

Die Walküre

Words and music by Richard Wagner

ACT I

*The inside of a dwelling place built of wood surrounding the stem of an ash tree.
Siegmund opens the entrance door and enters.*

*He appears exhausted, having been in a fierce fight.
He collapses.*

Whoever's house this is, here I will slumber.
Sieglinde enters, thinking her husband has returned.
A stranger here? I must approach him.

Who is this man who lies by the hearth?

Weariness made him fall asleep.

Has he lost consciousness? Or is he ill?

He seems to be breathing; it seems he's just sleeping.
Valiant seems he to me, though exhausted now.

—A drink! A drink! —I'll bring you water.

Here's relief for your lips, which are parched.

Water, as you have asked!

Cooling relief the water has brought;
my load of cares is suddenly light.
My spirits return; my eyes enjoy a blessed, glorious sight.

But who restores me to life?

This house and this wife belong to Hunding.
He will welcome his guest; stay here till he returns!

Weaponless am I.
A wounded guest cannot trouble your husband.
Oh, quickly show me your wounds!

So slight are they, not worth your concern;
my limbs are intact, my body still firm.
Had my shield and spear been as strong,
half as strong as my body,
I never would have fled.
But my shield and my spear were cleft,
and so I fled the enemy's rage.
A thunderstorm challenged my strength;
as fast as I fled the hunters,
faster my weariness fled.
Darkness had covered my eyes,
but sunlight shines on me now.
Sieglinde fills a horn with mead and offers it to Siegmund.
I bring you a drink of honeyed mead,
hoping you'll not refuse.

Touch it first with your lips.
Sieglinde sips from the horn and gives it back.
Siegmund takes a long draught, his gaze resting on Sieglinde with warmth.

Evil fortune's never far from me.
May I keep it away from you!
I've rested so sweetly; I feel refreshed.
Onward must I away.

Who pursues you; why must you flee?
Ill fate pursues me, follows my footsteps.
Ill fate is near me, soon will consume me.

May ill fate stay far from you!
So must I leave you now.

No, do not go! You bring no ill fate to me,
for ill fate has long been here!

"Wehwalt" ["Woeful"] – that is my name.
Hunding will find me waiting.

Sieglinde starts, listens and hears Hunding, who is leading his horse to the stable.
She goes quickly to the door and opens it.
Armed, he enters and pauses seeing Siegmund.
Hunding turns to Sieglinde with a look of stern inquiry.

Here he lay, weary and worn. Need led him to us.

—You cared for him?

—I cooled his thirsty lips, cared for him as guest.

Rest and drink – both she brought. Why would you then reproach her?

Sacred is my hearth; sacred keep you my house.

Go, prepare us our meal!

Hunding looks keenly and with surprise at Siegmund's features.

She looks like the stranger!

A glittering snake seems to shine in their glances.

You have strayed far from your way;
you rode no horse, yet reached my house.
What strenuous journey brought you to me?

Through field and forest, meadow and marsh,
driven by storms and sorest need,
I know not which way I have come.
Where I have wandered I cannot tell you;
may I now learn that from you?
The roof above, the house you see...
...these are Hunding's own.

Go to the West when you leave this house,
and there my kin live in rich homesteads...
...where Hunding's honor is guarded.
You will honor me too, if you'll kindly tell me your name.

Though you fear to trust it to me,
my wife here longs to learn it;
see how eagerly she waits!
Guest, might I know who you are?

"Friedmund" ["Peaceful"] no one could call me.
"Frohwalt" ["Joyful"] – would that I were!
I'm "Wehwalt" ["Woeful"], named for my sorrow.
Wolfe – he was my father;
his two children were twins,
my unhappy sister and I.
Both sister and mother were lost –

my mother killed, and my sister borne off –
both gone when I was a boy.
Valiant and strong was Wolfe;
his foes were many and fierce.
Hunting went the boy with his father.
When weary and worn, returned from the chase,
we found our home laid waste.

Our lordly home was ruined by fire,
a stump where once an oak tree had stood.
The corpse of my mother lay at my feet.
No trace of my sister was ever found.
The Neidings' cruel band had dealt us the bitter blow.

Defiant, then we took to the woods.
There I lived with Wolfe, my father;
in hunting I spent my youth.
Many searchers followed our trail,
but we had learned to defend our lives.
A Wölfig tells you this tale,
and as "Wölfig" often I'm known.

Marvelous, monstrous stories come from our daring guest.
Wehwalt the Wölfig!
I think I've heard of the pair;
I've heard unholy stories spoken of Wolfe and Wölfig too.
But tell us more, oh stranger; where is your father now?

The Neidings raided again, hunting my father and me.
And many hunters fell in the battle;
they fled through the woods, chased by the wolves.
Like straw we scattered the foe.
But torn from my father was I; in the fight I lost him.
A long while I sought him.
Though I found the wolf-skin that he had worn,
the wolf-skin alone was all I ever found.

So I hastened from the woods,
and mingled with men and with women.

But all in vain: often I tried to win a friend,
to woo a maid;
everywhere I was mistrusted.
Ill-fate lay on me.

For what I thought was right,
others thought it was wrong.
And what seemed to me bad,
others held to be good.
And so it was wherever I went –
wrath found me, go where I would.
Striving for gladness, finding but woe.

And so I'm named "Wehwalt"... always
the sad one. Sorrow is mine.

Then the Norn who dealt you this fate – she felt no love for you.
No one greets you with joy when you arrive as guest.
Only cowards would fear a weaponless, lonely man.
Tell us, guest, how in the fight at last your weapons were lost.

A sorrowful child called for my help;
her kinsmen wanted to marry her to a man she could never have loved.
Straightway I went, eager to aid.
Her ruthless clan met me in fight.
They fell beneath my spear.
I killed her cold-hearted brothers.

The maid threw her arms around the dead; her rage had turned into grief.
In wildly flowing streams she bathed the dead with her tears
as she mourned for the death of those who'd wronged her, that ill-fated bride.

Then the brothers' kinsmen surged like a storm,
full of fury, eager to avenge themselves,
circling around me, ready to kill me.
But still the maid stayed by the dead.
My shield and spear guarded her life...
...till spear and shield were hewn from my hand.
Wounded, weaponless stood I;
she was killed while I watched.
I fled from the furious host.
On the bodies she lay dead.

You asked me; now you must know
why I'm not "Peaceful," but "Woeful!"

I know a riotous race; it does not respect what others do.
It's hated by all and by me.

I heard the summons to vengeance,
payment demanded for kinsmen's blood.

