



*An Thom Prof. Gied  
mit dem besten Grüßen  
und Dank*

**Vigilie for Thomas Becket**  
Liturgisk opera af Nils Holger Petersen

*N. H. Petersen  
K. H.*

- I. Introitus
- II. Overture
- III. 1. akt
- IV. 2. akt, 1. og 2. scene
- V. Postludium

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**A Vigil for Thomas Becket**  
A Liturgical Opera by Nils Holger Petersen

- I. Introit
- II. Overture
- III. Act I
- IV. Act II, 1. and 2. scene
- V. Postlude

## I. INTROITUS

Kor (under procession af alle sangere – undtagen John of Norwich):

O, Helligånd! Fyrværkeri-trompet fra himlen ud over klodens menske-tivoli!

(Original salme af Sten Kaalø, *Spurven*, København 1987).

Tenor 1 (senere Wibert):

Lux hodie lux leticie, me iudice tristis  
Quis-quis erit, renovandus erit sol-  
lempnibus istis.

Latin, fra nytårsofficiet fra Beauvais,  
Vesper I, ed. Wulf Arlt, Köln 1970:

(Dansk oversættelse:

Lys i dag, glædens lys; det synes mig, at  
den sorgfulde, hvem han end er, bør  
fornys gennem disse ritualer.)

Kor:

Bort med al misundelse i dag! Bort med  
depressionerne! Glæden vil vi prise i en  
verden truet af ondskab.

(Processionen er nået op i koret. Baryto-  
nen (John of Norwich) kommer – for-  
sinket – løbende op ad kirkens midter-  
gang. Han stopper op, ser sig omkring og  
går langsomt videre, mens han nynner en  
sekvens-melodi til St. Thomas.)

(John kommer frem til de andre sangere i  
koret.)

## I. INTROIT

Choir (during a procession of all singers  
– except John of Norwich):

(English prose translation of the original  
Danish hymn text, *Spurven*, by Sten Kaalø,  
Copenhagen 1987:

O Holy Ghost! Trumpet of fireworks  
from Heaven over the human carnival of  
the globe.)

Tenor 1 (later Wibert):

Lux hodie lux leticie, me iudice tristis  
Quis-quis erit, renovandus erit sol-  
lempnibus istis.

Latin, original text from the New Year's  
Office from Beauvais, Vespers I, ed. Wulf  
Arlt, Köln 1970.)

(English translation:

Light this day, light of joy; it seems to  
me that the sorrowful one – whoever he  
may be – shall be renewed through these  
celebrations.)

Choir:

Envy must be cleansed away today! All -  
depressions must away! Praise the joy  
which evil in our world endangers so  
often.

(The procession has reached the choir. The  
barytone (John of Norwich) comes in, run-  
ning – late. He stops, looks around and  
slowly walks on while humming a se-  
quence melody in honour of St. Thomas.)

(John reaches the other singers in the  
choir.)

Kor:

O, spil en verdenssymfoni, en rus til vrimlen, et Helligånds- trompetfyrværkeri!

(2. vers af Sten Kaaløs ovenanførte salme).

John taler: Så er vi her. ...dag d. ... i det Herrens år ... i .... kirke. Men hvad skal vi kalde denne forestilling? Holder vi gudstjeneste? Spiller vi teater? Gud véd! Men her er vi i hvert fald, for at fortælle, ja for at fejre og være sammen om mærkelige, tunge og alligevel opløftende begivenheder.

Der er gået over 800 år, siden det skete. Siden Thomas blev myrdet og gjort til helgen af paven – ja, af os allesammen.

Den melodi, jeg sang på vejen herop, blev skrevet til hans helgenkåring. Den er smuk, ikke? (Nynner igen).

Der er sket meget siden, og vi er ikke de samme mere, nogen af os. Om han *var* en helgen? ... Tja, dengang var jeg ikke i tvivl.

Da kongen og Thomas var blevet helt uforsonlige modstandere, måtte Thomas flygte til Frankrig, til paven i Sens. Det var han nødt til. Kongen var ude af sig selv, og når *han* var det, så var der intet at gøre. Himlen bevare os for hans vrede!

Jeg selv blev i England. Der var så-mænd ikke så mange, der lagde mærke til mig – jeg var bare en af Thomas' klerke. Jeg kunne måske gøre lidt for hans sag dér, for sandt at sige var der ikke mange af kirkens ledende mænd, der støttede ham.

Forbundsfællerne, det var klerkene, os små, de unge, de uuddannede, dem uden fede embeder. Men det var jo også vores retsstilling, hele konflikten med kongen var startet med.

Choir:

(Prosetranslation of the second stanza of Sten Kaaløs's above mentioned hymn:

Oh, play a world symphony, bring ecstasy to the multitudes, a fireworks of trumpets of the Spirit!)

John speaks: So we're here. ...day the .... in the year of the Lord .... in the church of ... But what should we call this event? Are we worshipping or are we putting on a play? God only knows. But in any case we are here to tell about, celebrate and share strange, dark, yet stirring events.

More than 800 years have passed since it happened. Since Thomas was murdered and made a saint by the pope – indeed by all of us.

The melody I was singing on my way here was written for his canonization. It's beautiful, isn't it? (Goes on humming).

Much has happened since then, and we're no longer the same persons, any of us. *Was* he a saint? ... Well, at that time I had no doubts.

When the king and Thomas had become irreconcilable enemies, Thomas fled to France, to the pope in Sens. He had to do that. The king was beside himself, and nothing could be done about that. Heaven preserve us from his anger!

I stayed in England. Not many did take notice of me – I was just one of Thomas' clerks. Maybe I could do something for his cause. In truth, not many of the leading men of the Church supported him.

His allies were us, the minor clerics, the young, the students, those who had no lucrative offices. Finally, it was the discussion of our legal rights that had set off the conflict with the king.

Men hvor mange vidste egentlig, hvad der var sket og lå bag?

Jeg skrev en sang – jeg er faktisk ret stolt af den. I får den at høre om et øjeblik. Den sang jeg rundt om for folk, mest i klosteskolerne og i domkapitlerne, men ellers hvor jeg kunne komme til det.

Det er en klagesang om den engelske kirkes førstefødte, den første engelske ærkebiskop – forrådt og solgt til det franske Ægypten – ikke kun af sine brødre, men af en efterkommer af kong Herodes – en tyrant!

Det var faktisk – når jeg selv skal sige det – ikke ganske ufarligt at synge den, men jeg følte, at jeg skyldte Thomas at fortælle sandheden. Der var så mange, der sagde det modsatte... at ærkebispens var en forrædder mod kongen. Og det er en blodig løgn!

John synger:

In Rama sonat gemitus plorante Rachel Angliae. Herodis namque genitus dat ipsam ignominiae. En eius primogenitus et Ioseph Cantuariæ exulat si sit venditus Egyptum colit Galliae.

(Den tidligst bevarede sang skrevet om/til Thomas Becket, må være skrevet mellem 1164 og 1170. Se Denis Stevens, Alexander Blachly, Joan Long and Cornelia Weininger, eds, *Music in Honour of St. Thomas of Canterbury*, London 1970, s. 1.

