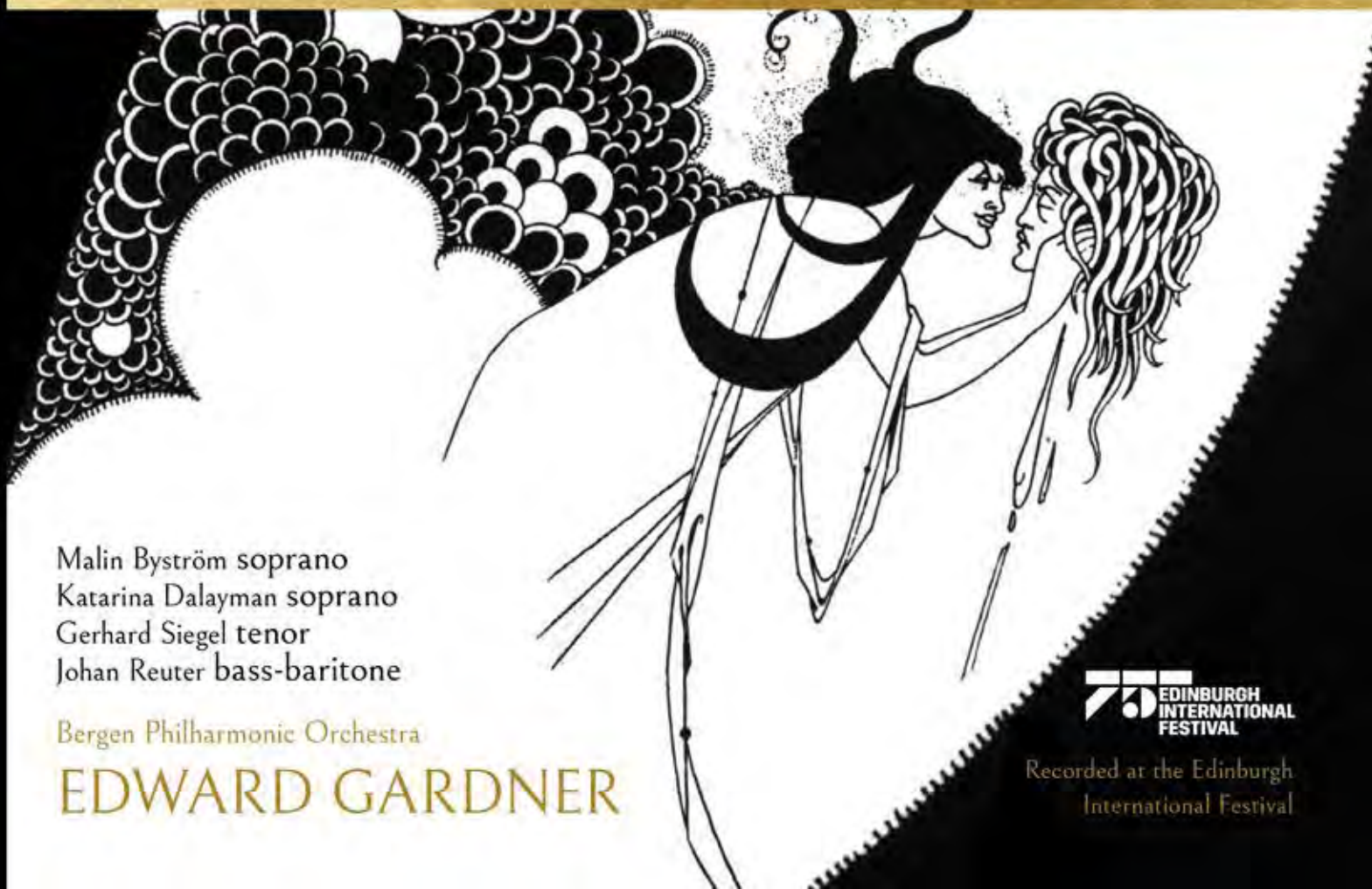


STRAUSS

CHANDOS

SALOME



Malin Byström soprano
Katarina Dalayman soprano
Gerhard Siegel tenor
Johan Reuter bass-baritone

Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra

EDWARD GARDNER

75 EDINBURGH
INTERNATIONAL
FESTIVAL

Recorded at the Edinburgh
International Festival



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Richard Strauss, conducting an early performance of his opera 'Salome'

Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

SALOME

OP. 54, TRV 215 (1903–05)

Music Drama in One Act

Libretto after the Poetical Work of the Same Name (1891) by Oscar Wilde (1854–1900)

German Translation (1901) by Hedwig Lachmann (1865–1918)

Meinem Freunde Sir Edgar Speyer

Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Judea Gerhard Siegel *tenor*
 Herodias, Herod's wife Katarina Dalayman *soprano*
 Salome, Herodias's daughter Malin Byström *soprano*
 Jochanaan (John the Baptist) Johan Reuter *bass-baritone*
 Narraboth, a young Syrian, Captain of the Guard Bror Magnus Tødenes *tenor*
 Herodias's Page..... Hanna Hipp *mezzo-soprano*
 First Jew Michael Müller-Kasztelan *tenor*
 Second Jew Petter Moen *tenor*
 Third Jew John Michael Wrensted Olsen *tenor*
 Fourth Jew James Kryshak *tenor*
 Fifth Jew Callum Thorpe *bass-baritone*
 First Nazarene Clive Bayley *bass*
 Second Nazarene James Stephen Ley *tenor*
 First Soldier Igor Bakan *baritone*
 Second Soldier James Platt *bass*
 A Cappadocian James Berry *baritone*
 A Slave Rita Therese Ziem *mezzo-soprano*

Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra
 Alexander Kagan leader
 Edward Gardner

	Time	Page
COMPACT DISC ONE		
Scene 1	5:10	
[1] Narraboth: 'Wie schön ist die Prinzessin Salome heute Nacht!'. Ziemlich fließendes Zeitmaß – with Page, First Soldier, and Second Soldier	2:45	43
[2] Jochanaan: 'Nach mir wird Einer kommen'. Plötzlich viel ruhiger im Zeitmaß – with Second Soldier, First Soldier, A Cappadocian, Narraboth, and Page	2:25	45
Scene 2	8:55	
[3] Salome: 'Ich will nicht bleiben'. Äußerst schnell – with Page	1:51	47
[4] Jochanaan: 'Siehe, der Herr ist gekommen'. Bedeutend langsamer – with Salome, Second Soldier, Narraboth, Slave, and First Soldier	1:32	48
[5] Jochanaan: 'Jauchze nicht, du Land Palästina'. Bedeutend langsamer – with Salome, Second Soldier, First Soldier, and Page	2:20	49
[6] Salome: 'Du wirst das für mich tun, Narraboth, nicht wahr?'. Sehr schnell – with Narraboth	3:11	51

	Time	Page
Scene 3	25:14	
[7] Jochanaan: 'Wo ist er, dessen Sündenbecher jetzt voll ist?'. Breit – with Salome and Narraboth	9:05	52
[8] Salome: 'Jochanaan! Ich bin verliebt in deinen Leib, Jochanaan!'. Etwas ruhiger beginnend – with Jochanaan and Narraboth	8:07	56
[9] Jochanaan: 'Wird dir nicht bange, Tochter der Herodias?'. Sehr schnell – with Salome	8:01	59
Scene 4 (beginning)	15:04	
[10] Herod: 'Wo ist Salome?'. Etwas lebhafter – Schnell – with Herodias and First Soldier	2:35	60
[11] Herod: 'Es ist kalt hier'. Ruhig – with Herodias	1:33	61
[12] Herod: 'Salome, komm, trink Wein mit mir'. Sehr lebhaft – with Salome and Herodias	2:40	62
[13] Jochanaan: 'Sieh, die Zeit ist gekommen'. Mäßig langsam – with Herodias, Herod, Jews, and First Nazarene	3:33	64

	Time	Page
[14] Jochanaan: 'Siehe, der Tag ist nahe'. Etwas ruhiger – with Herod, First Nazarene, First Jew, Second Nazarene, Herodias, and Jochanaan	2:40	68
[15] Jochanaan: 'Eine Menge Menschen wird sich gegen sie sammeln'. Langsamer – with Herodias and Herod	2:02	71

TT 54:25

COMPACT DISC TWO

Scene 4 (conclusion)

[1] Herod: 'Tanz für mich, Salome'. Etwas ruhiger – with Herodias, Salome, and Jochanaan	4:09	72
[2] Salome's Dance. Sehr schnell und heftig –	9:24	76
[3] Herod: 'Ah! Herrlich! Wundervoll, wundervoll!'. Sehr lebhaft – with Salome and Herodias	3:56	76
[4] Herod: 'Still, sprich nicht zu mir!'. Sehr schnell – Etwas ruhiger – with Salome and Herodias	3:11	79

		Time	Page
[5]	Herod: 'Salome, bedenk, was du tun willst'. Sehr bewegt – with Salome and Jews	3:06	80
[6]	Herod: 'Man soll ihr geben, was sie verlangt!'. Sehr schnell – with Herodias	1:49	82
[7]	Salome: 'Es ist kein Laut zu vernehmen'. Bewegt –	2:32	82
[8]	Salome: 'Ah! Du wolltest mich nicht deinen Mund küssen lassen, Jochanaan'. Ziemlich langsam –	11:45	83
[9]	Herod: 'Sie ist ein Ungeheuer, deine Tochter'. Mäßig bewegt – with Herodias	0:59	85
[10]	Salome: 'Ah! Ich habe deinen Mund geküßt, Jochanaan'. Sehr gedehnt with Herod	4:29	86

TT 45:23



Claudio Hiller

Gerhard Siegel



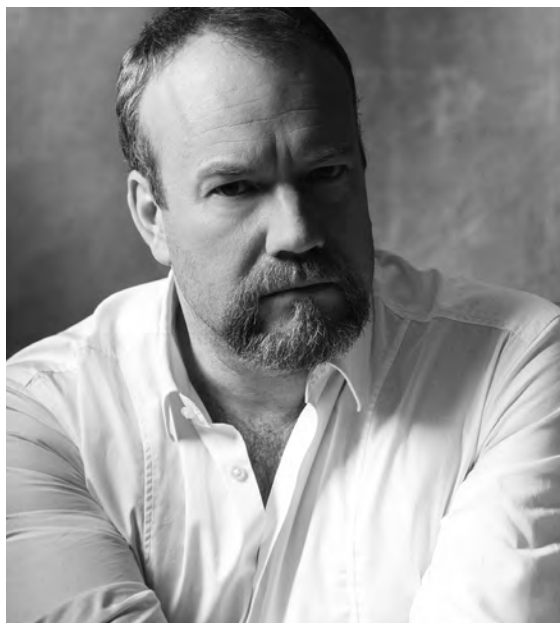
Emelie Kroon

Katarina Dalayman



Peter Knutson

Malin Byström



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Johan Reuter

Strauss: Salome

Synopsis

The action unfolds in the palace of King Herod Antipas of Judaea. Son of Herod the Great, he lives with Herodias, the wife of his murdered brother, and her daughter, Salome. Jochanaan (John the Baptist) is being held prisoner in the palace, having decried Herod's union and called Herodias 'the daughter of Babylon'. His jail is a cistern below the palace terrace. It is guarded by the young Syrian captain of the guard, Narraboth, who is enchanted by the beauty of Salome. Herodias's page tries to warn him against lusting after the princess, but it is useless.

The voice of Jochanaan sounds from below, preaching how one greater than himself will follow. When Salome appears, eager to escape her stepfather's birthday dinner, she is fascinated by the prophet's words, and persuades Narraboth to open the cistern. Appearing on the terrace, Jochanaan rails against the dissolution of Herod's court, though this only entices Salome further, unaware that Narraboth has killed himself. Jochanaan appeals to Salome to turn away from sin, but she wants to kiss him and is promptly

cursed as the daughter of an incestuous mother. The prophet returns to his cell.

Herod and Herodias, their courtiers, and various religious advisors leave the dinner table, where a debate has occurred over the authenticity of Jochanaan's divinations. Herod tries to curry favour with Salome, while Herodias becomes increasingly fractious at her lover's behaviour and the words emerging from the cistern. An argument ensues between Herod and Herodias before Herod silences the squabbling by asking his stepdaughter to dance. Initially resistant, Salome finally agrees when Herod offers to give her whatever she desires.

The princess performs the Dance of the Seven Veils, to Herod's great delight. Herod asks her to name her chosen reward and Salome pronounces that she wants the lifeless head of Jochanaan on a silver platter. Herodias is thrilled, while an appalled Herod appeals desperately to Salome's reason, offering precious jewels, peacocks, even the mantle of the High Priest and the veil of the Tabernacle. But Salome is insistent.

Herodias snatches the death-ring from Herod's finger and gives it to one of the

soldiers to pass to the executioner. After an eerie silence, a huge arm appears from below to deliver the head of Jochanaan. Salome is ecstatic, kissing the prophet's pale lips, while Herod looks on in horror. The palace torches are extinguished, the stars disappear, and a huge black cloud covers the light of the moon, as the King turns back towards the palace. But when the moon reemerges, he sees Salome clutching the decapitated head and orders the soldiers to kill her.

Notes on the Opera

Oscar Wilde (1854–1900) was convicted of gross indecency and sentenced at London's Old Bailey, on 25 May 1895, to two years' hard labour. Having heard evidence of various homosexual liaisons, the presiding judge, Mr Justice Wills, described the stretch that Wilde was to serve – the maximum allowed by British law – as 'totally inadequate' for 'the worst case I have ever tried'. In the wake of the trial, Wilde suffered disrepute which spread as rapidly as his former fame, secured through plays such as *Lady Windermere's Fan* (1892) and *A Woman of No Importance* (1893). His most recent successes, *An Ideal Husband* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*, had opened in quick succession at the beginning of 1895. Yet their triumphs, along with Wilde's 1891

novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, only served to fan the infamy.

Victorian morality feigned permanent injury as the details of the playwright's disgrace and detention appeared in newspapers across Europe and beyond. While France had adopted the Code Napoléon in 1804, effectively decriminalising homosexual activities, legislation in Germany and Austria mirrored the severity of British law – and even surpassed it. Paragraph 175 of the German Penal Code, making sexual relations between males a crime, was upheld until 1994, while all immoral acts with a person of the same sex were forbidden in Austria according to a decree first passed in 1803, amended in 1852, and subsequently reaffirmed until 1971, though never to the benefit of the accused. In the face of such laws, Wilde's crimes were deemed grave indeed.

In the midst of the resulting journalistic firestorm, a new drama by the playwright appeared on the Paris stage. Written in French, *Salomé* had previously been intended for London, Sarah Bernhardt announcing the work as part of her 1892 season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. But when the Lord Chamberlain learned of the subject, he blocked the license, given that it was forbidden to depict biblical characters on stage. While Wilde had indeed drawn

elements of the drama from the New Testament, he had also taken considerable liberties. Mark and Matthew describe the events leading up to the death of John the Baptist, though the demanding princess is only identified as 'the daughter of Herodias'. As in the play, she asks for the severed head of the prophet, prompted by her mother, and there is a dance, but otherwise little of the colour that Wilde brought to his telling.

Instead, the play was imbued with a contemporary spirit. Wilde would have known of Henri Regnault's and Gustave Moreau's recent paintings of Salome. The latter had been described by Joris-Karl Huysmans in *À Rebours*, a sensational novel, of 1884, that provided a model for *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. Adding to the craze were Gustave Flaubert's *Trois Contes*, of 1877, which included 'Hérodiade', in turn prompting Jules Massenet's 1881 opera of the same name. 'Salomé', published by Jules Laforgue in his *Moralités légendaires*, and Stéphane Mallarmé's *Hérodiade* likewise tackled the subject. But the link with the religious, certainly with John the Baptist, was enough to make the British authorities blanch.

The first of only two performances of *Salomé* given during Wilde's lifetime therefore took place in the French capital, in 1896,

when the playwright was still incarcerated in cell three level three of the C wing of Reading Gaol. Delivered in French, it was shown for one evening only at the Théâtre de la Comédie-Parissienne, on 11 February. The earliest successful staged production was given in German, in Breslau (today Wrocław), followed by another, in Berlin, where the radical young director Max Reinhardt mounted Hedwig Lachmann's new translation at the Schall und Rauch Theater.

At the time, Richard Strauss (1864 – 1949) was working as a conductor at the Hofoper (now Staatsoper Unter den Linden). He already knew of Lachmann's lyrical version of the play thanks to the Viennese poet Anton Lindner, whose 'Hochzeitlich Lied' Strauss had set as part of his *Sechs Lieder*, Op. 37. Given the celebrity of the composer, Lindner was keen to continue their collaboration and suggested he might adapt Lachmann's text as an opera libretto. Strauss was unenthusiastic when he received Lindner's sample scenes but was intrigued enough to begin sketching a few musical motifs and attend a performance of Reinhardt's production, in November 1902. Immediately, Strauss determined that *Salomé* would be his third opera.

After the somewhat abortive première of *Guntram*, his first, in 1894, and the rapturous

if brief success of *Feuersnot*, in 1901, his enthusiasm for a text by a widely disgraced playwright was a considerable if calculated risk. Working as both librettist and composer, he excised about a third of Lachmann's text, including many of Wilde's metaphors and similes, as well as marginal dialogue and a few of the smaller roles. Given the speed at which sung – as opposed to spoken – prose is delivered, Strauss would have known that a complete setting would result in a work of near-Wagnerian length. And *Salome* would be anything but Wagnerian.

As a young man, Strauss had been an avid disciple of Bayreuth, even conducting *Tannhäuser* at the theatre Wagner had built, though he steadily moved out of the composer's shadow as the nineteenth century reached its end. The new influence on Strauss of Friedrich Nietzsche, Wagner's onetime biggest fan turned most vociferous detractor, marked his change of heart. His 1896 tone poem *Also sprach Zarathustra* announced this new sphere of philosophical influence, though *Salome* offered an even more daring statement of the composer's renunciation of things past. This was a new opera for a new century – at least on the surface. For beneath the daring dazzle of Strauss's score, to say nothing of the drama's decadent nihilism, the

anchors of structure and tradition remain. Even the rejection of Wagner is, in its way, a form of tribute, *Salome* offering its own *Liebestod* (like *Tristan und Isolde*), while the orchestra continues to provide a psychological commentary on the action and the thoughts of its (neurotic) cast of characters.

The overarching structure of *Salome* has been described as a staged tone poem, delivered in one act, like a bullet out of a gun. Yet it is also possible to perceive a more traditional three-act structure in its through-composed form. The first act, the exposition, concerns the clash between Salome and Jochanaan, as he is brought out of the cistern that constitutes his prison cell. Some carp at the banality of the prophet's preaching – even Strauss thought he had come up short – while others have been beguiled by his hymnbook truths and the pellucid descriptions of the Sea of Galilee, which provide a clear alternative to the churning dissonances and mutable tonalities of Salome's world.

