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Operas*

TRISTAN AND ISOLDA

DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

BY

RICHARD WAGNER

VOCAL SCORE BY

RICHARD KLEINMICHEL

ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

HENRY GRAFTON CHAPMAN

WITH AN ESSAY ON THE STORY OF THE OPERA BY

H. E. KREHBIEL

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TRISTAN AND ISOLDA
DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

CHARACTERS

TRISTAN	<i>Tenor</i>	MELOT	<i>Tenor</i>
KING MARK	<i>Bass</i>	BRANGÆNA	<i>Soprano</i>
ISOLDA	<i>Soprano</i>	A SHEPHERD	<i>Tenor</i>
KURVENAL	<i>Baritone</i>	A HELMSMAN	<i>Baritone</i>

SAILORS, KNIGHTS AND ATTENDANTS

SCENE OF ACTION

- Act I. At sea on the deck of Tristan's ship, on the voyage from Ireland to Cornwall.
Act II. King Mark's castle in Cornwall.
Act III. Tristan's castle in Brittany.

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*The drama was first performed at Munich on June 10, 1865
with the following cast:*

TRISTAN	<i>Herr Schnorr von Carolsfeld</i>
ISOLDE	<i>Frau Schnorr von Carolsfeld</i>
KÖNIG MARKE	<i>Herr Zottmayer</i>
KURWENAL	<i>Herr Mitterwurzer</i>
MELOT	<i>Herr Heinrich</i>
BRANGÆNE	<i>Fr. Deinet</i>
EIN HIRT	<i>Herr Simons</i>
EIN STEUERMANN	<i>Herr Hartmann</i>

TRISTAN AND ISOLDA

“**A**VASSAL is sent to woo a beautiful princess for his lord. While he is bringing her home the two, by accident, drink a love-potion, and ever thereafter their hearts are fettered together. In the mid-day of delirious joy, in the midnight of deepest woe, and through all the emotional hours between, their thoughts are only of each other, for each other. Meanwhile the princess has become the vassal's queen. Then the wicked love of the pair is discovered, and the knight is obliged to seek safety in a foreign land. There (strange note this to our ears) he marries another princess, whose name is like that of his love, save for the addition ‘With the White Hand;’ but when wounded unto death he sends across the water for her who is still his true love, that she come and be his healer. The ship which is sent to bring her is to bear white sails on its return if successful in the mission; black, if not. Day after day the knight waits for the coming of his love, while the lamp of his life burns lower and lower. At length the sails of the ship appear on the distant horizon. The knight is now himself too weak to look. ‘White or black?’ he asks of his wife. ‘Black,’ replies she, jealousy prompting the falsehood; and the knight's heart-strings snap in twain just as his love steps over the threshold of the chamber. Oh, the pity of it! for with the lady is her lord, who, having learned the story of the fateful potion, has come to unite the lovers. Then the queen, too, dies, and the remorseful king buries the lovers in a common grave, from whose caressing sod spring a rose-bush and a vine and intertwine so curiously that none may separate them.”* Thus, in simplest outline, runs the legend which Wagner has given dramatic form in his “Tristan und Isolde.” It was long in the poet-composer's mind before it took shape. Wagner was an omnivorous reader; but it was during the period of his activity as operatic conductor in Dresden, from 1843 to 1849, that he gave particular attention to the study of old Germanic legends. How these studies bore fruit in “Lohengrin,” “Tannhäuser,” “Wieland der Schmiedt” (which remained a sketch), “Siegfried's Tod” (which grew into “Götterdämmerung” and eventually into the Nibelung trilogy), and “Parsifal,” the world knows. The legend of Tristram (or Tristan, to adopt the German appellation) is of vast antiquity; its origin is lost in the mists of early civilizations, like those of its companions which tell of Siegfried and Parsifal, with which it has elements in common and which had loving communion in Wagner's mind. As we know it, the tale of Tristan is Keltic, and it is at least remotely possible that the original Aryan root first blossomed in modern

* “*Studies in the Wagnerian Drama,*” by H. E. Krehbiel.

literary form in Wales. This was the fond belief of Sir Walter Scott, who in 1804 edited a metrical version attributed to Thomas the Rhymer, who was supposed to have been a poet of the fourteenth century. This branch of curious and interesting inquiry does not necessarily call for attention here, however, since the source followed by Wagner is sufficiently obvious. Enough that the singular charm of the tale "which half a millennium of poets have celebrated as the High Song of Love, the Canticle of all Canticles which hymn the universal passion" (*op. cit.*), is alike familiar to English and German literature. It has been told by Sir Thomas Malory, Lord Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, and Algernon Swinburne, each of whom has placed the stamp of his peculiar genius upon it. Long ago the love-song was sung by the French trouvères, and after them by the German Minnesinger. The most famous mediæval version is the German epic of Gottfried von Strassburg, a translation of which into the modern language by Hermann Kurtz was published in 1844. This, it may safely be assumed, fell under the eye of Wagner while he was delving in the legendary lore of his people in the Dresden period. Gottfried left the story unfinished, but two poets of his century, the thirteenth, were his continuators. Following these—Ulrich von Türnheim and Heinrich von Freiberg—Kurtz wrote the dénouement indicated in our outline, namely, the life of the hero in Brittany with Isolde of the White Hand, and his death as the immediate result of the falsehood about the sails. While Wagner was sketching his drama in 1855 an edition of Gottfried's epic appeared under the editorship of Karl Simrock. It offered nothing new in the reading of the text, but there were some ingenious allusions in the preface which seem to have provided Wagner with some of the pictures and symbolism with which the second act of his tragedy is rife. These were the dawn of day during the lovers' meeting (of which Shakespeare made such exquisite use in "Romeo and Juliet"), and the fateful result of the extinguishment of the torch, which has a prototype in the ancient legend of Hero and Leander. The incident of the sails belongs to Greek story—the legend of Ægeus and Theseus. Wagner evidently intended to employ the incident in a changed form, turning the black sails into a black flag, for, writing to Liszt late in 1854, he said: "As I have never in my life enjoyed the true felicity of love, I shall erect to this most beautiful of my dreams [he refers to the Siegfried drama] a monument in which, from beginning to end, this love shall find fullest gratification. I have sketched in my head a 'Tristan und Isolde,' the simplest of musical conceptions, but full-blooded; with the 'black flag' which waves at the end I shall then cover myself—to die." Other significant departures from the old legend made by Wagner, obviously for the purpose of intensifying and ennobling the character and passion of the fabled lovers, are the omission of the element of accident in

the drinking of the potion, and the second Isolde. Concerning the first of these I have spoken at considerable length in the book quoted at the beginning of this preface, and, since it is a matter that goes deep into the ethics of the drama, I may, perhaps, be pardoned for repeating some of my words: "The versions of Gottfried von Strassburg, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Tennyson and Wagner present three points of view from which the love of the tragic pair must be studied. With the first three the drinking is purely accidental, and the passion which leads to the destruction of the lovers is something for which they are in no wise responsible. With Tennyson there is no philtre, and the passion is all guilty. With Wagner the love exists before the dreadful drinking, and the potion is less a maker of uncontrollable passion than a drink which causes the lovers to forget duty, honor and the respect due to the laws of society. It is a favorite idea of Wagner's that the hero of tragedy should be a type of humanity freed from all bonds of conventionality. It is unquestionable, in my mind, that in his scheme we are to accept the love-potion as merely the agency with which Wagner struck from his hero the shackles of convention. Unquestionably, as Bayard Taylor argued, the love-draught is the Fate of the Tristan drama, and this brings into notice the significance of Wagner's chief variation. It is an old theory, too often overlooked now, that there must be at least a taint of guilt in the conduct of a tragic hero in order that the feeling of pity excited by his sufferings may not overcome the idea of justice in the catastrophe. This theory was plainly an outgrowth of the deep religious purpose of the Greek tragedy. Wagner puts antecedent and conscious guilt at the door of both of his heroic characters. They love before the philtre, and do not pay the reverence to the passion which, in the highest conception, it commands. Tristan is carried away by love of power and glory before men, and himself suggests and compels by his threats Marke's marriage, which is a crime against the love which he bears Isolde and she bears him. There is guilt enough in Isolde's determination and effort to commit murder and suicide. Thus Wagner presents us the idea of Fate in the latest and highest aspect that it assumed in the minds of the Greek poets, and he arouses our pity and our horror, not only by the sufferings of the principals, but also by making an innocent and amiable prompting to underlie the action which brings down the catastrophe. It is Brangäne's love for her mistress that persuades her to shield her from the crime of murder and protect her life. From whatever point of view the question is treated, it seems to me that Wagner's variation is an improvement on the old legends, and that the objection, which German critics have urged, that the love of the pair is merely a chemical product, and so outside of human sympathy, falls to the ground."

The letter to Liszt from which a brief quotation has been made indicates

that "Tristan und Isolde" had its inception in Wagner's mind in the fall of 1854. He was then living in Zurich, and it was three years before he began the execution of his plan. It was not to be a monument to a dream of felicity never experienced, or to his despair at ever seeing the completion of his "Siegfried" drama (which had advanced to the second act when it was laid aside), but the tribute to a consuming passion for the wife of a benefactor, whose generosity provided him with an idyllic home at Tribschen on the shores of Lake Lucerne. Love for Mathilde Wesendonck was the inspiration of both book and score, and it speaks tumultuously and with unexampled eloquence in the love music of the second act. Not until Wagner's letters to the lady were published, long years after both were dead, were all the facts in the case known. Frau Wesendonck was the author of the "Fünf Gedichte" which owe their preservation to the music to which Wagner wedded them. Two of the songs, "Im Treibhaus" and "Träume," when published were described as "Studies for Tristan und Isolde," and the latter at least may be set down as having, in a special sense, an autobiographical value. Four of the five were composed in the winter of 1857-58; "Im Treibhaus" on May 1, 1858. The theme of "Träume" was the germ of the love music of the second act of the tragedy, that of "Im Treibhaus" of the prelude to the third act. The prose scenario of the drama was written in August, 1857, finding its completion on the 20th day of that month, and the poem was practically finished within a month thereafter, that is to say, by September 18th. The pencil sketches of the music, all painstakingly and lovingly written over in ink by Frau Wesendonck, to whom they were presented by the composer, bear dates as follows: Act I, October 1, 1857, to New Year's eve; Act II, May 4 to July 1, 1858; Act III, April 9 to July 16, 1859. So much for what may be called the inner, or psychological, history of the work; its outward story is more prosaic. In May, 1857, after Wagner had been eight years an exile from his native land, he received an invitation from Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, to write an opera for Rio de Janeiro, come to the Brazilian capital, and conduct its first performances. It does not appear that Wagner ever seriously contemplated accepting the invitation, but it set him to thinking, and may have been the jolt which turned his mind again to the project which he had announced to Liszt two and a half years previously. Years had passed since he had begun work on "Der Ring des Nibelungen," and that stupendous enterprise held out little promise of fruition in the way of publication, and less of performance and royalties. At any rate he formulated a plan to write the opera in German, have it translated into Italian, dedicate the score to the Emperor of Brazil, and permit the performance in Rio de Janeiro, utilizing the occasion, if possible, to secure a performance of "Tannhäuser" beforehand. Meanwhile he would have the opera produced in its original tongue at Strass-

burg, then a French city conveniently near the German border, with Niemann in the titular rôle and an orchestra from Karlsruhe, or some other German city containing an opera-house. Of course, he communicated the plan to Liszt at once, and equally of course, Liszt approved the project heartily, though he was greatly amazed at the intelligence which he had from another source that Wagner intended to write the music with an eye to a performance in Italian. "How in the name of all the gods are you going to make of it an opera for Italian singers, as B. tells me you are? Well, since the incredible and impossible have become your elements, perhaps you will achieve this too;" and he promised to go to Strassburg with the Wagnerian coterie as a guard of honor for the composer. Nothing came of either plan, as we shall see, but Wagner, under a vastly different stimulus, wrote the opera, doing much of the work in Venice, whither he went that he might have quiet and work undisturbedly. He had carried on fruitless negotiations with Breitkopf & Härtel for the publication of his "Ring des Nibelungen," but the new opera seemed like a more practical proposition to the publishers, and they agreed to take the score for the equivalent of \$800, which sum they were to pay him on the receipt of the first act. When the project of the German performance was revived, Eduard Devrient, director of the Grand Ducal Theatre at Karlsruhe, persuaded the composer to give up Strassburg in favor of his city, which, in Schnorr von Carolsfeld and his wife, contained two artists in every way adapted to create the hero and heroine of the tragedy. Wagner wanted to supervise the production, however, and this was impossible so long as the decree of banishment for his political offences in Saxony was still in force. The Grand Duke of Baden appealed in his behalf to the King of Saxony, but all in vain; and in the fall of 1859 Wagner went to Paris, cherishing a dream of a performance there with German singers. This project, too, failed, and Wagner found that all that was left for him to do in the way of propagandism for his art was to give some concerts in Paris and Brussels, and finally, in 1861, to give the performances at the Grand Opera which resulted in one of the most famous and disgraceful scandals in musical history, a scandal compared with which the *guerre des buffons* and the combat of Gluckists and Piccinnists in the same city a century earlier was as child's play. Again began the search for a city in which "Tristan" might have its first hearing. Weimar, Prague, and Hanover were canvassed, and in the end Wagner turned to Vienna. Two years had elapsed since the score had been completed, and Wagner was consumed with desire to hear it, and as positive as he was of his own existence (so he writes to Ferdinand Praeger) that it was without an equal in all the world's library of music. To Vienna he now went, arriving there in May, 1861. He did not get his heart's desire, but he heard his "Lohengrin" for the first time—"Lohengrin," which had been composed thirteen

years before. As for "Tristan," it was accepted for performance at the Court Opera after some delay, and rehearsals begun; but after fifty-four of these, between November, 1862, and March, 1863, it was abandoned as "impossible." The next year saw the turning-point in Wagner's career. Ludwig of Bavaria became his friend and patron. Wagner went to Munich, and within a few months it was arranged that "Tristan und Isolde" should be performed at the Royal Court Theatre. On April 18, 1865, a public invitation went out from Wagner through the columns of a Viennese newspaper to his friends to attend the projected performance. Schnorr von Carolsfeld and his wife were brought from Dresden, whither they had gone from Karlsruhe, to create the principal characters; the composer's friends, official and unofficial, foregathered in large numbers, and after several trying postponements the first performance took place under the direction of Hans von Bülow, who had made the pianoforte score of the work, on June 10, 1865. The principal parts were distributed as follows: *Tristan*, Ludwig Schnorr von Carolsfeld; *Kurwenal*, Mitterwurzer; *Melot*, Heinrich; *König Marke*, Zottmayer; *Isolde*, Frau Schnorr von Carolsfeld; *Brangäne*, Fräulein Deinet. Twenty-one-and-a-half years later the tragedy reached New York, when it had its performance on December 1, 1886, with Albert Niemann, whom the composer had chosen to be the original creator of his hero in Strassburg, as *Tristan*, and Anton Seidl, the composer's pupil and apostle, in the conductor's chair. The parts were distributed as follows: *Isolde*, Fräulein Lilli Lehmann; *Brangäne*, Marianne Brandt; *Tristan*, Albert Niemann; *Kurwenal*, Adolf Robinson; *König Marke*, Emil Fischer; *Melot*, Rudolph von Milde; *Ein Hirt*, Otto Kemnitz; *Ein Steuermann*, Emil Saenger; *Ein Seemann*, Max Alvary.