Dansk oversættelse:

I Rama lyder et skrig fra Englands Rakel. Thi en efterkommer af Herodes har bragt hende i vanære: Hendes førstefødte, Canterburys Josef, lever i eksil, som om han er blevet solgt. Han bor i det franske Ægypten.)

But how many knew what had happened and what was behind it?

I wrote a song – I'm actually quite proud of it. I'll sing it to you in a moment. I sang it here and there for people, mostly in the schools of the monasteries and in the chapters, and wherever it turned out to be possible.

It's a lament about the firstborn of the English Church, the first Canterbury archbishop of English birth, who was betrayed and sold to the 'Egypt' of France not only by his brothers, but by a descendant of king Herod, a tyrant!

Singing this song was quite daring, if I may say myself. But I felt that I owed it to Thomas to tell the truth. There were so many who claimed the opposite, that the archbishop was a traitor to the king. And that is a bloody lie!

John sings:

In Rama sonat gemitus plorante Rachel Angliae. Herodis namque genitus dat ipsam ignominiae. En eius primogenitus et Ioseph Cantuariæ exulat si sit venditus Egyptum colit Galliae.

(The earliest preserved song written about or to Thomas Becket. It must have been written between 1164 and 1170. See Denis Stevens, Alexander Blachly, Joan Long and Cornelia Weininger, eds, *Music in Honour of St. Thomas of Canterbury*, London 1970, p. 1, English paraphrase p. 48.

English translation by John Stevens, *Words and Music in the Middle Ages*, Cambridge 1986, p. 69:

In Rama sounds a voice of weeping, as England's Rachel mourns, for Herod's offspring gives her over to ignominy. Behold her firstborn, her 'Joseph' of Canterbury, lives in exile as if sold [into slavery]; he inhabits the 'Egypt' of France.)

## II. OUVERTURE

### III. I. AKT

John, taler: En af de første gange, jeg sang min sang om Thomas, var i hans eget kloster – hvis man da *kunne* kalde det hans... klostret ved Christ Church i Canterbury. Jeg ville prøve den på den forsigtige prior Wibert og hans mindre forsigtige højre hånd Odo.

Det blev ikke sidste gang, jeg sang den, selvom det var lige ved...

#### III A. TERZET (WIBERT, ODO, JOHN)

Wibert: Modigt, men næppe klogt. Der er brug for besindighed.

Odo: I skaber bitterhed og splittelse i folk!

John: Men splittelsen er virkelig.  
Henry ville knække Thomas, Kirken. At ingen skulle tale ham imod!

Wibert: Kun ved at vente og gå i hi er der håb om fred.

Odo: Thomas' kamp er helt hans egen. Han er en nar! I har valgt en dårlig sag.

John: Konflikten var uklar først. Hvem ved hvem der havde ret? Men det var sandt at spørge kongen om hans ret! Derfor må jeg støtte Thomas.

Wibert: Du bør ikke blive her, min Søn! Kongens magt er alt for stor!

Odo: Kongens magt er stor; vi må samarbejde, ikke som Thomas optræde forfængeligt.

## II. OUVERTURE.

### III. I. ACT.

John speaks: One of the first times I sang my song about Thomas was in his own monastery – if you *could* say that it was his..., the monastery of Christ Church in Canterbury.

I wanted to try it out on the cautious prior Wibert and his less cautious right hand Odo.

It was not the last time I sang it, although it was close to being so.

#### III A. TRIO (WIBERT, ODO, JOHN)

Wibert: Brave words, but hardly wise. We need calmness above anything.

Odo: Discord and bitterness result from such a song!

John: The discord is reality!  
Henry tried to crush the Church and Thomas. So no one would speak up against himself.

Wibert: Only through waiting and hiding do we have hopes of peace.

Odo: Thomas' fight is purely selfish. He is a fool! He does not deserve support!

John: The conflict was never clear. Who knows who was right at first? Still, it was right to call in question the king's right! Therefore, I must back up Thomas.

Wibert: You must leave this country now, my Son! Royal power is too great!

Odo: Royal power is great; we must cooperate, not like your Thomas, act out of vanity.

John: Jeg hævder ikke, at Thomas er fri for fejl. Men hvad bli'r der mon af kirken, os små, om ingen tør stå fast mod overgreb?

John: Jeg vil synge mod kongens overgreb.

Wibert: Vær besindig, kirken har brug for fred.

Odo: Kirken skades ved jeres uforstand.

attacca

III B. KVARTET

(RANULF OG DE FORRIGE)

Ranulf: Her skjules en forrædder, John fra Norwich!

Wibert: Hvor vover I!

Ranulf: I kongens navn følg med din usling. Forrædder!

John (står stivnet, for sig selv): Han må ha' hørt om sangen. Det er ude med mig. Og kongens ret, o Gud, mit hjerte hamrer.

Wibert (til Ranulf, myndigt, roligt): I bryder klostrets fred, (med vægt): ti og gå herfra!

Odo: Men abbed, han er kongens mand! I vil dog lyde kongen!

John (stadig for sig selv): Mon Wibert holder stand? (pludseligt vred): Om blot jeg havde større mod, så sa' jeg lige op i deres ansigter: Fordømte hyklere; penge og magt og kappen på begge skuldre!

John: I do not claim that he is above criticism. Can the Church preserve it's freedom, and ours, if no one dares oppose the royal abuse?

John: I shall sing loud and fight the royal abuse.

Wibert: Calm your minds now; we are in need of peace.

Odo: You're a traitor, harming both king and Church.

attacca

III B. QUARTET

(RANULF AND THE PREVIOUS)

Ranulf: You seem to hide a traitor, John of Norwich!

Wibert: How dare you!

Ranulf: Come with me to the king's court, coward! You traitor!

John (freezes, to himself): He must have heard about the song. What shall I do now! The king's court, o my God, my heart is pounding!

Wibert (to Ranulf, with authority, calmly): You break the peace of God, keep the peace and leave!

Odo: But abbot, he's the king's own man! You surely must obey him!

John (still to himself): O Wibert, please stand firm. (suddenly angry): I wish I were courageous now, I'd tell them right up in their faces what I think: You are all hypocrites! Run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, you greedy bastards!

Ranulf: Og véd I hvad han synger om kongen?

Wibert: I klostret byder jeg, her tæller våben ej; endogså kongen respekterer altid klostrets fred!

Ranulf: I misbruger klostrets fred, når I vil beskytte en, der synger smædesange om kongen!

Odo: Kongen må der ej tales ilde om; han har krav på vor respekt!

Ranulf (bruser op): I lægger onde planer mod kongen! Hele klostret skulle brændes! Alle munke hugges ned!

Giv mig John, så skal vi skåne klostret. Ellers er I kongens fjende!

Wibert (arietta, hvorunder John fatter sig og Ranulf falder noget til ro):

Nok! I går for vidt! Klostret er et fristed, som skal hægges om. For fredens skyld! Vi holder kontakter til begge parter.

Striden gik for vidt! Både kongen og vor ærkebiskop har så travlt med at forsvare deres ære!

