

A man with a beard and long hair, wearing a blue, textured tunic, is shown from the waist up. He holds a golden chalice in his right hand, raised high, and a long spear in his left hand. The background is a warm, orange-brown color with dark silhouettes of other figures in the background.

# POUL ELMING WAGNER GALA

**NINA PAVLOVSKI  
STEN BYRIEL**

**ODENSE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA  
WOLF-DIETER HAUSCHILD**

## Wagner Gala with Poul Elming

Extracts from

*Parsifal*, *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre*.

Also featuring

**Nina Pavlovski** (Kundry) and

**Sten Byriell** (Gurnemanz).

Odense Symphony Orchestra.

Conductor: **Wolf-Dieter Hauschild**

This is a CD with our international heroic tenor Poul Elming. Nina Pavlovski as Kundry and Sten Byriell as Gurnemanz are featured in an extended extract from Acts Two and Three of *Parsifal*.

Poul Elming also sings scenes from *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre*.

### Loge's monologue *Immer ist Undank Loges Lohn* from *Das Rheingold* [ 1 ]

At the bidding of the chief of the gods, Wotan, the giants Fasolt and Fafner have built the castle of Valhalla and have now come for the agreed payment. Wotan has promised them Freia, a promise he has no intention of keeping, so he has sent Loge, the cunning god of fire, on a journey to search for something else to offer the two giants.

Loge now comes back from his journey, but he has unfortunately not succeeded in finding anything. He does mention, however, that he has learned that the Nibelung Alberich has come into possession of the Rhinegold, and will forge a ring from it that can give him power over the whole world. Fasolt and Fafner say that if they can have the Rhinegold before evening, they will renounce their claim on Freia.

### Two scenes from *Die Walküre*

*Ein Schwert verhiess mir der Vater* [ 2 ] and  
*Winterstürme* [ 3 ]

At the beginning of *Die Walküre* Siegmund is fleeing from his enemies, and during a storm he seeks refuge in Hunding's cottage, where Hunding's young wife Sieglinde finds him and gives him something to drink. Now Hunding returns from battle, and he soon realizes that Siegmund is his enemy. He offers Siegmund hospitality for one night, but the next day they must fight. Grimly he orders Sieglinde to prepare his evening drink and leaves the room to go to bed.

Once Siegmund is alone he recalls that his father promised him a sword if he was in the utmost distress (*Ein Schwert verhiess mir der Vater*). His gaze falls on a tree trunk that stands in the middle of the room and a sword that is stuck in the trunk. Then his thoughts turn to Sieglinde.

Sieglinde comes in. She has mixed a sleeping-draught for Hunding and now tells Siegmund how a stranger – an old one-eyed man (Wotan) – came during her wedding and rammed a sword into the trunk of the tree, then proclaimed that it was to belong to whoever could pull it out of the trunk. So far no one has been able to pull it out, but now she knows for whom the sword is intended and she throws herself into Siegmund's arms.

A noise behind them makes them turn around. The door has suddenly flown open. Outside the landscape is bathed in the radiance of the full moon of the spring night, and Siegmund, who feels their love budding in harmony with nature, praises the power of nature and love in his famous song *Winterstürme*.

## *Parsifal*

*Parsifal* is Wagner's last opera. Wagner did not call it an opera, but a *Bühnenweihfestspiel* (play for a religious feast). And it was his wish that in future *Parsifal* should only be performed on the stage in Bayreuth; but in 1903 the Metropolitan Opera in New York performed *Parsifal*, where in most of the performers on this occasion had sung their roles earlier in Bayreuth. The singers who appeared in the performances in New York were never again invited to Bayreuth. *Parsifal* is in fact the opera most frequently performed in Bayreuth.

The libretto of *Parsifal* was as usual written by the composer himself, and is based on sources such as Walther von Eschenbach's medieval poem *Parzifal* from 1210, but other medieval poems also seem to have been used. Wagner had read the medieval poem as early as 1845, but the direct inspiration to write this work came to Wagner quite specifically on Good Friday 1857. On this beautiful morning he stood on his balcony in *Das Asyl*, a house on the grounds of the Wesendonck family which the Wesendoncks had put at the disposal of the exiled Wagner and his wife Minna. There he stood that morning and enjoyed the view of Lake Zürich and the mountains. The Good Friday atmosphere so entranced him amidst the quiet spring-fresh landscape that he seemed to hear angelic voices saying the words "You must not bear arms on the day your Saviour died on the Cross". And Wagner celebrated the day by writing the first sketch for the *Parsifal* poem.

But because of his many other tasks, including the composition of *Tristan und Isolde* and *Die Meistersinger*, it was to be eight years before he drew up the first synopsis in 1865, and because of the composition of *The Ring* it was another twelve years

before the text was finished in 1877. Wagner began the composition immediately afterwards, but it was not until 1882 that the score was finally ready for the first performance, which took place in the Bayreuth Festspielhaus in the summer of 1882. The next year – in 1883 – Wagner died in Venice.

*Parsifal* is a highly complex work. The libretto is a strange mixture of Christian symbols, eastern philosophy and German medieval mysticism. The work is viewed by many as a kind of Christian mystery. In *Parsifal* Wagner takes up the Christian religion's idea of the redemption of the world through compassion, and from this idea he builds up a grand vision of the liberation of humanity from evil. The opera is also about guilt and atonement.

