
CARL NIELSEN

Maskarade

**Danish National Symphony
Orchestra and Choir**

MICHAEL SCHØNWANDT

STEPHEN MILLING · JOHAN REUTER · NIELS JØRGEN RIIIS
DÉNISE BECK · ANNE MARGRETHE DAHL · DITTE HØJGAARD ANDERSEN



CARL NIELSEN

Maskarade

Comic opera in three acts.

(1906)

Libretto by Vilhelm Andersen after Ludvig Holberg

Danish National Symphony Orchestra & Choir

Michael Schönwandt, conductor

JERONIMUS – Stephen Milling, bass

HENRIK – Johan Reuter, baritone

LEANDER – Niels Jørgen Riis, tenor

LEONARD – Stig Fogh Andersen, tenor

LEONORA – Dénise Beck, soprano

MAGDELONE – Anne Margrethe Dahl, soprano

PERNILLE – Ditte Højgaard Andersen, soprano

ARV – Christian Damsgaard, tenor

A WATCHMAN – Steffen Bruun, bass

A TUTOR – Simon Duus, baritone

A MASK-SELLER – Kristian Boland, baritone

MASTER OF THE MASQUERADES (and Corporal Mors) – Guido Paevatalu, baritone

A FLOWER-BOY – Johan Uhrskov-Bendixsen, soprano

A DOORMAN – Asger Lynge Petersen, baritone

AN OFFICER – Daniel Åberg, bass

FIVE STUDENTS, tenors – Adam Riis, Palle Skovlund, Rasmus Gravers Knive,

Lars Pedersen, Poul Emborg

A STUDENT – Adam Riis, tenor

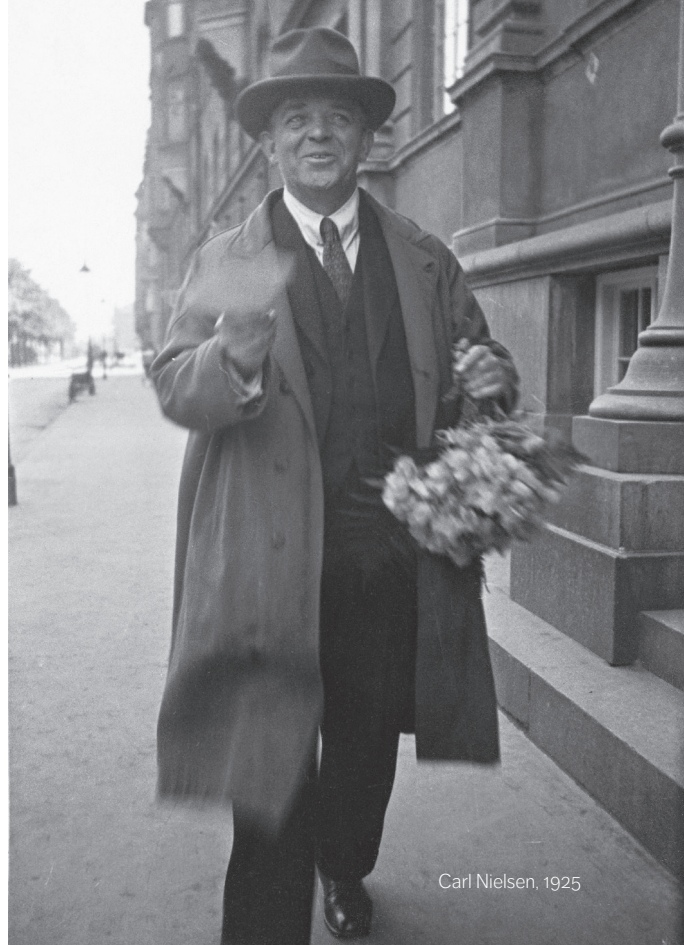
A VERY YOUNG STUDENT – Emil Lykke, tenor

YOUNG GIRLS, sopranos – Anna Carina Sundstedt,

Iben Silberg, Rikke Lender

STUDENTS, OFFICERS, YOUNG GIRLS,

MASKED PERSONS OF ALL SEXES – Danish National Concert Choir



Carl Nielsen, 1925

CD 1

		Page
ACT ONE		
1	Overture	3:59
2	"Aa ja, aa ja, ja, ja"	8:06 30
	<i>Leander, Henrik</i>	
3	"Først kommer fæl og fus"	3:34 36
	<i>Henrik</i>	
4	"Herre! I staar saa stum!"	2:41 38
	<i>Leander, Henrik</i>	
5	"Er der nogen hjemme?"	4:48 40
	<i>Magdelone, Leander, Henrik</i>	
6	"Hvad er her for Kommers?"	5:37 44
	<i>Jeronimus, Magdelone, Leander, Henrik</i>	
7	"Det Satans Spind!"	1:15 48
	<i>Jeronimus</i>	
8	"Fordum var der Fred paa Gaden"	2:29 49
	<i>Jeronimus</i>	
9	"Hr. Leonard, Herrens tilkommende Svoger"	3:29 50
	<i>Henrik, Jeronimus, Leonard</i>	
10	"Her er jeg, Husbond"	2:25 56
	<i>Arv, Jeroninus, Henrik, Leonard</i>	
11	"I dette Land"	6:29 60
	<i>Henrik, Jeronimus, Leonard, Leander</i>	
12	"hans Datter ægte"	4:28 65
	<i>Jeronimus, Leander, Henrik, Arv, Leonard</i>	
ACT TWO		
13	Prelude	4:33

14	"Hov, Vægter! Klokken er slagen otte"	3:32 76
	<i>Watchman, Arv</i>	
15	"Mellem Kande, Krus og Potte"	1:41 78
	<i>Arv, Watchman</i>	
16	"Ha-a-a! Ha-a-a! Ha!"	3:34 79
	<i>Henrik, Arv</i>	
17	"Af sted! Af sted!"	4:25 84
	<i>Students, A Student, Arv, Officers, An Officer, Young girls, Leonard</i>	
18	"Herre! Herre! Kom kun frem"	3:06 89
	<i>Henrik, Leander, Arv</i>	
19	"Men Herre, se som Venus steg af Havet"	6:58 91
	<i>Henrik, Leander, Pernille, Arv, Leonora</i>	
20	"Hør et Ord, Kavalier"	1:07 97
	<i>Pernille, Henrik</i>	
		TOTAL: 68:08

CD 2

1	"Luk op! Luk op!"	2:54 98
	<i>Arv, Jeronimus, Doorman, Mask-seller</i>	
2	"Porten er aaben!"	2:19 101
	<i>Magdelone, Leonard</i>	
3	"Se saa! Se saa! Nu er jeg ret bered"	4:40 102
	<i>Jeronimus, Arv, Mask-seller, Watchman</i>	
ACT THREE		
4	"Gaa af Vejen! Gaa af Vejen!"	2:26 105
	<i>Choir, Arv, Jeronimus, Leonard, Master of the Masquerades</i>	

5	"Studenter! Studenter! Studenter!"	4:41	108
	<i>Young Girls, Student (very young), Tutor, Flower-boy, Henrik</i>		
6	"At slig er Ungersvend i sin Tale"	1:54	112
	<i>Young Girls, Flower-boy, Leander</i>		
7	"Ulignelige Pige"	4:27	113
	<i>Leander, Leonora</i>		
8	"Min søde Balsambøsse!"	1:52	115
	<i>Henrik, Pernille</i>		
9	"Ydmygste Tjener, Madam!"	4:02	117
	<i>Leonard, Magdelone, Jeronimus, An Officer, A Student, Students, Officers, Tutor, Master of the Masquerades</i>		
10	Hanedansen (Dance of the Cockerel)	5:35	
11	"O, kom min Ven!"	1:40	120
	<i>Leonora, Leander, Henrik, Students, Jeronimus</i>		
12	"Hvis ej Jer Mine lyver slemt"	6:02	123
	<i>Henrik, Tutor, Students, Jeronimus, Arv</i>		
13	"Gør Plads! Gør Plads!" – Pantomime and Dance	5:34	128
	<i>Master of the Masquerades</i>		
14	"Hvor Bacchus er, maa Mars og Venus være"	4:15	129
	<i>Students, Tutor, Choir</i>		
15	"Du er min Ven"	5:28	133
	<i>Jeronimus, Tutor, Students, Henrik, Leonora, Leander, Master of the Masquerades</i>		
16	"Tramtrara! Tramtrara!"	6:26	138
	<i>Mors, Choir, Magdelone, Leonard, Leander, Leonora, Henrik, Pernille, Arv, Jeronimus, Students, Master of the Masquerades</i>		
17	"Kehraus! Kehraus!"	2:19	143
	<i>Choir</i>		

TOTAL: 66:48

FOREWORD by Michael Schønwandt

Carl Nielsen more or less defined the nature of the Danish song. In a wealth of songs that are known and sung by well nigh all Danes, he forged a tone that seems always to have been present in shared Danish consciousness.

And *Maskarade* builds a unique bridge between popular and elite art. Its language hits off the Danish tone exactly: at once very straightforward, colloquial, full of typical quick Danish wit, and sophisticated. Hearing Jeronimus' central song "Fordum var der fred på gaden" (Time was when our street was silent) is just like hearing one of Carl Nielsen's innumerable Danish songs. But on closer scrutiny it turns out to be much more demanding to sing, with a compass of over one and a half octaves! It would never do as a community song!

For me there is no doubt that Carl Nielsen drew inspiration for *Maskarade* from *Falstaff* and *The Mastersingers of Nuremberg* – two operas he himself had played in as a violinist in the Royal Danish Orchestra at the Royal Danish Theatre. As in the two operas, the orchestra fizzles with witty comments on the action all the way through, but the musical idiom is quite unmistakably Carl Nielsen's.

Maskarade has in fact followed me all my life. I got to know the opera when I was ten, and quickly learned every note by heart. I see that knowledge and love as a challenge to shed new light on the score every single time, in close collaboration with the director and not least the cast and musicians with their knowledge and artistic awareness.

For over a century *Maskarade* has been Denmark's national opera. And when as in this case it is performed by a scintillating array of the foremost Danish singers in 2015, you clearly sense the generations of accumulated knowledge and love of *Maskarade*. May its wealth of *joie de vivre* continue to pay tribute to love and the inextinguishable life force!

As early as the beginning of the 1890s the then newly-employed violinist in the Royal Danish Orchestra Carl Nielsen (1865-1931) was playing with the idea of writing an opera on the basis of Ludvig Holberg's comedy *Mascaraden* (The Masquerade). However, Nielsen abandoned the idea again, and his first opera, *Saul and David*, was instead based on the Old Testament. It was premiered at the Royal Theatre in 1902.

But Nielsen had not forgotten the idea of a Holberg-based opera. At first he tried out a plot based on Holberg's *Kilderejsen* (The Healing Spring). He quickly rejected this idea in favour of *Mascaraden*, which had been performed in Holberg's time at the Theatre in Lille Grønnegade (the precursor of the Royal Theatre). This comedy had last been performed at the Royal Theatre in the 1896-97 season, so many Copenhagen theatre-goers would still have a vivid recollection of it. This made the choice of a librettist all the more crucial.

Nielsen thought he had found the solution to the problem one evening at a production mounted by the University at Folketeatret, when Wilhelm Andersen, who was performing in the production, caught his eye. A contemporary of Nielsen's, Andersen (1864-1953) had his credentials in order as the winner of the Copenhagen University Gold Medal in 1891, and Nielsen now visited him with his Holberg ideas under his arm.

Andersen's imagination was fired by the project and he immediately started work on the libretto on the basis of Nielsen's synopsis. Holberg's comedy from 1724 was in three acts. Nielsen also had a three-act opera in mind, but only the first act was to be based more or less on parts of Holberg's first and second acts. The whole of Nielsen's third act was to take place inside the Masquerade House, which Holberg's play only allows us to visit during the intermezzo that concludes his first act according to these rather summary directions:

"Intermezzo, in which the masked ball is presented. In this Leander is shown to have fallen in love with a mask who is Leonora, Leonard's daughter. They both unmask, talk and give each other their rings. When this presentation has lasted quarter of an hour, the curtain falls."

Nielsen had the libretto in his possession from the spring of 1904, but only started composing around New Year 1904-05. Since April 1904 Nielsen had been acting as deputy conductor at the

Royal Theatre, but in March 1905 he was informed that as of the following season he was to be back in his post in the second-violin group of the Royal Orchestra. Nielsen had no desire to do this and therefore stepped down at the end of the 1904/05 season. The 1908/09 season, however, saw him back again, now as the Theatre's Assistant Conductor (and once again with the opportunity to conduct *Maskarade*, now as an engaged conductor, not as the composer of the work).

Since mid-November Nielsen's wife, the sculptress Anne Marie Carl-Nielsen, had been in Athens to continue her work of copying ancient sculptures at the Acropolis Museum. Her long absence was stressful to both her husband and the three children, and around 1 April 1905, after increasingly desperate letters from Carl, Anne Marie had to return with all haste to Copenhagen to unravel the complications that had arisen.

After this, the composition work could begin again. At first, for Nielsen, it was a matter of delivering the first act to the Royal Theatre, so the new opera could be approved for performance in the 1905-06 season. The ink fair copy for the first act was to be ready before the end of the season on 31 May 1905, and Nielsen managed this. On the other hand, for the Theatre's next deadline, 9 October 1905, when he was supposed to deliver the whole opera, he had to hastily compose some powerful final chords and hope that old Johan Svendsen, who had been principal conductor at the Royal Theatre for many years, would not discover that the opera was in fact not yet fully composed, or that he would perhaps turn a blind eye. He had always been kindly disposed to Nielsen. And indeed Svendsen accepted the new Holberg opera with his vote. The Theatre's textual censor, Otto Borchsenius, was extremely negative about Vilhelm Andersen's text, but fortunately declared himself willing to bow to Johan Svendsen's positive vote.

Various practical matters made it necessary to defer the premiere to 11 November 1906, and Nielsen used the time right to the end: the overture, which like the overture to Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, continues without a break into the first act of the opera, was finished six days before the premiere, and afterwards Nielsen composed a further song for Leonora's maidservant Pernille in the second act of the opera. This figure had not been given as clear a profile as her male counterpart, Leander's servant Henrik. For at Nielsen's request Andersen had given Henrik a rebellious spirit, which in truth was more appropriate to the period around the Revolution in Paris in 1789 than to Holberg's epoch half a century earlier.

The recording presented here includes the whole of Nielsen's *Maskarade* score. But already during the rehearsals for the world premiere Nielsen had to agree to tighten up Act Three with three minor cuts. The cast included not only a number of the Theatre's singers, but also some of its best singing actors, including such excellent character actors as Karl Mantzius (1860-1921) as Jeronimus and Jonna Neiiendam (1872-1938) as his wife Magdelone. In the mainly positive reviews the first act of the opera was emphasized as particularly successful.

So in the end was it Holberg's comedy or Nielsen's opera that in the long run won the favour of the Copenhagen public? The Holberg comedy was performed again a few times in the 1914/15 and 1915/16 seasons, but no more during Nielsen's lifetime. Up until the 1929/30 season the opera in its original staging saw a total of 59 performances under a succession of conductors, including Nielsen himself, and with a few varying cuts in the second and third act.

In 1931 the opera was to be restaged, still in the original scenery, but with a new director, Poul Wiedemann, and a new conductor, the Italian Egisto Tango. On the opening evening, 26 September, Nielsen was clearly troubled by the heart problems which had in fact plagued him for years, on and off. This time, though, it turned out to be more serious. On 1 October he had to be admitted in haste to the Copenhagen University Hospital, where he briefly woke up for the last time at 10 pm the next day. His death occurred around ten minutes after midnight on 3 October.

Nielsen had been helpful right to the end. Jonna Neiiendam was still scheduled to sing Magdelone in the new 1931 production. Nielsen had noticed that during the rehearsals she now seemed to be having trouble with the little solo in Act Two when the game old lady has to sneak across the street to the Masquerade. Ten days before the opening night he had therefore sent her a carefully revised version of the solo that would quietly help her out of her torment.

Is this not exactly how old friends can help one another in their time of need?

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THE PLOT OF MASKARADE

Setting: Copenhagen in 1723

Act One

In Jeronimus' house on a late afternoon

Leander and his manservant Henrik wake up after a festive evening at the playhouse opposite. Masked balls have become all the rage, and Leander tells Henrik that he has fallen love with a girl during the night's masquerade – and has even exchanged rings with her. Henrik is worried, because Leander's father has already arranged a marriage for him, and it will certainly not be a popular move if Leander does not submit to his father's very firm and not particularly progressive will.

Leander's mother, Magdelone, is not as puritanical as her husband, and reveals that she too would not mind participating in the masquerades. To the great surprise of Leander and Henrik she even demonstrates her talent for dancing and embarks on a *Folie d'Espagne*.

Jeronimus appears and is infuriated at his wife's low morality, and at his son's threat to his marriage plans. He sentences them all to house arrest and once he is left alone he sings his well known song about the terrible masquerades that have brought commotion into his normally so well-ordered existence.

The father of the planned daughter-in-law, Leonard of Slagelse, arrives – and this is particularly inopportune for Jeronimus. Leonard has come to apologize because his daughter has become infatuated with a man she met at the masquerade. The two fathers quickly agree that there is an obvious need for stricter methods of upbringing for their unpredictable children – for the word of the father should, as we know, be law!

The outdoor servant Arv is ordered to stand guard outside the house at night so no one slips out and over to the terrible masquerade. Henrik and Leander are called in to apologize to Leonard, but to everyone's amazement Henrik embarks instead on a long speech in defence of masquerades. He considers them a sorely needed bright spot in a grey, sad everyday life and as bringing liberty and equality to everyone. Jeronimus is of course in shock over his servant's lack of respect, but the less prejudiced Leonard is in fact rather attracted by Henrik's arguments.

Leander and Henrik stick to their plan to go to the masquerade that same evening – but Jeronimus will by all means possible prevent anyone from his house getting out.

Act Two

The street outside Jeronimus' house, a few hours later

The clock strikes eight, and it is thus time for the watchman to recommend all virtuous citizens to stay indoors. Arv stands guard, and Henrik slyly exploits the rather naive outdoor servant's superstition by dressing up as a ghost and frightening him into confessing all his sins – and then Henrik can easily blackmail him into letting him and Leander pass freely.

The young girl that Leander met the previous evening arrives at the masquerade in her sedan chair, and Henrik immediately begins to flirt with her servant girl, Pernille.

Jeronimus has discovered that Leander and Henrik have fled. He goes off in a rage to the theatre to find them. Unfortunately the doorman will not let him in, as he is not masked, and Jeronimus and Arv are obliged to get hold of a couple of costumes from the neighbouring booth.

But Jeronimus has forgotten to lock the door behind him, and Magdelone sees her chance to sneak across the street. She too is masked, and when she meets Leonard they do not recognize each other, and agree to go together to the masquerade. Jeronimus and Arv come rushing into the theatre, absolutely not well disguised as Bacchus and Cupid.

Act Three

To the masquerade

The masquerade is in full swing. Leander and his masked sweetheart are completely obsessed with each other, as are Henrik and Pernille ... and even Leonard and Magdelone have a flirt going – if a more decorous one. When Jeronimus arrives he thinks that he can recognize his wife in the crowd, but dismisses the thought as he considers it completely improbable that she would defy him in that way.

While the public enjoy the ballet, Henrik warns Leander that he has seen his father at the masquerade. Henrik asks for help from the fat Master of the Masquerades, and some of the participants in the masquerade chase Jeronimus around once they have discovered his hostile attitude to the project as such. The master asks them to stop and invites Jeronimus to join his party.

The exhausted Jeronimus quite clearly despises this motley gathering, but considers himself obliged to accept the offer. The master sings a hymn of homage to Bacchus, and in the process gets Jeronimus so drunk that he tries to seduce the ballerina. In the end the masqueraders take their revenge on Jeronimus; he is made to look an absolute fool, and it all comes to a head when all are ordered to drop their masks.

As the tumult dies down, the plot unravels. The mysterious young lady with whom Leander fell in love turns out (of course) to be none other than Leonard's daughter – and thus the same girl that his father wants to force him to marry. The Master of the Masquerades announces the *Kehraus* dance, and they all dance and sing the praise of the masquerade.

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THE PERFORMERS

The bass **Stephen Milling** is considered one of the world's foremost interpreters of the Wagner repertoire and enjoys regular collaborations with some of today's leading conductors including Zubin Mehta, Christian Thielemann, Sir Simon Rattle, Franz Welser-Möst, Antonio Pappano and Daniel Barenboim. He trained at the Royal Danish Academy of Music and joined the Royal Danish Opera in 1994 where he debuted in a number of roles now central to his repertoire before establishing a thriving international career. Recent performing highlights include *Tristan and Isolde* at the Staatsoper Berlin (Daniel Barenboim), *Manon Lescaut* in Valencia (Plácido Domingo), *Parsifal* at the Wiener Staatsoper (Peter Schneider) and *The Magic Flute* at the Royal Danish Opera (Rory McDonald).

Bass baritone **Johan Reuter** is currently one of the most demanded Danish singers at opera houses around the world. He studied at the Royal Danish Academy of Music and the Royal Danish Opera Academy in Copenhagen and serves now in the Royal Danish Opera Soloist Ensemble. Highlights of past seasons include *Die Frau ohne Schatten* in London, New York, Berlin, Zurich and Amsterdam, the title role of *Nabucco* at Deutsche Oper Berlin, and Wagner roles around Europe. The current season includes new productions of *Die Walküre* in Toronto, Nielsen's opera *Saul and David* in Copenhagen and *Lulu* in Amsterdam and New York. On CD Johan Reuter features in *Tristan and Isolde* with Janowski, Nielsen's *Maskerade* with Ulf Schirmer (Gramophone Award), and Schubert's *Winterreise*.

The tenor **Niels Jørgen Riis** trained at the Royal Danish Opera Academy and joined the soloist ensemble at the Royal Danish Opera, Copenhagen, in 1998. He has performed a vast number of roles through the years in, among others, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Ariadne auf Naxos*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *La Traviata* and *La Bohème*. In recent seasons he has appeared in Nielsen's *Maskerade*, *Simon*

Boccanegra and *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Niels Jørgen Riis is even an experienced concert singer in works like Handel's *The Messiah*, Mozart's Requiem and Nielsen's *Springtime on Funen*.

The Norwegian-born soprano **Anne Margrethe Dahl** is a Royal Danish Opera soloist and trained at the Royal Danish Academy of Music in Copenhagen, where she since took a Master's degree in Elite Voice Pedagogy. Anne Margrethe Dahl had her debut as Donna Anna in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* at Århus Summer Opera in 1989. She has been a part of the soloist ensemble at the Royal Theatre since 1999, and at home and abroad she has sung title roles in operas by Mozart, Puccini, Verdi, Ruders, Rossini, Langgaard, Strauss, Frandsen, Wagner and Lehár. Anne Margrethe Dahl is Head of the Royal Danish Opera Academy where she also teaches.

The tenor **Christian Damsgaard** is a versatile singer who sings opera, oratorio, art songs and cabaret tunes – from early Baroque via full-blown Romantic opera to new music. His most recent opera roles are the main character in Bo Holten's new opera *Gesualdo-Shadows*, as Juan in Massenet's *Don Quichotte* at the Danish National Opera, in Kraus' *Proserpin* with Olof Boman at the Musikfestspiele Potsdam, and, on CD, as a buffo notary in Poul Schierbeck's opera *Fête galante* (for Dacapo). Christian received his musical training at the Conservatorium van Amsterdam with Udo Reinemann and Margreet Honig and at the University of Aarhus in Denmark where he obtained a master's degree in Musicology and Rhetoric.

The tenor **Stig Fogh Andersen**, soloist at the Royal Danish Theatre Copenhagen since 1980, is one of the most illustrious Wagner singers, having sung the bulk of Wagner's major tenor parts at the greatest opera houses in cities like New York, London, Paris, Hamburg, Berlin, Salzburg, Tokyo, Amsterdam, Chicago and Buenos Aires. He has worked with great conductors such as Daniel Barenboim, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Bernard Haitink, Marek Janowski, James Levine, Fabio Luisi, Zubin Mehta and Simon Rattle. On CD Andersen has recorded Franz Schmidt's *Das Buch mit sieben Siegeln*, Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*, as well as Weyse's *The Sleeping Draught*, Nørgårds *Siddhartha* (both for Dacapo) and the Decca dvd of *The Copenhagen Ring*.

Soprano **Dénise Beck** studied at the University of Music and Performing Arts, Vienna, under Professor Franz Lukasovsky, Sir Charles Spencer and Istvan Bonyhadi. In 2008 she had her debut at

the Volksoper Wien as Komtesse Anastasia in *Die Csardasfürstin* by Kálmán. Shortly after, she sang Blondchen in *The Abduction from the Seraglio* at the Salzburger Landestheater. At the Bregenzer Festspiele in 2013 and 2014 she sang Papagena in *The Magic Flute* and the title role in *L'hirondelle inattendue* by Simon Laks. Under Michael Schönwandt she also recorded for CD the main role of Suzon in Poul Schierbeck's *Fête galante* (for Dacapo) with among others Bo Skovhus and Morten Frank Larsen.

Graduated from the Royal Danish Academy of Opera in Copenhagen, **Ditte Højgaard Andersen** is today recognized as one of Scandinavia's leading coloratura sopranos. Her core repertoire is the Baroque, but also comprises Mozart and Strauss. She began her international career in the soloist ensemble at Deutsche Oper in Berlin (2006-08), and she has sung at several opera houses around Europe. In the season 2013/14 Ditte toured Europe with Les Musiciens du Louvre and Marc Minkowski in Bach's St. John Passion, also recorded on CD. Ditte also features on recordings of *La Clemenza di Tito* with Adam Fischer, Gluck's *Bauci e Filemone* and *Aristeo* with Christophe Rousset as well as Terradella's *Sesotri*.

The bass **Steffen Bruun** graduated from the Royal Danish Academy of Music and the Opera Academy in Sydney and is today member of the Danish National Vocal Ensemble. He had his debut in 2005 as the Emperor in Stravinsky's *The Nightingale* on The Funen Opera. Furthermore, he has sung Sarastro in *The Magic Flute*, Caronte/Plutone in Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo*, and at the Copenhagen Opera Festival he sang Comte des Grieux in Massenet's *Manon* with, among others, Patricia Petibon. Steffen Bruun is an experienced oratorio soloist and sang bass in the premiere of Paul von Klenau's 9th Symfoni with The Danish National Symphony Orchestra. Steffen is involved with the performance concepts Stand-Up-Opera and Home Opera as both singer and host.

Bass-baritone **Simon Duus** graduated from the soloist class at the Royal Academy of Music, Aarhus, in 2015, and from the Royal Danish Opera Academy, Copenhagen, in 2011. His repertoire spans from Baroque parts such as Seneca in Monteverdi's *The Coronation of Poppaea* over belcanto roles like Dulcamara in Donizetti's *L'elisir d'amore* to modern classics like Nick Shadow in Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*. Duus is an experienced oratorio singer and has even gained attention as a Lied singer with several performances of Schubert's *Winterreise* and *Schwanen-*

gesang. He received the Danish Bayreuth Scholarship in 2013 and The Prize of the Danish Music Critics in 2014.

The baritone **Guido Paevatalu** graduated from the Royal Opera Academy in 1978, and since 1982 he is opera singer at the Royal Danish Theatre, where he has sung many leading roles in his field. Paevatalu has excelled mainly in Mozart, Verdi and Wagner roles and has appeared in several productions for Danish television including earlier previous recording of Nielsen's *Maskarade* as well as Heise's *King and Marshal* and Johann Strauss' *Die Fledermaus*. Paevatalu has recorded numerous CDs, most recently a selection of songs by Carl Nielsen and, in the past, Kunzen's *Holger Danske*, Gade's *The Elf King's Daughter* and Dupuy's *Youth and Folly*.

The baritone **Kristian Boland** is trained as an actor graduated from Aarhus Theatre Drama School in 1983 and has since appeared in numerous musicals, operettas and plays. As a singer he has sung Eisenstein in *Die Fledermaus*, Grev Danilo in *The Merry Widow*, Monsieur André in *The Phantom of the Opera* as well as both Beast and Cogsworth in *Beauty and the Beast*.

