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SZENEN AUS
GOETHE'S FAUST

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SCHUMANN: SZENEN AUS GOETHE'S FAUST

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ROBERT SCHUMANN 1810-1856
Szenen aus Goethes Faust

für Solostimmen, Chor und Orchester

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau Faust, Doctor Marianus
Elizabeth Harwood Gretchen, Una Poenitentium
John Shirley-Quirk Mephistopheles, Böser Geist, Pater Seraphicus
Peter Pears Ariel, Pater Ecstasticus · Jennifer Vyvyan Sorge, Engel
Felicity Palmer Not, Magna Peccatrix
Meriel Dickinson Marthe, Mangel, Mulier Samaritana
Pauline Stevens Schuld, Maria Aegyptiaca
Robert Lloyd Pater Profundus · *Alfreda Hodgson* Mater Gloriosa

Wandsworth School Choir · Aldeburgh Festival Singers

Chorus master Russell Burgess

English Chamber Orchestra

BENJAMIN BRITTEN

CD 1 72.55

Overture · Part One · Part Two

Nos. 1-6

CD 2 45.00

Part Three

No. 7

[ADD] Total timing 117.55

SCHUMANN: SZENEN AUS GOETHES FAUST

2CD

SCHUMANN

SZENEN AUS
GOETHES FAUST

FISCHER-DIESKAU
HARWOOD PEARS
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| | | |
|---------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|
| Faust | } | Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (baritone) |
| Doctor Marianus | | |
| Gretchen | } | Elizabeth Harwood (soprano) |
| Una Poenitentium | | |
| Mephistopheles | } | John Shirley-Quirk (baritone) |
| Böser Geist · Evil Spirit | | |
| Pater Seraphicus | | |
| Ariel | } | Peter Pears (tenor) |
| Pater Ecstaticus | | |
| Sorge · Care | } | Jennifer Vyvyan (soprano) |
| Engel · Angel | | |
| Not · Need | } | Felicity Palmer (mezzo-soprano) |
| Magna Peccatrix | | |
| Marthe | } | Meriel Dickinson (mezzo-soprano) |
| Mangel · Want | | |
| Mulier Samaritana | | |
| Schuld · Debt | } | Pauline Stevens (soprano) |
| Maria Aegyptiaca | | |
| Pater Profundus | | Robert Lloyd (bass) |
| Mater Gloriosa | | Alfreda Hodgson (mezzo-soprano) |

Solo-Stimmen · Solo Voices

Jenny Hill (soprano)
Margaret Cable (soprano)
John Elwes (tenor)
Neil Jenkins (tenor)
John Noble (bass)

Wandsworth School Choir · Aldeburgh Festival Singers

Chorus master Russell Burgess

English Chamber Orchestra

BENJAMIN BRITTEN

| | | | |
|-----------|---|-------|----|
| 1 | Ouvertüre | 8.10 | 35 |
| | Erste Abteilung · Part One | | |
| | Nr. 1 <i>Szene im Garten</i> | | |
| 2 | Du kanntest mich, o kleiner Engel, wieder (<i>Faust</i>) | 5.05 | 35 |
| | Nr. 2 <i>Gretchen vor dem Bild der Mater Dolorosa</i> | | |
| 3 | Ach neige, du Schmerzenreiche (<i>Gretchen</i>) | 4.59 | 38 |
| | Nr. 3 <i>Szene im Dom</i> | | |
| 4 | Wie anders, Gretchen, war dir's (<i>Böser Geist</i>) | 6.56 | 40 |
| | Zweite Abteilung · Part Two | | |
| | Nr. 4 <i>Ariel. Sonnenaufgang</i> | | |
| 5 | Die ihr dies Haupt umschwebt im luft'gen Kreise (<i>Ariel</i>) | 10.48 | 43 |
| 6 | Des Lebens Pulse schlagen frisch-lebendig (<i>Faust</i>) | 7.34 | 45 |
| | Nr. 5 <i>Mitternacht</i> | | |
| 7 | Ich heiße der Mangel (<i>Mangel</i>) | 2.22 | 48 |
| 8 | Vier sah ich kommen (<i>Faust</i>) | 8.15 | 49 |
| 9 | Die Nacht scheint tiefer tief hereinzudringen (<i>Faust</i>) | 2.54 | 53 |
| | Nr. 6 <i>Fausts Tod</i> | | |
| 10 | Herbei, herbei! Herein, herein! (<i>Mephistopheles</i>) | 5.16 | 54 |
| 11 | Ein Sumpf zieht am Gebirge hin (<i>Faust</i>) | 5.12 | 56 |
| 12 | Ihn sättigt keine Lust (<i>Mephistopheles</i>) | 5.11 | 57 |

Dritte Abteilung · Part ThreeNr. 7 *Fausts Verklärung*

| | | | |
|----------|---|-------|----|
| 1 | I Waldung, sie schwankt heran (<i>Chor</i>) | 2.43 | 58 |
| 2 | II Ewiger Wonnebrand (<i>Pater Ecstaticus</i>) | 1.54 | 59 |
| 3 | III Wie Felsenabgrund mir zu Füßen (<i>Pater Profundus</i>) | 6.47 | 59 |
| 4 | IV Gerettet ist das edle Glied (<i>Engel</i>) | 11.09 | 63 |
| 5 | V Hier ist die Aussicht frei (<i>Doctor Marianus</i>) | 4.20 | 65 |
| 6 | VI Dir, der Unberühbaren (<i>Doctor Marianus</i>) | 8.39 | 67 |
| 7 | VII Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichnis (<i>Chorus Mysticus</i>) | 9.27 | 71 |

ROBERT SCHUMANN Scenes from Goethe's *Faust*

The Faust legend, as retold by Goethe, proved far too powerful a source of inspiration for Schumann (like most 19th-century romantics) to resist. Just as the subject preoccupied Goethe over the larger part of his life, so it enthralled Schumann for a longer span than any other. As early as 1832 he had written Gretchen's words 'Meine Ruh' ist hin', over the middle section of his E minor Intermezzo, op.4. And not until 1853, only a year before his breakdown, did he finally bid Goethe's drama farewell.

Schumann was remarkably systematic in his work projects. Up till 1840, and the year of his marriage, his whole horizon was occupied by the piano – his own instrument, and that of his beloved Clara. In 1840 itself, his great flood of romantic emotion overflowed into songs. In its turn 1841 brought his first big urge to spread his wings in larger symphonic canvases and 1842 was the year when chamber music became the immediate goal. The greater part of 1843 went to his first oratorio, *Paradise and the Peri*. And it was about this time that his thoughts began seriously to turn to opera. Like Beethoven, his trouble was in finding a

libretto that he thought worthy of setting to music: some two dozen or so subjects were listed in his note-book for consideration, including Goethe's *Faust*. In the event, it was not until he chanced to see Hebbel's forceful play on the popular medieval legend of Geneviève several years later that his search ended. But the lure of *Faust* remained: if not suitable for operatic treatment, then why not make it into another quasi-oratorio on the lines of *Paradise and the Peri*?

As so often, Clara's diary provides much of the vital information about the idea's inception and gestation. Having pledged to escort her on a long concert tour to Russia, they accordingly set out at the end of January, 1844. The strain of the journey taxed Schumann's health and sometimes his patience. But while resting at Dorpat at the end of the following month, he found himself increasingly drawn to Goethe's last scene, which no musician had ever attempted to set before. Back in Leipzig that summer he turned to it with feverish enthusiasm: even though he was seriously ill during August, Clara's diary claims that by then he had finished the setting of Goethe's final

scene down to the final chorus 'by the sacrifice of his last strength'.

At the end of 1844, the Schumanns moved to Dresden. Here, Schumann was soon called upon to take over the conductorship of the *Liedertafel* (or men's choral society) in succession to Hiller, a task he enjoyed enough to found a mixed choir of his own. This, plus the impending Goethe centenary, caused him to take up the *Faust* project with renewed vigour. In the spring of 1847 he revised the final *Chorus Mysticus* and in 1848 brought most of Nos. 4 to 6 to completion. By June 1849, the whole of what we now know as Schumann's Part Three was ready for his mixed choir to try out at a private party. The public premiere was appropriately reserved for August, 1849, when as part of the national celebrations in honour of the centenary of Goethe's birth, the work was given simultaneously at Dresden, Leipzig (under Rietz) and Weimar (under Liszt). 'How I wish I could have had Faust's mantle for that day in order to be everywhere and hear everything', was Schumann's subsequent comment. Only in Leipzig was it not completely successful, but this Schumann attributed partly to its position at the beginning instead of the end of the programme (for in his own words 'the

character of the entire scene is one of conclusion') and partly to the fact that the original and not the revised version of the final chorus was used as the parts were not copied. Rietz also mistook its rightful tempo. In Dresden, however, all Schumann's earlier doubts as to whether he had been presumptuous in setting such sublime poetry were ended when several people admitted that his music had made the meaning of the words clear to them for the very first time. Not surprisingly, all this excitement rekindled his enthusiasm for Goethe. Already he had heralded the centenary year with new settings of Mignon's songs (from *Wilhelm Meister*) and the cantata, *Requiem for Mignon*. And by the summer of 1849 he could not resist the temptation of continuing with *Faust*. The Garden Scene, Gretchen before the image of the Mater Dolorosa and the Scene in the Cathedral (now known as Schumann's Part One) were all sketched by the end of July as a composite study of Gretchen (drawn from Goethe's Part One). And between 1849-50 he added Ariel's Scene, the Midnight Scene with the Four Grey Women and Faust's Death (now known as Schumann's Part Two) as a similar study of Faust (from Goethe's Part Two). Finally, in 1853 he wrote an overture to round off the whole conception.

The first performance of the work in its entirety did not take place until 1862, six years after Schumann's death, when it was conducted by Hiller in Cologne. Schumann himself was always against a complete performance; as he put it, 'at the most it might be done only as a curiosity'. When he embarked on the project, he was still a devoted admirer of Mendelssohn, Leipzig's musical king. But when he finished the work, Schumann had lived for several years alongside Wagner, Kapellmeister at Dresden's Court Theatre. Suspicious as he always remained about Wagner's innovations, he could not escape Wagner's operatic influence. This, far more than ill-health and declining powers, accounts for the marked stylistic difference between Part Three and the much more dramatically conceived Parts One and Two. Imperfectly realized as is some of Schumann's experimentation in these later-composed sections, in a fine performance they sometimes speak with even more force to audiences today than the suavely mellifluous conclusion.

