

TRANSLATIONS

Ariadne auf Naxos

Aria | Ariadne: "Sey mir gegrüßt auf Naxos Höhn"

Welcome to the hills of Naxos,
Aurora's golden chariot!
Your goddess has watched me
for three sensual days in Theseus' arms!

She saw me and blushed.
And Aurora — even I, who blush easily,
have never seen your face glow as beautifully as now.

Recitative | Ariadne: "Zwar hier, mein Theseus, glänzt kein stiller Sommertag"

Here, my Theseus, no gentle summer day shines
like those on Crete, on Daedalus' paths,
where love
— oh, so enchantingly —
hid in the shadows,
where gentle springs flowed through soft grass,
and sweet west winds
competed to surround Flora's heart.

This sea is so wild, this rock so terrible!
Come, my Theseus, take me in your arms!
Are you still asleep?
No!
You wander the valley,
perhaps hunting lions in the morning glow
— your noble hunt! —
Look up — your maiden is awake.

My dear Theseus!
Oh how I trembled for him
— terrified! —
as I wept in my dreams last night.
In vain I reached for him,
in vain I gazed from this high rock,

in vain I called out to him!
Where could he be?

My Theseus!
Your heroic tale includes the Minotaur,
but so many other horrors as well!
So many horrors in nature,
Hydras coiled around your legs!
Oh gods! Who will save you?
Look at your Ariadne! Look at me,
the one you love and who cares for you!
Look at me, your maiden!

Aria | Ariadne: "O du, wie kann ich dich zu zärtlich lieben?"
Oh you,
how could I ever love you tenderly enough,
— brave young man —
and how could you ever disappoint me?

This desolate cliff is dreadful;
where could I find you?

Recitative | Oread & Ariadne: "Zu weit entfernt das Meer den Frevler schon!"

— *Oread* —
The unholy one has already fled beyond the sea!
He has fled from you for eternity!
— *Ariadne* —
Fled?
Who here tries to break me?

— *Oread* —
I, nymph of these hills,
saw him flee in the storm.
He shunned the light,
your pleading face, your tearful eyes,
but not the crashing storm waves.

Aria | Oread: "Des Menschen Herz ist muthig zum Verrath"
So easily does a human heart fall to betrayal
but it cannot bear the accusation of innocence.

The heart falters into sin

whenever it is reproached by love and virtue.

Recitative | Ariadne: "Ists wahr?"

Is it true?

You eternal powers of Olympus!,
have I been abandoned? Alone here, on this rock, in this sea?

Dear Gods!

Could Theseus have left me?

Holy Jupiter!

I am acquainted with the thunder in your right hand too well!

you eternal rulers of Olympus,
save me!

There on the horizon
a ship speeds away,
carrying that cruel one
who conquered my heart, only to betray it.

Aria | Ariadne: "Kannst du, mein Herz"

Can you, my heart,
endure this piercing pain
without feeling, wounded, powerless?

Give in to fear!
Burst my chest, break!

Let me, Gods, conquer this mortal anguish
through death!

Recitative | Ariadne: "Was für ein Graun herrscht hier"

How terrifying it is
on this dreadful shore!
Does even Cocytus compare
to the horrors of this sea?
Is this Oread's land like
the fiery realm of Hades and Erebus?

Am I truly here?
And must I,
once the celebrated Cretan,
the hope and joy of proud Crete,
Minos' daughter, grandchild of a god,

must I now,
in the dawn of my spring,
wander these rocks,
alone, wringing my hands, abandoned,
mocked by the gods, and as prey for wild beasts?

And could Theseus truly hate Ariadne?

Disgrace! Outrage! Infamy! Horror!
I, who
pulled him from the monster's claws,
tenderly, as the gods know,
freed him from Daedalus' labyrinth,
risked my life,
when mothers and daughters had
ceased to hope for me,
only to give my life to the beasts in these rocks!

Recitative | Ariadne: "Weh mir! Warum muß ich ihn sehn?"
Woe is me! Why did our paths have to meet?

How he looked,
like a god,
so handsome!
He, Heracles' companion,
so brave, so perfect!

Oh, my tender, womanly heart,
how could you be so smitten?
His hair so curly!
His gaze so nobly sincere!
His stride and face so full of
unbending pride and courage!

His fate is now so sad;
still, in rest, he is so magnificent!
What sympathy he inspired,
when people spoke so admiringly of him.

Oh how I secretly wept tears of joy!
Oh how my chest pounded,
swelled, trembled
with delight, love, and sympathy!