The story takes place partly at the Grail Castle of Monsalvat and partly in the magic garden of the sorcerer Klingsor. Wagner's inspirations for these settings were respectively the Cathedral of Sienna and the garden of the Villa Rufolo in Ravello in Italy.

At the Grail Castle of Monsalvat the Grail Knights keep and guard two relics: the holy chalice (the Grail), which is the cup from which Jesus and the Disciples drank when Jesus instituted the Eucharist on Holy Thursday. They also guard the Holy Lance with which Jesus was pierced in the side when he had died on the Cross. The Grail was also the cup in which the blood from the spear wound was gathered. The Grail grants its Knights miraculous powers to perform the greatest deeds of Salvation. The myth also says that this holy chalice possesses a miraculous power to cure the sick and heal wounds.

But when the story begins the lance is no longer in the possession of the Grail Knights. The Grail King

Amfortas lost it to the sorcerer Klingsor when – armed with the holy lance – he rode out to put an end to Klingsor’s evildoing. But on the way he was seduced by a beautiful woman conjured up by Klingsor, and while he sinned with her Klingsor took possession of the lance, with which he then gave Amfortas a wound that, despite constant care, has never healed; and it can only be healed with the aid of the holy lance itself. Amfortas has had a dream in which he has been told that only “a pure fool” – an innocent whose insight is solely due to compassion – can redeem him, and now everyone waits with longing for this rescuer, who must among other things capture the lance and bring it back to the Grail Castle.

#### **Prelude to Parsifal | 4 |**

In Act One, the youth Parsifal comes to the Grail Castle. The name Parsifal may be a derivative of the Arabic word *falparsi*, which means a pure fool. Parsifal is a very simple young man (“*Der reine Tor*”), who later in the opera gains knowledge. In the hope that he is the promised liberator/redemer, the knight Gurnemanz brings him to a ceremony in the Grail Temple. There Parsifal observes the whole ritual of the uncovering of the Grail, which gives the Grail Knights new life. And voices are heard announcing Amfortas’ salvation through the pure fool: “*Durch Mitleid wissend, der reine Tor, harre sein, den ich erkor*” (“Await the pure fool who is wise through compassion, the one I have chosen”). But after the whole session Gurnemanz has to admit that Parsifal has understood nothing of what he has seen, and, disappointed and irritated, Gurnemanz sends him away again.

In Act Two, in Klingsor’s magic garden, Parsifal meets Kundry, who is a strange and very complex female figure. This woman laughed at Christ when

he was on his way to Calvary with the Cross on his back, and she is therefore forced by an eternal curse “to live an endless life of constantly changing rebirths”. She can only be redeemed by a man who can resist her seductions. Thus she lives a spiritual double-life between the two male worlds of the Grail Knights and Klingsor, and now stands there, abused by both worlds and scorned as a human being. For the Grail Knights she is the restless, shy servant, while for Klingsor she is the primal witch whom he can transform for his own purposes. In Act Two, to tempt Parsifal into his power, Klingsor transforms this penitent servant of the Grail Knights into a beautiful, seductive woman. Indeed it was Kundry who had once been the source of Amfortas’ undoing. If Parsifal can resist the temptations of earthly love in Kundry’s form, he can recapture the holy lance from Klingsor and break his power.

#### **Duet Parsifal/Kundry | 5 | - [10]**

After meeting a crowd of tempting flower girls, Parsifal now meets Kundry, and she succeeds in arousing Parsifal’s memories of his mother Herzeleide (the erotic mother complex), and he feels painfully struck by the thought that he is to blame for his mother’s death because he left her. Kundry offers him her love as comfort and gives him a kiss. For Parsifal this is the first intimate encounter with a woman, and a great transformation takes place in him. Suddenly he understands Amfortas’ suffering – the struggle between the vow of absolute chastity and the torments of love-longing: he becomes aware of his mission – to save Amfortas and the Order of Grail Knights – and he rejects Kundry’s advances. Kundry angrily summons Klingsor, who throws the holy lance at Parsifal, but the lance stops in the air above Parsifal’s head. Parsifal catches it, makes the sign of the cross with it, and the whole of Klingsor’s magic

castle topples into dust. Klingsor's power is broken, and Parsifal sets off towards the Grail Castle, where the last act is played out.

### [11]

In Act Three, after several years, Parsifal comes to the Grail castle on a Good Friday, and meets Gurnemanz. In some bushes Gurnemanz has just found the near-lifeless Kundry, who is about to wake from her "magic sleep". In her "transformation period" she has lain in a trance for a long time. Parsifal greets Gurnemanz, who also recognizes Parsifal (*Heil mir, dass ich dich wieder finde*), and Parsifal tells him that he has come to heal Amfortas with the lance; Gurnemanz sees, with overwhelming emotion, that it is the holy lance. Parsifal now tells him of his perilous journey, and Gurnemanz tells him about the sad state of the Grail Knights, now that Amfortas will no longer uncover the Holy Grail, because he only wishes to die.

### [12]

In the Temple Hall of the Grail Castle Amfortas again refuses to uncover the life-giving Grail. The knights throng around him to get him to perform his task, and he is seized by desperation and bares his chest so that they can thrust their spears into his sinful heart. Then Parsifal steps forth. He wishes to take over Amfortas' duties from now on, and touches Amfortas' wound with the lance (*Nur eine Waffe taugt*). Immediately the wound is healed. Amfortas has atoned for his sin. Parsifal now uncovers the Grail, and a white dove (the Holy Spirit) glides down from above. Kundry falls, redeemed, to the ground, and the knights acclaim Parsifal as their new Grail King.