Schumann once confessed that the hardest part of all was writing the overture, since 'the elements that have to be mastered are too many and too gigantic'. At one time he thought of solving the problem by resorting to a fugue, 'the most deeply thoughtful form of music'. In

the event he chose abbreviated sonata-form, with a D major coda suggesting spiritual triumph after D minor conflict. Gerald Abraham has suggested that the music betrays Schumann's preoccupation at that time with Bach, 'more specifically the great Chaconne in the same key which, with other unaccompanied Bach for violin and cello, he had harmonized a few months before. The element of romanticized baroque figuration and harmony, with its grinding appoggiatura and changing-note clashes, is much more obvious in the *Faust* overture than in that to *Manfred*'. The undulating second subject is particularly interesting. Originally introduced as accompaniment to Pater Ecstaticus' solo, it also reappears briefly in the first version of the *Chorus Mysticus* and serves to introduce Mephistopheles in the Garden Scene and to suggest the evil spirit in the Cathedral Scene. As for Schumann's much criticized scoring, Britten and Pears (in a programme-note for the 1972 Aldeburgh Festival performance) commented 'Schumann, essentially a piano composer, hoped to create in the orchestra the resonance which he so beautifully achieved with the piano's pedal and half pedal. In his attempts to effect this, however, he came to rely excessively on tremolando in the middle

strings, somehow trusting that the players would be as sensitive and sympathetic as his own two hands and feet were. We have made some small excisions of these tremolandi as well as very little thinning out of the wind for this performance'.

If the three main sections of the work had been subtitled, Part One would have had to be called Gretchen: its three numbers paint her portrait in love, remorse, and total despair and fear of retribution. In No.1, Schumann plunges into first avowals of love in Martha's garden, ending with a few snatches from Goethe's subsequent summer-house scene. Here Schumann's free-style lyricism is at its finest. The heart of the scene is Gretchen's 'He loves me, loves me not, loves me', prompting Faust's glowing cantilena (characteristically marked 'mit Innigkeit'). Mephistopheles' arrival is unmistakably announced by that theme already heard as the overture's second subject.

For his No.2, Schumann jumps to the scene in which Gretchen's new-found joy has already dissolved into remorse as she puts fresh flowers into the jugs before a picture of the Mater Dolorosa in a niche in the city wall. Here again Schumann allows every passing shade of feeling the text to condition what

again is essentially free, continuous melody, culminating with the passionate, near-operatic cry of 'Save me from shame and death in one!'

Again preferring psychological overtones to story-telling, Schumann's No.3 jumps beyond the duel scene (in which Valentine is slain by Faust when trying to avenge his sister's dishonour) to Goethe's Cathedral Scene. Gretchen goes to pray, only to find an evil spirit at her side taunting her with thoughts of inescapable damnation – and here the orchestral introduction dramatically recalls the insinuating theme from the overture. Schumann turns the screw still further by introducing the chorus for the first time to chant the *Dies irae* with dogged persistence.

In Part Two the spotlight is switched to Faust as encountered in the allegorical second part of Goethe's drama, with the emphasis very much on growing spiritual grace as self-seeking cedes to service. Though at no time in his life did Schumann embrace the orthodox dogma of any Christian faith, he was a profound believer in Christian ethics, and as he grew older was rarely drawn to any subject for large-scale musical setting unless it was ennobled by an underlying theme of redemption through remorse, repentance or self-sacrifice of some kind or another. *Paradise*

and the *Peri*, *Genoveva*, *Manfred* and *The Pilgrimage of the Rose* all reveal this undercurrent of moral aspiration no less than the scenes he selected for his portrait of Faust.

No.4 (Part Two) is in fact the opening scene of Goethe's Second Part. Headed 'A Pleasant Landscape', it depicts Faust trying to sleep until Ariel and attendant spirits rekindle his creative impulse by hymning the wonders of nature. The scene is made for music, with Ariel's opening words, marked, in Goethe, as 'song, accompanied with Aeolian harps' inspiring some of Schumann's most fanciful scoring in the entire work. In the subsequent choruses Schumann takes his cue from Goethe's indication 'singly, by twos and many together, alternately and collectively'. With Ariel's final invocation and Faust's response, Schumann breaks into a kind of ecstatic speech-melody stemming directly from Wagner.

No.5 makes a vast jump in the text to Faust's midnight encounter with the Four Grey Women, Want, Debt, Care and Need, who awaken all his earlier disquiet. Care eventually blinds him, but with physical darkness comes a great dawning of visionary light and of the ideal society he hopes to create. The eerie moment of blinding, Faust's deeply poignant immediate awareness of what has befallen him

('Die Nacht scheint tiefer tief hereinzudringen') and an even more dramatic switch from minor to major than in the previous number as hope surges anew, are Schumann's boldest strokes here. But the quartet for the Four Grey Women at the start, with its ominously chromatic accompanying motif for the strings, is strongly atmospheric.

No.6, following on consecutively in Goethe, is the scene of Faust's death – wisely curtailed by Schumann to end at its dramatic summit. Mephistopheles brings his lemurs to dig a grave, but the blinded Faust believes the clank of spades to be workmen carrying out his grandiloquent plan of reclaiming land from the sea for life's betterment. For the lemurs ('ghosts of the wicked dead who wander about at night as skeletons, or rather as animated mummies. Their minds act as imperfectly as their bodies') Schumann writes a mocking, four-square kind of ditty. For the dialogue between Mephistopheles and Faust, and especially Faust's last avowal of his dream, the composer soars direct into realms of embryonic Wagnerian 'unendliche Melodie'. Nothing he ever wrote is more genuinely dramatic than the actual moment of Faust's death and its awe-struck aftermath, with texture, orchestration, harmony and dynamics

all pushed to extremities to heighten tension and evoke the strange hollowness that follows.

After death, transfiguration. Schumann's Part Three is a setting of Goethe's last scene of all, in which Faust's redeemed soul is wafted upwards to the regions of the blessed and the waiting Gretchen. Goethe's consummate poetry here made an irresistible appeal to Schumann. However that was not the only reason for his choice of this scene before all others. Goethe's closing words are 'das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan' – the Eternal-Womanly leads us upward and on. 'Eternal Womanhead' has often been defined as 'pure and unselfish love revealed to mortals in its most perfect form in the love of woman', a concept which for Schumann was synonymous with the role of Clara in his own life: she was his light, his love, his all. The seven sections of this part, though separately numbered, flow into each other as continuously as Goethe's own words. The most striking musical difference between this section and Parts One and Two, composed later, is nevertheless the symmetrical (sometimes even four-square) nature of the melody: at this time he was still living closer to the four-line stanza of verse in his own songs and to Mendelssohn than to the opera house and Wagner.

Goethe's heading for this last scene is 'Forest, Rock, Wilderness: Holy anchorites, disposed here and there, at different heights among the chasms'. This imagery is said to have been suggested by a description of the mountain of Montserrat near Barcelona, with 'twelve hermitages belonging to an old Benedictine abbey, isolated one from another by fearful ravines and accessible only by ladders and bridges. On the topmost peak, which commanded a wide prospect over land and sea, there stood formerly a chapel dedicated to the Holy Virgin'.

In No.I, the chorus attempts to convey the all-pervading holiness of the scene, as a 'refuge of love and grace'. No.II is a tenor solo for Pater Ecstaticus, propelled by a much reiterated rhythmic figure and particularly interesting for that undulating figure of accompaniment (perhaps suggested by Goethe's stage direction 'floating up and down') subsequently used like a leitmotif in Part I and the overture. No.III includes bass and baritone solos for Pater Profundus ('from the depths') and Pater Seraphicus ('at a middle height') before introducing an airborne chorus of Blessed Boys (treble and alto voices). No.IV (added in 1848) is an extended chorus in praise of Faust's redemption, sometimes polyphonic,

sometimes homophonic, sometimes purely lyrical, sung by angels, younger angels, more perfect angels and Blessed Boys, each marked by different vocal scoring and themes, and ending with the first big upsurge of animation in this predominantly reflective Part Three. No.V is a (tenor or baritone) apostrophe to the Virgin for Dr. Marianus ('in the highest, purest cell') changing from quasi-recitative into lyrical arioso at Goethe's indication "entranced". In No.VI Dr. Marianus is joined by the chorus in more hymn-like metre until a glimpse of Mater Gloriosa (a four-bar orchestral interpolation) brings in a group of women penitents to intercede for Gretchen ('Una poenitentium') who in her turn intercedes for her beloved. For the Mater Gloriosa's final 'Come then! To higher spheres conduct him – Divining you, he knows the way' and Dr Marianus' 'bowing in adoration' in his

last invocation to the Virgin, Schumann finds a chromatic harmonic progression marvellously evocative of divine regeneration.

The concluding *Chorus Mysticus* is sung here in its tauter first version, with a very pronounced change mid-way from the slow, searching introduction to the animated closing section and its sturdy counterpoint. Schumann preferred his longer, more continuous and less classically argued revised ending to this chorus. Clara was inclined to agree with him, but added 'all the same I am sorry to give up the first, and if it lay with me both choruses would be printed' as indeed they eventually were, for every conductor to make his choice. The slow opening section is shared by both versions: here, perhaps more than anywhere in the work, Schumann enters the most profound metaphysical regions he ever sought to penetrate.

Joan Chissell

CD 1

1 Ouvertüre

ERSTE ABTEILUNG

Nr. 1: Szene im Garten

Gretchen an Faustens Arm. Marthe mit Mephistopheles auf und ab spazierend.

Faust

- 2 Du kanntest mich, o kleiner Engel, wieder,
gleich als ich in den Garten kam?

Gretchen

Saht Ihr es nicht? Ich schlug die Augen
nieder.

Faust

Und du verzeihst die Freiheit, die ich nahm?
Was sich die Frechheit unterfangen,
als du jüngst aus dem Dom gegangen?

Gretchen

Ich war bestürzt, mir war das nie geschehn.
Es konnte niemand von mir Übels sagen.
Ach, dacht' ich doch, hat er in deinem
Betragen
was Freches, Unanständiges gesehn?
Es schien ihm gleich nur anzuwandeln,
mit dieser Dirne gradhin zu handeln.