I came too late, and then returned home;
the fleeing outcasts' trace...
...I found inside once again.

My house guards you, Wölfing, today;
and tonight you are my guest.

But arm yourself well with weapons tomorrow;
tomorrow I've chosen for strife.
For death deeds you will pay well.

Out of this room! Linger no more!
Prepare my nightly beverage,
and tarry not to bed.

She turns slowly and with hesitating steps towards the storeroom.

*There she again pauses, lost in thought.
With quiet resolution she opens the cupboard,
fills a horn and shakes spices into it.
She turns her eyes on Siegmund to meet his gaze, which he keeps fixed on her.*

With a last look at Siegmund, she goes into the bedroom.

With weapons man must be armed.

You'll, Wölfing, meet me tomorrow.
You've heard what I've said.
Guard yourself well!

A sword, my father had promised,
would serve me in sorest need.
Weaponless here in a hostile house,

with his vengeance pledged, helpless am I.

His wife hailed me, wondrous and fair,
and blissful feelings filled my heart.

The woman who charms my heart,
she whose presence cast a strange spell,

is kept by force with the man...
...who mocks his weaponless foe.

“Wälse!” “Wälse!”

Where is the sword – the mighty sword I may use in battle
when from my bosom explodes the fury my heart now bears.
A light strikes the spot on the ash and a sword is seen.
What glistens there in evening’s gloom?
What a glow shines from the ash tree’s stem!

Unseeing eyes are blinded with light:
joyfully sparkles the beam.

How its glorious gleam inspires my heart!

Is it the glance of the woman so fair...
...which she left behind as she passed from here,
clung to the ash tree’s stem?

Deepening shadows covered my eyes,
but her radiant glance brightened my heart,
bringing me daylight and warmth.

Blessings came with the light of day;
the sun enwrapped me in glorious rays...
...until it faded from view.

But then it shone once more,
spreading evening’s flare.

And the ash-tree’s ancient stem...
...was lit with a golden glow.

Now pales the splendor, the light grows dim;
darkening shadows gather around me.
Deep in my bosom’s depths yet glimmers a dim, dying glow.
Dressed in a white garment, Sieglinde comes out of the bedroom.
—Sleeping, guest?
—Who comes this way?
Careful – listen to me!
In heavy sleep lies Hunding;
I gave him a drug in his drink.
Now, for the night, you are safe!
Safe when you are near!

Let me guide you now to a weapon;
and may you make it yours!
Then I can call you noblest of heroes;
the strongest alone masters the sword.
So listen well; mark what I tell you!

My husband's kinsmen sat in this hall,
invited as guests to his wedding.
The chosen woman, unhappy me,
felons had brought him as wife.
Sad, I sat there while they were drinking.
A stranger entered the hall –
a stranger dressed all in grey.

His hat hung so low
that one of his eyes was hidden;
but the other's glance filled them with terror...
...when their eyes met its threatening gaze.
I alone felt from its power sweet, yearning distress –
sorrow and solace combined.
At me glancing, he glared at the others.
With his hands he brandished a sword,
then drove it deep in the ash-tree's trunk.
It remains buried inside.

But one man alone could win it –
one who could draw it forth.

Of all the warriors, though bravely they labored,
not one could master the task.
Many tried it, and many failed it;
the strongest pulled at the steel.
None could draw the blade from the stem.

In silence the sword stays therein.

I knew then who he was,
who had come sorrowfully here.
I knew too who alone could draw the sword from the tree.

And oh, if I have found today that friend...
...come from the distance to end my grief,
then all that I've suffered in pain and distress –
yes, all I have borne in shame and disgrace,

all will be forgotten; all be atoned for!
Regained, all I had thought to be lost,
granted fulfillment if I've at last found that friend...
...and can hold that friend in my arms!

Oh loveliest bride, I am that friend;
both weapon and wife I claim!

Fierce in my breast blazes the vow that binds me ever to you.
For all that I've sought I see now in you;
in you all that has failed me is found!
Though you were shamed, though sad was my life,
though I was outlawed, and you were disgraced,
joyful revenge now laughs with our rapture!
I laugh too, in holy delight,
holding embraced all your glory,
feeling the throb of your heart!

Ah, who has gone? Or who has come?

No one left, but one has come:
see, now the Spring smiles on our love!

Siegmond draws Sieglinde to him onto the couch.

Winter storms have yielded to glorious May.
With gentle radiance sparkles the Spring;
on balmy breezes, light and lovely,
weaving wonders on his way.
On woods and meadows softly breathing,
widely open his laughing eyes –
the songs of happy birds reflect his voice.
Subtle fragrance perfumes his breath.
From his fervent blood are blooming beautiful flowers;
Buds and sprouts rise up at his call.
He waves his wand of magic over the world.
Winter and storm yield to his powerful hand.
As soon as his word was spoken,
the doors that barred him were broken –
the doors which had kept us parted from him.

To greet the sister here he has come;
for love has summoned the Spring.
That love was hidden deep in our hearts;

but now it laughs in the light.

The bride who is sister is freed by her brother;
the barriers fall that kept them apart.
Joyfully greet now the loving pair:
united are Springtime and love!

You are the Spring I've longed for and yearned for...
...in frost and in Winter's ice.

My heart greeted you with holiest concern...
...when at first your glance fell upon me.

Everything used to feel strange –
friendless, everything near me.
I'd felt that all was unknown –
all that ever came near.
But you came, and all was clear,
for I knew that you were mine
when I beheld you.
What was hid in my heart, what I am,
bright as the day dawned in my sight;
the echoing sound rang in my ears
when in Winter's icy bleakness
my eyes first beheld my friend.

O sweetest enchantment!
Woman most blest!

Oh, let me clasp you and hold you closer,
to see more clearly your holy light...
...that shines from eyes and loving glance...
...that so sweetly capture my heart.
The Springtime moon shines on you now,
crowning with glory your wavy hair.

Ah, now I know what magic snared my heart,
what glances feed my delight.

Your noble brow is broad and clear;
the branches of veins in your temples entwine!

I tremble, and the rapture holds me entranced.

A marvel stirs in my memory:

Though first I saw you today,
I'd seen your face before!

I too recall a dream of love:
in ardent yearning you were my dream!

A stream had shown my reflected face,
and now I find it before me:
In you I see it again,
just as it shone from the stream!

You are the image I held in my heart.
Be still, while to a voice I listen:

The voice that I heard, I heard as a child.
But no! I know when I heard it:
when through the woods I called,
and echo rang in reply.
O loveliest music, voice that enchants me!

