



Grant Park Orchestra and Chorus
Carlos Kalmar, Principal Conductor
Christopher Bell, Chorus Director

Dvořák Golden Spinning Wheel

Friday, July 1, 2016 at 6:30 p.m.

Saturday, July 2, 2016 at 7:30 p.m.

Jay Pritzker Pavilion

GRANT PARK ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

Carlos Kalmar, *Conductor*

Christopher Bell, *Chorus Director*

Angela Meade, *Soprano*

Dane Thomas, *Tenor*

David John Pike, *Baritone*

Gidon Saks, *Bass*

DVOŘÁK *The Golden Spinning Wheel, Op. 109*

INTERMISSION

MARTINŮ *The Epic of Gilgamesh*
Part I: Gilgamesh
Part II: The Death of Enkidu
Part III: Invocation

ANGELA MEADE
DANE THOMAS
DAVID JOHN PIKE
GIDON SAKS



Soprano **ANGELA MEADE**, a native of Washington State and an alumnus of Pacific Lutheran University and the Academy of Vocal Arts, is winner of the 2012 Beverly Sills Artist Award from the Metropolitan Opera, 2011 Richard Tucker Award, 2007 Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions, and a host of other international competitions. On stage, she excels in the demanding heroines of the 19th-century *bel canto* repertory as well as in the operas of Verdi and Mozart, and has appeared in leading roles at the Metropolitan Opera, Los Angeles Opera, Vienna State Opera, Palacio de la Opera in Coruña (Spain),

Teatro Regio di Torino, Deutsche Oper Berlin, Oper Frankfurt, Teatro Regio di Torino, Cincinnati Opera, Washington National Opera, Dallas Opera, and other leading companies throughout Europe and America; she was seen in her first fully staged title role of Bellini's *Norma* with Washington National Opera, and was subsequently honored as their "2013 Artist of the Year." In addition to her recital appearances, Angela Meade has been soloist on the concert stage with the Boston Symphony, Cleveland Orchestra, New York Philharmonic, Houston Symphony, Minnesota Orchestra, Montreal's Orchestre Métropolitain, Philadelphia Orchestra, Pittsburgh Symphony, Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra, San Antonio Symphony, and Seattle Symphony. She returned to the Philadelphia Orchestra for their annual New Year's Eve concert, as well as Mahler's Symphony No. 8 and Verdi's Requiem, in which she subsequently made her far-flung debuts in Bilbao, São Paulo and Boston. Angela Meade's recent projects include a studio recording of Donizetti's rarely performed *Le duc d'Albe* with Opera Rara in London and a New York joint recital under the auspices of the George London Foundation.



Tenor **DANE THOMAS** regularly performs with the Grant Park Chorus and the Lyric Opera of Chicago Chorus and Chicago Symphony Orchestra Chorus. Mr. Thomas recently starred as Ralph Rackstraw in *H.M.S. Pinafore* with Light Opera Works and was a featured soloist in several concerts in the "Bach Cantata Vespers" series at Grace Lutheran Church in River Forest. He also performed as a soloist in Bach's *Mass in G major* with the Bach Week Festival. In 2013, he was seen as a *Lehrbuben* ("apprentice") in the Lyric Opera of Chicago's production of *Die Meistersinger*. Mr. Thomas has held apprenticeships with

Chautauqua Opera and Des Moines Metro Opera. During his master's degree program at Northwestern University, he performed the roles of Count Almaviva in John Corigliano's *The Ghosts of Versailles* and Danilo in Franz Lehar's *The Merry Widow*. In 2010, Dane Thomas was a finalist in the Illinois District Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions.