Act I. The scene is laid on board of a ship which is within a short sail of Cornwall. Thither *Tristan* is bearing *Isolde*, daughter of the Queen of Ireland, to be the wife of *Marke*, King of Cornwall. A sailor, hidden in the rigging, sings a song to his Irish sweetheart which sets loose a tempest in the heart of the princess. In an outburst of rage she declares to her maid, *Brangäne*, that she will never set foot on Cornwall's shore; she deplores the impotency of her mother's sorcery over the wind and waves which she vainly invokes to dash the ship to pieces. *Brangäne* pleads to know the cause of her mistress's tumultuous disquiet and learns of the incidents which antedate those of which she is a present witness. Disguised as a harper and calling himself *Tantris*, *Tristan* had come to Ireland to be healed of a wound received in battle with *Morold*, *Isolde's* betrothed, whom he had killed and thus freed Cornwall from tribute to Ireland. *Isolde* nursed the stranger, but while doing so discovered one day that the edge of his sword was broken and that a splinter of steel taken from the head of her dead lover fitted into the nick in the sword's edge. Before her, at her mercy, lay the slayer of

him who was to have been her husband. She raised the sword to deal the avenging blow, but before it could descend the knight turned his glance upon her. Not upon the threatening sword, but into her eyes did he look, and in a flash her heart was empty of hate; an overwhelming love for him gushed up within her. "After telling this tale to *Brangäne*, Isolde sends the maid to summon *Tristan* to her presence; but the knight refuses to leave the helm until he has brought the ship into harbor, and his squire, *Kurwenal*, incensed at the tone addressed by the princess to one who, in his eyes, is the greatest of heroes, as answer to the summons sings a stave of a popular ballad which recounts the killing of Morold and the liberation of Cornwall by his master. The refusal completes the desperation of *Isolde*. Outraged love, injured personal and national pride (for she imagines that he who had relieved Cornwall from tribute to Ireland was now gratifying his ambition by bringing her as Ireland's tribute to Cornwall), detestation of a loveless marriage to 'Cornwall's weary king'—a thousand fierce but indefinable emotions are seething in her heart. She resolves to die, and to drag *Tristan* down to death with her. *Brangäne* unwittingly shows the way. She tries to quiet her mistress's fears of the dangers of a loveless marriage by telling her of a magic potion brewed by the queen-mother, with which she will firmly attach *Marke* to his bride. Thus innocently she takes the first step towards precipitating the catastrophe. *Isolde* demands to see the casket of magic philtres, and finds that it also contains a deadly poison. *Kurwenal* enters to announce that the ship is in the harbor and *Tristan* desires her to prepare for the landing. *Isolde* sends back greetings and a message that before she will permit the knight to escort her before the king he must obtain from her forgiveness for unforgiven guilt. *Tristan* obeys this second summons, and in justification of his conduct in keeping himself aloof during the voyage he, with great dignity, pleads his duty towards good morals, custom and his king. *Isolde* reminds him of the wrong done her in the slaying of her lover and her right to the vengeance which once she had renounced. *Tristan* yields the right, and offers his sword and breast, but *Isolde* replies that she cannot appear before *King Marke* as the slayer of his foremost knight, and proposes that he drink a cup of reconciliation. *Tristan* sees one-half her purpose and chivalrously consents to pledge her in what he knows to be poison. *Isolde* calls for the cup, which she had commanded *Brangäne* to prepare, and when *Tristan* has drunk part of its contents she wrenches it from his hand and drains it to the bottom. Thus they meet their doom, which is not death and surcease of sorrow, but life and misery; for *Brangäne* had disobeyed her mistress out of love, and mixed a love-potion instead of a death-draught. A moment of bewilderment, and the two fated ones are in each other's arms, pouring out an ecstasy of passion; then the maids of honor robe *Isolde* to receive *King Marke*, who is coming on board to greet his bride."

Act II. Scene, a garden before *Queen Isolde's* chamber; time, a lovely night in summer. A torch burns in a ring beside the door leading from the chamber into the garden. The king has gone a-hunting, and the tones of his hunting-horns, answering each other, come floating on the night air. *Isolde* appears with *Brangäne* and pleads with her to extinguish the torch, thus giving a preconcerted signal to *Tristan*, who is waiting in concealment. "But *Brangäne* suspects treachery on the part of *Melot*, a knight who is jealous of *Tristan* and himself enamoured of *Isolde*, and who had planned the nocturnal hunt. She warns her mistress and begs her to wait. In their dialogue there is lovely fencing with the incident of the vanishing sounds of the hunt, like Shakespeare's dalliance with nightingale and lark in 'Romeo and Juliet.' To *Isolde* the horns are but the rustling of the forest leaves as they are caressed by the wind, or the purling and laughing of the brook. Longing has eaten up all patience, all discretion, all fear. She extinguishes the torch in spite of *Brangäne's* pleadings, and with wildly-waving scarf beckons on her hurrying lover. Beneath the foliage they sing their love through all the gamut of hope and despair." There is a rude interruption in the moment of their supremest ecstasy. *Kurwenal* dashes on the scene with sword drawn and a shout: "Save thyself, *Tristan!*" *King Marke*, his courtiers, and *Melot*, are at his heels. The aged king accuses his nephew and knight of treachery and bemoans his ingratitude and the loss of his love. From the words of the heart-torn king we learn that he had been forced into the marriage with *Isolde* by the disturbed state of his kingdom, and that he had not consented to it until *Tristan* (whose purpose it was to quiet the jealous anger of the Cornish barons) had threatened to depart from Cornwall unless the King revoked his decision to make him his successor. *Tristan's* answer to *Marke's* sorrowful upbraidings is to obtain a promise from *Isolde* that she will follow him into the "wondrous realm of night." Then he makes a feint of attacking *Melot*, but permits the traitor's sword to reach his side. He falls wounded unto death.

Act III. "The dignified, reserved knight of the first act, the impassioned lover of the second, is now a dream-haunted, longing, despairing, dying man, lying under a lime-tree in the yard of his ancestral castle in Brittany, wasting his last bit of strength in feverish fancies and ardent longings touching *Isolde*. *Kurwenal* has sent for her. Will she come? A shepherd tells of vain watches for the sight of a sail by playing a mournful melody on his pipe. Oh, the heart-hunger of the hero! The longing! Will she never come? The fever is consuming him, and his heated brain breeds fancies which one moment lift him above all memories of pain, and the next bring him to the verge of madness. Cooling breezes waft him again towards Ireland, whose princess healed the wound struck by *Morold*, then ripped it up again with the avenging sword with its telltale nick. From her hands he took the drink

whose poison sears his heart. Accursed the cup and accursed the hand that brewed it! Will the shepherd never change his doleful strain? Ah, *Isolde*, how beautiful you are! The ship, the ship! It must be in sight. *Kurwenal*, have you no eyes? *Isolde's* ship! A merry tune bursts from the shepherd's pipe. It is the ship! What flag flies at the peak? The flag of 'All's well!' Now the ship disappears behind a cliff. There the breakers are treacherous. Who is at the helm? Friend or foe? *Melot's* accomplice? Are you, too, a traitor, *Kurwenal*? *Tristan's* strength is unequal to the excitement of the moment. His mind becomes dazed. He hears *Isolde's* voice, and his wandering fancy transforms it into the torch whose extinction once summoned him to her side: 'Do I hear the light?' He staggers to his feet and tears the bandages from his wound. 'Ha! my blood! flow merrily now! She who opened the wound is here to heal it!' Life endures but for one embrace, one glance, one word: 'Isolde!' While *Isolde* lies mortally stricken upon *Tristan's* corpse, *Marke* and his train arrive upon a second ship. *Brangäne* has told the secret of the love-draught, and the king has come to unite the lovers. But his purpose is not known, and faithful *Kurwenal* receives his death-blow while trying to hold the castle against *Marke's* men. He dies at *Tristan's* side. *Isolde*, unconscious of all these happenings, sings out her broken heart and expires.

*“And ere her ear might hear, her heart had heard,
Nor sought she sign for witness of the word;
But came and stood above him, newly dead,
And felt his death upon her: and her head
Bowed, as to reach the spring that slakes all drought;
And their four lips became one silent mouth.”*

H. E. KREHBIEL

Blue Hill, Maine, September 18, 1906.

ORDER OF THE SCENES

ACT I

SCENE

- I. Isolda, Brangæna ; Voice of a Young Sailor
- II. The Same ; Tristan, Kurvenal ; Sailors, Knights and Attendants
- III. Isolda and Brangæna (alone)
- IV. The Same ; Kurvenal
- V. Isolda, Brangæna, Tristan ; later Kurvenal, Sailors, &c.

ACT II

- I. Isolda, Brangæna
- II. Tristan, Isolda
- III. The Same ; Kurvenal, Brangæna, Mark, Melot, and Courtiers

ACT III

- I. The Shepherd, Kurvenal, Tristan
- II. Tristan, Isolda ; Kurvenal
- III. The Same ; the Shepherd, the Helmsman, Melot, Brangæna, Mark, and Attendants

TRISTAN AND ISOLDA

Tristan and Isolda.

Act I.

Introduction.

Richard Wagner.

Langsam und schmachkend.
Lento e languido.

Piano.

The musical score is written for piano in 6/8 time. It begins with a piano (pp) dynamic and a 'dim.' marking. The first system shows a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system features a 'cresc.' marking and a 'p' dynamic. The third system has 'sf più f' and 'ff' markings. The fourth system includes 'poco rall.', 'riten.', and 'cresc.' markings. The fifth system is marked 'a tempo' and 'zart dolce', with 'dim.', 'p', and 'cresc.' markings.

espress.
p *f* *p* *cresc.*

zart dolce *ten.* *belebt animato*
f *dim.* *p* *p* *p*

Belebend. Animando.
sf *cresc.* *sf* *molto cresc.*

rallent. *a tempo* *zart dolce*
ff *dim.* *dim.* *p* *p*

sf *p* *cresc.* *f* *f* *p*

cresc.

First system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present in the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Dynamic markings include *più f*, *ff* (fortissimo), *meno f* (meno forte), and *espress.* (espressivo). A *ped.* (pedal) marking with an asterisk is located in the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Dynamic marking *sempre più f* (sempre più forte) is present. The word *marcato* is written in the bass staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present in the bass staff.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present in the bass staff. Fingerings 3, 6, and 5 are indicated above the notes in the treble staff.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Dynamic markings of *più f* (più forte) are present in the bass staff. Fingerings 3, 6, and 5 are indicated above the notes in the treble staff.

Allmählich im Zeitmass etwas zurückhaltend.
Il tempo poco a poco ritenuto.

Scene I.

A marquee, richly hung with rugs, on the forward deck of a sailing-ship, at first entirely closed at the back; on one side a narrow companion-way leads to the cabin below.

Isolda on a couch, her head buried in the cushions. Brangæna, holding back a curtain, looks out over the side of the ship.

Mässig langsam.
Andante moderato.

The Voice of a young Sailor (from above, as if from the mast-head)

(kräftig)
(energico)

Tenor.

West-wärts schweift der Blick, ostwärts streicht das Schiff. Frisch
West-ward glanc - es sweep, east-ward steers the ship. The
(nachlassend) (calando)

weht der Wind der Hei-math zu:- mein i - rish Kind, wo wei-lest du?
west-wind wild blows homeward now:- mine I - rish child, where ling'rest thou?
(etwas gedehnt) (poco steso)

Sind's dei-ner Seuf-zer We - hen, die mir die Se - gel blä - hen?
Or is it, thou art try - ing to fill the sails, by sigh-ing? -

We - he, we - he, du Wind! - Weh, ach we - he, mein Kind! -
Blow then, wind fresh and wild! - Woe, ah! woe is my child! -

(feurig)
(con fuoco)

I - ri - sche Maid, du wil - de, min - ni-ge
Mine I - rish maid, my wild and am - o - rous

Lebhaft.

Vivace.

Isolda (starting up quickly)

(She looks round disturbed)

S.
I.

Maid!
maid!

Wer wagt mich zu höh-nen?
Who dares thus to mock me?

Mässig.
Moderato.

I.

Brangä - ne, du? - Sag', wo sind wir?
Brangæ - na, ho! Say, where are we?

Brangæna (at the opening)

B.

Blau-e Strei - fen stie - gen im
Bands of pur - ple rise in the

B.

We - sten auf; sanft und schnell se - gelt das Schiff; auf
west - ern sky; soft and swift forg - es the ship; and

B.

ru - higer See vor A - bender - rei - chen wir si - cher das
holds it out calm, ere eve - ning we'll reach of a sure - ty the

Isolda. Schnell.
Presto.

I.

Welches Land? Nim-mermehr! Nicht heut', noch
What land? Nev - ermore! To - day or

B.

Land. Kornwalls grü - nen Strand.
land. Cornwall's grass - y strand.

Brangæna (lets fall the curtain and hurries anxiously to Isolda)

I.
B.

mor - gen! Was hör' ich! Her - rin! Ha!
ev - er! What say'st thou, Mis - tress? Oh!

I.

Isolda (with wild gaze)

Ent-ar - tet Ge - schlecht, un - werth der Ah - nen!
De - gen - er - ate child, shame of thy fore - bears!

I.

Wo - hin, Mut - ter, ver - gabst du die
To whom, Moth - er, hast giv - en thy

I.

Macht, ü - ber Meer und Sturm zu ge - bie - - ten?
pow'r to command the storm and the o - - cean?

I.

O zah - - nie Kunst der Zau - - be - rin,
O pet - - ty craft! a sor - - cer - ess

I.

die nur Bal - sam - trän - ke noch braut!
that can brew herb - po - tions a - lone!

I.

Er-wa - che mir wie - der, küh - ne Ge - walt; herauf
A-wak - en with - in me, Spir - it of might! A-rise

I.

aus dem Bu - - sen, wo du dich bargst!
in my bo - - som, where now thou lurk'st!

I.

Hört mei - nen Wil - - len, za - - gende
Hear ye my or - - ders, cow - - ering

I.

Win - de! Her - an zu Kampf und Wet - - ter - ge -
breez - es! Up! up! and charge, with shock of the

I. *tös', zu to - ben - der Stür - me wü - then - dem Wir - bel!*
storm, and roar of the tem - pest - thun - der - ing whirl - winds!

I. *Treibt aus dem Schlaf dies träu - - men - de Meer,*
Rouse from its sleep this slum - - ber - ing sea,

I. *weckt aus dem Grund seine grol - len - de Gier! Zeigt ihm die Beu - te,*
wak - en the deep and the growl of its greed! Show it the boo - ty,

I. *die ich ihm bie - te! Zerschlag'*
I bring to bait it! And shat -

I. *— es dies trot - zi - ge Schiff, des zer - schell - ten Trümmer ver -*
— ter this in - so - lent ship, o - ver - whelm and tear it to

I. schling's! Und was auf ihm
shreds! And what there-on

I. lebt, den we-henden A - them, den lass' ich euch Win - den zum
lives, their trem-u-lous life - breath, I leave to you winds for a

Brangæna (in great alarm and anxiety for Isolda)

I. Lohn! O weh! Ach! Ach des Ü-bels, das ich ge-
wage! Ah woe! Ah! Ah! This trouble long have I

B. ahnt!- I - sol - de! Her - rin! Theu - - res Herz! Was
feared!- I - sol - da! La - dy! Dear - - est heart! What

Allmählich etwas mässiger im Zeitmass.
Poco a poco più moderato.

B. bargst du mir so lang? Nicht ei-ne Thrä - ne wein-test du Va-ter und
keepst thou hid so long? No tear at part - ing gav - est thou fa-ther or

B. Mut - ter; kaum ei - nen Gruss den Blei - ben - den bo - test
moth - er, and scarce a sign didst deign the for - sak - en

B. du: von der Hei - math schei - dend kalt und
ones: From thy home thou stol - est cold and

B. stumm, bleich und schwei - - gend
dumb! Pale and si - - lent

B. auf der Fahrt, oh - ne
all the way, atest thou

B. Nah - - rung, oh - ne Schlaf,
no - - thing, sleep - less, too,

Belebend.
Animando.

B. *starr und e - - lend, wild ver -
sick and trou - - bled, wild, dis -*

B. *stört: - wie er - trug' ich, so dich
traught: Could I bear it, thus to*

Mässiger.
Più moderato.

B. *se - hend, nichts dir mehr zu sein,
see thee? No - thing I to thee,*

B. *fremd vor dir zu steh'n? O, nun mel - de,
cold and strange to me? Tell, oh tell me*

B. *was dich müht! Sa - ge, kün - de, was dich quält!
all thy care! Tell me tru - ly all thy fear!*

B.