The Danish National Symphony Orchestra was founded in 1925 under the motto: "The best, and only the best". Today it is one of the leading symphony orchestras in Europe with visits by the world's leading conductors and soloists. The strong and straightforward personality of the Symphony Orchestra is rooted in its close relationship with Danish and Nordic music and it is acknowledged to be one of the world's leading Carl Nielsen orchestras. From 2012 until his death in June 2014, the orchestra's chief conductor was the Spanish maestro Rafael Frühbeck de Bugos. Already a few months later, the Symphony Orchestra announced its new principal conductor, Italian Fabio Luisi. The Symphony Orchestra's honorary conductors are Thomas Dausgaard, who resigned as principal conductor of the Orchestra in 2011, and Herbert Blomstedt, principal conductor from 1967 to 1977. The Symphony Orchestra's latest first guest conductors have been Yuri Temirkanov, Michael Schönwandt and Dmitri Kitajenko. The home of the Symphony Orchestra is DR Koncert-huset, built in 2009, designed by the famous French architect Jean Nouvel. In 2012, DR Koncert-huset entered the big league when the renowned British music magazine Gramophone rated the concert hall among the ten best in the world.

The Danish National Concert Choir is a professional Danish choir of 74 singers. The history of the choir goes back to 1932, and the Choir has since won great international recognition in more or less all classical genres and epochs. The core of the Danish National Concert Choir is the Danish National Vocal Ensemble – an independent elite choir since 2009. Alongside the Classical-Romantic repertoire for choir and orchestra, contemporary music has always been conspicuously profiled by the choir. Among other works, Per Nørgård's 3rd Symphony was written for the choir as were works by Henze, Stockhausen, Sandström, Ligeti, Berio, Penderecki and MacMillan. The Danish National Concert Choir has sung with most of the Danish orchestras, and throughout all the years its regular partner has been the Danish National Symphony Orchestra in the DR Thursday Concerts. Besides DR's own ensembles the choir also collaborates with the Tivoli Symphony Orchestra (Copenhagen Phil), Concerto Copenhagen and others. On CD the choir features in works such as Mahler's 8th Symphony, Brahms' Requiem, Prokofiev's *Ivan the Terrible* and *Alexander Nevsky*, Rakhmaninov's *The Bells*, Janáček's Glagolitic Mass, Per Nørgård's 3rd Symphony, choral works by Carl Nielsen and Rued Langgaard's *Music of the Spheres*.

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 was 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. 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 several CD and DVD recordings, among others Carl Nielsen's symphonies on both CD and DVD (for Dacapo) and Decca's DVD recording 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.

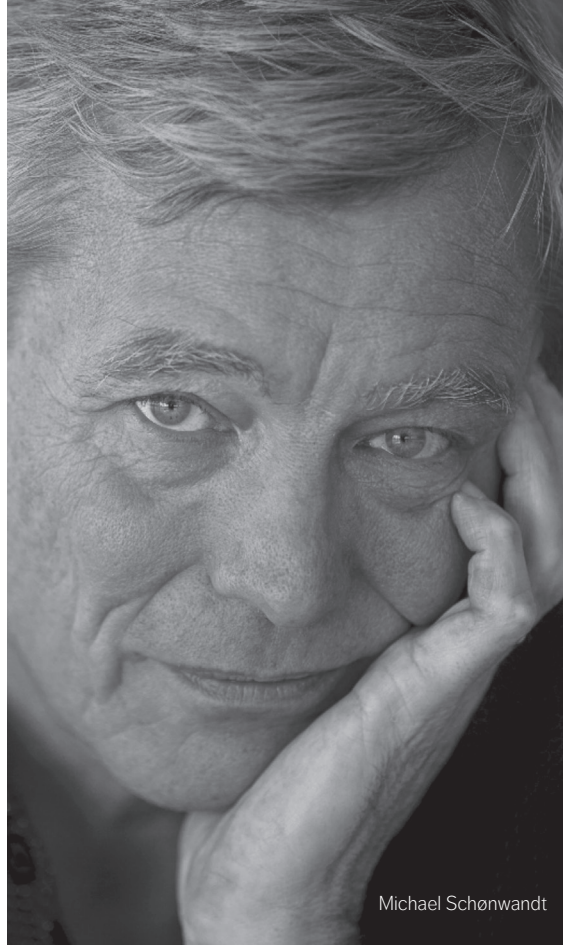
Carl Nielsen definerede på det nærmeste den danske sangtone. I utallige sange og viser, som kendes og synges af snart sagt alle danskere, skabte han en tone, der synes altid at have været til stede i den fælles danske bevidsthed.

Og *Maskarade* bygger en enestående bro mellem det folkelige og den elitære kunst. Dens sprog rammer lige ned i den danske tone: på én gang meget ligetil, sprognær, fuld af typisk hurtig dansk vid, og samtidig raffineret. At høre Jeronimus' centrale sang "Fordum var der fred på Gaden" er tilsyneladende som at høre en af Carl Nielsens utallige danske viser. Men ved nærmere eftersyn viser den sig at være langt mere krævende at synges med et spænd på over halvanden oktav! Den ville aldrig gå som fællessang!

Der er for mig ingen tvivl om, at Carl Nielsen hentede inspiration til *Maskarade* i *Falstaff* og *Mestersangerne i Nürnberg* – to operaer, han selv i de år som violinist i Det Kongelige Kapel var med til at spille på Det Kongelige Teater. Som i de to operaer syder orkestret af vittige kommentarer til handlingen gennem hele operaen, men tonesproget er helt umiskendelig Carl Nielsen.

Maskarade har fulgt mig hele mit liv. Jeg lærte operaen at kende, da jeg var 10, og lærte hurtigt hver eneste tone udenad. Jeg tager den viden og kærlighed som en udfordring til hver eneste gang at belyse partituret på ny, i tæt samarbejde med de medvirkende sangere og musikere med deres viden, erfaring og kunstneriske sind.

I over 100 år har *Maskarade* været den danske nationalopera. Og når den som her opføres af en perlerække af de fremmeste danske sangere anno 2015, mærker man tydeligt generationers opsparede viden om og kærlighed til *Maskarade*. Måtte dens rigdom på livsglæde blive ved med at hylde kærligheden og det uudslukkelige liv!



Så tidligt som i begyndelsen af 1890'erne havde den da nyansatte violinist i Det Kongelige Kapel Carl Nielsen (1865-1931) tumlet med ideen om at skrive en opera på basis af Ludvig Holbergs komedie *Mascaraden*. Nielsen opgav dog tanken igen, og hans første opera, *Saul og David*, blev i stedet baseret på Det Gamle Testamente. Den blev uropført på Det Kongelige Teater i 1902.

Ideen om en Holberg-baseret opera havde Nielsen dog ikke glemt. I første omgang forsøgte han sig med en handlingsgang på grundlag af Holbergs *Kilderejsen*. Han forkastede hurtigt ideen til fordel for *Mascaraden*, der på Holbergs tid var blevet uropført på Teatret i Lille Grønnegade (Det Kongelige Teaters forløber). Denne komedie var sidst blevet spillet på Det Kongelige Teater i sæsonen 1896-97, så den ville adskillige københavnske teatergængere stadig have en levende erindring om. Det gjorde valget af librettist så meget mere afgørende.

Det problem mente Nielsen at have fundet løsningen på, da han en aften ved en forestilling, som Universitetet gav i Folketeatret, fik øje på den stort set jævnaldrende litterat Vilhelm Andersen (1864-1953), som spillede med i forestillingen. Andersen var velmeriteret efter at have vundet Københavns Universitets guldmedalje i 1891, og Nielsen opsøgte ham nu med sin Holberg-idé under armen.

Andersen tændte på projektet og gik straks i gang med librettoen ud fra Niensens synopsis. Holbergs komedie fra 1724 var i tre akter. Nielsen havde også en treakts-opera i tankerne, hvor dog kun første akt skulle baseres mere eller mindre på dele af Holbergs første og anden akt. Hele Niensens tredje akt skulle foregå i Maskaradehuset, hvor vi hos Holberg kun har været i det intermedium, der afslutter hans første akt, og som Holberg kun har denne korte beskrivelse af:

”Intermedium, hvorudi Mascaraden præsenteres. Derudi præsenteres Leander at blive forliebt i en Maske, som er Leonora, Leonards Datter. De demaskerer sig begge, tales ved, og gir hinanden sine Ringe. Naar samme Præsensation har varet et Qvarteer, lader mand Dekket falde.”

Nielsen havde librettoen liggende fra foråret 1904, men kom først i gang med at komponere omkring årsskiftet 1904-05. Nielsen havde fra april 1904 fungeret som kapelmestervikar ved Det Kongelige Teater, men modtog så i marts 1905 meddelelse om, at han fra den følgende sæson skulle tilbage til sin plads i Det Kongelige Kapels andenviolin-gruppe. Det ønskede Nielsen ikke

og fratrådte derfor ved udgangen af sæsonen 1904/05. Han skulle dog fra sæsonen 1908/09 få ansættelse som Teatrets 2. kapelmester 1908/09 (og dermed atter få mulighed for at dirigere *Maskarade*, nu som ansat kapelmester, ikke som værkets komponist).

Niensens hustru, billedhuggeren Anne Marie Carl-Nielsen, havde fra medio november 1904 været i Athen for at fortsætte sit arbejde med at kopiere antikke skulpturer på Akropolis-museet. Hendes langvarige fravær belastede både ægtemanden og de tre børn, og Anne Marie havde omkring 1. april 1905 efter stadig mere desperate breve fra Carl i al hast måttet rejse hjem til København for at rede trådene ud.

Derefter kom der atter gang i kompositionsarbejdet. I første omgang handlede det om for Nielsen at få indleveret førsteakten til Det Kongelige Teater, så den nye opera kunne blive godkendt til opførelse i sæsonen 1905-06. Blækmanuskriptet til 1. akt skulle foreligge inden sæsonens afslutning 31. maj 1905, og det klarede Nielsen. Derimod måtte han ved Teatrets næste frist, 9. oktober 1905, hvor han skulle aflevere hele operaen, i al hast komponere nogle heftige slutakkorder og håbe på, at gamle Johan Svendsen, Det Kongelige Teaters mangeårige chefdirigent, ikke ville opdage, at operaen faktisk endnu ikke var helt færdigkomponeret. Eller måske ville se igennem fingre med det. Han havde nemlig altid været Nielsen venlig stemt. Svendsen accepterede da også den nye Holberg-opera i sit votum. Teatrets tekstcensor, Otto Borchsenius, var yderst negativ over for Vilhelm Andersens tekst, men erklærede sig heldigvis villig til at bøje sig for Johan Svendsens positive votum.

Forskellige praktiske forhold gjorde det nødvendigt at udskyde premieren til 11. november 1906, og Nielsen udnyttede tiden til det sidste: Ouverturen, der i lighed med Ouverturen til Mozarts *Don Giovanni* leder direkte over i operaens første akt, blev færdig seks dage før premieren, og derefter tilkomponerede Nielsen yderligere en vise til Leonoras tjenestepige Pernille i operaens anden akt. Denne figur havde ikke fået så tydelig en profil som sin mandlige partner, Leanders tjener, Henrik. Ham havde Andersen på Niensens foranledning nemlig udstyret med en oprørsånd, der ganske vist mere svarede til perioden omkring revolutionen i Paris 1789 end til Holbergs epoke et halvt århundrede tidligere.

Den her foreliggende indspilning rummer hele Niensens *Maskarade*-partitur. Men allerede under prøverne forud for urpremieren havde Nielsen måttet indvillige i at stramme tredje akt gennem tre mindre beskæringer. Rollebesætningen rummede ikke kun en række af Teatrets sangere, men også nogle af dets bedst syngende skuespillere, deriblandt så ypperlige karakterfremstillere som Karl

Mantzius (1860-1921) som Jeronimus og Jonna Neiiendam (1872-1938) som hans fru Magdelone. I de overvejende positive anmeldelser fremhævedes operaens første akt som særlig vellykket.

Blev det så Holbergs komedie eller Nielsens opera, der i længden løb af med københavnernes gunst? Holberg-komedien blev igen spillet nogle gange i sæsonerne 1914/15 og 1915/16, men derefter ikke yderligere i Nielsens levetid. Mens operaen i den oprindelige iscenesættelse frem til sæsonen 1929/30 oplevede i alt 59 opførelser under skiftende dirigenter, inklusive Nielsen selv, og med lidt skiftende forkortelser i anden og tredje akt.

I 1931 skulle operaen så genopsættes, stadig i det oprindelige sceneudstyr, men med ny instruktør, Poul Wiedemann, og ny dirigent, italienske Egisto Tango. Nielsen var på premiereaftenen den 26. september tydeligt besværet af de hjerteproblemer, der faktisk med mellemrum havde plaget ham i årevis. Denne gang viste det sig dog at være mere alvorligt. Han måtte den 1. oktober lade sig hasteindlægge på Rigshospitalet, hvor han vågnede kortvarigt for sidste gang omkring kl. 22 den følgende dag. Døden indtraf omkring ti minutter efter midnat den 3. oktober.

Hjælpsom havde Nielsen været helt til det sidste. Jonna Neiiendam skulle stadig synge fru Magdelone i den nye 1931-indstudering. Nielsen havde godt lagt mærke til, at hun under prøverne nu syntes at have besvær med den lille solo i anden akt, hvor den forlystelsessyge gamle kone skal liste sig over gaden til Maskaradehuset. Han havde derfor ti dage før premieren sendt hende en nænsomt revideret udgave af soloen, der lige så stille hjalp hende ud af kvalerne.

Er det ikke netop sådan, gamle venner kan hjælpe hinanden i nødens stund?

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HANDLINGEN I MASKARADE

Foregår i København i 1723

1. akt

I Jeronimus' hus en sen eftermiddag

Leander og hans tjener Henrik vågner efter en festlig nat i teaterhuset overfor. Maskerader er blevet den nyeste mode, og Leander fortæller Henrik, at han er blevet forelsket i en pige under nattens maskerade – og endda har byttet ringe med hende. Henrik er bekymret, for Leanders far har jo allerede arrangeret et ægteskab for ham, og det vil sikkert ikke være populært, hvis Leander ikke underkaster sig sin fars ret faste og ikke specielt progressive vilje.

Leanders mor, Magdelone, er ikke så puritansk som sin mand og afslører, at hun skam også kunne tænke sig at deltage i maskeraderne. Til Leander og Henriks store overraskelse demonstrerer hun endda sit talent for at danse og begynder en *Folie d'Espagne*.

Jeronimus dukker op, og han er rasende over sin kones lave moral og over, at sønnen truer hans ægteskabsplaner. Han idømmer dem alle sammen husarrest, og da han bliver alene, synger han sin kendte sang om de forfærdelige maskerader, som har bragt postyr i hans ellers så velordnede tilværelse.

Den planlagte svigerdatters far, Hr. Leonard fra Slagelse, ankommer – og det er jo særdeles ubelejligt for Jeronimus. Hr. Leonard kommer for at undskylde, at hans datter er blevet forelsket i en mand, som hun har mødt på maskeraden. De to fædre bliver hurtigt enige om, at der åbenbart er brug for hårdere opdragelsesmetoder over for deres uberegnelige børn – for fædres ord bør jo som bekendt være lov!

Gårdskarlen Arv beordres til at gå vagt uden for huset om natten, så ingen slipper ud og over til den frygtelige maskerade. Henrik og Leander kaldes ind for at undskylde over for Hr. Leonard, men til alles forbløffelse begynder Henrik i stedet på en lang forsvarstale for maskerader. Han anser dem for at være et tiltrængt lyspunkt i en ellers grå og trist hverdag og for at bringe frihed og lighed for alle. Jeronimus er naturligvis i chok over sin tjeners manglende respekt, men den mere fordomsfri Hr. Leonard bliver faktisk temmelig tiltrukket af Henriks argumenter.

Leander og Henrik holder fast ved planen om at gå på maskerade samme aften – men Jeronimus vil med alle midler forhindre, at nogen fra hans hus slipper ud.

2. akt

Gaden uden for Jeronimus' hus, et par timer senere

Klokken slår otte, og dermed er det tid for vægteren at anbefale alle dydige borgere at blive inden-dørs. Arv holder vagt, og Henrik benytter sig på det snedigste af den lidt naive karls overtro ved at klæde sig ud som spøgelse og skræmme ham til at bekende alle sine synder – og så kan Henrik nemt presse ham til at lade ham og Leander passere frit.

Den unge pige, som Leander mødte aftenen før, ankommer til maskeraden i sin bærestol, og Henrik begynder straks at flirte med hendes tjenestepige, Pernille.

Jeronimus har opdaget, at Leander og Henrik er flygtet. Han begiver sig rasende til teatret for at finde dem. Desværre vil dørmanden ikke lukke ham ind, da han ikke er maskeret, og Jeronimus og Arv bliver nødt til at få fat på et par kostumer fra boden ved siden af.

Men Jeronimus har glemt at låse døren efter sig, og Magdelone ser sit snit til at liste sig over gaden. Hun er også maskeret, og da hun møder Hr. Leonard, genkender de ikke hinanden og aftaler at følges til maskeraden. Jeronimus og Arv kommer styrtende ind i teatret og befinder sig bestemt ikke godt forklædt som henholdsvis Bacchus og Cupido.

3. akt

Til maskeraden

Maskeraden er i fuld gang. Leander og hans maskerede kæreste er fuldstændigt optagede af hinanden, ligesom Henrik og Pernille ... og sandelig om ikke også Leonard og Magdelone har en – ganske vist mere tæckkelig – flirt kørende. Da Jeronimus ankommer, mener han, at han kan genkende sin kone i mængden, men skyder tanken væk, da han anser det for komplet usandsynligt, at hun skulle trode ham på den måde.

Mens publikum nyder balletten, advarer Henrik Leander om, at han har set hans far til maskeraden. Henrik beder om hjælp fra den tykke magister, og en del af maskeradens deltagere jagter Jeronimus rundt, da de har opdaget hans fjendtlige indstilling til projektet som sådan. Magisteren beder dem holde inde og inviterer Jeronimus til at slutte sig til sit selskab.

Den udmattede Jeronimus foragter helt tydeligt det brogede selskab, men ser sig nødsaget til at tage imod tilbuddet. Magisteren synger en hyldesthymne til Bacchus' ære, og får undervejs drukket Jeronimus så beruset, at han prøver at forføre ballerinaen. Til sidst får maskeradedeltagerne deres hævn over Jeronimus; han bliver grundigt til grin, og det hele kulminerer, da alle får ordre til at smide maskerne.

Efterhånden som tumulten stilner af, opklares intrigen. Den unge mystiske dame, som Leander forelskede sig i, viser sig (selvfølgelig) at være ingen anden end Hr. Leonards datter – og dermed den samme pige, som hans far vil have ham tvangsgift med. Maskerademesteren annoncerer Kehraus'en, og alle danser og synger maskeraderens pris.

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DE MEDVIRKENDE

Bassen **Stephen Milling** anses som en verdens førende fortolkere af Wagner-repertoiret og arbejder ofte sammen med store dirigenter som Zubin Mehta, Christian Thielemann, Sir Simon Rattle, Franz Welser-Möst, Antonio Pappano og Daniel Barenboim. Milling er uddannet ved Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium og fik ansættelse på Det Kongelige Teater i 1994, hvor han debuterede i en række nu centrale roller for sit repertoire. Seneste optrædener tæller bl.a. *Tristan und Isolde* på Staatsoper Berlin under Daniel Barenboim, *Manon Lescaut* i Valencia (Plácido Domingo), *Parsifal* på Wiener Staatsoper (Peter Schneider) og *Tryllefløjten* på Den Kongelige Opera (Rory McDonald).

Basbarytonen **Johan Reuter** er for tiden en de mest efterspurgte danske sangere i operahuse verden over. Han er uddannet fra Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium og Operaakademiet i København, hvor han i dag er ansat i solistensemblet på Den Kongelige Opera. Højdepunkter fra de seneste sæsoner tæller *Die Frau ohne Schatten* i London, New York, Berlin, Zurich og Amsterdam, titelrollen i *Nabucco* på Deutsche Oper i Berlin samt Wagner-roller rundt om i Europa. Nuværende sæson tæller nye opsætninger af *Valkyrien* i Toronto, Nielsens opera *Saul og David* på Operaen i København og *Lulu* i Amsterdam and New York. På CD har Johan Reuter indspillet *Tristan og Isolde* med Janowski, Nielsens *Maskerade* med Ulf Schirmer (Gramophone Award), og Schuberts *Winterreise*.

Tenoren **Niels Jørgen Riis** er uddannet fra fra Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium og har siden 1998 været en del af solistensemblet på Den Kongelige Opera. Gennem årene har han optrådt i en lang række roller i bl.a., *Tristan og Isolde*, *Ariadne på Naxos*, *Den flyvende Hollænder*, *La Traviata* og *La Bohème*. Senest har han optrådt i Nielsens *Maskerade*, *Simon Boccanegra* og *Lucia*

di *Lammermoor*. Niels Jørgen Riis er også en erfaren koncertsanger i værker som Händels *Messias*, Mozarts Requiem og Nielsens *Fynsk forår*.

Den norskfødte sopran **Anne Margrethe Dahl** er Kongelig operasolist, uddannet ved Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium i København, hvor hun siden har tilføjet en mastergrad i Elitesangpædagogik. Anne Margrethe Dahl debuterede som Donna Anna i Mozarts *Don Giovanni* på Århus Sommeropera i 1989. Hun har været engageret som solist på Det Kongelige Teater siden 1999 og i ind- og udland sunget titelpartier i operaer af Mozart, Puccini, Verdi, Ruders, Rossini, Langgaard, Strauss, Frandsen, Wagner og Lehár. Anne Margrethe Dahl er forstander for og underviser på Operaakademiet.

Tenoren **Christian Damsgaard** er en alsidig sanger, som synger både opera, oratorier, lieder og cabaretsange – fra tidlig barok over højromantisk opera til helt ny musik. Christian har senest gjort sig bemærket i hovedrollen i Bo Holtens nye opera *Gesualdo-Shadows*, som Juan i Massenets *Don Quichotte* på Den Jyske Opera, i Kraus' *Proserpin* med Olof Boman ved Musikfestspiele Potsdam og som buffo-notar på CD i Poul Schierbecks opera *Fête galante* (Dacapo). Christian er uddannet på konservatoriet i Amsterdam hos Udo Reinemann og Margreet Honig og har derudover en kandidatgrad i musikvidenskab og retorik fra Aarhus Universitet.

Tenoren **Stig Fogh Andersen**, solist ved Det Kongelige Teater siden 1980, er en af verdens mest efterspurgte Wagner-sangere og har sunget hovedparten af Wagners tenorpartier i de største operahuse i New York, London, Paris, Hamburg, Berlin, Salzburg, Tokyo, Amsterdam, Chicago and Buenos Aires. Han har arbejdet med store dirigenter som Daniel Barenboim, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Bernard Haitink, Marek Janowski, James Levine, Fabio Luisi, Zubin Mehta og Simon Rattle. På CD har Andersen indspillet Franz Schmidts *Das Buch mit sieben Siegeln*, Mussorgskijs *Boris Godunov* samt Weyses *Sovedrikken*, Nørgårds *Siddhartha* (begge for Dacapo) og, på DVD for Decca, *The Copenhagen Ring*.

Sopranen **Dénise Beck** er uddannet fra Universitat fur Musik und Darstellende Kunst Wien hos Professor Franz Lukasovsky, Sir Charles Spencer og Istvan Bonyhadi. I 2008 debuterede hun pa Volksoper Wien som Komtesse Anastasia i Kalmans *Die Csardasfurstin*. Kort efter sang hun Blond-

chen i Mozarts *Bortforelsen fra Seraillet* pa Salzburger Landestheater. Ved Bregenzer Festspiele i 2013-2014 sang hun Papagena i *Trylleflojten* samt titelrollen i *L'hirondelle inattendue* af Simon Laks. Under Michael Schonwandt har hun ogsa indspillet hovedrollen Suzon i Poul Schierbecks opera *Fete galante* (for Dacapo) med bl.a. Bo Skovhus og Morten Frank Larsen.

Ditte Højgaard Andersen er uddannet fra Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium og anses i dag som en af Skandinaviens forende koloratorsopraner. Kernerepertoiret er barok, men omfatter ogsa Mozart og Strauss. Dittes internationale karriere begyndte i solistensemblet pa Deutsche Oper i Berlin (2006-08), og hun har sunget i adskillige operahuse rundt om i Europa. I 2013-14 sasonen turnerede Ditte sammen med Les Musiciens du Louvre og Marc Minkowski med Bachs *Johannespassion*, som ogsa blev indspillet pa CD. Hun har bl.a. ogsa indspillet Mozarts *La Clemenza di Tito* med Adam Fischer og Gluck-operaerne *Bauci e Filemone* og *Aristeo* med Christophe Rousset.

Bassen **Steffen Bruun** er uddannet pa Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium samt ved operaakademiet i Sydney og er i dag fast medlem af DR Vokalensemblet. Som solist debuterede Steffen i 2005 som Kejseren i Stravinskij's *Nattergalen* pa Den Fynske Opera. Derudover har han bl.a. sunget Sarastro i *Trylleflojten*, Caronte/Plutone i Monteverdis *L'Orfeo*, og pa Copenhagen Opera Festival sang Steffen Comte des Grieux i Massenets *Manon* bl.a. sammen med Patricia Petibon. Derudover er Steffen Bruun en ofte anvendt oratoriesolist og sang baspartiet i uropforelsen af Paul von Klenau's 9. Symfoni med DR Symfoniorkestret. Han er desuden en del af koncepterne Stand-Up-Opera og Home Opera, hvor han er en yndet sanger og konferencier.

Basbarytonen **Simon Duus** er uddannet fra solistklassen pa Det Jyske Musikkonservatorium i Aarhus i 2015 og fra Operaakademiet i København i 2011. Hans repertoire strækker sig over barokpartier som Seneca i Monteverdis *Poppaas kroning* over belcanto-partier som Dulcamara i Donizettis *Elskovsdrikken* til moderne klassikere som Nick Shadow i Stravinskij's *Lastens vej*. Duus er en erfaren oratoriesanger og har allerede markeret sig som Lied-sanger med flere opforelser af Schuberts *Winterreise* og *Schwanengesang*. Han har bl.a. modtaget Wagnerselskabets Bayreuthstipendium i 2013 og Musiknmelderingens Kunstnerpris i 2014.

Barytonen **Guido Paevatalu** er uddannet fra Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium i 1978, og han har siden 1982 været operasanger på Det Kongelige Teater, hvor han har sunget adskillige hovedroller inden for sit felt. Paevatalu har excelleret hovedsageligt i Mozart-, Verdi- and Wagner-roller, og han har medvirket i flere DR-produktioner, bl.a. i tidligere indspilninger af *Maskarade*, Heises *Drot og Marsk* og Johann Strauss' *Flagermusen*. Paevatalu har indspillet flere CD'er; senest en række sange og salmer af Carl Nielsen og førhen Kunzens *Holger Danske*, Gades *Elverskud* samt Dupuy's *Ungdom og galskab*.

Baritone **Kristian Boland** er uddannet skuespiller fra Århus Teaterskole i 1983 og har siden medvirket i adskillige musicals, operetter og skuespil. Som sanger han har bl.a. sunget Eisenstein i *Flagermusen*, Grev Danilo i *Den glade Enke*, Monsieur André i *The Phantom of the Opera* samt både og Udyret og Cogsworth i *Beauty and the Beast*.

Under mottoet "Det bedste, kun det bedste" blev **DR SymfoniOrkestret** grundlagt i 1925 og er i dag et af Europas førende symfoniorkestre med besøg af verdens bedste solister og dirigenter. DR SymfoniOrkestrets stærke og ligefremme musikalske personlighed har rod i det tætte forhold til dansk og nordisk musik, og ensemblet regnes som et af de førende Carl Nielsen-orkestre i verden. Fra 2012 var DR SymfoniOrkestrets chefdirigent den spanske maestro Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos indtil hans død i juni 2014. Allerede få måneder efter annoncerede orkestret, at den næste chefdirigent bliver italienske Fabio Luisi. DR SymfoniOrkestrets æresdirigenter er Thomas Dausgaard, der fratrådte som chefdirigent for orkestret i 2011, og Herbert Blomstedt, der var chefdirigent fra 1967 til 1977. DR SymfoniOrkestrets seneste 1. gæstedirigenter har været Yuri Temirkanov, Michael Schönwandt og Dmitri Kitajenko. Hjemmebanen er DR Koncerthuset, fra 2009, der er tegnet af den berømte franske arkitekt Jean Nouvel. I 2012 spillede DR Koncerthuset sig for alvor i superligaen, da det anerkendte britiske musikmagasin Gramophone kårede Koncertsalen til at være en af de 10 bedste i verden.

