



THE LAUNY GRØNDAHL
LEGACY

Volume 3



H. C. Andersen Jubilee Concert 1955

CD 1

Niels W. Gade (1817-1890)

[1] Efterklange af Ossian (Echoes of Ossian)

Concert Overture Op. 1 (1840) 13:46

HMV Z343-4 (2CS2737/9). Recorded 1950

August Enna (1859-1939)

[2] Overture to the opera Den lille Pige med

Svovlstikkerne (The Little Match Girl)

Op. 12 (1897) 6:01

Gade:

[3] Agnete og Havfruerne

(Agnete and the Mermaids) Op. 3, (1849) 7:13

Else Brems, Mezzo-soprano

The Danish Radio Choir

[4] I den Blaa Grotte (In the Blue Grotto)

From the ballet "Napoli" (1842) 3:50

HMV Z344 (2CS2742). Recorded 1950

Knudåge Riisager (1897-1974)

From Tolv med Posten

(Twelve with the Mail) Op. 37 (1942)

[5] August 1:41

[6] October 1:28

Finn Høffding (1899-1997)

[7] Det er Ganske vist, (It's Quite True!)

Symphonic Fantasy No. 2 (1940) 8:14

H.C. Lumbye (1810-1874)

[8] Drømmebilleder

(Dream Pictures) (1846) 8:10

HMV Z 345, Mtx 2743-44. Recorded 1951

Fini Henriques (1867-1940)

[9] Livsglædens Dans (The Dance of the Joy of Life) from the ballet Den lille Havfrue (The little Mermaid) (1920) 3:13

Poul Schierbeck (1888-1949)

[10] Fyrtøjet (The Tinder Box)

Op. 61 (1942) 16:02

Mogens Wieth, fortæller (narrator)

All, except [1], [4], [8]

Live Concert, April 1, 1955,

Danish Broadcasting Corporation, Studio One

CD 2

Peder Gram (1881-1956)

[1] Intrada seria Op. 34 (1946) 6:55

Henning Wellejus (1919-2002)

[2] Det har slet ingen hast for den, der tror (Haste is not for him that believeth)

Frihedsoverture (Freedom Overture)

Op. 13, (1945) 9:57

Ebbe Hamerik (1898-1951)
[3] Orkestervariationer over det danske
Statsradiofonisignal tilegnet Lytteren
(Variations for Orchestra over the Danish
State Radio Signal, dedicated to The
Listener) (1933) 20:03

Rued Langgaard (1893-1952)
[4] Drapa. Ved Edvard Griegs Død
(At the Death of Edvard Grieg)
BVN 20 (1907-09) 6:46

Walther Schrøder (1895-1976)
[5] Salzburg Overture (1955)
First performance

Svend S. Schultz (1913-1998)
[6] Overture to the opera Tordenvejret
(Thunderstorm) (1950) 7:02

Live Concert, May 5, 1957,
Danish Broadcasting Corporation, Studio One

The Danish Radio Symphony Orchestra
Launy Grøndahl, conductor

As conductor of the Danish Radio Symphony
Orchestra from its foundation in 1925
onwards, Launy Grøndahl regarded it as a
point of honour to perform Danish music,
and to do so as frequently as possible.
The orchestra's music library was divided
into two – Danish and 'foreign' orchestral
music – reflecting the significance attached
to native composers in his programmes:
they represented almost a quarter of the
music he conducted during the DRSO's
early years.

The orchestra had to play up to two or three
daily studio broadcasts, and Grøndahl swiftly
established a collection of works which could
be put on without rehearsal, such as Gade's
Echoes of Ossian and the overture to Enna's
Little Match Girl opera. At the same time,
Grøndahl collected examples of Danish folk
music which he often played as part of a trio
in live broadcasts, in between orchestral
items, leaving himself no opportunity for a
break. He would invite composers to attend
studio rehearsals, and several of them
remember the conductor as an obliging and
faithful interpreter of their music. Composers
such as Ludolf Nielsen and Walther Schrøder
found in Grøndahl a staunch advocate as
well as a friend, but so did the eccentric
figure of Rued Langgaard, who had
otherwise been shunned by the cultural
establishment in Copenhagen.

