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Typographical errors are shown in the text with mouse-hover popups. In the German text, inconsistent labeling of acts and scenes is unchanged.

The German libretto alone, without parallel translation, is available from Project Gutenberg as [e-text 27769](#). The texts are identical except that a few additional errors have been corrected.

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FLYING DUTCHMAN



FRED RULLMAN, Inc.
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THE ONLY CORRECT AND AUTHORIZED EDITION
KNABE PIANO USED EXCLUSIVELY

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THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

(DER FLIEGENDE HOLLAENDER)

ROMANTIC OPERA
IN THREE ACTS

BY

RICHARD WAGNER

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ARGUMENT

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ACT I.

A Norwegian brig is driven out of her course on the homeward voyage, and near the rockbound Norwegian Coast meets with the phantom ship of the "Flying Dutchman." Daland, the captain of the Norwegian vessel, enters into a compact with the "Flying Dutchman" whose identity, however, is unknown to him, to give him a home and his daughter, Senta, for a wife, in consideration of the rich treasures stored away in the "Flying Dutchman's" ship.

ACT II.

When the curtain rises, a bevy of Norwegian Girls, among whom are Daland's daughter, Senta and her nurse Mary, are discovered turning their spinning wheels and singing a spinning song. A picture of the "Flying Dutchman" adorns the wall, and Senta, after singing a ballad sketching in incoherent, passionate strains, a story of the subject of the picture, solemnly vows that she will become the means of terminating the torment, to which the "Flying Dutchman" is subjected, and who can only be saved by a woman unwaveringly constant in her love. During the confusion which ensues upon this avowal, the father's arrival is announced. In the time intervening between this announcement and Daland's arrival, Erik, Senta's lover, pleads for his love, and endeavors to persuade Senta that her infatuation for a phantom lover will lead to her irretrievable ruin; but to no avail. Daland arrives and presents the "Flying Dutchman" to his daughter. Senta accepts him as her affianced husband.

ACT III.

The curtain rises on the crew of the Norwegian brig singing a frolicking sailor song, and jesting with a bevy of girls, who bring them refreshments. The special object of their jest and fun (in which the girls also join), is the crew of the "Flying Dutchman," whom they cannot persuade to join in their merry-making. They finally conclude that the crew of the neighboring ship must be dead, and the suspicion gains belief that the "Flying Dutchman" is playing one of his ugly tricks. The crew of the "Flying Dutchman" sing a fantastic song to which the Norwegian sailors intently listen, and whose weird words they finally endeavor to drown in a song of their own. Erik pleads again with Senta, and the "Flying Dutchman" appears on the scene, and orders his crew to prepare for immediate departure, thinking

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Senta had proven as faithless and inconstant in the love she had vowed him, as the rest of womankind he had come in contact with. Senta, however, vows that she will be true to him, and even after the "Flying Dutchman" discloses his identity, she does not falter in her resolution. "Thine will I be, until death shall us part!" she passionately exclaims and the curtain falls.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DALAND *A Norwegian Navigator*
 SENTA *His Daughter*
 ERIK *A Huntsman*
 MARY *Senta's Nurse*
 THE MATE *Of Daland's Vessel*
 THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.
Sailors of the Norwegian Vessel. The Crew of the Flying Dutchman. Girls.
 SCENE: THE NORWEGIAN COAST

4a

5a

ERSTER AKT.

ACT I.

ERSTER AUFTRITT.

SCENE I.

MATROSEN.

SAILORS.

Hohoje! Hohoje! Halloho! u. s. w.

Heigho! Heigho! Halloho!

DALAND.

DALAND.

Kein Zweifel! Sieben Meilen fort
 Trieb uns der Sturm vom sichern Port.
 So nah' dem Ziel nach langer Fahrt,
 War mir der Streich noch aufgespart!

No doubt! Full seven miles away
 Drove us the storm at break of day
 So near the port, and to be met
 By adverse wind—'tis 'nough to fret!

STEUERMANN.

MATE.

Ho! Capitän!

Ho! Captain!

DALAND.

DALAND.

Am Bord bei Euch, wie steht's?

On deck I am with you. How do things
 progress?

STEUERMANN.

MATE.

Gut, Capitän! Wir sind auf sicherem Grund.

Well, captain, we are in home waters.

DALAND.

DALAND.

's ist Sandwyk-Strand, genau kenn' ich die
 Bucht. —
 Verwünscht! schon sah am Ufer ich mein
 Haus,
 Senta, mein Kind, glaubt' ich schon zu
 umarmen.
 Da bläst er aus dem Teufels-Loch heraus. . . .
 Wer baut auf Wind, baut auf Satans
 Erbarmen!
 Was hilft's? der Sturm lässt nach,—
 Wenn so er tobte, währ't nicht lang.
 He! Bursche! lange war't ihr wach;
 Zur Ruhe denn, mir ist's nicht bang!
 Nun, Steuermann! die Wache nimmst Du wohl
 für mich?
 Gefahr ist nicht, doch gut ist's, wenn Du
 wachst.

'Tis Sandwyk beach, full well know I the bay.
 Confound the luck! I saw my house; a welcome
 sight!
 Senta, my child, I fancied in my arms I held,
 When of a sudden changeth the wind,
 And blew a gale, as if in league with Satan's
 power;
 But now the worst is past, and its fury
 The storm hath spent in fitful blasts.
 Well, boys, you've had to work with giant
 power,
 And you may rest, now that past the danger;
 And you, mate, you may take the watch for
 me;
 There's no danger now, still keep a sharp look-
 out!

STEUERMANN.

MATE.

4b

5b

Seid ausser Sorg'! Schlaft ruhig, Capitän!

STEUERMANN.

Mit Gewitter und Sturm aus fernem Meer —
Mein Mäd'el, bin dir nah'.
Über thurmhohe Fluth vom Süden her —
Mein Mäd'el, ich bin da!
Mein Mäd'el, wenn nicht Südwind wär',
Ich nimmer wohl kãm' zu Dir; —
Ach, lieber Südwind! blas' noch mehr,
Mein Mäd'el verlangt nach mir!
Hohohe! Jolohe! Hoho! Ho! Ho! etc.
Von des Südens Gestad', aus weitem Land' —
Ich hab' an Dich gedacht;
Durch Gewitter und Meer vom Mohrenstrand
Hab' ich Dir was mitgebracht.
Mein Mäd'el, preis' den Südwind hoch.
Ich bring' Dir ein gülden Band; —
Ach, lieber Südwind, blase doch!
Mein Mäd'el hätt' gern den Tand.
Hoho! Ho jolohe! etc.

ZWEITE SCENE.

HOLLAENDER.

Die Frist ist um, und abermals verstrichen
Sind sieben Jahr! — Voll Überdruss wirft mich
Das Meer an's Land. . . Ha, stolzer Ocean!
In kurzer Frist sollst du mich wieder tragen!
Dein Trotz ist beugsam — doch ewig meine
Qual.

Das Heil, das auf dem Land ich suche, nimmer
Werd' ich es finden! Euch, des Weltmeers
Fluthen,

6a Bleib' ich getreu, bis eure letzte Welle
Sich bricht und euer letztes Nass versiegt!
Wie oft in Meeres tiefsten Schlund
Stürzt' ich voll Sehnsucht mich hinab,
Doch ach! den Tod, ich fand ihn nicht!

Da, wo der Schiffe furchtbar Grab,
Trieb *mein* Schiff ich zum Klippengrund,
Doch ach! mein Grab, es schloss sich nicht!
Verhöhnd droht' ich dem Piraten,
Im wilden Kampfe hofft' ich Tod:—
„Hier — rief ich — zeige deine Thaten!
Von Schätzen voll ist Schiff und Boot!“
Doch ach! des Meers barbar'scher Sohn
Schlägt bang' das Kreuz und flieht davon!
Nirgends ein Grab! Niemals der Tod!
Dies der Verdammniss Schreck-Gebot.
Dich frage ich, gepries'ner Engel Gottes,
Der meines Heils Bedingung mir gewann,
War ich Unsel'ger Spielwerk Deines Spottes,
Als die Erlösung Du mir zeigtest an?

— Vergebne Hoffnung! Furchtbar eitler Wahn!
Um ew'ge Treu' auf Erden ist's gethan! —
Nur *eine* Hoffnung soll mir bleiben,
Nur *eine* unerschütterte stehn!
So lang' der Erde Keim' auch treiben,
So muss sie doch zu Grunde gehn.
Tag des Gerichtes, jüngster Tag!
Wann brichst du an in meiner Nacht?
Wann dröhnt er, der Vernichtungsschlag;
Mit dem die Welt zusammenkracht?
Wann alle Todten auferstehn,
Dann werde ich in Nichts vergehn!
Ihr Welten, endet euren Lauf!
Ew'ge Vernichtung, nimm mich auf!

Rely on me! Good night, captain.

MATE.

In tempest's roar, on the wide sea,
My girl, I think of thee!
The gale, ah, well! it came from the South,
Lucky for thee and me!
My girl, if it hadn't Southwind been,
I wouldn't see thee again!
Ah! come and blow, my Southwind fair,
Else waits my love in vain.
Hohohe! Jolohe! Heigho! heigho! heigho.
On Southland's coast, in far off land,
My girl, I thought of thee!
All o'er the main, from tropic coast,
A gift I brought for thee;
My love I bring a golden toy—
Come, Southwind, blow again!
Southwind, thou art a lovely boy,
If thou wilt blow again.
Hoho! ho! jolohe! heigho!

SCENE II.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

The time is up, and to Eternity's tomb
consign'd
Another seven years! Disgusted is the main,
And throws me on the strand. Ah! sea so
proud,
Thy waves, ere many days are past, I'll ride
again.

What of thy scorn with my torment in the
balance weigh'd?

The rest which on land I seek, oh! never
Shall I find; for to the ocean waves
My destiny is bound, until the last wave
Ceases to flow, and evaporates into air.
How often into deepest abyss of the sea
Have I thrown my ship and hapless me;
But, alas! the death I sought I never found.
Where yawns the grave for ship and sailor,
I drove my ship to craggy rock,
But not was watery grave my lot.
Where sails the pirate's dreaded craft,
Have oft I waited for bloody strife;
“Now,” thus I challenged, “show thy pluck,
My ship with treasures rich is freight'd;”
But he, the sea's barbarian son,
In horror did he cross himself, and take to
flight.

