to take place that night. Drako consents to this, for his confidence in Genoveva is so firm that he looks upon the plan as a means of proving her innocence.

Genoveva, all unsuspicuous of evil, has retired to rest, after having offered up a touching prayer. She is soon roused by a crowd of rough serving-men, led on by Margaret, who has told them that they will surprise Golo and Genoveva together. They break open the door; Drako rushes out and is immediately stabbed by Balthasar, a
huntsman. Genoveva is thus deprived of any witness to her innocence; when Golo arrives on the scene, he coldly declines to say a word in her vindication, and she is led away, amid wild shouting, to be imprisoned in the tower of the castle.

Siegfried, meanwhile, has gained a great victory over the Saracens; the war is at an end, but he has been wounded and therefore detained at Strasburg. Margaret attends on him there, disguised as a sick nurse. He has nearly recovered from his wound, in spite of her potions (which were intended to produce a very different effect), and he is rejoicing at the thought of his intended departure for his home on the morrow, when Golo arrives in breathless haste and delivers to him a letter from his chaplain which gives the history of Genoveva’s supposed faithlessness.

Siegfried is fairly beside himself with horror, grief and indignation: he orders Golo to return and put Genoveva to death, and is about to give him his sword and ring in testimony of his authority when he suddenly recollects that Margaret had offered to show him a magic mirror which would disclose every event, past, present, or future. In his despair he catches at this as a last hope, and he seeks the witch’s dwelling, accompanied by Golo.

Margaret, by means of her unholy arts, is enabled to produce three false tableaux in his presence, representing Genoveva and Drago in more and more loving converse. The last of the three is of so compromising a nature that Siegfried, in his rage, draws his sword, dashes the mirror to atoms and rushes off, calling on Golo to avenge him. No sooner is he gone than Drago’s ghost arises from the fragments of the mirror and compels Margaret, under pain of being burnt as a witch, to seek out Siegfried, and to confess her wicked fraud.

Genoveva, by Golo’s order, has been led forth to a desert place where she is to be put to death by Baldasar and Caspar, two of Siegfried’s huntsmen. Golo meets her there and offers to save her life if she will but listen to his love, but she repels him with utter abhorrence and he thereupon leaves her to her fate.

Just as Baldasar raises his sword to strike her, it is suddenly snatched from his hand. A dumb youth, named Angelo, has watched the whole scene, hidden behind a rock, hoping to aid Genoveva, and he now puts the would-be murderers to flight. Almost at the same moment, a sound of horns is heard, and Margaret rushes on, leading the way for Siegfried and a number of attendants. Genoveva is, at first, out of her senses with terror, but soon recognises Siegfried, and the pair are once more happy. There is general rejoicing; bands of youths and maidens strew flowers before them; Hidulphus blesses them and joins their hands anew, while, blending with the festal chorus, is heard the hymn of praise sung by the returning and victorious troops.

The Opera of Genoveva was commenced by Schumann in 1847, and was completed by him in August, 1848. A libretto, combining incidents from the tragedies of Tieck and Hebbel, had been written for it by Reinick. Schumann, however, with a view to dramatic effect, curtailed and altered this so considerably that when the Opera was published, it was thought advisable to give the name of no special author, but simply to describe the libretto as being “after Tieck and F. Hebbel.”
ACT I.

Large courtyard in Siegfried's fortress. On one side, Siegfried's castle, with a flight of steps leading to its principal entrance; on the other side, a church, having also a flight of steps. The background is formed by an icy-covered wall, in the middle of which is the gate of the fortress with a draw-bridge; beyond it, a hilly landscape. Service is being held in the church; the steps is full of knights, squires, and common people, some of whom are kneeling; Golo is seen amongst the knights.

No. 1. CHORUS AND RECIT.—"ALL HEARTS AND HANDS UPRaise YE."

Soprano.

Er hebet Herz und Haende voll An-dacht him mel-an, As faith-ful serv-ants zu ihm, dem Huch-koht'h.

Tenor.

