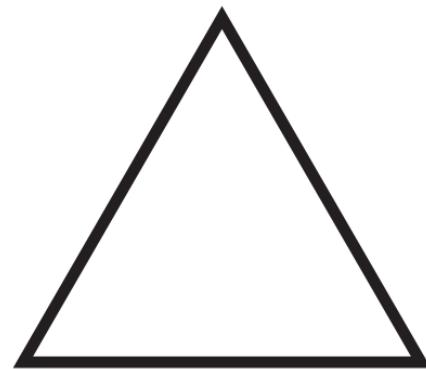


K L E O P A T R A



AUGUST ENNA

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AUGUST ENNA

August Enna (1859-1939)

KLEOPATRA

First performed at The Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, on 7 February 1894
Libretto in Danish by Einar Christiansen after the novel by H. Rider Haggard

Kleopatra, Queen of Egypt – Elsebeth Dreisig (soprano)

Harmaki, the last of the Pharaohs – Magnus Vigilius (tenor)

Sepa, high priest – Lars Møller (baritone)

Charmion, Sepa's daughter, in service at Kleopatra's court – Ruslana Koval (soprano)

Schafra, Egyptian prince – Jens Bové (bass)

Iras, Kleopatra's lady-in-waiting – Kirsten Grønfeldt (soprano)

Danish National Opera Chorus

Odense Symphony Orchestra

Conducted by Joachim Gustafsson

World premiere recording

Dacapo Records is supported by the **DANISH ARTS FOUNDATION**

CD 1

1	Overture, prologue & scene I: Så hent ham hid, vor prins, Harmaki (So bring him here, our prince, Harmaki) Sepa	1:39
2	Overture, scene II: Min fader! (My father!) Harmaki, Sepa	6:55
3	Overture, scene III: Hathor, hellige Hathor (Hathor, holy Hathor) Harmaki, Sepa, Schafra, Chorus	11:06
4	Act I, overture	1:10
5	Act I, scene I: De strømme, de hellige vande (They are flowing, the holy waters) Charmion	4:36
6	Act I, scene II: Hil dig, vor farao! (Hail to you, our Pharaoh!) Charmion, Harmaki, Sepa	3:36
7	Act I, scene III: Hvor skøn du er! (How beautiful you are!) Charmion, Harmaki, Kleopatra	3:41
8	Act I, scene IV: Dagen spredet sit sidste guld (Day spreads its last gold) Kleopatra, Iras, Chorus	3:17
9	Act I, scene V: Her bringer jeg den unge stjernetyder (I bring here the young astrologer) Kleopatra, Charmion, Iras, Harmaki, Chorus	11:17

Total 47:17

CD 2

1	Act II, scene I: Der stiger en duft fra Kleopatras krans (A fragrance rises from Kleopatra's wreath) Harmaki	4:58	
2	Act II, scene II: Hil farao! (Hail Pharaoh!) Harmaki, Charmion	5:54	
3	Act II, scene III: Hvad skylder jeg så stor en gunst? (What do I owe such a great honour?) Harmaki, Charmion, Kleopatra	12:38	
4	Act II, scene IV: Charmion, jeg havde glemt dig (Charmion, I had forgotten you) Harmaki, Charmion	6:41	
5	Act III, ballet	7:48	
6	Act III, scene I: Vogt dig, o dronning (Beware, o queen) Kleopatra, Charmion	1:44	
7	Act III, scene II: Godnat, min elskede (Good night, my beloved) Charmion	1:17	
8	Act III, scene III: Galdt også din befaling mig? (Was your command also meant for me?) Kleopatra, Harmaki	14:59	
9	Act III, scene IV: Sepa i lænker! Alt er forbi! (Sepa in chains! Everything is lost!) Kleopatra, Harmaki, Charmion, Sepa, Chorus		2:06
10	Act III, scene V: Læg også lænkerne om mine hænder! (Chain my hands as well!) Charmion, Sepa, Harmaki		2:46
11	Act III, scene VI: Så bleg du er (How pale you are) Charmion		3:23
			Total 64:16

One of Danish operatic history's few international successes

by Henrik Engelbrecht
(translated by Susanne Lange)

Today the composer August Enna is known almost exclusively for two things: Danish crossword enthusiasts recognize his name as the answer to the question 'Danish composer in four letters?' – and many concert-goers, especially of the older generation, remember the title of one of Enna's operas: *The Little Match Girl* from 1897, after the fairy tale by Hans Christian Andersen. That opera has not been performed at The Royal Theatre in Copenhagen for more than 80 years, even though the overture remained part of the concert repertoire in Denmark for some time.

At the turn of the last century, things looked quite different for Enna. Without comparison, he was the best-known

Danish composer outside Denmark, praised for his operas, his flair for drama and his instrumentation skills. But Enna wrote in a hyper-romantic style that you would have to be Richard Strauss to get away with in the 20th century. When Enna died in 1939, his music was forgotten, both at home and abroad.

Enna is born in 1859 as the son of a shoemaker and practically learns the music trade by playing and listening; he plays the violin in humble places and circumstances and later becomes a conductor for a touring theatre company. Whenever The Royal Theatre in Copenhagen plays Wagner, he is in the audience, and he borrows scores at The Royal Danish Library to study the music of his German idol. The French composer Léo Delibes is also a huge inspiration – so much so that Enna names two sons after him. The first son dies at the age of ten in 1897; when Enna and his wife have another son nine years later, he too is named Leo.

Enna writes his first – unperformed – opera, *Agleia*, in 1884. Two years

later, the young man's talent is brought to the attention of none other than Niels W. Gade. At this time, Gade is the most influential man in Danish musical life and succeeds in getting Enna an important grant. The money allows Enna to study in Leipzig, where he finds inspiration and peace to work on his breakthrough score, the opera *Heksen* (The Witch) which is a huge success at its first performance at The Royal Theatre in January 1892.

After this success, the search for a plot for Enna's next opera begins. In collaboration with the author and playwright Einar Christiansen – who will later become director of The Royal Theatre – Enna chooses a story taking place in Egypt, where Christiansen has been as a tourist. The British author Henry Rider Haggard has had his big breakthrough in 1885 with the novel *King Solomon's Mines* and continues to write stories full of adventures from the African continent. *Cleopatra* from 1888 provides the setting for the next Enna opera, and it is probably no coincidence that the Egyptian milieu – and the central theme

of the eternal triangle – can also be found in Verdi's *Aida*, which by this time had been in the repertoire of The Royal Theatre for almost ten years.

We do not know much about the work on the text and music, apart from the fact that it lasts about a year before 4 February 1893, when the daily paper *Dannebrog* reveals that the piano score of *Kleopatra* has gone into printing; on 18 May the press announces that the opera has been accepted at The Royal Theatre. But behind the scenes, conflict is growing between the composer and his music publisher, Henrik Hennings, who runs a music shop in Copenhagen. Hennings has succeeded in making Enna sign a contract, giving him sole and exclusive rights to publish and negotiate performances of Enna's operas – including any future ones – all over the world without any time limit. In April, however, Enna receives a generous offer from Breitkopf & Härtel in Leipzig concerning the publication of *Kleopatra*. This offer must have made Enna consider the chances of a big international career

in collaboration with one of the world's leading music publishers.

Enna now claims that Hennings has conned him into signing a contract in German, which he did not understand properly. Enna backs out in a very abrupt manner, although Hennings, until now, had taken care of all of his financial interests. In an official document via notary public, Enna deprives his publisher of all rights to publish or negotiate the performance of any of his operas. He does not waste time with idle threats but posts the complete orchestral score of *Kleopatra* to Breitkopf & Härtel – a clear escalation of the situation.

Of course, the conflict reaches the newspapers. The librettist Christiansen is among those who are dumbfounded by Enna's behaviour and writes to the composer: 'In my opinion, your behaviour towards Mr Hennings is of such a nature that I regret ever having embarked on any collaboration with you, and had I any legal possibility, I would demand that you return my text to *Kleopatra* at once.'

The letter from Einar Christiansen is published, and the conflict gets to a

point where lawyers and a lawsuit seem to be the solution. The press revel in the conflict; Copenhagen becomes such a stressful place for Enna that he flees to Germany to get away from it all. Hennings's next move is to publish the piano score of *Kleopatra* in the version he had received from Enna some months before, announcing that this is the 'composer's original, complete and finalized work, entrusted to me.'

Enna sues Hennings for unlawful publication, and lambasts Hennings's edition as 'worthless, as it is altogether incorrect'. A German court order prevents Breitkopf & Härtel from publishing *Kleopatra* after a complaint from Hennings's lawyers. Enna's answer to Hennings's edition is a piano score with Danish and German text, printed by one of Hennings's competitors, the music publisher Wilhelm Hansen. But Enna has not obtained permission from Christiansen, so even this edition is followed by legal actions – this time from the librettist.

In the end, the disputes are settled out of court, and the first performance

of *Kleopatra* at The Royal Theatre is scheduled for 7 February 1894. The expectations for yet another opera like *Heksen* (The Witch) are enormous, and the tickets for the first night sell out quickly, despite the prices being higher than usual. Pietro Krohn, an extremely versatile talent (originally a painter, he served as a lieutenant in the war in 1864, and is now both chief financial officer and stage director at The Royal Theatre) directs a production full of Egyptian atmosphere. The theatre's music director, the Norwegian composer and conductor Johan Svendsen, is clearly in his element with the score by his friend and protégé Enna and its echoes of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, Verdi's *Aida* and Richard Strauss's tone poem *Don Juan*. Svendsen has even been active in accepting the opera to be performed at The Royal Theatre.

Nevertheless, the Copenhagen papers report on a relatively subdued atmosphere at the premiere, when the enthusiasm shown by the audience at the beginning of the evening clearly diminishes as it proceeds. The press complains

about the very loud orchestra that forces the singers to strain their voices. They also note that Svendsen and the Royal Danish Orchestra completely dominate the performance. The disappointing cast of singers is evidently a reason why *Kleopatra* leaves the impression that the composer has no consideration for the singers on the stage but lets his orchestra sound as noisily as possible.

The casting of the main roles at the first performance is clearly a compromise, which is one reason for the subdued enthusiasm. The Swedish soprano Ellen Gulbranson is supposed to have sung the title role. She possesses precisely the big, dramatic voice needed for the part; three years earlier she has sung Brünnhilde in the first Danish performance of Wagner's *Die Walküre*. Gulbranson is engaged to sing the role of *Kleopatra* but 'is not used' as the paper *Social-Demokraten* reports. Her guest contract expires before the start of rehearsals, and The Royal Theatre declines an offer from the Swedish operetta singer and film actress Anna Norrie who

is married to a Dane and is more than willing to step in.

In the end, the role is given to the Danish soprano Augusta Lütken, who eight years earlier has ended her career at the theatre because of leg problems, only 30 years old. She is very popular with the audience, and due to a lack of local sopranos with appropriate vocal and dramatic skills, the theatre engages her as a guest in 1890. Lütken's slender voice and limited acting abilities are quite unsuitable for Kleopatra's dramatic part. The paper *Social-Demokraten* comments that Mrs Lütken cannot have taken on the part with 'any special delight: her sedate matronly appearance does not come near the image of the passionate queen'. The critic continues by stating that her voice 'is more suited to soubrette roles than to the heroic'. The voices of both Lütken and the tenor Frederik Brun, who is singing Harmaki at the first performance, are preserved on cylinders (Lütken as early as in 1890). Listening today it is easy to imagine that Lütken's voice in

particular must have failed in the part of Kleopatra when it comes to volume, and how Frederik Brun's goat-like vibrato must have been painful to listen to during the long performance. It all ends – as the paper, *Berlingske Tidende* writes – in 'howling and roaring'.

So, Kleopatra does not prove the success that is expected, and the opera is performed only seven times in the spring of 1894. August Enna has by this time returned to Copenhagen to be present at the premiere, and he seems to agree with some of the critics; he rewrites parts of the score, and he also appears to be reconciled with Christiansen. When the opera is revived on 3 April 1895 at The Royal Theatre, it is with a new overture and a new scene in Act III which helps the audience better understand the conspiracy of the plot. Even Pietro Krohn revises his staging with new ideas – and, sensibly enough, new singers are engaged for two of the main roles. With a five-week guest contract, Gulbranson is finally able to sing the role originally intended for her. The mezzo-soprano Elisabeth Dons

replaces the soprano Sofie Keller in the vital role of Charmion, Kleopatra's maid, also something she was supposed to have done originally.

This time the success is huge, not least because of the performances from Gulbranson and Dons. Enna's talent for writing dramatic music that makes eminent use of the orchestra's possibilities is now emphasized in several newspapers. Up until 1897, the opera runs for 20 performances at The Royal Theatre and is met with huge success in Berlin, Hamburg, Cologne, Breslau, Riga, Zürich, Antwerp, Rotterdam, and The Hague; in 1897 alone, the opera reaches 50 performances at the opera house in Amsterdam.

Enna is, without doubt, the most famous Danish opera composer on the international scene in the 1890s, and until 1932 he writes a total of 13 operas. Until this recording of Kleopatra, only *The Little Match Girl* and *Heisse Liebe* were available on CD.

Like the rest of Danish music life, The Royal Theatre loses interest in Enna's music in the wake of the veritable Carl

Nielsen adoration, which basically excludes late romantic composers. Internationally the world now listens to the music of Igor Stravinsky and Alban Berg, and Enna dies in 1939 at the age of 80 – a forgotten, poor and bitter man. Kleopatra and the rest of Enna's oeuvre lie forgotten on the shelves of music archives and libraries for decades.

It took a German artistic director of a Danish opera company to blow the dust off one of Danish opera history's very few international successes. Not until Philipp Kochheim put Kleopatra on the repertoire of the Danish National Opera in 2019 as a part of the Danish Series of forgotten operas was it again possible to hear the opera in the composer's native country – for the first time in 122 years.

Charmion (Ruslana Koval), Harmaki (Magnus Vigilius)



Synopsis

The action is set in Alexandria, Egypt.

Resumé

Disguised as an astrologer, Prince Harmaki manages to gain access to the palace of Queen Kleopatra to murder her. He aims to regain power over Egypt and free his country from Roman influence. Kleopatra's maid, Charmion, is in love with Prince Harmaki and helps him with the murder plans. But when Harmaki sees Kleopatra, he is struck by her beauty and is not able to go through with his murderous plan.

Prologue

Kleopatra rules over Egypt but is hated by the people, both because of her friendship with Rome and her lustful way of life. Harmaki, a descendant of the pharaohs, is chosen by the true Egyptian believers, led by the high priests, to kill the Queen and then succeed to the throne.