For me no grave! For me no death!
Such damnation's inflexible law.
I ask thee, heavenly angel mine,
Who my salvation's condition hath secur'd,
Was I the foot-ball of thy caprice,
When the way to salvation thou didst show to
me?

Ah! vain the hope, vain as is my prayer!
Faith hath taken wings, and soar'd to other
worlds.

But one hope now remains,
But one hope I cherish!
Though the globe still sails through space,
It, too, must end its course some day.
Last day of Earth, oh! judgment day,
Thou wilt end my misery.
When comes the day, the dreaded day,
That solves Life's great mystery?
When the sea gives up its dead,
Then will *my* requiem be said!
Die out, ye stars, in heaven's dome,

7a

CHOR.

Ew'ge Vernichtung, nimm uns auf!

DRITTE SCENE.

DALAND.

He! Holla! Steuermann!

STEUERMANN.

's ist nichts! 's ist nichts! —
Ach, lieber Südwind, blas' noch mehr,
Mein Mädcl. . . .

DALAND.

Du siehst nichts? Gelt! Du wachest brav,
mein Bursch! Dort liegt ein Schiff! — Wie
lange schliefst Du schon?

STEUERMANN.

Zum Teufel auch! — Verzeiht mir, Capitän!
Werda! Werda!

DALAND.

Es scheint, sie sind gerade so faul als wir.

STEUERMANN.

Gebt Antwort! Schiff und Flagge!

DALAND.

Lass sein. Mich dünkt, ich seh den Capitän.
— He! Holla! Seemann! Nenne Dich! Wess
Landes?

HOLLAENDER.

Weit komm' ich her. Verwehrt bei Sturm
und Wetter Ihr mir den Ankerplatz?

DALAND.

Behüt' es Gott! Gastfreundschaft kennt der
Seemann. — Wer bist Du?

HOLLAENDER.

Holländer.

DALAND.

Gott zum Gruss! — So trieb auch Dich
Der Sturm an diesen nackten Felsenstrand?
Mir ging's nicht besser, wenig Meilen nur
Von hier ist meine Heimath; fast erreicht,
Musst' ich auf's Neu' mich von ihr wenden. —
Sag',
Woher kommst Du? Hast Schaden Du
genommen?

HOLLAENDER.

Mein Schiff ist fest, es leidet keinen Schaden.

— —

Durch Sturm und bösen Wind verschlagen,
Irr' auf den Wassern ich umher; —
Wie lange? weiss ich kaum zu sagen,
Schon zähl' ich nicht die Jahre mehr.
Unmöglich dünkt mich's, dass ich nenne
Die Länder alle, die ich fand:
Das Einz'ge nur, nach dem ich brenne,
Ich find' es nicht; mein Heimathland!

Father above, oh, call me home!

(Chorus.)

Father above, oh, call us home!

SCENE III.

DALAND.

Ho! Heigho! Mate! Heigho!

MATE.

Nothing there, nothing!
Ah! come and blow, thou Southwind fair,
My girl—

DALAND.

You see nothing, and I thought that sharp
lookout you'd keep.
There lies a ship! Answer me: How long did
you sleep?

MATE.

Damnation! Pardon, captain! Who's there?
Who's there?

DALAND.

Seems to me they are just as lazy dogs as we.

MATE.

Answer, ye! whence and whither, and what's
your flag?

DALAND.

Cease your questioning! methinks I see the
captain—
Ye! holo! ye o'er there; whence and whither?

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

From far I come. In such dreadful weather.
Will you deny me anchorage safe?

DALAND.

God forbid! the mariner knows full well
hospitality's worth. Who are you?

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Dutch.

DALAND.

Be welcome then! I perceive the storm
Drove you, too, to this craggy shore;
I fared no better; but a few miles distant
Is my home. Almost within its charm'd circle,
I had to change my course. But, say,
Whence do you come? Has damage sustained
your ship?

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

My ship is sound, and wind and tempest proof.
Storm and adverse wind, in league,
Keep me away from the shore;
How long? How should I know it still,
When count I keep not any more?
I cannot tell the scenes I saw,
Nor name the ports I sought to reach;
The only scene I long to see,
I cannot find—my native beach!

Vergönne mir auf kurze Frist Dein Haus,
Und Deine Freundschaft soll Dich nicht
gereu'n,
Mit Schätzen aller Gegenden und Zonen
Ist reich mein Schiff beladen:—willst Du
handeln,
So sollst Du sicher Deines Vortheils sein.

DALAND.

Wie wunderbar! Soll Deinem Wort ich
glauben?
Ein Unstern, scheint's, hat Dich bis jetzt
verfolgt.
Um Dir zu dienen, biet' ich, was ich kann;
Doch — darf ich fragen, was Dein Schiff
enthält?

HOLLAENDER.

Die seltensten der Schätze sollst Du sehn,
Kostbare Perlen, edelstes Gestein.
Blick' hin und überzeuge Dich vom Werthe
Des Preises, den ich für ein gastlich Dach
Dir biete!

DALAND.

Wie? Ist's möglich? Diese Schätze!
Wer ist so reich, den Preis dafür zu bieten?

HOLLAENDER.

Den Preis? So eben hab' ich ihn genannt:
Dies für das Obdach einer einz'gen Nacht!
Doch was Du siehst, ist nur der kleinste Theil
Von dem, was meines Schiffes Raum
verschliesst.
Was frommt der Schatz? Ich habe weder Weib
Noch Kind, und meine Heimath find' ich nie.
All' meinen Reichthum biet' ich Dir, wenn bei
Den Deinen Du mir neue Heimath giebst.

DALAND.

Was muss ich hören?

HOLLAENDER.

Hast Du eine Tochter?

DALAND.

Fürwahr, ein theures Kind.

HOLLAENDER.

Sie sei mein Weib!

DALAND.

Wie? Hör' ich recht? Meine Tochter sein
Weib?
Er selbst spricht aus den Gedanken:—
Fast fürcht' ich, wenn unentschlossen ich
bleib',
Er müsst' im Vorsatze wanken.
Wüsst' ich, ob ich wach' oder träume!
Kann ein Eidam willkommener sein?
Ein Thor, wenn das Glück ich versäume;
Voll Entzücken schlage ich ein.

HOLLAENDER.

Ach, ohne Weib, ohne Kind bin ich,
Nichts fesselt mich an die Erde.
Rastlos verfolgte das Schicksal mich,
Die Qual nur war mein Gefährte.
Nie werd' ich die Heimath erreichen;
Zu was frommt mir der Güter Gewinn?

And now, my friend, come take me home,
Give me shelter and give me rest.
My ship is freighted with treasures rare,
Choose thou the rarest, take the best—
Thy humble roof, oh, let me share!

DALAND.

How strange this sounds. Can I believe such
tale?
It will seem that thine is a strange fate.
If I can serve thee, thou wilt find me ready;
But, may I ask, what does thy ship contain?

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

The rarest of treasures I'll show thee,
Gold and pearls and precious stones;
See how they glitter! Is the price
Ample, and does it compensate
For hospitable roof?

DALAND.

What! Is it possible? These treasures!
Who has riches enough to outweigh their
value?

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

I told thee how to repay for these treasures
all;
I give them for the shelter of a single night.
Still what thou seest but small portion is
Of the riches stored in my ship's hold.
Of what value all these treasures? No wife I
have,
Nor child, and my native land I'll never reach
All my riches shall be thine, as the price
I pay with all my heart for the home I crave.

DALAND.

What must I hear?

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Hast thou a daughter?

DALAND.

I have, and dear she is to me.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Then give her unto me for wife.

DALAND.

My child shall be his; why should I delay,
When great is the wealth that will be my part?
The bargain is good, I'll close it this day,
'Ere yet he might change his mind, and
depart;
I will give him my child to be his bride,
So she will be a rich man's happy wife;
A fool if such good offer I denied,
It's the best bargain I made in my life.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

No heir, no child, no wife are given me,
And no earthly joy have ever I known;
Fate, relentless through all eternity,
Wildly pursues me like a hunted fawn.
Whenever I can reach my home again,
What shall I do with all my riches rare?

8b

9b

10a

11a

Lässt Du zu dem Bund Dich erweichen,
O, so nimm meine Schätze dahin!

DALAND.

Wohl, Fremdling, hab' ich eine schöne
Tochter,
Mit treuer Kindeslieb' ergeben mir;
Sie ist mein Stolz, das höchste meiner Güter,
Mein Trost im Unglück, meine Freud' im
Glück.

HOLLAENDER.

Dem Vater stets bewahr' sie ihre Liebe,
Ihm treu, wird sie auch treu dem Gatten sein.

DALAND.

Du gibst Juwelen, unschätzbare Perlen,
Das höchste Kleinod doch, ein treues Weib. . .

HOLLAENDER.

Du gibst es mir?

DALAND.

Ich gebe Dir mein Wort.
Mich rührt Dein Loos; freigebig, wie Du bist,
Zeigst Edelmuth und hohen Sinn Du mir:—
Den Eidam wünscht' ich so, und wär' Dein Gut
Auch nicht so reich, wählt' ich doch keinen
Andern.

HOLLAENDER.

Hab' Dank! Werd' ich die Tochter heut' noch
sehn?

DALAND.

Der nächste günst'ge Wind führt uns nach
Haus.
Du sollst sie sehn, und wenn sie Dir gefällt—

HOLLAENDER.

So ist sie mein. . . Wird sie mein Engel sein?
Wenn aus der Qualen Schreckgewalten
Die Sehnsucht nach dem Heil mich treibt,
Ist mir's erlaubt, mich fest zu halten
An *einer* Hoffnung, die mir bleibt.
Darf ich in jenem Wahn noch schmachten,
Dass sich ein Engel mir erweicht?
Der Qualen, die mein Haupt umnachten,
Ersehntes Ziel hätt' ich erreicht.
Ach! ohne Hoffnung wie ich bin,
Geb' ich mich doch der Hoffnung hin!

DALAND.

