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## English Translations of two German All-Souls'-Day Pieces

### Preface

From the beginnings of the eighteenth century, popular theatres in Austria performed versions of the Don Juan Legend on All Souls' Day (November 2). At least from a modern perspective, that seems like an odd custom: what bearing does a secular comedy about a libertine damned to Hell have on a Catholic feast day devoted to speeding the dead out of Purgatory?

This practice is fascinating not just on doctrinal grounds, but also for the creative influence it exerted on the repertory. Some plays that also appeared on this day were an adaptation by Stephanie the Younger (the librettist to Mozart's *Abduction*) of *Macbeth* (subtitled *The New Stone Guest* in acknowledgement of its roots in Don Juan lore), and also versions of Mozart's opera (although often interspersed with episodes drawn from the spoken, popular theatre).

The use of Don Juan plays at the end of the liturgical year faded out in the first decades of the nineteenth century, but not the practice of *Allerseelenstücke* itself. In 1835, Ernst Raupach's *Der Müller und sein Kind* (The Miller and his Daughter) appeared on the Octave of All Souls. This play was so popular that it continued into the twentieth century. One Viennese newspaper from the end of the nineteenth century reports the appearance of Raupach's "Volks-Drama" on no fewer than seven stages during the season, and the play became the subject for Austria's oldest extant silent film.

This literature is little known to the English-speaking world, and the main task of this USRI is to make it accessible through translations. Along with the Raupach, this project will translate Anton Cremeri's *Der steinerne Gast* (The Stone Guest), from 1787, the same year as Mozart's celebrated opera.

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### On the translation

Some may believe that translation is a simple task that a machine can do; this claim may well be true for certain types of texts. A machine however would not have been able to produce

good translations of the texts treated in this project, for there arose difficulties that one could not have overcome with simply a vast lexicon and a solid knowledge of grammar: obsolete vocabulary, references, whether direct or indirect, to other cultural productions, and words that could not be taken at face value. Cremeri's *Don Juan* was replete with unfamiliar vocabulary; such words were perhaps in vogue at the time, yet many were not even listed in modern dictionaries. In all likelihood they were loanwords that were never fully incorporated into the German language and thus remained *Fremdwörter* (foreign words). In *Der Müller und sein Kind* several hymns were explicitly named; in such cases it was no longer a matter of translating the titles, rather one of tracking down any accepted English versions, if they indeed existed. Both texts contained probable errors, however it could be difficult to identify them as such; might they be obsolete spellings of extant words, quite possible given the age of the texts? Many familiar words certainly did appear in unfamiliar orthography. Or might there be some wordplay at work, only appreciable to the careful observer? Finally there existed certain items that simply could not be translated, for the two languages (German and English) have different devices at their disposal. The personal pronouns were of particular note; the distinction between singular and plural, familiar and formal in the second person, common to so many languages, is however non-existent in English. That is to say, the German pronouns *du* (singular informal), *ihr* (plural informal), *Ihr* (singular or plural, formal, archaic), *Sie* (singular or plural, formal, not capitalised in Cremeri), *Er* and *Sie* (singular formal, very archaic)<sup>1</sup> could only be translated with the English *you*. Thus all distinctions of status and social relationships were lost, along with the implications of using *du* where one should use *Ihr* or *Sie*, but the translator had no choice; the English *thou* and *ye* certainly would not have been appropriate.

The character Giubetta in Cremeri's *Don Juan* intersperses his lines with Italian expressions. These have been translated into English from the German translations in Kaiser's master's theses (see bibliography after *Don Juan*).

This project is divided into three sections: the first is the preface to Cremeri's *sämtliche Lustspiele* (complete Comedies) in which the playwright justifies his writing of several plays, one of which is *Don Juan*. The second section concerns this *Don Juan*, following its own preface. The final section tackles Ernst Raupach's *Der Müller und sein Kind*. In no way could one claim that these translations are completed works worthy of being published; at most they can only serve as readable texts that would allow the reader to grasp the overall plot. Subtleties were likely overlooked, and the numerous question marks show that certain problems have simply been left unresolved. The original German text is given in the footnotes; those who believe themselves more competent are invited to explore any possible solutions.

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<sup>1</sup> For the first *Sie*, the usual formal pronoun in modern German, the verb is conjugated in the third person plural. For the second *Sie* (and hence *Er*) the verb is conjugated in the third person singular.

[1]

Anton Cremeri  
Complete Comedies.  
Frankfurt and Leipzig.  
1787.

Empty [2]

[3]

Preface.

Mr. Wekherlin [the author of the work in footnote 1] is certainly correct in claiming that the scribblers working without respite for the theatre always create more printed rubbish and thus cause the lack of title-less rubbish and the increase of the price of paper,<sup>1</sup> for immense is the surge that inflates the Leipzig catalogue with theatrical pieces.

But how should there be less of them, if pieces like the postlude *What is it?* etc. appear at the Viennese National Court Theatre, whereas Alringer, Klein, etc. are simply rejected with their work, and my labours were fetched back with applause and to the advantage of the box office everywhere where they have already been performed?

[4]

I find it important enough that any academy could make a price question out of this.

I at least know well enough that I am not capable of creating masterpieces; however the performances of my works were always successful, and in some cases people wanted to obtain second editions from me.

Even this volume contains one of those lucky ones: *der Auditor oder Alles in Schuh und Strümpfen* (the Auditor or Everything in Shoe and Stockings).

I wish quite earnestly that the small modifications in this work might raise its value into something. This will certainly be true, since it is now cleansed of all the mistakes that run against the draconian regulations upon which the Waltrons [probably Count and Countess Waltron from *Der Graf von Walltron oder die Subordination* (1776) by Heinrich Ferdinand Möller] and their accomplices so violently infringe.

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<sup>1</sup> [Das] Graue Ungeh[euer]. [The Grey Monster] Nr. 27, pp. 251.

I also would have liked to achieve sufficiency for those who find insulting that Wertheim [a character in *The Auditor*] falls upon his knees before the general in the last act.

[5]

The matter with Wertheim is however so overwhelming, stunning and enrapturing at the moment. If he were to refrain from the act that many find so degrading, in an instant he would necessarily have to lose all the worth with which his noble mindset provides him through the entire piece. Thus I could not remove Wertheim's falling upon the knees done for the honour of mankind and his noble sentimental heart as the honest man saved precisely by the one who had complete control over his honour, life and death and gives it to him spontaneously instead of depriving him of everything all of a sudden.

Moreover I find it impossible that warm gratitude, a genuine outburst of humanity should belittle an officer.

But enough of that. Let me continue what I was going to say.

I believe that even at the cost of the rubbish authorisation of mediocrity must be permitted if one is to entertain the public and therefore a large portion of people for the sake of instruction and education with his mediocrity.

[6]

And since this is ever more easily achieved when the subject is remarkable, for my latest recovery work I chose *Don Juan*, the equally sensational *Magnetism* and Molière's *Sganarelle or The Imaginary Cuckold*.

Adapting a *Don Juan* or making it more attractive for the public may be less of a shame because the adaptation of this subject brought honour to Molière, a classical author.

And so, bringing a Mesmer II. onstage as I did may be a less reprehensible imitation of Schenk who gave us Gaßner II. for the theatre because the magnetist Pichler himself admits that Gaßner is a magnetist in a certain measure<sup>2</sup> –

The Russian comedies

[7]

*The Swindler* and *The Deluded Man* brought forth an important political aim. A comparison of them with my plan, their weighing and a judgement in their entirety, together with Weikard's claims to the Baron of Libra in the fourth and fifth parts of the *Journal of and for Germany* (1787, pp. 372) might turn out much more interesting for me:

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<sup>2</sup> Der wahre Magnetist [The True Magnetist] by D. Joh, F. Chr. Pichler, Frankfurt on the Main 784 – pp. 14.

Everyone shall recognise that I said all this in order to convince the world that I know to what extent I may claim the title of a theatre poet.

If however someone thought of requesting a justification from me as to why I always seek to give my plays such striking titles, I truly would not be able to respond, to the extent that Beaumarchais [French polymath] assures this: one could write one of the finest works about all judgements of man and theatrical moral under the title:

[8]

*On the Influence of Playbills.*

Concerning however each of my neighbours who upon the world of the dear Lord know nothing more than to gossip about me and my work; they do this solely because they are upset that I do not turn their gossiping into truths. To them I do not wish to respond. For who can change people whose nature it has become to speak of all those evils, of which they know solely goodness? Moreover one could not tell them something such as that said to Sir Nikel:

No heart gives you more for discussion,  
For criticism more than doth mine;  
For yours I would seek retribution,  
If it, oh Nikel, were so fine.

Cremeri

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Don Juan  
or  
the Stone Guest

---

A  
Box Office play  
in  
five Acts.

By  
Anton Cremeri.

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Be not angry at him whose malicious schemes succeed.  
Being entangled in his own ruse due to none other than his wickedness,  
he shall not escape His wrath.

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(Image)

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Frankfurt and Leipzig.

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1788.

Empty [2]

[3]

To the Readers.

How many things there are that should be eradicated and brought to an end with the most intimate lust, must be left uncontested and maintained, because they serve as the necessary evil in the political sphere precisely in order to provide the good thing with the most exquisite support?

At the theatre there also exist such necessary evils, one of which is the age-old obligation of bringing phantoms to the theatre on certain days, preferably in many and wide regions, if one wishes to earn money and satisfy the majority of the public, hungry after the extraordinary.

[4]

It is clear that I am scarcely capable of supporting the theatre without money, and why beside the diverse repetitions on other days first *Semiramis*, then *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* had been performed since the introduction of regular plays on All Souls' Day.

For none of the other plays could replace *Don Juan* for the majority of the public who had grown accustomed to viewing this play on these days.

It would certainly be fallacious to ascribe the inner disposition of the above-mentioned plays to the approval of the masses, for without contention this disposition, I daresay, depends largely upon the unnatural look of the phantoms.

[5]

Each one who knows how such things exist will surely recognise that I shall not say much. Grasping the genuine value of a play, and if the masses could comprehend the fundamental magnificence in Shakespeare, they would also find them in other masterpieces wherein no phantoms make an appearance.

The considerable revenue on such holy days, and the evident necessity of earning money for the continuation of the theatre thus sufficiently demonstrate that it would not only be unwise to leave this opportunity unexploited, but also run against the duties that the theatre manager and man of honour bears upon himself, consisting of using all means to support the good things, and reassuring, and inviting the masses by holding them blameless for what they believe to have lost for their own sake.

[6]

The charm of originality, the genuine intrinsic value in the above-mentioned plays through the numerous repetitions is however not sufficiently enticing to enrapture the masses immediately. Thus I think that I have offered a service to the box office and hence also to the

cleansed theatre, and obtained a profitable means for its support through a contemporary adaptation of this famous folk story.

I retained Molière's plan, but took extraordinary liberties in the adaptation; no one however will take that as proof that I conceitedly sought to master Molière and rise above his genius.

Otherwise I would have to tell him: firstly, that I do not know the work of Tirso de Molina

[7]

who originally wrote this work in Spanish and thus could not orient myself according to his in any case well-established plan, although one can speculate that I would have modified less in it because the Spanish are accustomed to heaping up situations, though without sufficient coherence, which the Frenchman nearly always employs in conversation; it seems here that this also happened here, because we know thanks to Rosimond [French playwright] that the Italians, who first brought their reproduction onstage in France, caused such a sensation with this comedy that all troupes wanted to perform the same thing. The records state that Molière's adaptation was not very profitable, although the play was received with extraordinary approval before 1656, when Molière's *Don Juan* appeared.

[8]

Secondly, that I have modified his play precisely because I myself wanted to make it appealing to the Germans, who always desire more action and less dialogue, according to Engelmann's wisdom.

I saw to the tremor of the diaphragm [i.e. laughter?]. This is justified because I work for the masses and the box office, wherein neither one nor the other would benefit from Molière's plays, if according to the wish expressed by the Berliners they would be cleansed of all excessive jokes, the editor would equally be one of those who are up to such labour: for only the masses fill the box offices, and the masses want to laugh and marvel.

Herewith I believe that I have responded to everything that one could ask me about this play, for I assume

[9]

that each member of the audience, even if he does not know with certainty, will nevertheless presume that the character of Giubetta truly exists in eastern Sicily, and is thus true, when to my knowledge it had still been alien at the theatre despite being so extraordinary that it deserves not only to be immortalised in history, but also to appear onstage to be appreciated.

### Characters

Don Louis, Don Juan's father.  
 Don Juan.  
 Donna Elvira, Don Juan's wife.  
 Don Carlos, Elvira's brother.  
 Don Alonso, Elvira's brother.  
 Paulo.  
 Charlotte, his daughter, a peasant.  
 Pietro, her groom, a peasant.  
 Mathurine, a peasant.  
 Franzeska, a peasant.  
 Carlos [Karolo], a peasant.  
 Skanarell, Don Juan's servant.  
 Ragotin, Don Juan's servant.  
 Giubetta, a bandit from Val Demoni.  
 Gusmann, Elvira's servant.  
 Sontag, a merchant.  
 A hermit.  
 A bandit.  
 The statue of the deceased Commendatore.  
 Musicians and wedding guests.

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The story takes place in Sicily.

### Act 1.

Common hall in the inn.

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### Scene 1.

Enter Skanarell from one side, and Gusmann from the other.

SKANARELL: Gusmann!

GUSMANN: Skanarell!

(They rush to each other and enter into an embrace.)

SKANARELL: Welcome!

GUSMANN: Do I see you again!



SKANARELL: I think that you can see me, if you aren't blind.

GUSMANN: How have you been?

SKANARELL: Quite desperate! The Devil took my master over Reggio to Messina, and you know what kind of inconveniences there are

[12]

from all places; how terribly dangerous the bandits in Calabria and Apulia are, and worse, how extraordinarily poorly you're entertained all around over there.

GUSMANN: That certainly will have been difficult for you, since your soul ...

SKANARELL: Rests in the stomach, you mean to stay. That's also right, and I believe that precisely this is the reason why I feel both joy and ill humour one hundred times more than you, since you haul your stomach in your head like cancer.

GUSMANN: What made your master undertake this trip?

SKANARELL: His craving for conquest. He also wanted to feast his eyes upon the beauties in these regions, and place their hearts upon the chapel (????)<sup>1</sup>.

GUSMANN: Ah! You're a fool! Is he not married!

SKANARELL: I believe that he is. On this trip alone he got married six times.

GUSMANN: You're making that up.

SKANARELL: No, not at all! That is so certain that I devoured my life and many wonderful bits too ... And now it will get even better for us. Now my master has a certain Giubetta as his mentor, who must surely be the Devil's recruiting officer... My master Don Juan is however still so charming that he considers belief and religion

[13]

and everything idolised by all reasonable people to be mere children's pranks, but Giubetta believes that he honours these things too much by calling them pranks.

GUSMANN: Who is this Giubetta?

SKANARELL: Oh God knows who! When my master had been taking leave at the Prince of Villa Franka's<sup>2</sup> place, I heard the Prince say to him, "You may rely completely upon my people, they have the most resolute determination as well the most tested fidelity."

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<sup>1</sup> ... und ihre Herzen auf die Kapelle legen.

GUSMANN: Aha! They were wearing yellow and green tunics with silver ends.

SKANARELL: Correct.

GUSMANN: And is Giubetta one of them?

SKANARELL: Yes.

GUSMANN: Now I'm no longer surprised at your description of him, because those fellows are the most daring and toughest scoundrels upon Earth, and would be broken on the wheel in any other land, or at least hanged up in chains.

SKANARELL: You say what!

GUSMANN: The truth; those fellows are bandits who live on the Val Demoni in innumerable caves and subterranean passageways, where they cannot be pursued ... And since they never fail to exact revenge against anyone who insults them, the Prince not only thought

[14]

it most certain but also most wise to become their avowed patron and guardian. We are also not aware of a single instance in which one of them who appeared in his livery would have repaid his protection and absolute trust with an indecent or dishonourable act.

SKANARELL: If you're looking for a clown, go find yourself someone other than me. The worst scoundrels should never have been anything but honourable; that's exactly as if I were to claim that wolves are the best sheepdogs.

GUSMANN: I would rather be on my deathbed if I've pronounced a single untrue syllable. Yes, I must still do much to assure you that these fellows are the most venerable folks in certain circumstances.

SKANARELL: No, that's too absurd!

GUSMANN: They have the most exalted and fanciful definition of honour. Heinous criminals they may indeed be in the eyes of society, yet they always submit to the most steadfast code of fidelity, both amongst themselves and with those to whom they have ever promised their services and devotion. The bandits protect them from all kinds of swindles and injustices, and if the opportunity offers itself, they protect them with their own life.

[15]

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<sup>2</sup> A noble family in Sicily (Kaiser 209).

The remaining bandits on the whole island know and revere those who have been employed amongst them for the good of society (?)<sup>3</sup> and consider the people whom they accompany to be sacred and inviolable; thus most travellers can pass through them from one city to the other, which has yet to cause any traveller regret.

SKANARELL: Indeed, since the bandits have adopted all the qualities of an honourable man it surprises me no more that the most genteel and honourable men commit the greatest acts of villainy, for otherwise there would be no difference between an honourable man and a bandit. Ah! Long live the Sicilian police! ... But come on! I've been speaking with you already for such a long time, and I haven't even asked you for whom you now work.

GUSMANN: Me? Still for Donna Elvira.

SKANARELL: How is it that you're here then?

GUSMANN: Because she's also here.

SKANARELL: Donna Elvira's here?

GUSMANN: Well yes, she checked into the room next door tonight.

SKANARELL: And what's she looking for here?

GUSMANN: Such a stupid question! What she's now found: your and my master. You hadn't been gone for two days, so we also ventured out into the vast world to track you down again. For Elvira's heart is completely

[16]

obsessed with Don Juan, burns too heftily for him and can only simmer down at his side.

SKANARELL: That won't happen so soon.

GUSMANN: Why not?

SKANARELL: Because my master believes that heated-up meals aren't healthy, wherefore he always asks for cool ones.

GUSMANN: You're truly making me feel uneasy. Should Don Juan be capable of leaving Elvira, should he have wasted all those sighs, tears and passionate oaths, broken the sanctified locks of the monastery and forcefully lured the good-natured Elvira and snatched her from her family only to abandon her perjurally in misery?

SKANARELL: That's quite possible, for he's capable of satisfying his passions.

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<sup>3</sup> ... welche sich aus ihnen zum Dienste der Gesellschaft haben annehmen lassen, ...

GUSMANN: But the holy union –

SKANARELL: Means nothing to him, and should it ever happen that he finds a pair of maidens who can't be given separately, he'll marry them both, as he would have married Elvira and her cat with dignity had he not been able to get her alone. Marriage is his customary net with which he traps the beauties. He genuinely seduces anyone: noble ladies, maidens, city girls, peasant girls are all the same to him; no one is too hot, and no one is too cold for him. And if I were to list off by name all

[17]

whom he has married in various places, it would take me until evening to conclude this chapter.

GUSMANN: Skanarell!

SKANARELL: Yes, yes! It's correct. I have the honour of assuring you that I serve the worst fellow on Earth, and that I obey him solely out of fear because I lack the courage to leave him.

GUSMANN: Skanarell!

SKANARELL: Go on Skanarelling as you wish, Elvira's love won't be rewarded even a smidgen.

GUSMANN: My Lord! What shall Elvira do?

SKANARELL: What the others do who got married to Don Juan: weep over her gullibility. Tell her –

GUSMANN: No I won't tell her anything. She's preening herself to question the fugitive. (The bell rings.) But she's calling. – Farewell in the meantime! (Exit into the room.)

SKANARELL (calls after him): I will blatantly deny what I told you if my master hears something thereof.

## Scene 2.

Don Juan, the same.

DON JUAN (at full speed): Skanarell! Are you not aware what kind of angel is staying here next door?

[18]

So I just saw her bolt back half-dressed from the window. Oh my heart is raging towards her, this wonderful wayfarer.

SKANARELL: Did you see her already?

DON JUAN: Only her alabaster hand, and her beautiful black hair. – But I must go to her.

SKANARELL: To Donna Elvira?

DON JUAN (coldly): Donna Elvira?

SKANARELL: Yes, Donna Elvira has been staying here for a couple of hours, and is pining for the heart that's raging after her alabaster hand and her beautiful black hair.

DON JUAN: What does the fool want?

SKANARELL: I don't know, must be looking for her husband, or a fool.

DON JUAN: She won't find her husband in me anymore, but she might make a fool of a man who's unfortunate enough to fall in love with her.

SKANARELL: The alabaster hand! The beautiful black hair!

DON JUAN: Banished a captivating blonde out of my soul.

SKANARELL: No more does the world bear such a fickle like you. First fire and flame for a hand and a tress of hair, because you didn't recognise them, and now again –

DON JUAN: Completely my blonde. You don't believe what kind of indescribable charm new sentiments of love grant. – O thank fate

[19]

that you have sent me a heart, that each man flees towards beauty, for all the joy of love consists of change.

SKANARELL: Donna Elvira doesn't think so.

DON JUAN: Because she's an oaf. Only fools are faithful, commit themselves to a vow, renounce the world for His sake, and close their eyes from everything else. We open cosmopolitans eternally keep our eyes open to inspect the worth of all beauties and to honour each and every one and give tribute, which nature obliges us to do. – All beauties have the right to charm us, and the advantage of one, that we saw her first, doesn't deprive the others of their rightful claims that they all have to our hearts. Love for one beauty doesn't bind our hearts from committing injustices against the others. We sacrifice our hearts to each one whom we find worthy of love.

SKANARELL: Those are your victims!

DON JUAN: That's why we're also always pleasure, wish and joy, because we never stop loving and raising difficulties. – The so-called faithful suckers on the other hand fall asleep in their

peaceful love, because there's nothing left for them to wish from the moment that they became the property of their beauties, which spoils all the charm in love.

[20]

SKANARELL: Beyond any doubt you're the only one who is capable of proving that it's your duty to indulge in excesses. I wager, if our women here knew that, they would come in together to furnish you a chair at the university to give practical lectures about this subject.

DON JUAN (still busy with the afore-mentioned matter): Yes, yes! Nothing is sweeter than overcoming the resistance of a beauty, and I acknowledge that herein I have the ambition of the conquerors who rush from victory to victory, and know no boundaries to their wishes. – Nothing can stop the intensity of my desires, for in my bosom I carry a heart that's warm enough to fall in love with the whole world, and I wish like Alexander that there were several worlds in which I could expand my conquests of hearts.

### Scene 3.

Donna Elvira, and the same.

DONNA ELVIRA: (noticing Don Juan by the exit, she rushes to him in raptures and strides with every expression of delight.) Juan!

DON JUAN (looks around coldly, and continues to stand with displeasure).

DONNA ELVIRA (stops in the middle of her course as if struck by something,

[21]

and dismayed): Don Juan! So I've been deceived! Oh woe to the simplicity and feebleness of my heart; to suspect an act of infidelity that seemed quite probable.

DON JUAN: Madame! I am rather surprised to see you here, where I would not have expected you.

DONNA ELVIRA: I see that you didn't expect me here; you're in fact quite surprised, but for a different reason I hope. I confess that I was so kind-hearted, or better so foolish that I neglected my instincts and reason; I listened to a thousand ridiculous thoughts, wherewith my tender heart pardoned you, so as to absolve you of the vice of which my reason accused you. Now however all your deceitful ways must end; your conduct reveals to me more than I wish to know. – But I would like to hear the reason of your departure from your own mouth. – Speak to me Don Juan, I beseech you sincerely, tell me, what have I done that I deserve my misfortune? Let's see with what kind of face you can excuse yourself.

DON JUAN: Skanarell knows why I departed.

SKANARELL (in a faint voice to Juan): Me? Sir! With my utmost respect, that is not true! I know nothing thereof.

[22]

DONNA ELVIRA: Good, so tell me Skanarell! I don't care which mouth tells me the reason.

DON JUAN (gestures to Skanarell): Go on! Speak!

SKANARELL (in a faint voice to Don Juan): Yes what will I tell her?

DONNA ELVIRA: Come hither as that is his wish, and tell me the reason of his sudden departure.

DON JUAN: Will you respond?

SKANARELL: I swear that I cannot respond. Lying about my trade, this is too large a sin.

DON JUAN: Will you respond I'm asking.

SKANARELL: Madame.

DONNA ELVIRA: Well.

SKANARELL (turns towards Don Juan): Sir –

DON JUAN (threatens him): If – –

SKANARELL: Madame, the – conquerors, Alexander – and – the other worlds are the reason for our departure. – – That's all that I can say.

DONNA ELVIRA: Pull yourselves together, you two! I pity your subversion. – Don Juan! Do you arm yourself with all the insolence of a courtier, and come here and swear that you still have the same feelings for me, that you still love me with the same ardour, that you were forced to depart without my knowing due to important business; that you must stay here a while against your will,

[23]

that you have a burning desire to be with me again, and that in my absence you feel like a body without its soul. – And you, Skanarell, because you shall speak along, testify to each of your master's lies with a false oath, such that Hell may erupt over you in raucous jubilation and you might be freed of the stuttering.

DON JUAN: You're misjudging me, in my bosom beats an honest heart incapable of any deceit; thus I shall not repeat the afore-mentioned to you, but rather confess candidly that I fled from you solely because I had qualms over my acts convicting me such that I couldn't live with you

any more for my salvation. – I lured you from the monastery in order to marry you, broke your vows that obliged you otherwise, and thus incurred the wrath of heaven over our zenith (?),<sup>4</sup> which would necessarily cause a misfortune after another as punishment. Thus I fled in order to forget you little by little and to give you the means that would enable you to hand yourself over again to your first more important relations, such that we two may be reconciled with heaven again.

DONNA ELVIRA: Ha! Godless scoundrel! Why did you have to reveal yourself to me for the first time so late?

[24]

Now these findings only cause me despair. But your crime shall not go unpunished, for heaven that you so mock shall exact my vengeance upon you.

DON JUAN: On my –

DONNA ELVIRA: I'll hear nothing more; it's an insult to listen to you describe my disgrace. In such a case a noble heart must know how to come to a decision with the first word. – You shall also hear no more criticisms from me, for my wrath is not of the kind that dwindles in empty words. Rather it saves all of its heat for revenge. And if heaven also has hitherto found nothing that may frighten you, the time shall certainly come when you shall learn to fear, because you have ignited against yourself the wrath of a woman of whom you robbed family, peace, honour and virginity, and whose heart torn by love and fondness you then trampled with your low disdain. (Hurries off.)

#### Scene 4.

Don Juan and Skanarell.

SKANARELL: Now we have some time together to endure, for when Elvira hangs out her laundry the devilry that you began here six months ago will certainly also be shaken!

DON JUAN: What devilry!

[25]

SKANARELL: Do you have no fears owing to the death of the Commendatore whom you stabbed to death?

DON JUAN: Why should I be afraid? Did I not kill him with honour?