Especially revealing is the passage after Jochanaan has returned to the cistern and Salome begins to consider revenge. Strauss cut Wilde's linking text into the next scene, in which the soldiers and the page decide whether they should dispose of Narraboth's body before Herod appears. Instead, Strauss

composed a musical battle of wills between the defining motifs of Jochanaan, including his 'Du bist verflucht' (thou art accursed), and the more sinuous themes of Salome. Slowly, the prophet's condemnatory minor key turns towards the major and the princess's triumph is foretold in gaudy terms.

This orchestral peroration is followed immediately by the arrival of Salome's stepfather. The focus of Wilde's play, the role of Herod is somewhat reduced in the opera, though he dominates its second act. Employing symphonic terms, we might see this as the development or the middle movement. It is undoubtedly scherzo-like in its nervosity, featuring the constant chatter of the various religious advisors, who argue over the identity and godliness of the imprisoned prophet.

And then comes the final part of the drama. Preceded by the 'overture' of Salome's 'Dance of the Seven Veils' – the last section to be written – it is a dramatic and musical *tour de force*. In order for Salome to achieve her goal, she has to persuade both Herod and, indeed, the audience that the murder of Jochanaan is a risk worth taking. Trumping the earlier effect of the prophet's 'verflucht' motif, the pivotal dance of Salome calls the orchestra back into service in order to

impress her will in even more riotous terms. But rather than a psychological game, her shimmering striptease is rooted in the here and now – Noël Coward's later quip, 'extraordinary how potent cheap music is', could have been a fitting description. It is a transactional moment, employing a welter of modish orientalist references. Yet for all the surface colour, the dance itself is more occidental in nature, tracing the outline of a Viennese waltz. We can only guess at the reaction of Adele, the widow of Johann Strauss II, when she heard this passage at the 1906 Austrian première of *Salome*, in Graz. Clearly, Richard Strauss had not only turned Wagnerian transcendence on its head, he had also trained his (ironic) sights on the most cherished dance form of the time.

To this point, the musical drama has been wonderfully premeditated: a precise creation with a target as clear as that of its protagonist. Some commentators have even described *Salome* as being overly calculated. Yet even Strauss's most vicious detractors could not fail to be enthralled by what follows, as the title character barks her demands at Herod in the frenzied haggling of stepdaughter and stepfather. It is followed by a suspension in time, marked by the eerie high notes of a single double-bass. The moment at which this

is joined by the rest of the section predicts Bernard Herrmann's score for *Psycho* nearly sixty years before the event. And then the opera turns truly primal.

Erupting *de profundis*, the entire orchestra spells out the slithering clarinet motif with which the whole thing began. Salome has been granted her wish, even if the eyes of the head of her prophet are closed, his tongue silenced. The ensuing monologue is a satirical *Liebestod*, lampooning the end of Wagner's *Tristan*. But where Isolde parrots the words and wisdom of her beloved, imagining their union in a realm of deathly annihilation, Salome entirely rejects the cerebral in favour of the sensual, heedless of the words of Jochanaan. We even hear recollections of his solemn warnings and his earlier rejection of the princess, the scene likewise echoing Kundry's failed seduction of Parsifal. But Salome remains deaf to reason in this thrilling if queasy conclusion – a recapitulation (in symphonic terms) of the score's principal themes. Here, they reach their apotheosis, having gained in significance over the course of the drama, like many of the leitmotifs in Wagner's music dramas. The musical line that tells of the kiss that Salome imagines, for instance, also provides the (distorted) shape of her demands for Jochanaan's head. But

where Wagner's motivic development fosters musical architecture and rich teleology, even the rebuilding of a broken world at the end of the *Ring*, the final scene of *Salome* is utterly nihilistic.

Salome is, of course, misguided. What she calls 'the mystery of love' while kissing the lifeless head of the man who came 'to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe' is besmirched with the bitterness of death. She ignores the appalling aftertaste, but the orchestra will not let us forget it. Giving terrifying voice to the unfolding horrors, and to our misgivings at witnessing the same, Strauss discharges a jeering dissonance that pollutes the final cadence of her monologue in her previously glittering key of C sharp major. Repulsed by what he sees – and we have heard – Herod brings the curtain down on this sickly affair in the darkly fateful key of C minor.

That juxtaposition, just a semitone apart, likewise speaks of the disparity among the critical responses to Strauss's first operatic masterpiece. The audience at its world première, at the Semperoper, in Dresden, the city in which Wagner's *Rienzi*, *Der fliegende Holländer*, and *Tannhäuser* had previously enjoyed their first performances, demanded thirty-eight curtain calls from the composer,



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Hanna Hipp



Michael Fertig

Michael Müller-Kasztelan



Erika Hebert

Petter Moen

the conductor, Ernst von Schuch, and the cast. The critics, however, decried the work as immoral and cacophonous. Success might have quickly turned to failure, Kaiser Wilhelm even remarking that *Salome* was likely to do the composer harm. But the doggedly realistic Strauss simply pointed out that the 'harm' helped build his resplendent villa in the Alpine town of Garmisch, where he would live for the rest of his life.

The difference in reactions to *Salome* was brilliantly summed up by the music critic Julius Korngold, father of the prodigious composer Erich Wolfgang, when the opera was first performed in Vienna, in 1907. Gustav Mahler had always hoped to stage the work at the Hofoper in the Habsburg capital, though it was banned yet again, given that 'the representation of events which belong to the realm of sexual pathology seem to us not suitable for our court stage'.¹ The Austrian première therefore took place in Graz, in 1906, with Mahler in attendance, before a Breslau production appeared at the independent Volkstheater, in Vienna, the following year. *Salome* would not be seen at the city's principal opera house until 14 October 1918, just weeks before the

¹ Die Darstellung von Vorgängen, die in das Gebiet der Sexualpathologie gehören, eignet sich nicht für unsere Hofbühne.

collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. When the touring production arrived in Vienna, in 1907, Julius Korngold wrote his review in the style of an imagined conversation between Strauss's detractors and defenders. It described *Salome* as both 'the defeat of Wagner and his important distortion', before continuing in similar terms:

A step forward for art and its dismal decay, new musico-dramatic territory and a monument to a sick era, a triumph of the power of modern musical form and its declaration of bankruptcy, a creative deed and a mere triumph of tonal technique, a revelation and a commercial gimmick, an inspiration and a calculation, a precious fruit and a running sore.²

Strauss cared little for peevish morality. He would never embrace the deathbed conversion of Wilde, but he was, like the Irish playwright, a man of the theatre.

² Salome ist die Ueberwindung Wagners und dessen ohnmächtige Verzerrung, ein Schritt weiter in der Kunst und deren trostloser Verfall, musikalisch-dramatisches Neuland und das Denkmal einer kranke Zeit, ein Triumph moderner musikbildender Kraft und deren Bankrotterklärung, eine schöpferische Tat und ein bloßes Jongleurstück der Technik, eine Offenbarung und ein Geschäftskniff, eine Eingebung und eine Rechnung, eine kostbare Frucht und ein faules Geschwür.

Composed on the cusp of one of the most violent centuries in human history, *Salome* incorporates events which can seem like child's play, particularly in our increasingly violent world. But there can be no denying the brute force of Strauss's material. Capricious and, indeed, calculated, it is a work that is both rooted in tradition and rejecting of the same. Clearly, the score could not have been conceived without the legacy of Wagner, though Strauss likewise provides a blueprint for the post-Wagnerian age which he would come to dominate. In short, *Salome* perfectly matches the highly capable if controversial dramatist who was its inspiration, with fame and infamy continuing to be the most dizzying yet most durable bedfellows.

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A graduate of the Leopold Mozart College of Music, at Universität Augsburg, where he studied singing with Liselotte Becker-Egner, the German-born tenor **Gerhard Siegel** was a member of the opera companies in Trier and Dessau before joining Staatstheater Augsburg and winning the International Hans Gabor Belvedere Singing Competition, in Vienna, in 1995. From 1999 to 2006, he was a member

of Staatstheater Nürnberg, where he sang Bacchus (*Ariadne auf Naxos*), Herod (*Salome*), Mephistopheles (*Doktor Faust*), Tom Rakewell (*The Rake's Progress*), Florestan (*Fidelio*), Laca (*Jenůfa*), Sergey (*Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District*), Walther von Stolzing (*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*), and the title roles in *Parsifal* and *Siegfried*. He has also sung Max (*Der Freischütz*) at Komische Oper Berlin, Tum Tum (Hindemith's *Das Nusch-Nuschi*) in Cologne, Florestan at the Festival de Música y Danza Granada, Parsifal in Kassel, Tannhäuser in Augsburg, the title-role in Kurt Weill's *Der Protagonist* at the Bregenzer Festspiele, Max (Krenek's *Jonny spielt auf*) in Cologne, the Captain (*Wozzeck*) at Teatro Real, Madrid, Opéra de Paris, The Metropolitan Opera, New York, Lyric Opera of Chicago, and the Salzburger Festspiele, Klaus Narr (*Gurre-Lieder*) on tour with Michael Gielen and the SWR Symphonieorchester, Sellem (*The Rake's Progress*) at Theater an der Wien, Prince Vasily Ivanovich Shuysky (*Boris Godunov*) in Munich, Alwa (*Lulu*) at Grand Théâtre de Genève, Tristan (*Tristan und Isolde*) in Augsburg, Herod at Wiener Staatsoper, Opernhaus Zürich, and the Verbier Festival, Midas (*Die Liebe der Danae*) at the Salzburger Festspiele, the Witch (*Hänsel und Gretel*) at The Royal Opera, Covent Garden,

and Metropolitan Opera, the Emperor (*Die Frau ohne Schatten*) at the Verbier Festival, and Piet the Pot (*Le Grand Macabre*) in Dresden. Mime (*Das Rheingold* and *Siegfried*) has become a signature role for Gerhard Siegel at international opera houses and festivals, and he continues to expand his repertoire while making débuts across Europe, North America, and Asia.

Renowned for her powerful interpretations and impeccable musicianship, the Swedish soprano **Katarina Dalayman** has built an illustrious international career, particularly in dramatic operatic roles. She has collaborated with conductors of the stature of Riccardo Chailly, James Levine, Sir Simon Rattle, and Daniel Barenboim and performed with major orchestras such as the London Symphony Orchestra, Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, Wiener Philharmoniker, and Münchner Philharmoniker. Her extensive repertoire includes landmark roles such as Isolde (*Tristan und Isolde*), Brünnhilde (*Der Ring des Nibelungen*), and the title role in *Elektra*. She is particularly celebrated for her Wagner interpretations, performing in *Ring* cycles at venues such as The Metropolitan Opera, New York, Opéra national de Paris, and Salzburger Festspiele. She has also appeared in roles such

as Marie (*Wozzeck*), Judith (*Duke Bluebeard's Castle*), and Ortrud (*Lohengrin*), besides earning widespread acclaim for her portrayal of Kundry (*Parsifal*) at the Metropolitan Opera's Live in HD broadcast. More recently she has given performances as Herodias (*Salome*), Ježibaba and Foreign Princess (*Rusalka*), Amneris (*Aida*), Klytemnästra (*Elektra*), Fricka, and Waltraute, among others. On disc, she may be heard as Marietta (Korngold's *Die tote Stadt*) and Brangäne (*Tristan und Isolde*), captured live at The Met. Honoured by Sweden as a Court Singer, Katarina Dalayman has also received the prestigious royal medal Litteris et Artibus in recognition of her significant contributions to the arts.

Having studied at Operahögskolan i Stockholm, the Swedish soprano **Malin Byström** was awarded the Litteris et Artibus medal in 2016 by H.M. the King of Sweden and, two years later, appointed Court Singer. She has been a frequent guest at The Royal Opera, Covent Garden, where she has sung Elettra (*Idomeneo*), Donna Anna (*Don Giovanni*), Donna Elvira (*Don Giovanni*), Fiordiligi (*Così fan tutte*), Mathilde (*Guillaume Tell*), Amalia (*I masnadieri*), Duchess Hélène (*Les Vêpres siciliennes*), Desdemona (*Otello*), Marguerite (*Faust*), Tosca, and Salome. She

also performs at such prestigious venues as Wiener Staatsoper, Bayerische Staatsoper, Metropolitan Opera, New York, Teatro Real, Madrid, De Nationale Opera, Amsterdam, Deutsche Oper Berlin, Staatsoper Stuttgart, and San Francisco Opera, and has appeared as well at the Salzburger Festspiele, Münchner Opernfestspiele, Edinburgh International Festival, Schubertiada de Vilabertran, Göteborgsoperan, Bergen Nasjonale Opera, and Wigmore Hall, London. Most recently she has won acclaim as Tosca at Kungliga Operan, Stockholm, Marie (*Wozzeck*) at Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, Elsa (*Lohengrin*) and Minnie (*La fanciulla del West*) at Wiener Staatsoper, Elsa at De Nationale Opera, and The Woman (*Erwartung*) at Teatro Real. Her wide-ranging repertoire also features roles such as Countess Almaviva (*Le nozze di Figaro*), Amelia Grimaldi (*Simon Boccanegra*), Elisabeth de Valois (*Don Carlos*), Die Feldmarschallin (*Der Rosenkavalier*), Countess Madeleine (*Capriccio*), and the title roles in *Rusalka*, *Thais*, *Fedora*, *Arabella*, and *Jenůfa*. She will make her role débuts as Danae (*Die Liebe der Danae*), at Bayerische Staatsoper, and Elisabeth (*Tannhäuser*), at Wiener Staatsoper, in spring 2025. Malin Byström was named Female Singer of the Year at the International Opera Awards in 2018.

The bass-baritone **Johan Reuter** studied at Det Kongelige Musikkonservatorium and Operaakademiet in his hometown, Copenhagen, and frequented master-classes of Ernst Haefliger, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, and Richard Trimborn. Since 1996 he has been a soloist at Det Kongelige Teater, Copenhagen, where he sings a wide repertoire. Highlights from past seasons include singing Hans Sachs in a new production of *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* at Deutsche Oper Berlin, Scarpia (*Tosca*) in Copenhagen, Barak (*Die Frau ohne Schatten*) in London, New York, Berlin, Zürich, and Amsterdam, and Wotan in Munich and Budapest, as well as roles in *Dead Man Walking*, *Un ballo in maschera*, *Cavalleria rusticana*, *Pagliacci*, Braunfels's *Jeanne d'Arc* (*Szenen aus dem Leben der heiligen Johanna*) at the Salzburger Festspiele, and *The Makropulos Case* at the Metropolitan Opera and Salzburger Festspiele. He created the role of Theseus in the world première of Harrison Birtwistle's *The Minotaur*, at The Royal Opera, Covent Garden, where he has also appeared in *Salome*, *Elektra*, *Wozzeck*, and Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Tsar's Bride*. In concert he has recently performed Haydn's *Die Schöpfung* and *Die Jahreszeiten*, Mahler's Symphony No. 8, *Rückert-Lieder*, and

Das klagende Lied, Beethoven's Symphony No. 9, Brahms's *Vier ernste Gesänge* and *Ein deutsches Requiem*, Mozart's Requiem, Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette*, Grieg's *Peer Gynt*, and Shostakovich's *Suite on Verses of Michelangelo Buonarroti*. He has given song recitals in Copenhagen, Hannover, Frankfurt, Bergen, and Madrid. Johan Reuter has recorded *Tristan und Isolde* under Marek Janowski, Friedrich Ludwig Æmilius Kunzen's *Holger Danske*, Carl Nielsen's *Maskerade* under Ulf Schirmer (which won a *Gramophone* Award), and Schubert's *Winterreise* in Danish, as well as solo albums with arias by the young Verdi and songs by Richard Strauss, Carl Nielsen, and Hakon Børresen.

Widely regarded as one of Scandinavia's most gifted vocal talents in recent years, the Norwegian tenor **Bror Magnus Tødenes** made his professional operatic debut at just twenty-one years of age. He has performed at some of the most prestigious opera houses in Europe, including Wiener Staatsoper, as Ismaele (*Nabucco*), Opéra de Lyon, as Macduff (*Macbeth*), and Théâtre du Capitole de Toulouse, as Lensky (*Eugene Onegin*) and Tamino (*Die Zauberflöte*), among others. His international engagements also include singing Hylas (*Les Troyens*) at Opéra national

de Paris, Rinuccio (*Gianni Schicchi*) and Rodolfo (*La bohème*) at Den Norske Opera, and Carlo VII (*Giovanna d'Arco*) at the Copenhagen Opera Festival and Malmö Opera. Notably, he appeared at the Salzburger Festspiele as A Messenger (*Aida*) under Riccardo Muti and sang the title role in *La clemenza di Tito* at the National Theatre, Prague. He has also performed at Bergen Nasjonale Opera, as Steuermann (*Der fliegende Holländer*) and Camille (*Die lustige Witwe*), and appeared as Alfredo (*La traviata*) with Kungliga Operan, Stockholm. In 2014, Bror Magnus Tødenes released his debut CD, *Remembering Jussi*, which received critical acclaim and was nominated for Spellemannprisen, the most distinguished Norwegian music award. He also sings the title role in the recording of Christian Frederik Emil Horneman's opera *Aladdin* with the Danish National Symphony Orchestra and Danish National Concert Choir under Michael Schönwandt, released in May 2022. He has won top honours in prestigious competitions, including the First Prize as well as Audience Prize at the Renata Tebaldi International Voice Competition, in 2015. He is also the youngest recipient of an Erling Krogh singers grant, awarded by Den Norske Opera, Oslo.

Her ardent and impassioned singing makes **Hanna Hipp** a favourite for the leading lyric mezzo-soprano repertoire around the world, her recent roles including a critically acclaimed portrayal of Offred (*The Handmaid's Tale*) at Det Kongelige Teater, Copenhagen, under Jessica Cottis, as well as Der Komponist (*Ariadne auf Naxos*) at Glyndebourne Festival Opera under Cornelius Meister and Opera North under Antony Hermus, Dorabella (*Così fan tutte*) at Seattle Opera under Paul Daniel, English National Opera under Kerem Hasan, and New Zealand Opera, Auckland, under Natalie Murray Beale, and Cherubino (*Le nozze di Figaro*) at The Royal Opera, Covent Garden, under Sir Antonio Pappano. She sang her first Varvara (*Kát'a Kabanová*) at Scottish Opera, and both the title role in Offenbach's *Fantasio* and her first Octavian (*Der Rosenkavalier*) at Garsington Opera. Her international débuts include Frances, Countess of Essex (*Gloriana*) in David McVicar's new production at Teatro Real, Madrid, under Ivor Bolton, Ein Page (*Salome*) in Ivo van Hove's new production at De Nationale Opera, Amsterdam, under Daniele Gatti, and both Isolier (*Le Comte Ory*) and Béatrice (*Béatrice et Bénédicte*) at Seattle Opera, the former a role she reprised

at New Zealand Opera. On the concert stage she has performed Mahler's Symphony No. 3 with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Vasily Petrenko and Brahms's *Alto Rhapsody* with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra under David Hill. She has a particular affinity with Berlioz's *Les Nuits d'été*, having sung the work with the BBC Symphony Orchestra, Orchestre de chambre de Paris, City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, and Oulu Sinfonia. Performing Beethoven's Symphony No. 9, Hanna Hipp made her débuts with the Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra, Symphoniker Hamburg, Philharmonia Orchestra, and, most recently, Wiener Konzerthausorchester, under Klaus Mäkelä, and Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, under Jonathan Nott.