Gepriesen seid, des Sturms Gewalten,
Die ihr an diesen Strand mich triebt.
Fürwahr! Bos brauch ich festzuhalten,
Was sich so schön von selbst mir giebt.
Die ihn an diese Küste brachten
Ihr Winde sollt gesegnet sein!
Ja, wonach alle Väter trachten,
Ein reicher Eidam, er ist mein.
Dem Mann mit Gut und hohem Sinn
Geb' froh ich Haus und Tochter hin!

STEUERMANN.

Südwind! Südwind!
Ach! lieber Südwind, blas' noch mehr!

MATROSEN.

The terms are good; let us close the bargain,
And my ship's whole cargo shall be thy share.

DALAND.

Truly, stranger, a pretty daughter I call mine,
With filial love she is attached to me;
She is my pride, the best of all I have,
And I feel for her as only a father feels.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

For the father she may always cherish filial
love.
If true to him, true she will be to him she
weds.

DALAND.

While jewels and pearls are costly things,
The costliest still is a loving wife.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

And she shall be mine?

DALAND.

My word I pledge to thee,
Thy fate has won my heart; thou'rt lavish;
Thus must be he who weds my daughter,
And if less rich thou wert, no other would I
choose.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Thanks! Will I see thy girl ere sinks the day to
rest?

DALAND.

With change of wind we set our sails
homeward;
Once on shore, and if my daughter suits thee,
then—

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Then she will be mine—my angel she shall be.
When out of torment's iron hold,
I long to see salvation near,
I cling—for so have I been told—
To *one* hope still remaining dear.
May still I hope—I cannot pray—
That pity feel might angel-wife?
Then will I praise this happy day,
When o'er, at last, this woeful strife.
Though hope has died, and left no trace,
I hope again for joy and grace.

DALAND.

When from the South it blew a gale
That drove me to this rocky shore,
I did at first my fate bewail;
But now I wail and grieve no more.
I praise the wind that drove me here,
For here I met a lucky fate,
For here I found a treasure dear:
A rich man with my child to mate!
He who with treasure sails the sea,
Shall welcome to my daughter be!

MATE.

Southwind! Southwind!
Come, Southwind, blow again!

SAILORS.

Holloje! Hollajo!

DALAND.

Du siehst, das Glück ist günstig Dir:
Der Wind ist gut, die See in Ruh'.
Sogleich die Anker lichten wir
Und segeln schnell der Heimath zu.

MATROSEN.

Hohohe! Hohohe! Halloho! Jo! etc.

HOLLAENDER.

Darf ich Dich bitten, segelst Du voran;
Der Wind ist frisch, doch, meine Mannschaft
müd',
Ich gön'n' ihr kurze Ruh', und folge dann.

DALAND.

Doch unser Wind?

HOLLAENDER.

Er bläst noch lang' aus Süd',
Mein Schiff ist schnell, es holt Dich sicher ein.

DALAND.

Du glaubst? Wohlan! Es möge denn so sein.
Leb' wohl! mögst heute Du mein Kind noch
sehn!

HOLLAENDER.

Gewiss!

DALAND.

Hei! Wie die Segel schon sich bläh'n!
Hallo! Hallo! Frisch, Jungen! Greifet an!

MATROSEN.

Mit Gewitter und Sturm aus fernem Meer.
Mein Mäd'el, bin Dir nah!
Ueber thurmhohe Fluth, vom Süden her—
Mein Mäd'el, ich bin da!
Mein Mäd'el, wenn nicht Südwind wär',
Ich nimmer wohl käm' zu Dir!
Ach, lieber Südwind, blas' noch mehr!
Mein Mäd'el verlangt nach mir!
Hohoje! Halloho! Hoho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!

ZWEITER ACT.

ERSTE SCENE.

MAEDCHEN.

Summ und brumm, du gutes Rädchen,
Munter, munter dreh' dich um!
Spinne, spinne tausend Fädchen,
Gutes Rädchen, summ' und brumm!
Mein Schatz ist auf dem Meere draus,
Er denkt nach Haus
An's fromme Kind:
Mein gutes Rädchen saus' und braus'!
Ach, gäbst du Wind,
Er käm' geschwind!
Spinnt, spinnt!
Fleissig, Mädchen!
Summ, brumm,
Gutes Rädchen!

Heigho! Heigho! Heigho!

DALAND.

We are lucky, indeed; for good is the wind,
And smooth as a sea of glass is the sea;
Let us weigh the anchors without delay,
And set sail for the sheltering port.

SAILORS.

Heigho! ho! Heigho! ho! ho!

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

You sail ahead, if it so pleases you,
The wind is good, but fatigued are my men;
I'll give them rest, and then I follow.

DALAND.

But if the wind should change?

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

'T will blow from the South, be assured.
My ship sails fast, and will reach you soon.

DALAND.

As you say, so it be.
Farewell! And my child, will you see her this
day?

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

This day I shall see her.

DALAND.

See how swell in the wind the sails!
Hallo! Hallo! Be up and doing, boys!

SAILORS.

In tempest's roar, on the wide sea,
My girl, I think of thee!
The gale, ah, well! it came from the South—
Lucky for thee and me!
My girl, if it hadn't Southwind been,
I wouldn't see thee again!
Ah! come and blow, my Southwind fair,
Else waits my love in vain.
Hohohe! Johohe! heigho! heigho!

ACT II.

SCENE I.

GIRLS.

Hum and buzz! What cheerful sound!
Turn round the wheel, quick, quick, quick!
Spin the golden thread around!
Hum and buzz like magic trick!
My love sails o'er stormy sea,
And thinks of me,
His own sweetheart.
Pray, O pray, for him and me,
That storm depart,
Fair wind his part!
Spin and spin
The wheel around,
Hum and buzz
With cheery sound!

12a

13a

12b

13b

MARY.

Ei! Fleissig, fleissig, wie sie spinnen!
Will jede sich den Schatz gewinnen.

MAEDCHEN.

Frau Mary, still! denn wohl Ihr wisst,
Das Lied noch nicht zu Ende ist.

MARY.

So singt! dem Rädchen lässt's nicht Ruh'.
Du aber, Senta, schweigst dazu?

MAEDCHEN.

Summ und brumm, du gutes Rädchen,
Munter, munter dreh' dich um!
Spinne, spinne tausend Fädchen,
Gutes Rädchen, summ und brumm!
Mein Schatz da draussen auf dem Meer
Im Süden er
Viel Gold gewinnt.
Ach, gutes Rädchen, braus' noch mehr!
Er giet's dem Kind,
Wenn's fleissig spinnt.
Spinnt, spinnt!
Fleissig, Mädchen!
Summ, brumm,
Gutes Rädchen!

MARY.

Du böses Kind, wenn Du nicht spinnst,
Vom Schatz Du kein Geschenk gewinnst!

MAEDCHEN.

Sie hat's nicht noth, dass sie sich eilt,
Ihr Schatz nicht auf dem Meere weilt;
Bringt er nicht Gold, bringt er doch Wild,
Man weiss ja, was ein Jäger gilt!

MARY.

Da seht Ihr's! Immer vor dem Bild!—
Wirst Du Dein ganzes junges Leben
Verträumen vor dem Conterfei?

SENTA.

Was hast Du Kunde mir gegeben,
Was mir erzählet, wer es sei!
Der arme Mann!

MARY.

Gott sei mit Dir!

MAEDCHEN.

Ei, ei! Ei, ei! Was hören wir?
Sie seufzet um den bleichen Mann.

MARY.

Den Kopf verliert sie noch darum.

MAEDCHEN.

Da sieht man, was ein Bild doch kann!

MARY.

Nichts hilft es, wenn ich täglich brumm':
Komm', Senta! wend' Dich doch herum!

MAEDCHEN.

Sie hört Euch nicht, — sie ist verliebt.
Ei, ei! Wenn's nur nicht Händel giebt!
Erik ist gar ein heisses Blut,
Dass er nur keinen Schaden thut!

MARY.

See, how quick they turn the wheel!
Must be for love they for him feel.

GIRLS.

Thou mustn't speak! While floats our song
On airy wings, please hold thy tongue!

MARY.

Then sing your song the life-long night!
But, Senta! child, thou art so quiet.

GIRLS.

Hum and buzz! What cheerful sound
Turn round the wheel, quick, quick, quick!
Spin the golden thread around!
Hum and buzz like magic trick!
My love sails o'er stormy sea,
On Southland's coast
He seeks for gold.
Pray, O pray, that I may boast,
And share his gold.
And now behold
How turns the wheel
With cheery sound,
While sure I feel
For home he's bound!

MARY.

Thou bad child, thou, if thou wilt not spin,
Thou ne'er the gold thy love brings shalt win.

GIRLS.

Why should she spin and work as we?
Her love not sails o'er stormy sea,
Her love's a huntsman gay and bold,
He brings her game instead of gold.

MARY.

Look at her! Always before the picture!
Senta, art thou to dream away thy young life,
Contemplating this portrait?

SENTA.

Thine the blame!
From thee his history I learned—
Poor man he!

MARY.

May God protect thy young life!

GIRLS.

What! what's this! listen well!
She sighs for him, this pale man.

MARY.

Her head will be turned, God knows!

GIRLS.

This a simple picture's power shows.

MARY.

All my scolding is in vain,
Come, Senta, be a good child.

GIRLS.

Not does she mind thee; she's in love,
A bad affair this will be,
You know how jealous Erik is,
Why! he'll be apt to act quite rash,

Sagt nichts, er schießt sonst wuthentbrannt
Den Nebenbuhler von der Wand.

SENTA.

O schweigt! Mit Eurem tollen Lachen
Wollt Ihr mich ernstlich böse machen?

MAEDCHEN.

Summ und brumm, du gutes Rädchen,
Munter, munter dreh' dich um!
Spinne, spinne tausend Fädchen,
Gutes Rädchen, brumm und summ!

SENTA.

14b

O macht dem tollen Lied ein Ende,
Es summt und brummt mir vor dem Ohr!
Wollt Ihr, dass ich mich zu Euch wende,
So sucht was Besseres hervor!

MAEDCHEN.

Gut, singe Du!

SENTA.

Hört, was ich rathe.
Frau Mary singt uns die Ballade.

MARY.

Bewahre Gott! das fehlte mir!
Den fliegenden Holländer lasst in Ruh'.