In an underground vault, whose background is covered by a curtain, Harmaki is

led before the high priest Sepa to be consecrated to the forthcoming holy mission. Enthusiastically, Harmaki declares himself prepared to do the deed. Sepa will personally lead Harmaki to Kleopatra's court. Here he will also be able to get advice and assistance from Sepa's daughter, Charmion, who pretends to have friendly feelings towards Kleopatra.

The curtain in the background is removed and reveals a large hall filled with old Egyptian idols and a throne. A host of Egyptian princes, warriors, priests and people are gathered. The priests select Harmaki as the chosen Pharaoh, and he swears that he will kill Kleopatra. The prologue ends with a rousing chorus of revenge and homage.

Act 1

Act one takes place in the garden in front of Kleopatra's palace. The Queen has had a dream that nobody can interpret, and she orders Charmion to send for a young Egyptian savant who will be able to solve the riddle. Harmaki must pretend to be this astrologer, and in this way will

be able to get close to the Queen. The moment Charmion sees Harmaki she falls deeply in love. She hates Kleopatra and promises Harmaki that she will share victory or defeat with him – whatever happens.

Kleopatra enters followed by her court and tells Harmaki her dream, which he then interprets for her. The Queen is very impressed by the young stranger and starts flirting with him. Harmaki coldly spurns her, but Kleopatra's ardent looks and desire have made a deep impression. Charmion begins to feel jealousy as she watches how Kleopatra looks at Harmaki. The Queen appoints him 'high priest of the nightly ardour' and places a wreath of sweet-smelling hyacinths on his head.

Act 2

In his star-tower, Harmaki flings the wreath away, but it has made its impact. He is burning with desire for Kleopatra and now has no will or power to carry out his original plan. Charmion tells him that everything is ready for the fatal blow against Kleopatra, but this demands that

he must do his duty. She will look to it that he is called before the Queen at the celebrations on the coming night. He must show Kleopatra his star charts, and when she is studying them without suspecting any harm, he must thrust a dagger into her neck. Then Harmaki must hurry to the palace and open the gates for the rebels, who will attack the drunken bodyguard, and Kleopatra will be overthrown. But it must happen before midnight, after which the rebels have to leave.

Kleopatra approaches. She must not see them together, and Charmion hides behind a curtain, but in her hurry she drops her veil. Kleopatra discovers both the wreath of hyacinths that Harmaki has flung to the floor and Charmion's veil. She teases him with the veil: 'So, my chaste young man, I caught you there' and sighs over the flowers that he has flung to the floor. Furious, Harmaki throws the veil over the balcony but conceals the wreath at his breast. Kleopatra asks him to teach her how to read the stars and tries in every way to seduce him. Harmaki's resistance gets weaker and weaker.

The jealous Charmion has a foreboding that he will end up giving in to Queen Kleopatra who is now totally captivated by the young son of a king.

Harmaki promises the Queen to come to her at the next midnight to predict her destiny. Hardly has she left, before Charmion bursts forward quite beside herself, and in strong words warns Harmaki to keep his oath. She throws herself at his feet and confesses her love for him, but Harmaki rejects her with proud contempt. Beside herself with jealousy she leaves with the subdued threat: 'Woe betide you if your hand trembles at the crucial moment!'

Act 3

The third act opens with a big festive ballet in Kleopatra's palace. A resplendent court surrounds the Queen who is reclining on her couch, having an animated conversation with Charmion. It's obvious that Charmion's narration makes a strong impression on her.

Also, Charmion is highly agitated. Harmaki approaches. The Queen asks

for the dance to stop, and while she summons the head of the bodyguard and whispering gives him an order, all others leave. As Charmion leaves, she meets Harmaki and ominously whispers to him in passing: 'Woe betide you if you tremble!'

Kleopatra and Harmaki are alone. While he is showing her the star chart with his left hand, with his right hand he is groping the dagger, hidden at his breast. Kleopatra uses all of her art to seduce him; she sings for him accompanied by the lyre and describes in glowing colours the overwhelming ecstasy he will experience in her arms. Wild with passion Harmaki throws himself at her feet and confesses his love for her. She lifts him to her and takes him into her arms.

They sit in a long embrace, but suddenly Kleopatra starts up. Quick as lightning she grabs the dagger at his breast, raises it triumphantly into the air and thrusts him away. 'Betrayed!' Harmaki groans and makes a rush at her. 'You can strangle me with your hands', Kleopatra shouts with contempt, 'it will not bring

you victory – look!', and she points to the background where the high priest Sepa and the conspirators are being led away in chains. Desperate, Charmion throws herself at the feet of Sepa and Harmaki. In her jealousy she has told Kleopatra everything. Harmaki curses love which is stronger than everything else and thrusts the dagger, which Kleopatra has flung his way, into his breast. Broken-hearted, Charmion throws herself on his body.

Based on Charles Kjerulf: *Operabogen*, 1895. Revised by Susanne Lange, 2020.



Kleopatra (Elsebeth Dreisig)

The Cast

Elsebeth Dreisig is one of Denmark's leading lyrical sopranos, having sung all of the major roles of her repertoire. The Danish National Opera has been the center of Elsebeth Dreisig's artistic activities since 1996. She has achieved great success in a great number of roles, among others Cio-Cio-san in *Madama Butterfly*, Violetta Valéry in *La traviata* as well as Mimì in *La bohème*. Elsebeth is a frequent guest at the Royal Danish Opera and is a sought-after concert singer with all the major Danish orchestras. She has sung the entire classical repertoire.

Danish tenor **Magnus Vigilius** is an internationally successful dramatic tenor. In 2018, he won the Danish Reumert Prize 'Singer of the Year' for his portrayal of Siegmund in Wagners *Die Walküre* at Den Ny Opera in Esbjerg. Subsequently, the Wagner roles have given him great acclaim in houses such as Teatro San Carlo, Naples, Oper Leipzig, Oper Graz,

and the Finnish National Opera. In 2021, he will have his long-awaited debut at the Bayreuther Festspiele.

The Danish baritone **Lars Møller** graduated from the Opera Academy in Copenhagen and made his debut at the Royal Danish Opera in 2006. From 2007-14, he was employed at Nationaltheater Mannheim, where he sang most of the major baritone roles in the repertoire. In 2015, he made his debut at Komische Oper in Berlin singing the role of Guglielmo in *Così fan tutte*. At the Danish National Opera, he has sung roles such as Enrico in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Marcello in *La bohème* and David in *L'amico Fritz*.

The Ukrainian soprano **Ruslana Koval** studied at the Tchaikovsky Kiev National Music Academy of Ukraine. In 2014, she earned a master's degree in vocal performance. From 2014-2017, she took part in the YAP of the Bolshoi Theatre where she performed Barbarina in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Lisa in *Somnambula*,

Frasquita in *Carmen*, and Brigitta in *Iolanta*. Her repertoire also includes roles such as Violetta in *La traviata* and Gilda in *Rigoletto*. She was a finalist of two prestigious vocal contests, Operalia 2017 and Queen Sonja Vocal Contest 2017. She won the 1st prize in the 5th International Solomiya Krushelnytska Opera Singers Competition in 2019.

The Danish bass **Jens Bové** has been a permanent member of the Danish National Opera Chorus since 1995. Also, he regularly has solo assignments at the Danish National Opera – including Sarastro in *The Magic Flute*, Kaspar in *Der Freischütz*, Gremin in *Eugene Onegin*, Raimondo in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Sparafucile in *Rigoletto*, and Geronte in *Manon Lescaut*. He has performed as a soloist with the regional orchestras and sung numerous concerts in churches and concert halls and been a soloist in several masses and oratorios with Aalborg Symphony Orchestra, The Danish Sinfonietta, and the Jutland Ensemble.

Kirsten Grønfeldt is a full-lyric Danish-Canadian soprano. Born in Vancouver to a Canadian mother and a Danish father, she moved to Copenhagen in 2011 to pursue her career in Denmark and to learn Danish. Currently living in Denmark, she works as an active recitalist and oratorio and opera soloist. Kirsten Grønfeldt has appeared across Denmark as a soloist in a wide variety of venues and events. Some memorable highlights include the Danish National Opera and with The Danish Sinfonietta.

The **Danish National Opera Chorus** has a permanent strength of 24 professional singers. The chorus's primary task is to participate in the Danish National Opera's performances throughout Denmark, but the chorus also performs in scenic opera concerts and choral concerts. The ensemble even collaborates with various Danish symphony orchestras and also appears frequently as a concert chorus with the regional orchestras.

Odense Symphony Orchestra is one of Denmark's five regional orchestras. The orchestra was founded in 1946, but its roots go as far back as around 1800. From being a theatre orchestra that also played symphonic music, the orchestra today appears as a modern symphony orchestra with a high level of activity. The orchestra's repertoire has a wide range and covers everything from film concerts, chamber music, family concerts to the great symphonic works and opera, such as Richard Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. Odense Symphony Orchestra had 22 musicians at its founding but has grown to 73 permanent musicians over the years, from Denmark and all over the world. The orchestra performs around 100 concerts a year. The majority of the concerts take place in the Carl Nielsen Hall in Odense's Concert House, but the

orchestra tours throughout Denmark and the rest of the world.

After his studies in Vienna, the Swedish conductor **Joachim Gustafsson** has established himself as one of the most exciting Nordic conductors. He has worked with most of the Swedish opera houses and orchestras, and in Germany, he has had engagements at Staats-theater Darmstadt and Ulmer Oper. His operatic debut was at the Royal Swedish Opera in Stockholm in Verdi's *Otello*. Joachim Gustafsson is also an experienced concert conductor with, among others, Gothenburg Symphony Orchestra and he has recurring collaborations with Orquesta Filarmónica de Bogotá, Malmö Opera, Danish National Opera, Odense Symphony Orchestra, Aarhus Symphony Orchestra, and Copenhagen Phil.



Harmaki (Magnus Vigilius)

En af dansk operahistories meget få internationale succeser

af Henrik Engelbrecht

I dag er komponisten August Enna næsten udelukkende kendt for to ting; krydsordsentusiaster genkender navnet som svar på oplysningen "dansk komponist på fire bogstaver" – og mange koncertgængere, især i den ældre generation, vil nikke genkendende til titlen på en enkelt af Ennas operaer: *Den lille pige med svovlstikkerne* fra 1897, skrevet over H.C. Andersens eventyr. Operaen er ikke blevet spillet på Det Kongelige Teater i mere end 80 år – men ouverturen bider sig, som det eneste af Ennas værker, fast på de danske orkestres koncertprogrammer op gennem det 20. århundrede.

Helt anderledes ser billedet af Enna ud i årene omkring 1900. Da er han uden sammenligning den bedst kendte danske komponist i udlandet, berømmet for sine

operaer, sin dramatiske tæft og sine evner for instrumentation. Men Enna skriver musik i den superromantiske stil, som man skal hedde Richard Strauss for at slippe af sted med, når man kommer blot et par årtier op i det nye århundrede. Da Enna dør i 1939, er han en stort set glemt komponist, både ude og hjemme.

August Enna bliver født i 1859 som søn af en skomager, og han lærer musikerfaget på den praktiske måde ved at spille og lytte; Enna spiller violin i ydmyge sammenhænge, og bliver senere dirigent for et omrejsende teaterselskab. Når der er Wagner på plakaten på Det Kongelige Teater, sidder Enna klar, og han låner partiturer på Det Kongelige Bibliotek og studerer sit tyske forbilledes musik. Også en komponist som franske Léo Delibes er et af Ennas store idoler – så meget, at han opkalder hele to sønner efter ham; hans første søn dør som 10-årig i 1897, og da han og hustruen Kirsten får endnu en søn ni år senere, får han også navnet Leo.

Enna skriver sin første – og aldrig opførte – opera, *Agleia*, i 1884, og to år senere får selveste Niels W. Gade øjne

og ører op for det unge talent. Gade er den mest indflydelsesrige mand i dansk musikliv på det tidspunkt, og han sørger for, at Enna får et vigtigt legat. Pengene giver ham mulighed for et studieophold i Leipzig, hvor han får inspiration og arbejdsro til at skrive sit gennembrudsværk, operaen *Heksen*, som bliver en stor succes ved urpremieren på Det Kongelige Teater i januar 1892.

Efter den første operasucces skal emnet for en opfølger findes. I samarbejde med forfatteren og dramatikeren Einar Christiansen – senere direktør for Det Kongelige Teater – falder valget på en historie, som foregår i Egypten, hvor Einar Christiansen selv har været som turist. Den engelske forfatter Henry Rider Haggard har tilbage i 1885 fået sit store gennembrud med romanen *Kong Salomons miner*, og han skriver nu den ene roman efter den anden med eventyrlige historier fra det afrikanske kontinent. *Kleopatra* fra 1889 skal være rammen om den næste Enna-opera – og det er sikkert ikke tilfældigt, at det egyptiske miljø og et centralt trekantsdrama også kan findes i Verdis

opera *Aïda*, som på daværende tidspunkt har været på repertoiret regelmæssigt gennem næsten 10 år.

Vi ved ikke meget om arbejdet med tekster og musik, ud over at det tager omkring et års tid, før dagbladet *Dannebrog* 4. februar 1893 kan berette, at klaverudtoget til *Kleopatra* er afleveret til tryk – og 18. maj meddeles det i pressen, at operaen er endeligt antaget til premiere på Det Kongelige Teater. Men i kulisserne lurer en konflikt mellem komponisten og hans musikforlægger, Henrik Hennings, som driver Kgl. Hof-Musikhandel i København. Hennings har fået Enna til at skrive under på en kontrakt, som giver Hennings eneretten til at udgive og forhandle opførelser af Ennas operaer – også dem, han måtte skrive i fremtiden – overalt i verden uden tidsbegrensning. I april får Enna et generøst tilbud fra forlaget Breitkopf & Härtel i Leipzig om udgivelsen af *Kleopatra*. Tilbuddet sætter sikkert tanker i gang hos komponisten, som må have set en stor chance for sin internationale karriere i et samarbejdet med et af verdens førende musikforlag.

Enna påstår nu, at Henrik Hennings har bondefangen ham til at skrive under på en tysksproget kontrakt, han ikke har forstået. Han siger åbenbart fra på en meget kontant måde overfor Hennings, der indtil da har taget sig af alle Ennas økonomiske interesser. Enna frøtager i et officielt notat via notarius publicus sin forlægger alle rettigheder til at udgive og forhandle om opførelser af sine operaer. Enna spilder ikke tiden med tomme trusler, men sender det færdige orkesterpartitut til *Kleopatra* til Breitkopf & Härtel – en klar optrapning af situationen.