Overture

PART ONE

No.1: Garden scene

Gretchen on Faust's arm. Martha and Mephistopheles walking up and down.

Faust

You knew me again, you little angel,
as soon as you saw me enter the garden?

Gretchen

Didn't you see me cast down my eyes?

Faust

And the liberty that I took you pardon?
The impudence that reared its head
when you lately left the cathedral door.

Gretchen

I was upset; it had never happened before;
No one could ever say anything bad of me –
Oh can he, I thought, have seen in my behaviour

any cheekiness, any impropriety

The idea, it seemed, had come to you pat:
'I can treat this woman just like that'.

Gesteh' ich's doch! Ich wußte nicht, was sich
zu Eurem Vorteil hier zu regen gleich
begonnte.

Faust

Süß Liebchen!

Gretchen

Allein gewiß, ich war recht bö's auf mich,
daß ich auf Euch nicht böser werden konnte.

Faust

Süß Liebchen!

Gretchen

Laßt einmal!

*Sie pflückt eine Sternblume und zupft die
Blätter ab, eins nach dem andern.*

Faust

Was soll das? Einen Strauß?

Gretchen

Nein, es soll nur ein Spiel.

Faust

Wie?

Gretchen

Geht! Ihr lacht mich aus.
Sie rupft und murmelt.

Faust

Was murmelst du?

I must admit I did not know what it was
in my heart that began to make me change
my view.

Faust

Sweet love!

Gretchen

But indeed I was angry with myself because
I could not be angrier with you.

Faust

Sweet love!

Gretchen

Wait a moment!

*She plucks a flower and starts picking off the
petals.*

Faust

What is that? A bouquet?

Gretchen

No, only a game.

Faust

A what?

Gretchen

You will laugh at me. Go away!
She plucks the petals, murmuring.

Faust

What are you murmuring?

Gretchen

halb laut.

Er liebt mich – liebt mich nicht.

Das letzte Blatt ausrufend, mit holder Freude.

Er liebt mich!

Faust

Ja, mein Kind! Laß dieses Blumenwort
dir Götterauspruch sein! Er liebt dich!
Verstehst du, was das heißt? Er liebt dich!
Er faßt ihre beiden Hände.

Gretchen

Mich überläuft's!

Faust

O schaudre nicht! Laß diesen Blick,
laß diesen Händedruck dir sagen,
was unaussprechlich ist:
Sich hinzugeben ganz und eine Wonne
zu fühlen, die ewig sein muß!

Mephistopheles

Es ist wohl Zeit zu scheiden!

Marthe

Ja, es ist spät, mein Herr.

Faust

Darf ich Euch nicht geleiten?

Gretchen

Die Mutter würde mich – lebt wohl!

Gretchen

under her breath:

Loves me – Loves me not –
picking the last petal with rapturous joy
Loves me!

Faust

Yes, child. What this flower has told you
regard it as God's oracle. He loves you!
Do you know the meaning of that? He loves you!
He takes her hands.

Gretchen

Oh! I feel so strange!

Faust

Don't shudder. Let this look,
let this clasp of the hand tell you
what mouth can never express:
to give oneself up utterly and feel
a rapture which must be everlasting.

Mephistopheles

It is time to part, you know.

Martha

Yes, it is late, sir.

Faust

May I not see you home?

Gretchen

My mother would – Farewell!

Faust

Muß ich denn gehn? Lebt wohl!

Marthe

Ade!

Gretchen

Auf baldiges Wiedersehn!

Faust und Mephistopheles ab.

Nr. 2: Gretchen vor dem Bild der Mater Dolorosa

Zwinger. In der Mauerhöhle ein Andachtsbild der Mater Dolorosa, Blumenkrüge davor.

Gretchen

steckt frische Blumen in die Krüge.

3 Ach neige,
du Schmerzenreiche,
dein Antlitz gnädig meiner Not!

Das Schwert im Herzen,
mit tausend Schmerzen
blickst auf zu deines Sohnes Tod.

Zum Vater blickst du,
und Seufzer schickst du
hinauf um sein' und deine Not.

Wer fühlet,
wie wühlet
der Schmerz mir im Gebein?

Faust

I must go then? Farewell!

Martha

Adieu!

Gretchen

Let us soon meet again!

Faust and Mephistopheles leave.

No. 2: Gretchen before the image of the Mater Dolorosa

Ramparts. In a niche in the wall is an image of the Mater Dolorosa. Flower vases.

Gretchen

putting flowers into the vases:

Mary, bow down
beneath thy woeful crown,
thy gracious face on me undone!

The sword in thy heart,
smart upon smart,
thou lookest up to thy dear son;

sending up sighs
to the Father which rise
for His grief and for thine own.

Who can gauge
what torments rage
through the whole of me and how –

Was mein armes Herz hier banget,
was es zittert, was verlanget,
weißt nur du, nur du allein!

Wohin ich immer gehe,
wie weh', wie weh', wie wehe
wird mir im Busen hier!
Ich bin, ach! kaum alleine,
ich wein', ich wein', ich weine,
das Herz verbrennt in mir.

Die Scherben vor meinem Fenster
betaut' ich mit Tränen, ach!
als ich am frühen Morgen
dir diese Blumen brach.

Schien hell in meine Kammer
die Sonne früh herauf,
saß ich in allem Jammer
in meinem Bett schon auf.

Hilf! Rette mich von Schmach und Tod!
Ach neige,
du Schmerzreiche,
dein Antlitz gnädig meiner Not!

Nr. 3: Szene im Dom

*Amt, Orgel und Gesang. Gretchen unter
vielm Volke. Böser Geist hinter Gretchen.*

How my poor heart is troubled in me,
how fears and longings undermine me?
Only thou knowest, only thou!

Wherever I may go,
what woe, what woe, what woe
is growing beneath my heart!
Alas, I am hardly alone,
I moan, I moan, I moan
and my heart falls apart.

The flowerpots in my window
I watered with tears, ah me,
when in the early morning
I picked these flowers for thee.

Not sooner in my bedroom
the sun's first rays were shed
than I in deepest sorrow
sat waking on my bed.

Save me from shame and death in one!
Ah, bow down
thou of the woeful crown,
thy gracious face on me undone.

No. 3: Scene in the Cathedral

*Organ and anthem. Gretchen in the congregation.
An Evil Spirit whispers to her over her shoulder.*

Böser Geist

4 Wie anders, Gretchen, war dir's,
als du noch voll Unschuld
hier zum Altar tratst,
aus dem vergriff'nen Büchelchen
Gebete lalltest,
halb Kinderspiele,
halb Gott im Herzen!
Gretchen!
Wo steht dein Kopf?

Gretchen

Weh! Weh!
Wär' ich der Gedanken los,
die mir herüber- und hinübergehn
wider mich!

Böser Geist

In deinem Herzen
welche Missetat?
Bet'st du für deiner Mutter Seele, die
durch dich zur langen, langen Pein
hinüberschließ?
Auf deiner Schwelle wessen Blut?
– Und unter deinem Herzen
regt sich's nicht quillend schon
und ängstigt dich und sich
mit ahnungsvoller Gegenwart?

Evil Spirit

How different it all was,
Gretchen, when you came here
all innocent to the altar,
out of the worn-out little book
lispng your prayers,
half a child's game,
half God in the heart!
Gretchen!
How is your head?

Gretchen

Alas! Alas!
If I could get rid of the thoughts
which course through my head
hither and thither.

Evil Spirit

And your heart –
what are its crimes?
Do you pray for your mother's soul,
who thanks to you and your sleeping draught
overslept into a long, long pain?
And whose blood stains your threshold?
Yes, and already under your heart does it not
grow and quicken
and torture itself and you
with its foreboding presence?

Chor

Dies irae, dies illa
solvet saeclum in favilla.

Böser Geist

Grimm faßt dich!
Die Posaune tönt!
Die Gräber beben!
Und dein Herz,
aus Aschenruh'
zu Flammenqualen
wieder aufgeschaffen,
bebt auf!

Gretchen

Wär' ich hier weg!
Mir ist, als ob die Orgel mir
den Atem versetzte,
Gesang mein Herz
im Tiefsten löste.

Chor

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Gretchen

Mir wird so eng!
Die Mauernpfeiler
befangen mich!

Choir

Dies irae, dies illa,
solvet saeclum in favilla.

Evil Spirit

Agony seizes you!
The trumpet sounds!
The graves tremble!
And your heart
from its ashen rest
to fiery torment
comes up recreated
trembling too!

Gretchen

Oh to escape from here!
I feel as if the organ
were stifling me,
and the music dissolving
my heart in its depths.

Choir

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Gretchen

I cannot breathe!
The pillars of the walls are
round my throat!

Das Gewölbe
drängt mich! – Luft!

Böser Geist

Verbirg dich! Sünd' und Schand'
bleibt nicht verborgen.
Luft? Licht?
Weh dir!

Chor

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?

Böser Geist

Ihr Antlitz wenden
Verklärte von dir ab.
Die Hände dir zu reichen
schauert's den Reinen,
Weh!

Chor

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

Gretchen

Nachbarin! Euer Fläschchen!
Sie fällt in Ohnmacht.

Chor

Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus?

The vaulted roof
chokes me! – Air!

Evil Spirit

Hide yourself! Nor sin nor shame
remains hidden.
Air? Light?
Woe to you!

Choir

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus?

Evil Spirit

The blessed
turn their faces from you.
The pure shudder
to reach out their hands to you,
Woe!

Choir

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

Gretchen

Neighbour! Your smelling bottle!
She faints.

Choir

Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

ZWEITE ABTEILUNG

Nr. 4: Ariel. Sonnenaufgang

*Anmutige Gegend. Faust auf blumigen Rasen
gebettet, ermüdet, unruhig, schlafsuchend.
Dämmerung. Geisterkreis schwebend
bewegt, anmutige kleine Gestalten.*

Ariel

5 Die ihr dies Haupt umschwebt im luft'gen
Kreise,
erzeigt euch hier nach edler Elfen Weise:
Besänftiget des Herzens grimmen Strauß,
entfernt des Vorwurfs glühend bitt're Pfeile,

sein Inn'res reinigt von erlebtem Graus.
V i e r sind die Pausen nächtiger Weile,
nun ohne Säumen füllt sie freundlich aus.
Erst senkt sein Haupt auf's kühle Polster
nieder,
dann badet ihn im Tau aus Lethes Flut;
gelenk sind bald die krampferstarrten
Glieder,
wenn er gestärkt dem Tag entgegenruht;
vollbringt der Elfen schönste Pflicht,
gebt ihn zurück dem heil'gen Licht!