Her-rin I - sol - de, trau - te-ste Hol - - de, soll sie
 La - dy, I love thee, none is a - bove thee! Oh! if

ff *dim.* *dim.*

Heftig belebend.
 Animando con impeto.

B.

werth sich dir wännen, ver-trau-e nun Bran - gä - nen!
 good she's to do thee, Bran - gæ-na now take to thee!

p *dolce* *p* *sf* *sf* *p*

I.

Luft! Luft! Mir er-stickt das Herz! Öff-ne!
 Air! air! or my heart will burst! O - pen!

cresc.

I.

Öff - - ne dort weit!
 o - - pen there wide!

(Brangæna hastily draws apart the cur-

ff *dim.*

tains in the centre)

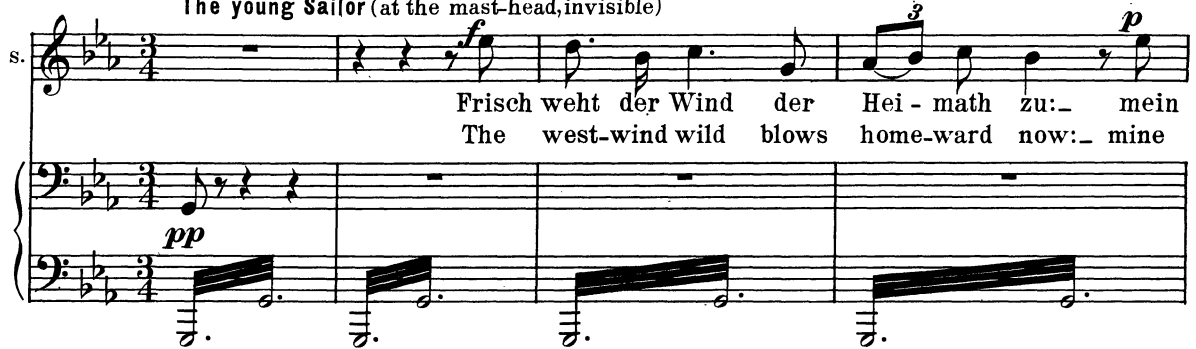
p

Scene II.

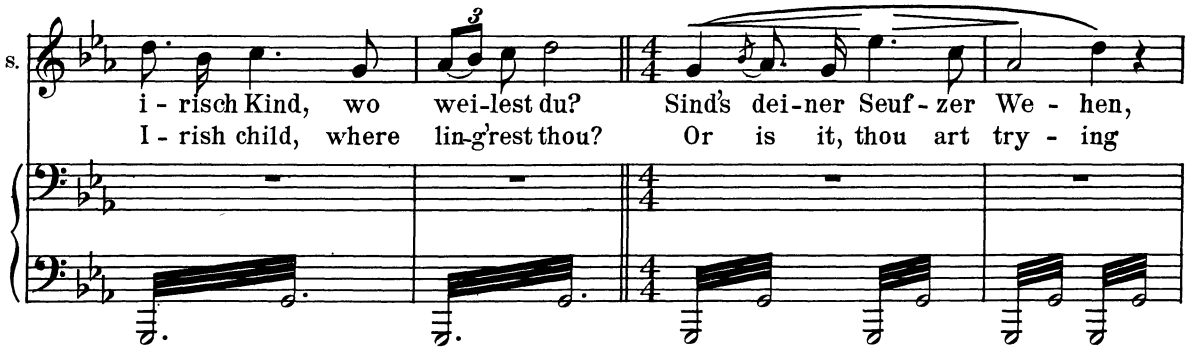
One now looks down the whole length of the ship to the helm, and over the stern across the sea to the horizon. In the centre, about the main-mast, are sailors, busied with ropes, and lying about; beyond them, in the stern, are knights and attendants similarly disposed; somewhat apart stands Tristan, his arms folded, gazing thoughtfully out over the sea; at his feet lounges Kurvenal. From the mast-head above, the voice of the young sailor is heard again.

Mässig langsam. Andante moderato.

The young Sailor (at the mast-head, invisible)

s. 

Frisch weht der Wind der Hei - math zu: - mein
The west-wind wild blows home-ward now: - mine

s. 

i - rish Kind, wo wei - lest du? Sind's dei - ner Seuf - zer We - hen,
I - rish child, where lin - g'rest thou? Or is it, thou art try - ing

s. 

die mir die Se - gel blä - hen? We - he, we - he, du Wind!
to fill the sails, by sigh - ing? Blow then, wind fresh and wild!

Isolda (whose eyes have at once sought Tristan and fixed stonily on him - aside, gloomily)

I. 

Mir er - ko - ren, - mir ver - lo - ren, -
I mis - tak - en! I for - sak - en! -

s. 

Weh, ach we - he, mein Kind!
Woe, ah woe is my child!

I. *f*

hehr und heil, — kühn und feig! — Tod - geweihtes
 Bright and brave! — Knight and knave! — Death - de-vot-ed

poco cresc. — *- cresc.* — *ff*

I. *p* (laughing unnaturally)

Haupt! — Tod - ge - weihtes Herz! — Was hältst du von dem
 head! — Death - de - vot - ed heart! — What think'st thou of the

p — *p* — *pp*

I. Knechte? Dort den Hel - den, der mei - nem Blick den sei - nen
 var - let? There, the he - ro, who turns his eyes a - way from

Brangæna (following her eyes)

B. Wen meinst du?
 Whom mean'st thou?

p espress. — *pp*

I. birgt, in Scham und Scheu - e ab - wärts schaut. — Sag', wie
 mine in fur - tive shame, and looks a - way: — Speak, how

Brangäne.

I.
B.

dünkt er dich? Frägst du nach Tristan, theu-re Frau? dem Wun-der al-ler
like you him? Speak'st thou of Tristan, la-dy dear? That mar-vel of all

p cresc. *mf*

B.

Rei-che, dem hoch-ge-pries'nen Mann, dem Helden oh-ne Gleiche, des
peoples, that man of high re-nown, that he-ro without e-qual, whose

sf *p* *sf*

Isolda (ironically).

I.
B.

Der za-gend vor dem Strei-che sich flüch-tet wo er
Who, shrinking from my whip-lash, wher-e'er he can, would

Ruh-mes Hört und Bann? fame so wide has grown?

p *sf* *p*

I.

kann, weil ei-ne Braut er als Lei-che für sei-nen Herrn ge-
hide, while to his mas-ter he bring-eth a corpse to be his

cresc. *f* *sf*

I.  *ff dim.* *p*

wann! Dünkt es dich dun- kel, mein Gedicht? Frag' ihn denn
 bride!- Think'st thou, there's naught in what I say? He is a

I.  *f* *p* *f*

selbst, den frei-en Mann, ob mir zu nah'n er wagt? Der Eh - ren Gruss und zücht'ge
 man, go ask him, then, if come to me he dare? This cai - tiff lord doth e'en neg-

I.  *p* *cresc.*

Acht vergisst der Her - rin der za - ge Held, dass ihr Blick ihn nur nicht er -
 lect to greet his la - dy with due re - spect; For he wants not her eye to

(etwas gedehnt)
 (poco steso)

I.  *ff* *p* *più p* *pp*

rei - che, den Hel - den oh - ne Glei - che! - O, — er weiss wohl, war -
 catch him, this knight with none to match him! Oh, — he knows why it

I.  *p*

um! - Zu dem Stol-zen geh; meld' ihm der Her-rin Wort! Meinem Dienst be-
 is! - Now to this Sir Pride bear you his la - dy's will! As my vas - sal

Brangæna.

I. B. reit, schleu - nig soll er mir nah'n. Soll ich ihn bit - ten, dich zu
bound straight-way let him come nigh. Shall I en - treat him to ap -

Isolda.

I. B. grüssen? Be - feh-len liess' dem Eigenhol - de Furcht der Herrin ich, I -
proach thee? Nay, let my lord forth-with betold, he mind his mistress, me, I -

(At a gesture of command from Isolda, Brangæna leaves her, and hesitatingly makes her way along the deck, past the busy sailors, to the stern; Isolda gazes after her with a blank expression, and throws herself back on the couch, and so remains, during what follows, her eyes steady fixed astern)

Gemächlich.
Comodo.

I. sol - de!
sol - da!

doch kräftig
ma energico

(Kурvenal sees Brangæna coming and, without rising, twitches Tristan's cloak)

poco cresc.

Kurvenal.

K. 

Hab'Acht Beware, Tri - - stan!
Tris - - tan!

p *sf*

K. 

Tristan (starting)

Bot - schaft von I - sol - de. Was ist? - I - sol - de? -
Sum - mons from I - sol - da! What's that? - I - sol - da? -

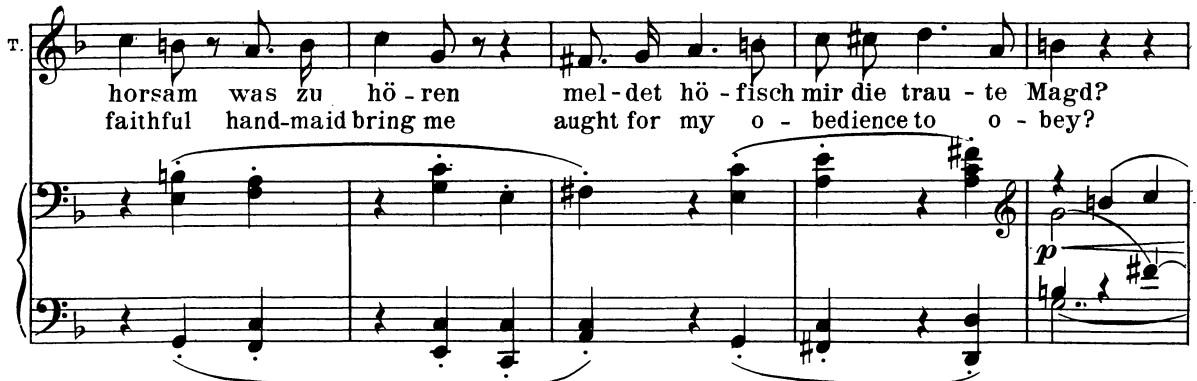
cresc. *sf*

(He quickly masters himself as Brangæna approaches and curtsies) *Mässig langsam.*
Andante moderato.

T. 

rallent. Von mei - ner Her - rin? - Ihr ge -
Art from my la - dy? - Doth her

p *f* *p*

T. 

horsam was zu hö - ren mel - det hö - fisch mir die trau - te Magd?
faithful hand - maid bring me aught for my o - bedience to o - bey?

p

Brangæna. 

Mein Her - re Tri - stan, euch zu se - hen
My lord, Sir Tris - tan, Sir, your la - dy

p *p*

B. wünscht I - sol - de, mei-ne Frau.
bids you straight-way come to her.

T. *Tristan.*
Grämt sie die lan-ge Fahrt, die geht zu
Thinks she the journey long? 'Twill soon be

T. End; eh' noch die Son-ne sinkt, sind wir am Land.
o'er: Hap-ly ere e-ven-song we'll be a-shore.

B. *Brangana.*
So mög' Herr
May't please Sir

T. Was mei-ne Frau mir be-feh-le, treulich sei's er-füllt.
What-so my la-dy com-mands me, light-ly shall be done.

B. Tristan zu ihr geh'n: das ist der Her-rin Will?
Tris-tan go to her: that is my la-dy's will.

T. Wo dort die grü-nen
Where yon-der grass-y

T. Flu-ren dem Blick noch blau sich fär-ben, harrt mein Kö-nig
mead-ows from dis-tance still are a-zure, for my la-dy

T. mei-ner Frau: zu ihm sie zu ge-lei-ten, bald nah'ich mich der Lichten;
waits my King: and soon to lead her to him, will I at-tend her Highness;

B. **Brangæna.**
Mein Her-re Tristan, hö-re wohl: dei-ne
My lord, Sir Tristan, hear, I pray: in her

T. Keinem gönnt'ich die-se Gunst.
I this guer-don grant to none.

B. Dienste will die Frau, dass du zur Stell' ihr nah-test, dort, wo sie dei-ner harrt.
service, she demands that you forthwith approach her, there where she waits for thee.

T. Auf je-der
In ev-ry

T.
 Stel - le, wo ich steh', ge - treu - - lich dien' ich ihr, der
 du - ty that I do, I tru - - ly serve her well, the

sf espress. *dim.* *p dolce*

T.
 Frau - en höch - ster Ehr' Liess ich das Steu - er jetzt zur
 crown of wo - man - kind. If I should straight - way leave the

sf *sf* *sf* *sf*

T.
 Stund', wie lenkt' ich si - cher den Kiel zu Kö - nig Mar - ke's
 helm, how could I pi - lot her bark in safe - ty to King


dim. *p*

Brangana.
 T.
 B.
 Land? Tri - stan, mein Her - re, was höhntst du mich?
 Mark? Tris - tan, your lord - ship: why mock'st thou me?

f *f*

accel.
 B.
 Dünkt dich nicht deutlich die thör'ge Magd, hör' meiner Her - rin Wort!
 Tak'st thou not clearly this fool - ish maid: Hear thou my la - dy's words!

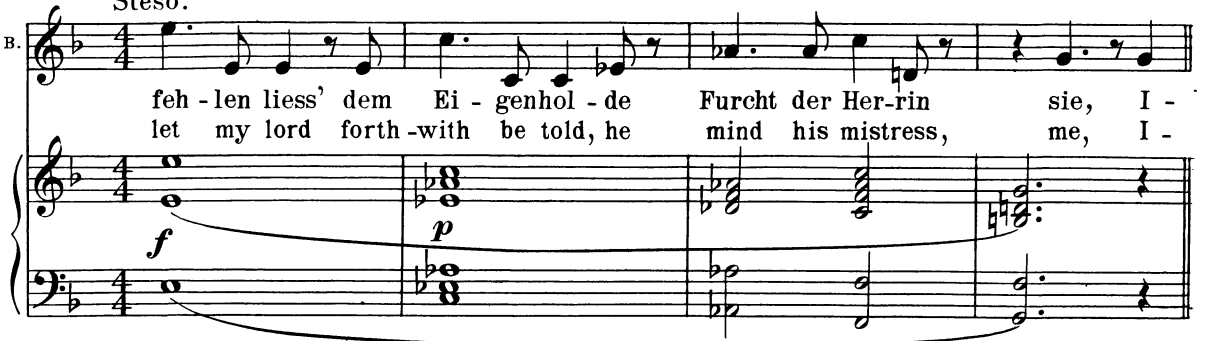
p accel. *sf* *p* *sf* *p cresc.*

B. 

So, hiess sie, sollt' ich sa - gen: - Be - -
 Thus, said she, should I tell thee, "Nay,

f *f* *f* *f*

Gedehnt.
 Steso.