Sagen når aviserne. *Kleopatras* librettist, Einar Christiansen, er blandt dem, der er målløse over Ennas opræden, og han skriver til Enna: "Deres Opførsel overfor Direktør Hennings er efter min Mening af en saadan Art, at jeg beklager nogensinde at have indladt mig i Samarbejde med Dem, og, hvis jeg juridisk var berettiget dertil, vilde jeg herved forlange min Tekst til *Kleopatra* tilbage."

Brevet fra Einar Christiansen bliver offentliggjort, og sagen spidses til med sagførere og udsigt til en afgørelse i

retten. Pressen svælger i konflikten, og København er nu blevet et så stressende sted for Enna, at han rejser til Tyskland for at komme væk fra det hele. Henrik Hennings svarer ved at udgive klaverpartituret til *Kleopatra* i den form, han nogle måneder tidligere fik fra Enna, og annoncerer, at det er "Komponistens eget originale, fuldstændig og fuldtfærdige, til ham overdragne Arbejde."

Enna lægger sag an mod Hennings for uretmæssig udgivelse, og han kalder Hennings' udgave for "værdiløs, fordi den helt igjenem er urigtig". En tysk domstol forbyder til gengæld Breitkopf & Härtel at udgive *Kleopatra* efter en henvendelse fra Hennings advokater. Ennas modsvar til Hennings' udgave er et klaverudtog på dansk og tysk, som han nu får trykt hos en anden af Hennings' konkurrenter, Wilhelm Hansen Musikforlag. Men Enna har ikke taget Einar Christiansen i ed, så også denne udgivelse ender med et sagsanlæg, denne gang fra operens librettist.

Sagerne ender dog med forlig inden de kommer for retten. Imens bliver Det

Kongelige Teaters urpremiere på *Kleopatra* sat til 7. februar 1894. Forventningerne til endnu en opera som *Heksen* er enorme, og billetterne til premieren bliver revet væk, selv til forhøjede priser. Den overordentligt alsidigt begavede Pietro Krohn – som både er kunstmaler (og bl.a. tegner illustrationerne til Peters Jul), løjtnant under krigen i 1864, og nu økonomichef, kostumier og instruktør ved Det Kongelige Teater – sætter i scene med masser af egyptisk stemning. Teatrets kapelmester Johan Svendsen er tydeligt i sit es med vennen og protegéen Ennas partitur – som Svendsen selv har været med til at antage – med dets af ekkoer af både Wagners *Tannhäuser*, Verdis *Aïda* og Richard Strauss' tonedigt *Don Juan*.

Alligevel beretter aviserne om en lidt mat premierestemning, hvor den entusiisme, som publikum lægger for dagen fra begyndelsen af aftenen, tydelig aftager, efterhånden som man når gennem de tre akter. Anmelderne klager samstemmende over det meget kraftige orkester, som tvinger sangerne til at forcere deres stemmer. Stort set alle anmeldere skriver, at Johan

Svendsen og Det Kongelige Kapel fuldstændig dominerede uropførelsen; den fejlslagne rollebesætning er helt tydeligt med til at give indtrykket af en opera, hvor komponisten lader orkestret larme løs uden hensyn til sangerne på scenen.

Castingen af hovedpartierne ved uropførelsen er klart et kompromis, som er med til at lægge en dæmper på begejstringen for den nye opera. Den svenske sopran Ellen Gulbranson er egentlig tiltænkt titelpartiet, og hun har præcis den store, dramatiske stemme, det kræver; hun har allerede tre år tidligere sunget partiet som Brünnhilde i den første danske opførelse af Wagners *Valkyrien*. Gulbranson bliver engageret som *Kleopatra* "uden at blive benyttet", som Social-Demokraten refererer. Hendes gæstekontrakt udløber simpelthen inden prøverne begynder, og Det Kongelige Teater afslår også et tilbud fra den svenske operettesanger og filmskuespiller Anna Norrie, som er blevet dansk gift tre år tidligere, og gerne træder til.

Man ender overraskende nok med at give rollen til den danske sopran Augusta

Lütken, som faktisk allerede otte år tidligere – som kun 30-årig – er fratrådt sin stilling på teatret på grund af problemer med sine ben. Hun er overordentligt populær hos publikum, så i mangel af sopraner med både stemme og dramatiske muligheder, tager ledelsen hende ind som gæst i sæsonerne fra 1890 og frem. Lütkens fine, spinkle stemme og begrænsede sceneformåen er helt uegnet til Kleopatras dramatiske parti, og dagbladet *Social-Demokraten* mener ikke, at Fru Lütken kan have overtaget rollen "med særlig Appetit: hendes adstadige Matroneskikkelse passer saa slet som muligt til den lidenskabelige Dronning". Bladet tilføjer, at hendes stemme "egner sig bedre for det soubretteagtige end for det heroiske". Både Augusta Lütken og tenoren Frederik Brun, der synger Harmakis parti ved uropførelsen, har indspillet fonografvalser (Lütken så tidligt som i 1890), og når man i dag hører disse, kan man meget nemt forestille sig, hvordan især Lütkens stemme er kommet volumenmæssigt fuldstændig til kort i partiet som Kleopatra, og hvordan Frederik Bruns

udprægede gedevibrato må have været en pine at høre på gennem en lang aften. Det hele ender – som *Berlingske Tidende* skriver – med "Hyl og Brøl".

Kleopatra bliver ikke den forventede succes, og operaen går kun syv gange i foråret 1894. August Enna er taget hjem til København for at overvære premieren, og han er åbenbart ikke helt uenig med kritikken; han omarbejder dele af partituret, og han er åbenbart kommet på talefod med Einar Christiansen igen; da operaen kommer op på Det Kongelige Teater igen 3. april 1895, er det med en ny ouverture og en ny scene i tredje akt, som giver publikum lidt tydeligere besked om den sammensværgelse, det hele handler om. Også Pietro Krohn giver sin iscenesættelse en overhaling med nye idéer – og teatret engagerer fornuftigt nok nye sangere i to af hovedpartierne. Ellen Gulbranson har fået fem ugers gæstekontrakt på teatret, og nu kan hun om sider synge det parti, hun oprindeligt var tiltænkt – og mezzosopranen Elisabeth Dons, som også oprindelig skulle have sunget Charmions parti, erstatter nu

sopranen Sofie Keller i den vigtige rolle som Kleopatras kammerpige.

Denne gang er succesen hjemme, ikke mindst på grund af Gulbranson og Dons, og Ennas talent for at skrive dramatisk musik med eminent udnyttelse af alle orkestrets muligheder bliver fremhævet i bliver i flere aviser. Frem til 1897 går operaen 20 gange på Kongens Nytorv – men allerede inden da er Kleopatra blevet opført adskillige steder i udlandet med stor succes; Berlin, Hamburg, Köln, Breslau, Riga, Zürich, Antwerpen, Rotterdam, Haag – og alene i 1897 bliver den opført hele 50 gange på operaen i Amsterdam.

August Enna er ubetinget Danmarks mest berømte operakomponist på den internationale scene i 1890'erne, og han når at skrive i alt 13 operaer frem til 1932. Alligevel er det kun *Den lille pige med svovlstikkerne* og *Heisse Liebe*, der indtil denne udgivelse af Kleopatra er blevet indspillet.

Det Kongelige Teater mister – som dansk musikliv generelt – interessen for Ennas musik i kølvandet på den veritable

Carl Nielsen-tilbedelse, som i praksis udelukker senromantikere som Enna. Også internationalt går verden videre med klange af Stravinsky og Alban Berg i ørerne, og Enna dør som en glemt, fattig, bitter 80-årig mand i 1939. Både Kleopatra og Ennas øvrige værker ender som støvsamlere på hylder i nodearkiver og på biblioteker.

Der skulle en tysk operachef for et dansk operakompani til at blæse støvet af en af dansk operahistories meget få store internationale succeser; først da Philipp Kochheim i 2019 satte Kleopatra på Den Jyske Operas repertoire som en del af *Den Danske Serie*, kunne operaen igen høres i komponistens fædreland. For første gang i 122 år.



Handlingen

Handlingen udspiller sig i Alexandria, Egypten.

Resumé

Forklædt som stjernetyder lykkes det prins Harmaki at få adgang til dronning Kleopatras palads for at myrde hende. Han vil genvinde magten over Egypten og befri sit land for romersk indflydelse. Kleopatras kammerpige Charmion er forelsket i prins Harmaki og hjælper ham med mordplanerne. Men da Harmaki ser Kleopatra, bliver han slået af hendes skønhed og er ude af stand til at gennemføre sit forehavende.

Forspil

Kleopatra hersker over Egypten, men er forhadt af folket både på grund af sit venskab med Rom og sit vellystige levned. Harmaki, efterkommer af faraoerne, er af de retroende egyptere med ypperstepræsten Sepa i spidsen udset til at

dræbe dronningen for derefter selv at overtage tronen.

I en underjordisk hvælving, hvis baggrund er dækket af et tæppe, føres Harmaki frem foran Sepa for at blive indviet til den hellige mission, som forestår. Harmaki erklærer sig begejstret parat til at udføre dåden. Sepa vil selv føre Harmaki til Kleopatras hof. Her vil han også kunne få råd og bistand af Sepas datter Charmion, som foregiver at være Kleopatra venligt stemt.

Tæppet i baggrunden fjernes og afslører en stor hal med gamle egyptiske gudebilleder og en trone. En stor skare af egyptiske fyrster, krigere, præster og folk er forsamlet. Præsterne udpeger Harmaki som den udkårne farao, og han sværger personligt at ville dræbe Kleopatra. Forspillet slutter med et stort hævn- og hyldestkor.

Første akt

Første akt foregår i haven foran Kleopatras palads. Dronningen har haft en drøm, som ingen kan tyde, og hun pålægger Charmion at sende bud efter en ung egyptisk lærde, som kan løse gåden. Har-

maki skal udgive sig for at være denne stjernetyder og dermed komme tæt på dronningen. I det øjeblik, Charmion ser Harmaki, bliver hun dybt forelsket. Hun hader Kleopatra og lover Harmaki, at hun vil dele sejr eller nederlag med ham – hvad end udfaldet måtte blive.

Kleopatra ankommer fulgt af sit hof og fortæller Harmaki om sin drøm, som han derefter tyder. Dronningen bliver betaget af den fremmede unge mand og lægger an på ham. Harmaki aferiser hende køligt, men Kleopatras brændende blik og begær har ikke undladt at gøre indtryk. Charmion mærker skinsygen vokse, da hun ser, hvordan Kleopatra betragter Harmaki. Dronningen udnævner ham til "ypperstepræst for den natlige glød" og sætter en krans af stærkt dufrende hyacinter på hans hoved.

Anden akt

I sit stjernetårn smider Harmaki kransen fra sig, men den har gjort sin virkning. Han brænder af begær efter Kleopatra og er uden vilje og kraft til at udføre sit oprindelige forehavende. Charmion for-

tæller ham, at alt er rede til det dræbende slag mod Kleopatra, men det kræver, at han gør sin pligt. Hun vil sørge for, at han bliver kaldt hen til dronningen ved næste nats fest. Her skal han vise hende sine stjernekort, og når hun – uden at ane uråd – studerer dem, skal han støde en dolk i nakken på hende. Herefter skal Harmaki skynde sig til paladset og åbne portene for oprørerne, som vil overfalde den berusede livvagt, og så vil Kleopatra være styrtet. Men det skal ske inden midnat, for længere kan skaren af oprørere ikke blive.

Kleopatra nærmer sig. Hun må ikke se dem sammen, og Charmion skjuler sig bag et forhæng, men i skyndingen taber hun sit slør. Kleopatra opdager både kransen af hyacinter, som Harmaki har smidt på gulvet og Charmions slør. Hun driller ham med sløret: "dér, kyske ungersvend, dér blev du fanget" og sukker over blomsterne, som han har smidt på gulvet. Harmaki kaster forbitret sløret over balkonen, men gemmer kransen ved sit bryst. Kleopatra beder ham om at lære hende at tyde drømme og søger på alle måder

at forføre ham. Harmakis modstand bliver svagere og svagere. Den skinsyge Charmion aner forfærdet, at han vil ende med at bukke under for Kleopatra, som nu er fuld af lidenskab for den unge, jomfruelige kongesøn.

Harmaki lover dronningen at komme til hende næste midnat for at forudsige hendes skæbne. Næppe er hun gået, før Charmion ude af sig selv styrter frem og i stærke ord formaner Harmaki til at holde sin ed. Hun kaster sig ned for hans fødder og tilstår ham sin kærlighed, men Harmaki afviser hende stolt og hånligt. Ude af sig selv af skinsyge udstøder hun halvskjulte trusler mod ham: "Ve dig, om blot din hånd ryster i det afgørende øjeblik!"

Tredje akt

Tredje akt åbner med en stor festballet i Kleopatras palads. Et strålende hof omgiver dronningen, som ligger på sit leje i ivrig samtale med Charmion. Man kan se, at det, som Charmion fortæller hende, gør stærkt indtryk på hende.

Også Charmion er stærkt oprevet. Harmaki nærmer sig. Dronningen lader

dansen slutte, og alle fjerner sig, mens hun tilkalder lederen af livvagten og hvisker en befaling til ham. Idet Charmion går, møder hun Harmaki og hvisker truende til ham: "Ve dig, hvis du skælver!"

Kleopatra og Harmaki er alene.

Mens han peger på stjernekartet med venstre hånd, famler hans højre hånd efter dolken, som han har skjult ved brystet. Kleopatra bruger al sin kunst for at forføre ham, synger for ham til akkompagnement af lyren, skildrer med glødende farver den overvældende kærlighedslykke, som venter ham i hendes favn. I voldsom lidenskab styrter Harmaki sig til sidst for hendes fødder og tilstår Kleopatra sin hede kærlighed. Hun løfter ham op til sig og slutter ham i sine arme. De sidder i en lang omfavnsel, men pludselig farer Kleopatra op. Med en lynsnar bevægelse har hun grebet dolken inde på hans bryst, holder den triumferende i vejret og støder ham fra sig. "Forrådt!" stønner Harmaki og vil styrte sig ind på hende. "Kvæl mig kun med dine hænder," råber Kleopatra hånligt, "det vil dog ikke bringe dig sejr - se dér!", og hun peger mod baggrunden,

hvor man ser ypperstepræsten Sepa og de sammenvorne, som føres ind i lænker. Charmion kaster sig fortvilet for Sepas og Harmakis fødder. I sin skinsyge har hun røbet alt for Kleopatra. Harmaki forbander kærligheden, som er stærkere end alt andet og støder dolken, som Kleopatra har kastet til ham, i sit bryst. Charmion falder fortvilet sammen over hans lig.

