





Aladdin

C.F.E. HORNE MAN

A fairy-tale opera in four acts
(1888, 1902 version)

Libretto by Benjamin Feddersen

First performed at the Royal Danish Theatre, on 18 November 1888

Studio recording
World premiere recording

Aladdin: Bror Magnus Tødenes, *tenor*
 Gulnare: Dénise Beck, *soprano*
 Nouredin: Johan Reuter, *bass-baritone*
 The Sultan: Stephen Milling, *bass*
 The Vizier: Henning von Schulman, *bass*
 Morgiane: Hanne Fischer, *mezzo-soprano*
 The Genie of the Lamp: Steffen Bruun, *bass*
 The Genie of the Ring: Elisabeth Jansson, *mezzo-soprano*
 The first Handmaiden: Frederikke Kampmann, *soprano*
 The second Handmaiden: Sidsel Aja Eriksen, *mezzo-soprano*
 The first Elf: Klaudia Kidon, *soprano*
 The second Elf: Rikke Lender, *mezzo-soprano*
 The Messenger: Jakob Soelberg, *bass-baritone*

Danish National Symphony Orchestra
 Danish National Concert Choir
 Chorus master: Poul Emborg

Conducted by Michael Schönwandt

C.F.E. Horneman (1840-1906)
ALADDIN (1888, 1902 version)

CD 1, ACT 1

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|---|---|------|
| 1 | Ouverture (Overture) | 8:07 |
| 2 | Scene No. 1: Af naturens dunkle skrift
(Of nature's dark script)
Aladdin, Nouredin | 5:41 |
| 3 | Scene No. 2: Nu snart skal blået flamme højt
(Now soon shall the fire flame high)
Aladdin, Nouredin | 5:18 |
| 4 | Scene No. 3: Se hvilken pragt fra Jorden stråler ud!
(Look what brilliance from the Earth beams out!)
Aladdin, Nouredin | 2:43 |
| 5 | Scene No. 4: Ha, underfulde magt
(Ha, wonderful power)
Nouredin | 1:50 |
| 6 | Scene No. 5: Frem da, I svulmende længsler
(Forward then, you swelling longings)
Nouredin | 2:37 |
| 7 | Scene No. 6: Han nærmer sig!
(He's coming closer!)
Aladdin, Nouredin | 2:34 |
| 8 | Scene No. 7: Lampen er forsvunden
(The lamp is lost)
Choir, Genie of the Lamp | 3:55 |

9	Ingen hører mit råb (No-one hears me shout) Aladdin	6:08	4	Scene No. 13: Hvilken glans og hvilken rigdom (What brilliance and what riches) Morgiane, Aladdin, Genie of the Lamp, Choir, First Elf, Second Elf	7:34
10	Scene No. 8: Ballet	3:40	5	Scene No. 14: Klare søverbække gennem kamret gå (Clear silver beakers around the chamber go) First Elf, Second Elf	1:54
11	Scene No. 9: Hejo! Hejo! Kom! Til dans! (Hejo! Hejo! Come! To the dance!) Choir	1:20	6	Scene No. 15: Ah! Hvor herligt og hvor skønt! (Ah! How splendid and how beautiful!) Choir of the people	3:56
12	Scene No. 10: Forsvundet! (Vanished!) Aladdin, Genie of the Ring, Choir	3:43	7	Scene No. 16: Sultanens parademarch (The Sultan's Parade March)	1:05
CD 2, ACT 2		47:38	8	Scene No. 17: Vor høje Sultan leve! (Long live our great Sultan!) Choir of the people, Sultan, Noureddin, Vizier, Aladdin	4:54
1	Scene No. 11: Hjulet går så trangt (The wheel is so stiff) Morgiane	4:10	9	Scene No. 18: Allah, Persiens gud (Allah, Persia's God) Choir of the people, Sultan, Noureddin, Vizier, Aladdin	4:57
2	Scene No. 12: Jeg hører alt den muntre fuglehær (I hear all the cheerful flock of birds) Morgiane, Aladdin	3:47	10	Sig frem dit navn (Tell us your name) Sultan, Aladdin, Choir of the people, Vizier	7:38
3	En engel hvid og skær (An angel white and shining) Morgiane, Aladdin	6:06	11	Scene No. 19: Til lystig bryllupsfest (For a lively wedding feast) Choir of the people, Noureddin	3:27
					49:29

CD 3, ACT 3

1	Scene No. 20: En liden stund lad mig alene her (A little while leave me alone here) Gulnare, First Handmaiden, Second Handmaiden	5:57
2	Scene No. 21: Men ser jeg ret? (But do I see right?) Gulnare, First Handmaiden, Second Handmaiden, Choir of Handmaidens	5:54
3	Scene No. 22: Et stævnemøde her i haven (A rendezvous here in the garden) Gulnare, First Handmaiden, Second Handmaiden, Choir of Handmaidens	1:14
4	Scene No. 23: Ja! Et sendebud sig nærmer (Yes! A messenger approaches) Gulnare, First Handmaiden, Messenger, Choir of the people	4:20
5	Scene No. 24: Min elskte datter (My beloved daughter) Sultan, Gulnare, Aladdin	4:30
6	Scene No. 25: Priser alle den mægtige Gud (Everyone praise the mighty God) Choir of the people, Sultan, Vizier, First Handmaiden, Second Handmaiden, Gulnare, Aladdin	4:24
7	Scene No. 26: Ja alt, hvad jeg håbed' (Yes, everything that I hoped for) Aladdin, Choir of the people, Sultan, Vizier, First Handmaiden, Second Handmaiden, Gulnare	3:25

8	Scene No. 27: Ballet	6:35
9	Scene No. 28: Min høje Sultan (My high Sultan) Vizier, Sultan, Messenger, First Handmaiden, Second Handmaiden, Choir of Handmaidens, Aladdin, Choir of the people	5:14
10	Så hør mig, Aladdin! (So hear me, Aladdin!) Sultan, Choir of the people	4:03
11	Scene No. 29: Jeg standser ej (I will not stop) Aladdin, Choir of the people	2:11
ACT 4		
12	Scene No. 30: Mørk, mørk, kold, kold er graven (Dark, dark, cold, cold is the grave) Spirits from the grave, Sleep's genies, Death's genies	3:04
13	Scene No. 31: Drømme, hvi forfølge I mig (Dreams, why do you follow me) Aladdin	2:39
14	Viselulle nu, barnlil' (Hush, little child) Aladdin	4:10
15	Scene No. 32: Men vished må jeg ha' (But I must be sure) Genie of the Ring, Aladdin, Choir	3:35

16	Scene No. 33: Hører du i denne stund (Hear you at this time) Gulnare, Nouredin, Aladdin, Genie of the Lamp	10:54
17	Scene No. 34: Se! Slottet! Der står det igen! (See! The palace! There it stands again!) Choir of the people, Messenger, Vizier, Gulnare, Aladdin, First Handmaiden, Second Handmaiden	4:08
18	Scene No. 35: Vor Sultan er død! (Our Sultan is dead!) Choir, Vizier, Gulnare, Aladdin, First Handmaiden, Second Handmaiden	6:02
		82:20
		Total 2h 59m

Facing headwinds: a life's work

By Inger Sørensen

Christian Frederik Emil Horneman (1840-1906) was born to a long line of artists and musicians: his father's father was Christian Horneman, the painter of miniatures from life of both Haydn and Beethoven. His father, Johan Ole Emil Horneman, was a pianist, music publisher and composer. He wrote numerous piano pieces and songs, including 'Højt fra træets grønne top' (High upon the Christmas tree, bright the star is glowing) and 'Dengang jeg drog af sted' (When I went off to war) which have established themselves as a regular part of Danish family life. It was therefore odds on that C.F.E. Horneman, like his father known as Emil, should also be a musician. He began composing as a boy, and studied at the Conservatory in Leipzig from 1858-1860, where he established a lifelong friendship with

his contemporary there, Edvard Grieg. On his return home he established a music publishing house and later was a co-founder of the music society Euterpe, committed to the promotion of new Nordic music. He went on to co-found the Concert Society, appearing as conductor, and established his own music institute.

Even if C.F.E. Horneman largely earned his bread by teaching, he was always conscious that composition was his true calling, and that his particular specialism was dramatic music. The opera *Aladdin* became his life's work, his focus for forty years, no matter what the obstacles placed in his way.

A few years after his return from Leipzig Horneman decided to write an opera on the story of Aladdin, not based on the dramatic poem by Adam Oehlenschläger, but rather on the original version in *One Thousand and One Nights*. He chose Benjamin Feddersen, a close friend of his and Grieg's, to write the text. Between 1859 and



C.F.E. Horneman (1840-1906)

1865, Feddersen had translated and reworked a series of comedies and plays with music for the Casino, Copenhagen's first private theatre. He supplied texts for the vocal scenes in *The Florentine Flower Girls*, which had music by Horneman, Grieg and Viggo Kalhauge, and was performed at the Casino on 14 June 1864.

Horneman composed the overture to *Aladdin* that year, 1864, and conducted the first performance at Euterpe on 14 April 1866, with a second performance on 8 May. It wasn't a huge success, even though a reviewer wrote that the overture was a work that stood witness to its composer's gifts despite not being of striking originality. The overture was sound and designed with strength, skilfully orchestrated and melodic throughout.

Horneman continued to work steadily on his opera, which he took with him as he travelled around Europe with the support of a grant, the Anckerske Legat, in the autumn of 1867. He was industrious, and by 1 November could

report to Feddersen, his lyricist, that everyone in Germany that he'd played the music to had declared that it was amongst the best and most original things they had heard recently.

On his return home Horneman continued to work on *Aladdin* and, despite both short and long interruptions, had finished his sketches by 1868 or 1869. He orchestrated the first two acts, though later he could not remember exactly when. When his father died in May 1870, he had to put aside his work on *Aladdin* in order to earn his own living, as he had married Louise Nannestad in 1866 and Elizabeth, the first of their children, had been born in 1867.

Once, in November 1872, Horneman nearly lost the score of *Aladdin*: a fire broke out while he was sitting teaching in his apartment at 8 Løvstræde. He quickly conveyed his wife and their daughter Elizabeth, who was five, from the building. Elizabeth explained, many years later, that her father had gone into the house to fetch three of her grandfather's paintings and

the score of *Aladdin*, remarking that everything else could be left to burn.

The score was saved, but it was many years before Horneman picked it up again to pursue his work. The battle for daily bread had first priority, and in addition to working with his publishing firm and on a journal, the *Nordic Music Magazine*, the Concert Society and later the establishing of the Music Institute, took all his time.

Finally, something happened in 1883: supported by a group which included, amongst others, Grieg, the Royal Danish Theatre's conductor H.S. Paulli and the choirmaster C.L. Gerlach, Horneman received a share in an annual grant made by the state. The award characterised Horneman as 'one of our most gifted young composers, whose opera will bring honour both to him and to his fatherland, if he has the opportunity to get it finished'.

Horneman was glad to receive this help, and got on with the orchestration of the two last acts as well as undertaking various revisions. In the spring

of 1888 he was able to deliver *Aladdin* to the Royal Danish Theatre. The musical censor, the royal conductor Johan Svendsen, offered a very brief judgement: on 25 April he wrote to the head of the theatre, 'A very promising work which I give the warmest recommendation for acceptance by the Royal Danish Theatre'. Unfortunately the judgement of Benjamin Feddersen's text was diametrically opposite. Erik Bøgh wrote: 'Of all the awful opera texts that have been submitted to the Royal Danish Theatre, I know none that, in relation to spirit and formless working out, stand lower than this mishandling of this famous subject'.

Horneman was furious that 'this bastard, Erik Bøgh', as he called the Royal Danish Theatre's censor, had so many completely meaningless objections that the text had to be reworked, but at the beginning of September 1888 a new version of the text was submitted. Erik Bøgh made no attempt to hide his highly critical view of the text, but admitted that it was the music of the composition which was decisive

in an opera's success, and that he was ready, after expressing his dissatisfaction with the text's 'inartistic habits' again, to leave the final decision to Johan Svendsen. Because of these divergent responses, Horneman was told that it would probably be a long time before his opera was performed.

However, the theatre changed their mind. The 25th anniversary of the accession of King Christian IX, nicknamed 'the father-in-law of Europe' because three of his daughters had married a king, prince or an emperor, was due to fall on 18 November. The event, naturally with many guests from abroad, should be celebrated with the appropriate pomp and circumstance so an opera was required, but there was nothing appropriate in the theatre's repertoire. Instead, they thought of the new Danish opera, Horneman's *Aladdin*, and a decision to present it was taken just six weeks before the royal celebration.

This was a hazardous enterprise, beyond reason. The musical parts were

not ready, and there weren't enough copyists to complete the required work, so Horneman himself had to settle for three young and rather slow writers and enroll his daughter, Elisabeth Rosenberg, too. She would later establish her own career as an actress.

One of Horneman's students helped him with corrections in the soloists' parts, and in many instances whole scenes had to be left out. The composer worked with the Swedish tenor singing Aladdin, Arvid Ødman, and Niels Juel Simonson, who was to sing Nouredin. The celebrated bass Peter Schram, who was to sing the part of the Sultan, wrote to his daughter that Wagner was a fool besides Horneman when it came to writing difficult music.

The Director, Pietro Krohn, realised how long the opera was, and how difficult it would be to learn, so at the last moment he began to make cuts. On more than one occasion, Horneman was ready to take his score under his arm and leave the Royal Danish Theatre. Emotions ran so

high that he was, in the end, banned from attending rehearsals because he kept insisting on having his own ideas realised.

The result of these chaotic preparations was inevitable, and we can compare the opera's fate to that of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, a fiasco when it was first performed in Vienna in 1805 because the audience largely comprised Napoleon's occupying troops. The guests at the premiere of *Aladdin* had a similarly uninformed audience in the stalls, distinguished guests who gave their greatest applause to the ballet. Horneman angrily described the outcome to Grieg: 'As you must already have heard, *Aladdin* was a fiasco on the king's anniversary day. No wonder: the pasty-faced Comtesses and over-fed gentlemen who had just arrived from the great banquet at *Børsen*, the Exchange, together with the other kings and princesses, strongly impressed the public but were entirely unreceptive to an opera, especially a new opera by a Danish composer.'

Horneman was especially furious that virtually all the singers were mis-cast, with voice types that did not suit the music written for their roles. Whole scenes were cut out, and the orchestra's expectation that they would have a chance to rehearse it properly after the gala was mistaken. The head of the theatre would not sacrifice more time for an opera which had already premiered, no matter what the original terms had been.

The response in the press was very varied. In the *Illustrated Times*, Charles Kjærulf slashed the opera down, while the reviewer in *Music Magazine* was, on the whole, positive, though like many others, mentioned the poor text: 'If only this text had been laid out properly for musical forms: it contains hardly any resting points, and gives only the sparsest opportunities for motives to return. Even greater praise is due to the composer who, on this poor foundation, has been able to build a work of real significance.'

Berlingske Tidende's reviewer thought that the opera was inspired by Wagner, and had more positive things to say: 'To the opera's undeniable credit we hear a strong rhythmic ingenuity and most of all orchestration that is exceptionally rich, sounds well and is highly refined.' It was not as great a failure, because of its inadequate rehearsal, as Horneman himself thought, but the opera could not be staged again.

In 1895 Horneman received some compensation for the way in which his opera had been handled by the Royal Danish Theatre when the Society for the Publication of Danish Music published a piano score that Horneman himself had prepared, which was provided with texts in both Danish and German.

When the piano score was complete, Jakob Fabricius praised Horneman in a substantial article on the front page of *Illustrated Times*, which began with the words: 'Musical society has, with the publication of this,

Horneman's principal work, fulfilled what must be considered its duty: to give its official acknowledgement and contribute to smoothing the path in life which the less fortunate conditions under which it first saw the light would call for.'

In early summer 1898, Horneman undertook a journey around Germany with state support, primarily with the intention of presenting *Aladdin* to various opera houses. He sent the piano score in advance to, amongst others, the opera houses in Berlin, Dresden, Frankfurt, Weimar, Mannheim, Mainz, Stuttgart and Wiesbaden. Johan Svendsen and the theatre director P. Hansen both gave the opera their best recommendation, and Horneman had printed a brochure with extracts from reviews of *Aladdin*, but all in vain. *Aladdin* has never been staged in Germany.

Edvard Fallesen, who had been theatre director when the opera was first performed, and his successor P. Hansen, said many times to Horneman that

they owed him rehabilitation for the scandalous first performance, but their words led to nothing. So when P. Hansen handed over the reins to Einar Christiansen in 1899, Horneman was quick to turn to him to raise the possibility of performing his mishandled *magnus opus* again. Christiansen responded positively, but there were other new operas which had priority, including Lange-Müller's *Viking Blood* and a piece by August Enna, so the season 1900/01 was the earliest possibility. At last, on 25 May 1900, Christiansen finally announced, after being persuaded by Johan Svendsen and the stage director, Julius Lehmann, that it was their serious intention to perform the opera, hopefully in the coming season.

In February 1901, Julius Lehmann and Horneman met to discuss the production, and Horneman asked for permission to rework the *mise-en-scène*, which was granted. It took him the whole summer, and on 5 September he sent the revised material to Lehmann, but it was another two and

a half months before Lehmann had time to call Horneman to a meeting. This was held at the director's house in Købmagergade so that they could quarrel in all joviality. They seem to have succeeded in reaching a shared understanding, and in a letter printed later in the newspaper *Nationaltidende* regarding a detail in the performance, we hear that Horneman described the eventual staging as 'excellent, full of fantasy and tasteful'. Einar Christiansen took on the casting of the roles in consultation with Horneman, and said in an interview to mark the premiere that the theatre had fully complied with the composer's requirements.

The premiere, on 4 April 1902, was an overwhelming success, and there were 18 performances to full houses. Horneman's daughter Elisabeth wrote about this, the last time *Aladdin* was performed: she met her father in Kongens Nytorv, the square outside the Royal Danish Theatre. He didn't say a word, but pointed, smiling, over to the theatre and its glowing red light, signi-

fying a sold-out house. Finally, he had won the recognition for his work he had always dreamt of.

The day after the premiere, *Nationaltidende* printed this notice: 'Horneman's "Aladdin" was performed last night for the first time in a new production. It is presented in a new and brilliant staging, and similarly the music is, in my view, good and resilient, in its points a notable rendering. The public were greatly interested in the substantial musical beauties the work contains, especially in the two central acts which made a great effect.'

In return, on 7 April the paper took advantage of the fact that the famous Austro-Hungarian conductor Hans Richter had attended the premiere and instead of a traditional review, brought an interview with him. Richter was a prominent opera conductor with rich experience from, amongst other places, the court opera in Vienna and Bayreuth, where he had directed the first complete performances of Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen* in 1876, so his views were not just pref-

erences. He had been pleased to make acquaintance, he said, with a work that was so highly gifted, sound, warm and fine in its artistic nature, and he took his hat off to the great compositional skill with which it was written. He was especially impressed with the fugue in the style of Handel which formed the closing chorus.

Despite the 18 sold out performances, *Aladdin* has not been performed at The Royal Danish Theatre since 31 October 1903. This neglect may have been caused, in part, by the 1919 revival of Oehlenschläger's play in a splendid version by Johannes Poulsen with music by Carl Nielsen, which was then revived in 1940 and again in 1959. In 1953 Denmark's Radio presented, as their first opera production ever, an abbreviated version of Horneman's *Aladdin* with the best singers of the time, including Thyge Thygesen, Ruth Guldback and Holger Byrding, conducted by Launy Grøndahl.

His wish came true: Horneman's *Aladdin*

By Niels Bo Foltmann

Horneman's *Aladdin* survives in two different versions, the first from 1888 and a substantially reworked version that formed the basis of the production stage at the Royal Danish Theatre in the 1902/03 and 1903/04 seasons. It is this second version which can be heard on this release. Horneman had great difficulty in putting the finishing touches to his work, and the original performance material shows how he repeatedly made changes to the score, even after the rehearsals had begun. On practical grounds, it was impossible to insert all these changes in the orchestral parts for the 1902 performances, but it has been possible to take account of all Horneman's latest changes in preparing this edition, so on this release we can hear the composer's final intentions for the first time.

The overture is the only part of the opera that has held a place in the Danish concert repertoire. It was composed as early as 1864, before Horneman began work on the opera itself. He revised it several times, including for the first performance of the opera in 1888, when he extended the orchestration by adding a piccolo, two extra horns and a tuba. This version was used for the 1902 presentation, though Horneman took that opportunity to make a substantial cut in the overture's central section.

Horneman was a real master of instrumentation, and in *Aladdin* he showed his talent in a well-sounding score that is full of fantasy. He covers the whole of the romantic opera's colour palette, from the sombre atmosphere at the beginning of the first act and in the cemetery scene in the fourth act to the pompous celebratory music of the third act. The opera involves a vocal ensemble, with very demanding parts for the three central characters, Aladdin, Nouredin and Gulnare. This

is especially so for Aladdin's lyric-dramatic tenor part, which places great demands on the singer, who is the only soloist to appear in all four acts. The chorus, too, has an important role and appears in many different guises: as elves and gnomes in the magic cave; as an unseen chorus which escorts the Genie of the Ring; as invisible spirits and genies in the churchyard and finally as Ispahan's Persians in the great scene around the Sultan's palace.

As with Wagner's leitmotifs, Horneman employs motives which are tied to particular elements in the story. For example, the Genie of the Ring is characterized by a peculiar 'mystic' harmony when it fulfils Aladdin's wishes. Something similar applies to the overture's introductory string motive, which in this opera represents the magic element, for example in the scene in the cave in the first act, and in relation to the abduction of Gulnare in the third act. Even if the opera's subject has a certain Eastern colouring, Horneman is very cautious in applying

it to his music. Only occasionally is the orchestral movement coloured by sounds inspired by the Orient, as in the ballet in the third act, and especially in the wedding dance which follows, which may remind the listener of the ballet music in Verdi's *Aida*.

Synopsis

By Niels Bo Foltmann

Act 1

The sorcerer Noureddin knows a cave in which immense treasures are hidden, including a magic lamp; only an innocent young man can help him gain access to the cave. Noureddin and Aladdin stand on a cliff projecting from a wild mountain cleft in which the entrance to the cave is hidden. To open the entrance, Aladdin must first light a fire and then pronounce the name of the person he loves the most. Noureddin puts a magic ring on Aladdin's finger; Aladdin says 'Morgiane', his mother's name, but Noureddin rejects this. Reluctantly, Aladdin now utters the name of Princess Gulnare. Straight away, the entrance to the cave opens. Whilst Aladdin is down in the cave, Noureddin fantasizes about the power that awaits him when he is in possession of the magic lamp. When Aladdin is on his way out of the

cave, Noureddin asks Aladdin to hand him the lamp, but Aladdin hesitates and falls back into the cave, whose entrance closes behind him. Noureddin, in the greatest state, exclaims that he will not stop until he succeeds.

The scene changes to an underground cave with plants and fruit made of precious stones. Aladdin appears and complains of his distress before falling asleep. A ballet scene follows, in which elves and gnomes dance around the sleeping Aladdin. The dance becomes steadily wilder and wilder, culminating in the appearance of the chorus. When Aladdin wakes up, everyone disappears. The Genie of the Ring manifests itself as a female figure, who offers to take Aladdin wherever he wishes. Aladdin wishes to return to his home in Ispahan, and as the act ends, Aladdin is borne away on a cloud.

Act 2

It is early morning. Morgiane sits in her living room and spins on her wheel while she sings of her worry about her child. As dawn breaks, she can see

Aladdin, sitting on the Sultan's steps. Aladdin tells his mother what has happened in the cave, and shows her a precious stone and the old lamp. At the same time he entrusts his mother with his secret admiration for Princess Gulnare, who has shown her feelings by throwing him a rose as a token of her love. He asks his mother to take the treasure to the Sultan as a dowry he craves from a suitor for his daughter, Gulnare. Aladdin begins to rub the lamp, which he intends selling. At that moment, the Genie of the Lamp appears and offers to fulfil his every wish. The speechless Aladdin asks first for a table covered with food, and then for a palace of unknown splendour in which, before night, he can be united with Gulnare.

The scene changes to a sumptuous palace where elves, invisible to Aladdin, lead him around. A crowd inspects the palace, gawking, while a parade-march accompanies the entry of the Sultan who receives their homage. Aladdin steps forward to seek the hand of Gulnare, and presents the Sultan

with his dowry. The Sultan cannot believe his own eyes, and immediately fulfils Aladdin's wish. During this scene Noureddin has found a way to sneak into the palace, and has stolen the lamp. The second act ends with Noureddin triumphantly holding up the lamp, promising to take revenge on Aladdin.

Act 3

The Sultan's palace has been made ready for the wedding feast. Gulnare does not know that her bridegroom is to be Aladdin, and she mourns the loss of the one to whom she has secretly given her heart while her handmaids try to console her. A messenger announces Aladdin's arrival, and Aladdin, the Sultan and a great number of followers enter to fanfares and grandiose music. The Sultan leads Aladdin to Gulnare, who jubilantly realizes that Aladdin is her secret admirer. The pair join in a passionate duet in which they promise each other eternal fidelity. The celebratory music continues, and is followed by a ballet with an ensemble

ble of slaves from different parts of the world. The Sultan proclaims that according to tradition, a wedding dance must be danced before the sun sets, but during the dance, there is an interruption: Gulnare disappears and a messenger announces that Aladdin's palace has disappeared. The unhappy Sultan gives Aladdin 40 days to bring Gulnare back. While the people decry him as a swindler, the indomitable Aladdin declares that he is ready to fight against Nouraddin's magic.

Act 4

A churchyard at night. Aladdin lies sleeping by his mother's grave while an invisible chorus of the spirits of the dead, genies of sleep and death, sings. Aladdin awakens and sings sadly of his misery. After singing a lullaby, he pulls himself together: he calls on the Genie of the Ring and expresses a wish to be taken to Gulnare. The scene changes to Aladdin's palace, where Gulnare looks out over a deserted plain while she mourns the loss of her beloved Aladdin. Nouraddin appears and to

his great regret, finds that although the lamp gives him monstrous power, it cannot awaken feelings for him in Gulnare. The scene unfolds in a highly dramatic duet in which Gulnare refuses Nouraddin's advances. Just as Nouraddin grabs at Gulnare, Aladdin comes in and challenges him. Aladdin draws his sword, knocks Nouraddin down and takes the lamp. Using the lamp's power, the palace is restored and Gulnare and Aladdin are returned to Ispahan. The people rejoice at their return. The Vizier tells them that the Sultan has died of grief, and declares that Aladdin is his successor. The opera closes with a mighty chorus of praise for Gulnare and Aladdin.

Michael Schönwandt and the Danish National Symphony Orchestra at one of the recording sessions of *Aladdin*



Performers

Norwegian tenor **Bror Magnus Tødenes** is one of the most gifted singers to emerge from Scandinavia in recent years. He made his professional opera debut as a mere 21-year-old, recording an acclaimed solo album. At 23 he was associated with one of the world's finest opera houses, the Wiener Staatsoper. Bror Magnus started his musical training as a pianist and moved to electric guitar before discovering his vocal potential. He first studied in Trondheim but then moved to Rome where he was educated at the famous Santa Cecilia Academy. In 2015, he made his breakthrough when he won both the First Prize and the Audience Prize at the Renata Tebaldi International Voice Competition. His debut at the Salzburg Festival came in the same year. In 2016, he returned to Salzburg and starred in Verdi's *Othello*, conducted by Christian Thielemann. That year, he also appeared as Steuermann in Wagner's *Der fliegende Holländer*

at the Copenhagen Opera Festival. In addition to his engagements in Vienna and Salzburg, Bror Magnus Tødenes has performed on stages such as the Prague National Theatre, the operas in Lyon, Toulouse and Paris, the Bergen International Festival and with many European orchestras.

