

DROT



MARSK



Peter Heise (1830-1879)

Drot og Marsk (King and Marshal)

Tragic opera in four acts, with libretto by Christian Richardt

King Erik, called Klipping – Peter Lodahl

Stig Andersen, his marshal – Johan Reuter

Lady Ingeborg, Marshal Stig's wife – Sine Bundgaard

Rane Johnsen, her nephew, the king's quartermaster – Gert Henning-Jensen

Aase, a charcoal burner's daughter – Sofie Elkjær Jensen

Count Jakob of Halland – Morten Staugaard

Archdeacon Jens Grand – Simon Duus

Arved Bengtsen – Mathias Monrad Møller

and others

Herald – Teit Kanstrup

} Conspirators

Knights and ladies, peasants, swains, handmaidens

The Royal Danish Opera Chorus

The Royal Danish Orchestra

Conducted by Michael Schönwandt

First performed at the Royal Danish Theatre, on 25 September 1878

Live recording



Danish Arts
Foundation

CD 1

49:59

Act I

- 1 **Overture** (Overture) 3:49
- 2 **Scene 1** Det var sig humleranken (It was itself the hopvine)
Aase 2:24
- 3 **Scene 2** Ah! Ej! Bliv mig fra livet, Jørgen!
(Ah! No! Leave me alone, Jørgen!)
Aase, Rane 2:13
- 4 **Scene 3** Ha, Rane, du vil jage på egen hånd i dag!
(Ha, Rane, you want to hunt on your own hand today!)
King Erik, Aase, Rane 2:43
- 5 **Scene 4** Du lader vente på dig, vakre pige!
(You let me wait for you, pretty girl!)
King Erik, Aase 7:55
- 6 **Scene 5** Op alle mand! Til dans, til dans
(Up all men! To dance, to dance!) 2:52
- 7 **Scene 6** Jeg kan mig slet ikke kende (I can myself at all not recognize)
Aase, King Erik 2:23
- 8 **Scene 7** Hvem der? Vil nogen gæste os ved festen?
(Who's there? Will someone visit us at the celebration?)
King Erik, Rane, Marshal Stig, Ingeborg, Aase 9:55
- 9 **Scene 8** Det var sig jomfru Svanelil (It was herself maiden Svanelil)
Rane 3:20
- 10 **Scene 9** Kun på hende Kongen stirrer (Only at her the King stares)
Aase, Ingeborg, King Erik, Rane 6:01

11	Scene 10 I din sans, i dit sind vil jeg liste mig ind! (In your sense, in your mind, will I creep myself in!) King Erik, Aase, Ingeborg, Rane	6:22	7	Scene 17 Stærkt det går mod ufredstide! (Strongly it goes towards unresttime!) Marshal Stig, Ingeborg	6:07
	CD 2	62:57	8	Scene 18 Til hest, til hest, til hest! I fejende blæst! (To horse, to horse, to horse! In the sweeping blast!) Rane, King Erik	8:57
	Act II			CD 3	39:57
1	Scene 11 Den frue sidder på borgen (The Lady sits in the castle) Ingeborg	5:21		Act IV	
2	Scene 12 Ad sund og belt, fra spydsat telt (By sound and belt, from spearset tent) Marshal Stig, Ingeborg	12:43	1	Scene 19 Et prægtigt ildsted! (A fine fireplace!) Arved Bengtsen, Jakob of Halland, Marshal Stig, King Erik, Rane	9:39
3	Scene 13 Til tings ved gamle Viborg By (To the council by old Viborg town) Jens Grand, Jakob of Halland	2:51	2	Scene 20 For hvert vindpust løvet falder (At every windpuff the leaves fall) Aase	6:59
4	Scene 14 Før tinget sættes, rigens Marsk vil bringe tidende fra Sverige (Before the council sits, the land's Marshal wants to bring tidings from Sweden) Herald, Jens Grand, King Erik, Marshal Stig, Jakob of Halland, Rane	4:04	3	Scene 21 Favre, søde jomfrumøde (Fair, sweet maiden met) King Erik, Aase	2:36
5	Scene 15 Jeg havde mig i min urtegård et blomster fuldt af ynde (I had, me, in my herbgarden a bloom full of grace) Marshal Stig, Jakob of Halland, Jens Grand, Herald, King Erik	6:25	4	Scene 22 Hvor er hun? Er hun borte? (Where is she? Is she gone?) King Erik, Rane, Aase	5:19
	Act III		5	Scene 23 Her kan vi overnatte, herre! (Here can we overnight, sir!) Rane, King Erik, Ingeborg	6:40
6	Scene 16 Så lover I at lokke ham i baghold? (So promise you to lure him in ambush?) Marshal Stig, Rane, Jens Grand, Jakob of Halland, Arved Bengtsen, Ingeborg	16:28	6	Scene 24 Stat op, Kong Erik, og kom til os ud! (Stand up, King Erik, and come to us out!) Marshal Stig, Rane, King Erik, Aase	8:42

Total 2h 33m



J. Hildebrand 1881-82 (after Otto Bache):
'The conspirators riding from Finderup Barn following
the assassination of Erik Klipping in 1286.'

Otto Bache

A regicide on the national stage

By Henrik Engelbrecht

On 22 November 1286, a Danish king was murdered in a barn near a little country town south west of Viborg. Was it revenge for a rape, or a politically motivated killing? Or perhaps both?

The king was called Erik, nicknamed 'Klipping' (a reference to fraudsters who clipped the edge off precious-metal coins). He was around 37 years old, and when he was found in Finderup Barn, he had been stabbed 56 times. The king's military 'right-hand man', Marshal Stig Andersen, and eight other great men were adjudged to be outlaws for their part in the killing, and fled to Norway. But was it actually them who stood behind the last murder of a monarch in Danish history?

The story was certainly a ready source of inspiration for both poets and painters: B.S. Ingemann tackled the story in his 1828 historic novel, *The Childhood of King Erik Menved*, and Adam Oehlenschläger wrote his tragedy, *Erik Glipping*, in 1844. The best known version of the story today is Otto Bache's painting of c. 1880-82, showing the conspirators coming away from the burning barn in Finderup. During the nineteenth century it was primarily the account of how the king behaved towards Stig Andersen's wife Ingeborg which was of greatest interest, and a proper murder to avenge a rape made a better story than a complicated explanation of political influence and rivalry between nobles.

In 1850, the 20 year old composition student Peter Heise saw a performance of Carsten Hauch's tragedy, *Marsk Stig* (Marshal Stig) at the Royal Danish Theatre. Heise remembered the experience for 25 years before he began work on his

own operatic version of the story. By that time, he had made his name as his generation's most successful composer of romances in Denmark, but he had yet to establish a reputation as a composer of opera.

Peter Heise started playing the piano at the age of 12, and began to study music theory with the composer A.P. Berggreen after graduating from high school. He supplemented his music education with a year of study in Leipzig, and on his return home to Copenhagen began to teach music. He became assistant conductor of *Studentersangforeningen* (the students' singing society), and in 1857 he secured a good safe job as organist and music teacher at Sorø Academy. He wrote romances, especially, at first under the influence of C.E.F. Weyse and then of Niels W. Gade, but gradually he began to stretch himself with larger compositions for soloists, choir and orchestra.

It wasn't long before Heise no longer needed a secure job, but was able to employ all his time in composition: he married Vilhemine Hage, daughter of a rich merchant when he was 29. From then he was able to work as he wished, without worrying about scraping pennies together to pay his rent. He left his job at Sorø Academy in 1865, and the family moved back to Copenhagen.

One of the projects which Heise worked on for many years was a singspiel called *Paschaens datter* (The Pascha's Daughter), with a text by Henrik Hertz. Heise had started work on it before leaving for Sorø, but now that he had returned to Copenhagen it was time to finish the work. He submitted the piece for acceptance at the Royal Danish Theatre, but it lay untouched there for several years until finally receiving its first performance in September 1869. Even though it had a polite and kind reception at its première, the opera was one of the many which had only a short life on the stage.



Peter Heise, 1867

But Heise did not give up the idea of writing operas. He had written a concert overture called *Marshal Stig* back in 1856, and knew that the story of a king's murder had operatic potential. He asked his sister-in-law, Elise Ploug, married to the author Carl Ploug, to prepare a substantial synopsis of fifteen pages, and then asked his good friend, the poet Christian Richardt, to look at Elise Ploug's draft as well as Carsten Haug's *Marshal Stig* and the old folk-ballads about King Erik's murder with a view to preparing a full libretto.

Christian Richardt kept a careful account of the time he spent working on the project: 100 hours during the period from 22 August until 31 October 1875. He sent the text of *Drot og Marsk* (King and Marshal) to the Royal Danish Theatre, and it took the theatre's censor, Christian Molbech, only six days to respond: 'that the piece, besides its special aptitude for musical setting, is a lovely poem in which a homely tone of speech

with the sound of folk ballads is successfully struck and carried through, giving it a naturally heightened value, also for the composer'.

The text was accepted by the Royal Danish Theatre, and Heise was able to get on with composing the opera. He re-used the concert overture *Marshal Stig*, written 22 years earlier, in a version that was shortened for the new opera. During their work on the project, Heise and Richardt carried out a number of small changes in the libretto, but on 21 January 1877, Christian Richardt made a note that the work on the text was complete. At that point, Heise had finished work on the first two acts of the opera, and in October he was able to deliver the finished score of all four acts for approval by the theatre's chapel master, H.S. Paulli. Paulli noted that, 'there can be no hindrance in this music's acceptance for performance at the Royal Danish Theatre'.

Now a little gremlin got into the machinery: Heise had two of the theatre's

singers in mind when he wrote the main men's roles, the king and the marshal. The 47 year old Jens Nyrop had sung the main part of Selim in *The Pascha's Daughter* in 1869. He looked good on the stage and still had a lovely tenor voice, even if he lacked the crucial top notes. The baritone Niels Juel Simonsen, only 32, was to sing the part of Marshal Stig, but when the self-conscious Nyrop realised that he, as King Erik, would be murdered on stage by the young Simonsen's Marshal Stig, he was absolutely staggered. Jens Nyrop would certainly not allow himself to be killed on the stage by a much younger singer, and he categorically refused to sing the part. It wasn't easy to find a solution but it was decided that the king's part would be given instead to the actor, Emil Poulsen.

70 years earlier it had been a rarity for there to be a division between actors and singers at the Royal Danish Theatre; at that time it was entirely ordinary for a stage artist to both

sing Mozart and play Holberg. Even if times had changed, with a gradual professionalising of the roles of actors and singers through the nineteenth century, there was still no watertight division between their respective functions by 1878. Emil Poulsen had a comfortable singing voice, but it was necessary for Heise to rewrite his part using lower notes: Poulsen could not manage the higher notes Heise had planned for Nyrop, even though he had already made allowances for the older man's limitations.

Heise was directly involved in the preparation and rehearsals for the production during September 1878. Each day that passed, he got keener and keener "because we make such progress. I think we have been blessed with happiness in the early rehearsals, and everyone can be seen to be engaged and interested in the work on their respective roles."

Expectations of the new work were sky high. Christian Richardt's libretto was already in the shops six

months before the first performance, and *Nationaltidende's* (The National Times) review of the first performance included a discussion of the text: 'As a poem, 'Drot og Marsk' is not only a piece of especially important poetry, but also an expressive lyric-dramatic work, and the public have already given their judgement, as the second stock of the text was already printed before the performance, before a note of the music was known, which is probably a unique rarity in the history of opera texts.'

The day after, in the same newspaper and after their reviewer had been to the first performance, a few more lines appeared, saying that the work more closely resembled 'a study than a fully finished masterpiece.'

There are several things that were new for both the public and for reviewers. In contrast to the clear division of the musical numbers that the Copenhagen public were used to, for example in Heise's own earlier singspiel *The Pascha's*

Daughter, King and Marshal has no great self-standing arias, rather a steady stream of scenes, where the dramatic structure directs the form. The orchestra was no longer just to accompany; it takes a full part in creating the drama's momentum. Even though Heise himself was certainly not a fan of Wagner's works, it is clear that he was influenced by recent developments in operas from Germany, Italy and France.

Even if the public responded well enough to the opera at the first performance on 25 September 1878, the reviewers were more divided. Some thought that there were too few big ensemble scenes, and that the solo parts weren't virtuosic enough. Others pointed out that the story ought to have been presented with more historical facts, and suggested that it lacked the necessary dramatic cohesion. One of the reviewers declared that the king's relationship to Ingeborg, whether she was raped or deceived, was not presented in enough

detail, because ‘the decisive offence has such an intimate character that one must necessarily be content with insinuations and discussion’: what was clearly a rape in the folk-ballads, was ‘lost in dramatic respects, so that the moral situation became unclear’.

This shows that it had been a lucky decision by the management to have Emil Poulsen sing the role of King Erik even though he struggled to keep up with the rest of the team in vocal terms; his portrayal of the king was described in the press as one of the finest elements at the première, and most people thought he carried the performance.

There is no doubt that many saw *King and Marshal* as a good step on Heise’s way towards becoming a great Danish opera composer; but Heise died only a year after the opera’s first performance, and he never had the chance to show what he had learned from working on this attempt at a Danish national opera.

Despite the views of the reviewers quoted above, *King and Marshal* has remained in the repertoire of the Royal Danish Theatre to this day, even if there are longer gaps between groups of performances now: in 1922 the opera was performed at the Royal Danish Theatre for the 100th time, and in 1906 it was performed three times at the opera in Stuttgart. There were two concert performances at the Concert Hall in Tivoli Gardens in 1983, and in 1984 the number of performances at the Royal Danish Theatre reached 184. The opera was presented by the Danish National Opera in Aarhus in 1984 and again in the season 2000/2001. In 1988 the opera was produced for television. In 2019 *King and Marshal* was played for the first time on the stage at Copenhagen’s magnificent new opera house on Holmen, directed by Amy Lane and Kasper Holten, and conducted by Michael Schønwandt, caught on the live recording presented here.

Synopsis

The plot takes place partly in the town of Skanderbog, partly on the marshal’s farm, and partly in Viborg and the surrounding country.

Act one

In the woods by Aase’s hut

The charcoal burner’s daughter Aase is busy binding a hop shoot up outside her hut in the woods. The King’s servant Rane, who is hunting in the woods, makes a pass at Aase, but she refuses his approach.

King Erik, who has overheard the conclusion of the conversation between Aase and Rane, steps in, and Rane understands that the King also wants to try it on with Aase, and thereby – once again – demonstrate his authority over Rane. The King asks to be alone with Aase.

The King assures Aase of his love and entices her to follow him

up to the castle, where he promises her jewels and other luxuries. Aase stresses her humble origins and lack of familiarity with the court’s splendour. Aase finally gives in to the King’s advances. They leave together with the other hunters to celebrate at the castle. Men and women dressed for a celebration come singing along on their way to dance and play at the castle.

At Skanderborg Castle

Aase is overwhelmed by the splendour of the castle, where they are making preparations for a dance. Marshal Stig and Lady Ingeborg enter the hall. The Marshal is on his way to lead an assault against the Swedish army for the King. Before he leaves, the Marshal conveys his wife to the King’s care. The King swears that he will take care of Lady Ingeborg while the Marshal is at war. Lady Ingeborg and the Marshal say a loving farewell. Aase (and Rane) immediately recognize that Ingeborg



Members of the Royal Danish Opera Chorus,
Peter Lodahl, Gert Henning-Jensen, Sine Blanggaard, Johan Reuter

will overtake Aase's role as the object of the King's advances. The King is taken by Ingeborg's beauty and bids her dance straight away. Rane is ordered to sing a ballad as accompaniment to the dance ('It was herself maiden Svanelil').

Ingeborg allows herself to be impressed by the King. Rane tries to approach Aase again, but she refuses him. Although she is still excited by the King, she decides to leave the castle and go back to her isolation in the woods.

The King is left alone with Lady Ingeborg. At a distance, Rane watches the way the King 'protects the Marshal's treasure' with contempt.

Act two

Hall in Marshal Stig's castle

Lady Ingeborg sits by a loom and laments her fate. The sound of trotting horses is heard, and Marshal Stig comes in, victorious and confident. He is amazed that he is not, as usual, met in the gallery by his wife. Lady

Ingeborg tells the Marshal about what has happened and what he has lost: his honour because she has become queen – 'and now Erik has two!' The Marshal is going to kill his wife in anger, but feels empathy for her and promises instead that he will avenge her disgrace, 'though Denmark shall burn in the east and in the west.'

Viborg Council

Knights and commoners are gathered to negotiate with the King. The King has homage paid to him, but when it is reported that Marshal Stig is on his way, many suspect trouble. The King hopes that the Marshal is unaware of what has happened. The Marshal arrives with his fighting men and reports on his victory.

When the King wants to thank him for his deeds, Marshal Stig threatens the King and justifies this to the gathering by saying that the King, 'has taken my wife by force'. The King excuses himself, saying 'her will was just the same as mine!'; but Marshal

Stig repeats his threat, 'to life or death'. The general tumult between King Erik's and Marshal Stig's followers ends with the Marshal's departure with the words, 'because you caused me pain, so shall you certainly die.'

Act three

The dark of night; hall in Marshal Stig's castle

Rane promises the Marshal that he will lure the King into an ambush, so that Marshal Stig can fulfil his threat. At the same time Rane explains the reasons for his hatred of the King and the approaching treachery. The conspirators meet, and after each of them has listed their grievance against the King, they all swear that they will stand together in the coming misdeed. They agree to clothe themselves in grey monks' cowls and to carry out the deed on St Cecilia's Night.

Ingeborg and Marshal Stig, who are left alone, consider their future after the misdeed. Ingeborg anti-

pates her coming death, then asks Marshal Stig to take care of their daughters and seek safety at his castle on Hjelm. They bid each other 'a thousand good nights.'

The King's hold in Viborg

The King and Rane are alone.

Hunters can be heard in the background. The King is nagged by dark thoughts, not least the memory of the time when the two of them, in a form of crazy intoxication, burnt the heath. The King explains that he has dreamt of Ingeborg, and that he fears the Marshal's revenge. Rane tries to drive his dark thoughts away by persuading the King to join the planned hunt. He succeeds at last, and can see, triumphantly, how the King starts from his seat with the shout, 'love and the hunt are a celebration of life.'

Act four

Somewhere in the woods

The conspirators have met the

Marshal and wait for Rane, who will lure the King into the ambush. When Rane does not come, they decide to go up to Finderup, which Rane has earlier pointed out as the scene of the crime. The King and Rane are lost in the woods. Rane promises to find the way, while the King goes on an amorous adventure in the nearby hut.

Aase's hut in the woods

Aase hears trotting horses in the distance and glimpses a group of cowl-clad men; she suspects trouble. She feels herself lucky to be under the cloister's protection in her little hut. She kneels before a crucifix and 'prays for every wayfaring soul out in the night'. She recognizes the King, who comes into the hut to make a pass at her. Aase feels she must fly away, but shows her continuing fidelity to the King with the words, 'watch out for the grey cowls'. The King follows after her, leaving his sword in the hut.

Somewhere in the woods

The King tries in vain to catch Aase. In a frenzy he sees elf girls around him. Rane turns back with the news that he has found the right way to Finderup, where he and the King can stay over night. They leave. Aase, who has seen the King and Rane leave, turns back, filled with fearful suspicions. She realizes that the King has forgotten his sword, and after having prayed for the King's life, she goes after them to return the sword.

Finderup Barn

The King and Rane arrive seeking safety for the night. The King is uneasy, but Rane reassures him that they are safe from both bad weather and their enemies. But he knows that this will be the King's last nap. The King wakes from his sleep and explains how he has seen Ingeborg in his dream, and now again as a ghost in a vision. In the dream she summoned him for just that night, St Cecilia's Night.

An alarm is heard outside the barn, as the conspirators arrive and break the barn door open. Rane points to the King's resting place under the hay, and Marshal Stig steps forward to take his revenge. Before the King drops dead, he declares Marshal Stig an outlaw: 'Because you slay the Lord's Anointed, you become an outlawed man!' The King dies with the word 'Ingeborg' as his last. The outlaws rain blows upon the corpse, set fire to the barn and leave.

Hunters, peasants and monks witness the murder of the Danish king. Aase comes in with the King's sword, but too late. She seeks comfort in the cross-shape of the sword, which thus serves as an indirect prayer for the King.

The peasants sum up the situation in two utterances: 'Now stands the country in peril' and 'Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine!'

The cast

Peter Lodahl is one of the leading Danish tenors of the age and has been a soloist at the Royal Danish Theatre since 2009, where he mainly sings the Italian roles such as Alfredo in *La traviata* and the poet Rodolfo in *La bohème* – a role he also sang opposite Anna Netrebko as Mimì when she guested at the Royal Danish Opera in 2010. Lodahl has appeared at the world's most prominent stages, such as the Musikverein in Vienna, Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels, Madrid's Teatro Real and the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires. Peter Lodahl took over as music director for the Copenhagen Phil in August 2019 after three years as festival director for the Copenhagen Opera Festival.

