



GRIMSBY

Philharmonic Society.

Town Hall, Grimsby, April 18th, 1899.

GRIEG'S

“Olav Trygvason”

AND

Miscellaneous Second Part.

BOOK OF WORDS - - PRICE 4<sup>d</sup>.



Grimsby Philharmonic Society.

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# Evening • Concert,

TOWN HALL, Grimsby,

TUESDAY, APRIL 18TH, 1899.

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🌿 GRIEG'S 🌿  
OLAV TRYGVASON

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AND MISCELLANEOUS SECOND PART.

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ARTISTES:

MADAME GOODALL

Mrs. JULIA FRANKS

Mr. ROBERT RADFORD

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Hon. Accompanist     •     Mr. J. WINTRINGHAM SMETHURST.

Conductor     •     •     •     MR. WALTER PORTER.

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Band and Chorus of 100 performers.

F. W. BARRACLOUGH,

*Hon. Secretary.*

# OLAV TRYGVASON

A descendant of Harold Haarfager (the first King of Norway) was brought up at the court of Gardarike (Russia), and was baptised in England while on a Viking raid. When he learned that Norway was dissatisfied with her king (a scion of an older branch of the same race) he resolved upon conquering the kingdom and converting the people to Christianity. Richly endowed by Nature, the superior of all his contemporaries in bodily and spiritual gifts, and so comely to behold that none had seen his like, he was revered in the middle ages as the noblest example of the Norman race. He conquered more by his personality than by his sword. He commenced his struggle in the Drontheim district and the beginning of this conflict is depicted in the scenes of the drama here set to music.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- A SACRIFICER ... .. *Bass.*  
A WOMAN... .. *Soprano.*  
THE VÖLVA ... .. *Contralto.*  
MEN AND WOMEN ... *Chorus.*

The action takes place in an ancient Norman temple in the Drontheim district at the time of Olaf Trygvason's appearance. Period:—end of the tenth century.



**PART I.**  
**OLAV TRYGVASON.**

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**SCENE I.**

**A SACRIFICER.**

Thou to whom fancy lends many titles,  
Giver of runes and of magic!  
Working before the world's beginning,  
Thou who out-gazest from Lidskialf:

**THE MEN—**

Hear us! Hear us!

**A WOMAN.**

Tender mother Frigga, sorrowing for Balder,  
Bearing in thy bosom all worldly woe!  
Comforter of Odin, nourisher of Nature,  
Drawing all life and care into Fensal:

**THE WOMEN—**

Hear us! Hear us!

**THE SACRIFICER.**

Trudfang's Hlorrida, Bilskirner's fire-flame,  
Thou of the strength-belt and hammer,  
Shield of the Aesir and of the Northmen,  
Ever the dread of the giants:

**THE MEN—**

Hear us! Hear us!

## A WOMAN.

Beauteous weeping goddess, silent widow Vanadis,  
 Love's distress thine own loss taught unto thee!  
 Let our tears of sorrow with thine own be mingled,  
 Thou who dost govern half of the living;

## THE WOMEN—

Hear us! Hear us!

## THE SACRIFICER.

Horn-bearing Heimdal, Ull in Ydaler  
 Nyord, mighty Northdweller, hear us!  
 Alfenheim's joy, Landvida's sorrow,  
 Long-bearded minstrel, and thou Tyr:

## THE MEN—

Hear us! Hear us!

## A WOMAN,

Ever youthful Idun, Sif of golden harvests,  
 Saga of the streamlet, Skada of hills,  
 All ye mighty Aesir, Vanir and Valkyrir,  
 Hear our complaining, earthward oh hasten!

## THE WOMEN—

Hear us! Hear us!

## CHORUS.

Other gods are now arising,  
 Gods of power, gods of battle!  
 Help us, help us; Mitgard trembles:  
 Gods alone with gods can wrestle!