The versatile tenor **Michael Müller-Kasztelan** began his artistic career after training as a horn player and the completion of studies in music education and German literature. Simultaneously, he pursued vocal studies in opera at the Hochschule für Musik Saar, advancing to concert performance before continuing at the Eastman School of Music, in Rochester, New York. While still a student, he appeared on the stage of Saarländisches Staatstheater and soon began



Martin Myttskov

John Michael Wrensted Olsen



Jacobus Snyman

James Kryshak



Gerard Collett Photography

Callum Thorpe



Clive Bayley

Clive Bayley

to perform internationally – as a visiting artist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Boston, and at the Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis. His wide-ranging stage presence has led him to prestigious opera and concert halls across Europe, Asia, and the Americas, and included performances at the Beijing Concert Hall, Shenzhen Concert Hall, and Grieghallen, in Bergen, as well as Nationaltheater Mannheim, Volksoper Wien, and Bolshoi Opera and Ballet Theatre, in Minsk. Since 2009, he has been a member of the ensemble at Opernhaus Kiel, where he has interpreted a diverse repertoire of roles, including Shepherd (*Król Roger*), Florestan (*Fidelio*), Bacchus (*Ariadne auf Naxos*), Loge (*Das Rheingold*), and Erik (*Der fliegende Holländer*). He is also a distinguished performer of contemporary music, having taken on challenging tenor parts in world premières of works by prominent composers such as Cristóbal Halffter, Volker David Kirchner, and Marco Tutino. The discography of Michael Müller-Kasztelan includes recordings for Schott Verlag and the label Capriccio. In 2007, he was awarded a scholarship by the Richard-Wagner-Verband International and was recognised with the Emerging Artist Award of the Gesellschaft der Freunde des Theaters in Kiel.

Described in the press as 'a tenor with a sparkling tone and radiant top notes', the Norwegian **Petter Moen** has established himself as a singer equally at home in both the opera house and concert hall. After graduating from the Operaakademiet, Copenhagen, he made his professional operatic début with Wermland Opera, in Karlstad, Sweden, singing Count Almaviva (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*). Since then, he has performed with Den Norske Opera, Oslo, Den Kongelige Opera, Copenhagen, Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, Händel-Festspiele Halle, Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Oldenburgisches Staatstheater, Theater Chemnitz, Innsbrucker Festwochen der Alten Musik, Opera Østfold's Fredriksten Operafestival, and orchestras such as the NDR Radiophilharmonie, Arktisk Filharmoni, Sjøllands Symfoniorkester, and Orquestra Filarmónica Portuguesa. Mastering a range of comic and lyric roles, he has left a special mark singing Eurimaco (*Il ritorno d'Ulisse in patria*), Scitalce (Leonardo Vinci's *Semiramide riconosciuta*), Don Curzio (*Le nozze di Figaro*), Tamino (*Die Zauberflöte*), Jaquino (*Fidelio*), Steuermann (*Der fliegende Holländer*), Heinrich der Schreiber (*Tannhäuser*), Froh (*Das Rheingold*), Pluton (Offenbach's

Orphée aux enfers), Le Remendado (*Carmen*), Chekalinsky (*The Queen of Spades*), Goro (*Madama Butterfly*), Second Jew (*Salome*), Offizier, Tanzmeister, and Brighella (*Ariadne auf Naxos*), the Father (Kurt Weill's *The Seven Deadly Sins*), Novice (*Billy Budd*), and Bill (Jonathan Dove's *Flight*). He has performed large-scale choral works such as Händel's *Messiah*, Mendelssohn's *Elias*, Bach's *Weihnachtsoratorium*, St John Passion, St Matthew Passion, B minor Mass, Magnificat, and *Osteroratorium*, Telemann's *Der Tod Jesu*, Schütz's *Johannes-Passion*, and settings of the Stabat Mater by Haydn and Rossini. Petter Moen is also pleased to sing *Lieder*, his repertoire including Schumann's *Dichterliebe*.

A rare find, possessing a warm and charismatic baritone voice, the Danish / Norwegian Helden-tenor **John Michael Wrensted Olsen** studied with Tina Kiberg, Stig Fogh Andersen, and Tonny Landy and has attended master-classes with Linda Watson, Gregory Lamar, and Dagmar Schellenberger, among others. He was born for the dramatic parts of Siegmund and Parsifal but manifests a sense of comical talent as well, and in Denmark, among other things, has taken part in performances of the

Danish composer Hakon Børresen's one-act opera *Den Kongelige Gæst* (The Royal Guest, 1919) and C.E.F. Weyse's *Sovedrikken* (The Sleeping Draught, 1809). In the 2019 / 20 season, he sang in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* at Theater Chemnitz, in Germany, where in 2021 he was to have debuted in the roles of Siegmund (*Die Walküre*) and Max (*Der Freischütz*), productions that unfortunately had to be cancelled owing to the Covid pandemic. In 2022, he sang the Third Jew in performances of Strauss's *Salome* with the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra under Edward Gardner in both Bergen and Edinburgh, and he returned to Bergen for performances of *Parsifal* in January 2023, both as cover for the title role and as Dritte Knappe. John Olsen has also sung Siegmund, Otello, Eisenstein, and more, in operatic excerpts at concerts and participated in several professional musicals.

Long based in Europe, the American *Spieltenor* **James Kryshak** is recognised as an outstanding singing actor, admired for his extreme vocal range in a wide and varied repertoire. During the 2023 / 24 season, he returned to Komische Oper Berlin as The Astrologer (Barrie Kosky's production of *The Golden Cockerel*, conducted by James

Gaffigan) and to Staatsoper Hamburg as First Jew (Dmitri Tcherniakov's new production of *Salome*) and made his début at Staatsoper Stuttgart as Dr Caius (*Falstaff*) and at Opéra national de Lorraine as The Lottery Agent (*Der Silbersee*). He returned to the Koninklijk Concertgebouw, Amsterdam, to sing the Mouse / Pat / Cook / Dormouse / Invisible Man in a concert performance by the Radio Filharmonisch Orkest of *Alice in Wonderland* by Unsuk Chin. In the 2024 / 25 season, he returned once more to Komische Oper Berlin, this time as Beadle Bamford (Barrie Kosky's new production of *Sweeney Todd*), and made his début at Finnish National Opera reprising the role of Squealer (Alexander Raskatov's opera *Animal Farm*). James Kryshak will return to Opera Ballet Vlaanderen to make his role début as Der Hauptmann (a new production of *Wozzeck*, conducted by Alejo Perez) and will appear as First Jew in concert performances of *Salome* given by the London Symphony Orchestra under Sir Antonio Pappano.

Having first obtained a PhD in Immunology, **Callum Thorpe** redirected his focus to vocal studies at the Royal Academy of Music, London. He joined the solo ensemble at Bayerische Staatsoper, Munich, where as

a bass he performed Colline (*La bohème*), Banco (*Macbeth*), Pistola (*Falstaff*), Il Re d'Egitto (*Aida*), Zuniga (*Carmen*), Truffaldino (*Ariadne auf Naxos*), and Masetto (*Don Giovanni*). Career highlights elsewhere include appearances in Handel's *Theodora* at Teatro Real, Madrid, *Falstaff* and *Die Zauberflöte* at Glyndebourne Festival Opera, *Rigoletto* (as Sparafucile), *The Cunning Little Vixen* (as Poacher), *Masque of Might* (to music by Purcell), and *Tosca* at Opera North, *Il barbiere di Siviglia* (as Don Basilio) at Garsington Opera, Weill's *The Seven Deadly Sins* with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, *Aci, Galatea e Polifemo* at the London Handel Festival, and *Oedipus Rex* at Scottish Opera. He created the role of Gibarian in the world première of Dai Fujikura's *Solaris* at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées and has also sung works by Sir Peter Maxwell Davies and Viktor Ullmann. With William Christie he has performed Purcell's *The Fairy Queen* and *The Indian Queen* and Rameau's *Hippolyte et Aricie*, as well as the roles of Phobétor (Lully's *Atys*) and Pluton (Mark-Antoine Charpentier's *La Descente d'Orphée aux enfers*). Callum Thorpe masters a concert repertoire that ranges from Rameau and the Passions of Bach via Handel to the Requiems of Mozart and Verdi, which he

has sung under conductors such as Sir Mark Elder, Edward Gardner, and Jonathan Cohen.

The operatic roles of the Manchester-born bass **Clive Bayley** in the 2024 / 25 season include Swallow (*Peter Grimes*) at Teatro dell'Opera di Roma, Trulove (*The Rake's Progress*) at Opéra national de Paris, Daland (*The Flying Dutchman*) at Opera North, Titurel (*Parsifal*) at Tiroler Festspiele Erl, and Commendatore (*Don Giovanni*) at Festival d'Aix-en-Provence. In other recent engagements, he has sung Doctor Carlos Conde (Thomas Adès's *The Exterminating Angel*) at Opéra national de Paris, Savël Prokofjevič Dikoj (*Kát'a Kabanová*) at Grange Park Opera and the Koninklijk Concertgebouw, Amsterdam, Somnus and Cadmus (Handel's *Semele*) at Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Prison Governor (*From the House of the Dead*) at Teatro dell'Opera di Roma, and Don Basilio (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*) at Den Norske Opera & Ballett. In addition, he has appeared as Tiresias (Enescu's *Oedipe*) at Opéra national de Paris, the title role in Giorgio Battistelli's *Julius Caesar* at Teatro dell'Opera di Roma, the Doctor (*Wozzeck*) at Bayerische Staatsoper and The Metropolitan Opera, New York, the title role in *Ivan the Terrible*, Capulet (*Roméo et*

Juliette), and the Sacristan (*The Excursions of Mr Brouček*) at Grange Park Opera, Claggart (*Billy Budd*) at GöteborgsOperan and Oper Frankfurt, Fafner (*Siegfried*) with the Hallé, and Publio (*La clemenza di Tito*) at Glyndebourne Festival Opera. In Great Britain, he has performed at The Royal Opera, Covent Garden in the world première of Sir Harrison Birtwistle's *Gawain*, and sung Biterolf (*Tannhäuser*), Colline (*La bohème*), Hans Foltz (*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*), Carbon (Franco Alfano's *Cyrano de Bergerac*), Thoas (*Iphigénie en Tauride*), Sylvano (Francesco Cavalli's *Calisto*), and Hunding (*Die Walküre*). Clive Bayley features on many recordings with William Christie and Les Arts Florissants and in Chandos' Opera in English series, and has also recorded Fafner and Hunding in the Hallé *Ring* cycle under Sir Mark Elder and *Candide* with Leonard Bernstein.

A graduate of the Opera Studies programme at the prestigious Juilliard School, in New York, and a finalist of the 2022 Operalia competition, the American-born tenor **James Stephen Ley** has been praised for his 'pure tone and innocent expressiveness' (*OperaWire*). As a former member of the Opernstudio of Bayerische Staatsoper, he



Lara Freiburger

James Stephen Ley



Igor Bakan



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James Platt



Ben McKee Photography

James Berry

has returned to the Munich stage as Váňa Kudrjáček, in Krzysztof Warlikowski's new production of *Káťa Kabanová* conducted by Mirga Gražinytė-Tyla, having debuted the role at Bergen Nasjonale Opera under Jiří Rožeň. As part of the ensemble at Semperoper Dresden, he performed Tamino (*Die Zauberflöte*) under Giulio Ciona, Baron Lummer, in Axel Ranisch's new production of *Intermezzo* led by Patrick Hahn, Arturo (*Lucia di Lammermoor*) under Roberto Rizzi-Brignoli, and Jonathan, in Claus Guth's production of *Saul* under Leo Hussain. Further highlights of his operatic career have been the role of Vaudémont, in David Bösch's new production of *Iolanta* at Oper Bern led by Nicholas Carter, Ferrando (*Così fan tutte*) under Marc Minkowski at both Opéra national de Bordeaux and Gran Teatre del Liceu as well as, in concert, at Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, and the Messenger (*Aida*) at the Münchner Opernfestspiele under Zubin Mehta. On the concert stage, James Stephen Ley has performed Handel's *Messiah* with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra under Jean-Sébastien Vallée, Scriabin's Symphony No. 1 with the Danish National Symphony Orchestra under Fabio Luisi and with the Orquesta y Coro de la Comunidad de Madrid under Marzena Diakun, Bruckner's Te

Deum with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra under Nathalie Stutzmann, and Britten's *Nocturne* with Aarhus Symfoniorkester under Christoph Koncz.

An artistic member of Klaipėda State Music Theatre, in Lithuania, between 2006 and 2008, where his roles included Don Basilio (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*), Prince Gremin (*Eugene Onegin*), Commendatore (*Don Giovanni*), Uberto (Pergolesi's *La serva padrona*), and Dr Grenvil (*La traviata*), the baritone **Igor Bakan** completed his vocal studies at the University of Klaipėda in 2007 and went on to win prizes and awards across Europe. He was a member of the opera studio at Bayerische Staatsoper in 2008–09 and at Opernhaus Zürich in 2009–10, singing roles in *Macbeth*, Pfitzner's *Palestrina*, *Otello*, *Lobengrin*, *Elektra*, and *Tosca*. As ensemble member of Vlaamse Opera in 2010–12 he sang important roles in *Semiramide*, *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, *Herodiade*, *Il ritorno d'Ulisse in patria*, Tchaikovsky's *The Enchantress*, *Il viaggio a Reims*, *La forza del destino*, and Donizetti's *Le Duc d'Albe*, and also made a guest appearance at the Edinburgh International Festival as Oroonoko (*Semiramide*). Associated for two years with Theater an der Wien, from 2012 to 2014, he expanded his repertoire

to include roles in Rossini's *La cambiale di matrimonio*, *La bohème*, *La Cenerentola*, *La clemenza di Tito*, Handel's *Orlando*, and *Le Comte Ory*. Since then, he has made acclaimed appearances at Malmö Opera, Neue Oper Wien, Bergen Nasjonale Opera, Hessisches Staatstheater Wiesbaden, and Oper Köln in roles such as Figaro (*Le nozze di Figaro*), Ivan Yakovlevich (Shostakovich's *The Nose*), Renato (*Un ballo in maschera*), Raimbaud (*Le Comte Ory*), Masetto (*Don Giovanni*), and Bertrand (Tchaikovsky's *The Maid of Orléans*). He has sung Monterone (in a concert performance of *Rigoletto*) with Bayerische Staatsorchester in the Herkulessaal, in Munich, performed Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 with the Tonkünstler-Orchester Niederösterreich at the Wiener Musikverein, and taken part in an opera gala at the Koninklijk Concertgebouw under Claus Peter Flor.

Educated at Chetham's School of Music, the Royal Academy of Music, and the Opera Studies course of the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, the British bass **James Platt** was a member of the Jette Parker Artists Programme, of The Royal Opera, Covent Garden, from 2014 to 2016. He has given renowned performances of Sarastro (*Die Zauberflöte*) and Il Re d'Egitto (*Aida*)

at The Royal Opera, Bottom (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*) at Deutsche Oper Berlin and The Grange Festival, Father Trulove (*The Rake's Progress*) at Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, Crespel (*Les Contes d'Hoffmann*) and Don Basilio (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*) at Deutsche Oper Berlin, Sarastro and the Notary Carlino (*Don Pasquale*) at Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Sarastro, Il Commendatore (*Don Giovanni*), and Sparafucile (*Rigoletto*) at Welsh National Opera, Hermann Ortel (*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*) at Teatro alla Scala, Milan, First Soldier (*Salome*) and Swallow (*Peter Grimes*) at De Nationale Opera, Amsterdam, Il Commendatore at Opéra de Lille and Opera North, and Prince Gremin (*Eugene Onegin*) at Scottish Opera. On the concert stage, he has performed Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius* with the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Edward Gardner at the BBC Proms, Zacharie (*Le Prophète*) with the London Symphony Orchestra under Sir Mark Elder at the Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, Bach's *Weihnachtsoratorium* with Les Musiciens du Louvre under Marc Minkowski, Rossini's *Petite messe solennelle* with the BBC Singers under David Hill at the BBC Proms, Shostakovich's *Four Romances on Poems by Pushkin* with the Hallé under

Sir Mark Elder, *Messiah* with the Hallé under Christian Curnyn, Verdi's *Messa da Requiem* with the Orchestre national de Lyon under Leonard Slatkin, and the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra under David Hill, Mahler's Symphony No. 8 with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Vasily Petrenko, Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 with the Royal Northern Sinfonia under Lars Vogt, and Dvořák's Requiem with the BBC Symphony Orchestra under Jiří Bělohlávek. The concert repertoire of James Platt also includes Re di Scozia (*Ariodante*), Hunding (*Die Walküre*), Shostakovich's Symphony No. 13, Mozart's Requiem, and Haydn's *Die Schöpfung* and *Die Jahreszeiten*.

Having begun his musical training as a chorister at Lichfield Cathedral, the baritone **James Berry** completed his undergraduate and postgraduate studies at the Royal Northern College of Music, graduating with distinction, and was awarded the John Cameron Prize for the singing of *Lieder*. His career has since taken him across Europe, where he has sung with the choruses of Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Bergen Nasjonale Opera, Opera North, Opera Holland Park, Longborough Festival Opera, and Le Concert d'Astrée. He has sung notable roles such as Maestro Spinelloccio

(*Gianni Schicchi*) and Captain Petrovich (*Eugene Onegin*) at Den Kongelige Opera, Copenhagen, A Cappadocian (*Salome*) at the Bergen International Festival, and First Burgess (*Peter Grimes*) with the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Edward Gardner at both the Bergen International Festival and Edinburgh International Festival. The latter performance was captured on disc by Chandos Records, the set chosen Recording of the Year by *Gramophone*. In addition to pursuing a career on the operatic stage, he is a sought-after choral singer, having held Lay Clerk positions at Manchester Cathedral and the Priory Church of St Bartholomew the Great, in the City of London. His professional choral engagements have included performances with the BBC Singers, Monteverdi Choir under Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Edvard Grieg Kor, Polyphony, and Choir of Westminster Cathedral. James Berry is now a full-time member of the chorus at Den Kongelige Opera, Copenhagen.