SENTA.

Wie oft doch hört' ich sie von Dir!
Ich sing' sie selbst, hört, Mädchen, zu.
Lasst mich's Euch recht zu Herzen führen,
Des Aermsten Loos, es muss Euch rühren.

MAEDCHEN.

Uns ist es recht.

SENTA.

Merkt auf die Wort'!

MAEDCHEN.

Dem Spinnrad Ruh'!

MARY.

Ich spinne fort.

SENTA.

Johohoe! Johohohoe! etc. etc.
Traft ihr das Schiff im Meere an,
Blutroth die Segel, schwarz der Mast?
Auf hohem Bord der bleiche Mann,
Des Schiffes Herr, wacht ohne Rast.
Hui! Wie saust der Wind! — Johohe!
Hui! Wie pfeift's im Tau! — Johohe!
Hui! Wie ein Pfeil fliegt er hin — ohne Ziel —
ohne Rast — ohne Ruh!
Doch kann dem bleichen Manne Erlösung
einst noch werden,
Fänd' er ein Weib, das bis in den Tod getreu
ihm auf Erden.
Ach, wann wirst du bleicher Seemann, sie
finden!

16a

Betet zum Himmel, dass bald
Ein Weib Treue ihm halt'!
Bei bösem Wind und Sturmes Wuth
Umsegeln wollt' er einst ein Cap;
Er flucht' und schwur in tollem Muth:
„In Ewigkeit lass' ich nicht ab!“ —

And, blinded by his jealousy, shoot
His rival hanging on the wall.

SENTA.

Cease this talk, you foolish things,
Or angry I will be.

GIRLS.

Hum and buzz! What cheerful sound!
Turn round the wheel, quick, quick, quick!
Spin the golden thread around!
Hum and buzz like magic trick!

SENTA.

Enough, now, of this spinning song
It hums and buzzes in my ear;
If I must join your busy throng,
Then sing the song I hold so dear.

15b

GIRLS.

Tired we are; sing it for us.

SENTA.

For me it is too long;
Why can't Mary sing the song?

MARY.

Heav'n forbid! 'tis no time to jest,
Leave the Flying Dutchman at rest.

SENTA.

Why not sing it now as well?
Come, girls, I will sing you the song,
That you may hear how relentless fate
Ever and ever pursueth this man...

GIRLS.

Give us the song!

SENTA.

Be quiet and listen.

GIRLS.

The wheels at rest!

MARY.

Not mine! I turn my wheel quick, quick!

SENTA.

Heigho! ho! heigho! ho! heigho! ho!
There sails a ship o'er the deep main,
With blacken'd mast and crimson'd sail,
On deck you see the man of pain,
His eyes so dark, his face so pale.
Huzza! Listen the wind! Heigho! Heigho!
heigho! ho!
Huzza! See the sails spread! Heigho! heigho!
Huzza! She leaps and leaps, from wave
forever, evermore!
But he can be saved, this captain so pale,
If woman's heart in her mission not fail!

But when will he find this woman so rare, this
woman so rare?
Pray for the man at sea,
That woman true to him be!
Around a cape he once would sail,
And thus it was that he did hail:
"I'll sail, I'll sail, I'll sail evermore!"
Huzza! Satan, he heard him hail! ho! heigho!

17a

Hui! — Und Satan hört's — Johohe!
Hui! — Nahm ihn bei'm Wort! — Johohe!
Hui! Und verdammt zieht er nun durch das
Meer, ohne Rast, ohne Ruh'.
Doch, dass der arme Mann noch Erlösung
fände auf Erden,
Zeigt' Gottes Engel an, wie sein Heil ihm einst
könne werden!
Ach! möchtest Du, bleicher Seemann, es
finden!
Betet zum Himmel, dass bald
Ein Weib Treue ihm halt'! —
Vor Anker alle sieben Jahr,
Ein Weib zu frei'n, ging er an's Land.
Er freite alle sieben Jahr,
Noch nie ein treues Weib er fand. —
Hui! „die Segel auf!“ — Johohe!
Hui! „den Anker los!“ — Johohe!
Hui! falsche Lieb', falsche Treu'! Auf in See!
Ohne Rast, ohne Ruh!

MAEDCHEN.

Ach, wo weilt sie, die Dir Gottes Engel einst
könne zeigen?
Wo triffst Du sie, die bis in den Tod Dein
bliebe treueigen?

SENTA.

Ich sei das Weib! Meine Treu' soll Dich
erlösen!
Mög' Gottes Engel mich Dir zeigen;
Durch mich sollst Du das Heil erreichen!

MARY UND DIE MAEDCHEN.

Hilf Himmel! Senta! Senta!

ERIK.

Senta! Senta! Willst Du mich verderben?

MAEDCHEN.

Hilf uns, Erik, sie ist von Sinnen!

MARY.

16b Vor Schreck fühl' ich mein Blut gerinnen!
Abscheulich Bild, Du sollst hinaus,
Kommt nur der Vater erst nach Haus!

ERIK.

Der Vater kommt.

SENTA.

Der Vater kommt?

ERIK.

Vom Fels sah ich sein Schiff sich nahen.

MARY.

Nun seht, zu was Euer Treiben frommt!
Im Hause ist noch nichts gethan.

MAEDCHEN.

Sie sind daheim! — Auf, eilt hinaus!

MARY.

Halt! Halt! Ihr bleibet fein im Haus!
Das Schiffsvolk kommt mit leerem Magen! —
In Küch' und Keller! Säumet nicht!
Lasst Euch nur brav die Neugier plagen,
Vor Allem geht an Eure Pflicht!

ZWEITE SCENE.

Huzza! Satan took him by his word! ho! heigh!
Huzza! And damned he! His ship, she leaps
from wave to wave forever, evermore!

But that he might be saved, this captain so
pale,
An angel points to woman's heart without fail.
Oh! that he may soon find this woman so rare,
this woman so rare!
Pray for the man at sea
That woman constant be!
Once in seven years he sought,
Still love for gold he ne'er bought!
Once in seven years he tried,
Still woman constant he ne'er spied!
Huzza! Spread the sails! heigh! ho!
Huzza! the anchor weigh! heigh! ho!
Huzza! False Love! Woman frail! leap, ship—
leap from wave to wave forevermore!

GIRLS.

Where, oh, where is the woman so rare,
His love to win, his treasures to share?

SENTA.

Mine this mission be! My love thy salvation
shall be!
Angel above, oh! bring to me
The pale man sailing o'er the sea!

MARY AND ALL THE GIRLS.

Heaven help us! Senta! Senta!

ERIK.

Senta! Senta! think of me who owns thy love!

GIRLS.

Erik, help, help! Her head is turned.

MARY.

My brain, it reels, it reels!
I'll tear the picture into shreds,
As soon as her father returns.

ERIK.

The father! he's coming!

SENTA.

My father, does he come?

ERIK.

His ship is sailing round the rock.

MARY.

Be up and doing, girls, and put the house in
order.

GIRLS.

See them land! let us greet them!

MARY.

Easy, my beauties! in the house you'll stay,
The crew quite hungry they'll be
Coming from the stormy sea.
Set the table without delay,
Fill the glasses on the tray.

17b

SCENE II.

ERIK.

Bleib', Senta! Bleib' nur einen Augenblick!
Aus meinen Qualen reisse mich! Doch willst
Du—
Ach! so verdirb mich ganz!

SENTA.

Was soll's, Erik. . . ?

ERIK.

O Senta, sprich, was aus mir werden soll?
Dein Vater kommt, — eh' wieder er verreist
Wird er vollbringen, was schon oft er wollte. . .

SENTA.

Und was, Erik?

ERIK.

Dir einen Gatten geben. —
Mein Herz voll Treue bis zum Sterben,
Mein dürftig Gut, mein Järgerglück:—
Darf so um Deine Hand ich werben,
Stösst mich Dein Vater nicht zurück?
Wenn sich mein Herz in Jammer bricht,
Sag', Senta, wer dann für mich spricht?

SENTA.

O schweige jetzt, Erik! Lass mich hinaus,
Den Vater zu begrüßen!
Wenn nicht, wie sonst, an Bord die Tochter
kommt,
Wird er nicht zürnen müssen?

ERIK.

Du willst mich fliehn?

SENTA.

Ich muss zum Port.

ERIK.

Du weichst mir aus?

SENTA.

Ach! lass mich fort!

ERIK.

Fliehst Du zurück vor dieser Wunde,
Die Du mir schlugst, den Liebeswahn?
O höre mich zu dieser Stunde,
Hör' meine letzte Frage an!
Wenn dieses Herz in Jammer bricht,
Wird's Senta sein, die für mich spricht?

SENTA.

Wie? zweifelst Du an meinem Herzen?
Du zweifelst, ob ich gut Dir bin? —
Doch sag', was weckt Dir solche Schmerzen?
Was trübt mit Argwohn Deinen Sinn?

ERIK.

Dein Vater — ach! nach Schätzen geizt er
nur. . .

Und Senta, Du! Wie dürft' auf Dich ich zählen?
Erfülltest Du nur eine meiner Bitten?
Kränkst Du mein Herz nicht jeden Tag?

ERIK.

Stay, Senta, stay! one moment stay!
End my torment, end it quick,
Pity, pity my despair!

SENTA.

Erik, thy despair I not comprehend.

ERIK.

Tell me, Senta, tell me true what's to become
of me?
Thy father comes; ere hence he sails again,
He will accomplish what oft he did
contemplate.

SENTA.

And what did he contemplate?

ERIK.

Choose a man for thee, a man for thee;
But little I call mine save this trusty rifle;
It will weight quite lightly in the scale,
And thy father will reject my suit.
When then my heart strong comfort needs
Say, Senta, say, who for me pleads?

SENTA.

Why discuss this question now? let me go
To welcome home the father.
If not on board his daughter he does see,
Quite angry he will be.

ERIK.

Why thus evade me?

SENTA.

To the ship I must go.

ERIK.

My presence does not please thee?

SENTA.

Let go, I say, let go!

ERIK.

Do not evade me now,
For great it is my grief,
But one word more, then go!
Let me ask, and answer give:—
When this heart strong comfort needs,
Will it Senta be who for me pleads?