*(all kneeling)*

Ye who from the Urdar fountain  
 Pour life-strength into our bosoms,  
 Ye alone who know his will,  
 The father in gold-canopied Gimle;  
 Ye in Odin's ear who whisper  
 Softly as each day awakens,  
 Ye who were ere world's beginning,  
 Ye who will be when 'tis wasted:

Show us, show us,  
 Show our Fates the pathway,  
 Show us, show us,  
 Show our Fates the way to him,  
 The god so long awaited,  
 The god so long awaited.  
 Show us, show our Fates the pathway,  
 Show the god so long awaited!  
 Show the way to him so long awaited!  
 Hear us.

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## SCENE II.

THE VOLVA (*from an elevation in the foreground*)

'Tis not enough—  
 That ye invoke Nornir and Aesir.  
 Runes must be graven duly,  
 Evil to disperse from the pathway,  
 Which to the gods doth lead.  
 There see the gathered hosts!  
 Upon their horns howling to hide our  
 voices,  
 That the gods never may hear us!

CHORUS.

O prophetess mighty, rise in thy magic!  
 Fill heaven and earth with Odin's word!

THE VOLVA

(*raises herself so that she stands high above all  
 the others*)—

Spirits base, basely mastered,  
 Ye who come from the Southlands:  
 With Hel soon shall your feast be holden.  
 Plague shall gnaw,  
 Serpents send thro' your veins deadly venom.  
 Let Hel's hounds awake, howling and  
 foaming,  
 Monsters filled with madness,  
 For your blood thirsting blindly!

For Hel no fitter food can afford them!  
 With Hel! spirits base, basely mastered,  
 Ye who come from the Southlands,  
 With Hel, here in the North your feast is.

## CHORUS.

O prophetess mighty, great is thy magic!  
 Fill heaven and earth with Odin's word!

## THE VOLVA

*(who has been carving runes, now continues to  
 cut eagerly.)*

Spirits base, basely mastered,  
 Ye who come from the Southlands,  
 To Hel soon shall your way be wended!  
 Evil ones, away, away!  
 The Thunderer's weapon awaits ye!  
 To Hel soon shall your way be wended;  
 Runes I wrote on a staff I rent from the altar  
 of Odin.  
 To Hel straightway its charm consigns ye!  
 To Hel!  
 Runes will lead Loki's lot unto the doors of  
 his daughters!  
 With Hel ye shall devour that writing!

*(She casts the rune-staff upon the sacred  
 fire, which immediately blazes up till the  
 flames touch the roof. A fearful crash,  
 ending in peals of thunder which die away  
 in the distance, shakes the temple.)*

ALL *(recoiling in terror)*

Wondrous word of Odin  
 Goes to black abyss, to heaven's height;  
 Awful returneth the answer.

## THE VOLVA.

Answer came from Hel, from high gods;  
 All fear it, yet not I:  
 Now let us kneel to them!  
 Ev'ry path is free!  
 So I will pray them first!  
 Yes, I will pray them first!  
 Gods, ye holy, eternal gods!  
 Are ye here? then heed me!

Where find we the fiat which governs our fate?  
 Where bends your balance, ordering all?  
 Show, ah, show to me ye mighty ones,  
 Where ye will strike the evil Olaf?  
 Where? Where?

God's all-governing, endless, omnipotent Aesir!  
 I pray, devoted to Odin from my youth,  
 By the grey wolf's heart, by the raven's tongue,  
 By my sacrifice in sleepless nights,  
 I pray you, show me mighty ones,  
 Where ye will strike the evil Olaf?  
 Where? Where?

(Thunder! The background of the temple is rent asunder. The temple is seen as if in the distance, surrounded by smoke and flames. As long as the temple remains visible the thunder continues to peal.)

THE VOLVA (*when the apparition has vanished*)—

Here, here, hasten the holy ones!  
 Here, here, hurtled the vengeance of heaven!

CHORUS.

Here, here, hasten the holy ones!  
 Here, here, strikes him the vengeance of  
 heaven!

THE VOLVA.

In our hall he must enter, let him go in,  
 Ne'er to come forth again!

CHORUS.

In our hall he must enter, let him go in,  
 Ne'er to come forth again!

THE VOLVA.