Efter Charles Kjerulf: Operabogen, 1895.
Revideret af Susanne Lange, 2020.



Director and Set Designer: Ben Baur | Costumes: Uta Meenen
Lighting Design: Anders Poll | Chorus master: Tecwyn Evans

De medvirkende

Elsebeth Dreisig er en af Danmarks førende lyriske sopraner. Hun har sunget alle de store partier indenfor sit fag og har været tilknyttet Den Jyske Opera siden 1996, hvor hun har haft stor succes i en lang række partier, blandt andet som Cio-Cio-san i *Madame Butterfly*, Violetta Valéry i *La traviata* og Mimì i *la bohème*. Elsebeth Dreisig er desuden en ofte benyttet gæstesanger på Operaen i København og hos landsdelssymfoniorkestrene. Hun har sunget hele det klassiske repertoire.

Tenoren **Magnus Vigilius** er en etterspurgt dramatisk tenor i de europæiske operahuse. I 2018 vandt han en Reumert som Årets Sanger for sin præstation som Siegmund i Wagners *Valkyrien* på Den Ny Opera. Siden har Wagnerfaget bragt ham stor succes i operahuse som Teatro San Carlo i Napoli, Oper Leipzig, Oper Graz og Den Finske Nationalopera. I 2021 vil

han som første danske tenor i over 30 år debutere ved de traditionsrige Bayreuth-festspil.

Barytonen **Lars Møller** er uddannet fra Operaakademiet i København og debuterede på Det Kongelige Teater i 2006. Fra 2007-14 var han ansat på Nationaltheater Mannheim, hvor han sang mange af repertoirets store barytonpartier. I 2015 debuterede han på Komische Oper i Berlin i partiet som Guglielmo i *Cosi fan tutte*. På Den Jyske Opera har han sunget partier som Enrico i *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Marcello i *La bohème* og David i *L'amico Fritz*.

Den ukrainske sopran **Ruslana Koval** studerede ved Kiev Konservatoriet, hvorfra hun har en kandidatgrad. Fra 2014-17 deltog hun i Bolsjojteatrets talentprogram, hvor hun havde roller som Barbarina i *Figaros bryllup*, Lisa i *Søvngængersken*, Frasquita i *Carmen* og Brigitte i *Jolanthe*. Hendes karriere inkluderer også partier som Violetta i *La traviata* og Gilda i *Rigoletto*. Hun var



Sepa (Lars Møller), Harmaki (Magnus Vigilius)

finalist i de to prestigefyldte konkurrencer, Operalia 2017 og Queen Sonja 2017, og var 1. præmievinder i den 5. Internationale Solomiya Krushelnytska-konkurrence i 2019.

Bassen **Jens Bové** har været fastansat i Den Jyske Operas Kor siden 1995. Han har derudover jævnligt solistopgaver på Den Jyske Opera – deriblandt Sarastro i *Tryllefløjten*, Kaspar i *Jægerbruden*, Gremin i *Eugen Onegin*, Raimondo i *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Sparafucile i *Rigoletto* og Geronte i *Manon Lescaut*. Han har optrådt som solist med landsdelsorkestrene, og han har sunget talrige koncerter i kirker og koncertsale og været solist i en lang række messer og oratorier med Aalborg Symfoniorkester, Randers Kammerorkester og Det Jyske Ensemble.

Kirsten Grønfeldt er en dansk-canadisk lyrisk sopran. Født i Vancouver med en canadisk mor og dansk far. Hun flyttede til København i 2011 for at fortsætte karrieren og for at lære dansk. Kirsten

Grønfeldt bor i øjeblikket i Danmark, hvor hun ofte optræder som som solist. Hun har optrådt i hele landet som solist i en lang række sammenhænge. Højdepunkter tæller optrædener med Den Jyske Opera og med Randers Kammerensemble.

Den Jyske Operas Kor består af 24 professionelle sangere. Korets primære opgave er at medvirke i Den Jyske Operas operaforestillinger i hele Danmark, men koret kan også opleves i sceniske operakoncerter og korkoncerter. Koret samarbejder desuden med landets symfoniorkestre, landsdelsorkestrene og andre ensembler om filharmoniske koncerter, både alene og sammen med dygtige amatørkor.

Odense Symfoniorkester er et af Danmarks fem landsdelsorkestre. Orkestret blev grundlagt i 1946, men dets rødder går helt tilbage til omkring 1800. Orkestret, oprindeligt et teaterorkester der også spillede symfonisk musik, fremstår i dag som et moderne symfoniorkester med et højt aktivitetsniveau.

Odense Symfoniorkesters repertoire er bredt og dækker over alt fra filmkoncerter, kammermusik, familiearrangementer til de store symfoniske værker og opera, blandt andet Richard Wagners *Nibelungens ring*. Odense Symfoniorkester havde ved grundlæggelsen 22 musikere, men er i årenes løb vokset støt og har nu 73 fastansatte medlemmer fra både Danmark og resten af verden. Orkestret giver årligt omkring 100 koncerter. Størstedelen af koncerterne foregår i Carl Nielsen Salen i Odense Koncerthus, men orkestret turnerer også i Danmark og resten af verden.

Efter studier i Wien har svenske **Joachim Gustafsson** etableret sig som en af de mest versatile nordiske dirigenter. Han har arbejdet med de fleste skandinaviske operahuse og orkestre, og i Tyskland har han haft engagementer hos Staatstheater Darmstadt og Ulmer Oper. Hans operadebut var på Kungliga Operan i Stockholm i Verdis *Otello*. Joachim Gustafsson er også en erfaren koncertsalsdirigent, blandt andet hos Göteborg Symfonikerne, og han har tilbagevendende samarbejder med Orquesta Filarmónica de Bogotá, Malmö Opera, Den Jyske Opera, Odense Symfoniorkester, Aarhus Symfoniorkester og Copenhagen Phil.

Libretto

Handlingen udspiller sig i Alexandria,
Egypten.

1 FORSPIL

En underjordisk hvælving.

SCENE I

(Sepa med to præster)

Sepa

Så hent ham hid, vor prins, Harmaki. Sig ham, at alt er rede til hans kroning.
(præsterne går ud)

2 SCENE II

(Harmaki kommer ind)

Harmaki

Min fader!
(Sepa knæler)

Sepa

Hil dig, du herlige, som vi har ventet i fryd
og vånde fra den første stund, da livets

Libretto

The action is set in Alexandria, Egypt.

PROLOGUE

An underground vault.

SCENE I

(Sepa with two priests)

Sepa

So bring him here, our prince, Harmaki.
Tell him that everything is ready for his
crowning.
(exeunt priests)

SCENE II

(Harmaki enters)

Harmaki

My father!
(Sepa kneels)

Sepa

Hail to you, o Glorious One, whom we
have been waiting for in joy and distress,

ånde strømmet af din mund. Jeg kysser
støvet, hvor din fod har dvælet.

Harmaki

Som foster drømmer end min herlighed.
(Sepa rejser sig)

Sepa

Men fødselstimen stunder til, Harmaki.
Du er Egyptens håb, det sidste skud af
landets gudebårne kongeslægt. Dit navn
er solen, hvoraf folket lever. Kleopatra,
der råder riget nu, er kun et vildskud på
den gamle stamme. Af romersk malm er
hendes scepter støbt, med græske stoffer
hendes trone svøbt. Egyptens gamle
skikke hun forhåner, til Venus Hathors
kyske dragt hun lånner og sælger folk og
land til Cæsars Rom. Thi ramme hende
gennem dig vor dom.

Harmaki

Thi ramme hende gennem mig vor dom!

from that very moment when you first
drew the breath of life. I kiss the dust,
where your foot has lingered.

Harmaki

My glory still dreams like an unborn child.
(Sepa rises)

Sepa

But the hour of birth is approaching, Har-
maki. You are Egypt's hope, the last scion
from the country's godlike royal house.
Your name is the sun, whereby the people
live. Kleopatra, who is ruling now, is but
an excrescence on the ancient house.
Her sceptre is cast from Roman metal;
her throne is hung with Greek cloth. She
mocks Egypt's old customs; she lends
Hathor's chaste garments to Venus
and sells people and land to Cesar's
Rome. Through you, our judgement will
befall her.

Harmaki

Through me, our judgement will befall her.

Sepa

I Dendras fjerne lund, ved Nilens bryst,
hvor Isis maner med sin moderrøst, der har
du drukket visdoms første grøde, der blev
du fostret til din dåd: at stille dine brødres
tavse gråd og lægge fjendens gyldne
agre øde.

Nu sig mig, om selv du tror din sjæl er
moden til manddomskaldet og det store
værk?

Harmaki

Ved Isis føler jeg mig stærk.

Sepa

Det hele rige er en spændt vulkan, sig
tusinder med os har sammensvoret.
På dig alene kommer sejren an.

Harmaki

Vil guderne, da skal jeg gribre roret.

Sepa

Min hånd skal føre dig til fjendens hus,
og selv hos hende skal en ven du finde i

Sepa

In Dendra's distant grove, at the bosom
of the Nile, where Isis admonishes us
with her motherly voice, there you have
drunk the first drops of wisdom, there you
were raised to your deed: to still the silent
tears of your brothers and lay waste the
golden fields of the enemy.

Now tell me if you yourself think that
your soul is ripe to do this manly deed
and this great work?

Harmaki

By Isis, I feel strong.

Sepa

The whole realm is like a tense volcano;
thousands have conspired with us.
Victory depends on you alone.

Harmaki

If it be the will of the gods, I shall take
the helm.

Sepa

My hand will lead you to the house of the
enemy, and even there you shall find a

Sepa

Charmion, mit barn, vor sags præstinde.
Dog lidet, herre, kun vor magt formår, når
ej du selv har styrke til at vinde.

Harmaki

Ved Isis har jeg kraft, ved livets moder,
hvis høje helligdom jeg har betrådt, som
løfted sløret for mit bange bryn, som har
beseglet med et kys mit øje og klaret
sjælens gåder for mit syn.

Sepa

Velan min konge, folket venter dig.
(Han giver et tegn. Tæppet i baggrunden
bliver trukket til side)

3 SCENE III

(En hal, hvis vægge er beklædt med
egyptiske gudebilleder. I midten en trone.
Egyptere, præster, fyrster, krigere)

Kor

Hathor, hellige Hathor.
Skænk os din nåde og sejr,
skænk os din nåde og sejr,

friend in Charmion, my child, the priestess
of our cause. But our power can only
do little, o Lord, if you have not got the
strength to win.

Harmaki

By Isis, I have strength, by the Mother of
Life, whose holy shrine I have entered,
who lifted the veil from my anxious brow,
who sealed with a kiss my eye and
cleared the riddle of my soul for my sight.

Sepa

Well then, my King. The people await you.
(He gives a sign. The curtain in the back-
ground is drawn aside).

SCENE III

(A hall whose walls are covered with
Egyptian idols. In the middle stands a
throne. Egyptians, priests, princes, warriors)

Chorus

Hathor, holy Hathor.
Grant us your mercy and victory,
grant us your mercy and victory,

skænk os din nåde, skænk os din nåde,
skænk os sejr, skænk os nåde.

Hathor, hellige Hathor.

Sepa

(træder ind i midten af kredsen)

Den store stund er kommen, mine brødre!
De råd, vi plejed årevi i mørke, skal
modnes nu i en beslutnings lys. Her står
han: landets ægte farao.
(peger på Harmaki)

Som løgnen knuses under sandheds
svøbe, skal romerskøgen falde for hans
dolk.

Kor

Hug hende ned, romerkvinden, hug, hug
hende ned, split og spred hendes lemmer
for vinden, split og spred hendes lemmer
for vinden. Hug hende ned, hug hende
ned. Gudernes ånd lede din hånd, føre til
sejr det våben, du hvæsser mod fjenden,
mod fjenden.

grant us your mercy, grant us your mercy,
grant us victory, grant us mercy.

Hathor, holy Hathor.

Sepa

(enters into the middle of the circle)

The great moment has arrived, my breth-
ren! The counsel we nourished for years
in darkness must ripen now in the light
of a decision. Here he stands: the true
Pharaoh of the country.

(points at Harmaki)

Like lies shall be crushed under the
scourge of truth, so shall the Roman harlot
fall for his dagger.

Chorus

Strike her down, the Roman woman, strike
her down, disperse and scatter her limbs
for the wind, disperse and scatter her limbs
for the wind. Strike her down, strike her
down. The spirit of the gods will lead your
hand, will lead to victory the weapon that
you sharpen against the enemy.

Sepa

Nu sig: tør nogen vidne mod hans byrd?

Schafra

Vi spurgte kongebøgerne til råds. De høje
guder selv hans stamstræ planted.

Kor

De høje guder selv hans stamstræ
planted.

Sepa

Nu sig: tør nogen anke mod hans
visdom?

Schafra

Mysteriernes underfulde kundskab, den
har han lært af Hathors egen mund.

Kor

Den har han lært af Hathors egen mund.

Sepa

Nu sig: tør nogen klage mod hans levnet?

Sepa

Now say: does any man dare to testify
against his lineage?

Schafra

We asked advice from the books of kings.
The exalted gods themselves planted his
family tree.

Chorus

The exalted gods themselves planted his
family tree.

Sepa

Now say: does any man dare to speak
against his wisdom?

Schafra

He has learned the wonderful wisdom of
the mysteries from Hathor's own mouth.

Chorus

From Hathor's own mouth he learned it.

Sepa

Now say: does any man dare to com-
plain against his way of life?

Schafra

Vi tog store varslер i hans navn og fik til svar, at han er kysk som marmor.

Kor

Vi fik til svar, at han er kysk som marmor.

Sepa

(vender sig mod Harmaki)

Du er da værdig til dit kald. Men før du kronen om dit hår tør fæste, en hellig ed vi forde af din mund.
(træder nær hen til Harmaki)

Harmaki

Til hellig andagt min sjæl er samlet.

Sepa

Velan, så sværge: at du med egen hånd vil støde ned Kleopatra, den purpursmykte slange. Lad dette være tegnet til oprør og til sejr.

Schafra

We took solemn auguries in his name and got the answer that he is chaste as marble.

Chorus

We got the answer that he is chaste as marble.

Sepa

(turns towards Harmaki)

Thus you are worthy of your vocation. But before you dare place the crown on your head, we must demand a holy oath from your mouth.

(steps up to Harmaki)

Harmaki

My soul is prepared for holy prayers.

Sepa

Good, then swear: that with your own hand you will strike down Kleopatra, the purple-adorned serpent. Let that be the sign for rebellion and victory.

Kor

Hug hende ned, romerkvinden, hug, hug hende ned, split og spred hendes lemmer for vinden, split og spred hendes lemmer for vinden.