Chor, Solo-Stimmen

Wenn sich lau die Lüfte füllen
um den grünumschränkten Plan,

PART TWO

No. 4: Ariel. Sunrise

*A pleasant landscape. Faust, bedded on flowery
turf, tired, restless, trying to sleep. Twilight.
Graceful little spirits hover in a circle
around him.*

Ariel

You who float round this head in airy
circles,
show him the kindness of the noble elf,
assuage the strife that makes his heart aghast,
fend off the poisoned shafts of the mind that
blames itself,
and cleanse his soul from the horror of his past!
Night has four phases in her flow;
now fill them with your friendship, do not tarry!
First lay his head on cushions cool and low,

then bathe him in the dew from Lethe's source;
the cramped and stiffened body soon grows
supple
as it rests to face the day, regains its force.
Your fairest task, ply it aright;
restore him to the sacred light.

Soloists, Chorus

When the air comes warmly wafting
round the green-invested plains

süße Düfte, Nebelhüllen
senkt die Dämmerung heran.
Lispelt leise süßen Frieden,
wiegt das Herz in Kindesruh',
und den Augen dieses Müden
schließt des Tages Pforte zu.

Nacht ist schon hereingesunken,
schließt sich heilig Stern an Stern,
große Lichter, kleine Funken
glitzern nah und glänzen fern;
glitzern hier im See sich spiegelnd,
glänzen droben klarer Nacht,
tiefsten Ruhens Glück besiegelnd
herrscht des Mondes volle Pracht.

Schon verloschen sind die Stunden,
hingeschwunden Schmerz und Glück;
fühl es vor! Du wirst gesunden;
traue neuem Tagesblick!
Täler grünen, Hügel schwellen,
buschen sich zu Schattenruh';
und in schwanken Silberwellen
wogt die Saat der Ernte zu.

Wunsch um Wünsche zu erlangen,
schaue nach dem Glanze dort!
Leise bist du nur umfängen,
Schlaf ist Schale, wirf sie fort!

veils of mist and twilight perfumes
sweetly drop as daylight wanes;
rock his heart as in a cradle,
sweetly whisper songs of peace,
and upon his weary eyelids
close the gates – let daylight cease.

Night already has descended
holy star joins holy star.
Luminaries great and little
glitter near and gleam afar.
Glitter here in lakes reflected,
gleam aloft in limpid night;
while the full moon seals the sleeper
deep with sovereign pomp of light.

Now the hours have been extinguished.
Weal and woe are swept away
Feel ahead! your ills are ended!
Trust the new appearing day!
Vales are greening, hills are swelling,
clumps of shadow and repose;
and the corn in silver ripples
towards a golden harvest flows.

Wish on wish, if you would win them,
yonder watch the burst of day!
The husk of sleep is only lightly
round you – Cast the husk away!

Säume nicht, dich zu erdreisten,
wenn die Menge zaudernd schweift!
Alles kann der Edle leisten,
der versteht und rasch ergreift.

*Ungeheures Getöse verkündet das
Herannahen der Sonne.*

Ariel

Horchet! horcht dem Sturm der Horen!
Tönend wird für Geistesohren
schon der neue Tag geboren.
Felsentore knarren rasselnd,
welch Getöse bringt das Licht!
Es trommetet, es posaunet,
Auge blinzelt und Ohr erstaunet,
Unerhörtes hört sich nicht.
Schlüpfet zu den Blumenkronen,
tiefer, tiefer, still zu wohnen,
in die Felsen, unter's Laub!
Trifft es euch, so seid ihr taub.

Faust

- 6 Des Lebens Pulse schlagen frisch-lebendig,
äther'sche Dämmerung milde zu begrüßen;
du, Erde, warst auch diese Nacht
beständig
und atmest neu erquickt zu meinen Füßen,
beginnest schon mit Lust mich zu umgeben,

Common folk may drag and dally;
you be speedy, you be bold!
The world is for the lofty spirit
dare he know it and take hold.

*A tremendous noise heralds the approach of
the sun.*

Ariel

Hearken! Hark to the storm of the hours!
Ringing out for spirits' ears
now the new-born day appears.
Doors of granite clang and toll,
to what clangour dawn gives reign!
Drums and trumpets far resounding,
dazzling, deafening, dumbfounding,
things unheard should so remain,
into bells of blossom creep,
lie there quiet, deep and deep,
into rock and under leaf;
if it strike you, you are deaf.

Faust

Life's pulses beat, fresh and alive and royal,
beneath these skies of dawn they kindly greet;
you, Earth, through this night also you were
loyal
and breathe forth resurrection at my feet,
beginning so soon to clasp me round with
pleasure

du regst und rührst ein kräftiges Beschließen,
zum höchsten Dasein immerfort zu streben.

Hinaufgeschaut! – Der Berge Gipfelriesen

verkünden schon die feierlichste Stunde;
sie dürfen früh des ewigen Lichts genießen,
das später sich zu uns herniederwendet.
Jetzt zu der Alpe grüngesenkten Wiesen
wird neuer Glanz und Deutlichkeit
gespendet,
und stufenweis' herab ist es gelungen; –

sie tritt hervor! – und, leider, schon
geblendet,
kehr ich mich weg, vom Augenschmerz
durchdrungen.

So ist es also, wenn ein sehnd Hoffen
dem höchsten Wunsch sich traulich
zugerungen,
Erfüllungspforten findet flügeloffen;

nun aber bricht aus jenen ewigen Gründen
ein Flammenübermaß, wir stehn
betroffen;
des Lebens Fackel wollten wir entzünden,
ein Feuermeer umschlingt uns, welch ein
Feuer!

stirring and summoning a strong resolve
ever to strive for life in highest measure.

Look up at the peaks! – Behold their
annunciation
of that most solemn hour – for now unfurls
the eternal light, their early perquisite,
which moves down later to our lower station.
And now the alpine pastures, slopes of green,
are blessed with the sharp sheen of renovation,

that step by step its downward course
advances –
the sun strides forth! and, already dazed, I turn
my smarting eyes aside from his fierce glances.

So is it too when hope by yearning hounded
trusts and thrusts for its highest goal and
chances
to find the gates wing-open, the field
unbounded;
but now there bursts from that eternal porch
a superabundance of flame, we stand
confounded;
our aim was life, we wished to light the torch,
and a sea of fire laps round us – beyond
measure!

Ist's Lieb'? ist's Haß? die glühend uns
umwinden,
mit Schmerz und Freuden wechselnd
ungeheuer,
so daß wir wieder nach der Erde blicken,
zu bergen uns in jugendlichstem Schleier.

So bleibe denn die Sonne mir im Rücken!
Der Wassersturz, das Felsenriff
durchbrausend,
ihn schau ich an mit wachsendem
Entzücken.
von Sturz zu Stürzen wälzt er jetzt in
tausend,
dann abertausend Strömen sich ergießend,
hoch in die Lüfte, Schaum an Schäume
sausend.
Allein wie herrlich, diesem Sturm
ersprießend,
wölbt sich des bunten Bogens Wechseldauer,
bald rein gezeichnet, bald in Luft zerfließend,
umher verbreitend duftig kühle Schauer!
Der spiegelt ab das menschliche Bestreben.
Ihm sinne nach, und du begreifst genauer:
Am farbigen Abglanz haben wir das Leben.

is it love? Or hate? which burn and turn about
us in
monstrous changing tides of pain and pleasure,
so that we look again to earth to shroud us
in that cloak of youth which is earth's oldest
treasure.

Let then the sun remain at my back behind me!
The waterfall the crag sends downward
roaring
I watch with a growing joy, a joy to blind me:
now from fall to fall it rolls in a thousand
and now in tens of thousand streamlets pouring
while jets of spray on spray go skyward
soaring.
And yet how nobly from this splash and pelting
the changing permanence of the rainbow
flowers,
now clearly drawn, now into vapour melting,
spreading around it cool and fragrant showers.
This bow will serve to image man's endeavour,
think on it and you grasp what lot is ours:
reflected colour forms our life for ever.

Nr. 5: Mitternacht

Vier graue Weiber treten auf.

Erste

7 Ich heiße der Mangel.

Zweite

Ich heiße die Schuld.

Dritte

Ich heiße die Sorge.

Vierte

Ich heiße die Not.

Zu Drei

Die Tür ist verschlossen, wir können nicht ein.

Drin wohnt ein Reicher, wir mögen nicht 'nein.

Schuld

Da werd' ich zum Schatten.

Mangel

Da werd' ich zunicht'.

Not

Man wendet von mir das verwöhnte Gesicht.

No. 5: Midnight

Four Grey Women approach.

First

They call me Want.

Second

They call me Debt.

Third

They call me Care.

Fourth

They call me Need.

The First Three

The door is locked. And we cannot get in.

Nor do we want to, there's wealth within.

Debt

That makes me a shadow.

Want

That makes me naught.

Need

The pampered spare me never a thought.

Sorge

Ihr Schwestern, ihr könnt nicht und dürft nicht hinein;

Die Sorge, die schleicht sich durch's Schlüsselloch ein.

Sorge verschwindet.

Mangel

Ihr grauen Geschwister, entfernt euch von hier.

Schuld

Ganz nah' an der Seite verbind' ich mich dir.

Not

Ganz nah an der Ferse begleitet die Not.

Zu Drei

Es ziehen die Wolken, es schwinden die Sterne!

Dahinten, dahinten! von ferne, von ferne, da kommt er, der Bruder, da kommt er, der – Tod.

Faust

im Palast.

8 Vier sah ich kommen, drei nur gehn; den Sinn der Rede konnt' ich nicht verstehn. Es klang so nach, als hieß' es – Not, ein düstres Reimwort folgte – Tod.

Care

My sisters, you cannot and may not get in.

But the keyhole there lets Care creep in.

Care vanishes.

Want

Come, grey sisters, away from here!

Debt

Debt at your side as close as fear.

Need

And Need at your heels as close as breath.

All Three

Drifting cloud and vanishing star!

Look yonder, look yonder! From far, from far, He's coming, our brother, he's coming ... Death.