Bass-baritone **Johan Reuter** is currently one of the busiest Danish

opera singers worldwide. He studied at the Royal Danish Academy of Music and the Royal Danish Opera Academy in Copenhagen. From 1996 to 2019, he served in the soloist ensemble at the Royal Danish Opera. Since 2000, he has sung a great number of roles with the main emphasis on operas by Wagner and Strauss in opera houses of cities such as London, New York, Vienna, Salzburg, Berlin, Munich, Zurich, Paris and Amsterdam. Johan Reuter has recorded countless CDs, including *Tristan and Isolde* under Janowski and Nielsen's *Maskarade* under Ulf Schirmer (1996) and Michael Schönwandt (2015), both for Dacapo Records.

The lyric-dramatic soprano **Sine Bundgaard** made her debut in 1999 and was quickly sought after abroad. She has sung on many of the leading opera stages in Europe, including the Opéra Bastille, Bavarian State Opera and Oper Zürich. Her broad

repertoire spans from Mozart's heroines Countess Rosina Almaviva, Donna Elvira and Elettra, to Puccini's Liù and Verdi's Desdemona, as well as Britten's Ellen Orford, Poulenc's *La voix humaine*, the title role in Handel's *Theodora* and Silvia in Adés's *The Exterminating Angel*. She was engaged as a soloist at the Royal Danish Opera in 2009. Sine Bundgaard has received numerous awards including the prestigious Reumert Prize as 'Singer of the Year' in 2020 for Elettra and the Axel Schiøtz Prize in 2005.

Tenor **Gert Henning-Jensen** was educated at the Opera Academy in Copenhagen and Mozarteum Salzburg. Since then, he has been engaged as a lyric tenor at the Royal Danish Opera. Today he sings in the world's great opera houses and concert halls. Gert Henning-Jensen has performed at the Metropolitan Opera, Covent Garden, Staatsoper Berlin and the Opéra Bastille with



Gert Henning-Jensen,
Johan Reuter, Peter Lodahl

conductors such as Bernard Haitink, Giuseppe Sinopoli, James Levine and Richard Hickox.

Sofie Elkjær Jensen's rich lyric soprano voice and captivating stage presence have put her at the forefront of the new generation of Scandinavian singers. A celebrated performer at the Royal Danish Opera, her roles include Gilda in Verdi's *Rigoletto*, Mimì in Puccini's *La bohème*, Susanna in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte*. Sofie Elkjær Jensen is also a brilliant interpreter of new music and works of the 20th century as seen in the role of Gerda in Hans Abrahamson's *The Snow Queen* and the Maid in Thomas Adès's *Powder Her Face*.

The bass **Morten Staugaard** is a trained actor and featured in *Den kaukasiske kridtcirke*, *Matador*, *My Fair Lady* and *Jeppe på bjerget* at the Royal Danish Theatre. From 1995 to 2000 he was a member of

the ensemble at the Aalborg Theatre and featured in several musicals and plays, among others *The Phantom of the Opera*, *Les Misérables*, *Mary Poppins* and *Jesus Christ Superstar*. In addition, Morten Staugaard has been a soloist in numerous operas, and at the Royal Danish Theatre he performed in *Die Zauberflöte*, *Tosca* and Schostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District*.

Bass-baritone **Simon Duus** graduated from the Opera Academy at the Royal Danish Theatre in 2011 and as a soloist from the Royal Academy of Music, Aarhus. He is a permanent member of the soloist ensemble at the Royal Danish Opera and has, amongst other roles, performed as Figaro in *Le nozze di Figaro*, Papageno in *Die Zauberflöte*, Don Basilio in *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, and Julio in Thomas Adès's *The Exterminating Angel*. He has received the Reumert Talent Prize in 2012, the Danish Wagner Society's Bayreuth

Scholarship in 2013, the Danish Music Critics Award in 2014 and the Aksel Schiøtz Prize in 2017.

Mathias Monrad Møller is a Danish-German tenor and composer. As singer he is educated from Hochschule für Musik Hanns Eisler Berlin and from the Royal Danish Academy of Music in Copenhagen. Mathias Monrad Møller recently sang Tamino in *Die Zauberflöte* at the Copenhagen Opera Festival, and he regularly performs in oratorios and cantatas by Mozart, Bach, Handel and Telemann. He has sung Hans Werner Henze's *Kammermusik 1958* with Echo Ensemble, as well as Britten's *Winter Words* in Berlin and Copenhagen. In 2018 he received the Sonning Talent Prize.

Baritone **Teit Kanstrup** studied at the Royal Danish Academy of Music followed by opera courses at the Royal Academy of Music in London. He is a much sought after soloist for

oratorio and symphonic concerts and has toured with various opera companies singing, amongst other roles, Mozart's Don Giovanni, Papageno and Guglielmo. In the 2016-17 season he had his breakthrough performing several large parts including Jake Heggie's Reumert winning *Dead Man Walking* for the Royal Danish Opera and the title role in Handel's *Giulio Cesare*.

The Royal Danish Orchestra is considered the world's oldest orchestra, dating back to 1448 to when it served King Christian I as the Royal Court Trumpet Corps. Many great conductors and composers have over the years worked with the Royal Danish Orchestra, among others Richard Strauss, Igor Stravinsky, Leonard Bernstein, Sergiu Celibidache and Daniel Barenboim. The orchestra was for many years a home to Carl Nielsen as a violinist and as a conductor. Activities have been many-sided – from CD recordings to

New Year's concerts and much more. A vast number of tours abroad have taken the orchestra to, among other places, the Musikverein in Vienna in 2002 with former music director Michael Schönwandt and violinist Nikolaj Znaider and to the Berliner Philharmonie and the Symphony Hall, Birmingham with Michael Boder and the soprano Magdalena Anna Hofmann in 2015. With the inauguration of the Opera House in Copenhagen in 2005, the Royal Danish Orchestra was given a new and acoustically superb platform for both opera, ballet and concerts.

The Royal Danish Opera Chorus has a proud history within Denmark and the Royal Danish Theatre. A backbone of the Royal Danish Opera, the Chorus perform operatic and concert repertoire spanning the Baroque works through to new commissions. The Royal Danish Opera Chorus consists of 40 singers from many different nationalities and is aug-

mented by freelance singers, as here, when a large scale work like *King and Marshal* is performed. Recognised internationally as one of the world's leading opera choruses, the singers excel in creating different characters, singing in many different languages (including Danish, English, Italian, French, German, Russian, Czech) and undertaking solo roles in performances at the Royal Danish Opera.

Michael Schönwandt was Music Director at the Royal Danish Theatre from 2000 until May 2011. He has conducted regularly there since his debut in 1979. Alongside this, he has been chief conductor of Collegium Musicum since the foundation of the orchestra in 1981. From 2010-2013 Michael Schönwandt was Chief Conductor and Artistic Director of the Netherlands Radio Chamber Philharmonic in Amsterdam, and as of September 2015 he is Chief Conductor of Opéra Orchestre National Montpellier. In 1987 and

1988 he was the first Scandinavian conductor ever to conduct at the festival in Bayreuth, and in 1992-1998 he was Chief Conductor of the Berlin Symphony Orchestra (today Konzerthausorchester Berlin). From 1989-2000 he was Principal Guest Conductor of the Danish National Symphony Orchestra. Michael Schönwandt, who is a much appreciated and sought after conductor at many international concert and opera houses, appears on numerous CD and DVD recordings, including music by Carl Nielsen, the complete symphonies on both CD and DVD, new recordings of the operas *Maskarade* on CD and *Saul and David* on DVD as well as a selection of choral songs with the Danish National Choirs. In addition he has recorded DVD performances of Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelung* with the Royal Danish Opera. In 2011 Michael Schönwandt was appointed Commander of the Order of the Dannebrog.

1st conspirator
Søren Hossy / Imre György

2nd conspirator
Ole Jegindø Norup /
Jens Fruergaard Otte

3rd conspirator
Simon Schelling /
Morten Lassenius Kramp

4th conspirator
Lasse Christian Bach /
Tae Jeong Hwang

5th conspirator
Peter Steen Andersen /
Carl Rahmqvist

6th conspirator
Bo Glies Nandfred / Rasmus Ruge

Kongemordet på nationalscenen

Af Henrik Engelbrecht

Den 22. november 1286 bliver en dansk konge myrdet i en lade i en lille landsby sydvest for Viborg. Er det hævn for en voldtægt eller et politisk motiveret drab? Eller måske begge dele? Kongen hedder Erik, med tilnavnet Klipping. Han er omkring 37 år gammel, og han bliver dræbt i Finderup Lade med 56 knivstik. Kongens militære højre hånd, marsk Stig Andersen, og otte andre stormænd bliver dømt fredløse for drabet og flygter til Norge. Men var det overhovedet dem, der stod bag danmarkshistoriens seneste kongemord?

Sagen er selvfølgelig en oplagt inspirationskilde for både digtere og malere; B.S. Ingemann behandler historien i sin historiske roman

Erik Menveds barndom fra 1828, og Adam Oehlenschläger skriver tragedien *Erik Glipping* i 1844. Bedst kendt i dag er Otto Baches maleri fra omkring 1880-82 af de sammensvorne drabsmænd på vej væk fra den brændende lade i Finderup. I romantikken er det først og fremmest historien om, hvordan kongen (måske) forgriber sig på Stig Andersens hustru, Ingeborg, der er i centrum. Et ordentligt jalousidrab er simpelthen en bedre historie end en indviklet forklaring om politisk indflydelse og adelig rivalisering.

I 1850 ser den 20-årige komponist-studerende Peter Heise digteren Carsten Hauchs tragedie *Marsk Stig* på Det Kongelige Teater. Oplevelsen bliver liggende i baghovedet på Heise, selvom der går 25 år, før han for alvor realiserer sin egen operaversion af historien. På det tidspunkt har Heise slået sit navn fast som sin generations store danske romancekomponist – men anerkendelsen på operaområdet mangler stadig.

Peter Heise begynder at spille klaver som 12-årig, og efter sin studentereksamen studere han musikteori hos komponisten A.P. Berggreen. Han supplerer uddannelsen med et studieår i Leipzig, og da han i 1853 er hjemme i København igen, begynder han at undervise i musik. Han bliver hjælpedirigent i Studenter-sangforeningen, og i 1857 får han et godt og sikkert job som organist og musiklærer ved Sorø Akademi. Han skriver især romancer, i begyndelsen påvirket af Weyse og senere Gade, men efterhånden kaster han sig også ud i større kompositioner for solister, kor og orkester.

Det varer ikke længe, før Heise ikke længere behøver et fast arbejde, men kan tillade sig at bruge al sin tid på at komponere. Han gifter sig som 29-årig med Vilhelmine Hage, datter af en rig købmand. Dermed kan han stort set bruge sin tid, som han har lyst til, uden at skulle tænke på at skrabbe penge sammen til huslejen. Han siger jobbet ved Sorø Akademi

op i 1865, og familien flytter tilbage til København.

Et af de projekter, som Heise har arbejdet på i flere år, er et syngespil med titlen *Paschaens datter* med tekst af Henrik Hertz. Arbejdet begyndte, allerede før Heise flyttede til Sorø, men nu, da han er tilbage i København, er der endelig tid til at komponere værket færdigt. Han indleverer det til bedømmelse på Det Kongelige Teater, som antager operaen. Partituret får lov til at ligge på hylden i flere år, indtil man omsider uropfører værket i september 1869, og selvom der er pæn og høflig modtagelse ved premieren, så bliver operaen en af de mange, der kun får et kort liv på scenen.

Men Heise opgiver ikke tanken om at skrive operaer. Allerede tilbage i 1856 har han skrevet en koncert-ouverture med titlen *Marsk Stig*, men der er stof til mere i historien om kongemordet i Finderup. Han får sin svigerinde, Elise Ploug – gift med forfatteren Carl Ploug, til at

udarbejde en handlingsgang på 15 sider, og han beder derefter sin gode ven digteren Christian Richardt om at se på både Elise Plougs udkast samt på Carsten Haugs *Marsk Stig* og de gamle folkeviser om kongemordet.

Christian Richardt holder nøje regnskab med hvor lang tid, han bruger på arbejdet med librettoen; i alt cirka 100 timer i perioden fra 22. august til 31. oktober 1875. Han indsender teksten til *Drot og Marsk* til Det Kongelige Teater, og det tager kun teatrets censor Christian Molbech seks dage at svare “... at Stykket ved siden af sin specielle musikalske Brugbarhed tillige er en smuk Digtning, hvori en hjemlig Sprogtone med Klang af Folkevisen er heldig anslaaet og gennemført, giver det naturligtvis forhøjet Værd, ogsaa for Komponisten”.

Teksten er altså antaget, og nu kan Heise gå i gang med at komponere. Han genbruger koncertouverturen *Marsk Stig*, skrevet 22 år tidligere, til den nye opera i en forkortet udgave,

og undervejs i arbejdet aftaler Heise og Richardt adskillige mindre ændringer i librettoen. Først den 21. januar 1877 noterer Christian Richardt, at arbejdet med teksten er helt afsluttet. På det tidspunkt har Heise stort set afsluttet arbejdet med de to første akter af operaen, og i oktober kan han indlevere det færdige partitur til alle fire akter til bedømmelse hos teatrets kapelmester, H.S. Paulli. Paulli noterer, at “*der intet kan være til Hinder for bemeldte Musiks Antagelse til Udførelse på det kgl. Teater*”.

Lidt grus kommer der nu alligevel i maskineriet. Heise har to af teatrets sangere i tankerne, da han skriver de store mandlige partier som kongen og marsken. Den 47-årige Jens Nyrop sang hovedpartiet som Selim i *Paschaens datter* tilbage i 1869. Han ser godt ud på en scene og har stadig en flot tenorstemme, selvom han mangler de afgørende toptoner. Den kun 32-årige baryton Niels Juel Simonsen skal synge partiet som marsk Stig, og da det går op for den

selvbevidste Nyrop, at han som kong Erik skal myrdes på scenen af unge Simonsens marsk Stig, stejler han fuldstændigt. Jens Nyrop vil ganske enkelt ikke finde sig i at skulle slås ihjel på scenen af en meget yngre sanger, og han nægter kategorisk at synge partiet. Gode råd er dyre, og løsningen bliver at besætte kongens parti med skuespilleren Emil Poulsen.

70 år tidligere var det en sjældenhed at skelne mellem at være skuespiller og operasanger på Det Kongelige Teater; det var dengang helt almindeligt for en scenekunstner både at synge Mozart og spille Holberg. Selvom der sker en gennemgående professionalisering af sangerstaben på Det Kongelige Teater op gennem 1800-tallet, er der stadig ikke vandtætte skodder mellem funktionerne som skuespillere og operasangere i 1878. Emil Poulsen har en fornuftig sangstemme, men det er helt nødvendigt, at Heise skriver partiet om – endda selvom han allerede oprindeligt har undgået

tenorfagets absolutte toptoner af hensyn til Nyrops langt fra imponerende højde.

Heise er selv med i indstudingsforløbet i september 1878, og for hver dag, der går, får han “*mere Blod paa Tandem, altsom det gaar bedre og bedre fremad. Jeg synes, der har været Lykke over den hidtidige Indstudering, alle synes at have Lyst og Interesse og at passe ypperlig for deres Roller*”, som han selv skriver.

Forventningerne til det nye værk er tårnhøje. Christian Richardts libretto kommer i handelen allerede et halvt år inden urpremieren, og *Nationaltidende* skriver samme dag, som urpremierens skal finde sted, en omtale af teksten: “*Som Digtning er ‘Drot og Marsk’ om end ikke et Stykke særdeles betydelig Poesi, dog altid et tiltalende lyrisk-dramatisk Arbejde, og Publikum har allerede afgivet sin Dom i samme Retning, thi 2det Oplag er udkommet før Opførelsen, og før en Tone af Musiken kjendes, hvilket vistnok*



Gert Henning-Jensen, Peter Lodahl

er en enestaaende Sjældenhed i Operatekstens Historie.” Dagen efter skriver samme avis, efter at bladets anmelder har overværet urpremieren, at værket mere ligner et “*Studie, end et fuldt færdigt Mesterværk*”.

Der er flere ting, som er nyt for både publikum og anmeldere. I modsætning til den tydelige opdeling af numrene, som det københavnske publikum er vant til – for eksempel i Heises tidligere syngespil *Paschaens datter* – har *Drot og Marsk* ikke store, afsluttede arier, men derimod en stadig strøm af sammenhængende scener, hvor formen er dikteret af den dramatiske struktur. Orkestret er heller ikke længere blot rent akkompagnement, men derimod i høj grad med til at drive dramaet fremad. Selvom Heise egentlig ikke er fan af Wagners værker, er det tydeligt, at han mere end skæver til international inspiration fra både tysk, italiensk og fransk operas seneste udvikling.

Selvom publikum tager godt imod operaen ved urpremierer den

25. september 1878, er anmelderne mere delte. Nogle mener, at der mangler flere store ensemble-scener, og at solopartierne slet ikke er virtuose nok. Andre peger på, at historien burde holde sig mere til de historiske fakta og i øvrigt savner den nødvendige dramatiske sammenhæng. En af anmelderne forsvarer, at kongens forhold til Ingeborg – bliver hun voldtaget eller forført? – ikke bliver uddybet i detaljer, fordi “*den afgjørende Gjerning har en saa intim Karakter, at man nødvendigvis maa nøies med Antydninger og Omtale*” – men resultatet bliver, at det, som tydeligt er en voldtægt i folkevisernes version, bliver “*tabt i dramatisk Henseende, thi det moralske Forhold bliver uklart*”.

Det viser sig, at det slet ikke er en ufornuftig disposition af ledelsen at lade Emil Poulsen synge Kong Erik, selvom han vokalt set slet ikke kan hamle op med resten af holdet; hans portrættering af kongen bliver fremhævet i pressen som en af de

fineste præstationer ved premieren – flere mener, at han simpelthen bærer forestillingen.

Der er ingen tvivl om, at mange ser *Drot og Marsk* som endnu et godt trin på Heises vej til at blive en stor, dansk operakomponist. Men Heise dør under et år efter premieren, og han får dermed aldrig chancen for at vise, hvad han lærte af arbejdet med sit bud på en dansk nationalopera.

På trods af anmeldernes forbehold holder *Drot og Marsk* sig på repertoiret på Det Kongelige Teater frem til i dag, selvom der efterhånden bliver længere og længere mellem opførelserne. I 1922 går opførelse nummer 100 over scenen, og i 1906 er værket desuden blevet opført tre gange på operaen i Stuttgart. I 1974 når man op på 184 opførelser på Gamle Scene i København, og operaen bliver desuden spillet ved to koncerter i Tivolis Koncertsal i 1983, på Den Jyske Opera i 1984 og igen i sæsonen 2000/2001, og den

lanceres som tv-opera i 1988. I 2019 bliver *Drot og Marsk* spillet for første gang i Operaen på Holmen i Amy Lanes og Kasper Holtens iscenesættelse med Michael Schönwandt som dirigent – en produktion, som hermed er fastholdt for eftertiden i nærværende liveoptagelse.

Handlingen

Handlingen foregår dels i og ved Skanderborg, dels på marskens gård, dels i Viborg og omegn.

Første akt

I skoven ved Aases hytte

Kulsvierpigen Aase er ved at binde en humleranke op uden for sin hytte i skoven. Kongens tjener, Rane, der er på jagt i skoven, gør kur til Aase, men hun afviser hans tilnærmelser.

Kong Erik, der har overværet slutningen af samtalen mellem Aase og Rane, træder ind, og Rane forstår, at også kongen efterstræber Aase og dermed – endnu en gang – viser sin magt over for Rane. Kongen forlanger at være alene med Aase.

Kongen forsikrer Aase om sin kærlighed og lokker hende til at følge med sig op til slottet, hvor han lover hende smykker og anden herlighed. Aase betoner sin ydmyge herkomst

og manglende kendskab til hoffets pragt, men giver til slut efter for kongens tilnærmelser. De drager sammen med de øvrige jægere til fest på slottet. Festklædte svende og piger drager syngende af sted på vej til dans og spil.

På Skanderborg Slot

Aase er overvædet af pragten på slottet, hvor der gøres klar til dans. Marsk Stig og fru Ingeborg ankommer i salen. Marsken er på vej i krig for kongen mod den svenske hær. Før han drager af sted, overlader han sin hustru i kongens varetægt. Kongen sværger, at han vil passe på Ingeborg, mens marsken er i krig. Ingeborg og marsken tager kærligt afsked. Aase (og Rane) bliver straks klar over, at Ingeborg nu vil overtage Aases rolle som genstand for kongens tilnærmelser. Kongen betages af Ingeborgs skønhed og byder hende straks op til dans. Rane beordres til at synges en vise som ledsagelse til dansen ("Det var sig jomfru Svanelil").

Ingeborg lader sig betage af kongen, og Rane forsøger på ny at gøre tilnærmelser til Aase, som imidlertid afviser ham. Trods sin stadige betagelse af kongen beslutter hun sig for at drage væk fra slottet, tilbage til sin ensomhed i skoven.