SKANARELL: Why yes! With the greatest honour upon Earth: thus he didn't burden himself over it.

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<sup>4</sup> ... und so den Zorn des Himmels über unsere Scheitel herangesündigt, ...



DON JUAN: In addition I have these antics because of my pardon.

SKANARELL: Fine antics, when you stab someone to death.

Scene 5.

Giubetta, the same.

GIUBETTA (noticing Don Juan): *Ecco la luna di Bologna!*<sup>5</sup> I've been looking for you for an hour already.

DON JUAN: Well! How is it; did you find the opportunity to divide our couple?

GIUBETTA: I believe so; one of my friends just went to their house as a doctor; if all goes well, he'll diagnose the bridegroom with a little-known (?)<sup>6</sup> malady that will make him lose all desire for his bride. The poor missy felt unwell.

DON JUAN: Ill? My blonde is ill? Oh this is worse for my heart than all

[26]

the love and devotion for her groom. Ill –

GIUBETTA: Ah! What's all this commotion? Don't you know the proverb *a molino et alla sposa manca sempre qualche cosa*:<sup>7</sup> Mills and brides always lack something.

DON JUAN: So she isn't dangerously ill?

GIUBETTA: Not in the least; a festival is arranged this evening.

DON JUAN: And do you think that we'll be lucky enough to disturb the harmony between these folks?

SKANARELL: I'll play a prophet in the meantime and say that your hopes are in vain. Indeed in fourteen days after the coupling it can be; there it's already common that –

GIUBETTA: Why not now? Women are women, both as brides and wives, and that's all. – For eternity they have but one whom they love and surrender, that means: *un per mano, un per occhio*.<sup>8</sup> (To Don Juan.) The bridegroom will undertake a pleasure cruise as a favour for his sweetheart. I've prepared everything to fulfill your wishes at the first opportunity. Crew and vehicle are ready, and it would take the Devil to prevent the bride from coming along.

DON JUAN: But how shall we begin this?

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<sup>5</sup> Look, there comes the moon of Bologna!

<sup>6</sup> geheime.

<sup>7</sup> Mills and brides always lack something.

<sup>8</sup> One for the hand and another for the eye.

GIUBETTA: *A due modi*,<sup>9</sup> either with love or with force. *Andiamo!*<sup>10</sup>

DON JUAN: Well come! I'm relying upon you alone. – But I swear, if you fail to carry out my plans, the fondness that I harbour for the blonde will tear asunder my besotted heart and kill me. Come Skanarell! (Exit.)

GIUBETTA: Ah! No worries – *i matti fanno festa, et i savi la godono*,<sup>11</sup> always turned out to be true, and will also be true today.

SKANARELL: *Restrain him*, what does that mean?

GIUBETTA: Fools carry expenses at the festival, the clever however enjoy it. (Exit.)

SKANARELL: Now I don't know how he understands that. – But it's certain that the Devil will have some fine company if we drown during this expedition.

Act 2.

A farmer's chamber.

Scene 1.

Charlotte and Mathurine.

CHARLOTTE: Yes! As I told you, exactly when my Pietro cried, “Yes father, those are people”, they cast away their clothes, dived into the water, swum towards them as they were splashing around, and saved them both.

MATHURINE: Good old father!

CHARLOTTE: Yes Mathurine, and my Pietro is no less fine. A bridegroom doesn't easily risk his life on his wedding day for people he doesn't know at all. But for that I smothered him with kisses, and I must admit that among all the kisses that I've given him up to now, none have made me so warm like those. I'm quite happy that our wedding will be taking place today (?).<sup>12</sup>

MATHURINE: Tell me, are these elderly people?

<sup>9</sup> One of two ways.

<sup>10</sup> Let's go!

<sup>11</sup> (Cremeri's translation) Fools carry expenses at the festival, the clever however enjoy it.

<sup>12</sup> Ist mir ordentlich lieb, daß unsere Hochzeit schon heute für sich geht.

CHARLOTTE: No, and one's more chitty-chatty than the other. The more elegant one didn't dry himself at all, rather he constantly wanted to come to me from the stove. But the other one held him back each time and said, "there's lightning!" –

MATHURINE: What does that mean?

[29]

CHARLOTTE: I don't know. – Finally the other one asked me to reveal what a bride receives at the altar as a symbol of wedlock. – Now try and guess!

MATHURINE: A man.

CHARLOTTE: I also said that, but it isn't the correct answer. Guess again!

MATHURINE: Your sweetheart.

CHARLOTTE: That's also not right. – Suspenders, for her husband-to-be must be wearing trousers.

MATHURINE: Ah! They must be rather quaint folks.

CHARLOTTE: As I told you, the first one chatters endlessly, and says so many fine words that my Pietro was sweating quite heavily. So I ran off. – Now they're over at Franzeska's (????).<sup>13</sup> – But they're coming! Now I must take to my heels, otherwise my Pietro will pout. (Exit running on one side.)

MATHURINE (looks to the other side through the door while pulling herself together in order to look pleasing) Ah! Dear Lord, how they are goodly (????)!<sup>14</sup> – It would've been a shame had they drowned.

[30]

## Scene 2.

Don Juan, Skanarell and Mathurine in the background.

DON JUAN: Our trick fell through.

SKANARELL: And the sudden foul weather flipped over our whole plan along with our boat.

DON JUAN: But where did Giubetta go?

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<sup>13</sup> Itzt sind sie über Franzeska her.

<sup>14</sup> Ei! du lieber Gott, was sie artig sind!

SKANARELL: The Devil must know the best. – You know that he continued to swim with us, and tried to help us until he saw the folks come to our aide. – Immediately he cried *Pazienza*,<sup>15</sup> and he was gone. – – Fetching someone out of the water is more important than all *Pazienzas* that are hurled out into the sea.

DON JUAN: Wherever he may be, Franzeska compensates me for everything. – I find her rather attractive, which indemnifies me for all treasures in the world, and I’ve already made her proposals that won’t leave me sighing for long.

SKANARELL: What did you do with your vow that you would never again fraternise with a maiden? Have you no more thoughts of the lightning? How the storm raged?

DON JUAN: You’re right; I also want to respect this vow, since I

[31]

pronounced it because of the fortunate salvation. Should I ever go astray again, I shall simply bethink myself of the lightning, or the storm. (Here he catches sight of Mathurine who assumes a devout and innocent facial expression.) Behold Skanarell! Behold! Have you ever seen anything more charming? How? Are such beauties found here in the village between the trees and stones? Do you hail from this village?

SKANARELL: There’s lightning!

MATHURINE: Yes.

DON JUAN (doesn’t hear Skanarell): And do you live here?

MATHURINE: Yes.

DON JUAN: What is your name?

MATHURINE: Mathurine.

DON JUAN: Such marvellous beauty! – – What an exquisite form! –

SKANARELL (repeats several times between these words): Sir, there’s lightning!

DON JUAN (ignores him): Lift your head a smidgen, I beg you! – Oh what a pretty face! Eyes like those of a goddess! – And the teeth! – – Be not ashamed you marvellous angel, those bashful looks are killing me. You must come with me, you weren’t made to be a sloppy peasant wife; heaven sent me hither to do justice to your charm. – Understand that I love you from my heart

[32]

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<sup>15</sup> Patience.

and it is up to you to decide whether I shall salvage you from this pitiful village and take you somewhere that may befit you.

MATHURINE: Oh! My Lord! Your love –

DON JUAN: You want to say that my love comes too quickly. – You're right, but your beauty is to blame. He who simply glimpses you must harbour more love for you in an instant than another might incite in him in half a century.

MATHURINE: Dear Lord! I no longer know if you speak truthfully, but you certainly know how make it believable.

DON JUAN: Correct my child! Believe me and I shall make this man (gesturing towards Skanarell) a witness of our betrothal.

SKANARELL: This will get crazy (?).<sup>16</sup> (Notices Franzeska coming.) Now it will get better, and the storm's a-coming.

### Scene 3.

Franzeska, the same.

FRANZESKA (flippantly to Don Juan, who takes her aside): What are you doing here with Mathurine? Do you have some words of love for her too?

DON JUAN: How can you say that? Indeed she made me marriage proposals, but I told her that I'm betrothed to you already.

[33]

MATHURINE (grabs Don Juan's arm, takes him to the other side): Ah! Dear Lord! Have you also fallen in love with her?

DON JUAN: Angel! How can you ask that? – She's fallen in love with me to such an extent that she seems to have lost her senses in this short while; she speaks as if I had promised to accept her as my wife.

FRANZESKA (pulls Don Juan from Mathurine): Make the lecherous cat go off.

MATHURINE (does the same thing): Are you not ashamed to be hauled around by a fool?

DON JUAN (furtively): Hey let the poor devil do as he pleases (????).<sup>17</sup>

FRANZESKA (to Mathurine): Now I'm telling you, be off with you!

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<sup>16</sup> Das ist zum toll werden.

<sup>17</sup> Ei laß den armen Teufel machen.

MATHURINE: Why!

DON JUAN: Oh silence!

FRANZESKA: He's my bridegroom already –

DON JUAN (furtively to Mathurine): Did you hear what I told you?

FRANZESKA: And so purely and simply I can't put up with a lecherous cat's –

SKANARELL: That will clean the laundry (???)<sup>18</sup>

FRANZESKA: Meowing around him.

MATHURINE: Oh my dear Lord! Are you so foolish? (Out loud to Don Juan.) Just run into her, she might come back to her senses when she hears whom you love.

[34]

FRANZESKA: Yes, yes! Say that you promised to marry me.

DON JUAN: But dear children –

MATHURINE: Yell it right into her ear, that you're marrying me.

FRANZESKA: Why not! So say –

SKANARELL: Well, if he can get himself out of this mess, he won't get stuck on any other occasion.

DON JUAN: What should I say? You both claim that I promised to marry you. Now each of you, understand anyhow what the matter is. – Should she whom I truly promised to marry not have good reason to mock the words of the other? – Words don't prove much; one must act rather than speak. May peace be established between you two when, at the time of my marriage, you yourselves realise who has captured my heart.

Scene 4.

Karolo, the same.

KAROLO: Mathurine, Franzeska! Quick! Everyone's going to church! (Exit.)

MATHURINE: We're coming!

FRANZESKA: Me too!

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<sup>18</sup> Das wird eine saubere Wäsche geben.

MATHURINE (furtively to Don Juan): You're staying here?

DON JUAN (likewise): Quite obviously!

[35]

FRANZESKA (also quietly): There will be a dance here later; will I see you?

DON JUAN: Of course.

MATHURINE: God be with you. (Exit.)

FRANZESKA (smiling contemptuously at Mathurine, to Don Juan): See you later!

DON JUAN (kisses her hand): Farewell!

#### Scene 5.

Don Juan and Skanarell.

SKANARELL: That's not right, you're a true hero for being merry in retreat as in attack. – But what happened to your vow, your betterment?

DON JUAN: Amongst such angels the Devil may better himself. And their desire for the apple must drive everyone crazy. – How it is captivating, sweet, alluring, marvellous!

SKANARELL: Yes, yes! The womenfolk here have truly inherited far more from heirs (????) and their grandma the serpent than elsewhere.<sup>19</sup>

#### Scene 6.

Giubetta, the same.

GIUBETTA: *Che si fa!*<sup>20</sup>

DON JUAN: Hey, are you there? Are you still alive?

GIUBETTA: And that's quite pleasing (????).<sup>21</sup>

[36]

SKANARELL (to the side): Huh, something scheduled to be smoked is never boiled first.

DON JUAN: But then why are you so sweaty, and why were you gone for six whole hours?

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<sup>19</sup> Die hiesigen Weibslleute haben wahrhaftig weit mehr von Erben, und ihrer Frau Großmama Schlange geerbt, als anderswo.

<sup>20</sup> What's going on here?

<sup>21</sup> Und das recht wohl behagt.

GIUBETTA: I was gone for six hours because I wanted to keep my oath and not leave our man alone; I'm sweaty because I rushed here in a charier (????) upon an emaciated mare to which I gave Micista (????) to devour.<sup>22</sup>

DON JUAN: So you swam back again?

GIUBETTA: And did as much as I could.

DON JUAN: Did you see my blonde?

GIUBETTA: *Si Signore!*<sup>23</sup>

DON JUAN: Did she come home safe and sound?

GIUBETTA: She did!

SKANARELL: So he didn't?

GIUBETTA: The bridegroom however committed adultery with the second wife of the Doge of Venetia.<sup>24</sup>

DON JUAN: What does that mean?

GIUBETTA: He jumped, or rather fell into the see.

DON JUAN: And is –

GIUBETTA: Gone.

DON JUAN: Impossible!

GIUBETTA: *Come disse monna ghigna.*<sup>25</sup> I saw it with my hands.

DON JUAN: So you –

[37]

GIUBETTA: Why ask that? *Questo non fa! farina.*<sup>26</sup> – Whether she's still alive or not, remains to be seen.

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<sup>22</sup> Das erste [i.e. he is sweaty], weil ich auf einer ausgehungerten Mähre, der ich Micista zu fressen gab, in einem Charier hieher gesprengt bin.

<sup>23</sup> Yes/indeed sir.

<sup>24</sup> Elected leader of the Republic of Venice. Each year on Ascension Day the Doge would cast, as a symbol of marriage with the sea, a golden ring into the water; the sea would hence be his "second wife" after his human wife. Giubetta is thus jokingly stating that the bridegroom drowned (Kaiser 210).

<sup>25</sup> As the grimacing Madonna says.

<sup>26</sup> Literally: No flour will come out of that! i.e. No good will come out of that!



DON JUAN: You were just saying –

GIUBETTA: That she came home safe and sound. But she stabbed herself when she found out that her sweetheart would now be sweets for a seal.

DON JUAN: My Lord!

SKANARELL: That's a fine piece of work again.

GIUBETTA: The poor Lukrezia! Could she not have waited before stabbing herself?

DON JUAN: Oh well! So be it! Since I came here, I can quite easily endure her loss. I found her doubled and tripled here.

GIUBETTA: Aha! *La sposa?*<sup>27</sup>

DON JUAN: Not at all! She's certainly the prettiest, but too silly.

GIUBETTA: So either Mathurine or Franzeska.

SKANARELL: He knows all the people on the island.

DON JUAN: Correct, those two have captivated me, Mathurine's pure simple innocence, and Franzeska's heart harbouring no malice.

GIUBETTA: Don Juan, *Ogni lucciola non è fuoco.*<sup>28</sup> A man such as you should well know already

[38]

that appearances can be deceiving, and thus be well versed in this matter. – Mathurine has forgotten her innocence so often under the prayer book (????)<sup>29</sup> that something appears much less malicious to her than to Franzeska who can no longer conceal her shamelessness.

DON JUAN: What are you saying?

GIUBETTA: What you could have noticed on the spot.

SKANARELL: I well suspected it, but love is blind.

GIUBETTA: Charlotte on the other hand is certainly something; on our island girls like her are only found every few centuries.

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<sup>27</sup> The bride.

<sup>28</sup> Not every glow worm is a flame.

<sup>29</sup> Mathurine hat ihre Unschuld schon so oft unterm Gebethbuche vergessen, ...

DON JUAN (kisses him full of desire): Oh dearest Giubetta! What shall we do such that I may catch this gem?

GIUBETTA: Ah. *Miracoli di Macometto*:<sup>30</sup> if the mountains can't come to us, go to them.

DON JUAN: But she never leaves her lover's side.

GIUBETTA: I just spoke of that. (Looks out to the window.) Now they're coming out of the church again. When I come back, look for the opportunity to lead Charlotte to me, then all shall go well. (Exit.)

[39]

Scene 7.

Don Juan, Skanarell.

SKANARELL: You must know well that I am not raised too poorly in any case, but the ingratitude of luring the daughter away from her father and the bride from the bridegroom seems too disgusting, especially since she risked her own life to save us.

DON JUAN: Silence, halfwit! Who reflects upon a matter for eternity?

Scene 9.

Paulo, Pietro, Charlotte, Mathurine, Franzeska, wedding guests, musicians, and the same.

Mathurine and Franzeska hurry immediately to Don Juan, who is now gazing at Charlotte very attentively.

PAULO (to Pietro and Charlotte whom he leads to the door): Well I could die in peace because I've lived to see this day. (To Don Juan.) May God also send you the blessed sentiment that I now enjoy; I've delivered my virtuous daughter to a man who is Christian enough such that her virtue may be more highly esteemed than everything else that millions vaunt to their detriment.

[40]

DON JUAN: Most respected gentleman! My warmest wishes to their mutual happiness, and as long as I am alive, I shall implore God such that He may permit that you live contentedly through myriads of years as recompense for your treatment of me, if that be possible.

SKANARELL: Even if the Devil hasn't laughed for millennia, in this moment he certainly could not have held it in (????).<sup>31</sup>

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<sup>30</sup> Miracle of Mohammed.

<sup>31</sup> .. so hat er in diesem Augenblick gewiß nicht gerathen können.

PIETRO: Thank you father for your compliment and your master! For wishing me well!

CHARLOTTE (to both): My gratitude as well.

PAULO (to the musicians): Start playing some music, we'll dance until the food's ready.

DON JUAN: Indeed!

MATHURINE (from one side to Don Juan): Will you dance with me?

FRANZESKA (from the other side): Will you dance with me?

DON JUAN: I shall dance with each of you.

The music starts, Pietro dances with Charlotte, Don Juan dances with Franzeska.

SKANARELL: Now I must approach the holy candle snuffer (????).<sup>32</sup> (To Mathurine.) You're also dancing, my idol.

MATHURINE: Yes!

SKANARELL: I mean with me, since the love for you has burned me halfway to tinder; now I must dance in sweat in order to extinguish the fire.

MATHURINE: Oh! You extinguisher! – However I must dance with your master first.

[41]

SKANARELL: We don't take that literally; seldom are the masters the first. (Takes his position with her.)

#### Scene 9.

Giubetta (dressed exactly like Pietro), the same.

PAULO: Bravo! It's fabulous when everyone's mingling together.

When Pietro has finished dancing, he starts dancing with another woman; Charlotte takes a seat behind the people who stand up to the dance, and Giubetta furtively takes Don Juan aside to reveal himself to him.

GIUBETTA: It's now time, but stay here so as to not arouse any suspicion, until it gets noisy and the people stray out of the village.

DON JUAN (goes to Charlotte): Are you tired already, my beautiful bride?

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<sup>32</sup> Itzt muß ich an die heilige Lichtputze mich machen.

CHARLOTTE: No, but I would rather be left alone.

DON JUAN: Leaving such a beauty alone would be unforgivable.

CHARLOTTE (uneasy, and unwilling, as she seems to be afraid of Don Juan; she stands up and attempts to drive Don Juan, due to his obtrusiveness, towards Giubetta who is pretending to be an onlooker at the dance.): I beg you, leave me alone!

DON JUAN: Angel! I shall let you be, you –

[42]

Giubetta, noticing Charlotte, shoves through the people and comes to Charlotte, who believes that Pietro has just finished dancing.

CHARLOTTE (to Giubetta): Come dear. (Grasps his arm.)

Giubetta immediately goes to the door with her. He however wipes off her sweat such that she may not see his face.

PAULO (runs into them): Well children! Please, stay together.

Exit Giubetta with Charlotte.

PAULO (to Don Juan): Dear friend! Why aren't they dancing anymore? In my younger days I couldn't stand still or sit down until all the instruments had stopped playing.

DON JUAN: I stopped dancing a moment ago, and although I'm not dancing, I'm fortunate to be with such a happy family.

Pietro has stopped dancing in the meantime and is looking for Charlotte.

PAULO: Yes sir! We're truly fortunate; we desire nothing other than the bare necessities, and since we bask in peace and honour here, so –

PIETRO (disquietedly to Paulo): Where's my Charlotte?

PAULO (smiling): Will they not have stolen her out of your hand?

PIETRO: But I can't find her!

[43]

PAULO: Where did you take her?

PIETRO: I've been dancing until now.

PAULO: I thought you went out to the door with her a short while ago.

PIETRO: In the name of the Lord no. (Runs off.)

PAULO (to Don Juan): Didn't you see it yourself?

DON JUAN: Right! You were just speaking to him (?).<sup>33</sup> – But it's no surprise, lovers are never aware of what they do.

Scene 10.

Pietro (frantic), the same.

PIETRO (to Paulo): In the name of the Lord, Charlotte isn't in the house, no soul has seen her.

PAULO: Didn't you just take her to the door?

PIETRO: No!

PAULO: I spoke to you two.

PIETRO: No, no I tell you!

In the meantime Mathurine has come to Don Juan to invite him to dance.

PAULO: Oh come with me! (Exit with Pietro.)

SKANARELL (still dancing wildly): Ah! May there come lightning and stormy skies that brought me hither! (To Don Juan.) I feel as though I were in Mohammed's paradise.

[44]

Scene 11.

Paulo and Pietro out of breath.

PIETRO: Stop playing!

ALL: What's that? What's the matter?

PAULO: My Lord! My child is gone!

PIETRO: Someone snatched my bride from me.

PAULO: My daughter!

DON JUAN (immediately running up to Pietro and Paulo): Impossible! You're losing your mind.

PIETRO: Come all! Come! Let's go! Let's go find her.

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<sup>33</sup> Sie sprachen ja noch auf ihn.

ALL: Yes! We shall, and we'll hang the thief on the spot. (Exit all. Paulo however cannot bear the pain and collapses, so some rush to him.)

PAULO (to Don Juan): Help them find Charlotte! – My Lord! I'm passing out!

DON JUAN: Take him out into the open air, it's too sultry here. (He is also led off.)

In the meantime Don Juan slips into the room.

### Scene 12.

A bandit, Don Juan and Skanarell.

BANDIT: You should follow me quickly. Charlotte is in my dwelling not far from here.

[45]

You have no time to waste, for you must leave the village immediately. Twelve men on horseback are searching for you; I don't know how, but they suspected that you would be here. They'll surely arrive very soon; I was only a few thousand strides before them when I alerted Giubetta of their arrival. I shall be standing on the left near the mountain at my house.

DON JUAN (to Skanarell): We'll look out for a trick (????)<sup>34</sup> if we run into the hounds. Quick give me your clothes. (Undresses.)

SKANARELL (also starts to undress): In the end they'll start a coursing – and at the same time a roundup for us. (Quickly slips on Don Juan's clothes.) But golly!

DON JUAN: What do you mean?

SKANARELL: If they catch us and take me to be you, they'll also hang me in your place.

DON JUAN (drawing his sword): Do it, or I'll –

SKANARELL: (dressing up again): Well good heaven! –

DON JUAN: Would it not be an honour if you had to die for me, your master?

SKANARELL (quickly finishes dressing up): Oh I thank you alright for this honour!

DON JUAN: You beast! I'll kill you on the spot.

[46]

### Scene 13.

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<sup>34</sup> Wir wollen uns auf eine Kriegslist gefaßt halten.

Giubetta, the same.

GIUBETTA: *Diabolo!* What are you doing! *Tempo perso non s'quifa mai!*<sup>35</sup>

DON JUAN: The beast!

SKANARELL: I shall give you my clothes.

GIUBETTA: What for?

DON JUAN: When the twelve –

GIUBETTA: Oh why not? You won't reach the little way to go. In any case there were only two in reality, the others are bandits, and now I'm with you, so you have nothing to fear at all. *Il lupo non mangia carne di lupo.*<sup>36</sup>

SKANARELL: You think quite simply that a wolf won't devour the other wolf.

GIUBETTA: *Mattacino,*<sup>37</sup> that's what I just said. (To Don Juan.) *Andiamo!*<sup>38</sup> (Exit.)

DON JUAN: Alright! (Exit.)

SKANARELL: Had we only been one hundred miles over the doubled hunt this time. Cavalry, and the peasants on foot; I felt as though I had been standing before the gallows in their midst to recite my concluding prayers. (Exit as well.)

[47]

Act 3.

Forest.

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Scene 1.

Don Juan (in traveler's attire), Skanarell as a doctor.

SKANARELL: Well thank God that we escaped from the peasants and all the cavalry. If only the bride were back where she belongs, so that Giubetta would be with us, for when we have a lion as our leader we can surely tackle deer. It's certainly true that that's a completely different costume than your first plot. Now nobody must know us – nobody from this side of the Earth can

---

<sup>35</sup> Devil! What are you doing? Wasted time can't be compensated!

<sup>36</sup> Literally: The wolf does not eat wolf flesh, i.e. there exists honour among thieves.

<sup>37</sup> Little fool.

<sup>38</sup> Let's go!

match Giubetta. If I believed in metempsychosis<sup>39</sup> I would thus take a vow every second; may Giubetta be stuck in the serpent that tempted Eve.

DON JUAN: It's true, you're exquisitely dressed.

SKANARELL: And how my attire has transformed how people look at me!

[48]

DON JUAN: How so?

SKANARELL: – Everyone takes off their caps and hats from afar, bows and scrapes (????).<sup>40</sup> A thousand peasants and peasant women have asked me already for advice regarding all kinds of illnesses while passing by.

DON JUAN: But you told them that you know nothing of medicine.

SKANARELL: Why not! They would have been fighting over my coat rather unscrupulously (????)<sup>41</sup> if with such a response I had compromised him who honours me so much; I grumbled about the illnesses like a madman.

DON JUAN: I would like to believe that.

SKANARELL: Prescribed –

DON JUAN: You?

SKANARELL: Yes me! Cured someone on the spot.

DON JUAN: You?

SKANARELL: Yes, me! Clothes make a man.

DON JUAN: Never have I believed that than now in this moment, and how did you manage with the wonder cure?

SKANARELL: I passed by a house, wherein a woman was weeping, and six others were consoling her. I asked what was going on. – Well they said that the woman's poor husband had been in his final throes for six days and no medicine could save him! – Without much brooding I sent for an emetic, poured it into his mouth and –

DON JUAN: Did he regain his health?

[49]

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<sup>39</sup> The passage of the soul at death into a new body.

<sup>40</sup> ... macht Kratzfüsse und Gnikse.

<sup>41</sup> Das ware ja äußerst gewissenlos an meinem Rocke gehandelt, ...



SKANARELL: No, he died on the spot.

DON JUAN: That's a splendid cure.

SKANARELL: Quite so? For six whole days he hadn't been able to die; I come, prescribe, pour in and the patient is dead. – So many doctors would count themselves lucky if their cures produced such a result like mine did.

DON JUAN: What fiend, how could they possibly count themselves lucky?

SKANARELL: It's quite obvious, since, if all invalids were to die, there wouldn't be so many patients who would burden themselves with the uncertainty of their doctors. – (Noises and sounds of swords are heard.) (Horried.) Goodness gracious! I think that the cavalry and the peasants on foot are close by!

DON JUAN (looks into the forest): A man's being attacked by three others. – They're far superior to him – I mustn't allow such a shameful deed. (Draws his sword and runs into the fray.)