Known for her diverse opera and concert performances, the lyrical mezzo-soprano **Rita Therese Ziem** was born in Bergen and studied classical singing, opera, and pedagogy at Norges musikkhøgskole (Norwegian Academy of Music) and Operahøgskolen

(Academy of Opera), in Oslo, before furthering her studies in London, Leipzig, and Zürich. She was a soloist intern at Den Norske Opera & Ballett and a member of the Internationales Opernstudio at Opernhaus Zürich. She received first prize at Ungdommens Musikkmeisterskap (Norwegian Music Competition for Youth), second prize at the Dronning Sonja Sangkonkurranse (Queen Sonja Singing Competition), and was a semi-finalist at the International Hans Gabor Belvedere Singing Competition, in Vienna. She has performed at renowned venues such as Den Norske Opera & Ballett, Bergen Nasjonale Opera, Opernhaus Zürich, Sagene Concert Hall, Oslo, Göteborgs Konserthus, Opera på Skäret, at Kopparberg, Sweden, and Läckö Castle, near Lidköping, Sweden, in a repertoire that includes the title role in *La Cenerentola*, *Carmen*, and *Rosina (Il barbiere di Siviglia)*, along with notable roles such as Kuchtik, the Kitchen Boy (*Rusalka*), Dorabella (*Così fan tutte*), Kompositör (*Ariadne auf Naxos*), and Hänsel (*Hänsel und Gretel*). She has also sung Mercédès (*Carmen*) and Pippo (*La gazza ladra*). As a soloist, she has performed Verdi's *Messa da Requiem*, Brahms's *Ein deutsches Requiem*, Mozart's *Missa solennis* ('Waisenhausmesse'),

and Duke Ellington's *Sacred Concert*, and also appeared with the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra at events such as *De unges konsert* (Concert for Young People). Rita Therese Ziem is a vocal coach at the Pianoforte Private Music Academy, founded by the pianist and professor Håvard Gimse, and her extensive training and experience continue to shape her passion for music, in both performance and other artistic pursuits.

One of the world's oldest orchestras, the **Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra**, a Norwegian National Orchestra, dates back to 1765. Edvard Grieg had a close relationship with the Orchestra, serving as its artistic director from 1880 to 1882. Edward Gardner was Chief Conductor from 2015 to August 2024 and is now Honorary Conductor. He has taken the Orchestra on multiple international tours. These have included appearances at the Concertgebouw, in Amsterdam, Elbphilharmonie, in Hamburg, Konzerthaus Berlin, Edinburgh International Festival, Southbank Centre, and BBC Proms. Previous international tours have included performances at the Wiener Musikverein and Konzerthaus, Carnegie Hall, in New York, and Philharmonie Berlin. Sir Mark Elder is the Orchestra's Principal Guest Conductor,

and Jan Willem de Vriend holds the position of Artistic Partner.

In 2015 the Orchestra established its free streaming platform, Bergenphilive, which offers a great and extensive selection of live streams and works. The Bergen Philharmonic Youth Orchestra was established the same year.

The Orchestra has an active recording schedule, at the moment releasing four CDs every year. Critics worldwide applaud its energetic playing style and full-bodied string sound. Recording projects include Messiaen's *Turangalila-Symphonie*, ballets by Stravinsky, the symphonies, ballet suites, and concertos by Prokofiev, and the complete orchestral music of Edvard Grieg. Enjoying long-standing artistic partnerships with some of the finest musicians in the world, the Orchestra has recorded with Leif Ove Andsnes, Jean-Efflam Bavouzet, James Ehnes, Mari Eriksmoen, Gerald Finley, Alban Gerhardt, Vadim Gluzman, Stephen Hough, Sara Jakubiak, Freddy Kempf, Truls Mørk, Steven Osborne, Lawrence Power, and Stuart Skelton, among others.

The Orchestra has recorded Tchaikovsky's ballets and critically acclaimed series of works by Johan Halvorsen and Johan Svendsen with Neeme Järvi, orchestral works by Rimsky-

Korsakov with Dmitri Kitayenko, and music by Berlioz, Delius, Elgar, Sibelius, and Vaughan Williams with Sir Andrew Davis.

The first collaboration on disc between Edward Gardner and the Orchestra was a recording of orchestral realisations by Luciano Berio. Among subsequent recordings with Edward Gardner are a critically acclaimed series devoted to orchestral works by Janáček, including a Grammy-nominated recording of his *Glagolitic Mass*, Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder*, orchestral songs by Sibelius with Gerald Finley as soloist, a disc of orchestral works by Bartók, the Piano Concerto and incidental music from *Peer Gynt* by Grieg, the *Grande Messe des morts* by Berlioz, Bartók's *Bluebeard's Castle* with John Relyea and Michelle DeYoung, Brahms's Symphonies Nos 1 and 3, Schoenberg's *Pelleas und Melisande* and *Erwartung* with Sara Jakubiak, Britten's *Peter Grimes* with, among others, Stuart Skelton and Erin Wall, tone poems and other works by Sibelius with Lise Davidsen, orchestral songs by Britten and Canteloube with Mari Eriksmoen, and MANMADE with the saxophonist Marius Neset. The latest releases on Chandos are discs in an ongoing series of recordings of works by Carl Nielsen that include his Violin Concerto with James Ehnes and his

Flute Concerto with Adam Walker. The Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra received a nomination for Orchestra of the Year at the *Gramophone Awards* 2020. In 2021, *Peter Grimes* won the Orchestra two *Gramophone* Classical Music Awards: Opera Recording of the Year and Recording of the Year.
www.harmonien.no / www.bergenphilive.no

Edward Gardner OBE is Principal Conductor of the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Music Director of Den Norske Opera & Ballett. He additionally serves as Honorary Conductor of the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra, following his tenure as Chief Conductor. In demand as a guest conductor, he has most recently worked with the Cleveland Orchestra, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks, New York Philharmonic, Philadelphia Orchestra, San Francisco Symphony, Rundfunk-Sinfonieorchester Berlin, Wiener Symphoniker, and Staatskapelle Berlin. He has also enjoyed return engagements with the Gewandhausorchester Leipzig, Montreal Symphony Orchestra, Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin, Philharmonia Orchestra, and Orchestra del Teatro alla Scala di Milano. He has continued his longstanding

collaborations with the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, where he was Principal Guest Conductor from 2010 to 2016, and BBC Symphony Orchestra, whom he has conducted at both the First and the Last Night of the BBC Proms.

Music Director of English National Opera for eight years (2007 – 15), Edward Gardner built a strong relationship with The Metropolitan Opera, New York, where he has conducted productions of *La Damnation de Faust*, *Carmen*, *Don Giovanni*, *Der Rosenkavalier*, and *Werther*. In London, he has made at The Royal Opera, Covent Garden: in 2019 in a new production of *Kát'a Kabanová*, and in the following season conducting *Werther*. In the 2024 / 25 season, he will conduct the world première of Mark-Anthony Turnage's *Festen*. During the 2021 / 22 season, he made his début with Bayerische Staatsoper, in a new production of *Peter Grimes*, and returned in the 2022 / 23 season at short notice to conduct Verdi's *Otello*. Elsewhere, he has conducted at Teatro alla Scala, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Glyndebourne Festival Opera, and Opéra national de Paris. A passionate supporter of young talent, he founded the Hallé Youth Orchestra, in 2002, and regularly conducts the National Youth Orchestra of Great

Britain. He has a close relationship with The Juilliard School, and with the Royal Academy of Music which appointed him its inaugural Sir Charles Mackerras Conducting Chair in 2014.

Born in Gloucester, in 1974, Edward Gardner was educated at Cambridge and the Royal Academy of Music. He went on to

become Assistant Conductor of The Hallé and Music Director of Glyndebourne Touring Opera. Among many accolades, he was named Conductor of the Year by the Royal Philharmonic Society in 2008, won an Olivier Award for Outstanding Achievement in Opera in 2009, and received an OBE for Services to Music in the Queen's Birthday Honours in 2012.



Rita Therese Ziem



Edward Gardner

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Salome

CD 1

Erste Szene

Eine Terrasse im Palast des Königs Herodes. Man hört Lärm und Geschrei aus dem angrenzenden Bankettsaal, in dem Herodes mit vielen Gästen seinen Geburtstag feiert. Im Hintergrund ist eine Zisterne sichtbar. Es ist tiefe Nacht, aber der helle Mond erleuchtet die Szene. Hauptmann Narraboth, ein Page der Herodias und Wachen.

Narraboth

1 Wie schön ist die Prinzessin Salome heute Nacht!

Page

Sieh' die Mondscheibe, wie sie seltsam aussieht.
Wie eine Frau, die aufsteigt aus dem Grab.

Narraboth

Sie ist sehr seltsam. Wie eine kleine Prinzessin,
deren Füße weiße Tauben sind. Man könnte
meinen, sie tanzt.

Page

Wie eine Frau, die tot ist. Sie gleitet langsam
dahin.

(Lärm im Bankettsaal)

Salome

COMPACT DISC ONE

Scene 1

A terrace near the palace of King Herod. Noises and shouting can be heard from the adjoining banqueting-hall, where Herod is celebrating his birthday with many guests. A cistern can be seen in the background. It is the middle of the night, but the scene is lit by a bright moon. Captain Narraboth, Herodias's Page, and guards.

Narraboth

How beautiful is the Princess Salome tonight!

Page

Look at the moon! How strange the moon
seems! She is like a woman rising from a tomb.

Narraboth

She has a strange look. She is like a little princess
who has little white doves for feet. You would
fancy she was dancing.

Page

She is like a woman who is dead. She moves very
slowly.

(noise in the banqueting-hall)

Erster Soldat
Was für ein Aufruhr!
Was sind das für wilde Tiere, die da heulen?

Zweiter Soldat
Die Juden.
(*trocken*)
Sie sind immer so.
Sie streiten über ihre Religion.

Erster Soldat
Ich finde es lächerlich, über solche Dinge zu streiten.

Narraboth (*warm*)
Wie schön ist die Prinzessin Salome heute Abend!

Page (*unruhig*)
Du siehst sie immer an.
Du siehst sie zuviel an. Es ist gefährlich,
Menschen auf diese Art anzusehn. Schreckliches
kann geschehn.

Narraboth
Sie ist sehr schön heute Abend.

Erster Soldat
Der Tetrarch sieht finster drein.

Zweiter Soldat
Ja, er sieht finster drein.

First Soldier
What an uproar!
Who are those wild beasts howling?

Second Soldier
The Jews.
(*dryly*)
They are always like that.
They are disputing about their religion.

First Soldier
I think it is ridiculous to dispute about such things.

Narraboth (*warmly*)
How beautiful is the Princess Salome tonight!

Page (*agitated*)
You are always looking at her.
You look at her too much. It is dangerous to
look at people in such fashion. Something
terrible may happen.

Narraboth
She is very beautiful tonight.

First Soldier
The Tetrarch has a sombre look.

Second Soldier
Yes; he has a sombre look.

Erster Soldat
Auf wen blickt er?

Zweiter Soldat
Ich weiß nicht.

Narraboth
Wie blaß die Prinzessin ist. Niemals habe ich
sie so blaß gesehn. Sie ist wie der Schatten einer
weißen Rose in einem silbernen Spiegel.

Page (*sehr unruhig*)
Du mußt sie nicht ansehn. Du siehst sie zu viel
an. Schreckliches kann geschehn.

2 Die Stimme des Jochanaan (*aus der Zisterne*)
Nach mir wird Einer kommen, der ist stärker als
ich. Ich bin nicht wert, ihm zu lösen den Riemen
an seinen Schuh'n. Wenn er kommt, werden die
verödeten Stätten frohlocken. Wenn er kommt,
werden die Augen der Blinden den Tag sehn,
wenn er kommt, die Ohren der Tauben geöffnet.

Zweiter Soldat
Heiß ihn schweigen!

Erster Soldat
Er ist ein heil'ger Mann.

Zweiter Soldat
Er sagt immer lächerliche Dinge.

First Soldier
At whom is he looking?

Second Soldier
I cannot tell.

Narraboth
How pale the Princess is. Never have I seen her
so pale. She is like the shadow of a white rose in a
mirror of silver.

Page (*very agitated*)
You must not look at her. You look too much at
her. Something terrible may happen.

The Voice of Jochanaan (*from the cistern*)
After me shall come another, mightier than I. I
am not worthy so much as to unloose the latchet
of his shoes. When he cometh, the solitary places
shall be glad. When he cometh, the eyes of the
blind shall see the day, and the ears of the deaf
shall be opened.

Second Soldier
Make him be silent!

First Soldier
He is a holy man.

Second Soldier
He is always saying ridiculous things.

Erster Soldat

Er ist sehr sanft. Jeden Tag, den ich ihm zu essen
gebe, dankt er mir.

Ein Cappadocier

Wer ist es?

Erster Soldat

Ein Prophet.

Ein Cappadocier

Wie ist sein Name?

Erster Soldat

Jochanaan.

Ein Cappadocier

Woher kommt er?

Erster Soldat

Aus der Wüste. Eine Schar von Jüngern war dort
immer um ihn.

Ein Cappadocier

Wovon redet er?

Erster Soldat

Unmöglich ist's, zu verstehn, was er sagt.

Ein Cappadocier

Kann man ihn sehn?

Erster Soldat

Nein, der Tetrarch hat es verboten.

First Soldier

He is very gentle. Every day, when I give him to
eat he thanks me.

A Cappadocian

Who is he?

First Soldier

A prophet.

A Cappadocian

What is his name?

First Soldier

Jokanaan.

A Cappadocian

Whence comes he?

First Soldier

From the desert. A great multitude used to
follow him.

A Cappadocian

What is he talking of?

First Soldier

It is impossible to understand what he says.

A Cappadocian

May one see him?

First Soldier

No. The Tetrarch has forbidden it.

Narraboth (*sehr erregt*)
Die Prinzessin erhebt sich! Sie verläßt die Tafel.
Sie ist sehr erregt. Sie kommt hierher.

Page
Sieh sie nicht an!

Narraboth
Ja, sie kommt auf uns zu.

Page
Ich bitte dich, sieh sie nicht an!

Narraboth
Sie ist wie eine verirrte Taube.

Zweite Szene

Salome (*tritt erregt ein*)

3 Ich will nicht bleiben. Ich kann nicht bleiben.
Warum sieht mich der Tetrarch fortwährend
so an mit seinen Maulwurfsaugen unter den
zuckenden Lidern?
Es ist seltsam, daß der Mann meiner Mutter
mich so ansieht.
Wie süß ist hier die Luft. Hier kann ich atmen ...
Da drinnen sitzen Juden aus Jerusalem, die
einander über ihre närrischen Gebräuche in
Stücke reißen ...
Schweigsame, list'ge Ägypter ...
Und brutale, ungeschlachte Römer mit ihrer
plumpen Sprache ...
Oh, wie ich diese Römer hasse!

Narraboth (*excited*)
The Princess rises! She is leaving the table. She
looks very troubled. She is coming this way.

Page
Do not look at her!

Narraboth
Yes, she is coming towards us.

Page
I pray you not to look at her.

Narraboth
She is like a dove that has strayed.

Scene 2

Salome (*enters, very excited*)

I will not stay, I cannot stay. Why does the
Tetrarch look at me all the while with his mole's
eyes under his shaking eyelids?
It is strange that the husband of my mother
looks at me like that.
How sweet the air is here. I can breathe here...
Within there are Jews from Jerusalem, who are
tearing each other in pieces over their foolish
ceremonies...
Silent, subtle Egyptians...
And brutal, coarse Romans with their uncouth
jargon...
Ah, how I loathe the Romans!

Page (*zu Narraboth*)

Schreckliches wird geschehn. Warum siehst du sie so an?

Salome

Wie gut ist's, in den Mond zu sehn. Er ist wie eine silberne Blume, kühl und keusch. Ja, wie die Schönheit einer Jungfrau, die rein geblieben ist ...

Die Stimme des Jochanaan

4 Siehe, der Herr ist gekommen, des Menschen Sohn ist nahe.

Salome

Wer war das, der hier gerufen hat?

Zweiter Soldat

Der Prophet, Prinzessin.

Salome

Ach, der Prophet! Der, vor dem der Tetrarch Angst hat?

Zweiter Soldat

Wir wissen davon nichts, Prinzessin. Es war der Prophet Jochanaan, der hier rief.

Narraboth (*zu Salome*)

Beliebt es Euch, daß ich Eure Sänfte holen lasse, Prinzessin? Die Nacht ist schön im Garten ...

Salome

Er sagt schreckliche Dinge über meine Mutter, nicht wahr?

Page (*to Narraboth*)

Something terrible will happen. Why do you look at her?

Salome

How good to see the moon! She is like a silver flower, cold and chaste. Yes, I am sure she is a virgin, she has a virgin's beauty.

Voice of Jochanaan

The Lord hath come. The son of man hath come.

Salome

Who was that, who cried out?

Second Soldier

The prophet, Princess.

Salome

Ah, the prophet! He of whom the Tetrarch is afraid?

Second Soldier

We know nothing of that, Princess. It was the prophet Jochanaan who cried out.

Narraboth (*to Salome*)

Is it your pleasure that I bid them bring your litter, Princess? The night is fair in the garden...

Salome

He says terrible things about my mother, does he not?

Zweiter Soldat

Wir verstehen nie, was er sagt, Prinzessin.

Salome

Ja, er sagt schreckliche Dinge über sie.

Sklave (*eintretend*)

Prinzessin, der Tetrach ersucht Euch, wieder zum Fest hineinzugehn.

Salome (*heftig*)

Ich will nicht hingehn.

(*Der Sklave geht ab.*)

Ist dieser Prophet ein alter Mann?

Narraboth (*dringender*)

Prinzessin, es wäre besser, hineinzugehn.

Gestattet, daß ich Euch führe!

Salome (*gesteigert*)

Ist dieser Prophet ein alter Mann?

Erster Soldat

Nein, Prinzessin, er ist ganz jung.

Die Stimme des Jochanaan

5 Jauchze nicht, du Land Palästina, weil der Stab dessen, der dich schlug, gebrochen ist.
Denn aus dem Samen der Schlange wird ein Basilisk kommen, und seine Brut wird die Vögel verschlingen.

Second Soldier

We never understand what he says, Princess.

Salome

Yes, he says terrible things about her.

Slave (*entering*)

Princess, the Tetrarch prays you to return to the feast.

Salome (*vehemently*)

I will not go back.

(*The slave withdraws.*)

Is he an old man, this prophet?

Narraboth (*more insistently*)

Princess, it were better to return. Suffer me to

lead you in.

Salome (*more intensely*)

This prophet... is he an old man?

First Soldier

No, Princess, he is quite a young man.

Voice of Jochanaan

Rejoice not thou land of Palestine, because the rod of him who smote thee is broken.
For from the seed of the serpent shall come forth a basilisk, and that which is born of it shall devour the birds.