Let this be told to him:  
 We will believe if he come safely forth!

CHORUS.

We will believe if he come safely forth!



## THE VOLVA.

This must be told to him :  
Let his god go into our gods !

## CHORUS.

Let his god go into our gods !

## VOLVA AND CHORUS.

Let this be told to him :  
If he come safely forth, we will believe !

ALL (*turning towards the gods.*)

Thanks for the token, solace it sends to us !  
Thanks for the token, faith it confirms !  
Choice of thy children, come then, oh king  
to us !

Come to thy children, strife will be short !  
Now will the gods themselves go on their  
gladsome way,  
Now will the gods themselves grant us their  
grace !

Lit from our land by fire, lo, he shall leave us ;  
Loki shall lighten him hence unto Hel !

(*Assembling around the images of the gods*)

Three nights besought we, suing like son to sire  
Three nights we pleaded, heard is our pray'r. '

(The high-priest takes a horn from a raised place before the image of Thor, the elders do the same; with these at their head all march round the three sacred fires, coming afterwards towards the front again, where the elders all proceed to their seats on either side. When the high-priest has taken his horn he makes the sign of the hammer over it and proceeds to sing the following song, in immediate continuation of the foregoing.)

## THE HIGH-PRIEST.

Raise high the horn, great host, father Odin's horn,  
Raise high the horn, upheave it for him.  
High altar fires, and Akethor's hammer sign,  
High altar fires, have hallowed it.

## CHORUS.

Gladly we join in games for the gracious god,  
 Gladly we join in gambols of joy,  
 Gladly we join in outbursts of joy.

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## SCENE III.

(The younger ones prepare to dance. The men leap over the sacred fires and lift the women over on both sides. Then begins a Temple-dance, in which the principal features are (1.) a round-dance with continual change of partners (2.) a sword-dance in which shields are held over the women and meet the swords over the fires, while on their side the women hold swords before their warriors whilst these advance or retreat.

## SOLO.

Give to all gods a grace-cup of gratitude,  
 Give to the gods your greatest of gifts!

## CHORUS.

Horns fill for Akethor :  
 Drontheimer's deity,  
 Fill them to Akethor's  
 Daring in fight !

Gaily then join ye games for the gracious god,  
 Gaily then join ye outburst of joy !

Fill up to Nyord and Frey,  
 Harvest and fish they send !  
 Fill up to Nyord and Frey,  
 Harvest fair, haul of fish,  
 To freedom and faith !

## SOLO.

Gaily then join ye games to the gracious gods,  
 Gaily then join in outburst of joy !

## CHORUS.

Gaily we join in games to the gracious gods,  
 Gaily we join in outburst of joy.

Beakers to Braga  
 Bring we with holy vows ;  
 Beakers to Braga, brimming we raise ;  
 Off'rings of flesh and blood  
 Make we for Olaf's end,  
 Offerings we all freely bring to Braga.

## SOLO.

Gaily then join ye games to the gracious gods,  
 Gaily then join in outburst of joy.

## CHORUS.

Gaily we join in games to the gracious gods,  
 Gaily we join in outburst of joy !

O ye Asynier honour we offer ye,  
 All ye Asynier honour and praise !  
 Nourish, oh mild ones,  
 Men with your mother milk !  
 Nourish us, ye who move us with might !  
 Young men and maidens,  
 Grandsire and grandmother,  
 Honour for aye the gods ever green !

Gladly then join in games to the gracious gods,  
 Gaily then join in outburst of joy !

Glorious Disir gliding like doves around,  
 Glorious Disir death making glad !  
 Guarding ye follow friendly our future fate,  
 Guarding ye follow us, Hail to your flight !  
 Fortune of fathers holdeth the Haminja,  
 Fortune of fathers and of the race.

## SOLO.

Earthmen and kobolds keeping the ground for us,  
 Earthmen and kobolds, hail to your kind !

## CHORUS.

Hail to the hugest spirit that hides in hills !  
 Hail, tiny elves who frolic in flowers !  
 Hail, our upholder, guardian of house and halls !  
 Hail, who upholdest harbour and holm !