Kongen lades alene tilbage med Ingeborg. På afstand overværer Rane med foragt, hvordan kongen "vogter marskens skat".

Anden akt

Sal på Marsk Stigs borg

Ingeborg sidder ved væven og begræder sin skæbne. Der høres hestetrav, og Marsk Stig gør sin entré, sejrrig og fortrøstningsfuld. Han undrer sig over ikke som sædvanlig at blive mødt af sin hustru på svalegangen. Ingeborg beretter om, hvad der er hændt, og hvad Marsken har mistet: sin ære derved, at hun "er blevet dronning" – "og nu har Erik to!" Marsken vil dræbe sin hustru i raseri, men fatter medlidenhed med hende og lover i stedet at ville hævne

hendes skændsel, "selvom Danmark skal brænde i øst og i vest".

Viborg Ting

Riddere og jævne folk er samlet på tinge med kongen. Kongen hyldes, men da det rygtes, at Marsk Stig er på vej, aner mange uråd. Kongen håber, at marsken er uvidende om, hvad der er hændt. Marsken ankommer med sit krigsfølge og beretter om den vundne sejr.

Da kongen vil takke ham for hans dåd, undsiger Marsk Stig kongen og begrunder det over for den samlede skare med at kongen "har taget min liv med vold". Kongen undskylder sig med, at "hendes vilje var så god som min!"; men Marsk Stig gentager sin undsigelse "på liv og død". Den almindelige tumult mellem kong Eriks og Marsk Stigs folk ender med, at marsken forlader tinget med ordene "fordi du mig gjorde den vånde, dér skalst du visselig dø".

Tredje akt

Mørk nat; hal på Marsk Stigs borg

Rane lover marsken at lokke kongen i baghold, så Marsk Stig kan fuldbyrde sin trussel. Samtidig beretter Rane om grunden til sit had til kongen og det forestående forræderi. De sammensvorne mødes, og efter at have opregnet de ugerninger, kongen har gjort hver enkelt af dem, sværger de at ville stå sammen om den kommende udåd. De aftaler at ikklæde sig grå munkekutter og udføre handlingen Sankt Cæcilie nat.

Ingeborg og Marsk Stig drøfter deres fremtid efter ugerningen. Ingeborg varsler sin kommende død og beder samtidig Marsk Stig om at tage vare på deres døtre og søge ly på sin borg på Hjelm. De byder hinanden "tusind godnat".

Kongsgården i Viborg

Kongen og Rane er alene. Der høres jægere i baggrunden. Kongen nages af mørke tanker, ikke mindst erindringen om, da han og Rane i

en vanvidsrus brændte heden af. Kongen fortæller, at han har drømt om Ingeborg, og at han frygter marskens hævn. Rane prøver at mane de mørke tanker bort ved at lokke ham med på den forestående jagt. Det lykkes til sidst, og Rane kan triumferende se, hvordan kongen styrter af sted under råbet "elskov og jagt er livets fest".

Fjerde akt

Et sted i skoven

De sammensvorne mødes med marsken og venter på Rane, som skal lokke kongen i baghold. Da Rane ikke kommer, beslutter de selv at drage til Finderup, som Rane på forhånd har udpeget som gerningsstedet. Kongen og Rane farer vild i skoven. Rane lover at ville finde vej, mens kongen går på elskovseventyr i den nærliggende hytte.

Aases hytte i skoven

Aase hører hestetrav i det fjerne og øjner en gruppe kutteklædte mænd.

Hun aner uråd, men priser sig lykkelig over at være kommet under klostrets beskyttelse i sin lille hytte. Hun knæler foran krucifikset og "beder for hver en vejfarende sjæl, som er ude i kvæld". Hun genkender kongen, der er kommet ind i hytten for at gøre kur til hende. Hun flygter men viser dog sin troskab mod ham med ordene "vogt jer for de kutter grå". Kongen følger efter hende, men glemmer sit sværd i hytten.

Et sted i skoven

Kongen forsøger forgæves at fange Aase. I en rus ser han ellepiger omkring sig. Rane vender tilbage med besked om, at han fundet den rette vej til Finderup, hvor kongen og han selv kan overnatte. De drager af sted. Aase, der har set kongen og Rane drage af sted, vender tilbage, fyldt med bange anelser. Hun ser, at kongen har glemt sit sværd, og efter at have bedt for hans liv drager hun efter dem for at give ham sværdet.

Finderup Lade

Kongen og Rane er ankommet for at søge ly for natten. Kongen er utryg, men Rane forsikrer ham om, at de er i sikkerhed for både uvejret og fjenderne. Dog ved han, at dette bliver kongens sidste blund. Kongen farer op af sin søvn og fortæller, hvordan han har set Ingeborg i sin drøm og nu igen som genfærd i et syn. I drømmen stævnede hun ham netop til Sankt Cæcilie nat.

Der høres larm uden for laden. De sammensvorne ankommer og bryder ladeporten op. Rane peger på kongens leje under halmen, og Marsk Stig træder frem og fuldbyrder sin hævn. Inden kongen segner om, erklærer han Marsk Stig for fredløs: "Fordi du Herrens salvede vog, du vorder en fredløs mand!" Kongen dør med "Ingeborg" som sit sidste ord. De fredløse kaster sig over liget, sætter ild til laden og forlader stedet.

Jægere, bønder og munke konstaterer kongen dræbt. Aase kommer ind med kongens sværd, men for

sent. Hun søger trøst i, at sværdet er formet som et kors – som en indirekte forbøn for kongen.

Almuen sammenfatter situationen i to udsagn: “Nu stander landet udi våde” og “requiem æternam dona eis, Domine!”

De medvirkende

Peter Lodahl er en af tidens førende danske tenorer og har været solist ved Det Kongelige Teater siden 2009, især i de italienske roller som for eksempel Alfredo i *La traviata* og digteren Rodolfo i *La bohème* – en rolle, han også sang over for Anna Netrebko som Mimì, da hun i 2010 gæstede Operaen. Lodahl har desuden gæstet flere af verdens mest prominente scener, såsom Musikverein i Wien, La Monnaie Operaen i Bruxelles, Teatro Real i Madrid og Teatro Colón i Buenos Aires. Peter Lodahl tiltrådte som musikchef for Copenhagen Phil i august 2019 efter tre år som festivaldirektør for Copenhagen Opera Festival.

Basbarytonen **Johan Reuter** er for tiden en af de mest efterspurgte danske operasangere verden over. Han er uddannet på Det Kongelige

Danske Musikkonservatorium og Operaakademiet i København. Fra 1996 til 2019 var han ansat i solistensemblet på Den Kongelige Opera. Siden 2000 har han sunget et utal af roller med hovedvægten på operaer af Wagner og Strauss i operahusene i byer som London, New York, Wien, Salzburg, Berlin, München, Zürich, Paris og Amsterdam. Johan Reuter har indspillet utallige CD'er, blandt andre *Tristan og Isolde* med Janowski og Nielsens *Maskarade* med Ulf Schirmer (1996) og Michael Schönwandt (2015), begge for Dacapo Records.

Den lyrisk-dramatiske sopran **Sine Bundgaard** debuterede i 1999 og blev hurtigt efterspurgt i udlandet. Hun har sunget på mange af Europas førende operascener, blandt andre Bastilleoperaen, Den Bayerske Statsopera og Zürich Operaen. Hendes brede repertoire spænder fra Mozarts heltinder, grevinde Almaviva, Donna Elvira og Elettra, til

Puccinis Liù og Verdis Desdemona samt Brittens Ellen Orford, Poulencs *La voix humaine*, titelrollen i Händels *Theodora* og Silvia i Adés' *The Exterminating Angel*. Sine Bundgaard blev i 2009 ansat som solist ved Den Kongelige Opera. Hun har modtaget flere priser, blandt andet i 2020, hvor hun modtog Reumert Prisen som Årets Sanger for Elettra og i 2005, hvor hun modtog Aksel Schiøtz Prisen.

Tenoren **Gert Henning-Jensen** er uddannet på Operaakademiet i København og på Mozarteum i Salzburg. Lige siden har han været lyrisk tenor ved Den Kongelige Opera i København. I dag synger Gert Henning-Jensen i verdens store operahuse og koncertsale. Han har optrådt på Metropolitan Operaen, Covent Garden, Staatsoper Berlin og Bastilleoperaen med dirigenter som Bernard Haitink, Giuseppe Sinopoli, James Levine og Richard Hickox.



Members of the Royal Danish Opera Chorus, Johan Reuter

Sofie Elkjær Jensens rige, lyriske sopran og store scenenærvær har gjort hende til en af sin generations førende sopranner i Skandinavien. På Det Kongelige Teater har hun blandt andet sunget Gilda i Verdis *Rigoletto*, Mimi i Puccinis *La bohème*, Susanna i *Figaros bryllup* og Pamina i *Tryllefløjten*. Sofie Elkjær Jensen er også en ledende fortolker af moderne værker og har uropført Hans Abrahamsens *Snedronningen* samt sunget Tjenerinden i Adès' *Powder Her Face*.

Bassen **Morten Staugaard** er uddannet skuespiller og har på Det Kongelige Teater medvirket i *Den kaukasiske kridtcirke*, *Matador*, *My Fair Lady* og *Jeppe på bjerget*. Han var fra 1995 til 2000 en del af ensemblet på Aalborg Teater og har medvirket i en lang række musicals og skuespil, blandt andre *The Phantom of the Opera*, *Les Misérables*, *Mary Poppins* og *Jesus Christ Superstar*. Morten Staugaard har desuden været solist

i flere operaer og har på Det Kongelige Teater medvirket i blandt andre *Tryllefløjten*, *Tosca* og Sjostakovitjs *Lady Macbeth fra Mtsensk*.

Simon Duus er uddannet fra Operaakademiet i 2011 og fra solistklassen ved Det Jyske Musikkonservatorium i 2015. Han er fast medlem af solistensemblet på Det Kongelige Teater, hvor han blandt andet har sunget Figaro i *Figaros bryllup*, Papageno i *Tryllefløjten*, Don Basilio i *Barberen i Sevilla* og Julio i Adès' *The Exterminating Angel*. Han har modtaget Årets Reumert Talentpris i 2012, Edith Allers Mindelegat og Det Danske Wagnerselskabs Bayreuthstipendium i 2013, Musik anmelder ringens Kunstnerpris i 2014 og Aksel Schiøtz Prisen i 2017.

Mathias Monrad Møller er en dansk-tysk tenor og komponist. Han er som sanger uddannet fra Hochschule für Musik Hanns Eisler Berlin og Det Kongelige Danske Musik-



Peter Lodahl, Gert Henning-Jensen

konservatorium. Mathias Monrad Møller har sunget Tamino i *Tryllefløjten* på Copenhagen Opera Festival, og han optræder ofte i oratorier og kantater af Mozart, Bach, Händel og Telemann. Han har sunget Hans Werner Henzes *Kammermusik 1958* med Echo Ensemble og Brittens *Winter Words* i Berlin og København. I 2018 modtog han Sonnings Talentpris.

Barytonen **Teit Kanstrup** begyndte sine studier på Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium og flyttede derefter til London, hvor han studerede på operaskolen under Royal Academy of Music. Han er en efterspurgt solist i oratorieværker og har desuden været engageret i forskellige mindre operakompagnier i ind- og udland, for eksempel i Mozartroller som Don Giovanni, Papageno og Guglielmo. I sæsonen 2016-17 fik han sit egentlige gennembrud på Det Kongelige Teater, blandt andet i Jake Heggies Reumert-vindende

Dead Man Walking og i titelpartiet i Händels *Julius Cæsar*.

Det Kongelige Kapel regnes for verdens ældste orkester af sin art og kan føre sine historiske rødder tilbage til 1448 til trompeterkorpset ved Christian I's hof. Mange store dirigenter og komponister har i årenes løb arbejdet med Det Kongelige Kapel, blandt andre. Richard Strauss, Igor Stravinskij, Leonard Bernstein, Sergiu Celibidache og Daniel Barenboim for blot at nævne nogle af det 20. århundredes største navne. Kapellet var i mange år også Carl Nielsens hjemsted, dels som 2. violinist og dels som dirigent. Aktiviteterne har været mangeartede, og flere er kommet til – fra CD-indspilninger til nytårskoncerter og meget mere. Det er blevet til umådelig mange koncertturneer også i udlandet, blandt andet til Wiens Musikverein i 2002 med tidligere musikchef Michael Schönwandt og violinisten Nikolaj Znaider samt Berliner Philharmonie

og Birmingham Concert Hall med Michael Boder og sopranen Magdalena Anna Hofmann i 2015. Med åbningen af Operaen i København i 2005 fik Det Kongelige Kapel en meget fin akustisk ramme til opera, ballet og koncerter.

Det Kongelige Operakor har en stolt historie i Danmark og på Det Kongelige Teater. Koret er Den Kongelige Operas rygrad, med et opera- og koncertrepertoire, der spænder fra barokværker til nye bestillinger. Koret består af 40 sangere fra mange forskellige nationaliteter. Til store forestillinger, som eksempelvis *Drot og Marsk*, udvides det faste kor med en lang række assistenter. Det Kongelige Operakor er internationalt anerkendt som et af verdens førende operakor. Sangerne i operakoret har tit flere forskellige roller i løbet af bare en enkelt forestilling, også som solister, og synger på et hav af forskellige sprog; blandt andet tysk, fransk, engelsk, italiensk, russisk og tjekkisk.

Michael Schönwandt var fra 2000 og frem til maj 2011 musikchef ved Det Kongelige Teater, hvor han har dirigeret fast siden sin debut i 1979. Sideløbende har han været chef-dirigent for Collegium Musicum siden orkestrets grundlæggelse i 1981. Fra 2010-13 var Michael Schönwandt chefdirigent for og kunstnerisk leder af Den Hollandske Radios Kammerfilharmonie i Amsterdam, og i 2015 tiltrådte han som chefdirigent for Operaen og Nationalorkestret i Montpellier. I 1987 og 1988 dirigerede han som den første skandinaviske dirigent nogensinde ved Bayreuth-festspillene, og i 1992-1998 var han chefdirigent for Berliner Sinfonie Orchester. Fra 1989 til 2000 var han DR Symfoniorkestrets 1. gæstedirigent. Michael Schönwandt, der er en anerkendt og efterspurgt dirigent i talrige internationale koncert- og operahuse, medvirker på et stort antal CD- og DVD-indspilninger, blandt andet med musik af Carl Nielsen for Dacapo Records: Alle

symfonierne på både CD og DVD, nye indspilninger af operaerne *Maskerade* på CD og *Saul og David* på DVD samt et større udvalg korsange med DR's kor; derudover blandt andet Deccas DVD-udgivelse af Wagners *Nibelungens ring* med Det Kongelige Kapel. Michael Schönwandt blev i 2011 udnævnt til Kommandør af Dannebrog.

1. sammensvorne
Søren Hossy / Imre György
2. sammensvorne
Ole Jegindø Norup /
Jens Fruergaard Otte
3. sammensvorne
Simon Schelling /
Morten Lassenius Kramp
4. sammensvorne
Lasse Christian Bach /
Tae Jeong Hwang
5. sammensvorne
Peter Steen Andersen /
Carl Rahmqvist
6. sammensvorne
Bo Glies Nandfred / Rasmus Ruge

Word-for-word translation of the Danish libretto – translator's preface

By Colin Roth

The purpose of this unsingable singers' translation is to provide an English parallel text that enables singers to see the meaning of every single word as precisely as possible, so that they can, when learning their part for a performance, get a real sense of the relative importance or insignificance of each word.

Where possible we aimed for word equivalence that keeps or parallels the consonants in the Danish original, so that the texture and sound of the words correspond to some extent, even though English vowels are, in speech, quite far removed from those of modern Danish.

The languages' common origin, explored recently by Jean Manco

('The Long and Winding Road' in *The Origins of the Anglo-Saxons*, London 2018, pp. 50-72), is visible because this is not an 'ordinary' translation which prioritises retention of the style and flow of the original. Instead, the attempt to achieve word-for-word equivalence, 'convergence', has allowed us to parallel Christian Richardt's 'mediaeval' Danish, using 'old' words from poetic sources that have fallen out of common usage, with the vocabulary of his British contemporaries, the 'Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood' and the slightly later movements associated with John Ruskin and William Morris. There were no more swains ('svende') in the late nineteenth century English and Danish countryside than there are today.

Members of the Royal Danish Opera Chorus,
Sofie Elkjær Jensen, Peter Lodahl, Johan Reuter



Drot og Marsk

1 Ouverture

FØRSTE AKT

Åben plads i skoven ved Skanderborg. I forgrunden en kulsvierhytte; i mellemgrunden et fritstående træ, Aase ved hytten, står på en træbul, ifærd med at binde en humleranke op.

2 Scene 1

AASE

Det var sig humleranken, den ville så højt på strå,
så klavred den ad gavlen, det måtte den forstå.

Tra-la-la-la-la-la!

Den grønned sig med linden, den nikked til storkens små,
den vimples sig for vinden med sine dupper grå.

Tra-la-la-la-la-la!

(standser og lytter)

Eja! Der er nok jægere i skoven!
Da fløj den vilde svane forbi i luftens blå;
Humleranken rakte sig, hun ville den svane nå.

King and Marshal

Overture

ACT ONE

An open place in the woods near Skanderborg. In the foreground a charcoal burner's hut; further back an isolated tree. Aase stands on a tree trunk by the hut, busy tying up a hop shoot.

Scene 1

AASE

It was itself the hopvine, that aimed so high on [the] straw,
so clambered it up the gable, it [the climbing] must [the vine] understand.

Tra-la-la-la-la-la!

It greened itself with [the] Linden, it nodded to the stork's small ones,
it waved itself to the wind with its tips grey.

Tra-la-la-la-la-la!

(stands and listens)

Ah, there are probably hunters in the wood!
Then flew the wild swan past in the air blue;
The hopvine stretched itself, she wanted the swan (to) reach.

(Rane i simpel jægerdragt, nærmer sig listende.)

Men nordenvinden suste, fejed den ned som en fjer.

Der lå den knækket i støvet, hun blev ej ranke mer.

(springer ned)

Tra-la-la-la-la-la!

3 Scene 2

(Rane tager Aase om livet og vil kysse hende, hun skriger.)

Ah! Ej! Bliv mig fra livet, Jørgen!
(Hun vrister sig fra ham og iler bag træet; Rane søger at fange hende.)

RANE

Brun hind, vær ikke bange! Liden Aase, lad dig fange!

AASE

Ja så sig mig, hvem I er.

RANE

Hvem jeg er? Ja ræk mig munden!
Jeg er en, der går i lunden, fanger fugle,
sanker bær,

(Rane, dressed simply as a hunter, approaches stealthily.)

But the north wind blew, swept it down like a feather.

There lay it knackered in the dust, she became no longer a vine more.

(jumps down)

Tra-la-la-la-la-la!

Scene 2

(Rane takes Aase round the waist and tries to kiss her, she shrieks.)

Ah! No! Leave me alone, Jørgen!
(She wrests herself free from him and hurries behind the tree; Rane tries to catch her.)

RANE

Brown hind, be not frightened! Little Aase, let yourself be caught!

AASE

Yes so tell me, who you are.

RANE

Who I am? Yes, lend me [your] mouth!
I am one, that roves the woods, catching birds, gathering berries,

AASE
Sanker bær! nu må jeg smile – sanker
bær med hest og hund?
Så jeg ej ved Faders mile gangeren i
grønne lund?
Fanger fuglevildt med sværde? I er mig
den rette skalk!
Så jeg ej bag humlegærde Eders svend
med høg og falk!

RANE
Du er så kold!

AASE
Da stønner jeg af hede!

RANE
Vogt dig, at ej du ægger mig til vrede!

AASE
Men I har gjækket mig og kaldt jer
Jørgen,
sagt, I var væbner! I er ingen væbner!
(Hun snor sig atter fra ham.)

AASE
Gathering berries! Now must I smile
– gathering berries with horse and
hound?
Saw I not by Father's [charcoal] stack
the steed in green woods?
Catching birdwild with sword? You are
[to] me a right villain!
Saw I not behind the hopfence your
servant with hawk and falcon!

RANE
You are so cold!

AASE
But gasp I of heat!

RANE
Watch you, that not you egg me [on] to
anger!

AASE
But you have deceived me and called
yourself Jørgen,
said you were a squire! You are not a
squire!
*(She twists herself away from him once
more.)*

RANE
Liden Aase, lad dig fange!

AASE
Slip mig!

RANE
O, vær ikke bange!

AASE
Ja så sig mig, hvem I er, sig, hvem I er,
sig, hvem I er!

RANE
Jeg har sagt dig det igrunnen.
Jeg er en, der går i lunden, fanger fugle,
sanker bær,
Men de bær, som mig behager, det er
dine læber røde!
Og det fuglevildt, jeg jager,

AASE
Slip mig!

RANE
Det er dig, du søde,

AASE
Ja så sig mig, hvem I er!

RANE
Little Aase, let yourself be caught!

AASE
Let go of me!

RANE
O, be not frightened!

AASE
Yes so tell me who you are, say, who
you are! Say, who you are!