Hug hende ned, hug hende ned.

Sværg den hellige ed.

Harmaki

Jeg sværger, hun skal falde for min dolk.

Sepa

(med oprakte fingre)

Ved solen, livets gyldne væld!

Harmaki

Jeg sværger.

Sepa

Ved månen, dødens gustne seg!!

Harmaki

Jeg sværger.

Sepa

Ved stjérnevrimlen, alle guders moder!

Chorus

Strike her down, the Roman woman, strike her down, disperse and scatter her limbs to the wind, disperse and scatter her limbs to the wind.

Strike her down, strike her down.

Swear the holy oath.

Harmaki

I swear she will fall for my dagger.

Sepa

(with raised fingers)

By the sun, by the golden flood of life!

Harmaki

I swear.

Sepa

By the moon, the pallid seal of death!

Harmaki

I swear.

Sepa

By the multitude of stars, mother of all the gods.

Harmaki

Jeg sværger og kender edens vægt: dens
brud er død for mig og for min slægt.

Sepa

Du lover, du vil styre Nilens land
og hellige dit liv til folkets frihed?

Harmaki

I pagt med Isis skal mit hus jeg bygge og
rejse det i hendes tempels skygge.

Sepa

Velan da, farao, bestig din trone.
(*Harmaki bestiger tronen, rækker ham kronen*)
Tag af min hånd Egyptens dobbeltkrone!
(*rækker ham sceptret*)
Med sceptret værne du om folkets sag!
(*rækker ham svøben*)
Med svøben knuse du din fjendes nakke.
I trældoms mørke dine brødre flakke, før
du os frem til friheds lyse dag, til friheds,
friheds lyse dag.

Harmaki

I swear and know the weight of the oath:
if I break it, it means death for me and my
lineage.

Sepa

You promise that you will govern the land
of the Nile and devote your life to the
freedom of the people?

Harmaki

In harmony with Isis I shall build my house
and build it in the shadow of her temple.

Sepa

Well then, Pharaoh, accede your throne.
(*Harmaki mounts the throne, gives him the crown*)

From my hand take Egypt's double crown!
(*gives him the sceptre*)
With the sceptre, you must guard the
cause of the people!
(*gives him the scourge*)
With the scourge, you must crush your
enemy's neck. Your brothers wander in
the darkness of slavery, lead us to the
bright day of freedom, to the bright day
of freedom.

Kor

Op mod lyset led os! Hellig fred bered os,
du vor konge, du vor konge, al Egyptens
håb!
(alle på knæ)

Guders vilje lær os!

Ud til sejr bær os! Se vi knæle, se vi knæle,
hør vort hyldingsråb! Hør vort hyldings-
råb! Vort hyldingsråb!

Chorus

Lead us upwards to the light! Prepare for
us the holy peace you our King, you our
King, all of Egypt's hope.
(all kneel)

Teach us the will of the gods!
Carry us forward to victory! See, we
kneel, see, we kneel, hear our shouts of
praise! Hear our shouts of praise! Our
shouts of praise!

4 AKTI, OUVERTURE

(Have ved Kleopatras palads. I baggrunden en terrasse med udsigt over havet. I forgrunden et tronsæde. Strålende dagslys)

5 SCENE I

(Charmion sidder og stirrer drømmende ud over havet)

Charmion

De strømme, de hellige vande, af solgudsens tanker bestrålt, de hige fra sumpige strande mod dybder, som ingen har målt. O, redet mig seng i jert vuggende bo, og bred om min brændende pande de bølgers kølige ro.

Fra blomster og strålende gilder, fra nætters yppige duft jeg længes mod dugfriske kilder, mod havets højnende luft. I hellige vande, så drag mig i havn, min tørst i jer kølig jeg stiller og glemmer mig selv i jer favn!

Alt lider dagen. Han må komme snart, min konge, min forlængsel. Dronningen har haft en drøm, som ingen kan tyde. Mig har hun bedt at stævne hid en ung

ACT I, OVERTURE

(Garden by Cleopatra's palace. In the background, a terrace with a view of the sea. In the foreground, a throne. Bright daylight)

SCENE I

(Charmion is seated dreamily watching the sea)

Charmion

They are flowing, the holy waters, irradiated with the thoughts of the Sun God, from swampy shores they crave for depths, not measured by man. O make me a bed in your rocking abode, and cool my burning brow with the tranquillity of the waves.

From flowers and resplendent celebrations, from the sumptuous scent of the nights, I long for the fresh spring water, for the uplifting air of the sea. You holy waters, so bring me back home, my thirst I shall quench in your coolness and forget myself in your arms!

Night is drawing near. He will be coming soon, my King, my longing. The Queen has had a dream, that no one can

egyptisk lærde, der gådens tågevæv kan sønderbryde. Harmaki spreder mulmet med sit sværd.

Den store time stunder til, hvor hævnens skål skal tømmes, hvor solen åbenbare vil, hvad nu i stilhed drømmes.

Ved mig og ham, jeg venter her, skal natten fly for morgenskær, skal romerørnen stækkes og rigets grundvold lægges.

6 SCENE II

Charmion

(bøjer sig for Harmaki)
Hil dig, vor farao!

Sepa

(griber hende i armen)
Hvad overr du?

Charmion

Her ser og hører ingen os, min fader.
(Hon kysser Harmakis kappe)

interpret. She has asked me to summon here a young Egyptian savant, who can shatter the misty web of the riddle. Harmaki will scatter the darkness with his sword.

The great hour is approaching, when the cup of revenge will be emptied; when the sun shall reveal what we dream in silence.

By me and him, whom here I expect, night will flee for daylight, the Roman eagle's wing be clipped, and the foundation of the realm be laid.

SCENE II

Charmion

(bows to Harmaki)
Hail to you, our Pharaoh!

Sepa

(grabs her by the arm)
How dare you?

Charmion

Nobody can hear or see us here, my father.
(She kisses the hem of Harmaki's cloak)

Jeg bøjer mig for gudens stærke tegn, der læses i din kappes sorte rande og lyser fra din kongelige pande.

Sepa

Nu har jeg ført dig til din kampplads, herre, og for dit åsyn ej på ny jeg stedes, før sejr er vundet eller slaget tabt.
(tager begges hænder)

Mægtig er hvertet, der tynger eders bryst, frygtelig eden, der binder eders røst, straffen, om I svigte, grammere end døden, men sejren livsالig som den rigeste høst.

(til Harmaki)

Styrk dig i bøn, at intet jordisk blændværk skal friste dig i løn.

(til Charmion)

Og du, som er kvinde, et skrøbeligt køn, der skifter som himlen, hvis sjæl er mørk at lodde som havets dybe brønd, ve dig, om du svigter faraos søn.

Charmion, Harmaki, Sepa

(samtidig)

Gudernes ånde styrke vor tanke, fylde

I bow to the strong signs of the god which can be seen in the black border of your cloak and shine from your royal brow.

Sepa

I have now led you to your battleground, o Lord, and I shall not see you again, before victory is won or the battle lost.
(he takes their hands)

Great is the task, which weighs on your chest, terrible the oath that binds your voice, the punishment if you fail, is worse than death, but victory will be blissful like the richest harvest.

(to Harmaki)

Strengthen yourself in prayer, that no earthly delusion in secret shall tempt you.
(to Charmion)

And you who are a woman, a fragile sex, changeable like the sky, whose soul is as dark to fathom as the deep well of the ocean, woe betide you, if you fail the son of Pharaoh.

Charmion, Harmaki, Sepa

(simultaneously)

May the breath of the gods strengthen

vor ånd, lede vor hånd! Gudernes ånde styrke vor tanke, fylde vor ånd, lede vor hånd! (Charmion, Harmaki)

Mægtig er hvertet, der tynger eders bryst, frygtelig eden, der binder eders røst, straffen, om I svigte, grammere end døden. Gudernes ånde styrke mod tro fylde med lys, al eders sjæl! (Sepa)
(Sepa går ud)

our thoughts, fill our spirit, lead our hand!
May the breath of the gods strengthen
our thoughts fill our spirit, lead our hand!
(Charmion, Harmaki)

Great is the task, which weighs on your chest, terrible the oath that binds your voice, the punishment if you fail, worse than death. May the breath of the gods strengthen your faith, fill with light, all your soul. (Sepa)
(exeunt Sepa)

7 SCENE III

Charmion

(betruger Harmaki)

Hvor skøn du er! Og stærk og kongelig!

Harmaki

Du vækker min beundring, Charmion, at du, en kvinde, ung og fin, så farefulde veje tør beträde.

Charmion

Fra mine første barndomsår har fader prentet hadet i mit hjerte, det brænder

SCENE III

Charmion

(looks at Harmaki)

How beautiful you are! And strong and royal!

Harmaki

I admire you, Charmion, that you, a woman, so young and fine, dare to tread such a dangerous path.

Charmion

From my early childhood, father has stamped hatred into my heart; it burns

som et åbent sår, der lukkes først, når du har endt vor smerte.

Harmaki

Og ingen mistro her belurer dig?

Charmion

Med smigerord har fyrstindens gunst jeg vundet. Har først en kvinde svoret til en sag, da må hun sejre eller slås i vagt.

Harmaki

Jeg ser det i dit øjes glød, at den, du hader, hader du til døden.

Charmion

(rækker ham hånden)

Ræk mig din hånd, vi to skal stride sammen, en hellig røg fra Hathors altervå betegner os de veje, vi skal gå. Om slaget tabes, vi dele skammen og sejrens fryd, om vi til målet nå.

Harmaki, Charmion (samtidig)

Om slaget tabes, vi dele skammen, og

like an open wound, which will only close when you have ended our pain.

Harmaki

And no one is suspicious of you here?

Charmion

With words of flattery I have won the favours of the Queen. When a woman takes a vow for a cause, she must be victorious or perish.

Harmaki

I see it in the glow of your eyes
that when you hate, you hate till death.

Charmion

(extends her hand)

Give me your hand; we two will fight together, a holy smoke from Hathor's altar-nook will lead us to the path that we must go. If the battle is lost, we will share the shame, and the joy of victory if we reach our goal.

Harmaki, Charmion (simultaneously)

We two will fight together if the battle is

sejrens fryd, om målet vi nå. Og sejrens fryd, om målet vi nå. (Harmaki)

Vi to skal stride sammen, om slaget tabes, dele vi skammen, og sejrens fryd, om vi til målet nå. (Charmion)

(Kleopatras sang afbryder dem. Charmion iles hen i baggrunden. Harmaki bliver stående og lytter)

Kleopatra

(bag scenen)

Jublende sukker jeg, drømmende vugger jeg hjertet til ro ved dens svulmende bryst. (Charmion kommer tilbage og griber Harmakis hånd)

Charmion

Hun nærmer sig, følg med mig.

Kleopatra

Drømmende vugger jeg hjertet til ro ved dens svulmende bryst, ved dens svulmende bryst.

lost, we will share the shame, and the joy of victory if we reach our goal. (Harmaki)

If the battle is lost, we will share the shame, and the joy of victory if we reach our goal. And the joy of victory if we reach our goal. (Charmion)

(Kleopatra's singing interrupts them.)

Charmion hastens to the background. Harmaki remains where he is, in order to listen)

Kleopatra

(behind the scene)

Jubilantly I sigh, dreamingly I rock my heart to sleep at its swelling bosom. (Charmion returns and takes Harmaki's hand)

Charmion

She approaches; follow me.

Kleopatra

Dreamingly I rock my heart to sleep at its swelling bosom, at its swelling bosom.

8 SCENE IV

(Under den sidste scene er solen gået ned. Aftenrøden varer kun kort. Natten falder på. Der tændes blus i haven)

Kor (bag scenen)

Dagen spredt sit sidste guld på himlens sitrende rande! Solen dukker sig elskovsfuld i havets sukkende vande.

(Terrassen i baggrunden fyldes af hoffet)
Natten sadler sin lydløse ganger, kløver den dunbløde luft.

(Kleopatra kommer og bestiger tronsædet)
Blomsterkransen vellystsvanger fylder den alt med sin duft, fylder alt med sin duft, sin duft.

Kleopatra

Lovsynger natten til strengenes toner, bærer den ofre af blomsternes kroner!
Natten er rædsel, ja natten er lyst.

Iras, Kor

Jublende sukker jeg, drømmende vugger jeg hjertet til ro ved dens svulmende bryst.

SCENE IV

(During the previous scene the sun has set. The evening glow quickly disappears.
Torches are lit up in the garden)

Chorus (behind the scene)

Day spreads its last gold over the quivering edges of heaven! Lovingly the sun sinks into the sighing waters of the sea.
(The terrace in the background is filled by the court)

Night saddles its silent steed, cleaves the downy air.

(Kleopatra enters and mounts the throne)
Crowned with flowers, pregnant with desire it fills everything with its fragrance; it fills everything with its fragrance, its fragrance.

Kleopatra

Sing praises to the night with the sound of strings, bring sacrifice of flowers to the night! Night is terror, yes night is desire.

Iras, Chorus

Jubilantly I sigh, dreamingly I rock my heart to sleep at its swelling bosom.

Kleopatra

(samtidig med koret)
Lovsynger natten, ja natten er lyst.

9 SCENE V

Charmion

Her bringer jeg den unge stjernetyder Harmaki, der vil tyde dig din drøm.

Kleopatra (betragter ham)

Så ung og kæk og dog en grublersjæl! Du ligner ej din stille dont, egypter.

Harmaki

Den mand, der skued over dødens tærskel, har lært at løfte blik og pande højt.

Kleopatra

Nuvæl, så lad din visdom lyse for mig. Jeg drømte sidste nat, der stod en sælsom skabning ved mit leje med ørneklor og med løvestrube. Kun bryst og lænder var en mands. Han rakte mig en blomster-

Kleopatra

(simultaneously with the chorus)
Sing praises to the night, yes, night is desire.

SCENE V

Charmion

I bring here the young astrologer, Harmaki, who will interpret your dream.

Kleopatra (looks at him)

So young and gallant and yet a brooding soul! You do not resemble your quiet work, Egyptian.

Harmaki

The man who has looked over the threshold of death has learned to lift high his eyes and brow.

Kleopatra

Well then, let your wisdom shine for me now. I dreamed last night that a mysterious creature was standing by my bed with eagle claws and a lion's throat. Only breast and loins were those of a man. He gave me

krans, som duftede af blod, og gylden glans der strømmed af hvert bægers gyldne grube. Jeg trykked blomsterne om håret ned, da svandt de bort, og om min lok jeg følte en krans af lotos, der min pande kølte og smykked mig som lig til gravens fred.