SENTA.

Why doubt my heart, why doubt my love,
Why doubt my devotion's faith and strength?
Why now these thoughts that give but pang,
Why this suspicion all at once?

ERIK.

Thou knowest well that gold is all thy father
careth for,

And he that can offer riches will wed his
daughter sure.

These the thoughts that fill my heart with
grief,
And then, Senta, thou, too, addest to my

18a

19a

18b

19b

		anguish.	
	SENTA.		SENTA.
	Dein Herz?	I? And how?	
	ERIK.		ERIK.
	Was soll ich denken. Jenes Bild. . .	Thy worship for that picture—	
	SENTA.		SENTA.
	Das Bild?	This picture?	
	ERIK.		ERIK.
	Lässt Du von Deiner Schwärmerei wohl ab?	'Tis a strange infatuation which—	
	SENTA.		SENTA.
	Kann meinem Blick Theilnahme ich verwehren?	Why should I not <u>feel</u> sympathy?	
	ERIK.		ERIK.
	Und die Ballade, heut noch sangst Du sie!	And the song you love to sing.	
	SENTA.		SENTA.
	Ich bin ein Kind und weiss nicht was ich singe. . . !	Child am I, and know not what I sing. Say,	
	Erik, sag'! fürchtest Du ein Lied, ein Bild?	Erik, dost a song thou fear, a picture?	
	ERIK.		ERIK.
	Du bist so bleich. . . sag', sollt ich es nicht fürchten?	Thou art so pale, and hence my fear.	
	SENTA.		SENTA.
	Soll mich des Aermsten Schreckensloos nicht rühren?	Why should I not sympathize with the poor man's fate?	
	ERIK.		ERIK.
	Mein Leiden, Senta, rührt es Dich nicht mehr?	Why not rather feel sympathy with <i>my</i> deep grief?	
	SENTA.		SENTA.
	O! schweige doch. Was kann Dein Leiden sein?	Enough of this! Thou hast no grief;	
20a	Kennst jenes Unglücksel'gen Schicksal Du? Fühlst Du den Schmerz, den tiefsten Gram, Mit dem herab auf mich er sieht? Ach, was die Ruh' ihm ewig nahm, Wie schneidend Weh durch's Herz mir zieht!	But dost thou know the pale man's horrid fate, And dost thou feel how anguish wrung The look he casts at me in wild despair? His fate, relentless, bitter fate, 'Tis a pang that wrings my heart.	21a
	ERIK.		ERIK.
	Weh' mir! Es mahnt mich ein unsel'ger Traum! Gott schütze Dich! Satan hat Dich umgarnt.	Alas! alas my dream will then come true! May God protect thee! Thou art in Satan's power.	
	SENTA.		SENTA.
	Was schreckt Dich so?	What is it that so frightens thee?	
	ERIK.		ERIK.
	Senta, lass Dir vertrau'n:— Ein Traum ist's, — höre ihn zur Warnung an: Auf hohem Felsen lag ich träumend, Sah unter mir des Meeres Fluth; Die Brandung hört' ich, wie sich schäumend Am Ufer brach der Wogen Wuth:— Ein fremdes Schiff am nahen Strande Erblickt ich, seltsam, wunderbar:— Zwei Männer nahten sich dem Lande, Der Ein', ich sah's, Dein Vater war. . .	Listen, Senta, listen well! A dream it was—let warning voice it be! The rock that overhangs the sea Was my bed, and dreaming, I fancied I saw the waves roll in and out, And heard the billows' ceaseless roar. Near the shore a ship I saw, And strange to tell, for strange the sight:— Near and nearer two seamen approached, And one, well I knew his face, thy father was—	
	SENTA.		SENTA.
	Der Andre?	And who was the other, pray?	
	ERIK.		ERIK.

Wohl erkannt' ich ihn:
Mit schwarzem Wams und bleicher Mien'.

Ah, too well only did I know him,
Dressed in black in contrast strong to his pale
face—

SENTA.

SENTA.

Und düst'rem Aug' . . .

And dark and sad his eye—

ERIK.

ERIK.

Der Seemann, er.

Yes, black as jet his eye.

SENTA.

SENTA.

Und ich?

And I? Where was I?

ERIK.

ERIK.

20b Du kamst vom Hause her,
Du flogst den Vater zu begrüßen;
Doch kaum noch sah ich an Dich langen,
Du stürzttest zu des Fremden Füßen—
Ich sah Dich seine Knie umfassen. . .

Fleet as a fawn, startled in fear,
I saw thee rush toward the beach
To bid thy father welcome home,
But scarce arrived, I saw thee kneel
At the feet of the pale man accursed.

21b

SENTA.

SENTA.

Er hob mich auf. . .

And he gently drew me to his breast.

ERIK.

ERIK.

An seine Brust; —
Voll Inbrunst hingst Du Dich an ihn,
Du küsstest ihn mit heisser Lust—

He folded thee to his treacherous heart,
And thou with fervor wild, unbridled,
Returnest kiss for kiss impassionate.

SENTA.

SENTA.

Und dann. . . ?

And then? What then?

ERIK.

ERIK.

Sah ich auf's Meer Euch fliehn.

He took thee on board his shadowy ship.

SENTA.

SENTA.

Er sucht mich auf! Ich muss ihn sehn!
Mit ihm muss ich zu Grunde gehn!

He longs for me! I'll follow him,
And if in the attempt perish I should.

ERIK.

ERIK.

Entsetzlich! Ha, mir wird es klar;
Sie ist dahin! Mein Traum sprach wahr!

Horrid 'tis! I see it clear,
My dream, my fearful dream spoke true.

SENTA.

SENTA.

Ach, wo weilt sie etc. etc.

Where, oh where is the woman so rare,
His love to win, his treasures to share?

DRITTE SCENE.

SCENE III.

DALAND.

DALAND.

Mein Kind, Du siehst mich auf der Schwelle. . .
Wie? kein Umarmen? keinen Kuss?
Du bleibst gebannt an Deiner Stelle. . .
Verdien' ich, Senta, solchen Gruss?

Home again, my child, my darling!
But how is this? No kiss for me?
Why! 'tis a cool reception, sure.

SENTA.

SENTA.

Gott Dir zum Gruss! — Mein Vater sprich!
Wer ist der Fremde?

Welcome home, my father! But say, speak
quick,
Who is this stranger that comes with thee?

DALAND.

DALAND.

Drängst Du mich?
Mögst Du, mein Kind, den fremden Mann
willkommen heissen!
Seemann ist er, gleich mir, das Gastrecht
spricht er an;
Lang' ohne Heimath, stets auf fernen, weiten
Reisen.
In fremden Landen er der Schätze viel
gewann.

Welcome bid him with all thy heart!
Many a year he sails the sea,
No home is his, no kin his part,
Though rich he is as rich can be.
To him his native land is lost,
And home he seeks, a new home dear;

Aus seinem Vaterland verwiesen,
 Für einen Herd er reichlich lohnt;
 Sprich, Senta, würd' es Dich verdrissen,
 Wenn dieser Fremde bei uns wohnt?
 Sagt, hab' ich sie zu viel gepriesen?
 Ihr seht sie selbst, — ist sie Euch recht? —
 Soll noch vom Lob ich überfließen?
 Gesteht, sie zieret ihr Geschlecht!
 Mögst Du, mein Kind, dem Manne freundlich
 Dich erweisen!
 Von Deinem Herzen auch spricht holde Gab'
 er an.
 Reich' ihm die Hand, denn Bräutigam sollst Du
 ihn heißen;
 Stimmt Du dem Vater bei, ist morgen er Dein
 Mann.
 Sieh' dieses Band, sieh' diese Spangen!
 Was er besitzt, macht dies gering.
 Muss, theures Kind, Dich's nicht verlangen?
 Dein ist es, wechselst Du den Ring?
 Doch — Keines spricht. — Sollt' ich hier lästig
 sein?
 So ist's! Am besten lass ich sie allein.
 Mögst Du den edlen Mann gewinnen!
 Glaub' mir, solch Glück wird nimmer neu.
 Bleibt hier allein; ich geh' von hinnen.
 Glaubt mir, wie schön, so ist sie treu!

HOLLAENDER.

Wie aus der Ferne längst vergang'ner Zeiten
 Spricht dieses Mädchens Bild zu mir;
 Wie ich geträumt seit langen Ewigkeiten,
 Vor meinen Augen seh' ich's hier.
 Wohl hob auch ich voll Sehnsucht meine
 Blicke
 Aus tiefer Nacht empor zu einem Weib:
 Ein schlagend Herz liess, ach! mir Satans
 Tücke.
 Dass eingedenk ich meiner Qualen bleib'!
 Die düst're Gluth, die hier ich fühle brennen,
 Sollt' ich Unseliger sie Liebe nennen?
 Ach nein! die Sehnsucht ist es nach dem Heil!
 Würd' es durch solchen Engel mir zu Theil!

SENTA.

Versank ich jetzt in wunderbares Träumen,
 Was ich erblicke, ist es Wahn? —
 Weilt' ich bisher in trügerischen Räumen,
 Brach des Erwachens Tag heut an? —
 Er steht vor mir mit leidenvollen Zügen,
 Es spricht sein unerhörter Gram zu mir;
 Kann tiefen Mitleids Stimme mich belügen?

Wie ich ihn oft geseh'n, so steht er hier.
 Die Schmerzen, die in meinem Busen brennen,
 Ach! dies Verlangen, wie soll ich es nennen?
 Wonach mit Sehnsucht es ihn treibt — das
 Heil.....

HOLLAENDER.

Wirst Du des Vaters Wahl nicht schelten?
 Was er versprach, wie? dürft' es gelten? —
 Du könntest Dich für ewig mir ergeben,
 Und Deine Hand dem Fremdling reichtest Du?
 Soll finden ich nach qualenvollem Leben
 In Deiner Treu' die lang ersehnte Ruh? —

SENTA.

Wer Du auch seist, und welches das
 Verderben,

Come, Senta, come, be thou the host,
 And welcome bid the stranger here!
 And you, my new-found friend, say true,
 Does she suit to be your wife?
 Why should I praise what's only true
 And will be blessing all your life?
 And thou, my child, be good and true
 Give him thy hand and hold him dear,
 And, Senta, thou wilt never rue
 That I have brought thy husband here.