RANE
I have told you that in fact.
I am one that roves the woods, catching
birds, gathering berries!
But the berries which [to] me appeal,
those are your lips red!
And the birdwild I hunt,

AASE
Let go of me!

RANE
That is you, you sweetie!

AASE
Yes so tell me, who you are!

RANE
Liden Aase, liden Aase, lad dig fange!

4 Scene 3

(Kong Erik Klipping, der er kommet ind under det foregående, træder frem.)

KONGEN
Ha, Rane, du vil jage
på egen hånd i dag!
(nærmer sig Aase)
Kom, smukke barn! din uskyld
er kongen til behag!

AASE
Hvad! Kongen! Jeg må blues,
af skam og frygt forgå!
(iler ind i hytten)

RANE
Snart hun er i Eriks arme,
jeg må tie med min harme!

KONGEN
Nu Rane, lad os ene –
til elskov hører to,
og disse dunkle grene
er som dens kårne bo!

RANE
Little Aase, let yourself be caught!

Scene 3

(King Erik Klipping, who has emerged during the foregoing, steps forward.)

KING
Ha, Rane, you want [to] hunt
on [your] own hand today!
(approaches Aase)
Come, pretty child! Your innocence
is the King to pleasing!

AASE
What! The king! I must blush,
of shame and fright be lost!
(rushes into the hut)

RANE
Soon she will be in Erik's arms,
I must be silent with my indignation!

KING
Now Rane, let us alone
to love belong [just] two,
and these dark branches
are like its favourite home!

RANE
Min konge, lad dig mane,
hun er så ung og frisk!

KONGEN
(heftig)
Jeg siger, rap dig Rane,
smag her min hundepisk!
(snerter ham over benet)
Spar dine helgentaler,
de klæde dig så vel –
Hvem lyder, hvem befaler?
Er ikke du min træ!?
(for sig)
Til elskovs sagte hvisken
mon al min længsel gå!

RANE
(for sig)
Ha, træ! Og hundepisken!
Dyrt skal det ord dig stå!
(går)

5 Scene 4

(Aase kommer til syne i døren.)

KONGEN
Du lader vente på dig, vakre pige!

RANE
My King, let yourself [be] admonished,
she is so young and innocent!

KING
(vehemently)
I say, hurry yourself Rane,
taste here my dogwhip!
(whips him across the leg)
Save your saintly words,
they clothe you so well –
Who listens? Who commands?
Are not you my thrall?
(aside)
To love's soft whispers
will all my longing go!

RANE
(aside)
Ha, thrall! And the dogwhip!
Dearly shall that word you stand!
(leaves)

Scene 4

(Aase appears in the doorway.)

KING
You let [me] wait for you, pretty girl!

AASE
Jeg måtte smykke mig for Danmarks
konning, –
se dette lille kors er helt af sølv!

KONGEN
Hvad siger du, om det blev helt af guld,
og med et paternosterbånd af perler!

AASE
Af guld!
Jeg kender af navn kun guldet,
det lokker med sølsom lyst,
jeg kender kun solens guldblink
og løvets gyldnen i høst!
Hver bøg i de grønne skove
har været min barndomsven,
hos hinden måtte jeg sove,
og springe omkap med den!
Jeg er en ringe kulsvierpige, herre,
min fader hedder Bent.

KONGEN
Du selv da?

AASE
Aase!

KONGEN
Hvad tykkes dig om dannerkongen, Aase?

AASE
I must pretty myself for Denmark's
King, –
See this little cross is wholly of silver!

KING
What say you, if it became wholly of gold,
and with a Paternoster band of pearls!

AASE
Of gold!
I know by name only gold,
it lures with uncanny lust,
I know only the sun's golden gleam
and the leaves' goldening in harvest!
Every beech in the green wood
has been my childhood friend,
with the hind might I sleep
and run in competition with them!
I am a humble charcoal burner's girl, Sir,
my father [is] called Bent.

KING
Yourself then?

AASE
Aase!

KING
What think you of Denmark's king, Aase?

AASE
Kongen!
Jeg kendte af navn kun kongen
til denne vårlige stund,
jeg kendte kun gærdekongen,
som smutter i grønne lund.
Jeg frygted så mægtig en herre,
jeg troede ham ej så huld, –
jeg kendte kun skovens kroner,
men ingen kroner af guld!

KONGEN
Hvor lærte du min svend at kende, Aase?

AASE
Han kom her stundom, men jeg vidste ej,
han var en ridder!

KONGEN
Bar du elskov til ham?

AASE
Elskov!
Jeg kender af navn kun elskov,
dens sølsomt dragende lyst;
jeg kender kun biens surren
om rosens svulmende bryst.
Kong Erik, se ikke på mig
med al den dræbende glød, –

AASE
The king!
I knew by name only the king
till this vernal time,
I knew only the wren,
which flies in green woods.
I feared so mighty a Lord,
I thought him not so fair, –
I knew only the trees' crowns,
but no crowns of gold!

KING
How learnt you my servant to know, Aase?

AASE
He came here sometimes, but I knew not
he was a knight!

KING
Bore you love to him?

AASE
Love!
I know by name only love,
its strangely enticing lust;
I know only the bee's buzzing
round the rose's swelling breast.
King Erik, look not at me
with all that deadly glare, –

jeg frygter, jeg kender til elskov,
jeg frygter, den bliver min død!

KONGEN

Og ved du ej, hver lyd dig undersøgt
skal elske kongen!
(kysser hende)
Hør mig, liden Aase!
Jeg så ved hove kvinder nok før nu,
mer hvid om hånd, men rødmen mere
løjjet,
men ingen kunne kysse mig som du,
og ingen havde sådan ild i øjet!
Du er så brun som lønnens unge skud,
langt mere frisk end nogen mø ved
hove,
kom til min borg og vær min elskovs
brud,
min hjertenskære fra de grønne skove!

AASE

Ak om mit øre suser
det som et mølleværk, –

KONGEN

Du ægger, du beruser,
som mjødurten stærk,

I fear I know about love,
I fear it becomes my death!

KING

And know you not, every obedient
subject
shall love the king!
(kisses her)
Hear me, little Aase!
I've seen at court women enough for now,
more white of hand, but blushing more
[with] lying,
but none could kiss me like you,
and none had such fire in eye!
You are so brown like the maple's young
shot [seed],
far more fresh than any maid at court,
come to my castle and be my love's
bride,
my heart's darling from the green woods!

AASE

Ah in my ears whistles
it like a millwork, –

KING

You aggravate, you intoxicate,
like the meadowsweet strong,

AASE

Ak, om mit hjerte bruser
det som ved havets bred!
Ja! Sviger I mig, da knuser
I min lykke, min fred,

KONGEN

(til Aase)
Min lille kulsvierpige
med øjets sorte kul,
aldrig vil jeg dig svige,
men være dig tro som guld!
Sid op nu på min ganger
hos din kongelige ven,
eller vil du det hellere,
så sid hos min ven!
I kvæld så skal du danse
i zobel og mår,

AASE

Ak, var der også bøge
i din kongelige gård!
Farvel, I svale skove,
jeg skilles med et suk, –
hvorledes skal jeg sove
foruden droslens kluk!
Farvel, min grønne glæde,
du lyse bøg, du røde røn!
Når skal jeg atter træde

AASE

Ah, in my heart roars
it like at the sea's shore!
Yes! Betray you me, then break
You my happiness, my peace,

KING

(to Aase)
My little charcoal burner's girl,
with eyes black [as] coal,
never will I you betray,
but be [to] you true as gold!
Sit up now on my steed
by your royal friend,
or would you rather,
so sit by my servant!
Tonight so shall you dance
in sable and marten,

AASE

Ah, were there also beeches
in your royal court!
Farewell, you cool woods,
I part [from you] with a sigh, –
how shall I sleep
without the thrush's cluck!
Farewell, my green happiness,
you shining beech, you red rowan!
When shall I again tread

din hal så underskøn,
Farvel, farvel, farvel I svale skove!

KONGEN

Vær tryk liden Aase, syng dit hjerte til ro.
Det gyldneste bånd
om din hals vil jeg sno!
Min lille kulsvierpige
med øjets sorte kul,
aldrig vil jeg dig svige,
aldrig, aldrig, aldrig,
men være dig tro som guld,
ja, tro som guld!

(giver hende sit jagthorn)

Se dette horn, så blankt som kildens
vove,

tag det, og råb farvel til dine skove!

Sæt det for munden!

(Hun blæser i hornet.)

(Nogle jægere viser sig.)

Se, det kalder mænd!

Og så til Skanderborg! Til fest ved hove,
til fest, ja til fest, til fest, til fest, til fest!

AASE

I grønne skove, farvel, farvel!
(begge ilsomt bort)

your hall so wonderfully beautiful,
Farewell, farewell, farewell you cool
woods!

KING

Be safe, little Aase, sing your heart to
peace

The golden-est band

Round your neck will I twist

My little charcoal burner's girl
with eyes black [as] coal,

never will I you betray,

never, never, never,

but will be [to] you true as gold,

yes, true as gold!

(gives her his hunting horn)

See this horn, as bright as the spring's
waves,

take it, and shout farewell to your woods!

Put it to [your] mouth!

*(She blows the horn. Some hunters
enter.)*

See, it calls men!

And now to Skanderborg! To celebrate
at court,

to celebrate, yes to celebrate!

AASE

You green woods, farewell, farewell!
(both hurry away)

6 Scene 5

*Scenen et øjeblik tom; lidt efter drager en
festligklædt skare almuesfolk, svende og
piger forbi under følgende kor.*

KOR

Op alle mand!

Op alle mand til dans, til dans!

Kun en gang om året lyser Sankt Hans,
Svir rundt som en top!

Byd pigerne op!

Lad dem svaje, lad dem neje, gøre hop,
hop i hop!

Kun en gang om året lyser Sankt Hans!

*(Pigerne nærme sig Aases hytte og kigge
ind ad vinduerne.)*

SOPRANER

Aase, kom med! Så skynd dig i tøjet!

Hun er der da vel?

(De banke på døren.)

Nej, fuglen er fløjet!

Eja, vi mødes i kvæld, vi mødes, vi mødes
i kvæld!

Op til dans, til dans!

ALLE

Strængen vil kalde

Scene 5

*The stage is empty for a short moment;
just after a group of merrily dressed
villagers, lads and girls pass by during
the following chorus.*

CHOIR

Up all men!

Up all men to dance, to dance!

Only one time in the year lights St Hans,
Spin round like a top!

Bid the girls up!

Let them sway, let them curtsy, do hop,
hop and hop!

Only one time in the year lights St Hans!

*(The girls approach Aase's hut and
peep in through the windows.)*

SOPRANI

Aase, come with [us]! So hurry yourself
into [your] clothes!

She is there, isn't she?

(The knock on the door.)

No, the bird has flown!

Oh, we meet at dusk, we meet, we meet
at dusk!

Up to dance, to dance!

ALL

The strings will call

med lokkende slag,
Svinger jer alle
til gryende, gryende dag!
Faklen vil spille
på zobel og mår,
fryd jer til gilde
i dankongens gård!
Skynd dig, min skat,
slid lergulvet glat!
Til dans, til dans, til dans, til dans!
selv solen får slet ikke sovet, sovet i nat!

7 Scene 6

Skanderborg Slot. Rane er ifærd med at ordne dansen, hvori kongen deltager. Aase, i en fruerpiges festlige dragt med guldkæde om brystet, skænker vin om.

AASE
Jeg kan mig slet ikke kende
i al den glans i dag,
langt mindre kan jeg kende
mit eget hjertes slag.

KONGEN
(har hemmelig forladt dansen)
Det fryder mig, når du skænker
for mig den gyldne vin,

with catchy beats,
Swing you all
until growing, growing day!
The torch will play
on sable and marten,
delight yourselves at the celebration
in the Danish king's yard court.
Hurry yourself, my darling,
wear the earthen floor smooth!
To dance, to dance, to dance, to dance
even the sun gets no sleep, sleep
tonight!

Scene 6

Skanderborg Castle. Rane is busy organising the dancing in which the King takes part. Aase, in a ladies' maid's celebratory dress, with a gold chain at her neck, goes round and pours wine.

AASE
I can myself at all not recognize
in all the glamour today,
much less can I recognize
my own heart's beat.

KING
(has quietly left the dance)
It delights me, when you pour
for me the golden wine,

det fryder mig, når jeg tænker,
den skovens blomst er min!
(går tilbage til dansen)

8 Scene 7

(Dansen afbrydes. Rane går til vinduet og ser ud. Signal fra borggården)

KONGEN
Hvem der? Vil nogen gæste os ved
festen?

RANE
(ved vinduet)
Der holde jernklædte mænd i gården!

KONGEN
Min marsk formoder jeg – jeg har ham
ventet.

RANE
En hængekarm er også med i følge!
(Marsken og fru Ingeborg komme og hilse på kongen.)

KONGEN
Vel mødt, Marsk Stig! I ser mig ud til
leding!

it delights me, when I think,
the wood's bloom is mine!
(goes back to the dance)

Scene 7

(The dancing is interrupted. Rane goes to the window and looks out. Signal from the courtyard)

KING
Who's there? Will someone visit us at
the celebration?

RANE
(at the window)
There are ironclad men in the yard!

KING
My Marshal imagine I – I have him
expected.

RANE
A hangingcarriage is also with, in train!
(The Marshal and Lady Ingeborg enter and greet the King.)

KING
Well met, Marshal Stig! You look to me
[ready] for war!

MARSK STIG

Jeg kommer for at byde jer farvel,
hæren er rede til at gå til Sverige.

KONGEN

Og vil I ikke tøve denne kvæld?

MARSK STIG

Nej, herre! Eet kun ligger mig på sinde.
Jeg haver mig i mit øje,
så kostelig en skat;
lover I mig at vogte den
både ved dag og nat?
Jeg gav både borg og fæste,
havde jeg den bag værn!

KONGEN

Jeg har så stærke gemmer
med både bolt og jern!

MARSK STIG

Jeg gav mine grønne skove,
jeg gav mit eget liv,
før hun skulle ilde fare,
min vennehulde viv!
Lover I mig at væрге
den perle klar og skær?

MARSHAL

I come to bid you farewell,
the men are ready to go to Sweden.

KING

And will you not hold back this evening?

MARSHAL

No, Sir! Nothing only lies me on mind.
I have myself in my possession,
so costly a treasure;
promise you me to watch it
both by day and night?
I would give both castle and fastness,
had I it behind [a] safeguard!

KING

I have such strong hiding places
with both bolt and iron!

MARSHAL

I'd give my green woods,
I'd give my own life,
before she should badly fare,
my gracious wife!
Promise you me to defend
this pearl clear and pure?

KONGEN

Min søster så skal hun være,
det lover jeg ved mit sværd!

MARSK STIG

(løfter hendes slør)
Min viv, fru Ingeborg!

KONGEN

Ha, ved alle helgen!
At vogte slig en skat er selv en skat!

(Marsken fører Ingeborg til en side.)

MARSK STIG

Farvel, farvel, min stolte viv,
jeg kommer, jeg kommer igen ad åre!

INGEBORG

Ak, skal vi skilles alt? – O bliv!
Mit hjerte banker så såre!

AASE

(for sig)
Hvilket blik!
I mit hjerte jeg føler et stik!
Hvilket blik!

KING

My sister thus shall she be,
that promise I by my sword!

MARSHAL

(lifts her veil)
My wife, Lady Ingeborg!

KING

Ha, by all [the] saints!
To watch such a treasure is itself a
treasure!

(The Marshal takes Ingeborg aside.)

MARSHAL

Farewell, farewell, my proud wife,
I come, I come again some day!

INGEBORG

Ah, shall we be separated entirely?
Oh stay!
My heart bangs so sorely!

AASE

(aside)
What a stare!
In my heart I feel a pang!
What a look!

Ak, nu skifte mine drømme,
ak, mine drømme,

INGEBORG

Mit gyldne belte brast i kvæld,
da jeg red kongsgården ind, –
ak, om I blev derovre,
da falmed min unge kind!
O, bliv!

KONGEN

(for sig)

Aldrig så jeg sligt et blomster,
som violen stærkt i duften!
Skær som selve aftenrøden,
når den lægger ild i luften!
Disse øjne, halvt tillukte
som en sky i månedrømme!
Disse læber!
Disse strænge, kyske læber,
dog så talende, så ømme!
Disse læber!

MARSK STIG

Vær du kun trøst, min svane hvid, vær
du kun trøst!
Jeg kommer igen, jeg kommer igen!

Ah, now shift my dreams,
ah, my dreams,

INGEBORG

My golden belt broke this evening,
when I rode the King's yard into, –
ah, if you stayed over there,
then [would] fade my young cheek!
Oh stay!

KING

(aside)

Never saw I such a flower,
like the viola strong in scent!
Shining like the very evening reddening,
when it lays fire in the air!
These eyes, half shut
like a cloud in moonlight dreams!
These lips!
These stern, chaste lips,
yet so eloquent, so loving!
These lips!

MARSK STIG

Be you only comforted, my swan white
Be you only comforted!
I come again, I come again!

RANE

(for sig)

Marshkens hustru er fortabt,

MARSK STIG

Ja! Vær du kun trøst, min svane hvid,
lad fare, lad fare suk og klage!
Når bønderne køre havren ind,
Jeg kommer med sejr tilbage.

INGEBORG, MARSK STIG, KOR

Sejr i din hånd, og sejr i din fod,
og sejr i alle dine ledemod!

INGEBORG, KOR

Med sejr du komme tilbage!

MARSK STIG

Jeg kommer med sejr tilbage!

KOR

Sejr i din hånd, og sejr i din fod,
og sejr i alle dine ledemod!
Med sejr, med sejr, du komme tilbage!

RANE

(aside)

The Marshal's wife is lost

MARSHAL

Yes! Be you only comforted, my swan
white,
let go, let go sighs and laments!
When the peasants bring the oats in,
I come with victory back,

INGEBORG, MARSHAL, CHOIR

Victory in your hand, and victory in your
foot,
and victory in all your limbs!

INGEBORG, CHOIR

With victory [may] you come back!

MARSHAL

I come with victory back!

CHOIR

Victory in your hand, and victory in your
foot,
and victory in all your limbs!
With victory, with victory, [may] you
come back!

MARSK STIG

Farvel, farvel,
min stolte viv!

(Marsken hilser Ingeborg og kongen og går. alle, undtagen kongen, trække sig mod baggrunden. Ingeborg ses viftende på svalen. Kongen, der har sat sig i højsædet med hovedet i sin hånd, rejser sig og går frem.)

KONGEN

Aldrig så jeg slig en due,
så jomfruelig en frue,
halvt en dronning, halvt en nonne –
hendes nærhed må jeg ånde!
Min ædle frue! Rygtet har sagt sandt,
da lydt det meldte os om Eders
skønhed!
Dog har det løjet – I er mer end skøn!
I er den favreste af alle favre!
Og er I dronningen for alle
Danmarks fruer og møer,
så træd en dans med kongen,
det er kun som sig bør.

INGEBORG

Ak, aldrig, ædle herre,

MARSHAL

Farewell, farewell,
my proud wife!

(The Marshal bids farewell to Ingeborg and the King and leaves. All except the King withdraw towards the back of the stage. Ingeborg is seen waving from the gallery. The King, who has been sitting on his throne with his head in his hands, gets up and steps forward.)

KING

Never saw I such a dove,
so maidenly a woman,
half a queen, half a nun –
her nearness [proximity] must I breathe!
My noble lady! Rumour has said truly,
when loudly it reported [to] us of your
beauty!
Still has it lied – you are more than
beautiful!
You are the fairest of all the fair!
And are you the queen for all
Denmark's ladies and maids,
so tread a dance with the king,
which is only as you ought [to do].

INGEBORG

Ah, never, noble Sir,

var jeg ved hove før,
al den pragt og harpeklang,
den gør mig hovedet ør,
min meste tid jeg vankede
til nonnesang med slør, –
kår Eder heller en anden
blandt Danmarks fruer og møer!

KONGEN

Nej, nej!
Og gav I himlens dronning
så mangen en rosenkrans,
så und nu Danmarks konning
en liden uselig dans!
Syng op, o Rane! Mens vi dansen
træde!

9 Scene 8

RANE

Det var sig jomfru Svanelil,
hun ville til ottesang;
da slog den havmand harpen,
så brat hun stilled sin gang.

KOR

Der er runer, ingen kan råde.

RANE

Hun ville sig til kirke gå
langs strandens våde tang,

was I at court before,
all the pomp and harpsound,
it gets my head confused,
my most time I walked
to nuns' song with veil –
choose yourself rather another
amongst Denmark's ladies and maidens!

KING

No, no!
And gave you Heaven's queen
so many rosaries,
so grant now Denmark's King
a little wretched dance!
Sing up, o Rane! Whilst we the dance
tread!

Scene 8

RANE

It was [herself] Maiden Svanelil
she would [go] to Matins;
then struck the seaman the harp,
so suddenly she stopped her way.

CHOIR

There are runes noone can read.