All hearts and hands up-raise ye, With fer-vent'ward the sky, As faith-ful serv-ants zu ihm, dem Huch-koht'h.

Bass.

Er hebet Herz und Haende voll An-dacht him mel-an, As faith-ful serv-ants zu ihm, dem Huch-koht'h.

Piano.

p

Schumann.—"Genoveva."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—[21.]
pow'r-ful Charles Ma-ttel; On all the war-riors of the Cross he calls. To draw the sword, Co-venge the

And now, I sum-mon you, 'tis in his in-sult! stra-fen! "

Hei! Karl Ma-ttel! heil, Karl Ma-ttel!

Hail, Charles Ma-ttel! hail, Charles Ma-ttel!

name, Let each one haste, who hath the strength A sword to hear, and joiu the

auf, be-waf-ne je der sich, der Kraft ein Schwert zu tra-gen in sich

train, That fol-lows no-ble Sieg-fried, Who Charles e-lects as lead-er of the

fühlt, dem ed-len Pfalz-graf Sieg-fried, dem Kar-t der Krieges Füh-ru ng an-ver-

fight, And swell the band to whom 'tis giv-en To guard the Sa-vour's

Schenmann—"Genoveva."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition B
Chorü. Cresc.

Prepared are we,
weird are we!

HIDELBUS (with great energy).

Cross.
Kreuz!

Tempo primo.

forth, thousand of warriors
of Christendom the pride and boast,

With wilde-light
Wir sind bereit,

Tempo primo.

round the float the angelic host.
The Lord of glory be thy guide.

For Christ the Lord
fuer Christ dem Herrn

Sein—Weil der Tod zu gern. Sein

(Hidulphus descends the steps of the church and slowly departs, followed by a great number of people who have come

- ter-nal is His reign, Be His our ev'-ry breath, His glo-ry to main-

Reich es soll be-steh'n in al-ler E-wig-keit, fur ihn zum Tod zu

- ter-nal is His reign, Be His our ev'-ry breath, His glo-ry to main-

Prepar'd are we, wir sind be-reist, fur ihn zum Tod zu

Prepar'd are we, wir sind be-reist, fur ihn zum Tod zu

out of the church; the latter are gradually joined by the multitude already assembled on the stage. God alone remains),

tain, We'll glad-ly seek our death! What if can prove op-

geh'n, sind al'-zeit wir be-reist! Was soll's uns brin-gen

- ter-nal is His reign, Be His our ev'-ry breath, His glo-ry to main-

Sohn-den, will er nur mit uns

what if can prove op-

tain, We'll glad-ly seek our death! What if can prove op-

geh'n, sind al'-zeit wir be-reist! Was soll's uns brin-gen

- ter-nal is His reign, Be His our ev'-ry breath, His glo-ry to main-

Sohn-den, will er nur mit uns

Sohn-den, will er nur mit uns

go? He is the Fount of bless-ing, In Him true peace we know!

sein, er ist der Quell der Gna-den, das Heil bei ihm al-tein!

Sohn-den, will er nur mit uns

Sohn-den, will er nur mit uns

go? He is the Fount of bless-ing, In Him true peace we know!

sein, er ist der Quell der Gna-den, das Heil bei ihm al-tein!

Sohn-den, will er nur mit uns

Sohn-den, will er nur mit uns
No. 2.

Recit. and Air.—"Could I be with them!"

The crotchetes the same time as in the preceding number. (Golo remains, looking after the departing troop.)

Golo (Tenor).

Could I be with them! Would that I could be with them, vouch safe, me to the holy bea-

Könst ich mit ihnen, wech' auch mich des heil'gen Manna-

-diction shud! Who would not join, like them, in th'ensanguin'd strife for glo-

ry, A soldier's death with Begenspruch! Wer doch wie sie in blut'ger Feldschlacht könnt's vor-

ben um Ruhm, den Tod der

-happiness being! Another lot to me is given—Rest—

Eh'resterben! Ein Anderes ist mir be-schieden, Ruhe!

(with much expression.)

silence!

Stil's sein! Were it but contentment!