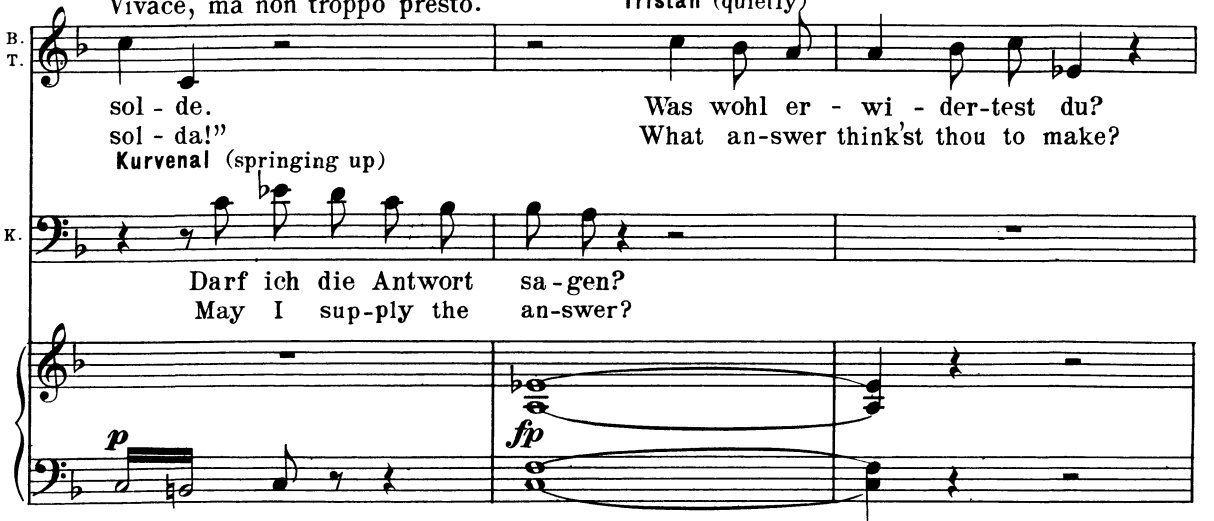
B. 

feh - len liess' dem Ei - genhol - de Furcht der Her - rin sie, I -
 let my lord forth - with be told, he mind his mistress, me, I -

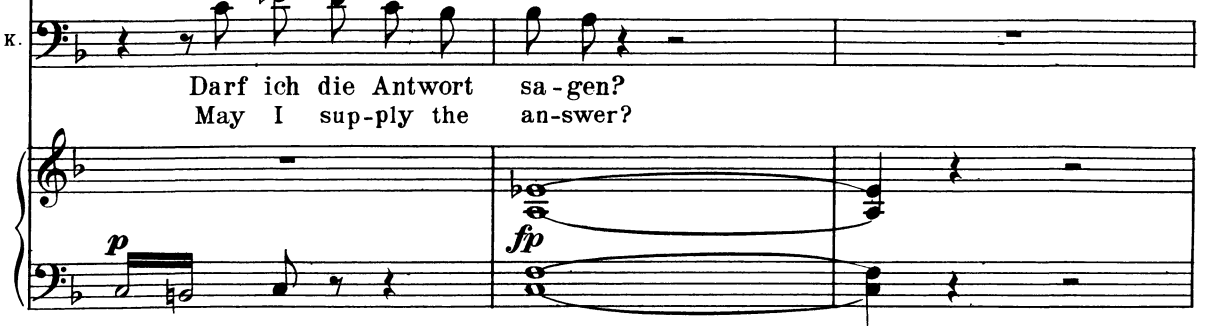
f *p*

Lebhaft, doch nicht zu schnell.
 Vivace, ma non troppo presto.

Tristan (quietly)

B. 

T. sol - de. Was wohl er - wi - der - test du?
 sol - da!" What an - swer think'st thou to make?
 Kurvenal (springing up)

K. 

Darf ich die Antwort sa - gen?
 May I sup - ply the an - swer?

p *fp*

Kurvenal.

K. 

Das sa - ge sie der Frau I - sold!
 This shall she say to Dame I - sold!

Wer Kornwalls Kron' und
 If England's fee and

f *dim.* *f* *f*

K.

Eng - lands Erb' an Ir-lands Maid vermacht, der kann der Magd nicht
Corn - wall's crown to Ireland's maid are due, she can - not be the

K.

ei - gen sein, die selbst dem Ohm er schenkt. Ein Herr der Welt,
giv - er's own, and be his un - cle's, too. A Man of Fate,

K.

Tri - stander Held! Ich ruf's: du sag's, und groll - ten mir tau - send Frau I - sol -
Tris - tan the Great! I've said: an there should scold us a thousand Dame I - sol -

(While Tristan by gestures tries to silence him, and Brangana, offended, turns to go away, Kurvenal, as she moves slowly away, sings after her at the top of his voice)

Schneller.
Più mosso.

K.

den. „Herr Morold zog zu Mee-re her, in
das. “To lay a tax on Cornish backs Sir

K. Kornwall Zins zu ha - ben; ein Eilandschwimmt auf ö - dem Meer, da liegt er nun be -
 Mo - rold once was fer - ried; mid tussocks damp, in dis - mal swamp, his bod - y now lies

cresc. *f* *p*

K. gra - - - ben! Sein Haupt doch hängt im I - ren - land, als
 bur - - - ied! His head, tho', went to I - rish lands, as

f *p*

K. Zins gezahlt von En - ge - land. Hei! unser Held Tri - stan, wie der Zins zah - len
 tax - es sent by English hands. Here's to my lord Tris - tan! For a tax, he's the

cresc. *ff*

(Kurvenal, driven away by Tristan, goes below to the cabin; Brangæna, much disturbed, comes back to Isolda, and closes the curtains behind her while the whole crew is heard singing without)

K. kann!“
 man!“
 Tenor. *f* *Noch etwas beschleunigend*
Ancora più mosso

All the Men. „Sein Haupt doch hängt im I - ren - land, als Zins gezahlt von
 Bass. His head, tho', went to I - rish lands, as tax - es sent by

f *p* *cresc.* *f* *p cresc.*

En-ge-land. Hei! unser Held Tristan, wieder Zins zah - len
 English hands. Here's to my lord Tristan! For a tax, he's the

Sehr lebhaft.
Allegro molto.

Scene III.

kann!“ (Isolda and Brangæna alone; the curtains are again completely closed)
 man!“ (Isolda rises with a despairing gesture of wrath. Brangæna falls at her feet)

Brangæna.

Woh! ach we-he! dies zu
 Woe is me that I must

dul - den!
 bear it!

Isolda (restraining herself from a furious outbreak)

piu f

Brangæna.

I.
B.

Doch nun von Tristan! Ge - nau will ich's ver - nehmen. Ach, fra - ge nicht!
What now of Tristan? Tell all! for I must hear it! Oh, ask me not!

ff *dim.* *p trem.*

Isolda.

Brangæna.

I.
B.

Frei sag's oh - ne Furcht! Mit h f' - schen Wor - ten wich er
Come, speak without fear! With court - ly phrase he par - ried

p *p* *p*

I.
B.

Doch als du deut - lich mahntest?
But when you told him clear - ly?

aus.
all. Da ich zur Stell' ihn zu dir rief:
When I had bid him come forth-with:

cresc. *mf*

B.

wo er auch steh', so sagte er, getreu - lich dien' er ihr, der Frauen h chster
What-e'er he did, said he to me, he tru - lyserved theewell, the crown of wo-man-

sf *dim.* *p* *dolce*

B.

Ehr'; liess' er das Steu - er jetzt zur Stund', wie lenkt' er si-cherden
 kind. If heshould straight-way leave the helm, how could he pi-lot the

cresc. - sf *sf* *dim.* *p*

Etwas zurückhaltend.
 Poco ritenuto.

Isolda (bitterly)
 (sehr gedehnt)
 (molto steso)

I.

Kiel zu Kö - nig Mar-ke's Land? „Wie lenkt' er si - cher den
 bark in safe - ty to King Mark? "How could he pi - lot the

p

Wieder sehr lebhaft.
 Molto vivace, come prima.

I.

Kiel zu Kö - nig Marke's Land! - Den
 bark in safe - ty to King Mark!" To

più p *p* *cresc.*

(grell und heftig)
 (shrill and vehemently)

I.

Zins ihm aus - zu - zah - len, den er aus Ir - land
 pay the tax - es o - ver that he from Ire - land

f *f* *più f*

Brangæna.

I.

zog!
 brings! Auf dei-ne eig'-nen Thy message I de -

ff *mf*

B. Worte, als ich ihm die ent - bot, liess sei - nen Die - ner Kur - we - nal -
 liv-erd, aye, in thy ver - y words. Then said his ser - vant Kur - ve - nal -

I. Isolda.
 Den hab' ich wohl ver - nommen, kein Wort, das mir ent - ging. Er -
 Ah! but I heard him al - so, no word of it was lost. And

I. fuh - rest du mei - ne Schmach, nun
 now thou know - est my shame, now

I. hö - - - re, was sie mir
 hear - - - what brought it on

Sehr bewegt und wechsellvoll im Zeitmass.
 Con molto moto, vacillando il tempo.

I. schuf. - Wie lachend sie mir Lie - der
 me. They smile and sing their songs a -

I.

 sin - gen, wohl könnt' auch ich er - wi - dern!
 gainst me! Ah! but I too could an - swer!

Mässiger.
Più moderato.

I.

 Von ei-nem Kahn, der klein und arm an
 A - bout the skiff, so small, so poor, that

I.

 Irlands Kü - sten schwamm, da-rinnen krank ein sie - cher Mann e - lend
 came to Ire - land's shore! And in it lay a wounded man, help - less

I.

 — im Ster - ben lag. I - sol - de's Kunst ward ihm be -
 — and dy - ing there. I - sol - da's skill he learned to

I.

 kannt, mit Heil - sal - ben und Bal - sam - saft der
 know; with salves sooth - ing, and heal - ing balms, the

I. *rit.* *a tempo*

Wun - de, die ihn plag - te, ge - treu - lich pflag sie da. Der
wounds that so dis - tressed him she tend - ed faith - ful - ly As

rit. *a tempo*

più p *dim.* *pp*

Immer belebter.
Sempre più animato.

I. „Tan - tris“ mit sor - gen - der List sich nann - te, als
„Tan - tris“ he cun - ning - ly had dis - guised him! As

p *cresc.*

Schneller.
Più mosso.

I. „Tri - stan“ I - sold' ihn bald er - kann - te, da in des
„Tris - tan“ I - sold' soon rec - og - nized him: His sword when

fp *fp* *fp* *p*

I. Müss' - gen Schwer - te ei - ne Scharte sie ge - währ - te, da - rin ge -
turn - ing o - ver, there a nick she did dis - cov - er, where fit - ted

I. nau sich fügt' ein Split - ter, den einst im Haupt des I - ren -
fair and square a silv - er that in the head of Ire - land's

p *cresc.*

I. rit - ter, zum Hohn ihr heim - ge - sandt, mit kund' - ger Hand sie
he - ro, sent home her pride to wound, her cun - ninghand had

Schnell.
Vivace.

I. fand.
found!

Da schrie's mir
Then cried a

I. auf aus tief - stem Grund!
voice as from the grave:

I. Mit dem hel - len Schwert ich vor ihm stund,
O'er him there I stood with that bright glaive,

I. an ihm, dem Ü - ber - fre - chen, Herrn Mo - rold's
to venge, on this ma - raud - er, Sir Mo - rold's

Sehr mässig.
Molto moderato.

poco rallent. *ritenuto*

I. Tod zu rä-chen. Von sei-nem
shame - ful mur-der. Then from his

p dolce weich

I. La-ger blickt' er her, nicht auf das
pal-let looked he up, not on the

p

Sehr zurückhaltend.
Molto ritardando.

I. Schwert, nicht auf die Hand, er sah
sword, nor on my hand. But deep

p molto cresc. *ff*

I. — mir in die Au-gen. Seines E-len-des jam-mer-te
— intheyes he looked me, and his help-less-ness trou-bled me

*sehr ausdrucksvoll u. zart
molto espressivo e dolce*

p

Langsam.
Lento.

I. mich; das Schwert_ ich liess es fal-len!
sore; the sword, I let fall from me!

p cresc. *ff* *p*

Mässig.
Moderato.

I. Die Mo - rold schlug, die Wun - - de, sie
That Mo - rold wound I tend - - ed, in

I. heilt' ich, dass er ge - sun - de, und heim nach Hau - se
hope that, when it was mend - ed, he would for home de-

Schneller.
Più mosso.

I. keh - re, mit dem Blick mich nicht mehr beschwere!
sert me, where his glanc-es no more should hurt me!

Brangæna.

B. O Wun - der! Wo hatt' ich die Au - gen? Der
As - tound - ing! How blind have I been, then? The

Immer noch beschleunigend.
Ancora più mosso.

Isolda.

B. I. Gast, den einst ich pfl - egen half? Sein Lob hör - test du
guest whom once I helped to tend? But now thou heardst his

I. e - ben: Heil un-ser Held Tri - stan!
 prais - es: "Here's to my lord Tris - tan!"

I. Der war je - ner traur' - ge
 He was that poor, wretch - ed

Sehr feurig.
 Con molto fuoco.

I. Mann. Er
 man. A

I. schwur mit tau - send Ei - den mir ew' - gen
 thou - sand oaths he swore me, how grate - ful

I. Dank und Treu - ei
 he, how faith - ful!

I. Nun hör, wie ein Held Ei - de
Now hear, how a knight keeps his

I. hält!
oath!

I. Den als Tan - tris un - er - kannt ich ent -
For as Tan - tris, un - re - vealed, I re -

I. las - sen, als Tri - stan kehrt er kühn zu - rück;
leased him, as Tris - tan comes he brave - ly back;

I. auf stol - zem Schiff, von ho - hem Bord, Ir - lands
and from his ship, so proud and high, Ire - land's

Etwas gedehnt.
Poco steso.

I. Er - bin begehrt' er zur Eh' für Kornwalls mü-den Kö-nig, für
 heir - ess he asks as a bride, for Corn-wall's ser-vile rul-er, his

rallent.

Schnell.
Vivo.

I. Mar-ke, sei-nen Ohm. Da Mo - - rold
 an-cient un-cle Mark. Were Mo - - rold

I. leb - te, wer hätt' es ge - wagt, uns
 liv - ing, who ev - er had dared to

I. je sol - che Schmach zu bie - ten? Für der zins - - pflicht' - gen
 put such a slight up - on us, as that pay - - er of

I. Kor - nen-Für - sten um Ir - lands Kro - ne zu wer - ben!
 Corn - ish trib - ute for Ire - lands crown should be suit - or!

poco rallent.

I. *poco rallent.*

Ach, we - he mir! Ich ja
 Ah, woe is mel! I it

Mässig.
Moderato.

I. *Mässig. Moderato.*

war's, die heim - lich selbst die Schmach sich
 was that cov - ert - ly my shame be -

Belebt.
Animato.

I. *Belebt. Animato.*

schuf! Das rä - chen - de Schwert, statt es zu schwingen,
 got! That sword of re - venge, wav - ring un - wield - ed,

molto riten.

Noch mehr zurückhaltend.
Ancora più riten.

I. *molto riten.*

macht - los liess ichs fal - len! Nun
 weak - ly fell be - fore me! Now

Wieder schnell.
Vivo, come prima.

I. *Wieder schnell. Vivo, come prima.*

dien' ich dem Va - sal - len! oer mel
 rules my vas - sal

Brangæna.

B. *Da Frie-de, Sühn' und Freund - -*
When peace-ful truce and friend - -

B. *schaft von Al- - - - - len ward be -*
ship were sworn - - - - - by both the

B. *schworen, wir freu-ten uns All' des Tag's; wie ahn-temir da, dass*
peo-ples, how joy-ful we were that day! How could I fore-see the

B. *dir, es Kum-mer schüf?*
pain't would bring to thee?

Isolda.

I. *O blin - - de Au - gen! Blö - - de*
Oh! eyes, how blind - ed! Heart, how

I. Her - zen! Zah - mer Muth, ver - zag - tes
 tim - id! Cour - mer age weak! A fu - tile

I. Schwei - gen! Wie an - ders prahlte Tri - stan aus, was ich verschlos - sen
 si - lence! How brave - lypour'd this Tris - tan forth, what I had nev - er

Mässiger.
 Meno mosso.

I. hielt! Die schwei - gend ihm das Le - ben
 breathed! She who by si - lence gave him

I. gab, vor Fein - des Ra - che ihn schwei - gend barg; was
 life, from foes by si - lence she kept him safe; the

(steigernd)
 (più appassionato)

I. stumm ihr Schutz zum Heil ihm schuf,
 . si - lent care that wrought his weal

Schnell.
Allegro.