SKANARELL: Sir! Keep your distance! Why should foreign matters concern you? – Well there's no convincing him now, he's deep in the action already. – I would be the fool if I didn't throw myself between four sword tips for the highest emergency (???)!<sup>42</sup> – Not for my own sake, I'm not afraid of the Devil in Hell (looks around in fear), rather I was solely afraid of the perils into which my courage could cause the others to plummet.

[50]

(Looks around in horror.) – – But good Lord! My master's aide wasn't in vain; the three fellows are running off as if Lucifer were beating them away. (Full of courage.) Wait you beasts. (Runs in a frenzy towards the scene from which he comes. (?))<sup>43</sup>

Scene 4. [Scene 2.]

Don Juan, Don Carlos and Skanarell!

DON JUAN (to Skanarell): Where are you off to in such a hurry?

SKANARELL: To break the scoundrels' necks when I catch them.

DON JUAN: Now when they're far off? A pity that you're no Gascon.<sup>44</sup>

DON CARLOS (sheathing his sword): These highwaymen fled thanks to the aide you provided me. How might I express my gratitude for this act of generosity –

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<sup>42</sup> Daß ich der Narr wäre, ohne der höchsten Noth mich zwischen vier Degenspitzen hineinzuführen!

<sup>43</sup> läuft im Feuer des Angriffs gegen die Szene, aus der kömmt.

<sup>44</sup> An inhabitant of Gascony in south-western France. The Gascons were considered to be thievish and talkative to the point of being boastful. See Kaiser, pp. 212, CZ. 779-780.

DON JUAN: You would have done the same in my place. In such instances our own honour always comes into play, for one would also be guilty of such a murder if one didn't resist oneself for so long (????) while still having a glimmer of fury and power (????).<sup>45</sup> But tell me, how did you fall into the hands of those folks?

[51]

DON CARLOS: I strayed away from my brother and our attendants, and as I was searching for them I fell into the hands of those fellows. Immediately they killed my mount, and would have done the same to me had you not saved me with your courage.

SKANARELL (to himself): He's one of the enemy cavalry after all.

DON JUAN: You must certainly be heading to the city?

DON CARLOS: Indeed! But not in order to enter the city. – We, so my brother and I, find ourselves compelled to sojourn upon the field, and this is due to a matter that obliges nobles to sacrifice themselves and their families to the demands of their honour, for even the best success is always unfortunate; if we don't lose our life thereby we must at least abjure the realm (????).<sup>46</sup>

SKANARELL (to Don Carlos): But Sir! Is it not ridiculous that you nobles relinquish your peace, possessions and life for some daredevil (????)<sup>47</sup> who is insolent and reckless enough to sully even the most honest man? – If I had money and possessions I would let God be a good man, the fools grumble and the fat in me grow in peace. – Wretched devils who have nothing to eat should break each other's necks, then the misery will end.

[52]

DON JUAN: Silence fool! (To Carlos.) If it isn't too immodest of me, I would like to know what the matter is.

DON CARLOS: The matter has already become common knowledge; our honour no longer consists in concealing our shame, rather in exacting our revenge and even announcing our plans. – Don Juan, son of Louis Tenorio, snatched our sister Donna Elvira out of the sacred walls of a monastery.

SKANARELL (to himself): That's us!

DON CARLOS: We've been pursuing him in vain for six months already, and found out yesterday that he's in the second village along the coast with three people. – But there again he was gone already.

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<sup>45</sup> denn man würde eines solchen Strassenmords sich mit schuldig machen, wenn man selbem sich nicht so lang widersetzte, als noch ein Funke Feuer und Kraft in einem vorhanden ist.

<sup>46</sup> da man ... wenigstens das Königreich meiden muß.

<sup>47</sup> Waghals.

DON JUAN: Do you know this Don Juan?

DON CARLOS: I myself have never seen him, my brother certainly gave me a description, but –

Scene 3.

Don Alonso, and the same.

DON ALONSO (sees Carlos, full of joy): Carlos.

DON CARLOS: Alonso! (Hug one another.)

DON ALONSO (notices Don Juan): Good heaven what am I seeing here? How could it be? You in the company of our arch nemesis?

[53]

DON CARLOS: Our arch nemesis?

DON JUAN (draws his sword): Indeed, I am Don Juan!

DON ALONSO (placing his hand on his sword): Ha! Scoundrel! You must die.

SKANARELL (runs off to hide): God help his wretched soul!

DON CARLOS (falls into Alonso's arms): Stop brother! I owe him my life; had it not been for his courage I would have been slaughtered by highwaymen.

DON ALONSO: That can't prevent me from exacting our vengeance. Services from an enemy oblige us to nothing. Your gratitude is ridiculous here. Honour is more important than life; thus we owe nothing to him who deprived us of our honour, even if we owe him our life.

DON CHARL. [CARLOS]: I don't mean to forget our revenge (???),<sup>48</sup> simply permit that I now return to him over a few days what he gave me shortly before.

DON AOLN. [ALONSO]: No, never! That would leave our revenge unsettled. Heaven has delivered him into our hands; our honour thus demands that he die.

DON CARLOS: Stop brother! I find it absolutely unbearable that you now seek his life. Let us show that we have hearts that observe their duties even towards their enemies; (draws his sword)

[54]

otherwise I shall defend Don Juan against you. Now you must kill me first in order to kill him.

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<sup>48</sup> Will unsere Rache dadurch nicht austilgen.

DON JUAN (steps in between the two and with his left hand stabs Don Carlos in the heart with a dagger, and simultaneously lunges at Alonso with the sword in his right hand) (to Carlos): You're relieved of your duties. (To Alonso.) But you, stormy iron eater, try your luck against me! – Now I'm no longer outnumbered.

DON CARLOS: My Lord! (Collapses.)

DON ALONSO: What's going on? (Defends himself on the spot, as he sees Don Carlos fall, finally realises what has happened.) Ha! Scoundrel! Scoundrel! You're an insult to Hell itself into which you shall plummet.

DON CARLOS: Ungrateful Juan; may God forgive you, as I do. (Dies.)

DON ALONSO (in the most raging fury): Satan! Will you not topple!

DON JUAN (stabs him through a feint): Indeed! I'll topple, but I'll topple you.

DON ALONSO: Damn it! –

DON JUAN: You're damned. Now do you see in me that against the just man the gates of Hell themselves open up in vain!

DON ALONSO: Go on mocking – you cursed blackguard! Go on! Until heaven whose forbearance you abuse may assail you to deliver you to all the tortures of hell, for which you – are – more than worthy – (Dies.)

[55]

DON JUAN: Spent out already? – Were it only true this time that there exists a future in which unforgiving souls are eternally dissatisfied, such that He would have to continue fuming for eternity. – – Skanarell! Hey! Skanarell!

Scene 4.

Skanarell, the same.

SKANARELL (emerging horrified): What is your command?

DON JUAN: What? Skanarell, you simply run off when I'm being attacked?

SKANARELL (noticing the two slain men, he musters up courage): Forgive me; I just ran off a moment ago. I think that my attire has a laxative effect. – But now are we leaving soon?

DON JUAN: If we could only find our way to the city!

SKANARELL (appalled): In the name of God! Someone's fast approaching already.

Scene 5.

A hermit, the same.

DON JUAN (to Skanarell): Go! Ask him who he is.

SKANARELL (fearfully): Hey! Who are you?

HERMIT: I'm a hermit, I eat nothing but roots and herbs.

[56]

SKANARELL (joyfully): Sir! That's terrible. He's brother Kredit (????),<sup>49</sup> he devours foot soldiers and cavalrymen. Our creditors and pursuers should arrive here anytime now; let him pay the first ones on the spot, and devour the second ones.

DON JUAN: Jackass! He's a hermit, and lives off of roots and herbs; that's what he said. – My friend, there must certainly be horrid thieves here? There lie two dead men – tell us anyway in the name of heaven how we might find the closest path to the city?

HERMIT: Would you not be kind enough to help me carry out the physical labour of mercy before you go –

DON JUAN: You mean to bury the dead? We were planning to cast them aside into the thicket, but a burial would prevent our departure for too long. Moreover the dear Lord has certainly served them up to their robbery over which He makes His sun appear as goodly as over canaries. Thus we would rather not disturb His plans. (The corpses are carried off.)

[57]

SKANARELL: Sir! The fellows both have their swords so close to their bodies that you would think that they themselves stabbed one another.

DON JUAN: Quite possible! But then the two certainly fought for a good reason.

SKANARELL: So they both had to be lying dead? (Aside.) Gosh! My master only leads such a devilish life because he fancies that, apart from fools, all men who are honest and virtuous fare poorly. And I admit candidly that I'm quite content, after all that I see daily, to be one of the fools than one of the wise.

DON JUAN (to the hermit): Well farewell! Pray that nothing may harm us on the way. (Exit.)

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<sup>49</sup> Er ist der Bruder Kredit.

SKANARELL: No, no! You be quiet, and if you do want to pray, pray for you own sake. (To himself.) His prayer could remind God of us, and I always believe that it's better if He doesn't think of us. (Exit.)

HERMIT: Forgive me sir! It goes against my will, but my heart is rising up against that young gentleman, whom I have never seen and who nonetheless suggests so much through his appearance! (Prays in his book, and wants to exit in the background.)

[58]

Scene 6.

Giubetta, bandit, the same.

GIUBETTA (calls after the hermit): *Amico!*<sup>50</sup> Did you not see a doctor with another traveller?

HERMIT: Yes sir! They're hurrying here upon this path to the city. (Exit.)

GIUBETTA: *Rendo gratie.*<sup>51</sup>

BANDIT (has looked around in the meantime and caught sight of the slain men): Giubetta, there lie our people, and they're expecting resurrection (????).<sup>52</sup>

GIUBETTA: What people? (Goes up to them.) Aha! You here *con branca di naso*,<sup>53</sup> that's exquisite work, whoever did it. Now we also have nothing more to fear on this side – Well off with you, and see to it that you catch Paulo's grey horse. Then around midnight you'll take Charlotte to the crossroads, as I've told you already, but she won't be blindfolded, but she shall be gagged again so that she can only breathe. – There you'll seat her on the *cavalluccio*,<sup>54</sup> direct her towards the village, give her a push and –

BANDIT: The *cavalieressa*<sup>55</sup> will surely be returning home victoriously without the whole retinue. But the bridegroom will make a face.

GIUBETTA: Who can blame him? *Chi tardi arriva, mal alloggia*;<sup>56</sup> he who arrives too late must accept what the others no longer want.

[59]

BANDIT: Peasants just don't know how to get used to that properly.

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<sup>50</sup> Friend.

<sup>51</sup> Many thanks!

<sup>52</sup> Giubetta, da liegen unsere Leute, und erwarten die Auferstehung.

<sup>53</sup> With the hook of the snout/nose; the true meaning is not clear (Kaiser 212).

<sup>54</sup> Little horse.

<sup>55</sup> Rider (feminine).

<sup>56</sup> (Cremeri's translation) He who arrives late, lives poorly.

GIUBETTA: They'll have to put up with it though. – Now go off! But be on the lookout, so that you won't be caught doing anything. *Tu sai scritto nel libro del grosse.*<sup>57</sup>

BANDIT: The fools should still record my name on their list of sins six times, for this reason I surely won't lose my skilfulness. *A rivederci.*<sup>58</sup> (Exit.)

GIUBETTA: *Da boccal, da furfante*<sup>59</sup> with a broken neck, and the rope around it. – But I must go after my master. *Lontano da Gitta, lontan da Sanita.*<sup>60</sup> (Exit upon the indicated path.)

### Scene 7.

A graveyard completely surrounded by a wall. Don Juan and Skanarell hastily leap over it.

SKANARELL: That there is certainly for breaking your neck!

DON JUAN: That will only happen to you (????),<sup>61</sup> and even if it were, it's more sensible, I think, to break your neck than to be hacked in two and brought in on top of that. – This time we were too heavily outnumbered.

SKANARELL: But who bid you to steal maidens from six young peasant men as plunder?

[60]

DON JUAN: The faces that the folks made.

SKANARELL: I'm only relieved that we were able to escape without seeing their fists, and not only would we have seen them, but also felt them beating us.

DON JUAN: If I hadn't been so skilful so as to topple into the cesspool the one who caught up with me.

SKANARELL: The Devil helps his kin, for if he didn't perform miracles in you, we would have been lying dead, or even hanging somewhere. – Quiet! Now the folks are running by, they're perfuming the whole atmosphere with their rescued soul (????).<sup>62</sup> – Well thank God that they didn't suspect that we would be here. (Looks around.) But sir! (Holds his kerchief in front of his face.) Now I'm getting nervous again.

DON JUAN: Why?

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<sup>57</sup> You're entered in the big book.

<sup>58</sup> See you again!

<sup>59</sup> Literally: (out of the pitcher (?)) as a scoundrel [aus dem Krug als Schurke]) with a broken neck and the rope around it.

<sup>60</sup> Far from Gitta, far from Sanita.

<sup>61</sup> Das kömmt nur dir so für.

<sup>62</sup> ... , sie parfümieren die ganze Atmospher mit ihrem Gereteten.

SKANARELL: You know what kind of look and appearance my attire has given me already; who knows whether I may unfortunately resemble the doctor whose cures explains the presence of most of folks here (????),<sup>63</sup> and whether one of them may thus not wake up and grab me by the collar?

DON JUAN: Why not! But that's true, it looks quite good here! What excellent works of art there are! – Read a few epitaphs to see

[61]

if the poet is as skilled as the sculptor.

SKANARELL (reads rather despondently)

“Here below rests a young oxling;”

“The joiner's ox was his youngling;”

“’twas not at all the dear Lord's wish,”

“that he as an ox should perish.” –

DON JUAN: A pity that the poet became one. – – Another one here, for it's the same here in the graveyard as in a book catalogue, where asses and scholars are mixed together like kings, wolves and ravens in tarots.

SKANARELL (reads): Here lies Franz Ypsilon.

In his lifetime he was called unrest itself,

’twas all he did.

May God give him eternal rest;

for he needs all that time for full respite.

DON JUAN (sees a large tombstone in the background): What grandeur! – How impressive! (Goes up to it himself and reads.) Here rest Don Pietro. “ – Aha! Old sir! Let us meet here (?).<sup>64</sup>

SKANARELL: What?

DON JUAN: Yes! Look! In his lifetime he always picked himself the most exquisite residences, well, since he has no use for them now, he lives like a king. (Goes to the portal.) Fool! In his lifetime he went around as a miser in his worn-out doublet, and now he parades in imperial attire.

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<sup>63</sup> Wer weiß, ob nicht unglücklicher Weise ich eben dem Doktor ähnlich sehe, durch dessen Kuren sich die meisten Leute hier befinden, ...

<sup>64</sup> Kommen wir hier zusammen.



SKANARELL (still looking at the statue attentively and fearfully): Sir I believe it's time that we go. The statue seems to be coming to life. (Fearfully to Don Juan.) Why should it matter, our presence is irritating the elderly gentleman.

DON JUAN: That wouldn't be bad! He must be finding my visit honourable.

SKANARELL: Don't believe that. – Let's go! Visiting a man whom you killed is truly an insult. – Just see what kinds of looks he may cast upon us!

DON JUAN: Perhaps (?) he's hungry,<sup>65</sup> ask him whether he would like to dine with me tonight.

SKANARELL: That would be something that he doesn't need.

DON JUAN: Ask him I say!

SKANARELL: Sir! Please don't make a joke out of everything.

DON JUAN: Do as I say, or else –

SKANARELL: Well, so be it! Sir Commendatore! My master Don Juan would like to know whether you might do the honour of joining him for dinner tonight.

The statue nods its head.

SKANARELL (half dismayed) Help, God! Now it's all over (????)!<sup>66</sup> – (Staggers over to Don Juan.)

DON JUAN: What's going on? What's the matter with you?

SKANARELL (nods): The statue! – – The statue.

DON JUAN: What do you mean the statue, you knave!

SKANARELL (as above): I told you indeed, the statue – –

DON JUAN: Well, what's the matter with the statue? I'll strike you dead if you don't speak.

SKANARELL: The statue nodded its head.

DON JUAN: Fool!

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<sup>65</sup> Etwan hat er Hunger.

<sup>66</sup> Itzt ist es aus!

SKANARELL: I myself shall turn to stone on the spot if the stone statue didn't nod its head. – Look for yourself, and talk to it, then you'll see for sure.

DON JUAN: Lily-livered oaf! You're shaking like –

SKANARELL: Like anyone else who isn't in the best of his wits with his conscience. Now I'm going to sort things out with him if my head is still attached to my body after we come out of this.

DON JUAN: Pull yourself together I tell you! Look, I'm going to repeat the invitation just to convince you completely of the absurdity of your imagination. Look closely! (To the statue.) Sir Commendatore! Will you join me for dinner tonight?

The statue nods its head again.

SKANARELL: Help God! Do something else, or I'll catch all the convulsions that exist in the world.

DON JUAN (alarmed): Come we're leaving!

[64]

SKANARELL: Aha! You reckless soul who would rather not believe in anything in the world! Am I not correct? Now is your heart also not where mine already fidgeted halfway?

DON JUAN (pulls himself together): Fool in every respect! Don't you realise that I'm –

SKANARELL: A poltroon, like all ostentatious libertines?

DON JUAN: Insolent rascal! – But now you have no idea what you're saying!

SKANARELL: Gosh! Soon I won't know who I am, or see myself anymore.

DON JUAN: Well then follow me. (Wants to exit.)

SKANARELL (pulls Don Juan behind himself): No, Sir! Today we must exchange places.

DON JUAN: What do you want fool?

SKANARELL: To precede you.

DON JUAN (goes forth): Why not?

SKANARELL (pulls him to himself): There's no use. Either you must kill me on the spot, or let me go before you.

DON JUAN: Then go fool.

SKANARELL (shivering and shaking in front of Don Juan): May God shield every child from such horrors. (While looking around, he stumbles upon a grave, and as he runs back in terror he runs into Don Juan; believing that he is between two phantoms, he cries out in fear, and in prayer.)

[65]

We good spirits praise the Lord for everything.

DON JUAN (laughs).

SKANARELL (notices his mistake): Just now I was a hundred times more in that world than in this one. (Both exit over the wall.)

Act 4.

Don Juan's chamber.

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Scene 1.

Don Juan and Skanarell.

SKANARELL: I feel as though the spirits of all the deceased who lie buried in the graveyard have entered me.

DON JUAN: Fool!

SKANARELL: No, no! I'm no fool, or we're both fools (????).<sup>67</sup>

DON JUAN: What? You beast!

SKANARELL: Well, well, quite obviously; did you yourself not stand and gape there like an unseasoned ensign who encounters his first sharp cannonade?

DON JUAN: You're imagining things.

SKANARELL: If the statue had only been so merciful as to give you a black eye (????) so that you would believe something; you certainly would not have opposed it anymore, out of fear that the dosage might be repeated (????), or that a mirror might disprove you (????).<sup>68</sup>

[67]

DON JUAN: Silence, halfwit! The poor lighting may have deceived us.

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<sup>67</sup> Nichts Narr, oder selbst Narr mit.

<sup>68</sup> Wenn die Bildsäule nur so barmherzig gewesen wäre, ihnen ein blaues Aug zu schlagen; damit sie doch einmal etwas geglaubt hätten; denn dieses würden sie doch sicher nicht mehr widersprochen haben, aus Sorge, die dosis, möchte wiederholt werden, oder ein Spiegel sie widerlegen.

SKANARELL: We simply follow the poor lighting all the time (????).<sup>69</sup>

DON JUAN: Or we may have been blinded by the bad air.

SKANARELL: I wasn't blinded by anything, for I didn't want to see blindly; I know quite well that for the seven virtues (????) that belong to a man *à-la-mode* it is now necessary to be at least half blind.<sup>70</sup> – This however wasn't introduced because of the dead, rather because of the living. Otherwise how would so many a jealous husband stand by his honours and clients (????),<sup>71</sup> if he couldn't be pardoned by doing so: he wasn't able to notice what the matter was with his dear better half, because he didn't have his glasses or his spyglass with him. That wasn't true in our case, thus your blindness was attached to incorrect places here (????).<sup>72</sup>

DON JUAN: Silence once and for all! I'll hear nothing more from your ugly face.

SKANARELL: Well, I can certainly shut up, but I'm nonetheless correct about the statue's nodding.

[68]

## Scene 2.

Don Louis, the same.

DON JUAN (notices his father, enraged to himself): Must the storm bring hither this pest to plague me this fine evening (????).<sup>73</sup>

DON LOUIS: I realise that I cause you distress, that you would rather that I didn't visit you. – We find each other quite insufferable. But believe me, as you are tired of seeing me, so too am I weary of your unspeakable debauchery.

SKANARELL (to himself): If only the elderly gentleman had broken more canes on him in his youth, rather than later.

DON LOUIS: Every moment some wicked act of yours forces me to request grace of the king and to tire; indeed, what's worse, I earn less for my services, and my reputation amongst my friends suffers.

DON JUAN (completely insincere): Quite, father! I know what I've done, and henceforth you shall never speak to me so if you're indeed Christian enough to accept the repentant sinner with twofold love in accordance with the tenet of our Lord.

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<sup>69</sup> Wir gehen halt immer einem falschen Lichte nach.

<sup>70</sup> Ich weiß zwar gut, daß zu den sieben Schönheiten, die zu einem Modemenschen gehören, es itzt nothwendig ist, wenigstens halb blind zu seyn.

<sup>71</sup> Wie wollte sonst so mancher eifersichtige Ehemann bei Ehren und Kundschaften bleiben, ...

<sup>72</sup> Folglich ist ihre Blindheit hier an unrechten Orte angebracht gewesen.

<sup>73</sup> Muß das Ungewitter diese Pest herführen mich zum guten Abend abzuärgern.

SKANARELL (to himself): What's this?

DON LOUIS (surprised, joyfully): How? Son! Son! Could it be possible? Did divine grace finally hear my prayer? Are you really telling me the truth?

[69]

DON JUAN (as above): Indeed, father! Heaven has roused my heart, opened my eyes and herewith astonished me with the blindness in which I had lived.

DON LOUIS (as above): Is this all true? Do you swear that you aren't deceiving me with false hopes? –

DON JUAN: No father! Not at all! Now go home consoled and in peace. Now my soul trembles from the horrors of my ways, gapes at the sky, acknowledges its grace and goodness that He squandered upon me by leaving my misdeeds unpunished for so long according to His terrible justice.

DON LOUIS (as above): So may I certainly be assured of your incomprehensible conversion that I never would have suspected?

SKANARELL (to himself): Now I would like to know whether he truly means it.

DON JUAN (as above): Completely. I shall correct all of my past wrongs, make amends for all scandals before the eyes of all, and endeavour to obtain complete forgiveness from heaven.

DON JUAN (embraces him): And you shall obtain it, as you shall from you father who is happy again and presses you against his warm chest with the entire force of his fatherly love. (Kisses him.)

SKANARELL: Well it's true. But I'm relieved. At last someone has thumbed his nose at the Devil (????),<sup>74</sup>

[70]

for he's lost at least a quaterno<sup>75</sup> in my master.

DON LOUIS: May God invigorate you in your laudable, blessed resolution.

DON JUAN: He shall! Now go home consoled, pray for me, and deliberate upon the person who could guide me the best and lead me securely and quickly upon my path.

DON LOUIS: I'm overcome by my emotions, I must confess, under these tears of joy I confess to you that through your betterment all my wishes shall be fulfilled, and that I shall henceforth

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<sup>74</sup> Endlich ist auch einmal dem Teufel eine Nase gedreht worden.

<sup>75</sup> Prize of four numbers in the lottery.

have nothing more to ask of heaven. I shall make haste to satisfy your wish; I shall see to a warm, honest, loving guide, I shall thank heaven for the sacred resolution that it poured into you, I shall give myself over completely to my tender joy. (Kisses him.) Farewell for now, farewell! – May God’s benediction come upon you in yet greater fullness, and make me happier this side of the grave for your eternal bliss. (Exit.)

Scene 3.

Don Juan, Skanarell.

DON JUAN (laughs at the top of his voice).

[71]

SKANARELL (completely astonished): What’s the matter? Why in the world are you laughing?

DON JUAN: Who shouldn’t laugh? The old fool strolled home so quickly in joy because I spoke according to his silly ideas.

SKANARELL: So that was all just pretence?

DON JUAN: So you were also stupid enough to take the whole thing at face value? Thank God that it went well for me. Whenever he burdens me in the future I’ll send him off with those words; otherwise I’ll never get rid of the pack animal before an hour’s up.

SKANARELL: So you’re taking up hypocrisy as well? (To himself.) Certainly the pan will always be covered with that when it’s full.

DON JUAN: Indeed, Skanarell! I’m enriching myself with another useful virtue.

SKANARELL: Virtue – but you’re right; hypocrisy is the *vice à-la-mode* of the clergy, and all such vices are considered virtues.

DON JUAN: And I bet that I’ll win the most.

SKANARELL: I would have no difficulty imagining; none must criticise them for this vice without depriving themselves of honour and religion. – We’re free to criticise openly all other vices, but hypocrisy is a privileged vice that silences all other men; those however who are left on their own, they have obtained

[72]

the most restricted freedom to perform all malicious deeds with impunity and leisure.

DON JUAN: Bravo, bravissimo, Skanarell! – You speak as if you were a book.

Scene 4.

Ragotin, the same.

RAGOTIN: Mr. Sontag! –

SKANARELL: Well that fellow speaks as if he were a bank account. As an eternal rotation dominates in the world (????).<sup>76</sup>

RAGOTIN: – wants to speak with you.

DON JUAN: Well that's just what we needed. Why should the fool have my money if he's supposed to get paid by his other debtors?

SKANARELL: Quite! – Do we not honour him enough by borrowing from him?

DON JUAN: Why don't you tell him that I'm not at home?

RAGOTIN: I told him that three quarters of an hour ago, but he wouldn't believe it, he plopped down, and he'll wait.

SKANARELL: We should really warn the whole nobility about such an insolent merchant.

DON JUAN (composes himself): Bid him enter. (Exit Ragotin.)

DON JUAN: It's a bad trick to make the creditors betray their principles; it's better to have spoken to them and dealt with them sufficiently, without even paying them a penny.

[73]

If only there were bugnolas (????) that write upon their signs (????) each thing that we owe them,<sup>77</sup> and wipe them out again in our thoughts; but the dear Lord sends me no such creditors.

SKANARELL: So we must wipe them away ourselves properly (????).<sup>78</sup>

Scene 5.

Sontag, Ragotin, the same.

DON JUAN: Ah! Mr. Sontag! Come closer. I am simply so very happy to see you in my company rather than furious with my servants that they didn't allow you in immediately. I ordered them to allow no one audience with me, but do you scoundrels not know that Mr. Sontag is always excluded from such an order? My door is always open to you.

SONTAG: I thank you for your generosity, I only came to –

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<sup>76</sup> Wie doch in der Welt eine ewige Abwechslung herrscht.

<sup>77</sup> Wenn es doch lauter Bugnola gäbe, die jenes, was man ihnen schuldig wird, auf ihre Tafel schreiben, ...