And your gleaming eyes – I've seen them before:
The stranger in grey gazed on me so...
...when he came to console my grief.
By that gaze his child knew the truth;
I knew by what name I should call him!

"Wehwalt" – is that your name?
Don't call me that, now that you're mine;
my sorrow has turned to rapture!
Then "Friedmund" may I now gladly call you?
Name me yourself by the name you would call me;
I'll call myself what you will!

And yet you called Wolfe your father?
A wolf to the cowardly foxes!
But when his eye shone on me proudly,
as your eyes shine on me now,
then was "Wälse" so named.
Was Wälse your father?
And you are a Wälsung?
Then it is yours, that sword in the tree.
So let me re-name you as I so love you:

“Siegmond” [“Victor”] – that is your name!

Siegmond call me, as “Siegmond” names me!
As witness, this sword I’ll fearlessly master!
Wälse had promised, in greatest need...
...it would be mine.

I grasp it now!

Holiest love and greatest need,
love with its longing, passionate need...
...brightly burn in my breast
urging deeds and death!
“Nothung!” [“Needed one”] Nothung! –
Let that be your name.
Nothung, Nothung, conquering steel!
Show me your sharp and severing blade!
Come out of your scabbard for me!
With powerful effort, Siegmund pulls the sword from the tree.
Siegmond, the Wälzung, stands here, wife!
As bride’s gift he brings you this sword...

...and wins himself the woman most blessed.

From hostile house he’ll lead you away.

Far from here, follow me now,
forth to the laughing land of the Spring.
Your guard is Nothung the sword,

when Siegmund lies felled by your love.

Are you Siegmund, standing before me?
Sieglinde am I, who longed for you.
Your own twin sister you’ve won all at once
with the sword!

Bride and sister be to your brother.
May the Wälzung forever endure!

ACT II

A wild rocky place. A gorge slopes from below to a high ridge of rocks.

Brünnhilde, fully armed, and Wotan, carrying his spear.

Bridle your horse, war maiden. Soon a furious battle will blaze.
Brünnhilde, haste to the fray; you must see that the Wälzung wins!
Let Hunding decide where he belongs.
I do not need him in Valhalla.
So make ready and ride quickly into battle.

Hojotoho! Heiaha!

Take warning, Father. You must withstand a violent storm.
Fricka, your wife, draws near in her chariot drawn by rams.
Look how she wields her golden whip!
The beasts are groaning with fear. The wheels rattle furiously.
She comes to pick a fight.

I prefer not to be part of it, as much as I like bold men's battles.
Brave the storm as you may, I gladly leave you in the lurch.
Hojotoho! Heiaha!
Brünnhilde disappears behind the mountain.

Fricka, in a car drawn by two rams, comes up from the ravine.

The usual storm, the usual strife!
But now I must be steadfast!

To the mountains where you hid...
...to shun the sight of your wife,
here I've come all alone...
...to beg your promised assistance.

Let Fricka's troubles freely be told.

I perceived Hunding's need;
he called on me for revenge.
As wedlock's guardian I answered him;
I swore to punish the deed...
...that pair dared to commit,
so boldly wronging the spouse.

But what evil did they do...
...when Spring enticed them to love?
Love's magic power enchanted them,
and who can resist that power?
You foolishly try to pretend,

as though you are not aware,
that I have come to ask for revenge...
...for holy vows they have broken!

Unholy vows are the ones that bind unloving hearts;
so do not expect me to act,
to exert my power, where yours is helpless.
For when bold spirits are stirring,
I urge them onward to strife.

If you encourage adulterous love,
then prattle further and praise as holy...
...the incest that has been the love of a pair of twins!
So shudders my heart, and falters my mind;
wedlock unites the sister and brother!
When has it been seen...
...that brother and sister were lovers?

Now it's come to pass.

Then learn from this that a thing may happen,
although it's not happened before.

They love one another, clearly you know,
so, hear my words of advice:
Let bliss be yours as reward,
and smile on this with your blessing:
Siegmond and Sieglinde's bond.

Is this then the end of the glory of the gods,
since you begat the riotous Wälsungs?

I speak frankly; am I not right?

The worth of our holy race you've forgotten!

You've cast aside all that once you respected,
and broken the bonds you yourself had created,
loosened, laughing, your heavenly tie...

...so, the lustful pair could enjoy
all the freedom of blasphemy –
by your falseness, the unholy fruit.

Oh, why lament about marriage's vows –
those which you were first to defame.
You've always wronged your virtuous wife:
deep in a cavern, high on a mountain –
wherever, your eye shone with lust...
...as your roving fancy allured you.
Your scorn has broken my heart.

Much as it grieved me, I had to see you...
...lead into battle those wretched maidens,
your lawless love had brought to the world.

Yet you still respected your wife,
so the Valkyrie brood and Brünnhilde herself,
whom you love so well,
you commanded to listen to me.

But yet, now another name you have chosen:

and "Wälse" prowls like a wolf through the forest.
Now you have stooped to the depths of dishonor;
a mortal woman has fostered your children.
Now to whelps of a she-wolf...
...you would abandon your wife!

Then finish your work!
Fill the cup full!

You betrayed me; let me be trampled!

You've never learned what I could teach you:
to try to conceive a deed...
...before that deed comes to pass.
All you know are the things that have been,
but what is yet to come...
...is what rules in my mind.

Mark my words:

One is needed who is free from divine intrusion,
free from the will of the gods.

He alone can accomplish the deed...
...which, although it would save us,

the gods are forbidden to do.
Your thoughts are deep and...
...meant to confuse me.
What lofty deed can heroes accomplish...
...without our divine intervention?
Such heroism is only possible by our grace.
Does their courage not deserve your respect?
Who breathed the life into men?

Who kindled the sight in their eyes?
With your protection they seem strong,
with aspirations as you've inspired.
You fill them with daring,
then sing their praises to me.

With artful lies you would still deceive me...
...and try through artifice to escape me,
but for this Wälsung your pleading's in vain.
In him rests only you,
and he's bold only through you.

In bitter sorrow he grew up himself;

I never gave him any help.

Then do not help him now!

Take back the sword that you gave him once.
-The sword? -Yes, the sword, the magical glittering sword...
...you bestowed upon your son!
Siegmund had won it himself in his need.

You made him to need,
and you gave him the sword.

Can you deceive me, when day and night...
...I have followed your steps?

For him you had struck that sword in the stem,

and you promised him it would be found.
Can you deny it was only your art...
...that led him where it was hidden?

