A CANTATA FOR SOLI, CHORUS
AND ORCHESTRA

KING OLAF

BY

CARL BUSCH

BOSTON
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
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A CANTATA FOR SOLO, CHORUS
AND ORCHESTRA

KING OLAF

WORDS BY
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

MUSIC BY
CARL BUSCH

$1.50

BOSTON
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

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LYON & HEALY
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TO MRS. HARRISON M. WILD

AND

THE APOLLO MUSICAL CLUB

CHICAGO
SOLO VOICES:
SOPRANO, TENOR, AND BARITONE

TIME OF PERFORMANCE:
ONE HOUR AND A THIRD

FULL ORCHESTRA SCORE AND PARTS, IN
MANUSCRIPT, CAN BE RENTED
FROM THE PUBLISHERS

INSTRUMENTATION:
2 FLUTES, 2 OBOES, 2 CLARINETS, 2 BASSOON,
4 HORN, 3 TRUMPETS, 3 TROMBONE,
TUBA, TIMPANI, TIMBALES,
HARP, AND STRINGS
**KING OLAF**

**BARTONE SOLO**

I am the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My Majesty and Fortress,
Reign I forever!
Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Mighty the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!
These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield 'em,
And hurl 'em afar off;
This is my griddle;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled!
The light thou beheldst
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations!

Love is my brother;
Mine eye is the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder;
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!
Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumph, 
Over the whole earth
Still is it Thor's Day!

Thou art a God too,
O Gallican!
And thou single-handed
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet of Gospel,
Here I defy thee!

**CHORUS**

And King Olaf heard the cry,
Saw the red light in the sky,
Laid his hand upon his sword,
As he leaned upon the falling,
And his ships went sailing, sailing
Northward into Dromheim ford.

**TENOR SOLO**

There he stood as one who dreamed;
And the red light glanced and gleamed
On the armour that he wore;
And he shouted, as the riled
Streamers o'er him shook and shivered,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

To avenge his father slain,
And reconquer realms and reign,
Came the youthful Olaf home,
Through the midnight sailing, sailing,
Listening to the wild wind's wailing,
And the dashing of the foam.
On the ship-calls he could stand,
Wield his sword with either hand,
And at once two javelins throw;
At all places where ale was strongest;
Sit the merry monarch longest,
First to come and last to go.

Norway never yet had seen
One so beautiful of mein,
One so royal in attire,
When in arms completely furnished,
Harness gold-embossed and burnished,
Mantle like a flame of fire.

Thus came Olaf to his own,
When upon the night-wind blown
Fasted that cry along the shore;
And he answered, while the riled
Streamers o'er him shook and shivered,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

**SOPRANO SOLO**

Queen Sigrid the Haughty, sat proud and aloof,
In her chamber, that looked over meadow
and croft

* * * * *

The floor with tassels of silk was resplendent,
Filling the room with their fragrant scent;
She heard the birds sing, she saw the sun
shine,
The air of summer was sweeter than wine.
Like a sword without scabbard the bright
river lay
Between her own kingdom and Norway.

But Olaf the King had sued for her hand,
The sword would be sheathed, the river be
spanned.

**CHORUS OF WOMEN'S VOICES WITH SOPRANO SOLO**

Her maidens were seated around her knee,
Working bright figures in tapestry.
And one was singing the ancient tune
Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath of
Gudrun.

And through it, and around it, and ever it all
Sounded incessant the waterfall.
**SOPRANO SOLO**
The Queen in her hand held a ring of gold, From the door of Lade's Temple old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding gift, But her thoughts as arrows were been and swift.

She had given the ring to her goldsmiths twin, Who smiled, as they handed it back again.

"Why do you smile, my goldsmiths, say?"

**BARITONE SOLO**
"O Queen! if the truth must be told, The ring is of copper, not of gold!"

**SOPRANO SOLO**
"If in his gifts he can faithless be, There will be no gold in his love to me."

**CHORUS OF WOMEN'S VOICES WITH SOPRANO SOLO**
A footstep was heard on the outer stair, And in strode King Olaf with royal air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and he whispered of love, And swore to be true as the stars are above.

