

**Medvirkende:**

**Adam Riis – Samson, tenor**

**Anna Jobrant Dalnäs – Dalila, sopran**

**Morten Grove Frandsen - Micah (Samsons ven), kontratenor**

**Jakob Soelberg - Manoa (Samsons far), bas**

**Jakob Vad - Harapha (en kæmpe), bas**

**Nina Bols Lundgren - En filisterkvinde/ en israelitisk kvinde, sopran**

**Erlend Tyrmi – En filister/ budbringer, tenor**

*Violin:* Arek Golinski – koncertmester, Ida Lorenzen, Merete Steffensen, Johanna Andersson, Tinne Albrechtsen, Lena Tove, Halla Steinunn Stefánsdóttir

*Bratsch:* Bryndís Bragadóttir, Mikkel Schreiber

*Cello:* Hanna Loftsdóttir, Kjeld Steffensen

*Bas:* Lars Baunkilde

*Obo:* Kennet Bohman, Pär Stolpe

*Fagot:* José Gomes

*Horn:* Ursula Monberg, David Palmquist

*Trompet:* Niels Tilma, Thor Erik Langseth

*Pauker:* Per Jensen

*Orgel og cembalo:* Erik Hildebrandt-Nielsen

Chorus Soranus

*Dirigent:* Svend Lyngberg-Larsen

**Georg Friedrich Händel**

(1685-1759):

**"SAMSON"**

Oratorium for solostemmer, kor og orkester

Oratoriet »Samson er komponeret I efteråret 1741, omtrent samtidig med »Messias«, og er opført første gang i London den 18. februar 1743. Grundlaget for handlingen er fortællingen i 16. kapitel af Dommernes bog om Samsons endeligt - den israelitiske helt, der ved en kvindes forræderi var faldet i filistrenes hænder, blindet og lagt i lænker, men som, da han igen føler sin gamle kraft, gennem en sidste heltegerning begraver sit folks fjender og sig selv under ruinerne af det nedstyrkede tempel. Den engelske digter John Milton (1608-1674) skrev 1671 over denne fortælling tragedien »Samson Agonistes«, og Händels litterære medarbejder Newburg Hammlton omarbejdede Miltons digt til en oratorietekst, formentlig mod bistand af Händel selv.

**FØRSTE AKT**

*Sinfonia*

*Andante pomposo – Allegro - Minuet*

Scene 1: Foran fængslet i Gaza. Samson, blind og i lænker.

*Samson: Recitativ*

This day, a solemn feast to Dagon held, Relieves me from my task of servile toil; Unwillingly their superstition yields this rest, to breathe heaven's air, fresh blowing, pure and sweet.

Filistrene og deres tempelpræster fejrer filistrenes gud, Dagens fest.

*Filistre: Kor*

Awake the trumpet's lofty sound! The joyful sacred festival comes round,  
When Dagon king of all the earth is crown'd.

*En filisterkvinde: Arie*

Ye men of Gaza, hither bring the merry pipe and pleasing string,  
The solemn hymn, and cheerful song; be Dagon praised by every tongue.

*Filistre: Kor*

Awake the trumpet's lofty sound! The joyful sacred festival comes round,  
When Dagon king of all the earth is crown'd.

*En filisterkvinde: Arie*

Then free from sorrow, free from thrall,  
All blithe and gay,  
With sports and play,  
We'll celebrate his festival

*Filistre: Kor*

Awake the trumpet's lofty sound! The joyful sacred festival comes round,  
When Dagon king of all the earth is crown'd.

*Samson: Recitativ*

Why by an angel was my birth foretold, if I must die betray'd, and captiv'd thus,  
The scorn and gaze of foes? O cruel thought, my grief find no redress; they inward prey,  
Like gangren'd wounds, immedicable grown.

Scene 2: Samsons venner kommer ind.

*Micah: Recitativ*

Oh, change beyond report, thought, or belief!  
See, how he lies with languish'd head, unpropt,  
Abandon'd, past all hope! Can this be he,  
Heroic Samson, whom no strength of man,  
Nor fury of the fiercest beast could quell?  
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,  
Ran weaponless on armies clad in iron,

Useless the temper'd steel, or coat of mail.

*Micah: Arie*

Oh, mirror of our fickle state!  
In birth, in strength, in deeds how great!  
From highest glory fall'n so low,  
Sunk in the deep abyss of woe!