No noble will battle with bondsmen,
and only free men may punish.

I have tried to compete with your power,
yet Siegmund shall fall as my slave.

Shall he who owes you service and homage...
...be master now of the goddess, your wife?
Shall one so base outrageously shame me,
despised by the world, and mocked by the free?

My husband cannot desire that;
his goddess he'd never profane!

What must I do?

Forswear the Wälsung!

He'll go his own way.

You must give him no help...
...when to arms the avenger calls!

I'll give him no help.
Do not deceive me; look in my eyes.

The Valkyrie keep from him, too!

The Valkyrie's...

...free to choose.
Not so; your commandments are all she obeys.
Command that Siegmund shall fall!

I cannot destroy him; he found my sword.

Demolish the magic, and shatter the sword!
Helpless, Siegmund will fall!

And here is your valiant maid,
joyfully coming this way.
I called her to Siegmund's defense!

And today her shield shall shelter the honor...
...of Wotan's holy wife!
If men in their scorn...
...will laugh at our might,
even we gods will be gone!

If today your warlike daughter...
...should not avenge all the wrongs to your wife...

...the Walsung dies for my honor.

Will Wotan now pledge me his oath?

Take my oath!

Fricka meets Brunnhilde and pauses before her.

War father waits for you.
Let him tell you how the lot has fallen!
Fricka drives away.
Brunnhilde comes forward anxiously to Wotan.

I fear the dispute has ended badly. Fricka was laughing at the outcome.
Father, what must you tell me about?
You seem so gloomy and sad.
I'm caught in chains I have forged.

I am bound as a slave.
I've never seen you like this. What nags at your heart?
Oh, holy shame!
Terrible affliction!

The curse of being a god!
Incessant grief!
Eternal wrath!
I'm the saddest of all beings!
Father! Speak. What is it?
You're making me frightened and anxious.
Have trust in me. Speak to your most loyal Brunnhilde.
If I say it aloud, would I not forever lose the power of my will and decree?
Let Wotan say what he may, for it is to his will that he speaks.
Who am I if not your will?
What I never openly speak,
must stay unspoken forever.

I talk now to myself... and to you.

When young love's delights faded in me,
my spirit longed for power.
Driven by intense desire, I set out to conquer the world.
With naïve dishonesty I acted disloyally,
I made alliances concealing evil powers.
Loge cunningly tempted me, and then deserted me.

Yet I could not let go of love.
In my power I still longed for love.
The vile Alberich, chief of the Nibelung, broke from night's bonds;
he cursed love and won the Rhine's glittering gold...
...and with it untold power.

The ring he made from the gold I craftily snatched.
But I did not return it to the Rhine.
With it I paid the price for Valhalla.
The castle that the giants built for me...
...from which I ruled the world.

She who knows all that ever was...
...Erda, the wisest of women,
told me to give up the ring, warned me of imminent doom.
I wanted to know more of that doom,
but silently the woman vanished.
Then, I lost all peace of mind,
to know became my greatest need.
I went searching into the bowels of the earth,
and with love's power, I found her and overcame her.
Then I forced her hand.
She made her secret known to me.
But as a price, exacted a token of my love.
The world's wisest woman gave me you, Brünnhilde.

I raised you with eight sisters;
and it is through you Valkyries
that I hoped to upset the doom she foresaw:
the disgraceful end of the immortals.
That foes would find us strong in battle,
I sent you out to find heroes:
the proud men once ruled by our laws,
the very men whose courage we oppressed,
those who were deceived by our promises,

bound themselves to us in blind obedience.
You were to energize them,
endow them with strength for war and strife,
so that valiant troops would be ready to defend Valhalla!
We have filled your hall with heroes; I've brought many myself.

So what troubles you since all has been fulfilled?

There's one more thing: Erda issued one more omen!
Alberich's army would threaten our downfall.
His clan nurses the grudge he has for me.
Yet I am not afraid of his armies of darkness,
for my heroes are fierce and loyal.

His only hope would be to regain the ring.
Then all Valhalla would be lost.
He who cursed love knows the power of the ring...
...and would use it to our doom.
He would set my own heroes against me,
urge my brave warriors to revolt,
he would wage war on me with their strength.
Fearful, I have devised a plan to wrench the ring from my foe.

The giant Fafner, who built my castle, received the cursed ring as payment.
He guards the ring for which he slew his brother.
I must seize the ring from him,
the very ring I used to pay him.
But I have made a bond that forbids me to strike openly.
Powerless before him, my courage would fail me.
and those are the shackles that bind me now.
The same honor that that once made me master,
now holds me a slave.

There is only one who could do what I cannot:
a hero without allegiance to me,
a stranger to the god, free from his favor,
fearless and capable with his own strength to do what I cannot,
something I did not command, though it were my only wish!

He who, despite the gods, would still fight as my ally.
This friendly foe, how could I find him?
How can I create a free man whom I have never shielded,
who by defying me will be most dear to me?

How can there be such a man except that I created him?
Who could accomplish this quest?
Oh godly torture and terrible shame!
I'm disgusted with myself and everything I've created!
The one whom I'm searching for has never been seen.
He must be sovereign, be free;

and I am only capable of fashioning slaves.

But what of the Walsung, is he not free?

Once, we roamed the forest together;
Against the council of the gods I incited him to boldness –
his sword alone protects him from the wrathful gods,
the very sword I gave him in his need.
For all my cunning, I could not hide it.
Fricka was easily able to see through it!
Before her gaze, I stood in shame:
and now I must yield to her will!

So you will deprive Siegmund of victory?
I have touched Alberich's ring, greedily held its gold!

The curse from which I fled remains with me.

Now, I must abandon my child...

...slay the man I most cherish...

...betray his trust in me!

Farewell to lordly splendor,
splendid shame and godly pretense!
May all that I've created fall to ruin!
I abandon my work.
There is but one thing that awaits me: 904a. The end!

The doom that Alberich has prayed for.

Now I finally grasp the truth of old Erda's riddle:

"When love's dark enemy produces a son in anger,
the end of the blessed ones will soon come."

There is a rumor from the Nibelung...
...that Alberich overpowered a woman and extorted her favor for gold.
A woman is carrying the fruit of his hatred,
a child of spite grows in her womb.
This miracle is granted to the loveless one,
and though I have loved, I cannot bring forth a free man!

So take my blessing, son of Alberich!
What so deeply disgusts me, I give you as inheritance,
the empty mantle of my divinity,
may your resentful greed take it!