**SOPRANO SOLO**
"O King, Will you swear it, as Odin once swore, on the ring?"

**TENOR SOLO**
"O speak not of Odin to me, The wife of King Olaf's Christian must be."

**SOPRANO SOLO**
"I keep true to my faith and my vows."

**TENOR SOLO**
"Why, then, should I care to have thee?" "A faded old woman, a heathenish jade!"

**CHORUS OF WOMEN'S VOICES WITH TENOR AND BARITONE SOLOS**
His zeal was stronger than fear or love, And he struck the Queen in the face with his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in anger he fled, And the wooden stairway shook with his tread.

**SOPRANO SOLO WITH WOMEN'S CHORUS AND BARITONE SOLO**
"This insult, King Olaf, shall be thy death!"

**CHORUS OF WOMEN'S VOICES WITH BARITONE SOLO**
Heart's dearest, Why dost thou sorrow so?

**CHORUS**

Olas the King, one summer morn, Blew a blast on his bugle horn, Sending his signal through the land of Drontheim.

And to the Hus Ting held at More Gathered the farmers far and near, With their war weapons ready to confront him.

Ploughing under the morning star, Old Iron-Beard in Ytri Heard the summons, chuckling with a low laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from his brow, Unharnessed his horses from the plough, And clattering came on horseback to King Olaf.

Huge and cumbersome was his frame; His beard, from which he took his name, Frosty and fierce, like that of Hymer the Giant.

So at the Hus Ting he appeared,

On horseback, in an attitude defiant,

**BARITONE SOLO**
"Such sacrifices shall thou bring, To Odin and to Thor, O King, Another kings have done in their devotion!"

**TENOR SOLO**
"I command this land to be a Christian land; But if you ask me to restore Four sacrifices, stained with gore Then will I offer human sacrifices, Not slaves and peasants shall they be, But men of note and high degree Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar of Gryting!

**CHORUS**
Then to their Temple strode he in, And loud behind him heard the din Of his men-at-arms and the peasants fiercely fighting.
There in the Temple, carved in wood,
The image of great Odin stood,
And other gods, with Thor supreme among them.

King Olaf smote them with the blade
Of his huge war-axe, gold inlaid,
And downward shattered to the pavement flung them.

At the same moment rose without,
From the contending crowd, a shout,
A mingled sound of triumph, and of wailing.

* * * * *

TENOR SOLO
"Choose ye between two things, my folk,
To be baptized or given up to slaughter!"

* * * * *

"O King, baptize us with thy holy water!";
So all the Drontheim land became
A Christian land in name and name,
In the old gods no more believing and trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon
King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun;
And thus in peace ended the Drontheim Hus-Ting!

CHORUS OF WOMEN'S VOICES
On King Olaf's bridal night
Shines the moon with tender light
And across the chamber stream its tide of dreams.

* * * * *

SOPRANO SOLO
At the fatal midnight hour,
When all evil things have power,
In the glimmer of the moon
Stands Gudrun.

Close against her heaving breast,
Something in her hand is pressed.
Like an icicle, its sheen
Is cold and keen.

On the cairs are fixed her eyes
Where her murdered father lies,
And a voice Remote and drear
She seems to hear.

CHORUS OF WOMEN'S VOICES
What a bridal night is this!
Cold will be the daggers' tis,
Laden with the chill of death
Is its breath.

SOPRANO SOLO
Like the drifting snow she sweeps
To the couch where Olaf sleeps;
Suddenly he wakes and stirs,
His eyes meet hers.

TENOR SOLO
"What is that?"
"Gleams so bright above thy head?
Wherefore standest thou so white
In pale moonlight?"

SOPRANO SOLO
"'Tis the bodkin that I wear
When at night I bind my hair;
It woke me falling on the floor;
'Tis nothing more."

CHORUS OF WOMEN'S VOICES, WITH SOPRANO AND TENOR SOLO
On King Olaf's bridal night
Shines the moon with tender light,
And across the chamber streams its tide of dreams.

* * * * *

MALE CHORUS
At Drontheim, Olaf the King
Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring,
As he sat in his banquet-hall,
Drinking the put-brown ale,
With his bearded Berserks hale
And tall.

CHORUS
O'er his drinking-horn, the sign
He made of the cross divine,
As he drank, and muttered his prayers;
But the Berserks evermore
Made the sign of the hammer of Thor
Over theirs.

The gleams of the fire-light dance
Upon helmet and hauberk and lance,
And laugh in the eyes of the King;
And he cries to Halfrid the Scald,
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,
"Sing!"

TENOR SOLO
Sing me a song divine,
With a sword in every line,
And this shall be thy reward."
CHORUS
And he loosened the belt at his waist,
And in front of the singer placed
His sword.