Mange si'r om mig, at jeg ta'r ikke stilling. Dog er det vigtigt, at nogen lytter og ikke taler selv.

Et sted står jeg fast: Klostret er et fristed, som skal hægges om. For menneskers skyld! Her skal alle kunne mødes.

John: Thomas er ingen forrædder! Kongen kunne ikke tåle, at Thomas tog sit nye embede alvorligt. Pres, trusler, vrede. Kongen tog aldrig Thomas alvorligt!

Ranulf: And do you know what he sings about the king?

Wibert: Weapons and worldly pow'r do not command in here. Even the king has always held the sanctuary in respect.

Ranulf: You misuse the peace of God in giving protection to a liar who defames his own king!

Odo: One must never speak badly of the king. He deserves our full respect!

Ranulf (blazing up): This is a conspiracy, you're traitors! I should burn the monastery! All the monks should be cut down!

Give me John, and we shall spare the abbey. Or the king's right hand shall strike you!

Wibert (arietta, during which John gets himself together and Ranulf calms down somewhat):

Stop! This goes too far! We must tend the abbey as a refuge. For the sake of peace! We have open contacts on both the sides.

Fights get out of hand! Both the king and the archbishop seem to be most occupied with defending their honour!

Some people have complained, that I don't take a stand. But it is crucial that I can listen and not speak myself.

One thing must be clear: We must tend the abbey as a refuge. For the sake of men! It must stand open for all.

John: Don't call the archbishop a traitor! T'was the king who could not put up with Thomas' taking seriously his appointment. Threats, pressure, anger. Henry has

Westminster! Mere pres førte til Woodstock, som kongen misbrugte i Clarendon.

Ranulf: Du glemmer, at Thomas står ene mod alle de andre bisper; du glemmer hans skiftende tilsagn!

Odo: Hvordan sku' kongen ku' stole på hans ord? Landet har brug for lov og orden!

John: Det er tomme ord hos kongen. Tortur, vilkårlighed er mere dækkende i dag!

Ranulf: Var din tunge! Du spotter kongen!

Odo: I splitter landet, Thomas og alle hans medløbere!

John: Tænk blot på Northhampton, en gru for et land, der tørster efter retfærdighed og fred. Og du forsøgte vold, Ranulf, tal ej om forrædderi til mig.

Ranulf: Han dømtes af kongens råd, men ville ej ta' mod fornuft!

Odo: Ingen biskop ville støtte ham. Man kan ej stole på Thomas' ord.

John: En skueproces. Det er ej underligt, Thomas ikke ku' støtte kongens gamle sædvaneregler! Kongen er blevet despotisk!

Ranulf: I vender op og ned på alt. Thomas er en forrædder, og det er alle, som støtter ham.

Odo: Kongen må styre landet, hvor er vi ellers henne!

(Sangerne "fryser".)

never listened to Thomas! Westminster! All this resulted in Woodstock which the king misused in Clarendon.

Ranulf: Thomas stands alone among bishops. Not one of them does support him! Remember his changing commitments.

Odo: How should the king be able to trust his word? This country needs some law and order!

John: Those are empty words of Henry's. Torture, and despotism are more descriptive of his rule!

Ranulf: Hold your tongue, I'll make you regret this!

Odo: You split the country, Thomas and all of his henchmen like you!

John: Just think of Northhampton, a horror for all who're craving justice and peaceful government. You did commit assault, Ranulf. Complain not of treachery to me.

Ranulf: The King's Council passed a sentence on him, yet Thomas was deaf!

Odo: Ev'ry bishop voted with the king. There is no reason to trust Thomas!

John: A show trial it was! It is not strange that Thomas refused to support the so-called „ancient customs“ of Henry! King Henry's rule is despotic!

Ranulf: You turn the whole thing upside down! Thomas is but a traitor, and so are all who support his case.

Odo: The royal hand must rule the country; or ev'rything stops!

(All singers „freeze“.)

### III C. MELLEMSPIEL

John taler:

Jeg holdt mig fra Canterbury. Jeg holdt mig mere og mere til mine egne – småklerkene og de studerende. Situationen var fastlåst. Jeg overvejede, om jeg skulle rejse til Sens og slutte mig til Thomas dér. Jeg havde efterhånden svært ved at se et formål med noget som helst, jeg kunne gøre.

### III D. JOHN

Solo-violinen forlader ensemblet og holder sig nær til John.

John (i tanker) synger:

...rejse, så snart jeg kan til Sens, så snart jeg kan til Sens. Jeg vil rejse, så snart jeg kan til Sens; jeg vil... jeg vil... Jeg vil rejse, så snart jeg kan! Jeg vil væk, jeg vil væk, jeg vil rejse, så snart jeg kan herfra.

Gud, hvorfor er her så megen ondskab? Jeg føler mig som is helt ind i sjælen!

Jeg er kun en klerk, så det har ingen betydning, hvad jeg tænker!

Men fyrster og biskper, de har magt og bruger den.

Hvordan løber sager helt af sporet? Jeg kan ikke finde mig selv. Jeg har intet at gøre her! Thomas' sag er blevet helt absurd. Jeg kan intet forstå!

Gud, hvis du er almægtig, så ryd op for os!

Thomas støttede modigt os småfolk i kirken; om jeg blot havde mod li'som ham. Kongens vrede er frygtelig! Thomas helt ubøjelig!

Sagens indhold bli'r væk i kamp for at få ret!

### III C. INTERLUDE

John speaks:

I kept away from Canterbury and stayed more and more with my own kind, the minor clerics and the students. The situation seemed to be in a deadlock. I wondered whether I should go to Sens to join Thomas. It was hard to find a point in anything I could do.

### III D. JOHN

The solo violin leaves the ensemble and stays near John.

John (in his thoughts) singing:

...get out, get out of England fast, get out of England fast. I must leave now, get out of England fast; I must... I must... I must leave now, get out quite fast! I must leave, I must leave, I must leave now, get out of England fast.

God, why do you accept so much evil? I feel myself frozen, deep in my soul!

I am but a clerk, thus my opinion has no significance!

But princes and bishops do have power and use it!

How and why do things get out of hand? I feel lost and see nothing left that makes sense to do here for me! Thomas' case is thoroughly absurd. I don't see any point!

God, if you are almighty, make sense out of this!

Thomas bravely supported the rights of his clerics; ...would that I were courageous like him! But the wrath of the King hits hard!

Why does Thomas never yield?

Thus, the matter has yielded to obstinate fights.

John, taler:

Mit liv var bundet til hans kamp. Men var det en sand kamp? Skulle jeg lade mit liv gå til i en vanvittig strid? Der var så meget, jeg længtes efter...

John synger igen:

Gud! Hvordan skal jeg forestille mig din magt? Ting kan gå helt skævt, uden at du griber ind. Hvordan kan det løbe helt af sporet?

Gud, hvor er du henne? Gud, er du til?