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 *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* at the Salzburger Landestheater. At the Bregenzer Festspiele in 2013 and 2014 she sang Papagena in *Die Zauberflöte* and the title role in *L'Hirondelle inattendue* by Simon Laks. Under Michael Schönwandt she recorded the main role of Suzon in Poul Schierbeck's *Fête galante* for Dacapo Records, with Bo Skovhus and Morten Frank Larsen

among others. Dénise Beck's engagements in recent years include Grethe in Humperdinck's *Hänsel und Gretel* at the Oslo Opera, Gade's *Elverskud* with Schönwandt and the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra, *Radial System* with the Zafraan Ensemble in Berlin, Carl Nielsen's Symphony No. 3 with the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, and Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte* at the Royal Danish Opera in Copenhagen. Dénise Beck has received several prizes, including the Inga Nielsen Prize, the 2011 Talent Award of Danish national radio (P2), and was declared Sonning Laureate in 2012. In 2021, she was decorated with the Order of Dannebrog.

Bass-baritone **Johan Reuter** is currently one of the busiest Danish opera singers worldwide. He studied at the Royal Danish Academy of Music and the Royal Danish Opera Academy in Copenhagen. From 1996 to 2019 he served in the soloist ensemble at the Royal Danish Opera. Since 2000 he has sung a great number of roles with the

main emphasis on operas by Wagner and Strauss, in cities such as London, New York, Vienna, Salzburg, Berlin, Munich, Zurich, Paris and Amsterdam. Johan Reuter has recorded countless CDs, including *Tristan und Isolde* under Janowski and Nielsen's *Maskerade* under Ulf Schirmer (1996) and Michael Schönwandt (2015), both for Dacapo Records.

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 Wagner highlights include landgraf Hermann (*Tannhäuser*) at Bayreuth Festival

2019 under Valery Gergiev and in concert with the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Vladimir Jurowski, and Daland (*Der fliegende Holländer*) at Bayerische Staatsoper and König Marke (*Tristan und Isolde*) at the Staatsoper Unter den Linden under the baton of Daniel Barenboim. He has performed the role of Gurnemanz (*Parsifal*) at both Wiener Staatsoper under Sir Simon Rattle and at Osterfestspiele Salzburg under Christian Thielemann.

The Swedish bass singer **Henning von Schulman** originally studied chemistry in Sweden but switched to classical singing and trained at the Royal Opera Academy in Copenhagen in 2013. At the Royal Danish Opera, he has had many roles since his debut the same year, including the title role in Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro*, Sarastro in *Die Zauberflöte* and the wizard Dillfeng in Kuhlau's *Lulu*. In 2018 he performed as the villain Sparafucile in Verdi's *Rigoletto* at the Malmö Opera and appeared in Richard Strauss' *Salome*

at the Salzburg Festival with the Vienna Philharmonic and conductor Franz Welser-Möst. He also performed in the same festival's Beethoven concert series, and in Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 with the Royal Stockholm Philharmonic Orchestra in Japan. Henning von Schulman was a member of the soloist ensemble at the Royal Danish Opera from 2013-2017. He was the prize winner at the Wilhelm Stenhammar International Music Competition in 2014 and the Otto Edelmänn Singing Competition in 2013.

Mezzo-soprano **Hanne Fischer** graduated from the Royal Danish Academy of Music in 1993. Following her debut at the Royal Danish Opera in 1992, she became a soloist at the Kiel Opera in 1993 and remained there until 1997. Since then Hanne Fischer has been a member of the Royal Danish Opera's soloist ensemble and has sung a vast repertoire for her voice, including Mozart's Sextus in *Titus*, Bizet's *Carmen*, Sister Helen Prejean in Heggie's *Dead Man Walking*, Blanca

in *The Extermination Angel* by Adès. More recently she has taken on Wagnerian roles, including Brangäne in *Tristan und Isolde*, Fricka in *Das Rheingold* and Walküre and Waltraute in *Götterdämmerung*. Hanne Fischer is admired for her role interpretations, characterized by an intense musical presence. Throughout her career, she has worked with several of Europe's great directors, conductors and orchestras, including at the Glyndebourne Festival, Staatsoper Berlin, Staatsoper Hamburg, Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, the opera houses of Antwerp and Strasbourg, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Berliner Philharmonie, Salle Pleyel in Paris and at the Barbican Hall in London. Hanne Fischer has recorded many CDs for Dacapo Records, for example with the Aalborg Symphony Orchestra, the Danish National Symphony Orchestra and the Royal Danish Orchestra. With the Rundfunk-Sinfonieorchester Berlin she has recorded Léhar's opera *Tatjana* under the direction of Michail Jurowski. Hanne Fischer

has been awarded several prizes and scholarships. In 2015, she was decorated with the Order of Dannebrog.

The bass **Steffen Bruun** graduated in 2005, after opera studies at the Royal Danish Academy of Music in Copenhagen and in Sydney. He had his stage debut as the Emperor in Stravinsky's *The Nightingale* at The Funen Opera shortly after his graduation, and since then has appeared in roles such as Sarastro in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* and Osmin in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, the bass parts in Monteverdi's operas, Leone in Handel's *Tamerlano*, Comte de Grieux in Massenet's *Manon*, Raimondo in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Sparafucile in Verdi's *Rigoletto*, The Mikado in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera of the same name and as the bass singer in Saariaho's *Only the Sound Remains* at Teatro Real Madrid. Steffen Bruun made his debut at the Royal Danish Opera as Zuniga in Bizet's *Carmen* in 2019, a role he followed up the next season with the parts of Speaker and, the second

Armed Man in *Die Zauberflöte*. In addition, he has appeared regularly as a soloist in oratorios by Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Handel and in works such as Verdi's *Requiem*, Janáček's *Glagolitic Mass* and Rossini's *Petite Messe Solennelle*. He is also a participant in the Home Opera concept, where he is both host and singer.

The Swedish-born mezzo-soprano **Elisabeth Jansson** has worked with several of Europe's leading orchestras and conductors. She graduated from the Richard Strauss Conservatory in Munich, the Royal Academy of Music in London, and the Opera Academy in Copenhagen. Since 2005 Elisabeth Jansson has been employed as a soloist at the Royal Danish Opera. Here she has sung some of the most important leading roles for her voice type, including Bizet's *Carmen* and several of the mezzo-soprano's most famous breeches roles such as Cherubino in Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro* and Octavian in Richard Strauss' *Der Rosenkavalier*, the latter at La Scala under

Zubin Mehta. She frequently appears as a concert soloist and amongst other things participated in a concert performance of Wagner's *Parsifal* with the Berlin Philharmonic and Sir Simon Rattle. In addition to the Danish Reumert Prize in 2004, Elisabeth Jansson has won many prizes and grants.

Soprano **Frederikke Kampmann** studied with Margrete Enevold at the Royal Danish Academy of Music in Copenhagen and at the Music and Art Private University in Vienna with Sylvia Greenberg, where she also participated in the lied and oratorio class with Carolyn Hague, Angelika Kirchschlager and Birgid Steinberger. Frederikke Kampmann is making her mark as one of Denmark's most talented young sopranos, with engagements in Denmark, Vienna and venues abroad. In 2015, she debuted at the Wiener Kammeroper as Mariannina in the Theater an der Wien Junges Ensemble's critically acclaimed production of Florian Leopold Gassmann's *Gli Uccellatori*, as well

as singing Florestine in Milhaud's *La mère coupable* on the Theater an der Wien's main stage. She has been a soloist with several Danish orchestras, was named 'Young Opera Talent of the Year' at the Copenhagen Opera Festival in 2013 and was a finalist at the 5th International Baroque Opera Competition, Pietro Antonio Cesti, in Innsbruck in 2014.

Mezzo-soprano **Sidsel Aja Eriksen** studied with Ingrid Haking Raaby, Bodil Øland and Rosemary Joshua at the Royal Academy of Music, Aarhus, and at the Dutch National Opera Academy in Amsterdam. Among Sidsel Aja Eriksen's upcoming and recent engagements are Blomsterdreng and Pernille at the Royal Danish Theatre in Carl Nielsen's *Maskerade*, Tisbe in Rossini's *La Cenerentola* at The Funen Opera, the alto soloist in Bach's *Weihnachts-Oratorium* with the Aalborg Symphony Orchestra as well as the title role in Lars Johan Werle's *Tintomara* at Läckö Castle in 2022. In 2021, she sang the role of Annemarie in the

world premiere of John Frandsen's the *Dyrets år* (Year of the Beast) at the Aarhus Sommeropera. During her time at Dutch National Opera Academy, Sidsel Aja Eriksen sang Marcelina in Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* and Ruggiero in Handel's *Alcina*. She sang Adza in Chabrier's *L'Étoile* at the Dutch National Opera in 2014.

The **Danish National Symphony Orchestra** was founded in 1925 as part of the Danish Broadcasting Corporation. Today, it is one of the leading symphony orchestras in Europe, performing with the world's leading conductors and soloists. Since 2016, the Chief Conductor of the Danish National Symphony Orchestra has been Fabio Luisi, who succeeded the late Spanish maestro Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos. Former Principal Conductors and Principal Guest Conductors include Herbert Blomstedt (conductor laureate), Thomas Dausgaard, Gerd Albrecht, Leif Segerstam, Dmitri Kitajenko and Yuri Temirkanov. The Danish National

Symphony Orchestra has performed with Anne-Sophie Mutter, Leonidas Kavakos, Renée Fleming, Yo-Yo Ma, Leif Ove Andsnes, Lang Lang, Anna Netrebko, Daniel Barenboim, Elisabeth Leonskaja, Vladimir Ashkenazy, Yehudi Menuhin and Itzhak Perlman. The orchestra has toured extensively in the USA, in South America, in Japan, China and in most countries in Europe, and performed at some of the most prestigious venues including Carnegie Hall, Royal Albert Hall, Berlin Philharmonic, Concertgebouw Amsterdam and the Musikverein – always with Danish music on the repertoire

The Danish National Symphony Orchestra has a special feeling for Danish music – from classics like Carl Nielsen and Niels W. Gade to very young composing talents. Each year more than 100,000 music-lovers experience the magic of live symphonic music with the Danish National Symphony Orchestra – both in the spectacular hall of DR Koncerthuset (designed by Jean Nouvel) and on the orchestra's annual tour abroad. In

addition to the concert audiences, the orchestra's popular Thursday Concerts are enjoyed by half a million Danes on radio and TV, and millions the world over tune in when the concerts are broadcast internationally.

The **Danish National Concert Choir** has won great international recognition within more or less all genres and epochs of classical music. The Choir performs regularly with the Danish National Symphony Orchestra, in concert with other Danish and international orchestras and ensembles and often also a cappella. Both the classical standard repertoire and new music are particularly important to the Danish National Concert Choir. Per Nørgård's Symphony No. 3 was composed for this choir, which has performed and recorded numerous works by modern masters such as Henze, Ligeti and Berio. Since 2016 the Belgian conductor Bart Van Reyn has been the Danish National Concert Choir's chorus master.

Michael Schønwandt was music director at the Royal Danish Theatre from 2000 until May 2011. He has conducted regularly there since his debut in 1979. Alongside this, he has been chief conductor of Collegium Musicum since the foundation of the orchestra in 1981. From 2010-2013 Michael Schønwandt was chief conductor and artistic director of the Netherlands Radio Chamber Philharmonic in Amsterdam, and since September 2015 he has been chief conductor of Opéra Orchestre National Montpellier. In 1987 and 1988 he was the first Scandinavian conductor to conduct at the festival in Bayreuth, and in 1992-1998 he was chief conductor of the Berlin Symphony Orchestra (today Konzerthausorchester Berlin). From 1989-2000 he was principal guest conductor of the Danish National Symphony Orchestra. Michael Schønwandt, who is a much appreciated and sought-after conductor at many international concert and opera houses, appears on numerous CD and DVD recordings, including music by Carl Nielsen, the complete

symphonies on both CD and DVD, new recordings of the operas *Maskarade* on CD and *Saul and David* on DVD as well as a selection of choral songs with the Danish National Choirs. In addition, he has recorded DVD performances of Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelung* with the Royal Danish Opera. Michael Schønwandt has also recorded a great number of Danish operas for Dacapo Records. In 2011 he was appointed Commander of the Order of the Dannebrog.

Et livsværk i modvind

Af Inger Sørensen

Christian Frederik Emil Horneman (1840-1906) var ud af en kunstner-slægt. Hans farfar var miniaturemaleren Christian Horneman, der havde malet portrætter af både Haydn og Beethoven efter levende model.

Faderen, Johan Ole Emil Horneman, var både pianist, musikforlægger og komponist. Han skrev talrige klaverstykker og sange, blandt andre "Højt fra træets grønne top" og "Dengang jeg drog af sted". Det lå derfor i kortene, at C.F.E. Horneman, der som sin fader blev kaldt Emil, også skulle være musiker. Han komponerede da også allerede som barn og studerede fra 1858-60 på konservatoriet i Leipzig, hvor han knyttede et livslangt venskab med Edvard Grieg. Ved hjemkomsten oprettede han et musikforlag, var senere medstifter af musikforeningen Euterpe til fremme af ny nordisk musik og senere af Koncertforeningen, hvor

han optrådte som dirigent og grundlagde sit eget musikinstitut.

Selvom C.F.E. Horneman primært måtte tjene sit brød ved undervisning, var han livet igennem overbevist om, at hans egentlige kald var at komponere, og at hans evner i den retning især lå inden for den dramatiske musik. Derfor blev operaen *Aladdin* hans livsværk, som han arbejdede på i hen ved 40 år, uanset hvor megen modgang han havde.

Få år efter sin hjemkomst fra Leipzig besluttede han sig for at skrive en opera over eventyret om Aladdin, men vel at mærke ikke baseret på Oehenschlagers dramatiske digt, men på den oprindelige fortælling i *1001 nats eventyr*. Til tekstforfatter valgte han sin og Griegs nære ven, litteraten Benjamin Feddersen, der mellem 1859 og 1865 oversatte og bearbejdede en række lystspil og sangspil for Casino, Københavns første privatteater, og også leverede teksten til sangscenen *De florentinske blomsterpiger* med musik af Horneman, Grieg og Viggo

Kalhauge, der blev opført sammesteds 14. juni 1864.

Det var også i 1864, at Horneman komponerede ouverturen til sin opera, som han selv dirigerede ved førsteopførelsen i Euterpe den 14. april 1866 og igen 8. maj samme år. Den blev ingen større succes, selvom en anmelder skrev, at ouverturen var et værk, der vidnede om komponistens begavelse til trods for, at ouverturen ikke var af slående originalitet, men sundt og kraftigt tænkt, virkningsfuldt instrumenteret og gennemgående melodios.

Horneman arbejdede trøstigt videre på sin opera, som han medbragte, da han rejste rundt i Europa på det Anckerske Legat i efteråret 1867. Han var flittig, for i november kunne han berette for sin tekstforfatter, Feddersen, at alle dem, han havde spillet musikken for i Tyskland, havde erklæret, at det ligefrem var noget af det bedste og mest originale, de havde hørt i den senere tid.

Ved hjemkomsten fortsatte Horneman arbejdet og blev med større og

mindre afbrydelser færdig med skitserne engang i 1868 eller 1869, hvorefter han instrumenterede de to første akter – selv kunne han ikke huske præcis hvornår. Men da faderen døde i maj 1870, måtte han lægge arbejdet med *Aladdin* på hylden for at skaffe sig smør på brødet, da han havde giftet sig med Louise Nannestad i 1866 og Elizabeth, det første af deres børn, var blevet født i 1867.

Engang i november 1872 havde Horneman nær mistet sit partitur til *Aladdin*. Der udbrød brand i hans lejlighed i Løvstræde 8, mens han sad og underviste. Han fik hurtigt sin kone og datteren Elisabeth, der var fem år gammel, ud af bygningen. Elisabeth fortalte mange år senere, at faderen var styrtet ind i huset og havde hentet tre af farfarens malerier og partituret til *Aladdin* ud med en bemærkning om, at nu kunne resten godt brænde.

Partituret var reddet, men det varede mange år, før Horneman atter tog det frem for at arbejde videre på det. Kampen for det daglige brød havde førsteprioritet, og udover arbejdet

med forlaget og *Nordiske Musikblade* tog Koncertforeningen og senere etableringen af Musikinstituttet al hans tid.

Endelig i 1883 skete der noget. Godt støttet af blandt andre Grieg, Det Kongelige Teaters kapelmester, H.S. Paulli, og korsyngemesteren C.L. Gerlach lykkedes det ham at få tildelt en årlig statsunderstøttelse. Sidstnævnte karakteriserede Horneman som "en af vore mest begavede yngre komponister, hvis opera ville blive både ham selv og hans fædreland til ære, hvis han fik mulighed for at gøre den færdig".

Horneman var glad for denne hjælp og tog fat på at instrumentere de to sidste akter og foretage forskellige ændringer. I foråret 1888 var han så vidt, at han indleverede *Aladdin* til Det Kongelige Teater. Den musikalske censor, kongelig kapelmester Johan Svendsens dom var ultrakort. Han skrev den 25. april til teaterchefen: "Et meget talentfuldt Værk, som jeg paa det varmeste anbefaler til Antagelse paa det Kgl. Teater." Desværre var dommen over Benjamin Feddersens tekst den

diametralt modsatte. Erik Bøgh skrev: "Af alle de daarlige Operatekster, der har været indsendte til det kongelige Teater, veed jeg ingen, der i Henseende til aand- og formløs Udarbejdelse staar under den foreliggende Mishandling af det berømte Æmne."

Horneman var rasende over, at "denne Sjover, Erik Bøgh," som han kaldte Det Kongelige Teaters censor, ifølge Horneman havde så meget aldeles meningsløst at indvende, så at teksten måtte omarbejdes, men i begyndelsen af september 1888 forelå der en ny version af teksten. Erik Bøgh lagde dog ikke skjul på, at han stadig fandt den under al kritik, men han indrømmede dog, at det var den musikalske komposition, der var af afgørende betydning for operaens succes, og derfor var han parat til, efter igen at have udtalt sig om tekstens ukunstneriske habitus, at overlade det afgørende ord til Johan Svendsen. På grund af de divergerende meninger fik Horneman dog besked om, at der sandsynligvis ville gå lang tid, før operaen ville blive opført.

Teatret skiftede imidlertid mening. Den 18. november skulle man fejre Christian 9.s 25-års regeringsjubilæum, og det skulle naturligvis ske med pomp og pragt og festforestilling i Det Kongelige Teater. Da Christian 9., med prædikaten "Europas svigerfar", naturligvis ventede en mængde gæster fra udlandet, måtte det nødvendigvis være en opera, men der var ikke nogen af de forestillinger, der stod på repertoire, der var velegnede. Men så kom man i tanker om denne nye danske opera, som lå og ventede, og besluttede sig seks uger før fejringen for at opføre Hornemans *Aladdin*.

Det var hasarderet ud over alle grænser. Nodematerialet var ikke klar, og desværre var det ikke muligt at skaffe så mange nodeskrivere, som opgaven krævede, så Horneman måtte nøjes med tre unge, temmelig langsomme skrivere og også indforskrive sin datter, den senere skuespillerinde Elisabeth Rosenberg.

En af Hornemans elever hjalp ham med rettelser i solostemmerne, hvor der flere steder var hele scener, der var udeladt, mens han selv indstude-

rede Aladdins parti med den svenske tenor Arvid Ødman og Nouredins med Niels Juel Simonsen. Og let var det ikke for sangerne. Den fejrede kammersanger Peter Schram, der sang Sultanen, skrev til sin datter, at Wagner var en sinke imod Horneman, hvad det angik at skrive svær musik.

Da det gik op for instruktøren, Pietro Krohn, hvor lang operaen var, og hvor svært det var at lære den, begyndte han i sidste øjeblik at foretage forkortelser. Horneman var mere end én gang ved at tage sit partitur under armen og forlade Det Kongelige Teater. Bølgerne gik så højt, at man til sidst forment ham adgang til prøverne, fordi han uafsladeligt forsøgte at få sine egne idéer realiseret.

Resultatet af det kaotiske indstudieringsforløb udeblev da heller ikke. Man kan nærmest sidestille operaens skæbne med Beethovens *Fidelio*, der blev en fiasko ved uropførelsen i Wien i 1805, fordi publikum hovedsagelig bestod af Napoleons franske besættelsesstropper. Premierer på *Aladdin*, med

alle de fornemme gæster i parkettet, blev også en fiasko, og typisk nok var det balletindslagene, der fik det største bifald. Rasende beskrev Horneman udfaldet i et brev til Grieg: "Som Du maaske allerede har hørt, gjorde Aladdin Fiasco paa Kongens Jubilæumsdag. Intet Under: De blegfede Comtesser og forspiste Festherrer, der lige var kommet fra den store Banket paa Børsen, samt det øvrige af Konger og Prindsesser stærkt betagede Publicum var aldeles ikke modtagelig for en Opera, ovenikjøbet en ny Opera af en dansk Componist."

Især var Horneman rasende over, at så godt som alle sangpartierne var fejlbesatte, idet deres stemmetyper ikke svarede til dem, han havde skrevet dem for. Desuden var hele scener skåret væk, og det havde været den almindelige opfattelse i orkestret, at de først skulle til at prøve for alvor, når festforestillingen var overstået, men de tog fejl. Teaterchefen var ikke indstillet på at ofre mere tid på en opera, der havde haft premiere, uanset hvor urimelige vilkårene havde været.

Modtagelsen i pressen var højst forskelligartet. I *Illustreret Tidende* sablede Charles Kjærulf operaen ned, mens anmelderen i *Musikbladet* i det store og hele var positiv, men fremhævede, som mange andre, den dårlige tekst: "Hvis saa endda denne Text blot var lagt godt til Rette for musikalske Former, men den indeholder næsten ingen Hvilepunkter og giver kun Motiverne sparsom Lejlighed til at vende tilbage. Des større Roes tilkommer der Componisten, fordi han paa dette daarlige Grundlag har kunnet bygge et Toneværk af virkelig Betydning."

Berlingske Tidendes anmelder mente, at operaen var inspireret af Wagner og havde også positive ord: "Til Operaens ubestridelige Fortrin hører en stor rhythmisk Opfindsomhed og fremfor Alt en Instrumentation, der er ualmindelig fyldig og velklingende uden nogensinde at blive raffineret." Slet så stor en fiasko, som Horneman selv anså *Aladdin* for at være på grund af den utilstrækkelige indstudering, var operaen altså næppe blevet.

I 1895 fik Horneman delvis oprejsning for den måde, hvorpå operaen var blevet behandlet af Det Kongelige Teater, da Samfundet til Udgivelse af Dansk Musik udgav et klaverpartitur, som Horneman selv havde udarbejdet, og som var forsynet med både dansk og tysk tekst.

Da klaverpartituret var komplet, hyldede Jakob Fabricius Horneman i en stor forsideartikel i *Illustreret Tidende*, som han indledte med ordene: "Musiksamfundet har med Udgivelsen af dette Hornemans Hovedværk opfyldt, hvad det maatte anse for sin Pligt: at give det sin officielle Anerkendelse og bidrage sit til at bane det Vej i Livet, hvilket de mindre heldige Forhold, hvorunder det første Gang saa Lyset, maatte opfordre til."

I forsommeren 1898 foretog Horneman med statsstøtte en tysklandsrejse primært med det formål at præsentere *Aladdin* for forskellige operahuse. På forhånd havde han sendt klaverudtog til operahusene i blandt andre Berlin, Dresden, Frankfurt, Weimar, Mannheim, Mainz, Stutt-

gart og Wiesbaden, og Johan Svendsen og teaterchef P. Hansen havde givet operaen deres bedste anbefaling med på vejen, ligesom Horneman havde ladet trykke brochurer med uddrag af anmeldelserne af *Aladdin*, men alt forgæves. *Aladdin* blev aldrig opført på tyske operascener.

Både Edvard Fallesen, der var teaterchef, da operaen blev uropført, og hans efterfølger P. Hansen udtalte flere gange over for Horneman, at de skyldte ham oprejsning for den skandaløse uropførelse, men det førte ikke til noget. Da P. Hansen i 1899 afløstes af Einar Christiansen, var Horneman derfor ikke sen til at henvende sig til ham for at forhøre sig om mulighederne for en genoptagelse af sit mishandlede storværk. Christiansen var positiv, men der var andre nye operaer, der først skulle opføres, blandt andre Lange Müllers *Vikingeblood* og en af August Enna, så derfor kunne det ikke blive før i sæsonen 1900/01. Den 25. maj 1900 meldte Christiansen så endelig ud, efter at være blevet overtalt af Johan

Svendsen og sceneinstruktøren Julius Lehmann, at det var deres alvorlige hensigt at opføre operaen, forhåbentlig i den kommende sæson.

I februar 1901 holdt Julius Lehmann og Horneman et møde om iscenesættelsen, og Horneman bad om selv at få lov til at udarbejde mise-en-scène, hvilket han fik tilladelse til. Det tog ham hele sommeren. Den 5. september kunne han endelig sende den til Lehmann, men der skulle komme til at gå to en halv måned, inden denne fik tid til at indkalde ham til et møde om sagen, hvilket han foreslog skulle foregå hjemme hos ham i Købmagergade, så de kunne skændes i al gemytlighed. De synes dog at være nået til gensidig forståelse, for i et læserbrev i *Nationaltidende* angående en detalje i forestillingen betegnede Horneman senere iscenesættelsen som "glimrende, fantasifuld og smagfuld". Einar Christiansen besatte rollerne i samråd med Horneman, og han udtalte i et interview i anledning af premieren, at teatret havde rettet sig fuldstændig efter komponistens fordringer.

Premieren den 4. april 1902 blev da også en overvældende succes. 18 opførelser for fulde huse blev det til. Hornemans datter har fortalt, hvorledes hun den sidste gang, *Aladdin* stod på plakaten, mødte sin far på Kongens Nytorv. Han sagde ikke et ord, men pegede smilende over på teatret, hvor den røde lygte strålede. Endelig havde han vundet den anerkendelse for sit værk, han altid havde drømt om.

Nationaltidende havde dagen efter premieren nøjedes med følgende notits: "Hornemans 'Aladdin' gik i Aftes for første Gang i en ny Indstudering. Den præsenterer sig nu smukt og glansfuldt i hele Iscenesættelsen og ligeledes for det Musikalskes Vedkommende i en god og følgeret, paa sine Punkter udmærket Gjengivelse. Publikum var stærkt interesseret i de store musikalske Skjønheder, dette Værk indeholder, og især de to mellemste Akter sloge stærkt an."

Til gengæld benyttede avisen sig den 7. april af, at den berømte østrigsk-ungarske dirigent Hans Richter havde overværet premieren og

bragte i stedet for en traditionel anmeldelse et interview med ham. Richter var en fremragende operadirigent med rige erfaringer fra blandt andre hofoperaerne i Wien og Bayreuth, hvor han havde dirigeret den første samlede opførelse af Wagners *Nibelungens ring* i 1876, så det var ikke hvem som helst, der udtalte sig. Han havde glædet sig over at stifte bekendtskab med et værk af en så højt begavet, sund, varm og fin kunstnernatur, og han tog sin hat af for den store kompositoriske dygtighed, med hvilken det var skrevet. Især var han imponeret over den fuga a la Händel, som danner slutningskoret.