Faust

in the palace:

Where four came hither, but three go hence; I heard them speak, I could not catch the sense. An echoing word resembling 'breath' - and a dark rhyme-word followed: "Death"

Es tönte hohl, gespensterhaft gedämpft.
Noch hab' ich mich ins Freie nicht gekämpft.
Könnt' ich Magie von meinem Pfad
entfernen,

die Zaubersprüche ganz und gar verlernen,
stünd' ich, Natur, vor dir ein Mann allein,
da wär's der Mühe wert, ein Mensch zu sein!

Das war ich sonst, eh' ich's im Düstern
suchte,
mit Frevelwort mich und die Welt
verfluchte.

Nun ist die Luft von solchem Spuk so voll,
daß niemand weiß, wie er ihn meiden soll.

Von Aberglauben früh und spät umgarnt:
es eignet sich, es zeigt sich an, es warnt!
Und so verschüchtert, stehen wir allein.
Die Pforte knarrt, und niemand kommt
herein.

Erschüttert.
Ist jemand hier?

Sorge
Die Frage fordert Ja!

Faust
Und du, wer bist denn du?

A hollow, muffled, spectral sound to hear.
Nor yet have I fought my way out to the air.
All magic – from my path if I could spurn it,

all incantation – once for all unlearn it,
to face you, Nature, as one man of men –
it would be worth it to be human then.

As I was once, before I probed the hidden,

and cursed my world and self with words
forbidden,

but now such spectredom so throngs the air
that none knows how to dodge it, none knows
where.

Enmeshed in superstition night and morn,
it forms and shows itself and comes to warn.
And we, so scare, stand without friend or kin,
and the door creaks – and nobody comes in.

He staggers.
Anyone here?

Care
The answer should be clear.

Faust
And you, who are you then?

Sorge
Bin einmal da.

Faust
Entferne dich!

Sorge
Ich bin am rechten Ort.

Faust
erst ergrimmt, dann besänftigt, für sich.
Nimm dich in acht und sprich kein
Zauberwort!

Sorge
Würde mich kein Ohr vernehmen,
müßt' es doch im Herzen dröhnen;
in verwandelter Gestalt
üb ich grimmige Gewalt.
Auf den Pfaden, auf der Welle,
ewig ängstlicher Geselle,
stets gefunden, nie gesucht,
so geschmeichelt wie verflucht. –
Hast du die Sorge nie gekannt?

Faust
Ich bin nur durch die Welt gerannt;
ein jed Gelüst ergriff ich bei den Haaren,
was nicht genügte, ließ ich fahren,
was mir entwischte, ließ ich ziehn.
Ich habe nur begehrt und nur vollbracht,

Care
I am just here.

Faust
Take yourself off!

Care
This is where I belong.

Faust
at first angry, then recovering, to himself:
Take care, Faust, speak no magic spell, be strong!

Care
Though to me no ear would harken
echoes through the heart must darken;
changing shape from hour to hour
I employ my savage power.
On the road or on the sea,
constant fearful company,
never looked for, always found,
cursed – but flattered by the sound.
Care? Have you never met with Care?

Faust
I have only galloped through the world
and clutched each lust and longing by the hair;
what did not please me, I let go,
what flowed away, I let it flow
I have only felt, only fulfilled desire,

und abermals gewünscht, und so mit Macht
mein Leben durchgestürmt: erst groß und
mächtig,
nun aber geht es weise, geht bedächtig.

Sorge

Wen ich einmal mir besitze,
dem ist alle Welt nichts nütze:
ewiges Düstre steigt herunter,
Sonne geht nicht auf noch unter,
bei vollkommenen äußern Sinnen
wohnen Finsternisse drinnen,
und er weiß von allen Schätzen
sich nicht in Besitz zu setzen.
Glück und Unglück wird zur Grille,
er verhungert in der Fülle,
sei es Wonne, sei es Plage,
schiebt er's zu dem andern Tage,
ist der Zukunft nur gewärtig,
und so wird er niemals fertig.

Faust

Unselige Gespenster! so behandelt ihr
das menschliche Geschlecht zu tausend
Malen;
gleichgültige Tage selbst verwandelt ihr
in garst'gen Wirrwarr netzumstrickter
Qualen.
Dämonen, weiß ich, wird man schwerlich
los,

and once again desired and thus with power
have stormed my way through life; first great
and strong
now moving sagely, prudently along.

Care

Whomsoever I possess,
finds the world but nothingness;
gloom descends on him for ever,
seeing sunrise, sunset, never;
though his senses are not wrong,
darknesses within him throng,
who – of all that he may own –
never owns himself alone.
Luck, ill luck become but fancy;
starving in the midst of plenty,
be it rapture, be it sorrow
he postpones it till to-morrow,
fixed upon futurity,
can never really come to be.

Faust

You outcast phantoms! Thus a thousand times
you lead the human race into illusion;

even indifferent days you thus transform
to nets of torment, nightmares of confusion.

Demons, I know, are hardly shaken off,

das geistig-strenge Band ist nicht zu
trennen;
doch deine Macht, o Sorge, schleichend
groß,
ich werde sie nicht anerkennen!

Sorge

Erfahre sie, wie ich geschwind
mich mit Verwünschung von dir wende!
Die Menschen sind im ganzen Leben blind:

Nun, Fauste, werde du's am Ende!
Sie haucht ihn an.

Faust

erblindet.

9 Die Nacht scheint tiefer tief
hereinzudringen,
allein im Innern leuchtet helles Licht:
Was ich gedacht, ich eil' es zu vollbringen;
des Herren Wort, es gibt allein Gewicht.
Vom Lager auf, ihr Knechte! Mann für Mann!
Laßt glücklich schauen, was ich kühn ersann!
Ergreift das Werkzeug! Schaufel rührt und
Spaten!

Das Abgesteckte muß sogleich geraten.
Auf strenges Ordnen, raschen Fleiß
erfolgt der allerschönste Preis;
daß sich das größte Werk vollende,
genügt e i n Geist für tausend Hände.

their ghostly gripping bonds man cannot
sever;
but you, O Care, your power that creeps and
grows
I shall not recognize it ever.

Care

Then feel it now! As, leaving you,
this final curse on you I cast.
the human race are blind their whole life
through;
now, Faust, let you be blind at last.
She breathes upon him.

Faust

blinded:

The night seems pressing in more thickly,
thickly,
yet in my inmost heart a light shines clear;
what I have planned, I must complete it quickly,
only the master's word is weighty here.
Up and to work, my men! Each man of you!
And bring my bold conception to full view.
Take up your tools and toil with pick and spade!

What has been outlined must at once be made.
Good order, active diligence,
ensure the fairest recompense;
that this vast work completion find,
a thousand hands need but one mind.

Nr. 6: Fausts Tod

Großer Vorhof des Palasts. Fackeln.

Mephistopheles

als Aufseher voran.

10 Herbei, herbei! Herein, herein!
Ihr schlotternden Lemuren,
aus Bändern, Sehnen und Gebein
geflickte Halbnaturen!

Lemuren

Wir treten dir sogleich zur Hand,
und wie wir halb vernommen,
es gilt wohl gar ein weites Land,
das sollen wir bekommen.

Gespitzte Pfähle, die sind da,
die Kette lang zum Messen;
warum an uns der Ruf geschah,
das haben wir vergessen.

Mephistopheles

Hier gilt kein künstlerisch Bemühn;
verfahret nur nach eignen Maßen:
Der Längste lege längelang sich hin,
ihr andern lüftet ringsumher den Rasen!
Wie man's für unsre Väter tat,
vertieft ein längliches Quadrat!
Aus dem Palast ins enge Haus:
So dumm läuft es am Ende doch hinaus.

No. 6: Faust's Death

Great Forecourt of the Palace. Torches.

Mephistopheles

leading the way, as foreman:

Come on, come on! Come in, come in!
you gangling gang of Lemurs,
you half-alives patched up with thin
sinews and skulls and femurs.

Lemurs

You call us, here we are at hand;
and, as we understand it,
we stand to win a stretch of land
intended as our mandate.

Our pointed staves we have them here,
our chain to measure sections,
but why you called on us, we fear,
has slipped our recollections.

Mephistopheles

Artistic efforts we can spare;
and just let each one's nature guide him!
Let now the longest lie his length down there,
you others prise away the turf beside him;
as for your forbears long asleep,
dig you an oblong, long and deep.
To narrow house from palace hall
is such a stupid way to end it all.

Lemuren

mit neckischen Gebärden grabend.

Wie jung ich war und lebt' und liebt',
mich deucht, das war wohl süße!
Wo's fröhlich klang und lustig ging,
da rührten sich meine Füße.
Nun hat das tückische Alter mich
mit seiner Krücke getroffen;
Ich stolpert' über Grabes Tür;
warum stand sie just offen!

Faust

*aus dem Palaste tretend, tastet an den
Türpfosten.*

Wie das Geklirr der Spaten mich ergötzt!
Es ist die Menge, die mir frönet,
die Erde mit sich selbst versöhnet,
den Wellen ihre Grenze setzt,
das Meer mit strengem Band umzieht.

Mephistopheles

beiseite.

Du bist doch nur für uns bemüht
mit deinen Dämmen, deinen Bühnen;
denn du bereitest schon Neptunen,
dem Wasserteufel, großen Schmaus.
In jeder Art seid ihr verloren:
Die Elemente sind mit uns verschworen,
und auf Vernichtung läuft's hinaus!

Lemurs

beginning to dig, with mocking gestures:

When I was young and lived and loved,
methought it was passing sweet;
in the merry rout and roundabout
there would I twirl my feet.
But sneaking Age has upped his crutch
and downed me unaware;
I stumbled over the door of the grave –
why was it open there?

Faust

*coming from the palace, groping for the
doorposts:*

Oh how this clink of spades rejoices me!
For that is my conscripted labour,
the earth is now her own good neighbour
and sets the waves a boundary –
confinement strict and strenuous.

Mephistopheles

aside:

And yet you've only toiled for us
with all your damming, all your dyking –
spreading a feast to Neptune's liking
to glut that water-demon's maw,
In all respects you're lost and stranded,
the elements with us have banded –
annihilation is the law.

Faust

Aufseher!

Mephistopheles

Hier!

Faust

Wie es auch möglich sei,
Arbeiter schaffe Meng' auf Menge.
Ermuntre durch Genuß und Strenge,
bezahle, locke, presse bei!
Mit jedem Tage will ich Nachricht haben,
wie sich verlängt der unternomm'ne
Graben.