Speak, tell me. What must I do now?

Fight purely for Fricka. Defend the laws of marriage!
Her decision must become my own.
What use is my own will?
For my will cannot create a free man.
You must fight with Fricka's warriors!

Ah! Repent, take back your words!
You love Siegmund;
out of love for you, I know you must protect him.
You must kill Siegmund and protect Hunding with your shield.
Watch yourself and keep strong,
bring all your boldness to the battle,
Siegmund wields a victorious sword,
you won't find a coward in him!
You have always taught me to love him,
his noble virtues are dear to your heart.
You cannot sway me with disingenuous words!

Ha, bold daughter, do you defy me?
Who are you, if not the blind tool of my will?

When I confided in you did I sink so low...
...that my own daughter can mock me in scorn?
Haven't you seen my wrath, child?

Your courage would fail and you would be crushed under its force!

Deep within my heart there smolders a rage...
...that could cast ruin upon the entire world.
The world that once delighted me.

Woe to him that strikes it!
His pride would turn to sorrow!

Be wise then and do not cross me.
Obey my order:
Sigmund must die!
This be the Valkyrie's task!

He stalks away quickly and disappears into the mountains.

I've never seen the war father so livid,
even when he's been upset by a quarrel.

She stoops down sadly and takes up her weapons.

My weapons weigh heavily on me now.

They were so light when I fought as I wished.
Now I creep reluctantly and fearfully to battle.

Alas, my Walsung!
In your greatest need I must disloyally forsake you.

*Arriving at the rocky pass, Brunnhilde looks into the gorge.
There, she sees Sigmund and Sieglinde.
She watches them for a moment and then disappears into a cavern.*

Stop here now; let's take a rest.
Further!
No further now!

Rest, most beloved wife!
You rushed away from such delight,
stormed off with such haste!
Through forest and meadow I could scarcely keep up.
Without a word, you hurried over rocks and stones,
running and ignoring my calls for rest.

Now take a rest,
talk to me.
Break this silence that scares me!
See, your brother holds his bride.

Siegmund is your best friend!

Away, away! Shun the dishonored one!
My embrace is unholy.
Defamed and defiled, let me die...
...and then shun this corpse. Leave me!
Let winds blow her away, she who disgraced the hero!

Though he loved her dearly,
though he filled her heart with joy...

...though he gave all of his love – awakening in her all of hers,
from that sweetest bliss, holiest sanctification,
all her soul and senses overflowed...

...with fear and terror because of ghastly shame...

...that could not but horrify me in my disgrace...
because I belonged to a man...
...who obtained me without love!

I am cursed; let me run away from you!
I am outcast and bereft of honor!
Now I must denounce the purest of men,
I will never be worthy of you, wonderful man.
I have brought disgrace to my brother,
shame to the friend who freed me!

For the shame you have felt, the miscreant will pay with his blood!
So, flee no further. Wait here for the enemy.
He will die here at my hand.
When Nothung pierces his heart, you will have your revenge!

Listen! The horns, do you hear them?
From the wood and the vale I hear furious cries all around.
Hunding has woken from his slumber!

His kinsmen and hounds respond to his call;
The frenzied pack is howling wildly.
They cry to heaven for the broken marriage vow!

Where are you, Siegmund?
Are you still here?
Dearly beloved, resplendent brother!

Let your starlit eyes shine sweetly on me once more,
Do not spurn the kiss of your loving wife!

Listen, listen!

That's Hunding's horn!

His hounds approach with mighty force!
No sword can help you against them.
Drop your blade, Siegmund!
Siegmund, where are you?

There – I see you – oh horrible vision!

The dogs are gnashing their teeth.
They'll pay no heed to your noble features.
They'll seize your feet with their fangs!
You fall, your sword shatters to pieces!
The ash tree falls; its trunk is cleft!

Brother, my brother! Siegmund, ah!
Sister! Beloved!
Sieglinde sinks into Siegmund's arms.

Brünnhilde comes from the cave and advances slowly to the front.

Siegmund, look at me!

It is I – You must soon follow me.

Who are you, standing before me so fair and stern?

Only those doomed to die can see me.
Whoever looks at me must leave the light of life.

I only appear on battlegrounds.
The noblest of heroes alone will gaze on me.

If I follow you,

where will you lead me?
I will lead you to the war father, who chose you.
You will follow me to Valhalla.
Will I find no one but the war father in Valhalla?

The noble band of fallen heroes...
...will greet you there with solemn welcome.

In Valhalla, will I find Wälse, my own father?
You will find your father there, Wälsung.

Will a woman give me a fond greeting there?
There will be many desirable maidens.
Wotan's loving daughter will wait on you.

You are splendid, and I recognize the holy daughter of Wotan.
But tell me one thing, immortal!

Can this brother take with him his sister and bride?
May Siegmund embrace Sieglinde there?
She must still breathe the air of earth.
You will not find Sieglinde there, Siegmund.

Then greet Valhalla for me,
greet Wotan,
greet my Wälse for me and the heroes.
Greet the lovely maidens too.

I will not follow you to them.

You have seen the Valkyrie's withering glance.
You must go with her!

Wherever Sieglinde is, in sorrow or pleasure,
Siegmund will also be there.
Your glance hasn't withered me yet,
and it will never force me anywhere!
So long as you live, nothing can force you;
but death, you fool, cannot be tricked.
I was sent here to tell you of it.
By whose hand do I fall, if I am to die?

Hunding will strike the blow.
I'm not daunted by the threat of Hunding's might!
If you're lurking here, lusting for strife, take him as your catch.
He will be the one to fall!
You, Wälsung, hear me well!
Your death has been decreed!
Do you know this sword?

He who made it promised me victory.
With its blade, I defy your threats!
He who made it has decreed your death.
He will take the power from the sword!
Calm yourself and do not frighten my sleeping wife!

Woe! Sweetest wife!
You are the saddest woman of all!
The whole world rages around you,
And I, the only one you trust...
...the only one for whom you braved the world...
...shall I not shield you with my protection?
What must I do but betray you?
Shame on him who gave me the sword,
if he decreed this disgrace for me!
If I must indeed fall,
I will not go to Valhalla.
May hell receive me instead!

So little do you value everlasting paradise?
Is the woman everything to you,
who, tired and sorrowful, lies limp in your care?
Do you think nothing else is glorious?

You seem so young and beautiful...
...yet how cold and hard my heart knows you are!