Wär es auch der Preis des!
Come, O peace, and fill my breast.
Bitter pain do thou as

Leise, der Griefte grimm'en Streit.
Come, O come,

Come, O peace, and fill my breast!
And this heart, all sad and

The sun shed golden rays—
And this heart, all sad and

And these are the tears of childhood's days!
For other my

Molto animato.

Molto animato.  \( \text{\textit{d} = 120} \)
feeling in days departed! Then battle and strife gave zest to life!

Sinners in früher Tauch! Da trieb's mich hinaus zu Kampf und Strauss!

Too wild was no steed, Then no leap did I fear, Too narrow the mead,

Kein Ross mir zu wild, keine Kluft mir zu breit, zu eng das Geäß,

The goal was too near, the goal was too near! If home-ward I

kein Ziel mir zu weit, kein Ziel mir zu weit! Und kehrt' ich dann

turn’d for cheerful repose, How echoed my song to the

heim zu frech, lieber Rost, wie klang da kein Schall der

zi ther’s sweet note! With praise of the singer The hall then re-

Zi ther mein Lied, von Lobe des Sängers er- teute die

sound-ed, And thanks that bound-ed
Hal-le, wie voll ten sie At-le,

Were all from the heart, mis-nig-dich Dank;
Then loud-ly and long,
und feu-ri-ger schwang
With wine ev-er
beim gast-li-chen
flow-ing, With hearts ev-er glow-ing All join’d in the song!
Mah-le son ret ten Fo-ku-le em por... sich der Sing!

A-las! those days are de-part-ed, those days are de-part-ed,
Das war in frä-he-ren Ta-gen, in frä-he-ren Ta-gen,

Tempo primo. (with intense feeling.)
now!
jetzt!

Tempo primo.
Come, O peace, and still my breast,
Frieden-zich’ in mei-ne Brust,

Siegfried, Siegfried, Thou, my second father! For my all 
Siegfried, Siegfried, da ein zweiter Vater mir, der ich alles

thanked thee— du hast du mir ge-thus! As guardian of thy wife 
Danke— was hast du mir ge-thus! Zum Hütter deines Weibes hast du

me designed! And I, a mortal, would to guard this Heaven! 
Mir gesagt! Und ich, ein Mensch, soll diejen Himmel und Welt rauen!

Fie now she comes! Ich seh sie nah'n, Could I count her 
Hat sie noch nicht! Ich seh sie nah'n, Könnte ich

hide me, A refuge seek; where not one ray of sunlight gleams! 
verbergen mich, wo kein Strahl der Sonne dringt!
Duet.—"FEW MOONS HAVE WANED."

Motto Moderato.
(Siegfried and Genoveva descend the steps of the castle, followed by Drago, Angelo,

Piano. 

Balthasar, Caspar and other attendants.)

SIEGFRIED.

Few moons have wan’d since first we plighted troth, And now we
So wenig Mon- den erst dass ich dich fand,

GENOVEVA.

Tho’ we must part, one part stets- el Fate’s de- cree!
Ob auch ge- trennt, tens reist dich mir ein strong Go- schick!

vow unites us both, And Love’s far- see- ing gaze shall fol- low
eint ein hei- lig Band, in fern- ste Fer- ne reicht der Lin-

Schumann—"Genoveva."—Novello, Ewer and Co’s Octavo Edition.—(22.)
Blick! No he-ro, thou no Sieg-fried, welt to me-

O true and loy-al wife, no tears from thee! I could not

And all un-mov'd I then would let thee

live and see our faith laid low.

Where thou may'st go, my love will with thee stray,

I could not live and see our faith laid low,

where thou may'st go, my love will with thee stray,

night there fol-lows joy-ful day,

Nacht folgt ein Freu-den-tag.

Soll't ich er-tra-gen un-ser Glaub-en Schmach?

To sor-row's
der Trub-sal

Soll' ich er-tra-gen un-ser Glaub-en Schmach?

To sor-row's
Der Trub-sal

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To sor-row's
Der Trub-sal

Soll' ich er-tra-gen un-ser Glaub-en Schmach?