Mephistopheles*half loud.*

Man spricht, wie man mir Nachricht gab,
von keinem Graben, doch vom Grab.

Faust

- [11] Ein Sumpf zieht am Gebirge hin,
verpestet alles schon Errung'ne;
den faulen Pfuhl auch abzuziehn,
das letzte wär das Höchsterrung'ne.
Eröffn' ich Räume vielen Millionen,
nicht sicher zwar, doch tätig-frei zu wohnen.
Grün das Gefilde, fruchtbar! Mensch und
Herde
behaglich auf der neusten Erde,
gleich angesiedelt an des Hügels Kraft,

Faust

Foreman!

Mephistopheles

Here!

Faust

Use every means you can;
bring all your gangs up and exhort them –
threaten them if you like or court them –
but pay or woo or force each man!
And day by day send word to me, assessing
how my intended earthworks are progressing.

Mephistopheles*half aloud:*

The word today, from what I've heard,
is not 'intended' but 'interred'.

Faust

A swamp along the mountains' flank
makes all my previous gains contaminate.
my deeds, if I could drain this sink,
would culminate as well as terminate:
to open to the millions living space,
not danger-proof but free to run their race.
Green fields and fruitful; men and cattle hiving
upon this newest earth and thriving,
settled at once beneath this sheltering hill

den aufgewälzt kühn-ems'ge Völkerschaft!
Im Innern hier ein paradiesisch Land:
Da rase draußen Flut bis auf zum Rand!
Und wie sie nascht, gewaltsam
einzuschießen,
Gemeindrang eilt, die Lücke zu verschließen.
Ja! diesem Sinne bin ich ganz ergeben,
das ist der Weisheit letzter Schluß:
Nur der verdient sich Freiheit wie das
Leben,
der täglich sie erobern muß!
Und so verbringt, umrungen von Gefahr,
hier Kindheit, Mann und Greis sein tüchtig
Jahr.

Solch ein Gewimmel möcht' ich sehn,
auf freiem Grund mit freiem Volke stehn!
Zum Augenblicke dürft' ich sagen:
"Verweile doch, du bist so schön!"
Es kann die Spur von meinen Erdentagen
nicht in Äonen untergehn.
Im Vorgefühl von solchem hohen Glück
genieß' ich jetzt den höchsten Augenblick.
*Faust sinkt zurück, die Lemuren fassen ihn
und legen ihn auf den Boden.*

Mephistopheles

- [12] Ihn sättigt keine Lust, ihm g'nügt kein Glück,
so buhlt er fort nach wechselnden
Gestalten;

heaped by the masses' brave and busy skill.
With such a heavenly land behind this hedge,
the sea beyond may bluster to its edge
and, as it gnaws to swamp the work of masons,

to stop the gap one common impulse hastens.
Aye! Wedded to this concept like a wife,
I find this wisdom's final form:
he only earns his freedom and his life

who takes them every day by storm.
And so a man, beset by dangers here,
as child, man, old man, spends his manly year.

Oh to see such activity,
treading free ground with people that are free!
Then could I bid the passing moment:
'Linger a while, thou art so fair!'
The traces of my earthly days can never
sink in the aeons unaware.
And I, who feel ahead such heights of bliss,
at last enjoy my highest moment – this.
*Faust sinks back; the Lemurs seize him and lay
him on the ground.*

Mephistopheles

By no joy sated, filled by no success,
still whoring after shapes that flutter past,

den letzten, schlechten, leeren Augenblick,
der Arme wünscht ihn festzuhalten.
Der mir so kräftig widerstand,
die Zeit wird Herr: der Greis hier liegt im
Sand!

Die Uhr steht still –

Chor

Steht still! Sie schweigt wie Mitternacht.
Der Zeiger fällt.

Mephistopheles

Er fällt, es ist vollbracht.

Chor

Es ist vollbracht.

CD2

DRITTE ABTEILUNG

Nr. 7: Fausts Verklärung

*Bergschluchten. Wald, Fels, Einöde. Heilige
Anachoreten, gebirgauf verteilt, gelagert
zwischen Klüften.*

I

Chor und Echo

- [1] Waldung, sie schwankt heran,
Felsen, sie lasten dran,
Wurzeln, sie klammern an,

this last ill moment of sheer emptiness
the poor man yearns to hold it fast.
He who withstood me with such strength,
time masters him and here he lies his length.

The clock stands still –

Chorus

Stands still! Like midnight silent, stilled.
Its hand drops down.

Mephistopheles

Drops down; it is fulfilled.

Chorus

It is fulfilled!

PART THREE

No. 7: Faust's Transfiguration

*Mountain gorges. Forest, Rock, Wilderness. Holy
anchorites, disposed here and there at different
heights among the chasms.*

I

Chorus and Echo

Woods clamber tremblingly,
crags bear down weightily,
roots cling tenaciously,

Stamm dicht an Stamm hinan.
Woge nach Woge spritzt,
Höhle, die tiefste, schützt.
Löwen, sie schleichen stumm-
freundlich um uns herum,
ehren den geweihten Ort,
heiligen Liebeshort.

II

Pater Ecstasticus

auf und ab schwebend.

- [2] Ewiger Wonnebrand,
glühendes Lieband,
siedender Schmerz der Brust,
schäumende Gotteslust!
Pfeile, durchdringt mich,
Lanzen, bezwinget mich,
Keulen, zerschmettert mich,
Blitze, durchwettert mich!
Daß ja das Nichteige
alles verflüchtige,
glänze der Dauerstern,
ewiger Liebe Kern!

III

Pater Profundus

tiefe Region.

- [3] Wie Felsenabgrund mir zu Füßen
auf tiefem Abgrund lastend ruht,

trunks make a density;
spurting of wave on wave –
deep lies our hermits' cave,
lions around in dumb
friendliness gently come,
honour our sanctuary,
love's holy privacy.

II

Pater Ecstasticus

floating up and down:

Rapture which yearns ever,
love-bond which burns ever,
pain in me seething up,
love of God foaming up.
Arrows, pierce through me and,
lances, subdue me and,
clubs, leave no form in me,
thunderstorms, storm in me!
That now the Nothingness
drown all in emptiness,
one constant star must shine,
kernel of love divine.

III

Pater Profundus

from the depths:

As at my feet a craggy chasm
weighs on a deeper chasm's prop,

wie tausend Bäche strahlend fließen
zum grausen Sturz des Schaums der Flut,
wie strack, mit eig'nem kräft'gem Triebe,
der Stamm sich in die Lüfte trägt:
So ist es die allmächt'ge Liebe,
die alles bildet, alles hegt.

Ist um mich her ein wildes Brausen,
als wogte Wald und Felsengrund,
und doch stürzt, liebevoll im Sausen,
die Wasserfülle sich zum Schlund,
berufen, gleich das Tal zu wässern;
der Blitz, der flammend niederschlug,
die Atmosphäre zu verbessern,
die Gift und Dunst im Busen trug:

Sind Liebesboten, sie verkünden,
was ewig schaffend uns umwallt.
Mein Inn'res mög' es auch entzünden,
wo sich der Geist, verworren-kalt,
verquält in stumpfer Sinne Schranken
scharfangeschloßnem Kettenschmerz!
O Gott, beschwicht'ge die Gedanken,
erleuchte mein bedürftig Herz!

Pater Seraphicus

mittlere Region.

Welch ein Morgenwölkchen schwebet
durch der Tannen schwankend Haar?
ahn' ich, was im Innern lebet?
Es ist junge Geisterschar.

as streams in thousands flow and sparkle
towards the dread rapids' foaming drop,
as with its own strong urge the tree-trunk
climbs up the air, erect and tall,
even so is that almighty love
which all things forms and fosters all.

Around me here a frantic rushing
makes wood and cleft a stormy sea
yet full of love the water's fullness
roars as it plumbs the cavity,
ordained to straightway feed the valley;
the thunderbolt which crashed in flame
to cleanse the air which bore within it
poison and evil mists, these same

are messengers of love, announcing
what round us ever moves and makes.
May that light kindle too within me
where the cold spirit gropes and quakes,
self-racked in body's bonds of dullness,
riveted fast in chains that smart.
O God, have mercy on my thoughts,
give light to my impoverished heart!

Pater Seraphicus

at a middle height:

What a morning cloudlet hovers
through the pine-trees' waving hair!
I divine what lives within it –
newborn souls are gathered there.

Chor Seliger Knaben

Sag uns, Vater, wo wir wallen,
sag uns, Guter, wer wir sind.

Pater Seraphicus

Knaben, Mitternachtsgeborene,
halb erschlossen Geist und Sinn,
für die Eltern gleich Verlorne,
für die Engel zum Gewinn!

Selige Knaben

Glücklich sind wir: Allen, allen
ist das Dasein so gelind.

Pater Seraphicus

Daß ein Liebender zugegen,
fühlt ihr wohl, so naht euch nur!
Doch von schroffen Erdewegen,
Glückliche! habt ihr keine Spur.
Steigt herab in meiner Augen
welt- und erdgemäß Organ,
könnt' sie als die euren brauchen,
schaut euch diese Gegend an!
Er nimmt sie in sich.
Das sind Bäume, das sind Felsen,
Wasserstrom, der abestürzt
und mit ungeheurem Wälzen
sich den steilen Weg verkürzt.

Chorus of Blessed Boys

Tell us, Father, where we
wander,
tell us, good one, who we are!

Pater Seraphicus

Innocents, who, born at midnight
with half-opened soul and brain,
were at once your parents' loss,
were at once the angels' gain.

Chorus of Blessed Boys

All of us are happy, living
in a state that naught can mar.

Pater Seraphicus

That a living man is present,
that you feel, so draw you near!
Though earth's rugged ways are barred you,
alien to your happy sphere.
Climb up then into my eyes –
organ matching world and earth;
see this region, using mine
for the eyes you lost at birth.
He takes them into himself.
Those are trees – and those are crags –
see that river plunging deep,
which with its enormous welter
delves a passage, short though deep.

Selige Knaben

von innen.

Das ist mächtig anzuschauen,
doch zu düster ist der Ort,
schüttelt uns mit Schreck und Grauen,
Eidler, Guter, laß uns fort!