DR KoncertKoret er et professionelt dansk kor med i alt 74 sangere. Korets historie går tilbage til 1932, og det har siden vundet stor international anerkendelse inden for stor set alle klassiske gener og epoker. Grundstammen i DR KoncertKoret er DR VokalEnsemblet – et selvstændigt elitekor siden 2009. Foruden det klassisk-romantiske koncertrepertoire for kor og orkester har den ny

musik altid stået markant for DR KoncertKoret. Bl.a. er Per Nørgårds symfoni nr. 3 skrevet til koret, lige som det er tilfældet med værker af Henze, Stockhausen, Sandström, Ligeti, Berio, Penderecki, MacMillan. DR KoncertKoret har sunget med de fleste danske orkestre, og i alle årene har den faste partner været DR SymfoniOrkestret ved DR's Torsdagskoncerter. Ud over DRs egne ensembler samarbejder koret også med Tivolis Symfoniorkester (Copenhagen Phil), Concerto Copenhagen m.fl. På cd medvirker DR KoncertKoret i bl.a. Mahlers 8. Symfoni, Brahms' Requiem, Prokofjefs *Ivan den Grusomme* og *Aleksander Nevskij*, Rakhmaninovs *Klokkerne*, Janáček's Glagolitisk messe, Per Nørgårds 3. Symfoni, korværker af Carl Nielsen samt Rued Langgaards *Sfærernes musik*.

Michael Schönwandt var fra 2000 og frem til maj 2011 chefdirigent ved Det Kongelige Teater, hvor han har dirigeret fast siden sin debut i 1979. Sideløbende har han været chefdirigent for Collegium Musicum siden orkestrets grundlæggelse i 1981. Fra 2010-13 var Michael Schönwandt chefdirigent for og kunstnerisk leder af Den Hollandske Radios Kammerfilharmon i Amsterdam, og fra 2015 er han chefdirigent for Operaen og Nationalorkestret i Montpellier. I 1987 og 1988 dirigerede han som den første skandinaviske dirigent nogensinde ved festsplene i Bayreuth, 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, bl.a. alle Carl Niensens symfonier på både cd og dvd (for Dacapo) og Decca's dvd-udgivelse af Wagners *Nibelungens ring* med Det Kongelige Kapel. Michael Schönwandt blev i 2011 udnævnt til Kommandør af Dannebrog.

1 Ouverture

FØRSTE AKT

En Stue i Jeronimus' Hus.

1. Scene

*(Leander og Henrik sovende, hver i sin Alkove.
Henrik snorker.)*

LEANDER

(vaagner, sætter sig paa Sengekanten, gaber)

2 Aa ja, aa ja, ja, ja.

Uha!

Mit arme Hoved!

(Klokken slaar fem)

Gud ved, hvor længe jeg i Dag har sovet?

Fem!

Henrik! Kom frem, kom frem!

Klokken er fem!

HENRIK

(i Søvn)

Saa et det alt for tidligt at gaa hjem.

LEANDER

Det Asen!

Dér ligger han i hele Maskestadsen

og sover ret saa fast han orker,

hør, hvor han snorker.

(strækker sig og vil rejse sig, men opgiver det)

Min Gud! Jeg gider ikke rørt et Lem!

(gaber, stærkt)

Henrik, kom frem!

(meget stærkt)

Henrik!

Overture

ACT ONE

A room in Jeronimus' house.

Scene 1

*(Leander and Henrik asleep, each in his own alcove.
Henrik snoring.)*

LEANDER

(waking sitting up on the edge of his bed and yawning)

Oh ay, ay-ay, ay-ay!

Oh ah!

Oh what a headache!

(The clock strikes five.)

How long have I been lying here, I wonder?

Five!

Henrik! Get up, get up!

It's five o'clock!

HENRIK

(in his sleep)

Well, then it's far too soon for going home.

LEANDER

The halfwit!

He's lying there in all his party outfit.

You'd think he was the Sleeping Beauty.

But for the snoring!

(He stretches and tries to get up, but can't.)

My God! I can't move a blessed limb!

(yawns)

Henrik, get up!

(very loudly)

Henrik!

HENRIK

Javel, Mamsel!

(frem paa Gulvet i Søvn)

Spil op Kotillon!

Det er ikke den!

Ja, der er Tonen.

Tra-lala-la-la-la,

trala-la-la-la,

trala-la-la-la,

tra-la-la!

*(Agerer i Samklang med Musikken. Søgende og gri-
bende efter en usynlig Kvinde, kysser paa Fingeren
og tér sig meget erotisk.)*

LEANDER

Han er gall! Han et gall!

Han er dansegal!

HENRIK

(synes at finde, hvad han søger)

Tra-la-la,

tra-la-la-la-la!

*(Leander gir ham et Ørefigen. Henrik gnider sig
heftigt i Hovedet og gnikker med Øjnene.)*

LEANDER

Det var ret!

Saadan en Piruet

klarer dit Aandedræt,

gør dig vaagen, kvik og let.

Nu adræt!

Hent mig min Slaabrok!

Lad det ske i en Hast!

(Henrik ud)

HENRIK

All well, mam'selle!

(coming forward half asleep)

Strike up that Cotillion!

No, that's not the one!

Yes, that's the right one.

Tra-lala-la-la-la,

trala-la-la-la,

trala-la-la-la,

tra-la-la!

*(Play-acting in time with the music. Seeking and
trying to catch an invisible girl, kissing her fingers
and behaving very amorously.)*

LEANDER

He is mad! He is mad!

He is dancing mad!

HENRIK

(He seems to find what he is looking for.)

Tra-la-la,

tra-la-la-la-la!

*(Leander boxes his ears. Henrik clutches his head
and rubs his eyes.)*

LEANDER

That's the way!

one little rattling,

stops all the prattling,

makes you wake up with a start.

Now look sharp!

Fetch me my housecoat!

Get a move on, you dope!

(Henrik goes out)

Se, hvor bag min Vindueslem
Aftensolen pibler frem.
Hvilken kuriøs Kontrast!
Skønne Sol, fra din Pol,
som et muntert Øjekast
skælmsk paa Klem,
skotter du hen til min Seng.

HENRIK
(ind med Slaabrokken og i Lakajfrakke)
Hvad er Klokken, Herre?

LEANDER
Fem!

HENRIK
Om Morgnen, Herre?

LEANDER
Nej, om Aftnen, Dreng.

HENRIK
(leende)
I (hi-hi) spøger, Herre; men Jer Spøg er slem.

LEANDER
Se selv, du Søvnetryne!
(aabner Skodderne)

HENRIK
Herre! Herre! Hov! Hov!
Jeg synes ogsaa, jeg er noget flov.

See there how the evening light
peeps at me so clear and bright!
Oh, how wonderful the rays!
Blessed sun, blissful one,
like a lover's gentle gaze,
shyly turned,
stealing a glance at my bed!

HENRIK
(Henrik returning in livery with a coat.)
What's the time then, master?

LEANDER
Five!

HENRIK
In the morning, master?

LEANDER
In the evening, boy.

HENRIK
(laughing)
You must be joking, master; but the joke is poor.

LEANDER
Then look, you sleepy fellow.
(opening the shutters)

HENRIK
Master! Master! Ow! Ow!
I'm really dying for food right now.

LEANDER
Da bliver du dog snydt for Middagsmaden,
til Klokken otte maa vi være klar
til Maskaraden.

HENRIK
Ak, er det sandt?
Skal vi derhen igen?
Jeg giver alle Aarets Middagsmader
for en af Grønnegades Maskarader.
Ak, er det sandt?
Skal vi derhen igen?
Men – hvad siger Jeres Fader?

LEANDER
Ak! Henrik! Henrik!

HENRIK
Herre!

LEANDER
Jeg er forlibt!

HENRIK
Desbedre!

LEANDER
Nej, desværre!

HENRIK
Hvad nu? (hm!)
(meget polisk)
Da Jeres Fader netop vil bortgifte Jer,
er det jo Jeres Pligt just at forlifte Jer.

LEANDER
You won't be getting dinner, that's for certain,
at eight o'clock
once more they will be ringing up the curtain.

HENRIK
Oh, is it true?
Shall we go there again?
I don't need any pressing or persuading
to give up dinner for some masquerading.
Oh, is it true?
Shall we go there again?
But, but what about your father?

LEANDER
Ah, Henrik! Henrik!

HENRIK
Master!

LEANDER
I am in love!

HENRIK
How charming!

LEANDER
No, alarming!

HENRIK
Why so? (hm!)
(very tongue-in-cheek)
Since now your father's trying to dispose of you,
to fall in love is just what he'd suppose of you.

LEANDER
Se denne ring!
Og hør saa, hvad der hændte.
I gaar, det var kort før Dansen endte,
traf jeg en Dame, som jeg ikke kendte.
Vi bytted Ringe med hinanden;
og ak! Den Pige, jeg har Ringe skifted med,
er ikke den,
min Far vil ha mig giftet med.

HENRIK
Det var som Fanden!

LEANDER
Jeg har jo aldrig set
Hr. Leonards Datter.
Men jeg har set –
o Henrik, mon du fatter,
hvad Kærlighed er for en sælsom Ting?
Søde Ring!
(*kysser den*)

HENRIK
(*afsides*)
Han gaar i Taaget!
(*højt*)
Jo Kærlighed, det er – det er – en Ting –
det er – som jeg vil sige
Snue eller Sting.
Det er et Intet, skønt det synes noget.

LEANDER
Nej, Henrik. Kærlighed er *Noget* som –

LEANDER
You see this ring?
Well, listen to my story:
Last night, just before the dancing ended,
a most enchanting lady I befriended.
We've offered rings to one another,
but ah, the girl I've given my consent to wed,
is not the one
that I was really meant to wed.

HENRIK
What a palaver!

LEANDER
You know, I've never seen
old Leonard's daughter.
Yet I have seen my love
though never sought her,
the course of love is such a wondrous thing!
Dearest ring!
(*kisses it*)

HENRIK
(*aside*)
He's got it badly!
(*aloud*)
Yes, love, you see, it is, it is a thing, it is
it's something like a fleabite or a sting;
it's really nothing,
Though it pains madly.

LEANDER
No, Henrik, love is truly something, that –

HENRIK
Naa, Herre!

LEANDER
Som –

HENRIK
Ud med Sproget!

LEANDER
– som man aldeles ikke kan begribe!

HENRIK
Aa jo, saa meget kan jeg dog forstaa,
at den har bragt Jer i en bandsat Knibe.
Ved Herren vel,
hvad her vil følge paa?

LEANDER
Ak, Henrik!

HENRIK
Herre! Er I fra Forstanden?
I har lovet Jer til en og forlovet
Jer med en anden.

LEANDER
Men Henrik dog!

HENRIK
Vil Herren ej forsmaa,
saa skal jeg vise, hvordan det vil gaa,
ved et Par udtrykfulde Fagter
i tre smaa Akter.
(*agerer*)

HENRIK
Well, master,

LEANDER
That –

HENRIK
Spit it out then!

LEANDER
that you can never know when it will take you!

HENRIK
Oh, no. I understand at any rate
that if you yield to it then it will break you.
Master, you know
what's bound to be your fate?

LEANDER
Oh, Henrik!

HENRIK
Master! Have you lost your senses?
He has promised you to one,
and you've promised yourself to another.

LEANDER
Henrik, no!

HENRIK
If, master, you'll agree,
then I will show, how things will proceed,
with one or two alarming facts,
in three small acts:
(*acting*)

3 Først kommer fæl og fus
Monsør Jeronimus:
"Tvi dig du sulten Lus!
Du som i Sus og Dus
øder din Faders Krus
paa en gemen Kantus-
se, som du i en Rus
traf paa et Jomfruhus
hos Madam Dus."
Frem træer Hr. Le-he-o-ho-nard
med net og zirlig Art:
"I har forset Jer svart.
Tænke sig i slig en Fart
løbe fra Kant og klart,
tinglæst og aabenbart!
Sligt er dog alt for rart!
Kan I faa det forsvart?
Vi skal det prøve snart.
Intet er spart."
Saa kommer nok saa net
Jomfruen (*med Falsed:*)
"Pappa! O, sig mig det,
er jeg da gjort saa slet,
vanskabt og incomplet,
at han kan have Ret,
ha' Ret til at slaa op med et?
(*noget friere i Takten*)
Se denne Taareplet
her paa mit Toi-Toilet
har jeg forgæves grædt, ja, grædt!
Pappa, o, sig mig det!"
Saa er jeg Tamperret:
Rrrector Magnificus
og Professoribus

First enter furious,
Monsieur Jeronimus,
waving his blunderbuss,
making a dreadful fuss:
"You are a feeble mouse,
you haven't got the nouse,
you don't deserve a spouse
you've shamed your father's house,
you are a louse."
Next comes old Le-he-o-ho-nard,
present his calling card:
"Scoundrel, you should be barred!
From this day kept under guard,
'till we with judgment
hard all of your schemes have marred!
My daughters's health impaired.
I'll see this thing is squared.
The fault shall be repaired.
No expense spared."
Then comes the jilted miss.
She has a voice like this:
"Papa! Please tell me this!
Am I not worth a kiss?
He promised married bliss,
and have I been remiss,
that is should have come to this?
(*a little freer in rhythm*)
Oh, what has gone amiss?
Why did it come to this?
My tears he can't dismiss, dismiss,
Papa, oh, tell me this."
Court matrimonial:
Rrrector magnificus
et Professoribus,



Johan Reuter (Henrik)

kender for ret:
(*med snøvlende Stemme*)
"Saasom og eftersom
Seigneur Leander som
under den femte Marts
tilskrev Hr. Leonards
datter om Ægtepagt,
for Consistorium
intet har forebragt
hvorved en slig Kontrakt
kan sættes ud af Magt,
saa er vor Dom:
at Matrimonium
inden tre Ugers Rum,
fra denne Dom er sagt,
bliver tilendebragt.
Hvis ikke skal med Magt
Indstævnte blive lagt
under Arrest og Vagt!
I Consistorium.
Datum ut supra." Bum!

4 Herre! I staar saa stum!

LEANDER
(*tænker paa Leonora*)
Henrik! Hvor er du dum!
Lad kun hundred Gange
hundred Gange den Besværlighed,
som din Komædie kan tegne
ned paa mig regne:
Jeg skal ej segne,
selv i Døden ikke blegne;
jeg vandrer i et Lys af Herlighed.
Saadan er Kærlighed!

make their decree:
(*speaking through his nose*)
"Whereas th'aforesaid
defendant Leander
on fifth of March ultimo
so solemnly entered
matrimonial pact with the
daughter of plaintiff Herr Leonard,
and whereas said Leander
having shown no cause
why the said pact
of matrimonium
is not yet consummate
we do hereby pronounce,
it shall be duly done
twentyone days from hence
failure shall render him
liable to arrest
In Consistorium
Datum ut supra."
Stop!

Master! You're for the chop!

LEANDER
(*thinking of Leonora*)
Henrik! You are a clot!
If a hundred times a hundred
I should face th'adversity
that you have just invented,
even though tormented,
I'd be contended, yes,
for ever be contended,
to wander in the luminosity
of love's felicity!

HENRIK
(*let parodierende*)
Ja, det er noget som jeg ej begriber.
Men, hvordan det saa niber eller kniber,
paa Maskaraden maa vi da igen.

LEANDER
Paa Maskaraden venter hun sin Ven.

HENRIK
Ja, jeg har ogsaa lovet mig derhen;
jeg ventes ogsaa af en hel Kohorte.

LEANDER
Af hvilken Sorte?

HENRIK
Ej, Herre, af de fine!
(*Sværmerisk, parodierende. Leander gør en
misfornøjet Gebærde, da han opdager, at Henrik
parodierer ham.*)
Borgmesters Stine.
(*Henrik opdager Leanders misfornøjelse*)
Hun er saa smuk, endskønt hun har en Vorte.
Else Skoleholders Dorte.
Ej, Herre, hun er af de fine!
Item, item Per Salemagers Trine.
(*Nej, det er sandt, hun bliver borte;
hun har forlovet sig med en Bierfiedler.*)
Altsaa: Borgmesters Stine med en Vorte,
Else Skoleholders Dorte.
Item diverse andre, som lever af deres Midler.

HENRIK
(*gently parodying*)
Well, I, for one, can't pretend to understand it,
but, even though you think you cannot stand it,
we're going to masquerade again.

LEANDER
And there will she be waiting for her friend.

HENRIK
And have also promised to be there,
for I'm expected by a whole contingent.

LEANDER
A whole contingent?

HENRIK
Oh, master! You should see them!
(*Gushingly, parodying. Leander makes a disap-
proving gesture when he discovers that Henrik is
parodying him.*)
The mayor's daughter.
(*Henrik notices Leander's disapproval.*)
She is a beauty though she has a wart, sir.
And the teacher's little lassie;
oh, master, she's really classy!
Next is, next is: the priest's girl at the mission.
No, I forgot, she isn't coming,
she has a date tonight with a musician.
In short: the mayor's daughter with a wart, sir,
and the teacher's little lassie;
and miscellaneous others, all independent of
means, sir.

LEANDER
Ja, det er sandt,
det sidste er fornemme.

HENRIK
Tys! Tys! Der er Fruen!

2. Scene

MAGDELONE
5 Er der nogen hjemme?
Min hjerte Søn! Hvordan gik Maskaraden?

LEANDER
Saa, Mamma ved.

MAGDELONE
Jeg hørte det paa Gaden.
Kan gamle Koner ogsaa komme der?

LEANDER
Ja, ja, der er Indgang for enhver.

MAGDELONE
Ifald dit Ord, min Søn, kan staa til Troende,
saa kender jeg en saadan gammel Kone,
som endnu ej har traadt sit
Danselær af Skoene.

LEANDER
Og denne gamle Kone?

MAGDELONE
(*bly*)
Er –

LEANDER
Well, now I know!
The last point is a good one.

HENRIK
Shh! Shh! Here's the mistress!

Scene 2

MAGDELONE
Is that you, Leander?
My dearest son, was it fun masquerading?

LEANDER
So, so you know – ?

MAGDELONE
I heard about it from a neighbour.
Are older women free to join in there?

LEANDER
Yes, I think that anyone can go.

MAGDELONE
If what you say is true, my son, is really true,
then there's an older woman, I can tell you,
who's still in shape and still can tread
a merry dance or two

LEANDER
Who is this older woman?

MAGDELONE
(*bashfully*)
It's –

HENRIK
(*afsidet*)
Ih, du hellige Abelone!

LEANDER
Er –?

MAGDELONE
Din Moder, Magdelone.

LEANDER
Se, se! Men med Forlov,
kan Mamma danse?

MAGDELONE
Om jeg kan danse?
Jeg kunde svare dig med en Romance.
(*synger og danser*)
En Cinquepas, en Galliard,
det har jeg lært at træde,
og lader se min Kunst og Art,
I andre skulle kvæde.

LEANDER OG HENRIK
(*afsidet*)
Hun lader se sin Kunst og Art,
det er baade til at le og græde.

MAGDELONE
Da jeg var ung,
var Dans min største Glæde.
(*figurerer og synger*)
En Polskdans var mig ingenting,
en Ungarsk hvirvled jeg omkring,

HENRIK
(*aside*)
Ooh, my master will sure disown her!

LEANDER
It's –?

MAGDELONE
Your mother, Magdelone.

LEANDER
I see! But, pardon me, are you a dancer?

MAGDELONE
Am I a dancer?
Well, I could answer you with a romanza.
(*singing and dancing*)
A cinquepas, a galliard,
I've learned the way to tread it,
my studies have been zealous,
and I can show you the style and art
to make all others jealous.

LEANDER AND HENRIK
(*aside*)
She'll let us see her style and art,
in both a sad and comic fashion.

MAGDELONE
When I was young,
and dancing was my passion,
(*strikes poses and sings*)
a polonaise with a swing,
a czardas was a simple thing,

en Skotsk jeg skar med Skørters Sving
og Hop à la Campagne.
(tramper med Hælene)
Men fremfor alt jeg traadte let
en Rigaudon, en Menuet.
En Contretemps, en Passepiéd.
(forpustet)
Og skal det være, kan jeg
endnu Folie d'Espagne!

HENRIK
(afsides)
Se her, Folie d'Espagne.

LEANDER
(afsides)
Se, se! Folie d'Espagne!

MAGDELONE
(figurerer)
Folie d'Espagne med din Fod
skal spilles, som du triner
til Skriftestol at gøre Bod
med gravitetske Miner.

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Ha, ha! Ha, ha! Den Spas er god.
hun tripper og hun triner.
Og slaar paa Tromme med sin Fod,
mens vi staar her og hviner!

MAGDELONE
Men skønt den dølger stolt sit Mod
bag Ærbarheds Gardiner,

I'd even dance a Highland fling
and leap à la Campagne.
(stamps her heels)
I loved to do a pirouette
a rigaudon, a minuét,
a contretemps, a passepiéd,
(out of breath)
and if I have to, then
I may Folie d'Espagne!

HENRIK
(aside)
Hurrah, Folie d'Espagne!

LEANDER
(aside)
Olé! Folie d'Espagne!

MAGDELONE
(strikes poses)
Folie d'Espagne place your foot
with delicate comportment;
you then advance the other foot
with dignified deportment.

LEANDER AND HENRIK
Ha, ha! Ha, ha! Her action's good,
her tripping an achievement,
she taps the beat out with her foot,
and gives us entertainment!

MAGDELONE
But while I cloak my inmost mood,
behind a proud demeanour,

den røber dog et heftigt Blod
og Kærlighedens Piner.

HENRIK
Ak, gode Frue, nok en Folie!
(meget inderligt)
Nok en Folie, nok en Folie!

MAGDELONE
(sætter sig atter i positur)
Folie d'Espagne med din Fod
skal spilles, som du triner.

HENRIK
(ude af sig selv)
Ak, du dejlige Folie!
Tra-la-la-la, tra-la!

MAGDELONE
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la!
(Jeronimus kommer ind.)
Folie d'Espagne!
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!
(opdager Jeronimus)

HENRIK
Tra-la-la-la-la-la!
(prøvende)
Folie,
(helt ud)
Folie d'Espagne!

it cannot tame the hectic blood
that boils in my interior.

HENRIK
Ah, gentle mistress, one more Folie!
(very entreating)
One more Folie, one more a Folie!

MAGDELONE
(takes up position again)
Folie d'Espagne place your foot
with delicate comportment;

HENRIK
(beside himself)
Ah, you wonderful Folie!
Tra-la-la-la, tra-la!

MAGDELONE
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la!
(Jeronimus enters)
Folie d'Espagne!
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!
(notices Jeronimus)

HENRIK
Tra-la-la-la-la-la!
(trying out)
Folie!
(in full spate)
Folie d'Espagne!

3. Scene

JERONIMUS

Kan I være rolige?

(ser fra den ene til den anden)

6 Hvad er her for Kommers?

Holder I Julestue?

(bukker ironisk for Magdelone)

Se, se! Min højærbare Frue!

Det var en artig Scene!

Hun har jo ondt i Ho'det,

ej sandt, og maatte derfor ligge ene?

Saavidt jeg forstod'et

af hendes liderlige Tremulanter –

LEANDER

(varm, indigneret)

Min hjerte Far!

JERONIMUS

Hold Mund, Leander!

(til Magdelone)

Saa lider hun af Hidsighed i Blodet.

MAGDELONE

Ak ja, min hjerte Mand,

det kribler og det prikker mig.

JERONIMUS

Ja vist, ja vist,

ja Lysten stikker dig.

Men jeg ved Raad.

(til Henrik)

Spring flux til Mester Herman

og bed ham komme hid

Scene 3

JERONIMUS

Will you please be quiet there?

(looking from one to the other)

What on earth's going on?

Is this a pantomime?

(bowing ironically to Magdelone)

Well, well! My very worthy madame!

That was a pretty scene, eh?

You said you had a headache, I think,

and so would have to sleep alone?

You said it was just one of those attacks

you get of the vapours –

LEANDER

(warmly, indignant)

But Father, dear!

JERONIMUS

Shut up, Leander!

(to Magdelone)

I say her blood is feverish and fiery?

MAGDELONE

Ah yes, my husband dear!

It troubles and it frizzles me.

JERONIMUS

All right, all right,

your lust, then, sizzles you!

I know a cure.

(to Henrik)

Run round Doctor Herman

and ask him to come by with tablets

med Sneppert og Lancet,

saa skal vi snart kurere den Menuet.

MAGDELONE

Ak nej, min hjerte Husbond!

Det er allerede ovre.

JERONIMUS

Se, se! I tror maaske jeg ikke ved
med Eders Anslag fuld Besked.

Jo, jo, Godtfolk! Jeronimus er klog're.

Med disse tvende dyderige Svogre

min Kone vil i Nat –

(nu bli'r I flade)

paa Maskarade!

Men det skal blive Løgn.

I dette Døgn skal ingen af Jer

sætte Fod paa Gade.

(til Magdelone)

Gaa paa dit Kammer!

MAGDELONE

Min hjerte Husbond!

JERONIMUS

Ti og gaa!

(Magdelone gaar.)

Haa! Haa!

(til Leander)

Og saa til Ham, Mossiø! Hvad Udsigt gav Ham saa

hans vordende Svigerfar, Hr. Leonard?

(Leander tier.)

Naa, fik Han alting klart?

and syringe, and then we'll

cure her of her hot minuets.

MAGDELONE

Oh, no my dearest husband!

It is really passing over.

JERONIMUS

Well, well! Not all things are just what they seem.

You little thought I knew your scheme.

Oh yes, good folk! Jeronimus is knowing.

With these two good for nothings to console her

my wife was going out –

it's so degrading –

out masquerading!

But you can all go hang!

You clever gang! Tonight you won't

be doing your parading.

(to Magdelone)

Go to your room, ma'am!

MAGDELONE

My darling husband!

JERONIMUS

Say no more!

(Magdelone goes out.)

Haa! Haa!

(to Leander)

And for you, young sir! What promise

did you ever give your father-in-law-to-be, Herr

Leonard?

(Leander is silent)

Well, did you fix it up?

Nu,
(*heftigt*)
svar mig dog - og snart.
(*Leander falder paa Knæ.*)
Hvad er der nu paa Færde?

LEANDER
O mon très cher père!

JERONIMUS
Hjælp Gud! Han taler fransk!
Saa er der ondt i Gære!

LEANDER
O, Fader kære.

JERONIMUS
Her hjælper ingen kære Fader eller Mor.
Sig frem.
(*Leander tier.*)
Han mæler ej et Ord
(*til Henrik*)
Men du da!
(*Henrik falder paa Knæ.*)
Saa, nu dratter han bardus.
Saa tal!

HENRIK
Ak, Hr. Jeronimus!

JERONIMUS
Saa tal! Er Pokker løs i dette Hus?

Well,
(*violently*)
answer me, you pup!
(*Leander kneels.*)
Whatever's going on here?

LEANDER
O mon très cher père!

JERONIMUS
Good God! He's talking French!
There's something in the air!

LEANDER
Oh, Father dearest!

JERONIMUS
Cut out the "father dearest" and the "dear mam".
Speak out!
(*Leander remains silent.*)
He's dumb, without a doubt!
(*to Henrik*)
Then you there!
(*Henrik kneels.*)
So, the other one keeps mum.
Speak up!

HENRIK
Oh, Herr Jeronimus!

JERONIMUS
Speak up! Has someone let the devil loose?

HENRIK
Ak, Hr. Jeronime!

JERONIMUS
Saa skal du ogsaa ske en Ufærd, Dreng!

HENRIK
(*stammende*)
Ak, Herre Je-Je-Je-Je-

JERONIMUS
Svar mig, hvad ondt har I da gjort?

HENRIK
Vi vi vi vi vi har intet gjort,
(*grædende*)
men vi vi vi vil bare gøre det.

JERONIMUS
For Satan! Lad mig høre det!

HENRIK
Ak, Hr. Jeronimus! Ak, lad Hr. Leander –

JERONIMUS
(*med Stokken*)
Nu skal det være nok med denne Vrævlen!

HENRIK
Ak, ak, ak, Hr. Jeronimus!

JERONIMUS
Ingen Ævlen!

HENRIK
Oh, Herr Jeronimus!

JERONIMUS
Then you've got something coming to you, boy!

HENRIK
(*stammering*)
Oh, Master Je-Je-Je-Je-

JERONIMUS
Tell me, what mischief have you done?

HENRIK
We we we we we we haven't done,
(*weeping*)
but we we we we were only going to!

JERONIMUS
For God's sake, stop that stammering!

