NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

TANNHÄUSER

AND

THE TOURNAMENT OF SONG AT WARTBURG.

ROMANTIC OPERA

IN THREE ACTS,

COMPOSED BY

RICHARD WAGNER.

EDITED AND TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY

NATALIA MACFARREN.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

The present edition of "Tannhäuser" has been collated with the full score, from which all directions, Metronome marks, etc., have been inserted. The scoring has, for clearness' sake, been indicated with the English names of the instruments where English names exist, and this method will be followed in future Operas of this edition; it is to be regretted that a remnant of the paltry superstition that would obscure all musical technicalities in a foreign tongue has not permitted it from being adopted from the first. The obnoxious capitals at the beginnings of lines have also been discarded, so often intercepting the sense, and causing involuntary false accents; in a work so thoroughly modern in tone and spirit, they seemed uncalled for.

N. M.

INSTRUMENTS REQUIRED IN THE ORCHESTRA.

Violins, Tenors, Cellos, and Double-Basses.
3 Flutes (one of which changes to Ottavino).
2 Oboes, 2 Clarionets, 1 Bass Clarinet, and 2 Bassoons.
12 Horns, 12 Trumpets, 4 Trombones.
1 Triangle, 1 pair of Cymbals, 1 Tambourine.

INSTRUMENTS ON THE STAGE.

1 Corno Inglese, 4 Flutes, 2 Ottavini, 4 Oboes, 6 Clarionets, 6 Bassoons.

2 Valve Horns, 2 Horns, 3 Trumpets, 3 Trombones, 1 Bass Tuba.
1 Pair of Kettle Drums, 1 Triangle, 1 pair of Cymbals, 1 Tambourine, 1 Big Drum, 1 Harp.
TANNHÄUSER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HERMANN, Landgrave of Thuringia ... Bass.
TANNHÄUSER
WOLFRAM von ESCHINBACH ... Tenor.
WALTHER von der VOGELWEIDE ... Baritone.
BITTEROLF
HEINRICH der SCREIBER ... Tenor.
HEINMAR von ZWETER ... Bass.
ELISABETH, Niece of the Landgrave ... Soprano.
VENUS
A YOUNG SHEPHERD ... Soprano.
FOUR noble Pages ... Soprano and Alto.

Chorus of Thuringian Nobles and Knights, Ladies, Elder and Younger Pilgrims, and Sirens.
Naiads, Nymphs and Bacchantes.

Act I.—The Interior of the Hörnberg, near Eisenach; a valley before the Wartburg.


Period—beginning of the 13th Century.

TANNHÄUSER, Knight and Minstrel, has, in evil hour, sought refuge from the griefs of earth in the Hill of Venus† (the Hörnberg in Thuringia) where, surrounded by her heathen train, the goddess is supposed to hold her court amid everlasting revels, destroying the souls of men who fall into her toils.

The Opera opens when Tannhäuser, having dwelt with her a whole year, has become weary of monotonous joys, and in a momentary return of his better nature, longs for earthly life, with its woof of pains and pleasures. He implores the goddess to release him, and after a protracted struggle, regains his liberty. The scene now suddenly changes; he finds himself in a valley between the Wartburg and the Hörnberg, and whilst he is still sunk in a prayer of gratitude at being restored to liberty, the Minstrel Knights, led by the Landgrave, enter, recognise him, and persuade him to rejoin them.

Act II.—The Tournament of Song.—The theme of the contest is to be the Nature and Praise of Love, and the prize of the victor the hand of Elisabeth, whom Tannhäuser loves, and by whom he is beloved. During the contest Tannhäuser disputes all the other minstrels say, and, having loved profanely, outgates the assembly by his revelations of what he conceives to be the nature of Love. The Minstrels challenge him and would destroy him, but for the sudden interposition of Elisabeth. A train of Pilgrims is taking its way to Rome; Tannhäuser, who sees too late that an illusion has blinded him, despairingly joins them, whilst Elisabeth, on whom the discovery of his unworthiness has struck a mortal blow, conjures him to repent.

Act III.—Wolfram, a man of noble and devoted nature, who vainly loves Elisabeth, awaits with her the return of the Pilgrims. They come, but Tannhäuser is not amongst them; Elisabeth now solemnly consecrates herself to the Virgin. When she has departed, Tannhäuser enters furtively, in pitiable plight, on his way to re-enter the Hill of Venus. He tells Wolfram of his pilgrimage, of his self-tormenting remorse, of his humble appeal to the Pope, who learning the nature of his sin, declared it as impossible for him to be absolved, as for the staff he held in his hand again to put forth fresh leaves. Spurned and accursed by all, nothing is left for him but to return to the joys he loathes. Wolfram's appeals are vain to dissuade him; he invokes the infernal train, which is becoming dimly visible, when a chant is heard, followed by the funeral procession of Elisabeth, and a second band of Pilgrims appears on the heights announcing that a miracle has been wrought. During the night the staff of the Pope has put forth fresh green leaves, and he sends into all lands to declare the Almighty's pardon to the repentant sinner.

(With true medieval sternness, Tannhäuser is not redeemed in the old legend, but doomed to return to the domain of Venus, where his former joy becomes his retribution.)

† The vowels in the second syllable should sound like oy in hoyden, and be pronounced short, the accent being upon the first syllable.

‡ Early Christianity banished the Scandinavian as well as the Classical divinities into mid-earth. Thus "Dane Hilda" of the young Shepherd in the third scene; the wise, gentle Hilda, who brought the Spring, and was welcomed with triumphal processions throughout the German North.
OVERTURE.

2 Flutes and 1 Piccolo, 2 Oboes, 2 Clarinets in A, 2 Valve Horns in E, 2 Horns in E, 2 Bassoons, 3 Trumpets in E, 2 Tenor and 1 Bass Trombone, 1 Bass Tuba, Kettle-Drums, Triangle, Cymbals, Drum, and Strings.

Andante maestoso.

Enter Trumpets.

From here, for 25 bars the first Violins is in four parts, of which one plays with mutes; the second Violin also in four parts, of which two play with mutes.
Tempo 1mo.

3 Fls, 1st & 2nd Flts. Wind muted.

Enter Triangle, Cymbalts, & Tumbourines.
ACT I.

SCENE I.—THE HILL OF VENUS.

The Stage represents the interior of the Hill of Venus. A wide cave, bending at the back towards the right side, where it appears to be indefinitely prolonged. In the farthest visible background a bluish lake is seen, in which Naiads are bathing; on its undulating banks Sirens are reclining. In the extreme foreground L. u. Venus is extended on a couch, before her, in a half kneeling attitude is Tannhäuser, his head sunk on her knees. The whole cave is illuminated by a rosy light. The centre of the stage is occupied by a group of dancing Nymphs; there are mounds at the sides of the cave where tender couples are reclining, some of whom join the dances of the Nymphs in the course of the scene.

Some score in the Tuttis as in the Overture, also Harp.

Allegro molto, $\frac{d}{c} = 132.$

Piano.

\[ \text{pp, tremolo.} \]

Strings, without Double Bass. Wind sustain.

\[ \text{Piccolo, Flute, Oboe, & Cymbal, &c.} \]

Cresc.\[ \text{Ped.} \]

Double Bass.

\[ \text{Oboe & Flute, tremolo.} \]

Drums roll.

\[ \text{Ped.} \]

Tremolo.

2 Horns, Tenor & Basses silent.

\[ \text{Ped.} \]

Cello.

D. Bass.

* Ped. tremolo.

* Ped. tremolo.

* Ped. tremolo.

* Ped. tremolo.

Wagner's "Tannhäuser."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(18.)
(a train of Bacchantes rush from the back of the cave in a tumultuous dance; they wildly dart through the groups of Nymphs and tender couples, inciting them to a frantic excitement.)
Chorus of Sirens (grouped in the background, sound like an echo).

TREBBLES. Come to these Naht euch dem

ALTOS Come to these Naht euch dem Time as slow again as the preceding. Horn sustains B.

(The dancers suddenly pause from their wild tumult and listen to the singing.)

Radiant with flow—ers! Here love shall bless—you, here en—deth
Naht euch dem Lan—de! Wo in den Ar—men gli—hen—der

As slow again.

Longing, soft arms shall press you, 'mid bles—ses throng—ing!
Lie—be se—lig er—war—men still eu—re Trie—be!

(The dance recommences and rises to the wildest excitement.)
Time as before.

Vlns. p accelerando.
Wind sustain.
Cello.
Drums pp.

When the bacchic frenzy is at its height, a sudden weariness is seen to spread amongst the dancers. The tender couples separate themselves from the dance and rest near the entrance of the cave.

The train of Bacchantes disappear in the background, where a mist gathers and spreads in density. In the foreground also a thick mist gradually sinks, and envelopes the groups of sleepers in rosy clouds, so that only a small space in the front of the stage remains visible, where Venus and Tannhäuser remain alone in their former attitude.)

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Sirens (in the far distance).

Come to these bow-
ers!
Naht euch dem Stran-de!

Come to these bow-
ers!
Naht euch dem Stran-de!

Come to these bow-
ers!
Naht euch dem Lan-de!

pp

Tempo lento.
Fl. & Cls.

Ped, Strings sustain.

Wind.

Ped.

SCENE II.—VENUS AND TANNHÄUSER.

VOICE.

Allegro.

(Venus draws him back caressingly.)

Moderato.

Piano.

(Venus draws his head suddenly as if starting from a dream.)

TANNHÄUSER (rapidly).

(Tannhäuser raises his hand across his eyes as though he would seize a dream.)

Moderato.

Andante.

heard up—on the air, sounds that to me were long estrang'd—

the sil—v'ry chime of

Venus.

TANNHÄUSER.

more! Oh, that I ne'er might wa—ken!

Say, what grief is thine?

I dreamt I

Oh say, how long has earth been lost to me?

Strings.

Allegro.

What folly seizeth thee? Why thus disturb'd? The time I dwell here with thee, by days I cannot
measure, seasons pass me, how, I scarcely know,—the radiant sun I see no
longer, strange hath become the heaven's starry splendour,—the sweet verdure of spring, the gentle
token of earth's renewing life; the night-gale no more I hear, who sings of
hope and promise! All these delights, are they for ever lost?
What, Ha.

Venus.

Venus (raising herself from the couch).

Allegro.

Moderato.

Allegro.

art thou wav'ring? Why these vain lamentings? Canst thou so
was ver-nehm' ich! Wel-che thör-ge Klagen! Bist du so
soon be wea-ry of the bliss-es that love im-mor-tal hath cast round thee? Can it
bald der hol-den Wun-der mil-de, die mel-ne Lie-be dir be-re-tet? O - der
be dost thou now re-pent that thou'rt di-vine? Hast thou so soon for-
wie? Reut es dich so sehr, ein Gott zu sein? Hast du so bald ver-
-got-ten, how thy heart was mourning till by me... thou wert con-soled?
ges-sen, wie du einst ge-li-tten, während jetzt... du dich er-freust?
Allegro.

My min-strel, come, let not thy harp be si-lent! Re-
Mein Sin-gen, auf! Er-grei-fe de-ti-ne Har-fe! Die

call the rapture, sing the praise and bliss of love in tones that won for thee love's self.

Lie - be fei - re, die so herr - lieh du be - singst, dass du der Lie - be Güt - fln sel -

...to be thy slave!

ber dir ge - wannst!

Of love sing on - ly, for her treasures all are

Die Lie - be fei - re, da ihr höch - ter Preis dir

WASHINGTON, with sudden resolution, seizes his harp and stands earnestly before Venus.)

thine!

ward!

Winds sustain.

(crescendo

TANNHÄUSER.

Allegro. \( \frac{G}{4} = 69. \)

All praise be thine!

Im - mer - tal fame at - tend thee, Pae - ans of joy to

Dir to - ne Lob! Die Wun - der sei'n ge - pri - sen, die dei - ne Macht mir

Harp only.

...thee be e - ver sung!

Each soft - de - light thy boun - ty sweet did

Glück - lieh - en er - schuf! Die Won - nen süs, die dei - ner Huld ent -

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lend...me shall wake...the harp...while time and love are young! 'Twas

sprossen, er...heb...mein Lied...in lauten Jubelruf!

Nach

joy a... lone, a long...ing thirst for pleasure that fill'd my

Freude, ach! nach herrlichem Genie...sen verlang't mein

heart and dark...end my desire;

Herz, co...ste mein Sinn:

and thou, whose bounty

du, war... Göttern

Gods alone can measure, gav...st me, poor mortal all...its wealth to

ein...st du er...sen, gab...ne Gunst mir...chem da-

cresc.