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Baritone **DAVID JOHN PIKE** has a widely varied repertory covering early music, oratorio, symphonic, opera and commissioned works. In his native Canada, he has appeared with the Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London Philharmonic and Schweizerkammerchor. His operatic roles have included Marcello (*Bohème*) in Bamberg, Sprecher (*Zauberflöte*) and Don Giovanni in Luxembourg, Schaubard (*Bohème*) and Curio (*Giulio Cesare*) at Glyndebourne, and Conte di Luna (*Il Trovatore*) with Scottish Opera. He made his

Canadian mainstage debut to rave reviews last season singing Scarpia in Pacific Opera Victoria's *Tosca*. Other recent projects have included the role of Emirenus in the rarely performed *Otto* by Telemann and Handel in Magdeburg, Germany, Bach's *Matthäus Passion* with Kammermusik Potsdam, *Messiah* at St. Thomas' Fifth Avenue in New York and the world premiere of Canadian composer Andrew Ager's *The Unknown Soldier*. Other highlights this season include Fauré's *Requiem* with the Vancouver Symphony, *Messiah* with the Oregon Symphony, a European tour featuring Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder*, and song recitals in Ottawa, Edinburgh, London, France, Germany and Luxembourg. *Whither Must I Wander?*, his first solo disc on Signum Classics, featuring works by Vaughan Williams, Finzi and Quilter, earned a 5-star review from *BBC Music Magazine* and was nominated for Recording of the Year by MusicWeb International. Mr. Pike participated in English National Opera's 2008-2009 Operaworks and the IVAI under the Met's Joan Dornemann. He studied with Theresa Goble at the Guildhall in London and William Perry at the Royal Conservatory in Toronto, and has also worked with baritone Sherrill Milnes, tenor Ian Bostridge and bass Daniel Lewis Williams. He lives with his family on the Luxembourg Moselle.



GIDON SAKS appears internationally in many bass-baritone roles, and is particularly noted for his performances as the title character in Bartók's *Bluebeard's Castle*, Nick Shadow in Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, Claggart in Britten's *Billy Budd*, Kaspar in Weber's *Der Freischütz*, and Hagen in Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*; he participated in the recording of *Billy Budd* with the London Symphony Orchestra that won a Grammy Award for the Best Opera Performance. During the 2015-2016 season, Mr. Saks sang the role of Bottom in Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at Bergen National Opera, Gyges in Zemlinsky's

Der König Kandaules at Opera Vlaanderen, and returned to Opéra National de Paris for Calixto Bieito's new production of Aribert Reimann's *Lear*. Gidon Saks has also created several operatic roles, including George Moscone in Stewart Wallace's *Harvey Milk* in Houston, New York City, and San Francisco. In concert, he has performed Creon in *Oedipus Rex* and Hermit in *Der Freischütz* with the London Symphony Orchestra (both recorded for LSO Live), King Marke in *Tristan und Isolde* at Festival de Opera de Coruña, and König Heinrich in *Lohengrin* with the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. Earlier in his career he sang numerous major roles for English National Opera, Scottish Opera, and Welsh National Opera. As an ensemble member with the Canadian Opera Company, Mr. Saks appeared as Rochefort in Donizetti's *Anna Bolena* (with Dame Joan Sutherland), Wurm in Verdi's *Luisa Miller*, Bluebeard and Boris Godunov. Gidon Saks was born in Israel, brought up in South Africa, and trained at the Royal Northern College of Music, University of Toronto and Zurich Opera Studio. He was a visiting Professor of Voice at the Conservatoire of Ghent in Belgium. He is also a dedicated director/designer and teacher.



THE GOLDEN SPINNING WHEEL, OP. 109 (1896)

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

The *Golden Spinning Wheel* is scored for piccolo, flute, two oboes, English horn, two clarinets, two bassoons, contrabassoon, four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, tuba, timpani, percussion, harp and strings. The performance time is 27 minutes. The Grant Park Orchestra has never performed this work.

Dvořák was inspired throughout his life by the songs, history, legends and poetry of his Czech homeland, and several times turned for subject matter to *A Garland of Folk Tales*, versifications of traditional stories and legends by Karel Jaromír Erben (1811-1870), originally a lawyer, then a museum administrator, and finally, for many years, archivist of the city of Prague. In 1896, Dvořák returned to Erben's *Garland* as the catalyst for a series of four tone poems. The first three — *The Water Goblin*, *The Noon Witch* and *The Golden Spinning Wheel* — written with Dvořák's accustomed celerity, were sketched in sixteen days in January and polished off in full orchestral score by the end of March. The fourth, *The Wild Dove*, followed in October.

