



DALLAS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



FABIO LUISI | MUSIC DIRECTOR



MENU

INTRODUCTION

ROLES AND CAST

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LIBRETTO

A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION

BY FABIO LUISI

There is nothing in the history of music quite like Wagner's *Ring* cycle. The story and its themes reflect the entire human experience: power, family, love, betrayal, corruption and redemption. Ultimately, the *Ring* is about the quest for power and what we will sacrifice for it. Wagner's message is timeless: the desire for power can destroy, sever human connections and force us to ignore our moral values. That's why the work still feels relevant today. It speaks to our nature, our choices and the consequences that follow.

As Wagner wrote in a letter to Liszt, "the music shall sound in such a fashion that people shall hear what they cannot see." Our presentation in Dallas was different to those you may have seen before and even to others I have conducted. It was an opera-in-concert, semi-staged and with limited visual expression. The score makes a huge impact on its own, and it conveys the plot quite clearly. Listen as you hear the characters and themes move through different instruments, colors and ranges. Every time a motif appears, it is for a specific purpose and means something a little different.

For us as musicians, it is a struggle: four long, difficult, complex operas that are not always easy to understand. But it is worth it, because at the end, you understand everything. Every time I conduct it, I come out of the process different than I went in. This is a work of art that transforms you.

These performances in Dallas were the culmination of years of planning and preparation. The scale of it alone makes it an incredible endeavor. There were 100 musicians on stage at the Morton H. Meyerson Symphony Center, along with dozens of singers, for 16 hours of music. I am proud of the work and partnership with this orchestra and these soloists. It is my honor to share this incredible cycle with you, and I hope you will enjoy it.

DAS RHEINGOLD THE RHINEGOLD



OPER IN 4 SZENEN

WWV 86A

*Musik und Libretto von Richard Wagner
1854*

*(Erste) Uraufführung am 22. September 1869
im Münchner Nationaltheater
Franz Wüllner, Dirigent*

AN OPERA IN 4 SCENES

WWV 86A

*Music and libretto by Richard Wagner
1854*

*(First) premiere on 22 September 1869
at the National Theater, Munich
Franz Wüllner, conductor*

LIVE RECORDING

Recorded at Morton H. Meyerson Symphony Center,
Dallas, Texas, USA, 1 & 4 May, 13 October 2024

In his autobiography, *Mein Leben* ("My Life"), Wagner describes writing the opening of *Das Rheingold* in September 1853, while vacationing in La Spezia on the Ligurian Sea. After falling into what he called "a kind of somnambulist state," he claimed to have heard the opening strains of the *Vorspiel*, or *Prelude*, reverberating inside his head, the soundtrack to a lucid dream.

"The rush and roar soon took musical shape within my brain as the chord of E flat major, surging incessantly in broken chords: these declared themselves as melodic figurations of increasing motion, yet the pure triad of E flat major never changed," he wrote. "... I awoke from my half-sleep in terror, feeling as though the waves were now rushing high above my head. I at once recognized that the orchestral prelude to the *Rheingold*, which for a long time I must have carried about within me, yet had never been able to fix definitely, had at last come into being in me: and I quickly understood the very essence of my own nature: the stream of life was not to flow to me from without, but from within."

The *Vorspiel* precedes the music drama that Wagner considered not the actual first installment in his *Ring* cycle but the prologue to the first opera (*Die Walküre*, which everyone else considers the second). Clocking in at a mere two-and-a-half hours, *Das Rheingold* ranks as the shortest chapter in the tetralogy. Ideally, as Wagner conceived it, *Das Rheingold* would be performed as the *Vorabend*, or the "preliminary evening" of a festival that would take place over

four nights, perhaps spaced out over a week, at the Festspielhaus in Bayreuth. This fantastic, custom-designed opera house was intended exclusively for performances of Wagner's work and made possible by his patron King Ludwig II of Bavaria, without whom the *Ring* cycle and most of his later operas would not have been staged, at least not to the extremes of extravagance that their creator preferred.

The Festspielhaus wasn't completed in time for the *Rheingold* premiere, so the first performance took place on September 22, 1869, at the National Theater in Munich. Wagner felt strongly that the operas should be staged only as a complete set, but his primary patron, King Ludwig II of Bavaria, felt otherwise. The inaugural Bayreuth Festival was held in 1876, over four evenings, with the complete presentation of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* – which included the world premieres of the final two installments, *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung*. The Austrian conductor Hans Richter, Wagner's former apprentice and devoted acolyte, presided over the enormous orchestra, which called for six harps and instruments that Wagner either designed or adapted for new purposes. These included tuned anvils, the contrabass trombone, the bass trumpet, the extra-deep "Wagner bell" and the stentorian "Wagner tuba," which boasts a haunting timbre pitched somewhere between a French horn and a trombone.

PROTAGONISTEN UND STIMMEN / CHARACTERS AND VOICES

GÖTTER & GÖTTINNEN / GODS & GODDESSES

WOTAN

König der Götter und Gott des Wissens; Frickas Ehemann /
king of the gods and god of knowledge; Fricka's husband

MARK DELAVAN *bass-baritone*

LOGE

Halbgott der List und des Feuers; Wotans kluger,
manipulativer Diener / demigod of cunning and fire;
Wotan's clever, manipulative executive servant

ŠTEFAN MARGITA *tenor*

FRICKA

Königin der Götter und Göttin der Ehe; Wotans Frau /
queen of the gods and goddess of marriage; Wotan's wife

DENIZ UZUN *mezzo-soprano*

FREIA

Göttin der Liebe und Jugend, Hüterin der goldenen Äpfel;
Frickas Schwester / goddess of love and youth,
guardian of the golden apples; Fricka's sister

LAURA WILDE *soprano*

FROH

Gott der Fruchtbarkeit; Frickas sanftmütiger Bruder /
god of fertility; Fricka's gentle brother

JAMEZ McCORKLE *tenor*

DONNER

Gott des Wetters; Frickas hitzköpfiger Bruder /
god of weather; Fricka's hot-tempered brother

HUNTER ENOCH *baritone*

ERDA

die Mutter der Nornen und Walküren und Göttin der Erde,
Weisheit und Prophezeiung / the Norns and Valkyries' mother
and goddess of earth, wisdom and prophecy

TAMARA MUMFORD *contralto*

NIBELUNGEN / NIBELUNGS

ALBERICH

machtgieriger Zwerg, Herr der Nibelungen /
power-hungry dwarf, lord of the Nibelungs

MIME

ein feiger, erfahrener Schmied; Alberichs Bruder /
a cowardly expert metal-smith; Alberich's brother

TÓMAS TÓMASSON *baritone*

MICHAEL LAURENZ *tenor*

RIESEN / GIANTS

FASOLT

König der Riesen, verliebt in Freia /
king of the giants, in love with Freia

LIANG LI *bass*

FAFNER

Fasolts skrupelloser Bruder /
Fasolt's ruthless brother

ANDREW HARRIS *bass*

RHEINTÖCHTER / RHINEMAIDENS

WOGLINDE

WELLGUNDE

FLOßHILDE

Hüterinnen des Rheingolds; Schwestern /
guardians of the Rhine gold; sisters

VALENTINA FARCAS *soprano*

KIMBERLY GRATLAND JAMES *mezzo-soprano*

RENÉE TATUM *mezzo-soprano*

SCENE ONE

1	Vorspiel <i>Ruhig heitere Bewegung</i>	4:31
2	„Weia! Waga!“ (Woglinde, Wellgunde, Floßhilde, Alberich)	2:41
3	„Garstig glatter glitschiger Glimmer“ (Alberich, Woglinde, Wellgunde, Floßhilde)	5:18
4	„Wallala! Lalaleia! Leialalei!“ (Floßhilde, Woglinde, Wellgunde, Alberich)	2:37
5	„Lugt, Schwestern! Die Weckerin lacht in den Grund“ (Woglinde, Wellgunde, Floßhilde, Alberich)	6:25
6	„Der Welt Erbe gewänn' ich zu eigen durch dich?“ (Alberich, Woglinde, Wellgunde, Floßhilde)	4:40

SCENE TWO

7	„Wotan, Gemahl! erwache!“ (Fricka, Wotan, Freia)	9:54
8	„Sanft schloß Schlaf dein Aug““ (Fasolt, Wotan, Fafner, Freia)	7:37
9	„Zu mir, Freia!“ (Froh, Donner, Fafner, Fasolt, Wotan, Freia, Fricka)	1:42
10	„Endlich Loge!“ (Wotan, Loge, Fricka, Froh, Donner, Fafner, Fasolt)	4:03
11	„Immer ist Undank Loges Lohn!“ (Loge, Wotan, Fasolt, Fafner, Fricka)	7:27
12	„Ein Runenzauber zwingt das Gold zum Reif“ (Loge, Donner, Wotan, Froh, Fricka, Fafner)	3:15
13	„Hör' Wotan, der Harrenden Wort!“ (Fafner, Wotan, Fasolt, Freia, Froh, Donner, Loge)	2:52
14	„Was sinnt nun Wotan so wild?“ (Loge, Fricka, Donner, Froh)	5:09
15	„Auf, Loge, hinab mit mir!“ – „Hehe! Hehe!“ (Wotan, Loge, Donner, Froh, Fricka, Alberich, Mime)	4:50

SCENE THREE

16	„Schau, du Schelm!“ (Alberich, Mime)	2:24
17	„Nibelheim hier“ (Loge, Mime, Wotan)	5:54
18	„Nehmt euch in Acht! Alberich naht“ (Mime, Wotan, Alberich, Loge)	8:36
19	„Vergeh, frevelnder Gauch!“ (Wotan, Alberich, Loge)	4:42
20	„Ohe! Ohe! Schreckliche Schlange“ (Loge, Wotan, Alberich)	7:03

SCENE FOUR

21	„Da, Vetter, sitze du fest!“ (Loge, Alberich, Wotan)	5:07
22	„Gezahlt hab' ich“ (Alberich, Loge, Wotan)	6:17
23	„Bin ich nun frei? Wirklich frei?“ (Alberich, Loge, Wotan)	4:39
24	„Fasolt und Fafner nahen von fern“ (Loge, Froh, Donner, Fricka, Fasolt, Wotan)	5:27
25	„Gepflanzt sind die Pfähle“ (Fafner, Wotan, Loge, Froh, Fricka, Donner, Fasolt, Freia)	6:03
26	„Weiche, Wotan!“ (Erda, Wotan, Fricka, Froh)	6:32
27	„Hört, ihr Riesen! Zurück, und harret“ (Donner, Freia, Wotan, Fasolt, Fafner, Loge, Fricka)	6:32
28	„Schwüles Gedünst schwebt in der Luft“ (Donner, Froh)	3:18
29	„Abendlich strahlt der Sonne Auge“ (Wotan, Fricka, Loge)	4:13
30	„Rheingold! Rheingold! reines Gold!“ (Woglinde, Wellgunde, Floßhilde, Wotan, Loge)	4:03

A CLOSER LISTEN: WAGNER'S *DAS RHEINGOLD*

SCENE 1. *At the bottom of the Rhine*

In the *Vorspiel*, Wagner introduces the real main character: the mighty Rhine River and its magical hoard of gold. The main theme seems to spin itself from mist, rising from the mysterious depths to the shimmering surface with an almost inaudible low E flat from the double basses. A few measures later, the bassoons add a B flat; before long, a solo French horn “very sweetly,” according to Wagner’s instructions in the score, launches a series of ascending E flat major triads, joined by each of the eight horns in succession until they’re all volleying arpeggios back and forth in a kind of contrapuntal ecstasy. Wagner suspends us in this atemporal radiance long enough to ensure that we won’t forget this sonic cue, or the significance of the river and the gold. The gold and the river belong to each other, halves of a single word. In their idyllic, prelapsarian state, the Rheingold and Rhine are inseparable.

The clarion call of the Rhinemaidens pierces the E flat bliss without diminishing it. The three nymphs Woglinde, Wellgunde and Floßhilde announce themselves with the gloriously alliterative “Weia! Waga! Woge, du Welle” Right on cue, the trio attracts the notice of the Nibelung Alberich. The Rhinemaidens’ prodigiously cruel treatment of Alberich, along with their pronounced gossipy tendencies, causes the initial disaster. They tell him why the gold is so powerful and unwittingly give him all the information he needs to become master of the universe. To wit, he must renounce love and make a ring out of the magical substance they’re too busy tormenting him to protect.

SCENE 2. *An open space on a mountain height (outside Valhalla)*

Wotan awakens to the majestic spectacle of the still-to-be-named Valhalla, the monumental palace and sanctuary that he induced the giants, Fasolt and Fafner, to build for him. (Listen for the noble theme associated with the soaring structure in contrast to the ponderous, lumbering theme of the giants who erected it.) His wife, Fricka, reminds him that he promised to pay the giants in the form of her sister, Freia, the goddess of love and beauty – and without whose golden apples all the immortals will age and die. Wotan recounts his plan to placate the giants with another gift, something they’ll find even more valuable than eternal youth. He tells his understandably distraught sister-in-law not to worry; he has a plan to rescue her that involves Loge, the freedom-loving god of fire, who will intercede if the giants refuse to compromise. Freia’s themes will surface in various forms, both in this opera and the following three, always representing love.

Despite Wotan’s epic haggling skills, the giants won’t be appeased with alternative prizes. They insist on their original terms, shrewdly recognizing Freia’s value as the sole tender of the golden apples of immortality. Freia’s brothers Donner and Froh try to intervene, but Wotan, bound by the terms of his ill-conceived contract, stops them with his magic spear. Loge persuades the giants to accept the stolen gold in lieu of Freia, and they agree – but not until Wotan hands over the gold, which they know is not yet in his possession. Understanding that the gods

will weaken and die without Freia's golden apples, Wotan and Loge descend to the subterranean realm of Nibelheim to steal the Rheingold from the Nibelung who stole it from the Rhinemaidens.

SCENE 3. *Nibelheim*

Any sympathy you might feel for Alberich as the target of Rhinemaidenly bullying evaporates in the dismal dystopia of Nibelheim. Alberich, we soon learn, coerced his brother Mime into making a ring and helmet, the Tarnhelm, out of the Rheingold, which allows Alberich to control everyone, shape-shift and become invisible. Along with torturing his brother, he enslaves all his countrymen, forcing them to mine gold for him in a grotesque parody of industrialized mass production. You can't help but notice the unholy racket, especially the din of the anvils that Wagner used to suggest the tools and machines of an infernal sweatshop. The score calls for 18 anvils (nine small, six medium, and three large) tuned to three octaves of F.

Although he's immediately suspicious of the visiting gods Wotan and Loge, Alberich can't help but show off his new powers. At their urging, he turns himself into a toad that they promptly capture. They drag away their prisoner, now returned to his original form.

SCENE 4. *An open space on a mountain height* (near Valhalla)

After Wotan and Loge take turns torturing Alberich, he relents and summons the Nibelungen, who bring all the gold. Alberich still believes that he will be able to keep the ring and thereby replenish all his lost stores. Wotan, who plans to hold on to the ring and the Tarnhelm and monopolize all the power himself, takes the stolen booty but allows Alberich to go free. Before leaving, the Nibelung points out Wotan's hypocrisy and curses the ring, along with all its future possessors.

Fricka, Donner, and Froh return, anxious to reunite with the ransomed Freia. The giants return with their captive, and Fasolt, who doesn't want to relinquish her, keeps demanding more and more gold until the pile blocks out the last gleam of his beloved's hair and eyes. Filling in the final chink requires both the Tarnhelm and the ring, but Wotan won't sacrifice the ring, to which he now feels entitled. He knows that it was stolen from its rightful stewards, the Rhinemaidens, who persist in lamenting their loss in gloomy, minor-key variations of their once-ebullient theme. Erda, the prophetic earth-goddess, unleashes an impassioned contralto warning, thereby persuading Wotan to trade the ring for his captive sister-in-law. Consistent with the curse, the giants fight over the ring as soon as they get it; Fafner murders his brother and takes off with the entire treasure.

Even though Fasolt's hulking, still-warm corpse should be enough to remind Wotan of the perils of greed and hubris, and even though the Rhinemaidens can clearly be heard weeping and wailing in the distance, he exults in his fancy new fortress, which he now names for the first time: Valhalla. When Fricka asks him what the word means, Wotan grandly informs her that she will learn more from future legends, then invites her to live there with him. As the gods ascend the rainbow bridge leading to the entrance of Valhalla, the offstage lament of the Rhinemaidens casts a minor-key pall on the pompous procession. The once-noble theme has acquired a sinister, specious gloss, and the gods now seem like decadent, out-of-touch aristocrats, ignoring the impending doom that Erda laid out in apocalyptic detail. Loge, who wanted to return the gold to the Rhinemaidens, reiterates Erda's dire prediction, but no one is listening. Wotan orders Loge to silence the weeping Rhinemaidens as the rest of the gods enter Valhalla.

DAS RHEINGOLD. LIBRETTO

[1]

VORSPIEL

ERSTE SZENE

*Woglinde, Wellgunde, Floßhilde, Alberich
Auf dem Grunde des Rheines.*

[2]

WUOGLINDE Weia! Waga! Woge, du Welle,
walle zur Wiege! Wagalaweia!
Wallala, weiala weia!

WELLGUNDE Woglinde, wachst du allein?

WUOGLINDE Mit Wellgunde wär' ich zu zwei.

WELLGUNDE Lass sehn, wie du wachst!

WUOGLINDE Sicher vor dir!

FLOßHILDE Heiaha weia! Wildes Geschwister!

WELLGUNDE Floßhilde, schwimm'!

Woglinde flieht:
hilf mir die Fließende fangen!

FLOßHILDE Des Goldes Schlaf hütet ihr schlecht!
Besser bewacht des schlummernden Bett,
sonst büßt ihr beide das Spiel!

ALBERICH Hehe! Ihr Nicker!
Wie seid ihr niedlich, neidliches Volk!
Aus Nibelheims Nacht naht' ich mich gern,
neigtet ihr euch zu mir!

WUOGLINDE Hei! Wer ist dort?

WELLGUNDE Es dämmert und ruft!