Rather slower.

know. But while my sense thou hast en...chanted, by thy great love

hin. Doch...lich, ach! bin...ich ge...bleiben, und...her-gross

my heart is daunted; a god alone

can dwell in joy, to mortal frail its blisses

cloy; would be sway'd by pain and pleasure, in

Nature's sweet alternate measure! I must away from thee, or

Oh Queen belov'd! Goddess, let me

Moderato.

VENUS.

Is this thy fealty? This thy Welch ein

fly! 

ziehn!

Moderato.

strings. pp

song?

'Tis fraught with dim and sorrowing tones! Oh

ending train of soft delights, no dark remembrance.

Erinner't, Wo'nnon athm' ich hier; kein Land der weit'en

dims the soul. en-rap-tur'd, and at thy
cresc.

feet sitz, all joys. of earth it slights, But far from these, thy

rosy bow'ers long to meet the breath of

(always animating the time.)

flow'ers, long for th'enfol-ding heav'n-ly blue,

slight-ed?  By thee . in whom so dear . my heart de-light-ed?  What praise is

hö - ren?. Du wea - gest mei - ne Lie - be zu ver - höh - nen? Du prei - nest

theine of joys . thou yet wouldst flee? My vaun - ted charms, a - las! have

sie und willst sie den - noch flehst? Zum Ue - ber - druss ist dir mein

wea - ried thee!

Reiz ge - dichtu!

My Zum

Oh! fair per - fec - tion! Frown not on thy ser - vant!

Ach! seh - ne Gött - tin! Wol - le mir nicht zur - nen!

vaun - ted charms, a - las! have wearied thee!

Ue - ber - druss ist dir mein Reiz ge - dichtu!

Thy charms'

... ex-cess, oh god-dess, have unmanned me!

... ber-grosser Reiz ist's, den ich flie-he!

Not thus we part! ah no... thou shalt not leave me!

thou sweet pre-sence,

Joy nie... is

Woe, thou de-ceiver.

Heart un-grate-ful! Thou shalt not;

hate-ful, but Fate stern-ly impels me, for li-ber-ty I

fly! Ah no, thou shalt not fly,

sigh, yes, 'tis Fate im-pels me, for li-ber-ty I

Muderato.

(Venus, covering her face with her hands, turns passionately away from Tannhäuser; after a pause she turns to him again smiling, and with a seductive air.)
dying from sweet love to part!  This day renew those tender vows.

Wind & Strings without stops.

Venus (trying gently to draw Tannhäuser towards her).

“My hero and my heart’s love!
Mein Ritter, mein Geliebter!”

Tannhäuser, in the greatest commotion, seizes Allegro, d = 76 his harp and sings with a swept expression.) TANNHAUSER.

While I have life, a
nur

e'er my song inspire!
Nought can have grace or

charm but it obeys thee, of all that lives thou

best and chief desire.
The fire thou'lt kindled in my

longing spirit, an altar flame shall

burn for thee alone!

Quel le alles Schönen, und jedes hol de

Die Gluth die du mir in das

Herz ge gossen, als Flamme lod re

but by the merit, That as thy champions,
will un-der - seen fort an ich nun pions,

he lets the harp sink from his hand.

harp and sword I own! And yet for earth, for

earth I'm yearning, in thy soft chains, with

shame I'm burning, 'tis freedom I must win or die,

for freedom I can all de-fy, to

strife and glory, forth I go, come life or death.

Kampf und Strife will ich stehen, sei's auch auf Tod.

(Rather slowly and with resolution.)

... come joy or woe! No more in bondage will I sigh!

und Un ter gehn! Drum muss aus dein em Reich ich fliehn!

Oh Queen, be-lov'd! God dess! God-tin! Let me...

O K ü ni-gin! Göttin! Lass... mich

VENUS (in violent anger).

Then go, trai-tor heart! A-way!

Zieh' hin, Wahn si n - ni - ger! Zieh' hin!

fly! ziehn ?

Thou mad - man, go, I hold thee not! I set thee not!

Ver-rä- ther, sich! Ich nicht hal b' ich dich! Ich set thee

Go forth! Thy heart's desire shall be thy

doom! Loos! Thy heart's desire shall be thy

cold and joyless earth, where neither love nor

life can bloom, whence every smiling

God hath flown! Where dark suspicion first had its
birth! Go forth, thou madman! There seek thy joy!

Soon will this fever quit thy soul, humbled and sorrowing thou'lt return.

Venus.

(despairingly.)

Ah! if thou never should'st return! If thou forget me!

Ah! kehrst du mir nie zurück! Kehrst du nicht wieder,

forget me!

Ha! so sei ver-

Ah! to lasting

world a desert, and its Lord a

slave! Go forth then, Go, thy doom to

brave! Love never more will bless thy

slave! Glück! Go forth then, till thy heart a

wake. Ah love. I go, although it

Venus.

break! Thou’lt be re-ceived with hate and scorn. Repen-

Venus.

heals a heart for- lorn! Ne-ver to thee will heav-en.

Tannhäuser.

ho-pe! Re-turn, then, if there is no hope! No hope! my

Heil res-teth in Hea-ven!

(Venus, with a cry, shrinks away and vanishes. The scene instantaneously changes.)

Tutti except Cymbals and Triangles.

Scene III.—Tannhäuser. A Young Shepherd. Pilgrims.

Tannhäuser, who has not quitted his position, suddenly finds himself in a beautiful vale. Blue sky and sunshine. At the back, B. H., the Wartburg; through an opening in the valley L. H. the Hörselberg is seen. On the R. H. half-way up the ascent, a path leads down into the valley from the direction of the Wartburg, where it turns aside. In the foreground, also R. H. is a shrine of the Virgin on a small eminence, to which there is a practicable ascent. From the heights, the sound of sheepbells is heard; on a rocky eminence a young shepherd is reclining, turned towards the valley, playing on his pipe.

The accompaniments to this solo, and that in small notes to the following Chorus, do not appear in the Full Score.

* Warner's "Tannhäuser."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(50.)
May around me. Now songs of joy at-tune my lay: for May hath come, the
Mai war kom-men. Nun spieß ich la-stig die Schalmei: der Mai ist da, der

(He plays upon his Pipe. The Chant of the Elder Pilgrims is heard, who come
from the direction of the Wartburg, towards the hill path.)

Chorus of the Elder Pilgrims.

(Quick and gayly.)

* The Interlude on the Pipe is always to be taken faster than the Chant of the Pilgrims, which maintains a slower tempo.

Bless thou the road we have begun!
Der Wall-fahrt wollte günstig sein!

Oh, deh,

(The Shepherd, now hearing the Chant, ceases playing and listens devoutly.)

see my heart, by guilt oppress'd, I faint, I sink beneath my burden! Nor will I cease, nor will I rest till heav'nly mercy grants my pardon. At Thy august and

When the Pilgrims have reached the opposite height to where he is, calls to them aloud, waving his cap:

Shepherd:

Holy shrine, I go to seek the grace divine, thrice blessed, who thy Gnad' und Huld in De-muth sihn' ich mei-ne Schuld; ge-seg-net, wer im
dim. p piu p

Tannhäuser (Warner's "Tannhäuser."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.)

(Tannhäuser, who has remained rooted to the centre of the stage, in deep emotion sinks on his knees.)

Almigh
All mäch't!

Almigh
All mäch't!

Praise to Thee! Great are the mar-vels of Thy mer-

Strings.

(Here the Pilgrim train passes by the shrine, and turns off towards E. H., thus quitting the stage. The Shepherd, playing on his pipe, also disappears E. H. on the heights. The sheep-bells sound farther away.)

To Thee, oh Lord, my steps I bend, in Thee both joy and sorrow end! Oh Mary, pure and gracious

(Here the Pilgrims have quitted the stage.)

Oh see my Ach, schwer drückt

one! Bless thou the road we have begun!

heart by guilt oppress'd, I faint, I sink beneath the
mich der Sünden Last, kann län ger sie nicht mehr er -

bur - den, nor will I cease, nor will I rest till heav'n - ly
tra gen; drum will ich auch nicht Ruh'noch Rast, und wohle

mer cy grants my par don.
gern mir Müh' und Flagen.
Pilgrims (far distant).

Am ho - hen Fest der Gnäd' und Huld in

Post der Gnäd' und Huld in

go, to seek the grace di vine; thric e bless ed, who thy pro mise
De muth süh'n ich me ne Schuld; ge - seg net, acr im Glau - ben

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* There are 12 Horns behind the scenes (6 in F, 2 in C & 4 in E flat); they are heard from different quarters, those in C being nearest the stage, those in F more remote and deeper, and those in E flat still more remote and deeper still.

(The Chant here completely dies away; while the sound of hunting bugles has come nearer and nearer from the heights; the bells have ceased.)

(On the eminence L.H. the Landgrave and Minstrels, in hunting array, are seen to descend from a forest path.)


Scene IV.—The Landgrave and Minstrels.

The Landgrave (half way descended to the stage, perceiving Tannhäuser).

Who is ye knight so
Wer ist der dort in

Walter.

deep absord'd in prayer?
brun - sti - gem Ge - be - te ?

Strings without muted.

Wind sustain.

A pil - grim, sure.
Ein Bis - ser wohl.

By ev - ry sign a
Nach sei - ner Tracht ein

Walter and Schreiber.

(Wolfram hastens the first towards Tannhäuser and recognises him.)

Wolfram.

Our lost one!
Er ist es !

Biterolf and Reinmar.

(Tannhäuser, startled, has hastily risen; he collectes himself and boors mutely to the Landgrave, after having cast a furvete glance on him and on the Minstrels.)

Our lost one!

Wagner's "Tannhäuser."—Novello, Eyre and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(67.)
WOLFEAM.

Oh, ask him not! His looks be-speak not scorn-ing!

O, fro-get nicht! Ist dies des Hoch-muths Mi-ne!

Walter.

All hail, if we as friends can

Ge-grüset, wenn du uns Freun-de

Bit-terolf.

Come, if thou com'st in peace!

Men, wenn du fried lich nahst!

Cordially draws near to Tannhäuser.

We wel-come thee, thou gal-lant

Ge-grüset set uns, du küh-ner

All hail, all hail, we welcome thee!  
Ge-grüsst, ge-grüsst, sei uns!

Landgrave.

Moderato.

TANNHÄUSER.

Where neither peace nor rest were ever found. Ask not! At
da wo ich sin-ner Rest noch Ru-he fand. Fragt nicht! Zum

long?  
Ich wan-der-te in scri-ter, scri-ter Fern.

In strange and distant realms I wandered far,—

Where neither peace nor rest were ever found. Ask not! At

V. Horn & Bassoons sustain.

V. Horn & Bassoons sustain.

en-mi-ty I am with none; we meet as friends—let me in peace de-part!
Kampf mit euch kam ich nicht her; seid mir ver-söhn—und lasst mich we-ter ziehn!
Oh, stay, be ours!
Obleib! Obleib!

Walter.

Wolfram.

Biterolf.

Stay, be ours!
Bleib bei uns!

From us thou shalt not part!
Wir las- sen dich nicht fort!

Onwards I'm driven ever,
Mir förmnet kein Ver- wel- len,
ne'er upon earth can ich

Landgrave.

Schreiber.

Tannhäuser.
We must not sever, stay, be ours!

Oh stay, oh stay, Bleib', o bleib'!

Stay, oh stay, Bleib', bei uns!

Oh stay, bleib', bei uns! bleib', bei uns!
Tannhäuser (in violent and joyful agitation, stands entranced).

- beth! - beth!  

Here dwells E- li - sa - beth! Oh, ruth of hea - ven, that

Wolfram.

name a-dor'd once more I hear? He is no foe, who doth that name to thee re-

du den sü - men Na - men mit? Nicht sollst du Feind mich schei - ten, dass ich ihn ge-
Landgrave.

Tell him the marvel that his song hath wrought; and keep him, Heav'n, in virtue, that nenn' ihm den Zaub'g, den er aus-getobt; und Gott ver-leih' ihm Tu-gend, dass nobly he may own it! würdig er ihn löse! Andante.

Wolfram.

When for the palm in song we were con-tend-ing, and oft thy conqu'ring strain the wreath had won, our songs unstrown.
Kunst Be-sie-gung bald er-liet test, ein
Freis doch war's den du al-lein errangst.