Pater Seraphicus

Steigt hinan zu höh'rem Kreise,
wachset immer unvermerkt,
wie, nach ewig reiner Weise,
Gottes Gegenwart verstärkt.
Denn das ist der Geister Nahrung,
die im freisten Äther waltet:
Ewigen Liebens Offenbarung,
die zur Seligkeit entfaltet.

Selige Knaben

um die höchsten Gipfel kreisend.
Hände verschlinget
freudig zum Ringverein,
regt euch und singet
heil'ge Gefühle drein!
Göttlich belehret,
dürft ihr vertrauen;
den ihr verehret,
werdet ihr schauen.

Blessed Boys

from inside him:

Yes, that is a mighty prospect –
but too sad this world below,
shaking us with fear and horror,
Reverend father, let us go!

Pater Seraphicus

Aye, ascend to higher circles
ever grow invisibly,
God's presence makes you stronger
through eternal purity.
It is this which feeds the spirit,
rules the heights of revelation:
window into love eternal
opening upon salvation!

Blessed Boys

circling round the highest peak:
Joyfully gyring
dance ye in union!
Hands linked and choring
blessed communion!
Pattern before you,
godly, to cheer you.
Whom you adore
you shall soon see near you.

IV

Engel

*schwebend in der höheren Atmosphäre,
Faustens Unsterbliches tragend.*

- 4 Gerettet ist das edle Glied
der Geisterwelt vom Bösen:
Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,
den können wir erlösen!
Und hat an ihm die Liebe gar
von oben teilgenommen,
begegnet ihm die sel'ge Schar
mit herzlichem Willkommen.

Die Jüngerer Engel (Solo-Sopran, Chor)

Jene Rosen aus den Händen
liebend-heiliger Büsserinnen,
halfen uns den Sieg gewinnen
und das hohe Werk vollenden,
diesen Seelenschatz erbeuten.
Böse wichen, als wir streuten.
Teufel flohen, als wir trafen.
Statt gewohnter Höllenstrafen
fühlten Liebesqual die Geister;
selbst der alte Satansmeister
war von spitzer Pein durchdrungen.
Jauchzet auf! es ist gelungen.

IV

Angels

*floating in the higher air, carrying the
immortal part of Faust:*

Saved now is that precious part
of our spirit world from evil:
Should a man strive with all his heart,
heaven can foil the devil.
And if love also from on high
has helped him through his sorrow,
the hallowed legions of the sky
will give him glad good morrow.

The Younger Angels (Solo Soprano, chorus)

Those roses, their donation –
loving-holy penitent women –
helped us to defeat Apollyon,
brought our work to consummation
this priceless spirit's capture.
Devils, as we scattered raptured,
struck by roses, fled in panic,
feeling not their pains Satanic
but the pains of love's disaster;
even that old Satan-master
felt a torment arrowed, marrowed
Alleluia! Hell is harrowed.

**Die Vollendeteren Engel
(Tenor- und Baß-Solo, Chor)**

Uns bleibt ein Erdenrest
zu tragen peinlich,
und wär' er von Asbest,
er ist nicht reinlich.
Wenn starke Geisteskraft
die Elemente
an sich herangerafft,
kein Engel trennte
geeinte Zwienatur
der innigen beiden:
Die ewige Liebe nur
vermag's zu scheiden.

**Die Jüngeren Engel
(Solo-Stimmen, Chor)**

Nebelnd um Felsenhöh'
spür' ich soeben
regend sich in der Näh'
ein Geisterleben.
Die Wölkchen werden klar:
Ich seh' bewegte Schar
seliger Knaben,
los von der Erde Druck,
im Kreis gesellt,
die sich erlaben
am Lenz und Schmuck
der obern Welt.

**The More Perfect Angels
(Tenor Solo, Bass Solo, chorus)**

This scrap of earth, alas,
we must convey it.
were it asbestos, yet
earth would alloy it.
When soul's dynamic force
has drawn up matter
into itself, then no
angel could shatter
the bonds of that twoness
the oneness that tied it;
eternal love alone
knows to divide it.

**The Younger Angels
(Solo Voices, chorus)**

Close, round the mountain top,
to my perceiving
moves like a mist a
spiritual living.
Those clouds are turning bright,
I see a sainted flight:
children
unmeshed from meshes of earth,
they fly in a ring,
being refreshed from
Heaven's rebirth they
bask in its spring.

Sei er zum Anbeginn,
steigendem Vollgewinn
diesen gesellt!

Die Seligen Knaben

Freudig empfangen wir
diesen im Puppenstand;
also erlangen wir
englisches Unterpfind.
Löset die Flocken los,
die ihn umgeben!
Schon ist er schön und groß
von heil'gem Leben.

Solo-Stimmen, Chor

Gerettet ist das edle Glied
der Geisterschar vom Bösen:
Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,
den können wir erlösen!

V

Doctor Marianus

in der höchsten, reinlichsten Zelle.

- 5 Hier ist die Aussicht frei,
der Geist erhoben.
Dort ziehen Fraun vorbei,
schwebend nach oben.
Die Herrliche mitteninn
im Sternenkranze,
die Himmelskönigin:

Faust, to begin to rise,
towards highest Paradise,
with them must wing.

The Blessed Boys

Gladly receiving this
chrysalis entity,
now we achieve, in this,
angels' identity.
Let the cocoon which is
round him be broken!
Great! Fair! How soon he is
heaven-awoken!

Solo Voices, chorus

Saved now is that precious part
of our spirit world from evil.
Should a man strive with all his heart,
Heaven can foil the devil.

V

Doctor Marianus

in the highest, purest cell:
Here is the prospect free,
spirit-uplifting.
Yonder go women's shapes
over me drifting;
and, wreathed in her seven
bright stars, they attend her –
the High Queen of Heaven;

Ich seh's am Glanze.

Entzückt.

Höchste Herrscherin der Welt,
Lasse mich im blauen,
ausgespannten Himmelszelt
dein Geheimnis schauen!
Billige, was des Mannes Brust
ernst und zart beweget
und mit heiliger Liebeslust
dir entgegenträget.

Unbezwinglich unser Mut,
wenn du hehr gebietest;
plötzlich mildert sich die Glut,
wie du uns befriedest.
Jungfrau, rein im schönsten Sinn,
Mutter, Ehren würdig,
auserwählte Königin,
Göttern ebenbürtig.

Um sie verschlingen
sich leichte Wölkchen:
Sind Büsserinnen,
ein zartes Völkchen,
um ihre Kniee
den Äther schlüpfend,
Gnade bedürfend.

I gaze on her splendour.

entranced

Highest empress of the world,
let these blue and sacred
tents of heaven here unfurled
show me now thy secret!
Sanction that which in man's breast
soft and strong prepares him –
love which joyful, love which blest
towards thy presence bears him.

Thine august commands are such,
nothing can subdue us –
fires burn gentler at thy touch
should thy peace imbue us.
Virgin, pure as none are pure,
Mother, pearl of honour,
chosen as our Queen, the sure
Godhead stamped upon her!

Light clouds enlacing
circle her splendour –
These are the penitent
women, a tender
race. At thy knee,
sipping the air, they
call upon thee.

VI

Doctor Marianus

6 Dir, der Unberührbaren,
ist es nicht benommen,
daß die leicht Verführbaren
traulich zu dir kommen.

Chor

Dir, der Unberührbaren usw.

Doctor Marianus

In die Schwachheit hingerafft,
sind sie schwer zu retten;
wer zerreißt aus eigner Kraft
der Gelüste Ketten?

Wie entgleitet schnell der Fuß
schiefer, glattem Boden?
Wie betört nicht Blick und Gruß,
schmeichelhafter Odem?

Mater Gloriosa schwebt einher.

Chor der Büsserinnen

Du schwebst zu Höhen
der ewigen Reiche,
vernimm das Flehen,
du Ohnegleiche,
du Gnadenreiche!

VI

Doctor Marianus

Thou, albeit immaculate,
it is of thy fashion
that the easily seduced
sue to thy compassion.

Chorus

Thou, albeit immaculate, etc.

Doctor Marianus

Such whom frailty reft, are hard,
hard to save, if ever;
who can burst the bonds of lust
through his own endeavour?

Do not sliding gradients cause
sudden slips? What maiden
is not fooled by flattering glance,
tokens flattery-laden?

The Mater Gloriosa floats into vision.

Chorus of Penitent Women

Mary, in soaring
to kingdoms eternal,
hear our imploring,
thou beyond rival!
Fount of survival!

Magna Peccatrix

St. Lucae VII, 36

Bei der Liebe, die den Füßen
deines gottverklärten Sohnes
Tränen ließ zum Balsam fließen
trotz des Pharisäerhohnes,
beim Gefäße, das so reichlich
tropfte Wohlgeruch hernieder,
bei den Locken, die so weichlich
trockneten die heil'gen Glieder –

Mulier Samaritana

St. Joh. IV

Bei dem Bronn, zu dem schon weiland
Abram ließ die Herde führen,
bei dem Eimer, der dem Heiland
kühl die Lippe durft berühren,
bei der reinen, reichen Quelle,
die nun dorthier sich ergießet,
überflüssig, ewig helle
rings durch alle Welten fließet –

Maria Aegyptiaca

Acta Sanctorum

Bei dem hochgeweihten Orte,
wo den Herrn man niederließ,
bei dem Arm, der von der Pforte
warnend mich zurückestieß,
bei der vierzigjähr'gen Buße,

Magna Peccatrix

By my love which mingled tears with
balm to bathe His feet, revering
Him thy son, now God-transfigured,
when the Pharisees were jeering;
by that vessel which so sweetly
spilt its perfumed wealth profusely,
by my hair which dried those holy
limbs, around them falling loosely –

Mulier Samaritana

By the well where Father Abram
watered once his flocks when marching,
by the bucket once allowed to
touch and cool Christ's lips when parching;
by that pure and generous source which
now extends its irrigation,
overbrimming, ever-crystal,
flowing through the whole creation –

Maria Aegyptiaca

By that more than sacred garden
where they laid the Lord to rest,
by the arm which from the portal
thrust me back with stern behest;
by my forty years' repentance

der ich treu in Wüsten blieb,
bei dem sel'gen Scheidegruße,
den im Sand ich niederschrieb –

Zu Drei

Die du großen Sünderinnen
deine Nähe nicht verweigerst
und ein büßendes Gewinnen
in die Ewigkeiten steigerst,
gönn auch dieser guten Seele
die sich einmal nur vergessen,
die nicht ahnte, daß sie fehle,
dein Verzeihen angemessen!