If you only want to mock me, then please go away,
you cruel, hard-hearted maiden!
If you must feed on my grief,
then by all means rejoice!
Let my woe be a pleasure to your heart.
But waste no more words on the detestable joys of Valhalla!

I see the grief that consumes your heart.
I feel the hero's holy anguish!

Siegmund, leave your wife with me,
my shield will protect her!

It is my duty alone to safeguard so true a woman;
if I am to die, I shall kill her first, asleep!
Walsung! Madman! Listen to me!
Leave your wife with me,

for the sake of the pledge that she conceived for you in love.
This sword which in trust a traitor gave to me...
...this sword, which must cowardly betray me to my foe...
...if it is useless against my foe, then let it at least kill my friend!

Here, two lives are yours.
Take them both, Nothung, envious sword!
Both, with one blow!
Stop, Wälsung!

Hear me out!
Sieglinde shall live...
...and Siegmund...
...shall live with her!
I have decided.

I'll turn the fate of this battle.
For you, Siegmund, I ensure luck and victory!

Do you hear the horn?
Prepare for battle, hero!
Trust in your sword and wield it boldly,
it will serve you truly,
as the Valkyrie will protect you!
Farewell Siegmund, blessed hero!
We shall meet again on the battlefield!

Brünnhilde rushes away and disappears with her horse.

The charms of sleep made her forget her grief and sorrow.

When the Valkyrie came to me...
...did she bring her this sweet comfort?
Wasn't the carnage of war enough to terrify my poor wife?

She seems lifeless, but is alive.

This sad one has found a dream full of smiles.

Sleep on then, until the battle is over,
and peace brings you joy!

He lays her gently onto the rock and kisses her forehead.

He who calls me must now make ready.

He will get what he deserves!

Nothing shall doll out his death!

Sieglinde begins to move restlessly in her dreams.

If only father would come back home.

He's still in the woods with the boy.

Mother, I am afraid!

These strangers do not seem friendly or peaceful!

Black smoke fills all the air,

fiery flames are licking around us.

The house is burning!

Help me, brother! Siegmund!

Siegmund!

Hunding's horn call sounds nearby.

Wehwalt! Stand ready for battle, or should I let my hounds handle you?

Where are you hiding that I went past you?

Stand so that I may face you!

Hunding! Siegmund! If only I could see them!

Come here, vile traitor!

Fricka will smite you down!

Do you think I am still unarmed, coward?

You threaten me with women,

but fight for yourself or Fricka may let you down!

Behold! From the trunk of your own tree...

...I fearlessly drew this sword.

Soon, you will feel its sharp edge!

Stop, you men!

Murder me first!

Strike him, Siegmund. Trust in the sword.

Wotan appears, standing over Hunding, holding his spear against Siegmund.

Beware my spear! Let the sword be shattered!

Brünnhilde sinks back with her shield. Siegmund's sword shatters.

Hunding plunges his spear into the disarmed Siegmund.

He falls dead.

Sieglinde falls with a cry.

Brünnhilde, in haste, turns to Sieglinde:

To my steed, so I may save you!

She lifts Sieglinde quickly onto her horse and disappears.

Away, slave.

Kneel before Fricka.

Tell her that Wotan's spear...

...avenged the shame she bore.

Go!

Wotan waves his hand and Hunding sinks dead to the ground.

But Brünnhilde! She will regret her crime!

Her disobedience will be punished when my steed catches up with her!

ACT III

*A forest of pine trees and the entrance to a cave. Storm driven clouds fly swiftly by.
The Valkyries gather in full armament.*

Hojotoho! Heiaha!

Helmwige, over here with your steed.

Hojotoho! Heiaha!

A Valkyrie on horseback becomes visible. A slain warrior hangs from her saddle.

Tether your steed next to my mare to graze.

Who hangs from your saddle?

Sintolt the Hegeling.

Take your horse away from my mare...

...for she carries Wittig the Irming.

Sintolt and Irming were always enemies.

Heiaha! The stallion is kicking my mare!

The steeds quickly take up their riders' quarrels!
Quiet Bruno! Do not disturb the peace.

Here, Siegrune! Where were you dawdling?

There's work to do!

Where are the others?

Grimgerde and Rossweisse! They ride together.

Welcome, you warriors, Grimgerde and Rossweisse!

Lead the horses to graze and rest in the wood.

Keep them apart until our heroes' hatred has calmed!

My grey has already felt enough of their rage!

Welcome!

Did you two ride together?

We rode separately but met up today.

If we are all gathered, let's not tarry.

We must start soon for Valhalla.

Wotan is waiting for us.

We are but eight, one is missing.

Brünnhilde is still with that swarthy Wälsung.

We must wait for her.

Wotan would be angry...

...if we arrived without her.

This way!

Brünnhilde is galloping this way.

She's riding her steed to the forest.

Her noble steed is panting after riding so fast!

No Valkyrie has ever ridden with such speed!

-What does she have in her saddle? -That's no hero!

That's a woman.

How did she find her?
Doesn't she have any greeting for us?

Brünnhilde, don't you hear us?
Hurry and help our sister out of her horse.

Her strong horse stumbles and falls!

She's lifting the woman from the saddle.
Sister, what has happened?

Shield me and help me in my greatest need!
From where have you ridden?
For the first time I am being chased.
War father follows close by!
Are you out of your mind? Tell us!
Father is chasing you? Why?

Sisters, look out from over the rocks.
Look North to see if he approaches.

Quick! Do you see signs of him?

A terrible storm comes from the North.
The sky is dark with black clouds.

Wotan is riding his sacred steed!
The furious hunter who is chasing me is coming from the North.
Protect me, sisters! Save this woman!
What's wrong with her?
Listen quickly; she is Sieglinde, the wife and sister of Siegmund.
Wotan is furious with his children, the Wälsung.
I was commanded to withhold victory from my brother,
but I protected him with my shield, disobeying the god.
Wotan killed Siegmund with his spear.
Siegmund fell, but I fled here with his wife.
I have hurried to you to save her.
Protect me, in my fear, from the blow of punishment!
Misguided sister, what have you done?
Woe, Brünnhilde!
Have you deliberately disobeyed the war god?
Dark as night he approaches from the North!
An angry storm steers this way!
His steed neighs wildly! **1395a.** Fearfully, it snorts on its way!

Woe to Sieglinde if Wotan finds her here!
He threatens destruction on all the Wälsungs!
Which of you will lend me your lightest horse...
...to spirit the woman out of his reach?
Are you urging open defiance?
Rossweisse, sister, lend me your racer!
He has never run from the war father.
-Helmwige, I pray! -I must obey our father.
Grimgerde, Gerhilde, lend me a horse!
Schwerleite, Siegrune, see my distress!
Be true to me now, as I have been to you!
Help me save this woman!

