

DER ROSENKAVALIER

R STRAUSS



English National Opera

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OPERA GUIDE **8**

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Régine Crespin as the Marschallin and Elisabeth Söderström as Octavian in Carl Ebert's production, designed by Oliver Messel, at Glyndebourne, 1959. (photo: Guy Gravett)

This second edition is sponsored by



Der Rosenkavalier

Richard Strauss

Opera Guide Series Editor: Nicholas John



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An Introduction to 'Der Rosenkavalier'

Derrick Puffett

In Iris Murdoch's novel *The Black Prince*, the narrator goes to a performance of *Der Rosenkavalier*. 'The curtain suddenly fled away to reveal an enormous double bed surrounded by a cavern of looped-up blood-red hangings . . . two girls were lying in a close embrace. (At least I suppose one of them was enacting a young man.) Then they began to sing . . . The two women were conversing in pure sound, their voices circling, replying, blending, creating a trembling silver cage of an almost obscene sweetness . . . these were not words but the highest coinage of human speech melted down, become pure song, something vilely almost murderously gorgeous . . . I was definitely going to be sick.'

Any newcomer to *Der Rosenkavalier* may experience some — one hopes, not all! — of these sensations. In the novel, it is true, they are not produced exclusively by the music; but Murdoch's language — 'an almost obscene sweetness . . . vilely almost murderously gorgeous' — captures the work's immense physical power, its ability to attract and repel. What *is* it, this astonishing mixture of sentimentality and voluptuousness, of coarse good humour and tender naivety, of manners 'wholly Viennese' (Hofmannsthal) and emotions familiar to us all? After an orchestral prelude which is probably music's most graphic depiction of lovemaking — Strauss tried to surpass it in *Arabella*, but there the music is not so good — he gives us not only Octavian and the Marschallin but Ochs, Sophie, Faninal, an Italian intriguer and his



Anne Evans (the Marschallin) and Josephine Barstow (Octavian). (photo: John Garner)

accomplice (not to mention Ochs's lackeys, ancestors of Macheath's thugs in *The Threepenny Opera*, the Three Noble Orphans, waiters, musicians and pantomime trapdoors. All in music ranging from pastiche rococo (Ochs's first entry) to pastiche Expressionism (his humiliation) and taking in, between the two extremes, the various types of music associated with Octavian, Sophie and the Marschallin.

First some cold facts. Strauss met Hofmannsthal in 1900; but their collaboration did not begin until five years later, when the poet approached the composer with the idea of turning his play *Elektra* into an opera. As they worked together, Strauss's respect for Hofmannsthal grew: 'We were born for one another', he wrote. Even before the *Elektra* première, which took place on January 25, 1909, they were discussing future projects. At that time Hofmannsthal was preoccupied with French literature of the 17th and 18th centuries; also with the characters of Mozart's *Figaro*. Then on February 11 he sent Strauss the 'scenario for an opera, full of burlesque situations and characters, with lively action, pellucid almost like a pantomime . . . It contains two big parts, one for baritone and another for a graceful girl dressed up as a man, à la Farrar¹ or Mary Garden². Period: the old Vienna under the Empress Maria Theresa.'

This was the nucleus of *Der Rosenkavalier* (or *Ochs von Lerchenau*, as they came to think of it: the title was changed only four months before the première). Work advanced rapidly, and soon Hofmannsthal suggested: 'Do try and think of an old-fashioned Viennese waltz, sweet and yet saucy, which must pervade the whole of the last act'. The last act, as we know, was the one that gave Strauss the most problems; for whereas he was able to compose the music for the first two almost concurrently with the writing of the text (with some reshaping in the case of the second, it is true), he received the words for Act Three over a much longer period and thus had a correspondingly less secure grasp of the total shape. One reason for the delay was that Hofmannsthal was worrying about the character of the Marschallin. As she increased in importance, the work lost some of its intended lightness, and so (to paraphrase Norman Del Mar, author of the standard English study of Strauss) the 'Pantomime with opportunities even for a short ballet' turned into a 'gay, cheerful, but profoundly psychological drama'. Once Strauss had the full text, however, composition proceeded swiftly. The première, a brilliant success, took place on January 26, 1911 at the Dresden Court Opera.

*

Four months later, on May 18, Mahler died (he had been brought back ill from New York without having heard the new opera). Strauss wrote to Hofmannsthal: 'Mahler's death has been a great shock to me'. At around the same time he wrote in his diary: 'I want to call my *Alpine Symphony* the "Antichrist", for it portrays moral purification through one's own strength, freedom through work, and worship of eternal, glorious nature!'

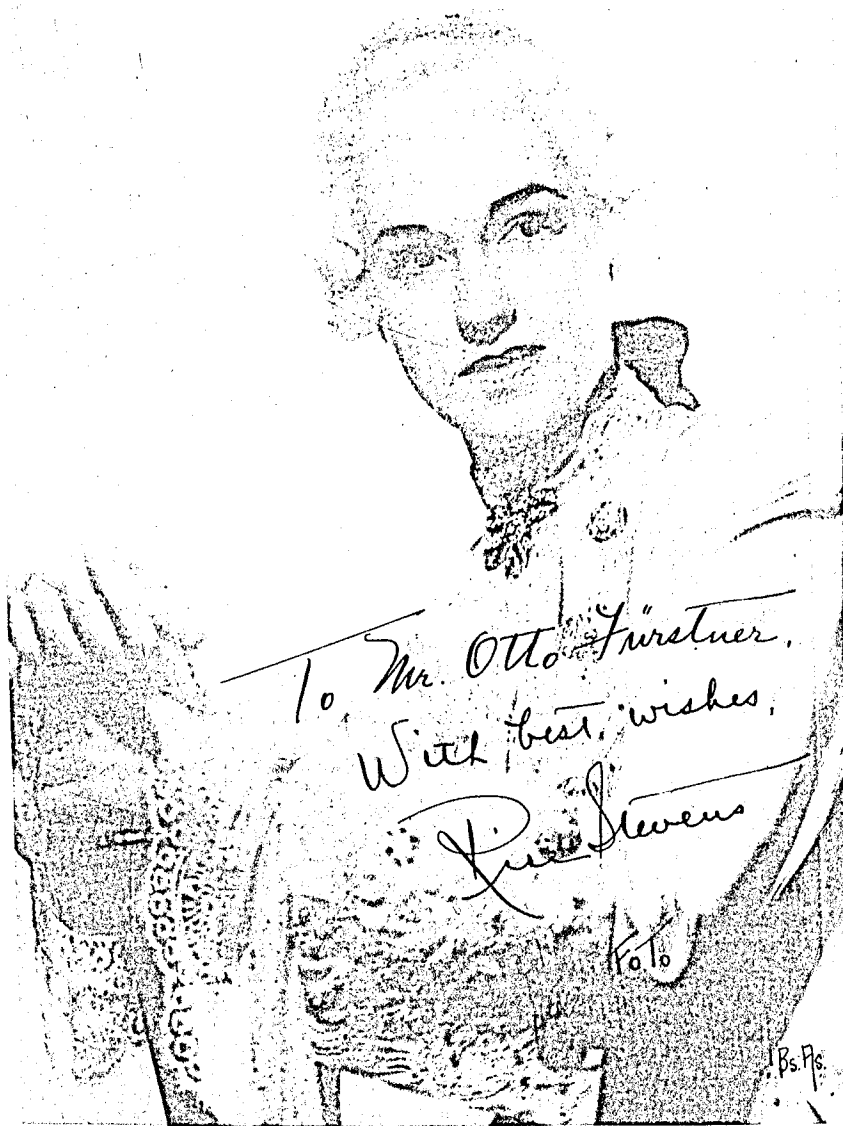
What do these remarks mean? That Strauss had been reading Nietzsche, to be sure, but what else? They sound unlike Strauss, somehow; more like

1. Geraldine Farrar (1882-1967), American soprano who made her début at the Berlin Court Opera in 1901.
2. Mary Garden (1874-1967), Scottish soprano who created the rôle of Mélisande in Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* in Paris in 1902.

Mahler — the Mahler of the letters or the Third Symphony. And freedom from what? Strauss had met Mahler in 1887, when both were in their twenties. From then until Mahler left for America (1907) their work brought them into occasional contact with each other. According to Del Mar, Strauss's opinion of Mahler was typical of the time: 'That's really no composer at all. Just a very great conductor.' But his music suggests otherwise. In the early tone poems, notably *Don Quixote*, there are passages which may well have influenced Mahler, but after about 1900 the influence seems to be going the other way. Two Strauss works in particular, *Symphonia Domestica* and the *Alpine Symphony* (the latter not finished till 1915), suggest a musical obsession with Mahler; apart from the many cross-references, they were his last and longest tone poems and the only two to be called 'symphony'. Surely with two such near-contemporaries, both composer-conductors working in related fields of instrumental music, there must have been feelings of rivalry? Can one not detect in Strauss's diary entry, written in reaction to Mahler's death, even some spirit of relief?

Even during Mahler's lifetime, however, Strauss had, so it seems, tried to free himself from the other's influence, mainly by moving out of their common field: in opera Mahler could influence him only as a conductor. There is little Mahler in *Salome* or *Elektra*; on the contrary, Strauss's imagination seems to be burning more brightly than ever. But between *Elektra* and the *Alpine Symphony* comes *Rosenkavalier*. The opera is less obviously affected by Mahler than the symphonies, as we should expect. But there are two passages — and they are two of the most famous — which seem to me profoundly Mahlerian: the passage in which the Marschallin describes how she gets up at night and stops the clocks (harp harmonics, a favourite Mahlerian sonority), and the passage concerning her Uncle Greifenklau. It is interesting that both passages serve to suggest a dimension beyond the immediate dramatic context. The idea of 'time standing still' was to become a preoccupation, almost a cliché, with the composers of the next generation, composers such as Berg and Schreker; their works show they remembered this passage musically, too. And the whole point about Uncle Greifenklau, the sick old man whom the Marschallin visits, is that he never appears in person: he is used to evoke a whole world of social interaction, a world which by its very nature cannot be represented on stage. The string theme, half-lamenting, half-aspiring ('one eye wet, one dry!' as Strauss told a singer), which accompanies the Marschallin at this moment is intensely Mahlerian: one wonders whether Uncle Greifenklau was not also Director of the Vienna Court Opera.

Now why all this Mahlerising? Because I want to get closer to what *Rosenkavalier* is, and one way of doing this is by showing what it is not. For whatever else it is, it is not a 'staged tone poem' — a cliché often applied to *Salome* and *Elektra*. This cliché seems to go back to Ernest Newman, but survives in all sorts of places, even the *New Grove*, which goes so far as to call *Salome* 'a tone poem with vocal interludes'. It is misleading, on the one hand because it means ignoring the drama, on the other because it implies a false idea of what the tone poem had become. 'Symphonic writing', after Mahler, means a breakdown of the music into motifs, a constant variation of these motifs and an aural explanation of how these things are done, the last being provided through the orchestration — which thus becomes a more essential part of the composition than ever before. The orchestration in fact *is* the composition. Now as soon as we compare Mahler and Strauss in any detail we see that they are not really similar at all (and so not strictly comparable). It is



Risë Stevens as Octavian — a much admired interpretation for many years at the Metropolitan from 1938. (Covent Garden Archives)

largely a matter of texture. Whereas Strauss — for instance in the 'Uncle Greifenklau' section — tends to be homophonic (melody plus chordal accompaniment), in Mahler the texture is often so fragmented that it is hard to tell what 'melody' and 'accompaniment' mean. Their attitudes are symbolised in their respective treatments of the waltz: whereas Mahler builds it up, distorts it and makes it more complex, Strauss simplifies it, purifies it and indeed gives it back something of its pre-Mahlerian character. (This is perhaps too great a generalisation for *Rosenkavalier*, where one finds every possible kind of waltz, from the most sublimated — the Trio! — to the most vulgarised.)

So the work is not a tone poem. It is not, except for a few, rather untypical passages, music drama either — to the extent that 'music drama' is equated with late Wagner. True, it has leitmotifs, but they are nearly all melodic; there is none of the density, none of the rapid succession of textures and tone-colours, that we find in late Wagner, where 'motif' means harmony or timbre as often as it means melodic line. And the 'highlights' of the opera, its 'great moments' — the Marschallin's monologue, the Presentation of the Silver Rose, the Trio — are pure lyricism. Strauss loved the sound of the soprano voice, and here we hear it again and again — solo, à 2 and à 3. Hofmannsthal, who came out with all sorts of criticisms of the work after it was complete (he made the present point in 1928), thought that 'the life of the whole thing is centred on the orchestra'. But though the orchestra often has the tune, the tune is more lyrical than is customary in Wagner, and as likely as not it will already have been heard in a vocal part. Again it is a matter of texture. The texture of *Rosenkavalier* — of its 'highlights', anyway — is closer to Mozart, or Verdi, or Tchaikovsky, than it is to Wagner; and if one looks for a passage in which the orchestra is given its head — as in the *Feuersnot* love scene, or Elektra's last waltz, or Daphne's transformation — the closest one gets is the Trio, where the voices are used as extra stops on a vast organ, everything doubling everything else. In *Rosenkavalier*, ultimately, the voice dominates.

Is it number opera, then? No, because it is still continuous. Operetta? Hardly. What *Rosenkavalier* is, if it can be tied down so specifically, is a hybrid of all these things: number opera for the set pieces, music drama for the transitions, operetta for quite extended sections (notably the end of Act Two and the beginning of Act Three). At some points it even breaks down into accompanied speech. Texture, pace, tone are constantly changing — sometimes with a bump, as on the third-act entry of the Marschallin — but these very changes, which make the work so hard to define, are also part of its fascination.

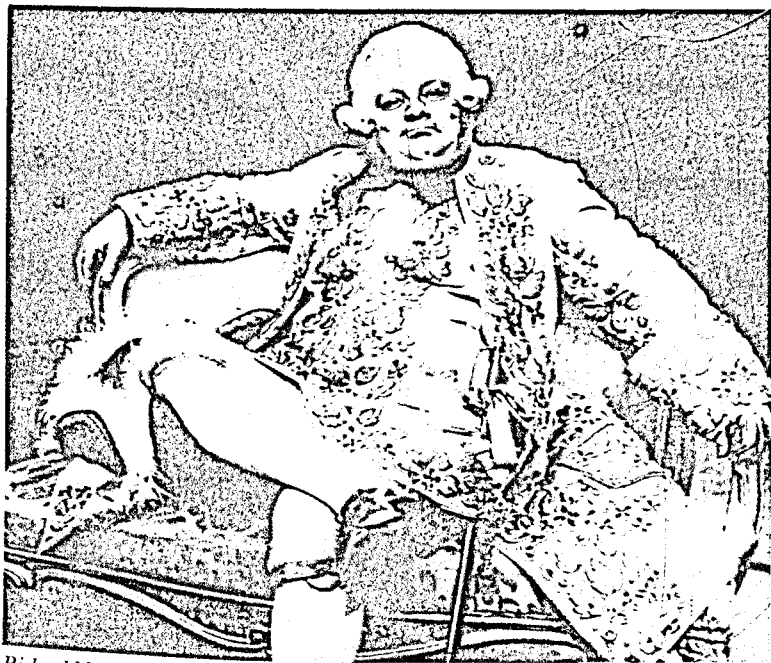
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Now we have a better idea of what it is, we can look at some of the critical orthodoxies surrounding it. The most uncritical of these critical views, indeed the most banal of all banalities about Strauss, is that it constitutes a 'retreat' from the discoveries of *Salome* and *Elektra*. This view must be seen in its historical context. It originated with Schoenberg and his followers, who regarded Strauss as having deserted the modernist cause at a crucial time. It would be a distortion of Schoenberg's views to say he thought there was only one way for music to go (i.e. his way); but that is the assumption underlying the hostility to *Rosenkavalier*. If we look at *Salome* and *Elektra* more carefully, we find that the 'modernism' is largely surface, the instant response to a poetic

idea. Wherever the texture is continuous — as in *Salome's Dance*, or the *Elektra* Recognition Scene, or the whole waltz-finale — it is as simple, and the harmony often as diatonic, as anything in *Rosenkavalier*. We think of *Salome* and *Elektra* as 'modern' works, with little islands of vocal beauty amid the chromatic turmoil. But we can also think of them (and it becomes easier to do so as the years go by) as giant puff pastries with occasional ventures into modernism. If we do, *Rosenkavalier* emerges as part of a continuous process, a process of purification which had begun long before the *Alpine Symphony*. 'Purification' here means self-discovery, deciding what one can do best, freeing oneself of unwanted influences. There is a letter from Strauss to Hofmannsthal (1916) in which he writes: 'I feel downright called upon to become the Offenbach of the 20th century . . . Sentimentality and parody are the sensations to which my talent responds most forcefully and productively'. If we think back to the tone poems we realise this was true all along: *Don Juan*, *Don Quixote* and *Till* are the most successful. In the operatic field, *Feuersnot* (but musically it is uneven), then nothing till *Rosenkavalier*, *Ariadne*, etc. From this point of view *Salome* and *Elektra* — and, looking ahead, even such a work as *Die Frau ohne Schatten* — appear as marvellous distractions, diversions from what Strauss was really best suited to do.

Rosenkavalier, where sentimentality and parody are of the essence, puts him back on course: for 'retreat' read 'advance'! After *Ariadne* there is the *Bourgeois gentilhomme* music, *Arabella*, *Capriccio* and the late instrumental works. Finally come the *Four Last Songs*, in which sentimentality is 'raised to the level of great art'. The question here is not whether sentimentality and parody are worthy concerns in themselves, merely whether they were right for Strauss. Surely the works prove they were. If we take the Schoenbergian line we end up saying that everything Strauss wrote after *Elektra* constitutes a 40-year decline, followed by the inexplicable miracle of the *Four Last Songs*. This is not very helpful. If on the other hand we view his work as a continuous process of purification, a discovering of opportunities to use those particular resources with which he was so well endowed (in this context we could almost call them 'gifts'), then there is no problem. The 'simplicities' of *Rosenkavalier* — the clear textures, the diatonic harmonies, the vocal domination, the sheer *enjoyability* of the thing — these are all part of a progress to the late songs.

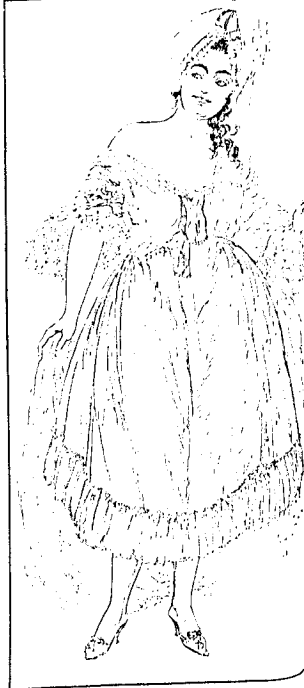
Rosenkavalier has, nevertheless, been abused pretty consistently over the years, though not by the general public. 'All we find . . . is a worn-out, dissipated *demi-mondaine*, with powdered face, rouged lips, false hair, and a hideous leer. Strauss's music has lost her chastity' (Cecil Gray, writing in 1924). 'Strauss's most cynical, most rambling and most repetitious work in proportion to its length' (William Austin, 1966). Times have changed, but not the tone. Here it seems more profitable to see what the two authors of the work had to say about it after its success. Hofmannsthal was always making criticisms. In a single letter of 1916 he faults Strauss's treatment of a chorus in Act Two, his music for the servants at the end of Act One, and the Baron's final exit. Twelve years later he dismisses the whole libretto ('the one engaging character, the Marschallin, disappears for an act and a half and is only dragged in with difficulty at the end; the *buffo* a garrulous and repulsive fellow; the third act most superficially tacked on to the second', etc.); and three weeks before his death he refers to the 'weakish third act'. In more positive mood, however, he recognised its 'charm', that 'special *brío*' which results from 'the concentration of colourful contrasts and incidents in each separate act' — Act Two being cited as an example. Strauss of course loved the work; but he



Richard Mayr who created the role of Ochs in Vienna (but not in Dresden). Strauss once told him that he imagined him all the time in the role. Mayr asked whether that was really a compliment or an insult! Ernest Newman described his performance at Covent Garden in 1924, 'His smile and whistle during Annina's reading of the letter said more than a page of words could have done.'

recognised its longueurs, and made cuts when he performed it. He saw clearly that 'apart from the misunderstood waltz [it had been attacked as anachronistic], the success of *Rosenkavalier* was in the entry of the Rose Bearer, the end of Act One, and the Trio!' (letter to Hofmannsthal of 1928). Both seemed to regard the work as their most successful collaboration.

What is interesting here is that, while both men understood perfectly where the work succeeded, they were less clear about where it went wrong. Hofmannsthal's remarks still bear traces of those confusions which caused the problems in the first place. Audiences are not unduly bothered by the chorus in Act Two, and the servants in Act One are a positive delight. The Baron's exit is bad, but this is the fault of the libretto as much as the music. The third act is indeed weak (Hofmannsthal's changing conception of the Marschallin was a factor here), but is the second very much better? Hofmannsthal cites it for its 'concentration', but it can seem ramshackle. Putting all these points together one sees the emergence of a pattern: that of a strong first act (ending with a reflective monologue), a weaker second and a recovery in the third. This pattern reproduces itself in *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, *Arabella* and *Die Liebe der Danae*; and since the last is not to a Hofmannsthal text one must look for the explanation in Strauss. Perhaps it is simply that, being primarily a lyrical composer, he excels in music of exposition and reflection rather than in music of development and elaboration: had he written the *Ring*, *Das Rheingold* would have been musically superior to *Die Walküre*. He has a strong sense of climax,



Alfred Roller's designs were approved by Strauss and Hofmannsthal and opera houses were for years obliged to adopt the designs if they wanted to stage the opera. The sets were seen at Covent Garden in 1936 on the visit of the Dresden State Opera Company.

so his endings always work; but he is not so infallible in the preparation. The low-point usually comes about halfway through Act Three, when (perhaps in compensation) the music is at its busiest: Ochs's humiliation in *Rosenkavalier*, the comings and goings in *Die Frau*. Then comes the dénouement, things settle down, and Strauss is safe.

That there are 'problems' with *Rosenkavalier* not even its most ardent admirer would doubt. Perhaps — for these are not matters that can be tested — the plot is too thin for a work of such length. Perhaps the busyness of the action, the large number of characters, etc., are manifestations of this thinness (Hofmannsthal's equivalent of Strauss filling the texture with notes). Or perhaps the work simply falls between too many stools: the plot calls for the lightness of operetta; 'music drama' holds up the pace; but Strauss needs the continuity of music drama for the suavity and opulence of the set pieces — themselves a bow to number opera. Of course as soon as one says all this one realises that *Rosenkavalier* is what it is, that the stylistic joltings are part of its character, indeed essential to it; that the causes of its weakness are also the causes of its fascination. The positive side of the coin is this. If *Rosenkavalier* hardly works as a whole, it is full of moments which seem to appeal to the listener in a directly personal way. It teems with memorable lines and phrases (from this point of view it is the opera-goer's *Hamlet*); and everyone has his or her favourite passage. It is surely this personal element — the feeling that the listener is being wooed, or cajoled, as well as being taken by force (Iris Murdoch's character sensed only the latter) — that accounts for its lasting success.

Comedy for Music

Michael Kennedy

'This is no music for me', said Kaiser Wilhelm II as he left a performance of the new opera by his court conductor Richard Strauss in Berlin. He was in the minority then and has remained in it ever since, for *Der Rosenkavalier* (*The Knight of the Rose*, or, better, *The Rose-Bearer*) was an enormous and widely publicised success on its first performance at Dresden on January 26, 1911 and has since become an indispensable part of the repertoire of every opera company which aspires to international standards. True, Vienna at first ran to form and was not too sure about it, while the waltzes upset the first Milan audience, but London took it to its heart straightaway when Beecham conducted the first British performance at Covent Garden on January 29, 1913. The reasons for its success are not hard to define. It is a good story, of young love, of lustful love and of sacrificial love; it is melodious; it is spectacular; it combines Wagnerian richness with Mozartian elegance and a *Fledermaus*-Straussian waltzing gaiety; it is witty, touching, bawdy and broadly comic; its principal characters are so real that audiences feel they know them and identify with them as well as they know and identify with Shakespearean characters or those in *The Mastersingers of Nuremberg* and *The Marriage of Figaro*; it deals with high life and low life intermixed; and, by anachronistic musical means, it nostalgically captures an era, for although ostensibly about mid-eighteenth-century Vienna, it is also about the world of 1910, just before the First World War changed it forever. As the late Sir Neville Cardus wrote so tellingly, 'imagination can hear time running out like sand during the performance of *Der Rosenkavalier* in a great opera house at the height of a season.'

This last 'social' aspect of *Der Rosenkavalier* has an important *raison d'être*; it was the last convincing operatic comedy of manners which could ever be written, the last opera of dalliance and intrigue of an aristocratic provenance, because Strauss was the last musician of any importance who worked as a court *Kapellmeister* — at Meiningen, Munich, Weimar and Berlin — and who understood the structures and traditions of that vanishing world. (He composed three autobiographies of his *Kapellmeister* life, the orchestral tone-poem *Ein Heldenleben*, and the operas *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Ariadne auf Naxos*.) It is not surprising that Strauss should have seized upon Hofmannsthal's libretto with such enthusiasm. When Hofmannsthal first described the plot to him, Strauss exclaimed, 'We'll go ahead with this. You go straight home and send Act One as soon as you can.' At certain points, Strauss composed the music for certain dramatic situations *before* he received the libretto (he even composed a stage direction by mistake!)¹. That tells us how vividly he saw the work in his mind. And, as will be seen, the opera's most theatrically effective *coups* were nearly all Strauss's ideas. Hofmannsthal acknowledged that the composer had taught him 'a fundamental lesson in writing dramatically for music which I shall not forget'.

Der Rosenkavalier, Strauss's Opus 59, is scored for a very large orchestra, thus: 3 flutes (3rd playing piccolo); 3 oboes (3rd playing cor anglais); 3 clarinets; bass clarinet (also basset-horn); 4 horns; 3 trumpets; 3 trombones;

1. 'with discreet secrecy'

bass tuba; timpani, bass drum, cymbals, triangle, tambourine, glockenspiel, tenor drum, side drum, bells, castanets, celesta; 2 harps; 16 first and 16 second violins, 12 violas, 10 cellos and 8 double basses. There is also an offstage orchestra in Act Three. Before the first performance in Dresden there were 22 orchestral rehearsals. Strauss directs the conductor to reduce the number of strings in passages 'where the audibility of the words requires it'. His whole operatic career was devoted to perfecting a technique whereby the words were audible to the listeners, whatever the size of the orchestra. He was, after all, working with librettists whose words were usually well worth hearing, particularly in the case of Hofmannsthal. The parallel with *The Marriage of Figaro* extends to the casting: three of the principal roles are sung by three sopranos, the role of Octavian being a *travesti* role in the Vienna tradition (comparable to the page Cherubino in Mozart). The principal male singers are baritones or basses, with the tenor reserved for a subsidiary *buffo* part. Hofmannsthal, like da Ponte, gives an extra twist to the sexual equivocation of the *travesti* part by making the character impersonate a woman: thus a woman dressed as a man has to dress as a woman. It is interesting to note that the *travesti* role in *Der Rosenkavalier* was Hofmannsthal's idea but when Strauss decided to repeat the formula in the Prologue to *Ariadne auf Naxos* and to give the role of the young Composer to a woman, Hofmannsthal was horrified. In their last collaboration, *Arabella*, the heroine's sister Zdenka passes most of the opera dressed as a boy, a deception insisted on by her impoverished parents because they cannot afford the expense of marrying off two daughters.

Act One

The opera begins with an orchestral Introduction which tells the audience unmistakably what is happening behind the not-yet-risen curtain — that a couple are making vigorous, passionate and mutually satisfying love². The priapic import of the thrusting horns can scarcely be disguised. Nor has a more sensuous 'afterglow' ever been composed for strings. But haven't we heard something very like it before? Yes; Strauss's tone poem *Don Juan*. This Introduction opens with the leitmotif [1] which represents the Rosenkavalier himself, Count Octavian Rofrano, aged 17 years and two months at this point in the early years of the reign of Empress Maria Theresa of Austria. It is scored for four horns in E, with three bassoons and pizzicato cellos and basses. Understandably in the circumstances, it is marked *Con moto agitato*. This is immediately followed by [2] on strings, horns and woodwind, in the alien key of E flat major, almost immediately going into the tonic key of E major by means of Strauss's favourite device of a chromatic sideslip. The point of mentioning this technicality is that the listener will respond, perhaps without knowing the musical reason why, to the abrupt differentiation of character. [2] is the first of several themes to be associated with the Marschallin, or to give her her full title Die Feldmarschallin Fürstin Werdenberg (the wife of the Field Marshal Prince von Werdenberg). Now — and we are only in the fifth bar — comes another Octavian theme, [3], and, three bars later, yet another, [4], which is marked not only *agitato* but 'very extravagant in execution' (*sehr überschwenglich im Vortrag*). As the excitement grows, with trills for flutes, the

2. Illustrations on pp 37/8 show how differently from early productions this scene can now be staged.

D clarinet and two bassoons, Strauss directs that 'from this point the mounting excitement is to have a suggestion of parody', rather as if he were suggesting that we must not take this love affair too seriously. He underlines this point by musical parody of the love duet from Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*. No couple can sustain such physical ecstasy for long and as the orchestral texture is thinned, the passion drains from the strings and the tempo slackens as the oboe sings out [5], clarinets, solo viola and solo cello have a touching little subsidiary figure marked 'sighing' (*seufzend*). Theme [5] is often labelled as the leitmotif of 'Love's resignation' or 'Renunciation', but Strauss uses it whenever the Marschallin muses on the passing of her youth and the concomitant loss of a young lover like Octavian. The Introduction ends with a *tranquillo* coda for strings, woodwind and four horns based on the unforgettably tender melody [6] associated with the Marschallin, whom we see in bed with Octavian kneeling beside her as the curtain rises. The cellos' *molto espressivo* version of [1], now tender where it was impetuous, merges into arabesques of birdsong on woodwind. As Octavian sings his praise of his lover — 'Wie du warst! Wie du bist!', *lit.* 'How you were, how you are' — oboe and viola echo his sentiments with [7]. We learn that Octavian's nickname is Quinquin — (Hofmannsthal had discovered that this sobriquet belonged to Count Esterházy von Galantha, who was born in 1715, a little before Octavian). The couple continue their verbal love-making, while Strauss reduces the scoring to chamber-orchestra proportions. When Octavian becomes metaphysical about the meaning of 'you and I', cellos, later joined by violas, quietly hint at the *Tristan* love-motif. When the Marschallin declares her love, [6] floods back. The birdsong is heard again and Octavian runs to the window to draw the curtains across: if he can shut out the day, he says, he can shut out all the other people in the Marschallin's life. An *allegro* [8] begins softly on violins and woodwind and a little bell (triangle) is heard coming nearer. Octavian resents this intrusion. 'No one shall enter, I am master here', he declares, a solo horn quoting, surely ironically, the ardent theme [1] which we first heard from four horns. At whom is this defiance aimed? Only at the Marschallin's little black servant Mohammed, who is bringing her morning chocolate. It is the silver bells sewn to his tunic which we have heard as he approaches. He enters to an enchanting march [9], with a delicate orchestration including tambourine and glockenspiel. The Marschallin — who has been in this situation before — tells Octavian to hide both himself and his sword. When the page has gone she ticks off Octavian for having left his sword in view — hasn't he better manners? He resents this and [1] can be heard in a rather sulky version as he remonstrates with her. But this cloud is dispersed while they have breakfast in waltz tempo [10]. Strauss's scoring for this scene is a pretty example of period pastiche and also a reminder of his early and effective works for wind instruments (the *Serenade* and *Suite*). Tenderness returns, Octavian using the Marschallin's name, Marie Theres', and her pet-name, Bichette, while [4] on the strings accompanies their endearments.

The idyll is broken when Octavian remarks how lucky he is to be with her while the Field Marshal is bear-hunting in the Croatian forest. The Marschallin replies that she dreamt of her husband last night. Octavian's pride is ruffled. 'My dreams are not mine to command,' the Marschallin answers. She had dreamed of hearing the noise of his horses in the courtyard — 'and he was here!' It has reminded her of an occasion when he really had returned unexpectedly. 'But once', ('Einmal'), she begins, but goes no further.

This infuriates Octavian, who demands in vain to know more. All this episode is scored like a scherzo, with rapid ascending flourishes for woodwind and strings as Octavian's temper flares. But now there truly is a disturbance in her dressing-room and the Marschallin is convinced it is her husband arguing with her loyal servants. She tells Octavian to hide. Beneath the agitated strings which tell of her anxiety, an ungainly theme is heard on the bass tuba. As the voice in the anteroom grows louder, she goes to the door to listen. 'That's not my husband's voice', she cries. 'They're saying Herr Baron to him.' And as she calls 'Quinquin, it is someone else', the music, sharing her relief, goes into waltz-time. She identifies 'that foolish loutish voice' as belonging to her cousin Baron Ochs from Lerchenau. Then she remembers that a few days ago (when she was out with Octavian) she was handed a letter. 'That letter came from Ochs and now I have entirely forgotten what it said.' Octavian's [1] is transformed into the waltz theme [11] on oboes and flutes as he reappears dressed as a chambermaid in skirt and short jacket with his hair tied in a handkerchief and ribbon for a cap. 'She' addresses the Marschallin in broad Viennese dialect ('I've not been long in Your Highness's household here') and the Marschallin responds delightedly, 'Quinquin. And only one kiss may I give you. That's for your wages.' ('Du, Schatz! Und nicht einmal mehr als ein Busserl kann ich dir geben.') All this to a lilting waltz, the musical embodiment of a light-hearted masquerade. Every bar of the score up to this point is indicative of Strauss's delight when he received the Act One libretto: 'It'll set itself to music like oil and melted butter: I'm hatching it out already.'³ He scarcely needed Hofmannsthal's injunction 'Do try and think of an old-fashioned Viennese waltz, sweet and yet saucy, which must pervade the whole of the last act'⁴; waltzes were to pervade the whole score. Censorious English critics rapped Strauss over the knuckles because they thought that his anachronistic use of waltzes was characteristic of his 'carelessness in the matter of style'. Both he and Hofmannsthal by giving Vienna the waltz eighty years early also gave opera a masterstroke of imaginative genius in the creation of an atmosphere.

Baron Ochs (bass) bursts into the room to a loud diminished seventh chord scored for brass, woodwind and strings. Now the music becomes *langsam und gravitatisch* (slow and weighty). He has bumped into Octavian-in-disguise and, ignoring the Marschallin, shows his immediate interest in this 'pretty child' ('hübsches Kind'). It is important to know how Strauss visualised this great character. He wrote in an essay on *Der Rosenkavalier* in 1942⁵: 'Ochs must be a rustic Don Juan beau of about thirty-five, always a nobleman (even if a rather boorish one), who knows how to conduct himself decently in the Marschallin's salon, so that she does not have him thrown out by her servants after five minutes. He is a boulder *inwardly*; but on the surface sufficiently presentable . . . Ochs's first scene in the bedroom must be played with the utmost delicacy and discretion . . . In other words: Viennese comedy not Berlin farce.' All this is summarized in the theme [12] to which he makes his ungainly obeisance — the French bow — to the Marschallin. He is at ease with her, reminding her that he has even called on another princess while that particular lady was having a bath.

In the scene that follows Ochs — in the easy *parlando* recitative style which Strauss began to develop in *Feuersnot* (1900-1) and *Salome* (1904-5), perfected

3. Letter to Hofmannsthal, April 21, 1909.

4. Letter to Strauss, April 24, 1909.

5. R. Strauss: *Recollections and Reflections*, Zurich 1949, London 1953.



Kurt Böhm as Ochs at Covent Garden, 1959. (Covent Garden Archives)

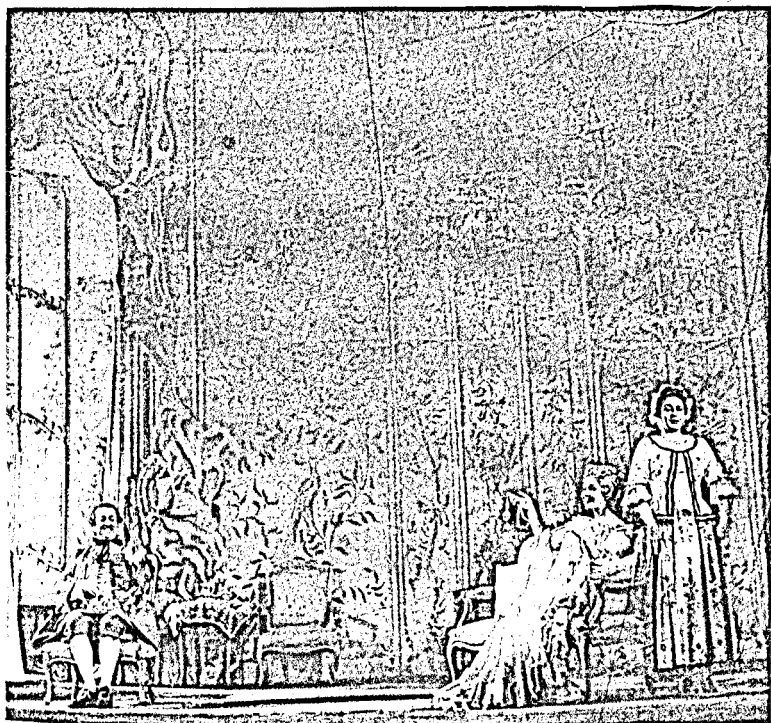
here and in *Ariadne auf Naxos* (1912-16) and used with supreme brilliance in *Intermezzo* (1917-23), *The Silent Woman* (1933-4) and *Capriccio* (1940-1) — is torn between making passes at Octavian and explaining his mission to the Marschallin. For her part, the Marschallin is trying to signal to Octavian to leave and at the same time to make sense of Ochs's narrative (he, naturally, assumes she has read his letter; she has to equivocate). The scoring continues

airy and allusive with much use of [13] — a lifetime of acquaintance with the opera will still reveal new subtleties in Strauss's web of motifs. Ochs has come to consult his cousin about his forthcoming marriage to Sophie von Faninal — at the first mention of her a solo cello plays a theme later to be associated with her [14]. She is, he says, fresh from a convent, a mere puppy, healthy, well-washed ('Pudeljung! Gesund! Gewaschen!'), only child of the newly ennobled Faninal who has made a pile of money by supplying the army in the Netherlands. He makes no secret that the money is the principal attraction. While Octavian, whom the Marschallin now addresses as Mariandel, serves Ochs with some of the breakfast chocolate, the Baron asks the favour he has come about. Hofmannsthal invented a Viennese custom by which a silver rose had to be presented to a bride-to-be on behalf of an aristocratic bridegroom by a nobly-born ambassador; Ochs asks her to recommend someone for this task. The Marschallin suggests he should dine with her next day and she will propose a name. But Ochs is not to be dismissed so easily: he also requests the services of her lawyer. The Marschallin sees another chance of getting Octavian out of the room and, as the music goes back into waltz tempo, orders 'her' to see if the lawyer is awaiting her morning levée. A new theme [15] is heard when Ochs refers to Mariandel as 'such a treasure' ('ein solches Goldkind') and stops 'her' exit. At this point the Major-Domo enters to report the arrival of 'the customary riffraff' for the levée. Meanwhile Ochs is trying to 'date' Mariandel for a supper *tête-à-tête* and when she says 'I don't really know if I ought' ('I weiss halt nit, ob i dös derf') bassoons play a waltz theme to be closely associated with Ochs [16]. When the Marschallin laughingly taunts Ochs for flirting even though he is engaged, he launches into a scherzo-like monologue [17] describing how men do not mate by the calendar like animals: there is not a season nor an hour of the day when he is not ready to seduce a woman.

Strauss had reached this point when he told Hofmannsthal: 'My work is flowing along like the Loisach: I am composing everything — neck and crop. I am starting on the levée tomorrow.' This he had already described as 'not easy to put into shape, but I'll manage it all right. . . . I'll need very good actors again; the ordinary operatic singers won't do.' He had written the Baron's scene but wanted more lines for it, as well as words for 'a great musical conclusion in the form of a trio . . . I want him to go on bragging of all the things he can do, piling it on thicker and thicker, preferably in a dactylic rhythm . . . overlaid by a duet of the Marschallin, continuing along the theme of "You are going too far! Leave the child alone" . . . And on top of it Octavian, whom I want to let burst into loud laughter . . . Would you add some more text here: the music is all ready and I only need the words for accompaniment and filling in.'⁶ This illustrates Strauss's earlier statement that 'for the sake of symphonic unity I must compose the music from the beginning to the end.'

