

## WAGNER AND GLUCK TEXT EXTRACTS

### 1: IPHIGENIA'S FAREWELL TO ACHILLES

Gluck

15 *Il faut de mon destin  
Subir la loi suprême:  
Jusqu'au tombeau  
Je braverai ses coups.  
Oui, sous le fer de Calchas même,  
Je vous dirai que je vous aime,  
Et mon dernier soupir  
Ne sera que pour vous.*

16 **ACHILLE**  
Et vous m'aimez !  
Puis-je le croire encore ?  
Vous savez que je vous adore,  
Ingrate, et vous voulez mourir !

**IPHIGENIE**  
Partez, Seigneur,  
La gloire vous appelle,  
Elle offre à vos regards

La carrière immortelle,  
Où vous devez courir :  
Ma mort seule peut vous l'ouvrir.

**ACHILLE**  
Vous voulez donc, cruelle,  
Cette gloire à mes yeux si belle,  
Me la faire haïr ?

17 **IPHIGENIE**  
*Adieu, conservez dans votre âme  
Le souvenir de notre ardeur ;  
Et qu'une si parfaite flamme,  
Vive du moins dans votre cœur.  
N'oubliez pas qu'Iphigénie,  
Digne d'un moins funeste sort,  
Pour vous seul chérissait la vie,  
Et vous aimait jusqu'à la mort.  
Adieu ! Adieu !*

*I must submit  
To the supreme law of my destiny:  
To the very grave itself  
I must face its cruel blows.  
Yes, beneath the very knife of Calchas  
I shall say that I love you,  
And my last breath  
Will be for you only.*

**ACHILLES**  
You love me!  
Can I yet believe it?  
You know, ungrateful being, that I adore you,  
And yet you wish to die.

**IPHIGENIA**  
Go, Sir,  
Honour summons you,  
It reveals to you

The path to immortality,  
Which you must take:  
My death alone can open it to you.

**ACHILLES**  
In your cruelty, you therefore wish  
To turn this honour, so dear to me,  
Into something to be hated?

**IPHIGENIA**  
*Farewell, safeguard within your breast  
The memory of our passion;  
And may such perfect love  
Live at least in your heart.  
Do not forget that Iphigénie,  
Worthy of a less lamentable fate,  
Cherished her life for you alone,  
And loved you unto death.  
Farewell, farewell.*

**Wagner**

(Wagner cuts almosts all of the dialogue between Iphigenia and Achilles, and the second and even more moving *air* in Gluck which ends with the word 'farewell' twice repeated [which Wagner re-uses]. Instead Wagner writes new words to create a beautiful middle section for the first aria, before his reprise of the opening.)

IPHIGENIA (*with an ecstatic expression*)

Das Los, das mir beschieden, will muthvoll ich ertragen,

Bis in das Grab soll es mich standhaft sehn.

Ja, ob der Stahl des Priesters mich durchbohre,

Sag' ich doch, dass ich dich liebe!

Mein letzter Hauch im Tod gelte dir allein!

ACHILLES (*in greatest astonishment and emotion*)

Ist dies noch Iphigenia, die mich zu lieben währte?

IPHIGENIA (*with a solemn exaltation*)

Leb Wohl! Auf mich hat Hellas' Volke die Blicke jetzt gewendet,

Auf mich beruht sein Heil und seiner Schiffe Fahrt.

Durch meinen Tod, Achill, sei Troja zugesendet,

Dem Ruhm, der dort die blüht, sei deine Kraft gespart!

(*rising up to a moving tone*)

The fate which I accept, I will suffer with courage,  
Right to my grave I will look on it steadfastly.  
Yes, when the steel of the priest pierces through me,  
I will say that I love you!  
My last dying breath will be meant for you alone!

Is this then Iphigenia, who made me love her madly?

Farewell! The people of Greece have turned their gaze on me,

On me depends their wellbeing and the sailing of their fleet.

By my death, Achilles, you will be sent to Troy,

Let your strength be saved for the fame, which blooms there

for you.