Salome

Welch' seltsame Stimme! Ich möchte mit ihm sprechen ...

Zweiter Soldat

Prinzessin, der Tetrarch duldet nicht, daß irgendwer mit ihm spricht. Er hat selbst dem Hohenpriester verboten, mit ihm zu sprechen.

Salome

Ich wünsche, mit ihm zu sprechen.

Zweiter Soldat

Es ist unmöglich, Prinzessin.

Salome (*immer heftiger*)

Ich will mit ihm sprechen ...
Bringt diesen Propheten heraus!

Zweiter Soldat

Wir dürfen nicht, Prinzessin.

Salome (*tritt an die Zisterne heran und blickt hinunter*)

Wie schwarz es da drunten ist!
Es muß schrecklich sein, in so einer schwarzen Höhle zu leben ...
Es ist wie eine Gruft ...
(*wild*)
Habt ihr nicht gehört? Bringt den Propheten heraus! Ich möchte ihn sehn!

Salome

What a strange voice! I would speak with him...

Second Soldier

Princess, the Tetrarch does not wish anyone to speak with him. He has even forbidden the high priest to speak with him.

Salome

I desire to speak with him.

Second Soldier

It is impossible, Princess.

Salome (*even more vehemently*)

I will speak with him...
Bring forth this prophet!

Second Soldier

We dare not, Princess.

Salome (*approaching the cistern and looking down in it*)

How black it is, down there!
It must be terrible to be in so black a pit!...
It is like a tomb...
(*wildly*)
Did you hear me? Bring out the prophet! I wish to see him!

Erster Soldat

Prinzessin, wir dürfen nicht tun, was Ihr von uns begehrt.

Salome (*erblickt Narraboth*)

Ah!

Page

Oh, was wird gescheh'n? Ich weiß, es wird Schreckliches geschehn.

Salome (*tritt an Narraboth heran; leise und lebhaft sprechend*)

6

Du wirst das für mich tun, Narraboth, nicht wahr? Ich war dir immer gewogen. Du wirst das für mich tun.

Ich möchte ihn bloß sehn, diesen seltsamen Propheten. Die Leute haben so viel von ihm gesprochen. Ich glaube, der Tetrarch hat Angst vor ihm.

Narraboth

Der Tetrarch hat es ausdrücklich verboten, daß irgendwer den Deckel zu diesem Brunnen aufhebt.

Salome

Du wirst das für mich tun, Narraboth, (*sehr hastig*) und morgen, wenn ich in einer Sänfte an dem Torweg, wo die Götzenbilder stehn, vorbeikomme, (*stets sehr leise*) werde ich eine kleine Blume für dich fallen lassen, ein kleines, grünes Blümchen.

First Soldier

Princess, we cannot do what you have asked of us.

Salome (*looking at Narraboth*)

Ah!

Page

Oh! What is going to happen? I am sure that some misfortune will happen.

Salome (*going up to Narraboth, speaking softly but vivaciously*)

You will do this thing for me, will you not, Narraboth? I have always been kind to you. You will do it for me.

I would but look at this strange prophet. Men have talked so much of him. I think the Tetrarch is afraid of him.

Narraboth

The Tetrarch has formally forbidden that any man should raise the cover of this well.

Salome

You will do this thing for me, Narraboth, (*very quickly*) and tomorrow, when I pass in my litter beneath the gateway of the idol-sellers, (*always very softly*) I will let fall for you a little flower, a little green flower.

Narraboth

Prinzessin, ich kann nicht, ich kann nicht.

Salome (*bestimmt*)

Du wirst das für mich tun, Narraboth. Du weißt, daß du das für mich tun wirst. Und morgen früh werde ich unter den Muss'linschleiern dir einen Blick zuwerfen, Narraboth, ich werde dich ansehen, kann sein, ich werde dir zulächeln. Sieh mich an, Narraboth, sieh mich an.

Ah! Wie gut du weißt, daß du tun wirst, um was ich dich bitte! Wie du es weißt!

(*stark*)

Ich weiß, du wirst das tun!

Narraboth (*gibt den Soldaten ein Zeichen*)

Laßt den Propheten herauskommen ... die Prinzessin Salome wünscht ihn zu sehn.

Salome

Ah!

(*Der Prophet kommt aus der Zisterne.*)

Dritte Szene

(*Salome, in seinen Anblick versunken, weicht langsam vor ihm zurück.*)

Jochanaan (*stark*)

7 Wo ist er, dessen Sündenbecher jetzt voll ist? Wo ist er, der eines Tages im Angesicht alles Volkes in einem Silbermantel sterben wird? Heißt ihn herkommen, auf daß er die Stimme Dessen höre,

Narraboth

Princess, I cannot, I cannot.

Salome (*more determined*)

You will do this thing for me, Narraboth. You know that you will do this thing for me. And tomorrow I will look at you through the muslin veils, Narraboth, I will look at you, it may be I will smile at you. Look at me, Narraboth, look at me.

Ah! You know that you will do what I ask of you! You know it well!

(*forcefully*)

I know that you will do this thing!

Narraboth (*making a sign to the soldiers*)

Let the prophet come forth... the Princess Salome desires to see him.

Salome

Ah!

(*The prophet comes out of the cistern.*)

Scene 3

(*Salome, gazing intently at him, steps slowly back.*)

Jokanaan (*forcefully*)

Where is he whose cup of abominations is now full? Where is he who in a robe of silver shall one day die in the face of all the people? Bid him come forth, that he may hear the voice of him

der in der Wüste und in den Häusern der Könige
gekündet hat.

Salome

Von wem spricht er?

Narraboth

Niemand kann es sagen, Prinzessin.

Jochanaan

Wo ist sie, die sich hingab der Lust ihrer
Augen, die gestanden hat vor buntgemalten
Männerbildern und Gesandte ins Land der
Chaldäer schickte?

Salome (*tonlos*)

Er spricht von meiner Mutter.

Narraboth (*heftig*)

Nein, nein, Prinzessin.

Salome (*matt*)

Ja, er spricht von meiner Mutter.

Jochanaan

Wo ist sie, die den Hauptleuten Assyriens sich
gab? Wo ist sie, die sich den jungen Männern
der Ägypter gegeben hat, die in feinem Leinen
und Hyazinthesteinen prangen, deren Schilde
von Gold sind und die Leiber wie Riesen? Geht,
heißt sie aufstehn vom Bett ihrer Greuel, vom
Bett ihrer Blutschande, auf daß sie die Worte
Dessen vernehme, der dem Herrn die Wege
bereitet, und ihre Missetaten bereue. Und wenn

who hath cried in the waste places and in the
houses of kings.

Salome

Of whom is he speaking?

Narraboth

You can never tell, Princess.

Jokanaan

Where is she who having seen the images of men
painted on the walls gave herself up unto the lust
of her eyes, and sent ambassadors into Chaldea?

Salome (*flatly*)

It is of my mother that he speaks.

Narraboth (*vehemently*)

Oh, no, Princess.

Salome (*dully*)

Yes, it is of my mother that he speaks.

Jokanaan

Where is she who gave herself unto the captains
of Assyria? Where is she who hath given herself
to the young men of Egypt, who are clothed in
fine linen and purple, whose shields are of gold,
whose bodies are mighty? Bid her rise up from
the bed of her abominations, from the bed of her
incestuousness, that she may hear the words of
him who prepareth the way of the Lord, that she
may repent her of her iniquities. Though she will

sie gleich nicht bereut, heißt sie herkommen,
denn die Geißel des Herrn ist in Seiner Hand.

Salome

Er ist schrecklich. Er ist wirklich schrecklich.

Narraboth

Bleibt nicht hier, Prinzessin, ich bitte Euch!

Salome

Seine Augen sind von allem das Schrecklichste.
Sie sind wie die schwarzen Höhlen, wo die
Drachen hausen! Sie sind wie schwarze Seen, aus
denen irres Mondlicht flackert. Glaubt ihr, daß
er noch einmal sprechen wird?

Narraboth (*immer aufgeregter*)

Bleibt nicht hier, Prinzessin, ich bitte Euch,
bleibt nicht hier!

Salome

Wie abgezehrt er ist! Er ist wie ein Bildnis aus
Elfenbein. Gewiß ist er keusch wie der Mond.
Sein Fleisch muß sehr kühl sein, kühl wie
Elfenbein. Ich möchte ihn näher besehn.

Narraboth

Nein, nein, Prinzessin.

Salome

Ich muß ihn näher besehn.

Narraboth

Prinzessin, Prinzessin ...

never repent, bid her come, for the rod of the
Lord is in His hand.

Salome

But he is terrible, he is terrible.

Narraboth

Do not stay here, Princess, I beseech you.

Salome

It is his eyes above all that are terrible. They are
like black caverns where dragons dwell! They are
like black lakes troubled by a fantastic moon. Do
you think he will speak again?

Narraboth (*still more agitated*)

Do not stay here, Princess. I pray you, do not
stay here.

Salome

How wasted he is! He is like a thin ivory statue.
I am sure he is chaste as the moon is. His flesh
must be cool like ivory. I would look closer at
him.

Narraboth

No, no, Princess.

Salome

I must look at him closer.

Narraboth

Princess, Princess...

Jochanaan

Wer ist dies Weib, das mich ansieht? Ich will ihre Augen nicht auf mir haben. Warum sieht sie mich so an mit ihren Goldaugen unter den gleißenden Lidern? Ich weiß nicht, wer sie ist. Ich will nicht wissen, wer sie ist. Heißt sie gehn! Zu ihr will ich nicht sprechen.

Salome

Ich bin Salome, die Tochter der Herodias, Prinzessin von Judäa.

Jochanaan

Zurück, Tochter Babylons! Komm dem Erwählten des Herrn nicht nahe! Deine Mutter hat die Erde erfüllt mit dem Wein ihrer Lüste, und das Unmaß ihrer Sünden schreit zu Gott.

Salome

Sprich mehr, Jochanaan, deine Stimme ist wie Musik in meinen Ohren.

Narraboth

Prinzessin, Prinzessin, Prinzessin!

Salome

Sprich mehr, sprich mehr, Jochanaan, und sag' mir, was ich tun soll!

Jochanaan

Tochter Sodoms, komm mir nicht nahe! Vielmehr bedecke dein Gesicht mit einem

Jokanaan

Who is this woman who is looking at me? I will not have her look at me. Wherefore doth she look at me with her golden eyes, under her gilded eyelids? I know not who she is. I do not wish to know who she is. Bid her be gone! It is not to her that I would speak.

Salome

I am Salome, daughter of Herodias, Princess of Judaea.

Jokanaan

Back, daughter of Babylon! Come not near the chosen of the Lord! Thy mother hath filled the earth with the wine of her iniquities, and the cry of her sins hath come up to the ears of God.

Salome

Speak again, Jokanaan, thy voice is like sweet music to my ears.

Narraboth

Princess, Princess, Princess!

Salome

Speak again, speak again, Jokanaan, and tell me what I must do!

Jokanaan

Daughter of Sodom, come not near me! But cover thy face with a veil, and scatter ashes upon

Schleier, streue Asche auf deinen Kopf, mach'
dich auf in die Wüste und suche des Menschen
Sohn!

Salome

Wer ist das, des Menschen Sohn? Ist er so schön
wie du, Jochanaan?

Jochanaan

Weiche von mir! Ich höre die Flügel des
Todesengels im Palaste rauschen ...

Salome

Jochanaan!

Narraboth

Prinzessin, ich flehe, geh' hinein!

Salome

8 Jochanaan! Ich bin verliebt in deinen Leib,
Jochanaan! Dein Leib ist weiß wie die Lilien auf
einem Felde, von der Sichel unberührt. Dein Leib
ist weiß wie der Schnee auf den Bergen Judäas.
Die Rosen im Garten von Arabiens Königin sind
nicht so weiß wie dein Leib. Nicht die Rosen
im Garten der Königin, nicht die Füße der
Dämmerung auf den Blättern, nicht die Brüste
des Mondes auf dem Meere, nichts in der Welt ist
so weiß wie dein Leib.

(zart)

Laß mich ihn berühren, deinen Leib!

thine head, and get thee to the desert and seek
out the Son of Man!

Salome

Who is he, the Son of Man? Is he as beautiful as
thou art, Jochanaan?

Jokanaan

Get thee behind me! I hear in the palace the
beating of the wings of the angel of death...

Salome

Jokanaan!

Narraboth

Princess, I beseech thee to go within!

Salome

Jokanaan! I am amorous of thy body, Jokanaan!
Thy body is white like the lilies of a field that the
mower hath never mowed. Thy body is white like
the snows that lie on the mountains of Judaea.
The roses in the garden of the Queen of Arabia
are not so white as thy body. Neither the roses
in the garden of the Queen of Arabia, nor the
feet of the dawn when they light on the leaves,
nor the breast of the moon when she lies on the
breast of the sea, there is nothing in the world so
white as thy body.

(tenderly)

Let me touch thy body!

Jochanaan

Zurück, Tochter Babylons! Durch das Weib
kam das Übel in die Welt. Sprich nicht zu mir.
Ich will dich nicht anhör'n! Ich höre nur auf die
Stimme des Herrn, meines Gottes.

Salome

Dein Leib ist grauenvoll. Er ist wie der Leib eines
Aussätzigen. Er ist wie eine getünchte Wand,
wo Nattern gekrochen sind; wie eine getünchte
Wand, wo Skorpione ihr Nest gebaut. Er ist wie
ein übertünchtes Grab voll widerlicher Dinge. Er
ist gräßlich, dein Leib ist gräßlich.
In dein Haar bin ich verliebt, Jochanaan.
Dein Haar ist wie Weintrauben, wie Büschel
schwarzer Trauben an den Weinstöcken Edoms.
Dein Haar ist wie die Zedern, die großen Zedern
von Libanon, die den Löwen und Räubern
Schatten spenden. Die langen schwarzen
Nächte, wenn der Mond sich verbirgt, wenn die
Sterne bangen, sind nicht so schwarz wie dein
Haar. Des Waldes Schweigen ... Nichts in der
Welt ist so schwarz wie dein Haar.
Laß mich es berühren, dein Haar!

Jochanaan

Zurück, Tochter Sodoms! Berühre mich nicht!
Entweihe nicht den Tempel des Herrn, meines
Gottes!

Salome

Dein Haar ist gräßlich! Es starrt von Staub und
Unrat. Es ist wie eine Dornenkrone auf deinen
Kopf gesetzt. Es ist wie ein Schlangenknoten

Jokanaan

Back, daughter of Babylon! By woman came evil
into the world. Speak not to me. I will not listen
to thee! I listen but to the voice of the Lord God.

Salome

Thy body is hideous. It is like the body of a
leper. It is like a plastered wall where vipers have
crawled; like a plastered wall where the scorpions
have made their nest. It is like a whitened
sepulchre full of loathsome things. It is horrible,
thy body is horrible.
It is of thy hair that I am enamoured, Jokanaan.
Thy hair like clusters of grapes, like the clusters
of black grapes that hang from the vine trees of
Edom. Thy hair is like the cedars of Lebanon,
like the great cedars of Lebanon that give their
shade to the lions and to the robbers. The long
black nights, when the moon hides her face,
when the stars are afraid, are not so black as thy
hair. The silence that dwells in the forest... there
is nothing in the world so black as thy hair.
Let me touch thy hair!

Jokanaan

Back, daughter of Sodom! Touch me not!
Profane not the temple of the Lord God!

Salome

Thy hair is horrible. It is covered with mire and
dust. It is like a crown of thorns which they
have placed on thy forehead. It is like a knot of

gewickelt um deinen Hals. Ich liebe dein Haar nicht.

(mit höchster Leidenschaft)

Deinen Mund begehre ich, Jochanaan. Deinen Mund begehre ich, Jochanaan. Dein Mund ist wie ein Scharlachband an einem Turm von Elfenbein. Er ist wie ein Granatapfel, von einem Silbermesser zerteilt. Die Granatapfelblüten in den Gärten von Tyrus, glüh'nder als Rosen, sind nicht so rot. Die roten Fanfaren der Trompeten, die das Nah'n von Kön'gen künden und vor denen der Feind erzittert, sind nicht so rot wie dein roter Mund. Dein Mund ist röter als die Füße der Männer, die den Wein stampfen in der Kelter. Er ist röter als die Füße der Tauben, die in den Tempeln wohnen. Dein Mund ist wie ein Korallenweig in der Dämmerung des Meers, wie der Purpur in den Gruben von Moab, der Purpur der Könige ...

(außer sich)

Nichts in der Welt ist so rot wie dein Mund. Laß mich ihn küssen, deinen Mund.

Jochanaan *(leise, in tonlosem Schauder)*

Niemals, Tochter Babylons, Tochter Sodoms ...
Niemals!

Salome

Ich will deinen Mund küssen, Jochanaan. Ich will deinen Mund küssen ...

Narraboth *(in höchster Angst und Verzweiflung)*

Prinzessin, Prinzessin, die wie ein Garten von Myrrhen ist, die die Taube aller Tauben ist,

serpents writhing round thy neck. I love not thy hair.

(with mounting passion)

It is thy mouth I desire, Jokanaan. It is thy mouth I desire, Jokanaan. Thy mouth is like a band of scarlet on a tower of ivory. It is like a pomegranate cut with a knife of silver. The pomegranate flowers that blossom in the gardens of Tyre, and are redder than roses, are not so red. The red blasts of trumpets that herald the approach of kings, and make afraid the enemy, are not so red as thy red mouth. Thy mouth is redder than the feet of those who tread the wine in the wine-press. It is redder than the feet of the doves who haunt the temples. Thy mouth is like a branch of coral in the twilight of the sea, like the vermilion that is found in the mines of Moab, the vermilion of kings...

(transported)

There is nothing in the world so red as thy mouth. Let me kiss thy mouth.

Jokanaan *(softly, in a horrified whisper)*

Never! daughter of Babylon, daughter of Sodom... Never!

Salome

I will kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan. I will kiss thy mouth...

Narraboth *(in extreme fear and desperation)*

Princess, Princess, thou art like a garden of myrrh, thou art the dove of all doves, look not

sieh diesen Mann nicht an. Sprich nicht solche Worte zu ihm. Ich kann es nicht ertragen ...

Salome

Ich will deinen Mund küssen, Jochanaan. Ich will deinen Mund küssen ...

(Narraboth ersticht sich und fällt tot zwischen Salome und Jochanaan.)

Laß mich deinen Mund küssen, Jochanaan!

Jochanaan

9 Wird dir nicht bange, Tochter der Herodias?

Salome

Laß mich deinen Mund küssen, Jochanaan!

Jochanaan

Tochter der Unzucht, es lebt nur Einer, der dich retten kann. Geh, such' ihn. Such' ihn!