When this trio ends, Ochs asks if he can have Mariandel as servant for his bride — 'she' seems to have 'a drop of good blood' and could be 'a young princess'. He then reveals that his own bastard son acts as his body-servant and will deliver the silver rose to the Marschallin. The Marschallin picks up this clue to explain away Mariandel as Octavian's bastard sister (she realises Ochs is bound to meet Octavian sooner or later) and shows Ochs a medallion of Octavian, suggesting him as the Rose-Bearer. Ochs immediately sees the resemblance to the maid. This dialogue, from Ochs's 'Gad, she could be a

6. Letter to Hofmannsthal, May 16, 1909.



Elizabeth Schwarzkopf (the Marschallin) suggests that the miniature portrait of Octavian is worth Ochs's attention, in Robin Ironside's designs, with Sena Jurinacs as Octavian and Kurt Böhme as Ochs; Covent Garden, 1959. (Covent Garden Archives)

young princess' ('Könnst' eine junge Fürstin sein'), is accompanied by a languid version of the waltz [15] which represents Octavian as Mariandel and, in this wistful setting, perhaps implies that the Marschallin senses danger in employing Octavian as Rose-Bearer. She now orders Mariandel to let in the waiting throng, and the maid escapes at last, slamming the door in Ochs's face.

The levée, based on 'The Contessa's Morning Levée', the fourth engraving in Hogarth's series *Marriage à la Mode*, is one of Strauss's big set pieces in which his gift for character-vignettes, familiar from the tone poems *Till Eulenspiegel*, *Ein Heldenleben* and *Don Quixote*, enables him to present a busy, colourful scene. On to the stage now come footmen, a lawyer, a chef, a kitchen-boy with menu-book, a milliner, a scholar, an animal-vendor with dogs and monkey, a singer and flautist, a soldier's widow with her three children, and two intriguers, Valzacchi (tenor) and his niece Annina (mezzo-soprano). The three orphaned children implore protection to a lugubrious chant which is interrupted by the various salesmen's cries (the animal-vendor's cry is a quotation from the baby's yells in his bath in the *Symphonia Domestica*, a Garmisch 'in-joke', since the vendor is singing about monkeys and house-trained puppies). The Marschallin introduces her lawyer to Ochs, and

Valzacchi, accompanied by a rapid conspiratorial theme [18] on bass clarinet and muted cellos, tries to interest her in a scandal sheet. She gives the grateful orphans' money and a kiss and her hairdresser attends to her coiffure. This scene now becomes a stylized period-piece in minuet tempo, with an elaborate flute part which serves both to illustrate the hairdresser's fingers and to introduce the Tenor's *Di rigori armato il seno* [19], Strauss's testing but affectionate parody of an Italian operatic aria (purloined by Hofmannsthal from the petit-ballet in the fifth act of Molière's *Le bourgeois gentilhomme*).

Ochs has now been joined by his three uncouth servants, one of them his illegitimate son Leopold ('a tall young fellow with a foolish, insolent expression'). He is propounding to the astonished lawyer that his marriage settlement (Morgengabe), instead of being from him to his bride, shall be from her to him and shall consist of his own family estates free of all mortgages. A new theme [20] is signalled by various instruments before it is heard in full on strings and horns. The Tenor begins his second stanza accompanied not only by the flute but by the argument of Ochs and the lawyer. Ochs bangs the table angrily, the Tenor is cut off in mid-aria, and the Marschallin complains that the hairdresser has made her look old. The hairdresser works feverishly to change the style (agitated flutes again) and the Marschallin signs that the levée is ended. While the stage empties, Valzacchi and Annina offer their services to Ochs in a quicksilver *prestissimo* piece of scoring based on [21] and he mentions Mariandel to them. Ochs, to a reprise of [12], introduces Leopold to the Marschallin. The youth gives her the case containing the silver rose. To the music of Sophie's theme [14] and her own love-theme [6], she assures Ochs that Octavian will act as Rose-Bearer.

Now the mood and tenor of the opera change. The Marschallin is left alone for the first time. The wonderful coda contains three superb arias for this woman who, though she appears in only half the opera, dominates it. Although the music he wrote for her in the Introduction shows that Strauss realised her importance from the start, Hofmannsthal did not (like Wagner with Hans Sachs) fully realise it until the libretto was far advanced. Then he wrote⁷: 'She is the central figure for the public, for the women above all, the figure with whom they feel and *move*.' It is important, again, to know how Strauss visualised her — 'a young and beautiful woman of not more than 32 who, when she is in a bad mood, occasionally feels herself an "old hag" compared with 17-year-old Octavian'. In the 18th century 32 was older than it is today, but the practice of making the Marschallin a woman in her fifties is a distortion of the composer's intentions.

Ochs's [12] is now transformed into something like a tragic theme by violins and violas over a plodding bass as the Marschallin muses on the Baron's attitude to his marriage. The orchestral texture is reduced to that of a chamber orchestra as solo strings and clarinet introduce [22], a theme very similar to the opening of *Till Eulenspiegel*, when she remembers how she herself had come from a convent to an arranged marriage. She looks in her mirror, contemplates her old age and how the crowds will point her out as the old Princess. The oboe poignantly quotes [5] as she reflects that this all has to be endured — the difference lies in *how* ('*Wie*') one endures it. And on the word '*Wie*' a bare octave on the harp gives a sharp pang to the strings' gentle chord. Octavian re-enters in riding kit. He senses the Marschallin's changed mood and tries to cheer her up and to protest his love to an orchestral background compounded of their love themes and their earlier discussion of the Field

7. Letter to Strauss, June 6, 1910.



Adele Leigh as Octavian in riding costume. (Covent Garden Archives)

Marshal. She gently rejects Octavian's advances and reflects that nothing will last, that even he will desert her. Now, in a tranquil 6/8, she begins her monologue on the strangeness of time [23], how one is suddenly aware of it, how she sometimes gets up in the night to stop all the clocks (and their soft chimes are magically evoked by celesta and two harps playing harmonics), how her belief in God comforts her. Octavian's response, sensuously tender, is to offer himself as a more accessible substitute for God, but the Marschallin insists that one day he will leave her for a younger and more beautiful woman — and she sings those words, prophetically, to a variation of Sophie's [14]. They argue heatedly but the Marschallin insists it will happen, today or tomorrow ('Heut' oder morgen'), and asks Octavian to leave. In her third and most touching solo, which is the quintessence of nostalgia, based on the themes [5] and [2] and with melting *glissandi* in the strings, she describes how she will go to church, visit her old and ailing Uncle Greifenklau (*lit.* Griffon-claw) and ride in the Prater where Octavian, if he wishes, may join her.

Moved, Octavian leaves. (Strauss knew he had done well here: 'that certain Viennese sentimentality of the parting scene has come off very well. My wife likes it very much', he told his librettist⁸.) The orchestra bursts out as the Marschallin panics — she has not even kissed him. She sends her footmen after him but they breathlessly report that they have missed him. In the nostalgic key of E flat, she calls for Mohammed, [9a], and, to the expressive music of [6], orders him to take the silver rose to Octavian. The act ends with her deep in thought as the solo violin and high woodwind play a transfigured version of Octavian's principal motif [1].

Act Two

This act, set in Faninal's palatial home, gave the collaborators much more trouble than Act One. The published Correspondence reveals the fascinating changes which were made. Suffice it to say that Strauss received the libretto to Act Two in June 1909. On July 9 he wrote the first of several detailed criticisms. It lacked 'the necessary clash and climax . . . if Act Two falls flat the opera is lost'. He accepted it up to Ochs's entrance. Thereafter everything that happens was Strauss's idea, including such details as Ochs's neglecting to tip Annina at the end, and he asked Hofmannsthal for 'much more witty and polished' dialogue, adding: 'Don't forget that the audience should also laugh!'

8. Letter to Hofmannsthal, May 22, 1909.



Elizabeth Schumann as Sophie, who created the role in Hamburg a few weeks after the Dresden première in 1911, and continued to sing it throughout her career (many times opposite Lehmann at Covent Garden) until 1938.



Tiana Lemnitz as Octavian, 1936. (Covent Garden Archives)

Laugh, not just smile or grin!' Hofmannsthal was not offended. 'I realise myself that for the stage the new version is very much more effective . . . and I am very grateful for your energetic intervention.'

The prelude illustrates, *molto allegro*, the excitement of the preparations for the arrival of the Rose-Bearer [24, 25]. An imposing version of the wedding theme [20] is heard in canon and the prelude ends with [25] followed by a richly scored fanfare for his ambassador [26]. Faninal (baritone) hails this great and holy day and leaves Sophie with her duenna, Marianne Leitmetzerin (soprano). While the duenna reports everything that is happening in the street, Sophie sings [27] of her lonely state, motherless in this solemn hour. But Marianne's description of the Rose-Bearer's procession, the couriers' off-stage calls of Rofrano and the orchestra's recollection of [1] and [26] bring her to an agitated pitch of anticipation. To an emphatic *fortissimo* [26] followed by a fully-scored chord of F sharp major, with a cymbal-clash and rolls of drum and triangle, the doors open to reveal Octavian, a dazzling figure in silver from head to foot and holding out the silver rose. The justly famous and beloved Presentation of the Silver Rose is based on [28] (derived from Sophie's [14]), first heard on the oboe and marked 'very expressively' (*sehr ausdrucksvoll*), with the addition of the unforgettable glittering [28b], scored for 3 flutes, 3 solo violins, celesta and two harps, which is repeated several times throughout the presentation. Octavian diffidently offers the rose. Sophie accepts it, remarks on its scent (from a drop of Persian attar) and, in a soaring ecstatic phrase, describes it as 'like heavenly, not earthly flowers' ('Wie himmlische, nicht irdische, wie Rosen'). For the first time their eyes meet and, very softly, a solo trumpet plays [29], the theme of love-at-first-sight to which they later sing their rapturous duet. Strauss then subtly relaxes the



Valerie Masterson (Sophie) and Josephine Barstow (Octavian) in the ENO production by John Copley.

tension into a slightly formal, almost embarrassed conversation (*animato grazioso*) between the two young people, supervised by the duenna. Sophie tells Octavian she knows his age and all his names [30], and she even knows that his close friends call him Quinquin. It is another of those moments of repose in which the opera abounds.

But now Ochs and his disreputable retinue are introduced by Faninal, to a march-like version of [25]. Ochs inspects Sophie as if she were horse-flesh, to Octavian's fury and Sophie's disgust. He remarks on Octavian's likeness to 'a certain someone' and reveals the existence of 'a little bastard sister', before he tries to woo Sophie on his knee. Faninal is complacently delighted by what he sees, Octavian enraged. Ochs continues to tease Sophie, who asks 'What are you to me?'. Ochs's obvious reply — that she will discover the answer overnight — leads him to quote his favourite song and the line (*lit.*) 'with me no night will be too long' ('Mit mir keine Nacht dir zu lang'). This is the most famous tune in the opera [31, 32]. It was written as a parody of Johann Strauss but has equalled the real thing in the public's affections. (Undoubtedly this is some of the music Strauss wrote in advance of the libretto, since tune and words do not fit each other all that well.) Ochs, revelling in what he calls 'the luck of the Lerchenaus' [33], is then taken by Faninal to attend to legal formalities, but before he goes invites Octavian to take what liberties he likes with the 'young unbroken filly'.

Left together (except for the duenna) Sophie appeals for Octavian's help [34]. There is a sudden uproar as Ochs's men chase Faninal's maids through the room, and the duenna leaves to aid the Major-Domo. Now the lovers are alone. They enjoy their first kiss and their duet [35] is a tender affair, Strauss having obeyed Hofmannsthal's injunction to avoid 'a Wagnerian kind of erotic screaming'. On its last note Valzacchi and Annina, who have tiptoed in, seize them and call for Ochs. Octavian decides, rather ineffectually, to tell the Baron of Sophie's dislike but Ochs contemptuously mocks him. When the Baron tries to steer Sophie into the room where the lawyer is waiting, Octavian bars their way, flings insults at the Baron and draws his sword. Ochs summons his followers with a piercing whistle, but the sight of the sword deters them. In a scuffle Ochs brushes its point and yells 'Murder'. A farcical ensemble (all Strauss's idea) follows, in which Ochs is tended, most incompetently, by his retinue and a doctor; Faninal's servants fill the stage wondering what has happened, while Annina harangues them, saying that Octavian and Sophie were already secretly engaged; the duenna helps to tend Ochs; and Faninal toadies to Ochs (and, feeling very sorry for himself, rounds on his daughter, telling her she has the choice of marriage to Ochs's corpse if necessary or a convent for life). Sophie is now all defiance, and Octavian leaves with a whispered word to Valzacchi and Annina.

Faninal's posturings irritate Ochs, who asks for some wine in order to get rid of him. This ensemble is a masterly example of Strauss's ability to keep the top spinning while the stage action is predominant. Ochs, his arm now in a sling, bemoans his fate in Vienna and curses Octavian who has caused his arm to hurt when he tries to drink. (His monologue was inspired by Falstaff's 'Mondo ladro' in Verdi's opera when the Fat Knight has climbed dripping from the Thames and warms himself with wine.) A gentler version of [12], however, tells us that Ochs is feeling better and the 'luck of the Lerchenaus' theme [33] (and other waltzes [31]) accompanies his amusement at the memory of Sophie's tantrums. Annina now comes in with a letter, which Ochs asks her to read aloud. It is from Mariandel — now we know what Octavian was saying to

the conspirators before he left — suggesting a meeting next evening and awaiting an answer. Ochs is overjoyed. Ignoring Annina's importuning for a tip, he tells her to set up a writing-table and he will dictate his reply. The orchestra plays a sumptuous version of [31] and Ochs contentedly sings the last lines, ending on a low E held for six bars. Strauss wrote to Hofmannsthal on September 18, 1909: 'The final conclusion of Act Two is now all composed and, I believe, has turned out a first-class hit. "I am satisfied with myself".'

Act Three

Hofmannsthal wrote to Strauss on September 20, 1909: 'As soon as I have got my comedy out of the way, I shall tackle Act Three . . . It must become the best of all, gay and full of feeling, and ought, in the character of the Marschallin, to touch once again the more sublime chords of tenderness.' Some time early in 1910 the libretto of the first part of the act reached Strauss. But he wanted it all. On April 23 he wrote, 'I am in Garmisch and am in agonies waiting for Act Three!'. Hofmannsthal's reply four days later promised more but added: 'Only the very end, the trio-duet, which needs much subtlety and yet great sweetness, has had to be put off until now when I am feeling better and more in the mood . . . I did so want to write this last scene, a matter of only three or four pages, out in the garden.' By May 2, Strauss had started to compose Act Three. It is interesting to note that as early as June 26, 1909, Strauss told his librettist that 'for the end of Act Three, the softly-fading duet of Sophie and Octavian, I have a very pretty tune'. He then asked for 12 to 16 lines in a particular rhythm. Nearly a year later, when Hofmannsthal came to write the words of the duet, he told Strauss he was 'obviously very much tied down by the metre scheme which you presented for me, but in the end I found it rather agreeable to be bound in this way to a given tune since I felt in this something Mozartian . . .' At this stage the intention was still to call the opera *Ochs von Lerchenau*. Not until June 10, 1910 did the title *Rosenkavalier* occur in the correspondence. One further quotation illustrates the delight and care with which this masterpiece was created. Hofmannsthal to Strauss, May 4, 1910: 'I would have found the end long ago but for the appalling weather . . . The end must be *very* good, or it will be no good at all. It must be psychologically convincing and at the same time tender, the words must be charming and easy to sing, it must be properly split up into conversation and again into numbers, it must provide a happy ending for the young people and yet not make one too uncomfortable about the Marschallin. In short, it must be done with zest and joy, and so I must sit in the garden and have sun, not icy rainstorms.'

The third act opens with a long orchestral Introduction and Pantomime, *vivace possibile*. It is a fugato based on the conspirators' themes [18] and [21] and their derivatives, and it obviously describes conspiratorial activities. Octavian's [1] is presented in mercurial shape, Ochs's [25] mockingly. The scoring is light-fingered. When the first bars are repeated, the curtain rises on a private room in an inn in a disreputable suburb of Vienna. Annina is disguised in mourning and Valzacchi is adjusting her veil. Octavian, in his Mariandel disguise but wearing riding boots beneath his skirt, makes a brief appearance. He throws a purse to Valzacchi. Valzacchi shows five men to hiding-places under trap-doors, and behind fake windows and sliding panels. He claps his hands and they rehearse their 'materialisations' and 'disappearances' [36]. A

waiter and a boy light candles (woodwind trills) and arrange the dining table. So far not a word has been sung, while the orchestra has played a string of waltzes. We hear much of Ochs's [16] and of Octavian-as-Mariandel's [11]. As the candles are lit, an off-stage orchestra begins to play more waltzes, one of which is [16], but the others — [37], [38], associated with the waiters, and [39] — are new⁹. Strauss here shows himself the equal of Johann Strauss in *Die Fledermaus*. Indeed, he himself wrote in 1925: 'How could I have written the *Rosenkavalier* waltzes without the example of the merry genius of Vienna?'

Ochs, his arm still in a sling, enters with Mariandel. He extinguishes the candles, complains about the music, and says he does not need the waiters, because his Leopold will serve the meal. Alone with Mariandel at last, he pours some wine for her, which she refuses to the languid strain of [40]. She says she wants to leave and, 'mistaking' a curtained alcove for an exit, discloses a bed. 'Who's it for?' 'You'll know in good time', Ochs replies¹⁰. As he pulls Mariandel towards him, her resemblance to 'that blasted boy' disturbs him, and an eruption in the brass disturbs the flow of waltzes [41, 42]. One of the trap-door apparitions [36] jumps the gun and terrifies Ochs. Mariandel (who has signalled to the man to close his door) pacifies the Baron. The off-stage band now strikes up with [31] in a highly schmaltzy version, which to Ochs's ill-concealed irritation, reduces Mariandel to maudlin tears [43]. He removes his wig, revealing a bald scalp, and grapples with Mariandel's bodice. This prompts Octavian to signal for pandemonium to break loose on stage and in the orchestra. The apparitions appear, one of them takes the wig, while another — the disguised Annina — threatens Ochs and then claims histrionically that he is her husband. Children dance around him screaming 'Papa!'. Ochs opens the window and calls for the police. The Police Commissar (bass baritone) questions Ochs and the landlord. Although Ochs says Valzacchi will vouch for him, the Italian, firmly in Octavian's pay, knows nothing, of course. Leopold, concerned at the way things are going, runs out. He has gone, as we shall discover, to fetch the Marschallin — this was Strauss's explanation for the arrival of this high-born lady in such an unlikely place. Yes, it is a creaky part of the plot but, by now, who cares? At the moment Ochs tells the Commissar that Mariandel is his fiancée, Sophie von Faninal, in walks Faninal (summoned by Valzacchi on Octavian's instructions, but thinking he has been called by Ochs). Ochs tries to disown Faninal. The orchestra is a web of thematic fragments which sustain the mood during the tomfoolery. Strauss found this part of the plot 'rather heavy going for a musician', and sometimes it sounds it.

When the Commissar asks Faninal if Mariandel is his daughter, as Ochs has said, Faninal sends for Sophie, who is sitting outside in the sedan. Her entry restores some dignity to the scene and begins the stretch of magnificent music with which Strauss achieved the opera's emotional crisis. A splendid new version for full orchestra of one of her themes announces her arrival [44], accompanied (when they are not cut, as they often are) by a chorus of onlookers muttering 'The bride — oh what a sore disgrace!'. Faninal indicates Annina and the children to her as Ochs's wife and children and then collapses.

9. The instrumentation of the off-stage band is: 2 flutes, oboe, 1 clarinet in C, 2 clarinets in B, 2 bassoons, 2 horns, 1 trumpet, 1 side-drum, 1 harmonium, 1 piano, violins, violas, cellos, double-basses.

10. In the original 1913 English translation by Alfred Kalisch, there was no mention of the bed. This opera fell foul of the censors in Berlin in 1911, when many lines (especially in Ochs's Act One monologue) were bowdlerised, and until quite recently the Marschallin was never seen in bed on stage.

She helps him to an anteroom. Meanwhile, Ochs has found his wig and begins to feel more like his old self. He tells the Commissar that he'll pay the bill and drive Mariandel home; but the Commissar has more questions for him. The music stops and Octavian asks to make a statement where Ochs cannot hear him. He retires to the alcove, and, as Ochs assures the constables that he has no idea who Annina is, Octavian tosses Mariandel's undergarments to the Commissar (to a 6/8 version of [43]). The excitement mounts until the landlord announces the arrival of the Marschallin.

This great theatrical moment is the fulcrum of the plot, as Hofmannsthal intended it to be. Strauss wrote to him¹¹: 'The Marschallin's entrance and the ensuing scene must be the focal point of the action and the suspense, and must be highly concentrated. When the Baron and the whole crowd are gone, then everything can gradually dissolve into a lyrical mood and return to soft outlines.' Hofmannsthal wrote¹² interestingly about his characters' personalities: 'Sophie is a very pretty girl, but she is also a very ordinary girl like dozens of others — this is the whole point of the story; true charm of speech, indeed the stronger charm of personality is all with the Marschallin. Just the fact that, in this criss-cross double adventure, Quinquin falls for the *very first* little girl to turn up, that is the point, that is what unites the whole and holds together the two actions. The Marschallin remains the dominant female figure, between Ochs and Quinquin — Sophie always stands one step below these chief characters . . . Even the musical, conceptual unity of the whole opera would suffer if the personality of the Marschallin were to be deprived of her full stature . . .' Strauss scarcely needed this lesson in the creation of operatic women. Already in *Salome* and *Elektra*, he had shown his insight into feminine psychology, and after *Der Rosenkavalier* he was to add further portraits to this gallery, Zerbinetta and Ariadne in *Ariadne auf Naxos*, the Empress and the Dyer's Wife in *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, his own wife Pauline in *Intermezzo*, the charming Arabella, the humanised mythological characters Helen, Daphne and Danae, and (nearest of all to the Marschallin) the Countess in his

11. Letter to Hofmannsthal, May 20, 1910.

12. Letter to Strauss, July 12, 1910.



Viorica Ursuleac as the Marschallin.
(Covent Garden Archives)

wonderful last opera *Capriccio*. Many would argue that the Marschallin remains his greatest creation. He certainly was in no doubt how to project her in the closing pages of the opera. As late as September 10, 1910 Hofmannsthal had misgivings about the ending and sent Strauss a shortened version. Strauss's reply was to the point: 'That it sounds a bit flat in reading is obvious. But it is at the conclusion that a musician, if he has any ideas at all, can achieve his best and supreme effects — so you may safely leave this for me to judge.' How right he was can now be heard.

The Marschallin is followed by little Mohammed carrying her train. A sumptuous and stately version of [5] is played on high woodwind and high strings — one can almost hear the sweep of her dress — and on the bassett-horn, bassoons and cellos is a quickened version of [1] as Octavian puts his head between the curtains of the alcove to ask what brings her here. The Marschallin ignores him while she recognises the Commissar as having been her husband's orderly. Ochs, who signals to Leopold his pleasure at the success of his 'rescue' mission, is convinced the Marschallin has come to extricate him and gestures to Octavian (still Mariandel to him) to stay in the alcove, but when he turns his back Octavian, now in male attire, steps out. Sophie returns, does not see the Marschallin, and tells Ochs she has a message from Faninal. That, says Octavian to the Marschallin, is the girl for whose sake . . . he needs to say no more. 'Who she is I can surely guess. She has great charm,' the Marschallin replies icily, for the only time in the opera addressing Octavian as Rofrano. (Among the delights of Hofmannsthal's libretto are the subtleties of language and etiquette, some of them lost in translation, and the use of dialect for Ochs and Mariandel.) Sophie shows herself something of a spitfire, telling Ochs that Faninal warns him not to come within a hundred paces of his house, or else. She here adopts the aristocratic third-person style of address. Theme [24], Faninal's principal motif, crackles through the orchestra during this outburst.

When Ochs tries to push past Sophie into the room where Faninal is resting, the Marschallin orders him to put a good face on the situation and to leave with dignity. Parts of [12] and [13] are heard on violins, violas and woodwind as Ochs shows stupefaction. It has all been a farce, you see, the Marschallin tells the Commissar, a phrase which is echoed emptily by the shocked Sophie. To the throb of horns and basses, the Marschallin tells Octavian to make Ochs see sense. Octavian's relish in this — [1] and [16] — is obvious. When the Marschallin incautiously interjects that she is displeased with men in general at the moment [5], Ochs at last weighs up the situation between Octavian and the Marschallin and, as the tender love-theme [6] returns in splendour, says he does not know what he ought to think. 'You will just refrain from thinking,' is the Marschallin's edict. Many Ochs themes recur as he believes he has triumphed over the Marschallin. He will forget everything and make it up with Faninal. With [20], the theme of the wedding preparations, in full sail in the orchestra, the Marschallin imperiously informs him that everything — including his engagement — is finished. At last, to a falling cadence similar to that in *Till Eulenspiegel* which marks the end of the rogue's escapades, Ochs faces reality. So does Sophie, who believes her love for Octavian must be finished too, and she repeats the Marschallin's 'Ist halt vorbei' (*lit.* 'Is simply finished') to a pathetic reminiscence of the rapturous phrase with which she had received the silver rose. The Marschallin, whose thoughts are precisely similar where Octavian is concerned, sings her phrase to [5]. These musings merge into the orchestra's quiet recapitulation of the act's Introduction. To its

ghostly flickering, all the conspirators enter, the landlord presenting the bill, the children screaming 'Papa'. They advance on Ochs, who calls out 'Leupold, wir gehn!' ('We go'). At this the waltzes return, first [33] as Annina and Valzacchi taunt him with 'the luck of the Lerchenaus' theme [31], the dinner waltz [37] and, on horns, the theme with which in Act One the Marschallin expressed her relief that her husband had not returned. Against this kaleidoscope of sound [41], the bills are presented, the children yell, and Ochs and Leopold finally escape, chased by the crowd.

The waltz tempo of [41] continues when the Marschallin, Octavian and Sophie are left together. The masquerade really is over, and the listener will sense Strauss rising to the challenge of a deeper theme. Octavian does not know which woman to console but the Marschallin, taut and controlled, sends him to Sophie. To a simple waltz [45], Octavian asks Sophie for a tender greeting. The Marschallin's renunciation theme [5] is merged into [45]; and there is another reminiscence from Act One as she recalls her words 'Heut oder morgen' ('Today or tomorrow') while she watches Octavian reiterate his love to Sophie. In this ensemble, [45] combines with the Act One love-duet in a passionate climax. It is Sophie now who is perceptive, and sends Octavian to the distressed Marschallin, saying she must go to her father. When Octavian orders her to stay, the Marschallin approaches Sophie and, with [5] *con moto grazioso* on the first violins, asks if she already loves Octavian so much. The embarrassed girl, turning into a nervous chatterbox, ascribes her pale cheeks to the shock she has had over her father. The Marschallin, worldly-wise and kindly, stops her prattle. She knows the cure for Faninal's ills; she will invite him to drive home with her in her carriage, along with Sophie herself and Octavian.

The young lovers are deeply moved. The Trio that follows is not only the supreme moment of the opera but one of the supreme moments of all opera, comparable with the Quintet in Wagner's *The Mastersingers of Nuremberg* and incomparable as an example of writing for three soprano voices. Octavian softly sings 'Marie Theres' while the orchestra holds a long chord, except for a solo trumpet which quietly plays [5]. Then, *moderato e molto cantabile*, the Marschallin sings the first high, floating phrase [46]. This melody is in fact just a transfiguration of Mariandel's 'Nein, nein' theme [40] from the supper-scene! Into the glowing, rich and immensely intricate vocal texture, the themes of [5] and [1] are interwoven. Each of the three soliloquises: Octavian about his love for Sophie; Sophie about the Marschallin and, at the end, as she looks into Octavian's eyes, about her own love; and the Marschallin about her renunciation of Octavian. The voices soar to a climax, and there is a glorious orchestral peroration based on [5], with Octavian's [1] on cellos and bassoons, and the silver rose music [28a and b] in the woodwind. With the enigmatic phrase 'In Gottes Namen' that suggests both her resignation and her blessing, the Marschallin quietly leaves.

The music of the Presentation of the Rose returns as Sophie and Octavian move closer to each other. Over a high soft tremolo, Sophie's [14] is repeated several times by oboe and flute while [1] spreads over the whole orchestra. They embrace and begin the chaste duet [47] which so perfectly complements the ardour of the Trio. (It may be compared with the Purcellian simplicity of the Fenton-Nannetta duet in Verdi's *Falstaff*.) To a recapitulation of the music with which she sent Octavian from her at the end of Act One, the Marschallin now re-enters with Faninal. 'Sind halt aso, die jungen Leut' (*lit.* 'That's how they are, the young folk'), Faninal sings benevolently. The Marschallin replies

'Ja, Ja' — and to those two notes the memorable interpreters of this rôle impart a whole world of experience, the strings at their sweetest telling us of the Marschallin's self-sacrifice. Alone again, Sophie and Octavian resume their duet, with each phrase underlined by the glittering [28b]. During an embrace Sophie drops her handkerchief. Their last words are sung to [29], with [28b] chiming out as they kiss and run out hand-in-hand. The stage is empty, and Strauss devises a codetta akin to the delicate epilogue of *Till Eulenspiegel*. We hear Mohammed's tinkling bells [9]. The Marschallin has sent him back. Candle in hand he searches, finds the handkerchief and, waving it triumphantly, runs off to the accompaniment of brilliant, happy, final chords.

So ends an opera which, in its eighty years of existence, has already created its own mythology of interpreters of the various rôles, a mythology which the gramophone converts into reality for the listeners of today and tomorrow. Everything about it seems to have been blessed with the certainty of success. 'I pray that you are content — for myself I must say I so enjoyed working on this piece that it almost saddens me to have to write "Curtain"', Hofmannsthal wrote to Strauss in 1910. And, when he was over eighty and had had many more triumphs, Richard Strauss was content to identify himself with the words, 'I am the composer of *Der Rosenkavalier*'.

Extracts from the Correspondence between Strauss and Hofmannsthal are quoted by kind permission of Cambridge University Press, publishers of the English translation by Hanns Hammelmann and Ewald Osers.



Hugo von Hofmannsthal, an oil painting on wood, by Hans Schlesinger
(Courtesy of Octavian von Hofmannsthal)

Hugo von Hofmannsthal — Man of Letters

Peter Branscombe

Hugo von Hofmannsthal crammed a bewildering variety of activities into a comparatively short life. By the beginning of the last decade of the nineteenth century, when he was still in his mid teens, he was recognized as one of the most brilliant poetic talents in Vienna, already admitted to the circle around Hermann Bahr, Schnitzler (for whose *Anatol* he wrote the verse prologue) and Richard Beer-Hoffmann. He produced a quantity of lyric verse of a delicacy of perception and power of imagery that can perhaps be paralleled only by Rimbaud's rather earlier yet equally precocious poetry. But at the same time he was beginning to write a series of verse plays — plays for reading rather than for staging — such as *Gestern* (*Yesterday*), *Der Tod des Tizian* (*The Death of Titian*) and *Der Tor und der Tod* (*The Fool and Death*); before the decade was out there were nearly a dozen of them, including scenarios which were to become ballets with the music of Egon Wellesz (*Achilles auf Skyros*) and Zemlinsky (*Der Triumph der Zeit*, *The Triumph of Time* — though as composed it was named *Das gläserne Herz*, *The Heart of Glass*). The titles suggest the range of his interests at that time, just as the lyric poems indicated the uncanny insight he had acquired into the minds of people totally outside his own experience — a state of preternaturally mature understanding which he called *Praeexistenz* (literally 'pre-existence', referring to knowledge which must be assumed to have been acquired in a previous existence). The rich vein of poetic inspiration which he mined during the '90s ran out quite suddenly in the earliest years of the new century, shortly after he graduated Dr. phil. at Vienna with a thesis on linguistic usage in the group of sixteenth-century French poets known as the *Pléiade*.

It was at this stage in his career — 1900, and he was 26 — that he first came into contact with Richard Strauss. Initially, there can be little doubt, Hofmannsthal looked upon a possible collaboration with Germany's foremost musician as a solution to his own creative problems. However, for the moment Strauss declined the ballet-scenario *The Triumph of Time* which Hofmannsthal offered him, and their partnership did not begin until a few years later. Hofmannsthal sought to come to terms with his own problems of creativity and communication by adapting great works from the past, from various cultures. More intimately, he chose the extraordinary form of a fictitious letter from Lord Chandos to Francis Bacon (*Ein Brief — A Letter*) to express his own perception that words could no longer adequately convey a writer's meaning. Though this crisis was of comparatively short duration, the difficulties of communication were to remain an abiding concern of Hofmannsthal's, as they were at different times for such contrasting contemporaries as Wittgenstein, Kafka and Schoenberg.

For the time being, however, he sought a solution to his artistic problems in the translation and adaptation of foreign dramatists, including Otway in *Das gerettete Venedig* (*Venice Preserved*), and Sophocles in *Ödipus und die Sphinx* and *König Ödipus*. In 1906 his collaboration with Strauss began, after the composer had reacted enthusiastically to the Berlin production of Hofmannsthal's version of *Elektra* (in its original form as a spoken play). The poet was asked to make certain changes and cuts for Strauss's purposes — and the most productive partnership in the history of opera was born.



Harold Barrett as the Marschallin's page in the first Covent Garden production, 1913. He later became a Stage Manager at the Royal Opera House. (Covent Garden Archives)

Although there is no precise dividing-line between his plays and his librettos, and indeed prose works and poems too as far as subject-matter is concerned, Hofmannsthal does tend to concentrate the attention in his opera-books on those aspects of femininity and of love which held a particular appeal for Strauss as well as for himself. The librettos explore the relationship between man and woman on various levels, and in two main thematic areas (the myth, and the sentimental comedy of manners). Even *Elektra* — which was not so much a collaboration between a librettist and a composer as the setting of an already-existing play — for all its insistence on the theme of vengeance, touches on the subject of love and child-bearing as the ideal of the gentle Chrysothemis. In the librettos after *Der Rosenkavalier* Hofmannsthal depicts love in a variety of ways. *Ariadne* reveals in the contrast between Ariadne and Zerbinetta, and the attraction between Ariadne and Bacchus, stylized forms of conventional operatic love. *Die Frau ohne Schatten* shows two pairs of lovers whose relationships are foundering on limited understanding — relationships that can only be made meaningful through self-sacrifice. Love in *Die ägyptische Helena* is the spiritual resilience which is capable of surviving passing infatuation and the temptations of deception, and wins through to trust. *Arabella*, the last libretto Hofmannsthal lived to write (but did not live to

revise and polish), shows up the incomplete nature of 'ordinary' human love when it is set against the perfect trust and generosity of spirit which Arabella and Mandryka finally achieve.

All these aspects of love are given vitality, directness and charm by Hofmannsthal's ability to fuse concept with language and gesture. Running through the librettos is, for instance, water-imagery. Chrysothemis uses the analogy of pregnant women struggling to bear water-pots from the well; water is the element over which Bacchus, greeted as if he were Charon, comes to bring not death but renewed life and love to Ariadne; in *Die Frau ohne Schatten* water plays an unusually large role, both in points of detail and in the final tableau, with a golden stream cascading before the re-united couples as promise of fruitfulness; *Arabella* takes from Slav folksong the motif of the glass of pure water given to her future husband by the bride.

Another recurrent theme connected with love is the creation of a meaningful family unit (for Hofmannsthal increasingly a vital concern in the chaotic years of European political and social disintegration). It is the message of the beautiful comedy *Der Schwierige* (*The Difficult Man*), as it is of the roughly contemporaneous *Frau ohne Schatten*. The decision of Hans-Karl, the 'difficult man' of the play's title, virtually to retire from society and remove to his estate with Helene can be viewed as escapism; yet in the circumstances of post-war Austria, Hofmannsthal was as convinced as Stifter had been after the 1848 Revolution that the future of society at large was dependent on the unit of the family. Lest the accusation that the poet was advocating escapism should nevertheless stick, it should be pointed out that in his final play, *Der Turm* (*The Tower*), he probed the disquieting political realities of the '20s, set in a central European mythical-historical context. Here for the last time he reworked a powerful foreign work — Calderón's *La vida es sueño* (*Life is a Dream*) — so as to cast fresh light on the recurrent problems of sifting permanent from transient values, of fostering the resilient, self-sacrificing spirit of true humanity in a world heavy with corruption.

One may also see Hofmannsthal's concern for international understanding, for the need to transmit the basic values of civilization, in his determined work with Max Reinhardt and others after the First World War to establish the Salzburg Festival as a meeting-place for artists and art-lovers at which works of eminence from past and present should be given in exemplary performances, and by which better understanding between nations should be encouraged. This principle underlies many of his adaptations — *Jedermann* (his version of the old English morality play of *Everyman*) before the War, after the War *Das grosse Salzburger Welttheater* (*The Great Salzburg Theatre of the World*). The latter, though less inextricably a part of the Salzburg Festival than *Jedermann*, is the more ambitious play, with its parabolic reflection of the dark forces at work in Europe, and its emphasis on individual responsibility if chaos is to be averted.

From the conscious and admitted adaptations it is fascinating to turn to the hidden literary borrowings, more or less conscious memories of his passionate and voracious reading in several languages; antecedents of the most varied kind can be found for a vast number of tiny details in his writings. Yet these borrowings are so creative, his use of them so subtle, that the accusation that he was a kleptomaniac has only the most superficial application. Hofmannsthal was equally likely to draw his inspiration from a novel or a folksong, a play or a myth, a volume of memoirs or a history book; on occasion he adapted a scene from a painting (Hogarth's 'Levée' in *Rosenkavalier*, Act One), or even modelled a character on an acquaintance (Strauss's wife was the prototype for the Empress in *Die Frau ohne Schatten*). The immediacy of his character-

depiction clearly owes much to his loving compilation of detail; even minor characters come vividly to life.

Hofmannsthal's concern with the problem of communication is of crucial importance throughout his life, and may be studied in such disparate and chronologically widely separated works as the early lyric poem, *Die Beiden*, *Der Schwierige* (for instance in the scene in which Hans-Karl tries to propose marriage), and the preface to the volume of essays *Wert und Ehre deutscher Sprache* (literally, 'Worth and Honour of the German Language') two years before his death, in which he hoped by pointing to treasures from Germany's literary past to help young people come to a proper understanding of the need to preserve the spirit of the German language. Problems of communication — of winning through to a mature understanding of the nature of another person — also play an important part within the librettos: in *Elektra* it is the relationship between the protagonist and her brother and sister; in *Der Rosenkavalier* between Octavian and the Marschallin, Octavian and Sophie; in *Ariadne* the focus is on Ariadne and Bacchus, but also on artist and public, artist and artist. *Die Frau ohne Schatten* focuses attention on the lack of insight between the two couples, in *Die ägyptische Helen* the concern is for the relationship between the long-separated husband and wife, and in *Arabella* it is for the engaged couple who must rise above misunderstandings.

Not the least interesting aspect of the Hofmannsthal-Strauss partnership is the choice of subjects they finally made and followed through to successful conclusion, and the subjects proposed and temporarily pursued by the one, but rejected by the other. It is curious to think we might have had a Hofmannsthal-Strauss *Semiramis*, odder still to think what a Hofmannsthal-Strauss *Intermezzo* might have been like. Strauss also tried to wheedle out of the poet a libretto on a French Revolution subject, or something lurid from the Italian Renaissance. To these and similar requests Hofmannsthal could only just keep a note of censure from the wording of his refusal. Nor was Strauss always keen to follow Hofmannsthal in his inclinations, *Christinas Heimreise*, a play based on an incident from Casanova's life being one example, and a proposed ballet on the subject of Orestes and the Furies another. The fact that there was tension and disagreement in the working relationship was surely to its advantage — neither of the collaborators was able or indeed willing entirely to submerge his own artistic personality in the interests of the other. Each made sacrifices, but it was Hofmannsthal, the more delicate of the partners, who was better able — thanks not least to his intellectual toughness and resilience — to maintain his own independent creative development during the years of their co-operation, as the impressive list of works written for his own rather than Strauss's purposes indicates.

In the letter he wrote to congratulate Strauss on his sixtieth birthday, in June 1924, Hofmannsthal remarked that it seemed to him to be 'something great and also necessary in my life that you approached me, eighteen years ago now, with your wishes and needs. It was pre-ordained that I am able to fulfil this wish — within the limitations of my talents — and that this fulfilment should in turn satisfy an inner need in me . . . You have rewarded me as far as one artist can reward another . . .'. A further reward, which Hofmannsthal did not live to see, is that his example of providing a corpus of dignified, poetic librettos has helped contemporaries and successors of such varied outlooks as Brecht, Cocteau, Busoni, E.M. Forster, Ingeborg Bachmann, Christopher Fry, Gertrude Stein, Auden and Kallman (whose *Elegy for Young Lovers* is dedicated to Hofmannsthal's memory) to perceive the worth of operatic collaboration.



Frieda Hempel as the Marschallin and Margaret Ober as Octavian in the American première at the Met., December 9, 1913.