HENRIK
Oh, Herr Jeronimus, oh, let Herr Leander –

JERONIMUS
(*with his stick*)
Now that's enough of all this fiddle faddle!

HENRIK
Oh, oh, oh, Herr Jeronimus!

JERONIMUS
Stop this twaddle!

HENRIK
Hr. Hr. Le-Leander gir –

JERONIMUS
Leander gir?

HENRIK
gir, gir, gir, gir, Hr. Hr. Leonards Datter –

JERONIMUS
– Gir Hr. Leonards datter?

HENRIK
(grædende)
Døden og Dævlen!
(rejser sig meget hurtigt)
For han er bleven forlift i en anden Jomfru
i Gaar Aftes paa Maskaraden.

JERONIMUS
(brøler)
Paa Maskaraden! Paa Maskaraden!
Ja, der er Skaden!
(heftig, til Henrik)
Gaa ud!
(til Leander)
Gaa ind!
(heftig)

7 Det Satans Spind!

HENRIK
Herr, Herr Leander's got –

JERONIMUS
Leander's got?

HENRIK
go-, got to give Herr, Herr Leonard's daughter –

JERONIMUS
– give Herr Leonard's daughter?

HENRIK
(crying)
Death and damnation!
(rising very quickly)
For he has fallen in love with another lady
that he met at the masquerading.

JERONIMUS
(roaring)
The masquerading? The masquerading?
That damned parading!
(angrily, to Henrik)
Get out!
(to Leander)
Get in!
(angrily)

The place of sin!

4. Scene

JERONIMUS
Fra den Tid, de begyndte Maskaraden
i Fjor i det Komediehus, som glør paa den anden
Side Gaden,
er der vendt op og ned paa hele Staden,
og Drik og Dobbelt, Spil og Hor,
Trods, Vold og Mord
som Svampe gror,
en Helveds Flor!
Og nu Hr. Leonard som tror,
jeg er en Mand, som holder Ord,
og kommer hid om lidt! Himmel og Jord!
Gid Fanden havde dette Abekor!
Hvilke Tider! Hvilke Lader!
Jeg ulykkelige Fader!
Disse Maskarader!
(sætter sig)

8 Fordum var der Fred paa Gaden,
førend Vægtren raabte ni,
slukt var Lyset, lukt var Laden,
Aftengrøden røg i Staden,
Godtfolk gik fra Aftensmaden
fredeligt i Hi.
Ingen Te og Sukkerlade,
intet Kaffekompagni.
Maskarade, Maskarade!
Freden er forbi.

Fordum stod den sikre Stige:
Husbond, Madmor, Husets Søn;
ærbart Datter, Svend og Pige.
Til at rokke den og vige

Scene 4

JERONIMUS
From the time they began this masquerading affair
inside the playhouse over there,
in that cockpit of iniquity,
they've made a circus of our lovely city.
They swill and tipple till they're tight,
fornicate and fight
from morn till night
and morning light!
Herr Leonard for sure has heard,
that I'm a man who keeps his word.
He's coming round here soon! Oh, how absurd!
The devil take the whole damned cattle herd!
Serenading! Cavalcading!
Pity me, it's so degrading!
All this masquerading!
(sits down)

Time was when our street was silent,
when the watchman gave his call.
out went lights and up went shutter,
not a murmur, not a murmur,
decent folk went straight to slumber,
peaceful nights for all.
Never noisy escapading,
never shouting in the hall.
That's all gone with masquerading!
Lost beyond recall!

Time was when folk knew their places:
master, mistress, daughter, son,
maid and man, no airs and graces.
Neither party frills nor laces,

fra den Vej til Himmerige
hjælp ej Løn, ej Bøn.
Ingen Ungdom kom for Skade,
spurgte først, "hvad Far vil sige".
Maskarade! Maskarade!
Nu er alle lige.

Frisk Mod, Jeronimus! Det driver over.

5. Scene

HENRIK
(*melder, meget frækt*)

9 Hr. Leonard, Herrens tilkommende Svoger.
(*gaar*)

6. Scene

LEONARD
(*hilser meget skamfuld, bukker*)
Monsieur Jeronimus!

JERONIMUS
(*meget skamfuld*)
Monseigneur Leonard!
(*afsides*)
Hvor skal jeg faa det sagt?
(*højt*)
Monsieur!

LEONARD
Monsieur!
(*afsides*)
Hvor faar jeg det forklart?
(*højt*)
Jeg kommer for en Sag –

fancy dress or painted faces.
Sober ev'ry one.
Youngsters needed no persuading,
never stooped to lewd embraces.
That's all gone with masquerading!
All they want is fun, fun, fun.

Chin up, Jeronimus! Just wait and see, sir.

Scene 5

HENRIK
(*announces very impertinently*)
Herr Leonard! your cousin-in-law-to-be, sir.
(*goes*)

Scene 6

LEONARD
(*very shamefaced, bows*)
Monsieur Jeronimus!

JERONINIUS
(*very shamefaced*)
Monseigneur Leonard!
(*afside*)
What tale am I to tell?
(*aloud*)
Monsieur!

LEONARD
Monsieur!
(*afside*)
How am I to explain?
(*aloud*)
I've come about a case

JERONIMUS
(*afsides*)
Monstro han ved det alt?

LEONARD
Jeg kommer for en Sag –

JERONIMUS
(*højt*)
Min Søn har Jer fortalt?

LEONARD
Jeg kommer – jeg kommer –
for en Sag, som gaar os begge an.
(*afsides*)
Hvordan faar jeg det sagt?

JERONIMUS
(*afsides*)
Han ved det! Hold nu Stand,
og te dig som en Mand!

LEONARD
(*højt*)
Min Datter er forrykt –

JERONIMUS
(*højt*)
Min Søn er desperat –

LEONARD
– saa ilter som en Hex –

JERONIMUS
(*afside*)
The damage has been done?

LEONARD
I've come about a case –

JERONIMUS
(*aloud*)
You've heard it from my son?

LEONARD
I've come a – I've come about a case
concerning both of us.
(*afside*)
What ever can I say?

JERONIMUS
(*afside*)
He knows it. If I can,
I'll take it like a man.

LEONARD
(*aloud*)
My daughter's off her head –

JERONIMUS
(*aloud*)
My son's completely mad –

LEONARD
Her wits have surely fled

JERONIMUS
– saa vild som en Crabat.

LEONARD
Min Sorg er uden Maal –

JERONIMUS
Min Skam er aabenbar –

LEONARD
– da jeg er hendes Far.

JERONIMUS
– da han dog er min Søn.

LEONARD
(*knæler*)
Her ligger jeg.

JERONIMUS
(*knæler*)
Og jeg! Ak væ, mit ene Knæ.

LEONARD
Kald mig et Klokkefaar!

JERONIMUS
Kald mig et Ærkefæl!

LEONARD
(*grædende*)
Ak, Hr. Jeronimus!

JERONIMUS
He's really got it bad!

LEONARD
I am not feeling glad -

JERONIMUS
A shame for his mama.

LEONARD
for I am her papa.

JERONIMUS
To think he is my lad.

LEONARD
(*kneeling*)
I kneel to you.

JERONIMUS
(*kneels*)
Me, too! Oh God, my gouty knee!

LEONARD
Call me a hopeless dupe!

JERONIMUS
Call me a nincompoop!

LEONARD
(*weeping*)
Oh, Herr Jeronimus!

JERONIMUS
(*ligesaa*)
Ak, Monsieur Leonard!
(*afsides*)
Hvor sigter dette hen?

LEONARD
(*afsides*)
Mit Hjerte revner snart.
(*højt*)
Gid hun faa Skam, den *Mær!*

JERONIMUS
(*højt*)
Skammen, Monsieur, er her!
Min Søn har brudt sit Ord.

LEONARD
Min Datter har brudt sit.
Gid hun faa Skam, den *Mær!*

JERONIMUS
Hvad nu?

LEONARD
Vist saa!

JERONIMUS
Monsieur!

LEONARD
Monsieur!

JERONIMUS
(*likewise*)
Oh, Monsieur Leonard!
(*aside*)
Where's all this taking us?

LEONARD
(*aside*)
My heart has missed a beat.
(*aloud*)
Shame on my girl, so fine!

JERONIMUS
(*aloud*)
Shame, good monsieur, is mine!
My son's a worthless cheat!

LEONARD
My daughter's a coquette,
I very much regret!

JERONIMUS
What's this?

LEONARD
Well, well!

JERONIMUS
Monsieur!

LEONARD
Monsieur!

BEGGE

Saa er vi kvit.

LEONARD

Jeg rejser mig igen.

(*rejser sig op*)

JERONIMUS

Saa staar jeg atter op.

(*Leonard rækker ham Haanden.*)

Hiv! Min stive Krop!

LEONARD

Hop op! Hop op!

JERONIMUS

Ak væ! Mit Knæ!

BEGGE

Top!

JERONIMUS

Jer Datter trodser Jer?

Naar fik hun denne Trods ?

LEONARD

Paa Maskaraden i Gaar –

JERONIMUS

Det er ligesaa hos os!

LEONARD

– forelsked hun sig i en Karl
og vil profos nu giftes med ham.

BOTH

It seems we're quits.

LEONARD

I'm getting up again.

(*getting up*)

JERONIMUS

I'm getting up as well.

(*offering him his hand*)

Ooh! My joints are hell!

LEONARD

Heave-ho! Heave-ho!

JERONIMUS

Ah me! My knee!

BOTH

Heave!

JERONIMUS

Your girl's defying you?

What do you think's it to blame?

LEONARD

The masquerading last night -

JERONIMUS

Yes, my son is just the same!

LEONARD

she fell for some mysterious man
and now, for shame, she wants to wed him.

JERONIMUS

Det er ligesaa hos os!

Men *quos nos!*

Svoger forstaar Latin?

LEONARD

Jo vist! Jo, vi skal lære dem.

JERONIMUS

Og vil de ej som vi –

LEONARD

Saa skal vi bastenere dem.

BEGGE

En Fader skulde ej bedømme

Sønnens/Dat'rens Tarv?

JERONIMUS

(*raaber*)

Arv!

BEGGE

Naar har man Mage hørt.

JERONIMUS

Arv!

Hvor bli'r han af den Skarv!

Arv! Arv! Arv!

JERONIMUS

Yes, my son is just the same!

But *quos nos!*

Latin, you understand?

LEONARD

I do! Then we shall bridle them.

JERONIMUS

They'll do as they are told -

LEONARD

Or else we'll bastinado them.

BOTH

A father always knows
his son's/girl's best interest.

JERONIMUS

(*calling*)

Arv!

BOTH

Whoever heard such talk?

JERONIMUS

Arv!

Whatever's keeping him?

Arv! Arv! Arv!

7. Scene

ARV

10 Her er jeg, Husbond
(*bukker for Leonard*)
Nej, se Goddag, Monsør!

JERONIMUS

Kan du la' Kokkepigen gaa, din Klør!

ARV

(*angst*)
Vel, Hr. Jeronimus!

JERONIMUS

Hør, Arv! Du skal gaa Vagt –

ARV

Vel, Hr. Jeronimus!

JERONIMUS

Hør først, hvad der bli'r sagt.

ARV

Vel, Hr. Jeronimus, vell!

JERONIMUS

i Nat ved Porten.
Vil nogen ud, saa skrig Gevalt.

ARV

Vel, Hr. Jeronimus!

JERONIMUS

Hvis ej, saa gælder det din Hud.

Scene 7

ARV

I'm coming, master!
(*bowing to Leonard*)
Why, it's yourself, monsieur!

JERONIMUS

Just leave the kitchen maid alone, you wretch!

ARV

(*afraid*)
Right, Herr Jeronimus!

JERONIMUS

Now, Arv! You shall stand guard –

ARV

Right, Herr Jeronimus!

JERONIMUS

Just listen to me, dolt–

ARV

Right, Herr Jeronimus, right!

JERONIMUS

If you see someone try to get out,
you sound the alarm

ARV

Right, Herr Jeronimus!

JERONIMUS

If not, you shall feel my arm.

ARV

Vel, Hr. Jeronimus!
Vel, vel, vel, Hr. Jeronimus!

JERONIMUS

Hold Mund!

ARV

(*angst*)
Vel, Hr. Jeronimus!
(*afsides*)
Han er i ond Humør.

8. Scene

JERONIMUS

Det er en Stud!
(*til Henrik*)
Kom ind!
(*til Leander*)
Kom ud!
(*Henrik og Leander flove ind.*)
Der er Hr. Leonard.
Nu bli'r de flade!
Hvad vilde I paa den
fordømte Maskarade?
(*til Leander*)
Forklar dig, du!
Bu! Forsvar dig, du!
(*Leander tier.*)
Bæ! Han staar som et Fæl!

HENRIK

Vil Herren mig tillade –

ARV

Right, Herr Jeronimus!
Right, right, right, Herr Jeronimus

JERONIMUS

Enough!

ARV

(*afraid*)
Right, Herr Jeronimus!
(*aside*)
He seems a bit upset!

Scene 8

JERONIMUS

Away, you lout!
(*to Henrik*)
Come in!
(*to Leander*)
Come out!
(*Henrik and Leander enter sheepishly.*)
Here is Mr. Leonard
– no more evading!
What business had you
at that confounded masquerading?
(*to Leander*)
Explain yourself!
Come! Defend yourself!
(*Leander stays silent.*)
Well! Don't stand there and gawp!

HENRIK

If, sir, you will allow me –

JERONIMUS
Hvad nu, din Spradel!

LEONARD
Min hjerte Svoger,
lad os høre hans Parade.

HENRIK
Vi blev forførte, Monsieur Jeronimus,
at gaa paa Maskarade
af en halvgammel Karl
fra Frankfurt am Main eller an der Oder.
Han taler fireogtyve Sprog
plus Sproget i de Nye Boder,
som han taler perfekt, aldeles perfekt.

JERONIMUS
Det gør jeg ogsaa, Knægt!

HENRIK
Nemlig: Lybsk, Tysk, Jysk,
Rysk, Polsk og navnlig Flamisk –

JERONIMUS
(*rasende*)
Min Stok!

HENRIK
og Meso -

JERONIMUS
Min Stok!

JERONIMUS
Well, then, let's hear it!

LEONARD
My dear, good neighbour,
let us listen to his story.

HENRIK
We were persuaded, Monsieur Jeronimus,
to go out masquerading
by an elderly chap
from Frankfurt am Main or an der Oder.
He spoke in twentyfour languages
including modern Copenhagenish,
which he speaks without fault, no accent at all!

JERONIMUS
Just as I do, you dolt!

HENRIK
Namely, Brittish, Skittish, Russian,
Prussian, French and Transylvanian -

JERONIMUS
(*furios*)
My stick!

HENRIK
and Meso -

JERONIMUS
My stick!

HENRIK
Meso -

JERONIMUS
Min Stok!

HENRIK
Mesopotamisk.

JERONIMUS
Hvor er min Stok?

HENRIK
Jeg tror ganske bestemt, det var en Studenter.

JERONIMUS
Nu er det nok!

HENRIK
Samme Karl spiller ogsaa stærkt paa Instrumenter.

JERONIMUS
Denne Stok spiller
ogsaa stærkt paa Instrumenter.

HENRIK
Han taler fireogtyve Sprog.

JERONIMUS
Nu er det nok!

HENRIK
Han taler fireogtyve Sprog,
han var bestemt Studenter,

HENRIK
and Meso -

JERONIMUS
My stick!

HENRIK
– and Mesopotamian.

JERONIMUS
Where is my stick?

HENRIK
I feel positive, sir, that he was a scholar.

JERONIMUS
Now that's enough!

HENRIK
and he played quite a lot of instruments as well, sir.

JERONIMUS
This stick also plays a tune,
as you will see, sir!

HENRIK
He spoke in twentyfour languages.

JERONIMUS
Now that's enough!

HENRIK
He spoke in twentyfour languages –
a surely was a scholar.

og ærlig talt,
vi var gaaet der alligevel.

(Jeronimus maaber)

11

I dette Land,
hvor Solskin er saa kummerligt beskaaret,
hvor der er mørkt de elve Maaneder af Aaret,
hvor Taagen er vor Himmel,
og Lyset kun en Strimmel,
og hvor vi sjasker rundt i Slud og Vand,
vi døde vel til sidst af Mug og Skimmel,
ifald vi ej, som Tusserne i Kæret,
imellem letted os i Været
og fangede et lille Glimt
(meget følelsesfuld)
af Solen paa Kjolen.
I dette Land, i dette Land,
I viseste blandt Fædre!
Hvad kan en ung Kavalier vel gøre bedre,
end glemme for en Stund
den Sump, hvori vi vade,
og gøre Hjertet lyst og Himlen mild
ved sig at bade
i den Kaskade
af Dans og Sang og Lys og Ild,
som hedder Maskarade! Maskarade!
(Jeronimus maaber)
Maskarade
(meget begejstret)
Maskara ...

JERONIMUS
Nu er det nok!

To tell the truth
We'd have gone there in any case.

(Jeronimus gapes)

In this dear land,
where sunshine comes but once a year, or nearly,
and where it seems as though it's dark elev'n
months yearly

with mist and fog or grimmer,
so daylight's just a glimmer
and where it's slush and squalch - oh, this dear land!
We'd rot away and end up making compost,
unless we could, like froggies in the duckpond,
come up now and again for airing,
and catch and hold a little passing
(very feelingly)
sunbeam, or moonbeam.

In this dear land, in this dear land,
please tell us, wisest father,
were you a young cavalier
would you not rather forget a while
the mire and muck we wade in,
and seek delight within the merry throng,
as they go bathing
in the cascading
of dance and songs and light and fun
that we call masquerading, masquerading!
(Jeronimus gasps.)
Masquerading!
(very enthusiastic)
Masquera ...

JERONIMUS
Now that's enough!

LEONARD

(noget prøvende)

Hm! Hm! En Kavalier! Lad gaa! Hm!
Jeg selv er ingen Hader
af smukke Assembler og Maskarader -
forstaa mig vel, de pænere.
Men disse, disse Kisselinke-Retirader,
(hm!) hvor Folk gaar ind
fra Torve og fra Gader.
Du gaar jo selv derind,
det gør ej andre Tjenere.

HENRIK

Pro primo gaar jeg der paa Embeds Vegne,
de andre udenfor,
de fryser, til de blegne,
faar Febergys og Klaprekæfter
og maa i Svedekur
for at faa Kræfter.
Jeg derimod,
jeg lar det sne og regne.
Jeg danser, naar jeg gaar, og danser Dagen efter.
Og pro secundo -

JERONIMUS

Jeg er færdig at segne
af denne Knægts Lakaj-Prokurator-Passiar
og "Klaprekæfter"

LEONARD

Mig synes, at han ej saa megen Uret har. Hm!

LEONARD

(cautiously)

Hm! Hm! A cavalier! Well, well! Hm!
I'm not myself for hating
respectable parties and masquerading
Don't get me wrong: the nicer ones.
But there, er, these, er hole in corner, kiss me
quick ones,

hm! I'd say that
they're the vulgar and the sick ones.
You go in there yourself
But other servants never do.

HENRIK

Well, firstly I go there 'cause it's my duty,
The other servants wait out
because they have to,
with teeth a-chatter, limbs a-shiver
they have to go to bed
with chills and fever
For me come rain,
come snow or come whatever
I dance all night, and never mind the
wretched weather.

And for another -

JERONIMUS

There's enough of this nonsense!
I've had enough of your bible-babble,
gobble-de-gook,
and jibber-jabber.

LEONARD

It seems to me, however, that he has a point, hm!

HENRIK
Og pro secundo gaar jeg der paa egne Vegne.
Vi fødes i Armod,
vi svøbes i Sult,
vi trives af Savn og af Suk,
saa kommer en Mester
med Ris i sin Pult,
det hagler med Haan
og med Hug.
Vi vokser og kommer til Alder og Skel,
og Aaret løber os fuldt;
vi slider og slæber
og gør os til Træl
for ikke at dø af Sult.
Da hvirvler det brogede Masketog
med Frihed og Lighed af Sted,
med den rigeste Drot og det fattigste Drog
hvad Under, om vi vil med!
Du, som fryser derude,
kom ind og vær Gæst!
Her er Glemsel for Nød og Fortræd.
Ak, kunne jeg køre Alverden paa Fæst
og ta' Kusken og Hestene med!
Maskarade!

JERONIMUS
Hold Munden lukket!
Man skulde tro, Drengen var forbandet.
Det er jo hverken hugget eller stukket.
Men nu til noget andet.
(til Leander)
Der staar Hr. Leonard!
Gør nu din Uret god.

HENRIK
And for another thing I go because I like to.
We're born into hunger
and nurtured in need,
we grew to suffer and sigh.
But if you are a master
With pride and with greed,
you brandish the rod
till we cry.
We age and we suffer and, by and by,
we cough, we ache and we bleed;
we labour and toil,
with the sons of the soil,
and never may question why.
The whirling and swirling and motley throng
of glad masqueraders sweeps by.
Both the richest and poorest, they all go along
no wonder we're there, you and I!
You who shiver and freeze there,
just come and join in!
And just put all your cares from your mind.
Forget all you've heard about scandal and sin;
leave your trials and your stresses behind!
Masquerading!

JERONIMUS
Leave off the chatter!
The fellow seems, seems to be delirious;
he makes my poor old heart go pitter-patter!
But now to something serious!
(to Leander)
There stands Herr Leonard!
Go ask his pardon now.

LEANDER
(knæler)
Jeg beder om Pardon og falder ham for Fod.
Jeg beder om Pardon.

HENRIK
(knæler)
Jeg ligesaa. Ak, gid jeg med
mit Hjerteblod –

JERONIMUS
Hold Mund!
(til Leander)
Og gentag, hvad jeg foreskriver!
"Idet jeg beder, at Hr. Leonard tilgiver –"

LEANDER OG HENRIK
»Idet jeg beder, at Hr. Leonard tilgiver –"

JERONIMUS
– "den Tort, som jeg har gjort
(søgende)
og som at – som at – som at –"

LEANDER OG HENRIK
"den Tort, som jeg har gjort
og som at, som at, som at –"

HENRIK
(hurtigt)
Herren glemte: Komma!

LEANDER
(kneels)
I beg your pardon, sir,
and kneel down at your feet.

HENRIK
(kneels)
I do so, too!
Oh, my remorse, sir, is complete.

JERONIMUS
Shut up!
(to Leander)
Now listen, and take down dictation!
"I plead my guilt and ask for kind exoneration" –

LEANDER AND HENRIK
"I plead my guilt –"

JERONIMUS
"for wrongs that I have done and so on
(stammering)
um er, um er"

LEANDER AND HENRIK
"for wrongs that I have done
and, um er, um er"

HENRIK
(quickly)
Don't forget the comma!

JERONIMUS
 "og som jeg haaber,
 at mig ej tilregnet bliver –"

LEANDER OG HENRIK
 "og som jeg haaber,
 at mig ej tilregnet bliver –"

JERONIMUS
 "begrunder paa min megen Uforstand
 og Ungdom –"

LEANDER OG HENRIK
 "begrunder paa min megen Uforstand
 og Ungdom –"

HENRIK
 Punktum!

JERONIMUS
 "Jeg lover, at jeg vil i Morgen Klokken tre –"

HENRIK
 Slet?

JERONIMUS
(urokkelig)
 "Slet!"

LEANDER OG HENRIK
 "Jeg lover, at jeg vil i Morgen Klokken tre Slet –"

JERONIMUS
 "And so I hope I now may plead
 for exculpation" –

LEANDER AND HENRIK
 "And so I hope I now may plead
 for exculpation" –

JERONIMUS
 "for faults and follies
 of younger generation" –

LEANDER AND HENRIK
 "for faults and follies
 of younger generation" –

HENRIK
 Full stop!

JERONIMUS
 "I promise that tomorrow afternoon at three" –

HENRIK
 Sharp?

JERONIMUS
(unswervingly)
 Sharp!

LEANDER AND HENRIK
 "I promise that tomorrow afternoon at three" –

JERONIMUS
 [12] "hans Datter ægte."

LEANDER
(rejser sig, heftig)
 Det skal aldrig skel!

HENRIK
(rejser sig)
 Det skal i Evighed ej skel!

JERONIMUS
 Nej, vil man se!
 Hvem vil forhindre det?

LEANDER
 Det vil jeg!

HENRIK
 Ja, det vil vi!

JERONIMUS
 Det vil I?

LEANDER OG HENRIK
 Ja, det vil vi!

ARV
 Hi-hi, hi-hi, hi-hi, hi-hi!
 det blir et farligt Skænderi!

JERONIMUS
 Nu vel, vi faar at se, hvem der kan bedst!

JERONIMUS
 "I'll wed your daughter" –

LEANDER
(rising, forcefully)
 Never on your life!

HENRIK
(rises)
 No, she shall never be his wife!

JERONIMUS
 What's that you say?
 Who's to prevent it, pray?

LEANDER
 That shall I!

HENRIK
 Yes, that shall we!

JERONIMUS
 Will you so?

LEANDER AND HENRIK
 Yes, that we shall!

ARV
 He-he, he-he, he-he, he-he!
 Here comes assault and battery!

JERONIMUS
 All right, we'll see now which of us knows best!

Men for det første har I nu Arrest,
i Aften gaar I ej paa Maskarade.

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Vi vil i aften gaa paa Maskarade!

JERONIMUS
I vil?

LEONARD OG ARV
De vil?

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Vi vil!

JERONIMUS, LEONARD OG ARV
De kan det ej!

LEANDER
Jo, han og jeg –

HENRIK
Og han og jeg –

LEANDER
– og jeg og han!

HENRIK
– og jeg og han!

JERONIMUS
I ej det kan!

The first thing is you're under house arrest.
Tonight you will not go out masquerading.

LEANDER AND HENRIK
We will be going out for masquerading!

JERONIMUS
You will?

LEONARD AND ARV
They will?

LEANDER AND HENRIK
We will!

JERONIMUS, LEONARD AND ARV
You can't say !!

LEANDER
Yes, he and I –

HENRIK
And he and I –

LEANDER
– and I and he!

HENRIK
– and I and he!

JERONIMUS
It shall not be!

LEONARD OG ARV
De ej det kan!

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Vi kan!

JERONIMUS
Ja, kom kun an!

LEONARD
Kan det gaa an?

ARV
Nu gaar det an!

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Vi skal!

JERONIMUS
I skal?

LEONARD OG ARV
De skal?

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Vi skal daran!

JERONIMUS
Ifald I kan!

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Ja, han og jeg gi'r os paa Vejl

LEANDER AND ARV
It shall not be!

LEANDER AND HENRIK
We'll see!

JERONIMUS
Just try it one!

LEONARD AND ARV
Can this go on?

ARV
It does goes on!

LEANDER AND HENRIK
We shall!

JERONIMUS
You shall?

LEONARD AND ARV
They shall?

LEANDER AND HENRIK
Yes, you shall see!

JERONIMUS
Well, just you see!

LEANDER AND HENRIK
Yes, he and I, we mean to go!

JERONIMUS
I ta'r paa Vej?

LEONARD OG ARV
De tager paa Vej!

JERONIMUS
I tar paa Vej?

LEONARD OG ARV
De tager paa Vej?

LEANDER
Og jeg, vi ta'r af Sted.

HENRIK
Jeg med, vi ta'r af Sted.

LEONARD OG ARV
De ta'r af sted!

JERONIMUS
Prøv, om I tør.

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Vi tør!

JERONIMUS
I tør?

LEONARD OG ARV
De tør?

JERONIMUS
You mean to go!

LEONARD AND ARV
They mean to go, they mean to go!

JERONIMUS
You mean to go?

LEONARD AND ARV
They mean to go!

LEANDER
Yes, yes we mean to go!

HENRIK
Me too – we mean to go!

Leonard and Arv
They dare to go!

JERONIMUS
Go, if you dare.

LEANDER AND HENRIK
We dare!

JERONIMUS
You dare, you dare?

LEONARD AND ARV
They dare!

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Vi tør det godt!

JERONIMUS
I gør den Spot?

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Ja, jeg og han, og han og jeg,
og jeg og han, vi gør den Skam!
Ja, han og jeg, vi tør den Leg,
fordi vi bør!

JERONIMUS
I bør? I bør?

LEONARD OG ARV
De bør?

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Fordi vi bør!

JERONIMUS
Haa, haa, haa, haa!

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Vi tør og bør!
Vi tør, fordi
vi bør, og bør,
fordi vi tør
thi vi, vi, vi
er frels og fri,
fordi vi gør
det, som vi maa. Vi maa!

LEANDER AND HENRIK
We surely dare!