**The Odense Symphony Orchestra** - one of Denmark's five regional orchestras - was established in 1946, but its roots go all the way back to approx. 1800. From being a theatre orchestra that also played symphonic music, the orchestra today is a continuously developing modern symphony orchestra with 73 permanent musicians and a high level of activity.

The orchestra is based in Odense Concert Hall, inaugurated in 1982. Most of the orchestra's concerts are given in the Carl Nielsen Hall, a concert hall with excellent acoustics, a seating capacity of 1,212 and a large 46-stops organ with built by Marcussen & Son, one of the world's leading organ builders.

The orchestra's busy schedule comprises approx. 100 productions per year including symphonic and opera performances, recordings and tours.

The orchestra's discography of about 60 CD's includes a varied repertoire reaching from classical master pieces to contemporary music, among them several award winning releases.

Since its first tour more than 30 years ago, the Odense Symphony Orchestra has played over 100 concerts abroad: in the USA, China, Austria, Belgium, Germany, Greece, Holland, the Baltic countries, Russia, Spain and Sweden.

[www.odensesymfoni.dk](http://www.odensesymfoni.dk)

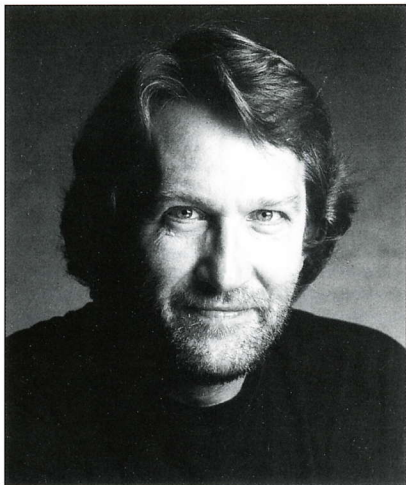
The Danish tenor **Poul Elming** studied at the conservatories in Aalborg and Aarhus. In 1979 he made his debut as a baritone at The Danish National Opera in Aarhus where he sang a great number of different roles, for instance Sharpless (*Madama Butterfly*), Conte di Luna (*Trovatore*) and Papageno (*The Magic Flute*). In 1984 he was engaged at The Royal Opera in Copenhagen, and he has been a member of the company since then. In the following years he sang such roles as Count Almaviva (*The Marriage of Figaro*) Eugen Onegin, Silvio (*Pagliacci*), Posa (*Don Carlos*), Malatesta (*Don Pasquale*) and Germont Père (*La Traviata*).

After a voice change, he made his debut as a tenor singing Parsifal at The Royal Opera in Copenhagen in 1989. Further roles at The Royal Opera include The False Dimitrij (*Boris Godunov*), King Erik (the Danish opera *King and Marshall* by Peter Heise), Florestan (*Fidelio*), Jonathan (Carl Nielsen's *Saul and David*), Erik (*The Flying Dutchman*), Idomeneo (*Idomeneo*), Eisenstein (*Die Fledermaus*), Luke (*The Handmaid's Tale*), Melot (*Tristan and Isolde*), Max (*Der Freischütz*), Lohengrin, Loke (*Das Rheingold*) and Aegist (*Elektra*).

In 1990 he made his debut as Siegmund (*Die Walküre*) in Bayreuth where he has also sung Parsifal and Melot. He sang at the festival in Bayreuth for 12 consecutive years. He has sung in most of the leading opera houses in the world, such as Covent Garden in London, Deutsche Oper and Staatsoper Unter den Linden in Berlin, Staatsoper in Hamburg, Semperoper in Dresden, Wiener Staatsoper, La Bastille and Châtelet in Paris, Teatro Comunale di Firenze, The Metropolitan Opera in New York, Lyric Opera in Chicago and The San Francisco Opera as well as opera houses in Spain, Japan and Australia

primarily as Siegmund and Parsifal but also as Erik, Lohengrin and Max.

Poul Elming has recorded several CDs and opera videos/DVDs, such as *Parsifal* from Staatsoper Unter den Linden and *Die Walküre* from Bayreuth (both Barenboim/Kupfer) and *Parsifal* from Bayreuth (Sinopoli/W. Wagner). He gives concerts and recitals all over Europe as well as in USA and Japan.



## Nina Pavlovski

'From lightly floated finesse to zooming firepower'; 'I heard Maria Callas voice again'; 'her Vissi d'arte is heart stopping' – these quotes are what the Sunday Telegraph, a BBC review and the Guardian write after Pavlovski's Tosca in UK.

Nina Pavlovski graduated from The Royal Danish Academy of Music and The Opera Academy in Copenhagen studying with Prof. Kim Borg. Further studies included Galina Vishnevskaya in Paris and professor Kirsten Buhl-Møller in Copenhagen.

Her opera debut took place in 1993 at The Danish National Opera in *Die Walküre*, and in 1996 at The Royal Opera in Copenhagen she sensationally performed the title role in Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. As a soloist in the ensemble at the Royal Opera her roles include Madama Butterfly, Donna Anna (*Don Giovanni*), Liù (*Turandot*), Rosalinde (*Die Fledermaus*) and Alice Ford (*Falstaff*).