FLOßHILDE Lugt, wer uns lauscht!

WUOGLINDE UND WELLGUNDE Pfui! Der Garstige!

[1]

PRELUDE

SCENE ONE

*Woglinde, Wellgunde, Floßhilde, Alberich
At the bottom of the Rhine River.*

[2]

WUOGLINDE Weia! Waga!
Waves crash, and rock the cradle! Wagalaweia!
Wallala, weiala weia!

WELLGUNDE Woglinde, just you on watch?

WUOGLINDE I'm not alone, you're here, too.

WELLGUNDE Let's see how you keep watch.

WUOGLINDE Better than you!

FLOßHILDE Foolish sisters!

WELLGUNDE Swim, Floßhilde,
Woglinde's getting away!
Help me catch her!

FLOßHILDE You're being careless with the sleeping gold!
Be more vigilant with the sleeper's bed,
or you'll both pay for your rashness!

ALBERICH Hey, beauties,
how graceful you are!
I greet you from night's shadow,
look kindly on me!

WUOGLINDE Hey, who goes there?

WELLGUNDE Someone calls out of the darkness.

FLOßHILDE Who dares to spy on us?

WUOGLINDE AND WELLGUNDE Ugh, disgusting creature!

FLOßHILDE Hütet das Gold!
Vater warnte vor solchem Feind.

ALBERICH Ihr, da oben!

DIE DREI RHEINTÖCHTER
Was willst du dort unten?

ALBERICH Stör' ich eu'r Spiel,
wenn staunend ich still hier steh'?
Tauchtet ihr nieder, mit euch tollte
und neckte der Niblung sich gern!

WOGLINDE Mit uns will er spielen?

WELLGUNDE Ist ihm das Spott?

ALBERICH Wie scheint im Schimmer
ihr hell und schön!
Wie gern umschlänge der Schlanken eine mein Arm,
schlüpfte hold sie herab!

FLOßHILDE
Nun lach' ich der Furcht: der Feind ist verliebt!

WELLGUNDE Der lüsterne Kauz!

WOGLINDE Lasst ihn uns kennen!

ALBERICH Die neigt sich herab.

WOGLINDE Nun nahe dich mir!

[3]

ALBERICH Garstig glatter glitschiger Glimmer!
Wie gleit' ich aus! Mit Händen und Füßen
nicht fasse noch halt' ich das schlecke Geschlüpfer!
Feuchtes Naß füllt mir die Nase:
verfluchtes Niesen!

WOGLINDE Prustend naht meines Freiers Pracht!

FLOßHILDE Guard the gold!
Father warned us of men like this!

ALBERICH You up there!

ALL THREE
What do you want down there?

ALBERICH Would it spoil your fun
if I just silently marveled?
If you dive down here,
I'll tease you and play with you!

WOGLINDE He wants to play with us?

WELLGUNDE Is he mocking us?

ALBERICH You shine so beautifully
in the glimmering light!
I'd love to embrace one of you slim beauties,
if she'd come down!

FLOßHILDE
This foe is a joke! He's actually in love!

WELLGUNDE That lustful, little gnome!

WOGLINDE Let's teach him a lesson!

ALBERICH She's coming down!

WOGLINDE Come a little closer!

[3]

ALBERICH The rock is so slippery, I keep sliding!
I can't hold on to anything
in this water!
This chilly water is filling my nostrils.
Damned sneezing!

WOGLINDE My glorious, sputtering suitor is coming!

ALBERICH Mein Friedel sei, du fräuliches Kind!
WOGLINDE Willst du mich frei'n, so freie mich hier!
ALBERICH O weh! Du entweichst?
Komm' doch wieder!
Schwer ward mir, was so leicht du erschwingst.
WOGLINDE Steig' nur zu Grund,
da greifst du mich sicher!
ALBERICH Wohl besser da unten!
WOGLINDE Nun aber nach oben!
WELLGUNDE UND FLOSHILDE Hahahahaha!
ALBERICH Wie fang' ich im Sprung den spröden Fisch
Warte, du Falsche!
WELLGUNDE Heia, du Holder!
Hörst du mich nicht?
ALBERICH Rufst du nach mir?
WELLGUNDE Ich rate dir wohl: zu mir wende dich,
Woglinde meide!
ALBERICH Viel schöner bist du als jene Scheue,
die minder gleißend und gar zu glatt.
Nur tiefer tauche, willst du mir taugen.
WELLGUNDE Bin nun ich dir nah?
ALBERICH Noch nicht genug!
Die schlanken Arme schlinge um mich,
daß ich den Nacken dir neckend betaste,
mit schmeichelnder Brunst
an die schwellende Brust mich dir schmiege.
WELLGUNDE
Bist du verliebt und lüstern nach Minne,
lass sehn, du Schöner, wie bist du zu schau'n?
Pfui! Du haariger, höckriger Geck!

ALBERICH Be my sweetheart, beautiful child!
WOGLINDE If you want to woo me, come over here!
ALBERICH Damn! Are you evading me?
Come back!
You're so nimble, I can't go that fast.
WOGLINDE Climb down here
and you'll get me for sure.
ALBERICH It's certainly better down there.
WOGLINDE Now we're up here! Ha ha!
WELLGUNDE AND FLOSHILDE Hahahahaha!
ALBERICH How can I catch these slippery, little fish?
Wait, you're cheating!
WELLGUNDE Hey there, my sweetheart,
can't you hear me?
ALBERICH Are you talking to me?
WELLGUNDE Here's my advice:
You're better off with me, stay away from Woglinde!
ALBERICH You're much prettier than she is,
she's not as radiant as you and she's much too coy.
Come down deeper if you'd like to please me.
WELLGUNDE Is this too close?
ALBERICH Not close enough!
Put your slender arms around me,
so I can playfully stroke your neck,
and press myself against
your ample bosom!
WELLGUNDE
If you're in love and looking for love's delights,
let's see, handsome, what do you look like?
Oh! You're hairy and you have a hunchback!

Schwarzes, schwieliges Schwefelgezwerg!
Such' dir ein Friedel, dem du gefällst!

ALBERICH Gefall' ich dir nicht, dich fass' ich doch fest!

WELLGUNDE Nur fest, sonst fließ ich dir fort!

WONGLINDE UND FLOßHILDE Hahahahaha!

ALBERICH Falsches Kind! Kalter, grätiger Fisch!
Schein' ich nicht schön dir,
niedlich und neckisch, glatt und glau –
hei, so buhle mit Aalen, ist dir eklig mein Balg!

FLOßHILDE Was zank'st du, Alp?
Schon so verzagt?
Du freitest um zwei: frügst du die dritte,
süßen Trost schüfe die Traute dir!

ALBERICH Holder Sang singt zu mir her!
Wie gut, daß ihr eine nicht seid!
Von vielen gefall' ich wohl einer:
bei einer kieste mich keine!
Soll ich dir glauben, so gleite herab!

FLOßHILDE Wie torig seid ihr, dumme Schwestern,
dückt euch dieser nicht schön!

ALBERICH Für dumm und häßlich darf ich sie halten,
seit ich dich Holdeste seh'.

FLOßHILDE O singe fort so süß und fein,
wie hehr verführt es mein Ohr!

ALBERICH Mir zagt, zuckt und zehrt sich das Herz,
lacht mir so zierliches Lob.

FLOßHILDE Wie deine Anmut mein Aug' erfreut,
deines Lächelns Milde den Mut mir labt!
Seligster Mann!

ALBERICH Süßeste Maid!

FLOßHILDE Wärst du mir hold!

A smarmy, smelly little dwarf!
Find yourself a sweetheart who looks like you!

ALBERICH Maybe you don't like me, but now I've got you!

WELLGUNDE Hold tight, or I'll slip through your hands!

WONGLINDE AND FLOßHILDE Hahahahaha!

ALBERICH Deceitful child! Cold-blooded, bony fish!
If I'm not handsome enough for you, playful or witty
enough for you, then go find an eel to have
your way with!

FLOßHILDE Why so angry, little elf?
Do you give up so easily?
You were wooing two of us, try your luck with the third,
surely, she's your sweet prize of love!

ALBERICH Why, that's music to my ears!
How lucky that there are more, maybe one will like me,
if it were just you, no one would choose me!
If you want me to believe you,
come down!

FLOßHILDE You're foolish, my dim-witted sisters,
if you don't find him good-looking.

ALBERICH They are foolish and dim-witted,
now that I see that you are the loveliest!

FLOßHILDE Oh, go on singing so sweetly and gently;
your song deliciously seduces me!

ALBERICH My heart quakes and trembles with desire,
with such flattering praise.

FLOßHILDE Your charm has swept me off my feet,
your tender smile refreshes my spirit!
My dear man!

ALBERICH Sweet girl!

FLOßHILDE If only you loved me!

ALBERICH Hielt dich immer!

FLOßHILDE Deinen stechenden Blick,
deinen struppigen Bart,
o sah ich ihn, faßt' ich ihn stets!
Deines stacheligen Haares strammes Gelock,
umflöß es Floßhilde ewig!
Deine Krötengestalt, deiner Stimme Gekrächz,
o dürft' ich staunend und stumm
sie nur hören und sehn!

WOGLINDE UND WELLGUNDE Hahahahaha!

ALBERICH Lacht ihr Bösen mich aus?

FLOßHILDE Wie billig am Ende vom Lied!

WOGLINDE UND WELLGUNDE Hahahahaha!

ALBERICH Wehe! Ach wehe!
O Schmerz! O Schmerz!
Die dritte, so traut, betrog sie mich auch?
Ihr schmählich schlaues, lüderlich schlechtes Gelichter!
Nährt ihr nur Trug, ihr treuloses Nickergezücht?

[4]

DIE DREI RHEINTÖCHTER Wallala! Lalaleia!
Leialalei! Heia! Heia! Haha!
Schäme dich, Albe! Schilt nicht dort unten!
Höre, was wir dich heißen!
Warum, du Banger, bandest du nicht
das Mädchen, das du minnst?
Treu sind wir und ohne Trug
dem Freier, der uns fängt.
Greife nur zu, und grause dich nicht!
In der Flut entflieh'n wir nicht leicht!
Wallala! Lalaleia! Leialalei!
Heia! Heia! Haha!

ALBERICH I'll hold you forever!

FLOßHILDE Your piercing looks,
your scruffy beard,
oh, to look at you and hold you forever!
May your hair's shaggy locks
tickle Floßhilde forever!
Your toad-like shape, your raspy voice,
in wondering silence might
I see and hear them!

WOGLINDE AND WELLGUNDE Hahahahaha!

ALBERICH Are you laughing at me, wicked women?

FLOßHILDE It's perfect for the end of this song!

WOGLINDE AND WELLGUNDE Hahahahaha!

ALBERICH Woe is me!
How painful!
Has the third one, so true, deceived me as well?
You worthless, cunning, underhanded wretches!
Are your words nothing but lies?

[4]

ALL THREE Wallala! Lalaleia! Leialalei!
Heia! Heia! Haha!
Shame on you, goblin! Don't scold us from down there!
Listen to what we bid you to do!
Why, coward, did you fail
to hold on to the girl you loved?
We are honest and true
to the seducer who can trap us.
Grab one of us, don't be afraid,
we won't escape in the water!
Wallala! Lalaleia! Leialalei!
Heia! Heia! Haha!

ALBERICH Wie in den Gliedern brünstige Glut
mir brennt und glüht!
Wut und Minne, wild und mächtig,
wühlt mir den Mut auf!
Wie ihr auch lacht und lügt,
lüstern lechz' ich nach euch,
und eine muß mir erliegen!
Fing' eine diese Faust!...

[5]

WOGLINDE Lugt, Schwestern!
Die Weckerin lacht in den Grund.

WELLGUNDE Durch den grünen Schwall
den wonnigen Schläfer sie grüßt.

FLOßHILDE Jetzt küßt sie sein Auge,
daß er es öffne.

WELLGUNDE Schaut, er lächelt in lichtem Schein.

WOGLINDE Durch die Fluten hin
fließt sein strahlender Stern!

DIE DREI RHEINTÖCHTER Heiajaheia! Heiajaheia!
Wallalalalala leiajahei!
Rheingold! Rheingold!
Leuchtende Lust, wie lachst du so hell und hehr!
Glühender Glanz entgleißet dir wehlich im Wag'!
Heiajaheia! Heiajaheia!
Wache, Freund, Wache froh!
Wonnige Spiele spenden wir dir:
flimmert der Fluß, flammet die Flut,
umfließen wir tauchend, tanzend und singend
im seligem Bade dein Bett!
Rheingold! Rheingold!
Heiajaheia! Wallalalalala leiajahei!

ALBERICH In my every limb,
a searing flame burns!
Powerful rage and lust provoke
my soul to madness!
While you make fun of me,
I'm consumed with lust,
and one of you must yield to me!
Might this fist grasp just one!

[5]

WOGLINDE Look, sisters!
The sun awakens.

WELLGUNDE Through the green swells,
she greets the sleeping gold.

FLOßHILDE She gently kisses its eyes
that they may open.

WELLGUNDE See how it smiles in the sunshine.

WOGLINDE Glittering rays flow
through the waves!

ALL THREE Heiajaheia! Heiajaheia!
Wallalalalala leiajahei!
Rhinegold!
Gleaming joy, your laugh is so bright and glorious!
Glowing brightly, you glisten in the water!
Heiajaheia! Heiajaheia!
Wake up, friend. Wake up with joy!
We'll play delightful games together.
When the river glows and the water is a flame,
we'll swim around your bed happily
dancing and singing!
Rhinegold!
Heiajaheia! Wallalalalala leiajahei!

ALBERICH Was ist's, ihr Glatten, das dort
so glänzt und gleißt?

DIE DREI RHEINTÖCHTER

Wo bist du Rauher denn heim,
daß vom Rheingold nie du gehört?

WELLGUNDE Nichts weiß der Alp von des Goldes
Auge, das wechselnd wacht und schläft?

WUOLINDE Von der Wassertiefe wonnigem Stern,
der hehr die Wogen durchhellt?

DIE DREI RHEINTÖCHTER

Sieh, wie selig im Glanze wir gleiten!
Willst du Banger in ihm dich baden,
so schwimm' und schwelge mit uns!
Wallalalala leialalai! Wallalalala leiajahei!

ALBERICH Eurem Taucherspiele nur taugte das Gold?
Mir gält' es dann wenig!

WUOLINDE Des Goldes Schmuck schmähete er nicht,
wüßte er all seine Wunder!

WELLGUNDE Der Welt Erbe gewänne zu eigen,
wer aus dem Rheingold schüfe den Ring,
der maaßlose Macht ihm verlieh'.

FLOßHILDE Der Vater sagt' es, und uns befahl er,
klug zu hüten den klaren Hort,
daß kein Falscher der Flut ihn entführe:
drum schweigt, ihr schwatzendes Heer!

WELLGUNDE Du klügste Schwester,
verklagst du uns wohl?
Weißt du denn nicht, wem nur allein
das Gold zu schmieden vergönnt?

ALBERICH What is it, maidens,
that gleams and glitters there?

ALL THREE

Where are you from, barbarian,
that you've never heard of the Rhinegold?

WELLGUNDE The elf knows nothing of the gold
that awakens and sleeps?

WUOLINDE That joy-giving star that shines from the
deep, illuminating the waves with its virtuous light?

ALL THREE

See how merrily we glide through its glow!
If you can summon the courage,
come swim and revel in it with us!
Wallalalala leialalai! Wallalalala leiajahei!

ALBERICH Does the gold only serve for your diving
games? That's worth nothing to me!

WUOLINDE He wouldn't mock the gold's beauty,
if he knew all of its wonders.

WELLGUNDE He would inherit the world,
for whoever fashions a ring out of the gold
is bestowed power without limit.

FLOßHILDE Father said it, and it is our charge
to wisely guard the shining treasure,
that no thief should take it from the water.
Be silent, then, you chattering mope!

WELLGUNDE My prudent sister,
why make accusations?
Don't you know who alone
may forge the gold?

WUOLINDE Nur wer der Minne Macht entsagt,
nur wer der Liebe Lust verjagt,
nur der erzielt sich den Zauber,
zum Reif zu zwingen das Gold.

WELLGUNDE Wohl sicher sind wir und sorgenfrei:
denn was nur lebt, will lieben,
meiden will keiner die Minne.

WUOLINDE Am wenigsten er, der lüsterne Alp;
vor Liebesgier möcht' er vergehn!

FLOßHILDE Nicht fürcht' ich den, wie ich ihn erfand:
seiner Minne Brunst brannte fast mich.

WELLGUNDE Ein Schwefelbrand in der Wogen
Schwall: vor Zorn der Liebe zischt er laut!

DIE DREI RHEINTÖCHTER Wallala! Wallaleialala!
Lieblichster Albe! Lachst du nicht auch?
In des Goldes Scheine wie leuchtest du schön!
O komm', Lieblicher, lache mit uns!
Heiajaheia! Heiajaheia! Wallalalala leiajahei!

[6]

ALBERICH Der Welt Erbe gewänn' ich zu eigen
durch dich?
Erzwäng' ich nicht Liebe,
doch listig erzwäng' ich mir Lust?
Spottet nur zu! –
Der Niblung naht eurem Spiel!

DIE DREI RHEINTÖCHTER Heia! Heia! Heiajahei!
Rettet euch! Es raset der Alp:
in den Wassern sprüht's, wohin er springt:
die Minne macht ihn verrückt!

WUOLINDE Only he who forswears love's power,
only he who renounces love's pleasure,
only he can master the magic
to turn the gold into a ring.

WELLGUNDE We are confident and free from worry,
because every living person must love,
no one would willingly forego its delights.

WUOLINDE Least of all this pathetic, little dwarf,
wasting away in lustful desire!

FLOßHILDE I'm not afraid of him, whom we found
here. The flames of his lust nearly scorched me.

WELLGUNDE A sulfurous brand in the waves:
hissing loudly in love's frenzy!

ALL THREE Wallala! Wallaleialala!
Darling elf, won't you laugh with us?
In the gold's gleam, even you are handsome!
Come on, laugh with us!
Heiajaheia! Heiajaheia! Wallalalala leiajahei!