*Left. The first performance:
Eva von der Osten (Octavian)
and Margarethe Siems (the
Marschallin) in the 1911
Dresden production.*

*Below. The same scene at
Covent Garden in 1975 with
Brigitte Fassbaender
(Octavian) and Gwyneth
Jones (the Marschallin), in
Visconti's production.
(photo: Donald Southern)*



Thematic Guide

Many of the themes from the opera have been identified in the articles by numbers in square brackets, which refer to the themes set out on these pages. The themes are also identified by the numbers in brackets at the corresponding points in the libretto, so that the words can be related to the musical themes.

[1]



[2]



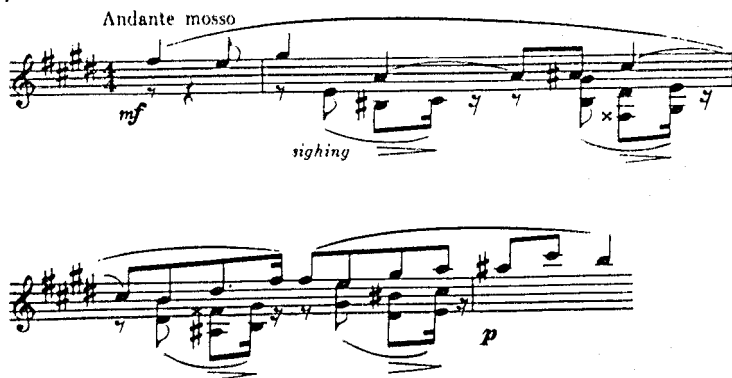
[3]



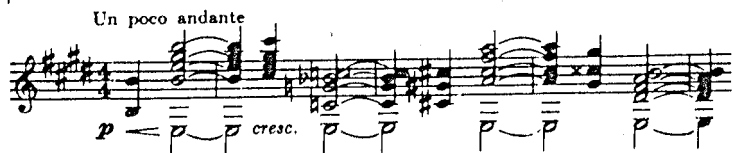
[4]



[5]



[6]



[7]

A tempo mosso



[8]

Allegro



[9a]

Alla marcia con grazia



[9b]

Alla marcia con grazia



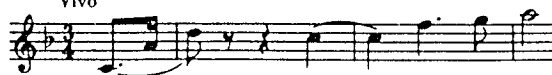
[10]

Tempo di Waltz



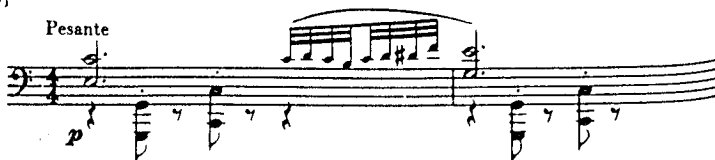
[11]

Vivo



[12]

Pesante



[13]

Commodo



[14]



[15]

Con moto



[16]

Tempo di Waltz



[17] OCHS

Presto



Is that a - ny rea - son to live like a monk?
Macht das ei - nem leh - men E - sel aus mir?

[18]

Presto



[19] THE ITALIAN TENOR

Un poco sostenuto



Di ri - go - ri ar - ma - to il se - no

[20]



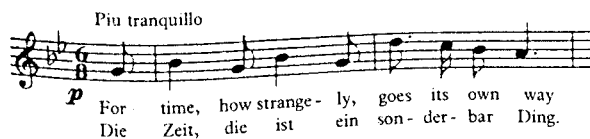
[21]



[22]



[23] MARSCHALLIN



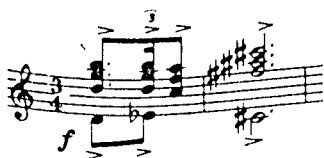
[24]



[25]



[26]



[27] SOPHIE

On this most joy - ful day I praise thee my ma - ker
In die - ser fei - er - li - chen Stun - de der Pru - fung

[28a]

Piuttosto lento

[28b]

[29] SOPHIE

p Where have I been be - fore — and felt such rap - ture?
Wo war ich schon ein - mal — und war so se - lig?

[30] SOPHIE

Animato grazioso

p I know you ve - ry well, mon cou - sin!
Ich kenn' Ihn schon recht wohl, mon cou - sin!

[31]

Tempo di Waltz tranquillo

[32]

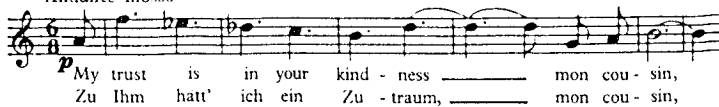
[33] *The Luck of the Lerchenaus*

Waltz mosso



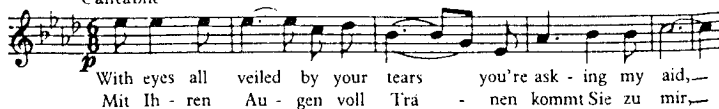
[34] SOPHIE

Andante mosso



[35] OCTAVIAN

Cantabile



[36]



[37]

Tempo di Waltz con anima



[38]

Tempo di Valse
con spirito



[39]

Molto animato

[40] OCTAVIAN

Un poco languido

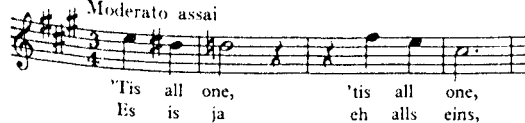
[41]

Tempo di Waltz con grazia

[42]

Waltz un poco commodo

[43] OCTAVIAN

Moderato assai

[44]

Molto allegro sempre



Der Rosenkavalier The Rose-Bearer

Comedy for Music in Three Acts

by Hugo von Hofmannsthal
Music by Richard Strauss Op. 59
English version by Alfred Kalisch

Der Rosenkavalier was first performed in Dresden on January 26, 1911. The first performance in Britain was given at Covent Garden on January 29, 1913, and in the United States in New York on December 9 of the same year. There was a production in English by Sadler's Wells Opera at Sadler's Wells on March 8, 1939, and another by English National Opera at the London Coliseum on January 29, 1975.

A Note on the Libretto

The German text given here is based on three sources. The copyright in the piano score prepared by Otto Singer is dated 1911 and 1913, renewed in 1939 by Fürstner Ltd, and assigned in 1943 to Boosey and Hawkes. This text is what is usually reprinted to accompany recordings because it is what is most often sung. It does not, however, exactly match the text in the full score which was published in 1939 with a note giving the authority of Clemens Krauss that 'it is to be taken as authentic'. Stewart Spencer has pointed out that even this full score contains some obvious mistakes. In neither score do we find the idiosyncratic spelling and punctuation of Hofmannsthal's libretto, as published in the 1986 critical edition by Hoffmann and Schuh, which may be taken to represent what Hofmannsthal intended for reading. Even allowing for differences of presentation, that text differs from the scores by including passages which were not set to music, and others where Strauss demanded extra lines which Hofmannsthal did not incorporate into the main body of his libretto.

We have chosen to follow the text of the 1939 full score, on the basis of Clemens Krauss's recommendation, correcting it from the vocal score where necessary. For the lay-out, we followed the Hoffmann and Schuh edition of Hofmannsthal's text as far as possible, and we have also chosen to follow this edition in matters of punctuation and spelling. This was because their critical edition has the merit of a meticulous scholarship towards Hofmannsthal's text which the scores lack. The attentive reader will note discrepancies between the German of Hofmannsthal's *Complete Works* and that in vocal scores or record librettos, such as 'Euer', 'Eurer' and 'Eure' or 'besondern' and 'besondren'. In these cases, that is where singability is concerned, we have followed the text in the full score. Where singability is not in question, we follow the *Complete Works*: we give 'k's for 'c's (in Chokolade, for instance) and Hofmannsthal's different style of capitalisation for two passages in Act Two which are not in the main body of his libretto in the *Complete Works* (the Octavian/Sophie duet 'Mit Ihren Augen' and the chorus of Lerchenau's servants

'Wenn ich Dich erwisch'). Hofmannsthal was inconsistent in his very sparing use of the apostrophe: sometimes, for example, the name Marie Theres appears with a final apostrophe, and more usually not. Peculiar divergences between the text of the full score and the *Complete Works* libretto have been footnoted.

The English is credited to Alfred Kalisch, the first and (to date) only English translator of the opera, but it has been extensively revised for performance by English National Opera in 1994. The passages which are very often cut, and which we do not perform, have not been revised and we have been content to make the English consistent in lay-out and to leave the reader to notice how free is his rendering of the German. The elaborate stage-directions are basically given in Kalisch's translation.

THE CHARACTERS

The Feldmarschallin <i>Princess of Werdenberg</i>	soprano
Octavian called <i>Quinquin</i> , a young gentleman of noble family	soprano
The Princess's Footmen	2 tenors, 2 basses
Baron Ochs of Lerchenau	bass
Major-Domo to the Princess	tenor
A Noble Widow	mezzo-soprano
Three Noble Orphans	2 sopranos 1 mezzo-soprano
A Milliner	soprano
An Animal Seller	tenor
A Notary	bass
Valzacchi <i>an intriguer</i>	tenor
Annina <i>his accomplice</i>	mezzo-soprano
A Tenor	tenor
Herr von Faninal <i>a rich merchant, newly ennobled</i>	baritone
Sophie <i>his daughter</i>	soprano
Marianne Leitmetzerin <i>Sophie's Duenna</i>	soprano
Major-Domo to Faninal	tenor
A Doctor	bass
A Landlord	tenor
A Commissar of Police	baritone
Pages to the Princess and Octavian, Hairdressers, a Flute Player, Leupold and Ochs's Retinue, Waiters, a Scholar, a Cook and Assistant, Notary's Assistant, Maidservants, Footmen, Suspicious Personages, Children, Musicians, Coachmen and Constables.	

The action takes place in Vienna, during the first years of the reign of Maria Theresa.

Act One

Introduction [1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6] The Marschallin's bedroom. To the left in the alcove the large tent-shaped four poster. Next to the bed, a three-leaved Chinese screen, behind which some clothes are lying. In addition, a little table and some chairs. On a little sofa to the left lies a sword in its sheath. To the right, great folding doors leading to the antechamber. In the centre, scarcely visible, a small door in the wall. No other doors. Between the alcove and the small door a dressing table and a few armchairs against the wall. The curtains of the bed are half-drawn. Through the half-open windows the bright morning sun streams in. From the garden birdsong can be heard.

Octavian kneels on a footstool, half embracing the Marschallin who is reclining in bed. Her face is hidden; only her beautiful hand and arm, peeping out from the sleeve of her lace nightgown, can be seen.

OCTAVIAN
(*passionately*)

How you were! How you are!
No one knows it, all your kindness!

[7] Wie du warst! Wie du bist!
Das weiss niemand, das ahnt keiner!

MARSCHALLIN

(*raises herself on her pillow*)

Do you reproach me for that, Quinquin?
Would you have all the world share them?

Beklagt Er sich über das, Quinquin?
Möcht' Er, dass viele das wüssten?

OCTAVIAN
(*ardently*)

Angel! No! Blessed am I,
for it is I alone who knows your secrets!

Engel! Nein! Selig bin ich,
dass ich der einzige bin, der weiss, wie du bist.

Knows your treasures! Knows your treasures!
You, you, you—Why talk of 'you'?

Keiner ahnt es! Niemand weiss es.
Du, du, du—was heisst das 'du'?

This 'You and I'?

Was 'du und ich'?

Do we know what they mean?
They are words, merely words—Yes—
You know.

Hat denn das einen Sinn?

Das sind Worte, blossе Worte, nicht?

All the same though, there is something
within them, a feeling, a craving,
a yearning, a striving,
a longing, a burning:

Du sag!
Aber dennoch: Es ist etwas in ihnen,
ein Schwindeln, ein Ziehen, ein Sehnen
und Drängen,
ein Schwächen und Brennen:

my hand reaches out to search for your
hand,

Wie jetzt meine Hand zu deiner Hand
kommt,

and I must touch you, I want to hold you.

das Zudirwollen, das Dichumklammern,

All I want is only you;
but then that 'I' is lost in that 'You'...

das bin ich, das will zu dir,
aber das Ich vergeht in dem Du...

I am your heart—but then when I
am carried away in your arms—
where is then your heart?

Ich bin dein Bub—aber wenn mir dann
Hören und Sehen vergeht—
wo ist dann dein Bub?

MARSCHALLIN
(*softly*)

You are my heart, you are my love!

Du bist mein Bub, du bist mein Schatz!

(*very tenderly*)

I love you so!

Ich hab' dich lieb!

They embrace. [6]

OCTAVIAN
(*starts up*)

Why is it day? It shall not be day!
What use is the day?

Warum ist Tag? Ich will nicht den Tag!

Für was ist der Tag?

Then everyone sees you. Dark it shall be!

Da haben dich alle! Finster soll sein!

(*He rushes to the window, closes it, and draws the curtains; the distant tinkling of a bell is heard. The Marschallin laughs to herself.*) [8]

Why do you laugh?

Lachst du mich aus?

MARSCHALLIN
(*tenderly*)

Why do I laugh?

Lach ich dich aus?

Angel! OCTAVIAN
Engel!

Dearest, my little boy! MARSCHALLIN
Schatz du, mein junger Schatz!
(again a discreet tinkling)

Hark! Horch!

I will not. OCTAVIAN
Ich will nicht.

Hush, be still! MARSCHALLIN
Still, pass auf.

I will not listen! What can it be? OCTAVIAN
Ich will nichts hören! Was wirds denn sein?
(The sound comes closer.)

Is it footmen with letters, and pretty verses? Sind's leicht Laufer mit Briefen und
Komplimenten?

From Saurau, from Hartig, or the Portuguese Ambassador? Vom Saurau, vom Hartig, vom portugieser
Envoyé?

Here no one enters but I! I am master here! [1] Hier kommt mir keiner herein! Hier bin ich
der Herr!

The little door at the centre opens and a little Black Boy in yellow, hung with silver bells, trips across the room bearing a salver with chocolate. Invisible hands close the door behind him.

MARSCHALLIN
Ah, go and hide yourself, my breakfast Schnell, da versteck Er sich! Das Frühstück
comes. ist's.

(Octavian steps behind the screen.)
Put your sword over there behind the bed. Schmeiss Er doch Seinen Degen hinters
Bett.

(Octavian makes a dash for his sword and hides it. The Marschallin lies down again, after drawing the curtains. The Black Boy places the tray on the little table, pushes it to the front of the stage, pulls up the sofa and makes a deep obeisance to the Marschallin, with his arms crossed over his chest. Then he dances daintily backwards, with his face always turned to the Marschallin. At the door he bows again and vanishes. [9] The Marschallin appears from behind the bed curtains. She has wrapped a light fur-trimmed dressing-gown around her. Octavian reappears between the wall and the screen.)

You scatterbrain! What were you thinking of? Er Katzenkopf, Er unvorsichtiger!

Gentlemen do not leave their swords lying in the room of a lady of fashion. Lässt man in einer Dame Schlafzimmer
seinen Degen herumliegen?

You should go to school again to learn your manners. Hat Er keine besseren Gepflogenheiten?

OCTAVIAN
But if my manners are not to your taste, [1] Wenn Ihr zu dumm ist, wie ich mich
benehm',
if it offends you that I've no experience und wenn Ihr abgeht, dass ich kein Geübter
in matters such as this, in solchen Sachen bin,
why then, I have no notion how I am to dann weiss ich überhaupt nicht, was Sie an
please. mir hat!

MARSCHALLIN
(tenderly, from the sofa)
Now don't philosophize, my Love, Philosophier Er nicht, Herr Schatz,
and come to me. und komm' Er her.
Now let's have breakfast. Everything Jetzt wird gefrühstückt. Jedes Ding hat
in its own time. seine Zeit.

Octavian seats himself beside her. They are very tender over breakfast. Octavian buries his face in her lap. She strokes his hair. He looks up at her. [10]

OCTAVIAN
(softly)
Marie Thères'! [4] Marie Theres'!

MARSCHALLIN
Octavian!

OCTAVIAN
Bichette!

Quinquin!
 My heart!
 My love!

MARSCHALLIN
 Quinquin!
OCTAVIAN
 Mein Schatz!
MARSCHALLIN
 Mein Bub!

They continue breakfast.

OCTAVIAN
(merrily)

The Feldmarschall is in Franconian woods and hunts for bear and wild boar.
 And I, I stay here in all my youth, and hunt for what?
 Ah, what a joy! Ah, what a joy!

MARSCHALLIN
(a shadow flitting across her face)

Oh leave the Feldmarschall in peace!
 I dreamt of him last night.

OCTAVIAN

Last night! You dreamt of him last night? Last night?

MARSCHALLIN

My dreams, they are not mine to command.

OCTAVIAN

Do you mean you really dreamt of him last night? Last night?

MARSCHALLIN

Don't stare so, don't be angry, it's no fault of mine.
 I dreamt that he came home again.

OCTAVIAN
(softly)

The Feldmarschall?

MARSCHALLIN

There was a noise below of horse and hound, and he was here.
 With fright I started up in haste. Just see now,
 see what a child I am: I still can hear it, all the noise below.
 It's ringing in my ears. Don't you hear something?

OCTAVIAN

Yes, something I can hear, but why should it be your husband?
 Only think a moment, he's far away now, hunting in the mountains.

MARSCHALLIN

Is it really so far?
 Then what we hear is something else.
 And all is well.

OCTAVIAN

You seem so anxious still, There's.

MARSCHALLIN

Listen, Quinquin, although he's far away, the Feldmarschall travels like the wind.
 But once . . .

She pauses.
OCTAVIAN

What happened once?

Der Feldmarschall sitzt im crowatischen Wald und jagt auf Bären und Luchsen—und ich, ich sitz hier, ich junges Blut, und jag' auf was?
 Ich hab ein Glück, ich hab ein Glück!
 Lass Er den Feldmarschall in Ruh!
 Mir hat von ihm geträumt.
 Heut' Nacht hat dir von ihm geträumt? Heut' Nacht?
 Ich schaff mir meine Träume nicht an.
 Heute Nacht hat dir von deinem Mann geträumt? Heute Nacht?
 Mach' Er nicht solche Augen. Ich kann nichts dafür.
 Er war einmal wieder zuhaus.
 Der Feldmarschall?
 Es war ein Lärm im Hof von Pferd' und Leut' und er war da.
 Vor Schreck war ich auf einmal wach, nein schau nur,
 schau nur, wie ich kindisch bin: ich hör' noch immer den Rumor im Hof.
 Ich brings nicht aus dem Ohr. Hörst du leicht auch was?
 Ja freilich hör' ich was, aber muss es denn dein Mann sein!
 Denk' dir doch, wo der ist: im Raitzenland noch hinterwärts von Esseg.
 Ist das sicher sehr weit?
 Na dann wird's halt was anders sein.
 Dann is ja gut.
 Du schaut so ängstlich drein, There's!
 Weiss Er, Quinquin—wenn es auch weit ist—
 der Feldmarschall ist halt sehr geschwind.
 Einmal—

(The Marchallin listens, abstractedly. Octavian continues jealously.)
 What happened once? Bichette, Was war einmal, Bichette!
 Bichette, what happened once? Bichette! Was war einmal?

MARCHALLIN

Ah, do be good, must you know all my secrets? Ach sei Er gut, Er muss nicht alles wissen!

OCTAVIAN

You trifle with my heart! So spielt sie sich mit mir!
(He throws himself in despair onto the sofa.)
 I am a poor miserable wretch! Ich bin ein unglücklicher Mensch!

MARCHALLIN

(listening)

Do calm yourself. Be still. It is the Jetzt trotz Er nicht. Jetzt gilt. Es ist der
 Feldmarschall. Feldmarschall.
 For, were a stranger there, the noise would Wenn es ein Fremder wär', so wär' der
 surely be out there in the antechamber. Lärm da draussen in meinem Vorzimmer!
 It is my husband, now climbing up the Es muss mein Mann sein, der durch die
 private staircase, Garderob' herein will
 and forcing the footmen to give way. und mit den Lakaaien disputiert!
 Quinquin, my husband's here! Quinquin, es ist mein Mann.

(Octavian draws his sword and runs to the right.)

Not there; that is the antechamber. Nicht dort. Dort ist das Vorzimmer.
 There sits a crowd of my dependents and Da sitzen meine Lieferanten und ein halbes
 a score of lackeys are waiting. Dutzend Lakaaien.
 There! Da!

(Octavian runs to the small door.)

Too late! They're coming up the private Zu spät! Sie sind schon in der Garderob'!
 stairs.

One chance remains, Jetzt bleibt nur eins!
 go hide yourself! Versteck' Er sich!

(after a brief pause of indecision)

There! Dort!

OCTAVIAN

I will not let him pass! I stay by you! Ich spring' ihm in den Weg! Ich bleib' bei dir.

MARCHALLIN

There by the bed! There in the curtains! Dort hinters Bett! Dort in die Vorhäng'.
 And do not move! Und rühr' dich nicht!

OCTAVIAN

(hesitating)

If I am caught, what will become of you, Wenn er mich dort erwischt, was wird aus
 Theres'? dir, Theres'?

MARCHALLIN

(pleading)

Hide quickly now, my love! Versteck Er sich, mein Schatz.

OCTAVIAN

(by the screen)

Theres'! Theres'!

He vanishes between the screen and the alcove wall.

MARCHALLIN

(stamping her feet impatiently)

Only stay still! Sei Er ganz still!

(with flashing eyes)

Now we shall see Das möcht' ich seh'n,
 if he dares to force his way inside while I ob einer sich dort hinüber traut, wenn ich
 am here. hier steh'.

I'm no faint-hearted Italian Brigadier: Ich bin kein napolitan'scher General:
 Where I stand, I stand. Wo ich steh', steh' ich.

(She goes with determination to the small door and listens.)

They're worthy fellows standing outside Sind brave Kerl'n, meine Lakaaien. Wollen
 there. They will not let him in to me, ihn nicht herein lassen,
 saying I'm asleep. Most worthy fellows! sagen, dass ich schlaf'. Sehr brave Kerl'n!

(The noise outside grows louder. She listens.)

That voice!
That is not, surely, that's not my husband's
voice!
They're saying 'Herr Baron' to him. It is
a stranger.

Quinquin, it is someone else.

Quickly find your clothes, Octavian,
but in hiding remain,
so that the footmen do not see you.
That foolish, loutish voice, surely I should
know it.
Who can it be? Mon Dieu, it surely is Ochs,
it is my cousin of Lerchenau, it's Ochs of
Lerchenau.
What does he want? Heavens above us!

Quinquin, listen. Quinquin, you cannot
have forgot,
one day a letter was brought—
we were alone in my carriage—
and someone came galloping up with a
letter in his hand.
That letter came from Ochs;
and now I have entirely forgotten what it
said.

And you alone are the culprit, Quinquin.

VOICE OF THE MAJOR-DOMO

Herr Baron, will you be pleased to wait in
the gallery.

*During the next speeches the small doors at the back are pulled ajar several times and shut again, as if
someone was trying to force his way in, and someone else was preventing him.*

VOICE OF THE BARON

Where did you learn such manners as these?
Herr Baron Lerchenau can't be kept
waiting.

Wo hat Er Seine Manieren gelernt?
Der Baron Lerchenau antichambriert
nicht.

MARSCHALLIN

Quinquin, where are you now? Where
have you gone?

Quinquin, was treibt Er denn? Wo steckt
Er denn?

OCTAVIAN

*(coming out in a skirt and short jacket, his hair bound with a kerchief and ribbon, and making a
curtsey) [11]*
Your Ladyship's servant! I've not been long
in your Highness's household here.

Befehl'n fürstli' Gnad'n, i' bin halt' noch nit
recht lang in fürstli'n Dienst.

MARSCHALLIN

Quinquin!
And only one kiss may I give you.
That's for your wages.

Du, Schatz!
Und nicht einmal mehr als ein Busserl
kann ich dir geben.

He's hammering the door down, my dear
cousin.

Er bricht mir ja die Tür' ein, der Herr Vetter.

Quickly you must be off now,
boldly march by all the footmen there.
You're such a clever little rogue!
But come back soon, my love,
but be in men's clothing and through the
proper door, come when you like.

Mach Er, dass Er hinauskomm'!
Schief' Er frech durch die Lakaen durch.
Er ist ein blitzgescheiter Lump! Und
komm' Er wieder, Schatz.
Aber in Mannskleidern und durch die
vordre Tür, wenn's Ihm beliebt.

She sits down on the sofa on her left with her back to the door and begins to drink her chocolate. Octavian hurries to the small door and tries to leave by it, but at the same moment the door is flung open, and Baron Ochs enters, the footmen trying in vain to keep him back. Octavian lowers his head and tries to escape quickly, but collides with him, and backs up to the wall on the left in confusion. Three footmen have entered with the Baron, and stand at a loss.

BARON

(pompously to the footmen)

I'm quite certain, of course she will receive me. Selbstverständlich empfängt mich Ihre Gnade.

(He comes forward, while the footmen on his left try to bar his passage. [12])

(to Octavian with interest)

Pardon, my pretty child. Pardon, mein hübsches Kind!

(Octavian in confusion turns his face to the wall.)

(graciously and with condescension)

I said, 'Pardon, my pretty child.' Ich sag': Pardon, mein hübsches Kind.

(The Marschallin looks over her shoulder, rises, and goes to meet the Baron, who addresses Octavian gallantly.)

I really didn't mean to frighten you. Ich hab' Ihr doch nicht ernstlich weh getan?

THE THREE FOOTMEN

(attracting the Baron's attention, softly)

Her Most Excellent Highness! Ihre fürstlichen Gnaden!

They take up their position in a tight row near the Marschallin, right in front of the small doors. The Baron makes an obeisance in the French manner, repeating it twice.

MARSCHALLIN

My dear cousin, you're looking well today. Euer Liebden sehen vortrefflich aus.

BARON

(bows again, then to the footmen)

See what I told you, she is highly delighted that I came. Sieht Er jetzt wohl, dass Ihre Gnaden entzückt ist, mich zu seh'n.

(The Baron goes towards the Marschallin with the bearing of a man of the world, giving her his hand and leading her forward.)

(quietly)

And why should Your Highness not be pleased! Und wie sollten Eure Gnaden nicht.

Time is so unimportant when one's a person of rank. Was tut die frühe Stunde unter Personen von Stand?

Have I not morning after morning Hab' ich nicht seinerzeit wahrhaftig Tag für Tag

visited our dear Princess Brioche, just to uns'rer Fürstin Brioche meine Aufwartung pay my respects to her, gemacht, while in her bath she sat at ease, da sie im Bad gesessen ist, with nothing except a tiny silk screen mit nichts als einem kleinen Wandschirm between her and me? zwischen ihr und mir.

I am astounded— [13] Ich muss mich wundern,

(looking angrily around)

that any lackey dare— wenn Euer Gnaden Livree—

Octavian would like to have slipped out in the meantime; the astonished glances of the footmen force him to be extremely cautious, and with affected ease he make his way along the wall to the alcove.

MARSCHALLIN

Forgive them, please, Verzeihen Sie, my orders were given, they have obeyed them. man hat sich betragen, wie es befohlen.

I suffered this morning from a migraine. Ich hatte diesen Morgen die Migräne.

At a sign from the Marschallin, the footmen have brought the two small sofas forward and retired. Octavian busies himself about the bed as inconspicuously as possible. The Marschallin seats herself on the sofa on the right after offering the Baron the sofa on the left.

BARON

(trying to sit down, much distracted by the presence of the pretty maid. Aside)

A pretty wench! A wholesome, luscious Ein hübsches Ding! Ein gutes, saub'res handful! Kinder!

The Marschallin rises and ceremoniously again offers him a seat. The Baron seats himself with hesitation, trying not to turn his back completely on the pretty maid. In the ensuing dialogue he turns sometimes towards the Marschallin, on his left, and sometimes to Octavian, on his right.

MARSCHALLIN

And even now I'm not quite well. Ich bin auch jetzt noch nicht ganz wohl.
My dear Cousin, bearing that in mind, will Der Vetter wird darum vielleicht die Gnade
you have the kindness— haben—

BARON

Why surely. Natürlich.

He turns to his right to look at Octavian.

MARSCHALLIN

It's my waiting woman, a young girl from Meine Kammerzofe, ein junges Ding vom
the country. Lande.
I'm afraid, though, her manners may not Ich muss fürchten, sie inkommodiert Euer
please Your Lordship. Lieben.

BARON

(facing right)

She's very sweet! Ganz allerliebste!

(facing left)

What? She does not please me! Me? The Wie? Nicht im geringsten! Mich? Im
contrary! Gegenteil!

(He beckons Octavian with his hand. Then to the Marschallin)

But Your Highness perhaps was surprised Euer Gnaden werden vielleicht verwundert
to learn that I'm to be a bridegroom— sein, dass ich als Bräutigam—

(looking to his left)

but yet, meanwhile— indes—inzwischen—

MARSCHALLIN

A bridegroom? Als Bräutigam?

BARON

(to his left)

Yes, I wrote it all in the letter that I sent to Ja, wie Euer Gnaden denn doch aus
Your Highness— meinem Brief genugsam—

(to his right)

a rascal, very juicy, just a babe in arms. ein Grasaff, appetitlich, keine fünfzehn
Jahr!

MARSCHALLIN

(relieved)

You wrote a letter. Why, of course, and Der Brief, natürlich, ja, der Brief, wer ist
who's the lucky bride to be? denn nur die Glückliche,
I have forgotten for the moment. ich hab' den Namen auf der Zunge.

BARON

(to his left)

Eh? Wie?

(over his shoulder)

Fresh as paint! So clean! So healthy! What Pudelfjung! Gesund! Gewaschen! Aller-
a wench! liebste!

MARSCHALLIN

But tell me who's the bride? Wer ist nur schnell die Braut?

BARON

Sophie Faninal. But Your Highness, [14] Das Fräulein Faninal. Habe Euer
I did not keep her name a secret. Gnaden den Namen nicht verheimlicht.

MARSCHALLIN

Forgive me. My memory is at fault. What of Natürlich! Wo hab' ich meinen Kopf?
her family? They do not come from here? Bloss die Famili. Sinds keine Hiesigen?

Octavian busies himself with the tray, and thus gets himself behind the Baron.

BARON

I assure Your Highness, yes, they come from Jawohl, Euer Gnaden, es sind Hiesige.
here.

One which Her Majesty the Queen has Ein durch die Gnade Ihrer Majestät
raised to noble rank. Geadelter.

They have the contract now for the supplies Er hat die Lieferung für die Armee, die in
of all our armies in the West. den Niederlanden steht.

(The Marschallin makes impatient signs to Octavian to withdraw.)

(The Baron completely misunderstands her expressions.)

I see that Your Highness shows upon her
brow disdain at the misalliance.
And yet, I have to say it, the girl's as
pretty as an angel from above.
She comes straight from a convent. She's
an only child.

Ich seh', Euer Gnaden runzeln Dero
schöne Stirn ob der Mesalliance.
Allein, dass ich es sage, das Mädchen ist für
einen Engel hübsch genug.
Kommt frischwegs aus dem Kloster. Ist das
einzige Kind.

(more emphatically)

Her father possesses twelve houses in the
city and has a palace too.
He's not over-healthy,

Dem Mann gehören zwölf Häuser auf der
Wied'n, nebst dem Palais am Hof,
und seine Gesundheit—

(chuckling)

or so I've heard it said.

—soll nicht die beste sein.

MARSCHALLIN

Ah, my dear cousin, I can see now which
way the wind is blowing.

Mein lieber Vetter, ich kapiert' schon,
wie viel's geschlagen hat.

She signals to Octavian to withdraw.

BARON

And if Your Highness will allow me,
it seems to me I come of such a highly
born and noble family that you can say
my blood is blue enough for two,
corpo di Bacco!
As my wife, she will have an enviable social
status,
befitting her position, and as regards our
children, if the
Queen should refuse to give them the
golden keys of nobility— Va bene!
They'll still possess all the twelve cast-iron
keys
to the twelve houses in the city for their
consolation.

Und mit Verlaub, fürstliche Gnaden,
ich dünke mir gut's adeliges Blut
genug im Leib zu haben für ihre Zwei.
Man bleibt doch schliesslich, was man ist,
corpo di Bacco!
Den Vortritt, wo er ihr gebührt, wird man
der Frau Gemahlin
noch zu verschaffen wissen, und was die
Kinder anlangt, wenn sie denen
den goldenen Schlüssel nicht konzedieren
werden— Va bene!
Sie werden sich mit den zwölf eisernen
Schlüsseln
zu den zwölf Häusern auf der Wied'n zu
getrösten wissen.

MARSCHALLIN

Of course, I'm sure no child of yours would
ever find it
hard to endure such consolation.

Gewiss! O sicherlich, dem Vetter seine
Kinder,
die werden keine Don Quichotten!

Octavian walks backwards with the tray towards the door.

BARON

Where are you going with that chocolate?
Come back here now!
Wait! Pst, what is it?

Warum hinaus die Chokolade! Geruhen
nur!
Da! Pst, wieso denn!

Octavian hesitates, averting his face.

MARSCHALLIN

Off, now with you!

Fort, geh' Sie nur!

BARON

If you will allow me, Your Highness,
I haven't had a bite today.

Wenn ich Euer Gnaden gestehe,
dass ich so gut wie nüchtern bin.

MARSCHALLIN

(with resignation)

Mariandel, bring it back, and wait upon His
Lordship.

Mariandel, komm Sie her. Servier Sie
Seiner Liebden.

Octavian comes back and serves the Baron from his right, so that the latter is again between the Marschallin and Octavian.

BARON

(taking a cup and helping himself)

I'm nearly starving, my dear cousin.
Sitting in my carriage since five o'clock.

So gut wie nüchtern, Euer Gnaden. Sitz' im
Reisewagen seit fünf Uhr früh.

God, what a piece of flesh!
Do not run away.
I've something more to tell you.

(to Octavian)
Recht ein gestelltes Ding!
Bleib' Sie hier, mein Herz.
Ich hab' Ihr was zu sagen.

All my servants are here, huntsmen and
grooms and footmen—

(to the Marschallin, aloud)
Meine ganze Livree, Stallpagen, Jäger,
alles—

They are all gathered in the courtyard with
my almoner.

(eating voraciously)
alles unten im Hof zusamt meinem
Almosenier.

MARSCHALLIN
(to Octavian)
Geh Sie nur.

You may go.

BARON
(to Octavian)
Hat Sie noch ein Biskoterl? Bleib' Sie doch!

Give me another biscuit. Stay a while.

(aside)
Sie ist ein süsser Engel, Schatz, ein sauberer.
pet.

We're on our way to the 'White Horse Inn'
where I shall be staying till tomorrow
morning—

(to the Marschallin)
Sind auf dem Wege zum 'Weissen Rosse',
wo wir logieren, heisst bis übermorgen—

I'll stick at no expense if we—

(aside to Octavian)
Ich gäb' was Schönes drum, mit Ihr—

—tomorrow morning—

(to the Marschallin, very loud)
—bis übermorgen—

Just you and I all alone together:

(quickly to Octavian)
unter vier Augen zu scharmutzieren!

Ah!

Wie?

(The Marschallin laughs at Octavian's impudent playacting.)
(to the Marschallin)

Then we're invited to stay with Faninal.
Beforehand I have to choose a fitting
ambassador—

Dann ziehen wir ins Palais von Faninal.
Natürlich muss ich vorher den
Bräutigamsaufführer—

(angrily to Octavian)

will you wait a minute?—
to my well-endowed and lovely bride I will
send him,
with the silver rose in his hand
as the old custom is among noblemen.

will Sie denn nicht warten?—
an die wohlgeborne Jungfer Braut deput-
ieren,
der die Silberrose überbringt
nach der hochadeligen Gepflogenheit.

MARSCHALLIN

And whom of all our kinsfolk has Your
Lordship's choice fallen onto
to act as his ambassador?

Und wen von der Verwandtschaft haben
Euer Liebden
für dieses Ehrenamt auserseh'n?

BARON

It is only because I need Your Highness'
counsel on this question
that I have made so bold to come so early
and in my travelling attire—

Die Begierde, darüber Euer Gnaden
Ratschlag einzuholen,
hat mich so kühn gemacht, in Reise-
kleidern bei Dero heutigem Lever—

MARSCHALLIN

You wish?

Von mir?

BARON

To beg humbly the favour that I asked for in
my letter.
I hope I don't presume too much, that with
my request I have given offence to you—

Gemäss brieflich in aller Devotion getaner
Bitte.
Ich bin doch nicht so unglücklich mit dieser
devotesten Supplik Dero Missfallen—

(leaning back, to Octavian)

You could do with me anything you wanted.
You're just the one for me!

Sie könnte aus mir machen, was Sie wollte.
Sie hat das Zeug dazu!

MARSCHALLIN

How so, of course not.
We must find someone
to be ambassador and call upon your bride,

Wie denn, natürlich!
Einen Aufführer
für Euer Liebden ersten Bräutigamsbesuch,

one of our kinsfolk—whom to choose?
Our cousin Preysing? Well! Or cousin
Lamberg?
I wonder—

aus der Verwandtschaft—wen denn nur?
Den Vetter Preysing? Wie? Den Vetter
Lamberg*?
Ich werde—

BARON

I leave it to Your Highness's absolute
discretion.

Dies liegt in Euer Gnaden allerschönsten
Händen.

MARSCHALLIN

It's well. Will you not come to supper,
then, dear cousin?
Let's say tomorrow, will you? I'll be
prepared with suggestions.

Ganz gut. Will Er mit mir zu Abend essen,
Vetter?
Sagen wir morgen, will Er? Dann proponier
ich Ihm einen.

BARON

For such grace and kindness I thank Your
Highness.

Euer Gnaden sind die Herablassung selber.

MARSCHALLIN

(*rising*)

And now . . .

Indes . . .

BARON

(*aside*)

You must come back again. I'll stay here till
you do.

Dass Sie mir wiederkommt! Ich geh' nicht
cher fort!

MARSCHALLIN

(*to herself*)

Oho!

Oho!

Stay where you are! And is that all now
you wish to ask of me?

(*aloud*)
Bleib Sie nur da! Kann ich dem Vetter
für jetzt noch dienlich sein?

BARON

I hesitate to ask,
but I'd be grateful if I could use Your
Highness' attorney
if I may.
I need advice on my marriage deed.

Ich schäme mich bereits.
An Euer Gnaden Notari eine Rekom-
mandation
wäre mir lieb.
Es handelt sich um den Eh'vertrag.

MARSCHALLIN

My attorney is coming this morning.
Go to see, Mariandel,
if by chance he's in the anteroom and
waiting.

Mein Notari kommt öfter des Morgens.
Schau' Sie doch, Mariandel,
ob er nicht in der Antichambre ist und
wartet.

BARON

Why send the girl away?
She really ought to be here and at your
service.
I'll not allow it.

Wozu das Kammerzofel?
Euer Gnaden beraubt sich der Bedienung
um meinetwillen!

He holds her back.

MARSCHALLIN

Let her be, cousin, so that she may go.

Lass Er doch, Vetter, sie mag ruhig geh'n.

BARON

(*eagerly*)

Oh, I can't agree. Stay here now beside Her
Ladyship.
'Twill not be long before a footman comes.
Can't let you go unprotected, bless my soul,
why, God knows what those lackeys might
do to you.

Das geb' ich nicht zu. Bleib' Sie hier zu
Ihrer Gnaden Wink.
Es kommt gleich wer von der Livree herein!
Ich liess ein solches Goldkind, meiner Seel',
nicht unter das infame Lakaienvolk.

He caresses Octavian.

* Lamberg according to Hofmannsthal and in the full score, but Lambert in the vocal score.

MARSCHALLIN

But Your Lordship is much too concerned. Euer Liebden sind allzu besorgt.

Enter the Major-Domo.

BARON

There, what did I just say? Da, hab' ich's nicht gesagt?
He's come here no doubt with a message for you. Er wird Euer Gnaden zu melden haben.

MARSCHALLIN

(to the Major-Domo)

Struhan, tell me, is my attorney in the anteroom waiting? Struhan, hab' ich meinen Notari in der Vorkammer warten?

MAJOR-DOMO

Yes, the attorney's waiting there, Your Highness, Fürstliche Gnaden haben den Notari,
likewise the steward, and likewise the chef, dann den Verwalter, dann den Kuchelchef,
then His Excellence Silva sends to you dann von Exzellenz Silva hergeschickt,
a singer and with him a flute player. ein Sänger mit einem Flötisten.

(drily)

And also all the customary riffraff. Ansonsten das gewöhnliche Bagagi.

BARON

(pushes his chair behind the Major-Domo's back, and tenderly takes the hand of the supposed chamber-maid; to Octavian)

Say, have you ever been with a cavalier in tête-à-tête together at supper? Hat Sie schon einmal mit einem Kavalier im Tête-à-tête zu Abend gegessen?

(Octavian simulates embarrassment.)

No? I bet your eyes would open. Will you? Nein? Da wird Sie Augen machen. Will Sie?