War's

Was't

Was't

Denn, ach! Als du uns stolz ver-las-sen,
her heart was clos'd to joy and song, Of her sweet presence

herz sich uns-rem lied; wir sa- hen ih-re

(gradually animating the time.)

she be-reft us, for thee in vain she wea-ried long; ah, for

Wang' er-blas-sen, fur im - mer uns-ren Kreis sie mied, ach! fur

thee in vain she wea-ried long. Oh min-strel bold, re-

in - mer uns-ren Kreis sie mied. O kehr' zurueck, du

turn and rest thee, once more a-wake thy joy-ous strain! Cast off the bur-

tuch-er Sauer, dem uns-ren sei dein lied nicht fern!— Den Fe-sten feh-

Walter.

Re-turn, oh Henry! Thou our Scheiffer.

Sei un-ser, Hein- rich! Kehr' uns

that oppress'd thee, and her fair star will shine a-gain!

Oh minstrel bold,

Oh minstrel bold,

O kehr' zurück,

thou Kehr' our tins

then,

ser.

then,

ser.

then,

ser.

then,

ser.

then,

ser.

then,

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then,
In joy and peace with one another, in joy and peace with one another.

Return, oh brother, oh brother, come!

In joy and peace with one another, in joy and peace with one another.

In joy and peace with one another, in joy and peace with one another.

In joy and peace with one another,

Return and rest thee!

(Tannhäuser, deeply stirred, passionately embraces Wolfram and the Minstrels.)

smile once more up on me, thou radiant world... that I had

He doth return!

lost! Oh Sun of heav'n, thou dost not shun me,

Wind...

May, sweet May, its thousand carols tender rejoiced.

Now let your harps in-dite a measure of all that
Neu em
new, un-won-ted splen-dour, my soul il-lumes, oh joy, oh
un-ge-stül-men Drün-gen ruft laut mein Herz, zu ihr! Zu

be-fore the fair
es tö'n aus je-der Brust, aus je-der

be-fore the fair, the fair
es tö'n aus je-der Brust, aus je-der

Wind sustain.

Piä moto. $j=100.$

joy, ihr! Zu ihr!

fai-rest fair!
Brust her-vor!
of the fair!
Brust her-vor!
of the fair! (During the foregoing, the whole hunting retinue of the Landgrave, with torch-bearers, etc., have assembled on the stage. The Huntsmen sound their bugles.)

fai-rest fair!
Brust her-vor!

fai-rest fair!
Brust her-vor!

Piä moto.

12 Horns on the stage.

He doth return, no more to wander!
Er kehrt zurück, den wir verloren!

Our loved and lost is ours a wonder
Ihm hat ein Wunder herge-
ra - diant world that I had lost!

lost is ours a - gain!

nun lau - sche uns - ren hoch - ge - sinn

ca - rois - ten-dar, hol - den - klin - gen

Who could persuade, and not in vain!

Der Lenz mit tau - send

at - thn her - ge - brach!

hath thy - ren hoch - ge - sinn

nur, gen

who could persuade, and not in vain!

Now let our harps in-dite a joyful measure,
Es tön' in froh be-leb-ten Klün-gen,
Now let our harps in-dite a joyful measure,
Es tön', es tön' in froh be-leb-ten Klün-gen,
Now let our harps in-dite a joyful measure,
Es tön', es tön' in froh be-leb-ten Klün-gen,
Your harps in-dite a measure,
Es tön', in froh be-leb-ten Klün-gen,
il lumines, oh joy, tis she! 
A ray of

now let our harps in-dite a measure, of all, 
gen das Lied,

let ne in froh be-leb-ten Klün gen das Lied,

now let our harps in-dite a measure, of all, 
gen das Lied,

now, un-won-ted splen-dour my soul il lumines, oh joy, oh
un-ge-stu-men Drän-gen ruft laut mein Herz: zu thr! Zu

of all, das Lied cresc.
of all that

all, of all das Lied cresc.
an that he-ro's hand, that he-der Brust, aus je-
der

all, das Lied aus je-der Brust her-vor, aus

all, das Lied aus je-der Brust her-vor, aus

all, das Lied aus je-der Brust her-vor, aus

joy, oh joy, 'tis she, oh joy, 'tis she, oh joy!

hand may dare! Of all that po'er's heart can pleasure, be

hand may dare! Of all that po'er's heart can pleasure, be

hand may dare! Of all that po'er's heart can pleasure, be

hand may dare! Of all that po'er's heart can pleasure, be

hand may dare! Of all that po'er's heart can pleasure, be

hand may dare! Of all that po'er's heart can pleasure, be

Guide me to her!

fore the fairest fair, oh come!

fore the fairest fair, oh come!

fore the fairest fair, oh come!

fore the fairest fair, oh come!

fore the fairest fair, oh come!

fore the fairest fair, oh come!

swarms with the train of the hunters. The Landgrave and Minstrels turn towards their retinue; the Landgrave sounds his bugle,

and is answered by a loud peal from other Hunters.

(While the Landgrave and Minstrels

mount the horses that have been led down from the Wartburg, the Curtain falls.)

ACT II.

PRELUDE AND FIRST SCENE.

2 Flutes, 2 Oboes, 2 Clarionets, 2 Valve Horns in E, 2 Horns in D, 2 Bassoons and Strings.

Allegro. $\frac{d}{4} = 88.$

Wagner's "Tannhäuser."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(85.)
(The Curtain rises.)

Scene.—The Hall of Minstrels in the Wartburg.

At the back an open prospect of the valley.

Tatti.

(Elisabeth enters in joyous emotion.)

Elisabeth.

Oh hall of song, I give thee gree-ting!  All hail to thee, thou hal-low'd
Dich, thee-re Hal-le gräss' ich wie-der, froh gräss' ich dich, ge-lieb-ter

place!  Raum!

Twas here that dream so sweet and flee-ting,
In dir er-wa-chen sei-ne Lie-der, up-on my heart his

song did trace. But since by him forsaken, a desert thou dost seem!

Didst rem Traum. Da Er aus dir geschieden, wie öd erschienst du mir!

Thy echoes only awaken remembrance

Aus mir entfloh der Frieden, die Freude

of... a dream!

zog aus dir!

But thy vault shall

jetzt mein Bussch hoch sich lichtet, so scheint du

now the flame of hope... is lighted, thy vault shall

jetzt mein Bussch hoch... sich lichtet, so scheint du

ring with glorious war, for he, whose strains my

jetzt mir stolz und hoch; der mich und dich so

soul delighted, no longer roam a far!

Yes, now the flame of hope is

war, for he, whose strains my soul delighted, from me no

All hail to thee,
(Tannhäuser, conducted by Wolfram, enters with him by a staircase at the back.)
Scene II.—Elisabeth, Tannhäuser and Wolfram.

Same score; later, Trombones, Kettledrums, and Trumpets in E flat.

Allegro moderato. \( \text{\textit{d}} = 60 \).

Wolfram (to Tannhäuser).

VOICE.

\[ \text{(Elisabeth perceives Tannhäuser.)} \]

Behold her;

\[ \text{Dort ist sie;} \]

nought your meeting shall dis-

na - he dich ihr un - ge-

TUTTI. Strings.

\[ \text{Strings.} \]

Piano.

\[ \text{(He remains at the back,} \]

leaning against a mural projection.)

\[ \text{Heaven! do not kneel! Leave me!} \]

\[ \text{Gott! stehet auf! Lasst mich!} \]

\[ \text{Nicht darf ich Euch hier} \]

\[ \text{meet! sell'n!} \]

\[ \text{We may!} \]

\[ \text{Du darfst!} \]

\[ \text{Oh stay!} \]

\[ \text{O bleib,} \]

\[ \text{and} \]

\[ \text{und} \]

\[ \text{let. me kneel for e - ver here!} \]

\[ \text{au de - nen Fü - sen mich!} \]

\[ \text{Wagner's "Tannhäuser."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.} \]
I pray thee, rise! So ste-het auf!

'Tis not for thee to kneel where thou hast con-quer'd, this
Nicht sol-let hier Ihr knien, denn die-se Hal-le ist

hall is thy do-main. Rise, I im-plore! Thanks be to
Euer Kö-nig-reich. O, ste-het auf! Nehmt mei-nen

heav'n Dank that thou re-turn'st to us! So Wo
Dann dass Ihr zur-ück-ge-kehrt!

long, where hast thou tar-ried? Far a-way, in strange and dis-tant
weil-tet Ihr so lan-ge? Fern von hier, in weि-ten, weि-ten

re-gions-
Lan-den;

and between yesterday and to-day ob-livion's veil hath fall'n.
dich-tes Ver-ges-son hat zwischen heut' und ge-stern sich ge-senkt.

Ev'ry remembrance hath for ever vanished. Save one thing only,
All mein Erinnern ist mir schnell geschwunden, und nur des Einen

rising from the darkness: that I then dared not hope I should be
muss ich mich entinnen, dass ich nie mehr ge Hofft Euch zu be

hold thee, nor ever raise my eyes to thy perfection.
grussen, noch je zu Euch mein Augen zu erheben.

How wilt thou
Was war es

led
dann,

now to return to us?
das Euch zu rück geführt?

A mar
Ein Wun

Tannhäuser.

Elisabeth.

Elisabeth (with joyous exclamation).

Vel twas, der war's, by heaven wrought within my soul

Drums pp

Trombones silent.

Wagner's Tannhäuser.—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
praise
the pow'r
that wrought
it
from out my
aus mei-nes
aus mei-
nes
ritard.
ritard.
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what this emotion to my heart be to kens?

Strings with mutes.

In minstrel's lays delighting.

Of, and often; their

tie sweet in - di - ting to
gen und ihr Preis - sen schien.

me... seem'd dal - liance soft. But now the past to me is dar - ken'd, re
mir... ein hol - des Spiel. Doch welch ein sel - sam neu - es Le - ben rief
accellerando.
Harp.

pose and joy... from me have flown! Since fond - ly to thy lays I
Eve - er Lied... mir in die Brust! Bald woll' es mich wie Schmerz durch -
Vis.

heark - en'd, the pangs of bliss and woe I've known. Emo -
be - ben, bald drang's in mich wie jä -
tions that I com -
he Lust; Gefüh -
accel.
acel.

hend not, and long - ing ne - ver guess'd be - fore! Up - on my
pfun - den, Ver - lau - gen, das ich nic - ge - kannt! Was sonst mir

And when this land thou hast for-saken, re-pose and joy for me were

Und als ihr nun von uns ge-gangen, war Frie-den mir und Laut da

fled, no min-strel could my heart a-waken, to me their lays seem'd sad and

Stief, die Wei-sen, die die Sän-ger san-gen, er-akle-nen matt mir, trüb' ihr

dead; in slum-ber oft near bro-ken-heart-ed, a-wake, each pain fondly re-call'd— all

Schla-ven, im Trau-me fühlt' ich dum-pfe Schmerzen, mein Wun-der trüb-sel'ger Wahn—die

joy had from my life de-part-ed—

Freu-de zog aus mei-nen Her-zen, Hein-ry, Hein-ry! Why


Oh blessed hour of meeting, oh blessed pow'r of die Stunde, ge-priessen sei. No more from hence to rove! Oh blessed hour of dying, No more from hence to rove! Oh blessed hour of meeting, oh blessed pow'r of die Stunde, ge- priessen sei.
Mee-tung, oh blees-sed pow'rt of love, at last I give thee gree-tiug, no
Stun-de, ge-pris-en sei die Macht, die mir so hol-de Kun-de von

Mee-tung, oh blees-sed pow'rt of love, at last I give thee gree-tiug, no
Stun-de, ge-pris-en sei die Macht, die mir so hol-de Kun-de aus

long-er thou wilt rove!
En-der Nacht ge-bracht!

more from hence to rove!
Now life re-new'd a-wa-keth the
dei-nem Mund ge-bracht!