[6]

ALBERICH I might inherit the world
through you?
Though I can't gain love by force,
maybe I can win with cunning.
Laugh all you want;
the Nibelung draws near your gold!

ALL THREE Flee with your lives!
The dwarf is crazed!
Water splashes wherever he flails!
Love has driven him mad!

ALBERICH Bangt euch noch nicht?
So buhlt nun im Finstern, feuchtes Gezücht!
Das Licht löscht ich euch aus,
entreiße dem Riff das Gold,
schmiede den rächende Ring;
denn hör' es die Flut:
so verflucht ich die Liebe!

FLOßHILDE Haltet den Räuber!

WELLGUNDE Rettet das Gold!

WOGLINDE UND WELLGUNDE Hilfe! Hilfe!

DIE DREI RHEINTÖCHTER Weh! Weh!

ORCHESTERZWISCHENSPIEL

ZWEITE SZENE

Wotan, Fricka, Freia, Fasolt, Fafner, Donner, Froh, Loge

[7]

FRICKA Wotan, Gemahl! erwache!

WOTAN Der Wonne seligen Saal
bewachen mir Tür und Tor:
Mannes Ehre, ewige Macht,
ragen zu endlosem Ruhm!

FRICKA Auf, aus der Träume wonnigem Trug!
Erwache, Mann, und erwäge!

WOTAN Vollendet das ewige Werk!
Auf Berges Gipfel die Götterburg;
prächtig prahlt der prangende Bau!
Wie im Traum ich ihn trug,
wie mein Wille ihn wies, stark und schön
steht er zur Schau; hehrer, herrlicher Bau!

ALBERICH Still not afraid?
Go frolic in the darkness then, watery creatures!
I'll put your light out,
wrench the gold away,
for I will forge the ring.
Let the waters mark my words:
I do henceforth curse love!

FLOßHILDE Stop the thief!

WELLGUNDE Save the gold!

WOGLINDE AND WELLGUNDE Help, help! Alas!

ALL THREE Ah!

ORCHESTRAL INTERLUDE

SCENE TWO

Wotan, Fricka, Freia, Fasolt, Fafner, Donner, Froh, Loge

[7]

FRICKA Wotan, husband, wake up!

WOTAN The sacred Hall of Bliss
is guarded by door and gate.
Humanity's honor might now
rise to endless renown!

FRICKA Snap out of your blissful dreams of deception!
Wake up, husband, and think!

WOTAN The everlasting work is ended!
On the mountaintop stands the abode of the gods,
a shining, new structure!
As I conceived of it in my dreams,
just as my will decreed, it is strong and beautiful,
it stands for all to see, a magnificent building!

FRICKA Nur Wonne schafft dir, was mich erschreckt?
Dich freut die Burg, mir bangt es um Freia!
Achtloser, lass mich erinnern
des ausbedungenen Lohns!
Die Burg ist fertig, verfallen das Pfand:
vergaßest du, was du vergabst?

WOTAN Wohl dünkt mich's, was sie bedangen,
die dort die Burg mir gebaut;
durch Vertrag zähmt' ich ihr trotzig Gezücht,
daß sie die hehre Halle mir schüfen;
die steht nun, dank den Starken:
um den Sold Sorge dich nicht.

FRICKA O lachend frevelnder Leichtsinns!
Liebelosester Frohmut!
Wußt' ich um euren Vertrag,
dem Truge hätt' ich gewehrt;
doch mutig entferntet ihr Männer die Frauen,
um taub und ruhig vor uns,
allein mit den Riesen zu tagen:
so ohne Scham verschenktet ihr Frechen
Freia, mein holdes Geschwister,
froh des Schächergewerbs!
Was ist euch Harten doch heilig und wert,
giert ihr Männer nach Macht!

WOTAN Gleiche Gier war Fricka wohl fremd,
als selbst um den Bau sie mich bat?

FRICKA Um des Gatten Treue besorgt,
muß traurig ich wohl sinnen,
wie an mich er zu fesseln,
zieht's in die Ferne ihn fort:
herrliche Wohnung, wonniger Hausrat
sollten dich binden zu säumender Rast.
Doch du bei dem Wohnbau
sannst auf Wehr und Wall allein;

FRICKA You feel only joy at what fills me with dread?
The castle delights you and I fear for Freia!
Ignorant husband!
Don't you recall what was agreed upon?
The castle is completed, the forfeit is due:
Have you forgotten what you owe?

WOTAN I do remember what they demanded,
those who built the stronghold there;
I tamed them by treaty, defiant giants,
bidding them to build the splendid hall;
it is finished, – thanks to them – as for the payment,
give it no thought.

FRICKA What a laughable folly!
Such heartless cheerfulness!
Had I known about such a contract,
I would have opposed such deceit;
but you men kept us women out of the way,
so that, deaf to us and in peace,
you could negotiate alone with the giants.
So, without shame, you brazenly bartered with Freia,
my beautiful sister.
Well done on your shabby deal!
Is there anything sacred or precious
to you men besides greed and power?

WOTAN Did Fricka know nothing of greed
when she begged me for the castle?

FRICKA Concerned for my husband's faithfulness,
I must now sadly ponder
ways to bind him fast,
whenever he feels drawn away:
a magnificent dwelling, domestic bliss,
were meant to entice you to peaceful repose.
But, as you had it built,
you thought only of war and weapons.

Herrschaft und Macht soll er dir mehren;
nur rastlosem Sturm zu erregen,
erstand dir die ragende Burg.

WOTAN Wolltest du Frau in der Feste mich fangen,
mir Gotte mußt du schon gönnen,
daß, in der Burg gebunden, ich mir
von außen gewinne die Welt.
Wandel und Wechsel liebt, wer lebt;
das Spiel drum kann ich nicht sparen!

FRICKA Liebeloser, leidigster Mann!
Um der Macht und Herrschaft müßigen Tand
verspielst du in lästerndem Spott
Liebe und Weibes Wert?

WOTAN Um dich zum Weib zu gewinnen,
mein eines Auge setzt' ich werbend daran;
wie törig tadelst du jetzt!
Ehr' ich die Frauen doch mehr als dich freut;
und Freia, die gute, geb' ich nicht auf;
nie sann dies ernstlich mein Sinn.

FRICKA So schirme sie jetzt: in schutzloser Angst
läuft sie nach Hilfe dort her!

FREIA Hilf mir, Schwester! Schütze mich, Schwäher!
Vom Felsen drüben drohte mir Fasolt,
mich Holde käm' er zu holen.

WOTAN Lass ihn droh'n! Sahst du nicht Loge?

FRICKA Daß am liebsten du immer dem Listigen
traust! Viel Schlimmes schuf er uns schon,
doch stets bestrickt er dich wieder.

WOTAN Wo freier Mut frommt,
allein frag' ich nach keinem.
Doch des Feindes Neid zum Nutz sich fügen,

It is meant to increase your dominion and power;
that towering structure exists
only to whip up greater unrest.

WOTAN If your wish, my wife, was to trap me in the
fortress, you must also grant me, as a god,
while confined to the stronghold,
that I might win for myself the world outside it.
All who live love variety and excitement:
that pleasure I cannot forego!

FRICKA Heartless, unloving husband!
For the power and dominion, with ungodly scorn,
you would gamble away love
and women's worth?

WOTAN In order to win you as my bride,
I forfeited one of my eyes;
how foolish you are to chide me now!
I honor women more than would you have!
And I'll never give up on Freia;
I've never considered it.

FRICKA Then protect her now.
She's helpless, scared and racing here for help.

FREIA Help me, sister! Protect me, kinsman!
Fasolt has threatened me down by those rocks!
He's coming to claim me as his own!

WOTAN Let him threaten! Did you see Loge?

FRICKA So, you still trust that cunning creature?
He has done great harm already,
yet he continues to ensnare you.

WOTAN Where freedom of mind is called for,
I need help from no one.
But how to turn a foe's grudge into an advantage

lehrt nur Schlaueheit und List,
wie Loge verschlagen sie übt.
Der zum Vertrage mir riet,
versprach mir, Freia zu lösen:
auf ihn verlass' ich mich nun.

FRICKA Und er lässt dich allein!
Dort schreiten rasch die Riesen heran:
wo harrt dein schlauer Gehilf'?

FREIA Wo harren meine Brüder,
daß Hilfe sie brächten,
da mein Schwäher die Schwache verschenkt?
Zu Hilfe, Donner! Hieher, hieher!
Rette Freia, mein Froh!

FRICKA Die in bösem Bund dich verrieten,
sie alle bergen sich nun!

[8]

FASOLT Sanft schloß Schlaf dein Aug';
wir beide bauten Schlummers bar die Burg.
Mächt'ger Müh' müde nie,
stauten starke Stein' wir auf;
steiler Turm, Tür und Tor,
deckt und schließt im schlanken Schloß den Saal.
Dort steht's, was wir stemmten,
schimmernd hell, bescheint's der Tag:
zieh nun ein, uns zahl' den Lohn!

WOTAN Nennt, Leute, den Lohn:
was dünkt euch zu bedingen?

FASOLT Bedungen ist, was tauglich uns dünkt:
gemahnt es dich so matt?
Freia, die Holde, Holda, die Freie,
vertragen ist's, sie tragen wir heim.

is taught by the kind of cunning
and craft Loge employs.
He advised me in the matters of the contract,
promised to ransom Freia,
and so, I must rely on him now.

FRICKA And he leaves you in the lurch!
Here come the giants, marching swiftly here:
Where is your crafty accomplice now?

FREIA Where are my brothers,
who should be helping me now,
since my brother-in-law is giving me away?
Help, Donner!
This way! Come save Freia!

FRICKA Those who betrayed you in evil alliance
are all hiding themselves now!

[8]

FASOLT While gentle slumber closed your eyes,
the two of us, unsleeping, built your fortress.
Never tiring of mighty labor,
we stacked up the massive stones,
built a great tower, door and gate,
to guard and lock the hall in lordly keep.
There it stands, what we built,
shining brightly in the light of day.
Move in now and pay us our due.

WOTAN Name your price, good people.
What is your due?

FASOLT The price is fixed, as what seemed fit for us.
is your memory of it so faint?
Freia, the beautiful, also called Holda, the free,
it's agreed: we're taking her home.

WOTAN Seid ihr bei Trost mit eurem Vertrag?
Denkt auf andern Dank: Freia ist mir nicht feil.

FASOLT Was sagst du? Ha, sinnst du Verrat?
Verrat am Vertrag?
Die dein Speer birgt,
sind sie dir Spiel, des berat'nen Bundes Runen?

FAFNER Getreu'ster Bruder,
merkst du Tropf nun Betrug?

FASOLT Lichtsohn du, leicht gefügter!
Hör' und hüte dich: Verträgen halte Treu'!
Was du bist, bist du nur durch Verträge;
bedungen ist, wohl bedacht deine Macht.
Bist weiser du, als witzig wir sind,
bandest uns Freie zum Frieden du:
all deinem Wissen fluch' ich,
fliehe weit deinen Frieden,
weißt du nicht offen, ehrlich und frei
Verträgen zu wahren die Treu'!
Ein dummer Riese rät dir das:
Du Weiser, wiss' es von ihm.

WOTAN Wie schlau für Ernst du achtest,
was wir zum Scherz nur beschlossen!
Die liebliche Göttin, licht und leicht,
was taugt euch Tölpeln ihr Reiz?

FASOLT Höhnst du uns? Ha, wie unrecht!
Die ihr durch Schönheit herrscht,
schimmernd hehres Geschlecht,
wir törig strebt ihr nach Türmen von Stein,
setzt um Burg und Saal
Weibes Wonne zum Pfand!
Wir Plumpen plagen uns
schwitzend mit schwieliger Hand,

WOTAN Have you lost your minds with this agreement?
Think of some other price; Freia isn't for sale!

FASOLT What's that you say? You're plotting betrayal!
Betray the contract?
The runes carved on your spear,
our agreed upon contract mere sport for you?

FAFNER My trusting brother,
do you see their deception now?

FASOLT Son of light, light in honor!
Hear us and take heed!
Honor your contracts!
What you are, you are through your contracts alone!
Your power is bound by sworn upon agreements.
Your wisdom far surpasses our cleverness,
we are free men bound to you in peace,
but cursed be all of your wisdom,
and to hell with your peace,
if you cannot honestly comply with the terms of your contracts!
That is the counsel from a simpleminded giant.
Learn from him, oh wise one!

WOTAN How cunning! The deal wasn't serious,
it was made in jest!
The lovely goddess, so splendid and radiant,
what use are her charms to you ruffians?

FASOLT Do you mock us? Ah, how unjust!
You, who rule by beauty,
you hallowed, radiant race,
foolishly striving for majestic towers,
trading a woman's delights
for the sake of castle and hall!
We are idiots for toiling on,
sweating with blistered hands,

ein Weib zu gewinnen, das wonnig und mild
bei uns Armen wohne;
und verkehrt nennst du den Kauf?

FAFNER Schweig' dein faules Schwatzen,
Gewinn werben wir nicht:
Freias Haft hilft wenig
doch viel gilt's den Göttern sie zu entreißen.
Goldene Äpfel wachsen in ihrem Garten;
sie allein weiß die Äpfel zu pflegen!
Der Frucht Genuß frommt ihren Sippen
zu ewig nie alternder Jugend:
siech und bleich doch sinkt ihre Blüte,
alt und schwach schwinden sie hin,
müssen Freia sie missen.
Ihrer Mitte drum sei sie entführt!

WOTAN Loge säumt zu lang!

FASOLT Schlicht gib nun Bescheid!

WOTAN Sinnst auf andern Sold!

FASOLT Kein anderer: Freia allein!

FAFNER Du da! Folg' uns fort!

FREIA Helft! Helft, vor den Harten!

[9]

FROH Zu mir, Freia! Meide sie, Frecher!
Froh schützt die Schöne.

DONNER Fasolt und Fafner,
fühltet ihr schon meines Hammers harten Schlag?

FAFNER Was soll das Drohn?

FASOLT Was dringst du her?
Kampf kiesten wir nicht,
verlangen nur unsern Lohn.

to win a wife,
beautiful and kind, to live among us poor creatures.
And you say that we contracted in jest?

FAFNER Stop your idle chatter.
We're not looking for a prize.
We gain little by possessing Freia,
but gain much more by wresting her from the gods.
Golden apples grow in her garden,
and she alone knows how to tend them.
Partaking of the fruit bestows on her kinsmen
eternal youth.
But without it, they will wither,
they'll waste away, old and weak,
if they were to lose Freia.
So, let's steal her away from them!

WOTAN Loge is taking too long!

FASOLT Give us a straight forward answer!

WOTAN Demand some other payment!

FASOLT No, it must be Freia!

FAFNER You there, come with us!

FREIA Help! Save me from these beasts!

[9]

FROH Come to me, Freia! Leave her alone, you bully!
Froh will protect the fair Freia.

DONNER Fasolt and Fafner, have you ever felt
my hammer's heavy blow?

FAFNER Are you threatening us?

FASOLT Why are you meddling here?
We were not looking for a fight,
we only want our payment.

DONNER Schon oft zahlt' ich Riesen den Zoll.
Kommt her, des Lohnes Last
wäg' ich mit gutem Gewicht!

WOTAN Halt, du Wilder! Nichts durch Gewalt!
Verträge schützt meines Speeres Schaft:
spar' deines Hammers Heft!

FREIA Wehe! Wehe! Wotan verläßt mich!

FRICKA Begreif' ich dich noch, grausamer Mann?

[10]

WOTAN Endlich Loge! Eiltest du so,
den du geschlossen,
den schlimmen Handel zu schlichten?

LOGE Wie? Welchen Handel hätt' ich geschlossen?
Wohl was mit den Riesen dort im Rate du dangst?
In Tiefen und Höhen treibt mich mein Hang;
Haus und Herd behagt mir nicht.
Donner und Froh,
die denken an Dach und Fach,
wollen sie frei'n,
ein Haus muß sie erfreu'n.
Ein stolzer Saal, ein starkes Schloß,
danach stand Wotans Wunsch.
Haus und Hof, Saal und Schloß,
die selige Burg, sie steht nun fest gebaut.
Das Prachtgemäuer prüft' ich selbst,
ob alles fest, forsch' ich genau:
Fasolt und Fafner fand ich bewährt:
kein Stein wankt in Gestemm'.
Nicht müßig war ich, wie mancher hier;
der lügt, wer lässig mich schilt!

WOTAN Arglistig weichst du mir aus:
mich zu betrügen hüte in Treuen dich wohl!

DONNER I've paid the giants their due many times:
Come here, I'll measure out your payment
in plentiful measure!

WOTAN Stop being rash! Put down your hammer!
My spear safeguards our contract.
Spare your hammer's heft.

FREIA Alas, Wotan is giving me up!

FRICKA Have I heard you correctly, hard-hearted man?

[10]

WOTAN Loge, at last!
Did you come so quickly to help me fix
this bad deal you made?

LOGE What? Which deal am I supposed to have made?
The one you discussed with the giants in council?
I am a wanderer, traveling high and low;
I do not delight in house or hearth;
Donner and Froh think
only of the joys of home.
Should they wish to wed,
a home must gladden them.
A stately hall, a sturdy castle,
that was Wotan's wish.
House and court, hall and castle,
the blessed fortress now stands, strongly built.
I inspected the proud standing walls myself,
I looked to see everything was solid.
I have found Fasolt and Fafner to be trustworthy.
There's not a single stone loose in the masonry.
I've not been idle, like so many here,
to call me lazy would be a lie!

WOTAN Slyly you're trying to elude me.
Think carefully before trying to deceive me!

Von allen Göttern dein einz'ger Freund,
nahm ich dich auf in der übel trauenden Troß.
Nun red' und rate klug!
Da einst die Bauer der Burg
zum Dank Freia bedangen,
du weißt, nicht anders willigt' ich ein,
als weil auf Pflicht du gelobtest,
zu lösen das hehre Pfand.

LOGE Mit höchster Sorge drauf zu sinnen,
wie es zu lösen, das – hab' ich gelobt.
Doch, daß ich fände,
was nie sich fügt, was nie gelingt, –
wie ließ sich das wohl geloben?