OCTAVIAN

(softly, in confusion)

I don't really know if I ought. I' weiss halt nit, ob i dös derf.

The Marschallin observes the pair as she listens attentively to the Major-Domo, and cannot refrain from laughing. The Major-Domo bows and retires, thus exposing the two to the Marschallin's view.

MARSCHALLIN

(laughing, to the Major-Domo)

Let them wait there. Warten lassen.

(Exit Major-Domo; the Baron tries to appear at his ease, and assumes a serious air.)

(laughing)

My cousin's not, I fancy, wasting his chances. Der Vetter ist, ich seh es, kein Kostverächter.

BARON

(relieved)

With you, Your Highness, Mit Euer Gnaden

(breathing more freely)

one feels quite at ease. You're so free and easy ist man frei daran. Da gibt's keine Flausen
there's no need for pretences, und keine Etiquette und
and no po-faced manners and etiquette. keine spanische Tuerei!

He kisses the Marschallin's hand.

MARSCHALLIN

(amused)

But when you're to be a bridegroom? Aber wo Er doch ein Bräut'gam ist?

BARON

(half rising, leaning towards her) [17]

Is that any reason to live like a monk? Macht das einen lahmen Esel aus mir?
Better to be like a hungry dog off on a Bin ich da nicht wie ein guter Hund auf
good day's hunting einer guten Fährte?
and very hot on every scent, to left and right. Und doppelt scharf auf jedes Wild nach
links, nach rechts!

MARSCHALLIN

I see now you're a hunter, you make a task to follow the chase.

Ich sehe, Euer Liebden betreiben es als Profession.

BARON

That is my pleasure.

It's a fact I know of nothing to suit me better.

Your Highness, I must commiserate with you, you can only know — oh how can

I say —

only know the feelings of one defending her virtue.

Parole d'honneur! But that's not a patch on the joys of the hunter.

Das will ich meinen.

Wüsste nicht, welche mir besser behagen könnte.

Ich muss Euer Gnaden sehr bedauern, dass Euer Gnaden nur — wie drück' ich mich aus —

die verteidigenden Erfahrungen besitzen!

Parole d'honneur! Es geht nichts über die von der anderen Seite!

MARSCHALLIN

(*laughing*)

I doubt it not, variety is the spice of life.

Ich glaube Ihm, dass die sehr mannigfaltig sind.

BARON

In the whole of the year, in the whole of the day, there is never—

Soviel Zeiten das Jahr, soviel Stunden der Tag, da ist keine—

MARSCHALLIN

Keine?

Never?

BARON

Wo nicht—

A time—

MARSCHALLIN

Wo nicht?

A time?

BARON

A time Cupid doesn't provide us with a feast for all to enjoy.

So we men are no roosters and no stags,

Wo nicht dem Knaben Cupido ein Geschenkerl abzulisten wär'.

Dafür ist man kein Auerhahn und kein Hirsch,

rather we are Lords of Creation, no need to come into season for mating, begging your pardon!

For example, in May it is just right for lover's delights

(you ask any child)

but of course I say

better in August, June or July.

We have nights then.

sondern ist man Herr der Schöpfung, dass man nicht nach dem Kalender forciert ist, halten zu Gnaden!

Zum Exempel der Mai ist recht lieb für's verliebte Geschäft,

das weiss jedes Kind,

aber ich sage:

Schöner ist Juni, Juli, August.

Da hat's Nächte!

To us at home in summer comes an army of girls from Bohemia; in a swarm they cross the border:

and it's pleasant sometimes to induce just two or three to stay with me till the autumn falls.

They come at harvest time, nor do they refuse to work, whatever the task.

Da ist bei uns da droben so ein Zuzug von jungen Mägden aus dem Böhmischen herüber:

Ihrer zweie, dreie halt' ich oft bis im November mir im Haus, dann erst schick' ich sie heim.

Zur Ernte kommen sie und sind auch ansonsten anstellig und gut,

(*chuckling*)

dann erst schick' ich sie heim.—

Und wie sich das mischt,

das junge runde böhmische Völkel, schwer und süß,

mit denen im Wald, mit denen im Stall, dem deutschen Schlag scharf und herb wie ein Retzer Wein—

wie sich das mischen tut!

Und überall steht was und lauert und schielt durch den Gattern,

und schleicht zueinander und liegt beieinander

When it's done, they go home.—

And how they agree, the active, lissom folk of Bohemia, sad and sweet,—

with those of our land, of true German stock, so different, sharp and sour

like a northern wine—

yet they agree so well!

And everywhere lovers are waiting and seeking each other,

and whispering sweet nothings in tenderest accents,

and everywhere all day
and night joyfully singing
and milking
and reaping
with a will, and dabbling in the burns and
in the village pond.

und überall singt was
und schupft sich in den Hüften
und melkt was
und mäht was
und plantscht und plätschert was im Bach
und in der Pferdeschwemm.

MARSCHALLIN

(much diverted)

And are you everywhere keeping a watch?

Und Er ist überall dahinter her?

BARON

Would I could be, like Jupiter, happy in a
thousand disguises!
I could use the whole thousand.

Wollt', ich könnt' sein wie Jupiter selig
in tausend Gestalten,
wär' Verwendung für jede!

MARSCHALLIN

What, even the bull? So crude would you be?
You should ride as a cloud in heaven and go
sailing o'er the mountains
like a scented summer breeze.

Wie, auch für den Stier? So grob will Er sein?
Oder möcht' Er die Wolken spielen und
dahergesäuselt kommen
als ein Streifertl nasse Luft?

BARON

(very gaily)

That depends, yes, it depends.
For women, look you, must be wheedled
and captured in a thousand different
ways.

Je nachdem! alls je nachdem!
Das Frauenzimmer hat gar vielerlei Arten,
wie es will genommen sein.

For one is all humble and shy.
The next, a limb of the Devil, straight from
Hell,

Da ist die demütige Magd.
Und da die trotzig Teufelskreatur,

clouts you and beats your brains out with a
broomstick.

haut dir die schwere Stalltür an den
Schädel—

Then the third, who giggling and sobbing
will lose her head—

Und da ist, die kichernd und schluchzend
den Kopf verliert,

that one I like—

die hab' ich gern,

and then another—look in her eyes—there's
a devil, cold and repelling,

und jener wieder, der sitzt im Auge ein
kalter, rechnender Satan.

bide but your time—sure, 'twill come—
you'll discover how that devil is yielding
and relenting.

Aber es kommt eine Stunde,
da flackert dieses lauernde Auge,

And when his last venomous glances he
darts at me

indem er ersterbende Blicke dazwischen
schießt,

(with gusto)

that flavours the banquet past believing.

der würzt mir die Mahlzeit unvergleichlich.

MARSCHALLIN

It's you that's a devil, on my soul!

Er selber ist einer, meiner Seel'!

BARON

Yet another—pray give me leave—
whom no one will look at:
in tatters and rags she slinks along,
crouches 'mid ashes by the hearth—
she, if the right hour have but struck for
your wooing,
she's not wanting!

Und wär' eine, haben die Gnad,
die keiner anschaut
im schmutzigen Kittel schlumpt sie her,
hockt in der Asche hinterm Herd,
die, wo du sie angeht zum richtigen
Stündl—

A wild amazement—stunned and
bewildered, halting
twixt fear and shame; at last she yields, like
one distraught with excess of joy,
to think that he, the master and lord
so far descends to look upon her lowliness!

die hat's in sich!
Ein solches Staunen! gar nicht
Begreifenkönnen!
und Angst! und Scham! und auf die letzt so
eine rasende Seligkeit,
dass sich der Herr, der gnädige Herr!
herabgelassen gar zu ihrer Niedrigkeit.

MARSCHALLIN

You know more than your A-B-C.

Er weiss mehr als das A B C.

BARON

Then there are others who want to be
caught by stealth,

Da gibt es welche, die wollen beschlichen
sein,

soft as the wind a-blowing through the
fresh cut hay.
The best one, by Gad,
(to Octavian, who has put the tray back on the breakfast table, and during the foregoing come up close
on the Baron's left in amusement)
like a tiger you jump on her back,
kick the milk stool away,
then she lies there defenceless.

You must have hay stacked for comfort
close at hand.

sanft wie der Wind das frisch gemähte Heu
beschleicht.
Und welche—da gilts,
wie ein Luchs hinterm Rücken heran
und den Melkstuhl gepackt,
dass sie taumelt und hinschlägt!

(chuckling complacently)

Muss halt ein Heu in der Nähe dabei
sein.

Octavian bursts out laughing.

MARSHALLIN

No! What a man! What victories!
Just leave the girl alone.

Nein! Er agiert mir gar zu gut!
Lass Er mir doch das Kind!

BARON

(to Octavian, without embarrassment)

Meanest of attics can never disarm me,
splendour of boudoir can never alarm me.

Weiss mich ins engste Versteck zu bequemen,
weiss im Alkoven galant mich zu
benehmen.

Fain would I clothe me in scores of disguises,
for as many enterprises.

Hätte Verwendung für tausend Gestalten,
tausend Jungfern festzuhalten.

None comes amiss whether simple or
cunning,

Wäre mir keine zu junge, zu herbe,**

luring me on, or my company shunning,
splendour of boudoir can never alarm me,

keine zu niedrige, keine zu derbe!
Tät' mich für keinem Versteck nicht
schämen,

all are for me, naught can disarm me.

seh' ich was Lieb's, ich muss mir's nehmen.

OCTAVIAN

(instantly playing his role again)

No, I won't go courtin' with you,
I do not think it right,
mercy, what would my mother say!
Sure I should die of fright.
I don't know what you say,
I don't know why I should.
One thing I know is, 'tis for no good,
mercy, what would my mother say!
I'd be too scared for funning,
you look so bold and cunning,
I'd be too scared for funning.
Such sport leads many a poor girl to her
ruin!

Na, zu dem Herrn, da ging' i net,
da hätt' i an Respekt,
na was mir da passieren könnt',
da wir' i gar zu g'schreckt.
I wass net, was er meint,
i wass net, was er will.
Aber was z'viel is, das ist zuviel.
Na was mir da passieren könnt'.
Das is ja net zum sagen,
zu so an Herrn da ging' i net,
mir tat's die Red' verschlagen.
Da tät' sich unsereins mutwillig schaden.

(to the Marshallin)

I'm frightened, Your Highness, look what
he's doin'.

Ich hab' solche Angst vor ihm, fürstliche
Gnaden.

MARSHALLIN

Ha! What a man! What victories!
Ha! What a hero! Ha! What a hero!
Let that child be, I say.

Nein, Er agiert mir gar zu gut!
Er ist ein Rechter! Er ist der Wahre!
Lass Er mir doch das Kind!

* The full score has entirely different text for these lines:

Weiss mich in Heu und Stroh zu
bequemen . . .

I make myself comfortable in hay and
straw . . .

**Hirscher und Hahnen geben mir Laune,
seh' ich Fasanen sauber sich paaren,
juck's mich, gefiedert dazwischen zu
fahren.

Stags and cocks put me in the mood,
if I see peasants coupling,
I feel the urge to join in.

Tat' auf'm Baum und im Korn mich
bequemen,

Then I make myself comfortable in the tree
and in the corn.

But of a hundred I see each day,
there are ninety like him, 'tis still the same
story,
they find there's one glory, in all that's
unseemly!

And we, Heaven knows,—we feel all the
sorrow,
we bear the hard blows,
but perchance women sin more deeply than
men.

What manners are those!

Now let the child be!

(with feigned severity)

BARON

(letting go of Octavian and assuming a dignified manner again)

Would Your Highness give me that
charming wench
to come to my intended bride as her
servant?

Er ist ganz wie die andern dreiviertel sind.
Wie ich Ihn so sehe, so seh' ich hübsch viele.

Das sind halt die Spiele, die euch
convenieren!

Und wir, Herr Gott! Wir leiden den
Schaden,
wir leiden den Spott,
und wir haben's halt auch net anders
verdient.

Und jetzt sakerlott,

jetzt lass Er das Kind!

Geben mir Euer Gnaden den Grasaff da

zu meiner künft'gen Frau Gemahlin
Bedienung.

MARSCHALLIN

What? Take my little one? Tell me what for?
I'm sure your bride will have no need of her.
Such a choice she would wish to make
unaided.

Wie, meine Kleine da? Was sollte die?
Die Fräulein Braut wird schon versehen sein
und nicht anstehn auf Euer Liebden
Auswahl.

BARON

I never saw such a promising wench.
She has a drop of good blood in her.

Das ist ein feines Ding! Kreuzsakerlott!
Da ist ein Tropf gutes Blut dabei!

OCTAVIAN

(aside)

A drop of good blood!

Ein Tropf gutes Blut!

MARSCHALLIN

But Your Lordship is really most observant! Euer Liebden haben ein scharfes Auge!

BARON

Of course.

Geziemt sich.

(confidentially)

I think it important that we persons of noble
birth and breeding should look for
noble blood in all our servants.

Find' in der Ordnung, dass Personen von
Stand in solcher Weise von adeligem Blut
bedienet werden,

I have one here who's a bastard of mine.

führ' selbst ein Kind meiner Laune mit mir.

OCTAVIAN

(still listening with much amusement, aside)

He's brought his own bastard?

Ein Kind seiner Laune?

MARSCHALLIN

What? And a girl too? I certainly hope not! Wie? Gar ein Mäd'el? Das will ich nicht
hoffen!

BARON

(emphatically)

No, it's a son—with all the Lerchenau
features in his face.

Nein, einen Sohn: trägt Lerchenauisches
Gepräge im Gesicht.

OCTAVIAN

Einen Sohn!

MARSCHALLIN

Einen Sohn!

BARON

He is my body-servant.

Halt ihn als Leiblakai.

MARSCHALLIN

(laughing)

Als Leiblakai!

OCTAVIAN

Als Leiblakai!

His body-servant!

His body-servant!

BARON
 So if Your Highness should presently order me to deliver the silver rose to your hands, Wenn Euer Gnaden dann werden befohlen, dass ich die silberne Rose darf Dero Händen übergeben,
 it's my son who will be the one who will bring it. wird er es sein, der sie heraufbringt.

MARSCHALLIN
 I understand. But a moment I beg. Soll mich recht freu'n. Aber wart' Er einmal.
 (making a sign to Octavian)
 Mariandel! Mariandel!

BARON
 Come now Your Highness, give me Mariandel? I really need her! Geben mir Euer Gnaden das Zofel! Ich lass nicht locker.

MARSCHALLIN
 Ah! Go and bring the miniature gold medallion. Ei! Geh Sie und bring Sie das Medaillon her.

OCTAVIAN
 (softly)
 Therese, Therese, beware. Theres! Theres, gib acht!

MARSCHALLIN
 (as before)
 Bring it quick. I know very well what I do. Bring's nur schnell! Ich weiss schon, was ich tu'.

BARON
 (looking after Octavian)
 Gad, she could be a young princess. [15] Könnst' eine junge Fürstin sein.
 (conversationally)
 As a gift for my bride I've brought an accurate copy Hab' vor, meiner Braut eine getreue Kopie
 of my pedigree; that should please her. meines Stammbaums zu spendieren
 Also a lock of the first Lord Lerchenau, nebst einer Locke vom Ahnherrn Lerchenau,
 a devout supporter of the church der ein grosser Klosterstifter war
 and honourable Lord Lieutenant and und Obersterblandhofmeister in Kärnten
 Governor
 of the Carinthian March. und in der windischen Mark.

Octavian brings the miniature from the bed alcove.

MARSCHALLIN
 Would Your Lordship care to have this gallant gentleman Wollen Euer Gnaden leicht den jungen Herren da
 to take the silver rose to your lady? als Bräutigamsaufführer haben?

BARON
 (in light conversational tone)
 Without a glance I trust Your Highness. Bin ungeschauter einverstanden!

MARSCHALLIN
 (with slight hesitation)
 It's my young cousin, the Count Octavian. Mein junger Vetter, der Graf Octavian.

BARON
 (still very courteously)
 Who could wish a more distinguished envoy? Wüsste keinen vornehmeren zu wünschen
 I shall be obliged beyond all words to His Lordship. Wär' in Devotion dem jungen Herrn verbunden!

MARSCHALLIN
 (quickly)
 Look at him well! Seh' Er ihn an!

She holds the miniature towards him.

BARON
 (looking first at the miniature, then at the maid)
 How like they are! Die Ähnlichkeit!

MARSCHALLIN
 Ah, yes. Ja, ja.

BARON

It's the very spitting image.

Wie aus dem Gesicht geschnitten!

MARSCHALLIN

It has caused me myself some surprise.

Hat mir auch schon Gedanken gemacht.

(pointing to the miniature)

Rofrano, the younger brother of the Marquis.

Rofrano, des Herrn Marchese zweiter Bruder.

BARON

Octavian? Rofrano! It's no small thing, coming of such a house

Octavian? Rofrano! Da ist man wer, wenn man aus solchem Haus!

(pointing to the maid)

and even though it's by the kitchen door.

und wär's auch bei der Domestikentür!

MARSCHALLIN

That is why I prefer her over all the rest.

Darum halt' ich sie auch wie was Besonderes.

BARON

Most fitting.

Geziemt sich.

MARSCHALLIN

Always in waiting on me.

Immer um meine Person.

BARON

Quite right.

Sehr wohl.

MARSCHALLIN

But get you gone now, Mariandel, off you go.

Jetzt aber geh' Sie, Mariandel, mach' Sie fort.

BARON

What's that? She's coming back though?

Wie denn? Sie kommt doch wieder?

MARSCHALLIN

(intentionally ignoring the Baron)

Admit all who wait to see me outside.

Und lass Sie die Antichambre herein.

Octavian goes towards the folding door on the right.

BARON

(following him)

Most lovely child!

Mein schönstes Kind!

OCTAVIAN

(by the door on the right)

You can come in now!

Derfts eina gehn!

She runs to the other door.

BARON

(following him)

I am your humble servant. Let me have a word with you alone.

Ich bin Ihr Serviteur! Geb' Sie doch einen Augenblick Audienz!

OCTAVIAN

(slamming the door in the Baron's face)

I komm glei.

In good time.

At this moment an old Lady's Maid enters through the same door. The Baron retreats disappointed. Two footmen come from the left and bring a screen from the alcove. The Marschallin retires behind the screen, the Lady's Maid following her. The dressing-table is brought to the centre of the stage. Footmen open the folding door on the left. Enter the Notary, the Head-cook, followed by a scullion carrying the Menu Book. Then the Milliner, a Scholar with a huge tome, and the Animal Seller with tiny dogs and an ape. Valzacchi and Annina, slipping in quickly behind these, take the foremost place on the left. The Noble Widow with her three daughters take places on the right; all are in deep mourning. The Major-Domo leads the Singer and the Flute Player to the front. The Baron, in the background, makes a sign to a footman, gives him an order, and points, 'Here, through the back door'.

THREE NOBLE ORPHANS

(shrilly)

Three poor but noble little orphans —

Drei arme adelige Waisen —

(The Noble Widow signals to them not to shriek so, and to kneel down.)

Three poor but noble little orphans
lie weeping at your Highness' feet.

Drei arme adelige Waisen
erflehen Dero hohen Schutz!

MILLINER*(loudly)*

Le chapeau Paméla! La poudre à la reine Le chapeau Paméla! La poudre à la reine
de Golconde! de Golconde!

ANIMAL SELLER

Pretty monkeys to tease your flunkys, Schöne Affen, wenn Durchlaucht schafften,
bright parakeets and birds from Africa. auch Vögel hab' ich da, aus Afrika.

THREE ORPHANS

Our father in youth died a glorious death Der Vater ist jung auf dem Felde der Ehre
for his country, gefallen,
it is our fondest wish to do the same as he. ihm dieses nachzutun, ist unser Herzensziel.

MILLINER*(loudly)*

Le chapeau Paméla! C'est la merveille Le chapeau Paméla! C'est la merveille
du monde! du monde!

ANIMAL SELLER

Cockatoo and painted jay, Papageien hätt' ich da
from India and Africa. aus Indien und Afrika.
Puppies quite small, Hunderln so klein
trained to prowess, und schon zimmerrein.
never any mess.

The Marschallin steps out. All bow low. The Baron has come forward on the left.

MARSCHALLIN*(to the Baron)*

I now present to you, dear cousin, my man Ich präsentiere Euer Liebden hier den
of law. Notar.

The Notary, bowing towards the dressing-table at which the Marschallin has seated herself, steps towards the Baron on the left. The Marschallin summons the youngest of the three orphans to her side, takes a purse from the Major-Domo, gives it to the girl, and kisses her on the forehead. The Scholar tries to come forward and offer the Marschallin his book. Valzacchi darts in front of him and pushes him aside.

VALZACCHI*(flourishing a black-edged news-sheet) [18]*

The scandal newspaper, Your Highness! Die swarze Seitung! Fürstlike Gnade!
All the secret news and scandal! alles 'ier geeim gesrieben!
Only given to famous people, nur für 'ohe Persönlikeite!
the secret gossip. die swarze Seitung!
There's a dead man in the anteroom of eine Leikname in 'Interkammer
one of the ministers of state! von eine gräflike Palais!
And a doctor's wife helping her lover eine Bürgersfrau mit der amante
to poison her husband vergiften den Hehemann!
last night at three o'clock. diese Nackt um dreie Huhr!

MARSCHALLIN

Take your tales to the kitchen door! Lass Er mich mit dem Tratsch in Ruh!

VALZACCHI

But Lady, In Gnaden!
Tutte Quante are as true as de Bible tutte quante Vertraulikeite
from de court and town. aus die grosse Welt!

MARSCHALLIN

I will not listen! Take your tales Ich will nix wissen! Lass Er mich mit
to the kitchen door. dem Tratsch in Ruh!

Valzacchi retreats with a regretful bow.

THREE ORPHANS

(They have each and, finally, their Mother kissed the Marschallin's hand, and are ready to leave.)
(in a whining tone)

Joy and blessing, all confessing, Glück und Segen allerwegen Euer Gnaden
lift their voices in your praise. hohem Sinn!
We shall count the high-born bounty Eingegraben steht erhaben er in unserm
of Your Highness all our days! Herzen drin!

Exeunt with their Mother.

The Hairdresser enters hastily, his Assistant rushing after him with coat-tails flying. The Hairdresser carefully scans the Marschallin; looks solemn; retreats. He is examining her looks today. In the meantime the Assistant at the dressing-table is unpacking. The Hairdresser pushes several people back so as to have more room. After a little consideration he forms his plan, bustles up to the Marschallin with decision, and begins to do her hair. Enter a footman in pink, black and silver bearing a note. The Major-Domo is at his hand with a silver salver, on which he presents it to the Marschallin. The Hairdresser stands back to allow her to read it. His Assistant hands him new tongs. The Hairdresser waves them to and fro to cool them. After a questioning glance at the Marschallin, who nods, the Assistant hands him the note. He smiles, and uses it to cool the tongs.

Meanwhile the Singer has taken up his position holding his music. The Flute Player accompanies him, watching him over his shoulder. Three Footmen are at the front on the right, the others stand in the background.

SINGER*

Di rigori armato il seno
Contro amor mi ribellai
Ma fui vinto in un baleno
In mirar due vaghi rai.
Ah! che resiste puoco
Cor di gelo a stral di fuoco.

[19] Di rigori armato il seno
Contro amor mi ribellai
Ma fui vinto in un baleno
In mirar due vaghi rai.
Ah! che resiste puoco
Cor di gelo a stral di fuoco.

The Hairdresser hands the curling tongs to his Assistant and applauds the singer. Then he proceeds with arranging the Marschallin's curls. In the meantime a footman has admitted the Baron's Body-servant, Almoner and Huntsman by the small door.

It is a strange trio. The Body-servant is a tall young fellow with a foolish, insolent expression. He carries a jewel-case of red morocco under his arm. The Almoner is an unkempt village priest, four feet high, but a strong and impudent-looking imp. The Huntsman looks as if he had been carting dung before he was pushed into his ill-fitting livery. The Almoner and the Body-servant seem to be fighting for precedence, and trip each other up. They steer a course to the left, towards their Master, in whose vicinity they come to a halt.

BARON

(seated on the armchair at the front on the left, to the Notary who is standing in front of him taking instructions. In an undertone)

As compensation, quite as a separate gift,
before the dowry, you understand me, do you not?—
The house and lands of Gaunersdorf return to me!
Redeemed of debt and with manorial rights undiminished
just as my father held them for his whole life long.

Als Morgengabe—ganz separatim jedoch
und vor der Mitgift—bin ich verstanden,
Herr Notar?—
kehrt Schloss und Herrschaft Gaunersdorf an mich zurück!
Von Lasten frei und ungemindert an Privilegien,
so wie mein Vater selig sie besessen hat.

NOTARY

(short of breath)

Your Lordship, it is my painful duty delicately to remind you that such a compensation from the wife to the husband, instead of from the husband to the wife
(taking a deep breath)
by contract is not in law or custom possible.

Gestatten Hochfreiherrliche Gnaden die submisseste Belehrung, dass eine Morgengabe wohl vom Gatten an die Gattin, nicht aber von der Gattin an den Gatten bestellt und stipuliert zu werden fähig ist.

BARON

That may be so.

Das mag wohl sein.

NOTARY

It is so —

Das ist so —

BARON

But this is a special case —

Aber im besondren Fall —

* An English translation of this verse is:
With my breast armed with hardness / I rebelled against love / but I was defeated in a flash / by two fleeting glances. / Ah! How could a / heart of ice resist a shaft of fire?

The law, sir, and its wise prescriptions,
postulate no special case.

Then it is time it began to!

Your pardon!

If one who springs from the very
noblest stock should so far condescend
as to take in marriage one almost of the
middle classes like Miss Faninal —
you understand me?—take her to his bed
in fact
before God and the world, and as one
might say,
under the eye of the Imperial court,
Surely, *corpo di Bacco!* A compensation
would only be common justice as a sign of
thanks
for the sacrifice I am making
by giving my name to her.

The Singer seems about to begin, but waits for the Baron to be silent.

Perhaps, by way of a separate conveyance—

You are a pettifogging fool! As compensation,
I want my deeds back!

As an especial item in the marriage
contract.

As compensation! Will nothing get it
through your thick skull?

As a donation inter vivos or else . . .

As compensation!

Ma si caro è 'l mio tormento
Dolce è sì la piaga mia
Ch' il penare è mio contento
E 'l sanarmi è tirannia
Ahi! Che resiste puoco—
Cor . . .

NOTARY
Die Formen und die Präskriptionen
kennen keinen Unterschied.

BARON
(shouting)
Haben ihn aber zu kennen!

NOTARY
In Gnaden!

BARON
(quietly again, but with insistence, and full of amour-propre)
[20] Wo eines hochadeligen Blutes blühender
Spross sich herablässt,
im Ehebetto einer so gut als bürgerlichen
Mamsell Faninal
—bin ich verstanden?—acte de présence zu
machen
vor Gott und der Welt und sozusagen
angesichts kaiserlicher Majestät—
(The Flute Player begins his prelude again.)
da wird, *corpo di Bacco!* von Morgengabe
als geziemendem Geschenk dankbarer
Devotion
für die Hingab' so hohen Blutes
sehr wohl die Rede sein.

NOTARY
(to the Baron in a low voice)
Vielleicht, dass man die Sache separatim—

BARON
(in a low voice)
Er ist ein schmähhlicher Pedant: als
Morgengabe will ich das Gütel!

NOTARY
(as before)
Als einen wohl verklausulierten Teil der
Mitgift—

BARON
(a little louder)
Als Morgengabe! geht das nicht in seinen
Schädel?

NOTARY
(in the same tone)
Als eine Schenkung inter vivos oder—

BARON
(banging his fist on the table in a rage, and shouting)
Als Morgengabe!

SINGER*
(during the foregoing discussion)
[19] Ma si caro è 'l mio tormento
Dolce è sì la piaga mia
Ch' il penare è mio contento
E 'l sanarmi è tirannia
Ahi! Che resiste puoco—
Cor . . .

* But so dear to me is my torment, / so sweet is my anguish / that the suffering is my delight
and healing is tyranny.

At this point the Baron raises his voice to such a pitch that the Singer breaks off abruptly, as does the Flute Player. The Notary retires to a corner in alarm. The Marschallin summons the Singer and gives him her hand to kiss. The Singer and the Flute Player retire, bowing deeply. The Baron makes as if nothing had happened, waves condescendingly to the Singer, crosses over to his servants, straightens his Body-Servant's tousled hair; then goes to the small door as if looking for somebody, opens it, peeps out, is annoyed that the chamber-maid is not coming back; snoops about the bed, shakes his head, and comes forward again.

MARSCHALLIN

(looking at herself in her hand mirror, in an undertone)

My dear friend Hippolyte, Mein, lieber Hippolyte,
ah, look at me and see how old heut' haben Sie ein altes Weib aus mir
you've made me look! gemacht!

The Hairdresser falls, in consternation, on the Marschallin's coiffure with feverish energy, and changes it again. The Marschallin continues to look thoughtful. Valzacchi, followed by Annina, has slunk behind everyone else's backs to the other side of the stage, and now presents himself to the Baron with exaggerated obsequiousness.

MARSCHALLIN

(to the Major-Domo, over her shoulder)

Tell them all to go! Abtreten die Leut!

The Footmen, taking hands, push them all out by the door, which they then close. Only the Scholar, whom the Major-Domo presents to the Marschallin, remains in conversation with her until the close of the episode between Valzacchi, Annina and the Baron.

VALZACCHI

(to the Baron)

De Barone needs my help I see, [21] Ihre Gnade sukt etwas. Ik seh'.
de Barone is needing my service. Ihre Gnade at eine Bedürfnis.
I can make me useful in all ways. Ik kann dienen. Ik kann besorgen.

BARON

(retreating)

And what, sir, are you, sir? Wer ist Er, was weiss Er?

VALZACCHI, ANNINA

De Barone 'e speak out of his eyes Ihre Gnade Gesicht spricht ohne Sunge.
like Italian marble. Come statua di Giove. Wie eine Hantike: come statua di Giove.

ANNINA

Italian marble . . . di Giove . . . Wie eine Hantike . . . di Giove . . .

BARON

A most remarkable man. Das ist ein besserer Mensch.

VALZACCHI, ANNINA

My Lord Barone, we are both your obedient Erlaukte Gnade, attachieren uns an sein
servant. Gefolge!

He falls on his knees, as does Annina.

BARON

You? Euch?

VALZACCHI, ANNINA

Uncle and niece. Onkel und Nickte.
Together we do better work. Su sweien maken alles besser.
Per esempio: De Barone's lady is very Per esempio: Ihre Gnade at eine junge
young? Frau—

BARON

And just how do you know, you rascal, you? Woher weiss Er denn das, Er Teufel Er?

VALZACCHI, ANNINA

(eagerly)

De Barone is a jealous man: dico per dire! Ihre Gnade ist in Eifersukt: dico per dire!
Now or tomorrow it may be. Affare nostro! Eut oder morgen könnte sein. Affare nostro!
Every step de lady may make, Jede Sritt die Dame sie tut,
every carriage de lady take, jede Wagen die Dame steigt,
every letter de lady may get— jede Brief die Dame bekommt—
we are there. wir sind da!
Up de chimney or by de fire, an die Ecke, in die Kamin,
under de carpet—or in de curtain, in die Kommode, 'inter die Bette—

up in de attic or in a cupboard,
in de corner, under de bed—
we are there!

in eine Schranke, unter die Dache,
wir sind da!

The Marschallin rises. The Hairdresser bows low, and hurries off followed by his Assistant.

De Barone will not regret it!

ANNINA

Ihre Gnade wird nicht bedauern!

They hold out their hands for money. He pretends not to notice.

BARON

(in an undertone)

Hm! What a life it is in this old town.

Hm! Was es alles gibt in diesem Wien!

I'll test you now: do you know that girl

Zur Probe nur. Kennt Sie die Jungfer

Mariandel?

Mariandel?

ANNINA

(in an undertone)

Mariandel?

Mariandel?

BARON

(in an undertone)

The serving maid who waits there on Her

Das Zofel hier im Haus bei ihrer Gnaden.

Highness.

VALZACCHI

(in a whisper to Annina)

Sai tu? Cosa vuole?

Sai tu? Cosa vuole?

ANNINA

(also whispering)

Niente!

Niente!

VALZACCHI

(to the Baron)

Surely, surely, my niece knows

Sicker! Sicker! Meine Nickte wird

all about her,

besorgen!

be assured of that, Your Lordship.

Seien sicker, Ihre Gnade! Wir sind da!

We are there!

He holds out his hand again. The Baron ignores him.

BARON

(leaving the two Italians; to the Marschallin)

May I now introduce

[12] Darf ich das Gegenstück

(discreetly)

the counterpart of your Mariandel

zu Dero sauber'm Kammerzofel

to Your Highness?

präsentieren?

(complacently)

The likeness is, so I'm told, unmistakable.

Die Ähnlichkeit soll, hör' ich,

unverkennbar sein.

(The Marschallin nods.)

Leopold, give me the case!

Leopold, das Futteral.

The young footman presents the case awkwardly.

MARSCHALLIN

(smiling slightly)

He does great honour to his ancestry.

Ich gratuliere Euer Liebden sehr.

BARON

(taking the case from the lad, and signalling him to retire)

And here I have the silver rose.

Und da ist nun die silberne Rose!

He is about to open it. [14]

MARSCHALLIN

Do not disturb it.

Lassen nur drinnen.

Put it down here, please, if you don't mind.

Haben die Gnad' und stellen's dorthin.

BARON

Or shall we call for your Mariandel?

Vielleicht das Zofel soll's übernehmen?

Let me ring.

Ruft man ihr?

MARSCHALLIN

No, let her be. She has her duties too.

Nein, lassen nur. Die hat jetzt keine Zeit.

But this I promise: the Count Octavian

[6] Doch sei Er sicher: den Grafen Octavian

shall be informed.

bit' ich Ihm auf,

For me he'll consent, I know,
and will duly ride as cavalier
to your bride and present her with
the silver rose.

Leave it there if you will.

And now, dear cousin, I must say
Adieu.

The time has come for all to leave,
or I shall be too late for church.

(with indifference)

er wird's mir zulieb schon tun
und als Euer Liebden Kavalier
vorfahren mit der Rosen zu der
Jungfer Braut.

Stellen indes nur hin.

Und jetzt, Herr Vetter, sag' ich Ihm
Adieu.

Man retiriert sich jetzt von hier:
Ich werd' jetzt in die Kirchen gehn.

The footmen open the folding doors.

BARON

Gracious Highness, you're too kind.
Your overwhelming charms have touched
my heart.

Euer Gnaden haben heut'
durch unversiegte Huld mich tiefst
beschämt.

He makes an obeisance and withdraws ceremoniously. At a signal from him the Notary follows him. His three servants shuffle awkwardly out. The two Italians silently and obsequiously join his train without his noticing them. The footmen close the door. The Major-Domo withdraws. The Marschallin is left alone.

MARSCHALLIN

(alone)

Ah there he goes, a vain, pretentious
pompous fellow,
and takes a young and lovely bride and
ample dowry as reward.

Da geht er hin, der aufgeblas'ne, schlechte
Kerl,
und kriegt das hübsche, junge Ding und
einen Pinkel Geld dazu,

(sighing)

He takes it all,
and then he's pleased to think that he's the
one who is honouring her!
But why trouble myself? The world will
have it so.

als müsst's so sein.
Und bildet sich noch ein, dass er es ist, der
sich was vergibt.
Was erzürn' ich mich denn? 's ist doch der
Lauf der Welt.

I remember a girl, just like this one [22]
who fresh from the convent was marched
off straight to the holy estate of wedlock.

Kann mich auch an ein Mäd'el erinnern,
die frisch aus dem Kloster ist in den
heiligen Eh'stand kommandiert word'n.

(She takes a hand mirror.)

Where is she now? Ah,

Wo ist die jetzt? Ja,

(sighing)

go, seek the sorrows of yesteryear!
But can it be,

such dir den Schnee vom vergangenen Jahr.
Das sag' ich so:

(quietly)

(ah yes, can it really be so)
that I was that young girl long ago
and that I shall one day become the old
Princess...

Aber wie kann das wirklich sein,
dass ich die kleine Resi war
und dass ich auch einmal die alte Frau sein
werd!

The old Princess, the Marshall's old
Princess!

Die alte Frau, die alte Marschallin!

'Look now, there goes the old Princess
Theresa!'

'Siegst es, da geht die alte Fürstin Resi!'

How can this come to pass?

Wie kann denn das gesch'eh'n?

Is this indeed the will of God?

Wie macht denn das der liebe Gott?

For I am still I, the very same.

Wo ich doch immer die gleiche bin.

But if indeed it must be so,
why then do I sit here looking on,
and see it all, so clear? Why are these
things not kept from me?

Und wenn er's schon so machen muss,
warum lasst er mich zuschau'n dabei,
mit gar so klarem Sinn? Warum versteckt
er's nicht vor mir?

This all is mystery, all mystery,
and we are here on earth

Das alles ist geheim, so viel geheim.
Und man ist dazu da,

(sighing)

to bear it all.

[5] dass man's ertragt.

But to know 'how?'—

Und in dem 'Wie'

(very quietly)

in that lies all the difference —

da liegt der ganze Unterschied —

(to Octavian who enters from the right in riding-dress and riding-boots; calmly, half smiling)

Ah! Du bist wieder da?

Ah! You are back again?

OCTAVIAN
(*tenderly*)

And you're unhappy. Und du bist traurig!

MARSCHALLIN

The mood has flown away. You know me, Es ist ja schon vorbei. Du weisst ja, wie ich
how I am. bin.
One moment laughing, one moment crying. Ein halb Mal lustig, ein halb Mal traurig.
My thoughts, I cannot command them, I Ich kann halt meine Gedanken nicht
know not why. kommandiern.

OCTAVIAN

I know why you have been in tears, Ich weiss, warum du traurig bist, mein
my heart. Schatz.
You were beside yourself and panic- Weil du erschrocken bist und Angst gehabt
stricken. hast.
Am I not right? Confess to me: Hab' ich nicht recht? Gesteh' mir nur:
you were terrified, Du hast Angst gehabt,
my angel, my loved one, du Süsse, du Liebe.
my love, my love! Um mich, um mich!

MARSCHALLIN

A little perhaps, Ein biss'l vielleicht,
but I recovered my courage and to myself aber ich hab' mich erfangen und hab' mir
I said: now what indeed should I fear. vorgesagt: Es wird schon nicht dafür
steh'n.
Und does it really matter? Und wär's dafür gestanden?

OCTAVIAN
(*gaily*)

It was not the Feldmarschall, Und es war kein Feldmarschall.
but a silly clown, your cousin, and you Nur ein spassiger Herr Vetter und du
are all mine, gehörst mir.
you are all mine. Du hörst mir!

MARSCHALLIN
(*pushing him aside*)

Dearest, embrace me not so much. Taverl, umarm' Er nicht zu viel:
Who tries to hold too much, holds nothing Wer allzuviel umarmt, der hält nichts fest.
fast.

OCTAVIAN
(*passionately*)

Say you are mine alone, mine! Sag', dass du mir gehörst! Mir!

MARSCHALLIN

Oh! Do but be good, be tender and Oh, sei Er jetzt sanft, sei Er gescheit und
gentle and kind and wise. sanft und gut.
(*Octavian is about to answer excitedly.*)
I beg you, oh do not be like all the other Nein, bitt' schön, sei Er nicht wie alle
men. Männer sind.

OCTAVIAN
(*starting up suspiciously*)

Like all the others? Wie alle Männer?

MARSCHALLIN
(*quickly recovering herself*)

Like the Feldmarschall and my cousin Wie der Feldmarschall und der Vetter Ochs.
Ochs.

OCTAVIAN
(*still not satisfied*)

Bichette! Bichette!

MARSCHALLIN
(*emphatically*)

No, do not be like all the other men. Sei Er nur nicht, wie alle Männer sind.

OCTAVIAN
(*angrily*)

I know nothing of the other men. Ich weiss nicht, wie alle Männer sind.
(*with sudden tenderness*)
Only I know I love you. Weiss nur, dass ich dich lieb hab',

Bichette, they've taken you away
from me.
Bichette, where have you gone?

Bichette, sie haben dich mir ausgetauscht.

Bichette, wo ist Sie denn?

MARSCHALLIN

(calmly)

Sie ist wohl da, Herr Schatz.

OCTAVIAN

I am still here, my love.

Oh, when you're here, then I want to hold
you,
to protect you from what may befall,

Ja, ist Sie da? Dann will ich Sie halten,

dass Sie mir nicht wieder entkommt!

(passionately)

hold you by my side, hold you.
Then you will know to whom you belong.
To me! For I am yours and you are mine!

Packen will ich Sie, packen, dass

Sie es spürt, zu wem Sie gehört—
zu mir! Denn ich bin Ihr und Sie ist mein!