Now life re-new'd a-wa-keth the
Von Won-ne-glaz um ge-ben lacht mir der Son-ne

hope that once was mine,
ich mich mu-thig we'n,
Ja, ich darf mir ihn we'n,
ich

The
mine.
Yes, the hope that was mine,
The

mine.
The cloud of sor-row brea-keth,
Schein,
er-wacht zu neu-em Leben

cloud of sor-row brea-keth, I know but joy di-vine, I know but
nenn' in freud-gen Be-hen sein schö-n'stes Wun-der mein, sein schö-n'stes

Horns & Bassoons.
Wagner's "Tannhüse.r."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
the sun of joy doth shine!
Now life You Won.
joy, but joy divine!
Now life re-new'd a wa-keth, now
wun-der nenn' ich mein,
Den neu'er-kaun ten Le-ben, dem
re-new'd a wa-keth, with in this heart of
lie re-new'd a wa-keth, the hope that once was mine;
neu er-kaun ten Le-ben darf ich mich mus-thig weib'n;
mine, now life re-new'd a wa
Schein: er-wacht zu neu'en Le.
The cloud of sor-row brea-keth, the cloud of sor-row brea-
ich neun' in freud' gen Be-ben, ich neun' in freud' gen Be-
keth, with in this heart of mine, the cloud of sor-row
keth, I know but joy di-vine.
Now life re-new'd a
ben, ich neun' ich die Freu-de mein; er-wacht zu neu'em
ben, sein wegen streis Wun-der mein.
Den neu... er-kaun ten

Trumpets & Drum.
brea-keth, the cloud of sor-row brea-keth, the sun of joy doth
Le-ben, er-wacht zu neu-em Le-ben, nehm' ich die Freu-de
wa-keth, now life re-new'd a-wa-keth the hope that once was
Le-ben, den neu'er kan-tten Le-ben, darf ich mich nu-thig

shine, the sun doth shine! Ah! thou
mein, die Freu-de mein! Ah! thou
mine, the hope that once was mine! Ah! thou
weil'n, darf ich mich nu-thig weil'n! Ah! thou

All hope my heart for-
So flucht für die- ses

bles-sed hour of meet-ing, thou bles-sed pow'r of love!
pri-sen sei die Stun-de, ge-pri-sen sei die Macht,
bles-sed hour of meet-ing, thou bles-sed pow'r of love!
pri-sen sei die Stun-de, ge-pri-sen sei die Macht,

Le-ben, ne'er will her heart be
Le-ben, mir je-der Hoff-nung

life renew'd a wake, now life renew'd a wake
cloud of sorrow breaketh, the cloud of sorrow breaketh, I

in this heart of mine, with in this heart, with
know but joy divine, I know but joy, yes, I

in nenn, ich die Freude mein, nenn' ich die Freude, de, nenn'
know schön nungit, but joy, schön nungit, but joy di

mine, mein, with nenn', ich die Freude, de
know schön mein, I know schön mein, ich die Freude, de
mine, mein, but joy, ich nenn', divine!
this heart Freu di - vine!
of mine! mein!

(Tannhäuser parts from Elisabeth, hastens towards Wolfram, embraces him impetuously and disappears with him by the staircase.)
Scene III.—ELISABETH AND THE LANDGRAVE.
(Enter the Landgrave from a side entrance, Elisabeth hastens to meet him and hides her face in his breast.)

Audante.

Piano.  
\[ \text{Accel.} \]

Strings without D. Bass.

D. Bass.

Landgrave.

Com'st thou at last to grace the

Dich treff' ich hier in die- ser

contest, wilt thou shun these walls no lon- ger?

Hal-le, die so tan- ge du ge- me- den?

What hath hur'd thee from thy so- litude, to come a-

End- lich denn lockt dich ein Sängerfest, das wir be-

Elisabeth.

My sov'reign, oh, my more than fa- ther!

Mein O- heim! O, mein güt' ger Va- ter!

- mongst us?

- rei- ten?

- Drängt es dich dein

secrethart to me to open?
Tell it I can not, read my eyes, and know.
Herz mir endlich zu er-schließen!
Sieh mir's Äuge! Sprechen kann ich nicht.

Andante. \( 76. \)

Landgrave.

Thy secret be this day un-
Noch bleibe denn un-aus-gre-

Cello, divided.

spoke
thy treasure's thought thou needst not own,
sprochen
dein sines Geheimnis kurz die Prist;

spell shall yet remain unbroken,
till what the future brings is
Zauber bleibt ungeboren,
bis der Lösung mach-tig

known, till what the future brings is known,
bist, bis du der Lösung, der Lösung mach-tig bist.

The wondrous flame that song hath
was der Ge-sang so Wun-der-

kind-led, this day shall brightly soar, thy joy, all hearts re-joicing, shall on this day be crowned,
-

What hath been sung shall spring to life for thee!

die hoi-de Kunst sie wer-de jetz zur That!

This day will see our no-bles all as-sem-bled, to grace the solemn feast they

now approach; none will be absent since they know that once again thy hand the vic-tor's wreath be
her be-schied; zahl-rei-cher na-hen sie als je, da sie ge-hört dass du des Fe-stes Für-stin

Allegro, $\text{\(\frac{d}{d}=72\)}$. 

THE TOURNAMENT OF SONG.

Scene IV.—THE LANDGRAVE, ELISABETH, MINSTRELS, NOBLES, KNIGHTS AND LADIES.

(The Landgrave and Elisabeth watch the arrival of the guests from the balcony. Four noble pages enter and announce them. The Landgrave directs their reception, &c.)

(From here the knights and nobles enter singly with their ladies and retinue, which remains relatively.

Wagner's "Tannhäuser."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.)
in the background, the guests are received by the Landgrave and by Elisabeth.)

Flats & Oboes.

Drum.

Flats.

3 Flutes, Flats, & Tenors.

Cresc.

4 Horns, Bassoons, Tenors, & Basses.

Ob, Cb. & Horns.

2 Flats.

Chorus of Knights and Nobles.

1st Tenor.

Hail, bright above, where song the heart rejoices, may lays of peace with.

2nd Tenor.

Frei - dig be grü - sen wir die ed - le Hal - le, wo Kunst und Frie - den.

Bass.

Hail, bright above, where heart rejoices, may lays of peace.

3rd Trumpets (behind).

4 Trumpets.

Wood & Brass.

6 Trumpets.

Chorus of Knights and Nobles.

1st Tenor.

Hail, bright above, where song the heart rejoices, may lays of peace.

2nd Tenor.

Frei - dig be grü - sen wir die ed - le Hal - le, wo Kunst und Frie - den.

Bass.

Hail, bright above, where heart rejoices, may lays of peace.
Chorus of Ladies.

**Treble**

*Hail! bright abode, ... where song the heart rejoices, May lays of Autos.*

*Hail! bright abode, where song the heart rejoices, May lays of*
peace with the ne- ver fail, long may we cry with glad and
Frieden immer nur ver- weil', wo lan- ge noch der fro- he
peace with the ne- ver fail, long may we cry with glad and
Frieden immer nur ver- weil', wo lan- ge noch der fro- he

glad and loy- al voices, Prince of Thu- rin- gia, Landgrave Her- mann, hail!
Ruf er- schal- le: Thü- ringen's Für- sten, Landgraf Her- mann Heil!
loyal voices, Prince of Thu- ringia, Landgrave Her- mann, hail!
Ruf er- schal- le: Thü- ringen's Für- sten, Landgraf Her- mann Heil!

The Knights and Nobles.

Long may we cry with loyal voices, Prince of Thu-
Wo lan- ge noch der Ruf er- schal- le, Thü- ringen's

Basses.

Long may we cry with loyal voices, long may we cry with loyal voices, Prince of Thu-
Wo lan- ge noch der Ruf er- schal- le, wo lan- ge noch der Ruf er- schal- le, Thü- ringen's
The Ladies. Alto.

Hail! Hail, bright abode where song the heart re-
hail! Hail, bright a-bode where song the heart re-

(Entrance of a Lord with splendid train.) 3 Trumpets in E, in orchestra. Trombone, Tuba, etc.

long may we say with loyal voices, long may we
long may we say with loyal voices, long may we
long may we say with loyal voices, long may we

say with loyal voices, long may we say with loyal voices, Prince of Thuringen's
say with loyal voices, long may we say with loyal voices, Hail!
say with loyal voices, long may we say with loyal voices, Prince of Thuringen's

Landgrafe Hermann, hail! Prince of Thuringen's
Fursten, Landgraf Hermann Heil! Prince of Thuringen's

Ped. Ped.
Furcia, Landgrave Hermann, hail! Hail! Prince of Thuringen's

(Last Lord enters.)

may we say with loyal voices, Prince of Thuringen's

(Fourth enters.)

may we say with loyal voices, Prince of Thuringen's

By this time the whole assembly is seated in the places assigned to them, forming a large semicircle.

3 Trumpets (behind).

(Enter the Minstrels; they make a stately obeisance to the assembly, and are conducted to their seats by the Pages.)

Moderato. \( \frac{d}{4} \) – 60.

Strings only.

\[
\text{Min-strels as- sem-bled here, I give you}
\]

\[
\text{Gar viel und schön word hier in die - ser}
\]

\[
\text{greet-ling; full oft within these walls your lays have sounded, in veil-ed wis-dom or in mirthful}
\]

\[
\text{Halt von euch, ihr lie - ben Sän - ger, schon ge - sun - gen, in weis - sen Räth-seln, wie in hei - tren}
\]

I
Maestoso.  
measures they e - ver gladden'd ev - ry list'ning heart. 
_Lie - dern er - freu - tet ihr gleich sin - nig un - ser Herz;_

And though the sword of strife was loosed in bat - tle, drawn to main-tain our Ger - man land se -
_Wenn un - ser Schwer - t in blu - tig ern - sten Kümp - fen stritt für des deut-schen Rei - ches Ma - je -

cure, 
when 'gainst the Southern wolves we fought and conquer'd, and for our
_wenn wir dem grim - men Wei - sen wie - der stan - den, und dem ver -

country brav'd the death of he - roes 
_der - ben - vol - len Zwi - spalt wehrt - en:——

_and - gen. Der An - math und der hol - den sit - te, der Tu - gend und dem rei - nen

glo - ry! The ten - der gra - ces of the homestead, the faith in what is good and

gracious, for these you fought with word and voice, the meed of praise for this is due.

Glauken erstretet ihr durch eure Kunst gar hoch, herrlich schönen Sieg.

Your strains inspiring then once more at-tune,
Be-reitet heut' uns denn auch ein Fest,
What signs shall we know it?
This be your theme, who so most nobly this can

Tell, him shall the Princess give the prize.
He may demand of her the fairest reward,
I vouch that what-so-e'er he ask is granted.

Up then, arouse ye, sing, oh gallant

At tune your harps to love,

Die Auf-gab' ist ge-stellt—

Great is the prize; ere ye be-gin, let all re-ceive our thanks!
kämpft um den Preis, und neh-met All' im vor-ans uns-ren

Dank!

13 Trumpets on the stage.

Treble and Alto.

Hail! hail! hail! hail!
Heil! Heil! Heil! Heil!

Lord of Thur-in-gia, Lord of Thur-in-gia, Lord of Thur-in-gia,
Thürin-gen's Für-sten, Thürin-gen's Für-sten, Thürin-gen's Für-sten,

3 Trumpets in orchestra. 12 Trumpets on stage.

hail! hail! hail! hail!
Heil! Heil! Heil! Heil!

Pro-tec-tor thou, of gen-tle song!
Pro-tec-tor thou, of gen-tle song!
Pro-tec-tor thou, of gen-tle song!
Der hol-den Kunst Be-schüt-zer, Heil!
Der hol-den Kunst Be-schüt-zer, Heil!
Der hol-den Kunst Be-schüt-zer, Heil!

Tutti.

and collect the names of the Minstrels, which each hands in a folded slip of paper, into a golden cup, which one of

them presents to Elisabeth, who draws out one of the papers and returns it to the Pages, who read the name and

then step into the midst of the assembly.

Two Trebles.

Four Pages.

Wolfram von Eschin-bach,
Wolfram von Eschin-bach,
Two Altos.

Wolfram von Eschin-bach,
Wolfram von Eschin-bach,

(The Pages seat themselves at the feet of the Landgrave and Elisabeth.)

(Wolfram rises. Tannhäuser dreamily leans upon his harp.)
round up-on this fair as-sem-bly, how doth the heart ex-pand to see the
her in die-sem cal-len Krei-se, welch ho-her An-blick macht mein Herz er-

scene! These gal-lant he-roes, valiant, wise and gen-tle,

a state-ly for-rest, soar-ing fresh and green; and blooming

by their side in sweet per-fection, I see a wreath of dames and maidens fair.

Their blen-ded glo - ries daz - zle the be - hol - der,
Es wird der Blick
wohl trun - ken mir vom Schau - en,
my song is
mein Lied ver - 

mute be - fore this vi - sion rare.
stummt vor sol - cher An - muth Glanz.

I raised my eyes to one whose starry splendour in this bright
Da blick' ich auf zu ei - nem nur der Ster - ne, der an dem

heav'n with mild ef - ful - gence beams,-
Him - mel, der mich blen - det, steht:

and gaz - ing on that
es sam - mels sich mein

pure and ten - der ra - diance, my heart was sunk in pray'r - ful, ho - ly dreams.
Geist aus je - der Fer - ne, an - dicht - tig sinkt die See - le in Ge - bet.
And lo, the source of all delight and

And lo, the source of all delight and

from whose unfathom'd depths all joy doth show er, the tender

from whose unfathom'd depths all joy doth show er, the tender

may I dim its limpid waters, or rashly trouble them with

may I dim its limpid waters, or rashly trouble them with

We praise, thy noble song!