As the first volume in this series demonstrated (DACOCD 881), Grøndahl's repertoire extended well beyond the borders of Denmark to take in the central canon of classical works, as well as international composers writing in his own time. However, his work was restricted by a cultural policy that narrowly assigned conductors to the music of their own country, and the DRSO tended to perform German, French and Russian works under the batons of (for example) Fritz Busch and Nicolai Malko. Even when working abroad, Grøndahl became known principally as an advocate of Danish music.

In his last year as conductor of the DRSO – and once working freelance after his retirement in 1956 – Grøndahl made a series of studio recordings featuring Danish music. His connection to the heritage of Danish classical music, and his personal friendships with composers, cultivated readings of unique authenticity. Aside from three recordings made at the beginning of the 1950s, these performances date from broadcast concerts given in 1955 and 1957. They bear witness to the high technical standard of the DRSO's playing, nearly 70 years ago, as well as to the tireless advocacy of Launy Grøndahl for the music of his own country.

The collection divides roughly into two parts: the Danish national romantic style in the tradition of Niels W. Gade, and the strain of post-romantic modernism exemplified by Carl Nielsen. The dominant Danish literary figure of Hans Christian Andersen leaves his mark in both categories.

Niels W. Gade himself is represented by three works. *Echoes of Ossian* launched his international reputation after it won first prize in a competition held in Copenhagen in 1841. Two years later, Mendelssohn conducted Gade's First Symphony with the Gewandhaus in Leipzig and invited him to become the orchestra's co-conductor, whereupon he became well acquainted with Mendelssohn's extended circle including Robert and Clara Schumann. As the work of a 23-year-old, designated Opus 1, *Echoes of Ossian* is written with a precocious maturity of technique worthy (and bearing the influence) of Mendelssohn himself. The score is headed by a motto: 'Formel hält uns nicht gebunden / Unsre Kunst heißt Poesie' ('Theory cannot bind us; the nature of our art is poetry'). Inspired by the myth of the eponymous Gaelic bard, this concert overture (anticipating Liszt's codification of the new genre of symphonic poem) opens with a slow, atmospheric introduction in the manner of Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* Overture. A bold theme (adopted by Gade from an old Danish/Swedish folksong) describes the stirrings of Ossian and forms the basis for the overture's

turbulent main *Allegro*.

Gade returned to the world of myth and legend during the 1840s with musical responses to an Andersen fairy-tale in verse, *Agnete and the Merman* (a subject also immortalized in bronze under Copenhagen's Højbro Bridge). From a set of incidental music, composed for Andersen's stage adaptation in 1842, Gade arranged five songs for voice and piano. In 1849 he made two further arrangements for solo voice, female choir and orchestra. Under the title of *Agnete and the Mermaids* they were first conducted by the composer at the Royal Theatre. *Agnete's Lullaby* then took on a life of its own. The soloist on this recording is the Danish mezzo Else Brems (1908-95), who frequently worked with Grøndahl and the DRSO from the 1930s onwards.

In 1842 the celebrated Danish choreographer August Bournonville created a new work for the Danish Royal Ballet. The score for *Napoli* was the work of no fewer than four separate composers. Gade contributed the music to the second act, which is set in a magical Blue Grotto, and **Hans Christian Lumbye** wrote the final *galop*. As the long-standing music director (1843-72) and master of ceremonies at Copenhagen's pleasure gardens, the Tivoli, Lumbye became known as the 'Danish Waltz King', a northern counterpart to Johann Strauss in Vienna. However, Lumbye's muse ran farther than waltzes and polkas: *the Dream Pictures* of 1846 demonstrate his refined melodic gifts and mastery of impressionist orchestration, notably including a part for glockenspiel.

The subject of Lumbye's orchestral fantasy is a young girl, lost in blissful dreams; a world away from the poor heroine of *The Little Match Girl*. Andersen's tale became the subject of the fifth opera (composed in 1897) by **August Enna**, a Danish composer of Italian descent who won the encouragement and support of Gade early in his career. The main theme of the opera's Prelude represents the girl's unshakeable faith in life; her tragic end is alluded to only in passing.