I. mit ihr gab er es preis!
to her he dared re-veal

I. Wie sieg - prangend, heil und hehr,
How mas - ter-ful, brave and bold,

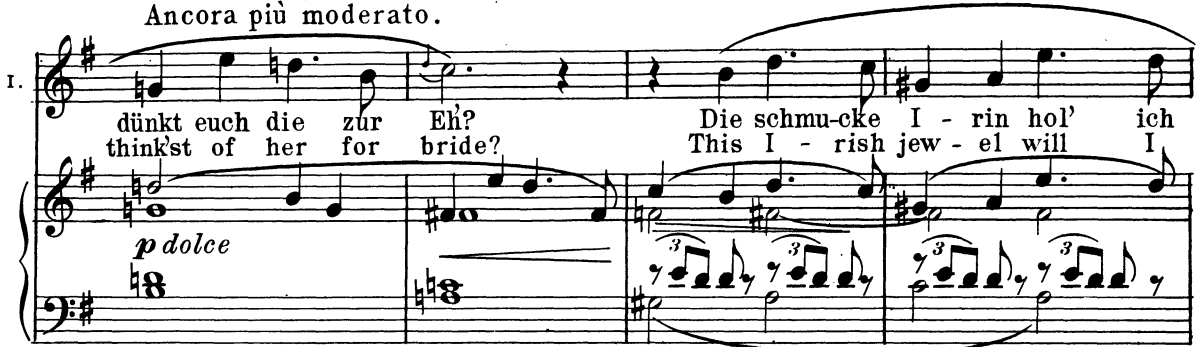
I. laut und heil wies er auf mich:
turned and he all eyes up on me!

Etwas mässiger.
Poco più moderato.

I. „Das wär' trea -
"A trea -

I. ein Schatz, mein Herr und Ohm; wie
- sure she, my-liege and coz; what

Noch mässiger.
Ancora più moderato.

I. 
dü nkt euch die zur Eh? Die schmu-cke I - rin hol' ich
thinkst of her for bride? This I - rish jew - el will I
p dolce

Belebend.
Animando.

I. 
her; mit Steg und We - gen wohl - be - kannt, ein
bring; for ev - 'ry stock and stone know I; a
cresc.

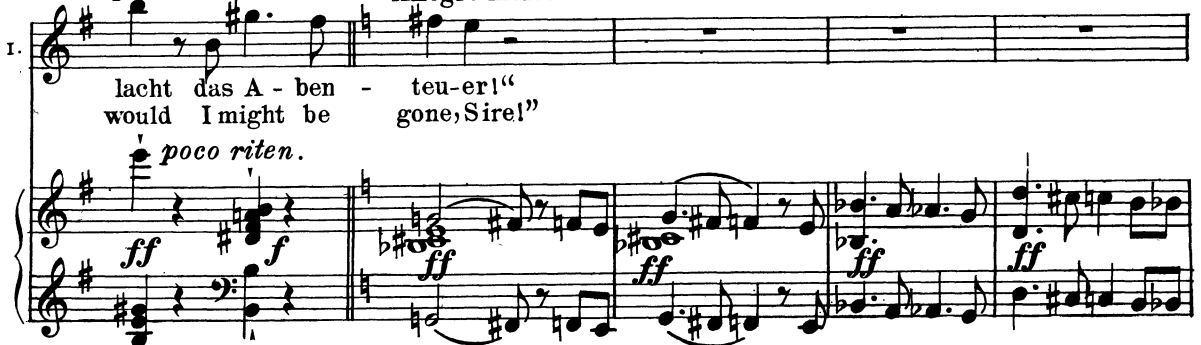
Immer belebter.
Sempre più animato.

I. 
Wink, ich flieg' nach I - ren - land; I - sol - - de, die ist
nod, and Ill' to Ire - land fly; I sol - - da is your

I. 
eu - - er! *acceler.* mir
own, Sire! *f* *più f*

poco riten.

Sehr schnell.
Allegro molto.

I. 
lacht das A - ben - teu - er! "
would I might be gone, Sire!"
poco riten. *ff*

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I.

Fluch dir, Ver-ruch-ter! / Curse thee, thou das-tard!

ff

I.

Fluch / Cursd.

ff

I.

— dei — nem Haupt! / — be — thy head!

ff

I.

Ra — chel Tod! / Ven — geancel Death!

ff

I.

Tod — uns Bei — dent! / Death — for both, too!

Brangaena (flinging herself upon Isolda with unrestrained affection)

B.

O Sü — ssel Trau — tel! Theu — rei / O sweet — est! Mis — tress! Dear — est,

ff

B. *ff*

Hol - del pur - est! Gold' - ne
Gold - en

(She draws Isolda

B. *ff*

Her - rin! Lieb' I - sol - del
La - dy! Trust - ed sur - est!

toward the couch)

B. *decresc. poco a poco*

Hör' mich! Kom - me!
Hear mel Come, then!

B. *p*

Setz' dich her!
Sit thee here!

Immer noch sehr bewegt.
Sempre con molto moto.

B. *p* *mf* *p* *mf*

Wel - cher Wahn! Welch' eit - les
This is false and base - less

B. Zür - nen! Wie magst du dich be - thö - ren, nicht hell zu seh'n noch hö - ren?
 an - ger! Thou look'st at all in - sane - ly, nor see'st or hear'st it plain - ly.

B. Was je Herr Tri - stan dir ver - dank - te, sag; konnt' er's hö - her
 How - ev - er much Sir Tris - tan owes thee, how could he more re -

B. loh - nen, als mit der herr - lich - sten der Kro - nen? So dient' er
 nown thee, than that as queen he now should crown thee? Thus serves he

B. treu dem ed - len Ohm; dir
 well his no - ble king; he

B. gab er der Welt be - gehr - lich - sten Lohn: dem eig' - nen Er - be,
 gives thee the world's most cov - et - ed prizel For all his for - tune,

B. *echt und e-del, ent - sagt' er zu dei-nen Fü -*
true and no-ble, be - fore thee henow dis - own -

B. *ssen, als Kö - ni-gin dich zu*
eth, when thee as a queen he

(Isolda turns away)

B. *grü - ssen!*
crow-n - eth!

B. *Und warb er Mar - ke dir zum Ge - mahl, wie wolltest*
And if to Mark he mar-ries thee now, why hast thou

B. *du die Wahl doch schel - ten, muss er nicht werth dir gel - ten?*
thus his choice re - sent - ed? Shouldst not be well con-tent - ed?

ausdrucksvoll
espressivo

B. Von ed- - -ler Art und mil-dem Muth, wer
Of no- - -ble race and gen-tle ways, who

p sempre legato

B. gli- -che dem Mann an Macht und Glanz?
e- -quals this man in might or fame?

cresc.

B. Dem ein hehr - ster Held so treu - lich dient,
If a knight so no - ble serves him well,

p

B. wer möch - te sein Glück nicht thei -
shouldst thou, then, not be de - light -

cresc.

p

B. len, als Gat- - - - -tin
ed, with him - - - - - to

p

cresc.

Isolda (staring vacantly)

I. bei ihm wei- - - - -len?
be u - nit- - - - -ed?

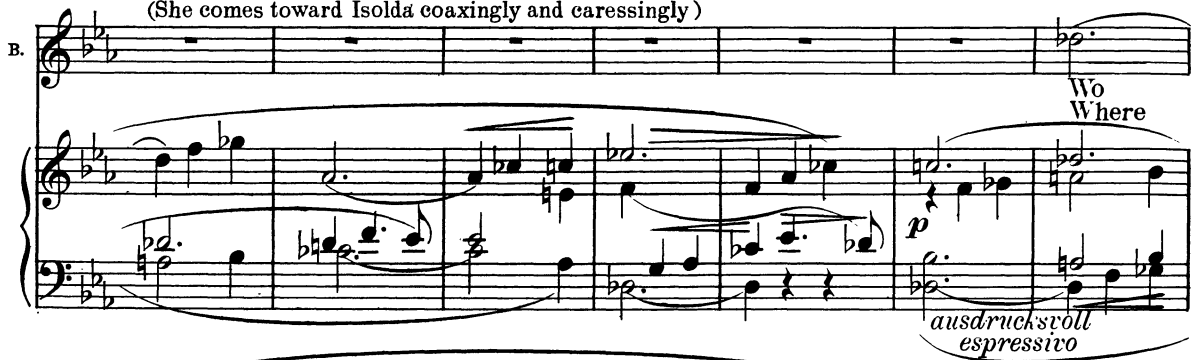
I. Un- - - - -ge - minnt_ den hehr- - - - -sten
Un - - - - -be - loved, yet ev- - - - -er

I. Mann_ stets_ mir nah' zu se- - - -
thus_ near_ to him so no- - - -

I. hen!_ wie könnt' ich die Qual be - ste - hen?
ble!_ How can I en - dure my trouble?

B. Brangæna. (d.=d)
Was meinst du Ar - ge? Un - ge - minnt?
How dar'st how say it? (d.=d) Un - be - loved?

(She comes toward Isolda coaxingly and caressingly)


B. 

Wo
Where

*ausdrucksvoll
espressivo*

B. 

leb- -te der Mann, der dich nicht lieb - te? der I - sol -
lives there a man that would not love thee? He that sees

B. 

- -den sah', und in I - sol - den se -
I - sol - - da, would he not too glad -

*p sehr weich
dolcissimo*

B. 

lig nicht ganz ver - ging? Doch.
ly in love ex - pire? And

p mf

B. 

der dir er - ko - ren, wär' er so kalt,
he that thou choos - est, waxed he e'er cold,

dim. p mf

B. zög' ihn von dir ein Zau - ber ab, den
drew him some spell from thee a - - way, I'd

B. Bö - sen wüsst' ich bald zu bin - - -
quick - ly find some way to hold

B. - - den; ihn bann - - te der Min - - ne
him, and bind him in ma - - gic

(Coming close to Isolda with a mien of mysterious familiarity)

B. Macht.
love. Kennst du der
Know'st thou not

B. Mut - ter Kün - ste nicht? Wähnst du, die Al - les klug er -
well thy mother's skill? Think'st thou that she, that all fore -

B. wägt, oh - ne Rath in frem - des Land hätt' sie mit dir mich ent -
sees, un - pre - pared had bid - den me to seek far coun - tries with

Etwas langsamer.
Poco più lento.

B. sandt? Der Mut - ter Rath gemahnt mich
thee? My mother's arts I know full

I. Isolda (darkly)

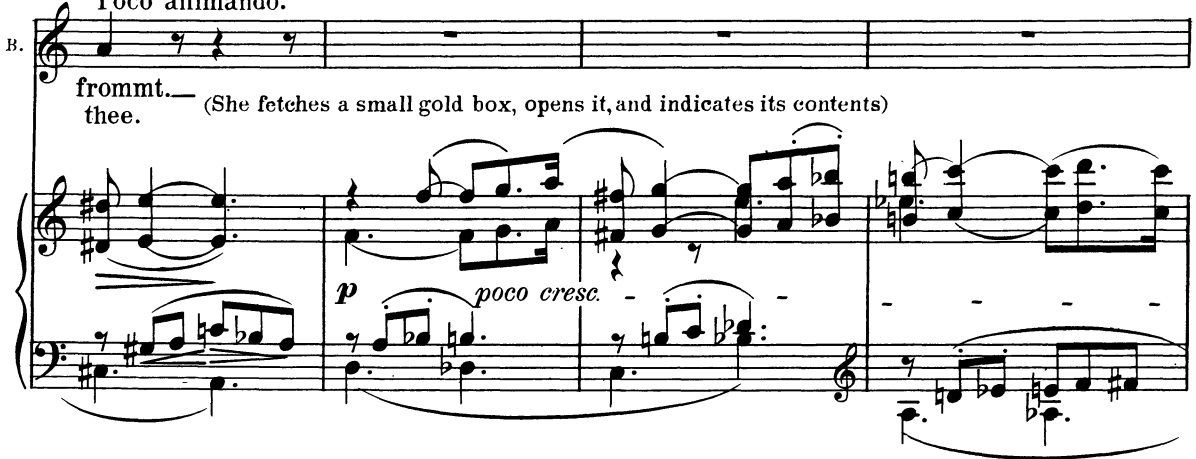
I. recht; willkom - men preis' ich ih - re Kunst -
well, and glad - ly now I welcome them: -

I. Ra - che für den Ver - rath, - Ruh' in der Noth dem
Ven - geance for trea - son they, - rest when the heart is

B. Herzen! Den Schreindort bring' mir her! Er birgt, was heil dir
troubled! That cas - ket fetch me here! Here lies a cure for

I. Brangana.

Etwas belebend.
Poco animando.

B. 

frommt.— (She fetches a small gold box, opens it, and indicates its contents)
thee.

p *poco cresc.*

B. 

So-reih-te sie die Mut-ter, die mäch't'gen Zau-
Thy moth-er thus ar-ranged them, these might-y, ma-

p dolce

B. 

- bertränke: Für Weh und Wun-den Bal-sam hier,
- gic potions: For pain and wounds a balm is here,

p

B. 

(She takes out a small vial)
für bö-se Gif-te Ge-gen-gift.—
for e-vil poi-son, an-ti-dotes.—

molto rallent.
p dolce

a tempo Mässig.
Moderato,

B. *a tempo*

Den hehr-great- -sten Trank, — ich halt' — ihn
The great- -est draught, I have — it

f *p dolce*

B. *Isolda.*

hier. — Du irrst, — ich kenn' — ihn
here. — You're wrong — I know — it

piu p *pp*

I. bes-ser; ein star-kes Zei - chen schnitt ich ihm
bet-ter. I deep-ly drew a mark on the

pp *p*

I. ein. — (She seizes a vial and shows it)
one. —

cresc. poco a poco

I. Der Trank ist's, der mir
This draught will do me

ff *p*

Schnell.
Presto.

(She has risen from the couch and listens with rising dread to the cries of the seamen)

I. taugt! good!

B. Brangæna. (She recoils in horror)

Der To- -des-trank!
That death - ly draught!

ff Tenor I.

Seamen (without) Bass I. ff

Ho! he! ha! he! ho! he! ha! he!
Yo heave o! heave o! heave o! heave

Am Un-ter-mast die Se - gel ein!
Stand by the sheet! Haul down the sail!

Isolda.

Tenor I. Das deu- -tet schnel - le
How quick - -ly we have

ho! he! ho!
o! heave o!

Tenor II. ff

Bass I II. Am Un - ter-mast die Se - gel ein!
Stand by the sheet! Haul down the sail!

Ho! he! ha! he! ho! he! ha! he!
Yo heave o! heave o! heave o! hey!

I. *Fahrt! come!* *Weh mir! Na - he das Woe's me! Here is the*

(strepitoso)

Scene IV.

Lebhaft. Vivace. (♩ = ♩)

(Through the curtains enters Kurvenal unceremoniously)

I. *Kurvenal.*

K. *Land! land! Auf! Up! Auf! Up! Ihr ye*

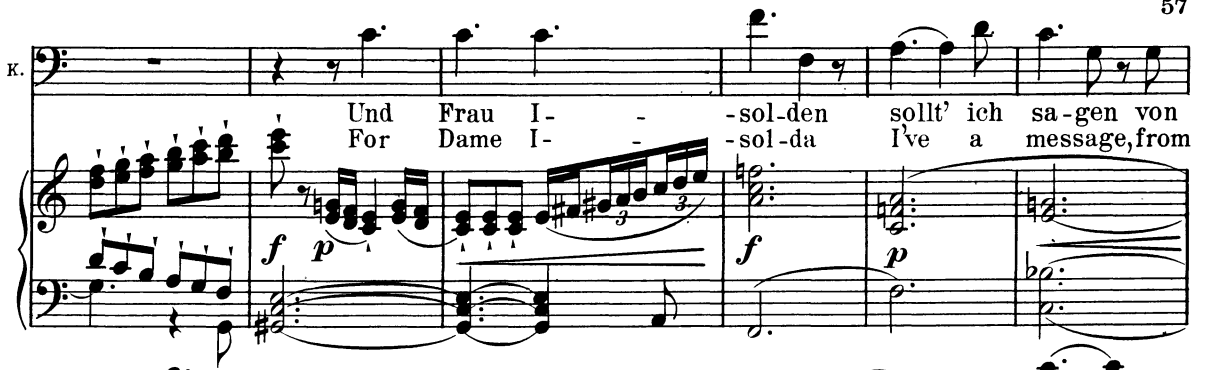
f

K. *Frau - wo - - - - - en! - - - - - men!*

f


K. *Frisch und froh! Rasch ge-rü - stet! Fer - tig nun, hur - tig und flink! Look a - live! Come, be mov - ing! Stead - y and read - y and spry!*

dim. *p* *cresc.*

K. 