They do! So ist's! We praise, thy noble song! sen sei dein Lied!

They do! So ist's! We praise, thy noble song! sen sei dein Lied!

They do! So ist's! We praise, thy noble song! sen sei dein Lied!

They do! So ist's! We praise, thy noble song! sen sei dein Lied!

(Tannhäuser, who towards the end of Wolfram's song seems to start from a dream, rises.)

Memo allegro. \( \frac{7}{8} \) 56. TANNHÄUSER.

I too drank of that source of pleasure, its waters, Wolf-ram,
Auch ich darf mich so glücklich nen- nen, zu schau'n, was Wolf-ram,

well I know; who that hath life did e'er ignore it? Hear how its virtues I will
da geschant, Wer soll-te nicht den Bron- nen ken- nen? Hör', sel-ne Tu-gend preis' ich


show! lout!

Doch oh-ne Schauucht heiss zu fühlen ich sei-nem Quell nicht na-hen

soul, kann;

then only would its wave re-fresh me with new life and a heart made

whole:— oh title of joy,

let me pos-sess thee, all fear and doubt be-fore thee

fly, let thy un-fa-thom'd rap-tures bless me, for thee a-lone my heart beats

high. So that I own thy fie-ry splen-dour,

luecht. So, dass mein Sch-nen e-wig bren-

fie-ti-er, dass ein Sch-be-nen e-wig bren-

let me with longing ever burn. I tell thee, Wolf-ram, thus I lab' an dem Quell ich e-wig mich. Und wis-se, Wolf-ram, so er-

Allegro. $\text{\textit{d}} = 76$.

rend-er what I have known of tru-est love! (He seats himself. Elisabeth moves to make a sign

Moderato. $\text{\textit{d}} = 54$. WALTER.

of approbation, but as all are silent, she timidly refrains.)

harp only.

The Den

foun-tain sung in Wolf-ram's measures, my spi-rit knows and pri-zes

wagner's "tannhäuser."—novello, eyer and co.'s octavo edition.
truly canst not tell.
Let me declare it, let me teach thee—
kennst ihn wahrlich nicht.
Lass dir den sagen, lass dich lehren;

that fountain is in virtue's realm;
with heart declare it,
der Brunnen ist die Tugend wahr;

Let me declare it,
let me teach thee—
lass dir den sagen, lass dich lehren;

But if thou drink these hollow'd waters to quell the flames of passion

wild, no longer can its magic bless thee, by witch

(Tannhäuser rises impatiently.)

Oh minstrel, if 'tis thus thou singest, thou ne'er hast known or tasted love! If cold and timid heart thou bringest, a weary lot thy joy must prove!

were not made to be beloved, they ne'er by
dear

but what can yield to soft ca-

reses, and framed with mo-
bent, each heart and
ippet, each
takes, each

folds, this is for
dem ziert Ge-

joy, and knows no measure, for love's ful-

seats himself. Piu moto. (Biterolf rises nastily and angrily.)

Biterolf. Allegro \(\text{C}^\dagger = 80.\)

To mor-tal com-bat I de-fy thee! Shame-less blas-phemer,

Her aus zum Kampfe mit uns Al-ten! Wer bliebe ru-hig,

draw thy sword! As bro-ther henceforth we de-ny thee, thy words profane too long we've

hörst er dich! Wird deinem Hochmuth es ge-fal-len, so hö-re, List-er, nun auch

heard! If I of love di-vine have

mich! Wenn mich be-get-stert ho-he

spoken, strength-ning in va-lour, sword and heart,

Lie-be, stöht sie die Waf-fen mir mit Muth;
Tannhäuser (with rising resentment).

Allegro.

Yea, idle boaster, Bi-te-ro! Shall love be sung by thee, grim thör'ger Fräehler, Bi-te-ro! Singst du von Lie-be, grim-mer wolf?

Not thou hast e'er known aught of bliss, its sweetness thy fierce heart must miss! Poor weary soul, what joy hath bless'd thee? What rap-ture couldst thou ever know? if a-ny pale delight posses'd thee, that were indeed not worth a blow!

The Nobles (greatly excited).

We will not Last ihn nicht 1st Basset. 2nd Basset.

We will not hear him! Last ihn nicht cu-den!
LANDGRAVE (to Biterolf, who draws his sword).

Put up your swords! There must be peace between ye!

Zurück das Schwert! Ihr Sün-ger haltet Frieden!

Stay his daring madness!

Weh-ret seiner Kühnheit!

Silence his madness!

Weh-ret seiner Kühnheit!

Stay his daring madness!

Weh-ret seiner Kühnheit!

Put up your swords! There must be peace between ye!

Wolfram rises; as he begins, tranquility is restored.

Oh heaven! Let me here implore thee!

Himmelswohl! Lass' dich jetzt er-fre-chen!

Harp, 3 Trombones sustain p, Drum pp, Tenors divided, trem., and other Strings pizz.

Let sin crouch in the

Ge-bannt lasse mich die

Dust

Sün-des vor thee, nor dare amongst us its head

De se hen aus die sem ed leu, rei-

strains thy praise be ever sung! Thou art the 

source of all in life we treasure, thy sweet de 

lights are ever fair and young! Whose burning soul once hath with 

ardour embrac'd thee, can speak of love, none else its joys can 

prove! Dull mortals, who of love have never tasted, Go 

forth! Venus a-lone can show ye love! Zieht in den Berg der Venus ein!

(General consternation; all rise from their seats.)

WALTER.

Ah! hear the miscreant! Ha! Der Ver-ruch-te!

Hence, a-way!

Tutti without Basses.

SCHREIBER.

Ah! hear the miscreant! Ha! Der Ver-ruch-te!

Hence, a-way!

WOLFMAR.

Ah! hear the miscreant! Ha! Der Ver-ruch-te!

Hence, a-way!

BETTROF.

Ah! hear the miscreant! Ha! Der Ver-ruch-te!

Hence, a-way!

REINMAR.

Ah! hear the miscreant! Ha! Der Ver-ruch-te!

Hence, a-way!

LANDGRAVE.

Ah! hear the miscreant! Ha! Der Ver-ruch-te!

Hence, a-way!

CHORUS OF NOBLES AND LADIES.

Ah! hear the miscreant! Ha! Der Ver-ruch-te!

Hence, a-way!

ALTO.

Ah! hear the miscreant! Ha! Der Ver-ruch-te!

Hence, a-way!

TENOR.

Ah! hear the miscreant! Ha! Der Ver-ruch-te!

Hence, a-way!

BASS.

Ah! hear the miscreant! Ha! Der Ver-ruch-te!

Hence, a-way!

Strings only.
(The ladies quit the Hall with gestures of dismay and horror; Elizabeth, who has heard the contest with growing alarm, alone remains, pale and trembling, supporting herself against one of the pillars of the royal canopy. The Landgrave, the Minstrels and Nobles have quitted their seats and stand together. Tannhäuser, at the extreme L.H., remains some time longer as in a trance.)
That he hath shar'd joys of hell,

Sein frevrier Mund that es kund:

Horns & Bassoons.

Venus' dark abode that dwell! Disown him! Curse him! Scheus - lich!

Venus' berg hat er ge - weilt! Ent-setz - lich!

Venus' dark abode that dwell! Disown him! Curse him! Scheus - lich!

Venus' berg hat er ge - weilt! Ent-setz - lich!

Venus' dark abode that dwell! Disown him! Curse him! Scheus - lich!

Venus' berg hat er ge - weilt! Ent-setz - lich!

Venus' dark abode that dwell! Disown him! Curse him! Scheus - lich!

Venus' berg hat er ge - weilt! Ent-setz - lich!

Venus' dark abode that dwell! Disown him! Curse him! Scheus - lich!

Venus' berg hat er ge - weilt! Ent-setz - lich!

Venus' dark abode that dwell! Disown him! Curse him! Scheus - lich!

Venus' berg hat er ge - weilt! Ent-setz - lich!

Venus' dark abode that dwell! Disown him! Curse him! Scheus - lich!

Venus' berg hat er ge - weilt! Ent-setz - lich!

Scu

Flute, & Tenor.
Loco.

Tenor, Horns & Bassoons.

Tutti.

(All close round Tannhäuser, with drawn swords, Elisabeth throws herself between them.)

Elisabeth.

Stay your hands!
Hal·let ein!

Call on thee, in fires for e·ver glow!
- sandt, sei er gefehmt, sei er ge·bannt!

Call on thee, in fires for e·ver glow!
- sandt, sei er gefehmt, sei er ge·bannt!

In hel·lish fires for e·ver glow!
sei er gefehmt, sei er ge·bannt!

In hel·lish fires for e·ver glow!
sei er gefehmt, sei er ge·bannt!

In hel·lish fires for e·ver glow!
sei er gefehmt, sei er ge·bannt!

or pierce this bosom with your swords!

Death and its terrors can not

Think, Was...
rob his hope of heaven?

For ever lost his hope of
des

For ever lost his hope of
des

For ever lost his hope of
des

For ever lost his hope of
des

For ever lost his hope of
des

Elisabeth,

(They again close upon Tannhäuser.)

Away from him! 'Tis not...

Zurück von ihm! Nicht ihr...

Given! The curse of heav'n with him abide!

troffen! In seinen Sünden fah're hin!

Given! The curse of heav'n with him abide!

troffen! In seinen Sünden fah're hin!

Given! The curse of heav'n with him abide!

troffen! In seinen Sünden fah're hin!

Given! The curse of heav'n with him abide!

troffen! In seinen Sünden fah're hin!

Given! The curse of heav'n with him abide!

troffen! In seinen Sünden fah're hin!

Given! The curse of heav'n with him abide!

troffen! In seinen Sünden fah're hin!

Given! The curse of heav'n with him abide!

troffen! In seinen Sünden fah're hin!

For you to judge him!

Said sein Richter!

Shame on you!

Grausame!
er-ring mortal, who hath fallen within the weary toils of sin,
how? dare ye close the
who hath fallen within the weary toils of sin,
how? dare ye close the
Un-glücksel' ge-dem ge-fan-gen ein fürcht-bar micht'ger Zau-ber hält.
wie soll't er nie zum

heaven-ly portal, where he on earth his shrift may win? If
his heaven-ly portal, where he on earth his shrift may win? If
Heil ge-lan-gen durch Reu' und Biss' in die-ser Welt!
Die

ye are strong in faith and ho-nour, why do ye not His word o-
th so stark im rei-nen Glauben, ver-kennt ihr so des Hich-sten

bey, Warth?

who gave to us the law of mer-cy, who ne'er . . . from sinner turn'd a-
Wollt ihr des Sin-der's Hoff-nung rau-ben, so sagt . . . was euch er Lei-

un poco ritard.

way? My-self, a mai-den, young and ten-der, he struck to earth with cru-el

I pray for him, spare him, oh! I implore ye! Let not the hope of pardon be fore - nied! To life re-new'd his sink-ing faith re-store ye, think that for

him too once the Sa - viour died, think that for him our bless-ed Sa - viour

Oh! lost to me for Un - glück.
Behold! 
Blick hin!

Behold! 
Blick hin!

Behold! 
Blick hin!

Behold! 
Blick hin!