Leb' wohl! Leb' wohl!  
 Das Los, das mir beschieden, will muthvoll ich ertragen,  
 Bis in das Grab soll es mich standhaft sehn.  
 Ja, ob der Stahl des Priesters mich durchbohre,  
 Sag' ich doch, dass ich dich liebe!  
 Mein letzter Hauch im Tod gelte dir allein!

Farewell! Farewell!  
 The fate which I accept, I will suffer with courage,  
 Right to my grave I will look on it steadfastly.  
 Yes, when the steel of the priest pierces through me,  
 I will say that I love you!  
 My last dying breath will be meant for you alone.

*ARCAS' ENTRY*

(Iphigénie, Clytemnestre, Achille, Patroclus and the chorus have just ended an ensemble celebrating the impending wedding, and are about to depart)

**Gluck**

*The previous actors and Arcas, who entered towards the end of the previous scene.*

**ACHILLE**

Princesse, pardonnez à mon impatience,  
 Agamemnon nous attend à l'autel:  
 Venez combler les vœux  
 Du plus heureux mortel.

Princess, pardon my impatience;  
 Agamemnon waits for us at the altar;  
 Come and gratify the wish  
 Of the happiest of men.

**ARCAS**

Je ne puis plus garder un coupable silence.

I cannot keep any longer a blameworthy silence.

Infortunés amants, ou courez-vous?

O ciel! Non, non, vous n'irez pas

A cet autel funeste.

ACHILLE

Que dites-vous, Arcas?

CLYTEMNESTRE

Vous me faites trembler.

ARCAS

Votre époux, instrument

De la fureur celeste,

Attend sa fille au temple,

Et c'est pour l'immoler.

CLYTEMNESTRE

Lui, mou epoux!

IPHIGÉNIE, ACHILLE

Mon/ son père!

CLYTEMNESTRE

O désespoir! O crime!

ALL

Fût-il jamais conçu

De projet plus affreux?

Ill-fated lovers, where are you running to?

Oh heaven! No, no, you shall not go

To this dread altar.

What are you saying, Arcas?

You are making me tremble.

Your husband, instrument

Of divine anger,

Is waiting for his daughter at the temple,

And it is to sacrifice her.

He, my husband!

My/her father!

Oh despair! What villainy!

Was a more appalling deed

Ever conceived?

**Wagner**

*Arcas has advanced unnoticed from the background, and steps violently in the way of Achilles and Iphigenia. After his first outcry the whole procession turns back in confusion, and the principal characters go to the middle of the foreground.*

ARKAS

Unglückliche! Wo ihr hin? Zuruck!

Nein, nimmer darf ich dulden, das zu diesem Altar ihr zieht.

ACHILLES (*retreating*)

Was, Arkas, sagst du?

KLYTÄMNESTRA

Zitternd hör'ich dich an.

ARKAS

Länger nicht kann ich nun schweigen!

(*to Klytämnestra*) In Tempel dort hart dein Gatte,

Um einer zorngefüllten Göttin sein Kind zu opfern.

KLYTÄMNESTRA

Er, mein Gemal?

IPHIGENIA, ACHILLES

Mein/Ihr Vater!

Unfortunate ones! Where are you going? Back!

No, I cannot tolerate your going to that altar.

Arcas, what are you saying?

I tremble as I hear.

I can be silent no longer.

Your husband is waiting there in the temple

To sacrifice his child to an enraged goddess.

He, my husband?

My/her father!

KLYTÄMNESTRA

Götter! Wäre dies möglich?

ALL

Erbebt die Erde nicht vor so grässlicher That!

Gods! Is this possible?

The earth has never trembled in the face of  
such a horrible deed!

THE FINAL SCENE

**Wagner**

THE GREEKS

Auf! Auf! Tödet schleunig das Opfer!

IPHIGENIA AND KLYTÄMNESTRA

Ihr Götter, helfet uns!

ACHILLES AND THE THESSALIANS (*making for the hill in a determined storm*)

Streckt die Frevler hin in den Staub!

THE GREEKS

Wacht, dass Achill sie nicht entführe!