In his study of Dvořák's orchestral works, Otakar Šourek summarized Erben's poetic telling of the legend of *The Golden Spinning Wheel*, which is mirrored by the music of the tone poem: "The king, who has been out hunting [galloping motive in the low strings supporting a horn-call theme], stops at a cottage at the edge of the forest to ask for a drink of water [three quick knocks on the door from second violins and violas]. In the cottage dwells a mother with her daughter and her step-daughter [a sweet, chordal phrase in the woodwinds], and it is the step-daughter who, sitting at a spinning wheel [circling triplet rhythms in the English horn], so fascinates the king with her beauty that he falls in love with her [a tender theme begun by solo violin] and asks for her hand [a passionate statement of the arching theme in the violins]. On his second visit [hunting theme, then a noble phrase from the oboe], he instructs the mother, an old hag [a brief, sneering motive in the clarinets, with a response from the bassoons that parodies the king's hunting theme], to bring her step-daughter, Dornicka [the arching theme], to the castle. The mother and her daughter, however, kill Dornicka on the way through the forest [soft, ominous sustained notes in the low strings], take with them her eyes, feet and hands [an outburst of the scherzo combined with the king's hunting theme], and make for the castle, where the mother passes off her own daughter as her step-daughter. The king, not seeing through the deception because of the girls' close resemblance, welcomes his bride with delight [a majestic strain for full orchestra] and celebrates the wedding [a sprightly, dancing melody followed by the ardent music of the bridal chamber]. Soon after, however, he must go to the wars [fanfares in horns and trumpets]. Dornicka's body has in the meantime been found in the forest by a mysterious old man [a solemn variant of the king's hunting theme for brass choir], who thrice sends a youth to the castle, first to ask for the feet in return for a golden spinning wheel, then for the hands in exchange for a golden distaff, and finally for the eyes as the price of a golden spindle. [A sequence of brass chorale, a theme of wide downward leaps accompanied by the circling spinning-wheel motive, and the piccolo's suggestion of the lad's questions — *'Buy, my lady. Two feet is all it costs'* — is given three times.] The young queen, coveting the possession of these remarkable objects, successively gives in exchange for them the parts of Dornicka's body, with which the old man in the forest is then able by magic means to bring the dead girl back to life [a tender violin theme]. The king returns victorious from the wars [a martial version of the hunting music], and his

wife in welcome sits down at the golden spinning wheel [the circling theme in an eerie transformation], which creaks out a song that betrays the crime she and her mother committed in the forest [fragments of the sinister scherzo]. The king then finds Dornicka in the forest alive and well [reprise of the bridal chamber episode], takes her to the castle as his true wife [a triumphant version of the hunting theme], and throws the murderesses to the wolves."



THE EPIC OF GILGAMESH (1955) **Bohuslav Martinů (1890-1959)**

The *Epic of Gilgamesh* is scored for two flutes, two clarinets, three trumpets, two trombones, timpani, percussion, harp, piano and strings. The performance time is 50 minutes. The Grant Park Orchestra has never performed this work.

Bohuslav Martinů, who divided his life among his native Czechoslovakia, Paris and America, was not only one of the 20th-century's most prolific composers but also one of its most eclectic. His early works show both the influence of French Impressionism and Czech folk song. His move to Paris in 1923 broadened his views, and, after a brief experiment with jazz and ragtime, he drew upon Stravinsky, Les Six and, especially, Roussel to devise a new stylistic direction. His discovery of the music of Corelli and Vivaldi in the late 1920s lent his works of those years a touch of neo-classicism. During the 1930s, he rediscovered his Czech heritage, and its influence led him to a musical language that was more mellow, lyrical and direct, qualities especially prominent during his time in America, when his nostalgia for his homeland was painfully strong.