RANE

She would herself to church go
along the beach's wet seaweed,

døvet var hendes øre
for alt, hvad de nonner sang.

KOR
Alle klokker de klang,
alle smådreng sang,

RANE, KOR
men den jomfru
hun lytted til harpen.

RANE
Den første gang han harpen slog,
da dansede de bølger blå,
alle de snekker dansed,
som mon på havet gå.

KOR
Der er runer, ingen kan råde.

RANE
Den anden gang han harpen slog,
dansed det grønne løv,
sprang det og hvirvled,
snart lå det i støv,
i støv det lå!

KOR, RANE
Alle klokker de klang, ...

deafened were her ears
for all [what] the nuns sang.

CHOIR
All bells they rang,
all small boys sang,

RANE, CHOIR
but the maiden
she listened to the harp.

RANE
The first time he the harp struck,
then danced the waves blue,
all the ships danced,
which did upon the sea go.

CHOIR
There are runes noone can read.

RANE
The second time he the harp struck,
danced the green leaves,
sprang they and whirled,
soon lay they in dust,
in dust they lay!

CHOIR, RANE
All bells they rang, ...

RANE
Den tredie gang han harpen slog,
var Svanelil i dansen med;
hun glemte deottesange,
hun svang sig uden fred.

KOR
Der er runer, ingen kan råde.

RANE
Hun dansed bort sin kåbe blå,
hun sprang itu sin sko,
snart i den havmands arme
hun dansede bort sin tro,
ja bort sin tro.

KOR, RANE
Alle klokker de klang, ...

*(Dandsen ophører; Ingeborg iler frem i
forgrunden.)*

10 Scene 9

AASE
Kun på hende kongen stirrer,
kun hos hende er han fro!

INGEBORG
Al den lysglans mig forvirrer,
mig, der died klostrets ro!

RANE
The third time he the harp struck,
was Svanelil in the dance too;
she forgot the Matins,
she swung herself without peace.

CHOIR
There are runes noone can read.

RANE
She danced away her cape blue,
she sprang in pieces her shoes,
soon in the seaman's arms
she danced away her faith,
yes, away her faith.

CHOIR, RANE
All bells they rang, ...

*(The dance stops; Ingeborg rushes
forward to the front.)*

Scene 9

AASE
Only at her the king stares,
only with her is he happy!

INGEBORG
All this brilliance me bewilders,
me, who enjoyed the cloister's calm!

AASE
 Mig han slænger som en nælde,
 nu da liljen er ham nær!

INGEBORG
 Fjerne hovslag om mig gungrer,
 men en trolddom, men en trolddom i
 mig gror!

KONGEN
 Elskovs frygtelige vælde,
 som en brænding du mig bær!
 Ja, som en brænding du mig bær!

AASE
 Vidste han, hvordan jeg hungrer
 efter blot et fattigt ord!

INGEBORG
 Al den lysglans mig forvirrer,
 men en trolddom, men en trolddom, i
 mig groer!

KONGEN
 Ja, som en brænding,
 som en brænding du mig bær!

INGEBORG
 Men en trolddom i mig groer,
 ak, en trolddom i mig groer!

AASE
 Me he slings [away] like a nettle,
 now that the lily is him near!

INGEBORG
 Distant hoofbeats around me rumble,
 but a trolddom, but a trolddom in me
 grows!

KING
 Love's frightening power,
 like the surf you [to] me bear!
 Yes, like the surf you [to] me bear!

AASE
 Knew he how I hunger
 after just a wretched word!

INGEBORG
 All this brilliance me bewilders,
 but a trolddom, but a trolddom, in me
 grows!

KING
 Yes, like a surf,
 like the surf you [to] me bear!

INGEBORG
 But a trolddom in me grows,
 ah, a trolddom in me grows!

KONGEN
 Elskovs frygtelige vælde,
 som en brænding du mig bær!
 Skønne frue! Månens lue
 drak sin glans af Eders blik!
 Stjernen ej, stjernen ej på himlens bue
 bedre strålekilde fik!

INGEBORG
 Ja, en sælsom, mægtig lue
 flammer i Kong Eriks blik, –
 ingen fare kan mig true,
 kongelig er al hans skik, ingen fare!

KONGEN
 Rane! Skil mig af med sværmen!
 Min er druen – bort med bærmnen!

RANE
 Stolte ridd're, skønne fruere,
 ud hvor nu Sankthansblus luer!
 Faklen sig i søen spejler,
 over skoven månen sejler –
 ud hvor nattergale bygge,
 ud i lundens svale skygge!

*(På et vink af Rane drages forhænget
 tilside fra portalen, udsigten åbnes over
 søen med sankthansblus i det fjerne.*

KING
 Love's frightening power,
 like the surf you [to] me bear!
 Beautiful lady! The moon's light
 drank its glow of your look!
 The star[s] not, the star[s] not in
 heaven's bow
 [a] better light source got!

INGEBORG
 Yes, a strange, powerful light
 flames in King Erik's look, –
 no danger can me threaten,
 royal is all his custom, no danger!

KING
 Rane! Split me off from the swarm!
 Mine is the grape – away with the scum!

RANE
 Proud knights, beautiful ladies,
 out where now Saint Hans' blazes burn!
 The torch itself in the lake is reflected,
 over the woods the moon sails –
 out where nightingales build,
 out in the grove's cool shadows!

*(On a signal from Rane, the curtain at
 the back is pulled aside, revealing a
 view of the lake with midsummer eve*

Rane vender sig fra koret og opsøger Aase, som han trækker til en side.)

KOR

Dejlige syn!
Hvert blus i det fjerne
skyder lyn
som en blodrød stjerne,
dejlige syn!

RANE

Aase, skal vi følges ad?
Nu ved du, hvem jeg er!

AASE

Nej herre, jeg var aldrig glad
blandt mange mennesker!

(Rane er delt imellem koret og et pantomimisk spil med Aase, som han vil have til at følge sig.)

KOR

Og i vovernes spil
er der søjler af ild,
blinkende, bævende,
ret som når højfolket løfter sin
svævende
Hal over vang,

bonfires in the distance. Rane turns from the chorus and approaches Aase, whom he takes aside.)

CHOIR

Delightful sight!
Every blaze in the distance
shoots lightning
like a blood red star,
delightful sight!

RANE

Aase, shall we follow by?
Now know you, who I am!

AASE

No sir, I was never happy
amongst many men!

(Rane's attention is divided between the chorus and a pantomimic play with Aase, whom he wants to make follow him.)

CHOIR

And in the waves' play
are there columns of fire,
blinking, trembling,
just as when barrow folk lift their
soaring
Hall over field,

og Guds himmel er skær som en brud!
Derud! Derud til fløjternes klang!
Derud!

RANE

Hist, hvor strængelegen klinger,
svenden kækt sin pige svinger,
møer plukke urter sammen
der er lystighed og gammen!
(til Aase)
Men vi vil følges ene to
til lundens skjulesteder!

AASE

Nej, herre, jeg var aldrig glad
i ensomhed med Eder!

(Rane vender sig fra hende.)

RANE

Stolte ridd're! Skønne fruere!

RANE, KOR

Ud hvor nu Sankthansblus luer,
Ud i lundens svale skygge!
Faklen sig i søen spejler,
over skoven månen sejler,
ud i lunden!
Ud hvor nattergale bygge! ...
(Rane og koret forlader skuepladsen.)

and God's heaven is pure like a bride!
Out there! Out there to the flutes' sound!
Out there!

RANE

There, where the harp sounds,
The fellow brave his girl swings,
Maidens pluck herbs together
there is lustiness and merriment!
(to Aase)
But we will follow alone [we] two
to the grove's hidden places!

AASE

No, sir, I was never happy
on my own with you!

(Rane turns away from her.)

RANE

Proud knights! Beautiful ladies!

RANE, CHOIR

Out where now Saint Hans' blazes burn,
Out in the grove's cool shadows!
The torch itself in the lake is reflected,
over the woods the moon sails,
out in the grove!
Out where nightingales build! ...
(Rane and the chorus leave the stage.)

1.1 Scene 10

(Kongen i forgrunden, for sig)

KONGEN

I din sans, i dit sind
vil jeg liste mig ind!
Gennem borgenes led
vil jeg følge dit fjed!
Hos din hængende karm
vil jeg ride mig varm!
I den grønneste lund,
på den lønligste vej,
i dit dybeste blund
skal du drømme om mig!
Vent! Vent! før somren er omme,
jeg tør i dit fruerbur komme, jeg tør i dit
fruerbur komme!

*(Kongen går mod baggrunden til
Ingeborg.)*

AASE

Bort fra denne falske kyst
til de store, stille skove!
Bort fra denne korte lyst, –
kunne jeg med fred blot sove!
*(Hun bryder kæden itu og lægger den
ved kongens bæger.)*
Falske guld! Din glans jeg hader, –
nordpå, nordpå med min fader!
(bort)

80

Scene 10

(The King, at the front, aside)

KING

In your sense, in your mind,
will I creep myself in!
Through the castles' gates
will I follow your step!
By your hanging carriage
will I ride myself warm!
In the greenest grove,
on the secret way,
in your deepest nap
shall you dream about me!
Wait, wait! Before summer is over,
I dare in your ladybower [to] come, I dare
in your ladybower [to] come!

*(The King goes towards the back of the
stage, to Ingeborg.)*

AASE

Away from this false coast
to the great, still woods!
Away from this short lust, –
could I with peace just sleep!
*(She breaks the chain into pieces and
lays them by the King's beaker.)*
False gold! Your gleam I hate, –
northwards, northwards with my father!
(off)

*(Kongen kommer med Ingeborg fra
baggrunden.)*

KONGEN

Se, hvor himlens skyer røde
fra den sommerlige kvæld,
strømme morgenens imøde
i det samme purpurvæld!

INGEBORG

Mig tykkes, jeg er en anden,
end den jeg var igår!

KONGEN

O, se de skyer røde, –
er det dawning eller kvæld?

INGEBORG

Mit hjerte gøres mig bange,
jeg ved ej selv hvorfor!
Mig tykkes, jeg er en anden,
end den jeg var igår!

KONGEN

O kom, – og lad os drømme
hist, hvor lindegangens ømme sanger
fløjter sit farvel!
Kom! lad os vandre
fjernt fra de andre,
nyde de roser, som tændes i nat!

*(The King comes forward with
Ingeborg.)*

KING

See, how the heavens' clouds reddened
from the summery eve,
stream the morning's to meet
in the same purple wealth!

INGEBORG

I feel, I am another,
than that I was yesterday!

KING

O, see those clouds reddened, –
is it dawning or dusk?

INGEBORG

My heart is made frightened,
I know not myself why!
I feel, I am another,
than that I was yesterday!

KING

O come, – and let us dream
there, where the linden avenue's tender
songster
flutes its farewell!
Come! Let us wander
far from the others,

81

Strålende lilje,
vær mig til vilje!
(Kongen tager hendes arm og fører hende ud.)

RANE
Ha, hvor han vogter marskens skat!
(lister efter dem)

KOR
(udenfor)
Ud hvor nattegale bygge,
ud i lundens svale skygge,

enjoy the roses, which burn in the night!
Shining lily,
yield to my desire!
(The King takes her arm and leads her out.)

RANE
Ah, how he watches the Marshal's
treasure!
(steals after them)

CHOIR
(outside)
Out where nightingales build,
out in the grove's cool shadows.

CD 2

ANDEN AKT

Sal på Marsk Stigs borg. Fru Ingeborg ved væven med sine terner.

1 Scene 11

TERNER
Den frue sidder på borgen, så mangt
der hun sørger.

INGEBORG
Væv I kun hjort, væv I kun hind,
jeg væver alle mine tårer ind,
mine tårer ind.

TERNER
Den frue sidder på borgen, så mangt
der hun sørger.

INGEBORG
Væv I den hellige jomfru skær,
jeg væver et lin til min jordefærd,

TERNER
Den frue sidder på borgen, så mangt
(Ternerne iler til svalen.)

KOR UDENFOR
De komme, de komme,

ACT TWO

Marshal Stig's castle hall. Lady Ingeborg at a loom, with her handmaidens.

Scene 11

HANDMAIDENS
The Lady sits in the castle, so much
there she grieves.

INGEBORG
Weave you only hart, weave you only
hind,
I weave all my tears in,
my tears in.

HANDMAIDENS
The Lady sits in the castle, so much
there she grieves.

INGEBORG
Weave you the holy Maiden pure,
I weave a linen [shroud] for my earthly
end,

HANDMAIDENS
The Lady sits in the castle, so much *(The handmaidens hurry to the gallery.)*

CHOIR OUTSIDE
They come, they come,

de komme i dundrende trav,
nu svinge de rundt
om den yderste grav,
de komme, de komme!

INGEBORG

(rejser sig)

Ha, var det sandt?

(lytter)

Der sprang hans sorte ganger!
Er domsbasunen mere frygtelig!
Han lever, og han er der!
Hvor kan jeg gennemleve dette nu!
Du kolde tavshed, råb ham
en tvivl i hu!
Du golde tomhed, fyld ham
med lønlig gru!
*(Hun går. Ternerne bliver i ængstelig
forventning.)*

they come in a thundering trot,
now swing they round
round the furthest trench,
they come, they come!

INGEBORG

(gets up)

Ah, was that true?

(listens)

There sprang his black steed!
Is Doom's trombone more frightening!
He lives, and he is there!
How can I survive this moment!
You cold silence, shout [to] him
a doubt in [his] mind!
You barren emptiness, fill him
with secret horror!
*(She goes out. The handmaidens stay
on, apprehensively.)*

MARSK STIG

Tyst med den larm!

Hvor er fru Ingeborg?

*(Ved hans spørgsmål forlader ternerne
frygtsomt skuepladsen.)*

Hvi var hun ej på svalen?

Hvi vifted ej det hvide klæde mod mig
som ellers, når min ganger sprang på
broen?

Hvor er de alle? Hvorfor denne tomhed?

(Han støder et vindue op.)

Her er så trykkende!

*(Marsken ved vinduet; fru Ingeborg
kommer langsomt. Marsken vil ile
hende imøde, men standser.)*

Hvi tier du, min hustru kær,

hvi flyver du mig ikke nær?

Hvi breder du ej armen ud?

Hvi bærer du så sort et skrud?

MARSHAL

Quiet with that noise!

*(On his questions the frightened
handmaidens leave the stage.)*

Where is Lady Ingeborg?

Why was she not in the gallery?

Why waved not the white cloth towards me
as usual, when my steed sprang across
the bridge?

Where are they all? Why this emptiness?

(He shoves a window open.)

Here [it] is so oppressive!

*(The Marshal at the window; Lady
Ingeborg comes in slowly. The Marshal
hurries to meet her, but stops.)*

Why silent [are] you, my housewife brave,

why fly you [to] me not near?

Why spread you not your arms out?

Why bear you so dark a shroud?

2 Scene 12

MARSK STIGS MÆND

(Bag scenen)

Ad sund og belt,
fra spydsat telt,
fra blodig dyst vi ile
til bægerklang, til dans og sang,
hvor danske møer smile.
(Marsken kommer hurtigt.)

Scene 12

MARSHAL'S PEOPLE

(Backstage)

By Sound and Belt,
from spearset tent,
from bloody combat we hurry
to beakerclang, to dance and song,
where Danish maidens smile.
(The Marshal comes straight in.)

INGEBORG

Da Thyra ville drotten melde,

han havde tabt sin bedste skat, ak!

Da lod hun natten selv fortælle,

at det for ham var bleven nat!

MARSK STIG

Hvad tab, hvad nat?

Er ikke du min bedste skat, –

Er ikke vore døtre små

INGEBORG

When Thyra wanted the King to inform,

he had lost his best treasure, ah!

Then let she the night itself explain,

that it for him was become night!

MARSHAL

What loss, what night?

Are not you my best treasure, –

Are not our daughters small

så friske som den unge rå!
Min Ingeborg, forklar, forklar,
hvad tab, hvad nat, når dig jeg har,
når kun din skønhed, jeg kan se
hvad tab, hvad nat, når dig jeg har,
når kun din skønhed, jeg kan se!

INGEBORG
Hvad er så grimt som plettet sne!

MARSK STIG
Kun gådemulm – tal ud, tal ud
om kindens blegthed, sorgens skrud!
Hvi sukker du så såre?
Sig – er nogen død?

INGEBORG
Din ære Stig!

MARSK STIG
Min ære? Er i kampens møje
min ære blegnet til i dag, –
vil ej Kong Erik højt ophøje
den mand, som vandt ham Danmarks
sag?

INGEBORG
Ophøje! Ak, han har ophøjet!
Jeg var den stolteste frue

so fresh like the young roe [deer]!
My Ingeborg, explain, explain,
what loss, what night, when you I have,
when only your beauty I can see
what loss, what night, when you I have,
when only your beauty I can see!

INGEBORG
What is so grim as stained snow!

MARSHAL
Only dark puzzles – speak out, speak out
of the cheeks' bleachedness, grief's
shroud!
Why sigh you so sore?
Say – has someone died?

INGEBORG
Your honour, Stig!

MARSHAL
My honour? Has in battle's toil
my honour [been] paled until today?
will not King Erik raise up high
the man who won him Denmark's
cause?

INGEBORG
Up high! Ah, he has raised!
I was the proudest woman

på hele Danmarks ø;
nu er jeg bleven mindre
end selv den fattigste mø, –
nu er jeg bleven mindre
end hende, der ej har sko, –
Ve mig! Ve mig! Jeg er bleven dronning,
og nu har Erik to!

MARSK STIG
(forvirret)
Du dronning, –
(forstår hende)
Dronn – ha, ha, ha, ha!
Der brast det tågeslør! –
Hvi brast ej hjertet i mig med det
samme!
(river hende sløret fra ansigtet)

Du! Frille for den usle hund!
Gå! Gem din skam i klostret! –
Hvi traf han ej din kniv?
Hvi lyster dig at leve,
du æreløse viv?
Dø for din husbonds harme,
hvem skændsel kun du spandt! –
*(Han styrter imod hende med dragen
daggert; men ved synet af hende taber
han daggerten og synker sammen i sin
smerte.)*
Min Ingeborg, du arme,
o sig, det ej er sandt!

on the whole [of] Denmark's isle;
now am I made less
than even the poorest maid, –
now am I made less
than her that doesn't have shoes, –
Woe [is] me! Woe me! I am made queen,
and now has Erik two!

MARSHAL
(bewildered)
You queen, –
(understands her)
Qu – ha, ha, ha, ha!
There breaks the mistveil! –
Why broke not the heart in me at the
same [time]!

(tugs her veil from her face)
You! Whore for the wretched dog!
Go! Hide your shame in the cloister! –
Why met he not your knife?
Why want you to live,
you honourless wife?
Die for your husband's indignation
whom scandal only you spun! –
*(He plunges towards her with his
dagger drawn, but at the sight of her he
drops the dagger and collapses in pain.)*
My Ingeborg, you unfortunate,
o say it is not true!

INGEBORG
Slå mig Stig! (*synker ned for ham*) her
ligger jeg
som en hund for din fod!

MARSK STIG
(*løfter hende op*)
Du blev ej født til tigger,
min Ingeborg, – fat mod!
Hvi skulle den kvide hænde
min ungdoms fagre brud. –
Sig, har du elsket Erik?

INGEBORG
Nej! – Stig, ved himlens Gud!
Jeg drømte mig halvt en engel,
jeg troede mig stærk som få,
jeg leged med liljens stængel,
til blomsten i støvet lå!
Han sagde jer død i leding,
da drog han mig med vold, –
han har et kast med sit øje,
der gør al troskab kold!
Han kom, som en lyngorm kommer,
i ham af hermelin!
Gud give de bolstre hvide
var blevne mit jordelin!
Slå ham som en orm!
Brænd ham som et bulmeurtsfrø!

INGEBORG
Strike me Stig! (*collapses in front of
him*) Here lie I
like a dog before your foot!

MARSHAL
(*lifts her up*)
You were not born to [be a] beggar,
my Ingeborg, – take courage!
Why should the agony befall
my youth's fair bride. –
Say, have you loved Erik?

INGEBORG
No! – Stig, by Heaven's God!
I dreamt myself half an angel,
I believed myself strong like few,
I played with the lily's stem,
until the flower in the dust lay!
He said you died in battle,
then took he me with force, –
he has a cast with his eye,
that turns all trustworthiness cold!
He came, like an adder comes,
in disguise of ermine!
God give the bolsters white
had become my earthly linen [shroud]!
Kill him like a worm!
Burn him like a henbane's seed!

Sværg! Sværg, I vil hævne min ære,
lad mig ikke uhævnet dø,
lad mig ikke uhævnet, uhævnet dø.

MARSK STIG
Ja, et bål skal jeg tænde
i stormende blæst,

INGEBORG
(*knæler for et Mariabillede*)
Maria!

MARSK STIG
selv om Danmark skal brænde
i øst og i vest!

INGEBORG
Du himlens mø!
Hør mig, du himlens mø, Maria

MARSK STIG
Selv om Danmark skal brænde
i øst og i vest!
Ja, et bål skal jeg tænde
i stormende blæst,
selv om Danmark skal brænde
i øst og i vest!
De skal mindes og kende

Swear! Swear, you will avenge my
honour,
let me not unavenged die,
let me not unavenged, unavenged die.

