

# Translation of Arias

## **1.) Immolation Scene**

[From the opera Götterdämmerung by Wagner]

Make a stack of sturdy logs for me there, at  
The edge of the Rhine, piled high for a  
funeral Pyre. Let a high and bright blaze  
consume the Body of the noblest of all  
heroes.

Bring his steed here, so that it may follow its  
Valorous master together with me; for my  
Body aches to share the hero's holiest  
honor. Fulfill Brünhilde's word!

His light, like the sun, clearly shines on me.  
He was the most pure, he who betrayed me!  
True to his friend, he deceived his Wife, and  
even separated himself with his Sword from  
his own true love.

No man more honest ever swore an oath;  
None truer than he ever kept treaties;  
None more true loved as he did; And yet, no  
Other betrayed truest love, all oaths, all  
Treaties, as he did!

Do you know why this was so? Oh you, of  
Oaths eternal guardians, turn your gaze  
upon My increasing distress, and behold  
your Everlasting! Hear my lament, oh  
mighty Wotan!

Through his most daring deed, which you so  
Eagerly desired, you sacrificed he who  
Accomplished it to the curse which had  
Befallen you. The purest of all men had to  
Betray me, so that I should become a  
woman Of wisdom!

Do I now know what avails you? All, I know.  
All is now clear to me! I hear your ravens  
Stirring even now with dreaded and desired  
Tidings. I am sending both of them home  
Now. Rest, you God!

*[Brünhilde signals for Siegfried's body to be  
lifted onto the pyre and she removes the Ring  
from his finger and gazes at it...]*

Now I take my inheritance for myself.  
Accursed circlet! Terrible Ring! Your gold I  
Seize and now give away;

To the wise sisters in the depths of the  
water, The Rhine's swimming daughters; I  
thank you For your good advice. What you  
crave, I leave It for you; Take it for  
yourselves out of my Ashes. The fire that  
consumes me shall cleanse The ring of its  
curse! You, in the waters, wash It away and  
preserve the pure shining gold, Which, to  
your misfortune, was stolen from You.

Fly home, you ravens!  
Recount to your master what you have  
heard Here at the Rhine! Fly past  
Brünhilde's rock! Direct Loge, who still  
blazes there, towards Valhalla, (Home of  
the Gods) for the gods' End is dawning now  
at last. Thus I throw this Firebrand at  
Valhalla's glittering towers.

*[She hurls the torch onto the wood pile, which  
quickly bursts into flame. The two ravens fly up  
from the rock by the shore and disappear.  
Brünhilde sees her horse, Grane, takes hold of  
it, unbridles it and leans towards it, saying:]*

Grane, my steed! I greet you!  
Do you know, my friend, where I shall lead  
You? In that radiant fire lies your master,  
Siegfried, my blessed hero. Are you happily  
Neighing because you re following your  
Friend? Are you drawn to him, in the  
Laughing flames?

Feel my bosom, how it also burns; Bright  
fire Seizes my heart, to embrace him, to be  
Enfolded in his arms, to be married to him  
by A love most powerful!

Heiajaho! Grane! Greet your master!  
Siegfried, look! Your wife joyfully greets  
you!

*[Brünhilde's jumps onto the horse and with one bound they leap into the burning pyre and are consumed. Then the Rhine overflows its banks and the three Rhine Maidens swim past on the waves. Hagen, fearing he will lose the ring, plunges himself into the flood in search of it. The Rhine maidens pull Hagen down under, exultantly holding up the recovered ring, swimming and rejoicing as the waters subside back into the river bed, while Valhalla, home of the gods, is seen being consumed completely in flame. ]*

[End of Opera]

## **2.) Ewig war ich (Eternal I was)**

[From the opera Siegfried by Wagner]

*[Brünhilde has just been awaked from her imprisonment in the ring of fire by Siegfried. She sings to him:]*

Eternal I was, eternal I am, eternal in sweet,  
Yearning bliss, yet eternal for your sake!

Oh Siegfried! Glorious one! Treasure of  
the World! Life of the earth! Laughing hero!  
Leave, oh leave! Let me go! Do not  
approach me with your passionate  
closeness! Compel me not with your  
violating pressure! Do not destroy me, your  
beloved!

Did you ever see your reflection in a clear  
Brook? Did it please you, carefree  
youngster?