Sieglinde starts up and throws her arms around Brünnhilde.

Let no thought of me grieve you.
Death is all I want.
Who bade you to flee with me, kind maiden?
In the fight, I surely would have been struck down...
...by the same weapon that killed Siegmund,
I would have met my end united to him.
Far from Siegmund. Siegmund... so far!
The thought is dreadful, worse than death!
If I am not to curse you for this flight,
then hear my solemn prayer!

Plunge your sword into my heart!
Woman, you must live for love's sake!
Save the pledge of love he gave you:
A Wälsung grows in your womb!

Save me, bold maiden!

Save my child!
Protect me, maidens, with all of your power!

The storm draws near!
Flee, all who fear it!
Get the woman away. If danger threatens her,
no Valkyrie dares protect her!
Save me, maiden! Save a mother!

Away, then, fly swiftly and fly alone!

I'll stay here to face the wrath of Wotan.
I'll detain the angry god here...
...while you flee his burning anger.

Where should I go?
Which of you sisters has ventured in the East?
A great forest spreads far to the East;
Fafner carried off the Nibelung treasure into it.
The giant took the shape of a dread dragon.
In a cave he guards the ring of Alberich!
That's no place for a helpless woman.
And yet the forest would shelter her from Wotan's rage.
Our father fears and shuns the place.
Wotan rides furiously to the rock!
Brünnhilde, listen to the roar of his approach!

Fly then swiftly to the East!
Be bold and bear every pain,
hunger and thirst, thorns and rocks,
laugh at suffering and hardship!
Remember one thing and mind it well,
the noblest hero the world has ever known:
You, woman, do shelter in your womb!

She gives her the broken fragments of Siegmund's sword.

Keep the fragments of the magic sword for him.
I carried them fortunately from his father's death place.
He will forge them anew and one day wield the sword.
Let me give the name he shall bear:
"Siegfried" in triumph shall live!

Oh holiest of miracles!
Noblest maiden!
I thank you for your holy comfort!
For him whom we loved, I will save the child.
May my thanks one day bring you smiling reward!
Farewell! May Sieglinde's woe bless you!

*She departs. The summit of the rock is enveloped in dark storm clouds.
Thunder is heard and a lurid light illuminates the forest.*

Stop, Brünnhilde!
Horse and rider have arrived at the rock!

Woe, Brünnhilde, his vengeance is ablaze!
Ah sisters, help! My heart is failing!
His anger will crush me if you do not protect me.
Don't let him see you!
Keep silent if he calls; take shelter behind us!

They ascend the rock, concealing Brünnhilde in their midst.

Woe, Wotan swings from his steed furiously!
He hurries this way bent on vengeance!

*Wotan strides forward and stops in front of the Valkyries,
who have drawn up in such a manner as to conceal Brünnhilde.*

Where is Brünnhilde? Where is the traitor?
Do you dare to conceal the miscreant from me?
The tone of your voice is terrible!
What have your daughters done to provoke such rage?
Do you mock me? Do not be impudent!

I know you are hiding Brünnhilde from me.
Have no regard for the outcast, for she has no regard for herself!

She sought refuge with us, pleaded for our protection.
With great anticipation she feared your wrath.
For our anxious sister, we now beseech you...
...to be merciful with her.

Softhearted gaggle of women!
Did you inherit such frail resolve from me?
Did I bring you up to brave bloody battles?
Did I make your hearts hard and keen?
So that you would now weep and wail as wild women...
...as soon as I must avenge a traitor?

Then learn, crying maidens,
what her crime was before you go on weeping.
No one knew my innermost thoughts as she did.

No one but she knew of my true resolve.

She was the very daughter of my every wish.

Now she has broken the bond between us,

disloyally sought to thwart my will,
openly mocked my command,
and lifted against me the very spear that I made for her!

Do you hear me, Brünnhilde?
You whom I granted bright armor and weapons,
strength and beauty, name and life?

Do you hear these terrible charges,
hide in terror from your accuser,
and cowardly run from punishment?

Brünnhilde comes forth from the group, pausing some distance from Wotan.

Here I am, father.
Pronounce your sentence.

It is not my sentence to dole, only what you have invoked.
It is only by my will that you exist,
but now you set your will above mine.

My bidding you have carried out,
but now you seek to thwart my bidding.

I set you as agent of my wishes,
but now you dare to foil my wish.

I set you as bearer of my shield,
but now you raise that shield against me.

I set you as the disposer of fates,
but now you dispose fate against me.

I set you as the leader of heroes,
but now you raise the heroes against me.

Wotan guided what you once were,
what you are now, you guide yourself.

You are no longer the agent of my will.

You have been a Valkyrie.

From now on, you are nothing of mine!

Would you cast me out? Do I understand your meaning?
I will never again send you from Valhalla.
I will never again instruct you to seek heroes from battle.
You will never again bring victors to my hall.

At the banquets of the immortals...
...you will never again fill my horn with mead.
I will never again kiss my child's mouth.
From the gods you are now cut off,
exiled from the race of the immortals.

Our bond is dissolved.

You are banished from my sight!
Woe, sister!
Sister, oh sister!
Do you take from me everything you once gave?
You must lose everything I have given!
I banish you into this mountain.
I will lock you into defenseless sleep.
Any man can win the maid...
...who finds her here and awakens her.

Stop, father! Take back the curse!
Must she wither and die for a man?
Stop! Hear our plea!
Terrible father! Spare her this disgraceful fate!
Terrible god!

As sisters, we would share her shame!

Did you not hear what I ordained?
Your faithless sister is severed from your number!
She will never again ride with you.

Her youth will wither away.
A husband will win her wifely favor.
To her husband she will belong henceforth.
She will sit by the hearth and spin, the object of mockery.

Brünnhilde sinks with a cry. The Valkyries stand back in horror.

Does her fate terrify you? Then shun this lost soul!

Leave here and never come back!
If any of you dare to stay here in defiance,
if any of you cling to her in sadness,
that fool will share her fate! Take my warning seriously!

Get up and be gone! Away from this hill!
Be quick and ride away lest calamity befall you!

Woe!

The Valkyries rush away in hasty flight toward the wood.

Wotan and Brünnhilde, who lies at his feet, remain alone.

Was it so terrible, what I did,
that my punishment must also be so terrible?

Was it so low that I stooped,
that my humiliation also be so low?