BARITONE SOLO
Then the Scald took his harp and sang,
And loud through the music rang
The sound of that shining sword;
And the harp-strings a clanger made,
As if they were struck with the blade
Of a sword.

CHORUS WITH TENOR AND BARITONE SOLO
"With the blade of a sword," And the Berserks round about Broke forth into a shout:
That made the rafters ring:
They smeared with their fists on the board,
And shouted, "Long live the Sword,
And the King!"

TENOR SOLO
"O my son
I miss the bright words
In one of thy measures and
Thy rhymes!"

BARITONE SOLO
And Halfred the Scald replied:
"For another 'twas multiplied
Three times."

TENOR SOLO
Then King Olaf raised the hilt of iron,
Cross-shaped and gilded,
And said: "Do not refuse;
Count well the gain and the loss,
Thor's hammer or Christ's cross:

CHORUS
Choose!"

BARITONE SOLO
"This
In the name of the Lord I kiss,
Who on it was crucified!"

"In the name of Christ the Lord
Who died!"

CHORUS
Then over the waste of snows
The moonday sun upset,
Through the driving mist revealed,
Like the lifting of the Hiss,
By incense-clouds almost concealed.

On the shining well a vast
And shadowy cross was cast
From the hilt of the litted sword,
And in foaming cups of ale
The Berserks drank "Wash-hael!
To the Lord!"

TENOR SOLO
"Strike the sails!" King Olaf said;
"Never shall men of mine take flight;
Never away from battle I fled,
Never away from my foes!
Let God dispose
Of my life in the fight!"

"Sound the horn!" said Olaf the King;
And suddenly through the drifting brume
The blare of the horns began to ring,
Like the terrible trumpet shock
Of Regnarock,
On the Day of Doom!
Louder and louder the war-horns sang
Over the level floor of the flood;
All the sails came down with a clang,
And there in the mist overhead
The sun hung red
As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet
Three together the ships were lashed.
So that neither should turn and retreat:
In the midst, but in front of the rest,
The burnished crest
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck,
With bow of ash and arrows of oak,
His gilded shield was without a fleck,
His helmet lined with gold,
And in many a fold
Hung his crimson cloak.

In front came Sten, the King of the
Danes,
Sweeping down with his fifty rowers;
To the right the Swedish King with his
thanes;
And on board of the Iron Beard
Earl Eric steered
To the left with his oars.

CHORUS
Then as together the vessels crashed,
Eric severed the cables of hide
With which King Olaf's ships were
lashed.
And left them to drive and drift
With the currents swift
Of the outward tide.
Louder the war-horns growl and snarl,
Sharper the dragons bite and sing:
Eric the son of Hakon Jarl
A death-drink salt as the sea
Pledges to thee,
Olaf the King!

* * * * *

All day has the battle raged,
All day have the ships engaged,
But not yet is assuaged
The vengeance of Eric the Earl.

* * * * *

On the deck stands Olaf the King,
Around him whistle and sing
The spears, that the foe men fling,
And the stones they hurl with their hands.

BARITONE SOLO

In the midst of the stones and the spears
Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears,
His shield in the air he appears,
By the side of King Olaf he stands.

CHORUS

His shield in the air he appears,
By the side of King Olaf he stands.

* * * * *

Over the slippery wreck
Of the Long Serpent's deck
Sweeps Eric with hardly a check;
His lips with anger are pale.

He hears with his axe at the mast
Till it falls with the sails
Overcast like a snow-covered pine
In the vast dim forest of Orkedale.

Seeking King Olaf, then
He rushes afoot with his mea,
As a hunter unto the den of the bear
When he stands at bay.

BARITONE SOLO

"Remember, Hakon Jarl," he cries;
When lo! on his wandering eyes
Two kingly figures arise.

CHORUS

'Two Olafs in warlike array.

* * * * *

CHORUS

Two shields raised high in the air
Two flashes of golden hair,
'Two scarlet morters' glare,
And both have leaped from the ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats
Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,
And cry, from their hairy throats,
"See! it is Olaf the King!"

* * * * *

BARITONE SOLO

There is told a wonderful tale,
How the King stripped off his mail,
Like leaves of the brown sea-kale,
As he swam beneath the main;

But the young grew old and gray,
And never, by night or by day,
In his kingdom of Norrway
Was King Olaf seen again!