Even more famous than *The Little Match Girl*, Andersen's tale of *The Little Mermaid* became the subject of a ballet first staged at the Royal Theatre on 26 December 1909, with a score composed by **Fini Henriques**. In fact it was the ballet (and in particular Ellen Price's performance as the heroine) rather than Andersen's tale of 1836 that inspired Carl Jacobsen to commission Edvard Eriksen for the bronze sculpture that now adorns Copenhagen harbour as a national symbol of Denmark. The DRSO played the music of Henriques from their very earliest days – he was a popular figure in Danish musical life until his death in 1940, much

loved for his sense of humour – and this exuberant dance is a characterful example of his style.

The influence of Andersen on Danish culture was by no means blown away by modernist winds of change in the early decades of the last century. *Twelve by the Mail* is another of his tales adapted for ballet, first staged in 1940 with a score by **Knudåge Riisager**. It tells the story of a mail coach which stops outside the city gates each month, rather like versions of *The Seasons* by Tchaikovsky (for piano) and Glazunov (also for a ballet), but Riisager's neoclassical score has a sharper edge, most evident in 'October'.

In There is no doubt it (1852) Andersen poked fun at what used to be known as Chinese whispermans, and the danger of believing everything you read in the newspapers. The tale became the subject of an orchestral fantasy, also from 1940, composed by Danish musical life's great educators, **Finn Høffding**. Witty and fast-moving but motivically rigorous, the score has the character of a mid-century *Sorcerer's Apprentice*. Høffding knew how to write for the widest audience without writing down, influenced by both Hindemith and Weill and as an educator (founder of the Copenhagen School of Folk Music in 1931 and long-standing teacher at the city's conservatoire) he passed on Nielsen's legacy to the next generation of composers.

The final Andersen tale featured in this compilation is *The Tinder Box*, in which a soldier wins the princess and the kingdom with help from a magic tinder box and three gigantic dogs with eyes as big as teacups, mill wheels and the Rundetårn (a Renaissance-era tower standing 42m high in the centre of Copenhagen). The score is the work of **Poul Schierbeck**, a Nielsen student best known for his song output (such as an orchestral cycle of settings from *The Chinese Flute*, Mahler's source for *Das Lied von der Erde*) who wrote in a refined, post-Romantic idiom.

The youngest composer featured in this collection is **Henning Wellejus**. With his Freedom Overture of 1945 he joined a group of distinguished composers (Vagn Holmboe, Svend S. Schultz and Knud Jeppesen among them) who marked the liberation of Denmark after its Nazi occupation between 9 April 1940 and 5 May 1945. The overture's idyllic opening is soon clouded by pain and darkness, through which hope is glimpsed in the quotation of a Danish song, *Det haver så nyligen regnet* ('Tonight it has just stopped raining'). The song, in its familiar arrangement, dates back to the Prussian occupation of Southern Jutland in 1890, and it regained popularity in similar circumstances during the Second World War. The song

ends with the words 'Det har slet ingen hast for dem, der tror' ('Haste is not for him that believeth') which Wellejus wrote at the head of the score and used as a musical motto within it. Wellejus also incorporated within the Freedom Overture a quotation from *The Prince of Denmark's March* (Prins Jørgens March) written around 1700 by Jeremiah Clarke, organist at St Paul's Cathedral in London. Clarke's melody (also known in English simply as the *Trumpet Voluntary*, in which form it accompanies countless brides down the aisle each year) became a morale-boosting piece in Denmark during the war when the BBC used it as a signature tune to announce the World Service news in Danish on shortwave radio.

Which brings us neatly to the scintillating set of variations composed in 1933 by **Ebbe Hamerik**; to give them their full title, *Orchestral Variations on the Danish Radio Signal, Dedicated to the Listeners*. The theme in question originated with the earliest extant Danish folk melody, known as *Drømte mig en drøm I nat* ('I dreamt a dream last night') and first notated in the Codex Runicus around 1300. The melody was played on an automatic glockenspiel each night around midnight and broadcast to signal the end of the day's programmes.