Was my trespass so dishonorable,
that this offense now robs me of all honor?

Oh speak, father. Do not look away. Silence your rage.

Control your anger and clearly explain to me my hidden guilt...
...which has stubbornly forced you...
...to cast out your beloved child!

Ask yourself what you did and your guilt will be explained.
I only carried out your bidding.
Did I bid you to fight for the Wälsung?
You told me to turn the tide of the battle.
But I reversed my decree!

That was after Fricka had perverted your mind.
When you took her point of view,
you became your own enemy.

I thought you understood me, and disdained conscious defiance.

But you thought me cowardly and foolish!

Did I not need to avenge treason because your end was so noble?

I am not wise,
but I'm certain of one thing: that you loved the Wälzung.

I knew the dilemma that compelled you...
...to completely forget this one thing.

You had to consider the alternative,
which was so sad and preyed on your heart,
that you should deny Siegmund your support.
Did you know this and still dare to lend him your shield?
Because I see with your eyes I held to the one thing...
...that turning your back on him forced you into a painful dilemma.

When Wotan is at war, I guard his back.
This time I only saw what you could not.

I could not help but see Siegmund.

I went to him to warn him of death.

I saw his eyes, heard his words.
I discerned the hero's distress.
I heard the chords of the brave man's lament,
the terrible sorrow of truest love,
the sad heart's great defiance.
These fell upon my ears,
my eyes witnessed what deep inside my chest...
...and my heart sensed with painful throbbing.

Astonished, I stood and I felt shame.

I could think of nothing but how to best serve him.
To share victory or death with Siegmund,

I knew that this alone was the lot to choose!

One man's love breathed this into my heart.
It was one will that allied me with the Wälzung.
And inwardly faithful to you,

I disobeyed your command.

So, you did what I longed to do...

...though necessity compelled me to refrain from it?
So easily did you imagine that love's bliss was attained...
...when burning pain stabbed me in the heart,
when need stirred my anger, and for the love of the world...
...I allowed the source of love to wither in my aching heart?

In agony, I turned against myself.
In a rage, I rose above my sorrows.

Angry hunger with its fiery desires made my dreaded decision:
In the wreck of my ruined world...
...I would end my own sadness.

At the same time, bliss was enfolding you.

Heavenly emotion's rapturous joy...
...brought a smile to your lips as you drank it in...
...while my divine distress was mingled with bitter bondage?

Then follow your loving heart from now on.
You have renounced me.

I must now shun you.
Never again can I share secret counsel with you.
We can never again work together.
While there is life and breath, the god may never meet you again!

This maid was doubtless unfit for you who,
astonished by your orders, did not understand you.
My mind urged me to only one thing:
To love what you loved.

If I must go away from you, never again to meet,
if you must break what once linked us,
cut yourself from your other half...
...that once belonged wholly...
...oh god, do not forget that!
Yet, you will not dishonor that other part of you,
not disgrace yourself by disgracing me!
It would demean you to see mortals mock and laugh at me!

You were happy to follow the might of love.
Now follow him whom you must love!

If I must depart Valhalla forever,
never again to be in your service,

if I must one day follow a husband,
then let no cowardly boaster have me as prize,
let him who wins me not be worthless!

You have renounced the war father.
I can no longer choose for you.

You have fathered a noble family.

A faint heart can never Spring from it.

The noblest hero, I know, will be born to the Wälsung race!
Don't speak to me about the Wälsung race!
When I lost you, I lost them as well.
Jealousy demanded their annihilation!
By tearing myself from you, I have rescued them!

Sieglinde bears the holiest fruit.
In pain and agony no woman has ever known,
she will bring forth what she is anxiously hiding.

Never ask me any favor for the woman;
and even less for the fruit of her womb.
She guards the sword that you made for Siegmund.
Which I broke to pieces!

Child, do not attempt to disturb my mind.
Await your fate as it falls to you.
I cannot choose it for you.

And now I must go, very far away.
I have stayed here too long.
As you turned from me, I must now turn from you.
I don't know what you wish for yourself,
but I must see your punishment exacted.
What have you decreed that I must suffer?

I shall enclose you in deep sleep.

Whoever finds the defenseless maiden,

shall awaken her and win her as wife!

If I am to be bound fast by sleep,
I'd be easy prey to any coward.

Please grant me one thing...
...for which I ask out of deep despair:
Protect the sleeper with frightful terrors...
...so that only the noblest and fearless hero...
...may ever find her here on the rock!

That's too much, that favor too great.

You must grant it to me!
If not, then crush the life out of your child!
Destroy this servant, the truest of maids!
Put out the light of her life with your spear!

But do not give your daughter to scorn and shame!

At your command let there be a gleaming fire...
with blazing flames round the rock!
Let its tongue sparkle, its teeth consume...
...any coward who might foolishly dare...
...to approach the terrifying rock!

Farewell, my brave and beautiful child!
You who are the light of my heart!
Farewell!

If I must reject you,
and may never again lovingly greet you,
If you may never again ride beside me,
or fill my horn at the banquets,
if I must lose you, whom I love...
the laughing joy of my eyes,
then a bridal fire will burn for you...
...as it never burned for any woman!

Let a blazing fire burn round the rock!
With devouring horror let it scare the faint of heart!
Let all cowards flee from Brünnhilde's rock!

For only one man will win the bride:

one freer than I, the god.

Overcome with joyous emotion, she throws herself into his arms.

That brilliant pair of eyes,
that, smiling, I often caressed...

...when the joy of battle won you a kiss...
...when childlike singing in praise of heroes...
...flowed from your dear lips.
Those radiant eyes...
...that in darkest storms shone on me...
...when hopeful yearning burned up my heart...
...when my wishes longed for worldly joy...
...through bewildering sadness.
For the last time...
...let them delight me now with farewell's last kiss!
May their star shine for that luckier man.
For the wretched immortal,
they must close now forever.

And so the god departs from you.
Thus, kisses your godliness away!

*He kisses her on the eyes; she sinks into his arms.
He carries her to a moss-grown bed, sheltered by pines.*

He turns the head of his spear against a mighty rock.

Loge, listen!

Come to me!
As I found you first, a fiery blaze...
...as then you vanished before me, a chaotic fire...
...as we allied together, I conjure you now!

Arise, magic flame!

Wind yourself around the rock for me!

Loge! Loge! Come here!

A flash of flame issues from the rock, which swells to an ever-brightening blaze.

He who fears the tip of my spear...
...will not pass through the enchanted fire!