<sup>78</sup> Darum müssen wir selbst es mit guter Art wegwischen.

DON JUAN: Bring a chair for Mr. Sontag, make it quick!

SONTAG: A merchant is accustomed to standing in his vault.

DON JUAN: No, no! You must be seated.

SONTAG: Thank you. – I only want –

DON JUAN: You beasts! Will you go fetch the armchair?

SONTAG: You're mocking me –

[74]

DON JUAN: No friend! There should be no difference between us; I know what I owe you.

SONTAG: Precisely due to your debts –

DON JUAN: Well have a seat.

SONATG: I'm standing quite comfortably. I just want –

DON JUAN: If you don't take a seat, I won't listen to you.

SKANARELL: Those are valuable compliments.

SONTAG: Then I shall submit. And –

DON JUAN: Truly you look exquisite! You must live in extraordinary luxury.

SONTAG: To serve (????).<sup>79</sup> But I –

DON JUAN: Much, that your beautiful wife allows you such an excess of health. She must also be faring well?

SONTAG: God bless. But allow me to –

DON JUAN: And your little daughter, how is she?

SONTAG: Quite well.

DON JUAN: The wonderful child! I love her heartily. Quite the impression of her honest father.

SONTAG: Too much honour. But –

DON JUAN: And your little harlequin? Does he still grumble vehemently and bite strangers in the feet when they come too close to your wife?

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<sup>79</sup> Zu dienen.



SONTAG: More than ever? But I haven't the time –

[75]

DON JUAN (leaps up from his chair): How! You want to leave me already.

SONSTAG: I just have to –

DON JUAN: Quick bring hither a torch.

SKANARELL (suddenly pulls away Sontag's chair).

SONTAG: No! Stop it! I'm simply asking –

DON JUAN: Show Mr. Sontag home!

SONTAG: For everything in the world! –

DON JUAN: Four to five of my servants shall accompany him with loaded guns.

SONTAG: There's no need, please be generous enough –

DON JUAN: You're too important to me as an individual, for not only am I your servant, but also your debtor.

SONTAG: If you so –

DON JUAN: I'll make no secret thereof, and tell everyone about it (looks towards the clock), but now I must also leave. – Farewell, until we may meet again. Kiss your wife, child and dog for me, and take my word that no man upon Earth is revered as I am. (Exit into the side room.)

#### Scene 6.

Skanarell and Sontag.

SONTAG (to Skanarell): Your master showers me with so many courtesies and compliments,

[76]

that I wouldn't know how to ask him for my money.

SKANARELL: Indeed, I can tell you this: he would let his household wither out of his love for you. If someone would only have the sudden thought to cleave you asunder, you would see –

SONTAG: No, no! I am grateful for this amity – trial. – But I entreat you sir, Skanarell, to remind him of my money.

SKANARELL: Worry not, he shall pay you as well as he can.

SONTAG: And I also ask for your own payment –

SKANARELL: Yuck! Don't talk about that.

SONTAG: Why?

SKANARELL: Do I not know that I owe you something?

SONTAG: Yes, but –

SKANARELL: Yes what? Come, I'll light up the way for you.

Scene 7.

Giubetta, the same.

SONTAG: What the devil! I think you're both just making a fool of me. But I want my money back.

SKANARELL (pulls him by the arm, and wants to take him away): You're quite in the mood today, come on.

[77]

SONTAG: Not an inch. I want to know when I'll have my money back.

GIUBETTA: *Dentro giobbia a tre fusi.*<sup>80</sup>

SKANARELL: Yes, correct! In the week of the three Thursdays.

Scene 8.

Don Juan, the same.

SONTAG: Now things are going too far. (Notices Don Juan.) I'm warning you, if I don't get my money on the spot –

DON JUAN: Friend.

SKANARELL: Mr. Sontag!

SONTAG: I'll have my whole baggage (????) locked up together.<sup>81</sup>

GIUBETTA: *Cuccio,*<sup>82</sup> quiet now! And come early tomorrow morning at nine to fetch your money.

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<sup>80</sup> Not translated in Kaiser.

<sup>81</sup> So laß ich die ganze Pagage zusammen einsperren.

SONATG: Good! I shall wait until the morning, but not a minute later. – Takes this as a warning in the meantime. (Exit.)

GIUBETTA (calls after him): *La luna non cura l'abbaiar de cani.*<sup>83</sup>

Scene 9.

Giubetta, Don Juan and Skanarell.

SKANARELL: Whatever the morning shall bring when he comes again in vain for his payment.

GIUBETTA: Did I not promise him his payment?

[78]

DON JUAN: Indeed, Giubetta! But I don't have any money right now.

GIUBETTA: And neither I nor one of my comrades has ever promised anything that we would not have had at the moment. – The fellow will be paid tomorrow, whether I have money or not.

DON JUAN: But how so?

GIUBETTA: The next wealthiest farmer is lending me as much as I need until the day after tomorrow. – How much is the debt?

DON JUAN: 400 florins.

GIUBETTA: A mere bagatelle! I shall have enough. I won't allow my friends to be so sullied. *Questo mi passa il cuore.*<sup>84</sup>

DON JUAN: But dear Giubetta! But the day after tomorrow I'll have as little money as today for paying debts.

GIUBETTA: Me too.

DON JUAN: How nice (????)!<sup>85</sup> How do you expect to keep your word that is so sacred to you and your brethren?

GIUBETTA: He shall thus be paid at the last minute. – Are you not familiar with the proverb: *Altri monti son calati a' basso.* Rich folks can become poor.<sup>86</sup>

DON JUAN: So you intend to rob one of your wealthiest farmer acquaintances?

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<sup>82</sup> Quiet! Stay!

<sup>83</sup> The cries of the dogs don't bother the moon.

<sup>84</sup> That touches me deeply.

<sup>85</sup> So schön!

<sup>86</sup> Cremeri's translation. Literally: High mountains have descended into the valley.

GIUBETTA: Why, not at all. Do you consider me a scoundrel who robs his friends? *Così non canta Giorgio*.<sup>87</sup> That isn't my opinion. A wealthy Englishman is departing from here tomorrow,

[79]

he'll get a new cane, and since he'll be roaming on a street where he has no displays (????),<sup>88</sup> my honest creditor will be paid honourably with his money, though we otherwise won't get any money.

SKANARELL (to himself): That's quite something from a man of honour. (To Giubetta.) You're certainly devilishly strict in your promises.

GIUBETTA: That's why we also have credit everywhere. – *So la Cosa e' determinate così*.<sup>89</sup> Now to something else; in two hours you can come over to the yearning chamber lady whom you saw previously while heading home. With the tolling of the bells she'll be standing upon the rear staircase.

DON JUAN: In the very house –

GIUBETTA: That she entered.

DON JUAN: Quickly and uncovered. – And is she so beautiful in the vicinities, like –

GIUBETTA: *Da capo a piedi*<sup>90</sup> an angel. – I haven't been able to speak to the merchant yet however. – Now I'm taking care of the additional matter. (Exit.)

DON JUAN: A thousand blessings to that.

[80]

### Scene 10.

Don Juan, Skanarell and Ragotin who are hastily covering the table.

SKANARELL: If a man upon Earth is hungry, I certainly am. – Ragotin! Just serve up the food quickly. (Exit Ragotin.)

DON JUAN: I shall see you, angel! Will you expect me? Oh you wonderful little chamber keg (????)!<sup>91</sup> If only I were with you! Not true Skanarell! That would be all-important (?).<sup>92</sup>

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<sup>87</sup> I don't think so. Literally: Giorgio doesn't sing like that.

<sup>88</sup> ... und weil er hierauf eine Strasse wandert, wo er keine Auslagen hat, ...

<sup>89</sup> The matter is thus decided.

<sup>90</sup> From head to toe.

<sup>91</sup> O du göttliches Kammerfäßchen!

<sup>92</sup> Das gienge über alles.

SKANARELL (constantly looking at the door for the food): Quite sir! Food is all-important. May our dear Lord bestow it upon you.

DON JUAN: Your mind is completely on the food, isn't it?

SKANARELL: Indeed, now I feel as if I myself were a stomach, for I feel hunger everywhere on my body, and the pain caused by the hunger can only be outdone by thirst.

Scene 11.

Ragotin with the food, the same.

SKANARELL (cries out of joy such that Don Juan starts back): Finally! Now it's serious.

[81]

DON JUAN: You nutcase! What kind of behaviour is that?

SKANARELL: Forgive me. Hunger even drives the wolf out of the bushes, how much easier can it bring the likes of us out of our composure. (Snatches something from a dish.)

DON JUAN (sees the full cheeks): Good heaven! You're cheeks are flooded (????).<sup>93</sup> Ragotin! Fetch me a lancet so that I can pierce through his ulcer, otherwise the poor man will suffocate on me.

SKANARELL (swallows the food): No, no! The nasty thing has already disappeared, I only wanted to assure myself that the cook didn't oversalt the dish. But have a seat, the hunger's making fiery noises already all over in my stomach.

DON JUAN: You sit down and eat. The thought of my little chamber keg has me satiated already.

SKANARELL (seated and started to eat at the first word): How natures are varied! I'm losing such joys. But take heed lest she scratch you. I've often heard that amongst all cats the chamber cats are the filthiest, and it isn't uncommon that any washing is in vain later. Your health –

(Someone knocks violently at the door)

DON JUAN: What devil dares disturb us during our dinner?

[82]

SKANARELL (drops his glass): What good is it, the Commendatore is here.

DON JUAN: Oh why not? Go see for yourself!

SKANARELL: Me?

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<sup>93</sup> Dir ist ja ein Fluß auf den Backen gefallen.

(Someone knocks again)

SKANARELL: Oh good Lord in heaven!

DON JUAN: Will you go and see?

SKANARELL: Shall I truly have eaten my last supper now?

DON JUAN: Will you –

SKANARELL: In the name of everything in the world I haven't the courage.

(The knocking is repeated)

SKANARELL: It's still getting worse!

DON JUAN: Would you rather go or die?

SKANARELL: In all honesty neither one nor the other.

DON JUAN (draws his sword): Now march!

SKANARELL (takes a candle from the table, and fearfully goes up to the door) Well, that's a jolly situation! (Pointing to Don Juan.) The living incarnation of the Devil behind me, and a phantom from purgatory before me. (When he descries the phantom he shivers and shakes so violently that he can no longer walk and can only teeter before the phantom.) Poor Skanarell! Whither shall you creep away?

[83]

## Scene 12.

The statue of the Commendatore, the same.

DON JUAN (to Skanarell): A chair, a dish and a dish towel!

SKANARELL (gets the demanded items under all possible expressions of utmost fear) Certainly no tablecloth has felt like it (????).<sup>94</sup>

DON JUAN (to the statue): Take a seat! (Striving to conceal his predicament, to himself.) I don't know if I'm in my dreams or awake. (Takes a seat at the table beside the statue.)

SKANARELL: Now I've lost all my appetite all of a sudden.

DON JUAN (seemingly lacking thought, to Skanarell): Why don't you come sit down over here?

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<sup>94</sup> So ist gewiß noch keinem Tafeldecke zu Muthe gewesen.

SKANARELL: I'm not at all tired.

DON JUAN: Well come over here! Drink to the health of the Commendatore.

SKANARELL: I'm not thirsty.

(The statue stands up) Don Juan! Recall where we met a few hours prior; if you are so bold, go thither around midnight, and have your supper with me for this dinner.

SKANARELL (to the side): That would be some fine cooking.

STATUE: Will you come?

SKANARELL: No he's had his fill already.

[84]

DON JUAN: Yes I will bring along just Skanarell.

SKANARELL: Thank you. Today I have my strictest ember day.

STATUE (gets ready to leave).

DON JUAN (to Skanarell): Take this candle.

SKANARELL (obeys the command).

STATUE: If one is guided by heaven then there's no need for light. (Exit.)

SKANARELL (after him very fearfully).

DON JUAN (to himself): Should this all be true? – Or am I dreaming whilst I'm awake?

### Scene 13.

Giubetta frantically, the same.

SKANARELL (as Giubetta arrives, stands at the door through which the phantom, imperceptible to Giubetta, exits, and believes that he will now be torn asunder, drops the candlestick and candle, and shouts vehemently): God be gracious and have mercy with me! – I'm not the right one, he's standing there. (Pointing to Don Juan.)

GIUBETTA: *Che gridate?*<sup>95</sup> Are you plastered or possessed? (To Don Juan, who pulls himself together again.) And why are you still loafing around at home? Our yearning beauty was already at the door for you. *A cavallo! A cavallo chi dorme non piglia pesce.*<sup>96</sup>

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<sup>95</sup> What a cry?

[85]

DON JUAN (back to his libertine self again, exit hurriedly with Giubetta): I'm certainly here, certainly ready! Come quickly now. – She was already at the door! –

SKANARELL (has slowly taken heart and recovered halfway, plummets into a new terror): I'm also going along! I won't stay alone in the room, even if I could rule the whole world, for he who sleeps with the dogs must catch fleas against his will. (Also exit.)

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[86]

Act 5.

Don Juan's room.

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Scene 1.

Don Juan, Skanarell and Ragotin, who is bringing along two candles.

SKANARELL (to Ragotin): Quick bring some sauce for the dessert.

RAGOTIN: Understood! (Exit.)

DON JUAN (to Skanarell): Skanarell! What an infatuated maiden, what an angel, can you not let yourself dream (????).<sup>96</sup>

SKANARELL: If only you would at least be fussier for once! Otherwise you'll soon have to perish. – If something even resembles a woman from afar, for you she must be an angel, a goddess, and what else do I know.

DON JUAN: No! If this maiden, completely absorbed in her sweetness, were to sit beside you, if her surging bosom throbbed against a loving heart, if her languishing eyes squandered and demanded love, if her snow-white arm were to embrace you, if her mouth were to kiss you while trickling nectar;

[87]

nothing in nature could equal her.

SKANARELL: And yet Giubetta must still lie in wait for the merchant's wife, and yet we hurriedly rushed home from her to change our clothes for a new *rendezvous*.

DON JUAN: Don't you see Skanarell! Only the intrigue inherent to relationships here rouses me anew. – If only I could go over to the merchant's wife, as I am now going over to the other one; I

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<sup>96</sup> To your horse! To your horse! A sleeping fox catches no fish. (A sleeping fox catches no poultry.)

<sup>97</sup> ... kannst du dir gar nicht träumen lassen.



would certainly lie down in bed for today and sleep, as if I owed not a single kreutzer.<sup>98</sup> But the thought of approaching, as a doctor under the guise of a jealous man, the woman who shall take care to dismiss her dearest better half for the sake of her modesty until the *status morbi* is delivered (????) and I have written down the recipe;<sup>99</sup> this thought I find so attractive that, in order to carry out such a trick I would happily run through Hell itself, if only there were one.

SKANARELL: Even if this intrigue were not connected, the chamber keg would be set aside with all its outstanding qualities of the merchant's wife. You're too eager like a Turkish horse that kicks away its tackle once it has eaten its oats.

DON JUAN: But it's time to change our clothes.

SKANARELL: I beg you in the name of everything upon Earth! Abandon the plan for today! I

[88]

truly won't dare pass by the graveyard.

DON JUAN: And why not you chicken?

SKANARELL: If the dead haul us off to their supper and slice up one of us for the other in the end –

DON JUAN: Enough of your ongoing phantom daydreams.

SKANARELL: Is it truly a dream if you can see it with your eyes and hear it with your ears? Your excuse that Giubetta saw nothing of our stone guest, when he should have run into him at the door, proves nothing to me in the least that, in your opinion, our surging blood played a little prank on us two.

DON JUAN: Because you refuse to accept that possibility.

SKANARELL: Ah yes! This alone isn't the cause. – I also refuse to accept the possibility based on the actual occurrences, and nevertheless they convince me, because I saw with my own eyes, heard –

DON JUAN: With your own long ears. Go! Carry on with the trick, change my clothes, perhaps we'll have enough time afterwards to prove once and for all that you've gone mad. Come! (Exit into the side room.)

SKANARELL (takes a candle from the table and follows him): No, no! I protest against

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<sup>98</sup> An old coin and unit of currency in some German-speaking states.

<sup>99</sup> Aber der Gedanke, im Angesichte des eifersüchtigen Mannes als Dokter zum Weibe zu kommen, das dafür sorgen wird ihre theure Ehehälfte um ihrer Schamhaftigkeit willen auf so lange zu entfernen, bis der *Status morbi* erhoben und ich das *recipe* niedergeschrieben habe;

all explanations that could allow the Devil to fetch you in the finest way (????).<sup>100</sup>

Scene 2.

Ragotin with the sauce after Skanarell. Then Don Louis and Donna Elvira dressed in black and with a veil.

DON LOUIS: Well come on, and believe my joy that intoxicates me.

DONNA ELVIRA: Dearest father! He doesn't love me anymore, he will certainly cast me away. Leave me be with my resolve.

DON LOUIS: Ah good-for-nothing (!)!<sup>101</sup> He's no longer the wicked Juan; now he's conscience of himself again, he recognises his atrocities, he intends to repent for them, he's completely my son again, he shall henceforth be your husband again my daughter, and with a smile I shall await the most blissful death of a happy father in his greatest satisfaction in his children's laps.

DONNA ELIVRA: Oh! If it were only so!

DON LOUIS: So it is my child! It is so! As true as my presence before you (!).<sup>102</sup> Out of his own incentive he asked me to find someone who could guide him most surely upon his new path. And my child! Who could be more appropriate than a woman, a woman who loves her husband as you love my Juan, a woman whose virtuous heart can feel

the joy of salvaging a man from eternal damnation and returning a son to his father.

DONNA ELVIRA (to herself): My Lord! No good comes to me. (To Don Louis.) I find his transformation all too sudden.

DON LOUIS: No harm done! But for this reason it's true. – When God intervenes, He nearly always intervenes quickly, and unexpectedly. – I shall conceal myself here in the room so as to be an unseen witness of his bliss, for I think that he's fast approaching. (Exit, runs back again.) And even if he initially puts on an act, there's no harm, he'll surely be doing it only to surprise you more. (Exit.)

DONNA ELVIRA: I cannot believe it, however much I wish. My heart won't stop beating. – Louis is mistaken. My entire body is shaking as if I were a criminal. (Goes towards the background.)

<sup>100</sup> Ich protestire wider alle Aufklärung, bei der einen mit schönster Manier der Teufel holen könnte.

<sup>101</sup> Ei nichts nütze!

<sup>102</sup> So wahr ich vor dir stehe.

Scene 1. [Scene 3.]

Don Juan dressed in black, Skanarell and the same.

DON JUAN (to Skanarell): Am I not a dignified doctor?

SKANARELL: You should let your patients decide; I however would turn to divorce if I had a wife who let you take her pulse.

[91]

DON JUAN: Old-fashioned sourpuss!

SKANARELL: That's why men aren't created equal. (Places the candle on the table, notices Elvira's black dress, starts into himself with a horrific cry.) Oh! – The confounded – God be with us! (Slips under the table.)

DON JUAN (taken aback by the cry): What's the matter with you now? (Sees Elvira.) Elvira! You're here? –Here now? In mourning?

DONNA ELIVRA: Here? Don't be horrified, Don Juan, by my sight at this time and in this outfit.

SKANARELL (under the table for this): Am I hearing correctly?

DONNA ELVIRA: I'm no longer the Elvira who wishes to slobber out wishes and threats out of vengefulness over unrequited cast-away love.

SKANARELL (has crept out in the meantime): The Devil won't come to fetch me.

DONNA ELVIRA: All vile heat, all earthly love has been driven out of my soul; only a flame of a completely sacred tenderness that is cleansed of all association with the senses, only a flame of a completely selfless love that does nothing for itself, rather pains itself solely for your sake, fills my heart.

DON JUAN: Enough of this coddling of the body (????)! What good is reproduction (????)?<sup>103</sup> I have other things to do like – –

[92]

If perhaps you wish to spend the night with me, I pity –

DONNA ELVIRA: Don Juan! This shall be the last time that I speak to you, the last time! Could you just listen to me without becoming offensive?

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<sup>103</sup> Bleiben sie mir mit diesem Gepappel vom Leibe! Was soll das Gezeuge!

DON JUAN: Well express yourself succinctly. – Skanarell knows that I have some important business.

DONNA ELVIRA: At midnight? – Skanarell! Is that true? Don't stutter; what does he have, what does he want, what must he do with such haste?

DON JUAN: Well tell her!

SKANARELL (to himself): That I could never lie in the most urgent circumstances.

DONNA ELVIRA: Well!? Where is he heading in such a hurry?

DON JUAN (to Skanarell): Well?

DONNA ELVIRA: Since he himself commands you to speak, say what he so yearns?

SKANARELL (thoughtless and abrupt): To give oats to his ass.

DONNA ELVIRA: Woe to the dabbling fibber!

DON JUAN (to himself): Fool! (To Elvira.) Well why all this cockiness, in other words, what do you want?

DONNA ELVIRA: Inform you before parting that no earthly bonds bind me to you, and that I am resolved to renounce the world for eternity.

DON JUAN: Well you surely are (????).<sup>104</sup> (Looks towards the clock.) But it's time – Skanarell.

DONNA ELVIRA: Just one more favour.

DON JUAN: Ah be off with you!

[93]

DONNA ELVIRA (weeps): It's for the salvation of your soul that I shall beg.

DON JUAN: Hollow her out Devil (????)!<sup>105</sup> Come!

DONNA ELVIRA (holds him back): Is this the betterment that you promised to your father?

DON JUAN: My father's an ass! Come! (Wants to exit.)

SKANARELL: (Bravo son!

DONNA ELVIRA: (Good Lord in heaven!

---

<sup>104</sup> Da sind sie sehr wohl daran.

<sup>105</sup> Hohl sie der Teufel!

Scene 4.

Don Louis, the same.

DON LOUIS (enraged): Stop right there, young'un!

DON JUAN: Ah damn!

DONNA ELVIRA: Louis.

SKANARELL: Well, well.

DON LOUIS: Stop! Explain yourself! Is your behaviour towards Donna Elvira the truth? Did you just put on an act for me previously?

DON JUAN (in a hypocritical tone): To tell the truth –

DON LOUIS (expecting the best): Well? Tell me, did you just make a fool of me?

DON JUAN (as above): Yes! Pops!

SKANARELL: That's too wicked.

DON LOUIS: Scoundrel!

DONNA ELVIRA (to Louis): Don't strain yourself.

DON LOUIS (beside himself): Scoundrel beyond belief. – Oh how foolishly, how foolishly we act when we try to coerce heaven,

[94]

to fulfill our wishes. – With the most inexpressible yearning, with the most passionate desire I begged Him incessantly for a son, until He, wearied by my prayers, heard me, and gave him to me – And now he's the affliction and torture of my life, whose joy and solace he should have been!

DON JUAN (wants to leave).

DON LOUIS: Stay I tell you.

DON JUAN: When a sermon is too long and dull the audience always goes off –

DON LOUIS: Stay you scoundrel!

DONNA ELVIRA: Let him go!

SKANARELL: That's a fine countenance!

DON JUAN: I have no time for your nonsense. (Wants to leave again.)

SKANARELL: But sir!

DONNA ELVIRA: Juan! In the name of the dear Lord!

DON LOUIS (grabs him by the arm): Cursed blackguard! Stay here, and speak to me! What could be more important than the betterment of your ways?

DON JUAN (pulls out a chair for his father): Well sit down, keep on screeching here for me with the other owls until the morning, but let me go off because it's still good.

DON LOUIS: Because it's still good?

DONNA ELVIRA: Come, please!

DON LOUIS: Because it's still good?

[95]

DON JUAN: Yes old fool! Because it's still good.

DONNA ELVIRA (weeps): No! I can no longer bear this horrible sight. (Exit, clearly under extreme pain.)

DON LOUIS: Old fool! Old fool! – From the mouth of a son to a father who has squandered most of his riches, his peace, his complacency and his health precisely for this son and who still begs this son in this very moment with the most passionate tears in his eyes.

DON JUAN: Let go of me!<sup>106</sup>

DON LOUIS: Who implores him in the name of the Lord's mercy to better himself, to escape His terrible wrath and eternal damnation.

DON JUAN: For the last time, let go of me!

DON LOUIS: Look! I implore you upon my knees! –

DON JUAN (looks at the clock): My Lord! Already five minutes past! (Hastily takes care of the clock (????).)<sup>107</sup>

DON LOUIS: I beg you, don't refuse the salvation of your soul!

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<sup>106</sup> From here onward Juan uses the informal “du” forms to address his father; prior to this point he had been using the formal “sie” (not capitalised in contrast to modern practice). This change cannot be translated into English.

<sup>107</sup> Versorgt die Uhr eilig.

DON JUAN (has grasped his dagger in the meantime): Ah! Go off to hell, because you won't let me go. (Stabs him.)

SKANARELL (to himself): Well that's just what we needed (????).<sup>108</sup>

[96]

Scene 5.

Giubetta, the same.

DON JUAN (runs towards Giubetta full of frenzy and lust): Is it too late already? Did I let her slip already?

GIUBETTA: No! – I had just come to tell you that the illness will be pushed back an hour because there are still strangers in the house.

DON LOUIS: May the Lord avenge me, blend my curse into yours, and saturate the soul of my murderer with all afflictions and horrors of death of which you now deprive me most mercifully!

DON JUAN (runs up insanely to Don Louis): Oh shut up! (Delivers another stab.)

DON LOUIS: Curses! –

DON JUAN (stabs him again so that Louis is surely dead): I'll drive off your curses.

GIUBETTA: Let him curse you. *Raglio d'asino non entra mai in cielo.*<sup>109</sup> Who's this fellow?

SKANARELL: Just his natural father.

GIUBETTA (to Don Juan): As they have the habit of saying: *Ogni scusa è buona, pur che vaglia!*<sup>110</sup>

DON JUAN: Your condolences have already been accepted now. – – You surely would not have spoken differently even if you knew this scourge.

GIUBETTA: But you're completely beside yourself. – Compose yourself anyhow, and think

[97]

about something else. – – Because of our foreign *Contessa è un gran desvaria né nostril Conti.*<sup>111</sup>

DON JUAN: Why, did we misjudge her?

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<sup>108</sup> Das hat noch gefehlt.

<sup>109</sup> The donkey's cries find no audience in heaven.

<sup>110</sup> Literally: Every excuse is good, if it counts, i.e. The end justifies the means.

<sup>111</sup> Neither literally nor analogously comprehensible or translatable (Kaiser 214).

GIUBETTA: *Ne da sole â due personc, â chi vuole, ê â chi non vuole.*<sup>112</sup>

DON JUAN: What are you saying? That innocent look, those bashful glances, that unparalleled modesty –

GIUBETTA: Are theatre ornaments thrust in here and there. Tomorrow however at this time you should have a little something worthy of appearing on a king's dining table.

DON JUAN (delighted): How so?

GIUBETTA: The little thirteen year-old angel's head whom we saw exit the church with her mother yesterday.