The Epic of Gilgamesh is the earliest extant great work of world literature, pre-dating Homer by some 1,500 years. Though the story is mythological in content, it is believed to have been inspired by the eponymous, long-lived king of the Sumerian city-state of Uruk (an ancient chronicle of Sumerian kings claims he reigned for 127 years around 2700 B.C.E.), on an eastern tributary of the Euphrates, about 160 miles south of present-day Baghdad. (The modern name of Iraq was derived from that of Uruk.) The historical King Gilgamesh is credited with constructing Uruk's six miles of walls to encircle its estimated 80,000 inhabitants, a number that would make it the largest city in the world at that time. In 2003, a team of German archeologists announced that they had discovered what could be Gilgamesh's tomb among the ancient ruins — it seemed to correspond to the description in the *Epic*, which says that the king was buried in the city's now-dry river bed after its flow had been diverted and later restored; the German team was equally amazed to find a sophisticated system of canals: "It was like Venice in the desert." Further research at the site has been impossible, however, because of the region's continuing unrest.

Fantastic tales about Gilgamesh probably began even during his lifetime and were passed down, embellished and aggrandized orally until around 1,200 B.C.E., when a priest named Sîn-lēqi-unninni in the city Babylon, fifty miles south of Baghdad and then the capital of ancient Mesopotamia, gathered them into a narrative and had them inscribed on tablets in the region's now-extinct Akkadian cuneiform language. With the fall of Babylon and the Assyrian Empire at the hands of the Persians in 612 B.C.E., King Gilgamesh was forgotten until the enterprising English traveler, archaeologist, cuneiformist, art historian and diplomat Austen Henry Layard unearthed thousands of clay tablets during his 1839 excavations at the site of the library of King Ashurbanipal in ancient Nineveh, now in Kurdish northern Iraq. It was not until the 1860s, however, that the pioneering British Assyriologist George Smith discovered the Gilgamesh stories on twelve of Layard's tablets and began

their painstaking translations. In 1872 Smith created a sensation when he published his translation of the tablet recounting the Great Flood, which is remarkably similar to the account in the Old Testament. Smith's work on the *Epic* was cut short by his untimely death from dysentery at age 36 during a research expedition to Nineveh in 1876, and the first comprehensive scholarly translation of *The Epic of Gilgamesh*, by Assyriologist Reginald Campbell Thompson of the British Museum, did not appear until 1928.

Bohuslav Martinů's life-long interest in classical subjects was reinvigorated by his return to Europe from America in 1953, and he asked his friend Paul Sacher, conductor of the Basel Chamber Orchestra, commissioner of several of his important works, and frequent host of the composer at his Swiss mountain retreat, for suggestions for a new work. Sacher and his wife, Maja, led him to Campbell Thompson's translation of *The Epic of Gilgamesh*, and Martinů immediately latched onto the ancient text as the source for an oratorio, not least because one of the characters in the saga had already provided the subject for his 1921 ballet, *Istar*. Martinů set to work on the score the following year, composing the piece to the text, content and prosody of Campbell Thompson's English translation, and completed it in Nice early in 1955; Sacher conducted the premiere in Basel on January 24, 1958. In 1976, several years after Martinů's death, Lubor Matouš, a specialist on ancient Middle Eastern cultures at Charles University, published a Czech translation of the poem. Soon thereafter Ferdinand Pujman, a professor at the Prague Conservatory and director of opera at the city's National Theater, fitted the appropriate verses of Matouš' translation to Martinů's music to create the version in which *Epos o Gilgamešovi* is now performed in the composer's homeland.