Und Frau I - - sol - den sollt' ich sa - gen von
 For Dame I - - sol - da I've a message, from

f p f p

K. 

Held Tri - stan, mei - nem Herrn: Vom Mast der Freu - de
 Tris - tan, that is my lord: Our ban - ner from the

cresc. f p dolce

K. 

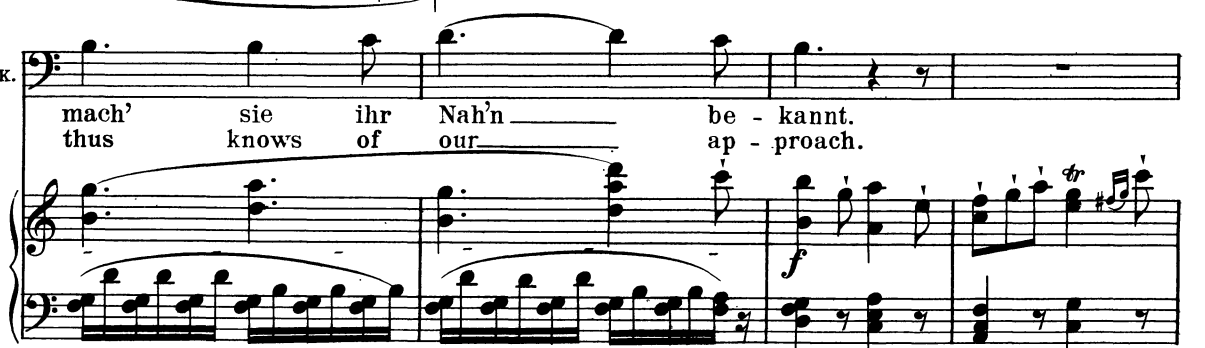
Flag - ge, sie we - he lu - stig ins Land; in
 mast - head, is wav - ing gai - ly a - shore; King

un poco cresc.

K. 

Mar - ke's Kö - nigsschlos - - - se
 Mark with - in his cas - - - tle

piu cresc.

K. 

mach' sie ihr Nah'n be - kannt.
 thus knows of our ap - proach.

f

K. Drum Frau I - sol - de bät er ei - len, fürs
Will Dame I - sold be pleased to hur - ry, pre -

K. Land sich zu be - rei -
pared to leave the wa -

K. ten, dass er sie könnt' ge - lei - ten.
ter, that so he may es - cort her.

Mässig.
Moderato. (♩=♩)

Isolda (who was at first startled at the summons, now composedly and with dignity)


I. Herr
Sir

I. 

Tri - stan brin - ge mei - nen Gruss, und meld' ihm, was ich
 Tris - tan may'st thou greet from me, and say how I have

I. 

sa - ge. Sollt' ich zur Seit' ihm ge - hen, vor Kö - nig Mar - ke zu
 spo - ken: If I should walk be - side him, when to his monarch he

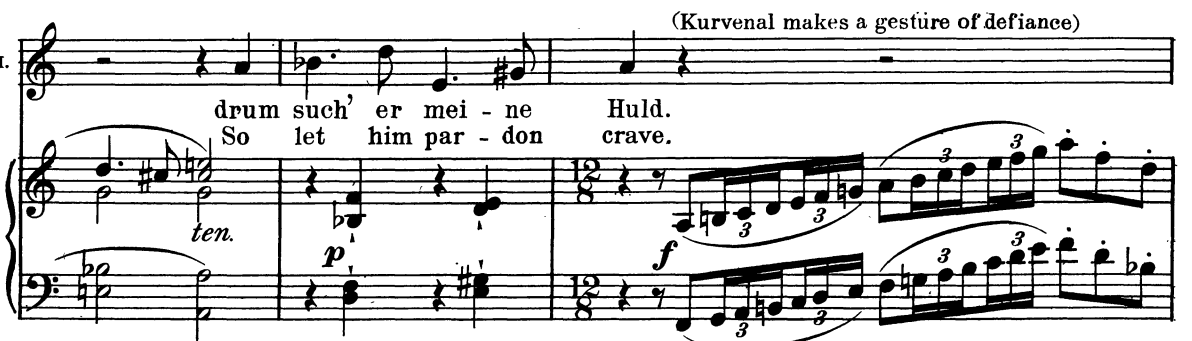
I. 

ste - hen, nicht möcht' es nach Zucht und Fug ge - seh'n, em -
 hied him, then would it be nei - ther meet nor right, un -

I. 

pfung' ich Süh - ne nicht zu - vor für un - ge - sühnte Schuld -
 less I first had par - doned him for what of - fense he gave:

(Kurvenal makes a gesture of defiance)

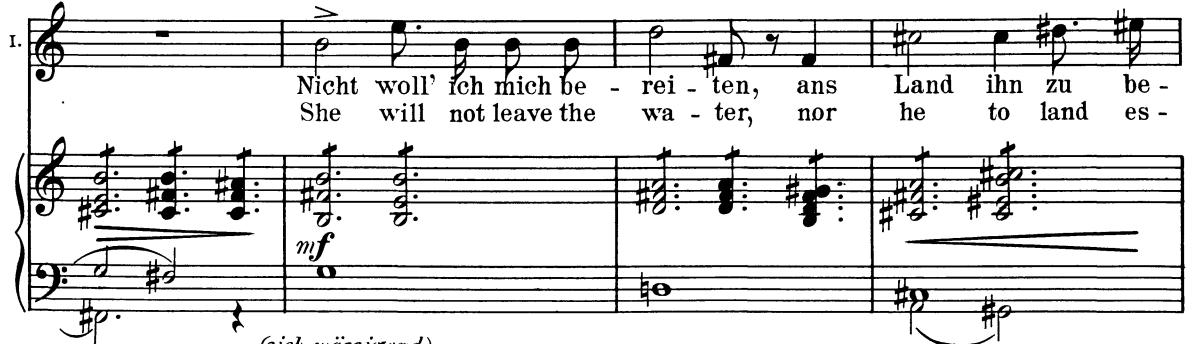
I. 

drum such' er mei - ne Huld.
 So let him par - don crave.

(mit Steigerung)
(con impeto)

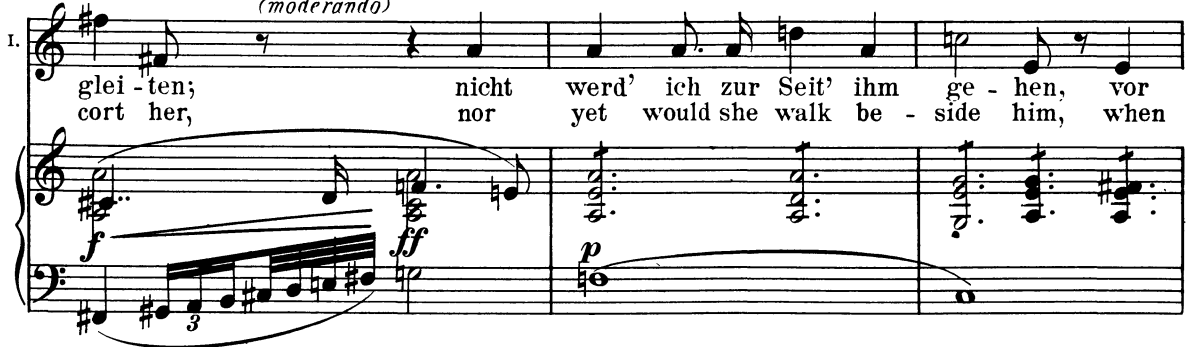
I.  *ff* *dim.*

Du mer - ke wohl und meld' es gut!
Thou, mark me well, and bear it straight!

I.  *mf*

Nicht woll' ich mich be - rei - ten, ans Land ihn zu be -
She will not leave the wa - ter, nor he to land es -

(sich mässigend)
(moderando)

I.  *ff* *p*

glei - ten; nicht werd' ich zur Seit' ihm ge - hen, vor
cort her, nor yet would she walk be - side him, when

I.  *p*

Kö - nig Mar - ke zu ste - hen, be - gehrte Ver - ges - sen und Ver - ge - ben nach
to King Mark - he hied him, un - less to for - give him and for - get, he shall

I.  *f* *dim.* *p* *pp* *p*

Zucht und Fug er nicht zu - vor für un - ge - büss - te Schuld -
ask me first, as he should do. For what of - fense he gave,

I. Kurvenal.

K. die böt' ihm mei-he Huld! Si - cher wisst, das
 my par - don he may have. Wit you well, I'll

Sehr bewegt.
 Molto mosso. (Isolda hurries)

K. sag' ich ihm; nun harrt, wie er mich hört!
 tell him this; now wait, how he will hear!

to Brangæna and embraces her warmly)

I. Isolda.

Nun Fare leb' thee

I. wohl, Bran - Gä - - ne! Grüss' mir die
 well, Bran - gæ - - na! Fare - - well to

I. Welt, earth! poco riten.

grü - Greet -sse mir Va - - ter und
 Greet me my fa - - ther and

Schnell.
Presto. Brangæna.

I. Mutter! Was ist? Was sinnst du? Woll - test du flieh'n? Wo - hin soll ich dir
mother! What say'st? What mind'st thou? Think'st thou to fly? Wherethen am I to

Mässig und zurückhaltend.
Moderato e ritenuto.

(Isolda swiftly regains self-control)

B. fol - gen?
fol - low?

Isolda.

I. Hör - test du nicht? Hier bleib' ich, Tri - stan will ich er -
Hast thou not heard? Here stay I; Tris - tan will I a -

I. war - ten. — Ge - treu be - folg' was ich be - fehl': den
wait here. — Now fol - low close what I com - mand: the

(Isolda takes the vial
from the casket.)
Brangæna.

I. Süh - ne - drank rü - ste Schnell; — du weisst, den ich dir wies? Und
draught of truce, mix it quick: — thou know'st, the one I show'd? Which

Isolda.

I. wel-chen Trank? Die - sen Trank! In die gold'-ne Schale giess' ihn aus; ge -
was the one? Here's the one! In that gold - en goblet pour it out; 't will

cresc. - ff dim. -

*Schnell.
Presto.*

I. füllt fasst sie ihn ganz. al - most fill it full.

p f

I. *Brangaena* (taking the vial in terror) Sei du mir treu!
Canst thou be true?

B. Trau' ich den Sinn? Den Trank für
Can this be true? For whom the

piu f ff dim. -

I. Wer mich be - trog. Trin - ke mir
Him that be - trayed! Truce will he

B. wen? draught? Tri - - - stan?
Tris - - - tan?

p f dim.

Brangæna (throwing herself at Isolda's feet)

I. B.
 Süh - - - ne! Entset - - - zen!
 pledge me! me! O hor - - - ror!

p cresc. - ff f

I. B.
 Scho - ne mich Ar - me! Scho - - - ne du
 Pit - y, I pray thee! Pit - - - y thou

ff f ff

I.
 mich, un - treu - e Magd!_
 me, O faith-less maid!_

piu f ff

Allmählich etwas zurückhaltend.
 Poco a poco ritenuto.

I.
 Kennst du der Mut-ter Kün-ste nicht? Wähnst du, die Al-les klug er-
 Know'stthou not well my mother's skill? Think'st thou that she, who all_ fore-

dim.

I.
 wägt, oh- ne Rath in fremdes Land hät' sie mit dir mich ent-
 sees, un-pre-pared had bid-den me to seek far coun-tries with

p dim.

I. sandt? thee? Für Weh' und Wun - den gab sie Bal - sam,
For pain and wounds a salve she gave me,

Gedehnt und langsam.
Lento e steso.

I. für bö - se Gif - te Ge - gen - gift: für
for e - vil poi - sons, an - ti - dotes: for

Wieder bewegter.
Più mosso come prima.

I. tief - stes Weh', für höch - stes Leid
deep - est woe, for keen - est pain,

I. gab sie den To - des - trank. Der
gave she the draught of death. Let

Langsam. Lento.
Brangæna (almost beside herself)

I. B. Tod nun sag' ihr Dank!
Death, then, thank her now!

O tief - stes
O deep - est

Isolda. *poco accel.* *molto acceler.* *bb*

I. Gehorchst du mir nun? Bist du mir treu?
Now wilt thou obey? Canst thou be true?

B. Weh! O höchstes Leid! Der Trank?
woe! O keenest pain! The draught?

K. Kurvenal (entering) *bb*
Herr Sir

poco accel. *molto acceler.* *bb*

poco cresc. *- molto cresc.*

Lebhaft.
Vivace. (Brangæna rises, terrified and confused. Isolda strives with a mighty effort to compose herself)

K. Tri - stan!
Tris - tan!

f *più f*

Etwas zurückhaltend.
Poco ritenuto.

ff *dim.*

Isolda (to Kurvenal)

I. Herr Tri - stan tre - te
Sir Tris - tan may draw

più p *p*

Scene V.

(Kurvenal retires again. Brangana, scarcely mistress of herself, turns towards the back. Isolda, summoning all her powers to meet the crisis, walks slowly and with effort to the couch, leaning on the head of which she then stands, her eyes fixed on the entrance.)

Langsam. Lento.

1. *nah!*
nigh!

p *molto cresc.* *ff*

p *molto cresc.* *ff*

p *molto cresc.* *ff* *dim.*

(Tristan enters and pauses respectfully at the entrance)

p *pp* *cresc.* *mf*

(Isolda, a prey to violent agitation, gazes on him intently)

p *f* *ff*

cresc.

Tristan.

T. *Begehrt, Her - rin, was ihr wünscht.
Command, la - dy, what you wish.*

p *p* *sf* *p*

Isolda.

I. *Wüss-test du nicht, was ich be - geh-re, da doch die
Tho' un - a - ware what were my wishes, was it not*

p *pp* *p*

I. *Furcht, mir's zu er - fül - len, fern mei-nem Blick dich hielt?
fear to un - der - take them, kept thee from out my sight?*

p

Tristan.

Isolda.

T. *Ehrfurcht hielt mich in Acht. Der Eh - re
Hon - our held me in awe. Small hon - our,*

p *gehalten tenuto*

I. *we - nig bo - test du mir; mit off - nem Hohn ver - wehrtest du Ge -
tru - ly, gav - est thou me; with sheer con - tempt hast thou re - fused o -*

p cresc.

Tristan.

I. hor-sam mei-nem Ge-bot. Ge-hor-sam ein-zig
 T. bedience un-to my call. O-bedience on-ly

Isolda.

I. 'So dankt' ich Ge-rin-ges dei-nem Herrn,
 T. Small thanks has thy mas-ter, then, from me,
 hielt mich in Bann.
 kept me a-way.

I. rieth dir sein Dienst Un-sit-te ge-gen sein ei-gen Ge-mahl?
 T. if serv-ing him makes you un-man-ner-ly toward his be-trothed!

Tristan.

I. Sit-te lehrt, wo ich ge-lebt: zur Braut-fahrt der
 T. Cus-tom says, where I have lived: Ere mar-riage, the

Isolda.

I. Brautwer-ber mei-de fern die Braut. Aus wel-cher Sorg'?
 T. bride-bring-er keeps him from the bride. And wherefore so?

Tristan. **Isolda.**

I. *Fragt die Sit - te!* *Da du so*
 Ask the cus - tom! *If you're for*

I. *sitt - sam, mein Herr Tri - stan, auch ei - -ner*
cus - tom, my lord Tris - tan, one oth - -er

gehalten tenuto *poco cresc.*

I. *Sit - te sei nun ge - mahnt: den Feind dir zu*
cus - tom let me re - call: from foe well to

Tristan.

I. *süh - nen, soll er als Freund dich rüh - men. Und wel - chen*
ward thee, let him as friend re - gard thee. And who's my

sf *p* *cresc.*

Isolda.