DON JUAN (half beside himself): And whom your brother shall marry?

GIUBETTA: Is it not true that I'm a fellow whom one could count upon for help?

DON JUAN: Yes, indeed, you're my God! – – But how?

GIUBETTA: She is quite terrified of wedlock because she was told very early in her youth that it robs her of her beauty. – So I fooled her into believing that I wanted to give her something, that I wouldn't do her any harm, if she would just venture upon a crossroads with me between eleven and twelve. – I would respond to every risk (????),<sup>113</sup> and she doesn't expect

[98]

anything malicious from me, the brother of her sweetheart. She's coming tomorrow, and without a word she will continue on with the man who, wrapped in a blue coat, shall hold out his arm to her. I'll have the mother and my brother in the barn in the meantime, where we shall look for a treasure, and they shall play my role according to their delight.

DON JUAN (kisses him): Wonderful Giubetta!

SKANARELL (to Giubetta): But your very own brother!

GIUBETTA: Why is he an ass? *Chi ha' il lupo per compare, por a il can sotto il mantello.*<sup>114</sup> Before I travel home again, he shall make amends for having revealed me to a man whose wife I – instructed in religion.

SKANARELL: Well, your religion may be a fine thing.

DON JUAN: But we're gossiping away. Skanarell! We must be on the lookout for my patient.

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<sup>112</sup> Analogously: She has two sides in herself: one that wants, one that doesn't.

<sup>113</sup> (weil) ich nun für alle Gefahr bürgte, ...

<sup>114</sup> *Chi ha il lupo per compare, porti il cane sotto il mantello.* He who has the wolf for a companion, shall carry the dog under his coat.



SKANARELL: In the name of the dear Lord! Leave me here with Giubetta ; we have to pass by the graveyard to get there, and now (pointing to Don Louis) I shall absolutely never go past there during the day, let alone at midnight.

GIUBETTA (has looked towards the clock in the meantime): You still have a quarter of an hour.

DON JUAN: Quite so, I can take the fool to the school of wisdom, so that he

[99]

may learn to see with open eyes that he's dreaming. – Until then we'll walk around the graveyard together.

SKANARELL: No, you won't get anything out of that. – I eat neither snakes nor toads (????),<sup>115</sup> and these are certainly the only dishes that will appear at the Commendatore's dinner. Moreover you're the only who was invited.

GIUBETTA: Invited where?

SKANARELL: And in any case a servant was buried there yesterday, he'll certainly rotate the skulls instead of the plates for me.

GIUBETTA (unable to understand all this, and laughs): *Che diavolo?*<sup>116</sup>

DON JUAN: The oaf's still dreaming, he thinks I'm invited to dine with the spirit of the Commendatore whom I slew. (Laughs.)

GIUBETTA (laughs even more heartily).

SKANARELL: You needn't laugh.

GIUBETTA: *O asino! Asinone!*<sup>117</sup>

DON JUAN: Well he has to go to the graveyard with me.

SKANARELL (to himself): If I were a fool.

DON JUAN: So that he would see –

GIUBETTA: Bravo, bravissimo. (Lights a lantern that was already in the room.) Well go on!

DON JUAN: Come!

GIUBETTA: Take it!

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<sup>115</sup> Ich esse weder Schlangen noch Krotten, ...

<sup>116</sup> What the devil?

<sup>117</sup> Ass! Great ass!

SKANARELL: That's not happening.

[100]

GIUBETTA (presses the lantern violently into his hand): Take it I say!

DON JUAN: Will you go? (Grabs his lower arm, pulls him off, and Giubetta pushes from behind.)

SKANARELL: So I shall indeed stroll over into the other world out of pure fear?

DON JUAN: Giubetta's also coming later.

GIUBETTA: *Sicuramente!*<sup>118</sup>

SKANARELL: I'm already half dead. (Exit with Don Juan.)

GIUBETTA (shouts after them from under the door): I'll just get the old sir out of the room first.

Scene 6.

Giubetta.

GIUBETTA: That fellow acts as if he were a woman! – He should do a fine service for his master if he needs his help. – – But *da parte mia*,<sup>119</sup> if I'm away from them again, they can do as they wish. – (Goes to Don Louis.) Well, *che si fa, Signore?*<sup>120</sup> I find you pleasant; you prepared your own death so that Death (????) wouldn't come to your body (????).<sup>121</sup> Perhaps completely out of greed because you suspected (????) that you would have to pay him.<sup>122</sup> Or did your wife provide you with this strange fortune through coddling alone so that you would obtain the ticket into the other world

[101]

from the hand of your own son? – Mayhap so *la madre pietosa fa la figlia tignofa*.<sup>123</sup> – But time's a-wasting, I must bring him on the spot (????).<sup>124</sup> – Come! I'll teach you how to swim old sir! Otherwise the daylight will shine upon my back (????).<sup>125</sup> (Hauls him up onto his shoulder.) You died at the most glorious moment as a man, otherwise the death of roses (????) would have

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<sup>118</sup> Certainly!

<sup>119</sup> As for me.

<sup>120</sup> Well what shall we do, milord?

<sup>121</sup> Du gefällst mir; hast dir deinen Todt selbst gemacht, damit der Knochemann dir nicht am Leibe kömmt.

<sup>122</sup> Etwa gar aus Geiz, weil du besrogt hast; jenen müßttest du bezahlen.

<sup>123</sup> *La madre pietosa fa la figlia tignosa*. Analogously: A compassionate mother raises a mean daughter.

<sup>124</sup> Doch die Zeit vergeht, ich muß machen, daß ich ihn an Ort und Stelle bringe.

<sup>125</sup> Sonst kömmt mir der Tag auf den Rücken.

seized you!<sup>126</sup> – You’re already half withered. (Turns out the light.) The poor devil! *E venuto per lane, e andato doso.*<sup>127</sup> (Exit into the darkness.)

Scene 7.

Graveyard.

Don Juan and Skanarell.

DON JUAN (pulling Skanarell by the arm): Well come on! Look again, your fear was in vain (????).<sup>128</sup> – Well you certainly won’t break your neck while jumping because coincidentally the grille is open.

SKANARELL: It’s no coincidence. They’re open because the wretched souls are expecting guests. Well I’m not going inside.

DON JUAN (shoves Skanarell into the graveyard, and upon entering himself, slams the grille shut): You pitiful old woman.

SKANARELL: Oh dear Lord in heaven!

[102]

DON JUAN (mockingly): Now you’re standing in the midst of the spirits.

SKANARELL (turns around in terror): Oh dear! – Oh dear! My lords I can’t do anything about that –

DON JUAN (bellowing with laughter): Have you no shame? An eighty year-old nanny wouldn’t act so insanely.

SKANARELL (composed again): I’m just not an obstinate sinner and know that the dear Lord won’t accept any jokes in the end when one recklessly continues on against him and mocks everything bearing the name religion.

DON JUAN: Fool! Worry not, it’s late in the night and the dear Lord must be asleep. (Lightning flashes.)

SKANARELL (terrified): Sir! In the name of the dear Lord mend your ways! – Look, heaven itself wants to persuade you. (Lightning flashes yet again.)

DON JUAN: What not again (????)? – – It’s in love(????), so it’s cooling himself off.<sup>129</sup>

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<sup>126</sup> Sonst wäre der Tod der Rosen über dich gekommen!

<sup>127</sup> Cannot be elicited (Kaiser 215).

<sup>128</sup> Sieh schon wieder eine Furcht vergebens gewesen.

<sup>129</sup> Was nicht noch? – – Verliebt ist er, darum kühlt er sich ab.

It thunders from afar.

SKANARELL: Oh, Lord have mercy! – But you must understand this as a warning from heaven?

DON JUAN (smiling): That there's still stormy weather in the fall? That's obvious.

STATUE: Juan! You now have little time to benefit from the mercy of heaven. If you don't mend your ways this instant you are certainly doomed.

[103]

SKANARELL (reels from pure horror to a scene (????) as if he fell unconscious):<sup>130</sup> Now it's all over!

DON JUAN (catches him and props him up): Be reasonable! – Don't you realise that it's just Giubetta playing a prank on you?

SKANARELL: No, no! No jokes by Giubetta with me, it's seriously from heaven with you. – The statue back there. –

DON JUAN: Let go of your fear, you're here because of it. Wait, you should see straight away that stone has no voice. (Goes up to the statue of the Commendatore.)

SKANARELL (calls out after him): For the sake of your eternal bliss surrender yourself, and stop this mockery.

DON JUAN (to the statue): You invited me?

STATUE: Give me your hand.

DON JUAN (somewhat awkwardly): Here it is.

SKANARELL (shivering and trembling): Now that he has him by the hand he must believe it.

STATUE: Don Juan: Unrepentant sinning brings a miserable death, and heavenly mercy, when wickedly repudiated, lets loose lightning. (Tosses back Don Juan's arm out of its hand.)

(The storm becomes increasingly severe.)

[104]

DON JUAN: Dear heaven! What am I feeling? – How am I? – – What should that be? (Stumbles into Skanarell.) The storm's raging as if it wanted to tear asunder my chest. – – What mist? – – Skanarell, come! Let's go home.

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<sup>130</sup> Taumelt vor lauter Angst an eine Szene, als ob er ohnmächtig würde.

SKANARELL (overjoyed): Happily sir.

DON JUAN (stumbles as if benumbed into the grille): The words are stuck in my throat, a cold sweat is burning me. (Arriving at the grille, between the two emerges Don Louis out the ground and shows him his wounds): Ha! What's this? (Recoiling violently.)

SKANARELL (seeing nothing): Well?

DON JUAN (with his face turned towards the spirit of his father): Away, away! Go off phantom! I find you more horrific than Hell itself.

SKANARELL: Sir!

DON JUAN (to the shadow): Let me go, let go you cursed soul! (Grabs Skanarell by the arm.) Come! Let's climb over the wall here on the right.

SKANARELL: Whatever you say, as long as I can get away. (As they arrive there, the spirit of Don Carlos emerges from the grave between Don Juan and the wall, and holds out his wound in front of Don Juan.)

DON JUAN (bounces back): You as well, dog!

SKANARELL (still terrified, without knowing what is happening to his master): My Lord!

[105]

DON JUAN: Go off, or I'll kill you again. Oh a pity that you're dead already, that you can only die once. (To Skanarell.) Come hither. (Wants to climb over the wall on the left; here however Alonso confronts him with his wound.) Ha! So are all Furies let loose at once to torment me?

SKANARELL: In the name of the Lord, what is the matter with you?

DON JUAN (points to the phantoms who all appear in their attire because nobody would otherwise sufficiently know what kind of spirits they are (????)): <sup>131</sup> Don't you see them, the moles, how they dig themselves out of the ground to pursue me?

SKANARELL (unable to compose himself): He's gone mad.

SPIRITS: Woe.

SKANARELL: And I am completely beside myself from utter terror.

SPIRITS: Woe, woe!

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<sup>131</sup> Zeigt auf die Geister der Erschlagenen, die alle in ihren Kleidungen erscheinen, weil man sonst nicht genugsam wüßte, was für Geister es sind.

DON JUAN: The terror, the terror!

SPIRITS: The hand of the Lord has been withdrawn from you. (They disappear.)

DON JUAN: Oh! Kill me! Come carve open my chest, bring me some air. An invisible flame is gnawing at me right into the bones.

SKANARELL: The Lord's punishment has befallen him.

DON JUAN: Don't you want to tear me asunder? (To the sky.) Oh! Well kill me, collapse over me! (To the ground.)

[106]

Or open yourself up to devour me, and to put an end to my unknown agony. – It's no use! – Everything is in vain! – – Wait! (Looks through his belongings.) Wait! I'll outstrip you! (Brings forth his dagger, holds it however by the blade, and wants to stab himself with the hilt.) Well! Are you brazen, chest? (Thrusts yet again.) Won't you go through? You were otherwise in the chamber of my heart so quickly (????),<sup>132</sup> go on (repeats the thrust) get in! (Casts away the dagger.) Curses, I can't die! Curse the day of my birth and the night in which they announced for the first time that I had been born.

SKANARELL: Ugh, ugh, ugh (????)!<sup>133</sup>

DON JUAN: This night be cursed and damned forever;<sup>134</sup> whenever my birthday shall come around, never shall any jubilation resound, only curses should rise up to the depraved one who now hinders me from appeasing my desires! (A terrible roaring lightning bolt strikes Don Juan and hurls him to the ground. His entire body starts to go up in flames.) (Precisely at this moment the grille swings open.)

SKANARELL: (notices this and hurries out): How unspeakably horrific an end for a godless man, and how merciful on the contrary the All Mighty One is to a poor innocent devil like me. (Exit.)

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<sup>132</sup> Warst sonst so schnell in der Herzkammer.

<sup>133</sup> Hu, hu, hu!

<sup>134</sup> Ewig sey sie vertilgt diese Nacht, ewig unfruchtbar.

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The  
Miller and His Daughter.  
A Folk drama in five acts.  
By  
Dr. Ernst Raupach  
Hamburg,  
Hoffmann and Campe.  
1835.

[1]

Characters

Reinhold, the miller.  
Marie, his daughter.  
Schulzin, his sister.  
The pastor.  
Brünig, a widow.  
Konrad, her son, a mill hand.  
[Veit] Reimann, the innkeeper.  
Margarethe, his wife.  
Their two children.  
Jakob, a brewer.  
John, the grave digger.  
Two mill hands.

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The story takes place in a village near Gröditz<sup>1</sup> in Silesia at the beginning of the previous [18th] century.

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Blank [2]

[3]

Act 1.

Scene: Old Brünig's residence.

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Scene 1.

Old Brünig is sitting at the table near a lamp; there is a hymnbook in front of her. Enter Konrad with a knapsack on his back.

KONRAD: Good evening, mother!

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<sup>1</sup> Grodziec in modern-day Poland.



BRÜNIG: Oh, my Lord! (Standing up.) Konrad, is that you? Well, God bless you! But good heaven! Tell me, where have you been?

KONRAD (putting down his knapsack): Where would I have been, mother? In Probsthain.<sup>2</sup> I quit my job.

[4]

BRÜNIG: Stop it, you're joking.

KONRAD: No, Mother, it's the honest truth.

BRÜNIG: Quit your job? Oh dear Lord in heaven! Tell me why. But sit down, Konrad, sit down: you must be tired. (She adjusts a stool; mother and son sit down.)

BRÜNIG: So you quit your job? And I thought that you would come invite me to your wedding, or at least to your betrothal.

KONRAD: To what betrothal, mother?

BRÜNIG: Why, to your betrothal with your mistress in Probsthain.

KONRAD (annoyed): Why not! How did you get that in your head?

BRÜNIG: Oh you – I would have said something soon enough. In my head? For eight days the whole village has been obsessed with that, and the people don't talk for nothing.

[5]

KONRAD: Why, that's just what I wanted!

BRÜNIG: Are you out of your mind? Is it all a joke?

KONRAD: Well, since you know so much already, you should know everything. But I beg you, don't let it go on; rather assure the people that nothing became of the whole thing.

BRÜNIG: But something did become of it?

KONRAD: Well yes, yes. Just after the harvest I noticed that my mistress was beginning to get fond of me in all modesty and honour. Since nothing could become of it, I wanted to decline her invitation to Michaelmas, but then I pondered again; I could be mistaken, and left it. My mistress grew increasingly fond of me, and the day before yesterday she came to me in the mill in the afternoon, and was so abashed that she could barely manage to say that the schoolmaster was up in the parlour, and wanted to have a word with me. I

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<sup>2</sup> Proboszczów in modern-day Poland.

[6]

already knew what kind of word that would be, and thought that it would be an insult for an honourable lady to be rejected by a poor, young lad like me. Dear Lady, so I said, I must have word with you. For some time now I haven't been well; I can barely work. I shall find another fellow for you to replace me, a fine one at that, and so I think you won't take it as an insult if I go home as quickly as possible. She left without saying a word, but she may well have noticed where I wanted to go, since when I brought up my leave again in the evening she said meekly: As you wish, Konrad. Everything with the other fellow was sorted out yesterday; he moved in today, and I went my way.

BRÜNIG (standing up): You could get sick from irritation. You, a mill hand, could have become lord and master so easily.

KONRAD (also standing up): No, mother, I just couldn't. Could you marry someone when you love someone else?

[7]

And would I not have deceived the lady if I had said yes?

BRÜNIG: Oh, deceived! You forget that in marriage. And what should become of you and Marie?

KONRAD: As God wishes. How is she?

BRÜNIG: Well now, she turned awfully pale. How else should it be? She lives away horrid days with the old man, and all she gets from him are obscenities and curses.

KONRAD: Poor Marie! Fate is too harsh in giving the finest maiden in the world such a father. I've forgiven him for kicking me out when he noticed that Marie and I were in love, however great the sorrow was that I had to endure. But I cannot forgive him for threatening to throw his own daughter, the most honourable and pious maiden in the whole parish, out of the house like some sloppy handmaiden,

[8]

and I think that the dear Lord himself won't pardon him for that on Judgement Day.

BRÜNIG: And since then things have become worse, and now they even say that he's going to force her to marry the brewer's son from Modelsdorf<sup>3</sup>.

KONRAD: Mother, if that happens, I can't stay in this world.

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<sup>3</sup> Modlikowice in modern-day Poland.

BRÜNIG: Oh, you despicable creature! Dare you defy the dear Lord and say: I don't want to stay, because Thou givest me not the one whom I fancied? The dear Lord won't give her to you.

KONRAD: The greedy father won't: since the dear Lord, I think, must be pleased with such an honourable affection; otherwise marriages couldn't be made in heaven.

BRÜNIG: Honourable certainly. But if nothing can become of it, it's the finger of God, and then

[9]

we must turn away from the affection, otherwise it will no longer be honourable. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife," so they say, and that's also true of a maiden whom you can't free.

KONRAD: Can we wish to love a woman no more once we love her?

BRÜNIG: All good things come to those who pray and work hard. Be good, Konrad, and let her be!

KONRAD: If it were so easy! I was away for nearly a year, and I never saw her. I also heard nothing about her, because I couldn't ask anyone, and yet everything remained just as it had been.

BRÜNIG: But why should...?

KONRAD: Yes mother, if you ask that, I have no answer. Why do we breathe? The air has no taste, quenches neither hunger nor thirst, but we just can't live without breathing.

[10]

BRÜNIG: Well, you should know that old Reinhold would rather see his daughter on a bier than give her to a poor fellow like you.

KONRAD: God shall decide that. But who knows what may happen. Much can change with time?

BRÜNIG: Oh, I know, you're wishing that the miller would die. It's profane to wish for someone's death, and at that for the death of your former master. You might also be mistaken; even if the old man is ill, he may still live long, and who knows, the illness might instead take Marie ...

KONRAD: Mother, don't say anything if you don't want to drive me mad. I wouldn't wish him his death. The dear Lord will do as He pleases, and if He takes the old man, it's His will and not my wish. (Taking a flute out of his knapsack.) I'm

[11]

going out for a bit to play a song; it sounds better in the open air.

BRÜNIG: Konrad, don't do it.

KONRAD: Mother, the flute was my solace and refreshment in the last five weeks. I can no longer go to sleep without first playing an evening song.

BRÜNIG: Oh nonsense! As if I didn't know for whom you're going to play your song.

KONRAD: Well. When we were still happily together, she always enjoyed listening to me play a hymn in front of the mill at closing time: she shall enjoy it again today, and should I not do something for her as sign of love?

BRÜNIG: Well, I hope that I've spoken to you as a faithful mother, but if you don't want to listen to me, go meet your doom! (Exit on the right.)

KONRAD: My doom? Good heaven! Am I

[12]

doing something bad? I don't even want to see her, lest I make her disobey her father who forbade it; I only want to tell her with my flute that Konrad is back. (Exit in the middle.)

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Transition.

Scene: A small room in Reinhold's residence.

Scene 2.

Enter Schulzin and Marie.

MARIE: Thank you for coming, my aunt. Oh! I am quite anxious.

SCHULZIN: I can well imagine, since Jakob is downstairs with your father.

MARIE: And certainly to ask for my hand.

SCHULZIN: Relax, my child, it probably won't go that far today. Jakob was at my place, and asked me to come over a bit;

[13]

he wants to have a word with you if your father allows it.

MARIE: With me? Dear Lord! What should I tell him?

SCHULZIN: I thought that you wanted to respect your father's wishes.

MARIE: Yes, however much grief it may cause me, if it's my father's absolute wish, I shall give Jakob my hand. It's bad enough that I don't obey my father and can't forget Konrad, but I shall be obedient when I can.

SCHULZIN: Well done, dear child: Jakob is a fine lad, and well-received by all, and heavenly bliss clearly depends upon a Christian household: any sorrow one may bring along will all be forgotten. Believe me, you will have forgotten Konrad in no time.

MARIE: Never, never! And since he loves me so much, would it not be

[14]

ungracious of me if I were to forget him?

SCHULZIN: Well now, that would depend. If he – dare I say – were to forget you.

MARIE: No! No!

SCHULZIN: But that could happen, and you couldn't blame him for it. He knows as well as we do that nothing can become of you two. If he were to find a good opportunity to settle down, and it would be a woman whom he could suffer, even if he didn't love her as much as he loves you; should he not seize this opportunity rather than remain a poor mill hand for his whole life? You see ...

MARIE (irritated and grasping Schulzin's hand vigorously): My aunt, just tell me that he was unfaithful. Right?

SCHULZIN: Well, you're certainly a clever girl. That's right: he's going to marry his widowed mistress. I saw her once

[15]

twelve years ago; she was a pretty girl, you had to give her that. Now she must be approaching thirty, but Konrad's also twenty-five already. She's supposed to be a hardworking hostess, and in very good circumstances; she doesn't have any children; she can't survive in the big business without a husband, so I think it's quite obvious.

MARIE (no longer listening, wipes her tears): God bless his household!

SCHULZIN (caressing her): That's right, dear child. It's God's providence, and man must submit to it. But now you must also do your part to get it out of your mind.

MARIE: I shall do that, dear aunt, and I've been doing it for some time now. Barely three times do I think of Konrad in the whole day, and when I do, and then it gets warm around my heart, I quickly take up a difficult task, and free myself from the thought. But in the evening, when I turn out the candles,

and everything is still – then certainly ... I always think that if someone would only play “Now rest the woods again”<sup>I</sup> or “If thou but suffer God to guide thee”<sup>II</sup> or another hymn, I would be able to sleep. That may well be better.

(Someone knocks on the door.)

SCHULZIN: That must be Jakob! Come in!

Scene 3.

The same. Enter Jakob.

JAKOB: Good evening, Miss Schulzin and dear young maiden, God bless you!

SCHULZIN: Thank you, Sir Jakob!

MARIE: Thank you!

JAKOB: Since Sir Reinhold was content, I have come over to have a few words with the young maiden.

SCHULZIN: Have a seat, Sir Jakob, have a seat! (She moves a stool towards him. All three sit down.)

JAKOB: My dearest lady Marie, you must know that it is our fathers’ desire that we become a Christian couple, if it is indeed God’s will. Fate was generous in giving you such a beautiful form, and you were such a diligent and fine maiden since your childhood that you yourself wouldn’t be surprised if that is also my wish. Your father leased me the brewery in Alzenau<sup>4</sup> in the meantime: The rent is not expensive, the food is good, and farmstead capable. That is all fine, but the principal matter is still your opinion; therefore, honourable young maiden, I wanted to ask you, even if it is not customary to do so.

MARIE: Dear Sir, won’t you think ill of me and believe that I would defy my father’s will?

JAKOB: God spare me! If I

thought so ill of a maiden, I certainly wouldn’t pledge my holy troth to her. But I think when they say: “What God hath joined together let no man put asunder,” so conversely they must also

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<sup>4</sup> Hałcnów in modern-day Poland.

say: "Let no man join together what God hath put asunder." Thus I wanted to know whether you can truly suffer me.

MARIE: I think that I have never failed to greet you with courtesy, and always welcomed you whenever you visited us.

JAKOB: Yes, dearest maiden, you were always at my side, as an honourable maiden should be, but that's also not what I mean. Do you see, I think that we must sincerely love each other if we should live together in harmony unto the end, accept each other's every fault, forbearingly endure each cross and trials<sup>5</sup> that the dear Lord may send us. So I wanted to ask you honestly, – and I hope that you will also answer honestly –

[19]

whether you could have a heart for me, as I for you.

MARIE (after a short pause): Dear Sir, it is difficult for a maiden to speak of such a thing with a man, but since you are so honest with me, I shall also be honest with you. If it is my father's wish that I give you my hand, I shall not resist like a disobedient handmaiden. I also know that you are a fine man, your wife will certainly be well-off, and I hope that the dear Lord will help me perform my duty as your housewife and satisfy him. – But my heart – dear Sir – is – only in God's hand.

Pause.

SCHULZIN: Dear Jakob, you yourself wanted Marie to answer honestly; now you shouldn't take offence ...

JAKOB (standing up): I won't; I know much more thanks to the maiden; better early than late. But we cannot accept it so quickly

[20]

if we already suspected it halfway. Well, let's leave it. (He holds out his hand to Marie.) May you live in good health, Lady Marie, and may the Lord send you His aid if ever again you should find yourself in a difficult situation with your father: I shall tell him that it is not His will that we marry. May you live in god health!

MARIE (thanks him with a voiceless gesture).

JAKOB: God bless you, Miss Schulzin, and thank you for all your love and good!

SCHULZIN: Ah, dear Jakob, I wouldn't know. Well God bless you! May you go home in good spirits! My greetings to your father and mother.

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<sup>5</sup> German: *Alles Kreuz und Leiden*. Likely quoted from *Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten*. See endnote II.

JAKOB: My sincere gratitude. (Exit.)

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Scene 4.

Schulzin and Marie.

[21]

MARIE: Oh, my dear aunt! Did I act justly?

SCHULZIN: Quite, my child. You're always just in speaking the truth, for the Lord praises the truth.

MARIE: Oh! My father will chide me bitterly.

SCHULZIN: I shall go down and tell him how everything went. Then he shall see that you did nothing more than respond honestly to an honest question.

MARIE: Oh dear Lord! I didn't act justly. Another man could easily show up, one lesser than Jakob, who's only after my father's money and not my heart. Then I must obey my father and accept the worse one because I refused the better one.

SCHULZIN: Ah, my child, you sang "If thou but suffer God to guide thee" so frequently at church and to Konrad's flute. What use is the singing if the just tenet doesn't stay in your heart?

[22]

If you're a Christian, commend your ways to the Lord.

MARIE: You're right. Oh! In the eternal anxiety you grow fainthearted and forget the dear Lord. No! He knows the best that I haven't forgotten Him, rather that I always rely upon Him.

SCHULZIN: Do that, and it shall be your solace. Well, good night, my child. I will speak with your father; he shouldn't scold you today at least; First Advent Sunday is a Holy Day, he should at least let you spend it in peace. Certainly you won't come away without being scolded, but who should bear something from another, if not a daughter from her father?