Pavlovski frequently gives recitals in Denmark and has performed all over Europe, in Russia, South America and Japan. She has worked with conductors such as Gennady Rozhdestvensky, Kent Nagano, Serge Baudo, Mstislav Rostropovich, Michael Schönwandt, Giancarlo Andretta, Walther Weller, Dietfried Bernet, Tamas Vetö, Christian Badae, Giordano Bellincampi and Francesco Cristofoli.

With maestro Rostropovich and The St. Petersburg Philharmonic Orchestra, Pavlovski performed the Lady Macbeth in Dmitri Shostakovich's opera *Lady Macbeth From Mtsensk*, reintroducing after some 60 years the original version of this work in Russia.

In 2004, she performed Tosca with Opera North in the UK, in a renowned production directed by American director Christopher Alden. Recent engagements include the parts of Giorgetta (*Il Tabarro*) as well as Francesca in (*Francesca Da Rimini*) by Rachmaninov, in a prize-winning opera project directed by the artistic director of the Brenzer Festspiele, David Pountney. In January 2006 she returned to the Royal Opera in Copenhagen for the new production of *Die Fledermaus*.

Her discography includes The End of Time and Antichrist (suite) by Rued Langgaard with conductor Gennady Rozhdestvensky, Elf Mirror by Ib Nørholm and a disc of Shostakovich songs. Nina Pavlovski has received several prizes and legacies: The Aksel Schiøtz Lieder Prize in 2000 and The Lumbye Prize in 2002 among others.



Photo: © Mike Kollöffel

**Sten Byriël**, was born in Horsens (Denmark), 1957. Musical background: The Jutland Academy of Music and the Opera Academy in Copenhagen. Debut: Papageno in Mozart's *The Magic Flute* at the Royal Danish Theatre, 1985.

Principal roles at the Royal Danish Theatre: Mozart roles as Figaro in *Le nozze di Figaro*, Leporello and the commandant in *Don Giovanni*, Guglielmo in *Così fan tutte* and Osmin in Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. Richard Strauss roles as La Roche in *Capriccio* and Count Waldner in *Arabella*. Verdi roles as The Grand Inquisitor in *Don Carlos*, Ferrando in *Il Trovatore* and Sparafucile in *Rigoletto*. Wagner roles as Klingsor in *Parsifal* and Alberich in *Rheingold*, *Siegfried* and *Twilight of the Gods* and a Night Watchman in *Meistersinger*. Henrik in Carl Nielsen's *Maskerade*. Colline in Puccini's *La Bohème*. Escamillo in Bizet's *Carmen*. Dulcamara in Donizetti's *L'elisir d'amore*. Nekrotzar in Ligeti's *Le Grand Macabre*. Lucifer in Langaard's *Antichrist* Ivan Konrad in Frandsen's *I-K-O-N*.

Among the assignments: Guest performance at the Wiener Volksoper as Figaro in Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro* 1989-93. Since 1997 guest soloist at Staatsoper in Berlin where he has performed roles such as Orestes in Strauss's *Elektra*, the man in Schönberg's *Von Heute auf Morgen* and Kovalev in Schostakovich's *The Nose*, which in the latter case earned him a nomination as best singer in the leading German magazine *Opernwelt*. Has performed as Marsk Stig in Heise's *King and Marshall*, produced by Danish national broadcaster, DR-TV, as well as Athleth and Tierbändiger in Alban Berg's *Lulu* at Grønnegårdsteatret and at a production at Ridehuset, Christiansborg, by Danish national broadcaster DR-TV. Has performed as Sir Morosus in Richard Strauss's *The Silent*

*Woman* at the National Danish Opera and at Théâtre du Châtelet in Paris. In the 2006 season he sang the part of Musiklehrer in Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos* at Vlaamse Opera, Baron Ochs in Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier* at The Danish National Opera and Orest in Strauss's *Elektra* at Bayerische Staatsoper.

Sten Byriël has worked with conductors such as Daniel Barenboim, Kent Nagano, Giuseppe Sinopoli, Michael Gielen, Christoph von Dohnányi, Michael Boder and Simone Young. Participated in world premieres of *Don Juan returns from the War* by Erik Hojsgård and *Thorvaldsen* by Anne Linnet. Has furthermore appeared in performances at Den Anden Opera, Musikteatret Undergrunden, Hotel Proforma, Holland House, Rialto Teatret and Det Ny Teater. He also performs regularly with the regional symphonies and the resident National Danish Symphony Orchestra and choirs at the Danish Radio. Since 1985 he is soloist at the Royal Danish Theatre.

He can be heard on a number of CD recordings with songs by Heise and Lange-Müller as well as complete recordings of Berg's *Lulu*, Richard Strauss's *Salome* and Poul Rovsing Olsen's *Belisa*.



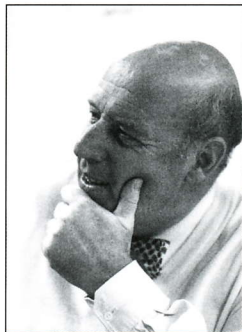
German conductor **Wolf-Dieter Hauschild** is internationally recognised by his interpretation of the Beethoven, Brahms, Bruckner and the Mozart, Strauss, Wagner repertoire. He received his musical education at the Franz-Liszt-Hochschule in Weimar, where he studied in particular with Hermann Abendroth. Hauschild was Chief Conductor of the Heinrich-von-Kleist-Theatre in Frankfurt/Oder and Music Director – 1973 to 1978 – of the Rundfunkchor Berlin and also principle guest conductor of the Radio Symphony Orchestra Berlin (Berliner Rundfunk Sinfonieorchester). Furthermore the artist appeared regularly as guest conductor of the Berlin State Opera (among others new production of Lohengrin) and of the Komische Oper Berlin. In the former GDR he was further-more chief conductor of the Leipzig Radio Symphony Orchestra and of the Leipzig Radio Choir and he conducted also for the Leipzig Opera (in particular should be mentioned his interpretation of Wagner's *Parsifal*).