MARSCHALLIN

(escaping from him)

Oh do be good, Quinquin. I feel I know
that all things earthly are but a vanity,
vain empty dreams;
deep in my heart I know
how should we grasp at naught,
how can we cling to naught,
how life and its joys slip through
our fingers,
how everything alters if we but grasp it,
everything fades like shadows, like dreams.

Oh sei Er gut, Quinquin. Mir ist zu Mut,
dass ich die Schwäche von allem Zeitlichen
recht spüren muss,
bis in mein Herz hinein:
wie man nichts halten soll,
wie man nichts packen kann,
wie alles zerläuft zwischen den Fingern,

wie alles sich auflöst, wonach wir greifen,
alles zergeht, wie Dunst und Traum.

OCTAVIAN

My God, what do you say? You only want
to tell me
that you love me no more.

Mein Gott, wie Sie das sagt, Sie will mir
doch nur zeigen,
dass Sie nicht an mir hängt.

He weeps.

MARSCHALLIN

Ah, do be good, Quinquin!

Sei Er doch gut, Quinquin!

Octavian weeps even more bitterly.

Ah, now I am the one who must console
him
for the day, be it soon, be it late, when he
will leave me.

Jetzt muss ich noch den Buben dafür
trösten,
dass er mich über kurz oder lang wird
sitzen lassen.

She caresses him.

OCTAVIAN

'Be it soon, be it late',

Über kurz oder lang?

(angrily)

who could have put such words into your
mouth, Bichette?

Wer legt dir heut' die Wörter in den Mund,
Bichette?

MARSCHALLIN

Do my words hurt you so?

Dass Ihn das Wort so kränkt.

(Octavian stops his ears.)

The time is coming, Quinquin,
the time, be it sooner or later, what matter.

Die Zeit im Grunde, Quinquin, die Zeit,
die ändert doch nichts an den
Sachen.

[23] Die Zeit, die ist ein sonderbar Ding.

For time, how strangely goes its own
way.
We do not heed it, time has no meaning,
but there comes a moment
when time is all we feel.
All the world talks of it, all our souls
are filled with it.
On every face its mark will show. Each
mirror betrays it,
all through my dreams it's flowing,
and now between us two it flows in silence,
trickling as in an hourglass.

Wenn man so hinlebt, ist sie rein gar nichts.
Aber dann auf einmal,
da spürt man nichts als sie:
sie ist um uns herum, sie ist auch in uns
drinnen.
In den Gesichtern rieselt sie, im Spiegel
da rieselt sie,
in meinen Schläfen fließt sie.
Und zwischen mir und dir da fließt
sie wieder.
Lautlos, wie eine Sanduhr.

Oh Quinquin,
sometimes I hear it flowing
unrelenting.

(earnestly)

Oh Quinquin!
Manchmal hör' ich sie fließen
unaufhaltsam.

Sometimes I arise in the dead of night,
go to my clocks and stop them, every one.
And yet, to be afraid of time is useless.

(softly)

Manchmal steh' ich auf, mitten in der Nacht
und lass' die Uhren alle, alle steh'n.
Allein man muss sich auch vor ihr nicht
fürchten.

For God, mindful of all his children,
in his wisdom created it.

Auch sie ist ein Geschöpf des Vaters,
der uns alle erschaffen hat.

OCTAVIAN

(tenderly and gently)

My dearest love, why do you torture
yourself so with such thoughts?
Now that I am here,
and my loving fingers are clasping
yours so tenderly,
and my eyes look into yours to find an
answer,
now that I am here,
at such a time can you feel like this?

Mein schöner Schatz, will Sie sich traurig
machen mit Gewalt?
Wo Sie mich da hat,
wo ich meine Finger in Ihre Finger
schlinge,
wo ich mit meinen Augen Ihre Augen
suche,
wo Sie mich da hat—
gerade da ist Ihr so zu Mut?

MARSCHALLIN

(very serious)

Quinquin, now or tomorrow, surely,
you will go from me, leave me and choose
another,

Quinquin, heut oder morgen geht Er hin
und gibt mich auf um einer andern willen,

who's younger and lovelier than I.

(hesitating a little)

[14] die jünger und schöner ist als ich.

OCTAVIAN

So you are trying now to dismiss me
and do with words what your hands refuse?

Willst du mit Worten mich von dir stossen,
weil dir die Hände den Dienst nicht tun?

MARSCHALLIN

(calmly)

The day will come unbidden,
now or tomorrow it will come,
Octavian.

Der Tag kommt ganz von selber.
Heut' oder morgen kommt der Tag,
Octavian.

OCTAVIAN

Not now, nor tomorrow! I love you so.

Nicht heut', nicht morgen: ich hab' dich
lieb.

Not now nor tomorrow!
The sun shall not rise, that I swear, on
such a day!

Nicht heut', nicht morgen!
Wenn's so einen Tag geben muss, ich denk'
ihn nicht.

So dreadful a day!
That day shall never come,
I cannot bear to think of it.
Why break my heart and yours, Therese?

Solch schrecklichen Tag!
Ich will den Tag nicht seh'n.
Ich will den Tag nicht denken.
Was quälst du dich und mich, Theres'?

MARSCHALLIN

Now or tomorrow, if not tomorrow, very
soon.

Heut' oder morgen oder den übernächsten
Tag.

I would not torture you, my love.
It's truth I'm speaking, it's as true for you
as 'tis for me...

Nicht quälen will ich dich, mein Schatz.
Ich sag', was wahr ist, sag's zu mir so gut als
wie zu dir.

Let us then lightly meet our fate;
light must we be,
with spirits light and gentle fingers
take all our pleasures, take them and leave
them.

Leicht will ich's machen dir und mir.
Leicht muss man sein:
mit leichtem Herz und leichten Händen,
halten und nehmen, halten und lassen...

Unless we do much grief awaits us, not even
God himself will pity us.

Die nicht so sind, die straft das Leben und
Gott erbarmt sich ihrer nicht.

OCTAVIAN

Today you sound like my confessor.
Do you tell me that I may never, may
never love and kiss you
till you are faint with rapture?

Sie spricht ja heute wie ein Pater.
Soll das heissen, dass ich Sie nie, nie mehr
werde küssen dürfen,
bis Ihr der Atem ausgeht?

MARSCHALLIN

(softly)

Quinquin, now you must go. Now
you must leave me;
I'll go now, go to church, and pray,
and later visit my Uncle Greifenklau,
who's old and so ailing,
and dine with him: 'twill please the
dear old man.

[5, 2] Quinquin, Er soll jetzt geh'n, Er soll mich
lassen.

This afternoon I will send to your house
a footman,
Quinquin, and he will tell you
if I, in the Prater, ride;
and if I do
and should you wish,
you may meet me in the Prater riding
and you may ride beside my carriage.
And now be good. Do as I say.

Ich werd' jetzt in die Kirchen geh'n
und später fahr' ich zum Onkel Greifenklau,
der alt und gelähmt ist,
und ess' mit ihm: das freut den alten Mann.

Und Nachmittag werd' ich Ihn einen
Lauffer schicken,
Quinquin, und sagen lassen,
ob ich in den Prater fahr'.
Und wenn ich fahr'
und Er hat Lust,
so wird Er auch in den Prater kommen
und neben meinem Wagen reiten.
Jetzt sei Er gut und folg' Er mir.

OCTAVIAN

(softly)

As you command, Bichette.

Wie Sie befiehlt, Bichette.

Exit. A pause.

MARSCHALLIN

(Alone. Starting up passionately)

He's gone without even a kiss.

Ich hab' ihn nicht einmal geküsst.

Run, try to stop the Count
and say that I beg for a word with him.

(She rings the bell violently. Footmen hurry in from the right.)

Lauf's dem Herrn Grafen nach
und bittet's ihn noch auf ein Wort herauf.

I have let him go from me, and without
a single kiss!

(The footmen hurry off.)

Ich hab' ihn fortgeh'n lassen und ihn nicht
einmal geküsst!

She sits down on the chair by the dressing-table. The footmen return out of breath.

FIRST FOOTMAN

But the Count is off and away.

Der Herr Graf sind auf und davon.

SECOND FOOTMAN

In a flash he seized the bridle.

Gleich beim Tor sind aufgesessen.

THIRD FOOTMAN

Swung up in the stirrups.

Reitknecht hat gewartet.

FOURTH FOOTMAN

At the door he seized the bridle like the
wind.

Gleich beim Tor sind aufgesessen wie der
Wind.

FIRST FOOTMAN

Galloped round the corner like the wind.

Waren um die Ecken wie der Wind.

SECOND FOOTMAN

We hurried after.

Sind nachgelaufen.

THIRD FOOTMAN

We cried ourselves hoarse.

Wir haben geschrien.

FIRST FOOTMAN

All in vain.

War umsonst.

THIRD FOOTMAN

Galloped round the corner like the wind.

Waren um die Ecken wie der Wind.

MARSCHALLIN

Very well. You may leave me.

Es ist gut, geht nur wieder.

Send Mohammed!

(The footmen withdraw. The Marchallin calls after them.)

Den Mohammed!

(The little Black Boy enters with tinkling bells, as before, and bows.) [9a]
Take this case . . . Das da trag'—

(The Page takes the leather jewel-case eagerly.)

Wait till I say where. To Count
Octavian.

[6] Weisst ja nicht wohin. Zum Grafen
Octavian.

Give it and say,
within is the silver rose.
He will know what he must do.

Gib's ab und sag':
Da drinn ist die silberne Ros'n.
Der Herr Graf weiss ohnehin.

The Black Boy runs off. The Marchallin leans her head on her hand, and remains deep in thought until the curtain falls. [1]

The curtain begins to fall slowly and noiselessly, but from the fourth crotchet of the fermata quickly.



Ava June as the Marchallin in the ENO production by John Copley. (photo: Mike Humphrey)

Act Two

A room in Herr von Faninal's house. The central doors lead to an antechamber. Doors to right and left. A large window on the right. Chairs against the wall on either side of the main doors. In the rounded corners on either side are secret doors. A footman stands on either side of the main door. Faninal, Sophie, Marianne Leitmetherin (her Duenna), the Major-Domo, Footmen. [24, 25, 20, 26]

FANINAL

(on the point of saying good-bye to Sophie)

A solemn day, a wondrous day,
a festal day, a sacred day!

Ein ernster Tag, ein grosser Tag!
Ein Ehrentag, ein heil'ger Tag!

Sophie kisses his hand.

MARIANNE

The new coach is there with our man on
the box.

Its curtains are of sky-blue.
Four shining horses are there.

Der Josef fährt vor, mit der neuen Kaross',
hat himmelblaue Vorhäng',
vier Apfelschimmel sind dran.

MAJOR-DOMO

(confidentially to Faninal)

It's high time now Your Lordship should
be leaving.

It's customary for the bride's father
to have taken his
departure from the house
before the silver Rosenkavalier comes
here.

It were not seemly
for you to meet him at the palace door.

Ist höchste Zeit, dass Euer Gnaden fahren.
Der hochadelige Brautvater,*
sagt die Schicklichkeit,
muss ausgefahren sein,
bevor der silberne Rosenkavalier vorfährt.

Wär' nicht geziemend,
dass vor der Tür sie sich begegneten.

Footmen open the door.

FANINAL

May Heaven help me. When I come again,
I shall be leading your bridegroom-to-be by
the hand.

In Gottes Namen. Wenn ich wiederkomm',
so führ' ich deinen Herrn Zukünftigen bei
der Hand.

MARIANNE

The excellent and noble Baron Lerchenau!

Den edlen und gestrengen Herrn von
Lerchenau!

(Exit Faninal. Sophie comes forward alone. Marianne is at the window.)

Up go the steps. The footmen one by one
are springing up behind.

The little page has handed up the whip,

and there are faces at every house.

Jetzt steigt er ein. Der Xaver und der Anton
springen hinten auf.

Der Stallpag' reicht dem Josef seine
Peitschen.

Alle Fenster sind voller Leut'.

SOPHIE

In this most wonderful and serious
moment,

in which You, my Creator (more than I
deserve) have brought me
and to allow me to enter my married life

(controlling herself with great difficulty)
I will offer humbly my heart, my heart to
him.

My flesh is too weak to be humble,
so I must humble myself.

[29] In dieser feierlichen Stunde der Prüfung,

da du mich, o mein Schöpfer, über mein
Verdienst erhöhen
und in den heiligen Ehestand führen willst,

opfr' ich dir in Demut mein Herz — in
Demut auf.

Die Demut in mir zu erwecken,
muss ich mich demütigen.

MARIANNE

(very excited)

And half the town is out of doors.
See them in the cloister, the good monks
one and all are at the windows
and one old man sits high up upon the roof.

Die halbe Stadt ist auf die Füss.
Aus dem Seminari schaun die Hoch-
würdigen von die Balkoner.
Ein alter Mann sitzt oben auf der Latern'.

* Hofmannsthal and the vocal score have 'Brautigamsvater' (i.e. father of the groom) and Clemens Krauss made this alteration in the full score.

SOPHIE

(struggling to collect her thoughts)

Humble myself and from temptation, from envy, from sin, from evil thoughts,
must always pray to save myself!
My mother is dead and I am all alone,
here in prayer before Thy throne.
Here at the altar with Thy blessing I stand.

Demütigen und recht bedenken: die Sünde,
die Schuld, die Niedrigkeit,
die Verlassenheit, die Anfechtung!
Die Mutter ist tot und ich bin ganz allein.
Für mich selber steh' ich ein.
Aber die Ehe ist ein heiliger Stand.

MARIANNE

(as before)

He comes, he comes with two great coaches.
The first one has four horses, it is empty.
But the next one has six dapple greys.
I can see him, the Rosenkavalier!

Er kommt, er kommt in zwei Karossen.
Die erste ist vierspännig, die ist leer. In der zweiten, sechsspännigen, sitzt er selber, der Rosenkavalier.

THREE FOOTMEN

(running before Octavian's carriage in the street below)

Rofrano, Rofrano!

Rofrano, Rofrano!

SOPHIE

(almost losing her self-control)

I will not be swollen with pride of station
after marriage—
—after my marriage.

Ich will mich niemals meines neuen Standes überheben—
—mich überheben.

(She can control herself no longer.)

What is it they cry?
Was rufen denn die?

MARIANNE

They call him the Rosenkavalier and cry the names
of the noble lords related to your husband,
that I hear.
Now the servants form a pathway.
The outriders are beside the door!

Den Namen vom Rosenkavalier und alle Namen
von deiner neuen, fürstlichen Verwandtschaft rufens aus.
Jetzt rangier'n sich die Bedienten.
Die Lakaien springen rückwärts ab!

THREE FOOTMEN

(closer)

Rofrano, Rofrano!

Rofrano, Rofrano!

SOPHIE

Oh, but when my husband comes will everyone
run to greet him, and his name and titles too?

Werden sie mein' Bräutigam sein' Namen
[2, 26]
auch so ausrufen, wenn er angefahren kommt!?

THREE FOOTMEN

(right under the window)

Rofrano, Rofrano!

Rofrano, Rofrano!

MARIANNE

(quite beside herself)

The coach door is open and he comes,
all in silver clad, he is glittering from head to foot.
Like an archangel all on fire.

Sie reissen den Schlag auf! Er steigt aus!
Ganz in Silberstück' ist er angelegt, von Kopf zu Fuss.
Wie ein heil'ger Engel schaut er aus.

She hastily shuts the window.

SOPHIE

Merciful Heaven!
I know that pride must be a mortal sin.
But today never can I humble myself.
It's all in vain.
I can't help being proud, so proud!

Herrgott im Himmel!
Ich weiss, der Stolz ist eine schwere Sünd',
aber jetzt kann ich mich nicht demütigen.
Jetzt geht's halt nicht!
Denn das ist ja so schön, so schön!

Two of Faninal's Footmen quickly open the centre doors. Enter Octavian, bareheaded, dressed all in white and silver, carrying the Silver Rose in his hand. Behind him are his servants in his livery, white and pale green. The Footmen, the Heyducks with their curved Hungarian swords at their side; the Couriers in white leather with green ostrich plumes. Immediately behind Octavian a black servant

carrying his hat, and another Footman who carries the case for the Silver Rose in both hands. Behind these, Faninal's servants. Octavian, taking the rose in his right hand, advances with noble grace towards Sophie; but his youthful features bear traces of embarrassment, and he blushes. Sophie turns deathly pale with excitement at his splendid appearance. They stand facing each other, each disconcerted by the confusion and beauty of the other. [26]

OCTAVIAN

(with slight hesitation)

It is an honour, an enchantment	[28] Mir ist die Ehre widerfahren,
to which I'll stay most deeply sensible	dass ich der hoch- und wohlgeborenen
all my days,	Jungfer Braut,
to come here as messenger at	in meines Herrn Vetters Namen,
my Cousin Lerchenau's bidding,	dessen zu Lerchenau Namen,
to offer you as token of his love this rose.	die Rose seiner Liebe überreichen darf.

SOPHIE

(taking the rose)

I am to Your Honour much indebted.	Ich bin Euer Liebden sehr verbunden.
I am to Your Honour to all Eternity	Ich bin Euer Liebden in aller Ewigkeit
indebted.	verbunden.

(momentary confusion; she smells the rose)

There is a scent in its petals of roses,	Hat einen starken Geruch wie Rosen,
like the living ones!	wie lebendige!

OCTAVIAN

Yes, there's a drop of oil of Persian roses	Ja, ist ein Tropfen persischen Rosenöls
in its heart.	darein getan.

SOPHIE

Like heavenly, not earthly flowers, like	Wie himmlische, nicht irdische, wie Rosen
roses	
from golden gardens of Paradise. Think	vom hochheiligen Paradies. Ist Ihm nicht
you not so?	auch?

Octavian bends over the rose which she holds out to him, then raises his head and looks at her lips.

It's like a gift from Heaven. Oh, so sweet	Ist wie ein Gruss vom Himmel. Ist bereits
and rare that no one dare breathe it	zu stark, als dass man's ertragen kann.
again.	

Drawing me on, as though it were tugging at	Zieht einen nach, als lägen Stricke um
my heart.	das Herz.

(softly)

Where have I been before	[29] Wo war ich schon einmal
and felt such rapture?	und war so selig?

OCTAVIAN

(at the same time, as though unconscious, and still more softly)

Where have I been before	Wo war ich schon einmal
and felt such rapture?	und war so selig?

SOPHIE

(with deep expression)

To walk those blessed fields of Paradise	Dahin muss ich zurück! und müsst' ich
once more. I fear not death itself.	völlig sterben auf dem Weg.
And yet why dream of death?	Allein, ich sterb' ja nicht.
It's far, it's far, it's an eternity	Das ist ja weit. Ist Zeit und Ewigkeit
that shines on moments of blessedness,	in einem sel'gen Augenblick,
never to be forgotten till death close my	den will ich nie vergessen bis an meinen
eyes.	Tod.

OCTAVIAN

(at the same time)

I was a child,	Ich war ein Bub,
I never heard her voice until today.	da hab' ich die noch nicht gekannt.
But who am I?	Wer bin denn ich?
What fate brings me to her?	Wie komm' denn ich zu ihr?
What fate brings her to me?	Wie kommt denn sie zu mir?
Feeling and sense would leave me,	Wär' ich kein Mann, die Sinne möchten
were I not a man;	mir vergeh'n.
this is a moment of blessedness,	Das ist ein sel'ger Augenblick,
never to be forgotten till death close my	den will ich nie vergessen bis an meinen
eyes.	Tod.

In the meantime Octavian's servants have taken up their positions on the left at the back, Faninal's servants with the Major-Domo to the right. Octavian's Footman hands the jewel-case to Marianne. Sophie wakes from her reverie and gives the rose to Marianne, who places it in the jewel-case. The Footman with the hat approaches Octavian and gives it to him. Octavian's servants withdraw, and at the same time Faninal's servants carry three chairs to the centre, two for Sophie and Octavian, and one for Marianne, further back and to one side. Faninal's Major-Domo carries the jewel-case with the rose through the door to the right, the other servants immediately withdraw through the centre doors. Sophie and Octavian stand facing each other, partly restored to the everyday world, but a little embarrassed. At a signal from Sophie both seat themselves, and the Duenna does likewise, at the same moment as the door on the right is locked from the outside by the Major-Domo.

I know you very well, mon cousin!
 You know me, ma cousine?
 Yes, and I've read in the court almanac too,
 'The Mirror of Nobility'.
 I take it every evening up to bed
 and read about the Princes and Dukes,
 and the Counts who will soon be my
 relations.

Do you so, ma cousine?
 I know how old Your Lordship is:
 seventeen and a quarter.
 I know all your firstnames too: Octavian,
 Maria Ehrenreich,
 Bonaventura, Fernand, Hyacinth.

I do not know them even half as well.
 I know also . . .

What do you know, tell me pray, ma
 cousine?

Quinquin.

So you know that name too?

Men call you Quinquin when they have
 your friendship,
 and lovely ladies, I suppose,
 with whom you are acquainted.

I'm happy I'll marry soon! Will you not
 like it too?

But perhaps you have not given thought to
 it, mon cousin?

You think, it is another matter happy
 and free.

What charm she has!

SOPHIE
 [30] Ich kenn' Ihn schon recht wohl, mon cousin!

OCTAVIAN
 Sie kennt mich, ma cousine?

SOPHIE
 Ja, aus dem Buch, wo die Stammbäumer
 drin sind.
 Dem Ehrenspiegel Österreichs.
 Das nehm' ich immer abends mit ins Bett
 und such' mir meine zukünft'ge gräflich'
 und fürstlich' Verwandtschaft d'rin
 zusammen.

OCTAVIAN
 Tut Sie das, ma cousine?

SOPHIE
 Ich weiss, wie alt Euer Liebden sind:
 Siebzehn Jahr' und zwei Monat'.
 Ich weiss all' Ihre Taufnamen: Octavian
 Maria Ehrenreich
 Bonaventura Fernand Hyacinth.

OCTAVIAN
 So gut weiss ich sie selber nicht einmal.

SOPHIE
 Ich weiss noch was.
She blushes.

OCTAVIAN
 Was weiss Sie noch, sag' Sie mir's, ma
 cousine?

SOPHIE
 (not looking at him)
 Quinquin.

OCTAVIAN
 (laughing)
 Weiss Sie den Namen auch?

SOPHIE
 So nennen Ihn halt Seine guten Freunde
 und schöne Damen, denk' ich mir,
 mit denen Er recht gut ist.

(slight pause; naively)
 Ich freu' mich aufs Heiraten! Freut Er
 sich auch darauf?

Oder hat Er leicht noch gar nicht dran
 gedacht, mon cousin?

Denk' Er: Ist doch was andres als der ledige
 Stand.

OCTAVIAN
 (softly, as she speaks)
 Wie schön sie ist.

SOPHIE
 But then you are a man, and men are
 what they are.
 I'll need a husband all my days, to guide my
 steps;
 and I'll show him my thanks by doing what
 he tells me.

Freilich, Er ist ein Mann, da ist Er, was
 Er bleibt.
 Ich aber brauch' erst einen Mann, dass ich
 was bin.
 Dafür bin ich dem Mann dann auch gar
 sehr verschuldet.

OCTAVIAN
(deeply moved and softly)
 My God, how good and fair she is.
 She makes me quite confused.

Mein Gott, wie schön und gut sie ist.
 Sie macht mich ganz verwirrt.

SOPHIE
 I never shall disgrace him, never
 forget my rank and station.
 Should another wife look down her nose at
 me
 or go before me
 at a Christening or a funeral,
 I'll show her very quickly,
 if needs must be with a slapped cheek,
 that I am finer bred than she,
 and I'll bear anything rather
 than vulgar pride or insolence!

Ich werd' ihm keine Schand' nicht
 machen—
 und meinem Rang und Vortritt.
 Täte eine, die sich besser dünkt als ich,
 ihn mir bestreiten
 bei einer Kindstau' oder Leich',
 so will ich, wenn es sein muss,
 mit Ohrfeigen ihr beweisen,
 dass ich die vornehmere bin
 und lieber alles hinnehme
 wie Kränkung oder Ungebühr.

OCTAVIAN
(eagerly)
 Ah, do but name the wretch
 who would presume to hazard such
 impertinence.
 For always you'll be the loveliest of all
 the loveliest creatures.

Wie kann Sie denn nur denken,
 dass man Ihr mit Ungebühr begegnen
 wird,
 da Sie doch immer die Schönste, die
 Allerschönste sein wird?

SOPHIE
 Why do you laugh, mon cousin?
 Lacht Er mich aus, mon cousin?

OCTAVIAN
 What? And why should I laugh?
 Wie, glaubt Sie das von mir?

SOPHIE
 You are allowed to laugh, if you will.
 From you I will gladly take all that you
 choose,
 for I tell you, no gentleman of all I've met
 with,
 no, nor dreamed of, has so stolen my heart
 away as you.
 Ah, here he comes. It's my bridegroom-to-
 be.

Er darf mich auslachen, wenn Er will.
 Von Ihm lass' ich alles mir gerne gescheh'n,
 weil mir nie noch ein junger Kavalier
 von Nähen oder Weitem also wohlgefallen
 hat wie Er.
 Jetzt aber kommt mein Herr Zukünftiger.

The door at the back is thrown open. All three rise and step to the right. Faninal ceremoniously conducts the Baron over the threshold towards Sophie, giving him precedence. Lerchenau's servants follow in his footsteps, first the Almoner, then the Body-Servant. Next comes the Huntsman, with another clownish bumpkin, who has a plaster over his battered nose, and two others, no less uncouth, looking as if they had stepped straight from the turnip-fields into their liveries. All, like their master, carry sprigs of myrtle. Faninal's servants remain in the background. [25]

FANINAL
 May I present now to Your Lordship?
 This is your bride-to-be?

Ich präsentiere Euer Gnaden Dero
 Zukünftige.

BARON
(bowing, then to Faninal)
 Delicious! My compliments to you.
(He kisses Sophie's hand, as if examining it.)
 The wrist is delicate, that's a very good sign.
 Among the middle classes it is seldom to be
 found.

Deliziös! Mach' Ihm mein Kompliment.
 Ein feines Handgelenk. Darauf halt' ich gar
 viel.
 Ist unter Bürgerlichen eine sel't'ne
 Distinktion.

OCTAVIAN*(in an undertone)*

My blood runs hot and cold.

Es wird mir heiss und kalt.

FANINALAllow me, this is my devoted servant
Marianne Leitmetzerin . . .Gestatten, dass ich die getreue Jungfer
Marianne Leitmetzerin . . .*He presents Marianne, who curtsies deeply three times.***BARON***(with a gesture of vexation)*

Some other time.

Lass' Er das weg.

Come on, I'll introduce you to my
Rosenkavalier.Begrüss' Er jetzt mit mir meinen Herrn
Rosenkavalier.*He goes with Faninal towards Octavian, and bows. Octavian returns the bow. Lerchenau's servants nearly knock Sophie down, come to a standstill, and retire a couple of paces backwards to the right.***SOPHIE***(standing on the right with Marianne, in an undertone)*How vulgar his behaviour, he is like a
horse-dealer
who thinks he's bought me at a country
fair.Was sind das für Manieren? Ist da leicht
ein Rosstauscher
und kommt ihm vor, er hätt' mich
eingetauscht?**MARIANNE***(aside)*A cavalier is always unaffected and
easy in his behaviour,
tell yourself who he is,
and the rank you will gain,
and soon you will forget your silly ways.Ein Kavalier hat halt ein ungezwungenes,
leutseliges Betragen.
Sag' dir vor, wer er ist
und zu was er dich macht,
so werden dir die Faxen gleich vergeh'n.**BARON***(during the foregoing, to Faninal)*It's quite astounding how the young Count
resembles someone whom I know.
He has a sister, she's a sweet little bastard.Ist gar zum Staunen, wie der junge Herr
jemand gewissem ähnlich sieht.
Hat ein Bastardel, recht ein saub'res zur
Schwester.

It is no secret round the Imperial court.

Ist kein Geheimnis unter Personen von
Stand.

Her Highness told me so herself.

(genially)
Hab's aus der Fürstin eig'nem Mund
und weil der Faninal sozusagen jetztAnd since our Faninal, now that he's
ennobled,
is one of us in a way
do not be ashamed, my dear Rofrano,
that your father has sowed his wild oats;
he's not the only one who's had some on
the side, the honourable Marchese.
I get around a bit myself.zu der Verwandtschaft gehört,
mach' dir kein Dépit darum Rofrano,
dass dein Vater ein Streichmacher war,
befindet sich dabei in guter Kompagnie,
der sel'ge Herr Marchese.
Ich selber exkludier' mich nicht.*(to Faninal)*Look well now at that long-legged rascal
there,
the fair one, at the back.
I cannot point my finger at him,
but you will see at a glance
how he's distinguished by his high-born
features.Seh', Liebden, schau dir dort den Längen
an,
den blonden, hinten dort.
Ich will ihn nicht mit Fingern weisen,
aber er sticht wohl hervor,
durch eine adelige Contenance.Is he not truly a splendid fellow?
He has a noble pedigree
but he's the greatest fool of all my
household.Ist aber ein ganz besond'rer Kerl.
Sagt nichts, weil ich der Vater bin,
hat's aber faustdick hinter den Ohren.**SOPHIE***(during the above)*What breeding's this to leave me standing
here?Jetzt lässt er mich so steh'n, der grobe
Ding!

And he is my husband that's to be.
And pock-marked also is his face, on my
soul!

Und das ist mein Zukünftiger.
Und blattersteppig ist er auch, o mein Gott!

MARIANNE

Well, if his front displeases you so, young
Mistress Haughty,
then from the back regard him well,
and then you'll find something that is good
to see.

Na, wenn er dir von vorn nicht gefällt, du
Jungfer Hochmut,
so schau ihn dir von rückwärts an,
da wirst was seh'n, was dir schon gefallen
wird.

SOPHIE

Then tell me what it is that I shall find.

Möcht' wissen, was ich da schon sehen
werd'.

MARIANNE

(mimicking her)

Then tell me what it is that I shall find.

Möcht' wissen, was ich da schon sehen
werd'.

Why, that your patron saints have sent you
this day
one of Her Majesty's
High Chamberlains as bridegroom.
That is very clear to see.

Dass es ein kaiserlicher Kämmerer ist,
den dir dein Schutzpatron
als Herrn Gemahl spendiert hat.
Das kannst sehn mit einem Blick.

*The Major-Domo approaches Lerchenau's servants most politely and conducts them out of the room.
At the same time Faninal's servants withdraw, except for two, who offer round wine and
confits.*

FANINAL

(to the Baron)

I wonder if you'd like! It's a very old
brandy.

Belieben jetzt vielleicht?—ist ein alter
Tokaier.

Octavian and the Baron serve themselves.

BARON

Good Faninal, you know what's right
and fit,
to serve such a fine old brandy to toast a
fine young daughter.
You've done this not too badly.

Brav Faninal, Er weiss was sich gehört.
Serviert einen alten Tokaier zu einem
jungen Mädcl.
Ich bin mit Ihm zufrieden.

(to Octavian)

With two-a-penny nobles like this one,
we must show them
that they are not our equals, you
understand me.
Persons like us have a duty to condescend.

Musst denen Bagatelladeligen immer
zeigen,
dass nicht für unsresgleichen sich anseh'n
dürfen,
muss immer was von Herablassung dabei
sein.

OCTAVIAN

(pointedly)

I'm all admiration for Your Lordship!
Your Lordship's manners are so subtle.
You should be sent as an ambassador all
over Europe.

Ich muss Deine Liebden sehr bewundern.
Hast wahrhaft grosse Weltmanieren.
Könnst einen Ambassadeur vorstellen
heut oder morgen.

BARON

(roughly)

I'll bring her over for a chat.
See if they've taught her to speak properly.
I'll soon discover if she's well informed.
He takes Sophie by the hand, and leads her back with him.
Eh bien! Now, talk to us a while,
me and my cousin Tavvy.
Say, to begin with, what do you fancy will
please you most as a bride?

Ich hol' mir jetzt das Mädcl her.
Soll uns jetzt Konversation vormachen,
damit ich seh', wie sie beschlagen ist.
Eh bien! nun plauder Sie uns eins,
mir und dem Vetter Taver!
Sag' Sie heraus, auf was Sie sich halt in der
Eh' am meisten freut!

The Baron seats himself and tries to make her sit on his lap.

SOPHIE

(pulling away from him)

What do you mean?

Wo denkt Er hin?

BARON*(at his ease)*

Pah! What do I mean? Let me whisper in
your ear.
And I will tell you frankly just what
I mean.

Pah! Wo ich hindenken? Komm Sie da ganz
nah zu mir,
dann will ich Ihr erzählen, wo ich hindenken.

Same business. Sophie pulls more angrily away from him.

BARON*(at his ease)*

Would my lady prefer it if I were to play
the dancing-master, bowing and cavorting?
With 'mille pardons' and 'devotion',
and 'By your leave', and 'My respects'?

Wär Ihr leicht präferabel, dass man gegen
Ihrer
den Zeremonienmeister sollt hervortreten?
Mit 'mill pardon' und 'Devotion',
und 'Geh da weg' und 'hab Respeckt'?

SOPHIE

Undoubtedly, yes, would surely be much
better!

Wahrhaftig und ja gefiele mir das besser!

BARON*(laughing)*

Not for me! I tell you! None of that for
me, miss!
I am an open-hearted country lad, I like a
free and easy life.

Mir auch nicht! Da sieht Sie! Mir auch
ganz und gar nicht!
Bin einer biedern offenerzigen Galanterie
recht zugetan.

He starts to kiss her, but she energetically pushes him away.

FANINAL*(offering Octavian the second chair, which he refuses)*

How can it be? There sits a Lerchenau
and sets his heart upon our little Sophie, the
rascals might be man and wife.
And there stands a Rofrano, makes as if at
home—
a Count Rofrano, nothing less,
and brother to Her Majesty's Lord High
Rod.

Wie ist mir denn! Da sitzt ein Lerchenau
und karessiert in Ehrbarkeit mein Söphel,
als wär' sie ihm schon angetraut.
Und da steht ein Rofrano, grad' als müsst's
so sein—
ein Graf Rofrano, sonst nix—
der Bruder vom Marchese Oberstruchsess.

OCTAVIAN*(angrily, aside)*

There's a rude fellow. There's nothing I'd
like better
than once to catch him
sword in hand and no one to watch.
No, nothing better in the world.

Das ist ein Kerl, dem möcht' ich wo
begegnen
mit meinem Degen da,
wo ihn kein Wächter schreien hört.
Ja, das ist alles, was ich möcht'.

SOPHIE*(to the Baron)*

Let go of me. You're not my husband!

Ei lass Er doch, wir sind nicht so vertraut!

BARON*(to Sophie)*

No need to be shy before Cousin Tavvy!

Geniert Sie sich leicht vor dem Vetter
Taverl?

Don't be so modest. Why, you know in Paris,
where they have the very finest manners,
newly weds,
doing the things that newly weds like to do,
send invitations out to assorted friends
to watch them. Yes, to the King's invited . . .

Da hat Sie Unrecht. Hör' Sie, in Paris,
wo doch die Hohe Schul' ist für Manieren,
gibt's frei nichts
was unter jungen Eheleuten geschieht
wozu man nicht Einladungen liess' ergeh'n
zum Zuschau'n, ja an den König selber.

FANINAL*(aside)*

Would that my palace were of glass,
every pettifogging merchant in the town,
jaundiced with envy should see them sit
en famille.

Wär nur die Mauer da von Glas,
dass alle bürgerlichen Neidhammeln von
Wien
sie en famille beisammen so sitzen seh'n!

For that pleasure I'd give my richest house
right gladly, 'pon my soul.

Dafür wollt ich mein Lerchenfelder
Eckhaus geben, meiner Seel!

OCTAVIAN*(furious)*

How can I bear to watch him there,
so coarse, it's unforgivable.
Would I could fly away from here!

Dass ich das Mannsbild sehen muss,
so frech, so unverschämt mit ihr.
Könnst' ich hinaus und fort von hier!

The Baron grows more and more importunate; Sophie is at her wits' end.

BARON*(to Sophie)*

Don't be so silly now, for you belong to
me!
It's all right. Now be good! It all works
like a charm.

Lass Sie die Flausen nur: gehört doch jetzt
mir!
Geht all's recht! Sei Sie gut. Geht all's so
wie am Schnürl!

(half to himself, fondling her)

Just as I like it! Tender as a chicken!

Ganz meine Massen! Schultern wie ein
Henderl!

Thin as a rake—no matter. But so white,

Hundsmager noch—das macht nichts, aber
weiss

white as driven snow. There's nothing I
like more!

mit einem Glanz, wie ich ihn ästimier!

I have the luck of all the Lerchenaus!

Ich hab' halt ja ein Lerchenauisch Glück!

*(Sophie tears herself away and stamps her foot.)**(delighted)*

Gad! She's a fine little peppery spitfire!

Ist Sie ein rechter Kaprizenschädel!

(rises and runs after her)

And see how hot her cheeks are burning,
hot enough to burn your hands!

Steigt Ihr das Blut gar in die Wangen,
dass man sich die Hand verbrennt?

SOPHIE*(flushing with anger)*

Just take your hands from me!

Lass' Er die Hand davon!

Octavian in silent anger, crushes the glass he holds in his hand, and throws the pieces to the ground.

MARIANNE

(She runs with affected grace towards Octavian, picks up the pieces, and confides her delight to him.)

He has uncommon easy ways, the Herr
Baron!

Ist recht ein familiärer Mann, der Herr
Baron!

He's quite enchanting, such originality!

Man delectiert sich, was er all's für Einfälle
hat!

BARON*(near Sophie)*

Nothing suits me better.

Geht mir nichts darüber!

No kind of simpering or tender airs

Könnst' mich mit Schmachterei und
Zärtlichkeit

could give me half such pleasure, on my
soul!

nicht halb so glücklich machen, meiner
See!

SOPHIE*(furious, to his face)*

I do not care if I please you or not!

Ich denk nicht d'ran, dass ich Ihn glücklich
mach'!

BARON*(complacently)*

You please me fine, no matter if you like
it or you don't.

Sie wird es tun, ob Sie daran wird denken
oder nicht.

OCTAVIAN*(aside, pale with anger)*

Away! Away, without farewell!

Hinaus! Hinaus! und kein Adieu!

Or else I cannot tell

Sonst steh' ich nicht dafür,

just what I might be led to do!

dass ich nicht was Verwirrtes tu!

No longer can I stay here! I must go!

Hinaus aus diesen Stuben! Nur hinaus!

In the meantime the Notary has entered with the Clerk, introduced by Faninal's Major-Domo. He announces them in a whisper to Faninal. Faninal goes towards the Notary at the back, speaks to him, and looks through a bundle of documents which the Clerk presents to him.

SOPHIE*(between her teeth)*

There is no man has ever dared to speak to
me like this.

What can you think of me, and yourself?

What are you, sir, to me?

Hat nie kein Mann dergleichen Reden nicht
zu mir geführt!

Möcht wissen, was Ihm dünkt von mir und
Ihm?

Was ist Er denn zu mir?

BARON*(contentedly)*

You'll find out overnight,
with sweetest joy

you'll learn just what I am to you.

Just like the little song—you surely know
it?

'Lalalalala—

[31] 'Lalalalala—

(very sentimentally)

My love shall be your all in all!

With me, with me you will find no room
too small,

without me, without me, lonely days feel
so wrong,

Wird kommen über Nacht,

dass Sie ganz sanft

wird wissen, was ich bin zu Ihr.

Ganz wie's im Liedel heisst—kennt Sie das
Liedel?

[31] 'Lalalalala—

wie ich dein Alles werde sein!

Mit mir, mit mir keine Kammer dir zu
klein,

ohne mich, ohne mich jeder Tag dir so bang,

(impudently and coarsely)

with me, with me nights cannot be
too long.

[32] mit mir, mit mir keine Nacht dir zu lang!

As he tries to draw Sophie still closer to him, she frees herself, and violently pushes him back.

MARIANNE*(hurrying to Sophie)*

He has uncommon easy ways, the Herr
Baron!

He's quite enchanting, such originality!

Ist recht ein familiärer Mann, der Herr
Baron!

Man delectiert sich, was er all's für Einfäll'
hat,

(nervously and excitedly)

Such originality, the Herr Baron!

was er all's für Einfäll' hat, der Herr
Baron!

OCTAVIAN*(without looking, and yet aware of all that is going on)*

It's more than I can stomach!

I stand on coals of fire!

I'm doing penance in an hour

for many years of sin!

Ich steh auf glüh'nden Kohlen!

Ich fahr' aus meiner Haut!

Ich büß' in dieser einen Stund

all meine Sünden ab!

BARON*(aside, very contented)*

I always did say, I have all the luck
of the Lerchenaus.

Nothing else in the world so inflames my
desire

or so invigorates my soul like a defiant
wench.

(Faninal and the Notary, followed by the Clerk, have advanced to the front left of the stage. As soon as he sees the Notary, the Baron addresses Sophie eagerly, without the slightest idea what she is thinking.)