*Micah: Recitativ*

Matchless in might! once Israel's glory, now her grief! We come, (thy friends well known), to visit thee!

*Samson: Recitativ*

Welcome, my friends!

*Micah: Recitativ*

Which shall we first bewail, Thy bondage, or lost sight?

*Samson: Recitativ*

Oh loss of sight! of thee I must complain! Oh worse than beggary, old age, or chains!  
My very soul in real darkness dwells!

*Arie*

Total eclipse! no sun, no moon, All dark amidst the blaze of noon!  
Oh glorious light! no cheering ray, To glad my eyes with welcome day!  
Why thus depriv'd Thy prime decree? Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me!

*Israeliter: Kor*

Oh first created beam! and thou great word: "Let there be light!" - and light was over all!  
One heav'nly blaze shone round this earthly ball - : To thy dark servant, life, by light afford!

Scene 3: Samsons far, Manoa. kommer jnd.

*Manoa: Recitativ*

Brethren and men of Dan, say where's my son, Samson, fond Israel's boast? Inform my age.

*Micah: Recitativ*

As signal now in low dejected state, As in the highth of pow'r: See where he lies!

*Manoa: Recitativ*

Oh, miserable change! Is this the man,  
Renown'd afar, the dread of Israel's foes?  
Who with an angel's strength their armies duell'd,  
Himself an army! — Now unequal match  
To guard his breast against the coward's spear!

*Arie*

Thy glorious deeds inspir'd my tongue, whilst airs of joy from thence did flow.  
To sorrows now I tune my song, and set my harp to notes of woe.

*Samson: Recitativ*

Justly these evils have befall'n thy son;  
Sole author I, sole cause

*Samson: Akkompagnato:*

My griefs for this  
Forbid mine eyes to close, or thoughts to rest.  
But now the strife shall end: me overthrown,  
Dagon presumes to enter lists with God,  
Who, thus provok'd, will not convive, but rouse  
His fury soon, and his great name assert;  
Dagon shall stoop, ere long be quite despoil'd  
Of all those boasted trophies won on me.

*Samson: Arie*

Why does the God of Israel sleep?  
Arise with dreadful sound,  
And clouds encompass'd round!  
Then shall the heathen hear thy thunder deep.  
The tempest of thy wrath now raise,  
In whirlwinds them pursue,  
Full fraught with vengeance due,  
Till shame and trouble all thy foes shall seize!

*Micah: Recitativ*

There lies our hope! True prophet may'st thou be,  
That God may vindicate his glorious name;  
Nor let us doubt whether God is Lord, or Dagon.

*Israeliter: Kor*

Then shall they know, that He whose name  
Jehovah is alone,  
O'er all the earth but One,  
Was ever the Most High, and still the same.

*Micah: Arie*

Joys that are pure, sincerely good,  
Shall then o'ertake you as a flood:  
Where truth and peace do ever shine,

With love that's perfectly divine.

*Israeliter: Kor*

Then round about the starry throne of Him who ever rules alone,  
Your heav'nly-guided soul shall climb: Of all this earthly grossness quit,  
With glory crown'd for ever sit, and triumph over Death, and thee, oh Time!

ANDEN AKT

Scene 1: Samme sted.

*Samson: Recitativ*

My evils hopeless are! One pray'r remains: A speedy death, to close my miseries.

*Micah: Recitativ*

Relieve Thy champion, image of Thy strength, And turn his labours to a peaceful end!

*Arie*

Return, oh God of hosts! Behold Thy servant in distress!  
His mighty griefs redress, nor by the heathen be it told.

*Israeliter: Kor*

To dust his glory they would tread, And number him amongst the dead.

Scenec 2: Dalila nærmer sig med sine jomfruer.

*Micah : Recitativ*

But who is this? that so bedeck'd and gay, Comes this way sailing like a stately ship?  
'T is Dalila, thy wife.

*Samson: Recitativ*

My wife? my traitress! let her not come near me!

*Micah: Recitativ*

She stands, and eyes thee fix'd, with head declin'd.  
Like a fair flow'r surcharg'd with dew, she weeps;  
Her words address'd to thee, seem tears dissolv'd,  
Wetting the borders of her silken veil.

*Dalila: Recitativ*

With doubtful feet, and wav'ring resolution, I come, O Samson, dreading thy displeasure;  
But conjugal affection led me on, prevailing over fear and timorous doubt.  
Glad if in aught my help or love could serve to expiate my rash, unthought misdeed.