De 18 udsolgte huse til trods gik *Aladdin* over scenen sidste gang den 31. oktober 1903 og er ikke siden blevet vist på Det Kongelige Teater. Medvirkende hertil har formodentlig været, at Oehlschlägers skuespil blev genoptaget i 1919 i en pragtønsætning ved Johannes Poulsen og med Carl Nielsens musik, der også blev brugt ved de efterfølgende genopsætninger i 1940 og 1959. I 1953 producerede

Statsradiofonien – som den første operaproduktion overhovedet – en forkortet udgave af Hornemans *Aladdin* med tidens bedste sangere, blandt andre Thyge Thygesen, Ruth Guldback og Holger Byrding, dirigeret af Launy Grøndahl.

Alle hans ønsker opfyldt: Hornemans *Aladdin*

Af Niels Bo Foltmann

Hornemans *Aladdin* er overleveret i to forskellige versioner. Første version fra 1888 og en stærkt omarbejdet version, der dannede grundlaget for den opsætning, som gik på Det Kongelige Teater i sæsonerne 1902/03 og 1903/04. Det er denne sidste version, som kan høres på nærværende indspilning. Horneman havde imidlertid meget svært ved at få lagt sidste hånd på sit værk, og det originale node-materiale vidner om, hvordan han gang på gang foretog ændringer i partituret, selv efter at prøverne var begyndt. Af praktiske grunde kunne det ikke lade sig gøre at indføre alle disse ændringer i orkesterstemmerne ved 1902-opsætningen, men i forbindelse med udarbejdelsen af nodematerialet til denne udgivelse har det været muligt at medtage alle Hornemans seneste ændringer, således at man her

for første gang kan høre komponistens allersidste intentioner.

Ouverturen er den eneste del af operaen, som har holdt sig på de danske koncertsales repertoire frem til i dag. Den blev, som tidligere omtalt, komponeret allerede i 1864, inden Horneman gik i gang med selve operaen, men siden omarbejdede han ouverturen flere gange, blandt andet i forbindelse med førsteopførelsen af operaen i 1888, hvor han udvidede besætningen med piccolofløjte, to ekstra horn og tuba. Denne version blev også anvendt ved 1902-opsætningen, idet Horneman ved denne lejlighed dog foretog en større forkortelse af ouverturens midterdel.

Horneman var en sand mester i instrumentation, og i *Aladdin* udfolder han sit talent i en velklingende, fantasifuld orkestersats, som spænder over hele den romantiske operas farvepalet, lige fra den dystre stemning i begyndelsen af første akt og kirkegårdsscenen i fjerde akt til den pompøse festmusik i tredje akt. Operaen rummer et om-

fattende vokalsolistensemble med meget krævende partier til de tre centrale skikkelser: Aladdin, Nouredin og Gulnare. Ikke mindst Aladdins lyrisk-dramatiske tenorparti stiller store krav til sangeren, der som den eneste solist medvirker i alle fire akter. Også koret er tildelt en fremtrædende rolle og optræder i mange forskellige forklædninger: Som alfer og gnomer i den magiske hule, som usynligt kor, der ledsager ringens ånd, som usynlige ånder og genier på kirkegården og endelig som det persiske folk i Isfahan i de store scener omkring Sultanens palads.

Ikke ulig Wagners ledemotiver anvender Horneman også motiver, der knytter sig til særlige forhold. For eksempel er ringens ånd karakteriseret af en særegen 'mystisk' harmonik, når den opfylder Aladdins ønsker. Noget lignende gør sig gældende med ouverturens indledende strygermotiv, som i operaen repræsenterer det magiske element, eksempelvis i scenen i hulen i første akt og i forbindelse med bortførelsen af Gulnare i tredje akt. Selvom

operaens tema lægger op til en østerlandsk kolorit, er Horneman dog ganske behersket med dette virkemiddel. Kun lejlighedsvis farves orkestersatsen af orientalsk inspirerede klange, som i tredje akts balletindslag og ikke mindst i den efterfølgende bryllupsdans, der kan give mindelser om balletmusikken i Verdis *Aida*.

Synopsis

Af Niels Bo Foltmann

Første akt

Troldmanden Noureddin ved, hvor der gemmer sig en hule med umådelige skatte og en magisk lampe, men kun en uskyldig yngling kan hjælpe ham med at få adgang til hulen. Noureddin og Aladdin står på en fremspringende klippe i en vild bjergkløft, hvor hulens indgang gemmer sig. For at åbne hulens indgang skal Aladdin først tænde et bål og fremsige navnet på den, han elsker højest. Noureddin sætter en tryllering på Aladdins finger, og Aladdin nævner sin moders navn, Morgiane, men dette afviser Noureddin. Modstræbende fremsiger Aladdin nu prinsesse Gulnares navn, og straks åbner indgangen til hulen sig. Mens Aladdin er nede i hulen, fantaserer Noureddin om den magt, der venter ham, når han er i besiddelse af den magiske lampe. Da Aladdin er på vej ud af hulen, beder Noureddin Aladdin

om at række ham lampen, men Aladdin tøver og falder tilbage i hulen, hvis indgang lukker sig bag ham, mens Noureddin i den største affekt udbryder, at han ikke standser, før han når sit mål.

Scenen forandres til en underjordisk hule med planter og frugter af ædelstene. Aladdin viser sig og klager sin nød, inden han slumrer ind. Nu følger et balletoptrin, hvor alfer og gnomer danser om den sovende Aladdin. Dansen udvikler sig stadig vildere og vildere og kulminerer med, at koret træder til, men da Aladdin vågner, forsvinder alle. Ringens ånd viser sig i form af en kvindeskikkelse, der tilbyder at føre Aladdin hvorhen, han ønsker. Aladdin ønsker sig tilbage til sit hjem i Isfahan, og akten slutter med, at Aladdin føres bort på en sky.

Anden akt

Morgiane sidder tidligt om morgenen i sin stue og spinder på sin rok, mens hun synger om at ængstes for sit barn. Da det lysner, får hun øje på Aladdin, som sidder på sultanens trappe. Aladdin fortæller sin mor, hvad der

er hændt ham i hulen og viser hende en skat af ædelstene og den gamle lampe. Samtidig betror han hende, at han i hemmelighed har beundret prinsesse Gulnare, som har vist ham sin kærlighed ved at kaste en rose til ham som elskovspant. Han beder sin moder om at bringe sultanen skatten som den morgengave, sultanen kræver af en bejler til hans datter, Gulnare. Aladdin begynder at pudse på lampen, som han har tænkt sig at sælge. I samme øjeblik viser lampens ånd sig og tilbyder at opfylde ethvert ønske. Den målløse Aladdin ønsker først et veldækket bord og derefter et slot af ukendt pragt, hvor han inden aften kan blive forenet med Gulnare.

Scenen forvandles til et overdådigt slot, hvor alfer, usynlige for Aladdin, fører ham rundt. En folkeskare besigtiger måbende slottet, og under en parademarch gør sultanen sin entré og modtager folkets hyldest. Aladdin træder frem med sit ønske om at ægte Gulnare og præsenterer sultanen for morgengaven. Sultanen kan næppe tro sine egne øjne og opfylder straks Alad-

dins ønske. Under denne scene har Noureddin set sit snit til at snige sig ind på slottet og stjæle lampen. Anden akt slutter med, at Noureddin triumferende holder lampen op og lover hævn over Aladdin.

Tredje akt

På sultanens slot er der gjort klar til bryllupsfest. Gulnare ved ikke, at hendes udkårne er Aladdin, og hun sørger over tabet af den, hun i hemmelighed havde givet sit hjerte, mens hendes terner søger at trøste hende. Nu melder et sendebud Aladdins ankomst, og under fanfarer og pompøs festmusik træder Aladdin, sultanen og et stort følge ind. Sultanen fører Aladdin til Gulnare, som nu jublende indser, at Aladdin er hendes hemmelige beundrer. De to forenes i en lidenskabelig duet, hvor de lover hinanden evig tro og kærlighed. Festmusikken fortsætter, og der følger balletindslag med et ensemble af slaver fra forskellige dele af verden. Sultanen proklamerer, at der ifølge traditionen skal danses bryllupsdans, inden solen går ned, men midt under

dansen afbrydes den; Gulnare forsvinder, og et sendebud meddeler, at Aladdins slot er forsvundet. Den ulykkelige sultan giver Aladdin 40 dage til at føre Gulnare tilbage. Mens folket håner ham som svindler, lover den ukuelige Aladdin, at han er klar til kamp mod Noureddins trolddomskunst.

Fjerde akt

En kirkegård ved nattetide. Aladdin ligger sovende ved sin moders grav, mens et usynligt kor af gravens ånder, søvnens og dødens genier, synger. Aladdin vågner, og bedrøvet synger han om sin elendighed. Efter at have sunget en vuggevise, fatter han dog atter mod; han påkalder sig ringens ånd og ønsker sig ført til Gulnare. Scenen forandres til Aladdins slot, hvor Gulnare ser ud over en øde slette, mens hun begræder tabet af sin elskede, Aladdin. Noureddin viser sig, og til hans store fortrydelse må han nu indse, at selvom lampen giver ham en uhyre magt, så formår han ikke at vække Gulnares følelser for ham. Scenen udvikler sig i en højdramatisk

duet, hvor Gulnare afviser Noureddins tilnærmelser. Netop som Noureddin griber ud efter Gulnare, træder Aladdin ind og udfordrer Noureddin. Aladdin trækker sit sværd, støder Noureddin ned og tager lampen. Ved lampens magt føres slottet med Gulnare og Aladdin nu tilbage til Isfahan. Folket fryder sig over deres tilbagekomst, og vesiren forkynder, at sultanen er død af sorg, hvorefter Aladdin udråbes som hans efterfølger. Operaen slutter med et mægtigt hyldestkor til Gulnare og Aladdin.

Medvirkende

Den norske tenor **Bror Magnus Tødenes** er et af Nordens største sangtalenter i mange år. Han fik sin professionelle operadebut som kun 21-årig, har allerede indspillet et rost soloalbum og blev som bare 23-årig tilknyttet et af verdens fineste operahuse, Statsoperaen i Wien. Bror Magnus Tødenes spillede som dreng klaver og guitar, inden han opdagede sit stemmepotentiale. Først uddannede han sig i Trondheim, men flyttede så til Rom og blev uddannet på det berømte Santa Cecilia Akademi. I 2015 fik han sit genembrud, da han ved Renata Tebaldi Konkurrencen vandt både 1. prisen og publikumsprisen. Han debuterede ved Salzburg Festspillene samme år. I 2016 vendte han tilbage til Salzburg og medvirkede i Verdis *Othello*, dirigeret af Christian Thielemann. Samme år kunne man opleve ham som Steuermann i Wagners *Den flyvende hollænder* ved Copenhagen Opera Festival. Ud over engagementerne i Wien og Salzburg

har Bror Magnus Tødenes optrådt på scener som Prags Nationalteater, operaerne i Lyon, Toulouse og Paris, Festspillene i Bergen samt med en række europæiske symfoniorkestre.

Sopranen **Dénise Beck** er uddannet fra Universität für Musik und Darstellende Kunst Wien hos Professor Franz Lukasovsky, Sir Charles Spencer og Istvan Bonyhadi. I 2008 debuterede hun på Volksoper Wien som Komtesse Anastasia i Kálmáns *Die Csárdásfürstin*. Kort efter sang hun Blondchen i Mozarts *Bortførelsen fra Seraillet* på Salzburger Landestheater. Ved Bregenzer Festspiele i 2013 og 2014 sang hun Papagena i *Tryllefløjten* samt titelrollen i *L'Hirondelle inattendue* af Simon Laks. Under Michael Schönwandt har hun også indspillet hovedrollen Suzon i Poul Schierbecks opera *Fête galante* for Dacapo Records med blandt andre Bo Skovhus og Morten Frank Larsen. Dénise Becks engagementer i de seneste år omfatter Grete i Humperdincks' *Hans og Grete* på Operaen i Oslo, *Elverskud* af Gade med Schøn-

wandt og Bamberg Symfonikerne, *Radial System* med Zafraan Ensemble i Berlin, Carl Nielsens 3. Symfoni med BBC's Skotske Symfoniorkester og Pamina i *Tryllefløjten* på Det Kongelige Teater i København. Dénise Beck har modtaget adskillige priser, såsom Inga Nielsen Prisen, P2's Talentpris i 2011 samt Sonnings Talentpris i 2012. I 2021 blev hun udnævnt til Ridder af Dannebrogordenen.

Basbarytonen **Johan Reuter** er for tiden en af de mest efterspurgte danske operasangere verden over. Han er uddannet på Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium og Operaakademiet i København. Fra 1996 til 2019 var han ansat i solistensemblet på Den Kongelige Opera. Siden 2000 har han sunget et utal af roller med hovedvægten på operaer af Wagner og Strauss i operahusene i byer som London, New York, Wien, Salzburg, Berlin, München, Zürich, Paris og Amsterdam. Johan Reuter har indspillet utallige CD'er, blandt andre *Tristan og Isolde* med Janowski og Carl Nielsens *Maskerade*

med Ulf Schirmer (1996) og Michael Schønwandt (2015), begge udgivet af Dacapo Records.

Bassangeren **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. Hans seneste Wagner-højdepunkter tæller Hermann (*Tannhäuser*) på den årlige Wagner-festival i Bayreuth i 2019 under Valery Gergiev og i koncert med London Filharmonikerne under Vladimir Jurowski, Daland (*Den flyvende hollænder*) på Bayerische Staatsoper og Kong Marke (*Tristan og Isolde*) på Staatsoper Unter den Linden under Daniel Barenboim. Han har varetager rollen som Gurnemanz (*Parsifal*) både på Wiener Staatsoper under Sir

Simon Rattle og Osterfestspiele Salzburg under Christian Thielemann.

Den svenske bassanger **Henning von Schulman** studerede oprindeligt kemi i Sverige, men skiftede til klassisk sang og blev uddannet på Operaakademiet i København i 2013. På Det Kongelige Teater har han siden sin debut samme år haft mange roller, blandt andre titelrollen i Mozarts *Figaros bryllup*, Sarastro i *Tryllefløjten* og troldmanden Dillfeng i Kuhlaus opera *Lulu*. I 2018 optrådte han som skurken Sparafucile i Verdis *Rigoletto* på Malmø Operaen, og han medvirkede i Richard Strauss' *Salome* ved Salzburg Festspillene med Wiener Filharmonikerne og dirigenten Franz Welser-Möst. Han medvirkede også i festspillenes Beethoven-koncertserie, ligesom han med Stockholm Filharmonikerne har optrådt med Beethovens 9. Symfoni i Japan. Henning von Schulman var medlem af solistensemblet på Det Kongelige Teater fra 2013-2017. Han er prisvinder ved Stenhammar Konkurrencen i 2014 og Edelman Konkurrencen i 2013.

Mezzosopranen **Hanne Fischer** blev uddannet fra Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium i 1993. Efter sin debut på Det Kongelige Teater i 1992 blev hun ansat som solist ved Operaen i Kiel fra 1993-97. Hanne Fischer været en fast del af Det Kongelige Teaters solistensemble siden da og har sunget et bredt repertoire indenfor sit stemmefag som Mozarts Sextus i *Titus*, Bizets *Carmen*, Sister Helen Prejean i Heggies *Dead Man Walking*, Blanca i *The Extermination Angel* af Adès og nu senere i karrieren Wagnerrollerne som Brangäne i *Tristan og Isolde*, Fricka i *Rhinguldet* og Walküre og Waltraute i *Götterdämmerung*. Hanne Fischer bliver ofte fremhævet for sine rollefortolkninger, karakteriseret ved et intenst musikalsk nærvær og har gennem sin karriere arbejdet med flere af Europas store instruktører, dirigenter og orkestre på Glyndebourne Festivalen, Staatsoper Berlin, Staatsoper Hamburg, Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, operahusene i Antwerpen og Strassbourg, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Berliner Philharmonie, Salle Pleyel i Paris og Barbican

Hall i London. Hanne Fischer har indspillet en lang række CD'er for Dacapo Records med Aalborg Symfoniorkester, DR Symfoniorkesteret og Det Kongelige Kapel. Med Berlins Radiosymfoniorkester medvirker hun på indspilningen af Léhars opera *Tatjana* under ledelse af Michail Jurowski. Hanne Fischer er blevet tildelt en lang række priser og legater. I 2015 blev hun udnævnt til Ridder af Dannebrogordenen.

Bassangeren **Steffen Bruun** er uddannet på Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium samt ved Operaakademiet i Sydney i 2005. Samme år debuterede han som Kejseren i Stravinskys *Nattergalen* på Den Fynske Opera og har senere udfyldt roller som Sarastro i Mozarts *Tryllefløjten* og Osmi i sammes *Bortførelsen fra Seraillet*, baspartierne i Monteverdis operaer, Leone i Händels *Tamerlano*, Comte de Grieux i Massenet's *Manon*, Raimondo i Donizettis *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Sparafucile i Verdis *Rigoletto*, Mikadoen i Gilbert og Sullivans opera af samme navn og som

bassanger i Saariahos *Only the Sound Remains* blandt andet på Teatro Real Madrid. Steffen Bruun fik sin debut på Det Kongelige Teater som Zuniga i Bizets *Carmen* i 2019, et engagement han fulgte op på sæsonen efter med rollen som Sprecher/2. Geharnischter i *Tryllefløjten*. Derudover kan han jævnligt høres som solist i oratorier af Bach, Haydn, Mozart og Händel og i værker som Verdis *Requiem*, Janáceks *Glagolitisk messe* og Rossinis *Petite messe solennelle*. Han er desuden en del af konceptet Home Opera, hvor han udover at synge er konferencier.

Den svenskfødte mezzosopran **Elisabeth Jansson** har arbejdet med flere af Europas førende orkestre og dirigenter. Hun er uddannet fra Richard Strauss Konservatorium i München, Royal Academy of Music i London og Operaakademiet i København. Elisabeth Jansson været ansat som solist ved Det Kongelige Teater siden 2005. Her har hun sunget nogle af de vigtigste hovedroller for sin stemmetype, blandt andet Bizets *Carmen*, og

flere af mezzosopranfagets kendte 'bukseroller' som Cherubino i Mozarts *Figaros bryllup* og Octavian i Richard Strauss' *Rosenkavalieren*. Sidstnævnte rolle sang hun på La Scala i Milano dirigeret af Zubin Mehta. Hun er også flittigt benyttet som koncertsolist og har blandt andet medvirket i en koncertant opførelse af Wagners *Parsifal* med Berliner Filharmonikerne og Sir Simon Rattle. Elisabeth Jansson har ud over en Reumertpris i 2004 også modtaget en lang række andre priser og legater.

Sopranen **Frederikke Kampmann** er uddannet fra Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium i København hos Margrete Enevold og på Musik und Kunst Privatuniversität i Wien hos Sylvia Greenberg, hvor hun også deltog i lied- og oratorieklassen hos Carolyn Hague, Angelika Kirchschrager og Birgid Steinberger. Frederikke Kampmann har markeret som en af Danmarks dygtigste unge sopraner, ikke kun med engagementer i Danmark, men også i Wien og andre koncertsteder i udlandet. I 2015 debuterede hun på Wiener

Kammeroper som Mariannina i Theater an der Wien Junges Ensembles anmelderroste opsætning af Florian Leopold Gassmanns *Gli Uccellatori*, ligesom hun sang Florestine i Milhauds *La mère coupable* på Theater an der Wiens hovedscene. Hun har været solist med flere danske orkestre, blev udpeget som 'Årets unge operatalent' ved Copenhagen Opera Festival i 2013 og var finalist ved den 5. internationale barokoperakonkurrence, Pietro Antonio Cesti, i Innsbruck i 2014.

Mezzosopran **Sidsel Aja Eriksen** studerede hos Ingrid Haking Raaby, Bodil Øland og Rosemary Joshua på Det Jyske Musikkonservatorium, Aarhus og på Det Nationale Operaakademi i Amsterdam. Blandt Sidsel Aja Eriksens kommende og seneste engagementer er Blomsterdreng og Pernille i Det Kongelige Teaters opsætning af Carl Nielsens *Maskerade*, Tisbe i Rossinis *Askepot* på Den Fynske Opera, alt-solisten i Bachs Juleoratorium med Aalborg Symfoniorkester samt titelrollen i Lars Johan Werles *Tintomara*

på Läckö Slot i 2022. I 2021 sang hun Annemarie i verdenspremieren på John Frandsens *Dyrets år* på Aarhus Sommeropera. I sin studietid i Amsterdam sang Sidsel Aja Eriksen rollerne som Marcellina i Mozarts *Figaros bryllup* og Ruggiero i Händels *Alcina*. Hun har også sunget Adza i Emmanuel Chabriers *L'Étoile* på Den Hollandske Nationalopera i 2014.

DR Symfoniorkestret blev grundlagt i 1925 som del af Danmarks Radio – dengang kaldet Statsradiofonien. I dag er det et af Europas førende symfoni-orkestre, som optræder sammen med verdens førende dirigenter og solister. Siden 2016 har orkestrets chefdirigent været italienske Fabio Luisi, som efterfulgte den spanske Maestro Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos. Tidligere chef-dirigenter og gæstedirigenter tæller bl.a. Herbert Blomstedt (æresdirigent), Thomas Dausgaard, Gerd Albrecht, Leif Segerstam, Dmitri Kitajenko og Yuri Temirkanov. DR Symfoniorkestret har optrådt sammen med bl.a. Anne-Sophie Mutter, Leonidas Kavakos,

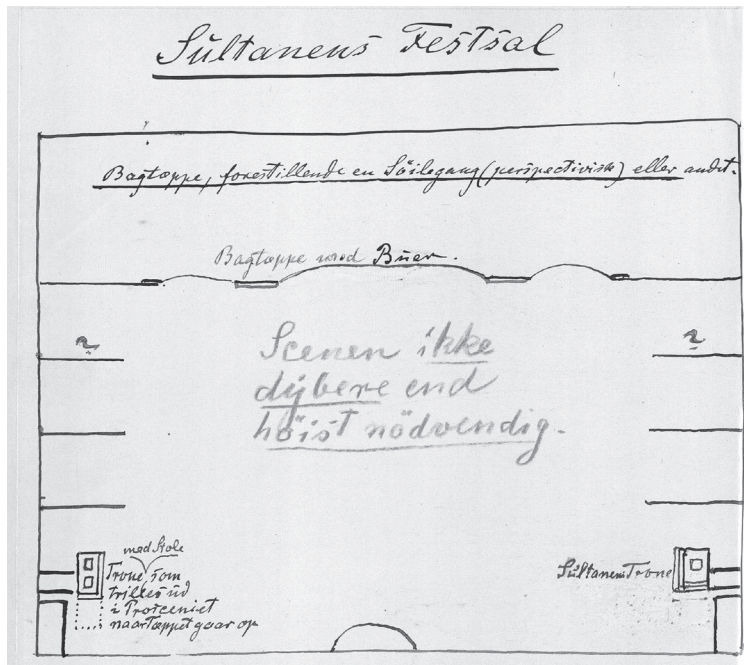
Renée Fleming, Yo-Yo Ma, Leif Ove Andsnes, Lang Lang, Anna Netrebko, Daniel Barenboim, Vladimir Ashkenazy, Yehudi Menuhin og Itzhak Perlman. Orkestret har turneret flittigt i USA, Sydamerika, Japan, Kina og de fleste europæiske lande og optrådt på prestigefyldte scener som Carnegie Hall, Royal Albert Hall, Suntory Hall, Berliner Filharmonien, Amsterdams Concertgebouw og Musikverein – altid med dansk musik på programmet. DR Symfoniorkestret har en særlig forbindelse til den danske musik – fra klassikere som Carl Nielsen og Niels W. Gade til de nye danske komponisttalenter. Hvert år oplever mere end 100.000 musikelskere magien i den levende, symfoniske musik med DR Symfoniorkestret. Orkestrets klassiske Torsdagskoncerter følges hver sæson af 500.000 danskere på radio, TV og internettet, og millioner lytter med, når koncerterne transmitteres internationalt.

DR Koncertkoret har som DR's symfoniske kor vundet stor international anerkendelse inden for stort set alle

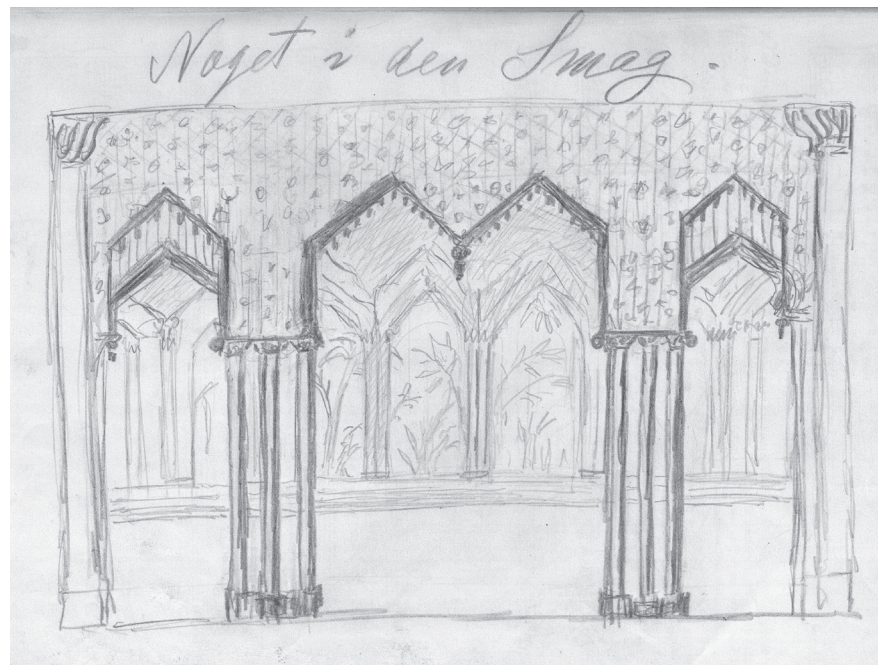
genrer og epoker af den klassiske musik. DR Koncertkoret optræder som regel sammen med DR Symfoniorkestret, men gennem tiden har koret også optrådt sammen med en række andre danske og internationale orkestre og ensembler, og man kan også jævnligt opleve sangerne alene på scenen i a cappella kormusik. Både det klassiske kernerepertoire og den nye musik er vigtige for DR Koncertkoret. Per Nørgårds Symfoni nr. 3 er skrevet specielt til koret, og de har opført og indspillet en række værker af moderne mestre som Henze, Ligeti og Berio. Siden 2016 har den belgiske dirigent Bart Van Reyn været syngemester for DR Koncertkoret.

Michael Schønwandt var fra 2000 og frem til maj 2011 musikchef ved Det Kongelige Teater, hvor han har dirigeret fast siden sin debut i 1979. Sideløbende har han været chef-dirigent for Collegium Musicum siden orkestrets grundlæggelse i 1981. Fra 2010-13 var Michael Schønwandt chefdirigent for og kunstnerisk leder af

Den Hollandske Radios Kammerfilharmon i Amsterdam, og i 2015 tiltrådte han som chefdirigent for Operaen og Nationalorkestret i Montpellier. I 1987 og 1988 dirigerede han som den første skandinaviske dirigent nogensinde ved Bayreuth-festspillene, og i 1992-1998 var han chefdirigent for Berliner Sinfonie Orchester. Fra 1989 til 2000 var han DR Symfoniorkestrets 1. gæstedirigent. Michael Schønwandt, der er en anerkendt og efterspurgt dirigent i talrige internationale koncert- og operahuse, medvirker på et stort antal CD- og DVD-indspilninger, blandt andet med musik af Carl Nielsen for Dacapo Records: Alle symfonierne på både CD og DVD, nye indspilninger af operaerne *Maskerade* på CD og *Saul og David* på DVD samt et større udvalg korsange med DR's kor; derudover blandt andet Deccas DVD-udgivelse af Wagners *Nibelungens ring* med Det Kongelige Kapel. Michael Schønwandt har desuden indspillet et stort antal danske operaer for Dacapo Records. Han blev i 2011 udnævnt til Kommandør af Dannebrog.



