



DET KONGELIGE DANSKE
MUSIKKONSERVATORIUM

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PULSAR 2026

HORNTRIO, BØRNEKOR OG PRÆLUDIER

Mandag 9. marts kl. 19.30, Frederiksberg Kirke

Martha Bach Gislinge:	Sovende Pige (uopførelse)
Jens Rønsholdt:	Write Me a Poem (uopførelse) DKDM's Børne- og Ungdomskor Dirigent: Bente Colding-Jørgensen
Gustav Ertbølle Madsen:	Cosmological Preludes (uopførelse) I. And the Cycle Begins Anew II. Through Our Eyes III. Bubbles VII. What Beautiful Violence Stefan Macovei, klaver
Håkon Guttormsen:	Horntrio (uopførelse) Freja Julie Rasch Eskildsen violin, Simon Didrik Nordstrand Berg, horn, Anna Flodmark, klaver

Gustav Ertbølle Madsen: Cosmological Preludes

"Cosmological Preludes is, as the name suggests, a collection of preludes about cosmology, or the nature of the universe. However, unlike the cosmology of astronomy, this account of the universe does not attempt to describe it objectively: Rather, it deals with the nature of things to people. Through various symbols, each prelude attempts to capture a central feature of life, the world, or our place within it.

As both an ending and a beginning, "And the Cycle Begins Anew" depicts the circularity and regular repetition of many aspects of our lives and world. "Through Our Eyes" depicts our unique roles as the medium through which the universe comes to gain consciousness of itself. In "Bubbles" the piece alludes to the Vanitas of the Baroque, in which the bubble comes to represent the fragility of life. Finally, "What Beautiful Violence" treats the central contradiction found in our relationship to the natural world: That being that the universe is both ecstatically beautiful and truly terrifying."

Tonemestre: Sebastian Olea og Joachim Duschek

Produktion: Håkon Guttormsen (in charge), Martha Bach Gislinge, Gustav Ertbølle Madsen, Jens Rønsholdt

Sovende Pige

Text by Tove Ditlevsen (1917–1976) From the poetry collection Pigesind, 1939.
Excerpt from the poem “Sovende Pige” (Sleeping Girl)

Hvad nytter det, jeg knæler
og græder med min kind mod din,
nu er du søvnens pige
og ikke mere min.

Hvad hjælper det, jeg stryger
dit lange og dit lyse hår.
Hvad ved jeg om de tanker,
der bag din pande går.

Måske vil onde drømme
slå noget fint og smukt ihjel
og trække slim igennem
din værgeløse sjæl.

Måske har natten båret
dig tusind mile bort fra mig,
men jeg er helt alene
og længes efter dig.

Du sover blid og barnlig
og skælver lidt i søvnens favn,
jeg bøjer mig imod dig
og kalder dig ved navn.

Og mørkets skygger svinder,
min mund er hed og søger din.
Du strækker dig og smiler,
og du er atter min.

Write Me a Poem

The poem was written for the piece by Johannes Møberg

Write me a poem with your old school pen
Shapes of past and garden leaves aside
Time and death in rhyme and space
Glassy eyes you used to hide
Shining through again

Sing me a song with your broken fountain's voice
From a time when chords were black or blue
When notes fell down as glissando tears
Sweet melodies would turn into you
A nightingale of your choice

Make me a child in your frail and tender arms
Weakened by the longing love of holding on
Gravestones arise, chloasma on your face
Aging paints you portrait, slowly drawn
My feeling is useless and it harms

Tell me a story of how only life can break in one
As if a shattered vase were left unchanged
In pieces of closeness as the end nears
Only to forget how to be arranged
A unity of separation has begun