(mit größter Wärme)

Er ist in einem Nachen auf dem See von Galiläa und redet zu seinen Jüngern.

(sehr feierlich)

Knie nieder am Ufer des Sees, ruf ihn an und rufe ihn beim Namen. Wenn er zu dir kommt, und er kommt zu allen, die ihn rufen, dann bücke dich zu seinen Füßen, daß er dir deine Sünden vergebe.

Salome *(wie verzweifelt)*

Laß mich deinen Mund küssen, Jochanaan!

Jochanaan

Sei verflucht, Tochter der blutschänderischen Mutter. Sei verflucht!

at this man. Do not speak such words to him. I cannot suffer them...

Salome

I will kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan. I will kiss thy mouth...

(Narraboth stabs himself and falls dead between Salome and Jokanaan.)

Let me kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan!

Jokanaan

Art thou not afraid, daughter of Herodias?

Salome

Let me kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan!

Jokanaan

Daughter of adultery, there is but one who can save thee. Go Seek Him. Seek Him!

(with great fervour)

He is in a boat on the sea of Galilee, and He talketh with His disciples.

(very solemnly)

Kneel down on the shore of the sea, and call unto Him by His name. When He cometh to thee (and to all who call on Him He cometh), bow thyself at His feet and ask of Him the remission of thy sins.

Salome *(as if in desperation)*

Let me kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan!

Jokanaan

Cursed be thou! daughter of an incestuous mother, be thou accursed!

Salome
Laß mich deinen Mund küssen, Jochanaan.

Jochanaan
Ich will dich nicht anschn. Du bist verflucht,
Salome. Du bist verflucht. Du bist verflucht.

(Er geht wieder in die Zisterne herab.)

Vierte Szene
(Herodes tritt rasch ein, gefolgt von Herodias.)

Herodes
10 Wo ist Salome? Wo ist die Prinzessin? Warum
kam sie nicht wieder zum Bankett, wie ich ihr
befohlen hatte?
Ah! Da ist sie!

Herodias
Du sollst sie nicht anschn. Fortwährend siehst
du sie an!

Herodes
Wie der Mond heute nacht aussieht! Ist es nicht
ein seltsames Bild?
Er sieht aus wie ein wahnwitziges Weib, das
überall nach Buhlen sucht ...
wie ein betrunkenes Weib, das durch Wolken
taumelt ...

Herodias
Nein, der Mond ist wie der Mond, das ist alles.
Wir wollen hingingehn.

Salome
Let me kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan.

Jokanaan
I will not look at thee, thou art accursed, Salome,
Thou art accursed. Thou art accursed.

(He goes down into the cistern.)

Scene 4
(Enter Herod, Herodias, and all the court.)

Herod
Where is Salome? Where is the Princess?
Why did she not return to the banquet as I
commanded her?
Ah! there she is!

Herodias
You must not look at her. You are always
looking at her!

Herod
The moon has a strange look tonight! Has she
not a strange look?
She is like a mad woman, who is seeking
everywhere for lovers...
She reels through the clouds like a drunken
woman...

Herodias
No, the moon is like the moon, that is all. Let
us go within.

Herodes

Ich will hier bleiben. Manassah, leg Teppiche
hierher! Zündet Fackeln an! Ich will noch
Wein mit meinen Gästen trinken! Ah! Ich bin
ausgeglitten. Ich bin in Blut getreten, das ist ein
böses Zeichen. Warum ist hier Blut? Und dieser
Tote? Wer ist dieser Tote hier? Wer ist dieser
Tote? Ich will ihn nicht sehn.

Erster Soldat

Es ist unser Hauptmann, Herr.

Herodes

Ich erließ keinen Befehl, daß er getötet werde.

Erster Soldat

Er hat sich selbst getötet, Herr.

Herodes

Das scheint mir seltsam. Der junge Syrier, er
war sehr schön. Ich erinn' re mich, ich sah seine
schmachtenden Augen, wenn er Salome ansah.
Fort mit ihm.

(Die Soldaten tragen den Leichnam weg.)

^[1] Es ist kalt hier. Es weht ein Wind ...

Weht nicht ein Wind?

Herodias *(trocken)*

Nein, es weht kein Wind.

Herodes

Ich sage euch: es weht ein Wind, und in der Luft

Herod

I will stay here. Mannessah, lay carpets there!
Light torches! I will drink more wine with my
guests! Ah! I have slipped! I have slipped in
blood. It is an ill omen. Wherefore is there blood
here? And this body? What does this body here?
I will not look on it.

First Soldier

It is our captain, sire.

Herod

I gave no order that he should be slain.

First Soldier

He killed himself, sire.

Herod

It is strange that the young Syrian has killed
himself. He was fair to look upon. I remember
that I saw that he looked languorously at Salome.
Away with it.

(They take away the body.)

It is cold here. There is a wind blowing...

Is there not a wind blowing?

Herodias *(drily)*

No; there is no wind.

Herod

I tell you there is a wind that blows, and I hear

hör' ich etwas wie das Rauschen von mächt'gen
Flügeln...
Hört ihr es nicht?

Herodias
Ich höre nichts.

Herodes
Jetzt höre ich es nicht mehr. Aber ich habe es
gehört, es war das Wehn des Windes. Es ist
vorüber. Horch! Hört ihr es nicht?
Das Rauschen von mächt'gen Flügeln ...

Herodias
Du bist krank, wir wollen hineingehn.

Herodes
Ich bin nicht krank. Aber deine Tochter ist
krank zu Tode. Niemals hab' ich sie so blaß
gesehn –

Herodias
Ich habe dir gesagt, du sollst sie nicht ansehen.

Herodes
Schenkt mir Wein ein!
(*Die Bedienten bringen Wein.*)
[12] Salome, komm, trink Wein mit mir, einen
köstlichen Wein. Cäsar selbst hat ihn mir
geschickt.
Tauche deine kleinen Lippen hinein, deine
kleinen roten Lippen, dann will ich den Becher
leeren.

in the air something that is like the beating of
vast wings.
Do you not hear it?

Herodias
I hear nothing.

Herod
I hear it no longer. But I heard it. It was the
blowing of the wind. It has passed away.
But no, I hear it again. Do you not hear it?
It is just like the beating of vast wings...

Herodias
You are ill. Let us go within.

Herod
I am not ill. It is your daughter who is sick.
Never have I seen her so pale –

Herodias
I have told you not to look at her.

Herod
Pour me forth wine!
(*Wine is brought.*)
Salome, come drink a little wine with me. I have
here a wine that is exquisite. Caesar himself
sent it me.
Dip into it thy little red lips, that I may drain
the cup.

Salome
Ich bin nicht durstig, Tetrarch.

Herodes
Hörst du, wie sie mir antwortet, diese deine Tochter?

Herodias
Sie hat recht. Warum starrst du sie immer an?

Herodes
Bringt reife Früchte!
(*Die Bedienten bringen Früchte.*)
Salome, komm, iß mit mir von diesen Früchten.
Den Abdruck deiner kleinen weißen Zähne in
einer Frucht seh' ich so gern.
Beiß nur ein wenig ab, nur ein wenig von dieser
Frucht, dann will ich essen, was übrig ist.

Salome
Ich bin nicht hungrig, Tetrarch.

Herodes (*zu Herodias*)
Du siehst, wie du diese deine Tochter erzogen hast!

Herodias
Meine Tochter und ich stammen aus
königlichem Blut. Dein Vater war Kameltreiber,
dein Vater war ein Dieb und ein Räuber
obendrein.

Salome
I am not thirsty, Tetrarch.

Herod
You hear how she answers, this daughter of yours?

Herodias
She does right. Why are you always gazing at her?

Herod
Bring me ripe fruits!
(*Fruits are brought.*)
Salome, come and eat fruit with me.
I love to see in a fruit the mark of thy little teeth.
Bite but a little of this fruit and then I will eat
what is left.

Salome
I am not hungry, Tetrarch.

Herod (*to Herodias*)
You see how you have brought up this daughter of yours!

Herodias
My daughter and I come of a royal race. As for thee, thy father was a camel driver! He was also a robber!

Herodes

Salome, komm, setz dich zu mir. Du sollst auf dem Thron deiner Mutter sitzen.

Salome

Ich bin nicht müde, Tetrarch.

Herodias

Du siehst, wie sie dich achtet.

Herodes

Bringt mir ... Was wünsche ich denn? Ich habe es vergessen. Ah! Ah! Ich erinn' re mich ...

Die Stimme des Jochanaan

13 Sieh, die Zeit ist gekommen, der Tag, von dem ich sprach, ist da.

Herodias

Heiß' ihn schweigen! Dieser Mensch beschimpft mich!

Herodes

Er hat nichts gegen dich gesagt. Überdies ist er ein sehr großer Prophet.

Herodias

Ich glaube nicht an Propheten. Aber du, du hast Angst vor ihm!

Herodes

Ich habe vor niemandem Angst.

Herod

Salome, come and sit next to me. I will give thee the throne of thy mother.

Salome

I am not tired, Tetrarch.

Herodias

You see what she thinks of you.

Herod

Bring me... what is it that I desire? I forget. Ah! Ah! I remember...

Voice of Jochanaan

Lo! The time has come! That which I foretold has come to pass.

Herodias

Bid him be silent! This man is for ever vomiting insults against me.

Herod

He has said nothing against you. Besides, he is a very great prophet.

Herodias

I do not believe in prophets. But I think you are afraid of him!

Herod

I am afraid of no man.

Herodias

Ich sage dir, du hast Angst vor ihm. Warum lieferst du ihn nicht den Juden aus, die seit Monaten nach ihm schreien?

Erster Jude

Wahrhaftig, Herr, es wäre besser, ihn in unsre Hände zu geben.

Herodes

Genug davon! Ich werde ihn nicht in eure Hände geben. Er ist ein heil'ger Mann. Er ist ein Mann, der Gott geschaut hat.

Erster Jude

Das kann nicht sein. Seit dem Propheten Elias hat niemand Gott geschn. Er war der letzte, der Gott von Angesicht geschaut. In unsren Tagen zeigt sich Gott nicht. Gott verbirgt sich. Darum ist großes Übel über das Land gekommen, großes Übel.

Zweiter Jude

In Wahrheit weiß niemand, ob Elias in der Tat Gott gesehen hat. Möglicherweise war es nur der Schatten Gottes, was er sah.

Dritter Jude

Gott ist zu keiner Zeit verborgen. Er zeigt sich zu allen Zeiten und an allen Orten. Gott ist im Schlimmen ebenso wie im Guten.

Herodias

I tell you, you are afraid of him. Why do you not deliver him to the Jews, who for these six months past have been clamouring for him?

First Jew

Truly, my lord, it were better to deliver him into our hands.

Herod

Enough on this subject! I will not deliver him into your hands. He is a holy man. He is a man who has seen God.

First Jew

That cannot be. There is no man who hath seen God since the prophet Elias. He is the last man who saw God. In these days God doth not show Himself. He hideth Himself. Therefore, great evils have come upon the land, great evils.

Second Jew

Verily, no man knoweth if Elias the prophet did indeed see God. Peradventure it was but the shadow of God that he saw.

Third Jew

God is at no time hidden. He showeth Himself at all times and in everything. God is in what is evil even as He is in what is good.

Vierter Jude

Du solltest das nicht sagen, es ist eine sehr gefährliche Lehre aus Alexandria. Und die Griechen sind Heiden.

Fünfter Jude

Niemand kann sagen, wie Gott wirkt. Seine Wege sind sehr dunkel. Wir können nur unser Haupt unter seinen Willen beugen, denn Gott ist sehr stark.

Erster Jude

Du sagst die Wahrheit. Fürwahr, Gott ist furchtbar. Aber was diesen Menschen angeht, der hat Gott nie geschn. Seit dem Propheten Elias hat niemand Gott geschn. Er war der letzte, der Gott von Angesicht zu Angesicht geschaut. In unsren Tagen zeigt sich Gott nicht. Gott verbirgt sich. Darum ist großes Übel über das Land gekommen. Er war der letzte, der Gott von Angesicht zu Angesicht geschaut.

Zweiter Jude

In Wahrheit weiß niemand, ob Elias in der Tat Gott gesehen hat. Möglicherweise war es nur der Schatten Gottes, was er sah.

In Wahrheit weiß niemand, ob Elias auch wirklich Gott gesehen hat.

Gott ist furchtbar, er bricht den Starken in Stücke, den Starken wie den Schwachen, denn jeder gilt ihm gleich.

Möglicherweise war es nur der Schatten Gottes ...

Fourth Jew

That must not be said. It is a very dangerous doctrine from Alexandria. And the Greeks are Gentiles.

Fifth Jew

No one can tell how God worketh. His ways are very mysterious. We must needs submit to everything, for God is very strong.

First Jew

Thou speakest truly. God is terrible. But this man hath never seen God. No man hath seen God since the prophet Elias. He is the last man who saw God. In these days God doth not show himself. He hideth Himself. Therefore, great evils have come upon the land. He is the last man who saw God.

Second Jew

Verily, no man knoweth if Elias the prophet did indeed see God.

Peradventure it was but the shadow of God that he saw.

Verily, no man knoweth if Elias the prophet did indeed see God.

God is terrible, He breaketh the strong in pieces, the strong together with the weak, for they are all equal before Him.

Peradventure it was but the shadow of God...

Dritter Jude

Gott ist zu keiner Zeit verborgen. Er zeigt sich zu allen Zeiten. Er zeigt sich an allen Orten.
Gott ist im Schlimmen ebenso wie im Guten.
Gott ist zu keiner Zeit verborgen.
Gott zeigt sich zu allen Zeiten und an allen Orten. Gott ist im Guten ebenso wie im Bösen ...

Vierter Jude (*zum dritten*)

Du solltest das nicht sagen.
Es ist eine sehr gefährliche Lehre aus Alexandria.
Und die Griechen sind Heiden. Sie sind nicht einmal beschnitten.
Niemand kann sagen, wie Gott wirkt, denn Gott ist sehr stark.
Er bricht den Starken wie den Schwachen in Stücke. Gott ist stark.

Fünfter Jude

Neimand kann sagen, wie Gott wirkt. Seine Wege sind sehr dunkel.
Es kann sein, daß die Dinge, die wir gut nennen, sehr schlimm sind, und die Dinge, die wir schlimm nennen, sehr gut sind. Wir wissen von nichts etwas ...

Herodias (*zu Herodes, heftig*)

Heiß sie schweigen. Sie langweilen mich!

Herodes

Doch hab' ich davon sprechen hören, Jochanaan sei in Wahrheit euer Prophet Elias.

Third Jew

God is at no time hidden. He sheweth Himself at all times and in everything.
God is in what is evil even as He is in what is good. God is at no time hidden.
He sheweth Himself at all times and in everything. God is in what is evil even as He is in what is good...

Fourth Jew (*to the third*)

That must not be said.
It is a very dangerous doctrine from Alexandria.
And the Greeks are Gentiles. They are not circumcised.
No one can tell how God worketh, for God is very strong.
He breaketh the strong in pieces, the strong together with the weak. God is strong.

Fifth Jew

No one can tell how God worketh. His ways are very mysterious.
It may be that things we call evil are good, and that the things which we call good are evil. There is no knowledge of anything...

Herodias (*to Herod, vehemently*)

Make them be silent. They weary me!

Herod

But I have heard it said that Jochanaan himself is your prophet Elias.

Erster Jude

Das kann nicht sein. Seit den Tagen des Propheten Elias sind mehr als dreihundert Jahre vergangen.

Erster Nazarener

Mir ist sicher, daß er der Prophet Elias ist.

Erster Jude

Das kann nicht sein. Seit den Tagen des Propheten Elias sind mehr als dreihundert Jahre vergangen ...

Zweiter, Dritter, Vierter und Fünfter Jude
Keineswegs, er ist nicht der Prophet Elias.

Herodias

Heiß sie schweigen!

Die Stimme des Jochanaan

¹⁴ Siehe, der Tag ist nahe, der Tag des Herrn, und ich höre auf den Bergen die Schritte Dessen, der sein wird der Erlöser der Welt.

Herodes

Was soll das heißen, der Erlöser der Welt?

Erster Nazarener (*emphatisch*)
Der Messias ist gekommen.

Erster Jude (*schreiend*)
Der Messias ist nicht gekommen.

First Jew

That cannot be. It is more than three hundred years since the days of the prophet Elias.

First Nazarene

I am sure that he is the prophet Elias.

First Jew

That cannot be. It is more than three hundred years since the days of the prophet Elias...

Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Jews
Nay, but he is not the prophet Elias.

Herodias

Make them be silent!

Voice of Jochanaan

So the day is come, the day of the Lord, and I hear upon the mountains the feet of Him who shall be the Saviour of the world.

Herod

What does that mean? The Saviour of the world?

First Nazarene (*emphatically*)
Concerning Messiah who has come.

First Jew (*shouting*)
Messiah hath not come.

Erster Nazarener

Er ist gekommen, und allenthalben tut er
Wunder. Bei einer Hochzeit in Galiläa hat
er Wasser in Wein verwandelt. Er heilte zwei
Aussätzige von Capernaum.

Zweiter Nazarener

Durch bloßes Berühren!

Erster Nazarener

Er hat auch Blinde geheilt. Man hat ihn auf
einem Berge im Gespräch mit Engeln gesehen!

Herodias

Oho! Ich glaube nicht an Wunder, ich habe
ihrer zu viele gesehn!

Erster Nazarener

Die Tochter des Jairus hat er von den Toten
erweckt.

Herodes (*erschreckt*)

Wie, er erweckt die Toten?

Erster, Zweiter Nazarener

Jawohl. Er erweckt die Toten.

Herodes

Ich verbiete ihm, das zu tun. Es wäre schrecklich,
wenn die Toten wiederkämen! Wo ist der Mann
zur Zeit?

First Nazarene

He hath come, and everywhere He worketh
miracles. Thus, at a marriage which took place in
Galilee, He changed water into wine. He healed
two lepers at Capernaum.

Second Nazarene

Simply by touching them!

First Nazarene

He hath healed blind people also, and He was
seen on a mountain talking with angels.

Herodias

Ho! Ho! I do not believe in miracles. I have seen
too many.

First Nazarene

The daughter of Jairus was dead. He raised her
from the dead.

Herod (*afraid*)

He raises the dead?

First and Second Nazarenes

Yea, sire, He raiseth the dead.

Herod

I forbid Him to do that. It would be terrible
if the dead came back! Where is this Man at
present.

Erster Nazarener

Herr, er ist überall, aber es ist schwer, ihn zu finden.

Herodes

Der Mann muß gefunden werden.

Zweiter Nazarener

Es heißt, in Samaria weile er jetzt.

Erster Nazarener

Vor ein paar Tagen verließ er Samaria, ich glaube, im Augenblick ist er in der Nähe von Jerusalem.

Herodes

So hört: Ich verbiete ihm, die Toten zu erwecken!