In the *Epic*, Gilgamesh is portrayed as a demigod of superhuman strength who built the walls of Uruk with his own hands. He is, however, proud and arrogant and oppressive to his subjects, so to teach him humility the goddess Aruru creates a wild man named Enkidu, who grows strong living among the animals, grazing in their meadows, and slaking his thirst at their watering holes. To tame and humanize Enkidu, the gods send a courtesan to him, from whom he not only learns about passion and the ways of mankind but also that Gilgamesh is mistreating his subjects. Enraged, Enkidu confronts the king in a fight that neither wins. With the lesson of the gods learned and their enmity spent, they become the greatest of friends and embark on adventures together, during one of which Gilgamesh spurns the lustful advances of Istar, the goddess of love. Furious at her rejection, Istar summons the Bull of Heaven to take her revenge but the companions together slay it, for which affront the gods decide that one of them must die. They choose Enkidu, who falls ill and suffers immensely for twelve days before passing away. Gilgamesh is heartbroken, and the second part of the *Epic* concerns his vain attempt to secure eternal life for himself and his ultimate acceptance of his own mortality.

Part I of Martinů's oratorio portrays the plight of the people of Uruk, the creation of Enkidu, his encounter with the courtesan, and the battle with Gilgamesh. Part II concerns the death of Enkidu and Part III Gilgamesh's grief, his vision of his dead companion and the realization of his own inevitable death. "Despite our enormous progress due to technology and industrialization," Martinů wrote, "I thought that the questions and feelings which preoccupy people [in *The Epic of Gilgamesh*] are still the same. We find these topics in the literature of ancient peoples that has survived, as well as in our own. They revolve around friendship, love and death. The *Gilgamesh Epic* expresses intensely and with almost painful anxiety the wish to find answers to these questions, answers we have still not found."

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Part 1
Gilgamesh

Bass Solo and Chorus

Gilgamesh!
He who the heart of all matter hath
proven,
let him teach the nation!
He who all knowledge possesseth shall
school all the people.
He shall his wisdom impart and so shall
they share it together.

Gilgamesh!
Leaveth no son to his father,
leaveth no maid to her mother,
nor a spouse to a husband!
He is our shepherd, masterful,
dominant!
He leaveth no son to his father!
No maid to her mother!
Nay! Nor a spouse to a husband!
O he's our shepherd, our master!
Dominant! Masterful Gilgamesh!

Bass Solo

To the appeal of their wailing Goddess
Aruru gave ear,
She fingered some clay, on the desert,
she molded it:
thus on the desert Enkidu made she a
warrior.
In the way of a woman he snooded
[covered] his locks,
sprouted luxuriant growth of his hair
like the awns [bristles] of the barley.

Chorus

Nor knew the people nor land.
With gazelles did he pasture on herbage.
Along with the beast did his heart
delight at the water, with the cattle.

Speaker

Then did a hunter come face to face
with him,
one, two, three days, at the place
where the beast drank water.
Sooth his face o'ermantled with terror.
Unto his steading he went dismayed,
affrighted,

and his face was of one who hath gone a
far journey.
then his father said to him:

Bass Solo

Go, my hunter, take with thee a courtesan
girl.
When he the cattle shall gather again
to the place of their drinking,
so shall she put off her mantle,
the charm of her beauty revealing.
Then shall he spy her, will embrace her,
and his cattle will deny him.

Chorus

Forth went the hunter, took with him a
courtesan girl.
One day, two days, they sat by the place.
Then at last came the cattle and there was
Enkidu also.
With the cattle did he pasture on herbage.
Along with the beast did his heart delight
of the water, Enkidu!

Tenor Solo

'Tis he, o girl, 'Tis he! O discover thy
beauty,
in no wise be bashful, ravish the soul of
him!
O, loosen thy mantle so that he clasp
thee,
and with the wiles of a woman shalt ply
him.
His animals will deny him, to his breast he
has held thee.
Bashful she was not, ravished the soul of
him,
loosing her mantle. Ah!

Bass Solo and Chorus

Then he turned his face to his cattle,
how they scampered away as soon as they
saw him! Him! Yes!
Enkidu! Fled from his presence the beast
of the desert ...
Enkidu losing his innocence, so the cattle
fled from him.
He hath attained his full growth, and hath
broadened his wisdom! Yea!
Sat he again at the feet of the woman
and thus unto Enkidu spake she:

Soprano Solo

Yea, as I see thee, like to a God,
Enkidu, shalt be,
like a God, comely thou art!
Why with the beast dost thou range
over the desert?