FRICKA Sieh, welch trugvollem Schelm du getraut!

FROH Loge heißt du, doch nenn' ich dich Lüge!

DONNER Verfluchte Lohe, dich löscht' ich aus!

LOGE Ihre Schmach zu decken,
schmähen mich Dumme!

WOTAN In Frieden lasst mir den Freund!
Nicht kennt ihr Loges Kunst:
reicher wiegt seines Rates Wert,
zahlt er zögernd ihn aus.

FAFNER Nichts gezögert! Rasch gezahlt!

FASOLT Lang währt's mit dem Lohn!

WOTAN Jetzt hör', Störrischer! Halte Stich!
Wo schweiftest du hin und her?

[11]

LOGE Immer ist Undank Loges Lohn!
Für dich nur besorgt, sah ich mich um,
durchstöbert' im Sturm alle Winkel der Welt,

Of all the gods, I am your only friend,
I was the only one who took you in.
So, speak and advise me with cleverness!
When the castle's builders demanded
Freia as payment,
you know that I only agreed
because you promised to find
some other way to pay them.

LOGE All I promised was to ponder
how to get around that pledge, nothing else.
That I did promise,
but how could I promise to find the unfindable?
How could that be promised?

FRICKA See what a deceitful reprobate you've trusted!

FROH Loge is your name, but you should be called Liar!

DONNER Cursed flame, I'll snuff you out!

LOGE Fools scorn me to hide
their own shame!

WOTAN Leave my friend in peace!
You don't know Loge's art,
and I value his advice even more
when he delays in paying it out.

FAFNER No more delays! Pay up now!

FASOLT The payment is long overdue!

WOTAN Now listen, you stubborn creature!
Keep your word! Where have you been roaming?

[11]

LOGE Lack of gratitude is always Loge's reward!
For your sake alone, I looked everywhere,
tempestuously scouring the corners of the world:

Ersatz für Freia zu suchen,
wie er den Riesen wohl recht.
Umsonst sucht' ich, und sehe nun wohl:
in der Welten Ring nichts ist so reich,
als Ersatz zu muten dem Mann
für Weibes Wonne und Wert!
So weit Leben und Weben,
In Wasser, Erd' und Luft,
viel frug' ich, forschte bei allen,
wo Kraft nur sich rührt, und Keime sich regen:
was wohl dem Manne mächt'ger dünk',
als Weibes Wonne und Wert?
Doch so weit Leben und Weben,
verlacht nur ward meine fragende List:
in Wasser, Erd' und Luft,
lassen will nichts von Lieb' und Weib.
Nur einen sah' ich, der sagte der Liebe ab:
um rotes Gold entriet er des Weibes Gunst.
Des Rheines klare Kinder
klagten mir ihre Not:
der Nibelung, Nacht-Alberich,
buhlte vergebens um der Badenden Gunst;
das Rheingold da
raubte sich rächend der Dieb:
das dünkt ihn nun das teuerste Gut,
hehrer als Weibes Huld.
Um den gleißenden Tand,
der Tiefe entwandt,
erklang mir der Töchter Klage:
an dich, Wotan, wenden sie sich,
daß zu Recht du zögest den Räuber,
das Gold dem Wasser wieder gebest,
und ewig es bliebe ihr Eigen.
Dir's zu melden, gelobt' ich den Mädchen:

seeking a replacement for Freia
that would properly satisfy the giants.
I searched in vain and now I know the truth:
in the entire world,
nothing is precious enough to be a satisfying substitute
for a man than the delight and worth of a woman.
Wherever there's life and breath,
in water, land or air,
I asked a good deal, inquired of all,
where the life force moves and seeds stir,
what does man believe is more powerful
than a woman's delight and worth?
But no matter where life stirs,
my questioning was only met with derision.
In water, land, or air,
nothing will relinquish love or woman.
I only saw one who forswore love's delights.
For the sake of Rhinegold, he gave up woman's favor.
The Rhine maidens told me their plight:
The Nibelung, Alberich,
tried to win their favor in vain.
Rejected, he stole
the Rhinegold for his revenge.
Now, he believes it is
the most precious possession,
more sublime than woman's grace.
For the glittering toy that was wrested
from the water,
the maidens' lament rang in my ears.
To you, Wotan, they now appeal,
that you make the thief accountable,
and give back the gold to the waters,
to remain their own forever.
I promised the maidens I'd tell you,

nun löste Loge sein Wort.

WOTAN Törig bist du, wenn nicht gar tückisch!
Mich selbst siehst du in Not:
wie hülft' ich andern zum Heil?

FASOLT Nicht gönn' ich das Gold dem Alben;
viel Not schon schuf uns der Niblung,
doch schlau entschlüpfte unserm
Zwange immer der Zwerg.

FAFNER Neue Neidtat sinnt uns der Niblung,
gibt das Gold ihm Macht. —
Du da, Loge! Sag' ohne Lug:
was Großes gilt denn das Gold,
daß dem Niblung es genügt?

LOGE Ein Tand ist's in des Wassers Tiefe,
lachenden Kindern zur Lust,
doch ward es zum runden Reife geschmiedet,
hilft es zur höchsten Macht,
gewinnt dem Manne die Welt.

WOTAN Von des Rheines Gold hört' ich raunen:
Beute-Runen berge sein roter Glanz;
Macht und Schätze schüf ohne Maaß ein Reif.

FRICKA Taugte wohl des goldnen Tandes
gleißend Geschmeid
auch Frauen zu schönem Schmuck?

LOGE Des Gatten Treu' ertrotzte die Frau,
trüge sie hold den hellen Schmuck,
den schimmernd Zwerge schmieden,
rührig im Zwange des Reifs.

and now I have kept my word.

WOTAN You're foolish, if not spiteful!
You see that I am the one in need.
How, then, can I begin to help others?

FASOLT I begrudge the elf his gold,
the Nibelung has caused us much distress,
but he has always slyly slipped out
of our grasp.

FAFNER He'll think up new ways to harm us
if the gold gives him power...
You there, Loge. Tell us without lying:
What is the gold's great value
that the Nibelung wants nothing more?

LOGE It's but a trinket in the water's depths,
for laughing children's enjoyment,
but, if forged into a rounded ring,
it bestows upon him supreme power,
and he would be the master of the world.

WOTAN I've heard whispers of the gold in the Rhine,
hidden in its luster, runes describing great riches,
the ring would give inconceivable power and treasure.

FRICKA Might the golden trinket's glitter
be for a woman
as fair adornment?

LOGE A wife might force her husband to be true,
if she wore the bright and gleaming jewel,
with runes that dwarves busily forge
under the ring's spell.

FRICKA Gewänne mein Gatte sich wohl das Gold?

WOTAN Des Reifes zu walten,
rätlich will es mich dünken.
Doch wie, Loge, lernst' ich die Kunst?
Wie schüf' ich mir das Geschmeid'?

[12]

LOGE Ein Runenzauber zwingt das Gold zum Reif;
keiner kennt ihn;
doch einer übt ihn leicht,
der sel'ger Lieb' entsagt.
Das sparst du wohl; zu spät auch kämst du:
Alberich zauderte nicht.
Zaglos gewann er des Zaubers Macht:
geraten ist ihm der Ring!

DONNER Zwang uns allen schüfe der Zwerg,
würd' ihm der Reif nicht entrissen.

WOTAN Den Ring muß ich haben!

FROH Leicht erringt ohne
Liebesfluch er sich jetzt.

LOGE Spottleicht, ohne Kunst, wie im Kinderspiel!

WOTAN So rate, wie?

LOGE Durch Raub!
Was ein Dieb stahl, das stiehlest du dem Dieb;
ward leichter ein Eigen erlangt?
Doch mit arger Wehr wahrt sich Alberich;
klug und fein mußt du verfahren,
ziehst den Räuber du zu Recht,
um des Rheines Töchtern, den roten Tand,
das Gold wiederzugeben;
denn darum flehen sie dich.

FRICKA Could my husband win the gold for himself?

WOTAN I think it seems wise
to wield the ring.
But, Loge, how might I learn to command it?
How might I forge the ring?

[12]

LOGE A magic rune forces the gold into a ring,
no one knows it;
but the spell can be easily cast
by anyone who renounces love.
You'd rather not, but in any case, you're too late.
Alberich did not hesitate.
Brazenly, he won the magic's power:
He has succeeded in forging the ring!

DONNER The dwarf would enslave us all
if the ring weren't wrested from him.

WOTAN I must have the ring!

FROH Now it's easily won,
there's no need to renounce love.

LOGE Ridiculously easy, like child's play!

WOTAN Then advise how.

LOGE By theft.
What a thief has stolen, you steal from the thief.
Has there ever been anything easier?
But Alberich guards himself with cunning defense,
you must proceed cleverly and shrewdly
when you bring the thief to justice,
and make him give the gold back
to the maidens,
who are imploring you to do so.

WOTAN Des Rheines Töchtern?
Was taugt mir der Rat?

FRICKA Von dem Wassergezücht
mag ich nichts wissen:
schon manchen Mann – mir zum Leid –
verlockten sie buhlend im Bad.

FAFNER Glaub' mir, mehr als Freia
frommt das gleißende Gold:
auch ew'ge Jugend erjagt,
wer durch Goldes Zauber sie zwingt.

[13]

Hör' Wotan, der Harrenden Wort!
Freia bleib' euch in Frieden;
leicht'ren Lohn fand ich zur Lösung:
uns rauhen Riesen genügt
des Niblungen rotes Gold.

WOTAN Seid ihr bei Sinn?
Was nicht ich besitze,
soll ich euch Schamlosen schenken?

FAFNER Schwer baute dort sich die Burg;
leicht wird dir's mit list'ger Gewalt
was im Neidspiel nie uns gelang,
den Niblungen fest zu fahn.

WOTAN Für euch müht' ich mich um den Alben?
Für euch fing' ich den Feind?
Unverschämt und überbegehrlich,
macht euch Dumme mein Dank!

FASOLT Hieher, Maid! In unsre Macht!
Als Pfand folgst du uns jetzt,
bis wir Lösung empfah'n!

WOTAN Rhine maidens?
Why should I do as they ask?

FRICKA I don't want to know anything
from those watery creatures!
For many men, to my disgrace,
have been lewdly lured under the water by them.

FAFNER Believe me, the glittering gold is worth
far more than Freia,
because whoever possesses its magic
can attain eternal youth!

[13]

Hear, Wotan, the words of those who have waited!
Freia may live in peace with you.
I've found a suitable reward for payment:
The Nibelung's gold will suffice
for us uncouth giants.

WOTAN Are you in your right mind?
What I do not own, I'm to give to you
shameless creatures?

FAFNER The castle was built with incredible toil.
It will be easy for you with your cunning and strength,
to do what we have never been able to:
to catch the Nibelung and bind him fast.

WOTAN I should trouble myself
with the dwarf for you? I should capture your foe?
My indebtedness to you is making you
brazen and greedy!

FASOLT Come here, maid! You are ours!
As our hostage you'll come with us,
until we've received payment!

FREIA Wehe! Wehe! Wehe!

FAFNER Fort von hier sei sie entführt!
Bis Abend – achtet's wohl –
pflegen wir sie als Pfand;
wir kehren wieder; doch kommen wir,
und bereit liegt nicht als Lösung
das Rheingold licht und rot –

FASOLT Zu End' ist die Frist dann,
Freia verfallen
für immer folge sie uns!

FREIA Schwester! Brüder! Rettet! Helft!

FROH Auf, ihnen nach!

DONNER Breche denn alles!

FREIA Rettet! Helft!

LOGE Über Stock und Stein zu Tal
stapfen sie hin:
durch des Rheines Wasserfurt
waten die Riesen.
Fröhlich nicht hängt Freia
den Rauhen über dem Rücken! –
Heia! Hei! Wie taumeln die Töpel dahin!
Durch das Tal talpen sie schon.
Wohl an Riesenheims Mark
erst halten sie Rast. –

[14]

Was sinnt nun Wotan so wild?
Den sel'gen Göttern wie geht's?
Trügt mich ein Nebel?
Neckt mich ein Traum?
Wie bang und bleich verblüht ihr so bald!
Euch erlischt der Wangen Licht;

FREIA Alas! Woe is me!

FAFNER Let her be led away!
Until this evening, mark my words,
we'll take good care of our hostage,
we will return,
but if we come back,
and the Rhinegold is not here as ransom . . .

FASOLT The term will have ended,
Freia will be forfeit,
and be ours forever!

FREIA Sisters! Brothers! Save me! Help!

FROH Up, after them!

DONNER Kill them all!

FREIA Help me!

LOGE They're marching over hedge
and ditch into the valley.
They giants now wade through
the Rhine's rushing waters.
Freia is hanging unhappily
over the ruffian's shoulders.
How they are clumsily stumbling along!
They're already going through the valley.
They won't stop to rest
until Reisenheim's border!

[14]

Why is Wotan so furiously thoughtful?
How are the blessed immortals now?
Is some mist playing tricks on me?
Does a dream delude me?
How anxious and pale you wither so soon!
The light in your cheeks is fading,

der Blick eures Auges verblitzt!
Frisch, mein Froh, noch ist's ja früh!
Deiner Hand, Donner, entsinkt ja der Hammer!
Was ist's mit Fricka? Freut sie sich wenig
ob Wotans grämlichem Grau,
das schier zum Greisen ihn schafft?

FRICKA Wehe! Wehe! Was ist geschehen?

DONNER Mir sinkt die Hand!

FROH Mir stockt das Herz!

LOGE Jetzt fand' ich's: hört, was euch fehlt!
Von Freias Frucht genosset ihr heute noch nicht.
Die goldnen Äpfel in ihrem Garten,
sie machten euch tüchtig und jung,
aßt ihr sie jeden Tag.

Des Gartens Pflegerin ist nun verpfändet;
an den Ästen darbt und dorrt das Obst,
bald fällt faul es herab.

Mich kümmert's minder;
an mir ja kargte Freia von je
knausernd die köstliche Frucht:
denn halb so echt nur bin ich wie, Selige, ihr!
Doch ihr setztet alles auf das jüngende Obst:
das Wußten die Riesen wohl;
auf eurer Leben legten sie's an:
nun sorgt, wie ihr das wahr!
Ohne die Äpfel,
alt und grau, greis und grämlich,
welkend zum Spott aller Welt,
erstirbt der Götter Stamm.

FRICKA Wotan, Gemahl, unsel'ger Mann!
Sieh, wie dein Leichtsinn lachend uns allen
Schimpf und Schmach erschuf!

the light has gone from your eyes.
Don't be afraid, Froh. It's early yet!
Donner, your hammer is sinking from your grasp!
What's wrong with Fricka?
Is she unhappy with his sullen grayness,
making him appear old?

FRICKA Alas! What is happening?

DONNER I can't lift my hand!

FROH My heartbeat falters!

LOGE Now I understand. Hear what you are lacking!
You haven't partaken of Freia's fruit today.
The golden apples from her garden
kept you vigorous and young
when you ate them every day.

The garden's keeper is now held hostage,
and now the fruit dries and withers on the branch.
Soon it will rot and fall to the ground.

It doesn't matter to me,
Freia was always stingy
with her precious fruit to me.
For I am only a half-god, not like you, the immortals!
But you staked all on the youth-giving fruit,
and the giants knew that very well,
and thus, have threatened your very lives.
Now, consider how to save yourselves!
Without the apples,
old and gray, senile and sullen,
withered and scorned by the whole world,
the godly race will die out.

FRICKA Wotan, my husband! Unhappy man!
See how your folly has laughingly brought you nothing
but shame and disgrace!

[15]

WOTAN Auf, Loge, hinab mit mir!
Nach Nibelheim fahren wir nieder:
gewinnen will ich das Gold.

LOGE Die Rheintöchter riefen dich an:
so dürfen Erhörung sie hoffen?

WOTAN Schweige, Schwätzer!
Freia, die Gute, Freia gilt es zu lösen!

LOGE Wie du befehlst führ' ich dich gern
steil hinab steigen wir denn durch den Rhein?

WOTAN Nicht durch den Rhein!

LOGE So schwingen wir uns durch die Schwefelkluft.
Dort schlüpfe mit mir hinein!

WOTAN Ihr andern harrt bis Abend hier:
verlorner Jugend erjag' ich
erlösendes Gold!

DONNER Fahre wohl, Wotan!

FROH Glück auf! Glück auf!

FRICKA O kehre bald zur bangenden Frau!

DRITTE SZENE

Alberich, Mime, Wotan, Loge

ORCHESTERZWISCHENSPIEL

ALBERICH Hehe! Hehe!
Hieher! Hieher! Tückischer Zwerg!
Tapfer gezwickt sollst du mir sein,
schaffst du nicht fertig, wie ich's bestellt,
zur Stund' das feine Geschmeid'!

[15]

WOTAN Get up, Loge! Come down with me!
Go with me to Nibelheim
to get that gold!

LOGE The Rhine maidens cried out for help:
may they hope to be heard?

WOTAN Silence, chatterer!
Freia, the good. Freia must be rescued!

LOGE As you command, I will gladly lead.
Shall we descend straight through the Rhine?

WOTAN Not through the Rhine!

LOGE Then let's swing through the sulphur cleft,
come, come with me!

WOTAN Everyone else, wait here until evening,
I go in search of the redeeming gold,
to regain our lost youth!

DONNER Fare well, Wotan!

FROH Good luck!

FRICKA Come back again soon to your anxious wife!

SCENE THREE

Alberich, Mime, Wotan, Loge

ORCHESTRAL INTERLUDE

ALBERICH Hey!
Come here, you crafty dwarf!
You'll be properly whipped
if you don't finish making the fine ornament
on time as I ordered!

MIME Ohe! Ohe! Au! Au!
Lass mich nur los!
Fertig ist's, wie du befallst,
mit Fleiß und Schweiß ist es gefügt:
nimm nugrell
die Nägel vom Ohr!

ALBERICH Was zögerst du dann
und zeigst es nicht?

MIME Ich Armer sagte,
daß noch was fehle.

ALBERICH Was wär' noch nicht fertig?