Then I could no longer hold back,
I fled like Zephyrus into his arms,
wrapped myself around his neck, and cried:
“Did I surprise you, oh Theseus?
Love took me here — a tender sympathy!
Flee, save your life for my sake!
Look, this is the way out!
See how the Minotaur already trembles,
Love offers him to you to defeat.”

And so he slew the beast,
 that half-man, half-beast,
and took me in his arms,
and so we fled!

Where?
Ah! Now I am here!
You traitor!
Has the sky, has the Earth ever seen
a more shameful, ungrateful creature than you?

Aria | Ariadne: "Daß er der Fluch der Menschheit werde!"
May he become the curse of humanity!
A whirlwind cast him
to the shores of Phlegethon!
That traitor!

Far from the motherly earth,
amidst the stormy sea,
swallowed by the scaly Charybdi,
may he sink into his terrible grave!

Recitative | Ariadne: "Einst war ich schuldlos"
Once I was innocent;
my spring days passed
calmly, without tears, without sorrow,
blissfully unaware of love.
Rosy times danced around me like
the delicate flower queen Maia herself.
Fresh crocus and jasmine branches
crowned my head,

and violet garlands adorned my body.

I leaned toward my mother,
I was her pride, her sweet daughter,
who quietly wept tears of joy,
and whom she embraced,
deeply moved by tender filial love.
Then you flowed away from me, golden time!

Oh, will I never have you back?
Can I never again plead for your return?
Will there be immediate punishment after death?
Am I now forever subject to humiliation?

Oh, let me, my mother,
once more fall at your feet and,
 bowed in the dust,
 let me, your daughter,
 a maiden born of divine blood,
once more drink your tears in repentance!

Was my crime terrible?
Yes, it was! Now I show my remorse!
Repentance is noble, nobler is mercy.

Aria | Oread: "Sie brüllen, die Löwen"

The lions roar,
wringing throats;
the Thunderer hurries down
the mountain in fury!

Recitative | Ariadne: "Wohin? Wo flieh ich hin?"

Where? Where do I flee?
Death is nigh!
Beside me, beneath me, above me — death!
From every direction I am hunted,
the almighty gods threaten me!
Woe is me, woe!
With hair flying,
I wander along the shore
 —where?! —
and am at the mercy of the winds!

I don't deserve this end,
this humiliation for your sake, Theseus,
this grave in these waves!

One day, look down from your shores,
— with a luckier bride in your arms —
trembling, as she glances toward this place,
then say:

"Here lies the tender maiden —
her mother's beloved daughter,
once so blessed,
she met her death here!"

Aria | Oread: "Sie brüllen, die Löwen"

The lions roar,
wringing throats;
the Thunderer hurries down
the mountain in fury!

Prokris und Cephalus

Aria | Cephalus: "Seyd munter, ihr Jäger! das Jagdhorn erschallt!"

Be cheerful, hunters! The horn resounds!
Let's go! Hand me my rifle, follow me!
Quick, hounds, like the winds,
find the prey still wandering about the camp!
The shadows are slipping away—
quick, into the forest!

Release me,
oh my joy;
only a sluggish soul
would linger on in their peaceful home.

Recitative | Narrator: "So rufet Cephalus, so oft der Morgen tagt"

Thus speaks Cephalus
every dawn,
as the urge to hunt tears him away
from Prokris' faithful kisses,
despite her showering him with affection.

Suspicion arises in Prokris:
Could the lure of hunting hide
something else?
To discover the truth behind Cephalus's actions,
Prokris hides in the bushes,
where Cephalus,
dusty and sweaty,
often rests at noon
to refresh his weary limbs.

Cephalus speaks.
Prokris listens, wondering whom he addresses.
Cephalus gently speaks to the lovely air around him.

Aria | Cephalus: "Ach! laß mich im Kühlen deine Küsse fühlen!"

Oh, let me here in the cool shade
feel your kisses!
— Hush! What was that sound? —
Come and play with me!

Oh, come! Refresh me!

I sigh for you,
open my chest to you.
The rustling of trees—
you are here, oh my divine desire!

Recitative | Narrator: "Es naht sich Prokris in den Sträuchen"

Prokris draws closer
to catch her supposed rival
with whom she believes Cephalus is conversing.
Oh heavens! I wish she wouldn't!

Aria | Narrator: "Verbannt aus euch des Argwohns Triebe"

Banish from your hearts these seeds of suspicion
which will only bring suffering to yourselves,
you who love each other!