See the golden things I've brought—
 Quite worthless trifles when compar'd
 With the riches in his vessel's hold.
 And all his treasures will be shar'd,
 All his diamonds and all his gold,
 With thee, my child, if thou wilt say
 That thou wilt bless him with thy love,
 And be his wife without delay;
 Wed him, Senta, give him thy love!
 I leave thee now alone, my child,
 To speak to him as bids thy heart;
 I trust in thee, my darling child—
 Think how happy will be our part.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Like to a vision, seen in days long by gone,
 This maiden's face and form appear:
 What I have sought thro' countless years of
 sorrow
 Am at I last beholding here!
 Oft 'mid the torment of my night eternal,
 Longing I gaz'd upon some being fair!
 But I was driv'n by Satan's pow'r infernal
 On my dread course, in anguish and despair!
 The glow that warms my heart with strange
 emotion,
 Can I, accurs'd one, call it love's devotion?
 Ah! no, 'tis yearning blest repose to gain,
 That such an angel might for me obtain!

SENTA.

And am I sunk in wondrous depths of
 dreaming?
 Is this a vision which I see,
 Or am I now set free from long delusion?
 Has morning truly dawned on me?
 See, there he stands, his face with sorrow
 clouding—
 He tells me all his mingled hope and fear;
 Is it the voice of sympathy that cheats me?
 As he has oft in dreams, so stands he here!
 The sorrow which within my breast is burning
 —
 Ah, this compassion, what dare I call it?
 Thy heart is longing after rest and peace,
 And thou at last through me shall find release.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Wilt thou, thy father's choice fulfilling,
 Do what he said? Say, art thou willing?
 Wilt thou, indeed, thyself forever give me?
 Shall I in truth, a stranger, thus be blessed?
 Say, shall I find the time of sorrow ended—
 In thy true love my long-expected rest?

SENTA.

Whoe'er thou art, where'er thy curse may lead
 thee,

Dem grausam Dich Dein Schicksal konnte
weih'n:
Was auch das Loos, das ich mir sollt'
erwerben:
Gehorsam stets werd' ich dem Vater sein.

HOLLAENDER.

So unbedingt, wie? könnte Dich durchdringen
Für meine Leiden tiefstes Mitgefühl?

SENTA.

O, welche Leiden! Könnt' ich Trost Dir
bringen!

HOLLAENDER.

Welch holder Klang im mächtigen Gewühl! —
Du bist ein Engel! — Eines Engels Liebe
Verworf'ne selbst zu trösten weiss! —
Ach, wenn Erlösung mir zu hoffen bliebe,
Allewiger, durch diese sei's!

SENTA.

Ach! wenn Erlösung ihm zu hoffen bliebe,
Allewiger, durch mich nur sei's!

HOLLAENDER.

O könntest das Geschick Du ahnen,
Dem dann mit mir Du angehörst:
Dich würd' es an das Opfer mahnen,
Das Du mir bringst, wenn Treu' Du schwörst.
Es flöhe schaudernd Deine Jugend,
Dem Loose, dem Du sie willst Weih'n:
Nennst Du des Weibes schönste Tugend,
Nennst heil'ge Treue Du nicht Dein!

SENTA.

Wohl kenn' ich Weibes hohe Pflichten, —
Sei d'rum getrost, unsel'ger Mann!
Lass über die das Schicksal richten,
Die seinem Spruche trotzen kann!
In meines Herzens höchster Reine
Kenn' ich der Treue Hochgebot:
Wem ich sie Weih', schenk' ich die Eine;
Die Treue bis zum Tod!

HOLLAENDER.

Ein heil'ger Balsam meinen Wunden,
Dem Schwur, dem hohen Wort entfließt!

SENTA.

Von mächt'gem Zauber überwunden,
Reisst mich's zu seiner Rettung fort:

HOLLAENDER.

Hört' es: mein Heil hab' ich gefunden,
Mächte, die ihr zurück mich stieß't!
Du Stern des Unheils, sollst erblassen!
Licht meiner Hoffnung, leuchte neu.
Ihr Engel, die mich einst verlassen,
Stärkt jetzt dies Herz in seiner Treu'!

SENTA.

Hier habe Heimath er gefunden,
Hier ruh' sein Schiff im ew'gen Port!
Was ist's, das mächtig in mir lebet?
Was schliesst berauscht mein Busen ein?
Allmächt'ger, was mich hoch erhebet,
Lass es die Kraft der Treue sein!

And me, when I thy lot mine own have made—
Whate'er the fate which I with thee may share
in,
My father's will by me shall be obey'd.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

So full of trust? what? canst thou in thy
gladness,
For these my sorrows deep compassion know?

SENTA.

Unheard-of sorrows! would I joy might bring
thee!

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

How sweet the sound that breaks my night of
woe!
Thou art an angel, and a love angelic
Can comfort bring to one like me.
Ah, if redemption still be mine to hope for,
Heaven, grant that she my savior be!

SENTA.

Ah, if redemption still be his to hope for,
Heaven, grant that I his saviour be!

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Ah, thou, the certain fate foreknowing,
Which must indeed with me be borne,
Wouldst not have made the vow thou madest—
Wouldst not to be my wife have sworn!
Thou wouldst have shuddered ere devoting,
To aid me, all thy golden youth—
Ere thou hadst woman's joys surrendered,
Ere thou hadst bid me trust thy truth?

SENTA.

Well know I woman's holy duties;
O hapless man, be thou at ease!
Leave me to fate's unbending judgment—
Me, who defy its dread decrees.
Within the secret realm of conscience
Know I the high demands of faith:
Him, whom I chose, him I love only,
And loving e'en till death!

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

A healing balm for all my sorrows
From out her plighted word doth flow.

SENTA.

'Twas surely wrought by pow'r of magic
That I should his deliv'rer be.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Hear this! Release at last is granted!
Hear this, ye mighty:
Your power is now laid low!
Star of misfortune, thou art paling!
Hope's glorious light now shines anew!
Ye angels, ye who once forsook me,
Aid now my heart, and keep it true!

SENTA.

Here may a home at last be granted,
Here may he rest, from danger free!
What is the power within me working?
What is the task it bids me do?
Almighty, now that high Thou hast raised me,
Grant me Thy strength, that I be true!

24a

25a

24b

25b

DALAND.

Verzeiht, mein Volk hält draussen sich mehr;
Nach jeder Rückkunft, wisset, giebt's ein Fest:

—
Verschönern möcht' ich's, komme deshalb her,
Ob mit Verlobung sich's vereinen lässt? —
Ich denk', Ihr habt nach Herzenswunsch
gefreit? —
Senta, mein Kind, sag', bist auch Du bereit? —

SENTA.

Hier meine Hand, und ohne Reu'
Bis in den Tod gelob' ich Treu'!

HOLLAENDER.

Sie reicht die Hand: gesprochen sei
Hohn Hölle dir, durch ihre Treu'!

DALAND.

Euch soll dies Bündniss nicht gereu'n!
Zum Fest! heut muss sich Alles freu'n!

DALAND.

Pardon my intrusion; my men quite impatient
will be,
On each arrival home we have a frolic,
And this time, I hope, it will be a marriage
feast.
Say, Senta, child, art thou inclined to wed my
friend?

SENTA.

Here my hand to the man of the sea:—
Unto death I will faithful be.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Gladly she gives her fond heart to me,
And ended is now my misery.

DALAND.

May happiness forev'r be your part!
To the feast now with joyous heart!

DRITTER AKT.

ERSTE SCENE.

CHOR DER NORWEGISCHEN MATROSEN.

26a Steuermann, lass die Wacht!
Steuermann, her zu uns!
He! He! Je! Ha!
Hebt die Segel auf! Anker fest!
Steuermann, her! —
Fürchten weder Wind noch bösen Strand,
Wollen heute 'mal recht lustig sein!
Jeder hat sein Mäd'el auf dem Land,
Herrlichen Tabak und guten Brantwein.
Hussassahe!
Klipp' und Sturm draus—
Jallolohe!
Lachen wir aus!
Hussassahe!
Segel ein! Anker fest! Klipp' und Sturm lachen
wir aus!
Steuermann her, trink' mit aus!

MAEDCHEN.

Nein! Seht doch an! Sie tanzen gar!
Der Mädchen bedarf's da nicht fürwahr!

MATROSEN.

He! Mäd'el! Halt! wo geht ihr hin?

MAEDCHEN.

Steht euch nach frischem Wein der Sinn?
Eu'r Nachbar dort soll auch was haben,
Ist Trank und Schmaus für euch allein?

STEUERMANN.

Fürwahr, trägt's hin den armen Knaben,
Vor Durst sie scheinen matt zu sein.

MATROSEN.

Man hört sie nicht?

STEUERMANN.

Ei, seht doch nur!

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Chorus of Norwegian Sailors.

27a The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Heigho! ho! heigho!
It runneth the earth's wide region round!
Heigho! heigho!
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies,
Heigho! ho! heigho!
We're home again, home again!
Heigho! heigho!
Home again! home again!
Heigho! heigho!
Home again the sailor boy,
He his lassie's only joy!
Let us quaff the golden wine!
Let us drink, drink, drink!

GIRLS.

See! how wildly they dance a jig
On deck their safely-anchored brig.

SAILORS.

Ho, girls, you mustn't go away!

GIRLS.

We'll fill the glasses on the tray.
Your neighbor, too, must have his share
Of golden wine and woman's care.

MATE.

Yes, you must give those boys a share
Of golden wine and your own care.

SAILORS.

They keep so quiet.

MATE.

A strange sight!