When *Aladdin* was to be staged in 1902, Horneman annotated a copy of the printed piano-vocal score for the use of the stage director Julius Lehmann. The revision was wide-reaching, and Horneman even made proposals for the scenography and decorations.



The English libretto is an unsingable word-for-word translation of the Danish libretto aiming for word equivalence, so that readers can see the meaning of every single word as precisely as possible.

CD 1

1 Ouverture

Scene nr. 1

Første akt

Vild bjergkløft ved nat.

Aladdin og Noureddin viser sig på en fremspringende klippe. Aladdin bærer et bundt kviste på ryggen.

NOUREDDIN

- 2 Af naturens dunkle skrift har jeg lært at bøje skjulte kræfter ved et mægtigt trolddomsord, der af ånder fra en verden dybt i jordens mørke gruber, gennem røgen af den brændte blomsterflor, kendes og besvares. Under fjeldet er en hule, hvor sig rige skatte skjule, kun en yngling når der ned ikkun jeg dens indgang ved.

ALADDIN

Vis mig vejen, jeg skal gå, og jeg lyder i blinde; til mit mål, guldets magt mig føre skal
til mit mål det himmelhøje, guldets magt mig føre skal.

Overture

Scene No. 1

Act 1

A wild cleft in the mountain, by night.

Aladdin and Noureddin appear on a projecting cliff. Aladdin carries a bundle of twigs on his back.

NOUREDDIN

Of nature's dark script have I learned to bend hidden strengths with a mighty magic word, which of spirits from a world deep in the earth's dark mines, through the smoke of burnt flowers, is known and answered. Under the mountain is a cave where rich treasures are hidden; only a youth can reach down there, only I know its entrance.

ALADDIN

Show me the way, I will go, and I'll follow you blindly; to my goal, the gold's power shall lead me
to my goal, the heavenly heights, the gold's power shall lead me.

NOUREDDIN

Hvad skjæbnen end monne dølge, håbet min tvivl dog forjager, blændende stiger min lykkes sol, målet er nær! Vejen åbner sig her.

ALADDIN

Endelig skimter jeg lys i det fjerne, håbet forjager min tvivl, og blændende stiger min lykkes sol, målet er nær!

Men sig mig, hvad agter I at gøre?

NOUREDDIN

Se her: på dette sted sig åbner hulens skjulte dør.

ALADDIN

Her?

NOUREDDIN

Ja, just her, hvor aldrig før i dag en fod har trådt, her åbnes lykkens porte for os begge to.

Et bål vi først må tænde, og denne ild fortære skal en fager og duftende blomst. Da stiger op af jorden brat en

NOUREDDIN

What fate may conceal, yet hope drives my doubt away, blindingly rises the sun of my fortune, the goal is near! The entrance opens here.

ALADDIN

Finally, faintly I see light in the distance, hope drives away my doubt and blindingly rises the sun of my fortune, the goal is near!

But tell me, what do you intend to do?

NOUREDDIN

Look here: in this place opens the cave's hidden door.

ALADDIN

Here?

NOUREDDIN

Yes, just here, where never before today has a foot trodden, here opens the gate of fortune for both of us.

A fire we first must light, and this fire shall consume a fair and fragrant flower. Then sticks up from the ground

sten, mens jorden bæver. Straks griber du med dristig hånd en ring, som på den er fæstet, og nævner navnet på den kvinde du elsker højest af alle. Da løfter du den tunge sten, og som et bæger åbner sig den mørke jord. Men fra det dybe bryder frem et skær af farverige stråler.

ALADDIN

Hvor herligt! Men navnet på den ...

NOUREDDIN

Blandt kvinder, som du elsker højest af alle her på Jorden, du nævne må!

ALADDIN

Den blandt kvinder den blandt kvinder jeg elsker højest af alle? Nej, nej! Jeg kan ej nævne til trolddomskunster, hvad mest af alt jeg har kær, ej besmitte ordets rene klang.

NOUREDDIN

Hans kærlighed i døden ham fører, mens jeg til livet, Jordens glæder går

suddenly a stone, whilst the earth moves. Straightaway grip you with daring hand the ring which is fastened upon it, and name the name of the woman you love most of all. Then lift you the heavy stone, and like a beaker, opens the dark earth. But from the deep breaks through a shard of colour-rich rays.

ALADDIN

How splendid! But the name of the ...

NOUREDDIN

Amongst women, that whom you love most of all here on Earth, you must name!

ALADDIN

That amongst women That amongst women whom I love most of all? No, no! I cannot name for magic, what most of all I care for, not besmirch the word's pure sound.

NOUREDDIN

His love to death leads him whilst I go to life and the joys of the Earth,

ind at nyde den sum af lykke, jeg spa-
red' op!
Læg kvistene her!

Scene nr. 2

NOUREDDIN

3 Nu snart skal bålet flamme højt som til
en bryllupsfest.

ALADDIN

Jeg følger jer i blinde om end vejen
fører til min grav!

NOUREDDIN

Frygt ej for nogen fare.

ALADDIN

Ej nogen magt mig standser.

NOUREDDIN

Nu vel, så har naturen alt udrustet dig
med viljens kraft, som alt behersker og
stiller al din begær! Skønne kvinder dig
omflokke i tusindtal med smil på kind
og elskovsfulde blikke, når snart med

to enjoy the sum of fortune I have
saved up!
Lay the twigs down here!

Scene No. 2

NOUREDDIN

Now soon shall the fire flame high, as
at a wedding feast.

ALADDIN

I follow you blindly even if the road
leads to my grave!

NOUREDDIN

Fear not for any danger.

ALADDIN

No power can stop me.

NOUREDDIN

Very well, so nature has fully equipped
you with the willpower which controls
and calms all your desires! Beauti-
ful women will crowd around you in
thousands with smiles on their cheeks
and loving glances, when soon, with

hulens perler smykket som Sultan i et
slot af sølv og guld du troner.

ALADDIN

Umuligt! Min tanke flagrer om, forvir-
ret, som i drømme.

NOUREDDIN

Ja, ja, ret snart din tvivl forgår!
Se her! Alt bålet flammer!

Ved Lampens Ånd, stig frem!

*Noureddin kaster blomsten i ilden,
som et øjeblik flammer højere.*

Grib ringen der!

ALADDIN

Det er som lænker bandt min fod!

NOUREDDIN

Nu skal og må du ned i dybet stige, nu
skal og må du ned i dybet stige! Du øn-
sked' guld, det ligger dig for fode! Og i
en have skal du vandre om, hvis mage
findes ej på denne jord, hvor ædel-

the cave's pearls, you are adorned like
a Sultan and in a palace of silver and
gold you reign.

ALADDIN

Impossible! My thoughts flutter
around, confused, as in dreams.

NOUREDDIN

Yes, yes, really your doubts will end!
Look here! All the fire flames!

By the Genie of the Lamp, stand forth!

*Noureddin casts the flower into the
fire, which in a moment flames higher.*

Grab the ring there!

ALADDIN

It is as though chains bind my feet!

NOUREDDIN

Now shall and must you go down into
the deep, now shall and must you go
down into the deep! You wished for
gold, which lies there before your
feet! And in a garden shall you wander

stene, diamanter som frugter hænge
tungt på træets grene.
Vor Sultans rigdom er en dråbe vand
mod perlerne i denne hules dyb.

ALADDIN
Jeg er beredt!

NOUREDDIN
Som løn jeg ikkun venter, at du fra
hulens inderste mig bringer en gammel
kobberlampe.

ALADDIN
En lampe kun?

NOUREDDIN
Ja, en lampe kun, og jeg er vel fornø-
jet, bringer du blot den tilbage. Den
hænger midt på væggen, helt af rust
bedækket, du let den finde kan, dens
lys udbreder glans ud over hulens
vægge og havens gyldne frugt.
En tryllering jeg sætter på din finger,
den dig til lyset atter fører. Og kom så
her, tag fat og prøv om stenen rokkes

around, whose like is not found on
this earth, where precious stones, dia-
monds hang heavily, like fruit, on the
trees' branches.
Our Sultan's riches are a drop of water
against the pearls in this cave's depths.

ALADDIN
I am ready!

NOUREDDIN
As reward I only expect that you, from
the cave's contents, bring me an old
copper lamp.

ALADDIN
Only a lamp?

NOUREDDIN
Yes, just a lamp, and I am well satis-
fied, if you bring just bring that back.
It hangs in the middle of the wall, all
covered with rust, you easily find it, its
light shines out over the cave's walls
and the garden's golden fruit.
A magic ring I set upon your finger, it
to the light will lead you. And come
so here, take hold and try if you can

kan. Men husk, at du må nævne den du
elsker højest.

ALADDIN
Nej ingensinde, jeg nævner her et hel-
ligt navn!

NOUREDDIN
Det tjener jo din egen sag, hvi tøver du?

ALADDIN
Morgiana, min moder kære!

NOUREDDIN
Ha! Din moder kan det ikke være; dit
hjerter har en anden kær.

ALADDIN
Jeg nævner ikke hendes navn!

NOUREDDIN
Hvad? Så megen lykke vil du forspilde
af en tåbelig frygt?

ALADDIN
Velan! Tilgiv, Gulnare!

rock the stone. But remember that you
must name the one you love the most.

ALADDIN
No, never will I name here a holy name
here!

NOUREDDIN
This serves your own cause, why do
you hesitate?

ALADDIN
Morgiana, my mother dear!

NOUREDDIN
Ha! Your mother it cannot be, your
heart has another love.

ALADDIN
I'll name not her name!

NOUREDDIN
What? So much happiness will you for-
feit for a foolish fear?

ALADDIN
Well then! Forgive me, Gulnare!

Scene nr. 3

NOUREDDIN

4 Gulnare?

Nedgangen til hulen åbner sig roligt og Noureddin og Aladdin ser ned i dybet.

Se hvilken pragt fra Jorden stråler ud!
Se, glans af guld og ædelstene vinker dig.

Stig ned i rigdoms dybe svælg og øs af Jordens kilde storhed, magt!

ALADDIN

Nu kækt jeg trodser faren!

Beskyttet af din kærlighed jeg stiger glad derved, i dybet, der plukker jeg en krans af perler som din hvide pande skal omsno. I håb og frygt mit hjerte slår, her, her i det kolde fjeld af den strålende glans droges jeg ned, mens længsler og attrå som ild mit bryst omspænder, gløder; thi det er elskovs fryd, kærlighedens våde, som i mit hjerte brænder!

O kval og lyst! Dristig frem mod mit

Scene No. 3

NOUREDDIN

Gulnare?

The entrance to the cave opens itself quietly and Noureddin and Aladdin look down into the depths.

Look what brilliance from the Earth beams out!

Look, the shine of gold and precious stones beckons you.

Go down into the deep throat of riches, and take from the earth's source of greatness, power!

ALADDIN

Now brave, I defy danger!

Protected by your love, I climb happily downward, into the depths, where I will pluck a string of pearls which upon your pale forehead will entwine. In hope and fright my heart beats here, here in the cold mountain by the glowing shine am I drawn down, while longings and desires like fire my breast encircle, make glow; so this is passion's delight, love's pain, which burns in my heart!

Oh agony and desire! Boldly forward to

mål! Al min hu alt mit håb til Gulnare står.

NOUREDDIN

Nu, ret så! Der svandt min sidste frygt og nær ved målet står jeg nu, mit held ej svigte kan, thi jeg har kæmpet nætter, dage og velfortjent, den rige skat, hvis klare lys her, her jeg ser, her som en stjerne der vinker fra Huris mig til. Forborgne længsels gnist blusser mægtig op på ny, ja det er magtens fryd, herskervældens sødme som mig fylder sjæl og sind! O friske håb! Forynget mod og kraft som kildens klare strøm føler jeg alt heri mit bryst ungdomsmød.

Aladdin stiger ned i hulen.

Scene nr. 4

NOUREDDIN

5 Ha, underfulde magt nu løst af dit bånd, du frembryder i vælde, og på dit vink bøjer alle knæ! Men tys! Her gælder det forsigtighed; thi hvis han over

my goal! All my mind, all my hope for Gulnare, stands there.

NOUREDDIN

Now, that's right! There my last fear vanished and near the goal stand I now, my luck cannot disappear, for I have fought nights, days and served well for the rich treasure whose clear light here, here I see, here like a star that beckons from Huris to me. Secret longings' sparks blaze up mightily anew, yes that is power's delight, the ruler's power sweetens and fills my soul and my mind! Oh fresh hope! Renewed courage and strength like the source's clear stream, I feel in all my breast the courage of youth.

Aladdin goes down into the cave.

Scene No. 4

NOUREDDIN

Ha, wonderful power now released from your bond, you advance in power, and upon your summons bend all knees! But hush! Here caution is applicable; for if he reaches over the

Jorden når, er faren stor. Som lampens herre kan han byde, og Lampens Ånd må blindt ham lyde, så snart han hulen har forladt. Nej, nej! Det må ej ske! Men har jeg lampen først i hænde, jeg støder ham i dybet ned; jeg lader hulens indgang spærre, og med det usle liv er brudt den sidste hindring for mit held! Forsigtig da jeg gemmer ved mit bryst min skat, som aldrig noget øje får at se. Og kun i nattens tavse stund, når alt omkring mig sover trygt, da frem af skjuleet tager jeg min lampe, og så, ja så!

Scene nr. 5

NOUREDDIN

- 6 Frem da, I svulmende længsler, frem hvert et ønske, som dæmrer, alt, hvad min sjæl favned' i lyseste, saligste håb. Frem, der er plads for jer alle, snart skal I fødes til liv. Riget er mit: alt, hvad jeg vil på mit "bliv" må det ske! Ærens krans, der smykker heltens pande. Kronens guld med herskermagt og

Earth, the danger is great. As the lamp's master he can bid him, and the Genie of the Lamp must blindly obey him as soon as he has left the cave. No, no! That must not happen. But if I first have the lamp in my hand, I stop him down there in the deep, I allow the cave's entrance to be blocked, and with his wretched life is broken the last hindrance to my luck! Cautiously then I hide at my breast my treasure, which no-one will ever see. And only in the silence of the night-time, when all around me sleep safely, then out of hiding I take my lamp and so, yes so!

Scene No. 5

NOUREDDIN

Forward then, you swelling longings, forward every wish which dawns, all that my soul embraces in the brightest, holiest hope. Forward, there is a place for you all, soon you shall be born to life. The kingdom is mine, everything I command must happen! Honour's wreath, which decorates the hero's forehead. The crown's gold with con-

vælde, en grænseløs viden, uendelig rigdom; selv hvad skønnest hjertet ved: Kærlighedens søde lyst jeg byder: og på mit vink mig lægges alt for fode!

Frem da, I svulmende længsler; frem hvert et ønske, som dæmrer, alt hvad min sjæl favned' i lyseste, saligste håb! Frem, der er plads for jer alle, snart skal I fødes til liv; riget er mit: alt hvad jeg vil på mit "bliv" må det ske! Skønne fryd, at herske uden grænser! Søde lyst, at eje jordisk almagt! Mer end kvindesmil og kys! Fryder du dets lystne sind! Ja, næppe jeg fatter selv den guddomslod, som nu er min! Det trænger på, som om brystet skulle sprænges, gøglesyner hvirvles for mit drukne øje rundt. En salig rus har grebet mig, den dårer vid og sans! Jeg skælver alt, hver nerve sitrer! Vellyst skummer vildt som hav i storm, utæmmelige lyster griber min sjæl, ak ve, i længsel jeg forgår.

Noureddin går hen til hulens åbning og lytter efter Aladdin.

trolling power and dominion, an infinite knowledge, unending riches; even what the most discerning heart knows: love's sweet desire I command, and on my signal, everything lies before my feet!

Forward then, you swelling longings, forward each a wish which dawns, all that my soul embraced in the brightest, holiest hope! Forward, there is a place for you all, soon you shall be born to life; the kingdom is mine: everything I command must happen! Beautiful delight, to control without limits! Sweet desire, to own earthly power! More than a woman's smile and kiss! Delight you in its greedy thoughts! Yes, I can hardly fathom this deity who is now mine! It pushes on, as if my chest will burst, delusions whirl around before my drunken eyes. A holy intoxication has grabbed me, that deceives knowledge and sense! I tremble all over, every nerve quivers! Lust foams wildly like a storm at sea, untameable lusts grasp my soul, ah woe, in longing I perish.

Noureddin goes into the cave's entrance and listens for Aladdin.

Scene nr. 6

NOUREDDIN

7 Han nærmer sig! Jeg hører alt hans fjed.
 Nå, han har læsset godt, det må man
 sige, fast byrden tynger ham til jorden
 ned.
 Selv kjortelflgen gemmer ædelstene.

ALADDIN

Ræk mig hånden, hjælp mig op! Tro mig
 slig byrde trætter.

NOUREDDIN

Gør dig først for byrden fri; hvor har du
 lampen? Ræk mig den!

ALADDIN

Lad mig komme op dog først; i mit skød
 er den begravet under frugterne fra
 haven!

NOUREDDIN

Ræk mig lampen, ræk mig lampen!

ALADDIN

Nu igen?

Scene No. 6

NOUREDDIN

He's coming closer! I hear all his steps.
 Well, he has loaded well, that must we
 say, the heavy burden which presses
 him down to the ground.
 Even his coat flaps hide precious
 stones.

ALADDIN

Give me a hand, help me up! Believe
 me, such a burden's tiring.

NOUREDDIN

Get yourself first from the burden free;
 where have you put the lamp? Pass it
 to me!

ALADDIN

Let me come up first: in my lap it is
 buried under fruit from the garden!

NOUREDDIN

Pass me the lamp, pass me the lamp!

ALADDIN

Now again?

NOUREDDIN

Kast, du nar, de dumme stene. Lam-
 pen, lampen siger jeg!

ALADDIN

Nå, giv tid, du skal nok få den, nu
 straks jeg komme skal.

NOUREDDIN

Stands!

ALADDIN

Hjælp!

NOUREDDIN

Du skal ej høste lønnen for min møje!

*Noureddin tager røgelsen frem, kaster
 den på ilden, som blusser op. Hulens
 åbning lukker sig roligt, mens bålet
 slukker.*

NOUREDDIN

Så luk dig atter klippe, ved mit bål! Jeg
 standser ikke før jeg når mit mål, jeg
 når mit mål, jeg når mit mål!

NOUREDDIN

Cast away, you fool, the stupid stones.
 The lamp, the lamp I say!

ALADDIN

Well, give me time, you shall get it, as
 soon as I come back.

NOUREDDIN

Stop!

ALADDIN

Help!

NOUREDDIN

You shall not reap the reward for my
 trouble.

*Noureddin takes the censer, casts it
 on the fire which blazes up. The cave's
 entrance closes itself slowly whilst the
 fire goes out.*

NOUREDDIN

So close up again, cliff, by my fire! I
 won't stop before I reach my goal, I
 reach my goal, I reach my goal!

Scene nr. 7

En underjordisk hule med planter og frugter af ædelstene. I baggrunden Lampens Ånd: sværlemmet gestalt. Om panden en guldring med en stærk lysende rød karfunkel.

KOR

8 Lampen er forsvunden.

Og dens lys udslukt.

En skyldfri sjæl er steget i hulen ned,
en skyldfri sjæl er steget i hulen ned.

LAMPENS ÅND

Hørte I ikke den buldrende bragen?

KOR

Fjeldkongen rysted' i vrede sin skulder.

LAMPENS ÅND

Fjeldkongen lukte den stenfaste dør.

KOR

Snart brænder lampen dæmpet på ny!

Scene No. 7

An underground cave with plants and fruit made of precious stones. In the background, the well built Genie of the Lamp. On his forehead a gold ring with a strongly glowing red carbuncle.

CHOIR

The lamp is lost.

And its light put out.

An innocent soul has come down into
the cave, an innocent soul has come
down into the cave.

GENIE OF THE LAMP

Didn't you hear the thundering roar?

CHOIR

The King of the Mountains shook his
shoulders in anger.

GENIE OF THE LAMP

The King of the Mountains closed the
strong stone door.

CHOIR

Soon the lamp will burn less brightly!

LAMPENS ÅND

Kun over jorden, min herre, jeg lyder,
her hans befaling kun lidet jeg agter.
Hører I ikke, han sukker og græder?
Lampen er kraftløs, mit øre jeg lukker.

ALADDIN

9 Ingen hører mit råb, ingen røres af min
stemme, ingen hører mit råb, ingen
agter på min klage! Hør mig, o, hør mig
alt er fortabt! Hør, mig, hør mig falske
troid, du skal få, hvad du forlanger, hør
min klage, hør min jammer! O fri mig ud
af mørkets kval! Nu jeg straffes for min
brøde, at Gulnares navn jeg nævned', ej
tilgivelse, ej redning, jordet er jeg med
mit håb! O fri mig ud af mørkets vold!
Aladdin styrter til jorden.

ALADDIN

Ak, nu er alt forbi, o ve, forbi; af al min
kval og bitre nød kun døden frier mig
ud. Ak ja, forbarm dig, Allah, tag mig
snart, o tag mig snart i din favn. Tag mit

GENIE OF THE LAMP

Only above the ground, my lord, I
obey; here I only respect his com-
mands a little. Don't you hear, he
sighs and cries? The lamp has lost its
strength, I've closed my ears.

ALADDIN

No-one hears me shout, no-one is
touched by my voice, no-one hears
me shout, no-one responds to my
complaint! Hear me, Oh hear me, all is
lost! Hear me, hear me false troll, you
shall get what you demand, hear my
complaint, hear my lament! Oh free me
from darkness's agony! Now am I pun-
ished for my offence, that Gulnare's
name I named, no forgiveness, no res-
cue, I am flattened, with my hope! Oh
free me from the power of the dark!
Aladdin falls to the ground.

ALADDIN

Ah, now everything is over, oh woe,
over: only death can free me from all
my agony and bitter need. Ah yes,
have pity on me, Allah, take me soon,
oh take me soon into your embrace.

farvel, o moder, ensomt må du sukke
dagen lang, og jeg ej lindre kan dig
nøden, du lider. Rastløs opsøger du
nu din søn, men forgæves du trætter
din fod, ak intet, ej bønner, ej tårer mig
kalder tilbage. Intet håb, sorg og død,
ak, intet håb, kun sorg og død!

Mindes jeg kan, o moder, dengang du
mig vugged' blidt i din favn; da var der
fryd og salig fred i mit hjerte. Ak, for
intet du gav mig alt; kun med utak jeg
lønnet' din kærlighed, og kun dårende
længsler opfyldte mit hjerte. Brøde-
fuld, angerfuld, ak, intet håb, kun sorg
og død!

10 Scene nr. 8: Ballet

En bjergalf kommer til syne, hun opdager Aladdin og vinker en anden alf til, som kommer løbende. De vover sig hen til ham, og idet de overraskes af Aladdins skønhed, fatter de godhed for ham og beslutter at våge ved hans leje. De plukker hver en palmegren hvor- med de sagte vifter ham. I baggrunden

Take my farewell, oh mother, alone
must you sigh all day long, and I can-
not relieve you of the distress you suf-
fer. Restless seek you now your son,
but in vain you tire your feet, ah noth-
ing, not prayers, not tears, can call me
back. Not hope, grief and death, ah,
not hope, only grief and death!

Remember I can, oh mother, the time
you rocked me gently in your embrace;
then there was joy and blessed peace
in my heart. Ah for nothing you gave
me everything; only with ingratitude I
repaid your love, and only foolish long-
ings filled my heart. Full of guilt, of
anger, ah no hope, only grief and death!

Scene No. 8: Ballet

A mountain elf appears. She discovers Aladdin and beckons to another elf, who comes running. They venture close to him, and as they are surprised by Aladdin's beauty, they are kind to him and decide to watch over his bed. Each of them picks a palm branch and they gently waft him. In the background

ses en tredje alf komme løbende, efterfulgt af en fjerde. De ville lege, men de to første alfer søger at forhindre dem deri af frygt for, at de skulle vække Aladdin. De fører dem hen til lejet. Et øjeblik studser de to sidste alfer ved synet af ham, men straks derpå fortsættes legen med nogle flere alfer, som netop i samme øjeblik kommer frem. De to første alfer holder sig stadig ved lejet, for at værne om Aladdin under den stadig tiltagende vilde leg og dans af alfer og gnomer.

Scene nr. 9

KOR

11 Hejo! Hejo!

Kom! Til dans! Nu er fjelddøren luk! Her i vor hal svinge vi om! Hejo! Hejo!
Lystig omkring! Lystig omkring! Hejo! Hejo!
Her! Her! Her! Her!
Toner omslynger den hvirvlende skare, den hvirvlende skare i broget glans. Se, hist fra oven trænger sig frem dagens lyse blændende skær, se en alf

a third elf can be seen coming running, followed by a fourth. They want to play, but the two first elves try to hinder them out of fear that they should wake Aladdin. They lead the others to his bed. For a moment the two last elves are puzzled by the sight of Aladdin, but they soon continue their game with more elves, who come in at the same time. The first two elves remain firmly by Aladdin's bed, to protect him from the continuing wild games and dancing of elves and gnomes.

Scene No. 9

CHOIR

Hejo! Hejo!

Come! To the dance! Now the mountain door is closed! Here in our hall we can swing around! Hejo! Hejo!
Merrily around! Merrily around! Hejo! Hejo!
Here! Here! Here! Here!
Sounds entwine the whirling crowd, the whirling crowd in its multicoloured lustre.
Look, yonder from above pushes the daylight's blinding glare, look, an elf

fra drømmenes land ømt og kærligt
ham vinker tilbage, gyder trøst i hans
sorgbetyngede bryst.

Scene nr. 10

ALADDIN
*Aladdin vågner og ser sig forfærdet
omkring.*

12 Forsvundet! Ak, igen forsvundet! Ved
kildens rislen har jeg sovet! Det var kun
en drøm, den svandt som alle andre!
Kun hulens rædsler er endnu tilbage,
fra håbets himmel styrtet jeg i døden!
O Allah, vær mig nådig! O Allah, vær
mig nådig!

KOR
Kommer hid med lysets pragt! Kommer
hid med lysets pragt!

*Ringens Ånd lader sig tilsyne på en
hvid lysende sky.*

RINGENS ÅND
Stands din klage! Du byder over Rin-
gens Ånd, ved ringen på din egen

from the land of dreams tenderly and
lovingly beckoning him back, bringing
consolation to his sorrowful breast.

Scene No. 10

ALADDIN
*Aladdin awakens and looks around,
terrified.*

Vanished! Again vanished! By the
trickle of the source have I slept! It was
only a dream, that disappeared like all
the others! Only the cave's horrors are
left, from hope's heaven I plunged into
death! Oh Allah, be merciful to me! Oh
Allah, be merciful to me!

CHOIR
Come hither with the splendour of light!
Come hither with the splendour of light!