To sor-row's
Der Trub-sal

Soll' ich er-trag-
Where thou may'st go, my love will With thee, will With thee stray.

Him who gave I now must yield His right, At His command my
glorious combat, for the Cross I fight, The palm branch

dear love resigning! To Him who gave I
with the laurel thus en twining, O glorious combat, for the

now must yield His right, At His command, my dear est

Cross I fight, The palm branch with the laurel

Love... resigning.
Beloved spouse!
Thus entwining.
Thou loving wife!

How blest, to whom such love is given!
How blest, to whom such love is given!

Trumpets behind the scenes (to the left). Behind the scenes (to the right).

No. 4.

REUT.—“TIS ENOUGH!”

The crotchets to have the same value as the minim
in the previous movement.

SIEGFRIED.

(To the attendants.)

Tis e - nough!
Die - gis - tungs - wa - ne!

SIEGFRIED.

(To the attendants.)

Some words to you at
Zu euch noch won - ge

SIEGFRIED.

(To the attendants.)

Wor - te! Drä - go, treu hast du dich stets be - währt,
Die - gis - tungs - wa - ne!

DRAGO (respectfully).

care shall be en - trust - ed My house-hold; rule it well! Your de-par - ture sad - dens us-
Fie - ge sei ver - traut mein Ge - sin - de, hait es wohl! Eu - er Scheid - den schmerzt uns tief-

SIEGFRIED (pointing to Angelo).

This af - flic - ed one thou'll tend, with kind - ness; Speech to
Und vor al - len min - nen drück an die - sen Ar - men; sel - 

him may be de - ried, Yet in his eyes Love... hath found a lan - guage—Never
Re' s bin auch ver - sauj, ein treu Ge - muth spricht aus sei - nem Au - ge, krümt thon

Schumann—“Genoveva”—Novello, Kwer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—(26.)
wound him! (Beholding Golo.)

Ex - ner folgt noch.

Every wish of yours is law.

Wie Ihr sagt, so wird's gethan.

How dead - ly pale! Wie bleich er sieht!

Go - lo - du, der Nächste meinem Hau - se, stehst so fern!

How dis - turbed! Fain wouldst thou go forth with me and fight?

Mocht - test gern wohl mit mir in den Krieg?

The part - ing grieves him more than all!

Es schmerzt der Ab - schied, von vor Al - len!

Better must thou serve me -

Be - der dienst du hier mir.

See! ... to my

Sich! ... nur dem

best of friends, my best of treasures
Would I fain en-trust—

Bес - ten mich ich mei - ner Gа - ter Bес - tes au - ver-trau'n—

thou art
der bist

Piu agitato.

he!

Più agitato. $d = 126$.

To my wife, O give thy care
Mei - nes Wei - bes bring dich ans,

When she needs a man's strong arm—

wo es Man - nes Schutz be - darf.

And you, look on
Und ihr, seht in

Go - to here, As your mas - ter, as your lord;

Go - lo hier en - ern an - un - schränkt - ten Herrn:

Serve ye him, die - nen ihm,

Golo,

as 'twere for me!

To a worth - er far than me

Einen Werd - gern wohl als mich

No. 5.

Chorus— "FORTH TO THE FIGHT."

The crocots rather slower than in the preceding number.

1st & 2nd Tenor.

Forth!

1st & 2nd Bass.

Auf!

fort to the fight!

Graf: Siegfried, our knight,

Leads:

(Genevieve and Siegfried enter each other long and fervently. Golo stands aside. The first Chorus of Warriors is soon marching across the stage.)

out the brave band

Who go

fahret das Heer, er

fuhr

. r y de m a n d.

Fair... love, grant a

Kuss! Go... parting to this!

Mit... was ist das Glück, bald, bald:

kiss! Short... parting to this!

"Lieb, wohl!

kuss!" Go... "Schie-den sein muss!

kuss!" Go... "Schie-den sein"

Siegfried

Genoveva.

Face... well!

Genoveva.