CHORUS OF WOMEN'S VOICES

In the convent of Drontheim,
Alone in her chamber
Kneel Astrid the Abbess,
At midnight, adoring,
Beseeking, entreating
The Virgin and Mother.

SOPRANO SOLO

She heard in the silence
The voice of one speaking,
Without in the darkness,
In gusts of the night-wind
Now louder, now nearer,
Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger
It stirred as she listened,
Of some one who answered,
Beseeking, imploring,
A cry from afar off
She could not distinguish.

CHORUS OF WOMEN'S VOICES

The voice of St. John,
The beloved disciple,
Who wandered and waited
The Master's appearance,
Alone in the darkness,
Unsheltered and friendless.

TRIO

"It is accepted
The angry defiance,
The challenge of battle!
It is accepted,
But not with the weapons
Of war that thou wields!

CHORUS

"It is accepted,
The angry defiance,
The challenge of battle!
It is accepted,
But not with the weapons
Of war that thou wields!
TRIO
"Cross against conset,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry!
Patience is powerful;
He that o'ercometh
Hath power o'er the nations!
* * * * *

CHORUS
Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is,
Greater than anger
Is love, and subduest!

"Thou art a phantom,
A shape of the sea-mist,
A shape of the brumal
Rain, and the darkness
Fearful and formless;

TRIO
Day dawns and thou art not!

TRIO AND CHORUS
"The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal!"
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To Harrison M. Wild and the Apollo Musical Club
Chicago, Ill.

KING OLAF

A CANTATA for SOLI, CHORUS and ORCHESTRA

From "The Saga of King Olaf" by
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

CARL BUSCH

Molto maestoso

PIANO

Brass f

Wood Wind added

Strings added

BARITONE

I am the God Thor, I am the War God, I am the

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thunderer!

Here in my

North-land, My fast-ness and fort-ress, Reign I, Reign I for ev-

er!— Here a-mid ice-bergs Rule I the na-tions;

This is my ham-mer, Miö1-ner the might-y; Giants and sor-cerer-s Can-not with-
stand it! These are the gauntletts Where-with I wield it, And hurl it far off:

This is my girdle; When-er I brace it, Strength is re-doubled!

Allegro moderato

The light thou beholdest Stream through the heav-ens, In flash-es of crim-son, Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind, Af-fright-ing the na-tions!

Jove is my broth-er; Mine

eyes are the light-ning; The wheels of my char-i-ot

Roll in the thun-der, The blows of my
Ham-mer Ring in the earth-quake!

Force rules the world still, Has ruled it,

shall rule it; 

Meek-ness is weak-ness, Strength is tri-

um-phant, O-ver the whole earth Still is it Thor's-day!
Thou art a God too, O Galilean! And

Maestoso

thus single hand-ed Un-to the com-bat, Gaunt-let or

Gos-pel, Here I de-fy Thee. Here I de-

fy Thee! I de-fy Thee!
Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

And King Olaf heard the cry,
and King

4-99-64359-143
Olaf heard the cry,

Saw the red light

Saw the red light in the sky, Laid his hand up -

Saw the red light in the sky, As he in the sky, Laid his hand upon his sword, As he
in the sky, Laid his hand up - on his sword, As he
on the rail - ing,

leaned up - on the rail - ing,

leaned up - on the rail - ing, And his
And his ships

And his ships
Ships went sailing, sailing
went sailing
went sailing

Northward into Dront

Northward into Dront

heim.

Northward into

heim.

Northward into
Dront-heim, North

ward into Dront-heim

fiord.

TENOR SOLO

fiord.

There he
Moderato

stood as one who dreamed;— And the red light glanced—and

gleamed On the armour that he wore;— To avenge—his

father slain, And reconquer realm and reign, Came the youthfu;

O-laf home, Through the mid-night sailing, Lis—thing to the
wild winds' wail-ing, And the dash-ing, dash-ing of the
foam.

On the

Maestoso

ship rails he could stand, Wield his sword with either hand, And at once two

arpeggiando, sempre
Jarem's throw: At all feasts where ale was strongest.

Sat the merry monarch longest. First to come and last to go.

First to come and last to go.
ne'er yet had seen One so beautiful of mien, One so royal in attire,
When in arms completely furnished,

Harness gold inlaid and burnished,

Mantle like a flame of fire.