*The Genie of the Ring allows herself to
be seen on a shining white cloud.*

GENIE OF THE RING
Stop your complaining! You rule over
the Genie of the Ring, through the ring
on your own hand. Tell me, where? And

hånd. Sig mig, hvorhen? Og straks jeg
fører dig did på mine lette vinger.

KOR
Ved ringen på din egen hånd! Ved rin-
gen på din egen hånd!

ALADDIN
Almægtige! Om du formår, bring mig
hjem til Ispahan! Alt mit guld vil jeg dig
skænke for et glimt af solens lue. Før
mig bort herfra!

RINGENS ÅND
Ræk mig, herre, blot din hånd, over
Ringens Ånd befaler du! Næppe har du
ordet talt, før dit ønske er fuldbragt!

KOR
Dit ønske er fuldbragt ved ringens
magt.

*Aladdin træder op på skyen, som dra-
ger hurtig bort.*

straight away I will take you there on
my light wings.

CHOIR
Through the ring on his own hand! By
the ring on his own hand!

ALADDIN
Almighty! If you can, take me home
to Ispahan! All my gold will I give for
a glimmer of the sun's blaze. Take me
away from here!

GENIE OF THE RING
Give me, lord, just your hand, over the
Genie of the Ring you have command!
Hardly have you uttered a word before
your wish is fulfilled!

CHOIR
Your wish is fulfilled by the power of
the ring.

*Aladdin steps up onto the cloud, which
moves quickly away.*

Scene nr. 11

Morgiane sidder sovende ved rokken i sin lille stue. Det er nat, en svagt brændende lampe står på bordet. Morgiane vågner og sætter rokken i gang.

MORGIANE

- 1 Hjulet går så trangt, når tåren rinder.
Træt er min fod og træt mit øje, og
sjælen længes ak! Efter søvnens fred.
Rastløs må min fod dog hjulet træde,
aldrig mit øje hviler, altid bekymring
jager sjælen dag og nat. O tungt at
vente på den man elsker i håb og frygt
og bange tvivl, men tifold jammer, ja
tifold jammer når moderhjertet må
kvalfuldt ængstes for sit barn, må kval-
fuldt ængstes for sit barn.

Hun standser rokken, rejser sig og åbner vinduet.

Scene No. 11

Morgiane sits asleep by the spinning wheel in her little living room. It is night, a weakly burning lamp stands on the table. Morgiane awakens and sets the wheel spinning.

MORGIANE

The wheel is so stiff when the tears
flow. Tired are my feet and tired are
my eyes, and my soul longs, ah! After
sleep's peace. Restless may my feet
yet the wheel tread, never my eye rest,
always worry chases my soul, day and
night. Oh, it's hard to wait for the one
you love in hope and fright and fearful
doubt, but ten-fold misery, yes ten-fold
misery when a mother's heart must
wait in agony for her child, must wait in
agony for her child.

*She stops the spinning wheel, gets up
and opens the window.*

MORGIANE

- 2 Jeg hører alt den muntre fuglehær,
hvis glade toner solklar dag bebuder,
det dages ude, Allah, ak, herinde vil
nattens mørke skygger ikke svinde.
Hvad ser jeg hist i solens morgen-
skær? En yngling slumrer på vor
Sultans trappe, og solens stråler som
en gylden krans har lagt sig om hans
pande, og hans kjortel er purpurfarvet.
Hvilket dejligt syn! Nu svinder morgen-
røden, den kolde nat har bleget hans
kinder. Han vågner som vækket af en
drøm, mens øjet bades i en tåreflod;
han ser herhen, han nærmer sig.
Aladdin! Hvad tynger så dybt i
livets sommer, min søn, min søn, dit
glade hjerte?

ALADDIN

God morgen, min elskte moder!
Jeg har så vidst forvoldt dig smerte, o
kan du tilgive? Letsindigt jeg glemte,
hvad bittert jeg angrer, at du har mig
kærest dog.

MORGIANE

I hear all the cheerful flock of birds,
whose happy sound the sunny day
announces, the day has beginning.
Allah, ah, here will night's dark shad-
ows not disappear. What do I see there
in the sun's morning shine? A youth
slumbers on our Sultan's steps, and
the sun's beams, like a golden wreath,
have laid on his forehead, and his shirt
is coloured purple. What a delightful
sight! Now disappears the morning red-
ness, the cold has bleached his cheeks.
He awakens, as though from a dream,
while his eyes are bathed in a flood of
tears; he looks here, he's approaching.
Aladdin, what weighs so heavily in
life's summer, my son, my son, your
happy heart?

ALADDIN

Good morning, my beloved mother!
I know I have caused you pain, oh can
you forgive me? Rashly, I forgot what
I bitterly regret, that after all you hold
me dearest.

MORGIANE

Jeg tilgive, jeg tilgive? Ak, kunne jeg din smerte lindre. Jeg ser dig med tårer på kind, med dybe sukke, dit leje du søger ej mer', når natten kommer. O sig, hvi du vandrer så mørk i målløs kvide? Hvorfor er dit livsglade sind med et forsvundet, dit livsglade sind med et forsvundet?

ALADDIN

Du kære moder! Du skal ej græde, den største sorg kan vende sig til glæde.

MORGIANE

Ak, om jeg dog kunne hjælpe?

ALADDIN

Snart mit ord du sande vil.

MORGIANE

Ak, slå dig til tåls i dit hjem og hos din moder, lad fare den stærke begær, de store drømme; Du glemmer at lykken kan bo i fattig hytte, din moder du tro, bliv helst ved jorden.

MORGIANE

Me forgive you? Me forgive you? Ah, could I your pain lessen. I see you with tears on your cheeks, with deep sighs, your bed you seek no more when night comes. Oh tell me, why do you wander, do dark in aimless pain? Why is your happy mind suddenly vanished, your happy mind suddenly vanished?

ALADDIN

You dear mother? You shall not cry, the greatest grief can turn itself into happiness.

MORGIANE

Ah, if I could just help?

ALADDIN

Soon my words you will understand.

MORGIANE

Ah, resign yourself to your home and to your mother's house, let go of the strong urges, the big dreams; you forget that happiness can live in poor huts, your mother you [should] trust, remain grounded.

ALADDIN

Der står en stjerne over Solimans slot, jeg kan ej for den fængsler mine blikke, den fængsler mine blikke!

MORGIANE

Hvad mener du?

ALADDIN

3 En engel hvid og skær, mit øje så og elskovsild i mit hjerte bor, og håbets stemme taler i mit bryst, ja håbets stemme taler i mit bryst, at hun skal en gang vorde min! Hver dag jeg hist bag søjlen stod og ventede' skælvende i frygt og længsel, for ubemærkt, når hun fra badet kom med sine terner, et flygtigt øjeblik at præge hendes billed' i min sjæl; nu dag og nat det svæver for mit øje, ja, jeg ser det dag og nat.

MORGIANE

Og derfor tror du, at hun elsker dig? En fornem dame, som fra badet følges hjem af terner, og du, en fattig knøs!

ALADDIN

There is a star over Soliman's palace, I cannot stay because it captures my gaze, it captures my gaze!

MORGIANE

What do you mean?

ALADDIN

An angel white and shining, my eyes saw and love's fire in my heart lives, and hope's voice speaks in my breast, yes hope's voice speaks in my breast, that she will one day be mine! Every day I stood there behind the veil and waited, trembling in fear and longing, when she from the bath came with her handmaid, a fleeting moment to be stamped with her image in my soul; now day and night it floats before my eyes, yes, I see it day and night.

MORGIANE

And therefore you believe that she loves you? A noble lady, who from the bath is followed by handmaids, and you, a poor lad?

ALADDIN

Hør videre, og du skal snart få se det
er ej nogen drøm, ej hjernespind!

En dag da hun fra badet hjemad gik og
tæt forbi mit skjul, hun søgte hen, just
i det samme øjeblik jeg så, jeg så hun
løftet sløret og et blik, et blik så ømt
hun sendte mig.

MORGIANE

Deri jeg ej det mindste ser, som kan
din tro bestyrke. Hun løfted' vel sit slør
kun for at svale sig i kølig skygge, og
blikket, som hun sendte dig, har du vist
heller ikke ret fortolket.

ALADDIN

Men om jeg nu fortalte dig:
I vor Sultans have jeg en morgen-
stund mig listed' ind, der jeg vidste at
Gulnare, vor prinsesse, vandred om;
bag en rosenbusk jeg skjulte mig,
snart jeg hørte lette trin og en kvinde
englelig, mere strålende end solen
svæved' hastig tæt forbi; men med

ALADDIN

Hear more, and you will soon get to
see that it is no dream, not a figment
of the imagination!

One day when she from the bath came
home and close by my hiding place
she came, just at the same moment I
looked, I saw her lift her eyes, and a
look, a look so tender she sent me.

MORGIANE

Therein I not the least see which can
your belief strengthen. She lifted her
veil only to cool herself in the shade,
and the look which she sent you has
not been correctly explained.

ALADDIN

But as I just explained to you:
In our Sultan's garden I sneaked in one
morning when I knew that Gulnare, our
princess, walked around; behind a rose
bush I hid myself, soon I heard light
steps and an angelic woman, more
radiant than the sun, floated hastily
close by; but one of them stopped,

et hun standsed', vendte om og frygt-
som gik tilbage hen mod busken, der
hun plukked' med sin hvide hånd en
kun halvt udsprungen rosenknop, og
svandt så hurtigt bort. Her ser du den!
Elskovspantet, tvivler du endnu? Tviv-
ler du endnu?

MORGIANE

Gulnare! Vor prinsesse, Solimans dat-
ter! Har hun med egen hånd?

ALADDIN

Ja, hun har den plukket, og hun har
trykket den ømt til sit bryst og kasted'
rosen til mit skjulested.

MORGIANE

Vor Sultans datter! Drømmer jeg? Nej,
nej, jeg kan ej tro derpå at Persiens
sol, Gulnare, en knøs, som du, af ringe
stand, kan elske. Kun en spøg har
hun for.

ALADDIN

Umuligt!

turned around and frighteningly came
back towards the bush, where she
plucked with her white hand an only
half opened rosebud, and disappeared
just as quickly away. Here you see it!
A pledge of love, do you still doubt?
Doubt you now?

MORGIANE

Gulnare, our princess, Soliman's
daughter! She has with her own hand?

ALADDIN

Yes, she has plucked it, and she has
pressed it gently to her breast and cast
the rose to my hiding place.

MORGIANE

Our Sultan's daughter? Am I dream-
ing? No, no, I cannot believe that
Persian's sun, Gulnare, a lad like you
of poor standing, can be in love. Only a
jest has she made.

ALADDIN

Impossible!

MORGIANE

Og ved du ej, at Soliman begærer en morgengave rig og skøn af hver, som bejler til Gulnares hånd og hjerte; Du har måske en sådan, kan jeg tænke, i bylten der, ej sandt? En kostbar skat af klude, ben og andet skramleri. Aladdin, hør min bøn, forjag den dårskab! Hvorfor vil du dig selv og mig bedrøve?

ALADDIN

En morgengave, rig og skøn, jeg bringer vor Sultan. Større pragt du aldrig så, du aldrig så. Se! Se! Frugter af rubiner, diamanter!

MORGIANE

Allah, store Gud, hvad ser jeg?

Scene nr. 13

MORGIANE

- 4 Hvilken glans og hvilken rigdom, diamanter, perler og ædelstene, ej de fornemste fruer og frøkner, ja, Sultanen selv har bestemt ikke mage!

MORGIANE

And don't you know that Soliman demands a dowry rich and beautiful of someone asking for Gulnare's hand and heart? You have maybe such a thing, I suppose, in the bolt there, right? A precious treasure of cloth, bone and other rubbish. Aladdin, hear my prayer, chase away this folly! Why will you make yourself and me sad?

ALADDIN

A dowry, rich and beautiful, I will bring our Sultan. Greater splendour you never saw, you never saw. Look! Look! Fruits of rubies, diamonds!

MORGIANE

Allah, great God, what do I see?

Scene No. 13

MORGIANE

What brilliance and what riches, diamonds, pearls and precious gems, not the finest women and girls, yes the Sultan himself definitely has no equal!

ALADDIN

Denne gave skal du bringe til vor Sultan fra Aladdin.

MORGIANE

Til vor Sultan fra Aladdin! Jeg skal bringe morgengave! Ej jeg sanser eller samler.

ALADDIN

Al min lykke i din hånd, kære moder, lægger jeg, gå til slottet, bejl for mig, gå, tøv ej, skynd dig, hør min bøn, denne ene, sidste gang din søn du føje må!

MORGIANE

Hvem gav dig denne morgengave? Hvor var du i den lange, mørke nat?

ALADDIN

Han, du ved, den sorte troldmand, kun for en ringe tjeneste mig loved' så mange ædelstene jeg kunne bære; denne lampe kun jeg skulle hente i en klippehule, ej langt herfra. Besynderligt! Hvad kan en sådan gammel rusten

ALADDIN

This gift shall you take to our Sultan from Aladdin.

MORGIANE

To our Sultan from Aladdin! I shall take this dowry! I'm out of my mind.

ALADDIN

All my happiness in your hands, dear mother, lay I, go to the palace, court her for me, go, hesitate not, hurry, hear my prayer, the only, last time your son you must indulge!

MORGIANE

Who gave you this dowry? Where were you in the long dark night?

ALADDIN

Him, you know, the black sorcerer, only for a poor service he promised me as many precious stones as I could carry; only this lamp should I fetch for him from a cliff cave, not far from here. Amazing! What can an old rusty lamp

ALADDIN Bliv!	ALADDIN Stay!	LAMPENS ÅND Det er fuldbragt!	GENIE OF THE LAMP That is accomplished!
LAMPENS ÅND Hvad befaler du?	GENIE OF THE LAMP What is your command?	KOR Det er fuldbragt!	CHOIR That is accomplished!
ALADDIN Vid! Gulnare elsker jeg, vor Sultans datter; overalt din magt jeg højt vil prise, hvis du inden denne dag er omme fører hende til mig, som min brud, som min brud!	ALADDIN Be aware! Gulnare I love, our Sultan's daughter; everywhere your power I will prize most highly if you this day are able to bring her to me as my bride, as my bride!	ALADDIN Moder! Se dog! Rejs dig!	ALADDIN Mother! See that! Get up!
LAMPENS ÅND Jeg lyder blindt ethvert af dine vink, ethvert af dine vink!	GENIE OF THE LAMP I obey blindly each of your commands, each of your commands!	MORGIANE Ak spar mit liv!	MORGIANE Ah, save my life!
ALADDIN Endnu i aften i Gulnares favn o, store Gud! Jeg svimler! Du lover godt, men skal jeg tro min egen lykke, forlanger jeg endnu, at du skal bygge på stedet her et slot af ukendt pragt. På høje marmorpiller skal det hvile og hundred' spir sig hæve imod himlen.	ALADDIN So tonight in Gulnare's embrace oh, great God! I feel dizzy! You speak well for yourself but [if] I am to believe my own happiness, I still ask that you build in this place here a palace of unknown magnificence. On tall marble pillars shall it rest and hundreds of spires shall be raised towards heaven.	ALADDIN Vær ikke bange!	ALADDIN Don't be afraid!
		MORGIANE Hvor har du bragt mig hen?	MORGIANE How have you brought me here?
		ALADDIN Nu er der ingen tid at spille. Gå! Opsøg Sultanen og kom snart tilbage.	ALADDIN Now there is no time to waste. Go! Visit the Sultan and come straight back.
		<i>Aladdin fører Morgiane ud gennem portalen. Han vender tilbage, mens to alfer, usynlige for Aladdin, kommer ud af indgangsdøren til badekammeret.</i>	<i>Aladdin leads Morgiane out through the gate. He turns back, while two elves, invisible to Aladdin, come out of the door which leads to the bathroom.</i>

FØRSTE ALF
Kom! Kom!

ALADDIN
Hvo kalder mig?

ANDEN ALF
Vi! Vi!

ALADDIN
Men hvor?

FØRSTE ALF
Her, her, og hisset i rosernes kalk!
Usynlig omkring dig vi bygge, bo!

FØRSTE ALF, ANDEN ALF
Vi vogte din tanke, vi vogte dit hus.
Vi lede dig freden og lykken derind!

*Alferne stiller sig på hver sin side af
Aladdin og fører ham omkring.*

FØRSTE ALF
I purpur og guld vi dig klæde på stand!

FIRST ELF
Come! Come!

ALADDIN
Who calls me?

SECOND ELF
We! We!

ALADDIN
But how?

FIRST ELF
Here, here, and in the hereafter, in the
roses' chalk. Invisibly around you we
build, live!

FIRST ELF, SECOND ELF
We watch your thoughts, we watch
your house.
We lead you to peace and happiness
therein!

*The elves position themselves on each
side of Aladdin and lead him around.*

FIRST ELF
In purple and gold we will clothe you.

ANDEN ALF
Den skønneste turban skal smykke dit
hoved! Kom følg os til kam'ret!

FØRSTE ALF
Til badet histinde!

Scene nr. 14

FØRSTE ALF, ANDEN ALF
5 Klare søverbække gennem kam'ret gå,
roser og lavendler sødt blande deres
duft i kildens klare strømme! De svale
vinde vifte som svulmende musik, der
er en skønhedsfylde, hvorhen dit øje
ser, der er en salig vellyst i hvert et
åndedrag; den giver armen kraft, den
giver hjertet glæde.

FØRSTE ALF
I purpur og guld vi dig klæde på stand!

ANDEN ALF
Den skønneste turban skal smykke
dit hoved! Kom følg os til kam'ret, følg
med! Følg med!

SECOND ELF
The most beautiful turban shall adorn
your head! Come follow us to the
chamber.

FIRST ELF
To the bath there!

Scene No. 14

FIRST ELF, SECOND ELF
Clear silver beakers around the cham-
ber go, roses and lavender sweetly
blend their scent in the spring's clear
stream! The gentle wind blows like
swelling music, there is a beauty
everywhere the eye turns, there is a
blessed happiness in every breath; it
gives the arms strength, it gives the
heart happiness.

FIRST ELF
In purple and gold we will clothe you.

SECOND ELF
The most beautiful turban shall adorn
your head! Come follow us to the
chamber, come with us! Come with us!

FØRSTE ALF

Til badet histinde! Følg med! Følg med!

De fører Aladdin ind i badekammeret.

Scene nr. 15

Enkelte mænd og kvinder af folket i forskellige brogede dragter viser sig på gaden tilvinkende andre, som efterhånden stimle sammen, stærkt gestikulerende, pegende på slottet.

SOPRAN

6 Ah! Hvor herligt og hvor skønt! Hvilken blændende pragt, ædelstene gløder i solen, funkler som tusinde stjerner! Hvor sælsomt dog, i nattens mulm af jorden skød op af sig selv dette slot. Ved sorte, sorte trolddomskunster er det sket. Nej, ved trolddomskunster er det sket! Nej, ved trolddomskunster er det sket!

FIRST ELF

To the bath there! Come with! Come with!

They lead Aladdin into the bathroom.

Scene No. 15

A few men and women from the people in variously coloured dresses appear in the street, acknowledging each other and gradually crowding together, making strong gestures, pointing to the castle.

SOPRANO

Ah! How splendid and how beautiful! What blinding brilliance, precious gems glow in the sunshine, sparkling like a thousand stars! Yet how strange, that in the night's darkness from the earth this palace shot up by itself. By black, black magic has it happened. No, by black magic has it happened! No, by black magic has it happened!

ALT

Ah! Hvor herligt og hvor skønt! Hvilken blændende pragt, ædelstene gløder i solen, funkler som tusinde stjerner! Hvor sælsomt dog, i nattens mulm af jorden skød op af sig selv dette slot. Ved Allahs magt er det sket! Ved Allah er det sket, ved Allah er det sket, er det sket, ved Allah!

TENOR

Ah! Hvor herligt og hvor skønt, se søjler af marmor, gyldne zirater, høje mægtige buer gløder i solen, funkler som tusinde stjerner! Hvor sælsomt dog, i nattens mulm af jorden skød op af sig selv dette slot. Ved sorte trolddomskunster er det sket. Nej, ved trolddom er det sket! Ved trolddom er det sket!

BAS

Ah! Hvor herligt og hvor skønt, se søjler af marmor, gyldne zirater, høje mægtige buer gløder i solen, funkler som tusinde stjerner! I nattens mulm af jorden skød op af sig selv dette slot.

ALTO

Ah! How splendid and how beautiful! What blinding brilliance, precious gems glow in the sunshine, sparkling like a thousand stars! Yet how strange, that in the night's darkness from the earth this palace shot up by itself. By Allah's might has it happened! By Allah has it been done, by Allah has it been done, has it been done by Allah!

TENOR

Ah! How splendid and how beautiful! See pillars of marble, golden ornaments, high mighty arches glow in the sun, sparkle like a thousand stars! Yet how strange, that in the night's darkness from the earth this palace shot up by itself. By black magic has it happened! No, by black magic has it happened! By black magic has it happened!

BASS

Ah! How splendid and how beautiful! See pillars of marble, golden ornaments, high mighty arches glow in the sun, sparkle like a thousand stars! Yet how strange, that in the night's dark-

Ved Allah er det sket. Nej, ved Allah er det sket, ved Allah!

SOPRAN, ALT

Jeg hørte så vist en underlig susende lyd; det klang som de vilde jagende hære. Ja det er ganske vist, nej det i luften var og selv jeg hørte ganske tydelig en susen. Nej, susen, susen, ja, det er ganske vist.

TENOR, BAS

Just, just ved midnatstid dybt i jorden lød en torden, ja, tordenbult. Ja ganske vist. Der var en bult, torden, selv jeg følte at jorden bæved. Nej, bult, bult, ja ganske vist.

SOPRAN, ALT

Holla! Holla! Kom frem du djævel, kom herud, fortæl os, hvor dette slot er kommen fra. Holla! Kun til folkets fryd og gammen er det skænket Ispahan, skænket os.

ness from the earth this palace shot up by itself. By Allah has it happened. No, by Allah has it been done, by Allah!

SOPRANO, ALTO

I must have heard a strange whistling sound; it sounded like the wild chasing armies. Yes it is very sure, not that it was in the air and myself I heard very clearly a whistling. No, whistling, whistling, yes, it is very sure.

TENOR, BASS

Just, just around midnight, deep in the earth sounded a thunder, yes, thunder rumbling. Yes, of course. It was a rumbling, thunder, I myself felt the earth move. No, rumbling, rumbling, yes of course.

SOPRANO, ALTO

Holla! Holla! Come on, you devil, come out here, tell us where this palace has come from. Holla! Only for the joy and grief of the people of Ispahan is it bestowed on us.

ALT

Holla! Holla! Kom frem du djævel eller engel, kom herud, kom frem, fortæl hvor dette slot er kommen fra. Holla! Kun til folkets fryd og gammen er det skænket Ispahan, skænket os.

TENOR

Holla! Holla! Kom frem du djævel, kom herud, fortæl os hvor dette slot er kommen fra. Holla! Nej, der har ingen hjemme! Kun til folkets fryd og gammen er det skænket Ispahan, skænket os.

BAS

Holla! Holla! Kom frem du djævel eller engel, kom herud, kom frem, fortæl os hvor dette slot er kommen fra. Holla! Nej, der har ingen hjemme! Kun til folkets fryd og gammen er det skænket Ispahan, skænket os.

SOPRAN

Derfor vil vi more os, så længe til det atter flyver bort! Ind i slottet her! Hallo! kom, følg med mig, skynd jer, her denne

ALT

Holla! Holla! Come out, you devil or angel, come out here, come forth, tell us where this palace has come from. Holla! Only for the joy and grief of the people is it bestowed on Ispahan, bestowed on us.

TENOR

Holla! Holla! Come on, you devil or angel, come out here, tell us where this palace has come from. Holla! No, no one has a home! Only for the joy and grief of the people is it bestowed on Ispahan, bestowed on us.

BASS

Holla! Holla! Come on, you devil or angel, come out here, come forth, tell us where this castle has come from. Holla! No, no one has a home! Only for the joy and grief of the people is it bestowed on Ispahan, bestowed on us.

SOPRANO

Therefore will we amuse ourselves until the castle again flies away! Enter the palace here! Hallo! Come, follow

vej, så kom dog her den anden vej, hallo. Kom nu, skynd jer, den anden vej. Så kom dog her, kom, lad os gå herfra, hurtigt bort, hurtigt, hør dog!

ALT

Derfor vil vi more os så længe til det atter flyver bort! Kom følg med, kom til slottets haller, kom, skynd jer, kom ad trappen til tårnet. Her er døren lukket, høj, høj! Kom nu, skynd jer, denne vej, kom nu her, kom, lad os gå herfra. Hør dog! Nej, I må ej sprænge døren! Nej!

TENOR

Derfor vil vi, more os, så længe til det atter flyver bort! Ind i slottet her! Hallo! Kom, følg med mig, skynd jer, her den ene vej, kom her, kom her! den anden vej, hallo! Af vejen, er døren lukket må vi bryde ind, sprænge døren. Så kom dog her! Nej, vi må bryde ind, sprænge døren!

BAS

Derfor vil vi more os så længe, til det

me, hurry, here this way, then come here the other way, hallo. Come now, hurry, the other way. So come here, come on, let's go from here, hurry away, hurry, listen!

ALTO

That's why we will amuse ourselves until it again flies away! Come follow, come to the palace's halls, come, hurry, come up the stairs to the tower. Here the door is closed, high, high! Come now, hurry, this way, come here, come, let's go from here. Listen though! No, you must not blow up the door! No!

TENOR

Therefore we will have fun, so long as it flies away again! Enter the palace here! Hallo! Come, follow me, hurry here this way, come here, come here! The other way, hallo! Out of the way, if the door is closed we have to break in, blow up the door. So come through here! No, we must break in, blow up the door!

BASS

Therefore will we amuse ourselves, so

flyver bort! Kom følg med, kom til slottets haller, kom, skynd jer, kom, til side, til side! Vi skal nok vejen finde, kom! Nej, den anden side, kom dog, skynd jer, kom, vi må døren sprænge, vi må bryde ind med magt, kom lad os sprænge døren!

7 Scene nr. 16:

Sultanens parademarch

Scene nr. 17

KOR AF FOLKET

- 8 Vor høje Sultan leve! Vor Sultan leve, vor store Sultan leve! Vor Sultan leve! I fromhed og visdom lige stor, den største på den ganske jord! Retsindig og gavmild, profetens bud i alle måder lydig. Profetens bud i alle måder lydig! I alle måder lydig! Vor høje Sultan, vor store Sultan leve! Han leve! Vor høje Sultan leve, vor store Sultan leve, han leve!

long as it again flies away! Come with me, come to the palace's halls, come, hurry yourself, come, to the side, to the side! We shall soon find the way, come! No, the other side, come yet, hurry yourself, come, we must open the door, we must break in with force, come let us open the door!

Scene No. 16:

The Sultan's Parade March

Scene No. 17

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Long live our great Sultan! Long live our great Sultan! Long live our great Sultan! Our Sultan live! In piety and wisdom so great, the greatest in the whole world! Righteous and generous, to the Prophet's bidding in all ways obedient. The Prophet's bidding in all ways obedient! In all ways obedient! Long live our great Sultan, our great Sultan live! Long live our great Sultan, our great Sultan live, long life!

SULTANEN

Profeten vil beskytte os og vor forstand, beskytte eders Sultan og hans kære folk! Jeg takker eder børn for al den kærlighed, som, næst profeten, er min bedste styrke!