MARIE (not listening): Tell me, is the miller still young?

SCHULZIN: I told you already, she's nearly thirty.

MARIE: No offense, my aunt, I didn't hear it.

[23]



Well, I hope in the name of the Lord that she will love him intimately, and make his days good, (little by little she begins to sob) and will rejoice with him when he rejoices and weep with him when he weeps – But why should he weep? He will be happy, and have his heart's desire.

SCHULZIN: Marie, will you get that out of your mind? (Wiping her tears). If you're doing that just because I'm here, what will you do once you're alone! My child, my child, you're giving us much heartache.

MARIE: Oh, my dear aunt, don't be so mean; otherwise I wouldn't know anymore whither I should turn. Good night! Now speak to my father: he might scold me, I may well have earned that, but he shouldn't take me to our relatives in the city, as he threatened me. If I had to go there to those foul people, onto the barren stone pavement, into the big gloomy houses, you may as well prepare my burial shrouds.

[24]

SCHULZIN: Bah, Marie! Those are vile thoughts. You shouldn't go to the city, as long as I can organise something for my brother. Pull yourself together, everything might still go better than you think. Well good night!

MARIE: Good night, my aunt! Sleep well!

SCHULZIN: You too. Pray with devotion now, then you shall soon be asleep. (She holds out her hand to her, and then exits.)

MARIE (after a short pause): Go better? What should go better now? Everything is over. (Pause.) Yes, yes! Basically he's right: why else should he hope and wait? But I think that a faithful heart shouldn't be right. – Certainly I also wished to give Jakob my hand, but that's something else: I have a father whom I must obey. – Yet if he had heard that I would choose Jakob, and out of grief and despair ... ? No, no! Then he would have waited it out! Oh! Everything is over! ... Moreover I often thought

[25]

if only fortune would help him to a dowry or an inheritance, or if the dear Lord would soften my father's heart – Now nothing more is of use, neither fortune nor the dear Lord. What should I think of now? If I am to sit alone in the evening or on Sundays I will have nothing that I could think of, like a poor, forlorn orphan who has no one in the whole world. My thoughts will fly out into the empty air, and return cheerlessly like the dove into Noah's Ark. (She wipes a tear, then more coolly.) The Lord will help! – (She turns out the light.) – I shall go to bed. (In the distance she hears the melody of the song "If thou but suffer God to guide thee" on the flute.) Konrad's flute. – He's back. – He remained faithful to me. My Lord! My Lord! (She falls upon her knees.) If thou but suffer God to guide thee! (The curtain falls.)

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## Act 2.

Scene: The parlour in the residence of the miller Reinhold.

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## Scene 1.

Schulzin and Marie.

SCHULZIN: Well, I've come to have a serious conversation with your father. Where is this heading? You're getting paler by the day, and your eyes more hollow. That's your grief, and grief is a deadly malady. It might get worse, my child, if you don't pull yourself together.

[27]

MARIE (cold and with the tranquility of deep affliction, throughout the entire scene): I pray and toil; what more could I do?

SCHULZIN: Take your mind off of him; your father simply finds him abhorrent and he shall never give you to him.

MARIE: Did I ask him for this? Did he ever hear me complain or see a teardrop?

SCHULZIN: God bless! You're a good child; no one can blame you for anything.

MARIE: And yet my father does every hour and every day. His scolding and abuse drives me to bed in the evening and wakes me up again in the morning. Until midnight I mourn the by-gone day, and after midnight I dread the coming one; that may well be why I'm getting paler.

SCHULZIN: That's why I want to speak with your father.

[28]

MARIE: Please don't, my aunt. You see one day follows another, and they'll all follow unto the end.

SCHULZIN: What do you mean by that?

MARIE: I've always heard and believed that the dear Lord doesn't impose more than one can endure; so He will also allow me to recuperate when the time is right.

SCHULZIN: That's certainly true, but a young girl of twenty-one shouldn't have such thoughts. You still have a lot of time, if that is God's will.

MARIE: No, little, very little.

SCHULZIN: Why do you say that, oh miserable child? How could you know that?

MARIE: Why shouldn't I tell you? The day must soon come. Early last year, when I was quite sad, I asked the cuckoo how many years

[29]

I still had to live; it only cried once.

SCHULIN (horrified): Oh, who will believe such a thing!

MARIE: But we know many examples where it held true. And would it not be good? What shall become of it? My father absolutely wants me to forget Konrad, and I cannot and mustn't do that.

SCHULZIN: Why mustn't you?

MARIE: He renounced his fortune for me, exactly when I intended to choose another man, and I wouldn't deserve the sun's shining upon me if I were to forget him now.

SCHULZIN (pointing to the window): Look, your father's coming home. Let me talk to him on my own; I want to speak to his conscience.

MARIE: Please don't do it, my aunt: You'll only make bad worse.

SCHULZIN: Go off, my child.

[30]

MARIE: You shall see that nothing can help me. (Exit.)

SCHULZIN: It's come quite far – dear heaven! If we were to lose the girl – I shall keep my conscience, and speak, because there's still time.

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## Scene 2.

Schulzin. Enter Reinhold with a dead owl in his hand. Behind him is a mill hand.

REINHOLD (speaking to the owl without paying attention to Schulzin): Ha ha, do I have you now, you cursed prophet? Will you now let the people sleep, you unauthorised undertaker? Oho! You wanted to cry others into the pit, and sang yourself the dirges. (To the mill hand.) You're a fine lad, Andreas: you shot well.

SCHULZIN: Hello, my brother.

REINHOLD: Aha! Hello! Hello!

[31]

SCHULZIN: Oh my Lord, Christoph, what do you have there?

REINHOLD: My Christmas presents. Is today not Christmas Eve? An owl, you see. For two nights it had been sitting upon my roof, as if there were no other roofs in the village, and today it wanted to come again – ha ha! – for the third time, and on Christmas Eve at that, but the fellow there (pointing to the mill hand) spoiled its fun. Come here, Andreas! (The mill hand comes to him.) You're a good shooter. (He gives him some money.) There! Go drink to your master's health! But three times, – do you hear? – Three times! (He gives him the owl.) And nail the midnight sexton onto the farm gate! Nail it firmly! There it can sing in the wind and weather and scare off its kin. Go!

(Exit the mill hand.)

SCHULZIN: Dear Christoph, I would like to have a serious conversation with you, if you would only hear me.

REINHOLD: Go on! Go on!

[32]

SCHULZIN: My brother, the situation with your daughter is starting to worry me. She's clearly losing weight.

REINHOLD: Losing weight? Don't you know anything more? I'll hear nothing of losing weight.

SCHULZIN: I'm only saying she's clearly getting paler, and it would be horrible if the affliction were to carry her off in her young years.

REINHOLD: 'Twould also be a great pity: such a wayward creature she is for throwing away her fortune because her heart clings to a beggar.

SCHULZIN: Christoph, don't say such things! Our Lord could punish you and take away your only child.

REINHOLD: Gosh! Do you mean that I should crawl to the church because the little maiden is paler by the day and her eyes are hollow? Why is she pale? Is she suffering from hunger or thirst, cold or bareness? And even if her cheeks

[33]

turn white like flour and her eyes hollow like a crater, Christoph Reinhold will still do as he pleases.

SCHULZIN: Think it over properly, my brother, before it's too late. Bear in mind that you would need a helper. You're sixty, sometimes also sickly ...

REINHOLD: That's not true. I'm healthy, I've never been healthier than I am now. Oh, I see, I see: You're expecting my death because I cough sometimes. But you're reckoning without your host; by my life! You're way off.

SCHULZIN: No, dear brother Christoph, may heaven send you a long life! But we're all mortal; your turn shall also come, and you can't bring along anything from this world ...

REINHOLD: Nothing, nothing at all, that's true, and since that's true, 'twould've been better, had I not been born into this world. Bad enough that I can't bring along anything, but

[34]

throwing my hard-earned money into a beggar's mouth would be ten times as worse.

SCHULZIN: But then why do we have God's blessing ...

REINHOLD: God's blessing? Gosh again! Does money fall from the sky like snow, or grow out in the woods like pinecones? Go have a look! What did I have when I took over the mill after our father's death? The farmstead lay half in ruins because of the war; I had to hand some over to our mother, I had to hand some over to you; I had as much as nothing left. But I worked, saved, starved, haggled over a tiny bit with my stomach, and with my sleep over a rooster's call (?).<sup>6</sup> Oh yes, I also would have danced along when the other lads were whirling around with the girls, I also would have liked to shout: "Hey musicians, strike up a tune!" Also would have liked to have a flagon with a shiny cover [i.e. beer head (?)];<sup>7</sup> but I looked at my money, and clenched my teeth. I earned what I have, through sour toil and thrift and not in a dishonest way: for

[35]

who has ever given more just a measurement(?)<sup>8</sup> than Christoph Reinhold?

SCHULZIN: Yes, my brother, you did your part honestly, God and the world know that, but what good are your earnings if they can't make you only child happy? Look, your wife was also rather well-off ...

REINHOLD: Yes, but would I have married her if I hadn't saved my money for twelve years prior? I would rather that I hadn't married her, because then a disobedient brat wouldn't be torturing me right now. No! No! She was my only solace in the world; labour was her joy, and her apron was her most expensive finery; she would rejoice with me whenever I made a gut deal or exchanged a few gold pennies. Ever since her parting I've had no more joy because you're all my enemies.

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<sup>6</sup> Aber ich habe gearbeitet, gespart, gedarbt, habe mit dem Magen gehandelt um einen Bissen, und mit dem Schläfe um einen Hahnenschrei.

<sup>7</sup> Einen Krug mit blankem Deckel.

<sup>8</sup> Wer hat jemals richtigeres Maß gegeben.

SCHULZIN: You're committing a great injustice against us, brother Christoph ...

REINHOLD: Stop it! Stop it I tell you! Otherwise you would

[36]

force me to accept a son-in-law who would gape at me twenty times a day to see if I've gained another wrinkle or turned more yellow, who would rejoice if ever I were to cough, in a word, who couldn't wait to see me on the bier.

SCHULZIN: Konrad wouldn't do that, he's a good, honest, faithful soul.

REINHOLD: To the devil again! To think that the whelp, the good-for-nothing would sit here in my farmstead as lord and master, in my fine mill with four paths, in my splendid patronage, and have the time of his life with my money. And then stretch back into the armchair and stroke his belly on the workday ... Away! Away! I'll hear nothing more. Go off! Go off! God bless you! Go, and save yourself the trouble of coming back: You're only encouraging the disobedient brat in her defiance of her father. Even if you tear out your hair, you won't make Christoph Reinhold

[37]

budge even a hair's width. Go off with God! To heaven with you! Otherwise I'll go to bed.

SCHULZIN: That's not brotherly, Christoph, but I'm leaving, and I'll beseech God to amend your heart ere it's too late, and save you from remorse. Farewell! (Exit.)

REINHOLD: What? Would I have toiled day and night, in hot and cold, to not even be the master in my own house? To have to say to the girl: Here are all my possessions, give them to the beggar who so pleases your eyes; I'll go around begging in his place. Bugger! I'll show them that I'm the master; I'll put an end to this. (He goes to the door and calls out.) Marie! Marie! (He comes back.) They'll let me be once they see that moving the Spitzberg would be easier than moving me.

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[38]

### Scene 3.

Reinhold. Enter Marie.

MARIE: Did you call me, father?

REINHOLD: Yes. Come here, my little daughter, come now.

MARIE: What – do – you – want?

REINHOLD: Your dear auntie says you're getting paler by the day. What do you need, my dearest child? What shall I do, such that your cheeks become red again? Would you like a dolly, or your little Konrad?

MARIE: No father. I know that he disgusts you, and you cannot say that I asked you with a face.

REINHOLD: No, no. Only through your dear auntie did you let me know that you'll die if you can't have him. Don't die, my poppet, don't die! Without you I would be at a loss in this world.

[39]

MARIE: Oh, father – let ...

REINHOLD: Shall I give something away from the house and farm, my dear, and make room for your faithful Konrad? With pleasure, with pleasure. Let me bring along a haversack and a stick from our alder bush. You're a good child; you'll also give me some alms when I come back to my door.

MARIE (breaking out into tears): Father! Father! What have I done that you must so horribly torment me? Against my knowing and will my heart turned to a man whom you cannot suffer – God is my witness – and therefore I am willing to obey you in every way possible. God grant that you live for many years in good health, but please let me go since I seem to be a thorn in your eyes: I've learned to work, and will soon find a job.

REINHOLD: A job, you sordid creature?

[40]

My daughter working? The miller Reinhold's only child a maid? Oh you disobedient, dishonourable harlot! Oh yes, you're leaving alright, but not for work. Pack up your belongings! You're going to your aunt's place in Goldberg<sup>9</sup> tomorrow.

MARIE: In the name of the gracious Lord! If you have but a trace of pity for you miserable daughter, please don't take me thither where I must die, where I shall be tormented to death. Oh, father! Who knows how soon God shall take you, and on your deathbed ...

REINHOLD (aghast): Quiet, you wretched brat! Listen to me! Will you forget the good-for-nothing?

MARIE: I shall, I shall.

REINHOLD: Good. I can't stand his tootling; there are too many birds singing death knells anyways. So, if I ever hear the laggard's whistling again, and he

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<sup>9</sup> Złotorya in modern-day Poland.

doesn't leave the village before the new year, it's off to the city with you, if God be gracious to me.

(Someone knocks on the door.)

REINHOLD: Come in!

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Scene 4.

The same. Enter John.

JOHN: God bless you, Sir Reinhold.

REINHOLD: Thank you! (To Marie.) Go off, and think about what I just said.

(Exit Marie.)

JOHN: How do you do, Sir Reinhold?

REINHOLD: Quite well, thank God! Quite well. Well, what brings you here, dear John?

JOHN: Ah, Sir Reinhold, I bring you nothing. I think that you let me know that I could come by once. Well, here I am.

REINHOLD: So you heard? Good!

Good! Yes, I wanted to speak with you. You should do me a favour. I'll give you half a bushel of flour for the holidays.

JOHN: Thank you very much! One certainly accepts such a thing, but even without that I'll do your bidding. What would it be?

REINHOLD: You know I'm a bit short of breath. Actually I've been short-breathed since I was a child; you must still remember when we used to go to school together ...

JOHN: Certainly – certainly we went to school together.

REINHOLD: Such a thing becomes more noticeable with age.

JOHN: Quite obviously.

REINHOLD: Well you said recently – yes – what was it? What did you say?

JOHN: What I said? – Oh yes, now I recall.



[43]

If you go to the graveyard between twelve and one on Christmas Eve, and fetch some soil from a fresh grave and place it on your chest, that helps.

REINHOLD: Right, that's it.

JOHN: And the medium is reliable: you can believe that.

REINHOLD: Indeed, indeed. Well yes – look – I recalled that tonight again, because I couldn't sleep: a crow or jackdaw had perched upon my roof ...

JOHN: An owl, Sir Reinhold, an owl.

REINHOLD: What you say! An owl? So 'twas an owl? Did you hear it as well?

JOHN: No! Your neighbour Veit told me.

REINHOLD: Ha! Are the people even obsessed with the birds upon my roof? Well yes, it may well have been an owl. Andreas shot one this morning –

[44]

hehe! Now it's nailed onto the gate out there – there it got it!

JOHN: Well, Sir miller, you recalled ...

REINHOLD: What you had said – yes, and since today's Christmas Eve ...

JOHN: Certainly! And there's also a fresh grave.

REINHOLD: So you could do me a favour and bring me a few handfuls of such soil.

JOHN: No, I can't. You have to fetch it yourself.

REINHOLD: Must I? Damn! Must I go to the graveyard at twelve?

JOHN: It's the only way. I'll accompany you if you like.

REINHOLD: Accompany – good; I accept. But – hm – (furtively) all sorts of things are supposed to happen there tonight?

[45]

JOHN: Indeed, indeed – all sorts of strange things.

REINHOLD: They say that all who shall die next year go to the church tonight.

JOHN: Yes they do once twelve comes around. But we'll go a bit later, and if ever the church is lit up, don't look inside.

REINHOLD: Right! Right! Why should I look inside? I'll let it be. So, we're going together.

JOHN: I'll come and fetch you.

REINHOLD: No need! No need! You'll find me under the linden tree at the vicarage at twelve. – Now come! I'll let you measure the flour. – So at twelve – I'm truly a daredevil, but being short of breath is uncomfortable. I'm rather selfish for wanting to be healthier than I am, but being short of breath is just uncomfortable.

(He goes. John follows.)

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[46]

Transition.

Scene: The residence of the widow Brünig.

Scene 5.

Konrad brings in Marie, who is out of breath.

KONRAD: Oh good Lord! What happened? Come, dear Marie, come, sit down! (He brings her to a stool and obliges her to sit down.) So! Relax, dear Marie. Good heaven, you're a complete mess: your heart's beating so hard that I can see it over your clothes.

MARIE (still out of breath): It's – no wonder –

KONRAD: Don't talk, dear Marie! Wait until you regain your breath. I'll hear it soon enough. You scared me alright, when you came running to our place so out of breath; good Lord, you would've collapsed had I not caught you. Good Lord in heaven! If you'd fallen, you'd certainly have bloodied your forehead on the chopping block.

[47]

MARIE: Oh – I wanted to go ask my aunt – but she wasn't home; – so I ran over here in fear – and around the back for that matter, so that no one would see me.

KONRAD: In fear? My Lord! What happened?

MARIE (standing up and looking around rather timidly): Your mother isn't home?

KONRAD: No, she went to the neighbour's place a moment ago.

MARIE (as before): If I ...

KONRAD: Should I get her?

MARIE (after a short thought): No, please stay, Konrad. Everything's all the same now.

KONRAD: What do you mean, dear Marie? Tell me!

MARIE: I have a favour to ask you, Konrad.

[48]

KONRAD: Thank God! Well tell me what I should do.

MARIE: Don't play your flute in the evening anymore; I mean, outside, in front of your door.

KONRAD: Play no more? Good Lord! Do you not enjoy it anymore, Marie?

MARIE: You're not speaking from the heart. Enjoy no more? That's the only enjoyment that I have left from the good days. But I must beg you ...

KONRAD: Oh? That's a miserable favour. But you're not speaking from the heart. Why shouldn't I play anymore? Your father must have given you an awful lot over it.

MARIE: Oh, if were only that.

KONRAD: Good Lord! Did he beat you? (Vehemently.) If he did, I'll –

MARIE: Stop Konrad, don't! But he

[49]

threatened me; if he hears your flute again, he'll send me to my aunt in the city. You know the callous folk. They know we're in love, and will mock and scorn me to death.

KONRAD: I shall not play anymore, dear Marie, never again. It's been my only solace up to now, but you shouldn't wither away like an alder that's moved from the meadows over to the dry sands; they shall not mock you because you love poor Konrad. But the old man is abhorrent –

MARIE: Konrad, he's my father.

KONRAD: God be lamented! What does he have against my flute? Have I played some folk tune or some other secular stuff? Were they not only hymns that should edify a true Christian? Alright, alright! My flute shall become mute like the dead. But I don't want to stay here anymore, for I'll have no way of knowing when you think about me.

[50]

MARIE: Oh, Konrad, I think a lot about you.

KONRAD: But I'll have no way of knowing when, and it always gave me joy to know for sure that you were listening to me. No! No! 'twould be better if I left, and I'll leave as soon as possible.

MARIE: Oh! How unfortunate I am for having to thank you for what torments me. Yes, Konrad, if you want to leave the village, I won't stop you. I would have even asked you leave, but I didn't have the heart to do that.

KONRAD: You want me to be far away, Marie?

MARIE: Do you realise that my father thinks it bad that we see each other at church every Sunday? That's why he plans to take me to the city if you stay here over the new year.

KONRAD: So I should leave for his sake! That again?

[51]

No, if that's what he wants, I just won't do it. What? Does he think that, being the rich miller, he can treat a poor lad like a dog that's thrown out once it's no longer needed? He shouldn't fancy that: I shall stay.

MARIE: I heard from my aunt that you're returning to work around Easter. There's no other way. If you don't know where to go in the meantime; just stay. Let my father send me off to the city; he'll surely come to fetch me once you're away, since I'll be needed in the business, and I'll manage for three months if I know that it won't last forever.

KONRAD: No, not at all, Marie! You shouldn't spend a second with the god-forsaken folks for me. I would rather be buried alive. I'll leave before the new year. It doesn't matter where I stay, and in any case I know where I'll stay.

MARIE: Oh, it saddens me greatly that I

[52]

can't do anything at all for you. You do so much for me.

KONRAD: Not at all, not at all!

MARIE: You cast away your fortune for my sake. Do you really think that I'm not aware of that?

KONRAD: Not at all, dear Marie, not at all. I know very well that the folks here talked about that as they talk about everything, but my mistress truly didn't think about it.

MARIE: Why are you lying, Konrad? Though it hurts me to know that you've lost your income, it also soothes me to know that you're a faithful soul, and that I love you justly. I also know it from people who are sure of their things.

KONRAD: Well, whenever, dear Marie, but is it worth the trouble to love someone when you could be happy with someone else?

MARIE: I cannot return your devotion and love,

[53]

but I shall implore the dear Lord day and night such that he may reward you with a long life, good health and joy. If ever you stumble upon a fortune, I beg you, don't turn it away. I will deeply rejoice if you are happy.

KONRAD: And you can just say that, Marie? And yet you claim to love me?

MARIE: Don't say such things, Konrad! God grant that you may find someone in this world –

KONRAD: Don't speak like that, dear Marie, don't!

MARIE: And why not? We were both raised Christians, and know that the glory of a man is from the honour of his father. We can never gain the honour of my father; you yourself would rather not see me act against God's behest; thus we must go our separate ways and renounce all hopes.

KONRAD: Oh Marie! Could your father not change his mind?

[54]

MARIE: No – no! Once he's made up his mind, he won't budge for all eternity. (She holds out her hand to Konrad.) Farewell, Konrad! May the dear Lord watch over you on all your paths. Be goodly and pious as you've always been; I shall be as well, and we shall see each other again in heaven. (She wants to draw back her hand.)

KONRAD (grasping her hand firmly): No, Marie, you mustn't go.

MARIE: Let me go if you love me. I should not have come, but the horror over my father's threat drove me here.

KONRAD (letting go of her): Oh Marie! Marie, don't go!

MARIE: Be of good cheer! What should we have to fear? Who knows how soon everything might end. Farewell! I shall remember you unto my final hour. (Wants to leave.)

KONRAD: Marie, if you go, everything will be over. Then my life will be worth less than a penny; I wouldn't know why I should even need it.

[55]

MARIE: Konrad, you're giving me an awful heartache.

KONRAD: Farewell! Yes, yes, farewell! But not forever. I won't renounce my hopes. No, I shall hope unto my death, and even if the whole world were to die. What else should I do with my life? How else should I survive a day?

MARIE (taking a few steps forward again): Commend your ways to the Lord, and trust Him; He will (her voice is swallowed up by her sobbing, and, covering her face with her apron, she exits.)

KONRAD (removing his hands which had been covering his face): She's gone. Now everything's over – everything's over. All joy and all bliss, all solace and all hope are lost – all is lost. If only I could run as far as the heavens extend! There's no way out for me. It's as if a mountain were lying upon my chest – as if the whole world were weighing down upon me. I must vent my spleen. (He rashly takes his flute from the wall and wants to leave quickly, but he remains standing.) I mustn't.

[56]

The old Reidhart [Reinhold] begrudges nobody a moment of joy, and hymns repel him like evil. I mustn't. Well damn it! I don't even want to. (He hurls the flute onto the floor; it splits. Laughing.) The reward for long devotion! (He picks up the pieces.) You've become mute: well, the old Satan will also become mute when death casts him like so to the ground. (He promptly turns around and exits.)

(The curtain falls.)

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[57]

### Act 3.

Scene: In the tavern. On the right are a table and several stools; in the middle is a table covered in a white tablecloth, and on it is a Christmas tree with ribbons, golden paper and little candles.

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### Scene 1.

Konrad is sitting at the table on the right, in front of him are a bottle of spirits and a glass. Reimann and Margarethe are sitting at the table in the middle and looking over their children who are playing with their Christmas presents.

REIMANN: Well enough for today, you little folk! Tomorrow is also a day. Grete, take the children to bed; the watchman has called already.

[58]

MARGARETHE: Yes yes; come on children! It's time to go to bed. (She catches the children who resist.)

REIMANN (noticing this with a strong voice): Well, is it?

MARGARETHE (to the children): Come! Come! Before your father turns mean. (She brings the children to Reimann.)

REIMANN (holding out his hands): May God grant that it be so!

(Exit Margarethe on the right with the children; for a while Reimann observes Konrad who is absorbed in his thoughts.)

REIMANN: Well, my cousin Konrad, you're awfully quiet, and yet they say: rejoice with the cheerful ones.

KONRAD (coming back to himself): With the cheerful ones.

REIMANN: Quite so, a young lad isn't used to the sound made by the little folk, but it will help our lad.

[59]

REIMANN: Yes, whoever has heaven to thank for being so well-off.

REIMANN: Certainly, being a father is a good thing. Believe me, even if I had to work so much more than I work, and had no other holiday in the whole year other than this one, it still wouldn't bother me. You'll see for yourself if you do as I do.

KONRAD: Do as you do? Damn it! Are you teasing me?

REIMANN: God forbid. I'm well aware that your love life isn't going as you wish, but a fine lad needn't hang his head for that. It isn't the end of the world, and much can change with time.

KONRAD: Everything's over – everything. (He slams down his glass.)

REIMANN: No man should say that. Who knows

[60]

what the Lord will do? He often begins His work once we believe that it's over. Did that not happen to me? Since my blessed father-in-law didn't want to give me my dear Margarethe, I

joined the military out of despair. Five campaigns I did in Tyrol under the great Prince Eugene: well I don't regret that. Afterwards however I lay in a field hospital from my wounds a winter long, and when I regained my health, I was nonetheless in a wretched state. I was no longer fit for service, indeed I had nary a penny: so it took me a whole summer to get home, since I helped the farmers here and there in their work, so as to avoid becoming a beggar, which still failed sometimes. Well, I was in no rush: for, I thought, Margarethe would be married, and what more could I expect than toiling away my life daily? But you know that I was all wrong. Margarethe hadn't married; the old man lay upon his sickbed, and that's a hard place where man becomes tender; he needed an assistant; I knew my way in his business; he knew that I was honest and diligent;

[61]

so everything changed for the better just as I thought it would go for the worse. Why shouldn't you also expect ...

KONRAD: Over – everything is over! (He drinks again.)

(Margarethe returns and busies herself during the following conversation with the extinguishing of the candles and the Christmas tree.)

REIMANN: It's in the world as in war: once a soldier loses his courage, he'll certainly be shot dead. That means: head held high, and forward! Fortune can come overnight.

KONRAD (showing his broken flute): That's my fortune.