As one of few musicians to reject Nielsen's dominant place in Danish musical life, **Rued Langgaard** in turn experienced a great deal of rejection from the musical establishment. In his lifetime, exiled to all intents and purposes to the fastness of Ribe as cathedral organist, Langgaard enjoyed the advocacy of very few musicians, principal among them Launy Grøndahl. This performance of *Drapa* was the very first recording to be made of Langgaard's music. The piece is a solemn cortège written to mark the death of Grieg in 1907 and revised six years later. In its rich harmonies and scale out of proportion to its relative brevity, *Drapa* embraces the Austro-German language of Wagner and Richard Strauss which Nielsen had renounced in search of a distinctively Danish style of writing.

Grøndahl also took particular pleasure in performing the music of **Walther Schrøder**, who had been an old colleague of the conductor's in the Casino during the 1910s. Within the programme of contemporary Danish music first broadcast on Sunday 5 May 1957 and remastered in the present collection he gave the first performance of Schrøder's Salzburg Overture, which features a prominent (and distinctly un-Austrian) percussion section. The broadcast was booked by two more composers well known to the conductor, both of whom worked in a more modern tonal style. **Peder Gram** studied conducting and composition in Leipzig and Dresden before, in 1937, taking over from the founder-director Emil Holm as

head of music at Danish Radio. He held the position unto his retirement in 1951, when the members of the DRSO presented him with a blank score as an encouragement to take up his pen once more. **Svend S. Schultz** was a pupil of Schierbeck (and by extension a grand-pupil of Nielsen) who worked as choirmaster to the Danish Radio Choir from 1949 to 1983.

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Agnete and the Mermaids

Agnete

See the sunlight neath the wave is gliding!
Sleep my child, grow strong and tall for me.
on the wildest seahorse one day riding.
Over the meadows in the deep, deep sea.

Over thee here, where clouds above, are swaying
Swarming shoal of seafoam gleam,
moon and sunlight thro' the billows straying
Both to bring thee ever sweetest dream.

Sleep, my child, thy cradle watch I'm keeping,
seal thine eyes with kisses lovingly;
when below, with closed eyes I'm sleeping,
darling child, who'll mother be to thee?

Chorus of mermaids

I know a castle tall and fair, that deepest, greenest waves beware;
as birds that build on rooftree here; there moving host of ships appear;
and arch and pillar billows rearing where, happy dolphins are careering.

Agnete

Sleep, my child, thy cradle watch I'm keeping,
seal thine eyes with kisses lovingly;

Mermaids

Over the meadows in the deep, deep sea.

Around the castle gardens blow, fair, ever-verdant flowers grow;
at morn and eve wild herds are seen who graze on meads of seagrass green;
there naught is heard of storm appalling as organ tone its echoes falling.

Agnete

When below, with closed eyes I'm sleeping,
darling child, who'll mother be to thee?

Mermaids

Over the meadows in the deep, deep sea.
O sleep in the deep, deep sea. O sleep in the deep, deep sea.

Agnete

Darling child, who'll be mother to thee? Sleep my child, sleep my child. Sleep well!

The Tinder Box

Once upon a time, a soldier came marching along on the highway. He had his knapsack upon his back, and his sword by his side. He had come from the wars, and was on his way home. Presently an old witch met him, a loathsome-looking creature whose under-lip hung down over her chin.

'Good evening, soldier!' said she. 'What a fine sword you've got, and what a large knapsack! You look truly like a brave soldier; and therefore you shall have as much money as you can wish for!'

'Thank ye, old witch!' replied the soldier.

'D'ye see the great tree yonder?' asked she, pointing to a stout oak that stood by the wayside. 'That tree is quite hollow; and if you climb up to the top, you will see a hole in the trunk, through which you can slide down and get to the very bottom of the tree. I'll tie a rope round your body, that I may be able to pull you up again when you call.

'And what have I to do down in the tree?' asked he soldier.