If you were to stir up the water and cause a  
Wave, the brook's clear surface would  
dissolve; you would no longer see your  
image, but only the wave's eddying surge!

Then do not touch me! Do not trouble me...

Ever bright, see yourself in me, laughing to  
Greet you, a happy and blithe hero!  
Oh Siegfried! Glittering sprout! Love  
yourself And leave me alone; Do not  
destroy me!

## **3.) Hojotoho!**

[From the opera Die Walküre by Wagner]

*[Brünhilde shouts a warning to her father, the god Wotan, as she leaps from rock to rock:]*

Hoyotoho! Hoyotoho! Heiaha! Heiaha!

I warn you, father, prepare yourself! You  
are About to undergo a hard storm. Fricka,  
your Wife, is approaching in her chariot,  
drawn by a Team of rams. Ho! How she  
swings that Golden whip! The poor animals  
are bleating With terror; the wheels rattle  
furiously; She is Riding here in a fierce fury  
to give you a Mighty scolding.

I will not engage willingly in such quarrels,  
Even though I love a bold men's battle. So,  
We'll see how well you survive the storm:  
I, happily, leave you in the lurch!

Hoyotoho! Hoyotoho! Heiaha! Heiaha!

#### **4.) Mild und Leise**

[From the opera Tristan und Isolde by Wagner]

*[Isolde fixes her gaze onto Tristan's dead body and sings with growing ecstasy:]*

Gently and quietly how he smiles;  
How fondly he opens his eyes...  
Do you see, my friends? Do you not see it?

Always brighter, how he shines, soaring on  
high Stars sparkling around him? Do you  
not see it?

How his heart proudly swells in him, how it  
pulses Full and brave in his breast?

How sweet breath is softly wafting, blissfully  
and Gently from his lips? Friends! Look!  
Do you not Feel and see it? Do I alone hear  
this melody, which Is so wondrous and quiet  
in lamenting bliss; All-Revealing, gently  
pardoning, coming from him and Through  
me?

Are waves of refreshing breezes, more  
clearly Resounding, wafting about me? Are  
they billows Of blissful fragrance?

As they swell and roar about me, should I  
breathe? Should I listen to them? Should I  
sip them? Should I plunge beneath them?  
Sweetly, in fragrances, Breathe my life  
away?

In this surging swell, in this resounding  
echo, in this Vastness, in this ALL of the  
world's breath that Wafts To drown... to  
sink... unconscious...  
Highest bliss!

[Isolde, as if transfigured, sinks into her  
friend Brangäne's arms, then onto Tristans's  
body and dies. Deep emotion and a sense  
of exaltation exists among those present,  
now that Tristan and Isolde are together at  
last and at peace. King Marke blesses their  
bodies.

[End of Opera]

#### **5.) Senta's Ballad**

[From Der Fliegende Holländer by Wagner]

*[Senta tells the story of "The Flying Dutchman"  
to the group of spinning maidens:]*

Yohohoway! Yoho! Yoho!

Did you ever encounter that ship in the sea,  
with Blood-Red sails and a black mast? On  
her high Bridge, the pale man, the ship's  
master, watches Without rest!

Hoy! How the wind howls! Yohoway!  
Hoy! How it whistles in the rigging!  
Yohoway!

Hoy! Like an arrow he flies on, without aim,  
Without rest, without peace!

Yet, redemption can still be found for that  
pale Man one day, should he ever find a  
woman who Will remain faithful to him until  
death on this Earth! Ah! When will you find  
her, pale seaman?  
Pray to heaven that soon a woman will keep  
faith With him!

In a violent storm, in raging winds, he once  
sought To round a cape; He cursed and  
swore in a mad fit Saying "In all eternity, I'll  
not give up!"

Hoy! And Satan heard it! Yohoway!  
Hoy! Took him at his word! Yohoway!  
Hoy! Now damned, he roams throughout  
the seas, Without rest and without peace!

Yet, so that the poor man should still be  
able to Find redemption on this earth, the  
angel of God Showed him the path to  
salvation! Ah! If only you Could find it, pale  
seaman!

Every seven years, he sets anchor and  
goes on shore To woo a woman. He has  
wooded every seven years, But has not ever  
found a faithful woman.

Hoy! "Hoist the anchor!" Yohoway!  
Hoy! "Raise the sails Yohoway!  
Hoy! "False love, false faithfulness! Off to  
sea, Without rest, without peace!"