MIME Hier – und da –

ALBERICH Was hier und da? Her das Geschmeid'!

MIME Ohe! Ohe! Au! Au!
Let me go! It's ready,
just as you ordered,
it was fitted together
with sweat and toil,
now let go of my ear!

ALBERICH What are you waiting for,
why won't you show me?

MIME Poor wretch that I am,
I was afraid something was amiss.

ALBERICH What's not yet ready?

MIME Here... and there...

ALBERICH What here and there? Give me the trinket!

[16]

ALBERICH Schau, du Schelm! Alles geschmiedet
und fertig gefügt, wie ich's befahl!
So wollte der Tropf schlau mich betrügen?
Für sich behalten das hehre Geschmeid',
das meine List ihn zu schmieden gelehrt?
Kenn' ich dich dummen Dieb?
Dem Haupt fügt sich der Helm:
ob sich der Zauber auch zeigt?
„Nacht und Nebel – niemand gleich!“
Siehst du mich, Bruder?

MIME Wo bist du? Ich sehe dich nicht.

ALBERICH So fühle mich doch, du fauler Schuft!
Nimm das für dein Diebesgelüst!

MIME Ohe, Ohe! Au! Au! Au!

ALBERICH Hahahahahaha!
Hab' Dank, du Dummer!
Dein Werk bewährt sich gut!
Hoho! Hoho!
Niblungen all', neigt euch nun Alberich!
Überall weilt er nun, euch zu bewachen;
Ruh' und Rast ist euch zerronnen;
ihm müßt ihr schaffen wo nicht ihr ihn schaut;
wo nicht ihr ihn gewahrt, seid seiner gewärtig!
Untertan seid ihr ihm immer
Hoho! Hoho! Hört' ihn, er naht:
der Niblungen Herr!

[17]

LOGE Nibelheim hier:
Durch bleiche Nebel
was blitzen dort feurige Funken?

MIME Au! Au! Au!

[16]

ALBERICH Look, you idiot! Everything is forged,
just as I asked.
So, the simpleton wanted to trick me,
so he could keep the jewel all for himself?
After it was my cunning that taught to forge it?
Don't I know that my stupid brother is a thief?
The helm fits perfectly on my head.
Will the magic spell also work?
"Night and mist, seen by none!"
Can you see me, brother?

MIME Where are you? I can't see you.

ALBERICH So, feel me then, you lazy idiot!
Take that for your thieving greed!

MIME Ohe, Ohe! Au! Au! Au!

ALBERICH Hahahahahaha!
My thanks, dimwit,
your work has turned out well!
Hoho! Hoho!
Nibelungs all, bow down now to Alberich!
He sees everything to watch you all,
there'll be no more rest or repose,
you must work for him even when you can't see him,
where you cannot see him, know he is there!
You are his slaves forever!
Hear him, he nears,
the lord of the Nibelung!

[17]

LOGE We've arrived in Nibelheim.
But what are those fiery sparks
flashing there?

MIME Au! Au! Au!

WOTAN Hier stöhnt es laut:
was liegt im Gestein?

LOGE Was Wunder wimmerst du hier?

MIME Ohe! Ohe! Au! Au!

LOGE Hei, Mime! Munt'rer Zwerg!
Was zwickt und zwackt dich denn so?

MIME Lass mich in Frieden!

LOGE Das will ich freilich,
und mehr noch, hör':
helfen will ich dir, Mime!

MIME Wer hälfe mir?
Gehorchen muß ich dem leiblichen Bruder,
der mich in Bande gelegt.

LOGE Dich, Mime, zu binden,
was gab ihm die Macht?

MIME Mit arger List schuf sich Alberich
aus Rheines Gold einem gelben Reif:
seinem starken Zauber zittern wir staunend;
mit ihm zwingt er uns alle,
der Niblungen nächt'ges Heer.
Sorglose Schmiede, schufen wir sonst wohl
Schmuck unsern Weibern, wonnig Geschmeid',
niedlichen Niblungentand;
wir lachten lustig der Müh'.
Nun zwingt uns der Schlimme,
in Klüfte zu schlüpfen,
für ihn allein uns immer zu müh'n.
Durch des Ringes Gold errät seine Gier,
wo neuer Schimmer in Schachten sich birgt:
da müssen wir spähen, spüren und graben,
die Beute schmelzen und schmieden den Guß,
ohne Ruh' und Rast
dem Herrn zu häufen den Hort.

WOTAN Someone is moaning loudly;
what's lying among the rocks?

LOGE What are you whimpering about, wondrous thing?

MIME Ohe! Ohe! Au! Au!

LOGE Hey, Mime, you merry dwarf,
what is it that torments you so?

MIME Leave me alone!

LOGE Of course, I'll do so,
and even more! Listen!
I want to help you, Mime.

MIME Who could help me?
I'm bound to obey my own brother,
he's made me his slave!

LOGE And what gave him the power
to enslave you, Mime?

MIME With wicked artifice, Alberich crafted
a ring of gold from the Rhine.
We tremble in awe at its powerful magic.
For with it he bends us all to his will,
all the Nibelung's dark legion.
Carefree smiths, we used to make jewelry
for our wives,
pretty ornaments, neat Nibelung trinkets.
We laughed happily at our toil.
Now, the criminal forces us to slither into crevices,
ever toiling for him alone.
Through the power of his ring,
his greed can divine
where more and more shimmering gold is buried.
Then we have to search, trace, and dig,
smelting the spoils and forging the molten ore,
and without any rest,
pile up the gold for our master.

LOGE Dich Trägen so eben traf wohl sein Zorn?

MIME Mich Ärmsten, ach, mich zwang er zum Ärgsten:
ein Helmgeschmeid' hieß er mich schweißen;
genau befahl er, wie es zu fügen.
Wohl merkt' ich klug, welch mächtige Kraft
zu eigen dem Werk, das aus Erz ich wob;
für mich drum hüten wollt' ich dem Helm;
durch seinen Zauber
Alberichs Zwang mich entzieh'n:
vielleicht – ja vielleicht
den Lästigen selbst überlisten,
in meine Gewalt ihn zu werfen,
den Ring ihm zu entreißen,
daß, wie ich Knecht jetzt dem Kühnen,
mir Freien er selber dann frön'!

LOGE Warum, du Kluger, glückte dir's nicht?

MIME Ach, der das Werk ich wirkte,
den Zauber, der ihm entzuckt,
den Zauber erriet ich nicht recht!
Der das Werk mir riet und mir's entriß,
der lehrte mich nun,
– doch leider zu spät, –
welche List läg' in dem Helm:
Meinem Blick entschwand er,
doch Schwielen dem Blinden
schlug unschaubar sein Arm.
Das schuf ich mir Dummen schön zu Dank!

LOGE Gesteh', nicht leicht gelingt der Fang.

WOTAN Doch erliegt der Feind, hilft deine List!

MIME Mit eurem Gefrage, wer seid denn ihr Fremde?

LOGE Freunde dir; von ihrer Not
befrei'n wir der Nibelungen Volk!

LOGE So, lazy dwarf, is that why he struck you just now?

MIME Yes, I am most unfortunate!
He forced the hardest task on me:
He bade me forge a magic helm,
he specified exactly how it should be fashioned.
I cleverly noted what powerful magic resided in the piece
that I had forged from the ore.
So, I wanted to keep the helm for myself,
by means of its magic to be freed from Alberich's yoke.
And perhaps... yes, perhaps outwit the tyrant,
and have him be in my power,
wrest the ring away from him, so that,
as I am a slave now to the bully,
when freed of his power,
may have him enslaved to me!

LOGE If you're so clever, why did you fail?

MIME Alas, though it was I who fashioned the work,
I failed to correctly guess its magic
that charmed it!
He who commissioned the work snatched it away
and has taught me now,
too late, alas,
what cunning powers lay in the helm.
He vanished from sight;
but his unseen arm dealt painful whelps to me!
And that's the thanks I got,
fool that I am!

LOGE Admit it, his capture will not be easy.

WOTAN But he will fall with the help of your cunning!

MIME Who are you strangers, with all your questions?

LOGE Friends of yours,
we will free the Nibelung people from their plight!

[18]

MIME Nehmt euch in acht! Alberich naht.

WOTAN Sein' harren wir hier.

ALBERICH Hieher! Dorthin! Hehe! Hoho!
Träges Heer, dort zu Hauf schichtet den Hort!
Du da, hinauf! Willst du voran?
Schmähliches Volk, ab das Geschmeide!
Soll ich euch helfen? Alle hieher!
He! Wer ist dort? Wer drang hier ein?
Mime, zu mir, schäbiger Schuft!
Schwatztest du gar mit dem schweifenden Paar?
Fort, du Fauler!
Willst du gleich schmieden und schaffen?
He! An die Arbeit!
Alle von hinnen! Hurtig hinab!
Aus den neuen Schachten schafft mir das Gold!
Euch grüßt die Geißel, grabt ihr nicht rasch!
Daß keiner mir müßig, bürge mir Mime,
sonst birgt er sich schwer meiner Geißel Schwunge!
Daß ich überall weile, wo keiner mich wähnt,
das weiß er, dünkt mich, genau!
Zögert ihr noch? Zaudert wohl gar?
Zittre und zage, gezähmtes Heer!
Rasch gehorcht des Ringes Herrn!
Was wollt ihr hier?

WOTAN Von Nibelheims nächt'gem Land
vernahmen wir neue Mär':
mächtige Wunder wirke hier Alberich;
daran uns zu weiden, trieb uns Gäste die Gier.

ALBERICH Nach Nibelheim führt euch der Neid:
so kühne Gäste, glaubt, kenn' ich gut!

LOGE Kennst du mich gut, kindischer Alp?

[18]

MIME Beware! Alberich is coming!

WOTAN We'll wait for him here.

ALBERICH This way! Hihi! Hoho!
Lazy slaves! Pile the hoard there in a heap!
You there, get up! Keep going!
Contemptible creatures! Put down the treasure!
Should I help you? Everything over here!
Hey, who's that there? Who's broken in here?
Mime, come here, you wretch!
Have you been blabbing to this pair of vagrants?
Away with your lazy self!
Back to smelting and smithying!
Hey, back to work!
All of you, be off! Double your efforts!
Get me the gold out of the new shafts!
My scourge will find you if you don't dig fast enough!
Mime will make sure that no one is idle,
or he will feel the sting of my whip!
For I am lying in wait everywhere, though unseen.
He knows this, I think, very well!
Are you still lingering? Do you dare to delay?
Tremble with fear, you downtrodden herd!
Quickly obey the ring's lord!
What do you want here?

WOTAN We've heard rumors of Nibelheim's
night-shrouded land:
mighty wonders are worked here by Alberich;
the urge to see them has brought us here to visit.

ALBERICH Envy brings you here to Nibelheim!
Believe me, I'm familiar with such bold guests!

LOGE Do you know me well, foolish goblin?

Nun sag', wer bin ich, daß du so bellst?
Im kalten Loch, da kauern du lagst,
wer gab dir Licht und wärmende Lohe,
wenn Loge nie dir gelacht?
Was hülff' dir dein Schmieden,
heizt' ich die Schmiede dir nicht?
Dir bin ich Vetter, und war dir Freund:
nicht fein drum dünkt mich dein Dank!

ALBERICH Den Lichtalben lacht jetzt Loge,
der list'ge Schelm:
bist du falscher ihr Freund,
wie mir Freund du einst warst:
haha! Mich freut's!
Von ihnen fürcht' ich dann nichts.

LOGE So denk' ich, kannst du mir traun?

ALBERICH Deiner Untreu trau' ich, nicht deiner Treu'!
Doch getrost trotz' ich euch allen!

LOGE Hohen Mut verleiht deine Macht;
grimmig groß wuchs dir die Kraft!

ALBERICH Siehst du den Hort,
den mein Heer dort mir gehäuft?

LOGE So neidlichen sah ich noch nie.

ALBERICH Das ist für heut, ein kärglich Häufchen:
Kühn und mächtig soll er künftig sich mehren.

WOTAN Zu was doch frommt dir der Hort,
da freudlos Nibelheim,
und nichts für Schätze hier feil?

ALBERICH Schätze zu schaffen
und Schätze zu bergen,
nützt mir Nibelheims Nacht.
Doch mit dem Hort, in der Höhle gehäuft,

Then tell me who I am, that makes you howl like that?
In a frozen cave, where you lay cowering,
who'd have given you light and fire
if Loge hadn't smiled on you?
What good would your forgings be
if I hadn't heated your forge?
I am your kinsman, and once was your friend,
and your thanks seem far from fitting!

ALBERICH So, the spineless Loge is now hobnobbing
with the gods?
If, false traitor, you're now their friend,
as you were once a friend to me,
Haha! I'm glad! For I have nothing
to fear from them.

LOGE I agree, you can trust me.

ALBERICH I trust your dishonesty, not your honesty!
I can safely defy all of you!

LOGE Your power has made you very bold.
Your strength has grown fearsomely mighty!

ALBERICH Do you see the hoard that my legion
has piled up for me?

LOGE I've never seen a more enviable sight.

ALBERICH This is only today's, a pitiful, little pile!
Daunting and mighty shall it grow hereafter.

WOTAN What use is the hoard to you,
since there is no joy in Nibelheim,
and there is nothing to be bought?

ALBERICH To create more wealth and
hide away wealth,
Nibelheim's darkness is useful to me.
But with the hoard piled up in the cave,

denk' ich dann Wunder zu wirken:
die ganze Welt gewinn' ich mit ihm mir zu eigen!

WOTAN Wie beginnst du,
Gütiger, das?

ALBERICH Die in linder Lüfte Weh'n da oben ihr lebt,
lacht und liebt: mit goldner Faust
euch Göttliche fang' ich mir alle!
Wie ich der Liebe abgesagt,
alles, was lebt, soll ihr entsagen!
Mit Golde gekirrt,
nach Gold nur sollt ihr noch gieren!
Auf wonnigen Höhn,
in seligem Weben wiegt ihr euch;
den Schwarzalben
verachtet ihr ewigen Schwelger!
Habt acht! Habt acht!
Denn dient ihr Männer erst meiner Macht,
eure schmucken Frau'n, die mein Frei'n verschmäht,
sie zwingt zur Lust sich der Zwerg,
lacht Liebe ihm nicht!
Hahahaha! Habt ihr's gehört?
Habt acht vor dem nächtlichen Heer,
entsteigt des Niblungen Hort
aus stummer Tiefe zu Tag!

[19]

WOTAN Vergeh, frevelnder Gauch!

ALBERICH Was sagt der?

LOGE Sei doch bei Sinnen!
Wen doch faßte nicht Wunder,
erfährt er Alberichs Werk?
Gelingt deiner herrlichen List,
was mit dem Horte du heischest:

I shall then accomplish wonders:
I shall win the entirety of the world as my own!

WOTAN And how, my good man,
will you set about to do that?

ALBERICH You who live, laugh,
and love up there amongst gentle breezes:
I will capture all you gods in my golden fist!
As I have renounced love,
all living creatures must renounce
it as well!
Lured by gold,
you'll lust for gold alone!
You lull yourselves on blissful heights;
you who live in eternal luxury scorn
the black elf!
Beware!
For when your people yield to my power,
your pretty women, who spurned my wooing,
shall forcibly sate the dwarf's lust,
though love smiles on him no longer!
Haha! Do you hear?
Beware! Beware of my dark legion,
when the Nibelung's hoard
rises from dark depths to daylight!

[19]

WOTAN Out of my sight, you fool!

ALBERICH What did he say?

LOGE Keep your wits about you!
Who would not be struck with wonder
on encountering Alberich's work?
If your brilliant guile can achieve
what you claim with the hoard,

den Mächtigsten muß ich dich rühmen;
denn Mond und Stern', und die strahlende Sonne,
sie auch dürfen nicht anders,
dienen müssen sie dir.
Doch – wichtig acht' ich vor allem,
daß des Hortes Häufer, der Niblungen Heer,
neidlos dir geneigt.
Einen Reif rührtest du kühn;
dem zagte zitternd dein Volk: –
doch, wenn im Schlaf ein Dieb dich beschlich',
den Ring schlau dir entriss', –
wie wahrtest du, Weiser, dich dann?

ALBERICH Der Listigste dünkt sich Loge;
andre denkt er immer sich dumm:
daß sein' ich bedürfte zu Rat und Dienst,
um harten Dank,
das hörte der Dieb jetzt gern!
Den hehlenden Helm ersann ich mir selbst;
der sorglichste Schmied,
Mime, mußst' ihn mir schmieden:
schnell mich zu wandeln, nach meinem Wunsch
die Gestalt mir zu tauschen, taugt der Helm.
Niemand sieht mich, wenn er mich sucht;
doch überall bin ich, geborgen dem Blick.
So ohne Sorge
bin ich selbst sicher vor dir,
du fromm sorgender Freund!

LOGE Vieles sah ich, Seltsames fand ich,
doch solches Wunder gewahrt' ich nie.
Dem Werk ohnegleichen kann ich nicht glauben;
wäre das eine möglich,
deine Macht währte dann ewig!

ALBERICH Meinst du, ich lüg' und prahle wie Loge?

then I must hail you as the most powerful man;
for the moon and stars, and the radiant sun,
they too have no choice but to serve you.
Yet, I think it important above all else,
is that the Nibelung legion should bow
before you without envy.
You boldly flourished the ring.
Trembling, your people shrank back before it.
But, if a thief crept upon you asleep,
and slyly snatched the ring from you,
how would you defend yourself
in your wisdom?

ALBERICH Loge thinks himself the smartest of all;
he thinks all others are stupid;
that I might need him to help advise me
and earn his thanks,
the thief would indeed be glad to hear!
The concealing helm
I devised all by myself;
But Mime, the most careful of all smiths
had to forge it for me.
to quickly change my shape at will,
to transform me, serves the helm.
No one can see me, though he may seek me;
Yet I am everywhere, hidden from sight.
And so, free from worry, I'm safe from you, too,
my fond and caring friend!

LOGE I have seen and found many strange things,
but I've never beheld such a wonder.
I can scarcely believe in such a matchless work.
Were such a thing possible,
your power would be unending!