'To fetch money, to be sure! What else do you think!' continued the witch. 'But you must know, that when you have got to the bottom of the oak, you'll find yourself in a large hall, lighted by hundred lamps. There you will see three doors, all of which you can open, for the key is in every one of them. If you enter the first door, you'll come into a chamber. In the centre of that chamber stands a great money-chest, guarded by a dog with eyes as large as tea-cups. I'll give you my coloured apron; you must spread it out on the floor, and then you may lay hold of the dog and put him on it; after which you can take out the chest as many halfpennies as you please.

'But if you want silver, you must go into the second chamber. Here sits a dog upon the chest, with a pair of eyes as large as mill-wheels. Do not be scared of him, either: put the dog on the apron, and take as much silver as you please. If it is gold that your heart is set upon, you must go into the third chamber, and you can take as much as you can carry. The dog that guards this money-chest has eyes as large as the Round Tower at Copenhagen. What a beast he is! But you need not mind him: put him on my apron, and take as many gold pieces from of the chest as you please; the dog will do you no harm.'

'I like the sound of that!' said the soldier. 'But what am I to give you, old beldame? For 'tis not likely you would send me down the hollow tree for nothing!'

'No,' said the witch, 'I don't ask a farthing! You must only bring up with you the tinder-box that my grandmother forgot the last time she was down there.'

'Well, give me the rope,' said the soldier. 'I'll try!'

'Here it is,' said the witch, 'and here too is my coloured apron.'

The soldier now climbed up to the top of the oak, slipped through the hole in the trunk, and stood suddenly in the great hall, which was lighted, exactly as the old witch had told him, by a hundred lamps.

As soon as he had looked round him a little, he found also the three doors, and immediately opened the first. There sat the dog with eyes as large as tea-cups, as the witch had promised,

and the dog stared at him.

'Ho, ho, my dog!' said the soldier. 'Good fellow!' And he spread the witch's apron on the floor, and set the dog upon it. He now opened the money-chest, filled his pockets with copper coins, shut it again, put the dog on the cover, and went, with his apron, into the second chamber. Good heavens! There sat the dog with eyes as big as mill-wheels.

'You should not stare at me so,' said the soldier to the dog that was keeping watch. 'It's no good for your eyes!' He set the animal on the apron; but when he saw the quantity of silver coins in the chest, he threw away the coppers and filled all his pockets and his knapsack with the bright silver. Then he went to the third chamber. There he found a sight enough to to frighten anyone. The dog really did have eyes as large as the Round Tower, and they rolled in his head like turning-wheels.

'Good evening,' said the soldier, putting his hand to his cap and saluting in true military style; for such a monster he had never met before. However, after he had looked at him for some moments, he thought he would be safe; so he spread out the apron, lifted the enormous dog off he cover, and opened the money-chest.

What heaps of gold he saw! He could have bought all of Copenhagen, all the sugar-plums, all the games of soldiers, all the whips and rocking-horses in Europe, with the money!

At the first sight of such rich treasure, the soldier threw away all the silver with which he was laden, and stuffed his pockets, knapsack, cap, and boots, so full of gold pieces, that he could just move with the weight. Now he had money in abundance. The tremendous dog was put in the cover again, the door of the chamber shut, and the soldier called up the tree.

'Hallo, old hag! Now, then, pull me up again!'

'Have you got the tinder-box?' said the witch in reply.

'I'll be hanged, if I hadn't nearly forgotten it!' said the soldier. He then put the tinder-box in his pocket; the witch drew him up out of the tree; and he soon was standing again on the highway with all his treasure.

'What do you want with the tinder-box?' asked the soldier.

'That's nothing to you,' answered the old hag.

'You've got money in plenty; so give me the tinder-box.'

'No!' said the soldier. 'Tell me directly what you'll do with the tinder-box, or I'll cut your head off with my sword!'

'No,' cried the witch, 'I won't.'