	Kein Licht! Von der Mannschaft keine Spur. MAEDCHEN. He! Seeleut'! He! Wollt Fackeln ihr? Wo seid ihr doch? Man sieht nicht hier. MATROSEN. Weckt sie nicht auf; sie schlafen noch. MAEDCHEN. He! Seeleut'! He! Antwortet doch! STEUERMANN UND MATROSEN. Haha! Wahrhaftig, sie sind todt. Sie haben Speis' und Trank nicht noth. MAEDCHEN. Wie, Seeleute? Liegt Ihr so faul schon im Nest? Ist heute für Euch denn nicht auch ein Fest? STEUERMANN UND MATROSEN. Sie liegen fest auf ihrem Platz, Wie Drachen hüten sie den Schatz. MAEDCHEN. Wie, Seeleute? Wollt Ihr nicht goldenen Wein? Ihr müsset wahrlich doch auch durstig sein. STEUERMANN UND MATROSEN. Sie trinken nicht, sie singen nicht, In ihrem Schiffe brennt kein Licht. MAEDCHEN. Sagt, habt Ihr denn nicht auch ein Schätzchen am Land? Wollt Ihr nicht mit tanzen auf freundlichem Strand? MATROSEN. Sie sind schon alt und bleich statt roth, Und ihre Liebsten, die sind todt. MAEDCHEN. He, Seeleut'! Seeleut'! wacht doch auf! Wir bringen Euch Speis' und Trank zu Hauf! MATROSEN. Sie bringen Euch Speis' und Trank zu Hauf! MAEDCHEN. Wahrhaftig! Ja, sie scheinen todt. Sie haben Speis' und Trank nicht noth. MATROSEN. Vom fliegenden Holländer wisst Ihr ja! Sein Schiff, wie es leibt, wie es lebt, seht Ihr da. MAEDCHEN. So wecket die Mannschaft ja nicht auf, Gespenster sind's, wir schwören drauf! MATROSEN. Wie viel hundert Jahre schon seid Ihr zur See? Euch thut ja der Sturm und die Klippe nicht weh! MAEDCHEN.	No sailors on deck and no light! GIRLS. Ho, sailors, ho! shall we bring light, And make your ship look bright? SAILORS. Don't awake them; they are sleeping still. GIRLS. Ho! sailors! ho! give answer us! MATE AND SAILORS. Ha! ha! they are dead, indeed. No meat and drink they will need. GIRLS. Sailors, ho! you are lazy boys, Don't care for frolic and joys. MATE AND SAILORS. They watch the treasures in the hold, They guard the gems and stones and gold. GIRLS. Come, neighbors, come and have your share Of golden wine and woman's care. MATE AND SAILORS. They quaff no wine, they sing no song; They must be dead ever so long. GIRLS. Are there no sweethearts on the strand Awaiting you from foreign land? SAILORS. Ah, well! their sweethearts on the strand Died while they were in foreign land. GIRLS. Ho! sailors! ho! don't be lazy boys! Come, partake of our frolicking joys! SAILORS. Come and join in our frolicking joys! GIRLS. They quaff no wine, they sing no song! They must be dead ever so long. SAILORS. You've heard of the <i>Flying Dutchman</i> , perhaps, And this must be one of his ugly traps. GIRLS. Then leave them alone, leave them at rest; 'Tis really no time for such jest. SAILORS. How long, how long are you at sea? Quite a pretty crew you must be. GIRLS.	
26b		27b	
28a		29a	

Sie trinken nicht, sie singen nicht!
In ihrem Schiffe brennt kein Licht!

MATROSEN.

Habt Ihr keine Brief', keine Auftrag' für's
Land?
Unsern Urgrossvätern wir bringen's zur Hand.

MAEDCHEN.

Sie sind schon alt und bleich statt roth;
Ach! ihre Liebsten, die sind todt!

MATROSEN.

Hei! Seeleute! Spannt Eure Segel doch auf!
Und zeigt uns des fliegenden Holländers Lauf!

MAEDCHEN.

Sie hören nicht, — uns graust es hier!
Sie wollen nichts, — was rufen wir?

MATROSEN.

Ihr Mädels, lasst die Todten ruh'n!
Lasst's uns Lebend'gen glücklich thun!

MAEDCHEN.

So nehmt, Eu'r Nachbar hat's verschmäht!

STEUERMANN UND MATROSEN.

Wie? Kommt Ihr denn nicht selbst an Bord?

MAEDCHEN.

Ei, jetzt noch nicht, es ist nicht spät.
Wir kommen bald, jetzt trinkt nur fort.
Und, wenn Ihr wollt, so tanzt dazu,
Nur lasst dem müden Nachbar Ruh'!

MATROSEN.

Juchhe! Juchhe! da giebt's die Fülle!
Ihr lieben Nachbarn, habet Dank!

STEUERMANN.

Zum Rand sein Glas ein Jeder fülle!
Lieb Nachbar liefert uns den Trank!

MATROSEN.

Halloho! Halloho! Ho! ho! ho!
Lieb Nachbarn, habt Ihr Stimm' und Sprach',
So wachet auf, und macht's uns nach!
Steuermann, lass die Wacht!
Steuermann, her zu uns!
Ho! He! Je! Ha!
Hisst die Segel auf! Anker fest! —
Steuermann, her! —
Wachten manche Nacht bei Sturm und Graus,
Tranken oft des Meer's gesalz'nes Nass; —
Heute wachen wir bei Saus und Schmaus,
Besseres Getränk giebt Mädels uns vom Fass!
Hussassahe!
Klipp' und Sturm draus! etc. etc.

CHOR DER MANNSCHAFT DES
FLIEGENDEN HOLLÄNDERS.

Johohe! Johohohoe! hohohohoe! Hoe! Hoe!
Hoe!

Huissa!
Nach dem Land treibt des Sturm—
Huissa!

They quaff no wine, they sing no song;
They must be dead ever so long.

SAILORS.

Have you no letter, no message to send
To great grandfather or other old friend?

GIRLS.

Ah, well! they have no loved ones on the
strand;
Their sweethearts died while they roamed in
foreign land.

SAILORS.

Ho! sailors, ho! hoist the sails, quick, quick!
And show us the *Flying Dutchman's* trick.

GIRLS.

They hear us not, so let them rest;
They might revenge this sport and jest.

SAILORS.

We'd better leave the dead at rest,
And return to our sport and jest.

GIRLS.

Then drink you the wine your neighbor
declines.

MATE AND SAILORS.

Come on board our safely-anchored brig,
And join us dancing a jolly jig.

GIRLS.

Plenty o' time for dance and sport,
Now that safely you're in port.

SAILORS.

Hurrah! We have enough for all.
Good neighbors, thanks to you!

MATE.

Boys, fill your goblets to the brink,
Let us have a jolly old drink.

SAILORS.

Hal-lo-ho-ho!
Good neighbors, you can speak at least!
Come, wake up, and join our feast!
Steersman, leave the watch!
Steersman, come to us!
Ho, hey, hey, ha!
See the sails are in! Anchor fast!
Steersman, come!
We have often watch'd 'mid howling storm;
We have often drunk the briny wave:
Watching takes to-day a fairer form—
Good and tasty wine our sweethearts let us
have!
Hus-sas-sa-hey!

CHORUS OF THE CREW OF THE
"FLYING DUTCHMAN."

Yo-ho-ho! Ho! oh!
Huissa!
To the land drives the storm.
Huissa!
Sails are in! Anchor down!

Segel ein! Anker los!
 Huissa!
 In die Bucht laufet ein!
 Schwarzer Hauptmann, geh' an's Land!
 Sieben Jahre sind vorbei;
 Frei' um blonden Mädchens Hand;
 Blondes Mädchen, sei ihm treu!
 Lustig heut',
 Bräutigam!
 Sturmwind heult Brautmusik,
 Ocean tanzt dazu.
 Hui! — Horch, er pfeift!
 — Capitän, bist wieder da? —
 Hui! — „Segel auf.“ —
 — Deine Braut, sag', wo sie blieb? —
 Hui! „Auf in See!“ —
 Capitän! Capitän! Hast kein Glück in der
 Lieb'!
 Hahaha!
 Sause, Sturmwind, heule zu!
 Uns'ren Segeln lässt du Ruh':
 Satan hat sie uns gefeit,
 Reissen nicht in Ewigkeit!

NORWEGISCHE MATROSEN.

Welcher Sang! Ist es Spuk? Wie mich's graut!
 Stimmet an unser Lied! Singet laut!
 Steuermann, lass die Wacht etc.

ZWEITE SCENE.

ERIK.

Was musst' ich hören? Gott! was musst' ich
 sehen!
 Ist's Täuschung? Wahrheit? Ist es That?

SENTA.

Frag' nicht, Erik! Antwort darf ich nicht
 geben.

ERIK.

Gerechter Gott! Kein Zweifel! Es ist wahr!
 Welch unheilvolle Macht riss Dich dahin?
 Welche Gewalt verführte Dich so schnell,
 Grausam zu brechen dieses treuste Herz?
 Dein Vater? ha, den Bräut'gam bracht er
 mit, —
 Wohl kannt' ich ihn, — mir ahnte, was
 geschieht.
 Doch Du? Ist's möglich! — reichest Deine
 Hand
 Dem Mann, der Deine Schwelle kaum betrat!

SENTA.

Nicht weiter! Schweig'! Ich muss! Ich muss!

ERIK.

O des Gehorsams, blind wie Deine That!
 Den Wink des Vaters nanntest Du
 willkommen,
 Mit *einem* Streich vernichtest Du mein Herz!

SENTA.

Nicht mehr! Nicht mehr! Ich darf dich nicht
 mehr seh'n!
 Nicht an Dich denken. Hohe Pflicht gebeut's!

ERIK.

Welch hohe Pflicht? Ist *Höh're* nicht zu halten,

Huissa!
 To the bay hurry in!

Gloomy captain, go on land,
 Now that seven long years have flown,
 Seek a faithful maiden's hand!
 Faithful maiden, be his own!
 Joyful, hui!
 Bridegroom, hui!
 Winds be thy wedding song,
 Ocean rejoices with thee!
 Hui! Hark! He pipes!
 What! captain, hast thou returned?
 Hui! Spread the sails!
 And thy bride, say, where is she?
 Hui! Off to sea!
 As of old,
 No good fortune for thee!
 Ha-ha-ha!
 Blow, thou storm wind, howl and blow!
 What care we how fast we go?
 We have sails from Satan's store,
 Sails that last for evermore—ho-hoe!

Chorus of the Norwegian Sailors.

What a song! Are they ghosts?
 How I fear! Let them hear!
 All unite in our song.
 Steersman, leave the watch! etc.

SCENE II.

ERIK.

What must I hear! what must I see!
 Oh, God above! how can this be!