John, taler:

Når vi er i en blindgyde, sker det, at tanker og udtryk, som har lagret sig i sjælen, kommer frem. „Min Gud, min Gud, hvorfor har du forladt mig?“

Anselm, der selv var ærkebiskop i Canterbury for mange år siden, har skrevet noget, der har sat sig i mig... Det er henvendt til Gud:

John, synger:

*Hvordan er du almagtig, hvis du ikke kan lyve, gøre sandt usandt, gjort ugjort? Mon det at kunne sådanne ting ikke er magt, men afmagt?*

(Anselm af Canterbury: Proslogion (c. 1100), kap. VII. Oversat af Regin Prenter, Fredericia 1982).

Men fyrster og bisper, de har magt og bruger den. *Mon det at kunne sådanne ting ikke er magt, men afmagt?*

IV. 2. AKT

IV A. FORSPIL

IV B. TERZET (ADELA, LOUIS, HENRY)

John, speaking:

My life was tied to his struggle. But was this struggle true? And should I ruin my own life over a crazy dispute? There was so much I longed for, myself...

John, again singing:

God! How can I imagine your powerful mind? Things can go badly and you still don't intervene. How and why do things get out of hand?

God, where do I find you? Do you exist?

John, speaking:

When we are in a dead end sometimes thoughts and expressions that have been stored in the soul surface. „My God, my God; why hast thou forsaken me?“

Anselm, who was archbishop of Canterbury many years ago, has written something that has made an impact on me... It is directed to God:

John, again singing:

*But how are you almighty, if you cannot tell lies and make truth untrue, done undone? Should capability of such things not speak of strength, but of helplessness?*

(Anselm of Canterbury: Proslogion, c. 1100, Chapter VII).

But princes and bishops do have power and use it! *Should capability of such things not speak of strength, but of helplessness?*

IV. 2. ACT

IV A. PRELUDE

IV B. TERZETTO (ADELA, LOUIS, HENRY)

Først taler John:

Jeg rejste til Frankrig og sluttede mig til Thomas' flok. Jeg sad i scriptoriet – først i Pontigny, Cistercienser- klostret, hvor Thomas tilbragte det første årstid af sit eksil. Kort efter, at jeg var ankommet, måtte han flytte tættere på Sens. Henry havde truet cistercienserne, og Thomas ønskede ikke at være en byrde for dem. Så vi flyttede til Sainte Colombe lige uden for byen.

Jeg véd ikke, hvor mange breve jeg kopierede for Thomas igennem de år i Sens, men få var det ikke. Der blev holdt konferencer – men af en eller anden grund blev ingenting rigtigt til noget.

Det blev dog sværere for Henry. Thomas havde efterhånden fået myndighed til at bandlyse nogle af sine kirkelige modstandere i England, og han truede med et interdikt over landet – at alle gudstjenester skulle indstilles.

Og så mødtes de uden for Paris – ved Montmartre – d. 18. november 1169. I 5 år havde Thomas været i eksil. Dog, at de mødtes er måske så meget sagt, for de mødtes ikke! Thomas stod med os inden for i den lille kirke neden for bakken – og Henry og den franske kong Louis, som egentlig holdt med Thomas, stod udenfor.

Sent samme dag red de to konger afsted til Mantes, og på vejen mødte de den unge franske dronning Adela.

Naturligvis var jeg ikke selv med, men der taltes ikke så lidt om det, og Adelas bror var den nye ærkebiskop i Sens, så det var ikke svært – gennem klerkene dér – at høre nyt fra det franske hof.

(TERZET)

First John speaking:

I did go to France and joined Thomas' group. I sat in the scriptorium – first at the Cistercian monastery in Pontigny where Thomas spent the first year of his exile. Shortly after my arrival he had to move closer to Sens. Henry had threatened the cistercians, and Thomas did not want to be a burden to them. So we moved to Sainte Colombe right outside the town.

I don't know how many letters I copied for Thomas during those years in Sens, but there were many. And there were conferences – but somehow nothing came of it all.

It did become more difficult for Henry, however. Thomas had become authorized to excommunicate some of his ecclesiastical opponents in England and he also threatened with an interdict – that all church services would be stopped.

Then they met, outside of Paris, at Montmartre, on the 18th of November 1169. For five years Thomas had been in exile. Indeed, it is an exaggeration to say that they met; Thomas was standing with us in the little church below the hill, whereas King Henry and the French King Louis, who in fact was on Thomas' side, were standing outside the church.

Late that day the two kings rode to Mantes and met the young French Queen Adela on their way.

I was not present, of course, but there was a lot of talking going on. Adela's brother was the new archbishop of Sens, so it was not difficult – through his clerks Sens – to hear news from the French court.

(TERZETTO)

Adela: Bli'r det aldrig fred?

Henry: Jeg tænker, kun et under kan bøje Thomas. Bed for os alle, Frue.

Louis (høflig og giftig):

Ingen af stridens parter er lette at bøje. I selv, Sire, I holder ord, helt ned til mindste forpligtelse. Det mindste løfte, I agter på.

Adela: Så fortæl mig dog, hvad der hindred' freden? Jeg bli'r kold langt ind i hjertet.

Henry: Vi var omtrent enige, så brød han af! Man kan ej tale fornuft med Thomas.

Louis: Ja, I var tæt på en fredsaf tale, med der var små ting i vejen for en stor, en historisk fred!

Henry: Den fordømte præst. Jeg sku' aldrig ha' givet ham Canterbury!

Adela: Sig det rent ud, hvad hindred en aftale mellem jer, kong Henry!

(Henry tier og vender sig bort.)

Louis: Ærkebiskoppen forlangte af kongen et fredskys som besegling af den fredsaf tale, som der var blevet enighed om efter fem år!

attacca  
IV C ARIE (ADELA):

Kong Henry, jeg var en beundrer af Jer indtil Thomas måtte gå i eksil.

Adela: Must the fight go on?

Henry: Miracles only can change the mind of Thomas. Pray for us all, MyLady.

Louis (polite and poison-tongued):

Unbending wills are found on both sides of this conflict. And You, Sire, You keep your word down to the tiniest commitment. The slightest promise, you always keep.

Adela: Please do tell me now, what prevented peace. I feel the cold of fear and anger in my heart.

Henry: We almost agreed, but then – then he broke off! You must know: One cannot talk sense with Thomas.

Louis: Yes, you were close to a peace agreement, but there were trifles preventing such a great and historical peace!

Henry: What a blasted priest! I should never have given him Canterbury!

Adela: Say it straight now, what was it that stopped you and prevented peace, King Henry!

(Henry is silently turning away).

Louis: The archbishop demanded from Henry a kiss of peace to guarantee the peace agreement which had now been reached, solving the strife, after five years!

attacca  
IV C ARIA (Adela):

King Henry, I was an admirer of yours until you forced Thomas into exile!

I har behandlet ham skændigt! I ville aldrig på ærlig vis lytte til Thomas.

Og nu I nægter ham fredskys, småligt og ikke troværdigt! En kongelig gestus!

Jeg føler mig i et bur mellem magtens former! Jeg kender bedst den snu og diplomatiske. Din Louis! Og derfor tiltrak Jeres ligefremhed mig, kong Henry! Nu føler jeg lede ved al jeres misbrug! Jeg vender jer ryggen.

Jeg er vel ikke realistisk. Jeg vender jer ryggen. Magtens realisme vender jeg ryggen.