Leib’ wohl!

kuss! Go... "Liebchen, ein Kuss!

kuss! Go... "Liebchen, ein Kuss!"

Fein’s... ein Kuss!

Fein’s... ein Kuss!

Schumann— "Genoveva."—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—(30.)
GOD (to Siegfried).

Count, your steed stands the ground:

O, I could do so with thee!

FEIND der soll den ANBOE sein!

mand, Fein's, Liebchen, ein Kuss! Short parting is

SIEGFRIED.

Farewell! Take comfort, thou calm! Fare well, farewell.

Then strike we all bravely: blow on this!

Lust Mit was ist das Glück, bald, bald, come we a-

well! wohl!

blow! drein!

Charles Mar tel!

Kurt Mar tel!

gain! Fein's, Liebchen, ein Kuss! Short parting is

CHORUS. SOPRANOS AND ALTOs. (Siegfried mounts his charger, shakes hands with Golo, Angelo and Drago at parting, and rides off, waving his hand at the last to Genoveva.)

As ringeth the hammer loud and this! Luck follows our train! Soon, soon come we a

Wie kehret der Hammer stark und wes ist das Glück, bald, bald kehrt’s wir zu

This is a musical score page. The text is in German and includes musical notation with lyrics. The lyrics are in English and read:

hands with Golo, Angelo and Drago at parting, and rides off, waving his hand at the last to Genoveva.)

Silence et then—clamour! For anvil

Heidenvolk zum Hammer! Der Feind der

knight, Leads... out the brave band, who glo—ry de-mand! Fair.

he shall have the foe,

soll der Am-bos sein,

Then strikes we all

da schia-gen wir

silence here then clair-our!

Hei-den-est zum Jam-mer!

So Wie

love, grant a kiss, Short part-ing is this! Luck fol-lows our

Liebechen ein Kuss! Ge schieden se-ien muss! Mit uns ist das

(The stage is gradually deserted, excepting by Golo and Genoveva; the latter has sunk in a swoon upon a stone bench;)

brave trea-cher, Blow on, blow! Charles Mar-
drein! Karl Mar-

rings the ham-mer loud and well! Charles Mar-

bleibt der Ham-mer stark und hell! Karl Mar-

train, Soon, soon come we a-gain! Fein's love, grant a

Glück, bald, bald kohrn wir zurück! Liebechen, ein

Golo supports her in his arms.)

tel! tel! So ring-eth the

Wie klin-get der

kiss! Short part-ing is this! Luck fol-lows our

Kuss! Ge schieden se-ien muss! Mit uns ist das

Recit. and Scena.—"THE SAVAGE WARRIOR!"

The minims rather faster than in the preceding number.

The ruthless warrior! Well he knows To
Der rauhe Krieger! Auf das Schwert vor

wield the sword, to thrust and fence, But not to love!
steht er sich, auf Soss und Hieb, auf Lieb nicht!

How hath he sorrow'd her!
Er hat's ihr angethan!

Dies sie, I will not murmur— Ah! she sighs! The breath of
Stirbt sie, ich will nicht flüstern! Doch, sie seufzt! Das holde
Life returns again, And now her lips are blushing toy-sy red!
Leben kehrt zurück, und auf die Lippen tritt das erstste Blut!

Doppio tempo.
O lips, how sweet, how beauteous! Who kiss'd them Would küssen, der
Wer euch, Lip-pen, süsse Lip-pen! Wer euch, Lip-pen, süsse Lip-pen!

Doppio tempo.
steal a taste of bliss, undying, Unquench’d for ever were its
sticht sich hier-die ew-ge Selig-heit, dein nie vergißt ein solcher

(Looking around.)
glow! Küss! Neve-r! This might I do— I am a lone—
Nie! nie! Ich küss’ es du, ich bin allein—

And her chaste eye-lids stood Not yet as Cherubim From Paradise to warn me
die heit’gen Augen steh’ nicht noch Chero-bim ab ech’ rend vor dem Pa-ra-

back—

dies
ich will, ich muss sie kuss sen.

(stringendo.)

for a moment.)

con molto express.