Come with me! I will guide thee!
I'll lead thee to Erech the high walled,
to the temple sacred, where highest in
power,
Gilgamesh is! Come, come!
Where the people array in festal attire,
gorgeous, each day is a revel!
Dancing girls, come, o come with me!
Come, where people array them
gorgeous in festal attire,
priests clashing their cymbals and
dancing girls,
flown with their wantoning gleeful.
Come!

Tenor Solo

The advice of the woman struck home
in his bosom.
Up then, o girl, to the temple, the holy
and sacred,
invite me, where highest in power
Gilgamesh is!
I will summon him, challenging boldly.
I too am mighty!
Entered Enkidu Erech of a truth,
like to Gilgamesh is he of a truth!
There doth he block up the passage to
Gilgamesh,
with his foot he barred up the door.
Gilgamesh rushed to attack him.
They grappled and roared like a
beast! O!
The door trembled, the wall crumbled.
O!
They grappled and struggled and
snorted and strangled,
they grappled and roared like a beast!
The wall crumbled!

Part II

The Death of Enkidu

Chorus

Who, my friend, is unconquered by
death?
The God liveth in the daylight,

but mortals, their days are numbered.
Who, my friend, is not defeated by death?
A God liveth in the daylight,
but mortals, their days are numbered, yes!

Speaker

Gilgamesh and Enkidu now become
devoted friends.
But Enkidu is sick, Enkidu dreamt,
that the Gods have taken counsel
together
that Enkidu is to die!
Enkidu came in the night to discover
his heaviness unto his friend.

Tenor Solo

A dream I have seen in my night-time:
the firmament roaring echoed the earth ...
I by myself was standing, when I perceived
a man;
all dark was his face, and was likened unto
...
his face and nails like claws of a lion.
Me did he overcome climbing up, pressed
me down upon me my body he seized
me.
Me did he lead to the darkness,
from which he who entereth cometh forth
never.
Aye, by the road on the passage,
whereof there can be no returning
unto the dwelling whose tenants
are ever bereft of the daylight.
Sitting in the darkness,
never the light will they see ... the dust
... dust.
When I entered in the house of the dust,
the Queen of the Underworld she saw me,
she lifted her head, she saw me ...

Chorus

Who, my friend, is not defeated by death?
A God liveth in the daylight, but mortals,
their days are numbered, yes!
Enkidu lay for a day, yea, a second,
lying on his bed was a third and fourth day
and fifth,
sixth and seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth,
while Enkidu lay in his sickness,
eleventh, aye, till the twelfth on his bed
was Enkidu lying.

Baritone Solo

Unto me hearken, o Elder, to me shall ye listen!

'Tis that I weep for Enkidu, bitterly crying like to a wailing woman.

Enkidu, who chased the wild ass, the pard [leopard] of the desert!

He who chased the wild pard of the desert!

O, what is this slumber now that hath overcome thee!

For now art thou dark, nor art able to hear me?

Chorus

Enkidu raised not his eyes, his heart made no beat.

Enkidu lay for a day, yea, a second, lying on his bed was a third and fourth day and fifth,

sixth and seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth, while Enkidu lay in his sickness, eleventh, aye, till the twelfth, on his bed was lying!

Baritone Solo

He, who endured all hardships with me, whom I loved dearly, who endured all hardships with me,

is now perished! Gone to the common lot of mankind,

and I have bewailed him day and night long!

But my friend cometh not to my call, he like a worm hath lain on his face ...

I too, shall I not die like Enkidu also?

Sorrow hath entered my heart,

I fear death as I range o'er the desert! ...

Chorus

Gilgamesh why runnest thou, the life which thou seekest, thou canst not find,

the Gods death allotted to man, of death is the day not revealed.