Die Stimme des Jochanaan

O über dieses geile Weib, die Tochter Babylons.

Herodes

Es müßte schrecklich sein, wenn die Toten wiederkämen!

Die Stimme des Jochanaan

So spricht der Herr, unser Gott:

Herodias (*wütend*)

Befehl ihm, er soll schweigen!

First Nazarene

He is in every place, my lord, but it is hard to find Him.

Herod

The Man must be found.

Second Nazarene

It is said that He is now in Samaria.

First Nazarene

He left Samaria a few days since. I think that at the present moment He is in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem.

Herod

No matter! I will not allow him to raise the dead!

Voice of Jokanaan

Ah! the wanton! the daughter of Babylon.

Herod

It would be terrible if the dead came back.

Voice of Jokanaan

Thus saith the Lord God:

Herodias (*furious*)

Command him to be silent!

Die Stimme des Jochanaan
[15] Eine Menge Menschen wird sich gegen sie sammeln, und sie werden Steine nehmen und sie steinigen!

Herodias
Wahrhaftig, es ist schändlich!

Die Stimme des Jochanaan
Die Kriegshauptleute werden sie mit ihren Schwertern durchbohren, sie werden sie mit ihren Schilden zermalmen!

Herodias
Er soll schweigen, er soll schweigen!

Die Stimme des Jochanaan
Es ist so, daß ich alle Verruchtheit austilgen werde, daß ich alle Weiber lehren werde, nicht auf den Wegen ihrer Greuel zu wandeln!

Herodias
Du hörst, was er gegen mich sagt, du duldest es, daß er die schmähe, die dein Weib ist.

Herodes
Er hat deinen Namen nicht genannt.

Die Stimme des Jochanaan (*sehr feierlich*)
Es kommt ein Tag, da wird die Sonne finster werden wie ein schwarzes Tuch. Und der Mond wird werden wie Blut, und die Sterne des

Voice of Jokanaan
Let there come up against her a multitude of men. Let the people take stones and stone her.

Herodias
Nay, but it is infamous!

Voice of Jokanaan
Let the war captains pierce her with their swords, let them crush her beneath their shields.

Herodias
Command him to be silent! Command him to be silent!

Voice of Jokanaan
It is thus that I will wipe out all wickedness from the earth, and that all women shall learn not to imitate her abominations.

Herodias
You hear what he says against me? You allow him to revile your wife?

Herod
He did not speak your name.

Voice of Jokanaan (*most solemnly*)
In that day the sun shall become black like sackcloth of hair, and the moon shall become like blood, and the stars of the heavens shall fall

Himmels werden zur Erde fallen wie unreife Feigen vom Feigenbaum. Es kommt ein Tag, wo die Kön'ge der Erde erzittern.

Herodias

Ha-ha! Dieser Prophet schwatzt wie ein Betrunkener ... aber ich kann den Klang seiner Stimme nicht ertragen, ich hasse seine Stimme. Befehl ihm, er soll schweigen.

CD 2

Herodes

1 Tanz für mich, Salome.

Herodias (*heftig*)

Ich will nicht haben, daß sie tanzt.

Salome (*ruhig*)

Ich habe keine Lust, zu tanzen, Tetrarch.

Herodes

Salome, Tochter der Herodias, tanz für mich!

Salome

Ich will nicht tanzen, Tetrarch.

Herodias

Du siehst, wie sie dir gehorcht.

Die Stimme des Jochanaan (*mächtig*)

Er wird auf seinem Throne sitzen, er wird gekleidet sein in Scharlach und Purpur. Und der

upon the earth like unripe figs that fall from the fig tree, and the kings of the earth shall be afraid.

Herodias

Ah! Ah! This prophet talks like a drunken man... but I cannot suffer the sound of his voice. I hate his voice. Command him to be silent.

COMPACT DISC TWO

Herod

Dance for me, Salome.

Herodias (*vehemently*)

I will not have her dance.

Salome (*calmly*)

I have no desire to dance, Tetrarch.

Herod

Salome, daughter of Herodias, dance for me!

Salome

I will not dance, Tetrarch.

Herodias

You see how she obeys you.

Voice of Jochanaan (*powerfully*)

He shall be seated on his throne. He shall be clothed in scarlet and purple. And the angel of

Engel des Herrn wird ihn darniederschlagen. Er wird von den Würmern gefressen werden.

Herodes

Salome, Salome, tanz für mich, ich bitte dich. Ich bin traurig heute Nacht, drum tanz für mich. Salome, tanz für mich! Wenn du für mich tanzest, kannst du von mir begehren, was du willst. Ich werde es dir geben.

Salome (*aufstehend*)

Willst du mir wirklich alles geben, was ich von dir begehre, Tetrarch?

Herodias

Tanze nicht, meine Tochter!

Herodes

Alles, alles, was du von mir begehren wirst, und wär's die Hälfte meines Königreichs.

Salome

Du schwörst es, Tetrarch?

Herodes

Ich schwöre es, Salome.

Salome

Wobei willst du das beschwören, Tetrarch?

Herodes

Bei meinem Leben, bei meiner Krone, bei meinen Göttern. O Salome, Salome, tanz für mich.

the Lord shall smite him. He shall be eaten of worms.

Herod

Salome, Salome, dance for me. I pray thee dance for me. I am sad tonight. Therefore dance for me, Salome, dance for me! If you dance for me you may ask of me what you will, and I will give it to you.

Salome (*rising*)

Will you indeed give me whatsoever I shall ask, Tetrarch?

Herodias

Do not dance, my daughter!

Herod

Everything, whatsoever you desire I will give it you, even to the half of my kingdom.

Salome

You swear it, Tetrarch?

Herod

I swear it, Salome.

Salome

By what will you swear, Tetrarch?

Herod

By my life, by my crown, by my gods. O Salome, Salome, dance for me.

Herodias
Tanze nicht, meine Tochter!

Salome
Du hast einen Eid geschworen, Tetrarch.

Herodes
Ich habe einen Eid geschworen!

Herodias
Meine Tochter, tanze nicht.

Herodes
Und wär' s die Hälfte meines Königreichs. Du wirst schön sein als Königin, unermesslich schön.
(*erschauernd*)
Ah! ... Es ist kalt hier. Es weht ein eis'ger Wind und ich höre ... Warum höre ich in der Luft dieses Rauschen von Flügeln? Ah! ... Es ist doch so, als ob ein ungeheurer, schwarzer Vogel über der Terrasse schwebte? Warum kann ich ihn nicht sehn, diesen Vogel? Dieses Rauschen ist schrecklich. Es ist ein schneidender Wind. Aber nein, er ist nicht kalt, er ist heiß. Gießt mir Wasser über die Hände, gebt mir Schnee zu essen, macht mir den Mantel los. Schnell, schnell, macht mir den Mantel los! Doch nein! Laßt mich! Dieser Kranz drückt mich. Diese Rosen sind wie Feuer.
(*Er reißt sich das Kranzgewinde ab und wirft es auf den Tisch.*)
Ah! Jetzt kann ich atmen. Jetzt bin ich glücklich.
(*matt*)
Willst du für mich tanzen, Salome?

Herodias
Do not dance, my daughter!

Salome
You have sworn, Tetrarch.

Herod
I have sworn, Salome!

Herodias
My daughter, do not dance.

Herod
Even to the half of my kingdom. Thou wilt be passing fair as a queen.
(*with a shiver*)
Ah!... It is cold here. There is an icy wind, and I hear... wherefore do I hear in the air this beating of wings? Ah!... One might fancy a huge black bird hovers over the terrace. Why can I not see it, this bird? The beat of its wings is terrible. It is a chill wind. Nay, but it is not cold, it is hot. Pour water on my hands. Give me snow to eat. Loosen my mantle. Quick, quick, loosen my mantle! Nay, but leave it. It is my garland of roses that hurts me. The roses are like fire.
(*He tears the wreath from his head and throws it on the table.*)
Ah! I can breathe now. Now I am happy.
(*exhausted*)
Will you not dance for me, Salome?

Herodias

Ich will nicht haben, daß sie tanze!

Salome

Ich will für dich tanzen.

(Sklavinnen bringen Salben und die sieben Schleier und nehmen Salome die Sandalen ab.)

Die Stimme des Jochanaan

Wer ist Der, der von Edom kommt, wer ist Der,
der von Bosra kommt, dessen Kleid mit Purpur
gefärbt ist, der in der Schönheit seiner Gewänder
leuchtet, der mächtig in seiner Größe wandelt,
warum ist dein Kleid mit Scharlach gefleckt?

Herodias

Wir wollen hineingehn. Die Stimme dieses
Menschen macht mich wahnsinnig.

(immer heftiger)

Ich will nicht haben, daß meine Tochter tanzt,
während er immer dazwischen schreit. Ich will
nicht haben, daß sie tanzt, während du sie auf
solche Art ansiehst. Mit einem Wort: ich will
nicht haben, daß sie tanzt.

Herodes

Steh nicht auf, mein Weib, meine Königin. Es
wird dir nichts helfen, ich gehe nicht hinein,
bevor sie getanzt hat. Tanze, Salome, tanz für
mich!

Herodias

I will not have her dance!

Salome

I will dance for you.

(Slaves bring perfumes and the seven veils and take off the sandals of Salome.)

Voice of Jochanaan

Who is this who cometh from Edom, who is this
who cometh from Bozra, whose raiment is dyed
with purple, who shineth in the beauty of his
garments, who walketh mighty in his greatness?
Wherefore is thy raiment stained with scarlet?

Herodias

Let us go within. The voice of that man maddens
me.

(still more vehemently)

I will not have my daughter dance while he is
continually crying out. I will not have her dance
while you look at her in this fashion. In a word, I
will not have her dance.

Herod

Do not rise, my wife, my queen. It will avail thee
nothing. I will not go within till she hath danced.
Dance, Salome, dance for me!

Herodias
Tanze nicht, meine Tochter!

Salome
Ich bin bereit, Tetrarch.

2 **Salomes Tanz**
(Die Musikanten beginnen einen wilden Tanz. Salome, zuerst noch bewegungslos, richtet sich hoch auf und gibt den Musikanten ein Zeichen, worauf der wilde Rhythmus so fort abgedämpft wird und in eine sanft wiegende Weise überleitet. Salome tanzt sodann den "Tanz der sieben Schleier". Nach einem Augenblick scheinbarer Ermattung rafft sie sich wie neubeschwingt auf. Sie verweilt einen Augenblick in visionärer Haltung an der Zisterne, in der Jochanaan gefangen gehalten wird; dann stürzt sie vor und zu Herodes Füßen.)

3 **Herodes**
Ah! Herrlich! Wundervoll, wundervoll!
(zu Herodias)
Siehst du, sie hat für mich getanzt, deine Tochter. Komm her, Salome, komm her, du sollst deinen Lohn haben. Ich will dich königlich belohnen. Ich will dir alles geben, was dein Herz begehrt. Was willst du haben? Sprich!

Salome (*süß*)
Ich möchte, daß sie mir gleich in einer Silberschüssel ...

Herodias
Do not dance, my daughter!

Salome
I am ready, Tetrarch.

Salome's Dance
(The musicians begin to play a wild dance. Salome, at first motionless, reaches up high and gives the musicians a sign. At once the wild rhythm is succeeded by a gentle, rocking melody. Salome then dances the 'Dance of the Seven Veils'. After a moment of apparent exhaustion she leaps up, as if newly elated. For a moment she lingers in a trance-like state by the cistern in which Jochanaan is held prisoner; then she rushes forward and lands at Herod's feet.)

Herod
Ah! Marvellous! Wonderful, wonderful!
(to Herodias)
You see that she has danced for me, your daughter. Come near, Salome, come near, that I may give you your reward. I will pay thee royally. I will give thee whatsoever thy soul desireth. What wouldst thou have? Speak!

Salome (*sweetly*)
I would that they presently bring me in a silver charger...

Herodes (*lächelnd*)

In einer Silberschüssel ... gewiß doch ... in einer Silberschüssel ... Sie ist reizend, nicht? Was ist's, das du in einer Silberschüssel haben möchtest, o süße, schöne Salome, du, die schöner ist als alle Töchter Judäas? Was sollen sie dir in einer Silberschüssel bringen? Sag es mir! Was es auch sein mag, du sollst es erhalten. Meine Reichtümer gehören dir. Was ist es? das du haben möchtest, Salome?

Salome (*steht auf, lächelnd*)

Den Kopf des Jochanaan.

Herodes (*fährt auf*)

Nein, nein.

Herodias

Ah! das sagst du gut, meine Tochter, das sagst du gut!

Herodes

Nein, nein Salome; das ist es nicht, was du begehrt. Hör' nicht auf die Stimme deiner Mutter. Sie gab dir immer schlechten Rat. Achte nicht auf sie.

Salome

Ich achte nicht auf die Stimme meiner Mutter. Zu meiner eignen Lust will ich den Kopf des Jochanaan in einer Silberschüssel haben. Du hast einen Eid geschworen, Herodes. Du hast einen Eid geschworen, vergiß das nicht!

Herod (*laughing*)

In a silver charger... surely yes... in a silver charger... She is charming, is she not? What is it you would have in a silver charger, O sweet and fair Salome, you who are fairer than all the daughters of Judaea? What would you have them bring thee in a silver charger? Tell me! Whatsoever it may be, they shall give it to you. My treasures belong to thee. What is it you would have, Salome?

Salome (*rising, smiling*)

The head of Jokanaan.

Herod (*starting*)

No, no.

Herodias

Ah! That is well said, my daughter. That is well said!

Herod

No, no, Salome. You do not ask me that. Do not listen to your mother's voice. She is ever giving you evil counsel. Do not heed her.

Salome

I do not heed my mother's voice. It is for mine own pleasure that I ask the head of Jokanaan in a silver charger. You have sworn, Herod. Forget not that you have sworn an oath!

Herodes (*hastig*)

Ich weiß, ich habe einen Eid geschworen. Ich weiß es wohl. Bei meinen Göttern habe ich geschworen. Aber ich beschwöre dich, Salome, verlange etwas andres von mir. Verlange die Hälfte meines Königreichs. Ich will sie dir geben. Aber verlange nicht von mir, was deine Lippen verlangten.

Salome (*stark*)

Ich verlange von dir den Kopf des Jochanaan.

Herodes

Nein, nein, ich will ihn dir nicht geben.

Salome

Du hast einen Eid geschworen, Herodes.

Herodias

Ja, du hast einen Eid geschworen. Alle haben es gehört.

Herodes

Still, Weib, zu dir spreche ich nicht.

Herodias

Meine Tochter hat recht daran getan, den Kopf des Jochanaan zu verlangen. Er hat mich mit Schimpf und Schande bedeckt. Man kann sehn, daß sie ihre Mutter liebt. Gib nicht nach, meine Tochter, gib nicht nach. Er hat einen Eid geschworen.

Herod (*quickly*)

I know it. I have sworn by my gods. I know it well. But I pray you, Salome, ask of me something else. Ask of me the half of my kingdom, and I will give it you. But ask not of me what your lips have asked.

Salome (*adamant*)

I ask of you the head of Jokanaan.

Herod

No, no, I do not wish it.

Salome

You have sworn an oath, Herod.

Herodias

Yes, you have sworn an oath. Everybody heard you.

Herod

Be silent, wife! It is not to you I speak.

Herodias

My daughter has done well to ask the head of Jokanaan. He has covered me with insults. One can see that she loves her mother well. Do not yield, my daughter, do not yield. He has sworn an oath.

Herodes
4 Still, sprich nicht zu mir!
Salome, ich beschwöre dich: Sei nicht trotzig.
Sieh, ich habe dich immer lieb gehabt.
Kann sein, ich habe dich zu lieb gehabt. Darum
verlange das nicht von mir.
Der Kopf eines Mannes, der vom Rumpf getrennt
ist, ist ein übler Anblick. Hör', was ich sage!
Ich habe einen Smaragd. Er ist der schönste
Smaragd der ganzen Welt. Den willst du haben,
nicht wahr?
Velang' ihn von mir, ich will ihn dir geben, den
schönsten Smaragd.

Salome
Ich fordre den Kopf des Jochanaan.

Herodes
Du hörst nicht zu, du hörst nicht zu. Laß mich
zu dir reden, Salome!

Salome
Den Kopf des Jochanaan.

Herodes
Das sagst du nur, um mich zu quälen, weil ich
dich so angeschaut habe. Deine Schönheit hat
mich verwirrt.
Oh! Oh! Bringt Wein! Mich dürstet!
Salome, Salome, laß uns wie Freunde zueinander
sein! Bedenk' dich!
Ach! Was wollt ich sagen?
Was war's? ... Ach! Ich weiß es wieder! Salome,
du kennst meine weißen Pfäuen, meine schönen,

Herod
Be silent! Speak not to me!
Come, Salome, be reasonable. I have ever loved
you.
It may be that I have loved you too much.
Therefore ask not this thing of me.
The head of a man that is cut from his body is ill
to look upon. Harken to me!
I have an emerald. It is the largest emerald in
the whole world. You would like that, would
you not?
Ask it of me and I will give it you, the most
beautiful emerald.

Salome
I demand the head of Jokanaan.

Herod
You are not listening. You are not listening.
Suffer me to speak, Salome!

Salome
The head of Jokanaan.

Herod
You say that to trouble me, because I have
looked at you all this evening. Your beauty
troubled me.
Oh! oh! bring wine! I thirst!
Salome, Salome, let us be friends! Come
now!
Ah! what would I say?
What was't?... Ah! I remember! Salome, you
know my white peacocks, my beautiful white

weißen Pfauen, die im Garten zwischen den Myrten wandeln. Ich will sie dir alle, alle geben. In der ganzen Welt lebt kein König, der solche Pfauen hat. Ich habe bloß hundert. Aber alle will ich dir geben.

(Er leert seinen Becher.)

Salome
Gib mir den Kopf des Jochanaan!

Herodias
Gut gesagt, meine Tochter!

Herodes
Still, Weib!

Herodias (*zu Herodes*)
Und du, du bist lächerlich mit deinen Pfauen.

Herodes
Du kreischest wie ein Raubvogel. Deine Stimme peinigt mich. Still sag' ich dir!

5 Salome, bedenk, was du tun willst. Es kann sein, daß der Mann von Gott gesandt ist. Er ist ein heil'ger Mann. Der Finger Gottes hat ihn berührt. Du möchtest nicht, daß mich ein Unheil trifft, Salome? Hör' jetzt auf mich!

Salome
Ich will den Kopf des Jochanaan!

peacocks, that walk in the garden between the myrtles. I will give them all to you. There is no king in all the world who possesses such peacocks. I have but a hundred. But I will give them all to you.

(He empties his cup.)

Salome
Give me the head of Jochanaan!

Herodias
Well said, my daughter!

Herod
Be silent!