But now there's work to do: you must do
without me.

They need my help in there.

And meanwhile there's cousin Tavvy, he
will entertain you!

[33] Wahrhaftig und ja, ich hab' halt ein
Lerchenausisch Glück!

Gibt gar nichts auf der Welt, was mich so
enflammt

und also vehement verjüngt als wie ein
rechter Trotz!

Doch gibt's Geschäfte jetzt, muss mich
dispensieren,

bin dort von Wichtigkeit. Indessen

der Vetter Taverl leistet Ihr Gesellschaft!

FANINAL

If it's now convenient, dear son-in-law?

Wenn es jetzt belieben tät, Herr
Schwiegersohn!

BARON*(eagerly)*

Of course it is convenient.

Natürlich wird's belieben.

(in passing, to Octavian, touching him familiarly)

I've no objection,
if you would like to flirt a little, cousin,

now or at any time.

She's still in need of breaking in.

The more she learns from you, the better
it will please me.

She is just like a filly, still unsaddled
and shy.

The husband in the end gets everything
he wants,

so long as he's wise enough to exercise
his matrimonial rights.

Hab nichts dawider,
wenn du ihr möchtest Äugerl machen,

Vetter,

jetzt oder künftighin.

Ist noch ein rechter Rühr-nicht-an.

Betrachts als förderlich, je mehr sie
degourdiert wird.

Ist wie bei einem jungen ungerittenen Pferd.

Kommt alls dem Angetrauten letzterdings
zu Gut',

wofern er sein eh'lich Privilegium
zu Nutz zu machen weiss.

The Baron goes to the left. The servant who had admitted the Notary has in the meantime opened the door on the left. Faninal and the Notary make for the door. The Baron fixes his eye on Faninal, and indicates to him that he must keep a distance of three paces. Faninal obsequiously retreats. The Baron takes precedence, assures himself that Faninal is three paces behind him, and walks solemnly through the door on the left. Faninal follows, and after him come the Notary and his Clerk. The Footman closes the door on the left, and goes out, leaving the door leading to the anteroom open. The Footman who was serving refreshments has retired. Sophie stands on the right, confused and humiliated. Marianne curtsies in the direction of the door until it closes. Octavian, quivering with excitement, hurries over to Sophie, glancing back to make sure the others have gone.

OCTAVIAN

And will you marry that bumpkin, ma
cousine?

Wird Sie das Mannsbild da heiraten, ma
cousine?

SOPHIE

(taking a step towards him, in a whisper)

Not for the world!

(glancing at her Duenna)

Oh, God! Could we but be alone,
that I might beg of you, that I might
beg of you!

Mein Gott, wär ich allein mit Ihm,
dass ich Ihn bitten könnt! dass ich Ihn
bitten könnt!

OCTAVIAN

(quickly, in an undertone)

What is it you would beg of me?
Tell me now, quick!

Was ist's, dass Sie mich bitten möcht?
Sag' Sie mir's schnell!

SOPHIE

(taking another step towards him)

Oh my God, I would ask your help! And
you cannot
help me because he is your cousin Lerchenau.

O mein Gott, dass Er mir halt hilft! Und Er
wird mir
nicht helfen wollen, weil es halt Sein
Vetter ist!

OCTAVIAN

(vehemently)

He is cousin by courtesy;
praised be God above,
I never saw him in my life until this time
yesterday.

Nenn ihn Vetter aus Höflichkeit;
Gott sei Lob und Dank,
hab' ihn im Leben vor dem gestrigen
Tage nie gesch'n!

Some of the servant girls rush headlong across the anteroom hotly pursued by Lerchenau's attendants. The Body-Servant and the servant with the plaster on his nose are at the heels of a pretty young girl, and corner her close by the salon door.

FANINAL'S MAJOR-DOMO

(running in much perturbed, calling the Duenna to help him)

His Lordship's servants, drunk as a lord,
if you please, ma'am,
are scaring our girls to death, twenty
times worse than
the Turks, ma'am, or Croatians.

Die Lerchenau'schen sind voller Brannt-
wein gesoffen
und gehn aufs Gesinde los, zwanzigmal
ärger
als Türken und Croaten!

MARIANNE

Fetch up our people to help you, where
can they be?

Hol Er von unseren Leuten, wo sind denn
die?

She runs off with the Major-Domo. They rescue the girl from her assailants and lead her away. All disappear. The anteroom remains empty.

SOPHIE

(speaking freely now that she is unobserved)

My trust is in your kindness, mon cousin,
kindness like no one's in the world.
Ah, you could be my saviour,
if you only had the will to be!

[34] Zu Ihm hätt' ich ein Zutrau'n, mon cousin,
so wie zu niemand auf der Welt,
dass Er mir könnte helfen,
wenn Er nur den guten Willen hätt'!

OCTAVIAN

First you must yourself take courage,
then I too will help:
till you do that yourself
there is naught I can do.

Erst muss Sie sich selber helfen,
dann hilf' ich Ihr auch.
Tu' Sie das erst für sich,
dann tu' ich was für Sie!

SOPHIE

(confidingly, almost tenderly)

What do you mean, what is it I must do? Was ist denn das, was ich zuerst muss tun?

OCTAVIAN

(softly)

You know that already! Das wird Sie wohl wissen!

SOPHIE

(looking at him undismayed)

And what is it that you will do for me? Und was ist das, was Er für mich will tun,
Ah, tell me pray! nun sag' Er mir's!

OCTAVIAN

(with determination)

Now you must stand alone and fight for us both! Nun muss Sie ganz allein für uns zwei
einsteh'n!

SOPHIE

What? For us both? Wie? Für uns zwei?
Oh, say that again! O sag' Er's noch einmal.

OCTAVIAN

(softly)

For us both! Für uns zwei!

SOPHIE

(rapturously)

In all my life I have never heard such words! Ich hab' im Leben so was Schönes nicht
gehört!

OCTAVIAN

(louder)

For you and me you must be steadfast and still be— Für sich und mich muss Sie sich wehren
und bleiben—

SOPHIE

Still be? Bleiben?

OCTAVIAN

Was Sie ist.

What you are.
*(Sophie takes his hand, bends over it, and kisses it quickly before he can withdraw it. He kisses her on the lips and holds her as she nestles up to him; tenderly)**

With eyes all veiled by your tears
you're asking my aid, your fears have pierced my heart.

[35] Mit Ihren Augen voll Tränen
kommt Sie zu mir, damit Sie sich beklagt,

Be brave! Nothing shall touch or hurt you,
your tender heart is full of fear.

vor Angst muss Sie an mich sich lehn'n,
Ihr armes Herz ist ganz verzagt.

Now I must find a way to make you trust me,
and yet I know not how!

Und ich muss jetzt als Ihren Freund mich
zeigen

Rapture so blessed, so wondrous
to hold you here in my arms.

und weiss noch gar nicht, wie!
Mir ist so selig, so eigen,

Give answer, but only with silence:

dass ich Dich halten darf:
Gib Antwort, aber gib sie mit Schweigen:

* See title page note.

did you come of your own free will to find me?

Say yes or no. Say yes or no.
You cannot find the words to tell it.
Say, was it done from choice?
Say, was it just your need?
Just your need that bade you offer me such marvels,

your heart, your lovely, lovely face?
Say, can it be that long ago
in some divine remembered dream,
we lived this hour before?
Think you not so?
Say, think you not as I?
My heart and soul by your side staying,
whereso'er you are,
for all eternity.

What rapture! Your strong arms enfold me
and hide me for ever from the world.
When I can feel your heart so close
to mine,

nothing in this life is harsh or dreadful.
I want to stay there, stay
in silence, and let what may befall,
deep hidden like a linnet in the branches,
breathless beside you!
You, you are close at hand!
My heart should fail me now for fear and
grief,
but no, I feel only joy and blessedness

and nothing more,
I cannot find the words to tell it!
Have I been sinful in what I did?
I sought you in my need!
Your arms were so near!
I looked upon your face,
your eyes, your manly grace
and then I knew my place
was at hand by your side;
since that moment I know not
what I feel any more.
Stay, stay close to me,
protect me, save me, stay beside me,
I follow where'er you guide me,
save me, leave me not.
Protect me now and stay beside me,
with your protective arms around me—
stay near me, stay ever close by my side.

From the secret doors in the rear corners Valzacchi and Annina emerge noiselessly, and watch the lovers. They approach silently on tiptoe. Octavian draws Sophie to him to kiss her; by this time the Italians are right behind them. They duck behind the armchairs. Then they rush out from their hiding-places. Annina seizes Sophie, Valzacchi takes hold of Octavian.

VALZACCHI AND ANNINA

(screaming)

Herr Baron von Lerchenau!—Herr Baron
von Lerchenau!

Herr Baron von Lerchenau!—Herr Baron
von Lerchenau!

Octavian starts aside to the right.

VALZACCHI

(holding him with difficulty, breathlessly to Annina)
Run, and fetch de Barone!

Now at once! I must 'old on tight to him!

Lauf und 'ol' Seine Gnade!
Snell, nur snell. Ik muss alten diese 'err!

Bist Du von selber so zu mir gekommen?

Ja oder nein? Ja oder nein?
Du musst es nicht mit Worten sagen—
hast Du es gern getan?
Sag', oder nur aus Not?
Nur aus Not so alles zu mir hergetragen,

Dein Herz, Dein liebliches Gesicht?
Sag', ist Dir nicht, dass irgendwo
in irgend einem schönen Traum
das einmal schon so war?
Spürst Du's wie ich?
Sag': spürst Du's so wie ich?
Mein Herz und Seel' wird bei Ihr bleiben,
wo Sie geht und steht,
bis in alle Ewigkeit.

SOPHIE

Ich möchte mich bei Ihm verstecken
und nichts mehr wissen von der Welt.
Wenn Er mich so in Seinen Armen hält,

kann mich nichts Hässliches erschrecken.
Da bleiben möcht' ich, da!
und schweigen und, was mir auch gescheh',
geborgen wie der Vogel in den Zweigen
stillsteh'n und spüren:
Er, Er ist in der Näh'!
Mir müsste angst und bang im Herzen sein,

statt dessen fühl' ich nur Freud' und
Seligkeit
und keine Pein,
ich könnt' es nicht mit Worten sagen!
Hab ich was Unrechtes getan?
Ich war halt in der Not!
Da war Er mir nah!
Da war es Sein Gesicht,
Sein Auge jung und licht,
auf das ich mich gericht'—
Sein liebes Gesicht—
und seitdem weiss ich halt nichts—
nichts mehr von mir.
Bleib' Du nur bei mir.
Er muss mir Seinen Schutz vergönnen,
was Er will, werd' ich können:
bleib' nur Er bei mir!
Er muss mir Seinen Schutz vergönnen,
was Er wird wollen, werd' ich können—
bleib' Er nur bei mir.

If I let go of her, she will be off!

ANNINA

Lass ich die Fräulein aus, lauft sie mir weg!

Herr Baron von Lerchenau,
Herr Baron von Lerchenau!
Come and see your bride-to-be
beside her Rosenkavalier!
Come here quickly, come here quickly!
Ecco!

BOTH

Herr Baron von Lerchenau!
Herr Baron von Lerchenau!
Komm' zu seh'n die Fräulein Braut!
Mit eine junge Kavalier!
Kommen eilig, kommen hier! Ecco!

The Baron enters from the left, the Italians let their victims go, spring aside, bow low to the Baron with significant gestures. The Baron with folded arms contemplates the group. Ominous pause. Sophie nestles timidly up to Octavian.

BARON

Eh bien, Mamsell, what have you got to tell me?

Eh bien, Mamsell, was hat Sie mir zu sagen?

(Sophie says nothing. The Baron shows no signs of losing his composure.)

Well, do not hesitate!

Nun, resolvier Sie sich!

SOPHIE

Oh God, what can I tell you?
You would not understand!

Mein Gott, was soll ich sagen:
Er wird mich nicht versteh'n!

BARON

(genially)

I'll be the judge of that.

Das werden wir ja seh'n!

OCTAVIAN

(taking a step nearer to the Baron)

It's my duty to inform Your Lordship
a most essential change has taken place
concerning Mistress Faninal.

Euer Liebden muss ich halt vermelden,
dass sich in Seiner Angelegenheit
was Wichtiges verändert hat.

BARON

(genially)

Oh essential? Change? None that I know!

Verändert? Ei, nicht dass ich wüsst'!

OCTAVIAN

And therefore I now have to tell you!
The lady—

Darum soll Er es jetzt erfahren!
Die Fräulein—

BARON

Heh! You waste no time. You've learned to
take your chances
tho' only seventeen, I must congratulate
you!

Ei, Er ist nicht faul! Er weiss zu profitieren,
mit Seinen siebzehn Jahr'! Ich muss Ihn
gratulieren!

OCTAVIAN

The lady—

Die Fräulein—

BARON

(half to himself)

I was just the same when I was your age,
you rascal! How you make me laugh, you
poodle-puppy!

Ist mir ordentlich, ich seh' mich selber!
Muss lachen über den Filou, den pudel-
jungen.

OCTAVIAN

The lady—

Die Fräulein—

BARON

She's dumb, I presume, and so she's chosen
you
to speak as her attorney!

Ei! Sie ist wohl stumm und hat Ihn angestellt
für ihren Advokaten!

OCTAVIAN

The lady—

Die Fräulein—

He breaks off once more, as if to allow Sophie to speak.

SOPHIE

(terrorstruck)

No! No! I cannot say the word.
You speak for me!

Nein! Nein! Ich bring' den Mund nicht auf,
sprech Er für mich!

OCTAVIAN
(with determination)

The lady—

Die Fräulein—

BARON
(mimicking him)

The lady, the lady! The lady!

Die Fräulein, die Fräulein! Die Fräulein!

The lady!

Die Fräulein!

It's like a cheap little circus.

ist eine Kreuzerkomödi wahrhaftig!

No joking!

So now be off with you before I lose control.

jetzt echappier Er sich, sonst reisst mir die Geduld.

OCTAVIAN
(very determined)

The lady, in a word,
the lady does not like you.

Die Fräulein, kurz und gut,
die Fräulein mag Ihn nicht.

BARON
(genially)

Never mind about that. She will like what
I teach her.

Sei Er da ausser Sorg'. Wird schon lernen
mich mögen.

(moving towards Sophie)

Come with me to the lawyer, he will
need you soon to sign the marriage
papers.

Komm' Sie da jetzt hinein: wird gleich an
Ihrer sein,
die Unterschrift zu geben.

SOPHIE
(retreating)

No, not for all the world will I go in with
you!
How can a cavalier be so indelicate!

Um keinen Preis geh' ich an Seiner Hand
hinein!
Wie kann ein Kavalier so ohne Zartheit
sein!

OCTAVIAN

(now between the other two and the left-hand door, very emphatically)

It's clear enough! The lady's mind is now
made up;
she says she will let Your Lordship stay
unmarried
for now and evermore.

Versteht Er Deutsch? Die Fräulein hat sich
resolviert,
Sie will Euer Gnaden ungeheirat' lassen
in Zeit und Ewigkeit!

BARON

(with the air of a man in a great hurry)

What nonsense! Poppycock! Your empty
prattle doesn't scare me.
It's time to go!

Mancari! Jungferned'! ist nicht gehau'n
und nicht gestochen!
Verlaub Sie jetzt!

He takes Sophie by the hand.

OCTAVIAN

(placing himself firmly in front of the door)

If one spark you have in you
of true gentility
then what I just have told you
makes your duty quite clear.

Wenn nur so viel in Ihm ist
von einem Kavalier,
so wird Ihm wohl genügen,
was Er g'hört hat von mir!

BARON

(to Sophie, as if he had not heard)

Thank your lucky stars I choose to close
one eye,
as is correct and seemly for a gentleman!

Gratulier' Sie sich nur, dass ich ein Aug'
zudrück!
Daran mag Sie erkennen, was ein Kavalier
ist!

He attempts to go past Octavian with her.

OCTAVIAN

(grasping his sword)

There's a way to make my meaning
understood by such as you are!

Wird doch wohl ein Mittel geben,
Seinesgleichen zu bedeuten.

BARON

(not letting go of Sophie, and pushing her towards the door)

That I can scarce believe!

Ei, schwerlich, wüsste nicht!

OCTAVIAN

(losing all self-control)

Of the name of gentleman
you are unworthy, sir!

Ich acht' Ihn mit nichten
für einen Kavalier!

BARON

(pompously)

Indeed, were I not sure you know what is
my due,
and were you not a kinsman, I hardly
could, I vow,
restrain myself from measures of violence!
(He attempts with feigned unconcern to lead Sophie towards the centre doors, after the Italians have signalled to him energetically to go that way.)
Come on! Come to your dear beloved father;

Wahrhaftig, wüsst' ich nicht, dass Er mich
respektiert,
und wär' Er nicht verwandt, es wär mir
jetzo schwer,
dass ich mit Ihm nicht übereinander käm'!

we shall find him waiting in there!

Komm' Sie! Geh'n zum Herrn Vater dort
hinüber!
Ist bereits der nähere Weg!

OCTAVIAN

(following him, close to Sophie)

I trust you don't forget you've a name to
defend.
I know a most convenient garden.

Ich hoff', Er kommt vielmehr jetzt mit mir
hinters Haus,
ist dort ein recht bequemer Garten.

BARON

(continuing in the same direction, feigning unconcern, trying to lead Sophie away, and still holding her by the hand. Over his shoulder.)

Another time, it's not convenient now.
The attorney must not be kept waiting.
Would be an affront to my little bride.

Bewahre, wär mir jetzto nicht genehm.
Lass um alls den Notari nicht warten.
Wär' gar ein Affront für die Jungfer Braut!

OCTAVIAN

(pulling his coat sleeve)

By Satan, never was a hide so thick!
And through the door I'll not let you pass!
I tell you flatly to your face
I think you're a rascally knave
and a fortune hunter.
You are a scoundrelly liar, and a dirty old
peasant,
and a cur without honour or shame!
If need be I'll make you learn here and now
the truth!

Beim Satan, Er hat eine dicke Haut!
Auch dort die Tür passiert Er mir nicht!
Ich schrei's Ihm jetzt in Sein Gesicht:
Ich acht' Ihn für einen Filou,
einen Mitgiftjäger,
einen durchtriebenen Lügner und
schmutzigen Bauer,
einen Kerl ohne Anstand und Ehr'!
Und wenns sein muss, geb' ich Ihm auf
dem Fleck die Lehr'!

Sophie has freed herself from the Baron, and takes refuge behind Octavian. They stand on the left, almost in front of the door.

BARON

(puts two fingers in his mouth and gives a shrill whistle.)

This little boy of ours at seventeen
has learned a pretty turn of speech.

Was so ein Bub in Wien mit siebzehn Jahr
schon für ein vorlaut Mundwerk hat!

(looking towards the centre door)

But God be praised that everyone in Vienna

Doch Gott sei Lob, man kennt in hiesiger
Stadt

knows just who I am,
and that includes, of course, Her Majesty
the Queen!

den Mann, der vor Ihm steht,
halt bis hinauf zu kaiserlicher Majestät!

One is just what one is, and there's no need
to prove it.

Man ist halt, was man ist, und braucht's
nicht zu beweisen.

Now that we understand one another you'll
let me pass.

Das lass Er sich gesagt sein und geb mir
den Weg da frei.

(All Lerchenau's servants have marched in through the centre door. The Baron, glancing to the back once more, assures himself of their presence. He approaches Sophie and Octavian, determined to secure both Sophie and his retreat.)

I would be most upset if we were forced
to teach you—

Wär' mir wahrhaftig leid, wenn meine Leut'
dahinten—

OCTAVIAN*(furious)*

So you have made your mind up to seek help from your grooms and lackeys in our affair. Ah, untersteh' Er sich, seine Bedienten
 Then draw, sir, or commend your soul! hinein zumischen in unsern Streit!
(He draws his sword. The Baron's servants, who had already approached a few steps, hesitate when they see what is happening, and pause in their advance. The Baron takes a step to secure Sophie.) Jetzt zieh' Er oder gnad' Ihm Gott!
 Draw, damn you, Satan, or on my sword Zum Satan, zieh' Er oder ich stech' Ihn
 I'll spit you! nieder!

SOPHIE

Ah, God, oh what will happen next? Ach Gott, was wird denn jetzt geschehn?

BARON*(withdraws a step)*

Before a lady, shame! Are you completely mad? Vor einer Dame, pfui! So sei Er doch
 gescheit!

Octavian rushes at him furiously. The Baron draws, lunges clumsily, and receives the point of Octavian's sword in his arm, above the elbow. All the Baron's servants rush on Octavian. He springs aside to the right and keeps them at arm's length, whirling his sword about him. The Almoner, Valzacchi and Annina hurry to the Baron, and, supporting him, lead him to one of the chairs in the middle of the room.

BARON*(dropping his sword)*

Help! Help! I'm cut, I'm bleeding! Mord! Mord! mein Blut! zu Hilfe!
 Murder! Murder! Murder! Mörder! Mörder! Mörder!
(surrounded by his servants and the Italians, who hide him from the audience)
 I'm losing lots of blood! Go, call a doctor! Ich hab ein hitzig Blut! Um Arzt! Um
 Leinwand!
 Some bandage! Call the police! I... I'm Verband her! Um Polizei, um Polizei! Ich
 bleeding to death, to death! verblut mich auf eins, zwei, drei!
 Don't let him go! Call the police! Call Aufhalten den! Um Polizei! Um Polizei!
 the police!

LERCHENAU'S SERVANTS*(closing around Octavian with more swagger than courage)*

Lay hold there! Lay hold there! Den haut's z'samm! Den haut's z'samm!
 Bandages! Get a sponge! Spinnweb her! Feuerschwamm!
 Quick, take his sword away! Reisst's ihm den Spadi weg!
 Stick him dead, through the heart! Schlagt's ihn tot auf'm Fleck!
All Faninal's servants, female domestics, kitchen staff, and stable hands, have streamed in through the centre door.

ANNINA*(haranguing the servants)*

Yes, zis young gentleman Der junge Kavalier
 and ze lady, understand? und die Fräulein Braut, versteht's?
 Vere already in secret waren im geheimen
 familiar, understand? schon recht vertraut, versteht's?

Valzacchi and the Almoner divest the Baron of his coat. The latter groans uninterruptedly.

FANINAL'S SERVANTS

Somebody wounded? Who? G'stochen is einer? Wer?
 The stranger there? Der dort? Der fremde Herr?
 Which one? The son-in-law? Welcher? Der Bräutigam?
 Seize the brawler, hold him tight! Packt's den Duellanten z'samm!
 Who is it that first did draw? Welcher is der Duellant?
 That one all dressed in white! Der dort im weissen G'wand?
 Who, the Count that brought the rose? Wer? Der Rosenkavalier?
 For what cause, then? Just for her! Wegen was denn? Wegen ihr!
 Hold him tight! Tan his hide! Wegen der Braut?
 Just for the bride? Wegen der Liebschaft!
 They were a-courting! Angepackt! Niederg'haut!

We'll make him rue it!
Look at the brazen thing!
How dared she do it?

Wütender Hass is'!
Schaut's nur die Fräulein an,
schaut's wie sie blass is!

MARIANNE

(clearing a way for herself to the Baron. All press around him)

Such a high-born Lord! Such a cruel sword!
Such a heavy blow! Such an awful day!

So ein fiescher Herr! So ein gross' Malheur!
So ein schwerer Schlag! So ein Unglückstag!

OCTAVIAN

(holding his assailants at arm's length)

Short shrift for all who
come too near to me!
I will explain all
when you can hear me!

Wer mir zu nah kommt,
der lernt beten!
Was da passiert ist,
kann ich vertreten!

SOPHIE

(from left)

Oh, what confusion is this!
Wondrous! Quicker than lightning
he drove them all away!
I feel naught but the thrill
of his embraces still!
I feel nothing of fear,
I feel nothing of shame;
his bright glances have consumed
all my heart with their flame!

Alles geht durcheinand'!
Furchtbar war's, wie ein Blitz,
wie er's erzwungen hat!
Ich spür' nur seine Hand,
die mich umschlungen hat!
Ich verspür' nichts von Angst,
ich verspür' nichts von Schmerz,
nur das Feuer, seinen Blick
durch und durch, bis ins Herz!

LERCHENAU'S SERVANTS

(desisting from attacking Octavian, they go up to the maids nearest them, whom they proceed to handle roughly)

Linen bands we're needing!
Sponges to staunch the bleeding!
Bring us quickly salve and plaster,
bring them quick for our dear Master!

Leinwand her! Verband machen!
Fetzen aus'm G'wand machen!
Vorwärts, keine Spanponaden,
Leinwand her für Seine Gnaden!

SOPHIE

(calling in despair to Octavian)

Dearest!

Liebster!

OCTAVIAN

(calling in despair to Sophie)

Dearest!

Liebste!

Faninal rushes in through the door to the left, followed by the Notary and his Clerk, who remain standing by the door in great alarm. Lerchenau's Servants make as if to tear the clothes off the younger and prettier maidservants near them. Mélite, until Faninal begins.

BARON

(who can be heard, but hardly seen)

I can see other people's blood unmoved, my
own makes me flinch!

Ich kann ein jedes Blut mit Ruhe seh'n,
bloss das meinig nicht! Oh! Oh!

My own makes me flinch! Oh! Oh!

(shouting at the Duenna)

Stop shouting and act for once. Don't stand
and watch me.

So tu Sie doch was G'scheidt's, so rett'
Sie doch mein Leben!

ANNINA

(in front, to the left, curtsying, crossing eagerly over to Faninal)

The gentleman and Miss
are united, Your Honour.
They have been in secrecy
plighted, Your Honour!
Full of devotion
and care for Your Honour,
we have kept respectfully
watch upon the pair, yes, sir.

Der junge Kavalier
und die Fräulein Braut, Gnaden,
waren im geheimen
schon recht vertraut, Gnaden!
Wir voller Eifer
für'n Herrn Baron, Gnaden,
haben sie betreten
in aller Devotion, Gnaden!

Marianne rushes out, and after a brief interlude, returns breathless, laden with linen, followed by two maids with sponges and basins. They surround the Baron and busy themselves about him. Sophie, as soon as she sees her father, runs over to the right, and stands by Octavian's side. The latter sheathes his sword.

MARIANNE
(*busy about the Baron*)

Such a cruel sword!
Such an awful day!

So ein gross' Malheur!
So ein Unglückstag!

FANINAL

(*He is at first speechless. Then he throws his hands over his head and bursts out.*)

Dear son-in-law, what's happening here?
The Saints preserve us!

Herr Schwiegersohn! Wie ist Ihm denn?
Mein Herr und Heiland!

What an ill-bred affray, here in my house of
all things!

Dass Ihm in mein' Palais das hat passieren
müssen!

Has no one fetched the surgeon yet? You
rogues, you!

Gelaufen um den Medicus! Geflogen!

Take my ten horses. Ride them all to death!
How is it none of you mustered the wit
to throw yourselves between them? Do I
feed

Meine zehn teuren Pferd zu Tod gehetzt!
Ja hat denn niemand von meiner Livree
dazwischen fahren mögen! Füttr' ich dafür

a whole troop of liveried imbeciles only for
disgrace
to fall on me, and on my brand-new palace
too?

ein Schock baumlange Lackeln, dass mir
solche Schand
passieren muss in meinem neuen
Stadtpalais!

(*going up to Octavian*)

This is not the behaviour I had expected
Your Lordship would affect!

Hätt' wohl von Euer Liebden eines and'ren
Anstands mich versehn!

BARON

(*groaning*)

Oh! Oh!

Oh! Oh!

FANINAL

(*turning to the Baron*)

Oh, that such blood of priceless pedigree
should run to waste like this!

Oh! Um das schöne freiherrliche Blut, was
auf den Boden rinnt!

(*to Octavian*)

O pah! Oh! What a common, vulgar
butchery!

O pfui! So eine ordinäre Metzgerei!

BARON

I have blood so young, so full of fire,
nothing can staunch it! Oh!

Hab' halt so ein jung und hitzig Blut.
Ist nicht zum Stillen! Oh!

FANINAL

(*venting his anger on Octavian in restrained irony*)

Truly from Your most noble Lordship
I ventured to expect
a better show of birth and breeding!

War mir von Euer Liebden hochgräflichen
Gegenwart allhier
wahrhaftig einer andern Freud' gewärtig!

OCTAVIAN

(*politely*)

I beg you to forgive me.

Er muss mich pardonieren.

I am so deeply grieved that this thing should
have happened.

Bin ausser Massen sehr betrübt über den
Vorfall.

But I am not to blame. I promise in the
fullness of time,

Bin aber ausser Schuld. Zu einer mehr
gelegenen Zeit

Your Honour will discharge me without
sentence;

erfahren Euer Liebden wohl den Hergang

you'll hear from your own daughter's lips.

aus Ihrer Fräulein Tochter Mund.

FANINAL

(*controlling himself with difficulty*)

It's well, sir. Come now, tell me!

Da möcht ich recht sehr bitten!

SOPHIE

(*determined*)

As you command me, father. I shall unfold
my story.

Wie Sie befehlen, Vater. Werd' Ihnen alles
sagen.

My Lord there has not acted as a man of
honour.

Der Herr dort hat sich nicht so wie er sollt
betragen.

FANINAL
(angrily)

How, of whom do you speak? Of my
future son-in-law?
If that is so, I beg you think e'er you
speak.

Ei, von wem red't Sie da? Von Ihrem
Herrn Zukünft'gen?
Ich will nicht hoffen, wär mir keine
Manier.

SOPHIE
(quietly)

It is not so. I cannot give my hand to him.

Ist nicht der Fall. Seh' ihn mit nichten an
dafür.

FANINAL
(angrily)

Not give your hand?

Sieht ihn nicht an?

SOPHIE

No more. Look at me and forgive me,
dear Papa!

Nicht mehr. Bitt' Sie dafür um gnädigen
Pardon.

FANINAL

(first muttering to himself, then breaking out in fury)

Not give your hand! No more. Look and
forgive.

Sieht ihn nicht an. Nicht mehr. Mich um
Pardon.

He lies there wounded. By her side, that
schoolboy.

Liegt dort gestochen. Steht bei ihr. Der
Junge.

(breaking out)

Disaster! Broken the marriage of my
dreams.

Blamage! Mir auseinander meine Eh'.

All the prying fools of the district and their
jealous wives,
how they will jeer! The surgeon! Quick!
What if he dies here!

Alle Neidhammeln von der Wieden und der
Leimgruben
auf! In der Höhl! Der Medikus. Stirbt
mir womöglich!

(to Sophie, beside himself with rage)

You marry him!

Sie heirat' ihn!

(The Doctor enters, and proceeds at once to attend to the Baron. Faninal turns to Octavian, changing his anger to obsequious civility out of respect for Rofrano's rank.)

And may I now, in all humility, request

Möcht' Euer Liebden recht in aller
Devotion

Your Lordship to retire from my poor
palace, fast as may be,
and never more to show your face here!

gebeten haben, schleunig sich von hier zu
retirieren
und nimmer wieder zu erscheinen!

(to Sophie)

As for you!

Hör' Sie mich!

You marry him, and if he bleeds to death,
no matter,
marry his lifeless body!

Sie heirat' ihn! Und wenn er sich verbluten
tät,
so heirat' Sie ihn als Toter!

The Doctor indicates with a reassuring gesture that the wounded man is in no danger. Octavian looks for his hat which had fallen under the servants' feet. A Maid hands it to him with a curtsy. Faninal makes an obeisance to Octavian, of exaggerated civility, but unmistakable meaning. Octavian realizes that he cannot stay, but is longing to say one word more to Sophie; he answers Faninal's obeisance with an equally ceremonious bow. Faninal angrily bows a second, then a third time.

SOPHIE

(hurrying to speak the following words while Octavian is still within earshot. Curtseying)
Marry that man I will not, living, and not
dead!

Heirat' den Herrn dort nicht lebendig und
nicht tot!

I will lock myself away in my room!

Sperr' zuvor in meine Kammer mich ein!

FANINAL

(bowing angrily to Octavian, who promptly returns the bow)

Ah! Lock yourself in! But I shall have

Ah! Sperrst dich ein. Sind Leut' genug im
Haus,

you dragged into a carriage, Mistress
Wilful.

die dich in Wagen tragen werden.

SOPHIE

(curtseying again)

I'll jump out from the carriage on my
way to church.

Spring' aus dem Wagen noch, der mich zur
Kirche fährt!

FANINAL

(same business between himself and Octavian, who always moves a step nearer the door, but cannot tear himself away from Sophie)

Jump out from your carriage? Ha! I'll be Ah! Springst noch aus dem Wagen? Na, ich
at your side, sitz' neben dir,
and hold you till we get there. und werde dich schon halten!

SOPHIE

(curtseying again)

I promise I shall give the priest 'No', Geb' halt dem Pfarrer am Altar
and not 'Yes' for answer. Nein anstatt Ja zur Antwort!

In the meantime the Major-Domo dismisses the servants. The stage is gradually cleared. Only Lerchenau's servants remain with their Master.

FANINAL

(same business)

Ah! Give 'No' and not 'Yes' for an answer! Ah! Gibst Nein anstatt Ja zur Antwort!

I'll shut you in a convent as I stand here! Ich steck dich in ein Kloster stante pede!
Go! Get you from my sight, Miss. Better Marsch! Mir aus meinen Augen! Lieber
now than next day! heut als morgen!
For all your life! Auf Lebenszeit!

SOPHIE

(terrified)

I beg you to forgive me! I am not really Ich bitt' Sie um Pardon! Bin doch kein
bad! schlechtes Kind!
Forgive me, I pray you, for just this once! Vergeben Sie mir nur dies eine Mal!

FANINAL

(furious, shutting his ears)

For all your life! For all your life! Auf Lebenszeit! Auf Lebenszeit!

OCTAVIAN

(quickly, in an undertone)

Only be calm, beloved, I beg you! Sei Sie nur ruhig, Liebste, um Alles!
You'll hear from me! Sie hört von mir!

The Duenna pushes Octavian towards the door.

FANINAL

For all your life! Auf Lebenszeit!

MARIANNE

(drawing Sophie with her over to the right)

Go, hussy, get you from your father's presence! So geh doch nur dem Vater aus den Augen!

She pushes her through the door on the right and closes it. Octavian has left by the left-hand door. The Baron is surrounded by his servants, the Duenna, two Maids, the Italians, and the Doctor. He is reclining on a couch made up from chairs, and now can be seen quite clearly.

FANINAL

For all your life! *(shouting once more through the door by which Sophie left)*
Auf Lebenszeit!

I kiss your hand, Sir. O my dear Baron, *(hurrying over to the Baron)*
I embrace you! Bin überglücklich! Muss Euer Liebden
embrassieren!

BARON

(hurt in the arm by the embrace)

Oh! Oh! Jesus Maria! Oh! Oh! Jesus Maria!

FANINAL

(to the right, his rage increasing again)

Jezebel! To a convent! Luderei! In's Kloster!

Into prison! *(towards the centre door)*

For all your life! Ein Gefängnis!
Auf Lebenszeit!

BARON

All right! All right! A drop of something Is gut! Is gut! Ein Schluck von was zu
liquid. trinken!

FANINAL

Some wine? Some beer? Some hippokras Ein Wein? Ein Bier? Ein Hippokras mit
with ginger? Ingwer?
(The Doctor makes a nervous, deprecating gesture; Faninal continues, lamenting)
Such noble blood! So patient in misfortune! So einen Herrn zurichten miserabel,
Such noble blood
and in my palace too! You'll marry him, so in meinem Stadtpalais! Sie heirat' Ihn um
much the sooner! desto früher!
I'm master here! Bin Manns genug!

BARON

(wearily)

All right, all right! Is gut, is gut!

FANINAL

(towards the left-hand door, his anger flaring up again)

I'm master here! Bin Manns genug!
(to the Baron)
I kiss your hand for such polite indulgence. Küss Ihm die Hand für Seine Güt' und
Nachsicht.
I am yours to command—I'll run and Gehört alls Ihm im Haus. Ich lauf—ich
bring you— bring' Ihm—
(to the right)
A convent is too good! ein Kloster ist zu gut!
(to the Baron)
Be at your ease. Sei'n ausser Sorg'.
(very obsequiously)
I know what true satisfaction shall come Weiss was ich Satisfaktion Ihm schuldig
from me. bin.

He rushes off. The Duenna and the Maids leave at the same time. The two Italians have slunk off during the preceding action. The Baron is left alone with his servants and the Doctor. Soon a footman comes with a carafe of wine, and offers it to the Baron.

BARON

Here am I. What accidents befall a man Da lieg' ich! Was einem Kavalier nit all's
of quality passieren kann
in this old Vienna town. in dieser Wienerstadt!
I do not like it here. There's no one you can Wä'r' nicht mein Gusto hier—da ist eins
trust save God Himself. gar zu sehr in Gottes Hand,
I'd rather be at home! wä'r' lieber daheim!
(He tries to drink and makes a movement which hurts.)
Oh! Oh! The devil! Oh! Oh! A plague Oh! Oh! Der Satan! Oh! Oh! Sakermments-
upon that boy! verfluchter Bub!
Not yet dry behind the ears, and plays Nit trocken hinter'm Ohr und fuchtel
with swords already. mit'n Spadi!
(with increasing anger)
Insolent scurvy dog! Wait, wait until I Wällicher Hundsbub' das! Dich sollt' ich
catch you. I'll kill you. nur erwischen,
I swear I'll throw you in with the dogs to in Hundezwinger sperr' ich dich ein, bei
cool your heels. meiner Seel',
In the chicken-coop, no, no, the pigsty. in Hühnerstall! In Schweinekofen!
That's where I'll put you! I'll make you Tät dich kurazen! Sollst alle Engel
hear the angels sing! singen hör'n!

LERCHENAU'S SERVANTS*

(At once assuming a very dangerous and threatening attitude, turning to the door by which Octavian left.)

We will do for you, Wenn ich Dich erwisch',
beat you black and blue, Du liegst unter'm Tisch.
wait, our time will come, Wart', Dich richt' ich zu,
vile Italian scum! wällicher Filou!

BARON

(to Faninal's Footman who is waiting on him)

Give me some more wine, quick! Schenk' Er mir ein da, schnell!

* See title page note.

(The Doctor pours it out for the Baron and gives it to him. As he drinks his humour gradually returns.)

I can't help laughing just to think
what fancies
a boy like that can have, he gives
himself such airs:
seems to think he can arrange my affairs.

[12] Und doch, muss lachen, wie sich so ein
Loder
mit seinen siebzehn Jahr die Welt imaginiert:
meint, Gott weiss, wie er mich contre-
veniert.
Haha! umgekehrt ist auch gefahren!
Möcht' um all's nicht,
dass ich dem Mädel sein rebellisch
Aufbegehren nicht verspüret hätt!
'sgibt auf der Welt nichts, was mich so
enflammt
und also vehement verjüngt, als wie ein
rechter Trotz!

Haha! Well, we'll see who laughs the
longest! Not for worlds, though,
would I have missed the chance to see
that saucy baggage spitting fire at me!
There's nothing I know that excites me so
much,
or that renews my youth so well, as a
defiant wench!

LERCHENAU'S SERVANTS

(in hollow voices)

We will do for you,
vile Italian cur,
we will do for you,
beat him black and blue!

Wart', Dich hau' i z'samm,
wällischer Filou,
wart', Dich hau' i z'samm,
dass Dich Gott verdamm'!

BARON

(turning to the Doctor)

Herr Doctor, go before me to my room!
And make my bed, of softest feather
bedding!

Herr Medicus, verfüg' Er sich voraus!
Mach Er das Bett aus lauter Federbetten.

I'll come, but first another drink.
Now off with you, good doctor.

Ich komm'. Erst aber trink' ich noch.
Marschier' Er nur indessen.

(He empties the second cup. Annina has entered through the ante-room, and approaches him discreetly, a letter in her hand. Quietly, to himself.)

A feather bed. Two hours before we dine.
I'll die of boredom.

Ein Federbett. Zwei Stunden noch zu
Tisch. Werd' Zeitlang haben.

'Without me, without me, lonely days
feel all wrong.
With me, with me, not a night is too
long.

[31] 'Ohne mich, ohne mich, jeder Tag dir so
bang;
mit mir, mit mir, keine Nacht dir zu lang.'

(Annina places herself so that the Baron cannot avoid seeing her, and makes mysterious signs with the letter.)

For me?

Für mich?

ANNINA

(approaching)

From one you know of.

Von der Bewussten.

BARON

And who, pray, may that be?

Wer soll damit g'meint sein?

ANNINA

(coming quite close to him)

To your hands only, and in secret can I
give it.

Nur eigenhändig, insgeheim, zu übergeben.

BARON

Off now!

Luft da!

(His servants retire, unceremoniously taking the carriage from Faninal's Footman and emptying it.)
Give it to me!

Zeig Sie den Wisch!