Harmaki

Den sære skikkelse i dyrehammen var Rom. Den hvide lotos er Egyptens tegn. Du ville krone dig med Romas stråler, de svandt som guldstøv, da du greb dem fat. Drik livets fred, såg sjælens rene skat i lotosflorets køligt dybe skåler.

Kleopatra

Og livets fred og sjælens skat er døden?

Harmaki

Død eller liv afhænger af dig selv.

Kleopatra

Død eller liv afhænger af mig selv?

a crown of flowers which smelt of blood, and a golden shine flowed from each golden flower cup. I pressed the flowers down over my hair, they disappeared, and round my head I felt a crown of lotus which cooled my brow and adorned me as a corpse for the peace of the grave.

Harmaki

The mysterious creature in the shape of an animal was Rome. The white lotus is the emblem of Egypt. You wished to crown yourself with the radiance of Rome; it disappeared like gold-dust when you clutched it. Drink the peace of life. Seek the pure treasure of the soul in the coolly deep cups of the lotus flowers.

Kleopatra

And the peace of life and the treasure of the soul is death?

Harmaki

Death or life depends on you yourself.

Kleopatra

Death or life depend on me?

(vinker med hånden)

Jeg er tilfreds, du bliver i min nærhed.

(Harmaki børjer sig for at gå)

Nej, bliv, og sæt dig her.

(Harmaki sætter sig ved hendes fødder)

(Kleopatra betragter ham opmærksomt)

Fortæl mig om dit liv og om dig selv.

Harmaki

Mit liv har ingen bølgeslag, kun strøm, en stille strøm, som guderne har ledet.

Kleopatra

Ja, i dit øje lyser hellig ild, og om dit hjerte præsterne har fredet. Men se! De kolde guders tider er forbi. Vi dyrke livets flammebårne kræfter, den drømmefylde nat, den glade elskov, og deres hellig-domme skal du kende, hvor alle længsler dø en salig død.

Harmaki

Jeg børjer mig for himlens kyske skønhed, for stjernekorsets klare herlighed, for ingen andens, kvinders eller guders.

(waves her hand)

I am satisfied, I want you to stay near me.

(Harmaki bows in order to leave)

No, stay, and sit down here.

(Harmaki sits down at her feet)

(Kleopatra observes him carefully)

Tell me about your life and about yourself.

Harmaki

My life has no movement of waves, only a stream, a gentle stream led by the gods.

Kleopatra

Yes, a holy fire is in your eyes, and the priests have safeguarded your heart. But look! The time of the cold gods is over. We worship life's blazing power, the night of dreams, the happy passion, and you shall get to know their sanctuaries, where all longings die a blissful death.

Harmaki

I bow to the chaste beauty of heaven, to the bright glory of the chorus of stars, to that of no one else, neither women nor gods.

Kleopatra

Bøj dig for natten den favnende, i hendes dugbad alle smerter drukne. Du skønne yngling, der min drøm kan tyde, jeg kårer dig til præst for nattens glød.

Harmaki (*har forfærdet rejst sig*)

Kleopatra!

Charmion

Ve, selv for ham hun sine garn vil spinde.

Kleopatra (*til Charmion*)

Ræk hid den dunkle hyacint, at den hans hår kan pryde. Dens skønhed skal han dyrke blindt og al dens sødhed nyde.
(Charmion rækker Kleopatra kranse. Harmaki træder et skridt tilbage)

Charmion

Du må, røb os ikke.

Kleopatra (*holder kranse over Harmakis hoved*)

Den spredte om din mørke lok sin stærke krydderånde den skænke dig din første drøm om elskovs fryd og vånde.

Kleopatra

Bow to the all-embracing night, in her bath of dew all pains drown. You lovely youth who can tell me my dream, I choose you as priest of nocturnal ardour.

Harmaki (*gets up in horror*)

Kleopatra!

Charmion

Alas, she tries to snare even him.

Kleopatra (*to Charmion*)

Give me the dark hyacinth so that it can adorn his hair. Its beauty he must worship blindly and enjoy all its sweetness.
(Charmion gives the wreath to Kleopatra. Harmaki steps back)

Charmion

You must, don't betray us.

Kleopatra (*lifts up the wreath over Harmaki's head*)

May it spread its strong breath of spice around your dark locks, may it give you your first dream of love's delight and pain.

(sætter kranse på Harmakis hoved)

Kor

Natten er rædsel, natten er lyst.

Kleopatra, Charmion, Iras, Harmaki,

Kor (*samtidig*)

Kleopatra

Ypperstepræst for de natlige flammer,
Ypperstepræst, lys mig til brudgommens kammer, o lys mig til festlige kammer, ja til brudgommens kammer, o lys mig, natten, natten, ja, natten er lyst.

Charmion

Dristigt hun kårer ham, listigt hun dårer ham, hun dårer, hun dårer ham, hun kårer ham, hun dårer ham, hun dårer, hun dårer ham, dårer ham, hun dårer, hun dårer, dårer ham.

Iras

Jublende sukker jeg, drømmende vugger jeg hjertet til ro, til ro ved dens svulmende bryst, ja drømmende vugger jeg hjertet

(she places the wreath on Harmaki's head)

Chorus

Night is terror, night is desire.

Kleopatra, Charmion, Iras, Harmaki,

Chorus (*simultaneously*)

Kleopatra

High priest of nocturnal ardour
High priest, light me to the bridegroom's chamber
o light me to the festive chamber, yes to the bridegroom's chamber, o light me, night, night, yes night is desire.

Charmion

Boldly she chooses him, slyly she charms him, she charms him, she charms him, she chooses him; she charms him, she charms, she charms him, charms him, she charms, she charms, charms him.

Iras

Jubilantly I sigh, dreamingly I rock my heart to sleep, to sleep at its swelling bosom, yes, dreamingly I rock my heart

til ro ved dens bryst, jublende sukker jeg,
drømmende vugger jeg hjertet til ro.

Harmaki

Nattens lokkende toner ombølge mig!
Brændende dronningens øjne forføl-
ger mig! Brændende dronningens øjne
forfølger mig! Nattens lokkende toner
ombølge mig, ombølge, lokkende toner
ombølge mig, ombølge mig.

Kor

Jublende sukker jeg, drømmende vugger
jeg hjertet til ro ved dens svulmende bryst,
til ro ved dens svulmende bryst til dens
svulmende bryst, ja drømmende jeg vug-
ger hjertet til ro ved dens svulmende bryst,
ved dens bryst, ja til ro ved dens bryst.

to sleep at its bosom. Jubilantly I sigh,
dreamingly I rock my heart to sleep.

Harmaki

Night's beguiling music surrounds me!
The Queen's burning eyes pursue me! The
Queen's burning eyes pursue me! Night's
beguiling music surrounds me! Beguiling
music surrounds me, surrounds me.

Chorus

Jubilantly I sigh, dreamingly I rock my
heart to sleep, to sleep at its swelling
bosom, at its swelling bosom. Yes,
dreamingly I rock my heart to sleep at its
swelling bosom, at its bosom, yes to sleep
at its bosom.

CD 2

AKT II

(Harmakis stjernetårn. Baggrunden åben,
så man ser den stjerneklare himmel. På
en balkon udenfor. I forgrunden en niche,
dækket af et tæppe. Det er nat, og en
loftslampe er tændt)

1 SCENE I

(Harmaki sidder hensunken i beskuelse af
hyacintkransen)

Harmaki

Der stiger en duft fra Kleopatras krans,
som dører min sans og blodet mod hjertet
stemmer. Der lyser to øjnes dugdede
glans fra blomsternes honninggemmer.
Mit hjerte er sygt, min vilje er sløv, og
tankerne visne som vissent løv.
Afgrundsdyb var den mørke pupil,
munden som rosernes flor. "Ypperstepræst
for den natlige ild", skønne usalige ord!
Isis, moder, løndomsbårne! frels din kårne
præst af nattens tryllespind. Sluk med
rene kilders strømme disse drømme, der
forgifte blod og sind.
(kaster kransen på gulvet)

ACT II

(Harmaki's star tower. The background is
open, and you see the starry sky. Outside,
on a balcony. In the foreground a recess,
covered by a curtain. It is night, and a
ceiling light is on)

SCENE I

(Harmaki sits absorbed in contemplation
of the hyacinth wreath)

Harmaki

A fragrance rises from Kleopatra's wreath,
which blunts my senses, pressing my
blood to my heart. The dewy brilliance
of two eyes rises from the hidden nectar
of the flowers. My heart is sick, my will is
dulled, and my thoughts are withered like
withered leaves.
Bottomless was the dark pupil, the mouth
like roses in bloom. 'High priest of nocturnal
ardour' o lovely fatal words! Isis, mother,
born in secret! Save your chosen priest
from the magic web of the night. Quench
with the streams of pure springs these
dreams, which poison blood and mind.
(throws the wreath on the floor)

Bort hyainter, hvis smilende kroner er
dufflabyrinter, der listigt beruse det bytte,
de tog! Bort fra mit øre, I leflende toner,
bort fra min tanke, I brændende sprog.
(knæler)

Isis, tag din søn til nåde, frels min sjæl af
denne våde. Isis tag din søn til nåde, frels
min sjæl.

2 SCENE II

(Charmion træder ind)

Charmion

Hil farao!

Harmaki

Du bringer bud fra Sepa, vor fader?

Charmion

Min fader kun, din tjener.

Harmaki

Nu sig frem.

Away hyacinths, whose smiling crowns
are labyrinths of perfume cunningly
intoxicating the prey they caught! Away
from my ears, you flattering sounds, away
from my thoughts, you burning languages.
(kneels)

Isis, restore your son to favour, save my
soul from this peril. Isis, restore your son to
favour, save my soul.

SCENE II

(Charmion enters)

Charmion

Hail Pharaoh!

Harmaki

Do you bring a message from Sepa, our
father?

Charmion

My father only, your servant.

Harmaki

Well, tell me.

Charmion

Alt har vi forberedt til slaget, har venner
her, selv i paladsets gård. Udhulet er den
grund, hvor fjenden står, og sejren vis, blot
du ej slipper taget.

Harmaki

Jeg svigter ej.

Charmion (*rækker ham en liste*)

Her er de dømtes navne, hvis lig skal
mætte vore ørkenravne.

Harmaki

Og hendes død, Kleopatras? Er det nød-
wendigt at ved mig, hun falder?

Charmion

I jubel vil dit hjerte hæve sig, når fast i
hendes kød din dolk du sætter, når rent
dit eget purpurkrud du tvætter i romer-
skøgens blod.

Charmion

Everything is prepared for the battle, we
have friends here, even inside the palace.
Hollow is the ground on which the enemy
stands, and victory is certain, as long as
you do not loosen your grip.

Harmaki

I shall not fail.

Charmion (*gives him a list*)

Here are the names of the condemned,
whose corpses shall feed our desert
ravens.

Harmaki

And her death, Kleopatra's? Is it neces-
sary that she must die by me?

Charmion

In exultation will your heart rise when
your dagger you shall plunge into her
flesh when you cleanse your own purple
apparel in the blood of the Roman harlot.

Harmaki

Nej, Charmion, hvor skamløst end hun dronningnavnet pletter, med glæde ej jeg lyder folkets bud.

Charmion

Du må, du tvinges. Gerne selv jeg bored det kolde stål i hendes varme hud. Men herre, du har svoret.

Harmaki

Jeg har svoret. Og når skal det ske?

Charmion

I morgen nat. Hun fejre vil en fest. Når den er endt, da skal jeg sørge for, hun la'er dig kalde. Du viser hende dine stjernekart og spår forblommet hende skæbnens veje. Når da opmærksom tryg hun bøjer sig mod kortet fra sit leje, da støder dolken du i hendes ryg. Og medens livet flygter gennem såret, du iler til paladsets østre port og åbner den for oprørskarens mænd. Den drukne livvagt let for mængden viger, i hele staden

Harmaki

No, Charmion, however shamelessly she stains the name of Queen, I shall not joyfully obey the command of the people.

Charmion

You must; you are forced to. Gladly I would strike the cold steel into her warm skin. But, Lord, you have sworn.

Harmaki

I have sworn. And when must it happen?

Charmion

Tomorrow night. She will hold a celebration. When it is over, I shall see to it that she will call for you. You will show her your star charts, and enigmatically you foretell her future. Confident and attentive from her couch, she will lean over the chart, and then you must plunge the dagger into her back. And while life escapes through the wound, you must hurry to the eastern gate of the palace and open it to the rebels. The drunken bodyguard will yield to the crowd without trouble, bonfires will light up in

tændes glædesblus, og romervælden synke vil i grus, når du blot ikke sviger.

Harmaki

Jeg sviger ej.

Charmion

Men husk: før midnat må hun dø, thi kun til midnat venter skaren.
(går hen mod døren)
Men tys, hvo kommer?

Harmaki (ser ud)

Ve, Kleopatra!

Charmion

Hvad vil hun her?

Harmaki

Måske endnu en drøm hun ønsker, jeg skal tyde.

Charmion

Hurtigt, skjul mig! I fald hun så mig her, var altting tabt.

the entire city, and the Roman rule will crumble, as long as you do not fail.

Harmaki

I shall not fail.

Charmion

But remember: before midnight she must die, because the crowd can only wait until midnight.
(moves towards the door)
But hush, who comes here?

Harmaki (looks out)

Alas, Kleopatra!

Charmion

Why does she come here?

Harmaki

Maybe another dream she wants me to interpret.

Charmion

Quickly, hide me! If she sees me here, all is lost.

(hun skjuler sig i nichen. I skyndingen taber hun det slør, hun har om hovedet)

3 SCENE III

(Kleopatra træder ind)

Harmaki

Hvad skylder jeg så stor en gunst, fyrstinde?

Kleopatra

Forgæves på mit leje søvn jeg søger, da fik jeg lyst at se dig, hvor du bor, at læse lidt i nattens stjernekor ved hjælp af dig og dine vise bøger.

Harmaki

Befal! Min kunst, o dronning, er din slave. Rigt lyser himlen just i nat.
(Kleopatra standser)

Kleopatra

Hvad ser jeg der? Min krans, min stakkels gave! Er dig min ringhed så forhadt, at du i støvet mine blomster slænger? En

(she hides in the recess. In her hurry she drops the veil she is wearing round her head)

SCENE III

(Kleopatra enters)

Harmaki

What do I owe such a great honour, o Queen?

Kleopatra

In vain on my bed I was seeking sleep, then I felt like seeing you, to see where you live, to read a little in the chorus of the stars with the help of you and your wise books.

Harmaki

I shall. My art, o Queen, is your slave. Tonight the sky is very clear.
(Kleopatra stops)

Kleopatra

What do I see here? My wreath, my poor gift! Am I so low in your esteem that you throw my flowers into the dust? You are a

sælsom mand er du. der hjertets dør for alle kvinder stænger.