Schlagt zu! Schlagt zu!

*Agamemnon storms, out of breath, onto the stage from the right.*

Get on, get on! Kill the victim quickly!

Gods, help us!

Stretch out the villains in the dust!

Make sure Achilles doesn't take her away!

Strike! Strike!

AGAMEMNON

Mein Kind! Haltet ein!

My child! Stop!

*Right after the entry of Achilles a storm has cast its veil over the foreground, so that the combatants and everyone present on stage are seen from then on as if shrouded in mist. Also a similar veil has been cast close in front of the altar, so that Iphigenia and the people near her can hardly be seen. The storm gets ever more intense. After the cry of Agamemnon and while Achilles with his men has already reached the hill, there is a fearful thunderbolt, which instantly paralyses all their strength, so that everyone with a powerful cry of pain (Weh!!) retreats back to the foreground. The priests and priestesses lie stunned at the foot of the altar, from which Kalchas has also been forced back. Right above the altar behind the mist a thick cloud descends, in which Iphigenia completely disappears.*

KALCHAS

Die Göttin nahet selbst!

The goddess herself is coming.

*From the thickest of the darkness, which now dominates the stage, there immediately shines above the altar a dazzling light, in which Artemis appears. She extends her hand out over Iphigenia, who lies at her feet.*

ARTEMIS

Nicht dürste ich nach Iphigenia's Blut,  
 Est ist ihr hoher Geist, den ich erkor.  
 Mein Opfer führ'ich in ein fernes Land,  
 Als Priesterin dort meine Huld ze lehren!  
 Dir, Atreus' Sohn, erzieh'ich so die Reine  
 Das einst sie sühne was dein Stamm verbrach.

I do not thirst for Iphigenia's blood,  
 I recognize her splendid soul.  
 I am taking my offering to a far-away land,  
 To be my priestess there and teach people to worship me.  
 Agamemnon, I am taking from you the pure one  
 So she can finally expiate the crimes of your family.

Nun seid versöhnt, versöhnet bin auch ich.<sup>1</sup>  
Die Winde weh'n, ruhmvoll sei eure Fahrt.

**Gluck**

KALCHAS (*rising from his knees*)

Betet dankbar und staunend der Göttin Rathschluss ein!

ALL

Betet dankbar und staunend der Göttin Rathschluss ein!

AGAMEMNON (*looking at Iphigenia with deep emotion*)

Meine Tochter!

IPHIGENIA (*who has raised herself up a little in the cloud*)

O mein Vater!

ACHILLES

Iphigenia!

IPHIGENIA

Achilles!

**Wagner**

KLYTÄMNESTRA

Mein Kind, du mir entrückt!

Now be at peace; I too am, at peace.

The winds are blowing, may your voyage be glorious.

Pray thankfully and astonished by the goddess' counsel.

Pray thankfully and astonished by the goddess' counsel.

My daughter!

O my father!

Iphigenia!

Achilles!

My child, you are taken from me!

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<sup>1</sup> Final text *versohnt ist auch mein Zorn*, 'my anger is also at rest'.



IPHIGENIA

Zu seligem Loos!

To a sacred fate!

**Gluck, but with words altered by Wagner**

EVERYONE [with several repeats]

*(while the shining cloud raises itself, in which Iphigenia, standing a little lower than Artemis, looks upward in a moving transfiguration)*

Wie fühl ich das Herz in der Brust

I feel the heart in my breast

Won selig süßem Weh erheben;

lifted by a heavenly, sweet pain;

Seh'ich sie zu der Götter hohen Sitz sich erheben,

As I see her raised to the highest seats of the gods

Durchströhmt auch mich himmlische Lust!

A desire for heaven flows through me too.

Wie wag't'ich noch zu klagen?

How could I dare to lament?

Solche Wonne zu tragen

To bear such joy

Fühlt sich mein Sinn kaum kraftbewusst.

My mind hardly has the strength.