Kong Henry, jeg var en beundrer af Jer, men nu er jeg helt forvirret! Gå i Jer selv og forson Jer med Becket!

#### IV D. DUET (ADELA, HENRY)

Henry: I kender ej mit sindelag! Hvor dømmes I om mig.

Thomas har skadet England og sin konge så usigeligt. I vrede jeg afgav et løfte, aldrig at give til Thomas et fredskys. Aldrig!

Thomas har svigtet sin konge. Han bragte uorden i mit rige. Mit fremskridt jeg ikke vil standse. Aldrig. I England skal loven nu gælde alle!

Adela: Jeg ser klart, at Thomas har såret Jer dybt. Jert løfte vil paven gladeligt absolvere Jer fra, om det kan hjælpe freden frem! Men vil I forsones med Thomas, Henry?

Henry: I kender ej mit sindelag!

You treated Thomas so badly! You never listened in honesty to the archbishop.

Now you refuse him the kiss of peace. What a small-minded way to act! A Royal gesture!

I feel like I'm in a cage between the forms of power. I mostly know the sly and diplomatical. Yours, Louis! And therefore your straightforwardness did attract me, King Henry! But now I'm disgusted with all your abuses! Now I turn my back upon you!

I am not realistic, I know. But I turn my back upon you. Strategy of power, I turn my back upon you!

King Henry, I was an admirer of yours, but now I'm totally confused! Come to your senses and make peace with Becket!

#### IV D. DUETTO (ADELA, HENRY)

Henry: You cannot look into my heart! How dare you be my judge?

Thomas has hurt his country and also his king unspeakably. In anger I promised that Thomas never should get the kiss of peace. Never!

Thomas has let down his master. He brought disorder into my kingdom. My progress must not be obstructed. Never! In England the law must be kept by all men!

Adela: That Thomas has hurt you so deeply is clear. You can be released from keeping your oath by asking the pope. He wants to help the peace come true. But is it your wish to have peace with Thomas?

Henry: You cannot look into my heart!

England har lidt tilstrækkeligt. Jeg må skabe orden i mit rige. For England jeg altid vil kæmpe! Altid! Og Thomas må følge mig!

Adela: Jeg ser ingen fred her, kun sår på din sjæl. Jert løfte vil paven gladeligt absolvere jer fra, om det kan hjælpe freden frem! Men findes der fred uden tillid, Henry?

Henry: Thomas har svigtet sin konge. Han bragte uorden i mit rige. Mit frem-skridt jeg ikke vil standse. Aldrig. Og Thomas må følge mig!

#### IV E. MELLEMSPILE

John taler: Thomas – og alle vi i hans følge – var taget tilbage til tempelherrer-nes hus uden for Paris. Der boede vi i de dage. Det blev en mærkelig nat, og ikke mange af os sov.

Jeg lå og spekulerede på, hvor mange af den slags mislykkede fredskonferencer vi vel skulle igennem, da jeg hørte John fra Salisbury og Herbert fra Bosham diskutere højtlydt.

De var to af Thomas' allernærmeste rådgivere og begge lærde mænd, særlig var John berømt for sine skrifter. Han var bekymret over Thomas' støjhed og vred over, at Herbert opdannede ham i den retning.

Det blev tid til den natlige bøn og lovsang, og den virkede åbenbart afklaren-de på magister John, for bagefter var han i langt bedre humør – og på vejen tilbage til dormitoriet kom han hen til mig.

England has suffered plenty. I must create order in my kingdom. For England I'll always be fighting! Always! And Thomas must follow me!

Adela: I do not find peace here, just wounds on your soul. You can be released from keeping your oath by asking the pope. He wants to help the peace come true. But can you get peace without trusting Thomas.

Henry: Thomas has let down his master. He brought disorder into my kingdom. My progress must not be obstructed. Never! And Thomas must follow me!

#### IV E. INTERLUDE

John speaking: Thomas and all of us in his party had gone back to the Templars' house outside Paris. We were staying there during these days. It was a strange night and few of us were able to sleep.

I lay there wondering how many unsuccessful peace conferences we would have to go through when I heard John of Salisbury and Herbert of Bosham arguing loudly.

Both belonged to Thomas' closest councillors and were learned men. Especially John was famous for his writings. He was worried about Thomas being so rigid and angry because Herbert encouraged him not to yield.

Time came for the prayers of Matins. They apparently made things clearer for Master John for afterwards he seemed to be in a much better mood, and on his way back to the dormitory he came over to me.

IV F. TERZET

(John of S., John of N., Herbert of B.):

John of S (nynner på vej hen til John of N):

Følg mig til Thomas!

Herbert: Jeg tror, at Thomas har behov for hvile nu.

John of N: Hvad skal jeg?

John of S: Vi må have Thomas talt til fornuft! De var enige, kongen og Thomas. Fredsaftalen var i hus. De var enige. Kongen lyver ej, fredskys eller ej. Her var chancen for fred. Thomas kunne tage til Canterbury! Thomas kan tage til Canterbury!

Herbert: Du véd så vel som alle andre, hvor sikre kongens løfter er! Han er ingen løgner, men han fanger sig selv i sit temperament! Hvad bliver så at gøre? Kun at stå helt fast! Når Thomas er kommet tilbage, så bli'r det ikke let at holde kongen fast! Thomas bli'r gidsel i England!

John of S: England trænger til fred! Til at få sin kirke hel!

John of N: Jeg mangler erfaring, hvordan skal jeg vide... Jed véd ikke... Om blot jeg vidste, hvad der er ret!

John of S: Du er ung og ikke fanget i strategi eller i stolthed!

Herbert: Du er en, som Thomas kæmper for!

Nå, hvad venter vi på?

IV F. TERZETTO

(John of S., John of N., Herbert of B.):

John of S (humming on his way to John of N):

Let's go to Thomas!

Herbert: I think that Thomas is in need of resting now.

John of N: Should I come?

John of S: We must persuade him to change his mind! Thomas and the king were in agreement. They had settled all the terms. They had settled all! Henry doesn't lie, kiss of peace or not!

We can surely have peace! Thomas could return in peace to Canterbury! Thomas can go back to Canterbury!

Herbert: You know as well as ev'rybody else, how well the king does keep his word! He is not a liar, but his fairness gets blurred in emotional traps. Do we have any choice then? Only to be firm! If Thomas returns to his office, how can we force the king to keep his promises? Thomas would be Henry's hostage!

John of S: England needs to find peace! And to have its Church restored!

John of N: I do lack experience. How then could I know... I do not know... If only I knew what would be right!

John of S: You are young and not yet caught in strategy and not yet trapped by pride!

Herbert: Thomas' fight is all about your rights!

Now, why are we still waiting here?

John of S: Ja, hvad venter vi på?

John of S: Yes, why are we still waiting here?

John of N: Gode Gud, hvorfor går jeg med?

John of N: O good Lord, what do I do here?

John of S: Så kom da med til Thomas!

John of S: Then let us go to Thomas!

John of N (for sig selv): Hvor er de begge sikre, de er så sikre!

John of N (aside): How can they be so sure and so certain!