Herodias (*to Herod*)
As for you, you are ridiculous with your peacocks.

Herod
You cry out like a beast of prey. Your voice wearies me. Be silent, I say! Salome, think of what you are doing. This man comes perchance from God. He is a holy man. The finger of God has touched him. Well, Salome, you do not wish a misfortune to happen to me? Listen to me, then!

Salome
Give me the head of Jochanaan.

Herodes (*auffahrend*)

Ach!

Du willst nicht auf mich hören. Sei ruhig,
Salome. Ich – siehst du – bin ruhig. Höre:

(*leise und heimlich*)

Ich habe an diesem Ort Juwelen versteckt,
Juwelen, die selbst deine Mutter nie gesehen hat.
Ich habe ein Halsband mit vier Reihen Perlen,
Topase, gelb wie die Augen der Tiger. Topase,
hellrot, wie die Augen der Waldtaube, und grüne
Topase, wie Katzenaugen. Ich habe Opale, die
immer funkeln, mit einem Feuer, kalt wie Eis.
Ich will sie dir alle geben, alle!

(*immer aufgeregter*)

Ich habe Chrysolite und Berylle, Chrysoprase
und Rubine. Ich habe Sardonyx und
Hyazinthsteine und Steine von Chalcedon.
Ich will sie dir alle geben, alle und noch and're
Dinge. Ich habe einen Kristall, in den zu
schauen keinem Weibe vergönnt ist. In einem
Perlenmutterkästchen habe ich drei wunderbare
Türkise; wer sie an seiner Stirne trägt, kann
Dinge sehn, die nicht wirklich sind. Es sind
unbezahlbare Schätze.

Was begehrtst du sonst noch, Salome? Alles, was
du verlangst, will ich dir geben, nur eines nicht.
Nur nicht das Leben dieses einen Mannes. Ich
will dir den Mantel des Hohenpriesters geben.
Ich will dir den Vorhang des Allerheiligsten
geben ...

Die Juden

Oh, oh, oh!

Herod (*starting*)

Ah!

You are not listening to me. Be calm, Salome. I
am quite calm. Listen.

(*softly and intimately*)

I have jewels hidden in this place – jewels that
your mother even has never seen. I have a collar
of pearls, set in four rows. I have topazes, yellow
as are the eyes of tigers, and topazes that are pink
as the eyes of a wood-pigeon, and green topazes
that are as the eyes of cats. I have opals that burn
always, with an ice-like flame. I will give them
all to you!

(*becoming ever more agitated*)

I have chrysolites and beryls and chrysoprases
and rubies. I have sardonyx and hyacinth stones,
and stones of chalcedony, and I will give them all
to you, all, and other things. I have a crystal, into
which it is not lawful for a woman to look. In a
coffer of nacre I have three wondrous turquoises.
He who wears them on his forehead can imagine
things which are not. They are treasures without
price.

What desirest thou more than this, Salome? All
that thou askest I will give thee, save one thing. I
will give thee all that is mine, save one life. I will
give thee the mantle of the high priest. I will give
thee the veil of the sanctuary...

The Jews

Oh! oh! oh!

Salome (*wild*)
Gib mir den Kopf des Jochanaan!

(*Herodes sinkt verzweifelt auf seinen Sitz zurück.*)

Herodes (*matt*)
[6] Man soll ihr geben, was sie verlangt! Sie ist in
Wahrheit ihrer Mutter Kind!
(*Herodias zieht dem Tetrarchen den Todesring
vom Finger und gibt ihn dem ersten Soldaten, der
ihn auf der Stelle dem Henker überbringt.*)
Wer hat meinen Ring genommen?
(*Der Henker geht in die Zisterne hinab.*)
(*fast nur gesprochen*)
Ich hatte einen Ring an meiner rechten Hand.
Wer hat meinen Wein getrunken? Es war Wein
in meinem Becher. Er war mit Wein gefüllt. Es
hat ihn jemand ausgetrunken.
(*leise*)
Oh! Gewiß wird unheil über einen kommen.

Herodias
Meine Tochter hat recht getan!

Herodes
Ich bin sicher, es wird ein Unheil geschehn.

Salome (*an der Zisterne lauschend*)
[7] Es ist kein Laut zu vernehmen. Ich höre nichts.
Warum schreit er nicht, der Mann?
Ah! Wenn einer mich zu töten käme, ich würde
schreien, ich würde mich wehren, ich würde es
nicht dulden! Schlag' zu, schlag' zu, Naaman,
schlag' zu, sag' ich dir ...

Salome (*wildly*)
Give me the head of Jokanaan!

(*Herod sinks back despairingly in his seat.*)

Herod (*faintly*)
Let her be given what she asks! Of a truth she is
her mother's child!
(*Herodias draws from the hand of the Tetrarch the
ring of death and gives it to the First Soldier, who
straightaway bears it to the Executioner.*)
Who has taken my ring?
(*The Executioner goes down into the cistern.*)
(*hardly more than spoken*)
There was a ring on my right hand. Who has
drunk my wine? There was wine in my cup. It
was full of wine. Someone has drunk it!
(*softly*)
Oh! surely some evil will befall someone.

Herodias
My daughter has done well.

Herod
I am sure that some misfortune will happen.

Salome (*leans over the cistern and listens*)
There is no sound. I hear nothing. Why does he
not cry out, this man?
Ah! if any man sought to kill me, I would cry
out, I would struggle, I would not suffer! Strike,
Naaman, strike, I tell you...

Nein, ich höre nichts.

(gedehnt)

Es ist eine schreckliche Stille! Ah! Es ist etwas zu Boden gefallen. Ich hörte etwas fallen. Es war das Schwert des Henkers. Er hat Angst, dieser Sklave. Er hat das Schwert fallen lassen! Er traut sich nicht, ihn zu töten. Er ist eine Memme, dieser Sklave. Schickt Soldaten hin!

(zum Pagen)

Komm hierher, du warst der Freund dieses Toten, nicht? Wohlan, ich sage dir: Es sind noch nicht genug Tote. Geh zu den Soldaten und befehl ihnen, hinabzusteigen und mir zu holen, was ich verlange, was der Tetrarch mir versprochen hat, was mein ist!

Hierher, ihr Soldaten, geht ihr in die Zisterne hinunter und holt mir den Kopf des Mannes!

(schreiend)

Tetrarch, Tetrarch, befehl deinen Soldaten, daß sie mir den Kopf des Jochanaan holen!

(Ein riesengroßer schwarzer Arm, der Arm des Henkers, streckt sich aus der Zisterne heraus, auf einem silbernen Schild den Kopf des Jochanaan haltend. Salome ergreift ihn.)

8 Ah! Du wolltest mich nicht deinen Mund küssen lassen, Jochanaan: Wohl, ich werde ihn jetzt küssen!

Ich will mit meinen Zähnen hineinbeißen, wie man in eine reife Frucht beißen mag.

Ja, ich will ihn jetzt küssen, deinen Mund, Jochanaan. Ich hab' es gesagt. Hab' ich's nicht gesagt? Ja, ich hab' es gesagt. Ah! Ah! Ich will ihn jetzt küssen ...

No, I hear nothing.

(stretched out)

There is a silence, a terrible silence! Ah! something has fallen upon the ground. I heard something fall. It is the sword of the headsman. He is afraid, this slave. He has let his sword fall! He dare not kill him. He is a coward, this slave! Let soldiers be sent!

(to the Page)

Come hither, thou wert the friend of him who is dead, is it not so? Well, I tell thee, there are not dead men enough. Go to the soldiers and bid them go down and bring me the thing I ask, the thing the Tetrarch has promised me, the thing that is mine!

Hither, ye soldiers. Get ye down into this cistern and bring me the head of this man!

(shouting)

Tetrarch, Tetrarch, command your soldiers that they bring me the head of Jochanaan!

(A huge black arm, the arm of the Executioner, comes forth from the cistern, bearing on a silver shield the head of Jochanaan. Salome seizes it.)

Ah! thou wouldst not suffer me to kiss thy mouth, Jochanaan. Well, I will kiss it now!

I will bite it with my teeth as one bites a ripe fruit.

Yes, I will kiss thy mouth, Jochanaan. I said it: did I not say it? Yes, I said it. Ah! ah! I will kiss it now...

Aber warum siehst du mich nicht an, Jochanaan?
 Deine Augen, die so schrecklich waren, so voller
 Wut und Verachtung, sind jetzt geschlossen.
 Warum sind sie geschlossen? Öffne doch die
 Augen, erhebe deine Lider, Jochanaan! Warum
 siehst du mich nicht an? Hast du Angst vor
 mir, Jochanaan, daß du mich nicht ansehen
 willst? Und deine Zunge, sie spricht kein Wort,
 Jochanaan, diese Scharlachnatter, die ihren
 Geifer gegen mich spie. Es ist seltsam, nicht?
 Wie kommt es, daß diese rote Natter sich nicht
 mehr rührt?
 Du sprachst böse Worte gegen mich, gegen
 mich, Salome, die Tochter der Herodias,
 Prinzessin von Judäa.
 Nun wohl! Ich lebe noch, aber du bist tot, und
 dein Kopf, dein Kopf gehört mir. Ich kann mit
 ihm tun, was ich will. Ich kann ihn den Hunden
 vorwerfen und den Vögeln der Luft. Was die
 Hunde übriglassen, sollen die Vögel der Luft
 verzehren ...
 Ah! Ah! Jochanaan, Jochanaan, du warst schön.
 Dein Leib war eine Elfenbeinsäule auf silbernen
 Füßen. Er war ein Garten voller Tauben in der
 Silberlilien Glanz. Nichts in der Welt war so
 weiß wie dein Leib. Nichts in der Welt war so
 schwarz wie dein Haar. In der ganzen Welt war
 nichts so rot wie dein Mund.
 Deine Stimme war ein Weihrauchgefäß, und
 wenn ich dich ansah, hörte ich geheimnisvolle
 Musik ...
*(Sie ist in den Anblick von Jochanaans Haupt
 versunken.)*

But wherefore dost thou not look at me,
 Jokanaan? Thine eyes that were so terrible, so full
 of rage and scorn, are shut now. Wherefore are
 they shut? Open thine eyes! Lift up thine eyelids,
 Jokanaan! Wherefore dost thou not look at me?
 Art thou afraid of me, Jokanaan, that thou wilt
 not look at me? And thy tongue, it says nothing
 now, Jokanaan, that scarlet viper that spat its
 venom upon me. It is strange, is it not? How is it
 that the red viper stirs no longer?
 Thou didst speak evil words against me, me,
 Salome, daughter of Herodias, Princess of
 Judaea.
 Well, Jokanaan, I still live, but thou, thou art
 dead, and thy head belongs to me. I can do with
 it what I will. I can throw it to the dogs and to
 the birds of the air. That which the dogs leave,
 the birds of the air shall devour...
 Ah! Ah! Jokanaan, Jokanaan, thou wert
 beautiful. Thy body was a column of ivory set on
 a silver socket. It was a garden full of doves and
 of silver lilies. There was nothing in the world
 so white as thy body. There was nothing in the
 world so black as thy hair. In the whole world
 there was nothing so red as thy mouth.
 Thy voice was a censer, and when I looked on
 thee I heard a strange music...
(gazing intently at Jokanaan's head)

Oh! Warum hast du mich nicht angesehn,
 Jochanaan? Du legtest über deine Augen die
 Binde eines, der seinen Gott schauen wollte.
 Wohl! Du hast deinen Gott gesehn, Jochanaan,
 aber mich, mich, mich hast du nie gesehn.
 Hättest du mich gesehn, du hättest mich geliebt!
 Ich dürste nach deiner Schönheit. Ich hungrig
 nach deinem Leib. Nicht Wein noch Äpfel
 können mein Verlangen stillen ...
 Was soll ich jetzt tun, Jochanaan? Nicht die
 Fluten, noch die großen Wasser können dieses
 brünstige Begehren löschen ... Oh! Warum sahst
 du mich nicht an? Hättest du mich angesehn, du
 hättest mich geliebt. Ich weiß es wohl, du hättest
 mich geliebt. Und das Geheimnis der Liebe ist
 größer als das Geheimnis des Todes ...

(Sie küßt den Mund des Jochanaan.)

Herodes (*leise zu Herodias*)

9 Sie ist ein Ungeheuer, deine Tochter. Ich sage dir,
 sie ist ein Ungeheuer!

Herodias (*stark*)

Meine Tochter hat recht getan. Ich möchte jetzt
 hier bleiben.

Herodes (*steht auf*)

Ah! Da spricht meines Bruders Weib!

(schwächer)

Komm, ich will nicht an diesem Orte bleiben.

(heftig)

Komm, sag' ich dir! Sicher, es wird Schreckliches

Ah! wherefore didst thou not look at me,
 Jokanaan? Thou didst put upon thine eyes the
 covering of him who would see his God. Well,
 thou hast seen thy God, Jokanaan, but me, me,
 me, thou didst never see. If thou hadst seen me
 thou wouldst have loved me! I am athirst for thy
 beauty; I am hungry for thy body. Neither wine
 nor fruits can appease my desire...

What shall I do now, Jokanaan? Neither the
 floods nor the great waters can quench my
 passion... Oh! wherefore didst thou not look at
 me, Jokanaan? If thou hadst looked at me thou
 wouldst have loved me. Well I know that thou
 wouldst have loved me. And the mystery of love
 is greater than the mystery of death...

(She kisses the mouth of Jokanaan.)

Herod (*softly to Herodias*)

She is monstrous, thy daughter. She is altogether
 monstrous!

Herodias (*forcefully*)

I approve of what my daughter has done. And I
 will stay here now.

Herod (*rising*)

Ah! There speaks the incestuous wife!

(more weakly)

Come! I will not stay here.

(fiercely)

Come! I tell thee. Surely some terrible thing

geschehn. Wir wollen uns im Palast verbergen,
 Herodias, ich fange an zu erzittern ...
(Der Mond verschwindet.)
(auffahrend)
 Manassah, Issachar, Ozias, löscht die Fackeln
 aus. Verbergt den Mond, verbergt die Sterne!
(Es wird ganz dunkel.)
 Es wird Schreckliches geschehn.

Salome *(matt)*
 [10] Ah! Ich habe deinen Mund geküßt, Jochanaan.
 Ah! Ich habe ihn geküßt, deinen Mund, es war
 ein bitterer Geschmack auf deinen Lippen.
 Hat es nach Blut geschmeckt? Nein! Doch es
 schmeckte vielleicht nach Liebe ...
 Sie sagen, daß die Liebe bitter schmecke ...
 Allein, was tut's? Was tut's?
 Ich habe deinen Mund geküßt, Jochanaan. Ich
 habe ihn geküßt, deinen Mund.

*(Der Mond bricht wieder hervor und beleuchtet
 Salome.)*

Herodes *(sich umwendend)*
 Man töte dieses Weib!

*(Die Soldaten stürzen sich auf Salome und
 begraben sie unter ihren Schilden.)*

(Der Vorhang fällt schnell.)

Deutsche Übersetzung des Dramas von Oscar Wilde
 (1854 – 1900):
 Hedwig Lachmann (1865 – 1918)

will befall. Let us hide ourselves in our palace,
 Herodias, I begin to be afraid...
(The moon disappears.)
(springing up)
 Mannessah, Issachar, Ozias, put out the torches.
 Hide the moon! Hide the stars!
(The stage becomes very dark.)
 Some terrible thing will befall.

Salome *(languidly)*
 Ah! I have kissed thy mouth, Jokanaan. Ah! I
 have kissed thy mouth. There was a bitter taste
 on thy lips.
 Was it the taste of blood? No! But perchance it
 is the taste of love...
 They say that love hath a bitter taste...
 But what of that? What of that?
 I have kissed thy mouth, Jokanaan. I have kissed
 thy mouth.

*(A moonbeam falls on Salome covering her with
 light.)*

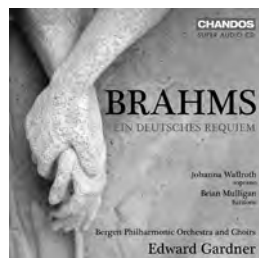
Herod *(turning round)*
 Kill that woman!

*(The soldiers rush forward and crush Salome
 beneath their shields.)*

(The curtain falls rapidly.)

Translation by Lord Alfred Douglas (1870 – 1945)
 (first published in England in 1894)
 from Oscar Wilde's original French,
 abridged in accordance with Strauss's libretto

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Acknowledgements

We are grateful to Mr Trond Mohn for his generous support.

Many thanks also to the Assistant Conductor, Aage Richard Meyer

Executive producer Ralph Couzens

Recording producer Philip Hobbs

Sound engineer Philip Hobbs

Editor Alexander James

A & R administrator Karen Marchlik

Recording venue Usher Hall, Edinburgh, during the Edinburgh International Festival; 14 August 2022 (live)

Front cover 'The Climax' (1893) by Aubrey Beardsley (1872 – 1898), illustration for Oscar Wilde's

Salome (1894 edition) / AKG Images, London

Back cover Photograph of Edward Gardner, conducting the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra,
by Lars Svenkerud

Design and typesetting Cass Cassidy

Booklet editor Finn S. Gundersen

Publishers Adolph Fürstner, Berlin

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Chandos Records Ltd, Colchester, Essex CO2 8HX, England

Country of origin UK



Andrew Perry

Malin Byström, having sung Salome, receiving an ovation at the Edinburgh International Festival, 2022

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STRAUSS: SALOME

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Richard Strauss (1864 – 1949)

SALOME

OP. 54, TRV 215 (1903 – 05)

Music Drama in One Act

Libretto after the Poetical Work of the Same Name (1891) by Oscar Wilde (1854 – 1900)
 German Translation (1901) by Hedwig Lachmann (1865 – 1918)

Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Judea..... Gerhard Siegel *tenor*
 Herodias, Herod's wife Katarina Dalayman *soprano*
 Salome, Herodias's daughter Malin Byström *soprano*
 Jochanaan (John the Baptist) Johan Reuter *bass-baritone*
 Narraboth, a young Syrian, Captain of the Guard Bror Magnus Tødenes *tenor*
 Herodias's Page Hanna Hipp *mezzo-soprano*
 First Jew Michael Müller-Kasztelan *tenor*
 Second Jew Petter Moen *tenor*
 Third Jew John Michael Wrensted Olsen *tenor*
 Fourth Jew James Kryshak *tenor*
 Fifth Jew Callum Thorpe *bass-baritone*
 First Nazarene Clive Bayley *bass*
 Second Nazarene James Stephen Ley *tenor*
 First Soldier Igor Bakan *baritone*
 Second Soldier James Platt *bass*
 A Cappadocian James Berry *baritone*
 A Slave Rita Therese Ziem *mezzo-soprano*

Recorded live at the Edinburgh
 International Festival,
 August 2022



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Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra
 Alexander Kagan leader
 Edward Gardner

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