## SOLO.

Faith of our fatherland, love thou dost light in us,  
Faith of our fatherland moving all men!

Faith of our fatherland, honour thou art to us!  
Faith of our fatherland, fond and profound!

Faith of our fatherland, love thou dost light in us,  
Faith of our fatherland, moving all men.

## CHORUS.

Faith of our fatherland, love thou dost light in us,  
Faith of our fatherland, moving all men.

We will defend thee, fight for our father's faith,  
We will defend thee, future be ours!

We will defend thee, source of our weal and woe,  
We will defend thee, fount of great deeds!

Three nights besought we, suing like son to sire,  
Three nights we prayed and heard was our prayer.

The first night offered we bowls of bloody sacrifice,  
On the first offered we oxen with prayer.

Next night guest-offering gave we the gracious gods,  
Over their images uttering prayer.

On the third night fair dream-faces favoured us!

On the third night we danced and we sang.

Gladly we joined in games to the gracious gods!

Gaily we joined in games to the great gods,

Games to the great gods, outburst of joy.



## PART 2.

- 1 a Chant sans Parole ... .. *Tschaikowsky*  
 b (*For strings*) "La Veillée de l'Ange Gardien"  
 ————— *G. Pierné*
- 2 SCENA ... "Softly sighs" ... .. *Weber*  
 (*Der Freischütz*).

## Madame GOODALL.

*Recit.*

Before my eyes beheld him, sleep never was my foe,  
 But hand in hand with sorrow, Love e'er is wont to go.  
 The moon displays her silv'ry light; Oh! lovely night!

Softly sighs the voice of evening,  
 Stealing thro' yon willow grove,  
 While the stars, like guardian spirits,  
 Set their nightly watch above.

*Recit.*

Thro' the dark blue vault of ether, silence reigns with  
 soothing pow'r;  
 But a storm o'er yonder mountain, darkly brooding seems  
 to low'r:  
 And along yon forest side, clouds of darkness slowly glide.

Oh! what terrors fill my bosom,  
 Where, my Rodolph, dost thou rove?  
 Oh! may heav'n's protection shelter  
 Him my heart must ever love!  
 Earth has lulled her cares to rest;  
 What delays my loitering love?  
 Fondly beats my anxious breast:  
 Where, my Rodolph, dost thou rove?  
 Scarce the night wind's whispered vows  
 Wake a murmur 'mong the boughs:

*Recit.*

Now the widowed nightingale softly tells her piteous tale.  
 Hark, hark! a sound I hear in yonder grove!  
 Hark, hark! 'tis Rodolph's step; it is my love!  
 It is, it is, again my heart shall prove  
 The bliss that springs from anxious love.  
 The moonbeam is shining bright, Oh! heav'n, does it mock  
 With flow'ry wreaths his hat is bound. [my sight?  
 Success! my Rodolph's hopes are crowned.  
 Oh bliss! thine Agnes then shall see  
 The Victor's chaplet giv'n, my love, to thee.

Hope again is waking,  
 Lulling in my anxious breast,  
 Every doubting fear to rest.  
 Joy once more is o'er me breaking;  
 Chasing with her heavenly light  
 Sorrow's dark and dreary night.

Hope now whispers that to-morrow  
 Sees my wishes fondly blest ;  
 Hence then ev'ry thought of sorrow,  
 Joy is now my bosom's guest ;  
 Hope, love, and joy are mine.

*Translated from the German by W. McGregor Logan.*

3 SONG "The Song of the bow" *Aylward*  
**Mr. ROBERT RADFORD.**

What of the bow ?  
 The bow was made in England,  
 Of true wood, of yew wood, the wood of English bows.  
 So men who are free, love the old yew tree,  
 And the land where the yew tree grows.

What of the cord ?  
 The cord was made in England.  
 A rough cord, a tough cord, a cord that bowmen love,  
 So we'll train our jacks to the English flax,  
 And the land where the hemp was wove.