(He opens the letter with his left hand, tries to read it, holding it far from his eyes.)
Look for my glasses here in my pocket.

Such' Sie in meiner Tasch' meine Brillen.

(very suspiciously, as she is searching)

No! Better not. If you can read, let's
hear it.

Nein: Such' Sie nicht! Kann Sie
Geschrieb'nes lesen?

There!

Da,

ANNINA

(taking it and reading it)

'Herr Cavalier! Tomorrow come evening
I'll be free.

'Herr Kavalier! Den morgigen Abend hätt
i frei.

I liked you at once, but I
 was too shy there before Her Highness,
 'cos I am only a young girl. Your most
 loving Mariandel,
 humble serving girl and sweetheart.
 Hoping Herr Cavalier has not completely
 forgotten me.
 I wait an answer.'

Sie ham mir schon g'fall'n, nur g'schamt
 hab i mi vor der Fürstli'n Gnade,
 weil i noch gar so jung bin. Das bewusste
 Mariandel,
 Kammerzofel und Verliebte.
 Wenn der Herr Kavalier den Namen nit
 schon vergessen hat.
 I wart' auf Antwort.'

BARON
(delighted)

She waits an answer.
 It works like a charm, just like home,
 but better with an extra flavour that's new.

Sie wart' auf Antwort.
 Geht all's recht am Schnürl, so wie z'Haus'
 und hat noch einen andren Schick dazu.

(very merry)

I still have all the luck of the Lerchenaus.

Ich hab' halt schon einmal ein Lerchenau-
 isch Glück.

Come back tonight, I'll give the answer
 and in writing.

Komm' Sie nach Tisch, geb' Ihr die
 Antwort nachher schriftlich.

ANNINA

Yours to command, Herr Cavalier.
 You won't forget your servant?

Ganz zu Befehl, Herr Kavalier. Vergessen
 nicht die Botin?

BARON
(not hearing)

'Without me, without me, lonely days are
 so long'.

'Ohne mich, ohne mich, jeder Tag dir so
 bang.'

ANNINA
(more insistently)

You won't forget your servant, Your
 Highness?

Vergessen nicht der Botin, Euer Gnade?

BARON

All right.

Schon gut.

'With me, with me, not a night is too
 long.'

'Mit mir, mit mir, keine Nacht dir zu
 lang.'

(Annina makes another begging gesture.)

Not just now. All together when it's done.

Das später. Alls auf einmal. Dann zum
 Schluss.

She waits an answer. In the meanwhile,
 leave me.

Sie wart' auf Antwort! Trete Sie ab indessen.

When you come, bring me a pen and ink,
 and I will

Schaffe Sie ein Schreibzeug in mein
 Zimmer hin, dort drüben,

think of an answer to dictate!

dass ich die Antwort dann diktier'.

(Exit Annina, not without indicating by a threatening gesture behind the Baron's back that she will soon be even with him for his niggardliness. The Baron takes a last sip of wine.)

'With me, with me, not a night is too
 long!'

'Mit mir, mit mir, keine Nacht dir zu
 lang!'

Exit slowly, and quite at his ease, accompanied by his servants.

The curtain falls slowly.

Act Three

Introduction and Pantomime. A private room in an inn. At the back, to the left, a recess, with a bed in it. The recess separated from the room by a curtain, which can be drawn. In the centre, towards the left, a fire-place, with a fire; over it a mirror. In front on the left stands a large, many-branched candlestick. At the back, in the centre, a door leading to the corridor. Next to it on the right, a sideboard. Right back, a blind window; in front, on the right, a window looking onto the street. Candelabra with candles on the sideboard and on the chimney-piece. The room is in semi-darkness. Annina discovered, dressed as a lady in mourning. Valzacchi is arranging her veil, putting her dress to rights, takes a step backwards, surveys her, takes a crayon from his pocket and paints her eyes.

The door on the left is opened cautiously, a head appears, and then vanishes. Then a not unsuspecting-looking, but decently dressed, old woman slips in, opens the door silently, and respectfully introduces Octavian, in female clothes, with a cap, such as girls of the middle-classes wear. Octavian, followed by the old woman, moves towards the two others. Valzacchi is at once aware of them, stops what he is doing, and bows to Octavian. Annina does not at once recognize him in his disguise. She cannot restrain her astonishment, and curtsies low. Octavian feels in his pocket (not like a woman, but like a man, and one sees that under his skirt he is wearing riding-boots and spurs) and throws a purse to Valzacchi. Valzacchi and Annina kiss his hand. Annina puts a finishing touch to his kerchief. Five suspicious-looking men enter, very cautiously, from the left. Valzacchi makes a sign to them to wait. They stand at the left, near the door. A clock strikes the half-hour. Valzacchi takes out his watch, shows it to Octavian; it is high time. Octavian hurries out to the left, followed by the old woman, who acts as his duenna. Valzacchi leads the suspicious-looking men to the front, impressing on them with every gesture the necessity of extreme caution. They follow him on tiptoe to the centre. Annina goes to the mirror (all the while carefully avoiding making a noise), completes her disguise, then draws from a pocket a piece of paper, from which she seems to be learning a part. Valzacchi signals to one of the suspicious-looking men to follow him noiselessly, quite noiselessly. He leads him to the wall on the right, noiselessly opens a trap-door, not far from the table, makes the man descend, closes the trapdoor again, then summons two others to his side, slinks in front of them to the door of the room, puts his head out, assures himself that they are unobserved, makes a sign to them to appear to him, and lets them out. Then he closes the door, directs the two remaining men to precede him silently to the door leading to the side-room, and pushes him out. He beckons to Annina to come to him, goes out with her silently, noiselessly closes the door behind him, and then returns. He claps his hands. The man who is hidden rises to his waist from the trap-door. At the same moment heads appear above the bed and in other places. At a sign from Valzacchi they disappear as suddenly—the secret panels close without a sound. [36] Valzacchi looks again at his watch, goes to the back, opens the door. Then he produces a tinder-box and busily lights the candles on the table. A waiter and a boy run in with tapers for lighting candles. They light the candles on the chimney, on the side-board, and the numerous sconces. They have left the door open behind them; dance music is heard from the ante-room at the back. [16, 37, 38, 39]

Valzacchi hurries to the centre doors, opens them both respectfully, and bowing low steps aside. Baron Ochs appears, his arm in a sling, leading Octavian by his left, followed by his Body-Servant. The Baron surveys the room. Octavian looks around, runs to the mirror, arranges his hair. The Baron notices the Waiter and the Boy about to light more candles, and signals them to stop. In their preoccupation they do not notice him. The Baron impatiently pulls the Boy from the chair onto which he had climbed, and extinguishes some of the candles nearest him with his hand. Valzacchi discreetly points out the recess to him and, by opening the curtains, the bed.

The Landlord hurries forward with several waiters to greet their noble guest.

LANDLORD

What can my poor house still offer Your Lordship? Hab'n Euer Gnaden noch weitre Befehle?

FOUR WAITERS

A few more candles? Befehl'n mehr Lichter?

LANDLORD

A better apartment? Ein grösseres Zimmer?

WAITERS

A few more candles for My Lord? Befehl'n mehr Silber* auf dem Tisch?
More silver? Mehr Silber?

* 'Lichter' in the vocal score but not in the full score.

BARON

(busily occupied with a napkin which he has taken from the table and is using to extinguish all the candles which he can reach)

Be off! Or you will give the girl ideas!

Verschwindt's! Macht mir das Madel net verrückt!

Who asked for music? Didn't order that.

Was will die Musi? Hab' sie nicht bestellt.

(putting out more candles)

LANDLORD

Shall they be told to come and play in here?

Schaffen vielleicht, dass man sie näher hört?

And while you dine they'll play some music.

Im Vorsaal da is Tafelmusi!

BARON

Leave your damned fiddlers where they are.

Lass Er die Musi, wo sie ist.

(noticing the blind window on the right behind the table)

That's an odd sort of window there.

Was ist das für ein Fenster da?

(trying to open it)

LANDLORD

It's only sham, My Lord.

Ein blindes Fenster nur.

(bows)

Your Lordship's supper waits.

Darf aufgetragen werd'n?

All five waiters make as if to hurry off.

BARON

Stop! What do these black beetles want?

Halt, was woll'n die Maikäfer da?

WAITERS

(at the door)

We wait on Your Lordship.

Servier'n, Euer Gnaden.

BARON

(making a sign for them to go)

I don't need help.

Brauch' niemand nicht.

(when they hesitate; roughly)

Off now! My servant shall do all the waiting on;

Pack't's Euch! Servieren wird mein Kammerdiener da,

and I shall do the pouring. You follow?

einschenken tu' ich selber. Versteht Er?

(Valzacchi signals to them to respect His Lordship's wish without demur. He pushes them all out of the door. The Baron again begins to extinguish a number of candles, among them some high on the wall, which he can only reach with difficulty; to Valzacchi)

You are a worthy fellow. If you can get the bill reduced a little, something will come your way. I'm sure it costs a fortune here.

Er ist ein braver Kerl. Wenn Er mir hilft, die Rechnung runter drucken, dann fällt was ab für Ihn. Kost' sicher hier ein Martergeld.

Exit Valzacchi, bowing low. Octavian has now finished. The Baron leads him to a table, they sit down. The Body-Servant by the sideboard contemplates the development of the tête-à-tête with insolent curiosity. He places bottles of wine from the sideboard on the table. The Baron pours out wine. Octavian sips. The Baron kisses Octavian's hand. Octavian withdraws his hand. The Baron signals to the lackey to withdraw, but has to repeat the signal several times before he goes.

OCTAVIAN

(pushes back his glass)

No, no, let be! No wine for me.

[40] Nein, nein, nein, nein! I trink' kein Wein.

BARON

My dearest, what's this? Come, don't let's be silly.

Geh', Herzerl, was denn? Mach' doch keine Faxen.

OCTAVIAN

No, no, no, no, I have to go.

Nein, nein, i bleib' net da.

He jumps up as if he was about to go.

BARON

(seizing him with his left hand)

You drive me to despair.

Sie macht mich deschparat.

OCTAVIAN

I know, Sir, what you think. Oh, you naughty man!

Ich weiss schon, was Sie glaub'n. Oh Sie schlimmer Herr!

BARON

(very loud)

Lord strike me down! I swear by all the patron saints! Saperdipix! Ich schwör' bei meinem Schutzpatron!

OCTAVIAN

(feigns great terror; he runs—as if by mistake—instead of to the door, into the recess, tears the curtains apart, and sees the bed. He pretends to be utterly astonished, and returns in consternation on tiptoe.)

Jesus Maria, there's a bed there, a blooming great big one. Jesus Maria, steht a Bett drin, a mordsmässig grosses.
Cor, blimey, who's it for? Ja mei, wer schläft denn da?

BARON

(leading him back to the table)

You'll know in good time. Come on now. Das wird Sie schon seh'n. Jetzt komm' Sit here with me. Sie. Setz' Sie sich schön.
He'll soon bring us our supper. Nothing Kommt gleich wer mit'n Essen. Hat Sie wrong with your appetite? denn keinen Hunger nicht?

The Baron puts his arm around his waist.

OCTAVIAN

(casting languishing looks at the Baron)

O Lord! What a way for a bridegroom to O weh, wo Sie doch ein Bräut'gam tun
act. sein.

He pushes him off.

BARON

Oh, can't you for once leave that word Ach lass Sie schon einmal das fade Wort!
alone.

You sit here with a cavalier at your side, Sie hat doch einen Kavalier vor sich
not with a candlestick maker: und keinen Seifensieder:
a cavalier leaves all Ein Kavalier lässt alles,
that is not quite to his taste was ihm nicht konveniert,
outside there by the door. Here sits no da draussen vor der Tür. Hier sitzt kein
bridegroom; Bräutigam
there sits no lowly chambermaid: und keine Kammerjungfer nicht.
here sits at supper a man in love with his Hier sitzt mit seiner Allerschönsten ein
beloved by his side. [41, 42] Verliebter beim Souper.

(He draws Octavian nearer to him, who leans back coquettishly in his chair, with half-closed eyes. Then he rises. The moment for the first kiss seems to have come. As his face comes close to his companion's, he is violently struck by the likeness to Octavian. He starts backwards, and unconsciously feels his wounded arm.)

That face again! Confounded boy! Ist ein Gesicht! Verfluchter Bub!
He haunts me when I'm dreaming or awake. Verfolgt mich als a Wacher und im Traum!

OCTAVIAN

(opening his eyes and looking at him with impudent coquetry)

What do you mean? Was meint Er denn?

BARON

Your face reminds me of a godforsaken boy! Siehst einem ähnlich, einem gottverfluchten
Kerl!

OCTAVIAN

Go on! I never heard such stuff! Ah geh! Das hab i no net g'hört!
(The Baron, once again quite certain that it is the chambermaid, forces a smile. But he is not quite free of fear; he has to breathe deeply, and so the kiss is postponed. The man under the trap-door opens it too soon and appears. [36] Octavian, who is sitting opposite him, makes violent signs to him to get out of sight. He vanishes at once. The Baron, taking a few steps to shake off the unpleasant impression, and about to embrace Octavian from behind, catches a last glimpse of him. He is violently alarmed and points to the spot. Octavian continues as if he did not understand.)
What's wrong with you? Was ist mit Ihm?

BARON

(pointing to the spot where the apparition vanished)

Lord, what was that? Did you see Was war denn das? Hat Sie den nicht
something more? geseh'n?

OCTAVIAN

No, not a thing. Da is ja nix.

Not a thing?
 No?
 Nothing there either?

BARON
 Da is nix?
(again anxiously scanning Octavian's face)
 So?
 Und da is auch nix?

He passes his hand over his face.

But that's my face.

OCTAVIAN
 Da is mei G'sicht.

BARON
(breathing heavily, pouring out a glass of wine)
 That is her face—and nothing there—I feel
 as if I'm going mad.

Da is Ihr G'sicht—und da is nix—mir scheint,
 ich hab' die Kongestion.

He falls heavily into a chair. He is ill at ease. The door is opened, and the music outside can be heard again. [31] The Body-Servant comes in and serves.

OCTAVIAN
(very sentimentally)
 What lovely music!

Die schöne Musi!

BARON
(very loud again)
 It's my favourite song, you know.

Is mei Leiblied, weiss Sie das?

OCTAVIAN
(listening to the music)
 It makes me weepy.

Da muss ma weinen.

What?

BARON
 Was?

'Cos it's so lovely.

OCTAVIAN
 Weil's gar so schön is.

BARON
 Was, weinen? Wär' nicht schlecht.
 You must enjoy yourself, the music fires the
 blood.

Kreuzlustig muss Sie sein, die Musi geht
 ins Blut.

(sentimentally)
 Look at me!

G'spürt Sie's jetzt.

Can't you see? Can you not sense
 I've no defence
 and you can make of me your willing
 slave.

(signalling to the servant to go)
 Auf die letzt, g'spürt Sie's dahier,
 dass Sie aus mir
 machen kann alles frei, was Sie nur will.

The Servant opens the door again, looks in with insolent curiosity, and does not go till the Baron has made an angry sign.

OCTAVIAN
(leaning back, as if speaking to himself, with exaggerated melancholy)
 It's all one, it's all one, it's all one,
 it's all one—

[43] Es is ja eh alls eins, es is ja eh alls eins,

All our joys, all our bitter pain.

was ein Herz noch so gach begehrt.

(as the Baron takes his hand)
 In the end are they not all in vain?

Geh', es is ja all's net drumi wert.

BARON
(letting go of his hand)
 Why, what's this? Oh, they're not all in
 vain.

Ei wie denn? Is sehr wohl der Müh' wert!

OCTAVIAN
(still just as melancholy, casting smouldering glances at the Baron)
 As the hours fly by, as the wind blows by,

Wie die Stund' hingeht, wie der Wind
 verweht,

so must we too shortly pass away.

so sind wir bald alle zwei dahin.

It's the lot of man,

Menschen sin' ma halt,

(languishing glance at the Baron)
 that we nothing can.

richt'ns nicht mit G'walt,

Not an eye shall weep, nor for your loss,
 nor for mine.

weint uns niemand nach, net dir net und
 net mir.

BARON

Is it the wine that makes you so sad? It must be your corset cramps your poor little heart. Macht Sie der Wein leicht immer so? Is ganz g'wiss Ihr Mieder, das aufs Herzerl Ihr druckt.

(Octavian with closed eyes, gives no answer. The Baron rises and tries to undo his dress.) I must say I am feeling warm. Jetzt wird's frei mir a bisserl heiss.

(Without ado he takes off his wig, looking for a place to put it. At that moment he catches a glimpse of a face which appears in the recess and stares at him. The face vanishes in a trice. He says "Brainstorm" to himself, and struggles with his fear, but has to mop his forehead. His eyes again fall on the chambermaid, slumped helplessly on the chair. He is overcome by this, and approaches tenderly. Then he again seems to see Octavian's face close to his own. He starts back again. Mariandl hardly stirs. Once more the Baron wrestles with his fear, forcing himself to put a cheerful face on it. Then his eyes again alight on a strange face, staring at him from the wall. Now he is beside himself with terror: he gives a muffled scream, seizes the hand-bell from the wall and rings it distractedly.)

There, and there, and there, and there! Da und da und da und da!
(Suddenly the supposedly blind window is torn open, Annina in mourning appears, and points with outstretched arms to the Baron, who is distraught with fear.)

There, and there, and there, and there! Da und da und da und da!

He tries to protect his back.

ANNINA

My husband! Yes, it is he! 'Tis he! Er ist es! Es ist mein Mann! Er ist's.

She vanishes.

BARON

(alarmed)

Lord, what was that? Was ist denn das?

OCTAVIAN

This place is all bewitched. Das Zimmer ist verhext!

He crosses himself.

ANNINA

(followed by Valzacchi, who makes a pretence of holding her back, rushes in by the centre door, with the Landlord and Three Waiters. Speaking with a Bohemian accent, but in educated tones) I am his wife! I'll get my hands on him, Es ist mein Mann, ich leg' Beschlag auf ihn!
God is my witness. You be witness also! Gott ist mein Zeuge, Sie sind meine Zeugen!
The law, and the government, Her Majesty, Gericht! Hohe Obrigkeit! Die Kaiserin
give me back my beloved! muss ihn mir wiedergeben!

BARON

(to the Landlord)

What does this baggage want with me, you fool! Was will das Weibsbild da von mir, Herr Wirt!

What does he want, and he, and him, and he? (pointing all round the room) Was will der dort und der und der und der?

The devil has his home in your God-forsaken private guest room. Der Teufel frequentier' Sein gottverfluchtes Extrazimmer.

ANNINA

And would you dare deny me, villain! Er wagt mich zu verleugnen, ah!
And make pretence you do not know me? Tut, als ob er mich nicht täte kennen.

BARON

(He has put a cold compress on his head, holds it in its place with his left hand, then goes right up to the Landlord, the Waiters, and Annina in turn, scanning them closely, as if to convince himself that they are real.) Ist auch lebendig!

Alive, by Heaven! (He throws the compress away. Very emphatically) Ich hab' wahrhaft'gen Gott das Möbel nie geseh'n!

This baggage, I protest, I never saw before!

(to the Landlord)

Begone now, all of you, and let us sup in peace! Debarassier' Er mich und lass Er fortserver'n!
I vow I'll never more set foot in your low pot-house. Ich hab' Sein Beisl heut' zum letzten Mal betreten.

ANNINA

(as if only now noticing Octavian's presence)

Ah! It is true, what all my friends did tell me,
that he intends a second marriage, oh the monster,
a second innocent maiden such as I once was.

Ah! Es ist wahr, was mir berichtet wurde,
er will ein zweites Mal heiraten, der Infame,
ein zweites unschuldiges Mädchen, so wie ich es war.

The Landlord is alarmed.

THREE WAITERS

Oh! Your Lordship!

Oh, Euer Gnaden!

BARON

What, am I in a madhouse? Plague on you all!

Bin ich in einem Narrnturm? Kreuzelement!

(He shakes Valzacchi, who is standing next to him, violently.)

Am I Baron Ochs of Lerchenau, tell me, or am I not?
Am I possessed?

Bin ich der Baron von Lerchenau oder bin ich es nicht?
Bin ich bei mir?

(holding a finger in a candle)

Is that a candle,

Is das ein Kerzl,

(brandishing a napkin)

and is that a napkin?

is das ein Serviett!

ANNINA

Yes, yes, you are he, and as true as you are he,

Ja, ja, du bist es, und so wahr als du es bist,

I am your wife, and you know me full well.

bin ich es auch, und du erkennst mich wohl,

Leupold, Leupold reflect:

Leupold, Leupold bedenk':

Anton von Lerchenau, above us dwells a judge that knoweth all!

Anton von Lerchenau, dort oben richtet dich ein Höherer!

At first he starts violently, so that her speech is interrupted, but she quickly regains her composure.

BARON

(staring at her in bewilderment)

Surely I know you.

Kommt mir bekannt vor.

(looking at Octavian again)

They all have double faces, all of them together.

Hab'n doppelte Gesichter, alle miteinander.

LANDLORD

Poor ill-used lady, wretched, ill-used lady.

Die arme Frau, die arme Frau Baronin!

Four Children between the ages of four and ten rush in, too early, and make for the Baron.

FOUR CHILDREN

Papa! Papa! Papa!

Papa! Papa! Papa!

ANNINA

Hear you the voices of your offspring?

Hörst du die Stimme deines Blutes!

Children, raise your hands to him in prayer!

Kinder, hebt die Hände auf zu ihm!

BARON

(angrily hitting out at the four children with a napkin which he has seized from the table; to the Landlord)

Take all this crew away from here at once.

Debarassier Er mich von denen da, von der, von dem, von dem, von dem!

Take her, take him, and him, and him!

He points in all directions. Valzacchi meanwhile talks quietly to Octavian.

OCTAVIAN

(to Valzacchi)

Have messengers been sent for Faninal yet?

Ist gleich wer fort, den Faninal zu holen?

VALZACCHI

(whispering)

Ere you 'ad come 'ere. In a moment 'e is 'ere.

Sogleich im Anfang. Wird sogleich zur Stelle sein.

LANDLORD

(whispering behind the Baron's back)

Begging your pardon, go not too far, Halten zu Gnaden, geh'n nit zu weit,
else it might be the worst for you, harm könnten recht böse Folgen g'spür'n.
most serious! Bitterböse!

BARON

What? Harm to me from that beldam there? Was? Ich was g'spür'n von dem Möbel da?
Ne'er have I touched her, not with a pitch- Hab's nie nicht ang'rührt, nicht mit der
fork's end! Feuerzang!

ANNINA

(screaming shrilly)

Aah! Aah!

LANDLORD

(as before)

For bigamy is not a trifle, Die Bigamie ist halt kein G'spass,
it is a hanging matter. is ein Kapitalverbrechen!

VALZACCHI

(softly, to the Baron)

I counsel Your Lordship to 'ave a care. Ik rat' Euer Gnaden, sei'n vorsichtig!
Ze police in zis town, it 'ave no mercy, Die Sittenpolizei sein gar nit tolerant!
sir!

BARON

Bigamy? Pooh! A fig for your police! Die Bigamie? Die Sittenpolizei?

(mimicking the children's voices)

Papa, Papa! Papa, Papa!

(striking his head as if in despair, then furiously)

Throw out that screaming Jezebel! Schmeiss' Er hinaus das Trauerpferd!

What, you don't want to? Wer? Was? Er will nicht?

What? Hey, police? Won't they do Was? Polizei? Die Lackln wollen nicht?

anything? Are the whole lot of you Spielt das Gelichter

all in a plot to get me? leicht alls unter einem Leder?

Are we in Paris? Are we all in a jungle? Sein wir in Frankreich? Sein wir unter

Or in Her Majesty's own city? Kurutzen?

(He pulls open the window looking onto the street.)

Hey police!

Polizei!

Police there, hey, Police! I call you here to Herauf da, Polizei! Gilt Ordnung her-

help me. zustellen

Come here, restore some order, come to und einer Stand'sperson zu Hilf' zu eilen.

assist a noble man.

Loud cries of 'Police' are heard from the street.

LANDLORD

(lamenting)

Oh! My old inn disgraced! Oh! My good Mein renommiertes Haus! Das muss mein
reputation. Haus erleben!

CHILDREN

(whining)

Papa! Papa! Papa! Papa! Papa! Papa!

Enter the Commissar of Police with two Constables of the Watch. All stand back to make room for them.

VALZACCHI

(to Octavian)

O Dio! What can we do? Oh weh, was macken wir?

OCTAVIAN

Have confidence in me and leave the rest Verlass' Er sich auf mich und lass' Er's
to chance. geh'n wie's geht.

VALZACCHI

Your 'umble servant to command! Zu Euer Exzellenz Befehl!

COMMISSAR

Halt! Keep your places! What is wrong?
Who was it called for help? Who was it
broke the peace?

BARON

(going towards him with the self-confidence of a great gentleman)
It's all in order now. I am pleased with your efforts,
just so I'd hoped, everything works like a charm here.

(cheerfully)
Drive all the riffraff away, I wish to dine in private.

COMMISSAR

And who are you?
What right have you to intervene?
Is this your house?

(The Baron gapes; the Commissar continues brusquely.)
Then keep a civil tongue and wait a moment,
till I come to question you.

(The Baron retires in perplexity, begins to look for his wig, which had disappeared in the confusion, and cannot be found. The Commissar sits down; the two Constables take up their position behind him.)

Who is in charge?

LANDLORD

(submissively)
Pray let me, excellent Sir Constable, only speak for myself, sir.

COMMISSAR

Your premises do not speak well for you.
Now, your report. The whole truth!

LANDLORD

Herr Kommissar! His Lordship here—

COMMISSAR

That great big fat man there? Where have you put your wig, sir?

BARON

(who has been looking for it all this time)
That's what I'm asking you!

LANDLORD

That is my Lord, the Baron Lerchenau!

COMMISSAR

Then prove it.

BARON

What?

COMMISSAR

Is there a man of standing here whom you can call as witness?

BARON

Right here at hand. There, my secretary, that Italian.

VALZACCHI

(exchanging a glance of understanding with Octavian)
Excuse myself. I not know. He may be a Baron, he may be not. I do not know.

Halt! Keiner rührt sich! Was ist los?
Wer hat um Hilf' geschrie'n? Wer hat Skandal gemacht?

Halt! Keiner rührt sich! Was gibt dem Herrn Befugnis?
Ist Er der Wirt?

und wart' Er, bis man Ihn vernehmen wird.

Mich dem Herrn Oberkommissarius schönstens zu rekommandieren.

Die Wirtschaft da rekommandiert Ihn schlecht!
Bericht' Er jetzt! Von Anfang!

Herr Kommissar! Der Herr Baron—

Der grosse Dicke da? Wo hat Er sein Paruck?

Um das frag' ich Ihn!

Das ist der Herr Baron von Lerchenau!

Genügt nicht.

Was?

Hat Er Personen nahebei, die für Ihn Zeugniss geben?

Gleich bei der Hand! Da, mein Sekretär, ein Italiener.

Ick excusier mick. Ick weiss nix. Die kann sein Baron, kann sein auch nicht weiss von nix.

BARON

(beside himself)

This is too much, lying Italian scoundrel! Das ist doch stark, wällisches Luder, falsches!

The Baron approaches him with his left hand raised.

COMMISSAR

(sharply, to the Baron)

You'd better keep a civil tongue. Für's erste moderier' Er sich.

OCTAVIAN

(Having stood quietly on the right up till now, runs back and forth as if in despair, unable to find the way out, and mistakes the window for the door.)

Oh my God, I could sink through the floor Oh mein Gott, in die Erd'n möcht' ich sinken!

now! Heilige Mutter von Maria Taferl!

O Holy Mother of God, you must help me!

COMMISSAR

That young person there, who is she? Wer ist dort die junge Person?

BARON

She? No one. She stands under my protection here. Die? Niemand. Sie steht unter meiner Protektion!

COMMISSAR

It's you will soon find some protection Er selber wird bald eine Protektion sehr very necessary. nötig haben.

Who is the little wench, why is she here? Wer ist das junge Ding, was macht sie hier?

(looking around)

I've a suspicion that you are one of those Ich will nicht hoffen, dass Er ein gottver- abandoned men who lead dammter Debauchierer young girls astray! It would go hard with und Verführer ist. Da könnt's Ihm schlecht you. ergeh'n.

Once more, how come you by her? Answer quickly. Wie kommt Er zu dem Mädcl? Antwort will ich.

OCTAVIAN

Farewell! The river! I geh' ins Wasser!

Octavian runs through the recess as though to escape, and tears open the curtain, disclosing the peacefully illuminated bed.

COMMISSAR

(rising)

What's this, Landlord, what's this? Herr Wirt, was seh' ich da? What business do you carry on? Was für ein Handwerk treibt denn Er?

LANDLORD

(confused)

When there are persons of rank and fashion—come to dine or sup— Wenn ich Personen von Stand zum Speisen oder Nachtmahl hab'—

COMMISSAR

Hold you your tongue: wait till I question you. Halt Er den Mund. Ihn nehm' ich später vor.

(to the Baron)

Now I will count to three, then you must tell me Jetzt zähl' ich noch bis drei, dann will ich wissen,

how it comes that this honest girl is here with you. wie Er da zu dem jungen Bürgermädchen kommt.

And I would have you know you had better not deceive me with lying answers. Ich will nicht hoffen, dass Er sich einer falschen Aussag' wird unterfangen.

The Landlord and Valzacchi indicate with gestures to the Baron how dangerous the situation is and how important his statement is.

BARON

(signalling confidently to them that they may rely on him, and that he was not born yesterday)

The Captain of the Watch, for sure, will think no harm Wird wohl kein Anstand sein bei Ihm, Herr Kommissar,

if men of quality with their affianced brides wenn eine Standsperson mit seiner ihm verlobten Braut

should choose to sit at supper at nine
o'clock here in this inn.

um neune abends ein Souper einnehmen
tut.

He glances around him to see the effect of his explanation.

COMMISSAR

She your affianced bride? Then state her
father's name
and tell me where he lives. And if you've
spoke the truth,
you'll be free with the girl at once to leave
us.

Das wäre Seine Braut? Geb' Er den Namen
an
vom Vater und's Logis. Wenn Seine
Angab' stimmt,
mag Er sich mit der Jungfer retirieren.

BARON

Pray, do you know to whom you speak?
I'm not accustomed—

Ich bin wahrhaftig nicht gewohnt, in dieser
Weise—

COMMISSAR

(sharply)

Answer without ado, else I will sing quite
another tune.

Mach' Er Sein' Aussag' oder ich zieh'
andre Saiten auf.

BARON

All right, I'll tell you. This is Mistress
Faninal,
Sophie Anna Barbara, daughter to that
most distinguished nobleman, Herr von
Faninal,
who lives in his palace not far away.

Werd' nicht mankieren. Is die Jungfer
Faninal,
Sophia Anna Barbara, eh'liche Tochter
des wohlgeborenen Herrn von Faninal,
wohnhaft im Hof im eigen Palais.

*The inn-servants, other guests, and some of the musicians from the other room have crowded round the
and are looking on curiously. Herr von Faninal forces a way through them, hastily attired in hat
and coat.*

FANINAL

The same, sir. What do you want of me?

Zur Stelle! Was wird von mir gewünscht?

(to the Baron)

How strange you look!

Wie sieht Er aus?

I scarce expected you'd desire my presence
at this untimely hour here in a common
tavern.

War mir vermutend nicht, zu dieser Stunde
in ein gemeines Beisl depeschiert zu
werden!

BARON

(very astonished and annoyed)

Why have you stuck your nose in?
Name of Satan?

Wer hat Ihn hierher depeschiert? In
Dreiteufels Namen?

FANINAL

(in an undertone to him)

Why ask me such questions as these, dear
son-in-law!

Was soll mir die saudumme Frag', Herr
Schwiegersohn?

When your excited servants all but broke
my door down
to tell me I must come at once and save you
from the horrid situation,
in which you find yourself through no fault
of yours at all.

Wo Er mir schier die Tür einrennen lässt
mit Botschaft,
ich soll sehr schnell herbei und Ihn in einer
üblen Lage soutenieren,
in die Er unverschuldter Weise geraten ist!

The Baron clutches his head.

COMMISSAR

Who is this man? What is he doing here?

Wer ist der Herr? Was schafft der Herr mit
Ihm?

BARON

He's not important, only an acquaintance.

Nichts von Bedeutung. Is bloss ein
Bekannter,

He happens to be staying at this inn.

hält sich per Zufall hier im Gasthaus auf.

COMMISSAR

Your name, and tell me why you're here!

Der Herr geb' Seinen Namen an!

FANINAL

I am the noble von Faninal.

Ich bin der Edle von Faninal.

COMMISSAR

And this young lady's father?

Somit ist dies der Vater . . .

BARON

(coming between them so as to hide Octavian from Faninal, eagerly)

What he, her father? No, a distant kinsman.

Beileib' gar nicht die Spur. Ist ein Verwandter,

A cousin, it may be. The father is full twice as fat as he.

ein Bruder, ein Neveu! Der wirkliche ist noch einmal so dick!

FANINAL

(much astonished)

What means this, pray? How strange you look. I am her father, surely.

Was geht hier vor? Wie sieht Er aus? Ich bin der Vater, freilich!

BARON

(trying to draw him aside)

Now leave it all to me, and get you gone.

Das weit're findet sich, verzieh' Er sich.

FANINAL

What, you presume, sir—

Ich muss schon bitten—

BARON

Get you gone, the devil take you.

Fahr' Er heim in Teufels Namen.

FANINAL

(with growing anger)

To drag my name into a vulgar brawl in this low tavern! I'll not submit!

Mein Nam' und Ehr in einem solchen Händel zu melieren, Herr Schwiegersohn!

BARON

(trying to stop his mouth; to the Commissar)

It is his fancy.

Ist eine idée fixe!

He calls himself so as a joke.

Benennt mich also nur im G'spass!

COMMISSAR

Yes, yes, all right then.

Ja, ja, genügt schon.

(to Faninal)

So you recognize

this gentleman as your son-in-law?

Er erkennt demnach in diesem Herrn Seinen Schwiegersohn?

FANINAL

Of course, why should I fail to recognize him?

Sehr wohl! Wieso sollt' ich ihn nicht erkennen?

Just because he's lost his wig?

Leicht weil er keine Haar nicht hat?

COMMISSAR

(to the Baron)

And you now recognize this gentleman to be,

Und Er erkennt nunmehr wohl auch in diesem Herrn

for good or evil, the young lady's father?

wohl oder übel Seinen Schwiegervater?

BARON

(taking the candlestick from the table and holding it up to Faninal's face)

Ha, ha! Well, well! Yes, yes it must be him indeed.

Soso, lala! Ja, ja, wird schon derselbe sein.

This evening I have not been feeling very well.

War heut' den ganzen Abend gar nicht recht beinand'.

I can no longer trust my eyes. I must tell you

Kann meinen Augen heut' nicht trau'n.

there's something in this place that gives one apoplectic turns.

Muss Ihn sagen, liegt hier was in der Luft, man kriegt die Kongestion davon.

COMMISSAR

(to Faninal)

You, on the other hand, deny you are the father

Dagegen wird von Ihm die Vaterschaft

of this girl here who has been described as

zu dieser Ihn verbatim zugeschobenen Tochter geleugnet?

your daughter?

FANINAL

(noticing Octavian for the first time)

As my daughter? That, that baggage, Meine Tochter? Da der Fetzen
she says she is a child of mine? gibt sich für meine Tochter aus?

BARON

(with a forced smile)

A jest! A mere mistake, I vow! The landlord Ein G'spass! Ein purer Missverstand! Der
has told to the Captain of the Watch a tale hat dem Herrn Kommissarius da was
of me, and how I soon shall wed your vorerzählt
daughter. von meiner Brautschaft mit der Faninal-
schen.

LANDLORD

(in great excitement)

No word, no word from me, 'twas he Kein Wort! Kein Wort, Herr
there that told the story! Kommissarius! Laut eig'ner Aussag'—

FANINAL

(beside himself)

Arrest that shameless baggage! To the Das Weibsbild arretieren! Kommt am
prison! Pranger!
I'll have her whipped! I'll have her shut Wird ausgepeitscht! Wird eingekastelt in ein
up in a convent! Kloster!
I—I— Ich— ich—

BARON

You'd best go home. Tomorrow I will come Fahr' Er nach Haus'. Auf morgen in der
and tell you all the truth. You know how Früh!
much you owe to me. Ich klär' Ihm alles auf. Er weiss, was Er mir
schuld'ig ist.

FANINAL

(beside himself with rage)

'Twas you that said it! Laut eig'ner Aussag'!
(taking a few steps to the rear)
Tell my daughter to come here! Meine Tochter soll herauf!
Her chair is at the doorway! Bid her come Sitzt unten in der Tragchaise! Im Galopp
at once! herauf!
(pouncing on the Baron again)
I'll make you pay, sir! I will go to law! Das zahlt Er teuer! Bring Ihn vor's Gericht!

BARON

What mighty pother you are making now Jetzt macht Er einen rechten Palawatsch
about a little thing. To be your son-in-law für nichts und wieder nichts! Ein Kavalier
a man must have braucht ein' Rossgeduld,
the patience of an ass, parole d'honneur! Sein Schwiegersohn zu sein!
Now bring my wig here. Find my wig! Parole d'honneur! Ich will mei' Perücken!
(shaking the Landlord)
Find me my wig! Mei' Perücken will ich seh'n!

In his wild hunt for his wig, he seizes some of the children and pushes them aside.

CHILDREN

(automatically)

Papa! Papa! Papa! Papa! Papa! Papa!

FANINAL

(starting backwards)

Now what is that? Was ist denn das?

BARON

(He succeeds in finding his hat in his search, and hits out at the children with it.)
Nothing! A swindle! I don't know this Gar nix, ein Schwindel! Kenn' mit das
baggage! Bagagi!
She lies, she says that she's my lawful wife. Sie sagt, dass sie verheirat' war mit mir.
Damn it to hell! My hands are clean as Käm' zu der Schand' so wie der Pontius ins
Pontius Pilate. Credo!

Sophie hurries in in her coat. They make room for her. Faninal's Footmen can be seen through the door, each with a pole of the chair in his hand. The Baron tries to hide his bald pate from Sophie with his hat, while she goes up to her father. [44]

ONLOOKERS

The bride! Oh what a sore disgrace!

Die Braut. Oh, was für ein Skandal!

FANINAL

(to Sophie)

Now, look around. See, there your noble
suitor stands.

And there his gracious Lordship's family!
The wife and all her children! She's his too,

but a morganatic wife! No, that is you,
as he himself has said!

Does not the same o'erwhelm you? What?
Me too.

Da schau' dich um! Da hast du den Herrn
Bräutigam!

Da die Famili von dem saubern Herrn!
Die Frau mitsamt die Kinder! Da das
Weibsbild

g'hört linker Hand dazu. Nein, das bist du,
laut eig'ner Aussag'. Du!

Möcht'st in die Erd'n sinken, was? Ich
auch!

SOPHIE

(with a sign of joy)

I'm overjoyed. I never looked on him as
mine.

Bin herzensfroh, seh' ihn mit nichten an
dafür.

FANINAL

Not look on him as yours? Not look on him
as yours?

Sieht ihn nicht an dafür! Sieht ihn nicht
an dafür!

(with growing desperation)

My name and fame! I'll be the mock of
all the city!

Mein schöner Nam'! Ich trau' mi'
nimmer über'n Graben!

I dare not show my face on 'Change again.

Kein Hund nimmt mehr ein Stück'l Brot
von mir.

(almost in tears)

ONLOOKERS

(by the door, in hollow voices)

The disgrace! The disgrace!
For Herr von Faninal!

Der Skandal! Der Skandal!
Für Herrn von Faninal!

FANINAL

I'll never face the town! The scandal
paper!

There! From the cellar! From the air!

I'll never face the town!

Die ganze Wienerstadt! Die schwarze
Zeitung!

Da! Aus dem Keller! Aus der Luft! Die
ganze Wienerstadt!

(to the Baron, clenching his fist)

Oh, you're a rogue! I am not well! A chair!

Oh, Er Filou! Mir wird nicht gut! Ein'
Sessel!

Footmen rush towards him and prevent him from falling. Two of them had previously handed their poles to bystanders. Sophie busies herself about him anxiously. The Landlord also hastens to his aid. They lift him up and carry him into the next room. Several waiters go before them, showing them the way and opening the door. At this moment the Baron catches sight of his wig, which has reappeared as if by magic. He rushes to it, claps it on his head, and sets it straight before a mirror. With this change he regains some of his lost dignity, but he contents himself with turning his back on Annina and the children whose presence makes him uneasy, in spite of everything. The door is closed behind Herr Faninal and his servants. The Landlord and Waiters soon return quietly, fetch drugs, bottles, water and other things, which they carry to the door, and Sophie takes them from them in the doorway.

BARON

(his former self-confidence now completely restored, to the Commissar)

You don't need me any longer. I'll pay,
I'll go!