ALBERICH Do you think I'm lying and boasting like Loge?

LOGE Bis ich's geprüft,
bezweifel' ich, Zwerg, dein Wort.

ALBERICH Vor Klugheit bläht sich
zum Platzen der Blöde!
Nun plage dich Neid!
Bestimm', in welcher Gestalt
soll ich jach vor dir stehn?

LOGE In welcher du willst;
nur mach' vor Staunen mich stumm.

ALBERICH „Riesen-Wurm winde sich ringelnd!“

[20]

LOGE Ohe! Ohe!
Schreckliche Schlange, verschlinge mich nicht!

WOTAN Hahaha! Gut, Alberich!

LOGE Schöne Logen das Leben!

WOTAN Gut, du Arger!
Wie wuchs so rasch
zum riesigen Wurme der Zwerg!

ALBERICH Hehe! Ihr Klugen, glaubt ihr mir nun?

LOGE Mein Zittern mag dir's bezeugen.
Zur großen Schlange schufst du dich schnell:
weil ich's gewahrt,
willig glaub' ich dem Wunder.
Doch, wie du wuchsest,
kannst du auch winzig
und klein dich schaffen?
Das Klügste schien' mir das,
Gefahren schlau zu entfliehn:
das aber dünkt mich zu schwer!

ALBERICH Zu schwer dir, weil du zu dumm!
Wie klein soll ich sein?

LOGE Until I see it myself, dwarf,
I doubt your word.

ALBERICH The fool's so filled with
his own cleverness he'll burst!
(Let your jealousy torment you, then!)
Decide, what shape should
I stand before you now?

LOGE Whichever you want,
only make me speechless with amazement!

ALBERICH "Giant dragon, wind in coils."

[20]

LOGE Ohe! Ohe!
Serpent, don't swallow me up!

WOTAN Haha, that's good, Alberich!

LOGE Spare Loge's life!

WOTAN Good!
How quickly the dwarf grew
into a gigantic serpent!

ALBERICH Hehe, know-it-alls, do you believe me now?

LOGE My shaking should prove it to you!
You transformed into a great serpent so quickly,
I saw it with my own eyes,
I have to believe the wonder.
But just as you increased in size,
can you also make yourself
small and tiny?
That seems like the most artful way
to flee danger.
But perhaps that is too difficult.

ALBERICH Too difficult for you because you are too stupid!
How small should I make myself?

LOGE Daß die feinste Klinze dich fasse,
wo bang die Kröte sich birgt.

ALBERICH Pah! Nichts leichter! Luge du her!
Er setzt den Tarnhelm wieder auf.
„Krumm und grau krieche Kröte!“

LOGE Dort, die Kröte, greife sie rasch!

ALBERICH Ohe! Verflucht! Ich bin gefangen!

LOGE Halt' ihn fest, bis ich ihn band.
Nun schnell hinauf: dort ist er unser!

VIERTE SZENE

*Alberich, Wotan, Loge, die übrigen Götter und Göttinnen,
Erda, die drei Rheintöchter
Wotan und Loge, den gebundenen Alberich
mit sich führend, steigen aus der Kluft herauf.*

ORCHESTERZWISCHENSPIEL

[21]

LOGE Da, Vetter, sitze du fest!
Luge Liebster, dort liegt die Welt,
die du Lungrer gewinnen dir willst:
welch Stellchen, sag',
bestimmst du drin mir zu Stall?

ALBERICH Schändlicher Schächer! Du Schalk!
Du Schelm!
Löse den Bast, binde mich los,
den Frevel sonst büßest du Frecher!

WOTAN Gefangen bist du, fest mir gefesselt,
wie du die Welt, was lebt und webt,
in deiner Gewalt schon wähtest,
in Banden liegst du vor mir,

LOGE So small that the tiniest crack holds you,
where a frightened toad might hide.

ALBERICH Ha! Nothing simpler!
Look here!
“Crooked and gray, creep, toad!”

LOGE There, the toad! Grab it quickly!

ALBERICH Oh, curses! I'm caught!

LOGE Hold him fast until I bind him!
Now, quickly upwards, there he'll be ours!

SCENE FOUR

*Alberich, Wotan, Loge, the other Gods and Goddesses,
Erda, the three Rhinemaidens
Wotan and Loge, carrying Alberich,
come out of the sulfur cleft.*

ORCHESTRAL INTERLUDE

[21]

LOGE There, cousin, sit tight!
Look, dear fellow, there lies the world
that you long to win for yourself:
which spot, say, have you settled
upon as my sty?

ALBERICH Despicable robber! You wretch!
You scoundrel!
Loosen the rope, set me free,
or you'll pay for this outrage!

WOTAN You're captured and tightly bound by me,
just as you would have had the world,
and all that lives in your power,
you lie before me in shackles,

du Banger kannst es nicht leugnen!
Zu ledigen dich, bedarf's nun der Lösung.

ALBERICH O ich Tropf, ich träumender Tor!
Wie dumm traut' ich dem diebischen Trug
Furchtbare Rache räche den Fehl!

LOGE Soll Rache dir frommen,
vor allem rate dich frei:
dem gebundnen Manne
büßt kein Freier den Frevel.
Drum, sinnst du auf Rache,
rasch ohne Säumen
sorg' um die Lösung zunächst!

ALBERICH So heischt, was ihr begehrt!

WOTAN Den Hort und dein helles Gold.

ALBERICH Gieriges Gaunergezücht!
Doch behalt' ich mir nur den Ring,
des Hortes entrat' ich dann leicht;
denn von neuem gewonnen
und wonnig genährt
ist er bald durch des Ringes Gebot:
eine Witzigung wär's,
die weise mich macht;
zu teuer nicht zahl' ich
lass' für die Lehre ich den Tand.

WOTAN Erlegst du den Hort?

ALBERICH Löst mir die Hand, so ruf' ich ihn her.
Wohlan, die Nibelungen rief ich mir nah'.
Ihrem Herrn gehorchend, hör' ich den Hort
aus der Tiefe sie führen zu Tag:
nun löst mich vom lästigen Band!

WOTAN Nicht eh'r, bis alles gezahlt.

you cannot deny it!
A ransom is needed for your freedom.

ALBERICH I'm an idiot, a dreaming fool!
How stupid to trust in their thievish deceit!
May a fearful revenge atone for my blunder!

LOGE If you wish for revenge,
you must first set yourself free.
No free man atones
for a bound man's crimes.
If you're plotting revenge,
be quick and don't delay,
provide the ransom first thing!

ALBERICH Then state your demands!

WOTAN The hoard and all of your gold.

ALBERICH You greedy bunch of swindlers!
(But if I can keep the ring for myself,
I can easily manage without the hoard.
For with the power of the ring,
it could soon be won again.
It would serve as a warning
that makes me wise.
I don't consider the lesson
too dearly bought
if all I give up is the golden hoard.)

WOTAN Will you give up the hoard?

ALBERICH Untie my hand and I will call for it.
Well then, I've summoned the Nibelungs here.
Obeying their lord, I hear them bringing the hoard
from the depths.
Now, free me from these bothersome bonds!

WOTAN Not before everything is paid.

ALBERICH O schändliche Schmach!
Daß die scheuen Knechte
geknebelt selbst mich ersch'aun!
Dorthin geführt, wie ich's befiehlt!
All zu Hauf schichtet den Hort!
Helf' ich euch Lahmen?
Hieher nicht gelugt!
Rasch da, rasch!
Dann rührt euch von hinnen,
daß ihr mir schafft!
Fort in die Schachten!
Weh' euch, find' ich euch faul!
Auf den Fersen folg' ich euch nach!

[22]

Gezahlt hab' ich;
nun lasst mich zieh'n:
und das Helmgeschmeid', das Loge dort hält,
das gebt mir nun gütlich zurück!

LOGE Zur Buße gehört auch die Beute.

ALBERICH Verfluchter Dieb!
Doch nur Geduld!
Der den alten mir schuf, schafft einen andern:
noch halt' ich die Macht, der Mime gehorcht.
Schlimm zwar ist's, dem schlaunen Feind
zu lassen die listige Wehr!
Nun denn! Alberich ließ euch alles:
jetzt löst, ihr Bösen, das Band.

LOGE Bist du befriedigt? Lass' ich ihn frei?

WOTAN Ein goldner Ring ragt dir am Finger;
hörst du, Alp?
Der, acht' ich, gehört mit zum Hort.

ALBERICH Der Ring?

ALBERICH Oh, shameful disgrace!
That my slaves
should see me shackled myself!
Put it down there, just as I command you!
Pile the hoard up in a heap!
Are you lame?
Don't look over here!
Quickly there, be quick!
Then get out of here and get back to work!
Off to the pits!
And woe to you if I find you idle!
I'll be following hard
on your heels!

[22]

I've paid the ransom,
now let me go.
And the helm that Loge is holding,
give it back to me!

LOGE This is part of the ransom as well.

ALBERICH Accursed thief!
(But, be patient.
He who made that one will make me another.
I still hold the power that Mime obeys.
Still, it is difficult to leave
this crafty weapon with my foes!)

Well then, Alberich has left you everything,
now undo my bonds!

LOGE Are you satisfied? Shall I let him go?

WOTAN A golden ring gleams on your finger.
Do you hear me, elf?
It is part of the hoard, I think.

ALBERICH The ring?

WOTAN Zu deiner Lösung mußt du ihn lassen.

ALBERICH Das Leben, doch nicht den Ring!

WOTAN Den Reif' verlang' ich,
mit dem Leben mach', was du willst!

ALBERICH Lös' ich mir Leib und Leben,
den Ring auch muß ich mir lösen;
Hand und Haupt, Aug' und Ohr
sind nicht mehr mein Eigen,
als hier dieser rote Ring!

WOTAN Dein Eigen nennst du den Ring?
Rasest du, schamloser Albe?
Nüchtern sag',
wem entnahmst du das Gold,
daraus du den schimmernden schufst?
War's dein Eigen, was du Arger
der Wassertiefe entwandt?
Bei des Rheines Töchtern hole dir Rat,
ob ihr Gold sie zu eigen dir gaben,
das du zum Ring dir geraubt!

ALBERICH Schmäbliche Tücke! Schändlicher Trug!
Wirfst du Schächer die Schuld mir vor,
die dir so wonnig erwünscht?
Wie gern raubtest
du selbst dem Rheine das Gold,
war nur so leicht
die Kunst, es zu schmieden, erlangt?
Wie glückt es nun dir Gleißner zum Heil,
daß der Niblung, ich, aus schmähhlicher Not,
in des Zornes Zwange,
den schrecklichen Zauber gewann,
dess' Werk nun lustig dir lacht?
Des Unseligen, Angstversehrten

WOTAN You must leave it here as part of the ransom.

ALBERICH My life, but not the ring!

WOTAN I demand the ring!
You can do what you like with your life.

ALBERICH If I'm allowed to live,
I must also have the ring.
Hand and head, eye and ear,
are no more my property
than this gold ring!

WOTAN You call the ring your own?
Are you mad, shameless elf?
Calmly tell me,
who did you take the gold from
that you used to make the gleaming ring?
Was it yours, you wretch, when you stole it
from the watery depths?
Ask the Rhine maidens
whether they gave you their gold for your own
to make yourself a ring!

ALBERICH Disgraceful trick! Shameful deceit!
Do you, robber, blame me for
what you so fondly desire?
How glad you'd have been
to rob the Rhine's gold yourself,
were the skill to forge
it so easily gained?
How lucky for you, hypocrite,
that I, the Nibelung,
out of shameful need, driven on by anger,
won the fearful magic
that now sweetly lures you?
Shall the unhappy, accursed creature's dreadful deed,

fluchfertige, furchtbare Tat,
zu fürstlichem Tand soll sie fröhlich dir taugen,
zur Freude dir frommen mein Fluch?
Hüte dich, herrischer Gott!
Frevelte ich, so frevelt' ich frei an mir:
doch an allem, was war,
ist und wird,
frevelst, Ewiger, du,
entreiest du frech mir den Ring!

WOTAN Her der Ring!
Kein Recht an ihm
schwrt du schwatzend dir zu.

ALBERICH Ha! Zertrmmert! Zerknickt!
Der Traurigen traurigster Knecht!

WOTAN Nun halt' ich, was mich erhebt,
der Mchtigen mchtigsten Herrn!

LOGE Ist er gelst?

WOTAN Bind' ihn los!

LOGE Schlpfe denn heim!
Keine Schlinge hlt dich: frei fahre dahin!

[23]

ALBERICH Bin ich nun frei?
Wirklich frei?
So gr' euch denn
meiner Freiheit erster Gru! –
Wie durch Fluch er mir geriet,
verflucht sei dieser Ring!
Gab sein Gold mir Macht ohne Maa,
nun zeug' sein Zauber Tod dem, der ihn trgt!
Kein Froher soll seiner sich freuen,
keinem Glcklichen lache sein lichter Glanz!

happily bring you the princely trinket?
Shall my misery become your joy?
Watch yourself, haughty god!
If I have sinned, I did so freely against myself.
You will be sinning against all that was,
that is and that ever will be,
oh, eternal one,
if you brazenly wrest
the ring from me!

WOTAN Give the ring here!
All your chattering can't win
you any right to it.

ALBERICH Ruined! Crushed!
The saddest of all sad slaves!

WOTAN Now I hold that which would transform me
to the mightiest of mighty lords!

LOGE Can he go free?

WOTAN Unbind him!

LOGE Slip off home then.
No binds hold you; you are free!

[23]

ALBERICH Am I now free?
Really free?
Then let my freedom's first greeting
salute you!
As it came to me by a curse,
so shall the ring be cursed in turn!
If its gold gave me might without measure,
let its magic now deal death for the one who wears it!
It will gladden no glad man,
on no happy man will its gleam smile!

Wer ihn besitzt, den sehre die Sorge,
und wer ihn nicht hat, den nage der Neid!
Jeder giere nach seinem Gut,
doch keiner genieße mit Nutzen sein!
Ohne Wucher hüt' ihn sein Herr;
doch den Würger zieh' er ihm zu!
Dem Tode verfallen, feßle den Feigen die Furcht:
solang er lebt, sterb' er lechzend dahin,
des Ringes Herr als des Ringes Knecht:
bis in meiner Hand den geraubten wieder ich halte! –
So segnet in höchster Not der Nibelung seinen Ring!
Behalt' ihn nun, hüte ihn wohl:
meinem Fluch fliehest du nicht!

LOGE Lauschtest du seinem Liebesgruß?

WOTAN Gönn' ihm die geifernde Lust!

[24]

LOGE Fasolt und Fafner nahen von fern:
Freia führen sie her.

FROH Sie kehren zurück!

DONNER Willkommen, Bruder!

FRICKA Bringst du gute Kunde?

LOGE Mit List und Gewalt gelang das Werk:
dort liegt, was Freia löst.

DONNER Aus der Riesen Haft naht dort die Holde.

FROH Wie liebliche Luft wieder uns weht,
wonnig' Gefühl die Sinne erfüllt!
Traurig ging es uns allen,
getrennt für immer von ihr,
die leidlos ewiger Jugend
jubelnde Lust uns verleiht.

May he who owns it be consumed with worry,
and he who doesn't own it be consumed with envy!
Each will lust after its possession,
but none will delight in owning it!
Its lord will guard it with no profit,
and yet it will bring destruction to him!
Doomed to die, may the coward be fettered by fear,
As long as he lives may he waste away,
the lord of the ring, the ring's slave:
Until I hold once again the stolen ring!
In direst need the Nibelung blesses his ring!
Keep it then and guard it well!
For you will not escape my curse!

LOGE Did you hear his fond farewell?

WOTAN Don't begrudge him his toxic indulgence.

[24]

LOGE Fasolt and Fafner approach from afar.
They're bringing Freia with them.

FROH They have come back!

DONNER Welcome, brother!

FRICKA Do you bring good news?

LOGE With cunning and force we accomplished the task.
There lies Freia's ransom.

DONNER She returns from the giants' custody.

FROH What sweet-scented breezes drift around us again,
as blissful emotions fill our senses!
It would be miserable for us all
to have been separated forever from her
who brings to us eternal youth
and rapturous joy.

FRICKA Lieblichste Schwester, süßeste Lust!
Bist du mir wieder gewonnen?

FASOLT Halt! Nicht sie berührt!
Noch gehört sie uns.
Auf Riesenheims ragender Mark
rasteten wir; mit treuem Mut
des Vertrages Pfand pflegten wir.
So sehr mich's reut, zurück doch bring' ich's,
erlegt uns Brüdern die Lösung ihr.

WOTAN Bereit liegt die Lösung:
des Goldes Maaß sei nun gütlich gemessen.

FASOLT Das Weib zu missen, wisse,
gemutet mich weh:
soll aus dem Sinn sie mir schwinden
des Geschmeides Hort häufet denn so,
daß meinem Blick die Blühende ganz er verdeck'!

WOTAN So stellt das Maaß nach Freias Gestalt!

[25]

FAFNER Gepflanzt sind die Pfähle
nach Pfandes Maaß;
Gehäuft nun füll' es der Hort!

WOTAN Eilt mit dem Werk: widerlich ist mir's!

LOGE Hilf mir, Froh!

FROH Freias Schmach eil' ich zu enden.

FAFNER Nicht so leicht und locker gefügt!
Fest und dicht füll' er das Maaß.
Hier lug' ich noch durch:
verstopft mir die Lücken!

LOGE Zurück, du Grober!

FAFNER Hierher!

FRICKA Loveliest sister, sweetest joy!
How did you win her back for me?

FASOLT Stop! Don't touch her!
She still belongs to us.
We stopped to rest at the Reisenheim frontier.
With good faith we tended
the pledge of our pact.
Much to my regret, I will give Freia back,
if you pay us brothers the ransom.

WOTAN The ransom lies ready.
Let the quantity of gold be measured well.

FASOLT To lose the woman, you know,
grieves me deeply,
If I am to put her out of my mind,
then heap up the golden hoard,
so that it hides the radiant maiden from my sight!

WOTAN Then set the measure to Freia's form!