What of the shaft ?  
 The shaft was cut in England ?  
 A long shaft, a strong shaft, barbed and trim and true,  
 So we'll drink together to the grey goose feather,  
 And the land where the grey goose flew.

What of the men ?  
 The men were bred in England,  
 The yeomen, the bowmen, the lads of dale and fell.  
 Here's to you, and to you, to the hearts that are true,  
 And the land where the true hearts dwell.

*Conan Doyle.*

4 SONG ... "The Promise of Life" ... *Cowen*  
**Mrs. JULIA FRANKS.**

There is no song of all our hearts are singing,  
 But has some note whose haunting sadness grieves ;  
 There is no rose of all the year is bringing,  
 But has some thorn unseen amid the leaves.  
 There is no garden but some weed encloses,  
 There is no day but hath its hour of pain ;  
 Yet still we sing and gather earth's bright roses,  
 Walk in its gardens, and forget the rain.  
 Sing on, O heart ! although the tears may glisten,  
 Gather life's flowers, although the rain be rife ;  
 Earth is not all—His angels ever listen,  
 Heaven shall make perfect our imperfect life.

There are no eyes whose light has ne'er been blinded,  
 By silent tears of pity or of pain ;  
 There is no heart that has not been reminded  
 By some chance word of what comes not again.  
 There is no life that hath not held some sorrow,  
 There is no soul but hath its secret strife ;  
 Still our eyes smile, our hearts pray for to-morrow,  
 Fair in its promise of more perfect life.  
 Smile on, sweet eyes, although the pathway darken,  
 Pray on, O heart, amid the busy strife !  
 Earth is not all—His angels ever hearken,  
 Heaven shall make perfect our imperfect life.

5 MOTETT "By Babylon's Wave" *Gounod*

Here by Babylon's wave,  
 Though heathen hands have bound us,  
 Though afar from the land,  
 The pains of death surround us ;  
 Sion ! thy memory still  
 In our heart we are keeping,  
 And still we turn to thee,  
 Our eyes all sad with weeping.

Thro' our harps that we hung on the trees  
 Goes the low wind wearily moaning ;  
 Mingles the sad note of the breeze,  
 With voice as sad of sigh and groaning.

When mad with wine our foe rejoices,  
 When unto their altars they throng,  
 Loud for mirth then they call, "A song !  
 A song of Sion sing, lift up your voices !"

O Lord, tho' the victor command  
 Our captivity sad and lowly,  
 How shall we raise thy song so holy,  
 That we sung in our father's land !

Jerusalem, if we forget thee,  
 Let our hands remember not their power,  
 And our tongues be silent from that hour.

Woe unto thee ! Babylon, mighty city,  
 For the day of thy fall is nigh !  
 For thee no hope, for thee no pity,  
 Tho' loud thy wail riseth on high !  
 Then shalt thou, desolate, forsaken,  
 Be torn from thy fanes and thy thrones,  
 In that day shall thy babes be taken,  
 Taken and dashed against the stones !

Then unto thee, O Babylon, the mighty,  
 be woe !

6 SONGS { *a* "Snowflakes" } ... Cowen  
 { *b* "Song of morning" }

**Madame GOODALL.**

(*a*) SNOWFLAKES.

Whene'er a snowflake leaves the sky  
 It turns and turns to say "Good bye!  
 Good bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray,  
 Good bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray!"  
 Then lightly travels on its way.  
 And when a snowflake finds a tree,  
 "Good day," it says, "good day to thee!  
 Thou art so bare and lonely dear,  
 Thou art so bare and lonely dear,  
 I'll rest, and call my comrades here."  
 But when a snowflake, brave and meek,  
 Lights on a rosy maiden's cheek,  
 It starts—"How warm and and soft the day,  
 How warm and soft the day;  
 'Tis summer, 'tis summer, 'tis summer!"  
 And it melts away.

(*b*) A SONG OF MORNING.