Wolf-Dieter Hauschild re-opened the Dresden Semperoper on February 13, 1985 with the new production of *Der Freischütz*, which was televised world-wide. In that same year Mr. Hauschild took over the position as Music Director of the Stuttgart Philharmonic Orchestra and led this orchestra on several tours to important places in Europe, Japan and the United States of America. In 1991 Hauschild was appointed Chief Conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra of Essen and he was also General Manager of the Aalto Theatre Essen from 1992 to 1997. From this period on the artist has worked mainly as a guest conductor and a particular mention should be made of his interpretation in Essen of *Parsifal*, *Tristan and Isolde* and the complete Ring-Cycle during the period 1994 to 1997. From 2001/ 2002 he has been Music Director of the Philharmonic State Orchestra

in Halle, and other engagements include Bilbao for *Die Walküre* (October 2000) and *Lohengrin* (October 2004).

Mr. Hauschild is a regular guest conductor of the important orchestras in Japan (NHK Symphony Orchestra). Engagements with the New Japan Philharmonic (Bruckner: Symphony No. 5, concerts in March 2002) lead to a re-invitation for concerts in March 2004 and for the 2005-2006 seasons, the Kyushu Symphony and the Nagoya Philharmonic. He also had concerts with the KBS Symphony Korean Broadcasting System, Seoul (August 2002). He is a regular guest conductor of the leading orchestras throughout Europe.

Wolf-Dieter Hauschild has recorded for ETERNA/ Berlin Classics Johannes Brahms (complete choral oeuvre), Robert Schumann (*Das Paradies und die Peri*), Anton Bruckner (several symphonies), Max Reger (several orchestra works), Georg Friedrich Händel (several oratorios).



**[ 1 ] Loge:**

Immer ist Undank Loges Lohn!  
Für dich nur besorgt, sah ich mich um,  
durchstößert' im Sturm alle Winkel der Welt,  
Ersatz für Freia zu suchen,  
wie er den Riesen wohl recht.  
Umsonst sucht' ich, und sehe nun wohl:  
in der Welten Ring nichts ist so reich,  
als Ersatz zu muten dem Mann  
für Weibes Wonne und Wert!  
So weit Leben und Weben,  
In Wasser, Erd' und Luft,  
viel frug' ich, forschte bei allen,  
wo Kraft nur sich rührt, und Keime sich regen:  
was wohl dem Manne mächt'ger dünk',  
als Weibes Wonne und Wert?  
Doch so weit Leben und Weben,  
verlacht nur ward meine fragende List:  
in Wasser, Erd' und Luft,  
lassen will nichts von Lieb' und Weib.  
Nur einen sah' ich, der sagte der Liebe ab:  
um rotes Gold entriet er des Weibes Gunst.  
Des Rheines klare Kinder  
klagten mir ihre Not:  
der Nibelung, Nacht-Alberich,  
buhlte vergebens um der Badenden Gunst;  
das Rheingold da  
raubte sich rächend der Dieb:  
das dünkt ihn nun das teuerste Gut,  
hehrer als Weibes Huld.  
Um den gleißenden Tand,  
der Tiefe entwandt,  
erklang mir der Töchter Klage:  
an dich, Wotan, wenden sie sich,  
daß zu Recht du zögest den Räuber,  
das Gold dem Wasser wieder gebest,  
und ewig es bleibe ihr Eigen.  
Dir's zu melden, gelobt' ich den Mädchen:  
nun löste Loge sein Wort.

**[ 2 ] Siegmund:**

Ein Schwert verhiess mir der Vater,  
ich fänd' es in höchster Not.  
Waffenlos fiel ich in Feindes Haus;  
seiner Rache Pfand, raste ich hier: -  
ein Weib sah ich, wonnig und hehr:  
entzückend Bangen zehrt mein Herz.  
Zu der mich nun Sehnsucht zieht,  
die mit süßem Zauber mich sehrt,  
im Zwange hält sie der Mann,  
der mich Wehrlosen höhnt!  
Wälse! Wälse! Wo ist dein Schwert?  
Das starke Schwert,  
das im Sturm ich schwänge,  
bricht mir hervor aus der Brust,  
was wütend das Herz noch hegt?  
Was gleisst dort hell im Glimmerschein?  
Welch ein Strahl bricht aus der Esche Stamm?  
Des Blinden Auge leuchtet ein Blitz:  
lustig lacht da der Blick.  
Wie der Schein so hehr das Herz mir sengt!  
Ist es der Blick der blühenden Frau,  
den dort haftend sie hinter sich liess,  
als aus dem Saal sie schied?  
Nächtiges Dunkel deckte mein Aug',  
ihres Blickes Strahl streifte mich da:  
Wärme gewann ich und Tag.  
Selig schien mir der Sonne Licht;  
den Scheitel umgliss mir ihr wonniger Glanz -  
bis hinter Bergen sie sank.  
Noch einmal, da sie schied,  
traf mich abends ihr Schein;  
selbst der alten Esche Stamm  
erglänzte in goldner Glut:  
da bleicht die Blüte, das Licht verlischt;  
nächtiges Dunkel deckt mir das Auge:  
tief in des Busens Berge glimmt nur noch lichtlose  
Glut.