MARSHAL
Yes, a fire shall I light
in the storming blast,

INGEBORG
(*kneels in front of a picture of the Virgin
Mary*)
Maria!

MARSHAL
even if Denmark shall burn
in the east and the west!

INGEBORG
You Heaven's maid!
Hear me, you Heaven's maid, Maria

MARSHAL
Even if Denmark shall burn
in the east and the west!
Yes, a fire shall I light
in the storming blast,
even if Denmark shall burn
in the east and the west!
They shall remember and know

til verdens ende,
nu rider marsken hævnens hest!

INGEBORG
Lad mig ikke uhævnet dø!
Hør mig, o, hør mig!

to the world's end,
now rides the Marshal Revenge's horse!

INGEBORG
Let me not unavenged die!
Hear me, o hear me!

3 Scene 13

*Viborg Ting. Et tronsæde til højre.
Almue, borgere og bønder komme
efterhånden under forspillet. Lidt efter
Grev Jakob med følge, Domprovst Jens
Grand med følge, senere kongen med
drabanter, sidst Marsk Stig.*

KOR
Til tings ved gamle Viborg By,
Borger og bonde!
Ret vil vi kære
i lovenes ly
for Erik, kongen hin gjæve!

GREV JAKOB MED FØLGE
Til tings ved gamle Viborg Sø,
Ridder og svende!
Vi holdt vore gangere hid under ø,
hid under ø, at hilse kongen hin gjæve!

Scene 13

*Viborg Council. A throne to the right.
Villagers, citizens and peasants come
in irregularly during the Prelude. A
little later Count Jakob with followers.
Archdeacon Jens Grand with followers,
later the King with halberdiars, lastly
Marshal Stig.*

CHOIR
To the Council by old Viborg town,
Townsmen and farmer!
Right will we appeal [to]
in the law's safe place
before Erik, the king, the formidable!

COUNT JAKOB WITH FOLLOWERS
To the Council by old Viborg lake,
Knights and servants!
We held our steeds hither, by [the]
island,
hither, by [the] island, to greet the king,
the formidable!

JENS GRAND MED FØLGE
Til tings ved gamle Viborg By,
Præster og munke!
Ret vil vi kære i lovenes ly
for Erik, kongen hin gjæve, kongen hin
gjæve!

JENS GRAND
(til Grev Jakob)
Har I hørt om marsken og hans viv?

GREV JAKOB
Guds død, det gælder kongens liv!

JENS GRAND
Giv tid, herr Greve, brug forstand;
han rammes vil af kirkens ban,
(spottende) han Erik, kongen hin gjæve!

GREV JAKOB
(spottende) Han Erik, kongen hin
gjæve!

ALL
Hil Kong Erik!
Hil Kong Erik hin gjæve!
Kong Erik, kongen hin gjæve!

JENS GRAND WITH FOLLOWERS
To the Council by old Viborg town,
Priests and monks!
Right will we appeal [to] in the law's
safe place
before Erik, the king, the formidable,
the king, the formidable!

JENS GRAND
(to Count Jacob)
Have you heard about the Marshal and
his wife?

COUNT JAKOB
God's death, that affects the King's life!

JENS GRAND
Give time, Sir Count, use [your] brain;
he ramm'd will be by the Church's ban,
(mocking) he Erik, the king, the
formidable!

COUNT JAKOB
(mocking) He Erik, the king, the
formidable!

ALL
Hail King Erik!
Hail King Erik, the formidable!
King Erik, the king, the formidable!

4 Scene 14

HEROLD

Før tinget sættes, rigens marsk
vil bringe tidende fra Sverige, –
op, hilser ham, thi sejersæl han kommer!

*(Marsk Stig med sit følge, alle
jernklædte)*

PEOPLE

Hil, hil, hil Marsk Stig, hil den sejersæle
herre!
Hil Marsk Stig!

JENS GRAND

(til Grev Jakob)
Hør! Hør, hvor de hylde ham!

KONGEN

(til Rane)
Hør! Hør, hvor de hylde ham!
Ha, Rane, jeg er ræd for denne stund!
Bag hjelmens gitter lyner der et blik,
ret som et vilddyr bag de sorte
stænger!

MARSK STIG

Jeg bringer kongen sejersbud,
fred og forlig!

Scene 14

HEROLD

Before the council sits, the land's Marshal
wants to bring tidings from Sweden, –
up, hail him, for victorious he comes!

*(Marshal Stig with his followers, all
ironclad in armour)*

PEOPLE

Hail, hail, hail, Marshal Stig, hail the
victorious lord!
Hail Marshal Stig!

JENS GRAND

(to Count Jakob)
Hear! Hear how they hail him!

KING

(to Rane)
Hear! Hear how they hail him!
Ha, Rane, I am fearful for this moment!
Behind the helmet's grill shines there a
look,
really like a wild beast's behind the black
bars!

MARSHAL

I bring the king victory's greeting,
Peace and settlement!

KONGEN

(afsides til Rane)
Ha, ved Sankt Knud!
Jeg tror, han intet aner!
(højt til marsken)
Hil Eder, ædle herr Marsk Stig!

MARSK STIG

Tag her de vundne faner,
tag nøglerne til fjendens borg og
fæste, –
snart fyrstens sendebud vil Eder gæste!

KONGEN

Tak, ædle marsk! Vel mødt ved hove!
Som aldrig før jeg er dig huld, –
min tak skal vejes op med guld
og vokse med de grønne skove!

MARSK STIG

Jeg skøtter ej om kongens gods og
guld;
Hvad her skal vejes, det er mere værd!
Jeg var dig tro! Var du mig tro, Kong
Erik?
Hvis ej – jeg vejer dig med dette sværd!

KING

(aside to Rane)
Ha, by Saint Knud!
I believe he nothing suspects!
(out loud to the Marshal)
Hail [to] you, honoured Sir Marshal Stig!

MARSHAL

Take here the won standards,
take the keys to the enemy's castle and
land, –
soon the Prince's messenger will you
visit!

KING

Thanks, honoured Marshal! Well met at
Court!
As never before I am your loyal [man], –
my thanks shall be weighed up in gold
and grow with the green woods!

MARSHAL

I care not about the king's goods and
gold;
What here shall be weighed, that is
more worth!
I was [to] you true! Were you [to] me
true, King Erik?
If not – I weigh you with this sword!

GREV JAKOB
(*til Jens Grand*)
Nu går det løs!

RANE
Hvad ende vil det tage?

KONGEN
Hvorledes, herr Marsk Stig, I truer kongen?
Rigt vil jeg bøde, har I grund til klage, – kom til jer selv!

MARSK STIG
Gå i dig selv, Kong Erik!
Hør mig, I riddere og danske mænd!
Hør mig og døm, om jeg har grund til klage!

5 Scene 15

MARSK STIG
Jeg havde mig i min urtegård et blomster fuldt af ynde;
så lidt hun kendte til trællekår, kendte hun til at synde,
hun var min lyst ved lysen dag og ved den hældende kvæld, – jeg måtte i leding fare,
sagde hende tusind farve!
Vælted sig da en edderorm

COUNT JAKOB
(*to Jens Grand*)
Now goes it loose!

RANE
What end will it take?

KING
How, Sir Marshal Stig, you threaten the king?
Richly will I pay, have you ground to complain, – come to your self!

MARSHAL
Go in[to] your self, King Erik!
Hear me, you knights and Danish men!
Hear me and decide, if I have ground to complain!

Scene 15

MARSHAL
I had, me, in my herbgarden a bloom full of grace;
so little she knew of slavery, knew she of sinning,
she was my joy by the light of day, and by the fading twilight, – I must to battle go,
said [to] her a thousand [times] farewell!
Crawled out then an adder

udi min løngangs skygge,
snoede sig om min liljevand,
gjorde skarn af min lykke!
Den orm havde kongekrone på,
og løver sprang i hans skjold, –
hør mig dannemænd: Kong Erik har taget min viv med vold!

KOR
Ve Kong Erik Klipping!
Ve Klipping!
Han er af Bengerd's æt!
Ve Klipping!

GREV JAKOB, JENS GRAND
Ve Klipping!
Han er af Bengerd's æt!
Ve Klipping!
Ve ham!
Ve ham! Bengerd's æt!

HERALD
Tyst på tinge!
Kongen vil svare!
Tyst på tinge!
Kongen vil svare!

KONGEN
Med vold, Marsk Stig?
Hvo bruger vold mod kvinder?

in my secret passages' shadows,
twisted itself around my lilywand,
made filth of my happiness!
That snake had [the] King's crown on,
and lions sprang on his shield, –
here me, Danish men: King Erik has taken my wife with force!

CHOIR
Woe King Erik Klipping!
Woe Klipping!
He is from Bengerd's line!
Woe Klipping!

COUNT JAKOB, JENS GRAND
Woe Klipping!
He is from Bengerd's line!
Woe Klipping!
Woe him!
Woe him! Bengerd's line!

HERALD
Silence at Council!
The King will answer!
Silence, Council!
The King will answer!

KING
With violence, Marshal Stig?
Who uses force against women?

Helst tav jeg kvær – men skal om sligt
vi tale,
var hendes vilje vel så god som min!

MARSK STIG

(afsides)

Ja, spot og skade følges, vil man sige –
(højt)
men nu, Kong Erik, undsagt være du,
undsagt på liv og død!

GREV JAKOB, JENS GRAND, KOR (B)
Skam og skændsel over kongen!
Ve Kong Erik! Ve ham!
Ve Klipping!

KOR (S/A)

Ha! Ve Klipping!
Skam og skændsel over kongen!
Ve ham!

KOR (T)

Ned med Stig Andersen!
Ned med marsken!
Han truer kongen,
Ned med marsken!
Ve ham!
Ned med Stig Andersen!
Ned med marsken og hans venner!

Rather silent I'd stay – but shall on such
we talk,
was her will well so good as mine!

MARSHAL

(aside)

Yes, insult and injury follow, it is said –
(out loud)
but now, King Erik, challenged are you,
challenged on life and death!

COUNT JAKOB, JENS GRAND, CHOIR (B)
Shame and scandal over the king!
Woe King Erik! Woe him!
Woe Klipping!

CHOIR (S/A)

Woe Klipping!
Shame and scandal over the king!
Woe him!

CHOIR (T)

Down with Stig Andersen!
Down with the Marshal!
He threatens the King,
Down with the Marshal!
Woe him!
Down with Stig Andersen!
Down with the Marshal and his friends!

HERALD

Fælder ham, kongens mænd!

GREV JAKOB

Så fæld først vore!

MARSK STIG

Så sagte – jeg kom ej i jern for intet!
(til kongen)
Hvor jeg dig finder herefter,
i hal eller jomfrubur, –
og var det på vildene hede,
og var det bag kirkens mur, –
hvor jeg dig finder herefter,
du Bengerd's onde frø,
fordi du mig gjorde den vånde,
dér skalst du visselig dø!

KONGEN

Jeg skal dig vel hånden binde,
mig værger dankongens magt!

MARSK STIG

Drager Eder alle til minde:
Marsk Stig haver kongen undsagt!

KONGENS MÆND

Ha, tæm hans tunge!
Vi vil se hans blod,

HERALD

Fell him, the Kings' men!

COUNT JAKOB

So fell first ours!

MARSHAL

So gently – I come not in armour for
nothing!
(to the King)
Where I you find hereafter,
in hall or maiden's bower, –
and was it on wild heath,
or was it behind the church's wall, –
where I you find hereafter,
you, Bengerd's evil seed,
because you [to] me caused that pain,
so shall you certainly die!

KING

I shall you by hand bind,
me protects the Danish king's power!

MARSK STIG

[!] Draw you all to witness:
Marshal Stig has the king challenged!

THE KING'S MEN

Ha, tame his tongue!
We will see his blood!

Fælder ham!
Slip ikke ulven løs på mark og hede!
Ned, ja ned med marsken!
Ha!

MARSK STIGS MÆND,
GREV JAKOB MED SINE MÆND
Ned med Kong Erik!
Kom kun! Kom!
Har I mod, så kom!
I fejge kongsmænd!
Skælv for marskens vrede!
Ha!

KVINDER
Han kaster kongen handsken!
Hvor vil det ende!
Ja, det lyn fra marskens øje,
hvor det vil tænde!
Ve os alle!
Ha!

JENS GRAND MED FØLGE
En kamp med ham er hellig, er hellig.
Han er den onde selv,
han er den onde selv i kongekåben,
i kongekåben!
Ha!

Fell him!
Slip not the wolf loose on field and heath!
Down, yes down with the Marshal!
Ha!

THE MARSHAL'S MEN,
(COUNT JAKOB WITH HIS PEOPLE
Down with King Erik!
Come on! Kom!
Have you courage, so come!
You cowardly king's men!
Tremble before the Marshal's anger!
Ha!

WOMEN
He throws the king [his] gauntlet!
How will it end!
Yes, the lightning from the Marshal's eye,
how it will light!
Woe [to] us all!
Ha!

JENS GRAND WITH FOLLOWERS
A battle with him is holy, is holy.
He is the Evil [one] himself,
he is the Evil [one] himself, in a king's
cape,
In a king's cape!
Ha!

*(Marsken og hans tilhængere hugge
sig igennem, fulgt af Jens Grand og
gejstligheden.)*

*(The Marshal and his henchmen cut
their way through, followed by Jens
Grand and the clergymen.)*

TREDJE AKT

*Nat. Skummel hal på Marsk Stigs borg;
Scenen svagt oplyst.*

6 Scene 16

MARSK STIG

Så lover I at lokke ham i baghold?

RANE

Det lover jeg!

MARSK STIG

Og tror I, det vil lykkes?

RANE

(dæmpet)

Jeg ved om Viborg Hede
i skovens ensomhed
en lønlig lille rede,
som ikke mange ved!
Der bag de sorte kviste
jeg har min lokkemad,
dér mødes vi med liste
i fælles hævn og had.
Alt nøjere jeg vejer,
og skikker Eder bud –
jeg tvivler ej om sejer,
når blot vi holde ud!

ACT THREE

*Night. A forbidding hall in Marshal
Stig's castle; the stage dimly lit.*

Scene 16

MARSHAL

So promise you to lure him in ambush?

RANE

That promise I!

MARSHAL

And believe you it will succeed?

RANE

(softly)

I know at Viborg heath
in the woods' isolation
a secret little nest,
which not many know!
There behind the dark twigs
I have my luringmeal,
there meet we with caution
in common revenge and hate.
All closely I [will] consider,
and send you [a] message –
I doubt not of victory,
if just we hold out!

MARSK STIG

Tak, Rane! Du opliver
min hu med dine råd! –
Kun sig mig, hvad der driver
dig selv til sådan dåd?

RANE

Ha, vil I vide grunden,
så spørg hans søster ad!
Tre gange har han lovet
mig Hedevig til brud!
Tre gange har han vovet
at fly mig narreskrud!
Ti gange fra hans side
jeg lusked som en hund, –
men hunden kan vel bide
sin hjort i grønne lund!
Jeg sanket har mit nag fra
de tusind nålesting, –
min hævn skal komme bagfra,
som lossens, spring i spring!

(Der bankes på døren – våbenklirren.)

DE SAMMENSJORNE

Marsk Stig Andersen!

RANE

Hvem der? Ha, skjul mig, Stig!
Jeg hører stemmer!

MARSHAL

Thanks, Rane! You enliven
my mind with your advice! –
Only say [to] me, what it [is that] drives
your self to such [a] deed?

RANE

Ha, will you know the grounds,
so ask his sister!
Three times has he promised
me Hedevig as bride!
Three times has he dared
to give me fool's clothes!
Ten times from his side
I slunk [away] like a dog, –
but the dog can well bite
his hart in [the] green woods!
I gathered have my grudge from
the thousand needlestings, –
my revenge shall come from behind,
like the lynx's, spring by spring!

(Banging on the door – weapons klink.)

THE CONSPIRATORS

Marsk Stig Andersen!

RANE

Who [is] there? Ha, hide me, Stig!
I hear voices!

MARSK STIG

Kun vore venner, dem, jeg stævned hid!
*(går mod baggrunden og åbner døren.
De sammensvorne træder ind.)*

RANE

(for sig, mænstrende de indtrædende)
En herlig blomsterkost af Danmarks
adel:
Drost Tuko – og Grev Jakob – Arved
Bengtsen, –
kun lutter herrer uden frygt og dadel!
(hilsende Jens Grand)
Og her en mand, som aflad har i
lommen!

MARSK STIG

Velkommen! Hver og en velkommen!

JENS GRAND

Gud signe mødet!

MARSK STIG

Ak, hvor mørkt et møde!

GREV JAKOB

Men det skal lyse op i Danmark, Stig!

MARSHAL

Only our friends, those I summoned
hither!
*(goes towards the rear and opens the
door. The conspirators come in.)*

RANE

(aside, scrutinizing those entering)
A splendid nosegay of Denmark's
nobility:
Drost Tuko – and Count Jacob – Arved
Bengtsen, –
only purely gentlemen without fear or
blame!
(greeting Jens Grand)
And here a man who indulgences has in
his pocket!

MARSHAL

Welcome! Every and each, welcome!

JENS GRAND

God bless the meeting!

MARSHAL

Ah, how dark a meeting!

COUNT JAKOB

But it shall light up in Denmark, Stig!

ARVED BENGTSEN

Ja, over Eriks lig, thi han må bløde!

ALLE

Mørket har os kaldet sammen,
Mørket vil os skille ad.
Men herinde luer flammen
af det samme stærke had,
men herinde luer flammen
af det samme stærke had!

MARSK STIG

Ja, hade vi ej alle Erik Klipping?

ALLE

Vi hade ham!

MARSK STIG

Og det er hævn, hvorefter alle tørste?

ALLE

Den ramme ham!

FØRSTE SAMMENSVORNE

Fra mig han stjal min ære
med mine fædres len!

ANDEN SAMMENSVORNE

Mig sveg han givet løfte,
min lykke til men!

ARVED BENGTSEN

Yes, over Erik's corpse, for he must bleed!

ALL

The dark has us called together,
the dark will us divide.
But here inside blazes the flame
of the same strong hate,
but here inside blazes the flame
of the same strong hate!

MARSHAL

Yes, hate we not all Erik Klipping?

ALL

We hate him!

MARSHAL

And it is revenge afterwhich all thirst?

ALL

[May] it ram him!

FIRST CONSPIRATOR

From me he stole my honour
with my fathers' estate!

SECOND CONSPIRATOR

Me betrayed he [a] given promise,
my luck to lessen!

TREDJE SAMMENSFORNE

Mig lagde han i bøder
foruden ret og skel!

RANE

Mig krænked han og håned'
fra gry og til kvæld!

GREV JAKOB

Nok, og dog kun småt tilhobe,
kun i havet som en dråbe,
men vor adel har han plyndret,
helst han vore borge søndred'!

ALLE

Hævn over ham!
Han dø med skam!

FJERDE SAMMENSFORNE

Jeg bærer på min skulder
af hans sværdsod et sår!

FEMTE SAMMENSFORNE

Min søn har han holdt fangen
nu på syvende år!

JENS GRAND

Nok, og dog kun småt tilhobe,

THIRD CONSPIRATOR

[On] Me laid he [a] fine
without right or justice!

RANE

Me insulted he and mocked
from dawn and till dusk!

COUNT JAKOB

Enough, and yet only a small thing
altogether,
only in the sea like a drop,
but our nobility has he plundered,
gladly he'd our castles sunder!

ALL

Revenge over him!
[May] he die with shame!

FOURTH CONSPIRATOR

I bear on my shoulder
of his sword's point a wound!

FIFTH CONSPIRATOR

My son has he held captive
now for the seventh year!

JENS GRAND

Enough, and yet only a small thing
altogether,

kun i havet som en dråbe,
men Guds kirke har han plyndret,
kirkens love har han søndret!

ALLE

Hævn over ham!
Han dø med skam!

SJETTE SAMMENSFORNE

Min søster har han lokket
fra hellig klosterstand!

ARVED BENGTSEN

Og mig har han sagt fredløs
på land og på vand!

MARSK STIG

Nok, og dog kun småt tilhobe,
kun i havet som en dråbe,
men min kirke har han plyndret,
og mit alter har han søndret,
og min ære har han trampet,
og min højsal har han svampet,
og mit hjerte har han såret,
og min hustru har han dåret!
*(iler ind til venstre, drager Ingeborg
frem og stiller hende frem for dem)*
Se hende, se!

only in the sea like a drop,
but God's church has he plundered,
The church's law has he sundered!

ALL

Revenge over him!
[May] he die with shame!

SIXTH CONSPIRATOR

My sister has he lured
from [the] holy cloister's community!

ARVED BENGTSEN

And me has he named outlaw
on land and on water!

MARSHAL

Enough, and yet only a small thing
altogether,
only in the sea like a drop,
but my church has he plundered,
and my altar has he sundered,
and my honour has he trampled,
and my high hall has he swamped,
and my heart has he wounded,
and my wife has he bewitched!
*(rushes to the left, drags Ingeborg for-
ward and stands her in front of them)*
See her, look!