Genoveva (fervently).

My Mein

dim. pp
dolce.

(to Cid, not yet recognizing him.)

Sieg - fried! Who art thou!
Sieg - fried! Wir bist der!

Your de - voted ever treas - ter

Genoveva.

(Genoveva goes towards the gate of the castle, leaning on Cid's arm.)

kneel! For - give— all swins be - fore me! Ah, help me—
Kneel! Er - laubt, dass mich sti - nie! Mir schwindelt—

pp

pp

pp

pp
No. 7. **Finale.**—“**SEE THERE—THE HANDSOME GALLANT KNIGHT!**”

*Molto vivace.* MARGARET (advancing from behind the gate of the castle).

*Molto vivace.* C — Sb.  
Sieh’ da—welch feiner Knochenmam!

All men behold him with delight!  
Man sieht ihn nur mit Freuden an!

The sword he wears,  
Der Federhut, der Degen

And bravely dares!  
Auch hat er Mut!

That kiss to steal then while he bow’d—him low,  
Und wie zum Kuss er sich herunterbog, welch’ Flammenfluth die

Schumann—“Genoveva.”—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—(3d.)
Golo returns from the castle in deep thought; Margaret draws back, watching him.

What crime hast thou wrought—Thou passion distraught?

Thy knightly oath! Didst thou betray—Ah, wretch, away! Fly from the

Margaret, art here? 
Margaretha hier?

Unkindly didst thou banish me from
Unfreundlich sie sesset einstens du mich

hence, fort, 
Ich aber

yet still I love thee.
Ich blieb dir gut...
Margaret (enquiringly, with emphasis).

This, virtue's home! Ah!

Dar Tu-gend Haus! Ach,

acts pursued. Thou art now—For this is virtue's home!

Kan-dest er-selbst, die ich ver-ob-scho-ner—dies ist der Tu-gend Haus!

(mysteriously.)

after long and weary wandering, Here I hoped to find a rest and shelter; yet,

hat't in-dock, un-lang'en Wan-dern hier zum Aus-ruh'n ei-se stres zu fin-den; doch,

For this is virtue's home!

dies ist der Tu-gend Haus!

What have I seen in this fair home of virtue?

Was ich er-blickt in die-sen Haus der Tu-gend?

Ha! Ha!
(whispering in his ear.)

In sooth, a love-ly dame well worth a kiss!

(looking hold of her)

Ah, didst thou see, then? Die!

Die hast ge-so-hem? stirb!

(with indifference.)

Strike on! 'tis but thy faithful nurse, And not thy mother, thou wouldst.

Scho! 'ist sie die Aus-me nur, die Mut-ter nicht, die du durch-

pierce.

Ah, Go-s, thou art sick.

Jetzt bist krank-

Ay, sick zu-

(pointing to the corte.)

Then trust to me—

Ver-trust dich mir, ich weiss den Arz-

death!

Sterben?
Oh, witch away! Thee, with this house and all the world do I abhor,

Lies, with its weight of woe can 1 endure no more; I'll fly and hide me,

(He is about to go, Margaret holds him back.)

Margaret. Moderato,

Far beyond the ken of human eyes!
The lady fair a-

beneath leave, Without thee she will sorely grieve; Twixt life and death will she then

Frau allein, sie wird dich traurig sein, um leben müsse sie ver-

waiver, For 'tis well known thou art high in her favour. What sayest thou? Who bore such

Schenann — "Geroteva."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
MARGARET.

And how propitious all would seem! The Count in camp, thou hero remaining, Perchance he falls in deadly fight. Thou know'st her not, thou know'st her not.

Golo. Margaret.

vale is link'd for ever; And who would try two flames to sever? Good luck then, good

(she is about to go.)

rock!

Gotz (detaining her.)

And wilt thou go?

Brichst auf die schon?

D (aside.)

He takes it to heart.

Esdringt ihm in's Herz.

But say, what wouldst thou do

Sagt an, was thut du

wert in my place?

an meiner Stel-l-ze?

D

(aloud.)