JERONIMUS
Defy my will?

LEANDER AND HENRIK
Yes, he and I, and I and he,
and he and I, we're going to!
Yes, he and I, we're going to,
because we must!

JERONIMUS
You must? You must?

LEONARD AND ARV
They must?

LEANDER AND HENRIK
Because we must!

Haa, haa, haa, haa!

LEANDER AND HENRIK
We dare, we dare
because we must,
we must, we must
because we dare,
for we, for we,
we are fancy free,
because we dare do
what we care to do!

JERONIMUS, LEONARD OG ARV
I maa? Haa, haa, haa, haa, haa, haa!

LEANDER
Ja, han og jeg,
vi maa den Vej!

JERONIMUS, LEONARD OG ARV
Ej, ej, ej, ej!

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Ja, han og jeg,
vi maa den Vej,
ja, jeg vi maa af sted, af sted,
ja, han og jeg af sted;
Thi vi er frels og fri!

JERONIMUS
Nu blir jeg vred!

ARV
Nu blir han vred!

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Af sted, af sted, af sted, af sted!

LEONARD
(*afsides*)
Gid jeg var med!

JERONIMUS, LEONARD OG ARV
(*højt*)
Nej, nej, nej, nej,
nej, nej, nej, nej!

JERONIMUS, LEONARD AND ARV
You do? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

LEANDER
Yes, he and I
we dare to go!

JERONIMUS, LEONARD AND ARV
No, no, no, no!

LEANDER AND HENRIK
Yes, he and I,
we dare to go,
yes, I and he, we dare, we dare!
The reason why, you see,
is we are fancy free!

JERONIMUS
You'll rue the day!

ARV
They'll rue the day!

LEANDER AND HENRIK
We go, we go, we go, we go, we go!

LEONARD
(*aside*)
Wish it was me!

JERONIMUS, LEONARD AND ARV
(*aloud*)
No, no, no, no,
no, no, no, no!

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Vi vil i Aften gaa paa Maskarade.

LEONARD
(*afsides*)
Gid jeg var med!

JERONIMUS
Nu bli'r jeg vred!

LEANDER OG ARV
(*højt*)
De kommer ej paa Maskarade!

JERONIMUS
Med Laas og Slaa
og Stang og Skraa
jeg passer paa,
at ej I gaa
paa Maskarade.

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Ej Laas og Slaa,
ej Stang og Skraa
kan passe paa,
at vi ej gaa
paa Maskarade.

LEONARD OG ARV
Med Laas og Slaa
og Stang og Skraa
vi passer paa,
at de ej gaa
paa Maskarade.

LEANDER AND HENRIK
We two tonight are going masquerading.

LEONARD
(*aside*)
Wish it was me!

JERONIMUS
You'll rue the day!

LEONARD AND ARV
(*aloud*)
You won't be going masquerading!

JERONIMUS
I'll lock the gates,
you are reprobates!
I shall watch out,
you'll not go out
for masquerading!

LEANDER AND HENRIK
You lock the gates
to reprobates,
you shall watch out,
but we'll go out
for masquerading!

LEONARD AND ARV
We'll lock the gates
to reprobates,
we shall watch out,
you'll not go out
for masquerading!

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Vi vil ha' lov,
at være glade.

JERONIMUS, LEONARD OG ARV
I vil paa Sjov
og paa Ballade!

LEANDER
O, du gyldne Maskarade!
Vi vil aldrig dig forlade!

HENRIK
O, du gyldne Maskarade!
Vi vil aldrig dig forlade!

JERONIMUS, LEONARD OG ARV
I vil paa Sjov!

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Vi vil ha Lov,
at være glade.

JERONIMUS, LEONARD OG ARV
I vil paa Sjov
og paa Ballade!

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Vi vil ud, vi vil ud, vi vil ud!

HENRIK
Trods Storm og Slud.
trods Herrebud.

LEANDER AND HENRIK
We want some fun
and marry making.

JERONIMUS, LEONARD AND ARV
And then that's done,
go troublemaking.

LEANDER
Oh, the golden masquerading!
Oh, the joy of serenading!

HENRIK
Oh, the golden masquerading!
Oh, the joy of serenading!

JERONIMUS, LEONARD AND ARV
And when that's done!

LEANDER AND HENRIK
We want some fun
and marry making!

JERONIMUS, LEONARD AND ARV
And when that's done,
go troublemaking

LEANDER AND HENRIK
Let us go, let us go, let us go!

HENRIK
Come rain or snow
we'd have you know,

trods reven Hud
gaar vi vor Skud.

JERONIMUS
Foruden Krud
og Stik og Skud
og Pandebrud

LEANDER
Trods Storm og Slud,
vi vil ha Lov –

HENRIK
– at følge Glædens Stemme.

JERONIMUS
– og reven Hud
blot paa mit Bud
skal I faa Lov
at blive smukt herhjemme,
saa smukt herhjemme!

JERONIMUS, LEONARD OG ARV
I vil paa Sjov
og paa Ballade!

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Vi vil ha' lov at være glade!
Vi vil og kan og skal og tør
i Aften gaa paa Maskarade.

JERONIMUS, LEONARD OG ARV
I hverken kan eller skal eller maa
i aften gaa paa Maskarade.

you can't say no,
we're going to go!

JERONIMUS
You've had your say,
you'll stay away,
it's as I say -

LEANDER
Come rain or snow,
we're going to –

HENRIK
– and follow joyful pleasures.

JERONIMUS
– I'll make you pay,
you can't say nay,
you'll have stay
because I've taken measures,
I've taken measures!

JERONIMUS, LEONARD AND ARV
And then that's done,
go troublemaking!

LEANDER AND HENRIK
We're out for fun, and no mistaking!
We will and can and shall and dare
go out this evening masquerading.

JERONIMUS, LEONARD AND ARV
You neither can nor shall nor may
go out this evening masquerading.

LEANDER

O, du gyldne Maskarade,
som gør alle Tanker glade –

HENRIK

O, du gyldne Maskarade,
som gør alle Tanker glade,
vi vil aldrig dig forlade,
Maskarade, gyldne Maskarade!

LEANDER

– vi vil aldrig dig forlade,
Sjæl og Sanser skal vi bade,
i din Glans, o Maskarade,
gyldne Maskarade!

JERONIMUS, LEONARD OG ARV

O, du slemme Maskarade!
I vil paa Sjøv
og paa Ballade!
O, du slemme Maskarade!
Dig vi altid sky og hade!
Dig vi sky og hade!

LEANDER

O, du gyldne Maskarade,
Som gør alle Tanker glade.
Vi vil aldrig dig forlade,
gyldne Maskarade.

HENRIK

O, du gyldne Maskarade,
som gør alle Tanker glade.
Vi vil aldrig dig forlade,

LEANDER

Oh, you golden masquerading,
oh, the joy of serenading –

HENRIK

Oh, you golden masquerading,
oh, the joy of serenading –
we will never need for you persuading,
masquerading, golden masquerading!

LEANDER

– we will never need persuading,
and they cannot stop us fêting the delights,
the delights of masquerading,
masquerading, golden masquerading!

JERONIMUS, LEONARD AND ARV

O, you shameful masquerading!
And when that's done,
go troublemaking!
O, you shameful masquerading!
Pestilential and degrading!
Pestilence degrading!

LEANDER

O, you golden masquerading,
oh, the joy of serenading,
we will never need persuading,
masquerading, golden masquerading!

HENRIK

O, you golden masquerading,
oh, the joy of serenading,
we will never need persuading,

Sjæl og Sanser skal vi bade,
i din Glans, o Maskarade,
gyldne Maskarade!

LEONARD

O, du slemme Maskarade!
(*afsides*)
Ak, gid jeg var med, o Skade!
Gid jeg var med!
(*højt*)
O, du slemme Maskarade!

ARV

O, du slemme Maskarade!
Liderligheds Palisade,
Liderligheds, liderligheds Palisade,
dig vi altid sky!
O, du slemme Maskarade!

JERONIMUS

O, du slemme Maskarade!
Rigets Pest og Landets Skade,
dig vi altid sky og hade
alt dit Væsen, Maskarade,
Maskarade, dig vi altid sky!
O, du slemme Maskarade!

(*Tæppe*)

and they cannot stop us fêting
the delights of masquerading, no, no,
Golden masquerading!

LEONARD

O, you shameful masquerading!
(*aside*)
I wish it was me parading!
Wish it was me!
(*aloud*)
O, you shameful masquerading!

ARV

O, you shameful masquerading!
Pestilential and degrading!
Pestilential, pestilential and degrading,
masquerading, no!
O, you shameful masquerading!

JERONIMUS

O, you shameful masquerading!
Privacy and peace invading,
pestilential and degrading,
we shall never cease from hating,
all the vice of masquerading, no!
Oh, you shameful masquerading!

(Curtain)

ANDEN AKT

13 Forspil

Gade. I Forgrunden til højre Jeronimus' Hus. I Baggrunden til venstre Komediehuset festligt oplyst. I Forgrunden til venstre en Maskebod.

1. Scene

(En Vægter, Arv uden for Porten til Jeronimus' Gaard. Otte Klokkeslag paa Fermaten. Først der-efter synger Vægteren.)

VÆGTEREN

14 Hov, Vægter! Klokken er slagen otte.

(synger)

Nu skrider Dagen under
og Natten vælder ud.

Bevar i Mørkets Stunder
vort Hus, o milde Gud!

Det ringer nu til Vagt.

Gør Pligt og Bod,
vær ved godt Mod!

Tag Tiden vel i Agt!

(til Arv)

Hvad gør han her saa silde?

ARV

Min Husband har mig sat,
til Vægter her i Nat
indtil i Morgen tille.

VÆGTEREN

Da ynkes jeg, Brorlille!
Det blir fuld ond en Vagt
og en besværlig Time.

ACT TWO

Prelude

A street. In the right foreground Jeronimus' house. In the left background the brightly illuminated play-house. In the left foreground a mask-seller's booth.

Scene 1

(A night watchman. Arv outside the gate to Jeronimus' house. A clock strikes eight during the fermata, after which the watchman sings.)

WATCHMAN

Ho, Watchman! Eight o' the clock, good people!

(sings)

Now wanes the twilight hour,
and night begins to fall.

May God his blessings shower
upon us one and all!

Now be you of good cheer.

Though night is near,
all's well out here,

the evening's calm and clear!

(to Arv)

What are you doing, good fellow?

ARV

My master thinks it right
to guard his house tonight,
until tomorrow morning.

WATCHMAN

Then let me give you warning!
There's danger all about
when midnight bells start tolling.

Mens Kirkeklokker kime,
gaar Bysens Folk og stime,
tag han sig vel i Agt!

ARV

Jeg tar mig vel i Agt.

Et Stykke af en Sime,
en gammel Kostelime

har her i Kors jeg lagt,
saa har det ingen Magt.
Jeg er uforsagt!

VÆGTEREN

(Idet han gaar videre.)

Det ringer nu til Vagt.

Gør Pligt og Bod.

vær ved godt Mod.

Tag Tiden vel i Agt.

ARV

Mod Haand og Fod

og Ledemod

har Troldtøj ingen Magt,

hvor dette Kors er lagt.

2. Scene

ARV

Hum! Nu jeg skal te'et,
er jeg dog inte' rigtig dristig ve'et.

(synger)

"Op, min Sjæll! Vær frisk til Mode.

Mørkets Magter kan ej skade

den, der vil og gør det gode.

Den, der vil og –

The goblins all come prowling
and start their horrid howling.
Be sure that you watch out.

ARV

You bet I will watch out.

And if they try their tricks on me,
I have this pair of sticks on me.

I've made a cross of them,
and that will frighten them.
I shall have some fun

WATCHMAN

(going on his way)

Now be you of good cheer.

Though night is near,

all's well out here.

The evening's calm and clear.

ARV

I'll make 'em run!

The bogeymen will then know

who's the boss,

when they have seen the cross.

Scene 2

ARV

I don't like to say it,
but I'm a coward and my knees betray it.

(sings)

"Come, my soul, rise up, take courage.

Bogeymen can never get you

when you live the way you should do.

When you live the –

(standser)

den, der vil og gør det gode.”

Aa Fanden heller;

det er da'tte den slags Slikkeri, der tæller.

(Arv sætter sig paa Trappen, tager et Tørklæde med noget spiseligt frem. Under Sangen tager han af og til en Bid.)

15 Mellem Kande, Krus og Potte,
hvor i Køk'net Kakler gløde,
kan en fattig Karl sig lotte
og med Bergefisk i Bløde,
Flæsk og Finker, Smør og Fløde,
sødt og syltet Maven gotte.
Om jeg maatte,
gad jeg slikke mig til Døde.
Jeg er meget for det Søde.
Jeg er slikken som en Rotte.

Mellem Kande, Krus og Potte,
smisker Ane mig i Møde,
battet som en Bergamotte.
Kunderne er æblerøde,
hendes Bryster dunebløde,
hendes Smørhuls-Øjne skotte.
Om jeg maatte
gad jeg slikke mig til Døde.
Jeg er slikken som en Rotte,
og du er en Sirupspotte.

VÆGTEREN

(i en anden Gade)

Det ringer nu til Vagt.

(stops)

when you live the way you should do.”

The devil take it; well, if that's the deal,

for sure I'll never make it.

(Arv sits down on the steps, takes a napkin out with something to eat. He takes a bite now and then as he sings.)

In among the pots and dishes
food can answer all my wishes.
What can simple country bumpkins
do but stuff themselves like pumpkins.
Tripe and trotters, prunes in batter,
sweet or sav'ry, what's it matter?
If they'd let me,
I would eat it all for dinner.
I am such a sweet-toothed sinner.
I'm the servant of my tummy.

In among the pot and dishes
Anna grants me all my wishes,
plump and plummy, soft and scrummy,
cheeks like dumplings, yummy!
Buxom bosom, soft and cuddly,
eyes that shine like blobs of butter.
If she'd let me,
I would turn to her in toffee,
nice and sweet and caramelly,
and then have her with my coffee!

WATCHMAN

(from another street)

Now be you of good cheer.

(Da Arv hører Vægteren, skjuler han Tørklædet, men tager det straks frem igen.)

ARV

Min lille Sukkergris!

Min søde, lille Sukkergris!

VÆGTEREN

Tag Tiden vel i Agt!

ARV

Gid jeg maatte,

gad jeg slikke –

(Vender sig mod Porten, i det samme kommer ud af Huset Henrik forklædt som Spøgelse.)

HENRIK

(med grovt Mæle)

16 Ha-a-a! Ha-a-a! Ha!

ARV

A-a-a! A-a-a! A!

HENRIK

Nu skal du dø!

ARV

Ak, naadige Hr. Genganger!

HENRIK

Det er paa Tiden, Helvede erlanger –

ARV

Velbyrdige, velædle Hr. Gespenst!

(When Arv hears the night watchman he hides the napkin, but takes it out again straight away.)

ARV

My little honeypot!

My little sweetie honeypot!

WATCHMAN

The evening's calm and clear.

ARV

If she'd let me,

I would eat her –

(He turns towards the gate, just as Henrik comes out of the house, disguised as a ghost)

HENRIK

(in a gruff voice)

Ha-a-a! Ha-a-a! Ha!

ARV

A-a-a! A-a-a! A!

HENRIK

You're going to die!

ARV

Oh, gracious mister bogeyman!

HENRIK

For I've been sent from hell, the devil's got you –

ARV

Oh, honourable and most noble ghost!

HENRIK – en af de fedeste af sine Fanger.	HENRIK He's going to torture you and then garrotte you!	ARV En Stang Kanel!	ARV A pound of brawn!
ARV Ak, Eders underjordiske Excellents!	ARV Oh, please, you underworldly eminence!	HENRIK Naa!	HENRIK And?
HENRIK Potz Slapperments! Was hast du missetan, bekenns!	HENRIK You're in a mess! Tell all that you have done. Confess!	ARV En Vinkandel!	ARV A flask of wine.
ARV Ak Ak! Højvelbaarne Død og Pestilens! Jeg har ej gjort stort.	ARV Ah, ah! Most high-ranking death and pestilence! I have not got a lot –	HENRIK Og saa?	HENRIK And then?
HENRIK Stort eller smaat – (<i>brøler</i>) bekend!	HENRIK Lot or not – (<i>roars</i>) confess!	ARV For fjorten Dage siden stal jeg en Dunk Mjød.	ARV A couple of weeks ago I stole a jug of mead.
ARV Men –	ARV But –	HENRIK Naa!	HENRIK And?
HENRIK Fort, fort, fort!	HENRIK What, what, what?	ARV – to af de store Kukkenbagerbrød.	ARV And after that two malty loaves of bread.
ARV Hr. Lucifer, jeg skal bekende alle mine Gerninger. (<i>grædende</i>) Forgangen Uge stal jeg en Sæk Mel!	ARV Sir Lucifer, I will confess to all my misdemeanours. (<i>weeping</i>) A week ago I stole a sack of corn!	HENRIK (<i>kort, raat</i>) Naa!	HENRIK (<i>short, rawly</i>) And?
HENRIK Naa!	HENRIK And?	ARV – Item tre Stykker røget Kød.	ARV Also three slices of roast meat.
		HENRIK Og saa?	HENRIK And then?
		ARV I Overgaars stal jeg en Flaske ægte gammel Rom,	ARV The other day I stole a bottle of the finest rum.

som dog var tom.
(*oplivet*)
Saa er der ikke mere.

HENRIK
(*strengt*)
Tænk dig om!

ARV
I Overgaars Nat stal jeg paa det søndre Loft

HENRIK
Naa!

ARV
(*ynkeligt*)
Kokke ... Kokke ...

HENRIK
Naa!

ARV
Kokke ...

HENRIK
Naa!

ARV
Kokke ...

HENRIK
Naa!

I'll give you some.
(*cheering up*)
And that is all there is, sir.

HENRIK
(*strictly*)
Are you sure?

ARV
The other night I stole upon the kitchen floor -

HENRIK
Well?

ARV
(*piteously*)
Kitchen ... kitchen ...

HENRIK
Well?

ARV
Kitchen ...

HENRIK
Well?

ARV
Kitchen ...

HENRIK
Well?

ARV
Kokkepigens Jomfrudom.

HENRIK
Kokke ... ha, ha, Jomfrudom.
(*tager Dækket af sig*)
Arv, es tu mørkeræd.
Tosse!

ARV
Henrik! Saa skal da osse -

HENRIK
Arv! en Sæk Mel,
en Vinkandel,
en Flaske gammel Rom,
og hvad derefter kom,
og som især var groft -

ARV
Ak, Henrik Ebeltoft!

HENRIK
(*meget indigneret*)
Tænk! Paa det søndre Loft!

ARV
Henrik von Ebeltoft!
Du maa ej røbe mig.

HENRIK
Nej, jeg vil købe dig.
Lar du os rolig løbe vor Vej,

ARV
The kitchen maid's virginity.

HENRIK
Kitchen ... ha, virginity.
(*takes off his disguise*)
Arv, you're incredible.
Fathead!

ARV
Henrik! I've let the cat out -

HENRIK
Arv! Sack of corn,
a flask of wine,
one bottle finest rum,
the best is yet to come,
a sin so black and sore -

ARV
Ah, Henrik, say no more!

HENRIK
(*very indignantly*)
That! On the pantry floor - !

ARV
Henrik, please say no more!
Oh, I appeal to you!

HENRIK
I'll do a deal with you.
You promise you will let us go out

skal ingen af os røbe dig.
Top?

ARV
Top! Stop!
Hr. Jeronimus slaar mig ihjell!

HENRIK
Kokkepigens –

ARV
Vel! Vel! Vel!
I kan gaa, naar I vil,
og Lykke til.

HENRIK
God Nat, Arv!
Sov sødt som i Overgaars!
(løber ud)

ARV
Gid fanden lægge Pinde mer i Kaars!
(sparker til Kостейskaf tet)

3. Scene

(Idet Arv vender sig om for at gaa mod Huset, møder han en sværm Studenter paa vej til Komediehuset.)

STUDENTER
17 Af Sted! Af Sted!
Nu er det Sværmetid
for Pallas' Uglekuld.
Kom med! Kom med!
Thi Aft'nen er saa blind

and neither of us squeals on you.
Done?

ARV
Done! Stop!
Herr Jeronimus will do me in!

HENRIK
Kitchenmaid's vir –

ARV
Yes! Yes! Yes!
You can go when you please,
and damn it all.

HENRIK
Good night, Arv!
Sweet dreams, like two nights ago!
(runs out)

ARV
(kicks the sticks away)
The devil take the whole damn lot of them!

Scene 3

(As Arv turns to go towards the house he meets a group of students on their way to the playhouse.)

STUDENTS
Come on! Come on!
Let's go and join the fun!
Bid studies all goodbye.
Come on! Come on!
The night has just begun

og Himlen stjernefuld.
Til Volds! Til Volds!
gik vi Latiner før,
da Svensken banked paa.
Til Solds, til Solds,
naar Hjernen løber tør,
vi lige modigt gaar.
(til Arv)
Dit Fjols! Dit Fjols!
Fej for din egen Dør!
Hvad glaner du vel paa?
(ind i Komediehuset)
Af Sted! Af Sted!

EN STUDENT
(raaber efter Arv)
Bunde!

STUDENTER
Nu er det Sværmetid

EN STUDENT
Bunde!

STUDENTER
for Pallas' Uglekuld

ARV
(Raaber efter dem, og idet han atter nærmer sig
Huset, møder han en Skare Officerer.)
Saa rejs ad Helved til, I sorte Hunde!

under a starry sky.
Attack, attack
the way we did before,
when foes were at the door.
Fight back, fight back,
our brains have done their toil,
our blood is on the boil!
(to Arv)
You fool! You fool!
Go sweep your own front door.
What are you gaping for?
(entering the playhouse)
Come on! Come on!

A STUDENT
(shouting after Arv)
Halfwit!

STUDENTS
Let's go and join the fun –

A STUDENT
Halfwit!

STUDENTS
– bid studies all goodbye!

ARV
(He shouts at them, and as he approaches the
house he meets a group of officers.)
Well, you can go to hell, you idle dimwits!

4. Scene

OFFICERER

Gibt Platz! Gibt Platz!
Nu tag, du Borgermand,
dit Kvindfolk vel i agt,
Mein Schatz! Mein Schatz!
Was blickst du mich so an!
Soldaten gaar paa Vagt.
Hurra! Hurra!
Thi Dagen er vor Drots,
men Natten er vor egen.
Hussa! Hussa!
Enhver som byder Trots
maa vige for vort Tegn.
(slaar paa Sablerne; til Arv)
Wer da? Wer da?
Og møder vi en Klots,
vi sparker den af Vej'n.
(gaar ind i Komediehuset)
Gibt Platz! Gibt Platz!

Nu tag, du Borgermand –

EN OFFICER

Hvad staar han her og hævler?

OFFICERER

– dit Kvindfolk vel i Agt.

ARV

(raaber efter dem)
Drolen annamme jer,
I røde Dævlér!
(vender sig atter og møder en Flok unge Piger)

Scene 4

OFFICERS

Make way! Make way!
Now, worthy citizens,
lock up your womenfolk.
Sweethearts! Sweethearts!
We are the very best!
We've come to join the fray.
Hurray! Hurray!
By day we are on guard,
but night's for celebrating.
Hurray! Hurray!
Whoever says us nay,
will feel the thrust of steel.
(slapping their swords; to Arv)
Who's this? Who's this?
When something's in our way,
we kick it to one side.
(entering the playhouse)
Make way! Make way!

Now, worthy citizens,

AN OFFICER

Hey you, what are you up to?

OFFICERS

– lock up your womenfolk.

ARV

(shouting after them)
The devil take
the whole damn lot of them!
(turns again and meets a party of young girls)

5. Scene

UNGE PIGER

Let paa Taa og Hus forbí!
Der gik de, og her er vi!
Maanen skinner, Mørket svinder,
Natten blinder ej vor Sti.
Vejen er fri og aaben,
for vore lette Vaaben.
Vejen ligger klar og fri
for vort lette Kompagni.
Hjemme sad vi længe nok,
hvor, med Hagen paa sin Stok,
Fader nikker smaat og drikker,
Moder vrikker paa sin Rok.
Godt, vi slap ud af Reden,
langt bort fra Kedsomheden!
Nu kan flagre frit vor Lok,
nu vi danse kan i Flok.
(danser rundt om Arv)
Hvad er dette for en Blok?
Lad ham snurre som en Rok.
(snurrer og tumler rundt med ham)
Nok! Nok!

ARV

O, ve! O, vok!

UNGE PIGER

(idet de gaar ind i Komediehuset)
Vejen ligger klar og fri
for vort lette Kompagni.

Scene 5

YOUNG GIRLS

Fleet of foot and fancy free!
There went they and here we come!
Moonlight waxing, darkness wanting,
things are plain for all to see.
We can deploy forces
and muster our resources.
Now the way is clear and free
for our cheerful company.
Life at home is not much fun,
entertainments there are none.
Father in his chair sits nodding,
mother spinning on and on.
Now we have got some freedom
from everlasting tedium!
We can really spread our wings
as we dance around in rings.
(dancing around Arv)
What's this blockhead doing here?
Send him spinning, dear, oh, dear!
(spinning and twisting around him)
Let go!

ARV

Oh, help! Oh, woe!

YOUNG GIRLS

(going into the playhouse)
Now the way is clear and free
for our cheerful company.

ARV
(raaber efter dem)
Far ad Hekkenfeld till!

6. Scene

LEONARD
(til højre, er kommet ud af Jeronimus' Hus)
Der gad jeg nok være med –

ARV
(til venstre)
Godt, jeg slap af den fortræd!

LEONARD
Jeg maa passe paa mit Sned

ARV
Det var farligt, saa de sled!

LEONARD
– se at liste mig af Sted.

ARV
Der var en af dem, der vred
mig den ene Arm af Led.

LEONARD
Jeg maa passe paa mit Sned,
se at liste mig af Sted.

ARV
(idet de møder hinanden)
Herren vil da ej med dem?

ARV
(shouting after them)
Go to blazes, all of you!

Scene 6

LEONARD
(on the right, emerging from Jeronimus' house)
I would not mind being there –

ARV
(on the left)
Oh, that was a nasty scare!

LEONARD
– there is something in the air.

ARV
– Tried to throw me in the chair!

LEONARD
I must watch my steps with care.

ARV
Twist my arm, then tear my hair.
How I wished I was not there.

LEONARD
I must watch my steps with care,
not a soul must see me there.

ARV
(as they meet)
Sir, you're going in with them?

LEONARD
Vær kun rolig!
Jeg gaar hjem.
(bort)

7. Scene

HENRIK
(kommer ind med Maske og i Kappe)
[18] Herre! Herre! Kom kun frem.

LEANDER
(kommer ind med Maske og i Kappe)
Nu Arv, er Posten lystig?

ARV
(trækker paa det)
Aa-jov!

LEANDER
Ja, gak saa trøstig
kun ind og sov,
vi gaar jo ej paa Rov.

ARV
Ja, men, Herre! Med Forlov –

HENRIK
Arv, Arv! Du husker dog,
hvis du tænker dig lidt om,
Kokkepigen –

ARV
Mener du en Flaske gammel Rom?

LEONARD
I don't think so.
I'm away!
(leaves)

Scene 7

HENRIK
(comes in, cloaked and masked)
Master! Master! Come on out!

LEANDER
(comes in, cloaked and masked)
Well, Arv! The brave night watchman?

ARV
(drags it out)
Oh, drat!

LEANDER
Don't stand there cursing,
go get some sleep;
no need to wait for us.

ARV
No, but sir, if I may say –

HENRIK
Arv! Arv! Remember now
all things that you have said,
Kitchenmaid's vir –

ARV
Don't you mean a bottle of finest rum?

HENRIK
Nej, jeg mener Kokkepigenes –
(Henrik og Leander gaar ham triumferende forbi.)

LEANDER
(standser midt paa Pladsen)
Se, Henrik, se hvor Nat og Mørke
knuger den gamle Gaard,
hvor mine Fædre
gik til deres Dont,
til Sengs, til Bøn, til Drik!
Se, hvor de lukte Vindver Sønnen suger.
Vend dig saa om og se,
med aabne Luger,
det nye Hus med Glans i sine Blik!
Hør, hvor dets Vægge toner af Musik!
Se, Lyset vælder ud af alle Fuger.