[25]

FAFNER The staves are positioned
according to Freia's stature;
now let's pile up the gold to fill it.

WOTAN Hurry up with your work! It disgusts me!

LOGE Help me, Froh!

FROH Let's quickly put an end to Freia's shame.

FAFNER Don't stack it up so loosely!
Pack it up tightly together!
I can still see through here,
close up any gaps!

LOGE Stand back, you boor!

FAFNER Here!

LOGE Greif' mir nichts an!

FAFNER Hierher! Die Klinze verklemmt!

WOTAN Tief in der Brust brennt mir die Schmach!

FRICKA

Sieh, wie in Scham schmäählich die Edle steht:
um Erlösung fleht stumm der leidende Blick.
Böser Mann! Der Minnigen botest du das!

FAFNER Noch mehr! Noch mehr hierher!

DONNER Kaum halt' ich mich: schäumende Wut
weckt mir der schamlose Wicht!
Hierher, du Hund! Willst du messen,
so miß dich selber mit mir!

FAFNER Ruhig, Donner! Rolle, wo's taugt:
hier nützt dein Rasseln dir nichts!

DONNER Nicht dich Schmähl'chen zu zerschmettern?

WOTAN Friede doch!
Schon dünkt mich Freia verdeckt.

LOGE Der Hort ging auf.

FAFNER Noch schimmert mir Holdas Haar:
dort das Gewirk wirf auf den Hort!

LOGE Wie? Auch den Helm?

FAFNER Hurtig, her mit ihm!

WOTAN Lass ihn denn fahren!

LOGE So sind wir denn fertig!
Seid ihr zufrieden?

FASOLT Freia, die Schöne, schau' ich nicht mehr:
so ist sie gelöst? Muß ich sie lassen?
Weh! Noch blitzt ihr Blick zu mir her;
des Auges Stern strahlt mich noch an:

LOGE Keep your hands off!

FAFNER Close up this crack!

WOTAN Shame burns deep in my breast!

FRICKA

See how the goddess stands there, disgraced,
her suffering look begging for respite.
Wicked man! You're the one who brought this on her!

FAFNER There's more, there's more here!

DONNER I can hardly control my anger!
That shameless creature infuriates me!
Over here, you dog! If you want to measure,
get a measure of me!

FAFNER Calm down, Donner! Go roar somewhere else,
it's no use here.

DONNER Not even to crush you, lowlife?

WOTAN Peace, everyone!
Freia seems to be hidden now.

LOGE The gold is all gone.

FAFNER I can still see her hair.
There, throw that object onto the pile!

LOGE What? The helm as well?

FAFNER Hurry up, bring it here!

WOTAN Let it go, then.

LOGE So, we seem to be finished.
Are you satisfied?

FASOLT I can no longer see Freia, the fair.
Has the ransom been met? Must I give her up?
Wait, her glance still flashes on me here.
I can still see the pupil of her eye

durch eine Spalte muß ich's erspäh'n.
Seh' ich dies wonnige Auge,
von dem Weibe lass' ich nicht ab!

FAFNER He! Euch rat' ich,
verstopft mir die Ritze!

LOGE Nimmersatte! Seht ihr denn nicht,
ganz schwand uns der Hort?

FAFNER Mitnichten, Freund! An Wotans Finger
glänzt von Gold noch ein Ring:
den gebt, die Ritze zu füllen!

WOTAN Wie! Diesen Ring?

LOGE Lasst euch raten!
Den Rheintöchtern gehört dies Gold;
ihnen gibt Wotan es wieder.

WOTAN Was schwatztest du da?
Was schwer ich mir erbeutet,
ohne Bangen wahr' ich's für mich!

LOGE Schlimm dann steht's um mein Versprechen,
das ich den Klagenden gab!

WOTAN Dein Versprechen bindet mich nicht;
als Beute bleibt mir der Reif.

FAFNER Doch hier zur Lösung mußst du ihn legen.

WOTAN Fordert frech, was ihr wollt,
alles gewähr' ich;
um alle Welt,
doch nicht fahren lass' ich den Ring!

FASOLT Aus denn ist's,
beim Alten bleibt's;
nun folgt uns Freia für immer!

FREIA Hilfe! Hilfe!

through a crack.
So long as I can see her lovely eye,
I can't give up the woman!

FAFNER I advise you to fill
in the crack!

LOGE You're never satisfied! Can't you see
the treasure is all used up?

FAFNER Not true, friend. A ring of gold
still shines on Wotan's finger.
Give us that to fill the crack!

WOTAN What? This ring?

LOGE Take my advice! This gold belongs
to the Rhine maidens;
Wotan will return it to them.

WOTAN What nonsense is that?
I captured this with great difficulty,
and I'll fearlessly keep it for myself!

LOGE Then things look bleak
for the promise I made to the Rhine maidens!

WOTAN Your promise isn't binding to me,
the ring remains my reward!

FAFNER You must hand it over as ransom.

WOTAN Boldly demand whatever you like,
I'll grant you anything else.
But I will not give up this ring
for the world!

FASOLT Then the deal is off.
We're back where we started!
Now, Freia will be with us forever!

FREIA Help me!

FRICKA Harter Gott, gib ihnen nach!

FROH Spare das Gold nicht!

DONNER Spende den Ring doch!

WOTAN Lasst mich in Ruh'! Den Reif geb' ich nicht!

[26]

ERDA *die Hand mahnend gegen Wotan ausstreckend*
Weiche, Wotan! Weiche!
Flieh' des Ringes Fluch!
Rettungslos dunklem Verderben
weiht dich sein Gewinn.

WOTAN Wer bist du, mahnendes Weib?

ERDA Wie alles war – weiß ich;
wie alles wird, wie alles sein wird,
seh' ich auch, –
der ew'gen Welt Ur-Wala,
Erda, mahnt deinen Mut. Drei der Töchter,
ur-erschaff'ne, gebar mein Schooß;
was ich sehe, sagen dir nächtlich die Nornen.
Doch höchste Gefahr führt mich heut'
selbst zu dir her.
Höre! Höre! Höre!
Alles was ist, endet.
Ein düst'rer Tag dämmert den Göttern:
dir rat' ich, meide den Ring!

WOTAN Geheimnis-hehr
hallt mir dein Wort: weile, daß mehr ich wisse!

ERDA Ich warnte dich; du weißt genug:
sinn' in Sorg' und Furcht!

WOTAN Soll ich sorgen und fürchten,
dich muß ich fassen, alles erfahren!

FRICKA Heartless god, give in to them!

FREIA Don't keep the gold!

DONNER Give them the ring!

WOTAN Leave it alone! I won't give up the ring!

[26]

ERDA *Erda, goddess of the earth, appears*
Yield, Wotan. Yield!
Escape the ring's curse!
It will bring you dark ruin
beyond deliverance.

WOTAN Who are you, to give such a warning?

ERDA I know how all once was;
I know how all is now, and I can clearly see
how all will be.
I am the all-knowing Erda of the never-ending world,
bidding you beware.
At the dawn of time, my womb brought
forth three daughters.
The Norns unfold nightly all that I see.
But gravest danger brings me here to you now.
Hear me!
All things that are will end!
A day of doom dawns for the gods:
I counsel you to shun the ring!

WOTAN Your words resound with mystic awe.
Stay so that I may know more.

ERDA I've warned you. You know enough.
Reflect with caution and with fear!

WOTAN If I am to fret and fear, you must stay
so I can know everything!

FRICKA Was willst du, Wütender?

FROH Halt' ein, Wotan!
Scheue die Edle, achte ihr Wort!

[27]

DONNER Hört, ihr Riesen! Zurück, und harret:
das Gold wird euch gegeben.

FREIA Darf ich es hoffen?
Dünkt euch Holda wirklich der Lösung wert?

WOTAN Zu mir, Freia! Du bist befreit.
Wieder gekauft kehrt uns die Jugend zurück!
Ihr Riesen, nehmt euren Ring!
er wirft den Ring auf den Hort

FASOLT Halt, du Gieriger! Gönn mir auch was!
Redliche Teilung taugt uns beiden.

FAFNER Mehr an der Maid als am Gold
lag dir verliebtem Geck:
mit Mühe zum Tausch vermocht' ich dich Toren;
Ohne zu teilen, hättest du Freia gefreit:
teil' ich den Hort,
billig behalt' ich die größte Hälfte für mich.

FASOLT Schändlicher du! Mir diesen Schimpf?
Euch ruf' ich zu Richtern:
teilet nach Recht uns redlich den Hort!

LOGE Den Hort lass ihn raffen;
halte du nur auf den Ring!

FASOLT Zurück, du Frecher! Mein ist der Ring;
mir blieb er für Freias Blick!

FAFNER Fort mit der Faust! Der Ring ist mein!

FASOLT Ich halt' ihn, mir gehört er!

FRICKA Are you mad, what would you do?

FROH Wotan, wait!
Fear the goddess and heed her words!

[27]

DONNER Listen, giants, come back and wait patiently!
The gold will be given to you.

FREIA Do I dare to hope?
Do you really consider me worthy of such a ransom?

WOTAN Come to me, Freia! You are now free.
The ransom is paid,
let our youth return!
Giants, have the ring!

FASOLT Don't be so greedy! Leave some for me!
There will be equal shares for both of us.

FAFNER You wanted the woman
more than the gold, love-sick fool!
It was hard to make you exchange her;
you wouldn't have shared her with me if you had her.
If I share the treasure, it's only fair
that I keep the bigger half!

FASOLT How despicable! How dare you insult me!
I appeal to you as judges:
distribute the treasure to us in a fair way!

LOGE Let him snatch up the hoard,
you hold on to the ring!

FASOLT Get back! The ring is mine;
I got it in place of Freia's eyes!

FAFNER Get your hands off, the ring is mine!

FASOLT I'm holding it so it belongs to me!

FAFNER Halt' ihn fest, daß er nicht fall'!

FAFNER Nun blinzele nach Freias Blick!
An den Reif rührst du nicht mehr!

WOTAN Furchtbar nun erfind' ich des Fluches Kraft!

LOGE Was gleicht, Wotan, wohl deinem Glücke?
Viel erwarb dir des Ringes Gewinn;
daß er nun dir genommen, nützt dir noch mehr:
deine Feinde – sieh – fällen sich selbst
um das Gold, das du vergabst.

WOTAN Wie doch Bangen mich bindet!
Sorg' und Furcht fesseln den Sinn:
wie sie zu enden, lehre mich Erda:
zu ihr muß ich hinab!

FRICKA Wo weilst du, Wotan?
Winkt dir nicht hold die hehre Burg,
die des Gebieters gastlich bergend nun harrt?

WOTAN Mit bösem Zoll zahlt' ich den Bau.

[28]

DONNER Schwüles Gedünst schwebt in der Luft;
lästig ist mir der trübe Druck!
Das bleiche Gewölk
samml' ich zu blitzendem Wetter,
das fegt den Himmel mir hell.
He da! He da! He do!
Zu mir, du Gedüft! Ihr Dünste, zu mir!
Donner, der Herr, ruft euch zu Heer!
Auf des Hammers Schwung schwebet herbei!
Dunstig Gedämpf! Schwebend Gedüft!
Donner, der Herr, ruft euch zu Heer!
He da! He da! He do!

FAFNER Then hold it tight so it doesn't fall!

FAFNER Now gaze at Freia's eyes!
You won't lay hands on the ring again!

WOTAN Now I understand the fearful power of the curse!

LOGE Is there anything better than your luck, Wotan?
Winning the ring has been fortuitous for you!
Now that it has been taken from you, even more!
Look, your enemies kill each other
over the gold you gave up.

WOTAN And yet, a sense of ease constricts me!
Worry and fear fetter my thoughts.
(Erda will teach me how to put them to rest.
I must go down to her!)

FRICKA Where are your thoughts, Wotan?
Doesn't the glorious castle beckon you with splendor,
waiting to provide its owner welcoming shelter?

WOTAN Its construction paid with such an evil toll.

[28]

DONNER A sultry haze hangs in the air.
Its weight lies heavy on me!
I'll gather the clouds
into thundering weather
to sweep the heavens clear!
He da! He da! He do!
Come to me, mists! Come to me, haze.
Donner, your master, summons you here!
At the sweep of my hammer, sweep to me here!
Foggy steam clouds, hazy mist!
Donner, your master, summons you here!
He da! He da! He do!

DONNER Bruder, hieher!
Weise der Brücke den Weg!

FROH Zur Burg führt die Brücke,
leicht, doch fest eurem Fuß:
beschreitet kühn ihren schrecklosen Pfad!

[29]

WOTAN Abendlich strahlt der Sonne Auge;
in prächtiger Glut prangt glänzend die Burg.
In des Morgens Scheine mutig erschimmernd,
lag sie herrenlos, hehr verlockend vor mir.
Von Morgen bis Abend, in Müh' und Angst,
nicht wonnig ward sie gewonnen!
Es naht die Nacht: vor ihrem Neid
biete sie Bergung nun.
So grüß' ich die Burg,
sicher vor Bang' und Grau'n!
Folge mir, Frau:
in Walhall wohne mit mir!

FRICKA Was deutet der Name?
Nie, dünkt mich, hört' ich ihn nennen.

WOTAN Was, mächtig der Furcht,
mein Mut mir erfand,
wenn siegend es lebt,
leg' es den Sinn dir dar!

LOGE Ihrem Ende eilen sie zu,
die so stark in Bestehen sich wännen.
Fast schäm' ich mich, mit ihnen zu schaffen;
zur leckenden Lohe mich wieder zu wandeln,
spür' ich lockende Lust:
sie aufzuzehren, die einst mich gezähmt,
statt mit den Blinden blöd zu vergehn,

DONNER Brother, over here!
The rainbow bridge will show us to the castle!

FROH The bridge leads to the castle,
light yet firm to the foot.
Tread boldly, its path is free of danger!

[29]

WOTAN In the light of dusk, the sun's eye flashes,
in its glow, the fortress shines with gleam.
As it glittered in this morning's light, it stood empty,
lofty and inviting before me.
Between dawn and sunset, in toil and anguish,
it wasn't happily won!
Night is falling: from all its woe,
may it offer shelter now.
And so, I salute the stronghold,
safe from fear and terror!
Follow me, my wife!
Come dwell with me in Valhalla.

FRICKA What's the meaning of the name?
I don't think I've ever heard it before.

WOTAN If what my courage has achieved
triumphantly lives on,
it's meaning
will become clear.

LOGE They are hastening to their end,
though they think they will last forever.
I'm almost ashamed
to share in their dealings;
I'm tempted to turn myself back into a licking flame,
to burn the ones who once tamed me,
rather than follow blindly those godly gods.

und wären es göttlichste Götter!
Nicht dumm dünkte mich das!
Bedenken will ich's: wer weiß, was ich tu'!

[30]

DIE DREI RHEINTÖCHTER

Rheingold! Rheingold! reines Gold!
Wie lauter und hell leuchtest hold du uns!

WOTAN Welch' Klagen klingt zu mir her?

DIE DREI RHEINTÖCHTER Um dich, du klares,
wir nun klagen: gebt uns das Gold!

LOGE Des Rheines Kinder
beklagen des Goldes Raub!

WOTAN Verwünschte Nicker!
Wehre ihrem Geneck!

DIE DREI RHEINTÖCHTER

O gebt uns das reine zurück!

LOGE Ihr da im Wasser,
was weint ihr herauf?
Hört, was Wotan euch wünscht!
Glänzt nicht mehr euch Mädchen das Gold,
in der Götter neuem Glanze
sonnt euch selig fortan!

DIE DREI RHEINTÖCHTER

Rheingold! Rheingold! reines Gold!
O leuchtete noch in der Tiefe dein laut'rer Tand!
Traulich und treu ist's nur in der Tiefe:
falsch und feig ist, was dort oben sich freut!

DAS ENDE

It doesn't sound bad at all to me!
I'll think it over.
Who knows what I'll do!

[30]

THE THREE RHINEMAIDENS

Rhinegold! Rhinegold! Guileless gold!
How clear and bright you shone upon us so sweetly!

WOTAN What is that wailing I hear?

RHINEMAIDENS For you, oh bright one,
we are mourning. Give us our gold.

LOGE The Rhine maidens are lamenting
the theft of their gold!

WOTAN Accursed mermaids!
Put an end to this teasing!

RHINEMAIDENS

Give us back our guileless gold!

LOGE You there in the water.
Why are you wailing to us?
Hear the wishes of Wotan:
If the gold no longer shines on you maidens,
from this time henceforth you may bask
in the radiance of the gods!

RHINEMAIDENS

Rhinegold! Guileless gold! Oh, that your unspoiled
treasure still shone in the depths!
It is trustworthy and faithful here in the depths!
But deceitful and craven above!

THE END

FABIO LUISI

GRAMMY® Award-winning Italian conductor Fabio Luisi is the Louise W. & Edmund J. Kahn Music Director of the Dallas Symphony Orchestra, Principal Conductor of the Danish National Symphony Orchestra and Chief Conductor of Tokyo's NHK Symphony Orchestra. Also serving as Music Director of Puglia's Festival della Valle d'Itria and Emeritus Conductor of Turin's RAI National Symphony Orchestra, he previously held key positions at orchestras and opera houses including the Dresden Staatskapelle, Vienna Symphony, Zurich Opera and Metropolitan Opera in New York.

Luisi assumed the post of Music Director of the Dallas Symphony Orchestra (DSO) in September 2020. Since then, their programming has reflected the breadth and scope of his musicianship. Highlights of his tenure to date include acclaimed accounts of symphonies by Beethoven, Mahler, Bruckner and Brahms, as well as star-studded concert performances of all four operas in Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. Continuing the DSO's tradition of commissioning and premiering new music, Luisi has led the orchestra's world-premiere performances of works by Raven Chacon, Anna Clyne, Sophia Jani, Jessie Montgomery, Angélica Negrón, Sean Shepherd and other contemporary composers. He and the orchestra recorded a complete Brahms symphonic cycle on DSOLive, their in-house label. Luisi's keen rapport with the orchestra and their many achievements together led to the early extension of his contract through the 2028–29 season.