Were I young, well-born, with bright eyes such as thine,

Wir' en jun - ger Herr ich mit Augen wie deinen, ich hiel's

I'd keep a firm hope in my

an meiner Hoff - nuог}

heart, Tho' were the Queen herself who had my love.

If hope were gran - ted,

He takes it to heart—

Esdringt ihm in's Herz.

Gotz.

O Mar -
scheme
is
well
laid,

my
scheme
is
well
laid,
my
captive
he's

Naught
shall
us
sev-
er,
The
help
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to

made.
next
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wohl,

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wahr-
ten
sie,
Mine,
then
for

mine,
then
for

(Songed.)

laid.
glück!

The
help
be
giv'n
To
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Hea-
ven,
She

Und
sie-
gel
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er!
den!

She
must
be
und
schüt-
ten

(aside.)

must
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thine,
My
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ACT II.

No. 8. Scena, Chorus and Recit.—"THAT PARTING WRUNG MY HEART WITH PAIN."

Genoveva's room (Gothic hall). Genoveva at her spinning-wheel.

(The curtain rises.)

PP  cres.  fp

Genoveva (with intense feeling).

That parting wrung my heart with pain! With him all joy hath
O sech de Scheiden, das er that! Mit ihm schied Freud und

Poco
cres.  fp  poco

fled! Glück! O lawless house, house without head! O were he here again!
Herr-loes Haus, Haus ok-ne Both! O kimm er bald zurick!

stringendo.

With him is joy, with him is peace. Without him, life is
Mit ihm die Lust, mit ihm der Math,—wo er nicht ist, da

stringendo.

fear-ful, But when he rules, all terrors cease, The house is bright and
worst ed, doch wo er herrsch, da steht es gut, wie glautz des Haus, wie

fp  fp  p

Schumann—"Genoveva."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(53.)
cheerful! That parting wrung my heart with pain!
pruget es! O such des Scheidens, das es that!

Vivace.
Be still, my heart, take comfort,
Ge-trotz, ge-trotz, mein Herr.
(Horns resound from the servant's hall beneath.)

Song of the Serving-men (behind the scenes).
1st & 2nd Tenor.

1st & 2nd Bass.

(She goes to the window looking on the courtyard, and observes the singers.)

What goes on here?
Was geht hier vor?
tankards high and foaming, Clink your glasses round the board! While the lord afar is roaming, Here the

Becher bis zum Rand, stoss et aus und trinket aus, Zieht der Herr aus fremde Laender, ist der

Füll tankards round the bord!

Who sits hidden in the

cor-nor? What, old

Was ist

gan? Show thy self, thou sly old scorn-er! To our

body drink we

now! Our

Glä-ßes in health, Hur-

rah!
there and Margaret amongst them,
and's, Margaret the under thorn,

She, whom I view with
dies, Schreckbild meinen

Fill the tankards, clink your glasses round the board!
Füll die Becher bis zum Rand, trinket aus!

terror!
Anger!

And there I see good Dra-go,
From all the

rev- el- ry he turns him!
Wär' folg mit und sing - en!

How wild their
Wie wild sie

Here the ras sal plays the lord!
Ist der Bie vor Herr im Haus!

shout-ing!
Sieg fried, come soon a gain and check their in so- lene, Thy

house and home they o-ver-throw!
Wor kommant!

Ah, 'tis but Go-lo!
Ihr seid es, Go-lo! Golo.

Wel-come you ev-er are; in
Seid will-besen Ihr und

For-give me that at this fateful hour I come—
Verehnt, dass zu so spa-ter Stun-de woch—

sotto voce.

truth, E'en now I felt af-fright-ed—
Thou heardest all!

Die Dien-stin hun I dismi-n'd to Treves, She goes to nurse her fa-ther who lies

(timidly.)

Their song was loud enough—And all a-bove am I.
Sie sei-gen laut ge-sung— und ganz al-lein bin ich,

Alone is

My waiting-maid
she, how rare a chance!

A sudden fear took hold on me just now, And that wild
alone is she, how rare a chance!
Sie ganz allein, welche seltsames Glück!