*Arie*

With plaintive notes and am'rous moan, thus coos the turtle left alone.

*Samson: Recitativ*

Did love constrain thee? No, 'twas raging lust!  
Love seeks for love; thy treason sought my hate.  
In vain you strive to cover shame with shame:  
Once join'd to me, though judg'd your country's foe,  
Parents, and all, were in the husband lost.

*Samson: Arie*

Your charms to ruin led the way,  
My sense deprav'd,  
My strength enslav'd,  
As I did love, you did betray.  
How great the curse, how hard my fate  
To pass life's sea with such a mate!

*Dalila: Recitativ*

Forgive what's done, nor think of what's past cure  
From forth this prison-house come home to me,  
Where with redoubled love and nursing care,  
(To me glad office!) my virgins and myself  
Shall tend about thee to extremest age.

*Arie*

My faith and truth, oh Samson, prove, But hear me, hear the voice of love!  
With love no mortal can be cloy'd, all happiness is love enjoy'd.

*Dalila og Dalilas ledsagerske: Arie*

My/her faith and truth, O Samson, prove, But hear me/her, hear the voice of love!

*Samson: Recitativ*

Ne'er think of that! I know thy warbling charms, thy trains, thy wiles, and fair enchanted cup:  
Their force is null'd; where once I have been caught, I shun the snare; these chains, this prison-house,  
I count the house of liberty to thine.

*Dalila og Samson: Duet*

Traitor to love! I'll sue no more for pardon scorn'd, Your threats give o'er!/  
Traitor to love! I'll hear no more the charmer's voice, Your arts give o'er!

Delila og hendes jomfruer går.

*Micah: Recitativ*

She's gone! A serpent manifest, her sting  
Discover'd in the end.

*Samson: Recitativ*

So let her go!  
God sent her here to aggravate my folly.

*Samson: Recitativ*

Favour'd of heaven is he, who finds one true.  
How rarely found! — His way to peace is smooth.

*Kor:*

To man God's universal law  
Gave pow'r to keep the wife in awe.  
Thus shall his life be ne'er dismay'd,  
By female usurpation sway'd.

Scene 3

*Micah: Recitativ*

No words of peace, no voice enchanting fear, A rougher tongue expect: here's Harapha,  
I know him by his stride and haughty look.

Harapha kommer ind.

*Harapha: Recitativ*

I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance; I am of Gath, men call me Harapha:  
Thou know'st me now. Of thy prodigious might much have I heard, incredible to me!  
In this displeas'd, that never in the field we met, to try each other's deeds of strength:  
I'd see if thy appearance answers loud report.

*Samson: Recitativ*

The way to know, were not to see, but taste.

*Harapha: Recitativ*

Ha! Dost thou then already single me? I thought that labour and thy chains had tamed thee.  
Had fortune brought me to that field of death, where thou wrought'st wonders with an ass's jaw,  
I'd left thy carcase where the ass lay dead.

*Samson: Recitativ*

Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do.

*Harapha: Recitativ*

The honour certain to have won from thee I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out:  
To combat with a blind man, I disdain.

*Arie*

Honour and arms scorn such a foe, though I could end thee at a blow;  
Poor victory, to conquer thee, or glory in thy overthrow!  
Vanquish a slave that is half slain: So mean a triumph I disdain.

*Samson: Recitativ*

Can'st thou for this, vain boaster? yet take heed! My heels are fettered, but my hands are free.  
Thou bulk, of spirit void! I once again, blind and in chains, provoke thee to the fight!

*Harapha: Recitativ*

Oh Dagon! can I hear this insolence, to me unused, not rend'ring instant death?

*Samson og Harapha: Duet*

Go, baffled coward, go, lest vengeance lay thee low,  
In safety fly my wrath with speed!/  
Presume not on thy God, who under foot has trod,  
Thy strength and thee, at greatest need.

*Micah: Recitativ*

Here lies the proof: - if Dagon be thy God, with high devotion invoke his aid;  
His glory is concern'd. Let him dissolve, those magic spells that gave our hero strength:  
Then know whose God is God; Dagon, of mortal make, or that Great One whom Abram's sons adore.

*Kor:*

Hear, Jacob's God, Jehovah, hear!  
Oh, save us, prostrate at thy throne!  
Israel depends on thee alone,  
Save us, and show that thou art near!