**Wagner**

*The bright cloud has now completely ascended; right under the thick mass of cloud, which serves as the base for the bright cloud, and with which all together the remaining mists slowly disappear, there suddenly comes the brightest light of day, which lights up the seashore with the clearest colours; the Greek fleet is visible with its flags fluttering seawards, and on the boats there is vigorous activity by sailors and children)*

KALCHAS *(high on the hill near the altar, pointing to the fleet)*

Ihr Helden! Auf, zu Schiff!

You heroes! Up, to the ships!

ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON

*(who have before this shaken hands in reconciliation, and have now climbed up the hill, where they stand next to Kalchas, towering high above the others)*

Nach Troja!

ALL THE SOLDIERS (*taking positions up the hill*)

Nach Troja!

*(The curtain falls slowly)*

To Troy!

To Troy!

ACHILLES TO AGAMEMNON

①  
GLUCK

33

Ach. *Dieu! Mait l'empereur*  
Dieux! fau-dra-t-il souf-  
Oh, kann man die - sen

Ag.  
mê - me, at - ten - dre, a - vec re - spect, mes or - dres sou - ve - rains?  
tun, in Ehr - furcht vor mir stehn und war - ten auf mein Wort?

36

Ach. *This proud language? Your daughter is*  
- frir ce su - per - be lan - ga - ge? Vo - tre fil - le est à  
Stolz, die - ses Prah - len er - tra - gen? Nach dem Eid, den du

38

Ach. *me: your oath was my rights;*  
moi; mes droits son vos ser - ments; de mon bon - heur vo - tre a -  
schworst, ge - hört die Toch - ter mir. Du gabst dein Wort mir als

2

WASNER

ACHILLES *Ha! Muß ich nicht hier stehen, Thü rorgehe?*

AGAMEMNON *Ha! muß ich die - sen Stolz, die - sen Ü - ber - mut er -*

*sol - len, was mein Be - fehl ge - beut.*

Viol I *ritmo p*

Viol II *ritmo p*

Br *ritmo p*

Vc, Kb *ritmo p*

35

ACHILLES *Iphigeni - is mir, ger recht?*

*- dul - den? I - phi - ge - nia ist mein, dein Eid ist mein Recht, du schwurst ihn mir als ein*

Viol I *f*

Viol II *f*

Br *f*

Vc, Kb *f*

## EXAMPLES OF STAGE DIRECTIONS

### SCENIC ADDITIONS

Du Roullet and Gluck Act I

*In the background on one side the Greek camp, and on the other side a wood.*

Wagner Act I

*The scene represents the Greek camp. On the left (from the spectator's point of view) in the foreground the entrance to Agamemnon's splendid tent; in front of this entrance stands a throne on a small raised area, shaded by a tree. The opposite side of the foreground consists of trees and bushes. Where the background area begins there are rows of tents on both sides, which, artistically arranged and often interspersed with bushes and trees, are lost in the far distance. Behind the last tents we can see the ships' masts projecting upwards.*

### ADDED STAGE BUSINESS AND CROWD CONTROL

In I.2 the Greeks enter to pressure Calchas. There is no stage direction in Gluck, except one simply noting their arrival. Wagner writes:

*Kalchas, shrinking back in the face of the stormy arrival of the Greek princes and commanders, reaches the rear right of the stage but is forced by their impetuous and passionate gestures into the middle of the forestage, where the princes and commanders surround him. During the whole course of the scene Agamemnon is not noticed by the passionate people, who are only preoccupied with Kalchas; he is not visible to Kalchas.*

### EXPRESSIONS

Near the end of Act I, Iphigenia has just told Achilles that she will leave for Argos at once to give him scope for his *amours* (she has been falsely told that Achilles has dumped her). Wagner cuts a beautiful *air* for Iphigenia and Achilles' response, in which he pledges his love to her and accuses her of cruelty for doubting him. Wagner replaces all that with the following stage direction:

*The great truthfulness of Achilles' indignation strikes the shocked Iphigenia so strongly that she, as if breaking into tears and in great confusion, during the following unconsciously rises completely to the warmest expression of her love.*

Wagner then adds the rather obvious direction *hesitating* to her next lines.