Herbert (for sig selv): Blot Thomas sig ej bøjer, blot han sig ej bøjer!

Herbert (aside): But Thomas must stand firm now!

John taler:

John – speaking:

Jeg ville ikke drages ind i en magtkamp i Thomas' egen lejr. Som om det ikke var nok med kampen mod kongen. Jeg anede ikke, hvad jeg skulle sige. Men måske behøvede jeg ikke sige så meget. Jeg stoledede på magister John, men hvad om Herbert alligevel havde ret?

I did not want to get involved in the fights for power going on in Thomas' own camp. As if it weren't enough with the struggle against the king! I had no idea what to say, but maybe I didn't have to say so much. I trusted master John, but what if Herbert was right, after all?

Vi mødte Thomas uden for hans celle. Han havde hørt os komme. Der var kommet en del flere til, og John talte på de flestes vegne! Mange var trætte af det lange eksil – ville vi nogensinde komme ud af dette dødvande?

We met Thomas outside his cell – he had heard us coming. Several others had joined us, and John spoke on behalf of the majority. Many were tired of the long exile. Would we ever get out of this impasse?

Herbert forsøgte at afbryde John flere gange, men Thomas stoppede ham. Han ville høre. Og jeg kan stadig høre hans svar for mig, ligeså klart som stod han her nu.

Herbert tried to interrupt John several times, but Thomas stopped him. He wanted to hear. And I can still hear his answer, as clearly as if he were speaking now.

#### IV G. THOMAS' SVAR

#### IV G. THOMAS' ANSWER

Thomas: Jeg forstår godt jeres uro! Det er en mærkelig nat! Jeg bad om klarhed, og jeg tror, jeg fik den! Jeg ved, jeg ikke er alene. Jeg ved, hvor hårdt det er for jer. Måske er vi ikke enige. Hvem ved, hvem der har ret? Måske John, måske Herbert. Ingen véd.

Thomas: I appreciate your worries! This night is silently strange. I prayed to see straight, and I hope I do now. I know that I don't stand alone. I know how hard it is for you. Maybe we see things in different ways. Who knows, who sees them right. Maybe John, maybe Herbert! No one knows.

Henry kender ikke sig selv! Er det så underligt? Jeg forstår jo ikke min egen

Henry does not see himself. Is that so very strange? Secrets of my own soul are

sjæl. Helt. Jeg var kongens ven, I ved, en verdslig mand og jeg elskede det! Jeg har altid elsket mine roller! Også ærkebispens! Jeg ville ikke først! Også dét var Henry. Jeg vidste, hvad det ville koste!

Vi må tage vore roller på os helt. Det er det, jeg gør.

I tror nok, jeg er gal! Det er en mærkelig nat! Sandheden findes! Det ved vi! Men den er ikke af denne verden. Nu ser vi som i et spejl! Og med tro, håb og kærlighed.

Jeg må spille mit spil, så godt jeg kan. Det er sandt at gøre det! Det eneste sande jeg ved at gøre. Gud forlade mig om jeg har for lidt kærlighed i mit spil! Der må kun spilles roller, der kan elskes. Klerkes retsstilling! Kirkens frihed! Canterburys ret! Min ret! Er det sandt, hvad jeg kæmper for? Jeg ved det knapt! Men jeg ved, at det er sandt, at jeg kæmper for de ting! At jeg elsker det, jeg kæmper for.

Dog er livet mer end rollerne! Det bli'r vor tragedie!

Der bli'r fred snart. Og dog bli'r konflikten ikke løst før døden.

John taler:

Sagde han det virkelig sådan – eller har jeg i erindringerne digtet videre?

Til slut sagde han i hvert fald, at han godt ville sende bud til paven i Benevento og tage imod hans råd – oprindeligt var det faktisk paven, der havde anbefalet ham et fredskys som en rimelig garanti for en fredsaftale.

Han understregede med et smil, at sandhedens og retfærdighedens vej var tung at gå. Påtog man sig den rolle, måtte man være forberedt på lidelse.

closed to me. Still. I was Henry's friend -- you know -- a worldly man and I loved it so. I have always been so fond of my roles! Archbishop and all! At first I did decline. Henry kept insisting. I knew too well what this might cost us.

We must fully take our roles upon ourselves. This is what I do!

You must think that I'm mad! This night is silently strange. I know there is truth. That we know. But surely it is not of this world. At this stage we see in a mirror. And with faith, hope, and charity.

I must act out my roles as best I can. It is truthful to do so. The sole and only truthfulness I can handle. God forgive me if I do not have enough love in my play of roles! One should never play roles that one can't cherish!

Legal rights of the minor clerics! Canterbury's right. My rights. Is it right what I'm fighting for? I hardly know! But I know that it is right that I'm fighting for those things! That I do love what I'm fighting for.

Still, this life is more than all our roles! That will be our tragedy!

There'll be peace soon. But yet will this conflict not be solved before death.

John speaking:

Was this what he really said – or have I just imagined it.

In any case: he did say, that he was willing to send a messenger to Benevento and follow the advice of the pope. Originally it was, in fact, he who had recommended a kiss of peace as a reasonable guarantee for a peace agreement.

With a smile he stressed that the path of truth and justice was a hard one. If one accepted this role one should be prepared to suffer.

#### IV H. JOHN OF NORWICH

John, synger:

Kan man det? Jeg tror, at det går galt.  
Der kan ikke laves regler, der kan ikke  
lægges planer, uden at liv forrådes.

Mon det at kunne sådanne ting ikke er  
magt, men afmagt?

Men intet men'ske undgår at styre! Ang-  
sten bliver alt for stor! Kaos truer, og hvad  
gør vi? Lægger planer. Laver regler. Mon  
det at kunne sådanne ting ikke er magt,  
men afmagt?

John taler:

Og hvor står jeg så nu? Thomas' kamp var  
måske mest hans kamp med sig selv. Jeg  
blev i Sens, da han sluttede fred med  
Henry og rejste tilbage til Canterbury. –  
Uden fredskys forøvrigt.

Alt gik galt i den fred. Kongen holdt  
ingen af sine løfter. Thomas blev kun lige  
akkurat ladet ind i landet. Og nye biskop-  
per sørgtes udnævnt uden om ham – for  
næsen af ham, så at sige.

Og Thomas lyste sine kirkelige modstan-  
dere i band.

Og sådan blev der klart til sidste scene  
– men lad os først meditere over en  
sætning til af gamle Anselm:

John synger:

Herre Gud, du er af den grund i en sande-  
re forstand almægtig, fordi du ikke er i  
stand til at udrette noget, som fører dig  
ind i afmagt.

John taler (direkte henvendt til de tilste-  
deværende):

#### IV H. JOHN OF NORWICH

John singing:

Is that so? I think this will go wrong.  
Rules and laws cannot be follow'd with-  
out betraying life.

Should capability of such things not speak  
of strength, but of helplessness?

But rules and plans no man can do with-  
out! Fear would then get out of hand!  
Chaos threatens, what do we do? We  
respond with laws to rule by. Should  
capability of such things not speak of  
strength, but of helplessness?