*Harapha:*

Dagon, arise, attend thy sacred feast!  
Thy honour calls, this day admits no rest.

*En filister: Arie*

To song and dance we give the day,  
Which shows thy universal sway.  
Protect us by thy mighty hand.  
And sweep this race from out the land!  
To song and dance. . .

*Kor:*



To song and dance we give the day,  
Which shows thy universal sway.  
Protect us by thy mighty hand.  
And sweep this race from out the land!

De forsamlede israeliter med Samson, Micah og Manoa og flistrene med Dalila og Harapha påkalder hver deres Gud, Jehova og Dagon, og priser deres magt og vælde.

*Israeliter og filistre: Soli og kor*  
Fix'd in his everlasting seat,  
Jehova/ Great Dagon rules the world in state.  
His thunder roars, heav'n shakes, and earth's aghast;  
The stars with deep amaze, Remain in stedfast gaze:  
Jehova/ Great Dagon is of Gods the first and last.

### TREDJE AKT

Scene 1: Samme sted.

*Micah: Recitativ*  
More trouble is behind; for Harapha comes on amain, speed in his steps and look.

*Samson: Recitativ*  
I fear him not, nor all his giant brood.

Harapha kommer ind

*Harapha: Recitativ*  
Samson, to thee our Lords thus bid me say: This day to Dagon we do sacrifice  
With triumph, pomp, and games; we know, thy strength surpasses human race: come then, and show  
Some public proof to grace this solemn feast.

*Samson: Recitativ*  
I am an Hebrew, and our law forbids my presence at their vain religious rites.

*Harapha: Recitativ*  
This answer will offend; regard thyself.

*Samson: Recitativ*  
Myself! my conscience and internal peace! Am I so broke with servitude, to yield  
To such absurd commands? to be their fool, and play before their God - I will not come.

*Harapha: Recitativ*  
My message, given with speed, brooks no delay.

*Arie*

Presuming slave, to move their wrath! for mercy sue, or vengeance due  
dooms in one fatal word thy death! Presuming slave, consider, ere in be too late,  
to ward th'unerring shaft of fate.

Harapha går

*Micah : Recitativ*

Reflect then, Samson, matters now are strain'd up to the height, whether to hold, or break.  
He's gone, whose malice may inflame the Lords.

*Samson: Recitativ*

Shall I abuse this consecrated gift of strength, again returning with my hair,  
By vaunting it in honour to their God, and prostituting holy things to idols?

*Micah: Recitativ*

How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach; 'T is Heaven alone can save, both us and thee.

*Israeliter: Kor*

With thunder arm'd, great God, arise! Help Lord, or Israel's champion dies!  
To thy protection this thy servant take, And save, oh save us for thy servants' sake!

*Samson: Recitativ*

Be of good courage; I begin to feel some secret impulse, which doth bid me go.

*Micah: Recitativ*

In time thou hast resolved, again he comes

Harapha kommer ind

*Harapha: Recitativ*

Samson, this second message send our lortds: Haste thee at once, or we shall engines find  
To move thee, though thou wert a solid rock.

*Samson: Recitativ*

Vain were their art if tried; I yield to go.  
Not through your streets be like a wild beast trail'd.

*Harapha: Recitativ*

You thus may win the lords to set you free.

*Samson: Recitativ*

In nothing I'll comply that's scandalous  
Or sinful by our law. — Brethren, farewell!  
Your kind attendance now, I pray, forbear,

*Micah: Recitativ*

So may'st thou act as serves his glory best.

*Samson: Recitativ*

Let but that spirit (which first rush'd on me in the camp of Dan) inspire me at my need:  
Then shall I make Jehovah's glory known! Their idol gods shall from his presence fly,  
Scatter'd like sheep before the God of Hosts.

*Arie*

Thus when the sun from's wat'ry bed, all curtain'd with a cloudy red,  
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave; The wand'ring shadows ghastly pale,  
All troop to their infernal jail, each fetter'd ghost slips to his sev'ral grave.

Går, ført af sin ledsager

Scene 2: Manoa kommer jnd.

*Micah : Recitativ*

Old Manoa, with youthful steps, makes haste to find his son, or bring us some glad news.

*Manoa: Recitativ*

I come, my brethren, not to seek my son, who at the feast doth play before the lords;  
But give you part with me, what hopes I have to work his liberty.

Micah og Manoa hører på afstand filistrenes fest fra. Dagens tempel.