I. *Feind? Frag' dei - ne Furcht!*
foe? Ques - tion thy fear!

molto cresc. *ff* *f*

I. I. *Tristan.* *Isolda.*

Blut-schuld schwebt zwischen uns. Die ward gesühnt. Nicht zwischen
 'Twixt us blood - - guilt - i - ness! That was for-givn. Not be-tween

I. I. *Tristan.*

uns! Im off'nen Feld, vor al-lem Volk ward
 us! In o - pen field, 'fore all the folk, a

Etwas bewegter, doch mässig.
 Poco più mosso, ma moderato.

I. I. *Isolda.*

Ur - feh - de ge - schwo-ren. Nicht da wars, wo ich
 feud - truce has been sworn to. 'Twas not then that I

I. I.

Tan-tris barg, wo Tri-stan mir ver-fiel. Da
 Tan-tris hid and Tris-tan hos-tage held. Then

weich dolce

I. I.

stand er herr - lich, hehr und heil;
 stood he lord - ly, brave and bright;

dolce

1. doch was er schwur, das schwur ich nicht:— zu
yet what he swore, that swore not I:— I

p molto cresc.

1. schwei-gen hatt' ich ge-lernt. Da in stil-ler
school'd my-self to be still. In my qui-et

p

1. Kam-mer krank er lag,
cham-ber sick he lay,

Belebend.
Animando.

p *mf*

1. mit dem Schwer-te stumm ich vor ihm stund:
with his sword I stood be-fore him, dumb:

mf *cresc.*

1. schwieg da mein Mund,
No word I spoke,

piu f

Sehr lebhaft.
Molto vivace.

73

I.
bannt' ich meine Hand; doch
lift- ed not a hand. But



I.
was einst mit Hand und Mund ich ge- lobt, das
all that with hand and voice I'd re- solvd, I



I.
schwur ich schweigend zu hal- ten. Nun
swore in si- lence to do, then. Now,



Wieder mässiger.
Più moderato.

Tristan.

T.
will ich des Ei - des wal - ten. Was schwurt ihr,
now let my oath come true, then! What didst thou



acceler.

Isolda (quickly)

riten.

Tristan (quietly)

T.
Frau? Ra - che für Mo- rold! Müht euch
swear? Ven- geance for Mo- rold! Car'st for



Lebhafter.
Più vivo.

Isolda (animatedly)

I. *die? Wagst du zu höh - nen? -*
that? Dar'st thou to scorn me? -

I. *An - ge - lobt war er mir, der heh - re*
I was plight - ed to him, the glo - rious

I. *I - ren - held; sei - ne Waf - fen hatt' ich ge -*
I - rish lord, and his weap - ons all had I

I. *weiht; für mich zog er zum Streit.*
blessed; for me went he to war,

Noch etwas mehr belebend.
Ancora più animando.

I. *Da er ge - fal - len, fiel mei - ne Ehr; in des Her - zens*
and at his fall - ing, my hon - our fell. When my heart was

I. Schwe - re schwur ich den Eid: würd' ein
break - ing, made I this vow: If no

I. Mann den Mord nicht süh - nen, wollt' ich
man his quest would make it, I, a

Etwas mässiger.
Poco più moderato.

I. Magd mich dess' er - küh - nen...
maid, would un - der - take it...

I. Sieh und matt in mei - ner Macht,
Sick and weak and in my power,

Belebter. Più animato.

I. war - um ich dich da nicht schlug,
Wherefore I slew thee not there,

Mässiger.
Più moderato.
(zurückhaltend)
(ritenuto)

Belebend.
Animando.

I.  *p* *p*

das sag' dir selbst mit leich-tem Fug:- Ich pflag des
is. clear e - nough, as thou shalt hear:- Thee watched I

I.  *cresc.*

Wun - den, dass den heil Ge - sun - den
o - ver, that thou might'st re - cov - er,

I.  *f* *f*

rä - chend schlü - ge der Mann, der I - sol - den ihn ab - ge -
fierce - ly slaugh - ter'd to be, at I - sol - da's ex - press de -

Mässig.
Moderato.
(etwas gedehnt)
(poco sfeso)

I.  *f* *dim.* *p* *pp*

wann - creel - Dein Los nun
Thy fate thou

I.  *p* *cresc.*

sel - ber magst du dir sa - gen! Da die
now canst sure - ly fore - tell - thee! If the

I.
 Män - ner sich all' ihm ver - tra - gen, wer muss nun Tri - stan
 men are con - tent to o - bey — thee, who is there left to

I.
 schlagen?
 slay thee?

ff *rallent.* *dim...*

Langsam.
 Lento. Tristan (pale and gloomy)

War Mo-roid dir so werth, nun wie-der nimm das
 If Mo-roid was so dear, take then this sword I

p *più p* *pp*

T.
 (He offers her his sword)

Schwert, und führ' es si-cher und fest, dass du nicht dir's ent-fal - len
 bear, and drive it fair - ly and straight, lest it fail thee, as once of

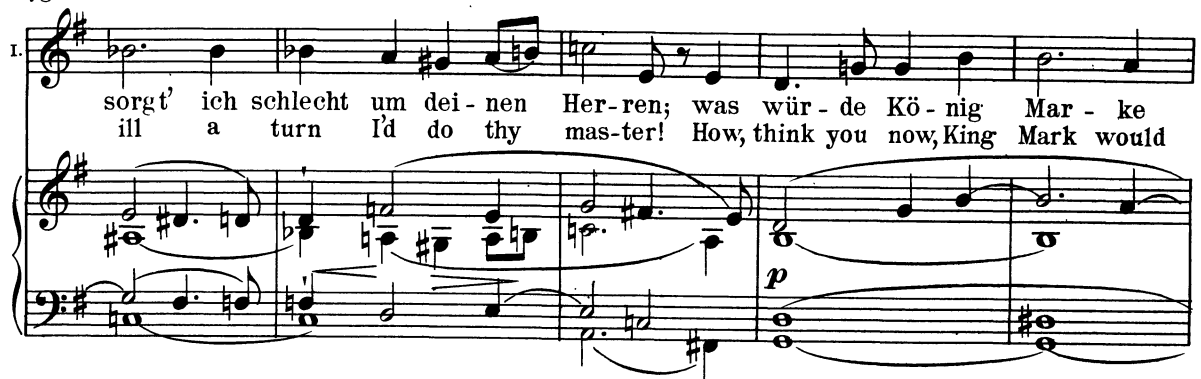
cresc. *p* *f*

I.
 lässt!
 late!

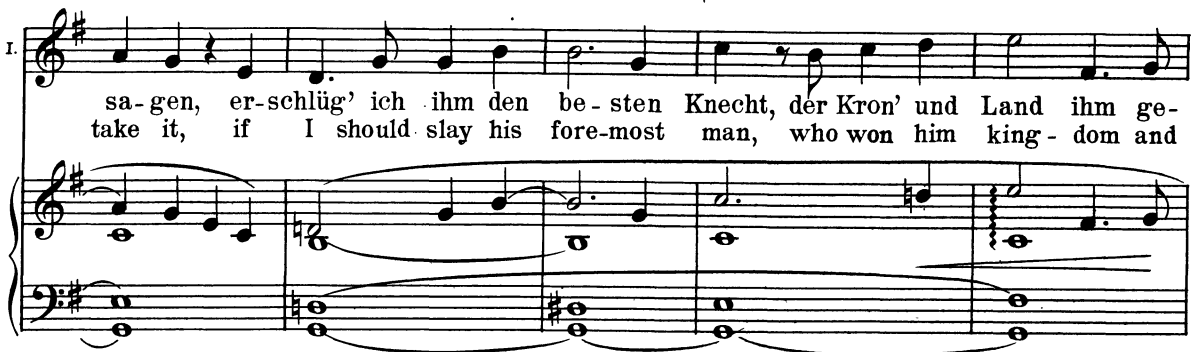
Wie
 How

Isolda.

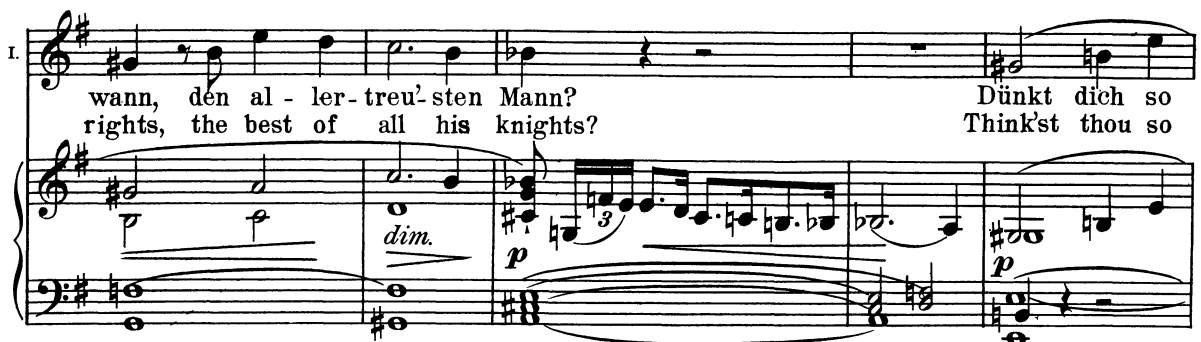
pp

I.  *p*

sorgt' ich schlecht um dei-nen Her-ren; was wür-de Kö-nig Mar-ke
ill a turn I'd do thy mas-ter! How, think you now, King Mark would

I. 

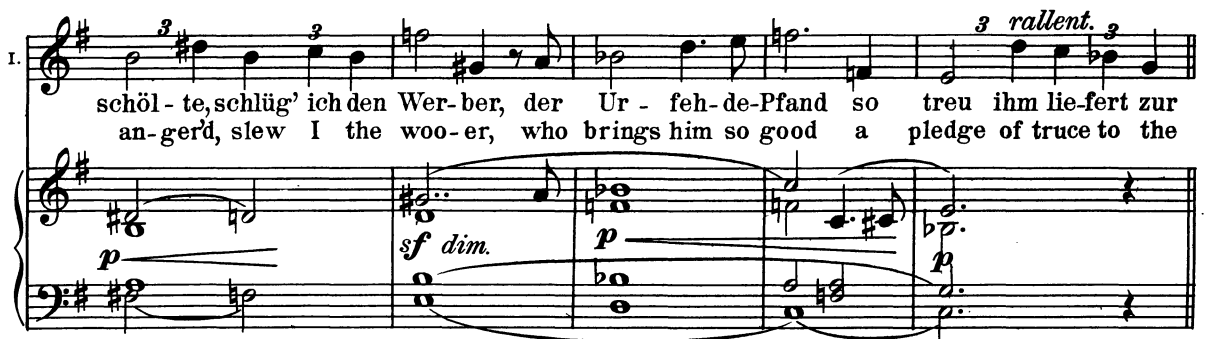
sa-gen, er-schlug' ich ihm den be-sten Knecht, der Kron' und Land ihm ge-
take it, if I should slay his fore-most man, who won him king-dom and

I.  *dim.* *p*

wann, den al-ler-treu'sten Mann? Dünkt dich so
rights, the best of all his knights? Thinkst thou so

I.  *p*

we-nig, was er dir dankt, bringst du die I-rin ihm als Braut, dass er nicht
small his thanks be to thee, thou that hast brought me as his bride, he'd not be

I.  *p* *sf dim.* *p* *pp.* *3 rallent. 3*

schöl-te, schlug' ich den Wer-ber, der Ur-feh-de-Pfand so treu ihm lie-fert zur
an-gerd, slew I the woo-er, who brings him so good a pledge of truce to the

Langsamer.
Più lento.

Hand? Wah - re dein Schwert! Da einst ich's schwang, als
feud? Sheathe thou the sword. I once did wield, when

accel.

p *p* *cresc.* *fp* *cresc.*

mir die Ra - che im Bu - sen rang,
thoughts of ven - geance my bo - som filled,

rallent.

ff

als dein mes - sen - der Blick mein Bild sich stahl, ob ich Herrn
when thy crit - i - cal glance my like - ness took, if for his

ff *dimin.*

Mar - ke taug' als Ge - mahl: das Schwert -
bride King Mark me would brook: The sword -

p *più p* *ff*

da liess ich's sin - ken... Nun lass uns Süh - ne
I let it fall then... So drink a truce to

rallent.

ff *rall. p* *pp*

Mässig.
Moderato.

(She signs to Brangæna, who cowers and trembles as she moves)

1

trin - ken!
all, then!

pp *fp* *cresc.*

espress.
f dim. *p pp*

(Isolda urges her with more emphatic gestures)

accel.
cresc. *f*

Mässig. (Brangæna sets about preparing the
Moderato. draught)

più f *sf*

Voices of the Sailors (without)

Tenor I.

ff

Ho! he! ha! he! ho! he! ha! he!

Yo! heave O! heave! Yo! heave O! heave

Bass I. *ff*

Am O - ber - mast die Se - gel ein!
Stand by the top! Haul down the sail!

f

ha! he! ha! he!
O! heave O!

Tenor II. *ff*
Am O-ber-mast die Se-gel ein!
Stand by the top! Haul down the sail!

Bass II. *ff*
Ho! he! ha! he!
Yo! heave O! hey!

Ho! he! ha! he!
Yo! heave O! heave O! hey!

Tristan (starting from his moody silence) Isolda.

Wo sind wir? Hart am
Where are we? Right at

Ziel! Tri- stan, ge- winn' ich Sü- ne? Was
land! Tris- tan, is peace be- tween us? What

hast du mir zu sa- gen?
an- swer dost thou make me?

Tristan (darkly)

T. Des Schweigens Her - rin heisst mich schweigen: - fass' ich, was sie ver-
The queen of si - lence makes me si - lent: - Know - ing what she with-

T. schwieg, verschweig' ich, was sie nicht fasst.
held, with - hold I more than she knows.

I. *accel.* Isolda (with more animation)
Dein Schweigen fass' ich, weichst du mir
I know that si - lence - thou wouldst re -

Lebhafter.
Più vivace.

I. aus. Wei - gerst du die Süh - ne mir?
fuse. Dost thou then my truce de - cline?

Sailors (without)
Tenor I. II.
Ho! he! ha! he! ho! he! ha! he! ha!
Yo! heave O! heave O! heave O! heave O!

Bass I. II.
Ho! he! ha! he!
Yo! heave O! hey!

Bass I. II.

(On an impatient sign from Isolda, Bran-

Ho! he! ha! he!
Yo! heave O! hey!

gena hands her the full goblet)

Isolda (advancing with the cup to Tristan, who gazes fixedly

Du hörst den Ruf?
Thou hear'st the call?

in her eyes).

Wir sind am Ziel: in kur - zer
We are at land: be - fore King

rallent.

(very earnestly)

(with veiled scorn)

Frist steh'n wir vor Kö - nig
Mark we shall ere - long be

Etwas gedehnt.
Poco steso.

Mar - ke. Ge - lei - test du mich, dünkt dich's nicht
standing. And lead'st thou me then, were it not

I. 

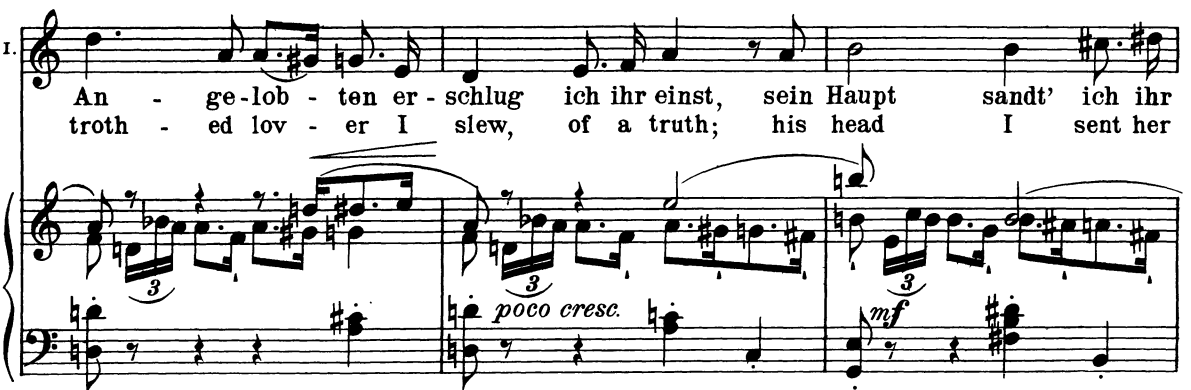
lieb, darfst du so ihm sa - gen:
well, if thou thus couldst greet him:

I. 