Behold! 
Blick hin!

crime for e-ver haun-th thy rest! Thou gav'st her
in ne dein-er Mis-se that! Du gabst ihr

death, Tod, she prays that life be spared thee! Who would not
She bit-tet für dein Leben! Wer bleibe

Thou gav'st her death, She prays that life be spared thee!
Du gabst ihr Tod, sie bit-tet für dein Leben!

heav’n by me shall be obey’d! Though as ae-

wort kann nicht ich wi-der-steh’n! Darf ich auch

heav’n by me shall be obey’d! Though as ae-
p wört kann nicht ich wi-der-steh’n! Darf ich auch

heav’n by me shall be obey’d! Though as ae-

wort wi-der-steh’ ich nicht! Darf ich auch

heaven shall be, obey’d! Though as ae-

wort wi-der-steh’ ich nicht! Darf ich auch

heaven shall be, obey’d! Though as ae-

wort wi-der-steh’ ich nicht! Darf ich auch

clar’d thee, though as ae-eurs’d and
ge ben,—
darf ich auch nie
dem

clar’d thee, though as ae-eurs’d and
ge ben,—
darf ich auch nie
dem

clar’d thee, though as ae-eurs’d and
ge ben,—
darf ich auch nie
dem

clar’d thee, though as ae-eurs’d and
ge ben,—
darf ich auch nie
dem

... curs'd and guilty I declare'd thee, the voice of
nicht dem Schul-di-gen vergeben, dem Him-mel-

... curs'd and guilty I declare'd thee, the voice of
nicht dem Schul-di-gen vergeben, dem Him-mel-

... curs'd and guilty I declare'd thee, Heav'n's
nicht dem Schul-di-gen vergeben, ih rem

... curs'd and guilty I declare'd thee, the voice of
nicht dem Schul-di-gen vergeben, dem heiligen

... curs'd and guilty I declare'd thee, the voice of Heav'n by
Schul-di-gen vergeben, dem Him-mel's wort darf

... curs'd and guilty I declare'd thee, the voice of Heav'n by
Schul-di-gen vergeben, dem Him-mel's wort darf

... curs'd and guilty I declare'd thee, the voice of Heav'n by
Schul-di-gen vergeben, dem Him-mel's wort darf

If found necessary, the voices marked * can leave off singing till the corresponding *, so that Tannhäuser may sing alone.

not the hope of pardon be denied!

sane the hope of par don be de nied!

fanci ly here to win her, I would have dared with mad in-

fre veling zu be ruh ren, hob ich den Lä sterblick zu

who would not yield, who heard the heav n ly ma iden?

wer bie be rauh, hört er des En gels Fle hen!

heav n ly maid? Who would not yield, who heard the heav n ly ma iden?

En gels Flehn, Wer bie be rauh, hört er des En gels Fle hen!

who would not yield, who heard the heav n ly ma iden?

wer bie be rauh, hört er des En gels Fle hen?

heav n ly maid? Who would not yield, who heard the heav n ly ma iden?

En gels Flehn, Wer bie be rauh, hört er des En gels Fle hen?

who would not yield, who heard the heav n ly ma iden?

wer bie be rauh, hört er des En gels Fle hen?

heav n ly maid? Who would not yield, who heard the heav n ly ma iden?

En gels Flehn, Wer bie be rauh, hört er des En gels Fle hen?

Who would not yield, who heard the heav n ly

Wer bie be rauh, hört er des En gels

Who would not yield, who heard the heav n ly

Wer bie be rauh, hört er des En gels

Who would not yield, who heard the heav n ly

Wer bie be rauh, hört er des En gels

Who would not yield, who heard the heav n ly

Wer bie be rauh, hört er des En gels

Oh, Thon, throning above your mortal

I

So
tent!

First

du, hoch ü-ber die
en Er
den

Though as accurs'd
Darf ich auch nic
crce.

I de

clar'd thee,

thm
ger
ten,

Thon, throning above our mortal

Though as accurs'd
Darf ich auch nic
crce.

I de

clar'd thee,

thm
ger
ten,

Though as accurs'd
Darf ich auch nic
crce.

I de

clar'd thee,

thm
ger
ten,

Though as accurs'd
Darf ich auch nic
crce.

I de

clar'd thee,

thm
ger
ten,

Though as accurs'd
Darf ich auch nic
crce.

I de

clar'd thee,

thm
ger
ten,

Though as accurs'd
Darf ich auch nic
crce.

I de

clar'd thee,

thm
ger
ten,

Though as accurs'd
Darf ich auch nic
crce.

I de

clar'd thee,

thm
ger
ten,

Though as accurs'd
Darf ich auch nic
crce.

I de

clar'd thee,

thm
ger
ten,

Though as accurs'd
Darf ich auch nic
crce.

I de

clar'd thee,

thm
ger
ten,

Though as accurs'd
Darf ich auch nic
crce.

I de

clar'd thee,

thm
ger
ten,

Though as accurs'd
Darf ich auch nic
crce.

I de

clar'd thee,

thm
ger
ten,

Though as accurs'd
Darf ich auch nic
crce.

I de

clar'd thee,

thm
ger
ten,

Though as accurs'd
Darf ich auch nic
crce.

I de

clar'd thee,

thm
ger
ten,

Though as accurs'd
Darf ich auch nic
crce.

I de

clar'd thee,

thm
ger
ten,
I pray for him, ich

frailty, Thou who hast sent this guardian saint to

dem Him mels-wort kann nicht ich wider

the voice of Heav'n by me shall be o-

dem Him mels-wort kann nicht ich wider

the voice of Heav'n by me shall be o-

dem Him mels-wort kann nicht ich wider

the voice of Heav'n by me shall be o-

dem Him mels-wort kann nicht ich wider

the voice of Heav'n by me shall be o-

dem Him mels-wort kann nicht ich wider

clar'd thee, 'tis vain mels

clar'd thee, 'tis vain mels

clar'd thee, the heav'n mels

clar'd thee, the heav'n mels

bey'd! Thought as accurs'd and guilty I de clar'd
stehn! Darf ich auch nicht dem Schuld gen ver ge

bey'd! Thought as accurs'd and guilty I de clar'd
stehn! Darf ich auch nicht dem Schuld gen ver ge

Though as accurs'd and guilty I de clar'd thee, tho' guilty I de-
Darf ich auch nicht dem Schul di gen ver ge

Though as accurs'd and guilty I de clar'd thee, tho' guilty I de-
Darf ich auch nicht dem Schul di gen ver ge

Heav'n shall be o-bey'd!
Schuldigen ver-gehen!

Thee! Ah! I cry to Thee!
mein! Ach, erbarm dich mein!

guilty I de-clar'd thee!
Schul-digen ver-gehen!

Heav'n shall be o-bey'd now!
Schuldigen ver-gehen!

Though as accurs'd thou'rt de-
Darf ich auch nie thm ver-

osis the man-date of Heav'n!
wort kann ich nicht wi-der-stehn!

sis-ting the man-date of Heav'n!
wort kann ich nicht wi-der-stehn!

Though as ac-curs'd, thou'rt declar'd,
Darf ich auch nie... ihm die Schuld verzeih'n,

Though as ac-curs'd, as ac-curs'd, I declar'd thee,
Darf ich auch nie... dem Schuld'gen vergeben,

Though as ac-curs'd, yes,
Darf ich auch nie... dem

* There should be an equal number of voices to each of the Tenor parts.

Think that for him the blessed Saviour died! To life renew’d his faith restore ye, me!

Ah, I cry to Thee! Have mercy Thou,

Ah, erbar’m dich mein! Erbarm’ dich mein,

'Tis an angel pleads! I will obey the gentle voice of heaven, Tis the voice of heaven, Tis the voice of heaven, Tis the voice of heaven, Tis the voice of heaven,

I cry to Thee with heart despairing,
Thou who hast sent this guardian Saint to
voll des Him-mels Mitt-le-rin ver-

Heaven, the gentle mandate of Heaven,
ich kann ihm nicht wi-der-ste.

'Heav'n! tis the mandate of Hea-
Kann ich nicht wi-der-ste.

'Heav'n! tis the mandate of Hea-
Kann ich nicht wi-der-ste.

'Heav'n! tis the mandate of Hea-
Kann ich nicht wi-der-ste.

Dem Wagner's "Tannhäuser."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
It is the gentle voice of Heav'n!

Wagner's "Tannhäuser."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
(The Landgrave steps into the centre, with solemnity.)

Landgrave

A crime, dark and unheard of hath been;
Ein furchtbares Verbrechen ward begangen;

in mask of loyal knight treacherously stole amongst us Sin's accursed

child! By us thou art disown'd, from this land thou art banish'd.

Thou with shame hast stain'd this thine shield pure, the wrath of

pilgrims now as - sem - ble, from ev'ry part of my do - main.

this morn the elders went be - fore them, the rest yet in the vale.

Tis not for crimes like thine they

trem - ble, and leave their coun - try, friends and home, de - sire for

heav'n - ly grace is o'er them, they seek the sa - cred shrine at

Walter Schreiber. Pil. moto. \( \frac{m}{c} = 76 \).

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'Tis there, repentant kneeling, before the shrine of grace, Stadt der Gnaden-huld,
thy heart in tears an- nealing, im Staub dort nie- der-fal- len,

Before the shrine of grace, zur Stadt der Gnaden-huld,
thy heart in tears an- nealing, im Staub dort nie- der-fal- len,

Before the shrine of grace, zur Stadt der Gnaden-huld,
thy heart in tears an- nealing, in Staub

Chorus of Knights. Tenors.

Wolfram.

'Tis there, repentant kneeling, mit thnen sollet du wal- len zur Stadt der

Biterolf. Mit thnen sollet du wal- len zur Stadt der

Reinmar.

'Tis there, repentant kneeling, mit thnen sollet du wal- len

Landgrave.

'Tis there, repentant kneeling, mit thnen sollet du wal- len

Rome. fest.

'Tis there, repentant kneeling, mit thnen sollet du wal- len

Basses.

'Tis there, repentant kneeling, mit thnen sollet du wal- len

Heav'n, spricht!
But nevermore returning,
Heav'n, spricht!
But nevermore returning,
Heav'n, spricht!
But nevermore returning,
Heav'n, spricht!
But nevermore returning,
Heav'n, spricht!
But nevermore returning,
Heav'n, spricht!
But nevermore returning,
Heav'n, spricht!
But nevermore returning,
Heav'n, spricht!
But nevermore returning,
Heav'n, spricht!
But nevermore returning,
Heav'n, spricht!
But nevermore returning,
Heav'n, spricht!
But nevermore returning,
Heav'n, spricht!
But nevermore returning,
this sword shall find thee, un­less thou seek Heav’n’s aid!

But yet this sword shall find thee, un­less thou seek Heav’n’s aid!

this sword shall find thee, un­less thou seek Heav’n’s aid!

Dies Schwer­t­wird dich er­rei­chen! Dies Schwer­t­wird dich er­rei­chen!

But yet this sword shall find thee, un­less thou seek Heav’n’s aid!

Dies Sche­wert, dies Schwer­t­wird dich er­rei­chen, dich er­rei­chen!
where shall I find rest?

because an angel pray'd,

sign'd we, weil sie ein Engel brach,

because an angel weil sie ein Engel brach,

Our just revenge resign'd we,

Our just revenge resign'd we,

Our just revenge resign'd we,

Our just revenge resign'd we,

Thy bounteous love  
Him to  

Hope from me hath vanished,  
Hell sah' ich ent-schwinden,  
Despair  

Pray'd,  
Brach,  

but yet this sword shall  
dich wird dies Schwert er-  

but yet this sword shall find thee,  
dich wird dies Schwert er-rei-chen,  

because an angel pray'd,  
weil sie ein Engel brach,  

In dust bending before
will ich be

This sword shall find thee, Must' auch die Ra-che,

This sword shall find thee, Must' auch die Ra-che,

This sword shall find thee, Must' auch die Ra-che,

This sword shall find thee, Must' auch die Ra-che,

This sword shall find thee, Must' auch die Ra-che,

This sword shall find thee, Must' auch die Ra-che,

This sword shall find thee, Must' auch die Ra-che,

him who holds the keys of Heav’n!

fore the throne of grace, schlagen meinem Brust,

this sword shall find thee, musst’ auch die Ra-che,

find thee, weichen, this sword shall find thee, musst’ auch die Ra-che,

this sword shall find thee, die Ra-che weichen,

this sword shall find thee, die Ra-che weichen,

this sword shall find thee, die Ra-che weichen,

this sword shall find thee, musst’ auch die Ra-che,

this sword shall find thee, die Ra-che weichen,

this sword shall find thee, musst’ auch die Ra-che,

this sword shall find thee, die Ra-che weichen,

this sword shall find thee, musst’ auch die Ra-che,

this sword shall find thee, die Ra-che weichen,

this sword shall find thee, musst’ auch die Ra-che,

this sword shall find thee, die Ra-che weichen,

this sword shall find thee, musst’ auch die Ra-che,

this sword shall find thee, die Ra-che weichen,

Oh when him be forgiven!

I'll hide my face!

shall surely find thee,

den-noch er-rei-chen,

shall surely find thee,

den-noch er-rei-chen,

shall surely find thee,

den-noch er-rei-chen,

shall surely find thee,

den-noch er-rei-chen,

shall surely find thee,

den-noch er-rei-chen,

shall surely find thee,

den-noch er-rei-chen,

Thee I implore for aid, 
maid, whose heart der sich, 
un-less in Sünd' und Schmach!

But yet this sword 
Dich wird dies Schwert,

Seek Heav'n's aid! 
Sünd' und Schmach!

Seek Heav'n's aid! 
Sünd' und Schmach!

Seek Heav'n's aid! 
Sünd' und Schmach!