Sind desto eher im Klaren. Ich zahl', ich
geh'!

(to Octavian)

And now I'll take you home.

Ich führ' Sie jetzt nach Haus'.

COMMISSAR

That's where you're wrong. I have some
questions for you still.

Da irrt Er sich. Mit Ihm jetzt weiter im
Verhör!

At a sign from the Commissar the two Constables remove the bystanders from the room. Only Annina and the children remain standing by the wall on the left.

BARON

Leave well alone now, 'twas a jest, I'll
tell you later who she truly is.

Lass' Er's jetzt gut sein. War ein G'spass.
Ich sag' Ihm später, wer das Mädel ist!

I pledge my word: I'll marry her. I tell you
in good time.
The other one in yonder may go hang.
You'll know now what I am and what I
am not!

Geb' Ihm mein Wort, ich heirat' sie
wahrscheinlich auch einmal.
Da hinten dort, das Klumpret ist schon stad-
Da sieht Er, wer ich bin und wer ich nicht
bin!

He is about to lead Octavian off.

OCTAVIAN

(shaking him off)

I will not go with him!

I geh' nit mit dem Herrn!

BARON

(in an undertone)

I'll marry you if you keep well with me.
So vastly do you please me, you'll be my
Baroness!

I heirat' Sie, verhält Sie sich mit mir.
Sie wird noch Frau Baronin, so gut gefallt
Sie mir!

OCTAVIAN

(freeing himself from the Baron's grip and speaking)

Herr Commissar, I have something to tell
you.

Herr Kommissar, ich geb' was zu Protokoll

But out of the hearing of the Baron.

aber der Herr Baron darf nicht zuhör-
dabei.

At a sign from the Commissar, the two Constables force the Baron to the front right. Octavian seems to be telling the Commissar something which surprises him very much. The Commissar accompanies Octavian to the alcove. Octavian disappears behind the curtains. [43]

BARON

(aside to the Constables, in a familiar tone, pointing to Annina)

God knows who she may be, I swear. We
were at supper.

Kenn' nicht das Weibsbild dort, auf Ehr'-
War grad beim Essen!

I've not a notion what she wants. That's why
I've called you. I've done nothing wrong.

Hab' keine Ahnung, was es will. Hätt'
sonst nicht selber um die Polizei-

The Commissar seems to be much entertained, and approaches the curtain without concern.

BARON

(noticing the Commissar's amusement; suddenly much excited by the strange incident)

What is happening there? Can it be
possible? The rascal!

Was geschieht denn dort? Ist wohl nich-
möglich das? Der Lack!

No, no, he can't do that to me! She is a
maiden! She's a virgin!

Das heisst Ihr Sittenpolizei? Ist eine
Jungfer!

(He is restrained with difficulty.)

I am responsible, you see. I warn you.

Steht unter meiner Protektion! Beschwer-
mich!

You will pay for this behaviour!

Hab' ein Wörtel dreinzureden!

(He frees himself, and goes towards the recess. They pursue him and seize him again. Mariandel's clothes are thrown out of the recess, piece by piece. The Commissar makes a bundle of them. The Baron struggles with his two captors. They have much trouble in holding him, when Octavian's head appears at the opening of the curtains.)

You'd better let me go.

Muss jetzt partout zu ihr!

LANDLORD

(rushing in)

Gentlemen, Her Serene Highness, the
Princess von Werdenberg!

Ihre hochfürstliche Gnaden, die Frau
Fürstin Feldmarschall!

*Enter first servants in the Marshcallin's livery, then the Baron's Body-Servant. They form a line-
Enter the Marshcallin, the little Black Boy carrying her train. [5]*

BARON

(He has freed himself from the Constables, and wiping the perspiration from his brow, hurries over to the Marshcallin.)

I'm glad beyond all measure. This is more
than I deserve.

Bin glücklich über Massen, hab' die Gna-
kaum meritiert.

Your intervention here shows me a
kindness quite unequalled.

Schätz' Dero Gegenwart hier als ein
Freundstück ohne gleichen.

OCTAVIAN

(putting his head out from between the curtains) [1]

Marie Theres', how come you here?

Marie Theres', wie kommt Sie her?

The Marschallin stands motionless, not answering. She looks round with a questioning glance. The Body-Servant, proud and pleased with himself, goes up to the Baron. The Baron indicates his satisfaction with him.

COMMISSAR

(going towards the Marschallin, at attention)

May't please Your Highness, your most humble servant,
the Commissary of the district.

Fürstliche Gnaden, melde mich gehorsamst
als Vorstadts-Unterkommissarius.

BARON

(at the same time)

You see, Herr Kommissar, Her Highness comes in person to my aid.
I think that now you'll know your place.

Er sieht, Herr Kommissar, die Durchlaucht haben selber sich bemüht.
Ich denk', Er weiss, woran Er ist.

MARSCHALLIN

(to the Commissar, paying no attention to the Baron)

You know me? And I think I know you too? I think I do.

Er kennt mich? Kenn' ich Ihn nicht auch? Mir scheint beinah'.

COMMISSAR

Yes, well!

Sehr wohl!

MARSCHALLIN

I remember now, you were my husband's orderly?

Dem Herrn Feldmarschall sein' brave Ordonnanz gewest?

COMMISSAR

Yes, Your Highness, to command!

Fürstliche Gnaden, zu Befehl!

Octavian again pops his head through the curtains.

BARON

(Signalling to Octavian to disappear, at the same time in great anxiety lest the Marschallin should notice anything. In an undertone.)

Stay there, confound you, out of sight!

Bleib Sie, zum Sakra, hinten dort!

He hears steps approaching the door on the left to the front, rushes there, and places himself with his back to the door, trying, by means of deferential gestures in the Marschallin's direction, to appear quite at ease. The Marschallin steps over to the left, and looks at the Baron expectantly.

OCTAVIAN

(Coming from behind the curtains in male clothing, as soon as the Baron has turned his back.)

My plan has gone astray, Marie Theres', so strangely.

War anders abgemacht! Marie Theres', ich wunder' mich.

The Marschallin ignores Octavian, and fixes a courteous and expectant look on the Baron, who is dividing his attention, in the utmost perplexity, between the Marschallin and the door. The door on the left is violently opened, so that the Baron, who had been leaning against it in a vain attempt to keep it closed is forced back. Two of Faninal's servants now stand aside to let Sophie pass.

SOPHIE

(not seeing the Marschallin, who is hidden by the Baron)

My father, sir, has asked me to inform you—

Hab' Ihn von mei'm Herrn Vater zu vermelden—

BARON

(interrupting her, in an undertone)

Oh, now is not the time, God damn it all!
Will you not wait until I come and call for you?
You think that you should be presented in a brothel here?

Ist jetzt nicht die Zeit, Kreuzelement!
Kann Sie nicht warten, bis dass man Ihr rufen wird?
Meint Sie, dass ich Sie hier im Beisl präsentieren werd'?

OCTAVIAN

(who now comes quietly forward from the alcove, in an undertone to the Marschallin)

That is the lady, she, on whose behalf I—

Das ist die Fräulein—die—um dererentwillen—

MARSCHALLIN

(to Octavian, over her shoulder, in an undertone)

You seem a little too concerned, Rofrano.
Who she is I can surely guess. She has great charm.

Find' Ihn ein bissl empressiert, Rofrano.
Kann mir wohl denken, wer sie ist. Find' sie charmant.

Octavian slips back between the curtains.

SOPHIE

(with her back to the door, so angrily that the Baron instinctively starts back a step) [24]
 I must inform Your Lordship you'll present me to no one. Er wird mich keinem Menschen auf der Welt nicht präsentieren,
 For I would have you know I have done with you, once and for all. dieweilen ich mit Ihm auch nicht so viel zu schaffen hab.
 (The Marschallin converses in a low tone with the Commissar.)
 And this my father bids me tell you: should you carry your unmannerly presumption only just so far Und mein Herr Vater lasst Ihm sagen: wenn Er allsoweit die Frechheit sollte treiben, dass man Seine Nasen nur erblicken tät' auf hundert Schritt von unserm Stadtpalais, so hätt' Er sich die bösen Folgen selber zuzuschreiben.
 as to be seen within a hundred yards of where our palace stands, That, sir, is what my father bids me to say to you. Das ist's, was mein Herr Vater Ihm vermelden lässt.

BARON
(angrily)

Corpo di Bacco! Corpo di Bacco!
 What a shocking use of disrespectful language! Was ist das für eine ungezog'ne Sprache?

SOPHIE

To match your own. Die Ihm gebührt.

BARON

(beside himself, trying to pass her and reach the door)
 Hey, Faninal, I must— He Faninal, ich muss—

SOPHIE

Stand back, sir. Do not dare! Er untersteh' sich nicht!

Faninal's two Footmen come forward, bar his passage, and push him back. Sophie passes through the door, which is closed behind her.

BARON

(shouting through the door)
 I'm willing to forget what's happened. Bin willens, alles Vorgefall'ne
 I'll let it be forgiven and forgotten. vergeben und vergessen sein zu lassen!

MARSCHALLIN

(approaching the Baron from behind, and tapping him on the shoulder.)
 Leave well alone now; and go quickly. At Lass' Er nur gut sein und verschwind' Er
 once, go. auf eins zwei!

BARON

(turning round and staring at her)
 Why should I? Wieso denn?

MARSCHALLIN

(gaily, sure of victory)
 Think of your dignity and take your leave! Wahr' Er sein' dignité und fahr' Er ab.

BARON

(speechless)
 I? What? Ich? Was?

MARSCHALLIN

Make your 'bonne mine à mauvais jeu'. Mach Er bonne mine à mauvais jeu,
 And make your exit nobly, like a gentleman. so bleibt Er quasi doch noch eine Standsperson.

The Baron stares at her in amazement. Enter Sophie from the other room, quietly. Her eyes seek Octavian.

MARSCHALLIN

(to the Commissar who has been standing at the back on the right with the two Constables)
 You see, Herr Kommissar, Er sieht, Herr Kommissar,
 this has all been just a diversion, and das Ganze war halt eine Farce und weiter nichts.
 nothing more.

COMMISSAR

All right then. Respectfully I leave you. Genügt mir! Retirier' mich ganz gehorsamst.

Exit, followed by the two Constables.

SOPHIE

(aside, frightened)

This has all been just a diversion and
nothing more.

Das Ganze war halt eine Farce und weiter
nichts.

The eyes of the two women meet; Sophie makes an embarrassed curtsy.

BARON

(standing between Sophie and the Marschallin)

I won't accept it!

Bin gar nicht willens!

MARSCHALLIN

(impatiently stamping her foot)

Mon cousin, explain to him.

Mon cousin, bedeut' Er ihm!

She turns her back on the Baron.

OCTAVIAN

(approaching the Baron from behind, in a very masculine manner)

Will you permit me?

Möcht' Ihn sehr bitten!

BARON

(turning sharply towards him)

Who? What?

Wer! Was?

MARSCHALLIN

(from the right, where she has now taken up her position)

Your Lordship, this is Count Rofrano, who
then else?

Sein' Gnaden der Herr Graf Rofrano, wer
denn sonst?

BARON

(resignedly, after carefully studying Octavian's face)

Ah, now I see.

Is schon aso!

(aside)

That face, it plagues me yet.

Hab' gnug von dem Gesicht.

My eyes did not deceive me then.

Sind doch nicht meine Augen schuld.

It was that boy, then.

Is schon ein Mandl.

Octavian stands there looking insolent and defiant.

MARSCHALLIN

(coming one step closer)

It was a harmless little masquerade and
nothing else.

Is eine wienerische Maskerad' und weiter
nichts.

BARON

(dumbfounded)

Aha!

Aha!

SOPHIE

(aside, half sad, half ironically)

It was a harmless little masquerade and
nothing more.

Is eine wienerische Maskerad' und weiter
nichts.

BARON

(aside)

I see now they were all conspiring to defeat
me!

Spiel'n alle unter einem Leder gegen
meiner!

MARSCHALLIN

(haughtily)

'Tis well for you it was not
really my Mariandel whom you brought
into this place here to seduce.

Ich hätt' Ihm nicht gewünschen,
dass Er mein Mariandel in der Wirklichkeit
mir hätte debauchiert!

(The Baron is deep in thought as the Marschallin continues, without looking at Octavian.)

I feel, just now, against all men such a
resentment—
against all men in general!

[5] Hab' jetzt einen montierten Kopf gegen die
Männer—
so ganz im allgemeinen!

BARON

(gradually realizing the situation)

Well I'll be damned! Now I begin to see it
all!

Kreuzelement! Komm' aus dem Staunen
nicht heraus!

The Feldmarschall—Octavian—

Der Feldmarschall—Octavian—

Mariandel—the Marschallin—Octavian—

Mariandel—die Marschallin—Octavian—

(with a comprehensive glance, which wanders from the Marschallin to Octavian, and from Octavian back to the Marschallin)

How should I know what I, in my confusion,
am supposed
to think of this!

Weiss bereits nicht, was ich von diesem
ganzen qui pro quo
[6] mir denken soll!

MARSCHALLIN

(looking at him fixedly, then more emphatically)

You are surely a cavalier? So you will just
refrain from thinking.
That is what I from you expect.

Er ist, mein' ich, ein Kavalier? Da wird Er
sich halt gar nichts denken.
Das ist's, was ich von Ihm erwart'.

BARON

(bowing with the grace of a man of the world)

I am simply delighted and charmed, beyond
all measure charmed.
No Lerchenauer ever spoiled a little bit
of sport.

Bin von so viel Finesse charmiert, kann gar
nicht sagen wie.
Ein Lerchenauer war noch nie kein
Spielverderber nicht.

(coming one step nearer)

I like the way you've played this whole affair.
And now I can rely on your assistance
and support.
As for our little secret, I'm prepared to
let it be forgiven and forgotten.

Find' deliziös das ganze qui pro quo,
bedarf aber dafür nunmehr Ihrer
Protektion:
Bin willens, alles Vorgefallene
vergeben und vergessen sein zu lassen.

(pause)

Eh bien, may I tell Faninal—

Eh bien, darf ich den Faninal—

He goes to the left-hand door.

MARSCHALLIN

You may—you may without a word retire
and leave us.

Er darf, Er darf in aller Still' sich retirieren!

(The Baron is dumbfounded.)

Can you not tell when an affair is ended?
Your talk of marriage, the affair, and
everything
connected with it

[20] Versteht Er nicht, wenn eine Sach' ein
End' hat?

Die ganze Brautschaft und Affär' und alles
sonst,

(very emphatically)

from this hour is at an end.

was drum und dran hängt,
ist mit dieser Stund' vorbei.

SOPHIE

Connected with it, from this hour is at an
end.

Was drum und dran hängt, ist mit dieser
Stund' vorbei.

BARON

(aside, very indignant, softly)

Is at an end, an end! Is at an end, an end!

Mit dieser Stund' vorbei! Mit dieser Stund'
vorbei!

MARSCHALLIN

(She seems to be looking for a seat. Octavian hurries forward and gives her a chair. The Marschallin sits down on the right. Aside, in a significant tone.)

Is at an end.

[5] Ist halt vorbei!

SOPHIE

(on the left, aside, pale)

Is at an end.

Ist halt vorbei!

The Baron fails to appreciate this new development, and rolls his eyes in anger and perplexity. At this moment the man emerges from the trapdoor. Valzacchi enters from the left, followed by his suspicious accomplices, with modest demeanour. Annina tears off her widow's cap and veil, rubs off her make-up revealing her natural face. The Baron's astonishment grows. The Landlord enters by the centre door, carrying a long bill, followed by waiters, musicians, house boys, and coachmen.

BARON

(As he sees them, he realizes that the game is lost. He calls out quickly and decidedly.)

Leupold, let's go.

Leupold, wir geh'n!

He makes a low, angry bow to the Marschallin. His Body-Servant seizes a candle from the table, and prepares to lead the way for his master. Annina insolently bars the Baron's passage.

ANNINA

I still have all the luck of the
Lerchenaus.

'Ich hab' halt schon einmal ein
Lerchenauisch Glück!'

(pointing to the Landlord's bill)

'Come back tonight, I'll give the
answer and in writing.

[31] 'Komm' Sie nach Tisch, geb' Ihr die
Antwort nachher schriftlich!'

The Children run between the Baron's legs. He hits out at them with his hat.

CHILDREN

Papa! Papa! Papa!

Papa! Papa! Papa!

WAITERS

(pressing forward to the Baron)

May't please you, Your Highness!
There are lights to pay!

Entschuld'gen Euer Gnaden!
Uns geh'n die Kerzen an!

LANDLORD

(pressing forward with his bill)

May't please you, Your Highness!

Entschuld'gen Euer Gnaden!

ANNINA

(dancing backwards in front of the Baron)

I still have all the luck of the Lerchenaus. 'Ich hab' halt schon einmal ein
Lerchenauisch Glück!'

VALZACCHI

(ironically)

I still have all the luck of the Lerchenaus! 'Ich hab' halt schon einmal ein
Lerchenauisch Glück!'

MUSICIANS

(barring the Baron's passage)

There's music, two hours and more, sir. Tafelmusik über zwei Stunden.

The Body-Servant forces a way to the door; the Baron tries to follow him.

COACHMEN

(crowding round the Baron)

For the coach, for the coach. Horses
standing. Time is up!

Für die Fuhr', für die Fuhr'! Rösser
g'schund'n ham ma gnuäl!

BOOTS

(insolently bawling at the Baron)

Don't forget, sir, I lock the house.

Sö fürs Aufsperr'n, Sö, Herr Baron.

LANDLORD

(still presenting his bill)

May't please you, Your Lordship.

Entschuld'gen Eu'r Gnaden!

WAITERS

Two score candles. There are the lights to
pay.

Zwei Schock Kerzen, uns geh'n die Kerzen
an.

BARON

(in the crowd)

Clear off, clear off, out of my way!

Platz da, Platz da, Kreuzmillion!

BOOTS

I help the coachman, sir, I lock the house.

Führag'fahr'n, aussag'ruckt, Sö, Herr
Baron!

CHILDREN

Papa! Papa! Papa!

Papa! Papa! Papa!

All shout in wild confusion. They reach the door. The candle is wrested from the Body-Servant. The Baron rushes off; all hurry after him. The noise grows fainter. Faninal's two Footmen have gone out by the door on the left. Sophie, the Marschallin, and Octavian are left alone.

SOPHIE

(standing on the left, pale)

Oh God! The story was a masquerade and
no more.

Mein Gott, es war nicht mehr als eine Farce.

Oh God!

Mein Gott, mein Gott!

He goes towards her, and I am no more
alive for him.

Wie er bei ihr steht und ich bin die leere
Luft für ihn.

OCTAVIAN

(behind the Marschallin's chair, embarrassed)

My plan has gone astray, Marie Theres', War anders abgemacht, Marie Theres, ich
so strangely! wunder' mich.

(in extreme embarrassment)

Command me, shall I—should I not—the Befiehlt Sie, dass ich—soll ich nicht—die
Lady—her father— Jungfer—der Vater—

MARSCHALLIN

Go quickly, and do all that your heart Geh' Er doch schnell und tu Er, was Sein
commands. Herz Ihm sagt.

SOPHIE

(in despair)

No more alive! Oh my God! Oh my God! Die leere Luft. O mein Gott! Mein Gott!

OCTAVIAN

Theres', I do not know— Theres', ich weiss gar nicht—

MARSCHALLIN

Go now, and pay her your court. Geh' Er und mach' Seinen Hof.

OCTAVIAN

I swear it— Ich schwör' Ihr—

MARSCHALLIN

'Tis no matter. Lass' Er's gut sein.

OCTAVIAN

But I do not understand. Ich begreif' nicht, was Sie hat.

MARSCHALLIN

(laughing angrily)

How like a man to say that. Go to her! Er ist ein rechtes Mannsbild, geh' Er hin.

OCTAVIAN

As you command. Wie Sie befiehlt.

(He goes to her. Sophie stands speechless.)

Eh bien, have you no friendly word [45] Eh bien, hat Sie kein freundlich Wort für
for me? mich?

No glance or smile, no smile to show Nicht einen Blick, nicht einen lieben
that you care? Gruss?

SOPHIE

(hesitating)

Ah, my Lord, I had dared to expect of you War mir von Euer Gnaden Freundschaft
and your chivalry und Behilfflichkeit
a token of affection more than pity. wahrhaftig einer andern Freud' gewärtig.

OCTAVIAN

(eagerly)

What? Are you not then glad? Wie—freut Sie sich denn nicht?

SOPHIE

(angrily)

Pray, then tell me what cause I have. Hab' wirklich keinen Anlass nicht.

OCTAVIAN

Have we not chased that wretch away that Hat man Ihr nicht den Bräutigam vom Hals
made you sad? geschafft?

SOPHIE

It could have been a day of happiness and War' all's recht schön, wenn's anders
joy. abgegangen wär'.

Yet all conspires to shame me. And in the Schäm' mich in Grund und Boden.

Her Highness turns on me I can feel all the Versteh' sehr wohl,
pity and the scorn. mit was für einem Blick Ihre fürstliche
Gnaden mich betracht'.

OCTAVIAN

I swear upon my soul it is not so! Ich schwör' Ihr meiner Seel' und Seligkeit!

SOPHIE

Pray let me go now! Lass' Er mich geh'n.

OCTAVIAN

I never shall! Ich lass' Sie nicht.

(seizing her hand)

My father needs my help.

SOPHIE

Der Vater braucht mich drin.

I need you more than he!

OCTAVIAN

Ich brauch' Sie nötiger.

It's lightly said.

SOPHIE

Das sagt sich leicht.

The Marschallin rises abruptly, but controls herself, and sits down again.

I love you more than words can say.

OCTAVIAN

Ich hab' Sie übermässig lieb.

It is not true.

SOPHIE

Das ist nicht wahr.

Your love is not as great as you declare.

Er hat mich nicht so lieb, als wie Er spricht.

Forget me then!

Vergess Er mich.

You are my all, you are my all!

OCTAVIAN

Ist mir um Sie und nur um Sie!

Forget me then!

SOPHIE

Vergess Er mich.

The world may vanish for all I care!

OCTAVIAN

(vehemently)

Mag alles drunter und drüber geh'n.

Forget me then!

SOPHIE

(passionately)

Vergess Er mich.

I have no thought now, but love for you.

OCTAVIAN

Hab' keinen andern Gedanken nicht.

I see you, your lovely face.

Seh' all'weil Ihr lieb Gesicht.

So dear to me, my love.

Hab' allzulieb Ihr lieb Gesicht.

He takes both her hands in his.

SOPHIE

(weakly pushing him away)

Forget me now!

Vergess Er mich.

MARSCHALLIN

(aside, at the same time)

Now or tomorrow, if not tomorrow, very

Heut' oder morgen oder den übernächsten

soon,

Tag.

did I not say the words myself?

Hab' ich mirs denn nicht vorgesagt?

There is no woman can escape this fate.

Das alles kommt halt über jede Frau.

Did I not know the truth?

Hab' ich's denn nicht gewusst?

Did I not take a vow on it?

Hab' ich nicht ein Gelübde tan,

That I with all my heart and humble spirit

dass ich's mit einem ganz gefassten Herzen

must bear the blow . . .

ertragen werd' . . .

Now or tomorrow, if not tomorrow, very

Heut oder morgen oder den übernächsten

soon.

Tag.

She wipes her eyes and stands up.

SOPHIE

(softly)

The Princess there! She's calling you! Go

Die Fürstin da! Sie ruft Ihn hin. So geh'

Speak to her!

Er doch!

(Octavian takes a few steps towards the Marschallin, and stands in indecision between the two.

Pause. Sophie, in the doorway, cannot decide whether to stay or go. Octavian between them turns his

head from one to the other. The Marschallin notices his perplexity and a melancholy smile flits across

her face.)

I must go in, I think I hear my father call.

Ich muss hinein und fragen, wie's dem Vater

geht.

OCTAVIAN

So much is unspoken, I have no words to

Ich muss jetzt was reden und mir ver-

speak.

schlagt's die Red'.

MARSCHALLIN

Poor boy, look how confused he stands

Der Bub, wie er verlegen da in der Mitten

there between us two.

steht.

OCTAVIAN

(to Sophie)

By all that's holy, stay.

Bleib' Sie um alles hier.

(to the Marschallin)

Yes. What was that you said?

Wie, hat Sie was gesagt?

MARSCHALLIN

(She pays no attention to Octavian, but crosses over to Sophie and looks at her critically but kindly. Sophie, much embarrassed, makes a curtsey.)

So quickly have you learned to love him?

[5] So schnell hat Sie ihn gar so lieb?

SOPHIE

(very quickly)

Indeed, Ma'am, your question I can hardly understand.

Ich weiss nicht, was Euer Gnaden meinen mit der Frag'.

MARSCHALLIN

Your cheek so pale gives me the answer plain enough.

Ihr blass' Gesicht gibt schon die rechte Antwort drauf.

SOPHIE

(very timid and embarrassed. Still very quickly)

No wonder if my cheeks are pale, Your Highness.

Wär' gar kein Wunder, wenn ich blass bin, Euer Gnaden.

I have been dreadfully afraid for my poor father,

Hab' einen grossen Schreck erlebt mit dem Herrn Vater.

not to speak also of my anger at all the vile things that that hateful man has said and done.

Gar nicht zu reden von gerechtem Emportement gegen den skandalösen Herrn Baron.

I am most grateful, forever grateful to Your Highness for your help and kindness.

Bin Euer Gnaden in Ewigkeit verpflichtet, dass mit Dero Hilf' und Aufsicht—

MARSCHALLIN

(deprecatingly)

No need to talk so much. You're pretty, that's enough!

Red' Sie nur nicht zu viel, Sie ist ja hübsch genug.

And as for your dear papa's discomfort, I know just the medicine for him.

Und gegen dem Herrn Papa sein Übel weiss ich etwa eine Medizin.

I'll go, say a few words to him, and bid him

Ich geh' jetzt da hinein zu ihm und lad' ihn ein,

ride with me and you and Count Octavian in my own carriage, we'll go home now—don't you think

mit mir und Ihr und dem Herrn Grafen da, in meinem Wagen heimzufahren—meint Sie nicht,

that will be quite enough to make him well again

dass ihn das rekreieren wird und allbereits

and even cheer his spirits?

ein wenig munter machen?

SOPHIE

Ah, Your Highness, you are much too kind.

Euer Gnaden sind die Güte selbst.

MARSCHALLIN

And for your pale cheeks, I think my cousin there will have the cure.

Und für die Blässe weiss vielleicht mein Vetter da die Medizin.

OCTAVIAN

(with deep feeling)

Marie Therese, how good you are.

Marie Theres, wie gut Sie ist.

Marie Therese, I wish I knew—

Marie Theres, ich weiss gar nicht—

MARSCHALLIN

(with an enigmatic expression, softly)

I know nothing—

Ich weiss auch nix.

Nothing.

(quite without expression)

Gar nix.

She indicates to him to stay.

OCTAVIAN

(undecided, as if he wished to follow her)

Marie Therese!

Marie Theres!

The Marschallin remains standing in the door. Octavian is beside her, Sophie further off to the right.

MARSCHALLIN

(aside, at the same time as Octavian and Sophie)

I made a vow to love him rightly, as a good woman should,
e'en to love the love he bore another,
I promised.
But in truth, I did not think
that all so soon I'd find the task await me.

(sighing)

Full many a thing is ordained in this world,
which we should scarce believe could be
if we heard others tell of them.

And only we who live them believe in them,
and know not how—

there stands the boy, and here stand I, and
with this pretty child of his
he will know happiness such as a man thinks

the best the world can give. God wills,
so be it.

[46] Hab' mirs gelobt, ihn lieb zu haben in der
richtigen Weis',
dass ich selbst sein' Lieb' zu einer andern
noch lieb hab'!
Hab' mir freilich nicht gedacht,
dass es so bald mir aufgelegt sollt' werden.

Es sind die mehreren Dinge auf der Welt,
so, dass sie eins nicht glauben tät',
wenn man sie möcht' erzählen hör'n.
Alleinig wer's erlebt, der glaubt daran und
weiss nicht wie—

Da steht der Bub und da steh' ich und mit
dem fremden Mäd'el dort

wird er so glücklich sein, als wie halt

Männer
das Glück'lichsein versteh'n. In Gottes
Namen.

OCTAVIAN

(together with the Marschallin and Sophie, first to himself, then gazing into Sophie's eyes)

Can I believe it has come to pass?
Would I could ask her, 'Can it be?' And just
that question

is the question that I dare not ask.

Would I could ask her, why, oh why, why
am I afraid?

What if a cruel wrong has been done? And
yet of her

I may not ask the question—and then I see
you by me,

Sophie, and see but you, know but you,

Sophie, and know no more but you: you,
you I love.

Es ist was kommen und ist was g'scheh'n.

Ich möcht' sie fragen: Darf's denn sein?

und grad die Frag',

die spür' ich, dass sie mir verboten ist.

Ich möcht' sie fragen: Warum zittert was
in mir?

Ist denn ein grosses Unrecht gescheh'n?

Und grad an die

darf ich die Frag' nicht tun—und dann

seh' ich dich an,

Sophie, und seh' nur dich und spür' nur
dich,

Sophie, und weiss von nichts als nur: dich
hab' ich lieb.

SOPHIE

(together with the Marschallin and Octavian, at first to herself, then gazing into Octavian's eyes)

I feel as when I'm kneeling, holy rapture
mixed with fear,
and rapture that's unholy too, I know not
what I feel.

Mir ist wie in der Kirch'n, heilig ist mir und
so bang

und doch ist mir unheil'g auch! Ich weiss
nicht, wie mir ist.

(with much expression)

I'd gladly kneel before My Lady there,
yet I'd hurt her

gladly; for I feel, she gives me him,

and yet robs me of part of him.

I know not how it is!

Could I understand! And yet I fear the truth!

Ich möcht' mich niederknien dort vor der
Frau und möcht' ihr

was antun, denn ich spür', sie gibt mir ihn
und nimmt mir was von ihm zugleich.

Weiss gar nicht wie mir ist.

Möcht' alles versteh'n und möcht' auch
nichts versteh'n.

Möcht fragen und nicht fragen, wird mir
heiss und kalt

und spür' nur dich und weiss nur eins:
dich hab' ich lieb.

I would know and yet not know;

I am hot and cold.

And know but you, know but this one thing:

that I love you.

The Marschallin goes quietly into the room on the left; the two others do not notice her. Octavian comes close to Sophie. A moment later she is in his arms.)

Bliss is too deep to understand,
one in happiness and hand in hand!
Years to come glimmer like the sun
before my eyes!

OCTAVIAN

[47] Spür' nur dich, spür' nur dich allein
und dass wir beieinander sein!
Geht all's sonst wie ein Traum dahin
vor meinem Sinn!

SOPHIE

Am I dreaming that here we stand,
one in happiness and hand in hand?

Ist ein Traum, kann nicht wirklich sein,
dass wir zwei beieinander sein,

Ever hand in hand to be
for all eternity!

beieinand für alle Zeit
und Ewigkeit!

In a palace once upon a day,
you were waiting till I stole you away.
They let me steal the brightest jewel there,
fools that they were!

OCTAVIAN

War ein Haus wo, da warst du drein
und die Leute schicken mich hinein,
mich gradaus in die Seligkeit!
Die waren g'scheit!

You are laughing? I stand in dread,
such a tumult runs in my head.
Hold me! A weak foolish thing,
to you I cling!

SOPHIE

Kannst du lachen! Mir ist zur Stell'
bang wie an der himmlischen Schwell'!
Halt mich, ein schwach' Ding wie ich bin,
sink' dir dahin!

She leans on him for support. At this moment Faninal's Footmen open the door and enter, each carrying a candlestick. Faninal, leading the Marschallin by the hand, enters through the door. The two young people stand for a moment in confusion, then they make a deep bow, which Faninal and the Marschallin return. Faninal pats Sophie on the cheek with paternal benevolence.

FANINAL

It's ever so, youth will be youth!

Sind halt aso, die jungen Leut!

MARSCHALLIN

Ah, yes.

Ja, ja.

Faninal gives the Marschallin his hand, and conducts her to the centre door, which is at that moment thrown open by the Marschallin's suite, among them the little Black Boy. Outside the light is bright, inside it is half-dark, as the two Footmen precede the Marschallin with the candlesticks. Octavian and Sophie are left alone in the darkened room. Dreamily they repeat:

OCTAVIAN

Bliss too deep to understand,
one in happiness and hand in hand!
Years to come glimmer like the sun
before my eyes.

Spür' nur dich, spür' nur dich allein
und dass wir beieinander sein!

[29] Geht all's sonst wie ein Traum dahin
vor meinem Sinn!

SOPHIE

Am I dreaming that here we stand,
one in happiness and hand in hand?
Ever hand in hand to be
for all eternity!

Ist ein Traum, kann nicht wirklich sein,
dass wir zwei beieinander sein,
beieinand' für alle Zeit
und Ewigkeit!

BOTH

You are mine alone, you alone.

Spür' nur dich allein.

She sinks into his arms. He kisses her quickly. Her handkerchief drops from her hand without her noticing. Then they run quickly off, hand in hand. The stage remains empty. Then the centre door opens again. The little Black Boy comes in with a taper in his hand, looks for the handkerchief, finds it, and trips out. [9]

The curtain falls quickly.



Lotte Lehmann as the Marschallin.

Selective Discography

David Nice

The 1933 recording listed below is a series of excerpts rather than a performance with cuts — though these can be unexpectedly severe, too, in the final Act One confrontation between the Marschallin and Octavian. Erich Kleiber in 1954 preferred his *Rosenkavalier* absolutely complete, and Decca seemed happy to comply, though the result hardly set precedents; of subsequent sets, both of Karajan's and Bernstein's are variously cut. Posterity has nothing of Strauss conducting his opera in the theatre, but the voiceless

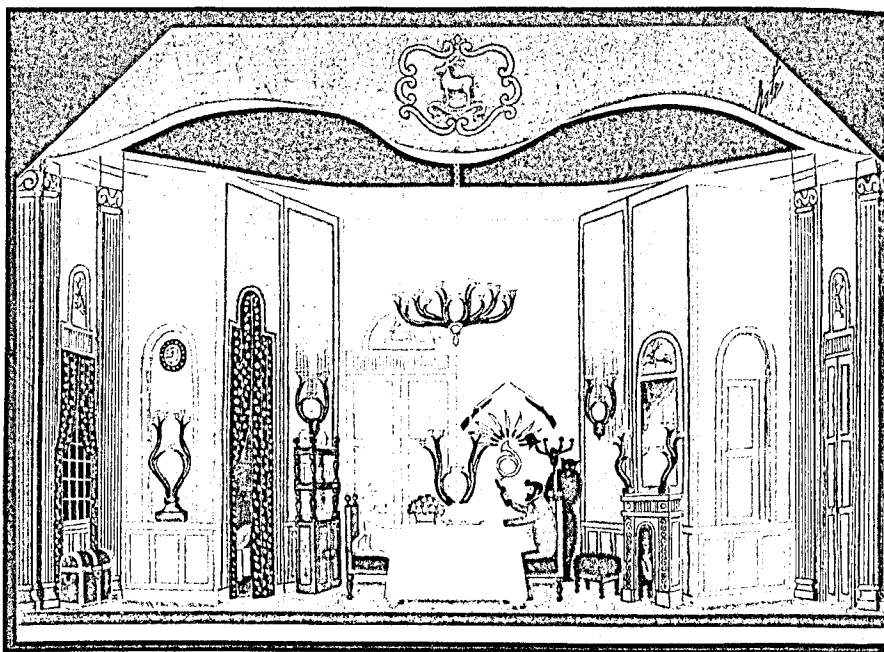
Conductor	<i>Weger*</i> (abridged, <i>see note</i>)	<i>E. Kleiber*</i>	<i>Karajan</i>
Orchestra	VPO	VPO	Philharmonia
Date	1933	1954	1957
<i>Marschallin</i>	Lehmann	Reining	Schwarzkopf
<i>Octavian</i>	Olczewska	Jurinac	Ludwig
<i>Sophie</i>	Schumann	Gueden	Stich-Randall
<i>Ochs</i>	Mayr	Weber	Edelmann
<i>Faninal</i>	Madin	Poell	Wächter
<i>Marianne</i>	Michalsky	Hellwig	Welitsch
<i>Valzacchi</i>	Gallos	Klein	Kuen
<i>Annina</i>	Paalen	Rossl-Majdan	Meyer
<i>Italian tenor</i>	—	Dermota	Gedda
CD number	Pearl GEMM CDS 9365 (2) + EMI CHS 7 64487 2 (2)	Decca 425 950-2 (2)	EMI CDS 7 49354 2 (3)

series of excerpts he made, with London's Tivoli Theatre Orchestra, for the 1926 film gives a very good idea of how he preferred to move the set pieces flexibly along. It is available either on Koch Legacy (3-7132-2 HI) or, in slightly better transfers, on EMI CDC 7 546102, coupled in both cases with a 1941 rendering of the Alpine Symphony. Two videos give a fuller picture: one features Solti's interpretation 16 years on from the Decca recording, in the context of John Schlesinger's Royal Opera production (Castle) and the other is the sole testament to Carlos Kleiber's electrifying Strauss conducting in Munich (DG). All recordings listed are currently available on CD only; those asterisked are in mono.

<i>Solti</i>	<i>Bernstein</i>	<i>Karajan</i>	<i>Haitink</i>
VPO	VPO	VPO	Dresden Staatskapelle
1969	1971	1984	1990
Crespin	Ludwig	Tomowa-Sintow	Te Kanawa
Minton	Jones	Baltsa	von Otter
Donath	Popp	Perry	Hendricks
Jungwirth	Berry	Moll	Rydl
Wiener	Gutstein	Hornik	Grundheber
Loose	Loose	Lipp	Faulkner
Dickie	Dickie	Zednik	Clark
Howells	Lilowa	Müller-Molinari	Powell
Pavarotti	Domingo	Cole	Leech
Decca	CBS	DG	EMI CDS
417 493-2 (3)	CD42564 (3)	423 850-2 (3)	7 54259 2 (3)

Bibliography

Perceptive discussions of *Der Rosenkavalier* are contained in the major studies in English of Richard Strauss: Norman Del Mar's *Richard Strauss: A critical commentary on his life and works* (Barrie and Rockliff, 3 volumes, 1962-1972; reprinted with corrections, 1978) and William Mann's *Richard Strauss: A Critical Study of the Operas* (Cassell, 1964). Michael Kennedy's volume on the composer for the *Master Musicians* series (Dent, 1976) is the best short introduction to his total output. The fascinating correspondence between Strauss and Hofmannsthal (Collins, 1961; reprinted Cambridge U.P., 1981) is a unique record of the collaboration of a composer and librettist. Alan Jefferson has published several books on Strauss, notably the Cambridge Opera Handbook to this opera. The most recent study of Strauss is the volume dedicated to him by David Nice in the *Illustrated Lives of the Great Composers* series (Omnibus, 1993).



Erté's design for Act Three, *Glyndebourne*, 1980, in John Cox's production, set around 1850.
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- 30 *Arabella Strauss*
Michael Ratcliffe, William Mann, Patrick J. Smith and Karen Forsyth. Translation by John Gutman
- 31 *Götterdämmerung Wagner*
Michael Tanner, Robin Holloway and Christopher Wintle. Translation by Andrew Porter
- 32 *Simon Boccanegra Verdi*
Rodolfo Celletti, James Hepokoski and Desmond Shawe-Taylor. Translation by James Fenton
- 33 *Jenůfa / Katya Kabanova Janáček*
Jaroslav Krejci, Karel Brusak, Arnold Whittall, Jan Smaczny, Alex de Jonge, John Tyrrell and Charles Mackerras. Translations by Otakar Kraus and Edward Downes, and by Norman Tucker
- 34 *Parsifal Wagner*
Mike Ashman, Dieter Borchmeyer, Robin Holloway, Carolyn Abbate and Gerd Rienäcker. Translation by Andrew Porter
- 35 *Das Rheingold Wagner*
John Deathridge, Roger North and Stewart Spencer. Translation by Andrew Porter
- 36 *Il barbiere di Siviglia / Moïse et Pharaon Rossini*
Philip Gossett, John Rosselli, Marco Spada, Ubaldo Gardini, Pierluigi Petrobelli and Richard Bernas. Translations by Edward J. Dent, and John and Nell Moody
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Der Rosenkavalier has one of the longest and most exquisitely crafted texts of all opera. The full brilliance and subtlety of the characterisation can only be appreciated by those who have read it. Derrick Puffett notes that the sentimentality and parody of the subject perfectly matched Strauss's genius. Michael Kennedy's detailed musical commentary shows how the large orchestra is handled with exceptional skill. Peter Branscombe points out that Hofmannsthal set a new standard of libretto writing for this century and shows how the ideas in *Der Rosenkavalier* may be traced in his other works for the stage, in his prose and poetry.

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