Trust is the foundation of love.
All too often some foolish doubt
causes terrible tragedy.

**Recitative | Cephalus, Narrator & Prokris: "Es rauscht, es regt sich
was von neuen"**

— *Cephalus* —

I hear rustling,
something stirs again—
could it be just a faint breeze?
Perhaps fate blesses me with prey,
but what kind?

— *Narrator* —

Cephalus wonders
and quickly shoots his arrow.
He hears a cry.
Prokris falls!
Cephalus searches...

What could it be?

— *Cephalus* —

Oh, Prokris! Prokris lies in blood!
Gods help me!
What have I done?

— *Narrator* —

With her last breath, Prokris speaks to Cephalus
with gentle spirit,
more tearful
than angry:

— *Prokris* —

You traitor! Kill me, if you must.
I can forgive my death,
but not what I just heard.

— *Cephalus* —

Great gods! What has come over you?
How else could I have wronged you?

— *Prokris* —

Ask the maiden you were just
speaking so tenderly to.

— *Cephalus* —

I was resting here alone,
talking only to the winds.

Look! See for yourself!

Who else is here besides the two of us?

— *Prokris & Cephalus* —

Oh what a mistake!

Oh what cruel fate!

Recitative | Narrator: "Verzweifelnd ziehet er in Eil aus ihrer Brust"

In despair, Cephalus swiftly pulls

the fatal arrow from Prokris's chest.

He tries to bind the wound as best he can,

but the blood continues to flow.

Gently, he attempts to raise Prokris up—

but in vain, she falls again.

Defeated, he lays her down on the grass.

The loss of blood slowly causes the bleeding to stop.

The light in Prokris's eyes fades.

Her body stiffens, her heart beats weakly.

Hopeless, Cephalus ceases his efforts to heal her;

his cries of despair

echo over Prokris's last sigh.

Aria | Cephalus & Prokris: "Ihr Götter, helft! Ach! welche Quaal!"

— *Cephalus* —

Gods, help me!

Oh, what agony!
I am a murderer! Oh, cursed hand of mine!
Oh, faithful arrow, if only fate
had guided you into my own chest!

If I have not loved you faithfully enough,
let the heavens themselves
deliver their wrath upon me!

— *Prokris* —

I die,
though blessed, if only you love me...

— *Cephalus* —

Oh, she grows pale!
I am a murderer! Oh, cursed hand of mine!
Oh, faithful arrow, if only fate
had guided you into my own chest!

Ariadne	daughter of King Minos; helped Theseus escape the labyrinth with a ball of thread
Aurora (Eos)	goddess of dawn
Cephalus (Kefalos)	mortal, hunter, husband of Procris; later, Aurora fell in love with Cephalus and abducted him to Olympus
Charybdis (Kharybdis)	sea monster; creates fatal whirlpools in the sea three times a day
Cocytus (Kokytos)	river of lamentation, a tributary of the river Styx, where the dead realize that their life has ended
Daedalus (Daidalos)	craftsman and inventor; created the labyrinth on Crete
Dis Pater/Pluto (Hades)	ruler of the underworld, god of the dead
Erebus (Erebos)	one of the primordial deities, god of darkness
Flora (Chloris)	goddess of flowers, blossoming, and spring
Hercules/Alcides (Herakles)	hero, son of Zeus and a demigod, known for his immense strength and the 12 Labors
Hydra	a serpent with multiple heads; for every head cut off, two new ones grew
Jupiter (Zeus)	supreme god, ruler of Olympus, god of the sky and thunder; here also referred to as Donnrer, Thunderer
Maia	goddess of growth, the eldest of the seven Pleiades
Minos	king of Crete, every 9 years he fed 14 youths to the Minotaur; after his death, he served as a judge in the realm of the dead
Minotaurus (Minotauros)	"Minos Bull"; a monster with a human body and a bull's head; lived in the labyrinth built by Daedalus
Naxos (Naxos/Dia)	island in the Aegean Sea
Olympus (Olympos)	gighest mountain in Greece, home to the 12 Olympian gods
oreadi – oreas (oreias)	mountain nymph
Pasiphaë/Pasifae	mother of Ariadne and the Minotaur, wife of King Minos, queen of Crete, sometimes considered a goddess of sorcery
Phlegethon/Flegethon	river of fire in the underworld
Procris (Prokris)	Athenian princess, Cephalus's wife
Theseus	Athenian hero, known for his strength and cunning; defeated the Minotaur
Zephyrus (Zefyros)	god of the west wind, often associated with spring and flowers