### [ 3 ] **Siegmond:**

Winterstürme wichen  
dem Wonnemond,  
in mildem Lichte leuchtet der Lenz;  
auf linden Lüften leicht und lieblich,  
Wunder webend er sich wiegt;  
durch Wald und Auen weht sein Atem,  
weit geöffnet lacht sein Aug! -  
aus sel'ger Vöglein Sange süß er tönt,  
holde Düfte haucht er aus;  
seinem warmen Blut entblühen wonnige Blumen,  
Keim und Spross entspringt seiner Kraft.  
Mit zarter Waffen Zier bezingt er die Welt;  
Winter und Sturm wichen der starken Wehr:  
wohl musste den tapfern Streichen  
die strenge Türe auch weichen,  
die trotzig und starr uns trennte von ihm. -  
Zu seiner Schwester schwang er sich her;  
die Liebe lockte den Lenz:  
in unsrem Busen barg sie sich tief;  
nun lacht sie selig dem Licht.  
Die bräutliche Schwester befreite der Bruder;  
zertrümmert liegt, was je sie getrennt:  
jauchzend grüsst sich das junge Paar:  
vereint sind Liebe und Lenz!

### [ 5 ] **Parsifal:**

Dies alles. . . hab' ich nun geträumt?  
Riefest du mich Namenlosen?

Kundry:

Dich nannt'ich, tör'ger Reiner,  
"Fal parsi",  
dich reinen Toren, "Parsifal".  
So rief, als in arab'schem Land er verschied,  
dein Vater Gamuret dem Sohne zu,  
den er, im Mutterschoss verschlossen,  
mit diesem Namen sterbend grüßte.

Ihn dir zu künden, hartt'ich deiner hier:  
was zog dich her, wenn nicht der Kunde Wunsch?

Parsifal:

Nie sah ich, nie träumte mir, was jetzt  
ich schau, und was mit Bangen mich erfuehlt.  
Entblütest du auch diesem Blumenhaine?

Kundry:

Nein, Parsifal, du tör'ger Reiner!  
Fern, fern ist mein Heimat.  
Dass du mich fändest, verweilte ich nur hier.  
Von weit her kam ich, wo ich viel ersah.

### [ 6 ] **Kundry:**

Ich sah das Kind am seiner Mutter Brust,  
sein erstes Lallen lacht mir noch im Ohr;  
das Leid im Herzen,  
wie lachte da auch Herzeleide,  
als ihren Schmerzen  
zujauchzte ihrer Augen Weide!  
Gebettet sanft auf wiechen Moosen,  
den hold geschlälärfet sie mit Kosen,  
dem, bang in Sorgen,  
den Schlummer bewach't der Mutter Sehnen,  
den weckt' am Morgen  
der hiesse Tau der Muttertränen.  
Nur Weinen war sie, Schmerzgebaren,  
um deines Vaters Lieb' und Tod.  
Vor gleicher Not dich zu bewahren,  
galt ihr als höchster Pflicht Gebot.  
Den Waffen fern, der Männer Kampf und Wären,  
wollte sie still dich bergen und behueten.  
Bur Sorgen war sie, ach! Und Bangen;  
nie sollte Kunde zu dir hergelangen.  
Hörst du nicht noch ihrer Klage Ruf,  
wann spät und fern du geweiht?  
Hei! Was ihr das Lust und Lachen schuf,  
wann sie suchend dann dich ereilt;

wann dann ihr Arm dich wuetend umschlang,  
ward dir es wohl gar beim Küssen bang?  
Doch ihr Wehe du night vernahmst,  
nicht ihrer Schmerzen Toben,  
als endlich du nicht wiederkamst  
und deine Spur verstoben!  
Sie hartte Nächt' und Tage,  
bis ihr verstummt' die Klage,  
der Gram ihr zehrte den Schmerz,  
um stillen Tod sie warb;  
ihr brach das Leid das Herz,  
und - Herzeleide - starb.

### [ 7 ] Parsifal:

Wehe! Wehe! Was tat ich? Wo war ich?  
Mutter! Süsse, holde Mutter!  
Dein Sohn, dein Sohn musste dich morden!  
O Tor! Blöder, taumelnder Tor.  
Wo irrtest du hin, ihrer vergessend,  
deiner, deiner vergessend!  
Traute, teuerste Mutter!

### Kundry:

war dir fremd noch der Schmerz,  
des Trostes Süsse  
labte nie auch dein Herz;  
das Wehe, das dich reut,  
die Not nun büsse  
im Trost, den Liebe dir beut.

### Parsifal:

Die Mutter, dei Mutter konnt ich vergessen!  
Ha! Was alles vergass ich wohl noch?  
Wes war ich je noch eingedenk?  
Nur dumpfe Torheit lebt in mir.

### Kundry:

Bekentnis  
wird Schuld in Reue enden,

### Erkenntnis

in Sinn die Torheit wenden.  
Die Liebe lerne kennen,  
die Gamuret umschloss,  
als Herzeleids Entbrennen  
ihn sengend überfloss!  
Die Leib und Leben  
einst dir gegeben,  
der Tod und Torheit weichen muss,  
sie beut dir heut,  
als Muttersegens letzten Gruss,  
der Liebe - ersten Kuss.