Seek Heav'n's aid! 
Sünd' und Schmach!

yes, yes, this sword

dich wird dies Schwert

shall surely find thee,

dennoch er-rei-chen,
yes, yes, this sword, ich wird dies Schwert;
this sword, this sword shall surely find thee, dich wird dies Schwert, dies Schwert er-rei-chen, cresc.

yes, yes, this sword, ich wird dies Schwert;
this sword, this sword shall surely find thee, dich wird dies Schwert, dies Schwert er-rei-chen, cresc.

yes, yes, this sword, ich wird dies Schwert;
this sword, this sword shall surely find thee, dich wird dies Schwert, dies Schwert er-rei-chen, cresc.

yes, yes, this sword, ich wird dies Schwert;
this sword, this sword shall surely find thee, dich wird dies Schwert, dies Schwert er-rei-chen, cresc.

yes, yes, this sword, ich wird dies Schwert;
this sword, this sword shall surely find thee, dich wird dies Schwert, dies Schwert er-rei-chen, cresc.

yes, yes, this sword, ich wird dies Schwert;
this sword, this sword shall surely find thee, dich wird dies Schwert, dies Schwert er-rei-chen, cresc.

yes, yes, this sword, ich wird dies Schwert;
this sword, this sword shall surely find thee, dich wird dies Schwert, dies Schwert er-rei-chen, cresc.

yes, yes, this sword, ich wird dies Schwert;
this sword, this sword shall surely find thee, dich wird dies Schwert, dies Schwert er-rei-chen, cresc.

yes, yes, this sword, ich wird dies Schwert;
this sword, this sword shall surely find thee, dich wird dies Schwert, dies Schwert er-rei-chen, cresc.

yes, yes, this sword, ich wird dies Schwert;
this sword, this sword shall surely find thee, dich wird dies Schwert, dies Schwert er-rei-chen, cresc.

yes, yes, this sword, ich wird dies Schwert;
this sword, this sword shall surely find thee, dich wird dies Schwert, dies Schwert er-rei-chen, cresc.

yes, yes, this sword, ich wird dies Schwert;
this sword, this sword shall surely find thee, dich wird dies Schwert, dies Schwert er-rei-chen, cresc.
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by her, the heav'ly maid,
der Engel meiner Noth,
cresc.

un less thou seek Heav'n's
hast du in Sünd'

Ped. cresc. poco a poco.

All Nium hope on earth re-

whose heart by me, ... by me was ri-

der sich, so frech ... von mir ver-ho-

Schmach, unless thou seek Heav'n's aid, unless thou

aid, harrest du in Sünd' und Schmach, harrest du in

aid, Schmach, unless thou seek Heav'n's aid, unless thou

aid, Schmach, harrest du in Sünd' und Schmach, harrest du in

aid, Schmach, unless thou seek Heav'n's aid, unless thou

aid, Schmach, harrest du in Sünd' und Schmach, harrest du in

aid, Schmach, unless thou seek Heav'n's aid, unless thou

aid, Schmach, harrest du in Sünd' und Schmach, harrest du in

Heav'n's and

Heav'n's and

Heav'n's and

Heav'n's and

wagner's "Tannhäuser."—Novello, Ewer and co.'s Octavo Edition.
whom base—ly I be—tray’d!

seek Heav’n’s aid, un-less thou seek, un-less thou seek Heav’n’s
und Schmach, harrest du in Sünd, harrest du in Sünd

seek Heav’n’s aid, un-less thou seek, un-less thou seek Heav’n’s
und Schmach, harrest du in Sünd, harrest du in Sünd

seek Heav’n’s aid, un-less thou seek, un-less thou seek Heav’n’s
und Schmach, harrest du in Sünd, harrest du in Sünd

seek Heav’n’s aid, un-less thou seek, un-less thou seek Heav’n’s
und Schmach, harrest du in Sünd, harrest du in Sünd

seek Heav’n’s aid, un-less thou seek, un-less thou seek Heav’n’s
und Schmach, harrest du in Sünd, harrest du in Sünd

seek Heav’n’s aid, un-less thou seek, un-less thou seek Heav’n’s
und Schmach, harrest du in Sünd, harrest du in Sünd

seek Heav’n’s aid, un-less thou seek, un-less thou seek Heav’n’s
und Schmach, harrest du in Sünd, harrest du in Sünd

seek Heav’n’s aid, un-less thou seek, un-less thou seek Heav’n’s
und Schmach, harrest du in Sünd, harrest du in Sünd

seek Heav’n’s aid, un-less thou seek, un-less thou seek Heav’n’s
und Schmach, harrest du in Sünd, harrest du in Sünd

seek Heav’n’s aid, un-less thou seek, un-less thou seek Heav’n’s
und Schmach, harrest du in Sünd, harrest du in Sünd

seek Heav’n’s aid, un-less thou seek, un-less thou seek Heav’n’s
und Schmach, harrest du in Sünd, harrest du in Sünd

seek Heav’n’s aid, un-less thou seek, un-less thou seek Heav’n’s
und Schmach, harrest du in Sünd, harrest du in Sünd

seek Heav’n’s aid, un-less thou seek, un-less thou seek Heav’n’s
und Schmach, harrest du in Sünd, harrest du in Sünd

Hyg. cresc.
Ped.  

Within my breast all hope hath vanished, all hope hath vanished, within my breast

Schmach!
This sword shall find thee yet, unless thou...
CHORUS OF YOUNGER PILGRIMS. (From the back, below, as sounding from the valley.)

1st Treble. At Thy august and holy shrine, I go to

2nd Treble. Am ho-hen Fest der Gnad' und Huld, in Demuth

1st Alto. At Thy august and holy shrine, I go to

2nd Alto. Am ho-hen Fest der Gnad' und Huld, in Demuth

(All, in listening to the Chant, have relaxed their threatening gestures and assumed a more softened expression. Tannhäuser, whose features are brightened by a ray of sudden hope, rapidly turns towards the direction from which the sounds proceed.)

(He rushes away.)

(They call after him.)

WALTER.

To Rome!

Wolfram.

To Rome!

Biterolf.

To Rome!

Reinmar.

To Rome!

Landgrave.

Chorus of Nobles.

To Rome!

Trumpees & Trembones.


END OF THE SECOND ACT.
ACT III.

INTRODUCTION.—TANNHÄUSER'S PILGRIMAGE.

2 Flutes and Piccolo, Oboes, B flat Clarinets, F Horns in F, Horns in E flat, Bassoons, 3 Trumpets in E flat, 3 Trombones, Bass Tuba, Kettle Drum and Strings.

Piano. \( \frac{d}{2} = 60. \)

Andante assai lento. Obs. & Co.

Horns & 2 Bassoons.

Strings, pp

V. Horn.

Bassoons. poco cresc. dim. p

Ob. poco cresc. Dim.

Strings. pp poco cresc.

Wagner’s “Tannhäuser.”—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—(220.)
(The Curtain rises. The valley beneath the Wartburg, as in the First Act. It is near sunset. On the small eminence, r. h., Elisabeth is kneeling before the shrine, in prayer. Wolfram comes down from a forest path, l. h. He stops when he has descended half-way, perceiving Elisabeth.)
Voice.  

WOLFRAM. Moderate.

Wohltuust ich hier sie im Ge-bet zu fin-den, wie ich so oft sie

Piano.

Pray'er, when my lonely and joyless way back to the valley leads me.

Death-blow, struck by him, within her, she prays that heav’n may shrieve the

Sinner, his weal implo-ring day and night, oh bles-sed love, how

Great thy might!

pilgrims soon from Rome will be re-turn-ing, the year de-clines, ere long they must be

hier.

(Kehrt Er:

solvd? This doth she pray for, Heav'n en-treat-ing,

ye saints, oh grant their hap-py mee-ting! Al-though my

Woun-d may ne-ver heal, oh, may she ne'er my an-guish feel!

(As he is about to descend into the valley, he hears the Pilgrims' Chant, and again stops.)

**Andante maestoso.** $d = 50$

**Chorus of Elder Pilgrims (at a great distance, slowly approaching the stage).**

Tenors.

Once more with joy, oh my home, I may

Basses.

Once more with joy, friends and home I may

**Andante maestoso.** $d = 50$

**Chorus of Elder Pilgrims.**

**Andante maestoso.** $d = 50$

**Ellisabeth (rises as she hears the Chant).**

The Pilgrim's song.

"Tis they! Sie sind's!"

They come at last.

They have return’d!

Sie keh-ren heim!

Meet thee schau en!

Meet; once more, schau en und gruz sen

Meet; once more, schau en und gruz sen

They have return’d!

Sic keh-ren heim!

Ye Saints, oh let me know my task, that I may
Ihr Heiligen, zeigt mir jetzt mein Antl, dass ich mit

Oh Heaven, let her heart be
Himmel, stür-ke jetzt ihr

peace is within my breast.
treu ich gepil gert hab!

peace is within my breast.
treu ich gepil gert hab!

wor-thily full fill it!
Wür de es er fül-le!

strong if now her fate must be de-cid-ed!
Hers für die Ent-schei-dung ih-re Le-bens!

The singer's plaint on high was heard, ac-
Durch Süh' und Buss' hab' ich ver-söhnt, den

The singer's plaint on high was heard, ac-
Durch Süh' und Buss' hab' ich ver-söhnt, den

excerpted by a gracious Lord, the tears I laid be-
Her-ren dem mein Her-ze fröhnt, der mein Reu' mit

excerpted by a gracious Lord, the tears I laid be-
Her-ren dem mein Her-ze fröhnt, der mein Reu' mit

(Here the Pilgrims come on the stage by front entrance R.H. During the following they pass by the eminence where Elisabeth is, and slowly pass through the valley towards the background.)
Elisabeth (who has been anxiously watching whether Tannhäuser is amongst the Pilgrims, sorrowful but composed.)

The Pilgrims go farther away, and at last disappear through an opening in the valley.)
Once more with joy, oh my home I may meet thee; once more, ye fair flow'ry meads, I may greet ye; my pilgrim staff henceforth may rest—

ELISABETH (with great solemnity, falling on her knees).

Oh blessed Virgin, hear my prayer! Thou star of glory,
earth, oh set me free, now from this earth, oh set me free!

Let me, a maiden,
die - ser Er - de mich, o! nimm von die - ser Er - de mich!

Let me, a maiden,

pure and white, enter into thy kingdom bright;
En - gel - gleich ein - ge - he in dein se - lig Reich, mach' das ich rein und En - gel-

If vain desires and earthly long - ing have turn'd my heart from thee away,

die - ser Er - de mich, o! nimm von die - ser Er - de mich!

If vain desires and earthly

If vain desires and earthly

If vain desires and earthly

hopes within me thro'ning, before thy blessed feet I lay;

sün - di - ges Ver - lan - gen, ein welt - lich Sch - nen keim' in mir:

hopes within me thro'ning, before thy blessed feet I lay;

sün - di - ges Ver - lan - gen, ein welt - lich Sch - nen keim' in mir:

Slower.

wrestle with the love I cherish'd, un-til in death its flame hath perish'd.

Tempo I me.

If of my sin thou wilt not shrive me, yet in this hour, oh grant thy aid! In this hour, oh grant thy aid! Till thy eternal peace thou an! Nimm dich gnädig meiner an! Dass ich mit demuthvollem

give me, I vow to live and die thy maid. And on thy bounty I will call, Grüssen, als würd'ge Müdig dir na-hen kunn, um deine Gnaden reichste Huld,

that heavenly grace on him may fall, yes, on thy bounty I will

nur anzufliehn für seine Schuld, um deine Gnadenreichtime

...call, that heav’n-ly grace on him may fall!
...Huld nur ans - zu - fehn for scie - ne Schuld!

absorbed, then rises slowly, perceives Wolfram, who would approach and speak to her.

(She makes a gesture asking him not to speak to her.)

WOLFRAM:
Well, you have again signifies that, while thanking him
...Oh roy - al maid, shall I not guide thee homeward?
...E - li - sa - beth, dürfte ich dich nicht ge - lei - ten?

from her heart for his faithful attachment, her way leads to Heaven, where she has a high task to fulfil. She

wishes to proceed unattended. She proceeds half-way up the ascent, then gradually disappears by the path that leads

più lento. $d = 50$.

(Wolftram, who has followed Elisabeth with his eyes, seats himself at the foot of a rock L.H., and begins to prelude

on his Harp.)

Scene II.—Wolfram Alone.

Voice.

Moderato. \( \text{d} = 46 \), Wolfram.