„Mein Herr und Ohm, sieh' die dir
"My lord and king, look well on

I. 

an: ein sanf-tres Weib gewannst du nie. Ih - ren
her: a ten - d'rer wife thou ne'er couldst win. Her be -

I. 

An - ge - lob - ten er - schlug ich ihr einst, sein Haupt sandt' ich ihr
troth - ed lov - er I slew, of a truth; his head I sent her

I. heim; die Wun - de, die sei - ne Wehr mir schuf, die
home; the wounds that his weap - ons wrought on me, she

p dolce *dolce*

I. hat sie hold ge - heilt; mein Le - - - ben with -
gra - cious - ly did heal; my life

p *p poco cresc.*

I. lag in ih - rer Macht: das schenk - te mir die
in her hand was laid: she gave it me, this

molto cresc. *f* *ff*

I. mil - - de Magd, und ih - - res Lan - des Schand' und
mer - ci - ful maid; and all her coun - try's slights and

accel. *accel.* *p* *molto cresc.*

I. Schmach, die gab sie mit dar - ein, dein Eh' - ge - mahl zu sein.
shame, she let them go, as well, with thee as queen to dwell.

rall. *a tempo* *rall.* *a tempo*

f *p* *p*

I. So gu - ter Ga - ben hol - der Dank schuf mir ein sü - sser Süh - ne
 Such good - ly gifts I have to thank, with her a draught of truce I

I. trank; den bot mir ih - - re Huld zu
 drank; that par-don for me won, for

I. süh - - nen al - le Schuld.
 all the wrong I'd done."

Sehr bewegt.
 Molto animato.

Sailors (without)
 Tenor.

Auf das Tau!
 Ca - ble out!

Bass.

An - - ker los!
An - - chor free!

T. Tristan (startling wildly)

Los den
Drop the

cresc. *f*

An - ker! Das Steu - er dem Strom!
an - chor! Her stern to the tide! Den
And

p *f* *p* *f*

Win - - den Se - gel und Mast!
hold the sail to the wind!

p *f* *f* *f*

(He snatches the cup from her)

Wohl kenn'ich Ir - lands Kö - ni - gin und ih - rer
Well known is Ire - lands queen to me, and all her

f *f dim.* *p*

T. Kün - ste Wun - der - kraft. Den Bal - sam
 won - drous ma - gic might. The balm - I

T. nützt' ich, den sie bot: den Be - cher nehm'ich nun, dass ganz -
 used, she bade me take; this bea - ker quaff I now, that right -

T. - ich heut' ge - ne - se.
 - ly I re - cov - er.

T. Und ach - te auch des Süh - ne - eids, den ich zum Dank dir
 Take heed, then, to my oath of truce, that thank - ful - ly I

T. sa - ge!
 swear thee! *marcato*

(gedehnt)
(allargando)

T.
Tri - stan's Eh - re - höch - ste Treu'! Tri - stan's E - lend -
Tris - tan's honour - firm - est faith! Tris - tan's an - guish -

(Der Vortrag des Sängers zu beachten!)
(Colla parte.)

(rasch) (vivo) (züglernd) (ritenuto) (langsam) (lento) (gesteigert) (appassionato)

T.
kühn - ster Trotz! Trug des Herzens! Traum der Ah - nung! Ew' - ger
bold - est gage! Loss of courage! Dream of long - ing! End - less

(etwas breit) (poco allargando)

T.
Trauer einz'ger Trost: Ver - ges - sens güt' - ger Trank,
sor - row's on - ly salve: For - get - ful - ness I drink!

Sehr lebhaft. Molto vivo.
(He puts the cup to his lips and drinks) Isolda.

(lebhafter) (animato)

T.
dich trink' - ich son - der Wank! Be - trug auch
All this, - and do not shrink! Be - fooled e'en

(She wrests the cup from him)

I. hier? Mein die Häl - te!
here? Half for me, now!

I. Ver - rä - - - ther!
Be - tray - - - er!

più f

(She drinks)

I. Ich trink' sie dir!
I drink to thee!

molt' espress. ff

Langsam.
Lento.

(Then she throws away the goblet.— They both shudder,

dim. p più p pp

trem.

and gaze into one another's eyes with the utmost emotion, but without changing their position, while their death-defiant expression changes to the glow of passion.)

sempre pp

Rev. *

p

Trembling seizes them. They clutch their hearts tightly

Etwas bewegt.
Poco mosso.

pp cresc. *f* *ff*

and then pass their hands over
rall. their brows.

ff

Langsam.
Lento.

Again try to meet each other's
eyes

pp *p molto espress.*

lower their eyes in confusion, then raise them again to each

sf *p* *sf* *p*

other with increasing longing.)

cresc. *sf* *più f* *ff dim.* *p*

Isolda (with trembling voice) (sinking upon his breast)

T. Tri - stan!
Tris - tan!

Treu - lo - ser Hol - der!
Treach - er - ous dar - ling!

Tristan (with an outburst) (He embraces her passionately)

I - sol - de!
I - sol - da!

cresc. *f* *p*

Lebhaft mit Steigerung.
Allegro appassionato.

Tristan. (They remain in a silent embrace)

Se - lig - ste Frau!
Wom - an di - vine!

fp *cresc.*

All the Men (without)
Tenor I.

Tenor II.

Bass I.

Bass II.

ff

Heil! Kō - nig Mar - ke Heil!
Hail! to King Mark all hail!

sempre più f

Heil! Kö - nig Mar - ke Heil!
Hail! to King Mark all hail!

Heil! Kö - nig Mar - ke Heil!
Hail! to King Mark all hail!

Heil! Kö - nig King Hail!
Hail! to King

ff (Trumpets on the Stage as from

(Brangæna, who with averted face was leaning bewildered and trembling over the side of the ship, now turns and sees the lovers clasped in each other's arms, and rushes forward, wringing her hands in despair)

Brangæna.

We he! Weh!
Woe is me!

Mar - ke Heil!
Mark all hail!

Mar - ke Heil!
Mark all hail!

(the land)

ff *f*

B. Un - ab - wend - bar ew' - ge Noth für kur - zen
 End - less sor - row, not the breath of in - stant

B. Tod! Thör' - ger Treu - e
 death! Fool - ish, faith - ful

B. trug - vol - les Werk blüht nun jam -
 fraud's hand - i - work now breaks wail -

f *molto cresc.* *più f*

B. - - mernd em - por!
 - - ing a - broad!

(Both start from their embrace)

ff *p dolce*

T. Tristan (confused)
 Was träum - te mir von
 What dream - was mine of

cresc.

T. Tri - stan's Eh - - - re?
Tris - tan's hon - - - our?

ff *p dolce*

I. Isolda.
Was träum - te mir von I - sol - - de's
What dream was mine of I - sol - - da's

cresc. *Reo.*

I. Schmach? Du mich ver -
shame? I to re -

T. Tristan.
Du mir ver - lo - ren?
I, I to lose thee?

ff *p* *fp*

I. sto - ssen? Thö - ri - gen Zür - nens eit - les Dräu'n!
pel thee? Fol - ly and an - ger's i - dle threats!

T. Trü - genden Zau - bers tü - cki - sche List! I -
Ma - gic's mis - lead - ing, treach - er - ous tricks! I -

fp *fp* *cresc.*

I. stan! Tri - - stan! Wel - -
 tan! Tris - - tan! World,

T. I - sol - de! I - sol - - -
 I - sol - da! I - sol - - -

p *più f* *ff* *p*

Re. *

I. - - ten ent - ron - nen, du mir ge - won - - nen,
 there is none now, thee have I won now,

T. - - - - de, I - - sol - - - de mir ge -
 - - - - da, I - - sol - - - da, I have

Re. *

I. Tri - stan! Du mir ge - won - nen, du mir
 Tris - tan! Thee have I won me, thee a -

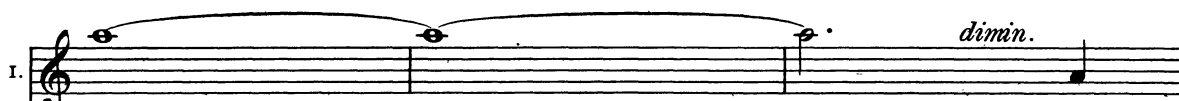
T. won - nen! I - sol - - de! Du mir
 won thee! I - sol - - da! Thee a -

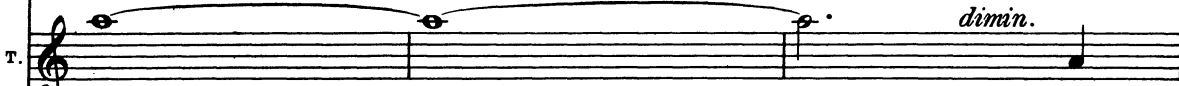
p cresc.

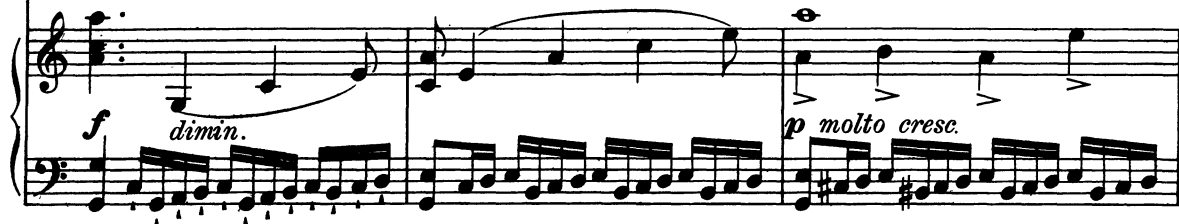
I.  ein - - - - - zig bewusst, höch - ste
lone I re-quire, thou my

T.  ein - - - - - zig be-wusst, höch - - - - - ste
lone I re-quire, thou my

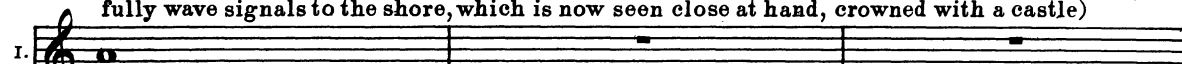
 *più f*


I.  Lie heart's - - - - - bes - - - - -
de - - - - - *dimin.*

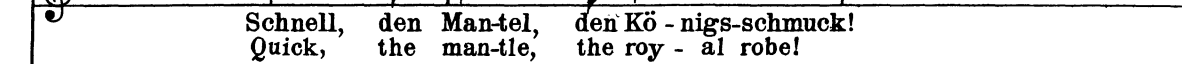
T.  Lie heart's - - - - - bes - - - - -
de - - - - - *dimin.*

 *f* *dimin.* *p molto cresc.*

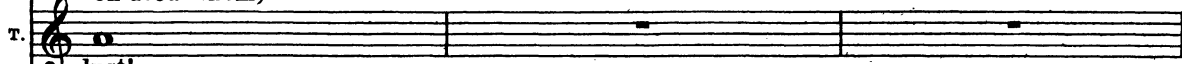
(The curtains are thrown wide apart; the whole ship is crowded with knights and sailors who joyfully wave signals to the shore, which is now seen close at hand, crowned with a castle)

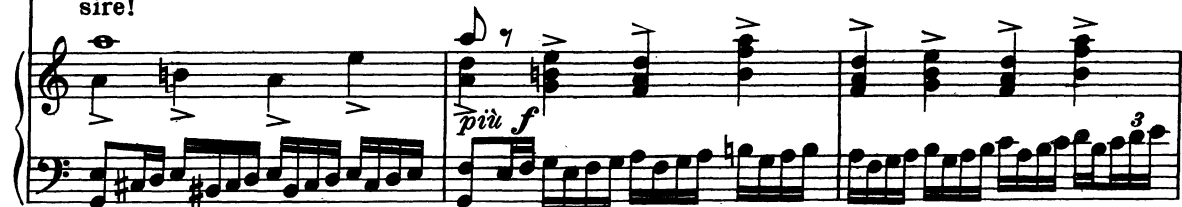
I.  lust!
sire!

B.  (to the women who, at a signal from her,
Brangana: come up from the cabin) (rushing between Tristan and Isolda)

 Schnell, den Mantel, den Kö-nigs-schmuck!
Quick, the man-tle, the roy-al robe!

(Tristan and Isolda remain lost in contemplation of each other, without noticing what is going on about them)

T.  lust!
sire!

 *più f*

Etwas zurückhaltend.
Poco ritenuto.

Brangæna.

(She puts the royal mantle on Isolda without her noticing it)

B.

Un - - sel' - ge! Auf! Hört, wo wir sind!
Come, wretch - ed pair! See where we are!

f

sehr kräftig fortissimo

All the Men (on board ship)
Tenor.

Etwas breiter im Zeitmass.
Poco allargando il tempo.

Heil! _____ Heil! _____ Heil! Kö - nig Mar - ke Heil!
Hail! _____ Hail! _____ Hail! to King Mark all hail!

Bass.

pù f

ff

Kö - nig Mar - ke Heil!
Hail to Mark, the King!

Heil! _____ Heil _____
Hail! _____ Hail _____

f

3

3

3

K. 

Heil, Tri - stan!
Hail, Tris - tan!

dem Kö - nig!
our mon - arch!

cresc. -

f

K. 

Glück - li - cher Held!
For - tu - nate Knight!

Mit rei - chem Hof - ge -
Surround - ed by his

Heil Kö - nig Mar - ke!
Hail to King Mark, O!

f

ff

p

K. 

sin - de, dort auf Na - chen naht Herr Mar - ke.
court - iers, in a shal - lop comes King Mark now!

poco cresc. -

K. 

Hei! wie die Fahrt ihn freut, dass er die Braut
Glad - ly he makes his way un - to his bride

p

cresc. -

acceler.

Tristan (looking up confused)

K. T. *acceler.*

sich freit! Wer naht?
 this day! Who comes?

Kurvenal.

Tristan. (Kurvenal points over the side)

K. T.

Der Kö - nig! Wel - cher Kö - nig?
 The King, Sire! King? What King, then!

All the Men (waving their hats)

Tenor.

(Tristan gazes blankly towards the shore)

Heil! Kö-nig Mar-ke Heil! Kö-nig Mar-ke Heil!
 Hail to King Mark, all hail! Hail to Mark, the King!

Bass.

ff

Wieder etwas bewegter.

Poco più animato, come prima.

Isolda (in confusion)

Brangæna.

I. B. *p* *cresc.*

Was ist, Bran - gæ - ne? Wel - cher Ruf? I - sol - de!
 What's this, Bran - gæ - na? Why these cheers? I - sol - da!

Isolda.

I. Her-rin! Fas-sung nur heut! Wo bin ich? Leb' ich? Ha! wel-cher
 Mis-tress! For once be calm! Where am I? Live I? Ah! which the

Brangæna (with despair)

(Isolda stares in terror at Tristan)

I. Trank? Der Lie - - bes-trank!
 draught? Of Love - that draught -

Isolda.

I. Tri - stan! Muss ich
 Tristan. Tris - - tan! Must I

I - sol - - de!
 I - sol - - da!

(She sinks fainting on his breast)

I. le - - - ben?
 live, then?

Brangæna (to the women)

Helft der Her-rin!
 Mind your Mis-tress!

Tristan.

O Won - ne vol - ler Tü - cke! O trug - ge - weih - - tes
 O joy with false - ness freighted! O bliss fraud - con - - se -

(People have climbed aboard; others have rigged a gangway; their behavior indicates their expectation of the coming arrival)

Glücke!
 crated!
 All the Men. Tenor.

(General outburst of rejoicing) Korn - wall Heil!
 of rejoicing) Corn - wall hail!

Bass.

f (*Trumpets on the Stage*) *ff* *f*

(The Curtain falls quickly)

ff