*Filistre: Solo og kor*

Great Dagon has subdued our foe, and brought their boasted hero low:  
Sound out his pow'r in notes divine, praise him with mirth, high cheer and wine!

*Manoa: Recitativ*

What noise of joy was that? It tore the sky.

*Micah: Recitativ*

They shout and sing to see their dreaded foe now captive, blind, delighting with his strength.

*Manoa: Recitativ*

Could my inheritance but ransom him, without my patrimony, having him,  
The richest of my tribe.

*Micah: Recitativ*

Sons care to nurse their parents in old age; But you, your son.

*Manoa: Arie*

How willing my paternal love the weight to share of filial care,  
And part of sorrow's burden prove! Tho' wandering in the shades of night,  
Whilst I have eyes, he wants no light.

*Micah: Recitativ*

Your hopes of his deliv'ry seem not vain, in which all Israel's friends participate.

*Manoa: Recitativ*

I know your friendly minds, and -

Han afbrydes af larmen, da templet styrter sammen

*Sinfonia*

*Manoa: Recitativ*

Heav'n! what noise! Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

*Filistre: Kor*

Hear us, our God! oh hear our cry! Death! ruin! fall'n! no help is nigh,  
Oh mercy, Heav'n! we sink, we die!

Scene 3:

*Budbringer: Recitativ*

Where shall I run, or which way fly the thoughts of this most horrid sight? Oh countrymen!  
You're in this sad event too much concern'd.

*Manoa: Recitativ*

The accident was loud, we long to know from whence.

*Budbringer: Recitativ*

Let me recover breath; it will burst forth.

*Manoa: Recitativ*

Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

*Budbringer: Recitativ*

Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n.

*Manoa: Recitativ*

Sad, not to us! But now relate by whom?

*Budbringer: Recitativ*

By Samson done.

*Manoa: Recitativ*

The sorrow lessens still,  
And nigh converts to joy.

*Budbringer: Recitativ*

O Manoa!  
In vain I would refrain; the evil tale  
Too soon will rudely pierce thy aged ear.

*Manoa: Recitativ*

Suspense in news is torture: speak them out!

*Budbringer: Recitativ*

Then take the worst in brief - Samson is dead.

*Manoa: Recitativ*

The worst indeed!

*Budbringer: Recitativ*

Unwounded of his enemies he fell, at once he did destroy, and was destroy'd;  
The edifice, (where all were met to see), upon their heads, and on his own he pull'd!

*Manoa: Recitativ*

Oh lastly overstrong against thyself!  
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge: Glorious, yet dearly brought!

*Micah: Arie*

Ye sons of Israel, now lament; Your spear is broke, your bow's unbent, Your glory's fled!  
Amongst the dead Great Samson lies. For ever, ever closed his eyes!

*Israeliter: Kor*

Weep, Israel, weep a louder strain; Samson, your strength, your hero, is slain!

Samsons legeme bæres forbi på vej til graven

*Sørgemarch*

*Manoa: Recitativ*

Glorious hero, may thy grave  
Peace and honour ever have;  
After all thy pain and woes  
Rest eternal, sweet repose!

*Kor af Israliter:*

Glorious hero, may thy grave  
Peace and honour ever have!

*En israelitisk kvinde: Recitativ*

The virgins too shall on their feastful days  
Visit his tomb with flow'rs, and there bewail  
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice.

*Kor af jomfruer:*

Bring the laurels, bring the bays,  
Strew his hearse, and strew the ways!

*En israelitisk kvinde: Recitativ*

May ev'ry hero fall like thee,  
Through sorrow to felicity!

*Kor af jomfruer:*

Bring the laurels, bring the bays  
Strew his hearse and strew the ways!

*Kor af israelitter:*

Glorious hero, may thy grave  
Peace and honour ever have,  
After all thy pains and woes,  
Rest eternal, sweet repose!

*Manoa: Recitativ*

Come, come! no time for lamentation now, No cause for grief:  
Samson like Samson fell, both life and death heroic. To his foes Ruin is left; to him eternal fame.

*En israelitisk kvinde: Arie*

Let the bright Seraphim in burning row, their loud, uplifted angel-trumpets blow  
Let the Cherubic hosts, in tuneful choirs, touch their immortal harps with golden wires.

*Kor:*

Let their celestial concerts all unite, ever to sound his praise in endless blaze of light.

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