ALLE
Hvor kummerfuld!
Hvor kummerfuld!
Så bleg som sne!
Så sort som muld,
hvor kummerfuld!

(Marsken drager sit sværd, ligeså de andre.)

MARSK STIG
Så sværger alle
med mig at stå og falde!

INGEBORG
Sværger!

ALLE
Vi sværge!

MARSK STIG
Sværg ved Sankt Knud og ved vor frue
god!

INGEBORG
Sværger!

ALLE
Vi sværge!

ALL
How careladen!
How careladen!
So bleached as snow!
So dark as mould,
how careladen!

(The Marshal pulls his sword, likewise the others.)

MARSHAL
So swear all
with me to stand and fall!

INGEBORG
Swear!

ALL
We swear!

MARSHAL
Swear by Saint Knud and by our Lady
good!

INGEBORG
Swear!

ALL
We swear!

MARSK STIG
Og ej ved Eders arne sætte fod,
og ikke færdes under grønne lide,
og ikke bænkes ved en hustrus side,
før Eders sværd er rødt af Eriks blod!

INGEBORG
Før Eders sværd er rødt af Eriks blod!

MARSK STIG
Sværger!

ALLE
Vi sværge!

RANE
Nu gælder det at handle,
og handle snildt!

SAMMENSVORNE
Nu gælder det at fange
det sjældne vildt!

RANE
Der kan da ingen lure
om hallen her?

SAMMENSVORNE
Lid trygt på disse mure,
og vore sværd!

MARSHAL
And not by your hearth to set foot,
and not walk in green hillside,
and not bench yourself by your wife's side,
before your sword is red of Erik's blood!

INGEBORG
Before your sword is red of Erik's blood!

MARSHAL
Swear!

ALL
We swear!

RANE
Now obliged [are we] to act,
and act cleverly!

THE CONSPIRATORS
Now obliged [are we] to capture
the rare wild [one]!

RANE
There can then anyone eavesdrop
on the hall here?

THE CONSPIRATORS
Just trust [on] these walls,
and our swords!

RANE
Jeg lover ham at lokke,
(til Marsk Stig)
hvor hen I ved!

SAMMENSVORNE
Fald da som ørneflokk
på byttet ned!

RANE, INGEBORG,
SAMMENSVORNE
Men klæder må I skære
som munke grå!
formummed må I være,
skal I ham slå!
Vi skal ham slå!
Slå ham!
Far ud i munkehætter,
om skov og krat,
mit fangegarn jeg sætter
Cæcilie nat!

RANE, SAMMENSVORNE
Nu til værket, munke grå!
Kutter dølg
marskens følge!

INGEBORG
Hør mig, du himlens mø,

RANE
I promise him to lure,
(to Marshal Stig)
to the place you know!

THE CONSPIRATORS
Fall then like a flock of eagles
on the target down!

RANE, INGEBORG,
THE CONSPIRATORS
But clothes must you cut
like monks grey!
disguised must you be,
shall you him slay!
We shall slay him!
Slay him!
Travel out in monks' hoods,
into wood and thicket,
my catchyarn I set
[St] Cecilia's night!

RANE, THE CONSPIRATORS
Now to work, monks grey!
Cows hide
the Marshal's followers!

INGEBORG
Hear me, you heaven's maiden,

lad straffen ikke tøve!
Lad mig ikke uhævnet dø!

SAMMENSVORNE
Hvor vi ham møde,
Erik bløde!
Ingen hvile, ingen smile,
før vi se ham i hans blod!

INGEBORG
Giv ham tornefulde veje,
Angst og ufred på hans leje!
Lad mit billed ham forfølge!
Stinge ham ved dag og nat!
Ja, til en blodig hævnens bølge
vælter ham i dybet brat!

RANE
Jeg hævnens bue spænder,
læg I så pilen på!
Jeg tvætter mine hænder,
I gode munke grå!
(med de andre)
Ingen hvile, ingen smile,
før vi se ham i hans blod!

MARSK STIG, SAMMENSVORNE
Ingen vige!
Høre det, vor frue god!

let punishment not hesitate!
Let me not unavenged die!

THE CONSPIRATORS
Where we him meet,
[may] Erik bleed!
Noone rest, noone smile,
before we see him in his blood!

INGEBORG
Give him [a] thornful way,
anguish and unrest on his lair!
Let my image him haunt!
Sting him by day and night!
Yes, till a bloody revenge's billow
overwhelms him in the deep, suddenly!

RANE
I revenge's bow stretch,
lay you so the arrow on!
I wash my hands,
You good monks grey!
(with the others)
Noone rest, noone smile,
before we see him in his blood!

MARSK STIG, THE CONSPIRATORS
Noone yield!
Hear that, Our Lady good!

MARSK STIG
Sankt Cæcilie nat!
Vi mødes brat!

ALLE
Sankt Cæcilie nat!

*(De sammensvorne forlader scenen.
Marsk Stig følger dem ud og vender
tilbage.)*

INGEBORG
Nu er min sjæl et flammehav,
tændt op af hadets kjerte,
og før han brændes op deraf,
før stilles ej mit hjerte!

7 Scene 17

MARSK STIG
(for sig)
Stærkt det går mod ufredstide!
Arme land, hvor du vil lide!
Og jeg selv! Vil jeg selv finde fred for
min fod,
for min viv, mine småpiger kære?

INGEBORG
Byg dig på Hjelm en borg så god,
der skalst du tryggelig være!

MARSHAL
Saint Cecilia's night!
We meet then!

ALL
Saint Cecilia's night!

*(The conspirators leave the stage.
Marshal Stig sees them out and
returns.)*

INGEBORG
Now is my soul a flaming sea,
lit up by hate's candle,
and until he's burned up by it,
before [then] is satisfied not my heart!

Scene 17

MARSHAL
(aside)
Strongly it goes towards unresttime!
Unfortunate country, how you will
suffer!
And I myself! Will I myself find rest for
my feet,
for my wife, my small girls dear?

INGEBORG
Build you on Hjelm a castle so good,
there shall you safely be!

Eller drag til havs!
Norriges drot er Stig Andersen huld,
han vil dig vel snekkerne skikke!
Og savner min husbond perler og guld,
din hustru savner dem ikke!
Det bæres mig for,
Sankt Cæcilie nat,
den vorder på jord min sidste!
Møder du Erik, da hils ham brat,
du hilse fra Ingeborgs kiste!
Plant ingen liljer på min grav,
de var mig for rent et følge,
kun mørke vedbend og lyng og lav,
som kan mit slegfrednavn dølge!
Kun vogte du, Stig, vore døtre små,
de blomstre som lundenes roser!
Christ give, de aldrig vandre må
om døre med tiggerposer!

MARSK STIG
Fly mig min hjelm, lad os skilles brat,
mig vorder så veg om sinde!

INGEBORG
Marsk Stig, jeg siger Eder tusind
godnat,
glem aldrig din sørgende kvinde!
Tusind godnat!

Or drag to the seas!
Norway's King is Stig Andersen's friend,
he will you probably ships send!
And miss my husband pearls and gold,
your wife misses them not!
It seems to me that,
Saint Cecilia's night,
that becomes on earth my last!
Meet you Erik, then hail him at once,
you greet [him] from Ingeborg's casket!
Plant no lilies on my grave,
they would be [for] me too pure a
follower,
only dark ivy and heather and lichen,
as can with slag's name hide!
Only watch you, Stig, our daughters
small,
they blossom like the groves' roses!
Christ give, they never wander may
through doors with begging bowls!

MARSHAL
Give me my helmet, let us part now,
I'm becoming so weak in resolution!

INGEBORG
Marshal Stig, I say [to] you [a] thousand
goodnight[s],
forget never your sorrowing woman!
[A] thousand goodnight[s]!

MARSK STIG
Tusind godnat!

8 Scene 18

En hal i kongsgården i Viborg med åben svale. Rane står ved et vindue og ser ud. Frembrydende morgen.

JÆGERE

Til hest, til hest, til hest!
I fejende blæst!
Ud over myr og hede!
(Kongen kommer og sætter sig træet og mismodig.)
Det er en lyst,
til hornets røst
de vilde dyr at bede.

RANE

Det kuler op! En frisk novemberblæst!
Men skoven luner. Skal vi sadle, herre?

KONGEN

Hvorfor er der så knapt med jægere?

RANE

O, vi er nok! De er ved hedebranden!

MARSHAL
[A] thousand goodnight[s]!

Scene 18

A hall in the royal castle in Viborg with an open gallery. Rane stands by a window, looking out. Break of morning.

HUNTERS

To horse, to horse, to horse!
In the sweeping blast!
Out over mire and heath!
(The King comes in and sits, tired and despondent.)
It is a pleasure,
to the horn's voice
the wild animals to hunt.

RANE

The wind is rising! A fresh November
blast!
But the wood shelters [us]. Shall we
saddle, Sir?

KING

Why are there so few [with] hunters?

RANE

Oh, we are enough! They are by at the
heath fire!

KONGEN

Ha! Mindes du den gang, vi brændte
heden,
da jeg i vildskab slog en brand i lyngen?
Så vidt som øjet rakte,
det flammed op af glød i glød,
klosterklokken klemte,
og himlen var så rød!
Det knitred og det knaste,
et hav af gnister blussed op,
højt over egepurlet
og trækapellets top.
Der steg et skrig af heden
fra alle fuglereder små,
rævens unger hyled
med hedelærken grå;
den gule gyvel flammed,
mens røgen vælted over land,
iben brændte vingen, –
det var en hedebrand!
Ugedag derefter
jeg skimtede den fra søens vig:
Alt var tyst og sluknet, –
heden lå lig!
Højt over dødningbåren,
over den brændte lyng og pors,
steg som et ræddeligt genfærd
et sort forkullet kors!

KING

Ha! Remember you that time we burned
the heath,
when I in wildness threw a brand in the
heather?
So wide as the eye reached,
it flamed up, glow upon glow,
the cloister clock clanged,
and the sky was so red!
It crackled and it crunched,
a sea of sparks blew up,
high over the oak brush
and the wooden chapel's top.
There rose a shriek from the heath
from all [the] bird nests small,
the fox's young howled
with the heath lark grey;
the yellow broom flamed,
while the smoke whirled over the land,
the lapwing burned [its] wings, –
that was a heath burning!
A week thereafter
I glimpsed it from the lake's cove:
All was quiet and put out, –
the heath lay, [a] corpse!
High over the deathly bier,
over the burned heather and bog myrtle,
rose like a fearsome spirit
a black charcoaled cross!

RANE
Kom, herre konge, jagten er beredt!

KONGEN
Mig tykkes, Rane, heden, som jeg
brændte,
med al dens favre fugleliv og fred,
det er min egen sjæl!

RANE
Fly slige tanker!

KONGEN
Jeg kvalte fuglesangen i mit bryst, –
ak, jeg er mæt af livet og dets lyst!

RANE
Kun onde drømme, herre, drømme,
drømme!

KONGEN
Ja, jeg har drømt om Ingeborg i nat!

*(Rane vinker ad jægerne udenfor.
Jægerne kommer og fylder
baggrunden.)*

RANE
Tys! Herre, hører I de muntre toner?
Hundene glamme, hjorten må vi jage!

RANE
Come, Sir King, the hunt is prepared!

KING
Methinks, Rane, the heath which I
burned,
with all its fair birdlife and peace,
it is my own soul!

RANE
Flee such thoughts!

KING
I quelled the birdsong in my breast, –
ah, I am tired of life and its pleasures!

RANE
Only evil dreams, Sir, dreams, dreams!

KING
Yes, I have dreamt of Ingeborg tonight!

*(Rane waves at the hunters outside.
The hunters come in, and fill the back
of the stage.)*

RANE
Hush! Sir, hear you the cheerful sounds?
The hounds clamour, the hart must we
hunt!

KONGEN
Ak, kunne jeg den blege skygge jage!
Hvor er vel marsken?

RANE
Fjernt på Hjelm, jeg tænker, –
frygt ikke ham! Han graver sig en hule,
han ved, at I har mer end tifold magt!

KONGEN
Ja, det er vist!

RANE
Hør! Hør, atter hornet kalder!
Vis verden, I er ikke ræd for marsken!

KONGEN
Ja! Ja, det vil jeg!
Hårdt imod hårdt!
Blæsten vil jage
tågerne bort!
Fly mig mit sværd!
Min pil og min bue!
Hvad skulle true
i svendenes hær?
Hør nu, hvor gangerne
stampe med hov!

KING
Ah, could I the bleached shadow hunt!
Where is then the Marshal?

RANE
Far on Hjelm, I think, –
fear not him! He digs himself a hole,
he knows that you have more than
tenfold might!

KING
Yes, that is certain!

RANE
Hear, hear, again the horn calls!
Show the world, you are not scared of
the Marshal!

KING
Yes! Yes, that will I!
Hard against hard!
The blast will hunt
the mists away!
Fly me my sword!
My arrow and my bow!
What should threaten
in the swains' army?
Hear now, how the steeds
stamp with [their] hooves!

Ud i den vilde,
den bladløse skov!

RANE, JÆGERE

Når løvet har hvisket
sit sidste farvel,
når frosten har frisket
den sorte slåen,
jag da råen,
da har du held!

KONGEN, RANE, JÆGERE

Følger mig svende!
Op alle porte!
Buen af stål
skal nå sit mål!
Lad springe,
pilen har vinge!
Se, hvor den støjler,
den prægtige sorte!
Ud i skoven!
Ud i den vilde, den bladløse skov!
Når løvet har hvisket sit sidste farvel,
når frosten har frisket den sorte slåen,
Elskov og jagt er livets fest, ja elskov!
Jag da råen!

Out in the wild,
the leafless wood!

RANE, HUNTERS

When the leaf has whispered
its last farewell,
when the frost has freshened
the black sloe,
hunt then the roe,
then have you luck!

KING, RANE, HUNTERS

Follow me swains!
Open all gates!
The bow of steel
shall reach its goal!
Let spring,
Arrows have wings!
See, how they rear,
the magnificent black one!
Out in the woods!
Out in the wild, the leafless wood!
When the leaf has whispered its last
farewell,
when the frost has freshened the black
sloe,
Love and [the] hunt are life's feast, yes
love!
Hunt then the roe!

Når løvet har hvisket sit sidste farvel,
da har du held!
Da har du held! Til hest! Til hest! Til
hest!

(Kongen iler ud, fulgt af jægerne.)

RANE

Holla!

Nu slag i slag!

Vi har kongejagt i dag!

På vagt min frænde,

jeg støver vort vildt –

kronhjorten piler,

ram ham snildt!

Holla!

(vil ile bort, men standser og lytter)

KONGENS STEMME

(udenfor)

Elskov og jagt er livets fest!

(Rane ilsomt ud)

JÆGERNE

(udenfor)

Til hest!

When the leaf has whispered its last
farewell,
then have you luck!
Then have you luck! To horse! To horse!
To horse!

*(The King rushes out, followed by the
hunters.)*

RANE

Holla!

Now blow on blow!

We have [a] kinghunt today!

On watch my friend,

I scent our wild [prey] –

the crownhart hurries,

ram him craftily!

Holla!

(about to rush off, but stands and listens)

THE KING'S VOICE

(outside)

Love and [the] hunt are life's feast!

(Rane hurries out)

THE HUNTERS

(outside)

To horse!

FJERDE AKT

Et sted i skoven. De sammensvorne med munkekapper over rustningerne om et bål. Marsk Stig på en træstub i forgrunden.

1 Scene 19

ARVED BENGTSEN
Et prægtigt ildsted!

GREV JAKOB
Havde vi blot Erik!
Han skulle få behandling som en helgen!

ARVED BENGTSEN
Ja, som Sankt Lars, Ha! Ha!

GREV JAKOB
Rag op i flammen!
Her var det, Rane stævned os
tilsammen;
han ville skikke bud!

ARVED BENGTSEN
Kom, lad os dele os og gøre udkig!

(Nogle af de sammensvorne går; de øvrige lejrer sig om bålet.)

ACT FOUR

In the woods. The conspirators, with monks' capes over their armour, around a fire. Marshal Stig rests on a tree stump in the foreground.

Scene 19

ARVED BENGTSEN
A fine fireplace!

COUNT JAKOB
Had we just Erik!
He would get handled like a saint!

ARVED BENGTSEN
Yes, like Saint Lars, Ha! Ha!

COUNT JAKOB
Rake up the flames!
Here was it [that] Rane summoned us
together;
he would send [a] message!

ARVED BENGTSEN
Come, let us divide ourselves and keep
watch!

(Some of the conspirators leave; the others settle around the fire.)

MARSK STIG

Ingeborg, min sjæl, mit hjerte,
ak, hvor lider du i nat?
Ligger du i dødsens smerte,
ligger du forglempt, forladt?
Har du storm til sjælemesser,
mens mit hævnsværd jeg hvæsser, –

(De sammensvorne kommer tilbage.)

ARVED BENGTSEN
Nej, ingen øjnes!

GREV JAKOB
Havde vi blot Rane!

FØRSTE SAMMENSVORNE
Tud lidt i hornet!

GREV JAKOB
Nej!
I kunne kalde jægere på vej
af Eriks følge!
Husk, vi må os dølgje!

ARVED BENGTSEN
Husk, vi er alle med i munkeleg!

MARSHAL

Ingeborg, my soul, my heart,
Ah, how are you tonight?
Lie you in deathly anguish,
lie you forgotten, deserted?
Have you [a] storm as soulmass,
while my revenging sword I sharpen, –

(The conspirators come back.)

ARVED BENGTSEN
No, noone [to] be seen!

COUNT JAKOB
Had we only Rane!

FIRST CONSPIRATOR
Toot [a] little on the horn!

COUNT JAKOB
No!
You could call hunters into [the] way
of Erik's followers!
Remember, we must us hide!

ARVED BENGTSEN
Remember, we are all with in monks'
gear!

ANDEN SAMMENSFORNE

Der er en hytte hist,
men ingen Rane!

MARSK STIG

Så lad os ride,
det er på tide!
Nu fod i bøjle,
og hånd på tøjle!
Lad os ride,
det er på tide, på tide!
Frisk op til Finderup!
Der er en fælde,
Rane har peget den ud!

SAMMENSFORNE

Frisk op til Finderup!
Der er en fælde,
Rane har peget den ud!

MARSK STIG,

Så lad os ride,
det er på tide!
Nu fod i bøjle,
og hånd på tøjle!
Nu kommer hævnens time,
dens dumpe klokke kime!
Til Finderup!

SECOND CONSPIRATOR

There is a hut hither,
but no Rane!

MARSHAL

So let us ride,
it is on time!
Now foot in stirrup,
and hand on bridle!
Let us ride,
it is on time, on time!
Fresh, up to Finderup!
This is a trap,
Rane has pointed it out!

THE CONSPIRATORS

Fresh, up to Finderup!
There is a trap,
Rane has pointed it out!

MARSHAL

So let us ride,
it is on time!
Now foot in stirrup,
and hand on bridle!
Now comes revenge's hour,
its dampened bells chime!
To Finderup!

SAMMENSFORNE

Ja, lad os ride,
det er på tide!
Nu fod i bøjle,
og hånd på tøjle!
Frygt ikke storm eller slud,
buk jer for marsken, I rystende elle,
til Finderup! Frisk op til Finderup!

(Alle forlader scenen. Kongen og Rane kommer ind.)

KONGEN

Et udbrændt bål, men ingen jægere!
Hvad ville du ved mosen, gode Rane?
Vi er på vildspor! Jeg er træt og
hungrig,
kold og fortumlet af den barske blæst.
(Han sætter sig træt på en træstub.)

RANE

Vent, herre konge, jeg skal vejen finde,
her ser jeg hovspor!
(afsides)
Lykkes mon min list?
Fordømt, at de er borte! hist i Hytten
jeg havde redet ham et fangegarn,

CONSPIRATORS

Yes, let us ride,
it is on time!
Now foot in stirrup,
and hand on bridle!
Fear not storm or sleet,
bow you before the Marshal, you
trembling alders,
to Finderup! Fresh, up to Finderup!

(All leave the stage. The King and Rane come in.)

KING

An outburnt fire, but no hunters!
What would you by the marsh, good
Rane?
We are on [the] wrong track! I am tired
and hungry,
cold and confused by the harsh blast.
(He sits himself, tired, on a tree stump.)

RANE

Wait, Sir King, I shall the way find,
here see I hooftracks!
(aside)
Succeed my ploy?
Condemned, that they are gone! Hither
in the hut,
I have prepared [for] him a capture yarn,

det kunne hedde, han var dræbt ved
våde, –
godt, at en edderkop har flere tråde!
(højt til kongen)
Gå I på eventyr i hytten hist!

KONGEN

(ser ud)

Ja, der er lys! Der kan vi overnatte!
(bort til højre – Rane til venstre)

2 Scene 20

Det indre af en hytte i skoven; et simpelt krusifiks, hvorunder en lille lampe brænder, til højre; til venstre noget kløvet brænde, hvorhos en liden håndøkse. Midt i bagvæggen en halvdør, til venstre en glug, hvorved Aase står og ser ud.