Thus came Olaf to his own, when upon the night-wind blown.
Passed that cry a-long the shore. And he an-swered, while the rif-ted stream-ers o'er him shook and shift-ed, "I ac-cept thy chal-lenge, Thor! thy chal-lenge, Thor!"
Queen Sigríð the haughty sat

proud and aloft, In her chamber, that looked over meadow and croft; The
floor with tassels of fir was besprent, Filling the room with their

fragrant scent. She heard the birds sing,

she saw the sun shine, The

air of summer was sweeter than wine,
was sweeter, was sweeter than wine,

Like a sword without scabbard the

bright river lay Between her own kingdom and Norway. But

Olaus the King had sued for her hand, The sword would be sheathed, the
Her maidens were seated around her knee,

Her maidens were seated around her

Working bright figures in tapestry. And one was singing the
knee, And one was sing-

an cient rune, and one was sing-ing the an cient rune Of Bryn-

ing of Bryn-hil-

hil da's love, of Bryn-hil da's
love and the wrath, the wrath of
love and the wrath

Gu - drun.

of Gu - drun.
And through it, and round it, and

And over it all, and over it all

Over it all sounded incessant the
the waterfall.

The waterfall.

Moderato

Queen in her hand held a ring of gold, From the door of

Lade's Temple old. King Olaf had
sent her this wedding gift,

But her thoughts as arrows were keen and swift. She had

given the ring to her goldsmiths twain, Who smiled, as they

handed it back again "Why do you
smile, my gold-smiths, say?"  "O Queen!... if the truth must be
told, _The ring is of cop-per, and not of gold!_

"If in his gift he can faith-less be, There

will be no gold in his love... to
Allegretto

SOPRANOS

A foot-step was heard on the outer stair,
And

ALTOS

Allegretto

“If in his gift he can faithless

in strode King Olaf with royal air. He kissed the Queen’s hand and
be!

Can faith - less be!

whispered of love,

He kissed the Queen's hand and whispered of love.

And

There will be no gold in his

swore to be true as the stars are above, as the
love, his love, his love."

stars are above.
"O King, will you swear it, as Odin swore, on the ring?"

"O speak not of Odin to me, The wife of King Olaf a
SOPRANO

"I keep true to my faith and my vows."

TENOR

"Why, then, should I care to have thee? A fa -"
ded old woman, a heathenish jade!

CHORUS of WOMEN'S VOICES
His zeal was stronger than

And he struck the fear or love, And he struck the
Queen in the face with his glove.

And he struck the Queen with his glove.

Then

forth from the chamber in anger he
fled, And the wooden stairway

And the wooden stairway shook with his

shook with his tread.

tread.
SOPRANO

"This insult, King Olaf"

BARITONE:

Shall be thy death!

This insult shall be thy death!
death!
Bartok's dear est, Why dost thou

BARITON

Why dost thou sorrow so?

sor row so?

Woodwind strings added
O - laf the King,
one summer morn, blew a blast on his
one summer morn, blew a

summer morn, blew a blast on his buglehorn, a

horn, his buglehorn, sending his signal through the
blast on his horn,

blast on his buglehorn, sending his signal through the
blast on his horn,
land of Bront - heim. And to the Hus -

land of Bront - heim. And to the Hus-Ting

And to the

Ting held at Mere Gathered the farmers far and near. With their

Hus - Ting Gathered the farmers far and

held at Mere Gathered the farmers far and

Hus-Ting held at Mere Gathered the farmers far and
war-weapons ready to confront him, to confront
near, ready to confront
near, With their weapons ready to confront
near, With their war weapons ready to confront

him. Ploughing under the morning star, Old Iron.

him. Ploughing under the morning

him.
He beard the summons, chuckling with a low laugh. He star, chuckling with a low laugh. He

wiped the sweat drops from his brow; Unharnessed his horses
Unharnessed his
wiped the sweat drops from his brow, and
wiped the sweat drops from his brow; Unharnessed his horses
from the plough, and clattering came on horseback to King
horses from the plough, and clattering came to King
clattering came on horseback to King
from the plough and came on horseback to King

O - laf. Huge and
O - laf.
O - laf. Huge and
O - laf, King O - laf.
Huge and cumbersome was his frame——

His beard, from which he took his name,

His beard, from which he took his name.
Frost-y and fierce, frost-y and fierce, like

that of Hy-mer the Gi-ant. So at the Hus-Ting he ap-
peared, on horse-back, in an attitude de-
peared, on horse-back, in an attitude de-

ff fi ant.

ff fi ant.