REIMANN: Hey, cousin Konrad, what's that supposed to mean?

KONRAD: Don't you see? I wrecked my flute that was the dearest to me in the world after Marie.

MARGARETHE: My Lord, why, cousin?

KONRAD: Because the miller won't give her to me.

[62]

If he ever hears me play again, he said, he'll take Marie to the city to her hideous aunt, where she would be tormented to death. And what good is my flute if I can't play for Marie anymore?

MARGARETHE: The grizzled, abhorrent miser! He should know that he already has one foot in the grave.

REIMANN: It sure is bad, but, Konrad, you aren't acting as a fine lad should act.

KONRAD: Done is done. (He drinks.)



MARGARETHE: No, you shouldn't say that, cousin. Old Reinhold is ailing: who knows if he'll live to hear the cuckoo's call again. Then Marie will be the richest maiden in the village and can do as she wishes.

REIMANN: What's all this chatter, Grete? You women always speak without thinking. You shouldn't console a man with

[63]

another's death, for he shouldn't hope for such a thing.

MARGARETHE: Well, why, Veit? Someone always hopes for another's death in this world, because the one must make room for the other. There's no need to wish anyone death.

REIMANN: Yes, that's the right amount. May one only hope for another's death, for soon enough the evil one will return it and wish him his death: for the evil one is one of those who takes your whole hand when you give them your little finger.

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Scene 2.

The same. Enter John.

JOHN: Good evening all.

REIMANN AND MARGARTEHE: Thank you.

MARGARETHE: Well, Sir John, where have you been this Christmas Eve.

[64]

JOHN: My employer, death, doesn't care if it's Christmas Eve; rather it jumps in without giving a damn about the calendar. I have to spend the night in the graveyard, so I would like some refreshment first. A pint of beer, Miss Margareth'!

KONRAD: For me as well, cousin! (Holds out his flagon.)

REIMANN: Don't drink anymore, Konrad! It's beyond your limit.

KONRAD: There's no right amount for me unless I decide for myself.

MARGARTHE (goes to the counter in the background).

JOHN: My measurement is the best, since it fits all people: six feet long and six deep.<sup>10</sup> But I didn't come for the refreshment alone. I brought your maids a little piece of lead from a church window that I'd promised them. They want to pour lead tonight.

[65]

REIMANN: You should've done something cleverer, John. I can't stand such things. If our Lord had wished that we should know in advance what would oppose us, he would've arranged things differently.

JOHN: Why differently? Are you dictating how He should arrange it? He arranged exactly so such that we might know through pouring lead and the sort what may come, and that cries of owls, barks of dogs and death knells might warn us.

REIMANN: I don't believe in such things.

JOHN: What? Are you a Christian?

MARGARETHE (coming back with the flagons): Well, look, Sir John: in the company of soldiers my husband very nearly turned into a heathen. Here you are, Sir! (She places the flagons on the table.) Well have a seat! – Here you are, cousin. (John and Reimann sit down at Konrad's table.)

[66]

JOHN (to Reimann): I wish that you would be a gravedigger for a year: then you would believe me.

MARGARETHE: God forbid! You're a fine gentleman, Sir John, but there's something unsettling about your work – no offence.

JOHN: Grace, Miss Margareth'! I myself say that a gravedigger needs a strong spirit, to toil around in the graveyard in the night, as often is the case ...

MARGARETHE: And in a night like tonight.

JOHN: Indeed, Miss Margareth'! Tonight is a night where a gravedigger can show what he's made of, a night, where you have to have your heart in the right place – yes I'll tell you, a night – in short the worst night in the whole year.

MARGARETHE: Yes, yes: many strange things are supposed to happen in the graveyards tonight. Shall all who

[67]

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<sup>10</sup> He is most likely referring to the dimensions of a grave.

are destined to die next year, go – God be with us! – to church at midnight today?

JOHN: So it is, Miss Margareth' – at twelve o'clock – all whom the carpenter shall measure this year.<sup>11</sup>

REIMANN: Come on! Recently I managed to speak to the pastor about that: he said that it's a superstition.

JOHN: Let the pastor say what he wants, and listen to the gravedigger. The pastor – oh yes – he's lying in bed and sleeping at the perilous hour, but the gravedigger, who many a midnight hears the graves hum, he greets the spirits. Just come over at twelve, and you'll see the procession arrive, first the men, then the children, then the widows, then the women in childbirth with their babies, then the wives and finally the maidens, all in shrouds and with candles in their hands.

[68]

MARGARETHE: Well, it's as if the heat were agitating me.

JOHN: Sure, if you're afraid, we'll shut up.

MARGARETHE: Oh no, Sir! Please continue, so that we know it correctly.

JOHN: Well, as I said, they come pairwise and quietly, completely silent, such that nary a footstep is heard, all are deathly pale, the young ones with white bouquets, and the maidens with funeral wreaths. When the first pair arrives at the big church door, it opens up on its own, and once the last pair enters it closes up again on its own; then they sit in the church for an hour and pray, but you can't hear anything

KONRAD (until now listening attentively and drinking occasionally): Did you see all that for yourself, John?

JOHN: Now, now, we don't like to talk about that. Under such circumstances a good Christian gravedigger is supposed to look at his spade.

[69]

MARGARETHE: God have mercy! Who would be so cheeky and look inside. You could find yourself.

JOHN: Indeed, as a pastor and his sexton once did, and then you would know that you'll be gone in a year.

KONRAD: Is it really true then?

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<sup>11</sup> The carpenter will have to make the coffins according to their height etc.

JOHN: Whether it's true? I'll tell you: there's no lying and deceiving amongst the spirits, unlike amongst us humans. He who saw himself ...

REIMANN: How could that be possible? I couldn't be standing in the graveyard and looking on, and walking in the procession at the same time.

MARGARETHE: Oh, dear! Don't talk about yourself.

JOHN: Listen, Reimann! You may've been a fine soldier, but you never got anything from the spirits: nothing is impossible with them,

[70]

absolutely nothing. If you were to see yourself, you would have to prepare yourself for the coming year.

MARGARETHE: God be with us!

KONRAD: What more could it be, cousin? We all have to die at some point; and whoever does it earlier, doesn't need to do it later. It's the same with smallpox: the faster they beget a child the better. (He finishes his drink and stands up.) Even on Earth we don't have so much fun such that we would rather stay; it's more fun at a fair. Well, it's getting rather late. Good night all, good night!

THE OTHER THREE: Good night!

(Exit Konrad.)

JOHN: I well know what he's wishing: someone from the village might be in the procession to the church tonight. Well I can't blame him: a pretty maiden, a fine maiden and a rich maiden at that –

REIMANN: John, did Konrad do you any harm, to make you think so poorly of him? In the name of the Lord

[71]

I hope that such ill thoughts have not entered his head.

MARGARETHE: No, certainly not. But 'twould be quite a fortune for him if it were God's will.

JOHN: I also think so. And should man not wish for his fortune? Hey, nobody's going to die an hour earlier because of it. (He finishes his drink.) Well, I'm also leaving. (He stands up.) Now I'm refreshed and ready. Good night, and happy holidays in advance.

REIMANN (also standing up): To you as well.

MARGARETHE: Thank you!

(Exit John.)

REIMANN: I would have preferred that you hadn't given our cousin the second pint.

MARGARETHE: Hey, why not dear Veit? You can't tell a guest how

[72]

much he should drink, even if he's your cousin.

REIMANN: When you harbour sorrow in your heart you ought not to drink: that leads my life to no good.

MARGARETHE: Oh, what could he be doing now? Going home and lying in bed. And I would think that we should be going to bed too.

REIMANN: Come on you! I'm checking on the children. They won't go to bed before midnight, and I'm always nervous that they might be cooking up some misfortune with the candles. (He goes out to the middle door.)

MARGARETHE (picking up the candle): May God watch over us. (Exit on the right.)

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[73]

Transition.

Scene: The village graveyard with graves and crosses. In the background on the left is the church, beside on the right the wall and across bare trees. Winter landscape. Moonlit night. Storm. The hand on the clock points to twelve, and the pendulum strike is heard.

Scene 3.

KONRAD (coming from the right, wrapped in his coat): They'll come soon enough, the young and the old. – I'll see them – in the name of the devil! – I'll see them. – I must know, and I want to know whether old Reidhard [Reinhold] will survive the year – I want to know, and even if I myself should perish. It would be better to be dead than to live like this. – (After looking around.) Fear? – I wouldn't know. It's over with Marie, and it's over with my flute – what more should I have to fear? And if the blackguard himself were to come, I would like to know whether the old miser will have to leave this year. – Brr! The wind is ice cold. (He wraps himself more snugly in his coat.) – Sinful? Oh, why should it be sinful? Can I force him to come,

[74]

if it isn't God's will? And even if it were sinful, I would still stay – I want to know whether the old scoundrel will go down to the pit this year. – The wind chills you to the marrow. – I don't know why I'm so tired ... If Marie knew – oh yes – she would scold me. What reason would she have to scold me? Am I not doing this for her sake? Would I not join the owls if I didn't love her more than the whole world and heaven in addition? – And even if she were so mean, I would still like to know whether the old Satan will soon bite the dust. You could freeze in this wind – it's a Bohemian wind<sup>12</sup> – (He sits down on the right side, his back resting against a tombstone, such that he can keep his eyes on the church.) I'm sheltered here – I can wait for them here. (Speaking in increasingly longer pauses.) It's awfully quiet ... the church bell is tolling like a death knell. – If only the dogs would bark in the village ... the watchman could whistle ... the owls cry ... it's cold ... damn cold ... ice cold. (He passes out.)

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[75]

#### Scene 4.

Konrad sleeping. The clock strikes twelve, whereupon the back of the stage darkens. Here appear four pairs of men (as Konrad's dream) under fitting music, coming from the right and heading to the church door. Then two pairs of children, then six pairs of women, the last two with funeral wreaths on their heads. All are wearing shrouds, and each one holds a flaming candle in their hand; their footsteps are not heard. As soon as the first pair arrives at the church door, its wings fly open, and the church lights up. In the second pair is Reinhold, turning his face towards Konrad, who stirs with joy in his sleep. In the last pair is Marie; halfway she also turns her pale face towards Konrad, and before entering the church she threatens him. As soon as she is inside, the wings of the church door close. Konrad wakes up jumping, the music stops.

KONRAD: Stay, Marie! Stay! Gone! Gone! Woe, woe to me! I challenged God – I'm her murderer. (As he intends to hurry off to the right, he runs into Reinhold and John.)

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[76]

#### Scene 5.

Konrad. Reinhold. John.

KONRAD (jumping back from Reinhold): Ha, night phantom! You're back? Are you going to throttle me because I challenged God? Back in the church with you! Can't you stay in the church? Away! Away! Away! (He rushes out on the right.)

REINHOLD: Konrad! – He saw the dead – he saw me.

JOHN: Stop it, Sir Reinhold, stop it!

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<sup>12</sup> A downslope wind that occurs in parts of modern-day Germany, the Czech Republic and Poland.

REINHOLD: Did you hear: can't you stay in the church? He saw me – I must die. Must I die?

JOHN: Come on, Sir! We were going to get some soil from a fresh grave ...

REINHOLD: To hell with your soil! Your grave be damned! What good is the soil if I have to go into the grave? Must I? I don't want to.

[77]

JOHN: In the name of the Lord, at least come back. (He grabs his hand.)

REINHOLD: Hey! You're taking me already? (Tearing himself away.) I don't want to die! I don't want to die! – (He flees to the right; still outside.) I don't want to die. (John hurries after him.)

(The curtain falls.)

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[78]

Act 4.

Scene: The residence of the widow Brünig.

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Scene 1.

Brünig is sitting at the table near the lamp and working. Konrad enters, takes off his coat, sits down at a distance from the table; silent, without looking at her.

BRÜNIG (after a pause): You can always come to the table and look at me, Konrad: I've become accustomed to it in the last three weeks. Even if you saw me on Christmas Eve, why should I be so afraid of death? I'm an old woman, and I've always found my way through the world honestly.

[79]

KONRAD (without looking at her): Mother, if you don't want deprive me completely of my senses, stop talking about the matter.

BRÜNIG: Ah, you aren't clever. You get over everything in the end, and if you told me candidly that you saw me ...

KONRAD: I've sworn to you twenty times already that I didn't see you. I saw no one other than the miller.

BRÜNIG: Yes, yes. We know that those who have seen such things don't like to talk about them. You also wouldn't have said anything about the miller if you hadn't run into him; why else would you be so distressed? Why do you – God forgive my sin! – wander around like a

Cain the whole entire day, God knows where, and come back home just as the night's setting in?

[80]

KONRAD (to himself): Oh! I can't get my mind off of Marie's pale face.

BRÜNIG: Well, why so?

KONRAD: Because the folks here look at me as if I were a fiend, and run away from me, as if some wild dog had bitten me.

BRÜNIG: It's no better for me, because they all think that you've told me whom you saw. And basically it would also be your duty to confess to you mother honestly ...

KONRAD: Mother, leave me in peace for the next few days. On Sunday the fifteenth I'm leaving, and not coming back.

BRÜNIG: Until the year is over: then there will be nothing more to say. But until then act properly. It's completely and totally over with you and Marie.

KONRAD (to himself): Over.

[81]

BRÜNIG: Since the miller won't survive until Lent.

KONRAD: Won't? (To himself.) And Marie – Marie.

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## Scene 2.

The same. Enter Marie quietly.

MARIE: God bless you!

BRÜNIG (standing up): Ah, Marie.

KONRAD (jumping up aghast): Marie!

MARIE: Are you afraid of me, Konrad? Dear Brünig, please let us speak for a moment: I must speak with him, and cannot leave my ill father for long.

BRÜNIG: Ah, with pleasure, young Marie, with pleasure. (She exits on the right.)

[82]

MARIE (after a pause, without looking at him, throughout the scene): Konrad, I should not have come to see you again, but neither day nor night did I have any peace ...



KONRAD (without looking at her, throughout the whole scene): Oh, Marie, I would've preferred that you hadn't come, for I don't know what I should tell you. I acted ill before you and God, and I no longer have the heart to say: forgive me, Marie.

MARIE: Ask the dear Lord for forgiveness! What good would mine be? Oh, Konrad! Never could I have divined that so much sorrow and grief should come from you. Since the unfortunate Christmas Eve I've spent three weeks in such a way that I wouldn't wish them to my arch nemesis, if I even had one. My father is getting worse by the day, and the weaker he gets, the more his wrath against us two grows. He calls us no other than his murderers, and that breaks my heart like a double-edged sword, for I

[83]

can only believe that we are to blame.

KONRAD: Not I, but you, Marie, you are.

MARIE: Stop it! Stop! I know my part. Honestly, I couldn't have imagined that you could simply forget me completely like that and cause me such grief.

KONRAD: Oh, Marie! That's also a double-edged sword.

MARIE: Well, let's not talk about that anymore. I didn't come for that, rather I wanted to ask you a question. For, whatever did happen, happened, but I hope that you haven't turned your back to the truth, and will answer me honestly.

KONRAD: Certainly, Marie, and even if I should sink into the Earth before your eyes.

MARIE: Did you truly go to the graveyard with the intention, and with the wicked wish,

[84]

of finding my father? Your cousin Reimann said that you had drunk more than usual that evening, and may have gone to the graveyard by accident.

KONRAD (after a short pause): No, Marie, that's not true. I don't want to justify myself through lies. This is how it happened. I had to leave the village by the new year, I couldn't play my flute anymore, and in a fit of rage I threw it against the ground, and it shattered: it was over with you, it was over with the flute; nothing more could help me. So I went to Reimann's: their children had just received their Christmas presents, they were singing and jumping, and there was no end to the joy. Father and mother were rejoiced at the children's delight and were holding and shaking each other's hands. So I thought of you again and my flute, and all my misfortune, how I also could have had it well, and now never, ever will. Then came the grave digger, and started to talk about ghosts, and what would

[85]

happen in the graveyard. Then I wondered whether I should see your father if I were to go, since just before we were saying that he wouldn't live past the first part of next year; the longer the grave digger spoke, the more I thought, and with this thought I went off. When I arrived in the graveyard I stood still; it was as if something said: "Don't do it, Konrad;" but then it said again: "there's no other way for you in the world," and so I didn't know what I should do. Then suddenly it seized me as if with a strong arm, and the evil one pulled me in: then everything happened.

MARIE: If only you hadn't met my father! Or if you had at least not revealed yourself to him. Certainly he had already been sickly for a long time, and perhaps the dear Lord would have taken him soon, but now he's dying from the thought that he must die.

KONRAD: And so I'm his killer – is that what you're saying?

[86]

MARIE: No, that's not what I'm saying; may the Lord decide that. I'm only saying this so that you understand how poorly you acted, and so that you will sincerely repent. (Looking at him timidly.) Do you repent from your heart, Konrad?

KONRAD: Oh, Marie, if only I knew enough words to describe to you how deeply I repent, how day and night I think of nothing other than of my sin, and how I would go around begging for the rest of my life as a cripple if I could undo my acts. I can't do that, so I'll have no more peace in the world, and will become his Cain, which my mother also says. Oh! In all eternity I cannot tell you how I feel.

MARIE (observing him attentively, even while showing fear): No! ... Konrad, why aren't you looking at me?

KONRAD (disconcerted): I looked at you already – I did. I don't look at people a lot: they're all afraid of me.

[87]

MARIE: I'm not, Konrad. Look at me! Or are you afraid of my pale face?

KONRAD (jolting): Pale? You aren't pale – Red! Red! You've never been redder.

MARIE (startled at his behaviour): Come on ... come ... on! (Seized by a sudden thought, she approaches him.) You saw me?

KONRAD (taken aback by this, looks at her, and pulls back from her): No! No! No! (He storms out.)

MARIE (sitting down on a stool): He saw me ... May God grant that. – Why am I horrified? That must be good. – What else should I do on Earth? ... And God shall be merciful ... I knew for a long time already ... My aunt didn't want to believe it, and yet it's now true. He saw me, and the cuckoo was right. (She stands up and looks around rather timidly in the parlour.)

[88]

Any time now the bells will ring, and that will mean: six pallbearers did themselves prepare – in silver pure and — black silken wear<sup>III</sup> – (Folding her hands.) May God grant it! (Exit, slow and staggering.)

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Transition.

Scene: The parlour in the miller's house. Evening.

Scene 3.

A pale and emaciated Reinhold, in a house coat, enter from the right, with two sacks of money in one hand, a candle in the other.

REINHOLD (After placing the candle and the sacks on the table): It must be – and it must be. – I must die, I shall die – I don't worry myself over that anymore – but first I should take care of my dearest on Earth. – (He takes a seat at the table and slaps the larger sack.) Let me see you once more, you sweet

[89]

May flowers with virgins and armour-clad men! (Untying the sack.) Aha! – simply doubled – two thousand and a bit. (He takes out a handful of gold.) You've been my only solace for my whole life – and now I'm seeing you for the last time. – But it's no use. – You have to go into the dark earth, since I also have to go into the dark earth – and we can't stay together: the godless fools wouldn't leave you behind with me. (Pouring back the gold into the sack and tying it up.) I'll lay you to rest earlier: – you shouldn't have to go through the misery of falling into other hands – into the hands of a disobedient housemaid and a wicked murderer. – (Slapping the smaller sack.) A lucky coincidence that I borrowed it on my mill. – They probably think that I'll leave them the fine mill debt-free – ha ha ha! It's certainly only two hundred pieces, but two thirds of the value, and on a high interest rate. Well they can get married once I'm dead, but they can't claim the mill, just can't. – But if they could? He's diligent

[90]

and thrifty; I myself taught him so – oh such a fool am I, a fool. – I'll cast a curse over the mill, such that there may be no bliss there – I'll do that. (He stands up.) First the shiny ones in

security – the shiny ones first! (As he takes his cap from the nail where it hangs above his coat, a noise is heard outside.) Hey! Hey! Who's there? (He covers the two sacks with his cap.)

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Scene 4.

Reinhold. Enter Marie.

MARIE: My Lord, father! What are you doing here now out of bed?

REINHOLD: And what business do you have here?

MARIE: To see if you need still anything.

REINHOLD: I need nothing, nothing at all, and least of all you.

[91]

MARIE: I beg you, father, please go to bed! You should know that the barber-surgeon<sup>13</sup> forbade you –

REINHOLD: The barber-surgeon says what he likes, and I do what I like. Why did you make him come? Did I ask for him?

MARIE: It was your sister's wish, and I think that she's right.

REINHOLD: If she's right she can pay him as well. I won't pay him: I know that he can't help me. I'm not ill. Four weeks ago I was a healthier, fitter man, only slightly short of breath: now I'm only a shadow of my former self – because of the wickedness of the oaf who'll learn the hard way. Let him burn in Hell!

MARIE: Father, you should really go to bed: the parlour is already beginning to get cold, and what else are you doing here?

REINHOLD: What I'm doing? Aha! You mean I shouldn't do anything more? Should I already be lying there quietly,

[92]

hands folded and still, so that your hands would have free play and could grab things right and left? – (As Marie does not respond.) What were you doing? Where were you?

MARIE: You bid me leave, because you wanted to lie down and sleep.

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<sup>13</sup> For German *Bader*. Both are archaic terms for various medical practitioners that appeared in the Middle Ages. See McGrew and McGrew, pp. 30 – 31.

REINHOLD: I bid you leave, and you went off alright, because you certainly had to. Ha ha! What did you have to do? Did you have flour packed up for your wedding cake perhaps? You can certainly bake it together with the cakes for my burial. When the old man is lowered into the pit, you'll cast away your shrouds and lemons,<sup>14</sup> and you'll go to the pub for your wedding dance. Hurrah! Hurrah! (He reels and reaches for the stool.)

MARIE (hurrying to him and supporting him, so that he manages to sit down): Please, father! Oh! I beg you in the name of the Lord, please go to bed!

REINHOLD: I'm not going to bed. (He shoves her away from the table.)

[93]

Away with you! Away! – I'm talking about your wedding. Should a father not talk about the wedding of his only child?

MARIE: Oh, father! Please just let me go from this torture rack! I've already told you and sworn to you that it's over between him and me, that we shall never become a couple, which the dear Lord may also impose. And now I can repeat the oath in the name of everything upon Earth and in heaven that is dear to me.

REINHOLD: Ah whatever! Whoever would believe it! Why would he have killed the father if he shouldn't liberate the daughter? And you, if you didn't want to liberate him, why would you refuse to curse the godless oaf with me?

MARIE: Because cursing is a sin.

REINHOLD: What? Is it a sin for a daughter to curse her father's killer?

[94]

MARIE: He who curses a man anticipates the courts of God, says the reverend, and which sin could be greater?

REINHOLD: I'll hear nothing of your reverend's wisdom.

MARIE: You should, father, truly you should. I've begged you already, and I shall beg you again: let the reverend come, and consult with him about your soul.

REINHOLD: I won't see him. No man have I cheated or ripped off, no one have I offended or chased; I don't care about my soul, and you need not care about it either.

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<sup>14</sup> Sterbehemde und Citronen.

MARIE: Should a daughter not be concerned about her father's soul? And should I not be, since I see you in such a state. It may well be that God will soon come to take you, and you are in no way doing any soul-searching, rather you only think of curses and maledictions.

[95]

REINHOLD (more vehemently): I'll curse – I'll curse the wicked murderer; – and you should curse with me, right now – on the spot.

MARIE: I shall not.

REINHOLD: Shall not? And if I curse you for that?

MARIE: The merciful Lord will hold His hand over me, such that your curse may not harm me: for He knows that I cannot do otherwise.

REINHOLD: Can't you? (Rising up halfway.) Well, so curse ...

MARIE (quickly going up to him with hands held out): Wait! We may both be standing before God's court before the next full moon. Konrad saw me as well.

REINHOLD (sinks down, taken aback): You as well? (After a longer pause, meekly.) I'm going to bed. You should also go to bed, Marie: I need nothing more. Go and sleep, my child. Good night!

[96]

MARIE (holding out her hand to him): Good night! (Exit slowly.)

REINHOLD (after a short pause): Her as well! – So young – so bloody young! – The horrid blackguard – father and daughter ... (He stands up.) Lies! Lies! – She's saying that so that I won't disinherit her. – Disinherit? A father his only child? Oh, that would be bad. – Then to whom should I bequeath my money? – To my sister? She's always been against me, and encouraged my maiden in her disobedience. – To the relatives in the city? Yuck! Nasty folk! – To the church? Who would get anything out of that? The pastor and the schoolmaster; nothing! Nothing! – To the poor? Hah! They've always been my arch enemies. Because of them I was singled out as a miser. No one shall have my money – no one – (He fetches his coat) the Earth shall have it – she's nourished me with pleasure for my whole life. (He picks up the sacks of money, blows out the candles and exits.)

[97]

Transition.

Scene: The upper section of the miller's garden, bordered by a fence in the background, over which the snow-covered Giant Mountains can be seen. On both sides are bare trees, on the left a thick elder bush, under which lies a stone. Bright, moonlit night.

Scene 5.

Enter Konrad from the right as a complete wreck.

KONRAD (turned inwards): One more time – and if she were paler than death himself – once more, and then not again – then never again. (He looks around.) Where am I? In the miller's upper garden. – How did I get here? Must've climbed over the fence like a thief in the night. – Oh! There on the fence I played "If thou but suffer God to guide thee" for the last time. Oh! If I had suffered Him to guide me! – Nowhere do I now have peace or respite – Now I must go – and I shall go – tomorrow – and far away, far, over the sea, to the New World. But I must see her once more, one last time.

[98]

Oh! May I go to her, or call out to her? And will she want to see me? And even if she did, what should I tell her? I would console her and swear that I didn't see her. Oh! She wouldn't believe it: I gave myself away. Might she still be awake? (Looking to the left.) I can't see her window from here. – She must still be awake – she certainly won't be sleeping – I deprived her of all sleep on Earth. – I'll sneak down the mountain and see if her room's still lit. Oh? I'll see her for one last time, if only for a moment! (He exits on the left in the background.)

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Scene 6.

Reinhold, wearing his coat and cap, hauling the sacks of money and a spade and breathless, appears from the left in the foreground.

REINHOLD: Did that bit of mountain wary me – as if it were the Grätzberg? – Yes, it's

[99]

a difficult course when you're going to the pit with a friend (shaking the sacks). My feet wouldn't carry me when I was going to the grave with my blessed wife. No one whose knees shake will walk behind me. – It's nothing. (He walks under the elder bush, and places the sacks on the ground.) Here you shall rest. – Here rests one on my friends already, my old, fox-red Mordar. – He's guarded my goods and chattels from thieves for twenty years, (rolling the stone to the side), more faithfully and heartily than a man; – he shall guard it again. – (He starts digging, during which the strain becomes increasingly apparent.) Oh, he'll be a good watchdog, for the people will shy away from digging up the beast – Haha! Quite a beast – but a faithful beast. – (He stops digging.) The ground's frozen hard like stone! – It'll be hard (hitting the sacks with the spade) getting you down there, just as it was hard bringing you

together. But you have to get down there. (He digs again.) The spade's blunt. (His exhaustion becomes increasingly apparent.) I'm a bad gravedigger ...