John speaking:

And where does this leave me? Thomas'  
fight was perhaps more than anything his  
fight with himself. I stayed in Sens when  
he made peace with Henry and went back  
to Canterbury – with no kiss of peace,  
that is.

Everything went wrong in this peace  
agreement. The King did not keep one  
single promise. Thomas was just about  
allowed to enter the country. And there  
were attempts to appoint new bishops  
without his consent.

And Thomas banned his ecclesiastical  
opponents.

And thus the road was paved for the  
final scene – but let us first contemplate  
another thesis by good old Anselm:

John singing:

God, my Lord, it's clear that you are in a  
truer meaning almighty, since you do not  
have it in you to do something that leads  
you to powerlessness.

John speaking (talking directly the audi-  
ence):

Kan I huske det sted, hvor Jesus si'r: „I ved, at de der regnes for at herske over folkene, de regerer med dem, og deres stormægtige mænd misbruger deres magt over dem. Sådan er det ikke mellem jer. (NB! ved denne sætning ser John ironisk spørgende ud over forsamlingen).

Den som hos jer vil være noget stort, skal være jeres tjener, og den, som vil være i spidsen hos jer, skal være alles træl. For menneskesønnen er ikke kommet for at lade sig betjene, han er kommet for at tjene og give sit liv i løsepenge for utal-lige.“ (Mark. 10, 42-45).

John synger:

Gud, forbarm dig over os!

John taler:

og den verden, vi prøver at styre!

#### IV I. ORGEL-MELLEMSPIK

#### V. POSTLUDIUM

(John of N., William White Hands, Her-  
bert of Bosham).

John of N – synger:

Media vita in morte sumus: quem queri-  
mus adiutorem, nisi Te, Domine, qui pro  
peccatis nostris iuste irascaris?

Latin, middelalderlig antifon, her fra  
nytårsofficiet i Sens, *Office de Pierre de  
Corbeil*, Completorium, ed. Henri Villet-  
ard, Paris 1907, p. 139.

Dansk oversættelse: Midt i livet befinder  
vi os i døden: Hvem beder vi om hjælp,  
om ikke dig, Herre, som retfærdigt vredes  
over vore fejl?

John taler: Midt i livet befinder vi os i  
døden!

Do you remember that Jesus once said:  
„You know that among the Gentiles those  
whom they recognize as their rulers lord it  
over them, and their great ones are tyrants  
over them.

But it is not so among you; (NB! here  
John throws an ironic glance over the  
audience);

But whoever wishes to be first among  
you must be slave of all. For the Son of  
Man came not to be served but to serve,  
and to give his life a ransom for many.“

(Mark. 10; 42-45).

John singing:

God, have mercy upon us!

John speaking:

and the world we try to rule!

#### IV I. ORGAN INTERLUDE

#### V. POSTLUDE

(John of N., William White Hands, Herbert  
of Bosham).

John of N sings:

Media vita in morte sumus: quem queri-  
mus adiutorem, nisi Te, Domine, qui pro  
peccatis nostris iuste irascaris?

Latin antiphon, here taken from the New  
Year's office from Sens, *Office de Pierre de  
Corbeil*, Complete, ed. Henri Villetard,  
Paris 1907, p. 139.

English translation: In the middle of life  
we find ourselves in death: Whom do we  
ask for help if not you, o Lord, who justly  
is harmed by our Sin.

John speaks: In the middle of life we find  
ourselves in death.

Jeg glemmer ikke den nytårsaften i Sens.

Nytårsaften var altid noget særligt – der festedes i og uden for kirken helt ud på torvet, og ved vesperen førte vi et æsel gennem domkirken.

Men midt i alt det kom der bud fra Canterbury. Thomas var blevet myrdet i sin domkirke af fire riddere.

Ærkebiskop William – ham med de hvide hænder – trak mig til side lige før processionen gik ind til kompletorium.

Da var han hvid i ansigtet.

William: Henry skal rammes af band!  
Hvilken forbrydelse, myrdet i kirkens hellige rum!

John of N: Hvem forrædte Thomas?  
Svigtet Henry løfterne eller Thomas freden?

Herbert: Måske bli'r Thomas stærkere i døden, end han var i live?

John of N: Tror du det var Henrys værk?

Herbert: Henry er ingen morder, men han fanges i sin egen vrede!

William: Thomas er blevet martyr for sin kirkes frihed!

John of N: Jeg ved ikke, hvad jeg tror.  
Mørke dækker alle ting. Gud, lys mørket op for os! Om os, og i mig.

John taler: Siden skete der mange undere ved Thomas' grav. Dem oplevede jeg ikke, men jeg havde oplevet et under den nytårsaften: Vi sang i den mørke domkirke.

I will never forget that New Year's eve in Sens.

New Year's eve was always special. People would feast inside the church and outside all the way down to the market place. And at Vespers we would lead a donkey through the cathedral.

In the middle of all this a messenger from Canterbury arrived. Thomas had been murdered in his own cathedral by four knights.

Archbishop William – he with the white hands – pulled me aside as the procession was about to enter for the Complete.

Then his face was white, too.

William: Let him be banned by the Church!  
Henry the foe of God: Kill in the sacred space of the church!

John of N: Who betrayed the archbishop?  
Did the king set up a trap? And what role did Thomas play?

Herbert: Will Thomas turn out to be more powerful in death than he was when alive?

John of N: Could this be King Henry's deed?

Herbert: Henry is not a killer, but he gets trapped in his anger.

William: Thomas is now a martyr for the freedom of his Church!

John of N: I do not know what to think.  
Darkness covers ev'rything. God, illuminate the dark! All around and in me!

John speaks: Later many miracles occurred at Thomas' grave. I did not experience any of them, but I had experienced one miracle that very New Year's Eve: We

Og vi kunne være der allesammen, i rummet, i sangen, i ordene! William, som havde fået en ny martyr. Herbert, som stadig kæmpede for kirkens frihed mod kongemagten. Jeg selv, som slet ikke vidste, hvad jeg mente om det hele. Og der var plads både til Thomas og Henry.

Alt det tænkte jeg på, mens vi sang trosbekendelsen, efter sædvanen nytårsaften i Kor (også med solisterne).

en udvidet udgave:

B: Credo in Deum, Patrem omnipotentem;

T: Solus qui tuetur omnia, Solus qui gubernat omnia.

B: Creatorem celi et terre,

T: Sine quo nichil est creatum.

B: Et in Ihesum Xristum, Filium eius unicum,

Alle: Natum ante secula;

B: Dominum nostrum,

T: Pro mundi remedio,

Carnis opertum pallio,

B: Qui conceptus est de Spiritu Sancto, Natus

Alle: ineffabiliter

B: Ex Maria uirgine,

T: Sol de stella;

B: Passus sub Pontio Pilato,

T: Ipsi potestate tradita;

B: Crucifixus, mortuus, et sepultus,

Alle: Qui nulla perpetrarat facinora:

B: Descendit ad inferna;

T: Gemit capta pestis antiqua;

B: Tercia die, resurrexit a mortuis,

T: Tyrannum trudens uinculo;

B: Ascendit ad celos,

T: Unde descenderat,

B: Sedet ad dexteram Dei Patris Omnipotentis,

Alle: Regna cuius disponit iure perhenni;

B: Inde uenturus iudicare uiuos et mortuos,

T: Reddens uicem pro abditis, iustisque regnum pro bonis.

were singing in the dark cathedral and we could all be there together, in the room, in the singing, in the words! William who had found a new martyr. Herbert who was still fighting against the royal power for the liberty of the Church. And me, I who did not know what to think of it all. And there was even room for both Thomas and Henry.