Baritone Solo

The hap [unlucky fortune] of my friend lay on me heavy.

O, 'tis a long road that I range o'er the desert.

Yea, of my friend the hap lay heavy upon me!

O, how to be silent? How to give voice?

Enkidu I have so loved, like to the dust has become!

Shall I not also lay me down like him, through all eternity never returning?

Chorus

Gilgamesh, why runnest thou?

The life which thou seekest, thou canst not find.

Shall we for ever build houses, for ever set signet to contract?

Brothers continue to share, or among foes always be hated?

Will for ever the stream bring a torrent?

Sleeping and death are alike, from death servant and master, they mark no distinction,

when once they have reached their span allotted.

For death is the day not revealed, not revealed!

Part III

Invocation

Introduction

Soprano Solo

Gilgamesh, why is thy force so wasted?

Why is thy face sunken?

Why hath thy spirit a sorrow, thy cheerfulness surcease?

Like one who hath gone a far journey, so is thy face.

Baritone Solo

The hap of my friend lay on me heavy. Yea, of my friend the hap lay heavy upon me!

O, how to be silent, how to give voice?

O, how shall I act? Where shall I hie [take] me?

A Demon hath ravished my courage!

And Death in my bedchamber broodeth.

Death is wherever I listen!
O, how shall I act? Where shall I hie me?

Speaker

Gilgamesh having failed to learn the
secret of eternal life

is now calling up his dead friend.

Cried he for Enkidu out of the earth to
ascend.

Cried he: Not the Plague hath seized him,
nor fever,

but only the earth!

Nor the God hath seized him, but only the
earth!

Neither fell he there where was battle of
mortals.

'Twas only the earth which hath seized
him!

Enkidu, I pray thee, to rise from the earth!

Chorus

Enkidu, rise from the earth!

Soprano Solo and Chorus

The earth seized him and not the plague.
It was only the earth which hath seized

him,
not the Plague God, only the earth.

Speaker

Gilgamesh, he went all alone unto the
temple of the God Enlil!

Baritone Solo and Chorus

Enlil, my Father, the Death hath stricken
me also

down to the earth,

the death to the earth hath stricken me
also!

Shall I not lay me down like him?

Through all eternity never returning?

Not the Plague hath seized him, only the
earth.

Not a God hath seized him, only the earth.

It was only the earth that seized him.

O, Enkidu, rise from the earth!

No answer did Enlil, the father, vouchsafe.

Moon God, my Father, open a hole in the
earth,

that the spirit of Enkidu may from the
earth issue forth!

It was only the earth that hath seized
him.

Enkidu, rise from the earth!

No answer did Moon God vouchsafe.

Enkidu, rise from the earth!

Ea, my Father, open a hole in the earth,
that the spirit of Enkidu may from the
earth issue forth

and I can talk with my friend.

Enkidu, Enkidu! Rise from the earth!!

Ea! Open a door in the earth!

Enkidu, Enkidu! Rise from the earth!

'Twas the earth which hath seized him,
only the earth, o earth.

Enkidu, rise from the earth! O!

Baritone and Bass Soli, with Chorus

God gave ear to his speaking, opened
a hole in the earth,

and the spirit of Enkidu issued forth
from the earth like a wind.

They embraced and ...

Tell me, my friend, I pray thee, o tell me
what thou hast seen of the laws of the
Underworld!

Tell me, my friend, o tell me!

He who fell in ... didst thou see him?

Aye, I saw! I saw!

He who falleth from a pole, didst thou
see him?

Aye I saw!

He whom death ... didst thou see him?

I saw, I saw.

He is at rest upon his bed: limpid water
cloth he drink.

Then the hero, slain in fight, didst thou
see him?

Aye, I saw. O'er him his wife in bitter
woe.

He whose corpse in desert lieth, didst
thou see him?

Aye, I saw, I saw!

Not in earth doth rest his spirit.

He whose ghost hath none to tend,
didst thou see him?

Aye, I saw, I saw!