[100]

Hah! John'll do it better ... he'll get me down just as a mill wheel turns. (He stops digging.) I can't continue ... I have to take a break – (He sits down on the stone.) My hands are stiff. – The wind's barely noticeable, and yet it hurts like a sheering knife. (He blows into his hands.) It's Růbezahel<sup>15</sup> who's blowing down from the mountains ... (Looking towards the background.) He's sitting up there – on the giant summit – and laughing ... He's laughed well: his treasures lie so deep – that no man shall find them ... to work! – To work! (He stands up wearily and starts digging again.)

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### Scene 7.

Reinhold. Enter Konrad from the left in the background. Later Marie and two mill hands.

KONRAD (to himself): Her lamp's still lit; she's still up. But I can't see her – I can't

[101]

see her anymore. I did see her shadow, and I atoned for everything and bade it farewell.

REINHOLD: Lively! – Lively! – Death could come any minute now ... then they would find ... my shiny gold – Lively! Lively! (He tries to continue digging, but the spade falls from his hands.)

KONRAD (alert): What's that? (he notices the miller, hurries up to him and grabs him.) Who – ?

REINHOLD (screaming): Death! Death! (He collapses.)

KONRAD (gripping him): Help, God! It's the old man. (Calling to the left.) Help! Help! Help! How did he get here? He's dying on me on my watch. (Calling.) Help! Help! – (He finds the sacks of money.) Money? Good Lord, he wanted to bring his money here. (Calling.) Help! Help! Help! Help! (Enter two mill hands hastily from the left.)

[102]

MILL HAND: What's the matter? Who's calling?

KONRAD: The master ... come hither! Come! He's dying.

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<sup>15</sup> A mountain sprite said to inhabit the Giant Mountains in the modern-day Czech Republic and Poland.



A MILL HAND: What the master? And here? (They both come close and take charge of Reinhold.)

(Enter Marie from the left.)

MARIE: In the name of the Lord, what is going on?

A MILL HAND: The master is dying.

MARIE: My father?

KONRAD: Gone. Dead.

MARIE: Konrad? Away! You wicked murderer!

KONRAD (jolting back): Cain! Cain! (He flees to the right.)

MARIE (sinks down beside Reinhold).

(The curtain falls.)

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[103]

### Act 5.

Scene: The parlour in the tavern. On the right is a table and several stools; in the middle is a table covered in a white cloth, upon which stands a Christmas tree with ribbons, gold paper and candles.

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### Scene 5.

Reimann. Margarethe and the two children.

REIMANN: Is it really true that Marie's faring so poorly?

MARGARETHE: Quite, dear. The doctor from the city told Schulzin that she won't make it past this coming Sunday. So they've

[104]

already called the pastor to give her her last rites.

REIMANN: It's horrible: three months ago the father and now the daughter!

MARGARETHE: Quite horrible indeed, and when you fully consider how the old man – God be with us! – it probably wasn't the work of nature, and the daughter, she must be dying of a broken heart.

REIMANN: The cursed story has robbed me of all joy. When I go to the mill and find neither the grumpy geezer nor the friendly maiden, it's rather unsettling, and it seems as if the water no longer flows cheerfully and the wheels no longer turn briskly.

MARGARETHE: You always refused to believe that those who die in their fiftieth year go to church on Christmas Eve, and yet the belief has been proven by Konrad.

[105]

REIMANN: Who knows how it was. And certainly the pastor says that the dear Lord who is capable of anything can permit something in order to punish one who wants to challenge Him. – Where might he be, the poor soul? Since the miller's death no one has heard anything of him.

MARGARETHE: Let him stay far away wherever he likes as long as he isn't here. It was a torturous life those four weeks when he was still here. No one dared approach his door out of fear that he might appear, and he would look at someone, as if he meant to say: he also doesn't know, or, if he knew, how close the end is.

REIMANN: Hm, his look does nothing of the sort. If it's God's will, then it must happen.

MARGARETHE: Surely. But is it not frightening to know God's will completely, since

[106]

we're powerless against it? No! Thank God he's gone.

(Someone knocks on the door.)

REIMANN: Well come in!

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Scene 2.

The same. Enter Konrad.

KONRAD: God bless you!

REIMANN: Konrad!

MARGARETHE (screeching): Good Lord in heaven! The children! The children! (She rushes over to the children and covers them with her apron.) Don't look at my children! Please not the children! (Exit on the right with the children, still concealing them.)

KONRAD (after a short pause): I see that the curse still hasn't gone away: Farewell, cousin!

REIMANN: Stay, Konrad, stay! You can't blame a woman and a mother for that.

[107]

Just stay, cousin! (He holds out his hand.) Welcome back! You can always look at me, even if my death were written on your face. It would certainly be a pity if I had to go, leaving my wife and children behind, but a soldier knows better than all what they say: my turn today, your turn tomorrow. Come, sit down! You look horrible. (He adjusts a stool for him.) Come! (He sits down.)

KONRAD (sitting down): Horrible? Yes, 'tis a horrid time.

REIMANN: Well tell me where you were in the meantime.

KONRAD: I couldn't stand it here in the village anymore, but I also couldn't go far off, even if I initially considered going to the New World. So I worked in the mountains here and there during Lent; after that I joined some bandsmen, and found myself a new flute. Oh! If I hadn't broken my flute in the first place, all that misfortune surely would not have befallen me. Yes, yes;

[108]

when I wrecked my flute in a fit of rage the evil one seized me, and then everything happened.

REIMANN: Well, cousin, let's not talk about that anymore. So you joined some bandsmen?

KONRAD: Yes, and I roamed around with them for four weeks. We passed through Löwenberg<sup>16</sup> yesterday, and there I heard from Garnmann of Pilgersdorf<sup>17</sup> that Marie was fairing very poorly, and that she would likely die.

REIMANN: Yes, she supposed be quite ill, but man proposes, and God disposes.

KONRAD: I already knew beforehand that this would happen, and now I know for sure that this shall happen. I was with the pastor; he just went to her to beg her to forgive me and call for me if she will see me again. I think, once I've seen Marie one last time and she has forgiven me, then I'll be able to go wherever I wish; it won't

[109]

clutch me anymore as it clutches me right now. So I wanted to ask you a favour.

REIMANN: With pleasure, cousin, go for it.

KONRAD: I still had some money when I left, and in the meantime my earnings were good. (Pulling out a small packet.) I have this little packet here left, and I wanted to ask you to give it to my mother.

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<sup>16</sup> Lwówek Śląski in modern-day Poland.

<sup>17</sup> Pelhřimovy in the modern-day Czech Republic and Pielgrzymów in modern-day Poland.

REIMANN: Haven't you seen your mother, and don't you want to see her?

KONRAD: I haven't and I won't. She had too much hardship and distress with me, and I repaid her poorly. She couldn't bless me from the heart, and she would rather not accept the money from me.

REIMANN: But, Konrad, Marie's still young, and she could recover.

KONRAD: She can't – No! No! – I know better. – Just give my mother

[110]

the money, and tell her my greetings and my gratitude.

REIMANN: But I'm not sure about all this, cousin. I hope you don't have any ill intentions.

KONRAD: Do you really think that, because I was blinded once by the evil one, I've completely submitted myself to him? Absolutely not.

REIMANN: God forbid. But there's also nothing with the bandsmen: that's an insecure profession and a gloomy way of life. Are you returning to your handwork?

KONRAD: No: I can no longer bear the clatter of the mill and the gush of the water ... I guess I can tell you – I plan on becoming a soldier. I want to serve with the Swedes; the Swedish king is a war hero and a champion of our Lutheran faith. I think that there can be nothing better to do than to fight for our faith, where I will probably lose my life.

[111]

REIMANN (walking up to Konrad and patting him on the shoulder): That's noble, cousin; you're acting justly. Yes, if the dear Lord ordains it, and you cannot continue your handwork, become a soldier. The soldierly life leaves you no time to think of your former life with its sorrows and troubles; when you place the musket on your shoulder the cross falls down from it (????).<sup>18</sup> I'll tell you, he who cannot be a father can have no better occupation than a soldier. But I want to give you three rules before anything ...

KONRAD: Listen, cousin! I feel sorry for Margarethe and the poor children. There're stuck in there, and there're frightened because of me. We should rather sit down in front of the door; we can also talk there.

REIMANN: For me. Or rather in the garden; I also want to show you how beautifully my spring snowflakes are blooming already.

KONRAD: Are they blooming? Oh quite! They all bloom again every year –

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<sup>18</sup> Wenn Du die Muskete auf die Schulter nimmst, fällt das Kreuz davon herunter.

only they won't again. (Exit both.)

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Transition.

Scene: A spacious room in Schulzin's residence. In the background on the right is a curtain that separates the bedroom from the room. On the left is a door; in front on the right is a grandfather chair, across from it on the left is a window lit up by the sinking sun.

Scene 3.

The pastor. Then Marie, Schulzin and Brünig.

PASTOR (speaking backwards at the curtain): Always do as she wishes, and bring her hither! It shall not do her any harm. (Proceeding as he looks towards the window.) Why shouldn't she feast her eyes upon the magnificent work of the Lord once again? It shall be the last time.

(Schulzin and Brünig lead Marie out of the bedroom to the arm chair in which she takes a seat.)

[113]

SCHULZIN: But my child, you mustn't stay here too long.

MARIE: Only as long as you wish, my aunt. – (Glancing at the window.) Oh! What a beautiful sunset behind the Grätzberg. – Often in the new year I would watch it set – but I think, never so beautifully – just like a rose in full-bloom. – It must be a fine spring this year.

PASTOR: Indeed, the Lord is gracious, and gives in abundance for fields and gardens such that all that lives there may prosper. (Taking a seat beside Marie.) Well, my daughter, you have now reconciled with heaven; are you also reconciled with all mortals?

MARIE: I am. – No one has wronged me – and those whom I offended – have forgiven me. (She holds out her hand towards Schulzin and Brünig.)

SCHULZIN (grasping her hand): Don't speak like that, my child! May the dear Lord

[114]

restore your health, and we will certainly love you more than ever before.

BRÜNIG: Yes, certainly, dear Marie, we shall.

MARIE (expresses her gratitude with only a gesture).

PASTOR: This lady's son remains, however. (Gesturing towards Brünig.) I know that you told him off harshly when you met each other for the last time, and called him a murderer.

MARIE: Perhaps that was harsh – and I regret it. – But he took my father into the pit.

PASTOR: The Lord took your father, and we had all known for a long time that it would happen sooner than later. Konrad's only mistake was his challenging of God, and for that he has already been punished through the loss of his earthly fortune that he would have attained had he submitted his matter to the Lord. Man however shall never harbour resentment, least of all if heaven has already decided: thus it is your duty to reconcile with Konrad.

[115]

MARIE: Oh! – May I?

PASTOR: Is that a question coming from a Christian?

MARIE: Would my father – not resent me in the grave – if I were to reconcile with his worst enemy?

PASTOR: In the grave there is no longer any anger, hate or enmity. So fear not, you may forgive him, if, I hope, you can forgive him from the heart.

MARIE: With joy, honourable father – if He declares that I may. – Oh! My heart – is freed of its last burden. – May He tell him, and you, mother Brünig, please also tell him when you see him again –

PASTOR: Do you not wish to tell him yourself. He is here.

SCHUZLIN AND BRÜNIG: Here?

PASTOR: Indeed. He visited me an hour ago, and

[116]

asked me for my intercession. (To Marie.) Do you wish to see him?

MARIE (accepts with a gesture).

PASTOR (to Brünig): So, noble lady, please go and fetch him: you will find him with your nephew.

(Exit Brünig. Pause.)

MARIE (glances at the window in the meantime, as she had already been doing prior): Oh!

SCHULZIN: What is it, my child?

MARIE (still looking towards the window): The sun is set – and the day is ended.

PASTOR: But the night is not long for those who repose upon the soft kiss of a good conscience, and the day that shall come will be brighter than the previous one.

MARIE: May God grant it! – Not true, honourable father – shall I meet – my mother and my brother – there again?

[117]

PASTOR: You shall, my daughter.

MARIE (after a short pause): But my father as well – who died – without his confessions and last rites?

PASTOR: That was no his fault, and the grace of God is a fountain that never runs dry.

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#### Scene 4.

Marie. Schulzin. The pastor. Brünig returns with Konrad, who timidly stands at the door.

BRÜNIG: There's Konrad; he was already waiting at the gate.

PASTOR (to Konrad, as he stands up): Come hither, my son, and accept the hand of reconciliation, as was your desire.

KONRAD (approaching): My gratitude, honourable father. (He looks at Marie, is frightened and covers his face with both hands.) Oh my Lord! Oh my Lord!

[118]

MARIE: Are you frightened of me, Konrad? ... Come here! I can't speak very loud ...

KONRAD (walking up to her): Here I am, Marie.

MARIE: The last time I scolded you quite harshly ... Have you – forgiven me?

KONRAD (sinking onto his knees by her chair): Oh, Marie! Have you forgiven me? You did me no wrong: you only spoke the truth. Forgive me! I caused you so much sorrow that I couldn't offer you my apologies in a hundred years, yet now I'm pulling you into the grave.

MARIE: Stop it, Konrad. – I shall certainly die – and quite soon ... but I knew that already – before you returned from your work. – You aren't guilty of it – it was the will of God. (She leans back to take a breath.)

SCHULZIN: Oh, my child, don't talk so much!

[119]

MARIE (to Schulzin): Please let me, my aunt. – (Holding out her hand towards Konrad.) We forgive each other – from the heart and soul.

KONRAD: Oh! I didn't deserve it.

MARIE: Just pray to the dear Lord – as I also have already prayed – and shall still pray – that he might forgive us both.

KONRAD: I shall pray day and night.

(Marie leans back again while closing her eyes. In the meantime the pastor bids Konrad stand up.)

MARIE (looking up again): Konrad!

KONRAD (walking up to her again): Marie?

MARIE: I wish you still had your flute.

KONRAD: I don't have the old one anymore, but I do have another one. (He shows it to her.)

MARIE: Oh! Then play for me one last time – the piece: “Whate'er my God ordains is right!”<sup>IV</sup>

[120]

KONRAD: I probably can't: I'm rather short of breath today. (He furtively wipes a teardrop.)

MARIE: Konrad, you won't – weep – because the dear Lord – is taking me? Do you begrudge me – eternal bliss?

KONRAD: I shall play. (He holds the flute up to his mouth.)

MARIE (feebly gesturing towards the curtain): There – behind the curtain – as if you were standing on top – behind the garden – and the song – were coming down the mountain!

(Konrad grasps her hand, and presses it against his heart several times, as a gesture of farewell; then he goes behind the curtain. The melody “Whate'er my God ordains etc.” can be heard. Marie listens with her hands folded; near the end of the verse however she suddenly falls back. Those present hurry to her.)

PASTOR (after a short pause): She is with the Lord. (He places his hands upon her head as a blessing.)

(The two women kneel down praying. The flute continues to play as the curtain falls.)

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## Notes

<sup>1</sup> Original German title: *Nun ruhen alle Wälder*, written by Paul Gerhardt (1607 – 1676) in 1653. The English title is drawn from a translation by Catherine Winkworth (1827 – 1878) given below beside Gerhardt's lyrics (original orthography preserved):

NVn ruhen alle wälder,  
Vieh, menschen, städt und felder,  
Es schläft die gantze welt:  
Ihr aber, meine sinnen,  
Auf, auf, ihr sollt beginnen,  
Was eurem Schöpffer wol gefällt.

Now rest the woods again,  
Man, cattle, town and plain,  
The world all sleeping lies.  
But sleep not yet, my soul,  
For He who made this Whole,  
Loves that thy prayers to Him arise.

Wo bist du, Sonne, blieben?  
Die nacht hat dich vertrieben,  
Die nacht des tages feind:  
Fahr hin, ein andre Sonne,  
mein Jesus, miene wonne,  
Gar hell in meinem hertzen scheint.

O Sun, where is Thy glow?  
Thou'rt fled before thy foe,  
Thou yieldest to the night.  
Farewell, a better Sun,  
My Jesus, hath begun  
To fill my heart with joy and light.

Der tag is nu vergangen,  
Die güld- ne sternen prangen  
Am blauen himmelssaal:  
Also werd ich auch stehen,  
Wann mich wird heissen gehen  
Mein Gott aus diesem jammerthal.

The long bright day is past,  
The golden stars at last  
Bestud the dark-blue heaven;  
And like a star shall I  
For ever shine on high,  
When my release from earth is given.

Der leib eilt nun zur ruhe,  
Legt ab das kleid und schuhe,  
Das bild der sterblichkeit,  
Die zieh ich aus: dagegen  
Wird Christus mir anlegen  
Den rock der ehr und herrlichkeit.

My body hastes to rest,  
My weary limbs undrest,  
I put away these signs  
Of our mortality;  
Once Christ shall give to me  
That spotless robe that ever shines.

Das haupt, die füß and hände  
Sind fro, daß nun zum ende  
Die arbeit kommen sey.  
Hertz, freu dich, du solt werden  
Vom elend dieser erden,  
Vnd von der sünden arbeit frey.

My head and hands and feet  
Their rest with gladness greet,  
And know their work is o'ver  
My heart, thou too shalt be  
From sinful works set free,  
Nor pine in weary sorrow more.

Nun geht ihr matten glieder,  
Geht hin und legt euch nider,  
Der betten ihr begehrt:  
es kommen stund und zeiten,  
Da man euch wird bereiten  
Zur ruh ein bettlein in der erd.

Ye limbs with toil oppress'd,  
Go now and take your rest,  
For quiet sleep ye crave.  
Ere many a day is fled,  
Ye'll find a narrower bed  
And longer slumber in the grave.

Meine Augen stehn verdrossen,  
Im huy sind sie geschlossen,  
Wo bleibt dann leib und seel?  
Nim sie zu deinen gnaden,  
Sey gut für allem schaden,  
Du aug and wächter Israel.

My heavy eyes must close,  
Seal'd up in deep repose,  
Where is my safety then?  
Do Thou Thy mercy send,  
My helpless hours defend,  
Thou sleepless Eye, that watchest over men.

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Breit aus die flügel beyde,  
O Jesu meine freude,  
Vnd nim dein küchlein ein,  
Wil satan mich verschlingen,  
So laß die Englein singen:  
Dis kind sol unverletzt seyn.

Auch euch ihr meine lieben,  
Sol heinte nit betrüben  
Ein unfall noch gefar,  
Gott laß euch selig schlafen,  
Stell euch die güldne waffen  
Vmbs bett und seiner Engel schaar.

<sup>11</sup> Original German title: *Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten*, published in 1657 by Georg Neumark (1621 – 1687). The English title is drawn from the 1863 translation by Winkworth given below beside Neumark's lyrics (original orthography preserved):

WER nur den lieben GOtt läst walten,  
Und hoffet auf Ihn allezeit,  
Der wird Ihn wunderbarlich erhalten,  
In aller Noht und Traurigkeit.  
Wer GOtt dem Allerhöchsten traut,  
Der hat auf keinen Sand gebaut.

Was helfen uns die Schwere Sorgen?  
Was hilft uns unser Weh und Ach?  
Was hilft es daß wir alle Morgen,  
Beseuftzen unser Ungemach?  
Wir machen unser Kreuz und Leid,  
Nur größer durch die Traurigkeit.

Man halte nur ein wenig stille,  
Und sey doch in sich selbst vergnügt,  
Wie unseres GOttes Gnadenwille,  
Wie sein' Allwissenheit es fügt,  
GOtt der uns Ihm hat auserwehlt,  
Der weis auch sehr wohl was uns fehlt.

Er kennt die rechte Freudenstunden,  
Er weis wohl wenn es nützlich sey,  
Wenn ER uns nur hat treu erfunden,  
Und merket keine Heucheley.  
So kömmt GOtt eh wir uns versehn,  
Und lesset uns viel Guts geschehn.

Denk nicht in deiner Drangsalshitze,  
Daß du von GOtt verlassen seyst,  
Und daß GOtt der im Schoße sitze,  
Der sich mit stetem Glücke speist.  
Die Folgezeit verändert viel,  
Und setzet Jeglichem sein Ziel.

Es sind ja GOtt sehr schlechte Sachen,  
Und ist dem Höchsten alles gleich,

Jesus, my joy, now spread  
Thy wings above my head,  
To shield Thy little one.  
Would Satan work me wrong,  
Oh! Be Thy angels' song,  
"To him no evil shall be done."

My loved ones all, good night!  
No grief or danger light  
On your defenceless heads.  
God send you happy sleep,  
And let His angels keep,  
Watch golden-arm'd around your beds!

If thou but suffer God to guide thee,  
And hope in Him through all thy ways,  
He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,  
And bear thee through the evil days;  
Who trusts in God's unchanging love  
Builds on the Rock that nought can move.

What can these anxious cares avail thee,  
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?  
What can it help, if thou bewail thee  
O'er each dark moment as it flies?  
Our cross and trials do but press  
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only be still and wait His leisure  
In cheerful hope, with heart content  
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure  
And all-discerning love hath sent,  
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known  
To him who chose for us His own.

He knows the time for joy, and truly,  
Will send it when He sees it meet,  
When He has tried and purged thee thoroughly  
And finds thee free from all deceit,  
He comes to thee all unaware,  
And makes thee own His loving care.

Nor think amid the heat of trial  
That God hath cast thee off unheard,  
That he whose hopes meet no denial  
Must surely be of God preferred;  
Time passes and much change doth bring,  
And sets a bound everything.

All are alike before the Highest;  
'Tis easy to our God, we know

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Den Reichen klein und arm zu machen,  
Den Armen aber groß und reich.  
GOTT ist der rechte Wundermann,  
Der bald erhöh'n, bald stürzen kan.

To raise thee up, though low thou liest,  
To make the rich man poor and low;  
True wonders still by Him are wrought,  
Who setteth up and brings to nought.

Sing, bet, und geh auf GOTTes Wegen,  
Verricht das Deine nur getreu,  
Und trau des Himmles reichem Segen,  
So wird Er bey dir werden neu.  
Denn welcher seine Zuversicht,  
Auf GOTT setzt, den verläst Er nicht.

Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving,  
So do thine own part faithfully,  
And trust His word, though undeserving,  
Thou yet shall find it true for thee;  
God never yet forsook at need  
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

<sup>III</sup> Lyrics from *Die verwundete Dame* ("The Wounded Lady"), a Silesian folk song from the region of Hainau/Haynau (Chojnów in modern-day Poland). The complete lyrics are given below beside a translation by this translator:

Ich wollt einmal recht früh aufstehn  
und in den grünen Wald  
spazieren geh'n.

I once awoke afore cockcrow,  
and strolling into the  
lush woods did go.

Und als ich in den Wald nein kam,  
ei da fand ich eine  
schneeweiße Dam.

And there in the forest so green,  
we'll found I a lady  
snow-white and s'rene.

Die Dam die war von Blut so roth,  
und eh man sichs versah,  
war sie schon todt.

The lady was from blood so red,  
and ere I knew it  
she was long dead.

„Wo nehm ich nun sechs Träger her,  
die mir mein Feinsliebste  
zu Grabe tragn?

“If six pallbearers at my behest  
would lay my dearest  
sweetheart to rest?

„Sechs Träger die sind schon bereit,  
von lauter Silber  
und schwarzer Seid’.

“Six pallbearers did themselves prepare,  
in silver pure and  
black silken wear.

„Wie lang soll ich nun traurig sein?  
bis daß alle Wasser  
verlaufen sein?

“For how much longer must I cry?  
Until all my tears  
have but run dry?

„Und alle Wasser verlaufen sich nicht,  
ei so nimmt mein Trauern  
kein Ende nicht.“

“And run dry all my tears shall never,  
and thus my sorrow  
shall not end ever.”

<sup>IV</sup> Original German title: *Was Gott thut – das ist wohlgethan!* Written by Samuel Rodigast in 1675 for a sick friend, who upon his recovery set it to music and had it sung before him by the school choir. A translation by Winkworth is given below beside the German lyrics (original orthography preserved):

Was GOTT thut, das ist wohl gethan!  
es bleibt gerecht Sein Wille;  
wie Er fängt meine Sachen an,  
will ich Ihm halten stille.  
Er ist mein Gott,  
der in der Noth  
mich wol weiß zu erhalten,

Whate'er my God ordains is right,  
His will is ever just;  
Howe'er He order now my cause  
I will be still and trust.  
He is my God,  
Though dark my road,  
He holds me that I shall not fall,

---

drum laß ich Ihn nur walten.

Was GOtt thut, das is wol gethan!  
Er wird mich nicht betrügen;  
Er führet mich auf rechter Bahn,  
Drum laß ich mir betrügen  
an Seiner Huld,  
und hab Gedult.  
Er wird mein Unglück wenden,  
es steht in Seinen Händen.

Was GOtt thut, das ist wohlgethan!  
Er wird mich wol bedencken;  
Er, als mein Arzt und Wunder-Mann,  
wird mir nicht Gifft einschenken.  
vor Arzeney,  
Gott ist getreu,  
drum will ich auf Ihn bauen,  
und Seine Güte trauen.

Was GOtt thut, das is wohlgethan!  
Er ist mein Liecht und Leben,  
der mir nichts böses gönnen kan.  
ich will mich Ihm ergeben  
in Freud und Leid.  
es kommt die Zeit,  
da öffentlich erscheint,  
wie treulich Er es meynet.

Was GOtt thut, das ist wohlgethan!  
muß ich den Kelch gleich schmecken,  
der bitter ist nach meinem Wahn,  
laß ich mich doch nicht shrecken,  
weil doch zuletzt  
ich wer ergötzt  
mit süßem Trost im Herzen,  
drum weichen alle Schmerzen.

Was GOtt thut, das ist wol gethan!  
darbey will ich verbleiben;  
es mag mich auf die rauhe Bahn  
gleich Noht und Elend treiben,  
so wird doch mich  
GOtt vätterlich  
in Seinem Arm erhalten,  
drum laß ich Ihn nur walten.

Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,  
Though I the cup must drink  
That bitter seems to my faint heart,  
I will not fear nor shrink;  
Tears pass away  
With dawn of day,  
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,  
And pain and sorrow all depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,  
My Light, my Life is He,  
Who cannot will me aught but good,  
I trust Him utterly;  
For well I know,  
In joy or woe,  
We once shall see as sunlight clear  
How faithful was our Guardian here.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,  
Here will I take my stand;  
Though sorrow, need, or death make earth  
For me a desert land,  
My Father's care  
Is round me there,  
He holds me that I shall not fall,  
And so to Him I leave it all.

The following table shows the correspondence between the stanzas in the original and those in the translation:

Original	Translation
First stanza	First stanza
Fifth stanza	Second stanza
Fourth stanza	Third stanza
Sixth stanza	Fourth stanza

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