BARITONE mf

"Such sacrifices shall thou bring To Odin and to
Thor, O King, As other kings have done in their devotion!

"I command this land to be a Christian land; But if you ask me to restore Your sacrifices, stained with gore, Then will I offer human sacrifices!"
Not slaves and peasants shall they be, But men of note and high degree.

Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar of Gryting!
CHORUS

Then to their temple
strode he in, And loud behind him heard the din

Then to their temple

strode he in, And loud behind him heard the din
and the peasants fiercely fight

Of his men-at-arms and the peasants fiercely fight

There in the temple, carved in wood, The

There in the temple, carved in wood, The image of

There in the temple, image of great Odin stood, there in the tem...
great Odin stood, of Odin

carved in wood, the image of Odin stood,

There in the temple Odin

ple the image of Odin stood,

stood And other gods, with Thor supreme, and

stood And other gods, with Thor supreme, and

other gods among them, King Olaf

other gods among them, King Olaf
smote them with the blade, King O - laf smote them
smote them with the blade, King O - laf, King
smote them with the blade, King O -
smote them with the blade, King O - laf smote them

with the blade Of his huge war - axe, gold in -
O - laf, Of his war axe, gold in -
O - laf, Of his huge war - axe, gold in -
with the blade Of his war - axe, gold in -
laid, of his huge war-axe, gold in-laid,

laid, of his huge war-axe, gold in-laid And

laid, of his huge axe, gold in-laid, And

laid, of his huge axe, gold in-laid, And

in-laid, At the
down-ward shattered flung them. At the

in-laid, At the
down-ward shattered flung them. At the
same moment rose, at the same moment

rose, from the crowd, a shout,

rose, from the crowd, a shout,

rose, from the crowd, a shout,
a shout,

of triumph,
Moderato

and of waiting.

and of waiting. "Choose ye between two things,

To be baptised — or given up to slaughter?"
Moderato

"O King, baptize us with thy holy water,"

all the Dront-heim land became a Christian land in name and

fame. In the old gods no more believing and trusting

4-10 61556-145
And as a blood-
atonement, King O-
laf wed the

And as a blood-
atonement, King O-
laf wed the

fair Gu-
drun; And thus in peace ended the
fair Gu-
drun; And thus in peace ended the
fair Gu-
drun; And thus in peace ended the
fair Gu-
drun; And thus in peace ended the
Dront-heim Hus-Ting! The Dront-heim, Dront-

in peace ended the Dront-

heim Hus-Ting!

Ting, the Hus-Ting!

heim Hus-Ting!

Wood Wind

Strings
Molto moderato

WOMEN'S CHORUS

SOPRANOS

ALTOS

On King Olaf's bridal night Shines the moon with tender light, And across the chamber streams Its tide of...
SOPRANO SOLO

At the fatal midnight hour, when evil things have power, in the

Glimmer of the moon stands, drug. Close a-

Gainst her heaving breast, something in her hand is pressed, like an icicle-
Sheen is cold and keen.

On the cairn are fixed her eyes Where her

murdered father lies. And a voice re-

mote and drear She seems to hear.
What a bridal night is this! Cold will be the

Dagger's kiss; Laden with the chill of death

Is its breath.
SOPRANO SOLO

Like the drifting snow she sweeps
To the couch where Olaf

agitato

sleeps,

Suddenly he

wakes... and stirs

TENOR SOLO

His eyes meet hers. What is that, that

Clar.

Bassoon
gleams so bright above thy head? Therefore

SOPRANO SOLO

stand'st thou so white In pale moonlight? "Tis the

Allegretto

bodkin that I wear When at night I bind my hair; It

woke me falling on the floor. "Tis nothing
more."

On King Olaf's bridal night

Tempo I

WOMEN'S CHORUS

On King Olaf's bridal night Shines the

Shines the moon with tender light,

moon with tender light. And across the

4-99-64859-143
And across the chamber streams Its tide of dreams.

chamber streams Its tide of dreams.