Harmaki

For alle, dronning. Kom.
(Kleopatra standser igen)

Kleopatra

Hvad nu? Et lin, der om en kvindes hals har pranget.
(tager Charmions slør op)
Der, kyske ungersvend, der blev du fanget.

Harmaki

Et klæde, en slavinde har glemt.

Kleopatra

Ved Venus selv, det er en fornem frues, det duftet sødt som vand fra Libanon. Jeg skulle ikke selv ved sløret blues.
(tager sløret på)

(tager det af)

Men ak, min hånd vanhelliger din elsktes klædebon. Tag det og gem det ved dit varme hjerte.

strange man who closes the door of your heart to all women.

Harmaki

To all, Queen. Come.
(Kleopatra stops again)

Kleopatra

What now? A linen which has adorned the neck of a woman.
(picks up Charmion's veil)
Caught you there, chaste youth.

Harmaki

A piece of cloth, left by a slave girl.

Kleopatra

By Venus herself, this belongs to a high-born woman, it smells sweetly like water from Lebanon. I would not myself blush at wearing it.

(puts the veil on)

(takes it off)

But alas, my hand profanes the veil of your beloved. Take it and hide it at your warm heart.

Harmaki

Jeg intet hjerte har og elsker ingen.
(ruller sløret sammen og kaster det ud over
balkonen)

Kleopatra

Her, mine blomster, send dem samme vej.

Harmaki

En dronnings gave, nej, den gemmer jeg.

Kleopatra

Jeg takker dig for denne gunst. Og nu,
du nattens kårne præst! Lad dine stjerner
os beskue, tænd i min sjæl dit hjertes stille
fest, lær mig din tro på nattens rene lue.
Jeg af dens hede glød er træt og higer
mod dens svale åndedræt.

Harmaki

Natten er livets helligdunkle grund, dens
bryst af tusind dybe længsler hæves, og
guders tanker smile fra dens mund. Øs
livets lykke af dens kyske blund,

Harmaki

I have no heart, and love no one.
(curls up the veil and throws it over the
balcony)

Kleopatra

Here, my flowers, throw them out as well.

Harmaki

No, a queen's present I will keep.

Kleopatra

I thank you for this favour. And now, chosen
priest of the night! Let us behold your
stars, light in my soul the quiet feast of
your heart, teach me your faith in night's
pure flame. I am tired of its burning glow
and crave for its cool breath.

Harmaki

The night is life's mysterious foundation,
a thousand profound yearnings lift up its
breast, and the thoughts of gods smile
from its mouth. Pour life's happiness from
its chaste sleep,

Kleopatra, Harmaki (samtidig)

Skænk du min svage sjæl den kraft, der
kræves. (Kleopatra)

Og du har levet ej dit liv forgæves, ej dit
liv forgæves. (Harmaki)

(Begge træder ud på balkonen)

(Charmion har under det foregående af
og til kigget forbitret ud fra nich'en. Nu
træder hun helt frem)

Charmion

Hviskende tyder de stjernernes bog,
smilende nyder de hjerternes sprog.
Dronningens øjne hviler i hans, drikker
hans skønhed, ildner hans sans. Drømmer,
forglemmer du dødsrigets dåb? Dåre,
beskæmmer du fædrenes håb? Vildt som
et uvejr stormer mit blod. Ve sig, Harmaki,
snubler din fod!

(skjuler sig, da Kleopatra og Harmaki på
ny kommer frem)

Kleopatra

Du siger samme stjerne så os fødes, da
må vel også vore skæbner mødes, og
livets lyst forene os.

Kleopatra, Harmaki (simultaneously)

Bring to my weak soul the necessary
power. (Kleopatra)

And you will not have lived your life in
vain, your life in vain. (Harmaki)

(Both step out on the balcony)

(Several times during this scene Charmion
has looked out indignantly from the
recess. She now enters completely)

Charmion

Whispering they interpret the book of the
stars, smiling they enjoy the language of
the hearts. The eyes of the Queen dwell in
his, drink his beauty, set fire to his senses.
Dreamer, do you forget your baptism in
the land of the dead? You fool, do you
disgrace the hopes of the fathers? Wild
as a storm my blood is raging. Woe on
you, Harmaki, if your foot should stumble!
(she hides as Kleopatra and Harmaki
return)

Kleopatra

You say that the same star watched us
be born, then our destinies must meet too,
and life's desire unite us.

Harmaki

Måske, måske dets smerte.

Kleopatra

Den mørke mine vil jeg ikke se. Kom, sæt dig, og lad os tales ved som venner.
(de sætter sig)

Jeg trænger til en ven som dig, en mand, som verden ej med smiger har fordærvet, som guldtørst ikke i sit sold har hvervet og vellyst ikke læknet til sit spand. Kom til mig tit, når nattens dybe rum mod fjerne verdner drager vore tanker. Løft for mit øje fremtids tågeskrud, at jeg kan forudse, hvad der vil hænde.

Harmaki

Jeg kommer til dig.

Kleopatra

Når?

Harmaki

I morgen nat.

Harmaki

Perhaps, perhaps its pain.

Kleopatra

Do not show me such a gloomy look. Come, sit down, and let us talk like friends.

(they sit down)

I need a friend like you, a man, whom the world has not spoiled with flattery, who has not become thirsty after gold, whose will is not driven by lust. Come to me often, when the deep darkness of the night allures our thoughts towards distant worlds. Remove from my eyes the veil of mist of my future, that I may predict what will happen.

Harmaki

I shall come to you.

Kleopatra

When?

Harmaki

Tomorrow night.

Kleopatra

Og spår min skæbne?

Harmaki

Ja!

Kleopatra

Når vi er ene.

Harmaki

Når vi er ene.

Kleopatra

Tak. Lev vel.

Harmaki

Lev vel.

(Kleopatra går ud)

4 SCENE IV

(Harmaki står fortapt i sine tanker og mærker ikke Charmion, der træder frem igen)

Charmion

Harmaki.

Kleopatra

And predict my future?

Harmaki

Yes!

Kleopatra

When we are alone.

Harmaki

When we are alone.

Kleopatra

Thank you. Farewell.

Harmaki

Farewell.
(exeunt Kleopatra)

SCENE IV

(Harmaki is lost in his own thoughts and does not notice Charmion who re-enters from the recess)

Charmion

Harmaki.

Harmaki

Charmion, jeg havde glemt dig.

Charmion

Hvor er mit slør? Jeg havde tabt det her.

Harmaki

Dit slør?

Charmion

Ja, svar kun ej. Jeg så, du kasted det fra tårnets tinde, men hendes krans du gemte ved dit bryst.

Harmaki

Hvad mener du?

Charmion

Dit øje hang berust ved hendes læbe, som du har svoret næste nat at dræbe.

Harmaki

Du vover? Glemmer du, for hvem du står?

Harmaki

Charmion, I had forgotten you.

Charmion

Where is my veil? I lost it here.

Harmaki

Your veil?

Charmion

Yes, do not answer. I saw that you threw it down from the top of the tower, but you hid her wreath at your breast.

Harmaki

What do you mean?

Charmion

Drunkenly your eye caressed her lips, she whom you have sworn to kill tomorrow night.

Harmaki

How dare you! Do you forget who stands before you?

Charmion

Jeg mindes det, Harmaki. Du har glemt det.

Harmaki

Hvad kender du til mine tanker, kvinde? Med hvilken ret domfælder du min færd? Husk, jeg er konge, du slavinde.
(Charmion retter sig stolt og går langsomt hen imod Harmaki)

Charmion

Min ret, min ret står skrevet her, herinde. Så sandt, o farao, jeg har dig kær, bør om din pligt, din ære jeg dig minde.

Harmaki

Så sandt du har mig kær?

Charmion

Kald mig kun skamløs! stolt som en haderens luftning løfter min kærlighed sjælens drømmende vande! Stærk som et tempel, vældig som Nilen værner den dig og vor sag. Et mål vi har, et land, en tro, en sag, en kamp at stride. Løft mig mod

Charmion

I remember, Harmaki. You have forgotten.

Harmaki

What do you know about my thoughts, woman? With what right do you condemn my conduct? Remember that I am King, you a slave.
(Charmion straightens herself up and slowly walks towards Harmaki)

Charmion

My right, my right is written here, inside my breast. O Pharaoh, I hold you dear, so it is my duty to remind you of your duty and your honour.

Harmaki

You hold me dear?

Charmion

Just call me shameless! Proud as a breeze of glory my love will lift up the soul's dreaming waters. Strong as a temple, immense as the Nile it will guard your and our cause. We have one purpose, one country, one faith, one cause, one battle

solen, farao, og sæt mig ved din side. Da skal du sejrens palme nå, og aldrig skal dit navn forgå.
(knæler ved hans fødder)

Harmaki

Rejs dig, usalige! Sygt er dit hjerte. Tanken forvildet af skinsygt begær.

Charmion

Stød mig ej fra dig! Da brister min lykke, visner mit liv som en rodløs vånd.

Harmaki

Rejs dig, usalige!

Charmion, Harmaki (samtidig)

Gyd blot en dråbe lindrende dug i den martrende ild. (Charmion)
Skinsygens glødende gift gør dig vild, usalige! (Harmaki)

Harmaki

Skamløse kvinde! Kom mig ej nær.

to fight. Lift me up to the sun, o Pharaoh, and place me at your side. Then you will receive the palm of victory and never shall your name perish.
(kneels at his feet)

Harmaki

Get up, unhappy woman! Your heart is sick. Your thoughts run astray by jealous desire.

Charmion

Do not cast me aside! My happiness will be destroyed, my life will wither like a rootless plant.

Harmaki

Get up, unhappy woman!

Charmion, Harmaki (simultaneously)

Pour a drop of soothing dew onto the torturous fire. (Charmion)
The burning poison of jealousy turns you wild, unhappy woman. (Harmaki)

Harmaki

Shameless woman! Do not come near me.

Charmion

Vogt dig, nu svarer jeg ej for min færd!

Harmaki

Mig kan du ramme! Tag kun mit liv! Svigter du guderne, dø for min kniv!

Charmion

Skændsel! Du elsker den romerske viv!
(rejser sig langsomt)
Vi mødes efter, farao, når næste nat sin stjernebro gennem skyen hvælver.

Charmion, Harmaki (samtidig)

Grib fast om dolkens ørneklo, og ve dig, ve dig, hvis du skælver. (Charmion)
Grib fast om dolkens ørneklo, og ve mig, hvis jeg skælver. (Harmaki)
(Charmion vakler ud. Harmaki falder sammen)

Charmion

Beware! Now I do not answer for my actions!

Harmaki

You can hit me! Just kill me! If you fail the gods then die for my knife!

Charmion

O infamy! You love the Roman woman!
(gets up slowly)
We shall meet again, o Pharaoh, when in the next night the bridge of stars will arch through the clouds.

Charmion, Harmaki (simultaneously)

Grasp the dagger's eagle talon, and woe betide you if you tremble. (Charmion)
Grasp the dagger's eagle talon, and woe betide me if I tremble. (Harmaki)
(Charmion staggers out. Harmaki collapses)

5 AKT III, BALLET

(En stor sal hos Kleopatra. Baggrunden er en åben søjlerække, hvorigennem der er udsigt til haven. I forgrunden Kleopatras løjbænk med et bord foran. Pragtfuldt oplyst)

6 SCENE I

(Kleopatra ligger på løjbænken i ivrig samtale med Charmion. Man ser, at hvad denne fortæller Kleopatra, bevæger hende. Også Charmion er i stærkt oprør) (Kleopatra på sit tronsæde. Charmion træder hen til Kleopatra, griber hendes hånd og trækker hende med sig hen i forgrunden)

Charmion

Vogt dig, o dronning, for Harmaki, han er ej den, du tror.

Kleopatra

Hvad siger du, hvem er han da?

Charmion

Den sidste farao. Han står i ledtog med min fader, han pønsrer på din død. Skjult

ACT III, BALLET

(A large hall in Kleopatra's palace. The background shows an open colonnade through which you see the garden. In the foreground, Kleopatra's couch with a table in front. Sumptuous illumination)

SCENE I

(Kleopatra lies on the couch, eagerly talking with Charmion. It is obvious that what Charmion tells her makes a deep impression. Charmion herself is very agitated) (Kleopatra is seated on her throne. Charmion approaches Kleopatra, seizes her hand and leads her to the foreground)

Charmion

Beware of Harmaki, o Queen, he is not who you think he is.

Kleopatra

What do you say, who is he then?

Charmion

The last Pharaoh. He is an accomplice of my father, he plans your death. Hidden

på sit bryst han morderstålet bærer, alt oprørsskaren står beredt. Signalet er din død.

Kleopatra

Lad dansen høre op, bring hid min hynde.
(Slaverne stiller løjbænken i forgrunden)
(til Charmion)
Kald min livvagtshøvding hid!

7 SCENE II

(Harmaki træder ind. Han har stjerne-kortet med. Charmion vinker ad livvagtens hovedsmand, der nærmer sig og mod-tager befalinger af hende)

Charmion (møder Harmaki midt på scenen)

Godnat, min elskede, min farao.
(Går ud, fulgt af livvagtens hovedsmand, der følger efter på Kleopatras vink)

at his breast he carries the murderous weapon, the rebellious crowd is ready. Your death will be their signal.

Kleopatra

Stop the dance, bring me my couch.
(The slaves carry the couch to the foreground)
(to Charmion)
Call the captain of my bodyguard.

SCENE II

(Harmaki enters. He carries the star chart. Charmion beckons the captain of the bodyguard who approaches and receives orders from her)

Charmion (meets Harmaki in the middle of the stage)

Good night, my beloved, my Pharaoh.
(She exits, followed by the captain of the bodyguard, who exits at a sign from Kleopatra)

8 SCENE III

Harmaki

Gældt også din befaling mig? Jeg kommer, som du bød, at spå på din skæbne.

Kleopatra

Kom sæt dig hos mig. Jeg har ventet dig.

Harmaki

Jeg bringer stjernekortet med, at du kan følge stjernens faste fædren over rummets aldrig målte bue.

(breder kortet ud for hende og vil stille sig bag ved hendes stol)

Kleopatra

Nej, bliv! Dit åsyn, yngling, er så skønt at skue. Forklar mig da de hemmelige tegn.
(Harmaki peger på kortet, famler efter dolken på sit bryst)

SCENE III

Harmaki

Was your command also meant for me?
I come as you ordered me to predict your destiny.

Kleopatra

Come, sit next to me. I have been expecting you.