### [ 8 ] Parsifal:

Amfortas! Die Wunde! Die Wunde!  
Sie brennt mir hier zur Seite!  
O, Klage! Klage!  
Furchtbare Klage!  
Aus tiefstem Herzen schriet sie mir auf.  
Oh! Oh!  
Elender! Jammervollster!  
Die Wunde sah ich bluten;  
nun blutet sie in mir.  
Hier - hier!  
Nein! Nein! Nicht die Wunde ist es.  
Fliesse ihr Blut in Strömen dahin!  
Hier! Hier! Im Herzen der Brand!  
Das Sehnen, das furchtbare Sehnen,  
das alle Sinne mir fasst und zwingt!  
O! Qual der Liebe!  
Wie alles schauert, bebt und zuckt  
in sündigem Verlangen!  
Es starrt der Blick dumpf auf das Heilsgefäss -  
das heil'ge Blut erglüht;  
erlösungswonne, göttlich mild,  
durchzittert wiethin alle Seelen;  
nur hier, im Herzen, will die Qual nicht weichen.  
Des Heilands Klage da vernehm ich,

die Klage - ach! Die Klage  
um das entweihte Heiligtum.  
"Erlöse, rette mich  
aus schuldbefleckten Händen!"  
So rief die Gottesklage  
furchtbar laut mir in die Seele.  
Und ich - der Tor, der Feige,  
zu wilden Knabentaten floh ich hin!  
Erlöser! Heiland! Herr der Huld!  
Wie büsst ich, Sünder, meine Schuld?

Kundry:

Gelobter Held! Entflieh dem Wahn!  
Blick auf! Sei hold der Huldin Nahn!

Parsifal:

Ja! Diese Stimme! So rief sie ihm -  
und diesen Blick, deutlich erkenn ich ihn -  
auch diesen, der ihm so friedlos lachte;  
die Lippe - ja - so zuckte sie ihm,  
so neigte sich ser Nacken -  
so hob sich kühn das Haupt;  
so flatterten lachend die Locken -  
so schlang um den Hals sich der Arm -  
so schmeichelte weich die Wange!  
Mit aller Schmerzen Qual im Bunde,  
das Heil der Seele  
entküsst ihm der Mund!  
Ha! Dieser Kuss!  
Verderberin! Weiche von mir!  
Ewig! Ewig - von mir!

[ 9 ] Kundry:

Grausamer!  
Fühlst du im Herzen  
nur and'rer Schmerzen,  
so fühle jetzt auch die meinen!  
Bist du Erlöser,

was bannt dich, Böser,  
nicht mir auch zum Heil dich zu einen?  
Seit Ewigkeiten - harre ich deiner,  
des Heilands, ach! So spät!  
Den einst ich kühn geschmäht.  
Oh!  
Kenntest du den Fluch,  
der mich durch Schlaf und Wachen,  
durch Tod und Leben,  
Pein und Lachen,  
zu neuem Leiden neu gestählt,  
endlos durch das Dasein quält!  
Ich sah ihn - ihn -  
und... lachte!  
Da traf mich sein Blick!  
Nun such' ich ihn von Welt zu Welt  
ihm wieder zu begegnen.  
In höchster Not  
wäh'n' ich sein Auge schon nah,  
den Blick schon auf mir ruh'n.  
Da kehrt mir das verfluchte Lachen wieder;  
ein Sünder sinkt mir in die Arme!  
Da lach' ich - lache -  
kann nicht weinen,  
nur schreien, wüten,  
toben, rasen,  
in stets erneuter Wahnsinns Nacht,  
aus der ich büssend kaum erwacht.  
Den ich erseht in Todesschmachten,  
den ich erkannt, den blöd Verlachten,  
lass mich an seinem Busen weinen,  
nur eine Stunde mich dir vereinen,  
und, ob mich Gott und Welt verstösst,  
in dir entsündigt sein und erlös!

Parsifal:

Auf Ewigkeit  
wärs du verdammt mit mir

für eine Stunde  
Vergessens meiner Sendung  
in deines Arms Umfängen!  
Auch dir bin ich zum Heil gesandt,  
bleibst du dem Sehnen abgewandt.  
Die Labung, die dein Leiden endet,  
beut nicht der Quell, von dem es fließt;  
das Heil wird nimmer dir gesendet,  
eh jener Quell sich dir nicht schliesst.  
Ein andres ist's - ein andres, ach!  
Nach dem ich jammernd schmachten sah,  
die Brüder dort, in grausen Nöten,  
den Leib sich quälen und ertöten.  
Doch wer erkennt ihn klar und hell,  
des einz'gen Heiles wahren Quell?

Kundry:  
So war es mein Kuss,  
der welthellsichtig dich machte?  
Mein volles Liebesumfängen  
lässt dich dann Gottheit erlangen.  
Die Welt erlöse, ist dies dein Amt;  
schuf dich zum Gott die Stunde,  
für sie lass mich ewig dann verdammt,  
nie heile mir die Wunde!

Parsifal:  
Erlösung, Frevlerin, biet' ich auch dir.

Kundry:  
Lass mich die Göttlichen lieben,  
Erlösung gabst du dann auch mir.

Parsifal:  
Lieb' und Erlösung soll dir werden,  
zeigest du  
zu Amfortas mir den Weg.

Kundry:  
Nie- sollst du ihn finden!