All this went through my mind as we were singing the creed in an elaborated version, as we do on New Year's eve:

Choir (including the soloists):

B: Credo in Deum, Patrem omnipotentem;

T: Solus qui tuetur omnia, Solus qui gubernat omnia.

B: Creatorem celi et terre,

T: Sine quo nichil est creatum.

B: Et in Ihesum Xristum, Filium eius unicum,

Alle: Natum ante secula;

B: Dominum nostrum,

T: Pro mundi remedio,

Carnis opertum pallio,

B: Qui conceptus est de Spiritu Sancto, Natus

Alle: ineffabiliter

B: Ex Maria uirgine,

T: Sol de stella;

B: Passus sub Pontio Pilato,

T: Ipsi potestate tradita;

B: Crucifixus, mortuus, et sepultus,

Alle: Qui nulla perpetrarat facinora:

B: Descendit ad inferna;

T: Gemit capta pestis antiqua;

B: Tercia die, resurrexit a mortuis,

T: Tyrannum trudens uinculo;

B: Ascendit ad celos,

T: Unde descenderat,

B: Sedet ad dexteram Dei Patris Omnipotentis,

Alle: Regna cuius disponit iure perhenni;

B: Inde uenturus iudicare uiuos et mortuos,

T: Reddens uicem pro abditis, iustisque regnum pro bonis.

B: Credo in Spiritum sanctum,  
T: Sine quo preces omnes quasse creduntur  
et indigne Dei auribus,  
B: Sanctam Ecclesiam catholicam;  
T: Que construitur in celis uiuis ex lapi-  
dibus,  
B: Sanctorum communionem,  
T: Angeli quorum semper uident faciem  
Patris;  
B: Remissionem peccatorum,  
Alle: Quibus Deum offendimus corde,  
uerbis, operibus;  
B: Carnis resurrectionem,  
Alle: Immortalitatem cum Christo;  
B: Uitam eternam,  
T: Quam repromisit Deus diligentibus se.  
Alle: Amen.

(Tekst og melodi fra nytårsofficiet fra Sens,  
kompletorium, ed. Henri Villetard, Paris  
1907, pp. 140-41).

#### Dansk oversættelse:

Jeg tror på Gud Fader, den almægtige,  
som alene opretholder alt og alene styrer  
alt,  
himmelen og jordens skaber,  
uden hvem intet blev skabt.  
Og på Jesus Kristus, hans enbårne Søn,  
født før tidernes begyndelse,  
vor Herre,  
som – skjult – dækker menneskets brist  
og helbreder verden,  
som er undfanget ved Helligånden, født  
på uudsigelig vis  
af Jomfru Maria,  
stjernesolen,  
pint under Pontius Pilatus,  
da magten var blevet overgivet ham,  
korsfæstet, død og begravet,  
skønt han ikke havde begået nogle forbry-  
delser,  
nedfaret til Dødsriget,  
den gamle forbandelse brøler, fanget.  
På tredje dag opstanden fra de døde,

B: Credo in Spiritum sanctum,  
T: Sine quo preces omnes quasse creduntur  
et indigne Dei auribus,  
B: Sanctam Ecclesiam catholicam;  
T: Que construitur in celis uiuis ex lapi-  
dibus,  
B: Sanctorum communionem,  
T: Angeli quorum semper uident faciem  
Patris;  
B: Remissionem peccatorum,  
All: Quibus Deum offendimus corde,  
uerbis, operibus;  
B: Carnis resurrectionem,  
All: Immortalitatem cum Christo;  
B: Uitam eternam,  
T: Quam repromisit Deus diligentibus se.  
All: Amen.

(Text and music from the New Year's  
office from Sens, complete, ed. Henri  
Villetard, Paris 1907, pp. 140-41).

#### English translation:

I believe in God, the Father almighty,  
who alone sustains and single-handedly  
rules everything.  
creator of heaven and earth,  
without whom nothing was created.  
And in Jesus Christ, his only Son,  
born before the beginning of Time,  
our Lord, who for the salvation of the  
world invisibly covers the Sin of the  
flesh.  
He was conceived by the power of the  
Holy Spirit, and born inexplicably  
of the Virgin Mary,  
the sun of a star,  
He suffered under Pontius Pilate,  
when power had been handed over to  
him,  
was crucified, died and was buried,  
though he had committed no crimes.  
He descended to the dead,  
the old curse cries out, in captivation.  
On the third day he rose again,

kastende tyrannen i lænke,  
 opfaret til Himmels,  
 hvorfra han var steget ned,  
 siddende ved Gud Faders,  
 den almægtiges, højre hånd,  
 hvis rige han udbreder med evig ret,  
 hvorfra han skal komme at dømme le-  
 vende og døde,  
 idet han gør gengæld mod mørkets ger-  
 ninger og opretter retfærdighed for de  
 gode.  
 Jeg tror på Helligånden,  
 uden hvem alle tomme ønsker tros, uvær-  
 dige for Guds ører,  
 den hellige almindelige kirke,  
 som opbygges i Himmelen af levende  
 sten,  
 de helliges samfund,  
 hvis engle for altid ser Faderens ansigt,  
 syndernes forladelse  
 for os, som har fejlet med hjerte, ord og  
 gerninger,  
 kødets opstandelse,  
 udødeligheden med Kristus,  
 og det evige liv,  
 som Gud har lovet dem, der elsker ham.  
 Amen.

Procession af solister og kor forlader  
 kirkerummet under en klarinet-solo.

throwing the tyrant in chains.  
 He ascended into heaven,  
 from where he had descended,  
 and is seated at the right hand of the  
 Father,  
 whose kingdom he extends by eternal  
 right.  
 He will come again to judge the living  
 and the dead,  
 retaliating the deeds of darkness and  
 restoring righteousness for the good.  
 I believe in the Holy Spirit, without  
 whom all empty wishes are believed,  
 unworthy for the ears of God,  
 the holy catholic Church,  
 built in Heaven from living stones,  
 the communion of saints,  
 whose angels shall see the countenance of  
 the Father for ever,  
 the forgiveness of sins,  
 for us who have erred in heart, words and  
 deed,  
 the resurrection of the body, immortality  
 with Christ,  
 and the life everlasting,  
 as God promised those who love him.  
 Amen.

Procession of soloists and the choir leave  
 the church under a clarinet solo.

(English translation by Kristin Rygg and  
 the author, 1997. The apostles' creed is  
 given in the version from *The Alternative  
 Service Book*, 1980, p. 57-58, except for the  
 tropes. Fran Hopenwasser kindly looked  
 through the translation and provided  
 many improvements.)