But say what did it all betoken? Was hat es zu bedeuten?
Your servants, Caspar, Balthasar, were

And what did Margaret?
Und Margaret?

holding revelry with some young huntsmen— Of her arts to the fellows' display; Now she to

Yet, hide you something, speak!
Ihr haltet inne, spricht!

Finally moved them, then to terror— Then

Schumann—'Genoveva'—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Goro.

hear the news that brought me here so late:

Öh! ich kam so spät noch zu Euch führt;

Genovena (with tears).

glorious victory was late-ly won.

über Ab-dor-rah-man jüngst er-kämpf.

Goro.

has sent to me no tid-ings!

ließ mich zur Ken-de dorch.

Genovena.

And rumour says that soon the troops will re-turn—Sieg-fried's too? O might it

Auch spricht man von der bold—

ges Rück-kehr des Herr's Sieg-fried's auch? O war er

(Wild shouts are again heard outside.)

Goro.

be! wahr!

The joyful news hath made them boisterous!

Die al-les hat die Bur-schen auf-ge-regt!


In sofern, a

für-wahr, ein

sound the sweet-er! Come, no ex-cuse! We'll have the song the min-strel from Al-sa-tia
fre-ch er Rin-gen! Oh! Wi - der-spech! Das Lied, des aus dem El-sas uns der Sau-ger

Such a try have you ev-er rea-dy. Now sing, and wrap your heart in dream-ing.
Das Schmeicheln, Go-lo, schint-Euch ei-gen, singt-dein, lasst Euch er-wei-ch es!

(Fado takes the zither and seats himself at Genovesa's feet; she returns to her spinning-wheel.)
And speak with thee!
When the sweet dream hath flown, I am alone!

Wenn ich er-sen-chen ist, bin ich allein!

Es ver-gang keine Stunde in der Nacht, da mein Herz nicht erwacht.
(He sings with more and more passion.)

But my heart, with new delight,

Not an hour goes by in the night, But my heart, with new delight,

Wakes to think of thee,
When and an dich gedenkst,

Wakes to think of thee,
Wird an dich gedenkt,

dass du mir viel tan-send-math, (beside himself)

Who didn't oft and oft in plight, who didn't oft and oft in plight

My struggle now must

Nicht lan-ger hal' ich

First rise! It ill beseems you thus to
First stehet auf, erziemt Euch nicht zu

gero-va, your par-don!
ver-zeit mir!

kneel! kriiten!
Get par-don first from God,
Wohl-an, ver-zeit Euch Gott,

For-give me ere I rise—I have de-ciev'd you.
Nicht eh-er bis Ihr mir ver-zich'n—ich tausche Euch,

and mine will fol-low—
ver-zeit' auch ich Euch—

I stole, do you not know? When you had
Ich raubt Euch, ah-net Ihr? do-mals als

Go-lo, what sudden mood is... this! Say, are you
Go-lo, ich sah Euch nie-mals so, Ihr seid soh

Siegfried Ab-schied nahm—

Thou gav'st the wound, then staunch the blood that welleth out from my poor bosom!

Du schlugst die Wunde, still
nun auch das Blut, das strömendes, des Herzens!

What a demon surely said those words, you bred not her to whom you speak!

boßer Dämon gab die Worte euch, beseitigt euch, mit wem ihr sprachst!

Ehre

more uncontrollably.

Waschen, thou who with thy arts hast stolen my life away—

Zeue beris, du hast das Leben mir durch Kunst entführt—

speak, thee then! Awake, you cannot know thee! See, it is Genre a—

sprecht ihr da? Erwacht, denn ihr kennt mich! Ich bin es, Genre—

Schumann—"Cenoneva."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
O... could I move thee, O could I tell thee!
Da mein-e Herrn Gemah-lin! Dass ich er-de, aus-sag-korn-te,
Thee of my lord the con-sort!
Wus-ten-den, Pa-ne-
He is be-side him-self, Ah, who will help!
Es-failt ihn Wus-en-an, wer sticht mir bei-

Words and accents full me-