And the soldier straight away drew his sword and chopped her head clean off the body; and that was the end of the witch! He tied his money up in her apron, threw the bundle over his shoulder and put the tinder-box in his pocket, and headed off for the nearest town. The soldier entered a large city. He went to the first hotel, and asked for the best apartments, and ordered the finest dishes for his dinner; he was a now rich man. The waiters, it is true, thought his boots rather strange-looking for so grand a gentleman. They thought differently the following morning, after he had been out shopping, for they now had the most elegant boots to clean, and the finest clothing to brush. The soldier had become quite a dandy; he talked of the curiosities of the town, and was told about the King and the beautiful Princess.

'How may I see her?' asked the soldier.

'She is not to be seen,' came the answer. 'She lives in a grim castle guarded by towers and high walls. Only the King visits his daughter, because it has been foretold that the Princess will marry a common soldier, and the King won't hear of such a thing.'

'I'd give the world to see the Princess!' thought the soldier to himself. As for getting permission to do so, it was of no use thinking of such a thing.

Meanwhile the soldier led a merry life. He went to the theatre, he drove about in the royal park, and gave a good deal to the poor. It was good of him to be charitable, but he knew well enough by experience what it is to be a poor man without a penny to his name. Meanwhile he was a rich man, with handsome clothes and many friends, who told him every day that he was an excellent fellow, a perfect gentleman; and all this the soldier liked to hear. But as he was always spending money and never earning any, one day he found himself with just two-pence-halfpenny left. He was obliged to leave his handsome lodgings and take a small garret, to clean his own boots, and darn and mend his own clothes. None of his old friends visited him any longer; they could not, of course, be expected to climb all those stairs for his sake.

It was quite dark in his room, and he had not even money enough to buy a candle. Suddenly he remembered that, in the tinder-box which he fetched up from the bottom of the hollow oak, there were a few matches. He took the box, and began to strike a light. As soon as the sparks struck up, the door of his room flew open. In walked a dog with eyes as large as tea-cups, and asked the soldier, 'What do you please to command?'

'My goodness!' cried the soldier, astonished. 'That's a fine tinder-box, if I can get all I want with so little trouble! Well, then, my friend,' said he to the dog with the staring eyes, 'I am in want of

money; get me some!' Crack! the dog had vanished, and crack! there he was again standing in front of the soldier, holding a purse filled with copper coin between his teeth.

Now he understood how to employ the tinder-box: if he struck with the flint and steel once, then the dog with the copper money appeared; if twice, the one with the silver coin; and if three times, then came the dog that guarded the chest of gold. After this discovery, he returned immediately to his former handsome lodgings; his numerous kind friends came to him again, and testified their sincere affection and attachment.

'Well,' thought the soldier one day to himself, 'tis very strange that no one may see the beautiful Princess! They say she is a great beauty; but what good will that do her, if she is always to stay shut up in the grim castle with the towers and the walls! I wonder if it really be impossible to see her! Where's my tinder-box? I should like to know if it's only money that he can procure.' He struck the flint, and the familiar dog with the saucer-eyes stood before him.

'It is midnight, it is true,' said he; 'but I should like so much to see the Princess, just for a moment!'

In a trice the dog left the room, and before the soldier thought it possible, he saw him return with the Princess, who sat asleep on the dog's back, and was so indescribably beautiful that anybody who saw her would know directly she was a Princess. The soldier could not help it; happen what might, he must give the Princess a kiss, and so he did.

Then the dog ran back to the palace with the lovely Princess. The next morning at breakfast she told her parents of the curious dream she had had. She had been riding on a dog, and a soldier had given her a kiss.

'A pretty affair indeed!' said the Queen. So now it was agreed that, on the following night, one of the ladies of the court should watch at the bedside of the Princess, to see into the matter of the dream.

That night the soldier felt a strange longing to see the beautiful Princess in the grim castle. He summoned the dog, who took her again on his back and ran off with her. But the cunning old lady-in-waiting quickly put on a pair of good walking-boots, and she ran after the dog so quickly that she caught sight of him just as he was going into the house where the soldier lived. 'Ah ha!' thought she; 'all's right now! I know where he is gone to,' and she made a cross on the street-door with a piece of chalk. Then she returned to the palace, and lay down to sleep. The dog, too, returned with the Princess; and when he remarked that there was a cross

on the house where the soldier lived, he made crosses on all the street-doors in the town; which was very clever of the animal, for now the lady would not be able to find the right door. Early next morning came the King and the Queen, the lady-in-waiting and all the high officers of the crown, to ascertain where the Princess had gone to in the night.