Sov trygt, du gamle Gaard!
Sov sødt og roligt.
Luk for vor Tid kun dine Øjne til;
du kan ej se den, om du ogsaa vil,
du gamle Sæculum,
du Søvnens Bolig.
Hil dig, du nye Hus,
hvor Folk forundred slog Øjet op
til Fest og Skuespil,
du klare frie attende Aarhundred!
Dig jeg vælger, dig jeg hører till!
Dig vi vælger, thi dig vi høre till!

HENRIK
Dig vi vælger, thi dig vi høre till!

HENRIK
No. I mean the kitchenmaid's vir -
(Henrik and Leander pass on triumphantly.)

LEANDER
(stops in the middle of the Square)
See, Henrik, how the darkness creeps and
flutters round this old house
where my forefathers
led their lives at work,
at meals, at prayer, in bed.
See, how they sleep behind those bolted shutters.
Then look this way
and see the open windows
of that new house all bathed in brilliant light!
Hear, how its music sounds though the night!
And see, the radiance floods from all its portals!

Sleep soft, you ancient house,
now slumber soundly.
And close your eyes to our new days,
that you cannot abide.
Sleep now, for time and tide
they wait for no man,
so now sleep profoundly.
Welcome to you, new house of joy and pleasure,
the home of freedom spreading far and wide
enlightenment, the eighteenth cent'ry's treasure!
We have chosen you, belong to you!
We have chosen, we belong to you!

HENRIK
We have chosen! For we belong to you!

8. Scene
HENRIK
(peger paa en Portechaise, der er standset i Bag-
grunden, og hvorfra der gives Tegn med et Slør.)
[19] Men Herre, se som Venus steg af Havet,
hvis jeg da husker rigtig hos de Græsse,
sendes jeg her
den nye Tid begravet
i Hylstret af den gamle – i en "Æske".

LEANDER
Ja, Henrik, det er hende!
Det hvide Slør er Tegnet, jeg skal kende.
(hjælper Leonora, i Kaabe og med Maske, ud af
Portechaisen og bærer hende ned i Forgrunden.
Henrik gør ligesaa med Pernille.)
(Med Leonora paa Armen)
Naar Hjertet brænder,
hvad Lykken sender,
med egne Hænder
du tager bedst.
Og ingen Venner
og nære Frænder
skal staa som Gæst.
Hvor Elskov byder til Bryllupsfest,
er Svenden den, der er Pige næst.

PERNILLE
(paa Henriks Arm)
Hyp, hyp, hyp, hyp, hyp, hyp, min Hest!
Hvis du vil ha' mig
og holde af mig,
vær saa god, saa tag mig,

Scene 8
HENRIK
(points to a sedan chair that has stopped in the back-
ground and from where a sign is made with a veil.)
But, master, look! Like Venus from the water,
ascending from the waves like Neptune's daughter.
I think that what I see there
is a vision of that new age
you told me had arisen.

LEANDER
Yes, Henrik, that's my darling!
I know her by the veil that she is wearing.
(helps Leonora, cloaked and masked, out of the
sedan chair and takes her upstage. Henrik does the
same with Pernille.)
(With Leonora on his arm.)
An ardent lover,
when fortune beckons,
will trust his feelings,
for they know best.
And he should never
allow another
to guide his guest.
A young man's heart will know what is best,
yes, better far than will all the rest.

PERNILLE
(on Henrik's arm)
Gee-up, gee-up, gee-up, dearest!
If you will have me,
and truly love me,
be so good as to take me!

bliv ellers fra mig,
det passer bedst.

LEANDER OG HENRIK
Stig ned, min Gæst, nu er det Fest!

ARV
(for sig)
Paa den Maner gad jeg saa mare
ogsaa være Hest. Hi-hi!

LEONORA
(glatter paa sin Kaabe)
Monsieur! Min Herre!
Min Pigeære
med samt (desværre!)
den dybt indprentede Modesti,
de høje Dyder,
som Kønnen pryder,
mig strengt forbyder
at jeg udtyder,
hvor højt mig fryder
hans Courtoisie.

LEANDER
Sig ej "min Herre"
og "Dyd" og "Ære",
men sig blot "Du!"
Da brister Hammen,
da brænder Flammen,
da viger Skammen
i samme Nu.
og du er fri,

Or else keep from me!
Which may be best!

LEANDER AND HENRIK
Alight, my guest! Let's join the rest!

ARV
(aside)
I'd like to join the party and I'd think
I'd pass the test. Hee-hee!

LEONORA
(straightens her cloak)
Monsieur! Good master!
My maiden honour
and (may I say, sir!)
the deep implanted modesty
and simple virtue
that grace our sex, sir,
do all forbid me
to say outright, sir,
how much I'm charmed,
by your courtesy!

LEANDER
Don't say "good master"
or talk or "honour",
but just say "you!"
On inhibition,
in our position,
this is our mission,
A simple "you,"
come, don't be shy;

ved dette ene Ords Trylleri.
Sig Du, sig Du!

LEONORA
Ja, jeg skal prøve.
(ængstelig)
Du! Du!

LEANDER
Kun ikke tøve!

LEONORA
(modigere)
Du! Du!

PERNILLE
(holder Henrik fra Livet)
Du river mig min Kaabe rent itu.

LEANDER
O, søde Blu!
(med Armen om Leonora)
Og nu!

LEONORA
(jublende)
Du!

LEONORA OG LEANDER
Nu slog det sammen!
Nu tændte Flammen!
I dette *Du*
er jeg dig givet!/er du mig givet!
Nu brænder Flammen!

there's magic in those words, "you and I".
Say "you"! Say "you"!

LEONORA
Yes, I will try to.
(anxiously)
You! You!

LEANDER
Don't be afraid to!

LEONORA
(more bravely)
You! You!

PERNILLE
(keeping Henrik at arm's length)
You're tearing my new mantle clean in two!

LEANDER
My dream of you
(with his arm around Leonora)
comes true!

LEONORA
(rejoicing)
You!

LEONORA AND LEANDER
Two hearts together,
beat for each other!
I swear to you,
I'm yours forever!
Two heart together,

Nu viger Skammen!
I dette Du,
i dette Nu!

LEANDER
Du skælver ikke?

LEONORA
(i hans Arme)
Nej, nej!
Nej, lad mig ligge
her og inddrikke
den Glans, der straalere
fra dine Blikke.

LEANDER
Nej, lad mig drikke
af Læbens Skaaler
det Du, der straalere
som Dug og maaler
min Lykkes Nu.

LEONORA
Ja, tag det Du!
(kysser hende)

LEANDER
Du!

LEONORA
Du!
(kysser)

beat for each other!
I pledge to you,
I will be true!

LEANDER
I think you're trembling.

LEONORA
(in his arms)
No, no!
No, let me lie here,
gently die here,
and see the joy
shining from your eyes.

LEANDER
Now, let me die here
of blissful pleasure,
the love I treasure
beyond all measure:
my fortune's you.

LEONORA
Yes, take it, you!

LEANDER
(kissing her)
Du!

LEONORA
You!
(kissing)



Niels Jørgen Riis (Leander), Dénise Beck (Leonora) and Michael Schønwandt
during the recording session in Copenhagen, August 2014.

LEANDER

Du!

(kysser)

LEONORA OG LEANDER

(omfavner hinanden)

Du!

(Ved disse overfølsomme Fermater gør Henrik og Pernille i Baggrunden parodiske Gebærder.)

Nu tændte Flammen!

Nu slog det sammen!

I dette Du

er jeg dig givet/er du mig givet!

Nu brænder Flammen!

Nu slog det sammen!

I dette Nu

er hele Livet!

(kysser hinanden)

PERNILLE

(til venstre)

Min Gud!

Han kysser hende rent itu.

HENRIK

(fra højre, hurtigt)

Hej, Herre!

Her er ingen Tid at duses.

Der er nogen, der pusler

i Hr. Jeronimuses Port.

LEANDER

Saa bort!

LEANDER

You!

(kissing)

LEANDER OG LEONORA

(They embrace)

You!

(At these passionate fermates Henrik and Pernille make parodistic gestures in the background.)

Two hearts go together,

beat for each other!

I swear to you,

I'm yours forever!

Two hearts go together,

beat for each other!

I pledge to you,

I will be faithful!

(They kiss.)

PERNILLE

(on the left)

Good Lord!

I think he's kissing her to bits!

HENRIK

(from the right, hastily)

Hey, master!

This is not the time for wooing.

I can hear there is somebody

at Jeronimus' gate.

LEANDER

Let's go!

DE FIRE

Fort! Fort!

(Leonora og Leander ind i Komediehuset.)

PERNILLE

(til Henrik)

20

Hør et Ord, Kavalier,

nu rask! Kom her!

Nu forstaar Du vel nok

hvad det er, jeg har sagt:

Ingen Næsvished mer.

Paa en zirlig Manér

maa du se at faa bragt

min Person i din Magt.

Jo, jeg kender dig nok,

Mossjø Ebeltoft,

og jeg ved, til en Skok

du dit Hjerte har loft.

Du forstaar mig vel nok?

Men lad dem bare svanse for dig,

du skal bare danse med mig.

Tral-la-la, tral-la-la,

tral-la-la, tral-la-la,

tral-la-la-la-la-la-la-la!

Nu, saa kom og giv Agt,

lad os slutte en Pagt

med vor Fod og vor Haand fremstrakt.

Som to flyvende Fjer

under Nathimlens Pragt

vi begynder vor Jagt

nu i Takt.

THE FOUR OF THEM

Away! Away!

(Leonora and Leander enter the playhouse.)

PERNILLE

(to Henrik)

Listen here, cavalier!

Look sharp! Come here!

Now I hope it's sunk in,

what I'm trying to say:

don't you play anymore games.

No more impudent names,

just you see that you get

this fine fish in your net.

Yes, I know you, you know,

and you know I know,

you have others in tow.

So just listen, my beau,

let 'em go. Let 'em go.

They may lead you a dance we shall see,

but the one to dance with is me.

Tral-la-la, tral-la-la,

tral-la-la, tral-la-la,

tral-la-la-la-la-la-la-la!

So come on to the act.

Let us make it as pact.

Cross your hear, so you can't retract!

Like two birds on the wing

let us start on our flight

in the shade of the night,

keep in swing!

PERNILLE OG HENRIK
(til Arv)
En behagelig Vagt!
(ind i Komediehuset)

CD 2

9. Scene

JERONIMUS
(indenfor)

1 Luk op! Luk op!

ARV
Nej stop! Her kommer ingen ud!

JERONIMUS
Det er mig, din Stud.

ARV
Hvad for en Stud?

JERONIMUS
Jeronimus, maa jeg ikke komme ud af mit eget Hus?
(Arv aabner.)
Buret er tomt og Fluglen fløjen.

ARV
(hurtigt)
Poppegøjen?

JERONIMUS
Tvi dig an saa dum du est.
Bakkelsebæst!

PERNILLE AND HENRIK
(to Arv)
What a wonderful thing!
(They enter the playhouse)

CD 2

Scene 9

JERONIMUS
(from within)

Open up! Open up!

ARV
No, stop! For I have shut the bolt!

JERONIMUS
It is I, you do!t!

ARV
What sort of I?

JERONIMUS
Jeronimus! Can I not get out of here, out of my own house?
(Arv opens up)
They have both gone, the birds have flown!

ARV
(quickly)
What, our parrots?

JERONIMUS
Imbecile, you gawp and gape,
blithering ape!

Hvor er Henrik og Leander?

ARV
(forskrækket)
I Køjen!
De er saa mare ikke kommen den Vej ud.

JERONIMUS
Kvaj! Stud!

ARV
Maaske er de krøbet ud af Vinduet i Fløjn.

JERONIMUS
Løgn! Kom med!

ARV
Husbond vil da vel ikke ind det Sted?
Det er bar Fortræd!

JERONIMUS
Kom med! Kom med!
Jeg skal krabaske dem.

10. Scene

EN VAGTMESTER
(i Døren til Komediehuset)
Min Herre, De maa maske Dem!

JERONIMUS
Mossiø! Jeg er for gammel til sligt Skaberi.

Where are Henrik and Leander?

ARV
(terrified)
Why, sleeping!
I am positively sure that they have not got out.

JERONIMUS
Dolt! Lout!

ARV
Maybe it was through the window there, thy did conspire?

JERONIMUS
Liar! Come on!

ARV
Surely, good sir, you won't go to that place?
It's a pure disgrace!

JERONIMUS
Come on! Come on!
I'll make mincemeat of them.

Scene 10

A DOORMAN
(at the door of the playhouse)
You have to wear a mask, you know.

JERONIMUS
My man, I am too ancient for such fancy show.

VAGTMESTEREN

Her kommer ingen ind foruden.
(peger paa Maskeboden)
 Kostymer faas ved Ruden.

JERONIMUS

Godt! Godt! Med Aber maa man drive Aberi.
 Jeronimus har Ben i Næsen,
 og narres ikke af Jert Narrevæsen.
 Vil I nappes med mig, saa taber I.
(til Arv)
 Kom med!

ARV

Det blir Fortræd! Det blir Fortræd!

EN MAND MED MASKER

(lidt drukken, stammende)
 Her er Masker til Forkering
 ly- ly- lystig Tra-Travestering,
 Han-Han-Hanswurst og Pikkelhering,
 Columbiner og Harlekiner,
 Pu-Pu-Pu-Pu-Pussineller, Bajasser
 i store Ma-Masser,
 saavel inden- som udenlandske,
 franske, spanske, roman-romanske.
 Højest pittoreske, latterlig groteske.

JERONIMUS

Han snakker for sin Æske.

MANDEN MED MASKER

Alt er des-desværre udsolgt
 for-foruden et Par à la græske:

DOORMAN

Well, no one gets in without one.
(points to the mask-booth)
 We've costumes to suit ev'ryone.

JERONIMUS

Fine! Fine! With monkeys you must do as monkeys do.
 But I will not be made a fool of,
 and anyone who thinks he can to it
 let him try it and he'll live to rue it.
(to Arv)
 Come on!

ARV

We'll see some fun! He'll make 'em run!

A MASK-SELLER

(slightly tipsy, stammering)
 Here are masks for all disguises,
 masks of many sor- sorts and sizes,
 Pun- Pun- Punch and Ju- Ju - Judies,
 Columbines, sir, and Harlequins, sir.
 Pan- Pan- Pan- Pan- Pantaloons, sir,
 Pierrots in great numbers and colours.
 I've got homegrown and foreign-made ones,
 French ones, Spanish and Romanesque ones.
 Both picturesque ones and grisly grotesque ones.

JERONIMUS

He'd talk a fellow's head off.

MASK-SELLER

I am, I'm - I'm sorry,
 all is sold out but for these Ancient Greek ones.

Æneas og Di-Dido,
 Ba-Ba-Bacchus og Cupido
 samt en saa godt som ny Pastor Fido.

JERONIMUS

Klæd mig kun ud som Varulv og Vampyre,
 naar blot jeg kan faa Ram paa disse Fyre!

ARV

Det blir Fortræd!

JERONIMUS

Hold Mund! Følg med!
(ind i Maskeboden)

11. Scene

(Magdelone kommer ind med Maske og i Kaabe.)

MAGDELONE

2 Porten er aaben!
 Borte er Hoben,
 som med sin Raaben
 fyldte Pladsen nys.
 Tys! Tys!
 Sagte lister jeg af mit Kabys,
 ej min Mand maa faa det mindste Nys.
 Se hvor artigt Roben
 under Aftenkaaben
 lyser med sit Plys.
(Her kommer Leonard maskeret ind fra Baggrunden.)
 Tys! Tys! Tys! Tys!

LEONARD

Tys! Tys! Tys! Tys!

Aeneas and Di- Dido,
 Ba- Ba- Bacchus and Cu- Cupid,
 also good as new Pastor Fido.

JERONIMUS

Just rig me out in any sort of garments,
 so long as I can get at those two varmints!

ARV

We'll see some fun!

JERONIMUS

Shut up! Come on!
(They enter the booth.)

Scene 11

(Magdelone enters in mask and cloak.)

MAGDELONE

Good it as open,
 no sign of people,
 noise or commotion.
 All is peace and quiet.
 Hush! Hush!
 Softly I will steal away from the house,
 from the watchful eyes of my spouse.
 See how nice my costume
 and my party mantle
 shimmer to my touch!
(Leonard, masked, comes in from the background.)
 Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!

LEONARD

Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!

(Her opdager Magdelone Leonard.)

Lille Fæstemø, skal Hun til Bys!
Tripper saa alene.
Føler hun ej Gys?
(byder hende Armen)
Skal vi os forene?
Hvilken artig Scene!
Hør den faste, rene Lyd af vore Bene.
Hør den Lyd mod Gadens Stene.
(ser sig omkring)
Sys! Sys! Sys!
Sysse, sysse,
lille, pæne Pige.
Saa alene kan man ikke gaa til Bys.

MAGDELONE OG LEONARD

Tys! Tys!
(lytter)
Hys! Hys!
(De smutter ind.)

12. Scene

(Arv som Cupido, Jeronimus som Bacchus, skaldet, med lang Næse, Krans om Hovedet.)

JERONIMUS

3 Se saa! Se saa! Nu er jeg ret bered.

ARV
Pas paa! Pas paa! Det blir Fortræd!

JERONIMUS

Med dens egne Vaaben
skal jeg tugte Hoben,

(Magdelone notices Leonard.)

Little flittermouse, fleeing the house?
Tripping all alone there.
Aren't you feeling cold?
(offers her his arm)
Let us two unite now.
Please let me invite you!
Listen to the patter of our rapid feet.
Such a clatter in the street.
(looking around)
Shh! Shh! Shh!
Lovely little maiden,
pretty missy!
Now you can't go walking from the house alone.

MAGDELONE AND LEONARD

Shh! Shh!
(They listen.)
Hush! Hush!
(They slip in.)

Scene 12

(Arv as Cupid, Jeronimus as Bacchis, bald, with a long nose and a garland on his head.)

JERONIMUS

This way! This way! I am ready for this fray!

ARV
Hooray! Hooray! I let's make hay!

JERONIMUS

I will make them scrabble,
I will curb the rabble,

som med Skrig og Raaben
bryder Byens Fred.
Se engang til Taaben,
som med Munden aaben
glor paa mig med Maaben!
Slaa de dumme Øjne ned!
Gør mig ikke vred!
Nu er jeg bered!

ARV

Det blir Fortræd!

JERONIMUS

De skal mærke, at det gamle
Danmark endnu ejer Helte.
Som en Samsen skal jeg samle
Kraften i mit Styrkebælte,
jeg skal gaa til deres Telte,
deres Støtter skal jeg vælte,
deres Tag skal sammen ramle.
Om i Mørket skal de famle,
deres Knokkelrad skal skramle,
deres Rygmarv skal jeg smelte,
deres Hjerne skal jeg ælte!
Er der nogen, som kan hamle
op med Danmarks gamle Helte?

ARV

(asides)
Saadan brølede den gamle Ko,
da sidste Gang den kæ-æ-æ-æ-ælte.

JERONIMUS

Jeg skal bimle,

that with screech and gabble
turn night into day.
Just look at that noodle,
with his mouth askew
like a slobb'ring poodle.
Stop your gawping now, will you?
Or you'll drive me mad!
Wake up there, my lad!

ARV

We'll see some fun!

JERONIMUS

I shall show them that our
good old Denmark still has got some heroes.
Just as Samson, so we're told,
rose up and flexed his mighty muscles,
and put down the Philistines,
so I will spoil their beastly tussles,
I will go into their temple,
I will overthrow their pillars,
I will make the roof to tumble,
causing them to grope and fumble,
I will smite them till they crumble!
And their pride will be a zero
before Denmark's mighty hero!

ARV

(aside)
That is just the roar our old cow gave
when she went into la- a- a- a- about!

JERONIMUS

I will biff 'em,

jeg skal bamle,
de skal rumle,
de skal ramle,
jeg skal mase dem i Ælte.
Som da sidste Gang det gældte,
skal de mærke, at det gamle
Danmark endnu ejer Hæ-æ-ælte!

ARV
(*afsides*)
Saadan var det netop,
at vor Ko hun vræ-æ-æ-ælte.

JERONIMUS
Nu af Sted! Af Sted!
(*ind i Komediehuset*)

ARV
Husbond! Husbond! Tag mig med!
(*efter ham*)

13. Scene
MANDEN MED MASKER
(*søvnig*)

Columbiner, Harlekiner,
overordentlig groteske ...
et Par græske
Den Langhalm gider jeg ej mere tæ'ske.
Nu klær jeg mig ud som Dido
og gaar paa Maskaraden,
saa kan Æneas og hans Pastor Fido
passe Laden.
(*Lukker Boden. Klokkeren slaar ni Slag under
Fermaten.*)

I will miff 'em.
I shall slug 'em,
I shall mug 'em,
I shall smash their bones to matchwood.
I shall mash their brains to pease pud!
That will teach 'em that our
good old Denmark still has got a he- e- e- ro!

ARV
(*aside*)
If this was a singing contest
he'd get ze- e- e- e- ro!

JERONIMUS
Now let's go! Let's go! Let's go!
(*enters the playhouse*)

ARV
Master! Master! Wait a mo!
(*follows him*)

Scene 13
MASK-SELLER
(*sleepily*)
Columbines, sir, Harlequins, sir,
Extraord'nary grotesque ones,
Romanesque ones,
This is a dead-end job if ever I saw one.
Now as Dido! I shall go,
for masquerading time now nears.
I'll leave the shop in charge of Pastor Fido
and Aeneas.
(*Closes the booth. The clock strikes nine during
the fermata.*)

VÆGTEREN
Hov! Vægter, Klokkeren er slagen ni!
(*synger*)
Dersom I vil Tiden vide
Husbond, Madmor, Piger, Dreng,
(*Man hører ganske svagt Musikken inde i Komedie-
huset.*)
Da er det nu paa de Tide,
at I følger Jer til Senge.
Nu befal Jer Herren fri,
vær nu klog og snild,
vogt Jer Lys og Ild!
(*Tæppe langsomt ned*)
Nu er Klokkeren slagen ni.

TREDIE AKT

*Den store Sal i Komediehuset i Grønnegade med
omløbende Galleri, hvorfra Trapper i Baggrunden
fører ned. I Forgrunden under Galleriet paa begge
Sider Borde og Stole. Maskerede Personer, hvis
Antal hurtigt tiltager.*

KOR
4 Gaa af Vejen! Gaa af Vejen!
Vi er allesammen med.
Hvem der kommer os paa Sned,
slaar vi uden Skaansel ned.
Her er Liv, her er Liv, her er Lystighed.
Vi er allesammen med!
Her er Liv og Lystighed!
(*med forstilt Forskrækkelse*)
Der skal rejses under Sky

WATCHMAN
Ho, Watchman! Nine o'clock sounds, good folk!
(*sings*)
Hear the clock strike in the tower, master,
mistress, sons and daughters,
(*Dance music is heard very softly from inside the
playhouse.*)
It is now about the hour
that you should seek your sleeping quarters.
Now the evening sky is fine.
Before you retire
put out lights and fire.
(*Curtain slowly down*)
Now the clock has just struck nine.

ACT THREE

*The great hall of the playhouse in Grønnegade,
with a curved gallery, from which stairs lead down
in the background. In the foreground under the gal-
lery, tables and chairs on both sides. Masqueraders,
rapidly increasing in numbers.*

CHORUS
Clear the way there! Clear the way there!
Come and join us ev'ryone!
Now the masquerade's begun,
come and join the fun.
In the fun, in the fun that has just begun.
Come and join us ev'ryone
in the fun and merriment!
(*with feigned terror*)
We will sing a song tonight,

førend næste Morgengry
et forfærdeligt Gny,
(lystigt)
som alle de smaa Huse
i denne gamle By
vel kan ramle sammen ved.
(Alle ler.)
Gaa af Vejen! Gaa af Vejen!
Vi er allesammen med,
her er Liv og Lystighed!
Hvem der kommer os paa Sned,
slaar vi ned!

ARV
Ak, hvilken farlig Hurlumhej!

JERONIMUS
Hvad vilde jeg paa den Galej!

JERONIMUS OG ARV, LEONARD OG MAGDE-
LONE
(uden at kende hverandre)
Her gaar alting i en Rej,
hvad der dig er eller mig, ved man ej.
Her gaar alting i en Rej.

KOR
Gaa af Vejen! Gaa af Vejen!
Vi vil allesammen med!
Lad os gale kækt og kry,
saa at ingen kan faa Ly.
Lad os brøle, lad os brøle højt i Sky,
før det klinger Kykliky!
Lad os brøle højt i Sky!

till the early morning light,
sing with terrible might,
(merrily)
and all the little houses
in the town in sight,
all will tumble down in fright.
(all laugh)
Clear the way there! Clear the way there!
Come and join us ev'ryone!
Do not cover, do not shun!
Now the masquerade's begun,
join the fun!

ARV
Oh, what an awful hul-la-la-loo !

JERONIMUS
Why did I come to this ballyhoo!

JERONIMUS AND ARV, LEONARD AND
MAGDELONE
(not recognizing each other)
Ev'ry thing is quite askew.
Which one's me, which one's you? Who is who?
Ev'rything is quite askew.-

CHORUS
Clear the way there! Clear the way there!
Come and join us ev'ryone!
We will dance and we will sing.
We will make the heavens ring.
We will rend the air and keep you on the go,
till the cock begins to crow!
We shall keep you on the go!

(med forstilt Forskrækkelse)
Det skal høres over By
som et Stormklokke-Gny
til at kalde sammen ved,
(lystigt)
saa alle de smaa Stjerner i den høje Sky,
traller allesammen med.
(Alle ler.)
Gaa af Vejen! Gaa af Vejen!
Vi vil allesammen med!
Vi vil allesammen med!
Lad os gale højt i Sky,
Kykliky!

LEONARD
(til venstre)
Det var lystigt, jeg kom med!
Nu af Sted med listigt Fjed.
Naar nu Spillet er paa Gled,
skal jeg ogsaa se mit Sned!

ARV
(til højre)
Godt jeg slap af den Fortræd.
Det var farligt, som de sled,
der var en af dem, der vred
mig det ene Ben af Led.

MASKARADEMESTEREN
(stærkt)
Giv Lyd, Godtfolk, at vi kan høre Tonen!
(raaber)
Kotillonen!

(with feigned terror)
Like the pealing of a bell
our resounding note shall swell
to proclaim that all is well.
(merrily)
While all the little stars up in the sky above
twinkle down to us their love.
(all laugh)
Clear the way there! Clear the way there!
Come and join us ev'ryone!
Let us join in ev'ryone!
Let's cry cock-a-doodle-doo!
Doodle-doo

LEONARD
(on the left)
It is better here than there.
It's the answer to my prayer.
We two make a happy pair.
I have no concern or care.

ARV
(on the right)
Good that I escaped their snare!
Tried to throw me in the chair,
twist my leg and tear my hair,
ooh, that was a nasty scare.

MASTER OF THE MASQUERADES
(strongly)
Be still, for an experience in a million:
(shouts)
Grand Cotillion!

5 Dans

(Medens Sværmen trænges midt paa Scenen, har nogle Studenter i Selskab med en Magister slaaget sig ned til venstre. Nogle unge Piger kommer til syne paa Galleriet og tilraaber dem.)

NOGLE UNGE PIGER

Studenter! Studenter! Studenter!
Vi venter! Vi venter! Vi venter!

STUDENTER

Se, hvor de vinker! Se, hvor de vinker!

EN STUDENT

(meget ung)
Ak, hvilke artige, søde Kisselinker!

STUDENTER

Se, hvor Foden flyver!
Se den hvide Arm!
Se, hvor Floret flagrer
om den friske Barm!

EN MAGISTER

(tyk og til Aars)
Lad dem flyve, lad dem flagre,
de er ellers magre.

(Studenterne med Undtagelse af Magisteren griber hver sin Pige. Almindelig Runddans.)

BLOMSTERDRENG

(falbyder sine Varer)
Pomeranser! Pomeranser!

Dance

(As the crowd presses towards the centre of the stage, some students accompanied by a tutor settle down on the left. Some young girls appear in the gallery and accost them.)

SOME YOUNG GIRLS

You students, you students, you students!
We're waiting, we're waiting, we're waiting!

STUDENTS

Look at them waving! Look at them waving!

STUDENT

(a very young one)
Oh, what enchanting, delightful, pretty sweetings!

STUDENTS

See their dainty patter!
See those snowy arms!
Hear their lively chatter!
Oh, those maiden charms!

TUTOR

(fat and ageing)
They can patter, they can chatter,
I want one that's fatter!

(The students, not including the tutor, each seize a girl. General round dance.)

FLOWER-BOY

(offering his wares)
Buy my oranges! Buy my oranges!