"Sweet heart, sweet heart!" I hear the two clear notes,  
 And see the morning light shine thro' the show'r;  
 Sweet heart! how faintly from the meadow floats  
 The early fragrance of the cuckoo flower!  
 The wind is keen, and April skies are grey;  
 But love can wait till rain clouds break apart,  
 And still the bird sings thro' the longest day  
 Sweet heart! sweet heart, sweet heart!  
 When lives are true, the spring-tide never dies;  
 When souls are one, the love-notes never cease;  
 Our bird sings on beneath the cloudy skies,  
 Our little world is full of light and peace.  
 Fresh as the breath of violets new born  
 Comes the sweet thought to hearts that cannot part,  
 "After the night of weeping breaks the morn,"  
 Sweet heart! sweet heart, sweet heart!

7 SONG "Arise, ye subterranean winds" Purcell

**Mr. ROBERT RADFORD.**

Arise ye subterranean winds,  
 Move to distract their guilty minds;  
 Arise ye winds whose rapid course can make  
 All but the fixed and solid centre shake.  
 Come drive these wretches to that part o' the isle  
 Where nature never yet did smile. [there,  
 Cause fogs and damps, whirlwinds and earthquakes  
 There let them howl and languish in despair,  
 Rise and obey the powerful prince of the air!



- 8 { RECIT ... "Oh Patria" ... }  
 { CAVATINA "Di tanti palpiti" (*Tancredi*) }  
 Rossini

## Mrs. JULIA FRANKS.

*Recit.*

Oh patria dolce ungrata, patua alfine ateritorno  
 Eo ti saluto. O cara terra degl'avi, mici te bacio  
 Em questo per me giorno sereno comincia il cor  
 Arespirarmi in sceno.

*Cavatina.*

Tu che accendi questo core tu chedesti il valor mio,  
 Dolce amore secondate il bel desio cada un empio  
 Tradetore coronate la mia fe.  
 Di tanti palpiti di tante pene  
 Dolce mio bene spero merce mi rivedrai ti rivedro  
 Ne tuoi beiraimi pascero delire sospiri accenti contenti,  
 Sara felice Il cor meldice, Il mio destino,  
 Vicino ate tue rivedrai ti rivedro,  
 Ne tuoi bei rai tui pascero.

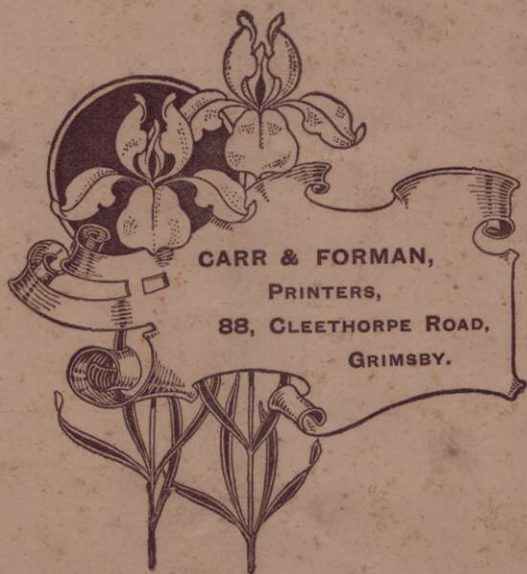
## TRANSLATION.

*Recit.*

Oh, dear land, tho' to me ungrateful,  
 At last from far I return and now salute thee.  
 Oh, glorious mansions of my great kindred, I hail you!  
 While my dear first home once more I am greeting  
 How this heart revived in my fond bosom is beating.

*Cavatine.*

Thou sublime love, who didst guard me  
 In all perils with thy protection,  
 Of my faith now the prize award me—  
 O return me her fond affection.  
 Thus for all my griefs reward me,  
 Soon my love with victory crown. [sending,  
 Oh what bright beam of light heaven now is  
 Fate, kindly bending hath ceased to frown.  
 Yes, I'll behold soon thy lovely face,  
 Thee I'll enfold soon in sweet embrace.  
 Oh, glad day of pleasure  
 I'm near thee my treasure;  
 Hail, morning clearest,  
 Hail, thou love dearest,  
 Dawnings of gladness sadness replace,  
 Yes I'll behold soon thy lovely face.



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