'Here's the house!' exclaimed the King, when he saw the first door that had a cross on it.

'No, it must be here, my dear,' said the Queen, whose eyes fell on the next house with a white cross.

'Here, there, and everywhere are white crosses!' cried all; for look where they would, the street-doors had white crosses on them; and they now perceived it would be a vain attempt to try to find the right house.

The Queen, however, was a clever woman. She knew how to do more than sit in a carriage with a fine air, and she worked out a way to track the dog. She took a piece of silk, and made a bag from it. This bag she filled with finely sifted flour, and tied it with her own hands round the Princess's neck. When this was done, she took her golden scissors and cut a small hole in the bag, just large enough to let the flour run slowly out when the Princess moved.

The dog came again in the night, took the Princess on his back, and ran off with her to the soldier, who desired only to look at her, and who would have given anything to be a Prince, so that he might marry the Princess.

But the dog did not observe that his track from the palace to the soldier's house was marked with the flour that had run out of the bag. On the following morning, the King and the Queen now saw where their daughter had been. They had the soldier arrested and thrown into prison.

There sat the poor soldier in his dark cell; and the jailer told him that he was to be hanged on the morrow. Worst of all, he had left his tinder-box at the hotel. When day broke, he could see from his cell window how people were streaming from the town to see the execution; he heard the drums beat, and saw the soldiers march to the spot where the scaffold was erected. Among the crowd was a little apprentice, who was in such a hurry that he lost one of his shoes just as he was running by the prison.

'Hello, my little fellow,' called the soldier to the boy, 'you need not be in such a hurry; for nothing can be done till I am there too. If you run to the inn with the sign of the Golden Angel, and fetch me a tinder-box that I left behind in my room, I'll give you a groat for your trouble, but you must make all the haste you can!'

The boy wanted the groat very much, so off he ran to the Golden Angel, found the tinder-box as described in the soldier's room, and brought it to him to his window. Now let us see what happened.

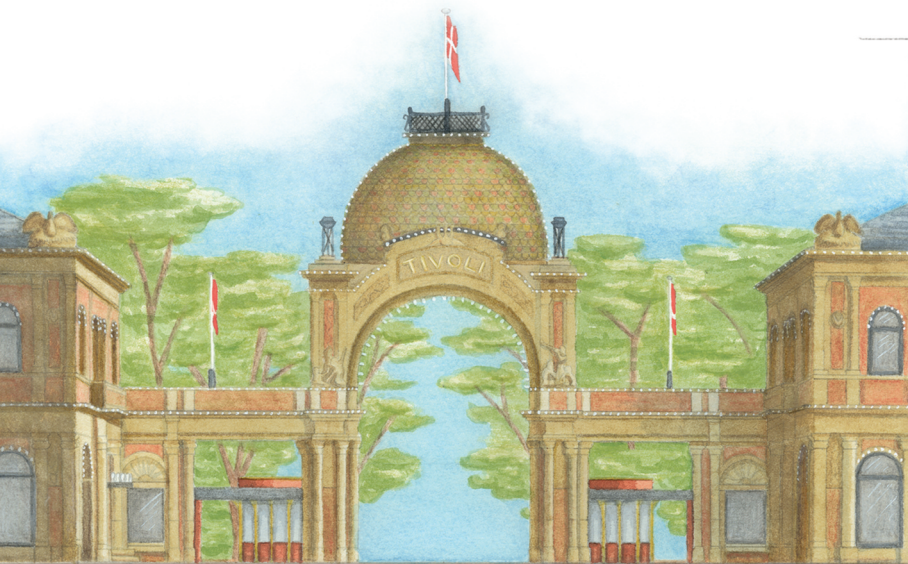
A high gallows had been erected, which was surrounded by soldiers, and thousands of people occupied the large field. The King and Queen sat on a splendid throne that had been erected for them, opposite the judges and the councillors.