AASE

For hvert vindpust løvet falder,
hvilken vældig bladeregn!
Jorden sine småbørn kalder,
det er vintrens visse tegn!
Tys!
Hvem rider vel i lunde
så barsk en kvæld?
Der glammer ingen hunde,

it could be said, he was killed by
accident, –
good, that a spider has many threads!
(out loud, to the King)
Go you on adventure in the hut hither!

KING

(looking around)

Yes, there is light! There can we
overnight!
(leaves to the right – Rane to the left)

Scene 20

The interior of a hut in the woods, to the right a simple crucifix under which a little lamp burns; to the left some split firewood and a little hand-axe. In the middle of the rear wall a split door, to the left a peephole at which Aase stands, looking out.

AASE

At every windpuff the leaves fall,
What [an] enormous leafrain!
The earth its smallchildren calls,
it is the winter's certain sign!
Hush!
Who's riding in the woods
[on] so harsh an evening?
There clamour no hounds,

hvem er det vel?
Jeg hører sværde klirre,
og hestetrav!
Men kan ej gennemstirre
det tågehav!

Jo, tågesløret letter,
og grant jeg så,
de er i munkehætter,
i kutter grå!

En sælsom munkeskare,
med sværd ved lænd!
Jeg vil dog klostret vare
for ufredsmænd.

(går fra vinduet)

Godt, at jeg kom i klosterfolkets værgel!
End bedre, at de undte mig
den lille hytte her, da fader døde;
thi uden skoven kan jeg ikke leve,
hvad enten den er bladløs eller grøn!
Den gav mig fred igen, den blev min
kirke,

(vil gå, men standser)

tømret af knudret eg og lyse birke,
O, lad mig glemme ej min aftenbøn!
(knæler for crucifixet)
Jeg beder for hver en vejfarende sjæl
til vor frue mild,
og jeg beder for hver, som er ude i
kvæld:

who is that?
I hear swords clank,
and horses trot!
But can not throughstare
the sea of mist!
Yes, the mistiness lightens,
and clearly I see,
they are in monks' hoods,
in cowls grey!
A strange monks' band,
with sword by their side!
I will, though, the cloister warn
of the unrestmen.
(moves away from the window)
[It is] good, that I came to the
cloisterpeople's care!
Still better, that they allowed me
the little hut here, when father died;
since outside the wood can I not live,
whether it is leafless or green!
It gave me peace again, it became my
church,
(about to go, she stops)
timbered of knotted oak and light birch,
O, let me forget not my nightprayer!
(kneels before the crucifix)
I pray for every one wayfaring soul
to our Lady mild,
and I pray for everyone who is out this
evening:

Lad ham ej fare vild!
Gud nåde os alle i fare,
*(rejser sig, tager en mørk kåbe og
kaster om sig)*
Nu hættekåben, så afsted!
*(går og åbner den øverste halvdør, men
vender tilbage)*
Men hornet vil jeg have med!
Se dog, hvor sølvet skinner!
Det drager klostertårnet fra,
"Det kalder mænd!"
Kong Erik, ja, det kalder mænd
og minder!
(opdager kongen i den åbne halvdør)
Kong Erik!

3 Scene 21

KONGEN
Favre, søde jomfrumøde
i en stund så nattekold!
Ræk mig dine læber røde!
Ræk mig dine læber røde!

AASE
Vogt jer, herre! brug ej vold!
Ufred nok i land og rige,
Hyttens fred tør ej l svige!

Let him not lose his way!
God [have] mercy on us all in danger,
*(gets up and takes a dark cape which she
wraps around herself)*
Now the hatted cape, so off [I go]!
*(goes and opens the upper part of the
split door, but turns back)*
But the horn will I have with!
See, though, how the silver shines!
It draws the cloister door's bolt away,
'It calls men!'
King Erik, yes, it calls men
and memory!
*(recognizes the King through the open
split door)*
King Erik!

Scene 21

KING
Fair, sweet maiden, met
in a time so nightcold!
Reach me your lips red!
Reach me your lips red!

AASE
Watch yourself, Sir! Use not force!
Unrest enough in the land and country,
The hut's peace dare not you betray!

KONGEN
Liden jomfru, liden jomfru, lad dig sige!
Slå ej kors som for en trold!
*(spænder sit sværd af og hænger det
op)*
Lad i dine bløde arme
bort mig drømme denne nat!
Glemme stormens hyl og harme!

AASE
Vogt jer, herre, slip mig brat!

KONGEN
Liden jomfru,
lad dig sige!

AASE
Vogt jer, herre, slip mig brat!

KONGEN
Liden jomfru,
lad dig sige!
Jeg er vant til kys og smilen!

AASE
(griber øksen)
Jeg er vant at svinge bilen,
det har far mig lært ved milen,
jeg er ej så rent forladt!

KING
Little maiden, little maiden, don't be
obstinate!
Strike not a cross, like for a troll!
(unbuckles his sword and hangs it up)
Let [me] in your smooth arms
away me dream this night!
Forget the storm's howl and anger!

AASE
Watch yourself, Sir, let me [go] now!

KING
Little maiden,
don't be obstinate!

AASE
Watch yourself, Sir, let me [go] now!

KING
Little maiden,
don't be obstinate!
I am used to a kiss and a smile!

AASE
(grabs the axe)
I am used to swinging the axe,
that has Father me taught by the
charcoal stack,
I am not so completely left [defenceless]!

KONGEN
(kender hende)
Liden Aase!
Liden Aase, lad dig hilde, –
er det dig min due grå,
(viger tilbage mod døren)
nu jeg kender dig, du lille,

AASE
Nu jeg kender jer som få!

KONGEN
Bliv, min favre ellepige,
bliv!

AASE
I kan blive, jeg vil vige;
kun et ord jeg vil jer sige:
Vogt jer for de kutter grå!

(Aase ud gennem døren i baggrunden – kongen efter)

4 Scene 22

*Pludselig sceneforandring til skoven.
Måneskin.*

*(Aase kommer flygtende fra Kong Erik.
Han griber hendes kåbe, som hun lader
falde, hendes hvide skikkelse forsvinder*

KING
(recognizes her)
Little Aase!
Little Aase, let yourself be captured, –
is it you, my dove grey,
(retreats towards the door)
now I recognize you, you little [one],

AASE
Now I recognize you as few [others do]!

KING
Stay, my fair elfgirl,
Stay!

AASE
You can stay, I will be off;
only a word I will [to] you say:
watch you for the crows grey!

*(Aase disappears through the back
door, the King follows)*

Scene 22

*Sudden scene change to the wood.
Moonshine.*

*(Aase comes flying from King Erik. He
grabs her cape, which she lets fall;
her white shape disappears quickly*

*hurtig mellem træerne. Kongen står
alene fortumlet med hendes kåbe i
sine arme.)*

KONGEN
Hvor er hun? Er hun borte?
Drømte jeg? Sov jeg?
Er i den sorte,
den vildene skov jeg?
Aase! Ellepige! Aase!
Stil dog mit savn!
Er der flere? Kom alle!
Kom alle i min favn!
Hvor er jeg? Hvad hvirvler så sælsomt i
dans?
Ellepiger! Fang mig! Fang mig! Fang mig!
Spænd om mig den lette, den luftige
krans!
Syng, hvad I sang mig i fjor ved Sankt
Hans!
Syng, hvad I sang mig!
Jeg vildes, jeg segner,
det vorder min bane!
(synker om med et skrig)
Rane!

RANE
(viser sig i månelysen)
Nu har jeg fundet vejen, herre konge!
Til hest, til Finderup!

*between the trees. The king stands
alone, confused, her cape in his arms.)*

KING
Where is she? Is she gone?
Dreamt I? Slept I?
Am [I] in the dark,
the wild wood?
Aase! Elfgirl! Aase!
Do still my longing!
Are there more? Come all!
Come all to my embrace!
Where am I? What whirls so strangely in
dance?
Elfgirls! Capture me! Capture me! Capture
me!
Stretch around me the light, the airy circle!
Sing what you sang [to] me before, on
Saint Hans' night!
Sing what you sang me!
I'm delirious, I'm dropping,
it becomes my death!
(falls down with a cry)
Rane!

RANE
(shows himself in the moonlight)
Now have I found the way, Sir King!
To horse, to Finderup!

KONGEN
Hvad siger du?

RANE
Til Finderup!

KONGEN
Til Finderup!

*(Begge bort. Aase kommer forsigtig
spejdende.)*

AASE
Ve! De red samme vej som munkene!
Og sværdet, sværdet glemte han
derinde!
Ja, jeg beder for ham, som er ude i
kvæld,
lad ham ej fare vild!
Gud nådelig kongen bevare!
Der klang et horn, –
igen jeg kender klangen,
ha, kongens jægere!
Mit horn skal svare!
End er der tid,
end er der tid at vogte ham,
at vogte ham, at vogte ham for fare!

KING
What say you?

RANE
To Finderup!

KING
To Finderup!

*(Both leave. Aase comes in cautiously
looking around.)*

AASE
Woe! They rode [the] same way as the
monks!
And the sword, the sword forgot he
therein!
Yes, I pray for him, who is out this
evening,
let him not lose his way!
God mercifully the King preserve!
There clanged a horn, –
again I recognize the clang,
ha, the King's hunters!
My horn shall answer!
Yet is there time,
yet is there time to watch him,
to watch him, to watch him against
danger!

5 Scene 23

*Finderup Lade. Halm hist og her; en
døsig lygte. Stormen høres hvine.
Scenen et øjeblik tom, derpå kongen
og Rane.*

RANE
Her kan vi overnatte, herre!

KONGEN
Her?
Et udsøgt natteleje, må jeg sige,
indbydende for rotter!

RANE
Altid husly!

KONGEN
Åja!
Så red et leje mig i halmen,
at jeg kan sove, jeg er træt og mødig!
*(Rane lægger til rette, kongen kaster
sig ned.)*

RANE
*(for sig, idet han betragter den
slumrende)*
Nu sover han sit sidste blund,

Scene 23

*Finderup Barn. Straw here and there,
a dim light burns. The gale can be
heard whining. The stage is empty for a
moment, then the King and Rane come in.*

RANE
Here can we overnight, Sir!

KING
Here?
An outsought night resting place,
may I say,
Inviting for rats!

RANE
Still a shelter!

KING
Ah yes!
So ready a resting place [for] me in
the straw,
that I can sleep, I am tired and [weary]!
*(Rane arranges some straw, and the King
throws himself down onto it.)*

RANE
*(Rane to himself, while he watches the
slumbering King)*
Now sleeps he his last nap,

det går mod hævnens kolde stund,
snart vil de hjorten ramme,
de vilde hunde glamme!

KONGEN
(farer op)
Nej! Nej!
Jeg kan ej sove, Rane!
For stormens hvin, for lygtens skær!
Og så for mine tankers
den nattevilde hær!
Stæng ladeporten!
(sysler med porten)

RANE
Herre!
Den mand er ej af kvinde fød,
som bjælken skulle sprænge,
det har slet ingen nød!

KONGEN
Det tuder og det hviner,
som løs var hele helveds hær,
dog tykkes mig, det kimer
som til en jordefærd!

RANE
Nej, herre,

it moves towards revenge's cold time,
soon will they the hart ram,
the wild dogs clamour!

KING
(starts up)
No! No!
I cannot sleep, Rane!
For the storm's whine, for the lantern's
shine!
And then for my thoughts
the nightmarish army!
Bolt the barn door!
(busy at the barn door)

RANE
Sir!
That man is not by woman born,
who [this] beam should spring,
there's no need [to worry]!

KING
It toots and it whines,
like loose were [the] whole [of] hell's
army,
yet it seems to me that it chimes
like an earthly end!

RANE
No, Sir,

jeg kender de klokkers spil,
det er Sankt Cæcilie nat.

KONGEN
Sankt Cæcilie! Drømmen! Drømmen!
Det var den, hun stævned mig til!
Hun lå i klæder hvide
alt efter dødningskik,
da stod hun op fra båren,
slog op det brustne blik.
Hun var så hvid om kinden,
hun var så stræng om mund,
hun løfted truende fingren,
og sukked af hjertens grund;
hun sagde, hun var kommen
at fly mig helveds ild,
hun sagde:

INGEBORGS GENFÆRD
Erik, jeg stævner dig til dommen!
(forsvinder)

KONGEN
Ve mig! Rane, så du hende?

RANE
Hvor?

KONGEN
Der!

I recognize the bells' tune,
it is Saint Cecilia's night.

KING
Saint Cecilia! The dream! The dream!
It was that, she summoned me to!
She lay in clothes white
all after deathly form,
then stood she up from the bier,
struck open those glazed eyes.
She was so white of cheek,
she was so stern of mouth,
she lifted threatening the finger,
and sighed of the heart's ground;
she said she was come
to deliver me [to] hell's fire,
she said:

INGEBORG'S SPECTRE
Erik, I summon you to your doom!
(disappears)

KING
Woe me! Rane, saw you her?

RANE
Where?

KING
There!

RANE
I vildes, herre!

KONGEN
(lytter)
Tys! Hvad er det for en larm?

RANE
Det er kun stormen, der i taget rusker!

KONGEN
Nej, Rane, det er hestetrav, –
og hører du, det klirrer!
Du mindes marsken og hans mænd, –
hvor underligt du stirrer!
Hvor er mit sværd?

RANE
I glemte det
i hytten hist desværre!

KONGEN
Er ingen andre våben her?

RANE
Jo, hundepisken, herre!

KONGEN
Ha, Rane, hvor du husker vel, –

RANE
You're wild, Sir!

KING
(listening)
Hush! What is that for an alarm?

RANE
It is only the storm, that on the roof
rushes!

KING
No, Rane, it is horsetrotting, –
and hear you, it clatters!
You remember the Marshal and his men, –
how strangely you stare!
Where is my sword?

RANE
You forgot it
in the hut hither, unfortunately!

KING
Are [there] no other weapons here?

RANE
Yes, the dogwhip, Sir!

KING
Ha, Rane, how you remember well, –

så husk, jeg er din konge!
O, vær mig trofast!

RANE
Som en træ!

KONGEN
Ha, tæm din onde tunge!
O, vær mig trofast som en ven, –
jeg lover dig min søster!
Jeg giver Lolland dig til len –
Alt, alt, hvad dit hjerte lyster!
Hører du?

RANE
Ja, stormens torden!

KONGEN
Nej! Nu banker de på porten,
det er dem!
Hvordan har du stængt og stivet –
bjælken knækker jo som sivet,
de vil frem! Og jeg klamrer mig til livet, –
skjul mig, Rane, her i halmen!
Værg din herre!

RANE
Jeg skal spærre
med min glavind vejen dem!

so remember, I am your King!
O, be [to] me truefast!

RANE
Like a thrall!

KING
Ha, tame your evil tongue!
O, be [to] me truefast like a friend, –
I promise you my sister!
I give Lolland you as a loan –
All, all, what your heart lusts after!
Hear you?

RANE
Yes, the storm's thunder!

KING
No, now bang they on the gate,
it is them!
How have you bolted and stiffened –
The beam [is] knackered, yes, like the
rush,
they will come in! And I cling to life, –
hide me, Rane, here in the hay!
Protect your Lord!

RANE
I shall block
with my blade the way [for] them!

6 Scene 24

(Ladeporten springer op.)

MARSK STIG

Stat op, Kong Erik, og kom til os ud!

RANE

(peger på halmdyngen)

Kong Erik er ej her!

KONGEN

Rane, forråder du din konge!

MARSK STIG

Ha, ved Sankt Knud!

Så traf jeg dig, Kong Erik,
du Bengerd's onde frø!

Fordi du mig gjorde den vånde,
så skalst du visselig dø!

(Han gennemborer kongen.)

KONGEN

Marsk Stig, du fik din vilje,
dog siger jeg dig forsand:

Fordi du Herrens salvede vog,
du vorder en fredløs mand!

Fordi du Herrens salvede vog,
så skalst du fredløs dø!

Scene 24

(The barn gate flies open.)

MARSHAL

Stand up, King Erik, and come to us out!

RANE

(points at the straw mound)

King Erik is not here!

KING

Rane, betray you your king!

MARSHAL

Ha, by Saint Knud!

So meet I you, King Erik,
you Bengerd's evil seed!

Because you me caused that wound,
so shall you assuredly die!

(He runs the King through.)

KING

Marshal Stig, you got your will,
yet say I [to] you forsooth:

Because you the Lord's anointed have
slain,

you become a peaceless [outlawed] man!
Because you the Lord's anointed have

slain,
so shall you outlawed die!

Flakke som ravn og måge

hel vildsomt under ø!

Ingeborg!

(dør)

SAMMENSVORNE

(kaster sig over liget)

Ha! Vi vil se hans blod!

Nu er det sket, afsted! Stik ild på laden!

*(De sammensvorne og Rane styrter ud –
marsken alene.)*

MARSK STIG

Og skal jeg være en fredløs mand

og aldrig hvilested finde, –

den dåd i Finderup Lade

skal aldrig gange af minde!

*(Går. Klokker klemte. En skare
almuesfolk, kongens jægere, munke
fylde scenen – sidst Aase med kongens
sværd i hånden. Laden begynder at
blusse, først svagt, senere stærkere og
stærkere indtil slutningen.)*

KONGENS JÆGERE OG ALMUEFOLK,

KVINDER, MUNKE

Ve! Dankongen i sit blod!

Flicker like raven and gull,

wholly restless under [the] island!

Ingeborg!

(dies)

THE CONSPIRATORS

(fall upon the body)

Ha! We will see his blood!

Now is it done, off we go! Set fire to the
barn!

*(The conspirators and Rane rush out –
The Marshal is left alone.)*

MARSHAL

And shall I be a peaceless man
and never [a] resting place find, –

the deed in Finderup Barn
shall never go from memory!

*(Leaves. Bells toll. A crowd of villagers,
the King's hunters and monks fill the
stage – later Aase with the King's
sword in her hand. The barn begins to
blaze, weakly at first, then stronger and
stronger until the end.)*

THE KING'S HUNTERS AND

VILLAGERS, WOMEN, MONKS

Woe! Denmark's king in his blood!

AASE

Jeg ville bringe dig dit sværd, Kong
Erik!

Det kom for sent, men sværdet har et
kors,
det hvile på din blodbestænkte bære,
dugget af Aases tunge, bitre tåre!

KVINDER

Nu stander landet udi våde!
Gud se til os alle i nåde!

JÆGERE OG ALMUEFOLK

Nu stander landet udi våde!
Gud se til os alle i nåde!

MUNKENE

Requiem æternam dona eis, domine

AASE

Gud se til os alle i nåde!

ALLE

Amen!

AASE

I would bring you your sword, King Erik!
It came too late, but the sword has a
cross,
[may] it rest on your bloodsprinkled bier,
dewy from Aase's heavy, bitter tears!

WOMEN

Now stands the country in peril!
God see to us all in mercy!

HUNTERS AND VILLAGERS

Now stands the country in peril!
God see to us all in mercy!

THE MONKS

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine

AASE

God see to us all in mercy!

ALL

Amen!

DDD

Recorded live at Operaen, Copenhagen, on 12 April, 22 May and 25 May 2019

Recording producer: Preben Iwan

Engineering: Preben Iwan

Technical assistance: Mette Due, Sebastian Eskildsen, Martin Reinwald

Editing: Preben Iwan, Mette Due

Mix and mastering: Preben Iwan

© & © 2021 Dacapo Records, Copenhagen

Liner notes: Henrik Engelbrecht

English translation of liner notes: Colin Roth

English libretto: Colin Roth, assisted by Eskil Irminger

Proofreaders: Jens Fink-Jensen, Colin Roth

Photos p. 12: Hansen, Schou & Weller; pp. 19, 25, 35, 45, 47, and 52: © Miklos Szabo

Artwork: Studio Tobias Røder, www.tobiasroeder.com

Publisher: Danish Center for Music Publication, The Royal Library, Copenhagen

Distribution: Edition·S, www.edition-s.dk

This box set has been released in cooperation with DR (Danish Broadcasting Corporation) and the Royal Danish Theatre, www.kglteater.dk

Dacapo Records acknowledge, with gratitude, the support of Dansk Kapelmesterforening, Magister Jürgen Balzers Fond and Weyse Fonden



DR

DET KGL-TEATER

Dacapo Records is supported by the Danish Arts Foundation

**DANMARKS NATIONALE
MUSIKANTOLOGI**

Dacapo Records, Denmark's national record label, was founded in 1989 with the purpose of releasing the best of Danish music past and present. The majority of our recordings are world premieres, and we are dedicated to producing music of the highest international standards.

DACAPO

6.200006

Peter Lodahl
Johan Reuter
Sine Bundgaard
Gert Henning-Jensen
Sofie Elkjær Jensen
Morten Staugaard
Simon Duus
Mathias Monrad Møller
Teit Kanstrup

The Royal Danish Orchestra
The Royal Danish Opera Chorus
Conducted by Michael Schønwandt