Johan Uhrskov-Bendixsen (Flower-boy)

Kræmmerhuse! Poser!

Lugtedoser!

Violer og Roser!

Pomeranser! Pomeranser!

Tænk paa mig, naar I danser,

kom at købe, naar I standser!

Pomeranser! Pomeranser! Pomeranser!

(hendaende)

(Henrik trækkes frem af to Piger, som holder ham under hver sin Arm.)

HENRIK

Lad vær' at knibe mig. Jeg skriger!

Hvem er I?

TO PIGER

Se, om vi det siger!

(letter paa Maskerne)

HENRIK

Lisbeth Pomeranskones Piger!

(polisk)

Godaften Mine.

Godaften Line.

(beklagende)

Men hvor er Stine?

FØRSTE PIGE

Hun har Tandpine.

(De kniber ham.)

Prober, om du kan hvine!

Cornets, sweets and lozenges!

Scents and posies!

Sweet violets and roses!

Buy my oranges! Buy my oranges!

Think of me when you're dancing,

Stop and buy what you're fancying!

Bitter orange! Bitter orange! Bitter orange!

(dying away)

(Henrik is pulled forward by two girls, holding him under their arms.)

HENRIK

Let go of me or I'll start yelling!

Who are you?

TWO GIRLS

That would be telling!

(raising their masks)

HENRIK

Orange seller Lisbeth's daughters!

(cunningly)

Good evening, Nina!

Good evening, Lina!

(lamenting)

But where is Tina?

FIRST GIRL

'Fraid we haven't seen her!

(pinching him.)

Let's try to make him meaner!

TREDIE PIGE

Troløse Henrik,

hvorfor blev du borte?

HENRIK

For ej at blive "væk", trofaste Dorthé.

TREDIE PIGE

O, af de dyre Eder, som du svor,

ej mer jeg tror et Ord.

ALLE TRE PIGER

Nej, af de dyre Eder, som du svor,

ej mer vil vi tro

et eneste levende Ord.

HENRIK

Himmel og Jord!

Har man hørt Mage

til et Ekko-Kor.

Ja, ganske rigtigt,

det var lutter Løgne,

men dine Yndigheder er for nøgne

og mine Tanker for forfløjne.

Men for Resten,

hvordan jeg mig snor og vender,

før Dansen ender,

bestandig det hænder,

at hvert et Spor

af den Cupido, som mig brænder,

gaar bort som Sne, der faldt i Fjor,

ved Sved af alle Ender,

saa gider jeg ej

set den Tøs for mine Øjne.

THIRD GIRL

Unfaithful Henrik,

why'd you do a runner?

HENRIK

So I would not be "lost", to save my honour.

THIRD GIRL

So, what of all those solemn oaths you swore?

We don't trust you anymore.

ALL THREE GIRLS

No, after all those solemn oaths you swore,

we will never more believe you,

no, not anymore.

HENRIK

What's this? No more?

Such echo chorus I've not heard before.

Yes, quite correct, girls.

Rightly you detect, girls,

but then your charms are, shall we say, so-so, girls.

And so our little game is over, girls.

For that fact is this,

the dancing's hardly finished,

before the passion I felt is diminished;

no longer here!

It has evaporated, vanished

just like the snow

that fell last year,

each girl in turn is banished.

I never want

to set my eyes on her,

no, never.

Adjøs, mit Barn,
og hils din Mor!
(løber sin Vej)

DE TRE PIGER
Ja rejs, din Skjælm, derhen
hvor Peberet gror!

DEN TREDIE PIGE
Men hør, I Søstre smaa, et Visdomsord
af de bedragne unge Pigers Kor.
Mærk vor Morale,
som vi har udsat i en Madrigale.

DE TRE PIGER
[6] At slig er Ungersvend i sin Tale,
alt som man holder en Aal ved Hale,
og slig er Skælmen,
hvor skønt han roser,
som Lygtemænd
hopper over Moser,
og slig er Skalken,
hvor fint han skoser,
som naar en rygende Tande oser;
thi Manden, siger de gamle Gloser,
er en bedragelig Ting i Hoser.

KOR AF PIGER
Ja, Manden, siger de gamle Gloser,
er en bedragelig Ting i Hoser.

BLOMSTERDRENG
(falbyder sine varer)
Roser! Roser!

Adieu, my dears!
My love to mother!
(runs off)

THE THREE GIRLS
All right, you ruffian!
It's good riddance, then!

THIRD GIRL
Now listen, sisters all, to what we say:
we poor innocents were led astray.
Mark well our fable,
and learn a lesson from it if you're able.

THE THREE GIRLS
To catch an eel with bare hands is enough work;
trusting a man, though, is still more tough work.
For while the rascal
sets out to flatter,
and seeks to dazzle you
with his flatter,
his head is full
of a different matter,
so just you let him, just let him chatter.
For men are, just as all history teaches,
only miserable things in breeches!

CHORUS OF GIRLS
Yes, men are, just as all history teaches,
only miserable things in breeches!

FLOWER-BOY
(offers his goods for sale)
Roses! Roses!

LEANDER
(som Hyrde, sart)
De allerrødeste til den allersødeste.
(nærmer sig Leonora, klædt som Blomstergudinde)

[7] Uligelige Pige,
mens disse Blomster drysse
og om dit lyse Legem henrykt glide,
lad dem med deres Kysse sige,
hvad jeg ej vover:
O, maa jeg elske dig, du blide
Rose ved Vintertide?
Derude under Himlen
min Elskovsstjerne brænder.
Her ængstes jeg og kender
end ej dit Navn, der skiller dig fra Vrimlen.
Hvad hedder du, o Flora?

LEONORA
Min Herre, jeg er døbt Eleonora.
I Fald jeg turde svare,
hvad Blusel mig forbyder,
jeg kysset disse søde Blade,
som nu i tugtig Skare
min Kniplingsbrømme pryder.
Men Hjertet kender ingen Maskarade.
Du vil mig ej forlade,
min Fred du ej vil myrde;
thi Dyden er som hjemme
i Lyden af din Stemme.
Sig mig dit Navn, o du min Uskylds Hyrde.
Mit Hjertes Musikanter!

LEANDER
(as a shepherd, tenderly)
The reddest rose for the sweetest of roses!
(approaches Leonora, who is dressed as a flower goddess)
Incomparable lady,
when these my flowers drop
their sweet petals softly on you, dearest creature,
let them with all their kisses
tell you what I don't dare to:
Oh, may I love you, sweet and tender,
flower of our darkest winter?
Out there under the heavens,
my star of love shines brightly,
while here I cannot even call your name,
I do not know it rightly.
What is your name, oh Flora?

LEONORA
Good sir, they christened me Eleonora.
If I but dared to say it,
and modesty permitted,
I'd tell you how, with joy
unending, I kissed the flowers you gave me,
now in my bonnet knitted.
It may well be you think I am pretending.
Please, sir, do not mistake me,
mistake me or forsake me;
oh, please, do not deceive me,
but in your heart receive me.
Tell me your name, oh mighty Alexander,
My willing heart's commander!

LEANDER

Leander hedder jeg.

LEONORA

O, min Leander!
O, dydigste Leander!
Mit Hjertes Musikanter!
O, Leander!
Hør vore Navne
i Toner sig favne!
Ak, sin Samklang, sin Leander,
som bløde Blomsterblade
skal vore Navne stige,
saa vil vi aldrig fra hinanden vige,
ej vige; men som i dette Møde
i tonerige Samlyd altid gløde.
Leander!

LEANDER

O, skønne Leonora,
du søde,
lad os bytte disse Navne.
Leonora!
Leonora skal ej savne –
Ak, som Sommerfugle glade
i Tonernes Gevandter
til Elskovs Himmelrige.
Som Sommerfugle glade,
til Elskovs Himmelrige.
Saa vil vi aldrig fra hinanden vige,
men som i dette Møde altid gløde.
Leonora!

LEANDER

Leander is my name.

LEONORA

Oh, my Leander!
Most virtuous Leander,
my willing heart's commander!
Oh, Leander,
I sing the name
that's so sweet and euphonious!
Oh, Leander, so harmonius.
Like roses that you gave me,
your name I'll always treasure,
and we will never from each other sever, not sever
live now in love and pleasure,
in our harmony and concord now and ever.
Leander!

LEANDER

Oh, lovely Leonora!
You sweet one,
let us sing our names together,
Leonora!
Leonora, mine forever -
Ah, like butterflies in summer,
we two will fly together
in love's Elysian rapture.
Like butterflies in summer,
in love's Elysian rapture.
Then we will never from each other sever,
but live in love and harmony forever.
Leonora!

HENRIK

(har imidlertid nærmet sig Pernille)

8 Min søde Balsambøsse!
Lad mig din Rosenmund kysse.

PERNILLE

Ja nok, ja nok, men du maa ile,
for jeg er ikke for den lange Hvile.
For Folk af vore Klasser
en gravitetisk, spansk Amour ej passer.

HENRIK

Vort Elskovseventyr har kun to Tempi:
Slaget an! Giebt Fyr!
Hvad hedder du, min Lille?

PERNILLE

(nejjer)
Med Tugt at melde Pernille.
Du hedder Henrik?

HENRIK

Tys! Tys! Stille!
Hvor disse Navne sødt i Øret kilde.

PERNILLE

O, Henrik!

HENRIK

Pernille!

PERNILLE

Mit Hjertes Færnik!

HENRIK

(has neared Pernille in the meantime)

You pretty, little mistress,
you lips were made for my kisses.

PERNILLE

I know, I know! You needn't worry!
I'll have you know that I'm in quite a hurry.
For girls of humble station,
don't stand on form, we want a quick flirtation.

HENRIK

Our love affair has just two stages:
Ready there? Then fire!
Your name, you passion-killer?

PERNILLE

(curtsies)
Well, truth to tell, it's Pernille.
Would you be Henrik?

HENRIK

Ssh! Ssh! Quiet!
Our gentle names fall on the ear so softly.

PERNILLE

Oh, Henrik!

HENRIK

Pernille!

PERNILLE

My loving drumstick!

HENRIK
Min Sjæls Persille!

PERNILLE
Ak, min Henrik!

HENRIK
O, Pernille!

PERNILLE
Mit Hjertes Fænrík!
Henrik!

HENRIK
Min Sjæls Persille!

PERNILLE
Henrik!

HENRIK
O Pernille, Pedernillar.

PERNILLE
Min Fænrík!

HENRIK
Din Henrik!

PERNILLE
Mit Hjertes Fænrík!

HENRIK
Min søde Balsambøsse!

HENRIK
My soul's vanilla!

PERNILLE
Ah, my Henrik!

HENRIK
Oh, Pernille!

PERNILLE
My loving drumstick!
Henrik!

HENRIK
My soul's vanilla!

PERNILLE
Henrik!

HENRIK
O, Pernille, Caterpillar!

PERNILLE
My drumstick!

HENRIK
Your Henrik!

PERNILLE
My loving drumstick!

HENRIK
You pretty, little mistress!

PERNILLE OG HENRIK
Saa muntert disse Rim i Øret krille.
Vi lover, at vi ville
den glade Samlyd aldrig mere skille,
men nu og altid hinanden drille, drille,
drille, drille.

LEONARD
9 Ydmygste Tjener, Madam!
og Tak for Dansen!
En slig Comportement med Taljen og med Svansen
jeg aldrig saa tilforn.

MAGDELONE
Très humble Servitør!
Dog har jeg aldrig danset Menuetter før.
Jeg lever i mit Hjem som i en Nonnestue.

LEONARD
Med Permission, Madam!
Er hun endnu Jomfrue?

MAGDELONE
Javist, javist!
Jeg har en Mand – en Fader, vil jeg sige –
der ter sig som Tyran imod mig stakkels Pige
og svarer paa hver Bøn:
"Ja, naar du bliver større!"
Som om man ej var stor, fordi man ej er fyrr.

LEONARD
Men maatte jeg, Madam, ej nyde den *bonheur*,
at hun til Side drog sin Maske og sit Slør?

PERNILLE AND HENRIK
These little rhymes of ours are very pleasing!
We promise that we never
from one another ever more will sever,
but and ever will go on teasing, teasing,
teasing, teasing.

LEONARD
You humble servant, madame!
I praise your dancing!
Such elegance and style, I found it more entrancing
than any I've seen before.

MAGDELONE
Très humble Serviteur!
In truth I've never danced the minuet before.
The house that is my home is rather like a nunnery.

LEONARD
If I may be so bold!
Is madame still a maiden?

MAGDELONE
Oh yes! Oh yes!
I have a husband father, one might say, sir
A tyrant who addresses me like a little baby,
and keeps on telling me:
"When you're a little older"
As if one is not grown up because one isn't forty.

LEONARD
A now I have, madame, a favour I would ask.
It's that you would unveil and draw aside your mask.

MAGDELONE

Forlad mig, Kavalier! Jeg kan ej paa min Ære,
for nævnte Aarsags Skyld jeg her maa ukendt være.

LEONARD

Tillader hun mig ej, min engelsøde Due,
jeg hendes Hænders Alabasterhed maa skue.

MAGDELONE

Jeg beder ham, Monsieur, nyd, hvad han har for Øje,
og hvad, som skjulet er, udforske ej saa nøje.

LEONARD

Maa jeg da hendes Barms Citron berøre - ak!
Med Fingerenden kun?

MAGDELONE

Jeg siger tusind Tak!

JERONIMUS

(har nærmet sig bagfra)
Ho, ho!

MAGDELONE

Ak Gud, min Mand!

LEONARD

Hvad nu! Jeronimus! Jeg dør!

JERONIMUS

Hvad nu? Jeg tog nok fejl! Jeg søger én – Monsieur!
nok sagt af Ane Hattemagers Bataillon
med samt en ung og meget liderlig Person,
og da jeg maa gaa frem og gribe efter Slumpen

MAGDELONE

Forgive me, my good sir, I really cannot do it,
for reasons just explained my presence is secret.

LEONARD

Then if I may no look on your dear angelic features,
may I see those lilly hands, you loveliest of creatures?

MAGDELONE

I beg of you, monsieur, take what you see before you,
and do not hunger what's hidden, I implore you.

LEONARD

Then let me give your bosom just one little touch?
There, with my finger so.

MAGDELONE

I thank you very much.

JERONIMUS

(approaching them from behind)
Ho, ho!

MAGDELONE

Oh, God, it's him!

LEONARD

What's this! Jeronimus! Oh, Lord!

JERONIMUS

What's this! It's my mistake! I'm looking for, monsieur,
one of lustful Messalina's little clan,
together with a rather lecherous young man.
And so I have to look both here and there at random,

og saa Mamsellen der at vrikke saa med Rumpen,
saa tog jeg fejl. Monsieur!
(gør en Reverents, idet han gaar)
Madam!

MAGDELONE

Ak, hvilken Skam!

LEONARD

Vil hun ej sidde ned? Her er min Arm, Madam.
(De sætter sig til højre.)

EN OFFICER

(snapper en Pige fra Første Student)
Aa, med Forlov, De!

FØRSTE STUDENT

Hov, De! Se Dem lidt for!
Hvem spiller De paa Næsen.

OFFICEREN

Forivre dig kun ej, du lille Væsen!
Den Pige der er kræsen,
og jeg er hendes Kavalier til Polonaisen.

FØRSTE STUDENT

De skal betale mig det Pigerov.
(vrængende)
De!

OFFICEREN

Hu ha! Han raser af den megen Læsen!

and saw you here, mam'selle,
and you, sir, there in tandem, I got it wrong, monsieur!
(makes a deep bow as he goes)
Madame!

MAGDELONE

Oh, my, for shame!

LEONARD

Sit down a moment here. Here is my arm, madame!
(they sit down on the right)

AN OFFICER

(snatching a girl away from the first student)
Out of my way, you!

FIRST STUDENT

Hey, you! Mind what you're at?
Who do you think you are, then?

OFFICER

Don't get excited now, young whippersnapper!
This lady here is choosy,
and I shall be her cavalier for the polonaise.

FIRST STUDENT

I'll make you pay for this daylight robbery,
(sneering)
you!

OFFICER

Ho, ho! Don't lose temper, stop your snobb'ry.

STUDENTER
Puds! Puds Støvletten!

OFFICERER
Træk ud *Per Caud!* Træk ud *Per Caud!*

FØRSTE STUDENT
(til Magisteren, der stadig sidder ved Bordet)
Kom, let dig, Gamle. Du maa skille Trætten.

OFFICERER
Vi viger ej af Pletten!
Træk ud, *Per Caud!*

STUDENTER
Vi viger ej! Træk ud!

MAGISTEREN
Respekt for Retten!

MASKARADEMESTEREN
(raaber)
Stille! Stille! Hanedansen!

10 Hanedansen
(Under Dansen kommer Jeronimus som Bacchus og Arv som Cupido ind og gaar spejdende omkring.)

LEONORA
(ved Leanders Arm)

11 O, kom min Ven!
I disse Søjlers Skygge vil jeg hvile.
Følg mig derhen.

STUDENTS
Cor! What a bastard!

OFFICER
Draw swords, young freshmen! Draw swords,
young freshmen!

FIRST STUDENT
(to the tutor, still seated at the table)
Get up, you dotard! You should stop this squabble.

OFFICERS
We stand our ground, don't wobble.
Draw swords, young freshmen!

STUDENTS
We stand our ground! Draw swords!

TUTOR
Respect for law now!

MASTER OF THE MASQUERADES
(shouts)
Silence, silence! Cockerel's dance!

Dance of the Cockerel
(During the dance Jeronimus as Bacchus and Arv as Cupid enter and go spying around.)

LEONORA
(on Leander's arm)
Oh, come my pride!
And let us find some shady nook or hollow,
where we may bide.

LEANDER
Til dine Læbers Lykke vil jeg ile.
Jeg følger dig og gaar ej bort igen.

HENRIK
(hæsbæsende)
Herre! Herre!

LEANDER
Hvad godt?

HENRIK
Nej, ondt desværre.
Ved I –
(leende)
Ved I – Ha-ha! Ha-ha! Ha-ha!

LEANDER
Saa tal!

HENRIK
Ved I – Ha-ha! Ha-ha! Ha-ha!

LEANDER
Er Drengen gal?

HENRIK
Ser I ved Døren til den lille Sal,
et langt Gespenst med et naragtigt Væsen
og et gevaltigt Futteral paa Næsen?

STUDENTER
(omkring Jeronimus)
Rus! Rus!

LEANDER
Yes, let us go where no one else will follow.
I'll come with you and never leave your side.

HENRIK
(breathless)
Master! Master!

LEANDER
Good news?

HENRIK
No, bad, disaster.
Do you –
(laughing)
do you – Ha, ha! Ha, ha! Ha, ha!

LEANDER
Explain!

HENRIK
Do you – Ha, ha! Ha, ha!

LEANDER
Is he insane?

HENRIK
See now that apparition by the door,
that lanky fellow with the funny bearing
and the enormous hooter that he's wearing?

STUDENTS
(around Jeronimus)
Rus! Rus!

HENRIK
Hør, hvor de raaber Rus!

STUDENTER
Rus! Rus! Rus! Rus!

HENRIK
Det er Jeronimus!

LEANDER
Er du gal?

HENRIK
Jeronimus!

LEANDER
Er du fatal?

HENRIK
Je - ro - ni - mus!

STUDENTER
Rus!

LEANDER
Skaf ham af Vejen! Paa en Studs!
Spil ham et Puds!

STUDENTER
Rus!

HENRIK
(*vrængende*)

HENRIK
Hear how they're shouting Rus!

STUDENTS
Rus! Rus! Rus! Rus!

HENRIK
Well, that's Jeronimus!

LEANDER
Are you mad!

HENRIK
Jeronimus!

LEANDER
Have you gone mad?

HENRIK
Je - ro - ni - mus!

STUDENTS
Rus!

LEANDER
Get him away, then! In a trice!
Find some device!

STUDENTS
Rus!

HENRIK
(*sneering*)

Et Puds. Paa en Studs!
Aa Herre Jemini! Se Hr. Jeronimus!

STUDENTER
Rus! Rus! Rus!

JERONIMUS
Lad Vandet drive af Jer, I Papister!

TREDIE STUDENT
Hu! Hu, han er bister!

FJERDE STUDENT
Han spruder Gnister!

FEMTE STUDENT
Quid Saul inter Philister!

HENRIK
(*nærmer sig Magisteren*)
Ak, Hr. Magister!

12 Hvis ej Jer Mine lyver slem,
er I en Ven af ærbar Skæmt,
og er Jert Blik Jert Hjertes Tolk,
I hjælper gerne unge Folk.
Min Herre har saa frit et Mod,
saa frisk et Sind, saa varmt et Blod,
er saa galant og elegant
som man kan være uden Tant.
Men (som man siger paa Fransøsk)
en Smule altfor amorøsk.
I Gaar paa dette Sted han fandt
en Mø og kom og saa og vandt.
Og hvad i Gaar han vandt og saa,

Device! In a trice!
Oh, Lord, how ludicrous! See there's Jeronimus!

STUDENTS
Rus! Rus! Rus!

JERONIMUS
The devil will take you all, you hell-dog's litter!

THIRD STUDENT
Ooh! Ooh! He's so bitter!

FOURTH STUDENT
He's spitting feathers!

FIFTH STUDENT
And hear him, how he blethers!

HENRIK
(*Henrik approaches the tutor.*)
Ah, Master Tutor!
If looks are any guarantee,
and you are what you seem to be,
you are a man who likes a joke,
and are prepared to help young folk.
My master there is brave and bold,
and mostly he's as good as gold.
Though elegant and so galant,
he is inclined to galivant.
His flirting and his am'rous tricks
have got him in a proper fix.
He came and saw and won last night,
here at his festival of light,
a lady, and sir, she is one

i Dag han tænker stadig paa.
Men Faderen, som er en Stud,
har tiltænkt ham en anden Brud
og rentud nægtet ham at lade
sig mere se paa Maskarade.
Og da det nu er lykkest os
at slippe ud hans Bud til Trods,
gaar han, som er (imellem os)
en Flodhest og Rhinoceros,
i egen latterlig Figur
paa Maskaraden her paa Lur.
Han gaar paa Lur.
I Fald nu, Hr. Magister, I
i denne Nød vil staa os bi
og med en Smule Gækkeri
os for den gamle Nar befri
saa at de unge Folk tilsammen
kan prolongere deres Gammen
og nære Elskovsflammen.
I Fald nu I, Hr. Magister,
i denne Nød vil staa os bi
med Gækkeri,
skal Herren lønne Eder. Amen!

MAGISTEREN

Dit Snakketøj gaar ej i Staa;
(*letter paa Hatten*)
undskyld, jeg stod med Hatten paa.
Hvis Herren blot er halvt saa vakker,
som du, hans Tjener, vakkert snakker,
kan jeg umuligt mig undslaa
og melder mig som Eders Makker.
Hvad Middel finder vi i Hast
til at faa sat den gamle fast?

he still adores and dotes upon.
His father, though, a downright ass,
has pledged him to another lass.
He gave it out as his intention
to keep the lad in close detention.
But then I fooled his stupid scout,
and so we managed to slip out.
However, he has followed us,
as mad as a rhinoceros,
and dressed up quite ridiculous,
is searching here and there for us,
in wait for us!
We would be very glad
if you in this fix would see us through,
and by a little trick or two
would rid us without more ado,
and in a trice, of that old buffer,
in order to avoid disaster,
and love may find my master.
And if so you, sir, good tutor,
in this our fix will see us through
by a track or two
you shall be rewarded. Truly!

TUTOR

I'd thought you'd never stop, my lad,
(*raises his hat*)
your talk's enough to drive one mad.
But notwithstanding all your chatter,
I have well understood the matter,
and can assure you I'll be glad
to do my best to help your master.
What can we think of in a flash
to settle here the old man's hash?

HENRIK

(*meget polisk*)
Jeg ser, I Glas og Flasker har,
byd ham en Vinstupassiar.
Tegn Verdens Daarskab dygtigt af
og skænk imens i Glasset brav.
Naar I begynder med Moralen,
saa ender *han* i Perialen.
Saaledes faar I Hul paa Ka'len.

MAGISTEREN

Nu, jeg skal gøre hvad jeg kan.

STUDENTER

(*stadig efter Jeronimus*)
Rus! Rus! Rus! Rus! Rus!

MAGISTEREN

Hvad, driller I en gammel Mand?
Fy skam Jer dog, I løse Fugle!
Respekt for en bedaget Ugle!
(*til Jeronimus*)
Men I Monsieur, som spiller Bacchus,
ser saa alvorlig ud som Gracchus!
Nej, ved Anacreon og Flaccus,
hvis glade Livsfilosofi
jeg er privat Præceptor i
ved Københavns Akademi.
Nej, ned med Pietisteri!
I bærer Bacchi Liberi,
og her er Bacchi Kompagni.
Ja, her er Bacchi Kompagni,
der flyder med Krambambuli,

HENRIK

(*rather slyly*)
I see some bottles here, I think.
Get him to talk and make him drink.
Run down today and praise the past,
and keep on topping up his glass.
And when he's getting nice and mellow,
we'll have him sozzled, poor old fellow.
We'll talk about the payment later.

TUTOR

Right, I shall do the best I can.

STUDENTS

(*still taunting Jeronimus*)
Rus! Rus! Rus! Rus! Rus!

TUTOR

What, do you bait an aged man?
Shame on you all, you young hyenas!
Respect for your deserving seniors!
(*to Jeronimus*)
But you, good sir, disguised as Bacchus,
you look as serious as Gracchus.
No, by Anacreon and Flaccus,
in whose good life philosophy
I give tuition privately
at Copenhagen Academy,
forget, sir, all that piety.
You're wearing Bacchus' livery,
and here is Bacchic company.
Yes, here is Bacchic company;
we revel in jocosity.

det skal I indrulleres i.
Kom hid til os, og I er ansat!

JERONIMUS
Ja Tak, Monsieur, jeg tørster bandsat!

(Studenterne afskjærer og tumler rundt med Arv, der hele Tiden i stor Angst og Forbavselse har fulgt Jeronimus og holdt ham i Kappen.)

TREDIE STUDENT
En Amor af den rette Slags,
trind som en Pølse, frisk som en Laks.

STUDENTER
Ha-ha! Ha-ha ! Han er bastant!

ANDEN STUDENT
Han har Lægge som en Elefant!

FEMTE STUDENT
Du Guders Kæledægge,
maa jeg føle dine Lægge?

TREDIE STUDENT
Kild ham under Hagen!

STUDENTER
Kild ham! Kild ham!

TREDIE STUDENT
Klap ham paa Bagen!

Please join our confraternity.
Come over here, let us enlist you!

JERONIMUS
My thanks, good sir. I'm dev'lish thirsty!

(Arv, scared and bewildered, has been following Jeronimus, holding on to his coat-tails. He is stopped and pushed around by the students.)

THIRD STUDENT
A Cupid! Now we'll have some fun.
Nip and pinch him, make him run.

STUDENTS
Ha, ha! Ha,ha! He's very fat!

SECOND STUDENT
Plump and sleek as our tomcat!

FIFTH STUDENT
Dear pussy, may we stroke you?
Don't be frightened, we won't choke you.

FOURTH STUDENT
We just want to tickle.

STUDENTS
Tickle, tickle!

THIRD STUDENT
Tickle his bottom!

STUDENTER
Klap ham! Klap ham!
Har man set Magen?

ARV
Av, av! Av, av!
I Læggene de kniber mig,
i Haarene de river mig,
i Buxerne de hiver mig.
Av, av! Av, av! Av, av! Av, av!
Se kan I nære Jer,
eller jeg skal lære Jer!
Pak Jer, I Tyvetøj!
Var dig, du Spyttegøg.
(faar fat paa Henrik)
Henrik! Halløj! Halløj!
Saa skal du da ske Skam!
Husbond, her har jeg ham!

HENRIK
Tosse! Ja skrig du kun!
En Otting Mel,
en Stang Kanel,
en Vinkandel.
Kom det i Hu!
*En Kande gammel Mjød,
tre Stykker røget Kød.
to ditto Sukkerbrød.*
Tænk dig lidt om!
(efterabende Arvs Stemme fra anden Akt)
En Flaske gammel Rom.
Kokkepigens – Hvem er jeg nu?

STUDENTS
Tickle, tickle!
Now we have got him?

ARV
Ow, ow, ow, ow!
They're poking me and pinching me,
they're choking and lynching me,
provoking me and clinching me!
Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow!
Will you let go of me,
or you'll get a blow from me!
Get off, you scruffy crew!
Clear off, you cowards, you!
(gets hold of Henrik)
Henrik! Hello! Hello!
He'll show you where to go!
Master, here's one of them!