The soldier was already on the highest step of the ladder, and the executioner was about to put the rope round his neck, when he begged them to grant him, poor sinner that he was, one last wish. He had, he said, a great longing to smoke a pipe of tobacco, and as this was the last act of grace he should ask for in this world, he hoped they would not refuse him. But the King would not accede to it: so the soldier took out his flint and steel, and struck it one, two, three times. There before him stood his three enchanted dogs, the one with the saucer-eyes, as well as the other two with eyes like a mill-wheel, or the Round Tower at Copenhagen.

'Help me out of my difficulty!' called the soldier to the dogs. 'Don't let them hang me!' Immediately the three frightful dogs fell on the judge and the councillors, seized one by the leg, another by the nose, and tossed them up in the air, so that in tumbling down they were dashed to pieces.

'We are not graciously pleased – ' cried the King; but the dogs cared little for that, and took the King and the Queen, one after the other, and tossed them in the air like the rest. Then the soldiers grew frightened; and the people called out, 'Good soldier, you shall be our King, and you shall have the beautiful Princess for a wife!'

Then the soldier seated himself in the King's carriage, and the three dogs danced in front of it, and shouted 'Hurrah!' The boys in the street whistled, and the soldiers presented arms. Now the Princess was liberated from the grim castle, and was made Queen, which she liked very much. The wedding festivities lasted eight days, and the dogs seated themselves at table, and stared with their great eyes.





DACOCD 883

2 CD

Total playing time:
70:38 + 63:04

First release except
CD 1 [1], [4], [8]

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The Launy Grøndahl Legacy, Volume 3

Studio and live broadcast recordings of Romantic and 20th-century Danish music. Highlights include ballet and concert scores based on fairy-tales of Hans Christian Andersen, an overture to celebrate the end of the Nazi occupation and a colourful set of orchestral variations.

The performances bear witness to the high technical standard of the DRSO's playing, nearly 70 years ago, as well as to the tireless advocacy of Launy Grøndahl for the music of his own country.

CD 1 Live Concert, April 1, 1955

Niels W. Gade (1817-1890)

[1] Echoes of Ossian. Op. 1 (1840) 13:46
HMV Z343-4 (2CS2737/9) Recorded 1950

August Enna (1859-1939)

[2] Overture The Little Match Girl (1897) 6:01

Niels W. Gade:

[3] Agnete and the Mermaids Op. 3 7:13
Else Brems, Mezzo-soprano

The Danish Radio Choir

[4] In the Blue Grotto. (1842) 3:50
HMV Z344 (2CS2742) Recorded 1950

Knudåge Riisager (1897-1974)

From Twelve with the Mail. Op. 37 (1942)
[5] August 1:41 [6] October 1:28

Finn Høffding (1899-1997)

[7] It's Quite True! (1940) 8:14

H.C. Lumbye (1810-1874)

[8] Dream Pictures. (1846) 8:10
HMV Z 345, Mtx 2743-44,
Recorded 1951

Fini Henriques (1867-1940)

[9] The Dance of the Joy of Life. (1920) 3:13

Poul Schierbeck (1888-1949)

[10] The Tinder Box. Op. 61 (1942) 16:02
Mogens Wieth, fortæller (narrator)

CD 2 Live Concert, May 5, 1957

Peder Gram (1881-1956)

[1] Intrada seria Op. 34 (1946) 6:55

Henning Wellejus (1919-2002)

[2] Freedom Overture. Op. 13, (1945) 9:57

Ebbe Hamerik (1898-1951)

[3] Variations for Orchestra. (1933) 20:03

Rued Langgaard (1893-1952)

[4] Drapa. BVN 20 (1907-09) 6:46

Walther Schrøder (1895-1976)

[5] Salzburg Overture. (1955).

Svend S. Schultz (1913-1998)

[6] Overture to Thunderstorm. (1950) 7:02

The Danish Radio Symphony Orchestra Launy Grøndahl, conductor