KOR AF FOLKET

Vor høje Sultan leve!

SULTANEN

Som næst profeten er vor bedste styrke.

KOR AF FOLKET

Vor høje Sultan leve!

SULTANEN

Om eders Sultan, Allah og profeten ved, han lever kun sit folk til gavn og glæde, han lever kun sit folk til gavn og glæde, sit kære folk til glæde.

KOR AF FOLKET

Vor høje Sultan leve, vor store Sultan leve, vor høje Sultan.

SULTAN

The Prophet will protect us and our intellect, protect your Sultan and his dear people! I thank you my children for all their love, which, excepting the Prophet, is my greatest strength!

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Long live our great Sultan!

SULTAN

Besides the Prophet is our greatest strength.

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Long live our great Sultan!

SULTAN

About your Sultan, Allah and the Prophet know, he lives only for his folk's welfare and happiness, he lives only for his people's welfare and happiness, his dear folk's happiness.

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Long live our great Sultan, our great Sultan, our great Sultan.

SULTANEN

Forunderligt! Et slot fremtryllet her og større, mere pragtfuldt end mit eget. Højest int'ressant, og højest mærkværdigt.

VIZIREN

I sandhed, ja. Hvo forstår vel at udgranske Allahs visdom!

SULTANEN

Så tror du sikkert, det er Allahs værk og ingen nedrig trolld, der vil ta' livet og min krone af mig?

VIZIREN

Nej, høje Sultan, et sådant værk er kun af Allah skabt til eders pryde, og for tillige at bevise, i hvor høj en grad han skatter eders kloge og besindige regering!

SULTANEN

Ja, stor er Allahs nåde mod den der er, som jeg en kærlig fader for sit folk. Kald folket hid, vi straks vil bringe ham vor tak.

SULTAN

Amazing! A palace here decked out and great, more impressive than my own. Most interesting and most noteworthy.

VIZIER

In truth, yes. Who understands well Allah's unlimited wisdom!

SULTAN

So are you certain that it is Allah's work, and not that base-hearted troll who would take my life and my crown?

VIZIER

No, great Sultan, such a work can only be by Allah created for your adornment, and also to show to what a high degree he treasures your clever and thoughtful governance!

SULTAN

Yes, great is Allah's grace towards one who is like a dear father to his people. Call the people hither, we will now bring him our thanks.

SULTANEN

Det hele folk opløfte nu sin tak til Allah
for hans store miskundhed og nåde!

Scene nr. 18

KOR AF FOLKET

9 Allah, Persiens gud, rigt du skænker os
af din kærlighed al vor behov! Ringe er
vor tak for, hvad du os gav;

KOR AF FOLKET

ej du trættes, dog glemmer os ej, selv
for øjets glæder du sørger, pryder
herligt land og stad. Skønnest dog er
himmelbuen hvor din høje trone står,
sender lys til herskersale, sender til
armods ringe vrå.

SULTANEN

Allah, Persiens gud, for dig står ydmyg
her Soliman for dit åsyn, ydmygt her
bøjet, for al din store miskundhed og
store nåde, sender dig Persiens Sultan
her sin tak, for din nåde sender sin
ringe tak, sin ringe tak. Alle prise dig,

SULTAN

All the people offer their thanks to
Allah for his great mercy and grace!

Scene No. 18

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Allah, Persia's God, richly you pour for
us from your love all our needs. Poor
are our thanks for what you give us;

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Before you become tired, yet forget us
not, even if the eyes' delight you seek,
adorn our splendid country and state.
The most beautiful yet is the arch upon
which your high throne stands, to send
light to our ruler's throne-room, send
to poverty's poor corners.

SULTAN

Allah, Persia's God, before you stands
humbly here Soliman before your
countenance, humbly here bowed, for
all your great mercy and great grace,
to you sends Persia's Sultan here his
thanks, for your grace sends [you] his
poor thanks, his poor thanks. All praise

alle prise dig, thi du er stor og mægtig;
o Allah.

VIZIREN

For al din store miskundhed og store
nåde, sender dig Persiens Sultan her
sin tak, for din nåde sender sin ringe
tak, sin ringe tak. Alle prise dig, alle
prise dig, thi du er stor og mægtig; o
Allah. En fremmed! Selv solens glans
må blegne. Frygt ej, min høje Sultan!
Hør folkets røst det hilser ham som Al-
lahs tolk! Ej et fjendtligt sind, ej ondt
jeg læser i hans øje.

KOR AF FOLKET

For al din store miskundhed og store
nåde, modtag her vor ringe tak. Alle
højt dig prise, thi du er stor og mægtig,
o Allah. Se!

NOUREDIN

Død og forbandelse ramme, forvovne,
dit held; dybt i jorden jeg skjulte dig,
ve! Af min flid, af min kløgt ene du hø-
sted' løn.

thee, all praise thee, you who are great
and mighty; oh Allah.

VIZIER

For all your great mercy and great
grace, sends you Persia's Sultan here
his thanks, for your grace sends his
poor thanks, his poor thanks. All praise
you, all praise you, you who are great
and mighty; oh Allah. A stranger! Even
the sun's shine must pale. Fear not,
my great Sultan! Listen to the people's
praise, which greets him as Allah's
interpreter! Not a hostile thought, nor
an evil one can I read in his eyes.

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

For all your great mercy and great
grace, receive here our poor thanks.
All praise you highly, you who are great
and mighty, oh Allah. Look!

NOUREDIN

Death and curses ram, daredevils, your
hero; deep in the ground I shall hide
you, woe! Of my diligence, of my clev-
erness alone you harvest the reward.

NOUREDDIN

Ha! Fordømt! Ha! Din stjålne glans snart blegner. Snart er din lykke forbi. Snart har jeg grebet min skat! Lampen er min, snart, snart er den min! I sin rus han sikkert har sin lampe glemt histinde.

SULTANEN

Hvad nu? Slig pragt jeg aldrig skued! Dog anelser mit hjerte knuger. Anelser mit hjerte knuger, mit hjerte knuger! Jeg leved' trygt mit hele liv i lykkens lyse dage; skal nu i livets aften mig en fjendtlig skæbne møde!

TENOR BAS

Hvem kommer der? Han er kommen hid som sendebud fra Allah! Hilset være du himlens sendebud! Er du Allahs tolk? Sig hvad bringer du?

SOPRAN ALT

Nej hvor skøn, hvor skøn, han er sendebud fra Allah! Hilset være du himlens sendebud! Er du Allahs tolk? Sig hvad bringer du?

NOUREDDIN

Ha! Condemned! Ha! Your stolen brilliance soon pales! Soon is your happiness gone. Soon have I grabbed my treasure! The lamp is mine, soon, soon is it mine! In his intoxication has he certainly hidden his lamp over there.

SULTAN

What now? Such splendour I never beheld! Yet my heart is pounding. My heart aches, my heart aches! I lived confidently my whole life in the bright days of happiness; now in life's evening a hostile fate must meet me!

TENOR BASS

Who comes there? He has come here, like a messenger from Allah! Greetings to you, heaven's messenger! Are you Allah's interpreter? Say what brings you?

SOPRANO ALTO

No, how lovely, how lovely, he is a messenger from Allah! Let us greet you, heaven's messenger. Are you Allah's interpreter? Say what brings you?

VIZIREN

Høje Sultan, lad eders frygt ej mærkes! Modtag ham venligt som intet ondt I aned!

KOR AF FOLKET

Se, vi lytte til din røst! Se, vi lytte til din røst.

SULTANEN

Du har ret! Som ven jeg ham modtager.

ALADDIN

Ydmygt her din slave for dig knæler.

KOR AF FOLKET

For Soliman han bøjer knæ! Selv Allahs tolk for Soliman, for Soliman må knæle, ja!

ALADDIN, VIZIREN, KOR AF FOLKET
Hil dig Sultan Soliman! Hil dig Sultan Soliman!

VIZIER

Great Sultan, let your fear not be noticed! Greet him kindly, as though no evil is sensed!

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

See, we listen to your voices! See, we listen to your praise.

SULTAN

You're right, as a friend I will welcome him.

ALADDIN

Humbly here your slave before you kneels.

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Before Soliman he bends his knee! Himself, Allah's interpreter, before Soliman must kneel, yes!

ALADDIN, VIZIER,
CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE
Hail Sultan Soliman! Hail Sultan Soliman!

Noureddin vover sig op på trappens første trin, skulende til alle og bliver stående således.

SULTANEN

10 Sig frem dit navn, din hjemstavn og forklar mig, hvis du kan, det særsyn her med slottet.

ALADDIN

Aladdin er mit navn, en fattig knøs.

KOR AF FOLKET

En fattig knøs! Ha ha!

Noureddin smutter hurtig ind ad døren.

ALADDIN

Ja, thi endnu er den skat ej min, som ene mig lyksalig gør.

SULTANEN

Vel er jeg meget rig og meget gavmild, men vil du her en skat af mig begære, den vistnok blev for stor, mit hele rige vist knapt forslog.

Noureddin ventures up to the first step on the staircase, scowling at everyone, remaining standing there.

SULTAN

Tell us your name, your native soil and explain to me if you can, the exceptional sight of this castle.

ALADDIN

Aladdin is my name, a poor lad.

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

A poor lad! Ha ha!

Noureddin nips quickly in by the door.

ALADDIN

Yes, for the treasure that makes me happy is not yet mine.

SULTAN

Well I am certainly very rich and very generous, but if you desire a treasure of mine, it probably is too great, my whole kingdom is probably not enough!

ALADDIN

Nej, hele Persiens land opvejer ej den skat.

SULTANEN

Forklar dig tydeligt: hvad mener du?

ALADDIN

Blandt tusinde juveler som pryder slottets hal kun én min hu begærer, i renhed, skønhed, glans den alle overstråler, fordunkler solen selv – din skønne datter Gulnare jeg elsker ømt og rent, nu døm mig høje Sultan, til liv eller død.

KOR AF FOLKET

Til prinsessen kommer han at bejle! Til prinsessen, til prinsessen.

SULTANEN

Skønt din tale er ej ganske klar, tror jeg dog at meningen jeg gætter, til hustru min Gulnare du begærer. Nu vel, men ej til hvem som helst jeg skænker bort mit eget kød og blod, jeg mere vide må, end blot dit navn.

ALADDIN

No, the whole of land of Persia cannot compensate for that treasure.

SULTAN

Explain yourself clearly: what do you mean?

ALADDIN

Amongst the thousands of jewels which ornament the castle's hall, only one my mind desires, in purity, beauty, brilliance that outshines, shades the sun itself – your beautiful daughter Gulnare I love, gently and purely, now judge me my high Sultan, to life or death.

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

For the Princess he comes to ask! For the Princess, for the Princess.

SULTAN

Though your speech is not really clear, I guess your meaning is that to marry my Gulnare is your desire? Now then, not to anybody will I give away my own flesh and blood, I must know more than just their name.

ALADDIN

Se dette slot tilhører mig – et synligt tegn på Allahs gunst. Hvis ej du tror mig værdig nok til Gulnares hånd, ej heller kan du tro, hvad her dit øje ser.

KOR AF FOLKET

Så er det ham, så er det ham, så er det ham, slottets herre, slottets herre!

SULTANEN

Hvad mener du: han synes rig og mægtig, dog kunne han bedrage.

VIZIREN

I eders nåde og visdom har I selv udfundet midlet til at forvisse eder. Morgengaven! Om han kan bringe den.

SULTANEN

Ja, du har ret. Du ved, at jeg indstiftet har en lov, ej af begærlighed, det ved enhver,

KOR AF FOLKET

Enhver.

ALADDIN

Look, this castle belongs to me – a visible sign of Allah's favour. If you don't believe I am worthy for Gulnare's hand, or can you not believe what you see with your own eyes?

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

So it is him, so it is him, so it is him, the castle's lord, the castle's lord!

SULTAN

What do you mean: he looks rich and mighty, yet he could be a fraud.

VIZIER

In your grace and wisdom, you have worked out how to be sure of yourself. The dowry! Can he bring it?

SULTAN

Yes, you're right. You know that I have established a law, not of greediness, everyone knows that.

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Everyone.

SULTANEN

men kun alene for at være overtydet om en bejlers foregivne rang og rigdom; hvis du en morgengave bringer mig, stor nok til at forjage hver en tvivl, skal du forgæves ej din lykke søge.

Morgiane trænger sig frem gennem mængden og rækker Aladdin bylten med ædelstenene og forsvinder igen.

ALADDIN

Modtag, modtag min høje Sultan denne gave, skønt ringe kun, mod den jeg selv begærer.

SULTANEN

Ha, ha, nu må jeg le – en morgengave i denne bylt. Ha, ha, det er nok store sager.

VIZIREN

Ja, store sager, ganske vist, se blot!

SULTANEN

Hvad! Ædelstene, perler, diamanter! Nej, aldrig har jeg set en større pragt.

SULTAN

but only to be persuaded of a suitor's purported rank and riches; if you bring me a dowry, big enough to dispel any doubt, you will not seek your happiness in vain.

Morgiane pushes her way forward through the crowd and reaches out for Aladdin's bolt with precious stones, and then disappears again.

ALADDIN

Accept, accept, my great Sultan, this gift, though only poor, towards that which I desire.

SULTAN

Ha, ha, now must I laugh – a dowry in this bolt. Ha, ha, it seems big enough.

VIZIER

Yes, a big case, just look, just see it!

SULTAN

What? Precious gems, pearls, diamonds! No, never have I seen such great brilliance.

ALADDIN
Og dette slot tilhøre skal min brud.

SULTANEN
Hun dig tilhøre! Kom i min arme!

KOR AF FOLKET
Prins Aladdin leve, prinsessen og
Sultan Soliman, Sultan Soliman leve,
de leve, de leve, de leve i fryd og kærlighed!
i kærlighed! De leve, de leve!
Sultan Soliman prins Aladdin og prinsessen leve!

ALADDIN
Nu høje Sultan, før mig til Gulnare,
men fluks, thi inden aften skal vort
bryllup stå.

Scene nr. 19

KOR AF FOLKET
11 Til lystig bryllupsfest, til lystig bryllupsfest
vi samles her igen, vi samles her igen,
til lystig bryllupsfest.

ALADDIN
And this palace will belong to my bride.

SULTAN
She will to you belong! Come into my arms!

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE
Live, Prince Aladdin, Princess and Sultan Soliman,
Live, Sultan Soliman, live, live, live, they live in peace and love!
In love! They live, they live! Sultan Soliman, Prince Aladdin and the Princess, live!

ALADDIN
Now great Sultan lead me to Gulnare,
but straight away, for this evening shall our wedding be held.

Scene No. 19

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE
For a lively wedding feast, for a lively wedding feast we gather here again,
we gather here again, for a lively merry wedding feast.

Der skal stige op til himlen en jubelsang,
en jubelsang fra alle fjern og nær.
Til lystig bryllupsfest, til lystig bryllupsfest
vi samles her igen, vi samles her igen
til lystig bryllupsfest, og mens klokkeklang
højt fra alle tårne ud over land klinge
og os forkynder at der sluttes pagt af tvende
elskovsfulde sjæle, hele Persiens folk dem hilse:
Aladdin, Gulnare!

KOR AF FOLKET
Vor høje Sultan leve, vor store Sultan leve!
Vor høje Sultan leve, vor store Sultan leve!
I fromhed og visdom lige stor, den største
Sultan på den ganske jord! Retsindig og gavmild,
profetens bud i alle måder lydig, profetens bud
i alle måder lydig! I alle måder lydig!
Vor høje Sultan leve, vor store Sultan leve,
vor høje Sultan leve, vor store Sultan leve!

*Noureddin lister sig forsigtig ud ad døren
til badekammeret, bliver stående tæt op til
denne og spejder til alle sider, om alle er borte.
Triumferende iler*

We shall send up to heaven a celebration song,
a celebration song from all, distant and near.
For a lively wedding feast, for a lively wedding feast
we gather here again for a lively wedding feast,
and whilst the bell ringing high from all the towers
out over the country ring and proclaim the pact between
two souls full of love, the whole of Persia's people
greet them, Aladdin, Gulnare!

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE
Our great Sultan shall live, our great Sultan shall live!
Our great Sultan shall live, our great Sultan shall live!
In piety and wisdom so great, the greatest Sultan in the whole world!
Righteous and generous, the Prophet's command in all ways obeyed,
the Prophet's command in all ways obeyed! In all ways obeyed!
Our great Sultan lives! Our great Sultan lives, our great Sultan lives,
our great Sultan lives, our great Sultan lives!

*Noureddin walks cautiously out of the door to the bath chamber,
remains standing close to it and looks to all sides
to check that everyone has gone. Trium-*

han ned ad trappen med lampen i den opløftede hånd.

NOUREDDIN

Ha! Blinde dreng, retfærdig dom nu lyder: Jeg reder dig din brudeseng i dødens kolde arme, mens jeg Gulnare favner.

phantly he hastens down the steps with the lamp in his uplifted hand.

NOUREDDIN

Ha! Blind boy, proper justice is now enforced: I'll make your bridal bed in death's cold arms, whilst I embrace Gulnare.

CD 3

Tredje akt

Scene nr. 20

Festsal i Sultanens palads. En trone på hver side. Gulnare og to terner kommer ind.

GULNARE

- 1 En liden stund lad mig alene her, hvor alt til sorgens fest, min brudefærd smykket står.

Gulnare sætter sig på tronen og falder i tanker.

GULNARE

Forunderlige drøm, du lyse, milde, som fylder sind og tanke dag og nat, skal netop du mig volde dybest smerte, og evig kalde frem mit savn, min længsel? Du elskede, som vandt mit hjerte, o, hvorfor må vi skilles nu for evig? I dine øjne så jeg en verden, jeg ej kendte før, et paradys, som nu for mig er tabt. Grant jeg ser dig i dit skjul bag rosenhækken, mit hjerte banked'; jeg skænkede' dig en rose, ak, med

Act 3

Scene No. 20

A Ceremonial Hall in the Sultan's palace. A throne on each side. Gulnare and two handmaidens come in.

GULNARE

A little while leave me alone here, where everything for the sorrowful feast, my bridal procession decorated stands.

Gulnare sits on a throne and falls into thought.

GULNARE

Wonderful dream, bright, mild, which fills my mind and thoughts day and night, shall you really cause my deepest pain, and always call forward my loss, my longing? You beloved, who won my heart, oh, why must we be separated now for ever? In your eyes I saw a world I didn't know before, a paradise, which now for me is lost. I see you clearly, in hiding behind the rose hedge, my heart raced; I picked

den mit hjerte snarligt visner hen, ak,
visner hen.

Ja, nu må det ske, ej magt, ej trus-
selsord, et helligt bånd skal sønderrive;
kun ham tilhører jeg, kun døden skiller
os og skændsel er det, skændsel ej at
trødse den, som krænker helligt pagt
og sårer hjertet til døde. Ak, fader,
hvor hårdt jeg end må krænke dig, du
selv det har forskyldt.

*Gulnare tager en dolk frem og skjuler
den hurtigt igen.*

1. TERNE

Nej, nej, aldrig så jeg mage til pragt og
glans! Fra altanen kan man se toget
sno sig gennem havens gange som
en flod af diamanter. Og prins Alad-
din, eders brudgom, stolt i al sin pragt,
overstråler alle, hvor er han skøn, nej,
hvor er han skøn. Festtrompeter og ba-
suner højt fra muren gjalde. Hele folket
strømmer til fra alle kanter, strømmer
til fra alle kanter, og en jubel som en

you a rose, ah, with it my heart will soon
wither, will wither.

Yes, now must it happen, not power, not
threatening words, a holy band shall be
broken; only to him I belong, only death
can separate us and disgrace us; it is a
scandal not to defy that which violates a
pact and wounds the heart to death. Ah
father, even if I have to offend you badly,
that's what you deserve.

*Gulnare brings out a dagger and then
hides it again quickly.*

FIRST HANDMAIDEN

No, no, never have I seen such splen-
dour and brilliance! From the balcony
we can see the procession twist itself
through the garden's paths like a flood
of diamonds. And Prince Aladdin, your
bridegroom, proud in all his splendour,
outshining everyone, how beautiful
he is, no, how beautiful he is. Festival
trumpeters and trombones high from
the walls resound. All the people stream
here from all the corners, stream here
from all the corners, and a cheer like

storm, bryder frem overalt, overalt!
Hvor herligt dog.

2. TERNE

Nej, aldrig har jeg set en sådan pragt!
Aladdins tog sig nærmer, sorte og
hvide slaver bære kurve fulde af ædel-
stene. Stolt i al sin pragt, prins Aladdin
overstråler alle. Festtrompeter højt fra
muren gjalde. Hele folket strømmer
til fra alle kanter, strømmer til fra alle
kanter, og en jubel uden ende, som
en storm bryder frem overalt, overalt!
Hvor herligt dog.

1. TERNE

Kom og se!

2. TERNE

Kom og se!

Scene nr. 21

2. TERNE

2 Men ser jeg ret? på eders kind en tåre
triller, ja selv jeg kunne græde, så glad

a storm breaks through everywhere,
everywhere! How splendid!

SECOND HANDMAIDEN

No, never have I seen such splendour!
Aladdin's procession comes closer,
slaves from many places carry baskets
full of precious stones. Proud in all his
splendour, Prince Aladdin outshines
everyone. Festival trumpets high from
the walls resound. All the people
stream here from all corners, stream
from all corners, and a cheer without
end like a storm breaks through over
everywhere, everywhere. How splendid!

FIRST HANDMAIDEN

Come and see!

SECOND HANDMAIDEN

Come and see!

Scene No. 21

SECOND HANDMAIDEN

But do I see right? On your cheeks a
tear falls, yes even I can cry, so happy

er denne dag, så rig den lykke, som nu
skal times jer.

GULNARE
Ej til glæde står min hu!

1. OG 2. TERNE
Allah, hvad er dette?

GULNARE
Gru og sorg nedtynger mig.

1. OG 2. TERNE
Gru og sorg? Hvad skal det sige?

GULNARE
Ej den hele verdens glans og pragt min
kval formår at lindre, ej formår at læge.

1. OG 2. TERNE
O tal, betro os al jer sorg!

GULNARE
Udspørg mig ej, thi alt er nu forgæves,

is this day, so rich the happiness which
now shall befall you.

GULNARE
I have no joy in my mind!

HANDMAIDENS
Allah, what is that?

GULNARE
Horror and sorrow weigh me down.

HANDMAIDENS
Horror and sorrow? What does that
mean?

GULNARE
Not the whole world's brilliance and
splendour my agony can lessen, not be
able to cure.

HANDMAIDENS
Oh tell us, entrust us with all your
sorrow!

GULNARE
Ask me not, for all is now in vain,

hver et håb er for evig slukt, er slukt,
er slukt!

2. TERNE
Hvilken kval, o hvilken jammer!

1. TERNE
Hvilken kval, jammer!

GULNARE
Du var mit liv, mit alt, far evig vel!

TERNER
Hun elsker en anden, ja det er klart!

1. TERNE
Men når I først jer brudgom ser, tro blot
mit ord, tro på mit ord, at eders sorg
snart til glæde sig vender, og at I sik-
kert selv jer lykke prise vil.

2. TERNE
Ja, når I først jer brudgom ser, så skal
jeg love, at eders sorg snart får ende.

every hope is for ever extinguished,
extinguished!

SECOND HANDMAIDEN
What agony, o what misery!

FIRST HANDMAIDEN
What agony, misery!

GULNARE
You were my life, my everything, fare-
well forever!

HANDMAIDENS
She loves another, yes that is clear!

FIRST HANDMAIDEN
But when I first your bridegroom saw,
trust my word, trust my word, that your
sorrow soon to happiness would turn,
that you certainly would be glad to
praise your happiness.

SECOND HANDMAIDEN
Yes, when I first your bridegroom saw,
so should I promise that your sorrow
soon would end.

GULNARE

Nej, nej, for evig tabt er al min glæde;
nej, eders trøst er spildt!

2. TERNE

Så skøn en bejler I aldrig så! Så ung og
smuk; han har mit hjerte rent bedåret.

1. TERNE

Så skøn en bejler I aldrig så, så rig og
skøn en bejler I aldrig så! Aldrig så!

GULNARE

Forlad mig! Jeg beder!

1. TERNE

O, sig dog –

2. TERNE

Hvad vil I gøre?

GULNARE

Bort! Jeg befaler jer!

Γ Bort! Bort!

GULNARE

No, no, forever lost is all my joy; no,
your consolation is spoilt!

SECOND HANDMAIDEN

So lovely a suitor I never saw! So
young and good-looking; he has my
heart purely captivated.

FIRST HANDMAIDEN

So beautiful a suitor I never saw, so
rich and beautiful a suitor I never saw!
Never saw!

GULNARE

Leave me! I beg you!

FIRST HANDMAIDEN

Oh, and yet –

SECOND HANDMAIDEN

What will you do?

GULNARE

Away! I command you!

Away! Away!

TERNER

Lad eder sige! Hør os!

*Flere terner kommer ind, forfærdede
ved råbene.*

KOR AF TERNER

Hvad er der sket?

GULNARE

I kære veninder, lad mig være ene her,
blot en liden stund! Forlad mig.

1. TERNE

Nej, vi kan ej, vi bør ej lyde; aldrig før
var du så sorgbetynget, og din dunkle
tale varsler ilde.

KOR

Hvad er der hændet vor prinsesse,
hvad er hændet vor prinsesse?

GULNARE

Bort! Jeg befaler jer!

2. TERNE

Hør os! O hør os! Alt, selv døden vil

HANDMAIDENS

Speak out! Hear us!

*More handmaidens come in, fright-
ened by the shouting.*

CHOIR OF HANDMAIDENS

What has happened?

GULNARE

You dear friends, let me be on my own
here, just a little while! Leave me.

FIRST HANDMAIDEN

No, we cannot, we cannot obey; never
before were you so sorrowful, and your
dark speech bodes ill.

CHOIR

What has happened to our princess,
what has happened to our princess?

GULNARE

Away! I command you!

SECOND HANDMAIDEN

Hear us! Oh hear us! Everything, even

vi lide for din lykke; skænk os din
fortrolighed!

GULNARE
Ak! Hvad magter I at gøre?

KOR
For din frelse gerne vi i døden går; prøv
os, prøv os, prøv os!

GULNARE
Så hør mig da, om I formår at kalde liv
tilbage i den døde: Når ved morgengry
med eder jeg til badet går, fra sit skjul
han stirrer på mig som i drømme, ham,
kun ham jeg elske kan.

KOR
Han som står bag pillen stiv og stille
som en støtte?

GULNARE
Ja, just ham.

KOR
En fattig knøs fra gaden?

death, will we give for you happiness;
share your secrets with us!

GULNARE
Ah! What can you do?

CHOIR
For your peace we to death go; test us,
test us, test us!

GULNARE
So listen to me, then, if I can call the liv-
ing back from the dead: when, at morn-
ing light, you come with me to bathe,
from his hiding place he will gaze at me
in his dream, he, only him I can love.

CHOIR
He who stands behind the pillar, stiff
and still, like a statue?

GULNARE
Yes, that's him.

CHOIR
A poor lad from the street?

GULNARE
Jeg kender ej hans navn og har ej hørt
hans røst.

KOR
I kender ej en gang hans navn!

GULNARE
Under løvet, hvor duftende roser står,
mødtes vore blikke, mødtes vore hjer-
ter, elskovsvarme til elskovspagt.

Scene nr. 22

KOR
3 Et stævnemøde her i haven – fortæl,
fortæl!

TERNER
Til elskov I ham stævned' – nej, hvor
dristig! Fortæl os!