Harmaki

I bring the star chart so that you can follow the steady steps of the star across the unmeasured vault of heaven.
(unfolds the map in front of her and moves to stand behind her chair)

Kleopatra

No stay! Your face, o youth, is so beautiful. Explain to me these secret signs.
(Harmaki points to the map, while groping for the dagger at his breast)

Harmaki

Den stjernes bane må du vakte nøje. Den fødes fjernt mod nord i dug og regn, men klares snart og stråler som et øje.

Kleopatra

Hvi stikker du din hånd på brystet ind? Er det dit hjerte, der uroligt banker?

Harmaki

Ak ja, uroligt, dronning, er mit sind som skibet, der har mistet ror og anker.
(Kleopatra ser på kortet, holder dog bestandig øje med hans bevægelser)

Kleopatra

Højt stiger stjernen over himlens hvælv, men tusind rædsler kredse om dens bane, selv der hvor mindst man farer skulle aue.

Harmaki

Jeg ser, du ved at tyde skriften selv.

Harmaki

The path of this star you must carefully guard. It is born far away in the north in dew and rain but is soon clearing up and soon sparkling like an eye.

Kleopatra

Why do you lay your hand upon your breast? Is your heart unquiet?

Harmaki

Ah yes, my Queen, unquiet is my mind like the ship that lost both helm and anchor.
(Kleopatra is looking at the star chart, but constantly also keeps an eye on his movements)

Kleopatra

The star is rising high above heaven's vault, but countless horrors revolve around its orbit, even there where one should not fear any danger.

Harmaki

I see you know how to interpret the chart yourself.

Kleopatra

Men frygter intet, nu da dig jeg har, der alt det onde fra min vej kan mane. Tag kortet bort og ræk mig lyren hist. Streng er din mund, og tungt dit blik er dugget, min sang skal med et smil forjage sukket.

Harmaki (ruller kortet sammen og rækker hende lyren)

Min arm er slap, og alt mit mod er brutt.
(under følgende sang sætter han sig ved hendes fødder)

Kleopatra

Jeg synger til dig, hvis løftede blik er en festlig lysende kærtle. Jeg synger til dig, hvis løftede blik, til dig, hvis ord er hellig musik for mit fromme troende hjerte. Rejs mig et tempel af tusmørkets skygger! Der skal vi slumre på kølige skrud. Bort vil jeg lægge de strålende smykke, stråle som kvinde for dig, for min gud! Lægge dit hoved til ro ved min mund, skænket dig livets det saligste blund. Din mund er en duftende blomsterskål, dugget af

Kleopatra

But I have no fear, now that you are here, you who can conjure away all evil from my path. Put the chart aside and bring me my lyre. Stern is your mouth and heavy your looks, my song will dispel your sighs with a smile.

Harmaki (*rolls up the chart and gives her the lyre*)

My arm is weak, and all my courage broken.
(*during the song he sits down at her feet*)

Kleopatra

I sing to you whose uplifted eye is like a sparkling candle. I sing to you whose uplifted eye, to you, whose words are like sacred music to my pious believing heart. Build me a temple of the shadows of the twilight! There we shall slumber on cool linen. I will put aside the glittering jewels and sparkle as a woman for you, for my god! I will lay your head to rest at my mouth, having given you life's most beautiful sleep. Your mouth is like a sweet-smelling flower, made dewy by the breath

sommersød ånde, dit favntag er som et flammebål, der kvæler al ve og vånde.
(*Harmaki rejser sig og vender sig fra hende*)

Du rejser dig, Harmaki, som i vrede. Er det den tak, du yder for min sang?

Harmaki

Din røst er farlig som en malstrøms brusen.

Kleopatra

For andre, ej for dig, du hjerteløse! Hvor vildt du stirrer! Du er syg og træt.
(*drager ham ned ved sin side*)

Læg her din kind mod silkehynnen tæt.
(*Harmaki lægger hovedet i hendes skød, famler på ny efter dolken*)

Din pandes hede nerver skal jeg køle.
(*tager hans hånd*)

Nej, nej! Din hånd ej stiller hjertets slag, læg den i min, så skal du hvile føle.

Harmaki

Forgæves ved din side ro jeg søger. Dit ord min vånde kun førøger.

of sweet summer: your embrace is like a burning fire, purging all pain and agony.
(*Harmaki rises and turns away*)

You get up, Harmaki, as if you were angry. Is that the thank you grant me for my song?

Harmaki

Your voice is dangerous like the roar of a vortex.

Kleopatra

To others, not to you, you heartless man!
Your gaze is wild! You are ill and tired.
(*pulls him down to her side*)

Lay your head close to the pillow of silk.
(*Harmaki lays his head in her lap, and gropes again after the dagger*)

I shall cool the burning nerves on your brow.
(*takes his hand*)

No, no! Your hand will not still the beating of your heart, lay it in mine, then you will feel rest.

Harmaki

In vain, I seek rest at your side. Your words only increase my pain.

Kleopatra

Skønne yngling, varm som våren, er det sandt, hvad du har sagt? Brændte aldrig dig i åren sejrsikker flammebåren elskovs underfulde magt?

Harmaki

Dronning! Lad mig fare!

Kleopatra

År og dage har du grundet over længslerne, du bar, lad da mig, en kvinde råde dig den vise livets gåde, elskovs underfulde magt!
Se, Harmaki, se, nu tænder midnat hist en stjerneskare.

Harmaki

Ve mig, ve mig!

Kleopatra

Elskov hedt i åren brænder, giv din sjæl i mine hænder, modtag livet af min mund.

Harmaki

Tag det, tag det med det samme! Lad mig dysses af din røst! Lad mig dræbes i

Kleopatra

Beautiful youth, warm as the spring, is it true what you just said? Did the wondrous power of triumphant passionate love never burn in your veins?

Harmaki

O Queen! Let me go!

Kleopatra

For years and days you have pondered over the longings you feel, let me, a woman, show you, the wise one, the secret of life, the wonderful power of love. Look, Harmaki, look, midnight lights up a host of stars.

Harmaki

Woe, o woe is me!

Kleopatra

Love burns in your veins, give your soul into my hands, receive life from my mouth.

Harmaki

Take it, take it now at once! Let me be calmed by your voice, let me be killed by

din flamme, lad mig kvæles ved dit bryst. Luk mig inde i din elskov som på bunden af en sø! Lad mig svinde som en perle, der i stærke urter krystet må i skum forgå og dø.

Kleopatra, Harmaki (samtidig)

Sig det, sig, du elsker mig. O sig, du elsker mig. Harmaki, elskov brænder hedt, brænder hedt i åren, elskov brænder hedt i åren modtag livet, modtag livet af min mund. (Kleopatra)
Dronning, jeg elsker dig. Jeg elsker dig. Lad mig kvæles ved dit bryst. Dronning, lad mig dræbes i din flamme. (Harmaki) (Lang omfavnsel. Pludselig stikker hun hånden ind på hans bryst og river dolken fra ham, støder ham fra sig og rejser sig med et triumferende smil)

Harmaki

Guder!

Kleopatra

Ja, se, Harmaki, se! Så stor er elskovs underfulde styrke, Den, du i nat ved mig har lært at dyrke.

your flame, let me be strangled at your breast. Lock me up in your passion as if I were on the bottom of a lake! Let me disappear like a pearl, which hugged by strong herbs, must perish in foam and die.

Kleopatra, Harmaki (simultaneously)

Tell me, tell me that you love me. O tell me that you love me. Harmaki, passion is burning hot, burning hot in the veins, passion burning hot in the veins, receive life, receive life from my mouth. (Kleopatra)
O Queen, I love you. I love you, let me be strangled at your breast. Queen, let me be killed in your flame. (Harmaki) (Long embrace. Suddenly she sticks her hand into his garment and snatches the dagger away from him, thrusts him away and rises with a triumphant smile)

Harmaki

O ye Gods!

Kleopatra

Yes, look Harmaki, look! So great is love's wondrous power, the power that I tonight have taught you to worship.

Harmaki

Forrådt!

Kleopatra

Kvæl mig med hånden, om du har lyst!
(peger mod baggrunden)
Men se, din dåd vil ingen sejr bringe.

Harmaki

Betrayed!

Kleopatra

Strangle me with your hand, if you will!
(points to the background)
But look, your deed will not bring any
victory.

9 SCENE IV

(Sepa og flere sammensvorne føres lænkede ind fra baggrunden af Kleopatras vagt. Charmion træder samtidig ind)

Harmaki

Sepa i lænker! Alting er forbi!

Kleopatra

Forrædere! I havde ventet at finde mig
som lig på dette sted. Men se, jeg står,
Egypten står med mig. En kvindes list har
tusind mænd besejret.

Kleopatra, Charmion, Harmaki, Sepa,
De sammensvorne, Livvagt
(samtidig)

SCENE IV

(Sepa and several conspirators are led in in
chains from the background by Kleopatra's
guard. At the same time Charmion appears)

Harmaki

Sepa in chains! Everything is lost!

Kleopatra

Traitors! You had expected to find me as
a corpse in this place. But behold, here I
stand, Egypt stands with me. A woman's
cunning has defeated a thousand men.

Kleopatra, Charmion, Harmaki, Sepa,
Conspirators, Bodyguard
(simultaneously)

Kleopatra

Nu som bestandig med sejr, med sejr jeg
smykker mig.

Charmion

Dødsrigets mørke iskoldt omskygger mig,
omskygger mig.

Harmaki

Mig som en slange bag blomsterne bed
hun, bed hun mig.

Sepa

Guder, forbarme jer, kongen forrådte os.

De sammensvorne (kor)

Ve os, ve os, i støvet, farao
trådte, farao trådte, trådte os.

Livvagt (kor)

Dronningen hil, for tusind, tusind stred hun.
(Kleopatra kaster dolken til Harmaki)

Kleopatra

Der! Tag din dolk til minde om din elskov,
den sidste gunst jeg ej vil nægte dig.

Kleopatra

Now as always with victory, with victory I
adorn myself.

Charmion

The darkness of the kingdom of the dead
surrounds me, surrounds me cold as ice.

Harmaki

She bit me like a snake behind the flowers,
she bit me.

Sepa

Ye Gods, have mercy, the King betrayed us.

Conspirators (chorus)

Woe to us, Pharaoh
has trampled us into the dust.

Bodyguard (chorus)

Hail to the Queen, she fought for thou-
sands, thousands.

(Kleopatra throws the dagger to Harmaki)

Kleopatra

There! Take your dagger as a memory
of your love, I will not deny you that last
favour.

(til vagten)

Før dem til fængslet, vagt, der falder dommen, før natten rinder.

(to the guard)

Bring them to the prison, guard. Before night is over, the sentence will be pronounced.

10 SCENE V

Charmion (til livvagten)

Læg også lænkerne om mine hænder!
(styrter ned for Sepas fødder)
Mig er det, mig, som blind af skinsyg
elskov forrådte land og tro til vore fjender.

Harmaki

Ve dig og alle, der har elskov kendt.

Sepa

Ve dig og ve den mand, der blev din fader. Med sorg så stor, som tankerne kan bære, betragter mine gamle øjne jer, hvis lidenskab har knust Egyptens ære.

Harmaki

Ræk mig din hånd. Jeg beder ej om nåde, kun om et mildt forsonligt blik, der som en

SCENE V

Charmion (to the bodyguard)

Chain my hands as well!
(throws herself to Sepa's feet)
It was I, I who blind with jealous love
betrayed my country and my faith to our enemies.

Harmaki

Woe to you and to all who have known love.

Sepa

Woe to you and woe to the man who became your father. With a sorrow so great as thoughts can bear my old eyes look at you, whose passion has crushed the honour of Egypt.

Harmaki

Give me your hand. I do not ask for mercy, only for a mild and forgiving look, which

stjerne for mit syn kan lyse, når jeg den store dødens vej skal gå.

(støder dolken i sit bryst og falder tilbage)

Charmion, Sepa, Kor (samtidig)

Harmaki! (Charmion)
(styrter over ham)
O, farao. (Sepa)
Farao. (Kor)
(Sepa står et øjeblik i dyb fortvivelse, vender sig derpå mod vagten, som fører ham og fangerne ud)

11 SCENE VI

(Charmion alene, bøjet over liget)

Charmion

Så bleg du er med dødens rosenmil på kinden. Så skøn du er med dødens kolde kys på mund. Elskov har voldt det, elskov den stærke, elskov den ømme, der aldrig får ro! Dødstung den satte sit blodige mærke dybt i dit hjerte, hvor længslerne gro. Elskov den ømme, der aldrig får ro.

like a star will lead me with its light when I shall walk on the great road of death.
(thrusts the dagger into his breast and falls back)

Charmion, Sepa, Chorus (simultaneously)

Harmaki! (Charmion)
(throws herself on his body)
O Pharaoh. (Sepa)
Pharaoh. (Chorus)
(For a moment Sepa remains sunk in deep despair, then he turns towards the guard who leads him and the prisoners out)

SCENE VI

(Charmion alone, bent over the body)

Charmion

How pale you are with the rosy smile of death on your cheek. How beautiful you are with the cold kiss of death on your mouth. Love has caused this, the strong love, the tender love that never finds its peace. Heavily it made its bloody mark deep in your heart where yearnings grow. The tender love that never finds its peace.

DDD

Recorded live at Carl Nielsen Salen, Odense Koncerthus, on 8-10 April 2019

Recording producer: Preben Iwan

Engineering: Knud Erik Esmarch and Preben Iwan

Technique: Jacob Langkilde

Editing, mix and mastering: Preben Iwan

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Liner notes by Henrik Engelbrecht

Texts and libretto translated from the Danish by Susanne Lange

Proofreader: Svend Ravnkilde

Photos pp. 14, 20, 25, 32, 38 and 41: © Kåre Viemose

Artwork: Studio Tobias Røder, www.tobiasroeder.com

Publisher: Breitkopf und Härtel

Danish National Opera (Den Jyske Opera), www.jyske-opera.dk

Odense Symphony Orchestra, www.odensesymfoni.dk

This production was premiered on 1 March 2019 by the Danish National Opera, launching their series of new productions of forgotten Danish late romantic to early modernist operas.
Den Danske Serie (the Danish Series) is supported by Aage og Johanne Louis-Hansens Fond

This recording was made in cooperation with Odense Symphony Orchestra,
the Danish National Opera, and DR (Danish Broadcasting Corporation)

Dacapo Records acknowledge, with gratitude, the support of
Aage og Johanne Louis-Hansens Fond, Frimodt-Heineke Fonden,
Korforbundet, William Demant Fonden, and MPO



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Den professionelle stemme



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Musikproducenternes
Forvaltningsorganisation



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