Like death's dark shadow, night her gloom extendeth,

Wie To-des ahnung, Dämm'rug deckt die Lande,

Moderate.

Harps, like death's dark shadow,

Harp. um-hüllt das Täli mit schwarz-riechen Ge-wan-de;

持有人's path of light, yet dreads to pass the gate of fear and night,

Trombones & Bass Tuba sustain pp.

tread your path of light, vor ih-rem Flug durch Nacht und Grau-

thy gentle beam thro' trackless space thou hearest, the hour of darkness is by thee made


I look on thee, oh star in heav'n the fairest, die nicht' ge Dämmerung theilt dein lieber

Vio. divided.

Da scheit-nest du, o! lieb-lich-ster der Ster-ne,


thy gentle beam thro' trackless space thou hearest, the hour of darkness is by thee made

pp tremolando.

dein sanf-tes Licht ent-sendest du der Fer-ne,

wagneya's "Tannhüuser."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
bright, thou lead'st us upward with pure kindly light.
Strahl, und freundlich zeigt du den Weg aus dem Thal.

beam smiles on my spirit's troubled dream;
sterne, wohl grüsst ich immer dich so gern;

trust be-tray'd, greet, when she pass-es, the peer-less maid—bear her be-
nie ver-rich, grü - sse sie, wenn sie vor - bei... dir zieht,—wenn sie ent-

beyond this vale... of sorrow, to fields of light... that know... no mor-row,
scheucht dem Thal... der Erden, ein seliger Eng... get dort... zu werden,—

bear her
beyond this
vale
of sorrow, to fields of
yet this vale
of sorrow, to fields of
light that
know no mor-
dens. (He continues to play on his harp, his eyes
raised to heaven.)

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SCENE III.—TANNHÄUSER, WOLFRAM; LATER, VENUS, WALTER, SCHREIBER, BITEROLF, REINMAR, THE LANDGRAVE, PILGRIMS AND NOBLES.

(It has now become quite dark, Tannhäuser enters in a ragged pilgrim's dress, pale and worn; he comes forward with Lento. $d = 50$. Tannhäuser. falttering steps, leaning on his staff.

Voice.

Piano.

Voice.

Wolfram.

Tannhäuser.

Wolfram.

Footsteps—

that thou un-absolv'd hast dar'd to set thy foot within these precincts—

Nay, have no fear, champaigne minstrel,

un - entfindst noch den Fuss nach die-ser Ge-gend her zu
tenken?

Sei ausser Sorg'meingu - ter Sänger!

Nicht such' ich dich, noch deiner Sippschaft Einen.—

Doch such' ich wen, der mir den Weg wol

A path I seek, or one to guide my

It leads to

den Weg zum

And why?—

That is thy mis - sion?

words de-file my ear!

Thou God

Ent - setz

Thy

Ent

That is nicht mein Ohr!

Venus' hill!

li - cher!

Thou God!

Ent - setz

less man!

Tannhäuser (in a whisper).

Dost thou know the path?  
Oh madman!

V-\^  —  F-\F

Allegro, \( \frac{d}{=} = 80. \)

Tannhäuser (enraged).

Dread unknown, thy words inspire!  
Whence com'st thou?  Hast thou not been in Rome?

\( \text{Wolfram.} \)

not of Rome!  
Hast thou not sued for pardon?

\( \text{Tannhäuser.} \)

not of mir von Rom!  
Warst nicht beim heil'gen Feste?

\( \text{Wolfram.} \)

that!

\( \text{Tannhäuser.} \)

Yea, I have been in Rome—

Thou wert not there?  Oh I conjure thee, speak!

\( \text{Andante.} \)

Say So

\( \text{Andante.} \)

on!  Oh tell me all!  Un-hap-py man! With deep com-pas-sion I will hear thy

\( \text{stringendo.} \)

sprich!  Er-zäh-le mir!  Un-glück-li-cher!  Mich faßt ein tie-fes Mit-leid für dich
Si

words!

What sayst thou, Wolf-ram? Say, art thou not my foe?

Wolfram. 

No, Vermore, while thou art true to honour. But tell, thy pilgrimage to

Lento, Tannhäuser. 

I will, I will! Thou, Wolfram, shalt

refuge where I rest me

well!

Andante. d = 60.

Con: triate in spirit,

Tannhäuser (slowly).

Tannhäuser contemplates Wolfram with astonished emotion.)
When I beheld a

Throne zu verfluchen, die er mir Stunden eigent geweint!

When I beheld a

sought a pathway o'er the meadow, I trod un-shod a-mid the rock and thorns; if

he refresh'd his lips by cool-ing foun-tain, the brazen sun pour'd on my head for-lorn; when

he besought the Saints in murmur'd prayers, I shed my life-blood in the cause di-vine; when in the

hos-pice he sought rest and shel-ter, on ice and snow it was that I sought mine; lest

 went, my wasted heart remorse was burning, that for my sake an angel waited mourning, that's denn in Zerknirschung woltich bau - schen, um met - nes En - gel's Thrä - nen zu ver - sü -

broke, the silvery bells were pealing; the vaulted roof a song divine was singing.

There, the heart rejoiced.

keys of heaven, and

sent them forth re-new'd . . . in heav'n-ly grace.

Then I drew

Da nah'! auch

near—

my glances earthward bend—ing,

I made my plaint,

despair—my bo-som

pp

poco cresc.

p tremolo.

pleasure long en-slav'd; to me it seem'd that he in mercy hearken'd, a gracious
word, in dust and tears I crav'd.
plied: "If thou hast shar'd the joys of hell, if thou un-ho-ly flames hast
nurs'd that in the hill of Ve-nus dwell, thou art for e-vermore ae-
curs'd! And as this bar-ren staff I hold, ne'er will put forth a flow'-er or leaf, 
S"su'e long en-slav'd; to me it seem'd that he in mer-
cen noch ge-kühlt; und um Er-
word, in dust and tears I crav'd.
word, in dust and tears I crav'd.
plied: "If thou hast shar'd the joys of hell, if thou un-ho-ly flames hast
nurs'd that in the hill of Ve-nus dwell, thou art for e-vermore ae-
curs'd! And as this bar-ren staff I hold, ne'er will put forth a flow'-er or leaf,

Thus shalt thou nevermore behold Salvation, or thy sins relief!"

Kau aus der Höhle heissem Brand Erlebung nim-mer dir er-blüh'n!"

Memo lento.

Then hopeless dumb despair obscured my senses,—

Da sank ich in Vernichtung dumpf dar-über,—

I sank down, motionless.
die Sin-ne schwäben mir.

When I awoke twas night, and I alone, by all forsook,—

Als ich er-wacht, auf ä-dem Platze la-ger-te die Nacht,—

...I heard afar the songs of praise and prayer,

Von fern her ton-fen fro-he Gla-ten-hei-der:

With loathing I fled t'escape the sound!

Da e-kel-te mich der hoh de

What were to me the tidings of their song!

Von der Ver-heilung lieg - nerischen

Then long'd my Da-hin zog's

Flau. & Wood. Stu.

soul those joys to taste

mich, wo ich der Wonn'

Sca.

pains had slain!

Sca.

thee, fair
Ve-
nus, I sur-
ren-der, let thy sweet ma-
gie

round me, play, I'll be thy slave,
thou star of splen-dour, thou

on-ly cast these pangs al-lay!

Oh, guide my

steps nicht that I may find thee,

How well.

No more!

Wolfram (shuddering).

Under the stage, R.H.

Desperately.

Love the sweet dominion,

Oh, in Venus.

(in a rosy light Venus is seen reclining on her couch.)

Venus.

I welcome thee, perfidious man!

Earth laid thee low beneath its ban!

Hast thou by all means da darest ever.
Sweet Venus, oh in bliss receive me! With thee, with Zu dir, zu

Ye hellish phantoms, leave him, leave him! All Be

Com'st thou on grace

thee oh let me fly!

hope is lost when ye are nigh!

from me relying, thy rash resolve

Venus.

V. Horn.

I will forgive; come, where joy is fed from

source undying, in pleasure's bright light, and ne'er must you

bode von mir flechta!

Tannhäuser (with desperate resolution, tearing himself away from Wolfram).

hope they have bereft me, now joys of

Heil hab' ich verloren, nun aci der

Wolfram

Oh mighty Lord! in mercy

Allmächtiger! Steh dem Frommen

Venus (growing anxious).

Oh come!

O komm!

All alone are left me!

(Henry seizes Tannhäuser.)

See! bei!

Henrich!

One Ein

Belov'd!

O komm!

For ever thou art

Auf ewig sei nun

No more!

Lass ab!

Word, Wort, and thou art free!

Dein Dein

Away from me!

Lass ab von mir!

Pent!

Heil!

Yet canst thou gain thy dir

Oh come! komm!

(Tannhäuser and Wolfram struggle.)

No, Wolf - ram!

Nie, Wolf - ram!

soul's sal - va - tion!

Sun - der - den!

No! The heav'ns are close'd!

Nie! Ich muß da - hin!

It hears an Eng - el

Come, oh come! Komm, o komm!

Away, a - way! Zumir! Zumir!

Leave . . . me! Lass . . . mich!

an-gel's sup - pli - ca - tion, who now for theo its grace implores;

but für dich auf Er - den, bald schweigt er seg - nend über dir:

molto cresc.

(She sinks into the
Woe! I have lost him!

She be the Ihr ward der

Thee hath taken flight!
from men Dul-de-rin!

Thee hath taken flight!
from men Dul-de-rin!

Thee hath taken flight!
from men Dul-de-rin!

Thee hath taken flight!
from men Dul-de-rin!

Thee hath taken flight!
from men Dul-de-rin!

Thee hath taken flight!
from men Dul-de-rin!

Thee hath taken flight!
from men Dul-de-rin!

Thee be-fore the throne, and Heav’n re-lents! Hein-ry, thou art ab-solv’d!
dich an Got-tes Thron, er wird er-bört: Hein-rich, du bist er-böst!

Hers be the Ihr ward der

Hers be the Ihr ward der

Hers be the Ihr ward der

Hers be the Ihr ward der

Hers be the Ihr ward der

Hers be the Ihr ward der

Hers be the Ihr ward der

earth; the mist vanishes, and morning dawns. From the Wartburg a funeral train descends into the valley.)

TANNHAUSER (dying).

I hear
Ich hö-

an-gel’s blest re-ward, bright be her glo-ry in Thy sight!

Engel sel-ger Lohn, himm-li-scher Freu-den Hoch-ge-winn!

Oh say, hear’st thou this strain?
Und hörest du den Ge-sang?

an-gel’s blest re-ward, bright be her glo-ry in Thy sight!

Engel sel-ger Lohn, himm-li-scher Freu-den Hoch-ge-winn!

Orchestra, Horns, and Strings pizz.

Behind the scenes.

Here the funeral train reaches the valley, preceded by the Elder Pilgrims, then follow the Minstrels bearing Elisabeth's hearse; they are followed by the Landgrave, Knights and Nobles.

(Here Wolfram motions to the Minstrels, who have recognised Tannhäuser, to put down the hearse.)

Blest is the sinner, saved by her tears, now he the
E - wigen steht! Se - lig der Sün - der, dem sie ge - weint, dem sie des

Blest who through her the
E - wigen steht! Se - lig, dem sie des
Tannhäuser (has been led to the hearse by Wolfram, beside which he slowly sinks to the earth).

Lord hath mar-vels wrought! ... Re-demp-tion He to all hath
Gna-de Wun-der Heil! ... Er-lö-sung ward der Welt zu

Lord hath mar-vels wrought! ... Re-demp-tion He to all hath
Gna-de Wun-der Heil! ... Er-lö-sung ward der Welt zu

made to bloom with summer's green; now man's curse doth the

made to bloom with summer's green; now man's curse doth the

Lord annul, His pitying love shall make us clean! De -

Lord annul, His pitying love shall make us clean! De -

clare it loud through ev'ry land, none who condemn at last shall stand!

clare it loud through ev'ry land, none who condemn at last shall stand!

WALTER.

The Der

Schreiber.

The Der

Wolfram.

(All with great exaltation.)

The Der

Biterolf.

The Der

Reinmar.

The Der

Landgrave.

The Der

The Knights and Elder Pilgrims
(all with great exaltation).

The Der

The Der

The Der

Maestoso. \( \text{\textit{\( d = 50. \)}} \)

Lord Him self now thy ward dem

Lord Him self now thy ward dem

Lord Him self now thy ward dem

Lord Him self now thy ward dem

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Lord Him self now thy ward dem

Maestoso. \( \text{\textit{\( d = 50. \)}} \)

Fet. Ped.

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