GULNARE
Nej, evig troskab jeg ham svor.

TERNER
I troskab har svoret?

GULNARE
I don't know his name and have not
heard his voice.

CHOIR
You do not even know his name!

GULNARE
Under the foliage, where there's a smell
of roses, met our eyes, met our hearts,
love's warmth [led] to love's pact.

Scene No. 22

CHOIR
A rendezvous here in the garden – tell
us, tell us!

HANDMAIDENS
For love, you met him – no, how daring!
Tell us!

GULNARE
No, eternal loyalty I swore to him.

HANDMAIDENS
You have sworn loyalty?

KOR
I troskab svor?

GULNARE
Ja, da ømt jeg kyssed' rosen, som jeg
skænked' ham hin underfulde stund.

KOR
Et sådant elskovseventyr jeg gerne
selv opleve gad.

TERNER
O, hvilket dejligt eventyr, nu først jeg
ret forstår.

KOR
Et bånd så ømt, så ømt og helligt skal
ej briste.

TERNER
Nej, det må ej ske!

KOR
Nej, det skal ej ske! Han jer tilhører! Ja,
vi skal nok alle stå jer bi!

CHOIR
You have sworn loyalty?

GULNARE
Yes, when gently I kissed the rose,
which I shared with him at that won-
derful time.

CHOIR
Such a love-adventure I would love to
experience.

HANDMAIDENS
Oh what a lovely adventure, now I
really understand.

CHOIR
A bond so gentle, so gentle and holy
shall not be broken.

HANDMAIDENS
No, that must not happen!

CHOIR
No, that shall not happen! He belongs
to you! Yes, we shall all stand by you!

TERNER
I ham tilhører! Vi skal nok stå jer bi!

1. TERNE
Ja, under bryllupsdansens hvirvel, da
skal eders frihedstime slå, skal eders
frihedstime slå.

2. TERNE
Han jer tilhører, vi skal alle stå jer bi.

TERNER, KOR
Skal eders frihedstime slå.

Scene nr. 23

1. TERNE
4 Ja! Et sendebud sig nærmer.

SENDEBUDET
Prins Aladdin ydmygt forespørger,
om det ham tilstedes for jert åsyn at
fremtræde?

HANDMAIDENS
You to him belong! We shall stand by
you!

FIRST HANDMAIDEN
Yes, while the wedding dances whirl
your freedom-hour shall strike, your
freedom-hour shall strike.

SECOND HANDMAIDEN
He to you belongs, we shall all stand
by you.

HANDMAIDENS, CHOIR
Shall your freedom-hour strike.

Scene No. 23

FIRST HANDMAIDEN
Yes! A messenger approaches.

MESSENGER
Prince Aladdin humbly asks if he is
permitted to appear before you?

GULNARE

Meld, at her jeg møde skal prins
Aladdin!

KOR AF FOLKET

Festlig jubel, højtidsglæde fylder nu
Sultanens hal, fylder den strålende
stad, fylder hele Persiens land.
Ønskerne højt mod himlen stige, stiger
fra Sultanens bryst, stiger fra hele
hans folk! Skönt når tvende hjerter
slutte pagt; men tifold skönt, når de
prange begge to i ungdomskraft, un-
der kronens guld som Aladdin og hans
brud. Ja, hil Aladdin og hans brud, hil
de to! Ja, hil Aladdin og hans brud, hil
de to! Og hil vor Sultan, ja hil den store
Soliman, hil Aladdin og Gulnare!

Scene nr. 24

*Sultanen tager Aladdin ved hånden og
fører ham meget langsomt frem heni-
mod Gulnare*

SULTANEN

5 Min elskte datter, prins Aladdin, min

GULNARE

Respond, that I shall meet Prince Alad-
din here!

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Celebratory cheer, a time of festive joy
now fills the Sultan's hall, fills the glori-
ous place, fills the whole of Persia.
Good wishes are sent high to the sky
from the Sultan's chest, rise from all his
people. Beautiful when two hearts come
to a pact, but doubly beautiful when
both are resplendent in youthful power,
with the crown's gold, like Aladdin and
his bride. Yes, salute Aladdin and his
bride, greet the pair! Yes, salute Alad-
din and his bride, greet them both! And
salute our Sultan, yes, greet the great
Sultan, greet Aladdin and Gulnare!

Scene No. 24

*The Sultan takes Aladdin by the hand
and leads him very slowly forward
towards Gulnare.*

SULTAN

My beloved daughter: Prince Aladdin,

trones arving og din brudgom fører jeg
til dig.

GULNARE

Hvad ser jeg, hvad ser jeg? O fryd! Ak
nej, et blændværk kun, ak ve mig! Er
det bedrag? O tal! Hvem er du, som
vækker håb på ny?

ALADDIN

Gulnare! Din stemmes klang som toner
fra himlen sødt mit øre kvæger.

GULNARE

Skönt dine blikke tale, og hver en tvivl
er svundet, et tegn du give må!

ALADDIN

I selv til prins mig kåred' med dette
elskovspant, plukket af jer egen hånd,
bedugget af jer egen mund.

GULNARE

Ja, men sig mig, hvor kommer du fra?
Og denne pragt, så underfuld?

my throne's inheritor and your bride-
groom I lead to you.

GULNARE

What do I see, what do I see? Oh joy!
Ah no, only a mirage, ah, woe is me! Is
it an illusion? Oh speak! Who are you,
who wakes hope anew?

ALADDIN

Gulnare! Your voice sounds like sweet
notes from heaven, but deceives my
ears.

GULNARE

Your beautiful gaze speaks, and every
doubt vanishes, a sign you must give!

ALADDIN

You chose me as prince with this lov-
ers' pledge, picked by your own hand,
tipsy by your own mouth.

GULNARE

Yes, but tell me, where do you
come from? And this splendour, so
wonderful?

ALADDIN

Mit hjem, min bo er i din sjæl, i alle
dine rene tanker. O lad mig bygge der
for evig; den bedste skat jeg vandt, det
er dig selv og din kærlighed. O sig du
elsker mig!

GULNARE

Med al min sjæl og sinde –

ALADDIN

I trofast kærlighed –

GULNARE

Nu og til evig tide!

O himmelsk salighed, jeg næppe fatter.

ALADDIN

O himmelsk salighed, jeg næppe fatter.

O sig du elsker mig –

GULNARE

Med al min sjæl og sinde –

ALADDIN

I trofast kærlighed –

ALADDIN

My home, my dwelling, is in your soul,
in all your pure thoughts. Oh let me
build there forever; the best treasure
I have won, that is yourself and your
love. Oh say you love me!

GULNARE

With all my soul and mind –

ALADDIN

In trusting love –

GULNARE

Now and forever!

Oh heavenly blessing, I hardly
understand.

ALADDIN

Oh heavenly blessing, I hardly
understand.

Oh say you love me –

GULNARE

With all my soul and mind –

ALADDIN

In trusting love –

GULNARE

Nu og til evig tide.

ALADDIN

Nu er du min.

GULNARE

Ja, evig din.

ALADDIN

Ja, for evig min. Forenet, forenet skal
vi følges ad i liv og død, i kærlighed
forenet.

GULNARE

Forenet skal vi følges ad, i kærlighed
forenet.

GULNARE, ALADDIN

I kærlighed forenet vi følges ad, i liv
og død.

GULNARE

Ja, til evig tid.

GULNARE, ALADDIN

Ja, til evig tid.

GULNARE

Now and forever.

ALADDIN

Now you are mine.

GULNARE

Yes, always yours.

ALADDIN

Yes, forever mine. United, united shall
we go together in life and death, in
love united.

GULNARE

United shall we go together, in love
united.

GULNARE, ALADDIN

In love united we'll go together, in life
and death.

GULNARE

Yes, forever.

GULNARE, ALADDIN

Yes, forever.

ALADDIN
O sig du elsker mig –

GULNARE
Med al min sjæl og sinde – nu og til
evig tide! O himmelsk salighed, jeg
næppe fatter! Al min længsel står til
dig, alt mit håb er kun hos dig, alt mit
håb er kun hos dig, hos dig er alt, er alt
mit håb.

ALADDIN
I trofast kærlighed – o himmelsk salig-
hed, jeg næppe fatter! Elskte, til dig
står al min længsel, og alt mit håb er
kun hos dig, ja alt mit håb kun hos dig,
hos dig, hos dig er alt, er alt mit håb.

GULNARE, ALADDIN
Evig er jeg din, evig din!

Scene nr. 25

KOR AF FOLKET
6 Priser alle den mægtige Gud, som
skænkede os kærligheds ild til lyst og
liv, ja til lyst og liv.

ALADDIN
Oh say you love me –

GULNARE
With all my soul and mind – now and
forever! Oh heavenly blessing, I hardly
understand! All my longings stand in
you, all my hope is only with you, all my
hope is only with you, you are all, are all
my hope.

ALADDIN
In trusting love – oh heavenly blessing,
I hardly understand! Beloved, with you
lies all my longing, and all my hope is
only with you, yes all my hope is only
with you, with you, with you is every-
thing, all my hope.

GULNARE, ALADDIN
I am yours forever, forever yours!

Scene No. 25

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE
Everyone praise the mighty God, who
gave us love's fire for lust and life, yes
for lust and life.

SULTANEN
Signet være Persiens datter, herlig
brud til brudgoms glæde, signet være
pagten, helligt bånd i kærlighed!

TERNER
Hvilket held og hvilken fryd! Sorgen
svandt; nu gennem tåren glimter salig
elskovslyst. Ja, hil dig rige kærlighed!

VIZIREN
O glade stund! Det lyse håb fra hjertets
dyb nu stråler frem!

KOR AF FOLKET
Den herligste, den mægtigste, herlig-
ste, mægtigste!

KOR AF FOLKET
Ja, her i tvende hjerter flammer el-
skovslyst. Kækt fremad, bårne højt
af håbets vingeslag, styrer ud de to
mod den grønne strand, mod det fagre
eden, hvor kun sommer, evig sommer
bor – alles mål, alles håb når i hjertet

SULTAN
Blessed be Persia's daughter, splendid
bride to her bridegroom's happiness,
blessed be their pact, their holy bond
in love!

HANDMAIDENS
What splendour and what joy! Sorrow
has disappeared; now through tears
gleams blessed loving lust. Yes, greet-
ings, rich love!

VIZIER
Oh happy time! This bright hope from
the heart's depth now beams forth!

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE
The most splendid, the mightiest, most
splendid, mightiest!

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE
Yes, here in two hearts flames the lust
of love. Bravely forward, borne high
on hope's wings, steer out the two
towards the green beach, towards the
fair Eden, where only summer, eternal
summer, resides – everyone's goal,

der tændes den flammende ild – o rige
kærlighed!

GULNARE

O Allah, du himlens drot, nu høre du
vor bøn: o ræk os din milde hånd, be-
segl og sign vor pagt! Besegl den pagt,
som her vi slutter i dit navn! Skænk os
din velsignelse!

ALADDIN

O Allah, du himlens drot, nu høre du
vor bøn: ræk os din milde hånd, besegl
og sign vor pagt, som her vi slutter,
skænk os din velsignelse!

SULTANEN, VIZIREN

O Allah, du himlens drot, sign denne
pagt, skænk dem, skænk dem din vel-
signelse! Nu hæve sig folkets røst

SULTANEN, VIZIREN

til bøn for dem, som Allah skænkede
lykkens nådegave. Du himlens drot,
ræk dem din milde hånd, skænk dem,
skænk dem din velsignelse!

their hope, when in the heart a flaming
fire is alight – oh rich love!

GULNARE

Oh Allah, you, heaven's lord, now hear
our prayer: oh give us your gentle
hand, seal and bless our pact! Seal
the pact which here we close in your
name. Give us your blessing!

ALADDIN

Oh Allah, you, heaven's lord, now hear
our prayer: give us your gentle hand,
seal and bless our pact, which here we
close. Give us your blessing!

SULTAN, VIZIER

Oh Allah, you, heaven's lord, bless this
pact, give them, give them your bless-
ing. Now raise the people their praise.

SULTAN, VIZIER

to pray for them, with whom Allah has
shared happiness's grace. You, heav-
en's lord, give them your gentle hand,
share with them, share with them your
blessing!

GULNARE

til bøn for hvert helligt bånd, som knyt-
ter dem sammen – mand og viv. Du
himlens drot, ræk os din milde hånd,
besegl den pagt, som her vi slutter i dit
navn, skænk os din velsignelse!

TERNER

til bøn for den store pagt, som knyt-
ter for evig tvende hjerter. Du himlens
drot, ræk dem din milde hånd, besegl
den pagt, som her nu sluttes i dit navn,
skænk dem din velsignelse!

ALADDIN

til bøn for hvert helligt bånd, som knyt-
ter sammen viv og mand; for dem sig
hæve folkets røst. Du himlens drot,
ræk os din milde hånd, besegl og sign
den pagt, som her vi slutter, skænk os
din velsignelse!

KOR AF FOLKET

O Allah, du himlens drot, nu høre du
vor bøn: o ræk dem din milde hånd,
ræk dem din milde hånd, besegl den

GULNARE

to pray for every holy band which knits
them together – man and wife. You,
heaven's lord, give us your gentle hand,
seal the pact which here we close in
your name, share with us your blessing!

HANDMAIDENS

to pray for the great splendour which
knits forever these two hearts. You,
heaven's lord, give them your gentle
hand, bless this pact, which here now
is closed in your name, share with
them your blessing!

ALADDIN

to pray for every holy bond, which knits
us together, wife and husband; for
those who raise the people's voice. You,
heaven's lord, give us your gentle hand,
seal and bless the pact which here we
close, share with us your blessing!

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Oh, Allah, you, heaven's lord: now hear
our prayers: give us your gentle hand,
give them your gentle hand, close the

pagt, som her nu slttes i dit navn,
skænk dem din velsignelse!

SULTANEN, VIZIREN, TERNER,
KOR AF FOLKET

Nu breder sig ud, nu løfter sig højt
og klinger mod sky fra alles mund:
lyksalig hver sjæl i denne stund! Lyk-
salig hver bo, hvor glæden fandt ind,
hvor budskab lød om bryllupsfest i
Mahmuds slot.

ALADDIN

Nu løfter sig højt og klinger mod sky
fra alles mund: lyksalig hver sjæl i
denne stund! Lyksalig hver bo, hvor
glæden fandt ind, lyksalig.

GULNARE

Nu klinger mod sky fra alles mund:
lyksalig hver sjæl i denne stund! Lyk-
salig hver bo, hvor glæden fandt ind,
lyksalig.

ALLE

Ja, om en bryllupsfest i Sultan
Mahmuds slot, som hele Persiens folk
nu fejrer.

pact which here now is closed in your
name, share with them your blessing!

SULTAN, VIZIER, HANDMAIDENS,
CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Now spreads out, now lifts high and
rings against the clouds from every-
one's mouth: blissful is every soul at this
time! Blissful everyone resides where
joy is found, where tidings sound about
the wedding feast in Mahmud's palace.

ALADDIN

Now lifts high and rings against the
clouds from everyone's mouth. Blissful
every place where joy is found, happy.

GULNARE

Now rings against the clouds from
every mouth: happy every soul at this
time! Blissful every place where joy is
found, happy.

ALL

Yes, of a wedding feast in Sultan
Mahmud's palace, which all of Persia's
people now celebrate.

KOR AF FOLKET

Med lystig dans til fløjters klang i den
lyse sal, i den svale lund, munter og
glad, munter og glad, under lampernes
skin, under stjernernes glans, med
lystig dans, med lystig dans til fløjters
klang i den lyse sal, i den svale lund,
under lampernes skin, under stjerners
glans, til sol står op, til sol står op.

ALADDIN

Ja, vi fejrer en glædens fest, og vi fej-
rer en sejiens fest, thi jeg står ved mit
mål, ved mit høje mål!

Scene nr. 26

7 Ja alt, hvad jeg håbed', alt, hvad jeg
ønsked', alle de lysende drømme, alle
de stærke higende længsler – alt til
live bragt, nu springer ud som blomst
i vår, og med strålende farver til liv og
lyst udfolder al sin rigdom, al sin pragt.
Så fødtes mit håb, og alt jeg vandt, så
sandt hun elsker mig, hun elsker mig

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

With lusty dance to the flute's music
in the bright hall, in the cool woods,
cheery and glad, cheery and glad, with
the shine of the lamp, with the light of
the stars, with lusty dance, with lusty
dance to the flute's music in the bright
hall, in the cool wood, with the shine
of the lamp, with the light of the stars,
until the sun rises, until the sun rises.

ALADDIN

Yes, we celebrate a happy feast, and
we celebrate a victory's feast, so I
stand at my goal, with my main goal!

Scene No. 26

Yes, everything that I hoped for,
everything I wished for, all the bright
dreams, all the strongly aspirational
longings – everything brought to life,
now springs out like flowers in Spring,
and with brilliant colours to life and
happiness unfolds all his kingdom, all
his splendour. So my hope has been
born, and all I have won, so truly she
loves me, she loves me – so was my

– så fødtes mit håb, og alt, ja alt jeg
vandt, så sandt hun elsker mig.

KOR AF FOLKET

Hil Aladdin, hil Gulnare, hil dem begge,
hil!

Festlig jubel, højtidsglæde fylder nu
Sultanens hal, fylder den strålende
stad, fylder hele Persiens land.
Ønskerne højt mod himlen stige, stiger
fra Sultanens bryst, stiger fra hele
hans folk! Skønt når tvende hjerter
slutte pagt; men tifold skønt, når de
prange begge to i ungdomskraft, un-
der kronens guld som Aladdin og hans
brud. Ja, hil Aladdin og hans brud!

KOR AF FOLKET

Hil de to! Ja, hil Aladdin og hans brud.
Hil de to! og hil vor Sultan, ja hil den
store Sultan og hans hele hus!

GULNARE, ALADDIN,
KOR AF FOLKET

Γ Lad da glædens bølger bruse, højt lad

hope born, and everything I have won
so truly she loves me.

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Greet Aladdin, greet Gulnare, greet
them both, hail!

Celebratory cheer, festive happiness
now fills the Sultan's hall, fills the glow-
ing place, fills the whole of Persia.
Wishes high towards heaven are sent,
up from the Sultan's breast, up from
the whole of his people! Beautiful
when two hearts close a pact, but
twice as beautiful when they both are
both young, through the crown's gold
like Aladdin and his bride. Yes, greet
Aladdin and his bride.

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Greet the pair! Yes, hail Aladdin and
his bride. Greet the pair! and greet our
Sultan, yes greet the great Sultan and
his whole house.

GULNARE, ALADDIN,
CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Let the waves of joy roar, let the notes

sangens toner svulme, tolke hjertets
fryd og jubel!

GULNARE, ALADDIN

Let skal foden træde i den muntre
dans.

TERNER

Let skal foden træde dansen til muntre
melodier, mens øjne, smil og latter
sødt dårer hjerter, sind og sans.

SULTANEN, VIZIREN

Lad glædens bølger bruse, højt lad
sangens toner svulme, tolke hjertets
fryd.

KOR AF FOLKET

Let skal foden træde dansen til muntre
melodier, mens øjne, smil og latter
sødt dårer hjerter, sind og sans, dårer
hjerter, sind og sans, ja, sødt dårer
hjerter, sind og sans. Ja, lad da glæ-
dens bølger bruse, højt.

of the song swell loudly, to speak of
the hearts' delight and joy!

GULNARE, ALADDIN

Allow feet to tread in this cheerful
dance.

HANDMAIDENS

Lightly the feet shall tread in the
dance to cheery melodies, while the
eyes smile and sweet laughter charms
hearts, mind and sense.

SULTAN, VIZIER

Let the waves of joy roar, let the notes
of the song swell loudly, to speak of
the hearts' delight!

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Lightly the feet shall tread in the
dance to cheery melodies, while the
eyes smile and sweet laughter charms
hearts, mind and sense, charms
hearts, mind and sense, yes sweetly
charms hearts, mind and sense, allow
the waves of happiness to roar.

GULNARE, TERNER, ALADDIN,
SULTANEN, VIZIREN
mens de glade smil og munter latter
fryde vore hjerter, sind og sans. Lad
glædens bølger bruse, højt.

TUTTI
højt lad sangens toner svulme, lad dem
tolke hjertets fryd.

GULNARE, TERNER, ALADDIN,
SULTANEN, VIZIREN
Frem til dans! Til dans alle frem! Til
dans! Hør musikkens toner kalde! Op
til dans, til dans!

KOR AF FOLKET
Til dans alle frem! Til dans alle frem!
Hør musikkens toner kalde! Op til
dans, til dans!

8 Scene nr. 27: Ballet

GULNARE, HANDMAIDENS,
ALADDIN, SULTAN, VIZIER
While the happy smiles and cheery
laughter delight our hearts, mind
and sense. Allow waves of happiness
to roar.

TUTTI
Loudly sing the swelling notes, let
them sound the heart's delight.

GULNARE, HANDMAIDENS,
ALADDIN, SULTAN, VIZIER
Forward to the dance! To the dance,
forward! To the dance! Hear the music's
notes call! Up to dance, to the dance!

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE
To the dance, everyone forward! To
the dance, everyone forward! Hear the
music's notes call! Up to dance, to the
dance!

Scene No. 27: Ballet

Scene nr. 28

VIZIREN
9 Min høje Sultan, natten stunder til. Be-
faler I at brudedansen nu begynder?

SULTANEN
Efter gammel skik I træde, før sol går
ned, med hinanden en bryllupsdans;
thi skal det mindes, I loved' kærligt
at vandre hånd i hånd til livets sol
går ned.

ALADDIN
Gulnare! Gulnare! Ha! Forsvundet!
Rædsel!

SULTANEN
Hvad er hændt? Min datter brat for-
svundet! Skynd jer!

TERNER
Hvor listig blev hun røvet bort!

VIZIREN
Forsvundet? Umuligt! Søg da! Skynd
jer!

Scene No. 28

VIZIER
My high Sultan, it is nearly night time.
Will you allow the bridal dance to begin
now?

SULTAN
After old ways you tread, before the
sun goes down, with each other a wed-
ding dance; so it will be remembered,
your loving care to go hand in hand
until life's sun goes down.

ALADDIN
Gulnare! Gulnare! Ha! Vanished!
Nightmare!

SULTAN
What has happened? My daughter has
vanished! Hurry!

HANDMAIDENS
How craftily she's been carried away!

VIZIER
Disappeared? Impossible! Search
there! Hurry!

KOR AF FOLKET

Forsvundet! Brat forsvundet!
Rædsel! Hurtig søg! Skynd jer!

SENDEBUD

Høje Sultan, prins Aladdins trylleslot
er forsvundet. Selv jeg så det hæve
sig fra jorden og flyve bort hen over
staden.

SULTANEN, SENDEBUD,
KOR (TENOR, BAS)

Ja, han står i pagt med mørkets ånder,
og Gulnare holder han nu i sin vold,

TERNER, KOR (SOPRAN, ALT)

Ja, han er en troldmand, har Gulnare i
sin vold,

TUTTI

hvor hun i skræk og nød sig vander.

ALADDIN

Ha! Min lampe berøvet!

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Disappeared! Just vanished!
Nightmare! Quickly search! Hurry!

MESENTER

Great Sultan, Prince Aladdin's magic
palace has disappeared. I saw it
myself, rising from the ground and fly-
ing away over the city.

SULTAN, MESSENGER,
CHOIR (TENOR, BASS)

Yes, he stands in a pact with the spirits
of the dark, and he now holds Gulnare
in his power.

HANDMAIDENS,
CHOIR (SOPRANO, ALTO)

Yes, he is a magician, has Gulnare in
his power.

TUTTI

When she moans in fear and need.

ALADDIN

Ha! My lamp has been stolen!

TERNER, SULTANEN, VIZIREN,
SENDEBUD

Ve dig, skændige!

KOR AF FOLKET

Ve dig, skændige! Hævnen ramme dig!
Ej din sorte kunst os skrække kan.

1. OG 2. TERNE, SULTANEN,
VIZIREN, SENDEBUD

Hævnen ramme dig! frække nidding! Ej
din sorte kunst os skrække kan.

KOR AF FOLKET

Frygt du vor hævn! Frygt du vor hævn,
vor hævn!

TERNER, SULTANEN, VIZIREN,
SENDEBUD

Frække nidding, frygt du vor hævn,
frygt du vor hævn!

ALADDIN

Himlens magter vær mig nådig, knapt
jeg sandser hvad er hændt. Al min lyk-
ke blev mig røvet, er det sandhed, er
det drøm? Ak, bortranet har den onde

HANDMAIDENS, SULTAN, VIZIER,
MESSENGER

Woe to you, disgraceful one!

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Woe to you, disgraceful one! Revenge
strike you! Your black magic cannot
frighten us!

HANDMAIDENS, SULTAN, VIZIER,
MESSENGER

Revenge strike you! Impudent villain!
Your black magic cannot frighten us!

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Fear you our revenge! Fear you our
revenge, our revenge!

HANDMAIDENS, SULTAN, VIZIER,
MESSENGER

Impudent villain, fear you our revenge,
fear you our revenge!

ALADDIN

Heaven's power be gracious to me,
only just can I sense what has hap-
pened. All my happiness has been
stolen, is that the truth? Is it a dream?

trold min brud. Slottet og Gulnare har han i sin vold.

1. OG 2. TERNE, SULTANEN, VIZIREN, SENDEBUD
Ve dig, falske trold! Himlen straffe dig! Ej dit hykleri skal besnære os. Ja, du selv! Ja, i din vold!

KOR AF FOLKET
Nej se, hvor from! Ja vist, en drøm! Ja, du selv! Ja, i din vold!

SULTANEN, VIZIREN, SENDEBUD, TERNER, KOR
Men i din egen snare du er fanget. Du skælver!

ALADDIN
Jeg er ej ond, jeg har ej skyld, jeg selv er offer for en nedrig dåd.

Hør mig! Hør mig! Hør mig! Vær barmhjertig! Allah!

KOR AF FOLKET
Prøv din sorte kunst, om du dit liv kan

Ah, the evil troll has stolen away my bride. The palace and Gulnare he has in his power.

HANDMAIDENS, SULTAN, VIZIER, MESSENGER
Woe to you, false troll! Heaven will punish you! Your hypocrisy will not ensnare us. Yes, you! Yes, in your power!

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE
No look, where from. Certainly, a dream! Yes, you! Yes, in your power!

SULTAN, VIZIER, MESSENGER, HANDMAIDENS, CHOIR
But in your own snare are you captured. You tremble!

ALADDIN
I am not evil, I am not to blame, I am myself a victim of a base deed.

Hear me! Hear me! Hear me! Be merciful! Allah!

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE
Try your black magic, you can save your

frelse; kald frem den lede troldhær, om du tør trodse Allahs magt. Nidding!

VIZIREN
Stands!
Tilgiv, at her jeg råder til Aladdins liv at skåne; forsvandt prinsessen på hans bud, er håbet om at se jert barn igen, til ham alene knyttet.

SULTANEN
Ja, du har ret.

10 Så hør mig, Aladdin! Du tog den datter Gud mig gav, barnløs nu jeg til graven går. Derfor bøde du liv og ære. Dog, som himlen skænker nåde, er også jeg langmodig; endnu er frelse mulig. Så vogt da nøje på mit ord. I Allahs navn forkyndes her: En frist dig gives til at råde bod for din brøde. Inden fyrretyve dage, til mig Gulnare du skal bringe. Hvis ej, da ramme døden dig! Ja døden, ja døden.

life; call out the disgusting troll army if you dare defy Allah's power. Base!