Chor der Büsserinnen

Vernimm unser Flehn!

Una Poenitentium, sonst Gretchen genannt

sich anschmiegend.
Neige, neige
du Ohnegleiche,
du Strahlenreiche,
dein Antlitz gnädig meinem Glück!
Der früh Geliebte,
nicht mehr Getrüübte,
er kommt zurück.

served out in a desert land,
by the blessed word of parting
which I copied in the sand -

All Three

Thou who to most sinning women
thy dear presence ne'er deniest,
raising us repentant women
to eternities the highest,
make to this good soul concession –
only once misled by pleasure
to a never-dreamt transgression;
grant her pardon in her measure.

Chorus of Penitent Women

Hear our imploring!

Una Poenitentium, formerly named Gretchen

clasping the Mater Gloriosa:
Uniquely tender,
thou queen of splendour,
thy visage render
benign towards my felicity!
My love of old, he
is now consoled, he
comes back to me.

Chor

Neige, neige,
du Ohnegleiche,
du Strahlenreiche,
dein Antlitz ihrem Glück!
der früh Geliebte,
er kommt zurück!

Selige Knaben

in Kreisbewegung sich nähernd.

Er überwächst uns schon
an mächt'gen Gliedern,
wird treuer Pflege Lohn
reichlich erwidern.

Wir wurden früh entfernt
von Lebechören;
doch dieser hat gelernt;
er wird uns lehren.

Die eine Büberin, sonst Gretchen genannt

Vom edlen Geisterchor umgeben,
wird sich der Neue kaum gewahr,
er ahnet kaum das frische Leben,
so gleicht er schon der heil'gen Schar.
Sieh, wie er jedem Erdenbande
der alten Hülle sich entrafft,

Chorus

Uniquely tender,
thou queen of splendour,
thy visage render
benign towards my felicity!
My love of old, he
comes back to me.

Blessed Boys

approaching, flying in circles:

Passing beyond us
so soon in resplendence,
he will make ample
return for our tendance;
Early we left the
terrestrial chorus;
he will instruct us,
instructed before us.

One of the Penitents, formerly named Gretchen

By choirs of noble souls surrounded
this new one scarcely feels his soul,
can scarcely sense this life unbounded,
yet fills at once his heavenly role.
See how he sheds the earthly leaven,
tears off each shroud of old untruth

und aus ätherischem Gewande
hervortritt erste Jugendkraft!
Vergönne mir, ihn zu belehren:
Noch blendet ihn der neue Tag!

Mater Gloriosa

Komm, hebe dich zu höhern Sphären!

Wenn er dich ahnet, folgt er nach.

Doctor Marianus

auf dem Angesicht anbetend.

Blicket auf zum Retterblick,
Alle reuig Zarten,
Euch zu seligem Geschick
Dankend umzuarten!
Werde jeder bessre Sinn
Dir zum Dienst erbötig!
Jungfrau, Mutter, Königin,
Göttin, bleibe gnädig!

VII

Chorus Mysticus

[7] Alles Vergängliche
ist nur ein Gleichnis;
das Unzulängliche,
hier wird's Ereignis;

and from apparel woven in heaven
shines forth his pristine power of youth!
Mary, grant me to instruct him,
dazzled as yet by this new day.

Mater Gloriosa

Come then! To higher spheres conduct
him!

Divining you, he knows the way.

Doctor Marianus

bowing in adoration:

All you tender penitents,
gaze on her who saves you,
thus you change your lineaments
and salvation laves you.
To her feet each virtue crawl,
let her will transcend us;
Virgin, Mother, Queen of All,
Goddess, still befriend us!

VII

Chorus Mysticus

All that is past of us
was but reflected;
all that was lost in us
here is corrected;

das Unbeschreibliche,
hier ist's getan;
das Ewig-Weibliche
zieht uns hinan.

all indescribables
here we descry;
Eternal Womanhead
leads us on high.

Translation by Louis MacNeice and E.L. Stahl

Producers: Christopher Raeburn, Michael Woolcock
Engineers: Kenneth Wilkinson, Colin Moorfoot, Tryggvi Tryggvason
Recording location: The Maltings, Snape, September 1972
Art direction: Ann Bradbeer

COMPACT
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO

Das Compact Disc Digital Audio System

bietet die bestmögliche Klangwiedergabe – auf einem kleinen, handlichen Tonträger.

Die überlegene Eigenschaft der Compact Disc beruht auf der Kombination von Laser-Abtastung und digitaler Wiedergabe. Die von der Compact Disc gebotene Qualität ist somit unabhängig von dem technischen Verfahren, das bei der Aufnahme eingesetzt wurde. Auf der Rückseite der Verpackung kennzeichnet ein Code aus drei Buchstaben die Technik, die bei den drei Stationen Aufnahme, Schnitt/Abmischung und Überspielung zum Einsatz gekommen ist:

DDD Digitales Tonbandgerät bei der Aufnahme, bei Schnitt und/oder Abmischung, bei der Überspielung.

ADD Analoges Tonbandgerät bei der Aufnahme; digitales Tonbandgerät bei Schnitt und/oder Abmischung und bei der Überspielung.

AAD Analoges Tonbandgerät bei der Aufnahme und bei Schnitt und/oder Abmischung; digitales Tonbandgerät bei der Überspielung.

Die Compact Disc sollte mit der gleichen Sorgfalt gelagert und behandelt werden wie die konventionelle Langspielplatte.

Eine Reinigung erübrigt sich, wenn die Compact Disc nur am Rande angefaßt und nach dem Abspielen sofort wieder in die Spezialverpackung zurückerlegt wird. Sollte die Compact Disc Spuren von Fingerabdrücken, Staub oder Schmutz aufweisen, ist sie mit einem sauberen, fusselfreien, weichen und trockenen Tuch (geradlinig von der Mitte zum Rand) zu reinigen. Bitte keine Lösungs- oder Scheuermittel verwenden! Bei Beachtung dieser Hinweise wird die Compact Disc ihre Qualität dauerhaft bewahren.

The Compact Disc Digital Audio System

offers the best possible sound reproduction – on a small, convenient sound-carrier unit.

The Compact Disc's superior performance is the result of laser-optical scanning combined with digital playback, and is independent of the technology used in making the original recording.

The recording technology is identified on the back cover by a three-letter code:

DDD Digital tape recorder used during session recording, mixing and/or editing, and mastering (transcription).

ADD Analogue tape recorder used during session recording; digital tape recorder used during subsequent mixing and/or editing and during mastering (transcription).

AAD Analogue tape recorder used during session recording and subsequent mixing and/or editing; digital tape recorder used during mastering (transcription).

In storing and handling the Compact Disc, you should apply the same care as with conventional records.

No further cleaning will be necessary if the Compact Disc is always held by the edges and is replaced in its case directly after playing. Should the Compact Disc become soiled by fingerprints, dust or dirt, it can be wiped (always in a straight line, from centre to edge) with a clean and lint-free, soft, dry cloth. No solvent or abrasive cleaner should ever be used on the disc.

If you follow these suggestions, the Compact Disc will provide a lifetime of pure listening enjoyment.

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Le système Compact Disc Digital Audio

permet la meilleure reproduction sonore possible à partir d'un support de son de format réduit et pratique.

Les remarquables performances du Compact Disc sont le résultat de la combinaison unique du système numérique et de la lecture laser optique, indépendamment des différentes techniques appliquées lors de l'enregistrement. Ces techniques sont identifiées au verso de la couverture par un code à trois lettres:

DDD Utilisation d'un magnétophone numérique pendant les séances d'enregistrement, le mixage et/ou le montage et la gravure.

ADD Utilisation d'un magnétophone analogique pendant les séances d'enregistrement, utilisation d'un magnétophone numérique pendant le mixage et/ou le montage et la gravure.

AAD Utilisation d'un magnétophone analogique pendant les séances d'enregistrement et le mixage et/ou le montage, utilisation d'un magnétophone numérique pendant la gravure.

Pour obtenir les meilleurs résultats, il est indispensable d'apporter le même soin dans le rangement et la manipulation du Compact Disc qu'avec le disque microsilicon.

Il n'est pas nécessaire d'effectuer de nettoyage particulier si le disque est toujours tenu par les bords et est replacé directement dans son boîtier après l'écoute. Si le Compact Disc porte des traces d'empreintes digitales, de poussière ou autres, il peut être essuyé, toujours en ligne droite, du centre vers les bords, avec un chiffon propre, doux et sec qui ne s'effiloche pas. Tout produit nettoyant, solvant ou abrasif doit être pros crit. Si ces instructions sont respectées, le Compact Disc vous donnera une parfaite et durable restitution sonore.

Il sistema audio-digitale del Compact Disc

offre la migliore riproduzione del suono su un piccolo e comodo supporto. La superiore qualità del Compact Disc è il risultato della scansione con l'ottica laser, combinata con la riproduzione digitale ed è indipendente dalla tecnica di registrazione utilizzata in origine.

Questa tecnica di registrazione è identificata sul retro della confezione da un codice di tre lettere:

DDD Si riferisce all'uso del registratore digitale durante le sedute di registrazione, mixing e/o editing, e masterizzazione.

ADD Sta ad indicare l'uso del registratore analogico durante le sedute di registrazione, e del registratore digitale per il successivo mixing e/o editing e per la masterizzazione.

AAD Riguarda l'uso del registratore analogico durante le sedute di registrazione e per il successivo mixing e/o editing, e del registratore digitale per la masterizzazione.

Per una migliore conservazione, nel trattamento del Compact Disc, è opportuno usare la stessa cura riservata ai dischi tradizionali.

Non sarà necessaria nessuna ulteriore pulizia, se il Compact Disc verrà sempre preso per il bordo e rimesso subito nella sua custodia dopo l'ascolto. Se il Compact Disc dovesse sporcarsi con impronte digitali, polvere o sporcizia in genere, potrà essere pulito con un panno asciutto, pulito, soffice e senza filacciature, sempre dal centro al bordo, in linea retta. Nessun solvente o pulitore abrasivo deve essere mai usato sul disco.

Seguendo questi consigli, il Compact Disc fornirà, per la durata di una vita, il godimento del puro ascolto.

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1
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425 706-2
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STEREO
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Schumann
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Benjamin Britten



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2
COMPACT
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