As one of today's preeminent opera conductors, Luisi previously served as Principal Conductor of New York's Metropolitan Opera and General Music Director of the Zurich Opera, as well as leading productions at the Bavarian State Opera, Berlin State Opera, Bregenz Festival, Deutsche Oper Berlin, La Scala, Salzburg Festival and Vienna State Opera. He has recorded operas by Bellini, Salieri, Verdi and Wagner, receiving a GRAMMY® Award for his leadership of the last two operas of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, when Deutsche Grammophon's DVD release of the full cycle, recorded live at the Metropolitan Opera, was named Best Opera Recording of 2012.

Luisi's previous orchestral appointments include General Music Director of the Philharmonia Zurich; Chief Conductor of the Vienna Symphony; General Music Director of Dresden's Staatskapelle and Sächsische Staatsoper; Artistic Director of the Leipzig Mitteldeutscher Rundfunk; Music Director of the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; Chief Conductor of Vienna's Tonkünstler-Orchester; and Artistic Director of the Graz Symphony. He makes frequent guest appearances with the Bavarian Radio Symphony, Berlin Philharmonic, Boston Symphony, Chicago Symphony, China NCPA Orchestra, Cleveland Orchestra, Czech Philharmonic, La Scala Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, Munich Philharmonic, Orchestre de Paris, Philadelphia Orchestra, Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, Saito Kinen Orchestra, San Francisco Symphony and Vienna Philharmonic.

The conductor's distinguished orchestral discography includes a complete Nielsen symphonic cycle, recorded with the Danish National Symphony Orchestra for Deutsche Grammophon. This was recognized with both Limelight and Abbiati Awards for Best Orchestral Recording of 2023, and his account of the composer's Fourth and Fifth Symphonies was named 2023 Recording of the Year by *Gramophone*, which featured all three volumes in its list of the top 20 Nielsen recordings of all time. His output also includes orchestral works by Berlioz, Wagner, Verdi, Rachmaninov and Bruckner with the Philharmonia Zurich; symphonies by Schumann, Brahms, Liszt, Respighi, Honegger and Schmidt; and award-winning recordings for Sony Classical with the Staatskapelle Dresden.

A native of Genoa, Italy, Fabio Luisi studied at the city's Conservatorio Niccolò Paganini and the University for Music and Performing Arts in Graz, Austria. His honors include the Austrian Cross of Honor for Science and Art, Italy's Cavaliere della Repubblica Italiana and Commendatore della Stella d'Italia, Genoa's Grifo d'Oro, Denmark's Knight's Cross and an honorary doctorate from New York's St. Bonaventure University. Off the podium, he is an accomplished composer and maker of perfumes, which he produces for his own company: flparfums.com.



DALLAS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The largest performing arts organization in the Southwest United States, the Dallas Symphony Orchestra presents more than 100 orchestra concerts each year at the Morton H. Meyerson Symphony Center. To date, the orchestra has been served by many music directors including Hans Kreissig, Antal Doráti, Walter Hendl, Sir Georg Solti, Anshel Brusilow, Max Rudolf, Eduardo Mata, Andrew Litton, Jaap van Zweden and Fabio Luisi, who inaugurated his tenure in September 2020.

The Dallas Symphony Orchestra traces its origins to a concert given by a group of 40 musicians conducted by Hans Kreissig in 1900. The orchestra, like the city, has evolved in both size and stature. The orchestra presented its first world premiere in 1911 and has since commissioned and premiered over 100 new works. Starting in the 1940s, the DSO won national attention through a series of albums with RCA. The DSO now boasts a storied discography of recordings on RCA, Dorian, Hyperion, Delos and its own label, DSOLive. In 1985, the DSO embarked on its first European tour, and the tradition of touring has continued with tours to South America and Mexico, appearances at Carnegie Hall and a European tour in 2024 with Music Director Fabio Luisi. The DSO has an impressive broadcast and media history, including television programs on PBS, A&E and Bloomberg Media.

In 1989, as a result of a community-driven project, the City of Dallas celebrated the opening of the Morton H. Meyerson Symphony Center. The Meyerson was designed by internationally acclaimed architect I.M. Pei, his only concert hall. The Meyerson is now recognized as one of the world's finest concert halls and serves as the performance home of the DSO as well as many local music organizations.

Today, the Dallas Symphony Orchestra is acclaimed for its distinctive classical programs, inventive pops concerts and innovative multimedia events that inspire audiences around the world. As part of its commitment to the community, the orchestra reaches more than 200,000 people of all ages and also operates signature educational programs that serve more than 10,000 children from across Dallas.



DALLAS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Fabio Luisi,
Music Director
*Louise W. & Edmund J. Kahn
Music Directorship*

Vacant,
Principal Guest Conductor
*Dolores G. & Lawrence
S. Barzune, M.D. Chair*

Jeff Tyzik,
Principal Pops, Conductor
Dot & Paul Mason Podium

Enrico Lopez-Yañez,
Principal Conductor of Dallas
Symphony Presents
*Nancy A. Nasher & David
J. Haemisegger Chair*

Shira Samuels-Shragg,
Assistant Conductor
Marena & Roger Gault Chair

Anthony Blake Clark,
Chorus Director
Jean D. Wilson Chair

Sophia Jani,
Composer-in-Residence
Lisa & Robert Segert Chair

VIOLIN I

Alexander Kerr, Concertmaster
Michael L. Rosenberg Chair

Nathan Olson,
Co-Concertmaster
Fanchon & Howard Hallam Chair

Emmanuelle Boisvert,
Associate Concertmaster
*Robert E. & Jean Ann Titus
Family Chair*

Eunice Keem,
Associate Concertmaster
Marcella Poppen Chair

Kari Choo,
Assistant Concertmaster

Filip Fenrych
*W. Paul Radman,
DDS & Jane Vandecar Chair*

Maria Schleuning
Norma & Don Stone Chair

Lucas Aleman
*Dallas Symphony Orchestra
League Chair*

Jenna Barghouti
Marie A. Moore Chair

Gary Levinson,
Senior Principal Associate
Concertmaster Emeritus
Enika Schulze Chair

Mary Reynolds
Andrew Schast
Nelly Crooks Bigham Chair

Motoi Takeda,
Associate Concertmaster
Emeritus

Daphne Volle
Bruce Wittrig
Susan & Woodrow Gandy Chair

Giyeon Yoon
Kaori Yoshida*

VIOLIN II

Angela Fuller Heyde, Principal
*Barbara K. & Seymour R. Thum
Chair*

Alexandra Adkins,
Associate Principal
Yehuda Zukerman Chair

Sho-mei Pelletier,
Associate Principal

Bing Wang
Bruce Patti*
Rita Sue & Alan Gold Chair

Mariana Cottier-Bucco
Debra & Steve Leven Chair

Lilit Danielyan*
Miika Gregg ◊

Hyorim Han

Shu Lee

Jimin Lim

Nora Scheller °

Aleksandr Snytkin*

Lydia Umlauf

Samantha Bennett ◊

Jina Lee ◊

VIOLA

Meredith Kufchak, Principal
*Hortense & Lawrence
S. Pollock Chair*

Matthew Sinno,
Associate Principal

Sarah Sung,
Associate Principal

Pamela Askew

Thomas Demer

Valerie Dimond
Dr. James E. Skibo Chair

Christine Hwang
Keith Verges Chair

Sarah Kienle

Xiaohan Sun
Maisie Heiken Chair

David Sywak
Arthur Noltemy Chair

Pedro Pablo Mendez
Torrealba ^

Eve Tang ◊

CELLO

Christopher Adkins, Principal
Fannie & Stephen S. Kahn Chair

Theodore Harvey,
Associate Principal
Holly & Tom Mayer Chair

Jolyon Pegis,
Associate Principal
Joe Hubach Chair

Jeffrey Hood
Greg & Kim Hext Chair

Jennifer Yunyoung Choi
Wolfe Gruber Chair

Kari Kettering
*Donna & Herbert Weitzman
Chair, in honor of Juanita
& Henry S. Miller, Jr.*

Minji Kim

Zexun (Jason) Shen
*Lev Aronson Chair,
Endowed by Betty Taylor Cox*

Nan Zhang °

Keeon Guzman ^

Noémie Golubovic ◊

DOUBLE BASS

Nicolas Tsolainos, Principal
Anonymously Endowed Chair

Roger Fratena,
Associate Principal
Paula Holmes Fleming
Thomas Lederer,
Co-Principal Emeritus
Brian Perry
Clifford Spohr Chair
Caleb Quillen
Clifford Spohr,
Principal Emeritus
Tyler Shepherd

FLUTE

David Buck, Principal
Joy & Ronald Mankoff Chair
Hayley Grainger,
Associate Principal
Barbara Rabin Chair
Kara Kirkendoll Welch
Caroline Rose Hunt Chair
James Romeo (Piccolo)
Lisa & Robert Segert Chair
Jungwan Kang ◇

OBOE

Erin Hannigan, Principal
Nancy P. & John G. Penson Chair
Willa Henigman,
Associate Principal
Brent Ross

David Matthews
(+ English Horn)
Karen & Jim Wiley Chair

CLARINET

Gregory Raden, Principal
*Mr. & Mrs. C. Thomas May,
Jr. Chair*
Stephen Ahearn,
Second Clarinet + Acting
Associate Principal + E flat
Courtney & Andrew Nall Chair
Stephanie Key
Marci Gurnow,
Bass Clarinet
Edward W. Blessing Chair

BASSOON

Ted Soluri, Principal
*Irene H. Wadel & Robert
I. Atha, Jr. Chair*
Scott Walzel,
Associate Principal
Barbara & Robert P. Sypult Chair
Tom Fleming
Peter Grenier
(+ Contrabassoon)

HORN

Daniel Hawkins, Principal
Howard E. Rachofsky Chair
David Heyde,
Associate Principal
Linda VanSickle Chair
Alexander Kienle,
Assistant Principal

Haley Hoops
Becky & Brad Todd Chair

Reese Farnell
Caitlyn Smith Franklin
Yousef Assi °
Kevin Haseltine °
Tod Bowermaster ◇
Everett Burns ◇
Emily Houston ◇
Russell Rybicki ◇
Andy Sugata ◇

TRUMPET

Stuart Stephenson, Principal
Diane & Hal Brierley Chair
L. Russell Campbell,
Associate Principal
Yon Y. Jordan Chair
Kevin Finamore,
Assistant Principal
Ryan Anthony Chair
Elmer Churampi
Graham & Brenda Gardner Chair

TROMBONE

Barry Hearn, Principal
Cece & Ford Lacy Chair
Christopher Oliver,
Associate Principal
Brian Hecht,
Utility Trombone
Darren McHenry,
Bass Trombone
Nick Losos ◇

Timothy Owner ◇
Doug Rosenthal ◇

TUBA

Matthew Good, Principal
Dot & Paul Mason Chair

BASS TRUMPET

Steve Menard ◇
Douglas Rosenthal ◇

TIMPANI

Brian Jones, Principal
*Dr. Eugene & Charlotte
Bonelli Chair*
Robert O'Brien,
Assistant Principal

PERCUSSION

George Nickson, Principal
Margie & William H. Seay Chair
Daniel Florio,
Associate Principal
Robert O'Brien
Brad Wagner ◇

HARP

Emily Levin, Principal
Elsa von Seggern Chair
Barbara Biggers ◇
Michelle Gott ◇
Mallory McHenry ◇
Emily Melendes ◇
Naoko Nakamura ◇

Adam Phan ◇
Cindy Qin ◇
April Simmons ◇
Karen Thomas Abrahamson ◇

ORGAN

Bradley Hunter Welch,
Resident Organist
Lay Family Chair

KEYBOARD

Jeanne R. Johnson Chair
Gabriel Sanchez (Classical)
Anastasia Markina (Classical)
Toby & Will Jordan Chair
Brian Piper (Pops)

* *Performs in both Violin I
and Violin II sections*

◦ *On Leave*

^ *DSO Diversity Fellow*

◇ *Guest Artist*

LIBRARY

Karen Schnackenberg, Principal
Jessie D. & E. B. Godsey Chair
Robert Greer
Mark Wilson
Associate Principal
Melissa Robason
Orchestra Librarian
Melanie Gilmore
Choral Librarian

PERSONNEL MANAGEMENT

Nishi Badhwar
*Olga & Yuri Anshelevich Director
of Orchestra Personnel*

Scott Walzel,
Consultant for Community
Development & Outreach
Christopher Oliver,
Auditions Coordinator

STAGE

Shannon Gonzalez,
Stage Manager
Alan Bell,
Assistant Stage Manager
Kenneth Winston,
Lighting Board Operator

CHORUS ROSTER

Anthony Blake Clark,
Chorus Director
Jean D. Wilson Chair

SOPRANO

Lauren Abee
Alma Alvarez
Chris Archbold
Julie Barnett
Natalie Bennett
Rosemary Bennett
Diana Benoit
Ashly Blake
Susan Burroughs

Samantha Caprio
Tricia Carroll
Genny Chang
Emma Chumchal
Courtney Crosby
Shannon Davidson
Delilah Delgado
Julie Duncan
Amelita Facchiano
Jane Ferguson
Claire Fredrick
Paola Godinez
Danielle Greenway
Adreanna Hernandez
Johyné Hill
Nicolle Ho
Julie Ihrig
Joyceline Larroy-Haden
Leslie Lenser
JoNell Lindh
Lucy Meyers-Lambert
Anita Moore
Laura Morgan
Anastasia Nelson
Hilary O'Hara
Arian Orlando
Julia Redman
Cheri Robertson
Rocio Rodriguez
Daniela Ruiz Cuellar
Laura Seale

Kristen Shepard
Alicia Shewmaker
Maddie Steele
Julie Thompson
Anne Tracy
Melanie Turner
Leah VanHorn
Elin Vanlandingham
Elizabeth Varhaug

ALTO

Rebecca Baker
Meredith Ball
Christin Brown
Maria Brown
Christi Burkle
Francesca Cacal
Kimber Carter
Martine Chambers
Rebecca Cloud
Cheri Conway
Mary Jane Cooper
Maggie Crosby
Kathryn Davidson
Lavanda Davis
Sandi Dillon
Susan Ellingburg
Anarka Fairchild
Emily Fallis
Pilar Fisher
Sarah Frazier

Melanie Gilmore
Cammie Hatcher
Rosemary Hoogerwerf
Megan Jackson
Abigail Johnson
Sierra Johnson
Lauren Johnston
Rita Koger
Stephanie Kong
Bonnie Lanicek
Rica Lelina
Melania MacDonald
Margaurite Mathis
Debbie Maxwell
Kyra McGuirk
Dinah Menger
Margo Moore
Siena Morgan
Julie Navar
Frances Ramirez
Kimberly Ritchie
Marie Rogers
Crystal Sanchez
Michelle Shaheen
Beverly Storey
Megan Tidwell
Karen Trost
Ruth Vera
Jennifer Weaver
Emily Williams

TENOR

Silas Allen
Keon Beigzadeh
Michael Bentley
Ron Berggren
Shane Bono
Trey Bourland
Richard Cochran
Jerry Daniel
Jeremy Darrington
Beau Dream
John DuBois
David Elliott
Paschall Freeman
Trace Glorioso
Scott Hanel
Christian Jensen
Kenneth Lambert
Zachary Lono
Scott Loudder
Jon Middleton
Daniel Norwood
Seth Ordiway
Mason Paladino
Stephen Parker
Kevin Patrick
Grant Peterson
Mark Rohwer
Reagan Rothenberger
Brad Rountree
Daniel Sirney

John Skinner
Richard Snelling
Chuck Tackett
Dan Thompson
Steven VanHorn
Alex Velasquez-Ebersole
Jaron Williams
James Worley

BASS

Nick Badger
Clint Bailey
Mason Barlow
Morten Beyer
Kevin Bock
Jonathan Cao
Ken Carroll
Devin Crandell
Dennis Decker
Joel Duarte
Nathan Erwin
Luis Gonzalez
Scott Green
Glyne A. Griffith II
Brent Hall
John Hendry
Michael Hogan
Franklin Hurst
Michael Jacko
Brock Johnson
Anthony Kiebler

Sawyer Lowe
Michael Lysinger
Jason Mahan
Mauricio Marin
Grant Mccloud
Tim Mohel
Ricardo Monreal
Jack Oros
James O'Sullivan
Hayden Ponder
Garrett Reinhardt
Ivan Rodriguez
Brent Rogers
Scott Ruck
Brad Russell
Dave Senter
Steve Stewart
Jay Terpstra
Theodore Walker
David Ward
Paul Westgate
Lester Wigler

**THE PERFORMANCES
AT THE MORTON H. MEYERSON
SYMPHONY CENTER,
DALLAS, TEXAS, WERE GENEROUSLY
SUPPORTED BY**

The
**Eugene
McDermott**
Foundation

Sarah Titus and Jean Ann Titus

and

Mercedes T. Bass
Joanne Bober
Diane and Hal Brierley
Susan and Mark Geyer
Joe Hubach and Colleen O'Connor
Jo Jagoda
Holly and Tom Mayer
The Morton H. Meyerson Family Foundation
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Marnie and Kern Wildenthal
Karen and Jim Wiley

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in part, by funds from the City of Dallas Office
of Arts and Culture.

DALLAS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Producers

Michelle Miller Burns, Denise McGovern,
Katie McGuinness, Kim Noltemy

Recording producer

Dirk Sobotka

Recording engineers

George Gilliam and Dirk Sobotka

Mixing and mastering engineer

Mark Donahue

Assistant mastering engineer

Anastasia Lukina

Soundmirror production manager

Alexis Price

Assistant conductors

Maurice Cohn
Shira Samuels-Shragg

Booklet notes

René Spencer Saller

Sung texts English translations

Jason Smith

Photographs

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The Dallas Symphony Orchestra wishes to thank the production team: Alberto Triola, stage director; Lisa Marie Lange and Peter Nictakis, stage managers; Krista Billings, lighting designer; Casey Smith, DIGITEXT for supertitles; and the staff of the DSO.

DELOS

Artistic director

Charles Adriaenssen

Executive producer

Timothée van der Stegen

Design

Pragma Création

Cover image

The Infinite Agency

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