VIZIER
Stop!
Forgive me that here I advise that Aladdin's life be spared; the princess has disappeared on his command, and the hope of seeing her again on him alone depends.

SULTAN
Yes, you are right.
So hear me, Aladdin! You took the daughter God gave me, childless now I go to the grave. So repair your life and honour. Yet, as heaven shares grace, I am also long-suffering; now, is saving [Gulnare] possible. So watch my word: In Allah's name I now proclaim: a deadline you're given to set right your offence or pay a penalty for your guilt. Within forty days, you must bring Gulnare to me. If not, then strike you dead! Yes, dead, yes dead.

KOR AF FOLKET

Ak, se hvor bleg, se hvor mat! Vil han dø af sin sorg? Ak, ve, ve, ve!

Scene nr. 29

ALADDIN

11 Jeg standser ej, før jeg atter står med sejrens lyse palmer i min hånd.

Fremad, fremad!

KOR AF FOLKET

Vort nid og nag skal følge dig, forbandet være du, forbandet være du! Vort nid og nag dig følger hvor du går, vær forbandet! Din sikre løn nu venter dig – en blodig hævn dig rammer, blodig hævn dig rammer, lede trolld, blodig hævn dig sikkert rammer, lede trolld. Uden nåde du ved bødlens sværd skal lide skændselsdøden, ved bødlens sværd skal lide skændselsdøden. Uden nåde skændselsdøden skal du lide.

ALADDIN

Er end mit mål nok så fjernt, jeg vil det nå, jeg trodser alle farer. Ja, frem til kamp mod alle mørkets magter! Frem

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Ah, look how pale, look how weak! Will he die of his grief? Ah, woe, woe, woe!

Scene No. 29

ALADDIN

I will not stop before I stand with victory's bright palms in my hands. Forward, forward!

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Our spite and nagging will follow you, cursed be you, cursed be you! Our spite and nagging follow you wherever you go, be cursed! Your certain reward now awaits you – a bloody revenge will strike you, bloody revenge will strike you, cunning troll, bloody revenge will certainly strike you, cunning troll. Without grace you by the executioner's sword will die a scandalous death. Without grace an infamous death you will die.

ALADDIN

Be my goal ever so distant, I will achieve it, I defy all dangers. Yes, forward to battle against all the powers of the dark!

til kamp mod alle mørkets magter! Sejr eller død, intet eller alt! Jeg trodser al fare, intet skal mig kue, ej helveds magt, ej trolddomskunst mig standse. Efter trængselstider kommer lykkens dage; da er Gulnare atter min, da er Gulnare atter min.

Kun håb og tro og mod! Dristig frem til kamp, dristig frem til kamp, jeg standser ikke før jeg står med sejrens palmer i min hånd, sejrens palmer i min hånd.

KOR AF FOLKET

Frækt han byder, frækt han byder døden trods, byder trods, byder trods, byder frækt døden trods. Forbandet være du; vor forbandelse dig følger hvor du går.

Forward to battle against all the powers of the dark! Victory or death, nothing or all! I defy all dangers, nothing shall cow me, not hell's power, nor black magic stop me. After times of trouble come happy days; then Gulnare is mine again, then is Gulnare really mine.

Only hope and belief and courage! Straight forward to the battle, straight forward to the battle, I won't stop before I stand with victory's palms in my hands, victory's palms in my hands.

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Impudently he commands death in defiance, commands in defiance, commands in defiance, commands impudently death in defiance. Cursed are you now; our curse will follow you wherever you go.

Fjerde akt

Scene nr. 30

En kirkegård om natten. Aladdin ligger sovende ved sin moders grav.

GRAVENS ÅNDER

- 12** Mørk, mørk, kold, kold er graven, tavs og stille; intet liv, kun øde hersker i dens dyb.

SØVNENS GENIER

Skønne strålerige verdener fødes og svinde, når øjet er lukket til hvile i søvnens arm.

KOR

Skønne strålerige verdener fødes og svinde, når øjet er lukket til hvile og fred i søvnens arm.

DØDENS GENIER

I døden, kun i døden du finder den evige hvile og fred, den evige fred, evig salig fred.

Act 4

Scene No. 30

A churchyard at night. Aladdin lies sleeping by his mother's grave.

SPIRITS FROM THE GRAVE

Dark, dark, cold, cold is the grave, silent and still, no life, only desolation rules in its depths.

SLEEP'S GENIES

Beautiful radiant worlds are born and disappear when the eyes are closed to rest in sleep's arms.

CHOIR

Beautiful radiant worlds are born and disappear when the eyes are closed to rest in sleep's arms.

DEATH'S GENIES

In death, only in death can you find eternal rest and peace, the eternal peace, eternal blessed peace.

SØVNENS GENIER

Så dvæl da i drømmenes rige, sov trygt og længe, sov trygt, sov længe – søvnens genier giver lindring for din trætte sjæl.

Scene nr. 31

Aladdin vågner og rejser sig.

ALADDIN

- 13** Drømme, hvi forfølge I mig med eders falske, gækkende tågespil? Skal nu, skal nu, da jeg til gravens afgrund haster hen, kun se, hvad jeg i livet mistet? O bitre kval, o bitre kval! Stille, frem af sorgernes nat, et billed' hæver sig – en engel ren og skær, mig vinker til himlens fred. Jeg ser dig, o moder, snart vi mødes. Jeg vil glemme hver en sorg, glemme al den falske lykke, som mit hjerte dåred'. O moder, tag imod dit barn igen; snart jeg kommer at hvile hos dig.

- 14** Viselulle nu, barnlil', sov nu sødt og sov nu længe, skønt din vugge stander stil',

SLEEP'S GENIES

So dwell when in dreams' kingdom, sleep heavily and long, sleep heavily, sleep long – sleep's genies give relief to your tired soul.

Scene No. 31

Aladdin awakens and gets up.

ALADDIN

Dreams, why do you follow me with your false, deceptive game in the mist? Now, now, when I hasten to the grave's depth, shall I only see what I have lost in life? Oh bitter anguish, oh bitter anguish. Hush, from the night of grief, an image arises – an angel pure and sheer, beckoning me to heaven's peace. I see you, oh mother, soon we shall meet. I will forget every sorrow, forget all the false happiness which my heart has dared [to believe]. Oh mother, receive your child again; soon I will come and rest with you.

Hush, little child, now sleep well and sleep long, though your cot stands still,

uden dun og uden gænge. Sov barn-
lille ved min sang, intet skal din glæde
mangle; hører du den muntre klang
hist i tårnet af din rangle? Nattergalen
nærmer sig, fryder dig dens blide kluk-
ke? Du har ofte vugget mig, nu skal jeg
dig atter vugge.

Nej, nej, bort herfra! I min sjæl kun
brænder jordisk længsel. Fra død og
grav med rædsel mit øje bort sig ven-
der. Til liv og lys! Frelse! Kom, red mig,
før mig ud af dette mørke, af denne
grav! Leve vil jeg. Ind i denne rædsels-
hule, troldmand, har du spærret mig,
nedrige! Med guld og falske løfter. For-
dømte skurk, luk op, luk op! Lampen
skal du få og al den tomme glimmer,
som blænder her mit øje, men kun er
mat og kold mod dagens lyse skær.
Allah! Allah! Før mig bort herfra, send
din lyse engel hid, send mig Ringens
Ånd! Ha! Drømmer jeg endnu, eller var
det vanvid, som omtågede mit syn?
Der er jo kirkegården, her min moders
grav, og månen skinner blidt herved.
Men var jeg da i hulen ej, har Ringens

without a duvet and without a rocker.
Sleep little child through my song,
nothing shall your happiness lack; can
you hear the cheerful sound there in
the tower, from your rattle? The night-
ingale is approaching, do you rejoice in
its gentle song? You have often rocked
me, now I shall rock you.

No, no, away from here! In my soul only
burns earthly longing. From death and
the grave with horror my eyes I turn
away. To life and light! Salvation! Come,
rescue me, lead me out of the dark,
from this grave! I will live. In this ter-
rible cave, sorcerer, you have trapped
me, base troll! With gold and false
promises. Condemned villain, open up,
open up! The lamp you shall get and all
the empty glitter which here blinds my
eyes, but is only faint and cold against
the day's bright shine. Allah! Allah! To
take me away from here, send your
bright angel hither, send me the Genie
of the Ring! Ha! I have dreamt enough,
or was it madness which misted over
my eyes? Here I am in the churchyard,
here at my mother's grave, and the

Ånd mig ikke frelst? Jo, her på min
finger stråler ringen endnu, og ved
mindste vink er jeg hos Gulnare. Jeg
vover knapt, thi hvis det ikke lykkes,
forfærdeligt!

Scene nr. 32

15 Men vished må jeg ha', ej længer kan
jeg tøve, nu straks må jeg forsøge.
Kom, du lyse ånd!

KOR
Kommer hid med lysets pragt! Kommer
hid med lysets pragt!

*Ringens Ånd lader sig tilsyne på en
hvid lysende sky.*

RINGENS ÅND
Hvi tøved' du at kalde Ringens Ånd til
kamp for dig mod mørkets magt. Sig
mig hvorhen, og straks jeg fører dig did
på mine lette vinger.

moon shines gently down. But was I
not in the cave then, has the Genie of
the Ring not saved me? Yes, here on
my finger the ring glows again, and
with the smallest hint I will be at home
with Gulnare. I hardly dare, if this does
not succeed, terrible!

Scene No. 32

But I must be sure, no longer can I
hesitate, now straight away must I
search. Come, you bright genie!

CHOIR
Come hither with light's splendour!
Come hither with light's splendour!

*The Genie of the Ring appears on a
white glowing cloud.*

GENIE OF THE RING
Why did you hesitate to call the Genie
of the Ring to fight for you against the
power of the dark? Tell me now, and
straight away I will lead you hence on
my light wings.

ALADDIN

Så hør mig da. Nys jeg stod på lykkens tinde, højt ved målet for min længsel. Under festens jubel, i bryllupsdansens hvirvel – ve, af min hånd hun som en tåge gled bort, forsvandt. Til døden dømt, nu overalt søgte jeg min skat, mit alt og frelsen for os begge. Og rastløs drev mig frem mit håb, min tro. Men ak, forgæves! Nu er jeg træt, jeg kan ej mere, jeg finder ej vejen, ej råd. Hjælp mig nu atter du mægtige ånd, og før mig til min elskte brud.

RINGENS ÅND

Ræk mig, Herre, blot din hånd; over Ringens Ånd befaler du! Næppe har du ordet talt, før dit ønske er fuldbragt!

KOR

Dit ønske er fuldbragt ved ringens magt!

Aladdin træder op på skyen.

ALADDIN

So hear me then. Recently I stood at the edge of happiness, high with the object of my longing. Through the cheers of celebration, in the whirl of our wedding dance – woe, from my hand by a mist she was taken away, disappeared. To death condemned, everywhere I sought my treasure, my everything and salvation for us both. And restlessness drove on my hope, my belief. But ah, in vain. Now I am tired, I cannot carry on, I find no way, no advice. Help me now again, you mighty spirit, and lead me to my beloved bride.

GENIE OF THE RING

Lord, just give me your hand; over the Genie of the Ring you are in command! Hardly have you a word spoken before your wish is fulfilled!

CHOIR

Your wish is fulfilled by the ring's power!

Aladdin steps up onto the cloud.

Scene nr. 33

Gulnare står tankefuld og stirrer ud over ørkenen.

GULNARE

16 Hører du i denne stund vindens sagte hvisken, føler du dens svale pust ånde på din kind? Det er en hilsen, et kys, din brud dig sender. Ak, men ørk'nens sand er som dødens mark, der skiller os for evig. O jammer! Ve mig!

NOUREDINN

Skal da mit liv i kval forgå, skal aldrig jeg det skjulte middel finde, hvormed jeg tvinge kan min skæbne? Forgæves blev jeg lampens herre. Hvad gavner mig al verdens glans og herskermagt? Den skænker mig dog ej det bedste. Hvad om jeg tvang det stride sind – det hårde stå sig bøjer let, når ved ildens magt det selv til glød er vorden. Ja, min vilje er mit held, sejerstolt jeg hviler i Gulnares favn! Du her? Altid sorgfuldt du stirrer ud på ørk'nens golde sand, og glemmer alt, hvad her til glæde dig indbyder.

Scene No. 33

Gulnare stands thoughtfully and looks out over the desert.

GULNARE

Hear you at this time the soft whisper of the wind, do you feel its cool breath on your cheek? It is a greeting, a kiss, sent by your bride. Ah, but the desert's sand is like the field of death, that separates us forever. Oh misery! Woe is me!

NOUREDINN

Shall then my life in misery end? Shall I never the lost tool find, with which I can determine my fate? In vain I became the lord of the lamp. What benefit does all the world's glory and power bring me? It gives me not the best. What if I compel the struggling mind – the hard steel bends easily when at the fire's power itself is made into embers. Yes, my will is my luck, proud of victory I rest in Gulnare's embrace! You here? Always miserable you stare out on the desert's golden sand, and forget everything that here to happiness invites you.

GULNARE

Til! Kun som en hån din tale for mig lyder; selv ørk'nen hist er ej så glædeløs.

NOUREDDIN

O vær ej hård mod den, som elsker ømt, og gerne alt for dig gav hen. Ser du da ej alt, hvad jeg lider? Føler du ej den ild, som mit hjerte fortærer? Aldrig før har en kvinde mig dåret, og aldrig før kendte jeg kærligheds magt, ej dens bævende håb, ej dens smerte. Du har beruset min sans, din skønhed har mig i lænker lagt, jeg elsker, elsker dig!

GULNARE

Elskovsord som hjertet når, lyder fra det fjerne; ingen røst mig døde kan for Aladdins stemme.

NOUREDDIN

Altid, altid dette navn! O tro mig, tro mig dog! Du er bedraget; han er en fattig dreng, enfoldig, uopdragen; mig kun skyldes al den glans, hvormed

GULNARE

Be silent! Only scorn I hear in your speech; even the desert there is not so joyless.

NOUREDDIN

Oh be not so hard against one who loves gently, and gladly gave everything for you. Do you not see then all I suffer? Feel you not the fire which consumes my heart? Never before has a woman fooled me, and never before did I know love's power, not its trembling hope, not its pain. You have intoxicated my senses, your beauty has put me in chains, I love, I love you!

GULNARE

The words of love which reach the heart can be heard from the distance; no other voice can deafen me to Aladdin's voice.

NOUREDDIN

Always, always that name! Oh believe me, believe me yet! You are deceived: he is a poor boy, simple, not brought up properly; only because of me could

han dig besnæret! Dette slot er mit, ej hans! Og det og mer' skal vorde dit.

GULNARE

Nej, svig han aldrig øved'; for svig han selv et offer blev. Elskte, ene ved dit hjertes guld du vandt et hjerte, ak, et hjerte viet døden. Aladdin kære, bliv da hos mig i dine tanker, til det sidste glimt af håb er slukt, til min sidste stund – o elskte, elskte!

NOUREDDIN

Jeg vil skabe et paradis af hver plet du betræder; hver dag og time vi fejrer en fest. Alt er dit, hvad du ønsker det sker; på dit mindste vink dig tjener Jordens tryllekraft og alle luftens ånder; som løn jeg kun beder om kærlighed. Ser du da ej alt, hvad jeg lider? Føler du ej den ild, som mit hjerte fortærer? Aldrig før har en kvinde mig dåret. Nu af din skønhed berust, føler jeg kærligheds ild i min sjæl. Jeg er din træl,

he charm you with all the splendour with which he ensnared you! This palace is mine, not his! And it and more shall be yours.

GULNARE

No, deceit he never practised; for he himself became a victim of deceit. Loved one, only by your heart's gold you won a heart, ah, a heart devoted to death. Aladdin dear, stay with me in your thoughts, till the last glimpse of hope has gone, till my last hour – oh loved one, oh lover!

NOUREDDIN

I will create a paradise of every step you take; every day and hour we will celebrate with a feast. Everything is yours, whatever you want to happen, at the least, summon your servant, the world's magic and all the spirits of the air; as reward I only ask for love. Don't you see everything I have suffered? Feel you not the fire which consumes my heart? Never before has a woman deceived me. Now of your beauty intoxicated, I feel love's fire in my soul.

du herskerinde; ydmygt jeg trygler om
nåde for din fod.

GULNARE

Bort! Kun had og afsky du vækker i
min sjæl!

NOUREDINN

Vover du min elskov at forhåne, godt,
så får vi se om ikke jeg har magt at
tvinge dig, har magt at bøje et stridigt
sind, din stolte trods. Ha, du skælver!
Ja, i min favn snart du skælver, og stil-
ler mit begær, fordi jeg vil dit had til
trods, men trodser du, da rammer dig
en blodig hævn!

GULNARE

Bort, frække! Vig fra mig, lede trolld!
Hjælp! Slip mig, slip mig! Ah!

NOUREDINN

Følg mig, følg mig! Vover du, trodsige,
vogt dig, vogt dig! Ha!

I am your slave, you my ruler, humbly I
beg for grace at your feet.

GULNARE

Away! Only hate and abhorrence you
awaken in my soul!

NOUREDINN

If you dare my love to mock, good, so
get we to see with what power I can
force you, the power to bend a stub-
born mind, your proud defiance. Ha,
you tremble! Yes, in my embrace soon
you will tremble, satisfying my desires,
because I will turn your hate to scorn,
but if you still resist, a bloody revenge
will strike you!

GULNARE

Away, freak! Go from me, disgusting
troll!

Help! Let me go, let me go! Ah!

NOUREDINN

Follow me, follow me! If you venture,
scornful, watch yourself, watch your-
self! Ha!

ALADDIN

Gulnare! O salig fryd! Gulnare! O salig
fryd! Nej, aldrig mer'!

GULNARE

O fryd, o salig fryd! O salig fryd, nu al-
drig skilles mer! Min elskte!

ALADDIN

Men først et ord til ham, den nidding,
som med falske løfter dåred', troskab
krænked', for eget held at vinde, mig i
døden vilde sende; stjal mit slot, min
brud! Ve dig!

NOUREDINN

Længe nok var lampen din; for udvist
tjeneste mig synes du er godt betalt.

ALADDIN

Sæt lampen mellem os og kæmp om
den en ærlig kamp!

ALADDIN

Gulnare! Oh blessed happiness!
Gulnare! Oh blessed happiness!
No, never more!

GULNARE

Oh happiness, oh blessed happi-
ness, now never separated again.
My beloved!

ALADDIN

But first a word to him, the base troll,
who with false promises deceived us,
truth outraged, for his own happiness
to win he would send me to death;
steal my palace, my bride! Woe to you!

NOUREDINN

Long enough was the lamp yours; for
the services shown, I think you have
been well paid.

ALADDIN

Set the lamp between us: let's fight an
honourable fight for it!

NOUREDDIN

Ha, ha! At kæmpe om min lampe, mit eget værk.

GULNARE

Kæmp ej med ham; de onde magter står ham bi.

ALADDIN

For mig de gode kæmpe. Sæt lampen mellem os, og tag dit sværd!

NOUREDDIN

Her er mit sværd! Og ret belejlig kom du, tosse, tåbe, alt nok! Ah!

ALADDIN

Feje trolde! Allah, stå mig bi!

Aladdin styrter ind på Nouredin og gnider lampen, støder ham ned, og tager hurtig lampen op, som er faldet ud af Nouredins hånd.

Lampens Ånd skyder op af gulvet under torden. De indhyles i mørke.

NOUREDDIN

Ha, ha! To fight for my lamp, my own work.

GULNARE

Don't fight with him, the evil power stands by him.

ALADDIN

For me, the good fight. Set the lamp between us and take your sword!

NOUREDDIN

Here is my sword! And quite conveniently you came, fool, enough! Ah!

ALADDIN

Cowardly troll! Allah, stand by me!

Aladdin rushes towards Nouredin and rubs the lamp as he shoves him down. He quickly takes up the lamp which has fallen out of Nouredin's hand.

The Genie of the Lamp shoots up from the floor accompanied by thunder. They are plunged into darkness.

LAMPENS ÅND

Som slave hvert af dine vink jeg lyder.

ALADDIN

Velan! Så bringe du da slottet hjem, endnu i denne stund til Isfahan! Men trolden der, som ligger på sin gerning, kast ham i hulen til sin stolte skat; der kan han mætte sig med stenens frugt og stille tørsten i krystallens dråbe. Og nu til Isfahan!

LAMPENS ÅND

Til Isfahan!

Scene nr. 34

KOR AF FOLKET

17 Se! Slottet! Der står det igen, herligt, herligt, og stråler som før i al sin pragt, herligt som før. Gulnare, Aladdin, hvor er de? Der stå de bag søjlen udfriet af onde magters vold, af onde magters vold, fri og frelst, fri og frelst, der står de atter fri og frelst.

GENIE OF THE LAMP

As your slave, every one of your commands I obey.

ALADDIN

Well then. So, bring the palace home, in your own time, to Isfahan. But this troll here, who has made his own fate by his deeds, cast him into the cave with your splendid treasure; there he can exhaust himself with the stony precious fruit and try to quench his thirst in the crystals' drops. And now to Isfahan!

GENIE OF THE LAMP

To Isfahan!

Scene No. 34

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

See! The palace! There it stands again! Happy, happy, and glows like before in all its splendour, happy like before. Gulnare, Aladdin, where are they? They stand behind the veil, freed from the power of evil, free and happy, there they stand again, free and happy.

SENDEBUD

Gør plads! tilbage! Viziren kommer!
Gør plads!

KOR AF FOLKET

Viziren, alene? Hvorfor kommer ikke
vor Sultan selv?

VIZIREN

Høje fyrste, ædle fyrstinde! Modtag en
velkomsthilsen fra hele Persiens folk;
men ej fra ham, som knust af sorgens
tunge slag.

GULNARE

Min fader!

VIZIREN

udåndet' sit sidste suk.

GULNARE

Et trofast hjerte bristet under sorg og
smerte – o fader!

KOR AF FOLKET

Ja, græd kun ud din tunge sorg.
Hos Allah trygt han bor.

MESSENGER

Get into place! Back! The Vizier is
coming! Get into place!

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

The Vizier alone? Why doesn't the Sul-
tan himself come?

VIZIER

Great princes, honourable princesses!
Receive a welcome greeting from all
Persians; but not from him, who has
received a heavy blow from grief.

GULNARE

My father!

VIZIER

He has breathed his last sigh.

GULNARE

A loyal heart burst with grief and pain
– oh father!

CHOIR OF THE PEOPLE

Yes, cry out your heavy grief.
With Allah, in safety, he lives.

ALADDIN

Ja, græd, du kære, græd ud din tunge
sorg.

1. TERNE, VIZIREN

Nu højt i Allahs himmel trygt han bor.

2. TERNE

Hos Allah trygt han bor.

Scene nr. 35**VIZIREN**

18 Vor Sultan er død! Vor Sultan leve, han
leve!
Persiens folk hylde Aladdin, hylde
Gulnare!

KOR

Død! Vor Sultan leve, han leve!

TERNER

Han leve!

KOR

Ja, hil Aladdin, hil Aladdin, hil Gulnare,
hil vor Sultan, Sultaninde, alle persers

ALADDIN

Yes cry, you dearest, cry out your
heavy grief.

FIRST HANDMAIDEN, VIZIER

Now high in Allah's heaven, he lives in
safety.

SECOND HANDMAIDEN

With Allah, in safety, he lives.

Scene No. 35**VIZIER**

Our Sultan is dead! Our Sultan lives,
he lives!
Persia's people salute Aladdin, salute
Gulnare!

CHOIR

Dead! Our Sultan lives, he lives!

HANDMAIDENS

He lives!

KOR

Yes, hail Aladdin, hail Aladdin, hail
Gulnare, hail our Sultan, Sultanness, all

høje hersker, alle, alle persers høje
hersker, høje hersker, høje hersker,
høje herskerinde!

Alle sorger svinde! Held os! Held!

ALADDIN

Natten er svunden, solgryet tændt,
faren er omme, kampen er endt. Atter
skal freden over os dale, mildt til os
tale, under dens vinger alle trygt vi bo,
under dens vinger alle trygt vi bo.

GULNARE

Allah er Allah, Mahom hans profet,
nådigt hans øje til os har set. Alt, hvad
der trued', mildt han bortvendte, frel-
sen han sendte, han er vor fader, han
er vor fader, gav os nådig, gav os nådig
som vi bad.

TERNER, KOR

Natten er svunden, sol står op, sejren-
de stiger den varslende held! Evig.

Persia's high rulers, all Persians' high
rulers, high rulers, high rulers, high
rulers!

All grief disappears! Happy us! Happy.

ALADDIN

Night has faded, the grey of dawn has
been lit, danger is vanquished, the
battle has ended. Again shall there
be peace falling, gently to us speak,
under your wings we're all safe to live,
under your wings we're all safe to live.

GULNARE

Allah is Allah, Mahom his prophet,
mercifully he has seen us with his
eyes. Everything that threatened he
has sent away, happiness has he sent,
he is our father, he is our father, give
us mercy, give us mercy we pray.

HANDMAIDENS, CHOIR

The night has faded, the sun comes
up, victorious stands the prophetic
luck! Forever.

ALADDIN, VIZIREN

Natten er svunden, sol står op, sej-
rende stiger den! Evig.

GULNARE, ALADDIN, VIZIREN,
TERNER, KOR

Evig, du himlens drot, i din gyldne strå-
lekrans, i din høje, lyse sal evig priset,
evig, evig priset være du, evig priset
være du! Held os! Held os!

VIZIREN, TERNER, KOR

I mange glade år vi samles her om
ham, som født til magten, sejren vandt,
født til magten sejren vandt!

GULNARE

Ved Allahs magt vi sejren vandt, ved
Allahs magt vi sejren vandt!

ALADDIN

Ved Allahs magt jeg sejren vandt, ved
Allahs magt jeg sejren vandt!

ALADDIN, VIZIER

The night has faded, the sun comes
up, victorious stands it! Forever.

GULNARE, ALADDIN, VIZIER,
HANDMAIDENS, CHOIR

Forever, you, heaven's lord, in your
golden glowing circle, in your high
bright hall eternal praise, eternally
be praised, praised be you. Lucky us!
Lucky us!

VIZIER, HANDMAIDENS, CHOIR

In many happy years we are gath-
ered here about him who was born to
power, who has won victory, born to
the power of victory won!

GULNARE

By Allah's power we have won victory,
by Allah's might we have won victory!

ALADDIN

By Allah's power I victory won, by
Allah's power I victory won!

Danish National Concert Choir

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Lise Bech Bendix
Camilla Toldi Bugge
Magdalena Kozyra
Marianne G. Nielsen
Anna Carina Sundstedt
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Emil Lykke
Adam Riis
Adriano Gaglianella
Jens Rademacher
Morten Schönberg Sørensen
Kristoffer Appel

TENOR II

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John Andert
Jacob Heide Madsen
Otte Ottesen
Palle Skovlund
Thomas Zimmermann
Anders Grunth

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Jakob Soelberg
Johan Bogren
Piet Larsen
Hans Lawaetz
Asger Lynge Petersen
Lauritz Jakob Thomsen
Martin Palsmar

BASS II

Johan Karlström
Daniel Åberg
Steffen Bruun
Rasmus Kure Thomsen
Paul Frederiksen
Mikkel Tuxen
Stefan Cushion

Danish National Symphony Orchestra

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Bodil Kuhlmann
Julie Meile

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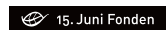
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