HENRIK
Fathead! Remember this!
A sack of corn,
a pound of brawn,
a flask of wine,
and then you said
one jug of real old mead,
three slices of roast meat,
two malty loaves of bread,
and then you said:
(mimicking Arv's voice from the second act)
One bottle finest rum.
Kitchen maid's er, what was it now?

ARV
Ak, Hr. von Ebeltoft!
Jeg har forset mig groft.
(faar en lys Idé)
Monsør Jeronimus,
denne Gripominus
er Drolen splide mig
ingen Lakaj!
Henrik er det da ej.

JERONIMUS
Han er et Kvaj!

STUDENTER
Han er et Kvaj!

ARV
Nej, nej! Nej, nej! Nej, nej!

MASKARADEMESTEREN
(raaber)
13 Gør Plads! Gør Plads!
Højstærede Publikum!
Dansemesteren og hans Kæreste
vil gøre sig Flid
med et ganske nyt Divertissement,
som er kendt af de færreste,
og som spiller i Aften for første Gang.
Mars og Venus eller Vulcani List.
Gør Plads! Gør Plads!

Pantomime og Dans

ARV
I know I have done wrong;
I've said so all along.
(has a bright idea)
What will become of us?
Old Nick has come for us!
No servant this,
he's no Henrik for sure!
You are a fool!

JERONIMUS
You are a fool!

STUDENTS
You are a fool!

ARV
No, no! No, no! No, no!

MASTER OF THE MASQUERADES
(shouting)
Make room! Make room!
Good ladies and gentlemen!
Dancingmaster and his dear fiancée
will entertain you with a little piece
Divertissement
which is known only to experts.
It's receiving its world premiere tonight:
"Mars and Venus", also called "Vulcan's Ruse".
Make room! Make room!

Pantomime and Dance

(Venus frem paa Gulvet. Hendes Sindsstemning er op og ned. Hun venter sin Elsker Mars, men frygter, at ogsaa hendes Husband, Vulcan, skal indfinde sig.)
("Oh, havde jeg dig blot, min elskede Mars, saa skulde jeg -") *(Her kommer Vulcan hinkende ind. Venus gør en utaalmodig Bevægelse. Vulcan, som er vidende om hendes elskovsforhold til Mars, fortæller, at han skal rejse bort i nogle Dage for at se til nogle forstoppede Vulkaner.)*
(Hun: "Farvell!" Han: "Farvell!" Gaar.)
(Venus alene, sværmerisk.)
(Mars triner almagtigt frem.)
(Mars: "Er du alene? Hvor er Vulkan?")
(Venus: "Han er hinket til Pylos for at rode op i nogle Vulkaner." Mars: "Oh, hvilken lykke!")
(Under Dansen skænkes der flittigt i for Jeronimus, der efterhaanden bliver lystig.)
(Her sænker sig et gyldent Net ned fra oven. De dansende, for hvem det er usynligt, indvikles efterhaanden deri og bliver mere og mere forvirrede.)
(Vulcan kommer ind. Han er paa engang rasende og lykkelig over sin Fangst, løber til, griber Nettet med de to og slæber under Tilskuernes Jubel af med dem.)

STUDENTER
14 Hvor Bacchus er, maa Mars og Venus være.

FØRSTE STUDENT
(bukker for dem)
Monsieur! Madam!
I gør os vel den Ære.

(Venus at the front of the stage. Her mood is up and down. She is awaiting her lover Mars, but fears that her husband, Vulcan, may return.)
("Oh, if only I had you, my beloved Mars, then I would -") (Here Vulcan comes limping in. Venus makes an impatient gesture. Vulcan, who knows of her love for Mars, tells her he has to go away for a few days to attend to some blocked volcanos.)

(She: "Goodbye!" He: "Goodbye!" Exit.)
(Venus alone, romantically.)
(Mars steps forward, omnipotently.)
(Mars: "Are you alone? Where is Vulcan?") (Venus: "He hobbled off to Pylos to mess around with some volcanoes.") (Mars: "O what luck!")
(During the dance, Jeronimus' glass is frequently filled up, and he becomes increasingly merry.)
(Here a golden net falls from above. The dancers, for whom it is invisible, gradually get tangled up in it and become more and more confused.)
(Vulcan enters. He is both furious and happy about his catch, runs on, grabs the net with the two dancers, and leads them away, to the joy of the spectators.)

STUDENTS
Where Bacchus is you'll find both Mars and Venus!

FIRST STUDENT
(bows to them)
Monsieur! Madam!
Your show was full of genius.

TREDIE STUDENT

Nu op, Niels Just,
og syng til tak for Dansen
den Vise, som du ved ...
saa faar du Kransen.

MAGISTEREN

Naar Mars og Venus har endt deres Spil,
Petehejl! Petehejl! Peteheja!
da træder den tredie Guddom til.
Polemejl! Polemejl! Polemeja!
Eja se, hvor de tre i et Bundt snurrer rundt.
Rundadinellula.
Den ene er skøn som et Stjernes kud,

KOR

Petehejl! Petehejl! Peteheja!

MAGISTEREN

den anden er grum som en brølende Stud.

KOR

Polermejl! Polemejl! Polemeja!
Eja se, hvor de tre i et Bundt snurrer rundt.
Rundadinellula.

MAGISTEREN

Den tredie er som et Eventyr.

KOR

Petehejl! Petehejl! Peteheja!

MAGISTEREN

Han er mild som en Mø og vild som en Tyr.

THIRD STUDENT

Now, sir, get up and sing
one of your ditties;
the one you know about
of those same deities.

TUTOR

When Mars and Venus had finished their game,
Petehejl! Peteheil! Peteheia!
The third of the trio, Vulcan came,
Polemeil! Polemeil! Polemeia!
Now you see how the three of them whirl in a round,
Rundadinellula!
The first is as fair as the evening star,

CHORUS

Peteheil! Peteheil! Peteheia!

TUTOR

the second's as fierce as a soreheaded bear.

CHORUS

Polemeil! Polemeil! Polemeia!
Now you see how the three of them whirl in a round,
Rundadinellula!

TUTOR

The third resembles a paradox.

CHORUS

Peteheil! Peteheil! Peteheia!

TUTOR

He's as mild as a lamb and strong as an ox.

KOR

Polemejl! Polemejl! Polemeja!
Eja se, hvor de tre i et Bundt snurrer rundt.
Rundadinellula.

MAGISTEREN

Med Vinstok i Haand og Krans om sit Haar,

KOR

Petehejl! Petehejl! Peteheja!

MAGISTEREN

Han høster der, hvor de andre saar.

KOR

Polemejl! Polemejl! Polemeja!
Eja se, hvor de tre i et Bundt snurrer rundt.
Rundadinellula.

MAGISTEREN

Den Sjæl, som Venus til Døde har kyst,

KOR

Petehejl! Petehejl! Peteheja!

MAGISTEREN

den modnes bare til Bacchi Høst.

KOR

Polemejl! Polemejl! Polemeja!
Eja se, hvor de tre i et Bundt snurrer rundt.
Rundadinellula

CHORUS

Polemeil! Polemeil! Polemeia!
Now you see how the three of them whirl in a round,
Rundadinellula!

TUTOR

With vine in his hand and garlands to show,

CHORUS

Peteheil! Peteheil! Peteheia!

TUTOR

he harvests there where the others sow.

CHORUS

Polemeil! Polemeil! Polemeia!
Now you see how the three of them whirl in a round,
Rundadinellula!

TUTOR

The soul that Venus has hugged unto death

CHORUS

Peteheil! Peteheil! Peteheia!

TUTOR

can be revived by Bacchus' breath.

CHORUS

Polemeil! Polemeil! Polemeia!
Now you see how the three of them whirl in a round,
Rundadinellula!

MAGISTEREN Den Jord, som Krigen har blodig kyst,	TUTOR Where blood has watered the battlefield,	MAGISTEREN der rejser Guden sin Sejers Stang.	TUTOR the God's elixir, it has no peers.
KOR Petehejl! Petehejl! Peteheja!	CHORUS Peteheil! Peteheil! Peteheia!	KOR Polemejl! Polemejl! Polemeja! Eja se, hvor de tre i et Bundt snurrer rundt. Rundadinellula.	CHORUS Polemeil! Polemeil! Polemeial! Now you see how the three of them whirl in a round, Rundadinellula!
MAGISTEREN den lover Ranken en dobbelt Høst.	TUTOR there will be hope of a double yield.	MAGISTEREN Omkring den hvirvler i Stjerneseskær,	TUTOR So wipe away all your idle tears;
KOR Polemejl! Polemejl! Polemeja! Eja se, hvor de tre i et Bundt snurrer rundt. Rundadinellula	CHORUS Polemeil! Polemeil! Polemeial! Now you see how the three of them whirl in a round, Rundadinellula!	KOR Petehejl! Petehejl! Peteheja	CHORUS Peteheil! Peteheil! Peteheia!
MAGISTEREN Hvor Hjertet bløder for sidste Gang,	TUTOR When life is nearing its final years,	MAGISTEREN den hele brogede Narrefærd.	TUTOR enjoy your life in those final years!
KOR Petehejl! Petehejl! Peteheja!	CHORUS Peteheil! Peteheil! Peteheia!	KOR Polemejl! Polemejl! Polemeja!	CHORUS Polemeil! Polemeil! Polemeial!
MAGISTEREN og Angsten klemmer Barmen trang,	TUTOR and hearts are full of nameless fears -	KOR OG MAGISTEREN Eja se, hvor de tre i et Bundt snurrer rundt. Rundadinellula!	CHORUS AND TUTOR Now you see how the three of them whirl in a round, Rundadinellula!
KOR Polemejl! Polemejl! Polemeja! Eja se, hvor de tre i et Bundt snurrer rundt. Rundadinellula.	CHORUS Polemeil! Polemeil! Polemeial! Now you see how the three of them whirl in a round, Rundadinellula!	JERONIMUS <i>(halv beskænket)</i> 15 Du er min Ven. Kom lad os drikke Dus!	JERONIMUS <i>(half tipsy)</i> You are my friend. Let's drink to both of us!
MAGISTEREN der vokser Sæden paa Bacchi Vang,	TUTOR then Bacchus brings you the cup of cheers,	MAGISTEREN Jeg takker skyldigst, Hr. Jeronimus!	TUTOR I thank you kindly, Herr Jeronimus!
KOR Petehejl! Petehejl! Peteheja	CHORUS Peteheil! Peteheil! Peteheia!	STUDENTER <i>(omkring Jeronimus)</i> Og dette skal være	STUDENTS <i>(around Jeronimus)</i> A toast for our brother

vor Broder til Ære. Hurra!
Og dette skal være
vor Broder til Ære. Hurra!
En Broderrus skal vi have,
saa Broder Rus kan rave.
Hurra! Hurra! for Broder Rus. Hurra!

EN STUDENT
(meget ung, sværmerisk)
En Rus skal han ha'. Hurra!

FØRSTE STUDENT
Hold Mund! Du synger jo Fanden i Vold.
Fi donc!

HENRIK
(til Leander, til højre)
Løbet er frit. Hr. Jeronimus gik for Anker.

LEANDER
Saa kom og slut dig til vort Kompagni.

HENRIK
(til Pernille)
Ak, hvilket himmelystigt Maskepil!
Ej sandt, min Snut?

LEONORA
(peger paa Magdelone og Leonard)
Hvem er det Par derhenne?
Kavaleren synes mig, jeg skulde kende.

our colleague and brother, hurrah!
A toast for our brother
our colleague and brother, hurrah!
A brother's toast for our colleague,
a brother's toast for our colleague!
Hurrah! Hurrah! A brother's cheer. Hurrah!

A STUDENT
(very young, passionately)
Let's toast him again, hurrah!

FIRST STUDENT
Be quiet! We've toasted enough for this once,
you dunce!

HENRIK
(to Leander, on the right)
Now the coast's clear. Herr Jeronimus has been
pressganged.

LEANDER
Then come and join in with our company.

HENRIK
(to Pernille)
Oh, what a lovely piece of villainy!
Isn't it, my sweet?

LEONORA
(pointing to Magdelone and Leonard)
Who's over there, that couple?
I've a feeling I should know that caballero.

LEANDER
Ved ikke, skønt jeg næsten sværge tør,
at jeg har set den Dame før.
(til Leonard)
Monsieur! En lille Cirkel vi formere,
tør af hans Kompagni vi profitere?

MASKARADEMESTEREN
(raaber)
Solodans med entrechats.
*(Jeronimus gør under Dansen Forsøg paa at
nærme sig Venus.)*

JERONIMUS
Hun er køn, den lille Kat.

STUDENTER
Hys! Hys!

JERONIMUS
Lille Skat! Pys, pys!

STUDENTER
Hys! Hys!

JERONIMUS
Tror hun at –

STUDENTER
Hys!

JERONIMUS
(mærker intet)
hun i Nat –

LEANDER
The man, my dear, I cannot say I know.
I think I've seen the lady though.
(to Leonard)
Monsieur! We're making up a little party,
please come and join with us if you would care to.

MASTER OF THE MASQUERADES
(shouts)
Solo dance with entrechats!
*(During the dance, Jeronimus makes advances to
Venus.)*

JERONIMUS
Oh, she's nice, the little sprite.

STUDENTS
Hush! Hush!

JERONIMUS
Kitty cat! Puss! Puss!

STUDENTS
Hush! Hush!

JERONIMUS
If I might –

STUDENTS
Hush!

JERONIMUS
(noticing nothing)
might tonight –

STUDENTER

Hys!
Ha! ha! Ha, ha!
*(peger paa Dansemesteren, der stiller sig
skinsyg an)*
Se, se!

JERONIMUS

(forstaar)
O ve! Goliat!
(til Magisteren)
Kammerat! He, he!
Mens med ham I Kruset tømmer,
jeg med hende Stuen rømmer,
det er et dejligt Fruentømmer!

LEANDER

Skænk i! Skænk i!
Leve det glade Kompagnil!

*(Der danses rundt om bordet til højre, medens
dansemesteren gør sine slutningspas.)*

KOR

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

JERONIMUS

(I Forgrunden med Venus. Han gør Haneben.)
Lille Strik, se, jeg fik
dig til sidst i Bestik.
Hik! Hik!
Thi dit Nik paa en Prik
har mig vist, hvor du gik.
Hik! Hik!

STUDENTS

Hush!
Ha, ha! Ha, ha!
*(pointing to the dancing master, who is pretending
to be jealous)*
See! See!

JERONIMUS

(understands)
Oh, no! Lucifer!
(to the tutor)
Comrade, hee, hee!
While he's having drinks with teacher,
I'll be in another feature,
with that pretty little creature!

LEANDER

Drink up! Drink up!
Cheers for this merry company!

*(They dance around the table on the right, while
the dancing master makes his concluding steps.)*

CHORUS

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

JERONIMUS

(in the foreground, courting Venus)
Little chick, you were slick,
though you'd play me a trick!
Hic! Hik!
But the chick of kick,
gave the game away quick.
Hic! Hik!

Min Taktik slog ej Klik.
Du er mat som en Brik.
for mit (hik!)
For mit (hik!)
For mit higende Blik.
Lille Strik, sikke sik,
sikke Kik!
Dikke Dik! Dikke Dik!
(opdager Mars og forstummer)
Hik!

MAGISTEREN

Kom og drikl!
Lad os se, hvor de tre i et bundt snurrer rundt.
*(Under det følgende snurrer Mars og Venus rundt
med Jeronimus i bestandig stærkere Fart.)*

KOR

*(Studenter, hvortil efterhaanden flere, til sidst alle
slutter sig.)*
O, du gode gamle Gubbe!
Hvorfor gik du paa den slemme Maskarade?
Sad du ikke meget bedre
hjemme i din egen stille Gade?
O, du gode, gamle Gubbe!
Hvorfor har du valgt at spille Bacchi Rolle?
O, du gode, gamle Gubbe!
Hvorfor vil du spille Bacchi Rolle?
Han er mild imod de milde,
vild og grusom mod de kolde.
O, du gode, gamle Gubbe!
Hvorfor vil du efterstræbe Næstens Kone,
naar du sidde kan med Hæder
hjemme hos din egen Magdelone?

My technique is unique,
and I know where to seek,
And - hic!
And - hic!
And I know who's the pick,
little chick! Snicker snick,
snicker snick,
Dicker dick! Dicker dick!
(notices Mars and falls silent)
Hic!

TUTOR

Have a drink!
Let us see how the three of them whirl in a round.
*(During the following Mars and Venus whirl around
with Jeronimus at an ever faster speed.)*

CHORUS

*(Some students, gradually joined by others, finally
by all of the masqueraders)*
Oh, you ludicrous old fellow,
oh, why did you ever come here masquerading?
If you had stayed quietly at home
it would not have been so degrading.
Oh, you ludicrous old fellow,
oh, why did you choose to play the part of Bacchus?
Oh, you ludicrous old fellow,
oh, why should you want to play old Bacchus?
He is mod'rate to the mod'rate
Wild and cruel to the desp'rate.
Oh, you ludicrous old fellow,
why did you go chasing after other pleasure,
when instead you could be sitting decently
at home with better treasure?

O, du gode, gamle Gubbe,
paa hvert lystigt Peteheja
følger efter alle Kunstens Regler
et gevaldigt Polemeja.
O, du gode, gamle Gubbe!
Hvorfor har du valgt at spille Bacchi Rolle?
O, du gode, gamle Gubbe!
Hvorfor vil du spille Bacchi Rolle?

JERONIMUS
(*forpustet*)
O, ve! O, ve!

KOR
Eja se, hvor de tre i et Bundt snurrer rundt.
Rundadinellula!

(*Maskarademesteren forklædt som Corporal Mors
(eller Døden) kommer ind fra Baggrunden, fulgt af
to sorte Husarer, der paa en Bærestang bærer en
uhyre Urne.*)

KORPORAL MORS
16 Tramtrara! Tramtrara! Tramtrara-tra-ra!
Giv Agt paa mit Signal!
Jeg er Hververcorporal
hos en gammel General.
Giv Agt paa mit Signal!
Hør min Trommestoks Koral
og min Tappenstregs Morall!
I kender dog alle Korporal Mors.

KOR
Peteheja!

Oh, you ludicrous old fellow,
After eve'ry Peteheia
follows, by the rhyme and reason,
a resounding Polemeia.
Oh, you ludicrous old fellow,
oh, why did you choose to play the part of Bacchus?
Oh, you ludicrous old fellow,
oh, why should you want to play old Bacchus?

JERONIMUS
(*out of breath*)
Oh woe! Oh woe!

CHORUS
Now you see how the three of them whirl in a round!
Rundadinellula!

(*Master of the Masquerades, disguised as Corporal
Mors (or Death), enters from the background,
followed by two black-clad hussars carrying a huge
urn on poles.*)

CORPORAL MORS
Tramtrara! Tramtrara! Tramtrara-tra-ra!
Attend to me, I pray!
I'm recruiting for the day
when we all have to obey.
Attend to me, I say!
As my drumbeat dies away,
hear the moral our play!
You surely all know of Corporal Mors.

CHORUS
Peteheia!

KORPORAL MORS
Med Knokkelfingre han slaar Chamade,

KOR
Polemeja!

KORPORAL MORS
hans Trommestikker er Skovl og Spade,

KOR
Peteheja!

KORPORAL MORS
saa ender den store Maskarade.

KOR
Polemeja!

KORPORAL MORS
Har I fattet min Moral,
saa giv Agt paa mit Signal
og vær tavse.
Kom hver smuk og munter Maske,
kom og kast Jer Travestering
i min sorte Grydes Taske.
Giv Agt paa mit Signal!
(*atter som Maskarademester*)
Giv Agt!
(*raaber*)
Demaskering!
Fem Minutters pause!
(*Herfra og indtil Jeronimus' Replik "Ha, ha! Der er
min Knægt" falder ligesom et Slør af mildt Vemod
over forsamlingen.*)

CORPORAL MORS
With cracking fingers he gives the signal.

CHORUS
Polemeia!

CORPORAL MORS
Instead of drumsticks the spade and shovel,

CHORUS
Peteheia!

CORPORAL MORS
so ends all the the fun, the toil and trouble.

CHORUS
Polemeia!

CORPORAL MORS
Is my moral understood?
Then pray silence until
I give the signal.
Please get ready with your masks now.
You must cast you fine disguises
in my cauldron. Take your places.
Await my signal!
(*again as Master of the Masquerades*)
Await!
(*shouts*)
Throw your masks in!
Five minutes pause!
(*From this point until Jeronimus' exclamation: "Ho,
ho! There goes my boy", a veil of gentle melancholy
seems to fall over the whole assembly.*)

KOR

Ej Graad skal flyde, men uden Klagelyde
vi vandrer tavse til den sorte Gryde.
(Leonard og Magdelone ved Urnen)

MAGDELONE

I Sorgens Tone,
jeg siger dig Farvel min Ungdoms Krone.

LEONARD

Farvel min Ungdoms Krone!

MAGDELONE

(forbavset)
Min Gud! Hr. Leonard!
(gaar videre)

LEONARD

(forbavset)
Fru Magdelone!
(gaar videre)

(Leander og Leonora ved Urnen)

LEANDER

Lad Drømmens "Flora"
kun svinde som en Skygge for Aurora.

LEONORA

Jeg har Leander!

LEANDER

O min Leonora!

CHORUS

No tears availing, but sadness now prevailing,
we wander silently to the great unveiling.
(Leonard and Magdelone at the urn)

MAGDELONE

So ends the story,
I bid you now farewell, you maiden glory!

LEONARD

Farewell my youthful glory!

MAGDELONE

(amazed)
Good God! Herr Leonard!
(walks on)

LEONARD

(amazed)
It's Magdelone!
(walks on)

(Leander and Leonora at the urn)

LEANDER

My vision "Flora"
now fades before the brightness of Aurora.

LEONORA

I have Leander!

LEANDER

Oh, my Leonora!

*(Idet Leander og Leonora forlader Urnen, opdages
de af Leonard og Magdelone, som nærmer sig og
taler med dem.)*

HENRIK

Nu blir der Gilde.

PERNILLE

Det var jo netop saadan, som vi vilde.

HENRIK

O, Pernille!

PERNILLE

O, min Henrik!

ARV

(ved Urnen)
Gudskelov, det fik en Ende,
hjem til Ane vil jeg rende.
(Jeronimus tager Næsen af, river Kransen af Hovedet og kaster begge Dele mellem dem.)

JERONIMUS

Ha, ha! Der er min Knægt!

HENRIK

(præsenterer Leander)
Vil Herren ikke hilse paa sin Slægt?

LEANDER

Min hjerte Fader!

*(As Leander and Leonora leaves the urn, they are
discovered by Leonard and Magdelone, who ap-
proach and talk to them.)*

HENRIK

We'll see some sport now.

PERNILLE

The fun we planned, and of the finest sort now.

HENRIK

Oh, Pernille!

PERNILLE

Oh, my Henrik.

ARV

(at the urn)
Thank the Lord it's all ended,
I'll go home to my intended.
*(Jeronimus takes off his nose, tears the wreath off
his head and throws down both of them.)*

JERONIMUS

Ho, ho! There goes my boy!

HENRIK

(presenting Leander)
Allow me, sir, to introduce your son!

LEANDER

My dearest father!

JERONIMUS

Ja, jeg skal hjertefadre Jer!
 Jeg kunde smadre Jer! Jeg skal – Jeg skal –
(opdager Magdelone)
 Hvad nu! Min Ko– Jeg dør!

HENRIK

(afsides)
 Jeg dør af Latter!

ARV

Ak, Jøsses dog, han dratter.

JERONIMUS

(opdager Leonard, bukker forlegen og siger i en ynkelig og opgiven Tone)
 Og Monseigneur Leonard!

LEONARD

(smilende med Leander og Leonora ved Haanden)
 Med Svigersøn og Datter.
(Jeronimus glor.)

Arv

(vræler)
 Min Husbond gaar fra Snøvsen!

JERONIMUS

Bi lidt! Den Frøken dér – lad se –
 jeg aander atter –
 er altsaa den du traf i Gaar paa Maskaraden?
(Leander nikker.)

JERONIMUS

Yes, I will "dearest father" you!
 I'd like to flatten you! I will – I will
(notices Magdelone)
 What's this? My wife – I'll die!

HENRIK

(aside)
 I'll die for laughter!

ARV

Ah, Jesus, this gets dafter!

JERONIMUS

(notices Leonard. Bows in embarrassment and exclaims in a pitiful and resigned tone)
 And Monseigneur Leonard!

LEONARD

(smiling, holding Leander and Leonora by the hand)
 With son-in-law and daughter.
(Jeronimus stares.)

ARV

(squeals)
 My master will go raving!

JERONIMUS

Wait though! That damsel – there now –
 I'm feeling better –
 Is she the one you met at last night's
 masquerade, then?
(Leander nods.)

STUDENTER

Vivat Jeronimus!

ARV

Det batter!

MASKARADEMESTEREN

Nu slut med Pausen! Spil op Kehrausen.

KOR

17 Kehraus! Kehraus!
 Dans ud! Dans ud! Dans ud!
 Her danser du, her danser jeg,
 her danser en og alle.
 Her danser du, her danser jeg,
 her danser en og alle.
 Her danser Svenden med sin Brud.
 Her danser Narren i sit sorte Skrud
(stærkt snøvlede)
 og Munken i sit Messeskrud
 og Oldingen, der gaar for Lud,
(atter naturligt)
 og Barnet med sin Skralle.
 Vi danser, danser alle!
 Kehraus! Kehraus!
 Dans ud! Dans ud! Dans ud!
 Thi Livet er et Stjerneskrud.
 Naar Døden raaber sit Kørud
 i Livets Basseralle,
 saa Jord og Himmel gjalde,
 maa alle Stjerner falde.

STUDENTS

Bravo Jeronimus!

ARV

Well done, sir!

MASTER OF THE MASQUERADES

Now no more parley! To the finale!

CHORUS

Dance on, dance on!
 Dance on, dance on, dance on!!
 A dance for you, a dance for me,
 a dance for everybody.
 A dance for you, a dance for me,
 a dance for everybody.
 The bridegroom and the bride to be.
 The entertainer with his repartee,
(very nasal)
 the nun and monk in black we see,
 the cavalry and infantry,
(normal voice)
 the baby and his rattle.
 Come dance now all together!
 Dance on, dance on!
 Dance on, dance on, dance on!!
 The span of life none can foresee.
 When Death announces his decree,
 then ends the final battle,
 the laughter and the prattle,
 the little and the tattle.

HENRIK

(til Spectatores)

Applaus! Applaus!

Klap ud! Klap ud!

Ja, klap os ud og pib os ud,

alt som det nu kan falde!

(gaar helt frem)

I Fald vort Spil trods Frost og Slud,

trods Skyens Brud og Taagens Flud

og Kyndelmisses Nævetud

har bragt din Sjæl et Sommerbud,

dit Bifald vi paakalde,

men har vort Spil ej slettet ud

en Rynke paa din Pandehud,

vi synge dog og tralle

vort Falle-ralle-ralle-ralle.

ALLE

Kehraus! Kehraus!

Dans ud! Dans ud ! Dans ud!

Her danser du, her danser jeg,

her danser en og alle!

Her danser du, her danser jeg,

her danser en og alle!

Her danser Svenden med sin Brud.

Her danser Narren i sit sorte Skrud.

Her danser du, her danser jeg,

her danser en og alle!

Vi danser, danser alle

saa Jord og Himmel gjalde

og synger Falle-ralle-ralle

Falle- ralle- ra!

HENRIK

(to the audience)

Applause! Applause!

Clap now, clap now!

Yes, clap us now, or hiss us now,

whichever takes your fancy!

(comes to the front)

In case we've managed here to raise,

in spite of wind and rain and haze,

remembrance of midsummer days,

then we'll feel worthy of your praise,

and ask you to applaud us.

But if we've failed in our intent,

and you are feeling discontent,

we'll sing, and never mind you,

until your cares are all behind you.

ALL

Dance on, dance on!

Dance on, dance on, dance on!

A dance for you, a dance for me,

a dance for everybody!

A dance for you, a dance for me,

a dance for everybody!

The bridegroom and the bride to be.

The entertainer with his repartee,

A dance for you, a dance for me,

a dance for everybody!

When fears and worries bind you,

we'll sing, and never mind you,

till all your cares are far behind you,

Tra- la- la- la- la!

DDD

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DANMARKS NATIONALE
MUSIKANTOLOGI

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