Den Verfallnen, lass ihn verderben,  
den Unsel'gen,  
Schmachlüsternen,  
den ich verlachte - lachte - lachte!  
Hah! Ihn traf ja eigne Speer!

Parsifal:  
Wer durft' ihn verwunden mit der heil'gen Wehr?

Kundry:  
Er - er -  
der einst mein Lachen bestraft -  
sein Fluch - ha! - mir gibt er Kraft -  
gegen dich selbst ruf' ich die Wehr,  
gibst du dem Sünder des Mitleids Ehr!  
Ha! Wahnsinn!  
Mitleid! Mitleid mit mir!  
Nur eine Stunde mein!  
Nur eine Stunde dein -  
und des Weges  
sollst du geleitet sein!

**[10] Parsifal:**  
Vergeh, unseliges Weib!

Kundry:  
Hilfe! Hilfe! Herbei!  
Haltet den Frechen! Herbei!  
Wehrt ihm die Wege!  
Wehrt ihm die Pfade!  
Und flöhest du von hier, und fändest  
alle Wege der Welt,  
den Weg, den du suchst,  
des Pfades sollst du nicht finden;  
den Pfad' und Wege,  
die dich mir entführen,  
so verwünsch' ich sie dir;  
Irre! Irre!  
Mir so vertraut -  
dich weih' ich ihm zum Geleit!

Klingsor:  
Halt da! Dich bann'ich mit der rechten Wehr!  
Den Toren stelle mir seines Meisters Speer!

Parsifal:  
Mit diesem Zeichen bann'ich deinen Zauber;  
wie die Wunde er schliesse,  
die mit ihm du schlugest,  
in Trauer und Trümmer  
stürz' er die trügende Pracht!

Parsifal:  
Du weisst -  
wo du mich wiederfinden kannst!

**[11] Parsifal:**  
Heil mir, dass ich dich wiederfinde!

Gurnemanz:  
So kennst auch du mir noch?  
Erkennst mich wieder,  
den Gram und Not so tief gebeugt?  
Wie kamst du heut? Woher?

Parsifal:  
Der Irrnis und der Leiden Pfade kam ich;  
soll ich mich denen jetzt entwunden wöhnen,  
da dieses Waldes Rauschen  
wieder ich vernehme,  
dich guten Greisen neu begrüsse?  
Oder - irr' ich wieder?  
Verändert dünkt mich alles.

Gurnemanz:  
So sag', zu wem den Weg du suchtest?

Parsifal:  
Zu ihm, des tiefe Klagen  
ich törig staunend einst vernahm,  
dem nun ich Heil zu bringen  
mich auserlesen wöhnen darf.  
Doch - ach! -

den Weg des Heiles nie zu finden,  
in pfadlosen Irrren  
trieb ein wilder Fluch mich umher;  
zahllose Nöte,  
Kämpfe und Streite  
zwangen mich ab vom Pfade,  
wähnt' ich ihn recht schon erkannt.  
Da musste mich Verzweiflung fassen,  
das Heilum heil mir zu bergen,  
um das zu hüten, das zu wahren  
ich Wunden jeder Wehr mir gewann;  
denn nicht ihn selber  
durft' ich führen im Streite;  
unentweicht  
für ich ihn mir zur Seite,  
den ich nun heim geleite,  
der dort dir schlimmert heil und hehr;  
des Grales heil'gen Speer.

**[12] Parsifal:**  
Nur eine Waffe taugt -  
die Wunde schliess  
der Speer nur, der sie schlug.  
Sei heil, entsündigt und gesüht!  
Denn ich verwalte nun dein Amt.  
Gesegnet sei dein Leiden,  
das Middleids höchste Kraft,  
und reinsten Wissens Macht  
dem zagen Toren gab!  
Den heil'gen Speer -  
ich bring' ihn euch zurück!  
O! Welchen Wunders höchstes Glück!  
Der deine Wunde durfte schliessen,  
ihm seh' ich heil'ges Blut entfliessen  
in Sehnsucht nach dem verwandten Quelle,  
der dort fließt in des Grales Welle.  
Nicht soll der mehr verschlossen sein;  
enthüllt den Gral, öffnet den Schrein!



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Total playing time  
77:06

Recorded in the  
Carl Nielsen Hall,  
Odense, Denmark  
June 10-16, 2005  
June 19-21, 2006

Recording engineer  
and producer:  
Johannes Müller

Photos©:  
Martin Mydtskov Rønne

Executive producer:  
Jesper Buhl

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Nørregade 22  
DK-1165 Copenhagen  
DENMARK

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# RICHARD WAGNER (1813-1883)

From Das Rheingold:  
[ 1 ] Immer ist Undank Loges Lohn 4:40

From Die Walküre:  
[ 2 ] Ein Schwert verhiess mir der Vater 6:13  
[ 3 ] Winterstürme wichen dem Wonnemond 2:59

From Parsifal:  
[ 4 ] Prelude Act 1 12:31  
[ 5 ] Dies alles - hab' ich nun geträumt? 3:41  
[ 6 ] Ich sah das Kind (Herzeleide) 5:08  
[ 7 ] Wehe! Wehe! Was tat ich? 5:36  
[ 8 ] Amfortas! Die Wunde! 7:50  
[ 9 ] Grausamer! Fühls du im Herzen, 12:11  
[10] Vergeh, unseliges Weib! 4:06  
[11] Heil mir, dass ich dich wiederfinde! 4:20  
[12] Nur eine Waffe taugt 5:44

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