SENTA.

Ask me not! No answer I can give.

ERIK.

Eternal God! no doubt prevails! 'tis true!
 An evil power has ensnared thee,
 Infatuation strange possesses thee;
 Thou wilt break this loving heart!
 Thy father, ha! the bridegroom he did bring;
 I know him well: I fear'd what might befall!
 Yet thou—amazing!—has given him thy hand
 When scarce across the threshold he had
 come.

SENTA.

No further! Cease! I must!

ERIK.

Oh, this obedience, blind as thy act!
 Thy father's hint thou failest not to follow;
 A single blow crushes my loving heart!

SENTA.

No more! No more may I see thee,
 Nor think of thee: higher calls are mine!

ERIK.

What higher calls? Thy highest is to render

Was Du mir einst gelobet, ew'ge Treue?

SENTA.

Wie? Ew'ge Treue hätt' ich Dir gelobt?

ERIK.

Senta! O Senta! Läugnest Du?
Willst jenes Tags Du nicht Dich mehr
entsinnen,
Als Du zu Dir mich riefest in das Thal?
Als, Dir des Hochlands Blume zu gewinnen,
Muthvoll ich trug Beschwerden ohne Zahl.

Gedenkst Du, wie auf steilem Felsenriffe
Vom Ufer wir den Vater scheiden sah'n?
Er zog dahin auf weiss beschwingtem Schiffe,
Und meinen Schutz vertraute er Dich an:—
Als sich Dein Arm um meinen Nacken schlang,
Gestandest Du mir Liebe nicht aufs Neu'?

Was bei der Hände Druck mich hehr
durchdrang,
Sag', war's nicht die Versich'ung Deiner
Treu'?

HOLLAENDER.

Verloren! Ach! verloren! Ewig verlor'nes Heil!

ERIK.

Was seh' ich? Gott!

HOLLAENDER.

Senta, leb' wohl!

SENTA.

Halt ein, Unsel'ger!

ERIK.

Was beginnst Du?

HOLLAENDER.

In See, in See!
In See für ew'ge Zeiten!
Um Deine Treue ist's gethan,
Um Deine Treue, um mein Heil.
Lebwohl, ich will dich nicht verderben!

ERIK.

Entsetzlich, dieser Blick!

SENTA.

Halt ein! Von dannen sollst Du nimmer flieh'n.

*Der Holländer gibt ein gellendes Zeichen auf
seiner Pfeife und ruft der Mannschaft seines
Schiffes zu.*

HOLLAENDER.

Segel auf! Anker los! Sagt Lebwohl auf
Ewigkeit dem Lande!

SENTA.

Ha, zweifelst Du an meiner Treue?
Unseliger, — was verblendet Dich!
Halt ein! Halt ein! Halt ein!
Das Bündniss nicht bereue,
Was ich gelobte, halte ich.
Halt ein! Halt ein!

What thou didst vow to give to me—love
eternal.

SENTA.

What love eternal did I vow to give?

ERIK.

Senta! O Senta! deniest thou?—
Is that fair day no more by thee remember'd,
When from the vale thou call'd'st me to the
height,
When fearlessly over rugged peaks I
clamber'd,
And gather'd for thee many a wild flow'r
bright?

Remember'st, as on rocky summit standing,
Thy father's ship we saw ride on the tide?
We watch'd the sails with favor'd breeze
expanding,
Did he not thee unto my care confide,
Thy arm so sweetly round my neck entwining,
Didst pledge thy love anew, how happy both!
Did'st press my hand, as on my breast
reclining,
Say, was not that, indeed, the sealing of thy
troth?

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Lost to me, forever lost!
Salvation will not come to me!

ERIK.

What must I see?

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Senta, fare thee well!

SENTA.

Stay, oh, stay! Desist 'ere it is too late.

ERIK.

Senta, Senta, what art thou doing?

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

To the sea! back to the sea!
To the sea for all eternity!
Thou hast broken faith,
Not can I be saved!
Farewell! Thy ruin I'll not be.

ERIK.

Horrid! This diabolical glance!

SENTA.

Desist! desist! thou must not go!

*(The Flying Dutchman gives a shrill signal on
his whistle, and hails his crew.)*

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Hoist the sails once more,
Bid the shore farewell forevermore!

SENTA.

Doubt not my faith!
Act thou not rash!
Desist! desist!
In faith I'll keep
What I've promised.
Act thou not rash!

ERIK.

Was hör' ich, Gott, was muss ich sehn!
 Muss ich dem Ohr, muss ich dem Auge traun!
 Was hör' ich, Gott, Senta!
 Willst Du zu Grunde gehen?
 Zu mir, zu mir: Du bist in Satans Klau'n!

HOLLAENDER.

Erfahre das Geschick, vor dem ich Dich
 bewahr'!
 Verdammt bin ich zum gräßlichsten der
 Loose!
 Zehnfacher Tod wär' mir erwünschte Lust.
 Vom Fluch ein Weib allein kann mich erlösen,
 Ein Weib, das Treue bis in den Tod mir hält.
 Wohl hast Du Treue mir gelobt,
 Doch vor dem Ewigen noch nicht, dies rettet
 Dich!
 Denn wiss'! Unselige, welches das Geschick,
 Das Jene trifft, die mir die Treue brechen,
 Ewige Verdammniss ist ihr Loos!
 Zahllose Opfer fielen diesem Spruch durch
 mich.
 Du aber sollst gerettet sein.
 Lebwohl, fahr hin, mein Heil in Ewigkeit.

ERIK.

Zu Hülfe, rettet, rettet Sie!

SENTA.

Wohl kenn ich Dich! Wohl kenn ich Dein
 Geschick;
 Ich kannte Dich, als ich zuerst Dich sah!
 Das Ende Deiner Qual ist da!
 Ich bin's, durch deren Treu Dein Heil Du
 finden sollst!

34a

ERIK.

Helft Ihr, Sie ist verloren!

MARY.

Was erblicke ich?

DALAND.

Was erblicke ich? Gott!

HOLLAENDER.

Du kennst mich nicht, Du ahnst nicht, wer ich
 bin!
 Befrage die Meere aller Zonen.
 Befrage den Seemann, der den Ocean
 durchstrich;
 Erkenn' dies Schiff, der Schrecken aller
 Frommen.
 Den: „Fliegenden Holländer“ nennt man mich.

34b

DIE MANNSCHAFT DES
 FLIEGENDEN HOLLAENDERS.

Jo ho, hoe!

MARY, ERIK, DALAND.

Senta, Senta, was willst Du thun?

SENTA.

Preis Deinen Engel und sein Gebot,
 Hier steh' ich treu Dir bis zum Tod.

Hold on! hold on!

ERIK.

What must I hear! what must I see!
 Oh, God above! how can this be!
 Senta, Senta,
 Thou wilt perish!
 Come to me! oh, come to me!
 Thou art in Satan's power!

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Learn now the doom from which I save thee!
 Mine is a cruel, horrid fate;
 Tenfold death would preferable be!
 Woman alone from my curse can rescue me,
 Woman who true unto death will be.

I have thy vow of constancy,
 But not in the Eternal's presence;
 This from cruel fate will save thee;
 For those who break their vow to me,
 Damned in all eternity will be!

Thou shalt be saved, thou only!
 Farewell, farewell! for all eternity
 My curse will cleave to hapless me!

ERIK.

Help! help quick! Save, oh save her!

SENTA.

No mystery to me
 Is thy identity!
 I know thy fate,
 Thy cruel fate;
 It's not too late:—
 I'll be thy mate!
 For all eternity
 Saved thou shalt be
 By woman's constancy!

35a

ERIK.

Save, oh, save her!

MARY.

What must I see!

DALAND.

Oh, God, what must I see!

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Thou know'st not my identity,
 It is to thee a mystery.
 Know'st thou this ship with spectral light?--
 The Flying Dutchman I am called.

35b

CREW OF THE
 FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Heigho! ho! heigho!

MARY, ERIK, DALAND.

Senta, Senta, art thou raving?

SENTA.

Be cheerful thy mind, be joyous thy heart!
 Thine will I be until death shall us part!

(Sie stürzt sich in das Meer; — zugleich versinkt das Schiff des Holländers mit aller Mannschaft. Das Meer schwillt hoch auf und sinkt in einem Wirbel wieder zurück. Im Glüroth der aufgehenden Sonne sieht man über den Trümmern des Schiffes die verklärten Gestalten Senta's und des Holländer's sich umschlungen haltend dem Meere entsteigen und aufwärts schweben.)

(She casts herself into the sea. The Dutchman's ship, with all her crew, sinks immediately. The sea rises high, and sinks back in a whirlpool. In the glow of the sunset are clearly seen, over the wreck of the ship, the forms of SENTA and the DUTCHMAN, embracing each other, rising from the sea, and floating upwards.)

ENDE.

THE END.

THE
FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Spinning Chorus.

RONZA E FISCHIA.

Allegretto.

This image displays a page of musical notation for a piano piece, consisting of eight systems of staves. Each system includes a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is written in a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. The notation includes various rhythmic values, accidentals, and dynamic markings. Performance instructions such as *Cres.*, *f*, *Dim.*, *p*, *rit.*, *pp*, *f a tempo.*, and *p* are placed throughout the score. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the eighth system.

Grand Duo.

QUESTA CHE IN SEN.

Allegro molto.

The musical score consists of six systems, each with a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system features a forte (*f*) dynamic in the bass staff. The third system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic in the bass staff. The fourth system is characterized by alternating forte (*f*) and piano (*p*) dynamics in the bass staff. The fifth system also features alternating forte (*f*) and piano (*p*) dynamics in the bass staff. The sixth system concludes with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic in the bass staff. The notation includes various note values, rests, and articulation marks.

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Chorus of the Sailors.

MARINAR. QUI CON NOI.

Allegro ma non troppo.

The musical score is presented in five systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a forte (ff) dynamic. The second system includes mezzo-forte (mf) and piano (p) dynamics. The third system features mezzo-forte (mf) dynamics. The fourth system includes mezzo-forte (mf) dynamics. The fifth system concludes with mezzo-forte (mf) and forte (ff) dynamics. The score includes various musical notations such as chords, triplets, and articulation marks.

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