Ere the earliest peep of morn
Blew King Olaf's bungle

TENOR SOLO and forever ride

SOPRANO SOLO forever sundereed

horn

And forever sundereed ride

bridegroom and bride

ride

bridegroom and bride!
Allegro moderato

TENORS

MEN'S CHORUS

BASSES

O. laf the King.... Heard the bells of Yuletide

At Dront heim
ring, As he sat in his banquet hall, Drinking the
nut-brown ale, With his bearded Berserks hale and

SOPRANOS

ALTOS Our his
tall.
drinking horn the sign he made of the

he made of the cross divine, the

the sign he made of the

cross divine, As he drank,

cross divine, and muttered his prayers;

But the Berserks evermore made the sign of the

But the Berserks evermore made the sign of the
hammer of Thor o'er theirs.

The gleams of the fire-light

The gleams of the dance,

The gleams of the dance,
fire light dance. 

Up on the fire light dance.

Up on the helmet and hauberk and lance.

Up on the helmet and hauberk and lance.

up on the helmet and hauberk and

up on the helmet and hauberk and
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,
Gray-bearded, and bald,
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,
Gray-bearded, and bald,

Moderato

TENOR SOLO

"Sing me a song divine,

With a

Moderato

P Strings

sword in every line, And this shall be thy re-

4-99-64350-148
Allegro

And he loosed the belt at his waist, And in

And he loosed the belt at his waist, And in

Allegro

front of the singer placed his sword.

front of the singer placed his sword.
BARITONE SOLO

Then the Scald took his harp, took his harp and sang.

And through the music rang the sound of that shining word; and the harp strings a clangor made, as if they were struck with the blade of a sword.
with the blade of a sword.

BARITONE SOLO

with the blade of a sword.

And the

with the blade of a sword.

And the

that made the raft-ers

sward.

Ber-serks broke into a shout that made the raft-ers

Ber-serks round about broke forth into a

Ber-serks broke into a shout that made the raft-ers

Ber-serks round about broke forth into a
that made the rafters ring;

They smote with their fists on the board, and shouted:

"Long live the Sword, and the King!"
"Long live the King! The sword and the King!!"

"Long live the Sword and the King!!"
son, I miss the bright word in one of thy measures and thy

BARITONE SOLO

rhymes." And Halfred the Scald replied, "In an-

TENOR SOLO

other 'twas multiplied three times? Then King Olaf raised the

built of iron, cross-shaped and gilt, and said: "Do not re-
Maestoso

fust; — do not re­fuse; — Count well the gain and the loss; — Thor's hammer or Christ's cross.

CHORUS

Choose! Choose! Choose! Choose! Choose!
Lento
BARITONE SOLO

This in the name of the Lord I kiss, Who on

it was crucified! In the name of Christ the

Lord, Who died!

CHORUS
Allegro moderato
BASSES

Then over the waste of snows the
Then over the waste of snows, through the noon-day sun rose, through the driving mist revealed, like the lifting of the Host, by incense driving mist revealed, like the lifting of the Host by
clouds concealed. On the shining
clouds almost concealed. shining

incense clouds concealed, shining

wall a vast and shadowy cross was cast, a cross was
wall a cross was cast, a cross was

shining wall a vast and shadowy cross was

wall a cross was cast, a cross, a cross was

Allegro vivace

Allegro vivace
lifted sword, of the lifted sword,
sword, of the sword,
sword, from the hilt of the sword,
lifted sword, from the hilt of the lifted sword, and in

And in foaming cups of ale, of ale, and in
of ale, of ale, of
of ale, of ale, of
foaming cups of ale, and in foaming cups of ale the
foaming cups of ale, and in foaming cups of ale, The Berserks drank and in ale, and in foaming cups of ale, of ale, and in ale, and in foaming cups of ale, Berserks drank in cups of ale.

foaming cups of ale, the Berserks drank, and the foaming cups of ale, they drank the foaming cups of ale, the Berserks drank, the drank in cups of ale, they drank, they
Ber - serks drank, they drank, they
Ber - serks drank, they drank, they
Ber - serks drank, they drank, they
Ber - serks, Ber - serks, Ber - serks drank, they

drank “Was - hael! to the Lord!”

accel.
drank “Was - hael! to the Lord!” “Was - hael!”
drank “Was - hael! to the Lord!” “Was - hael!”
drank “Was - hael!”

accel.

accel.
"Was - hael! to the Lord!"

"Was - hael! to the Lord!"  "Was - hael!"

"Was - hael! to the Lord!"  "Was - hael!"

The Ber - serks drank to the

The Ber - serks drank to the Lord, "Was

The Ber - serks drank "Was

The Ber - serks drank to the Lord, "Was
Allegretto

TENOR SOLO

"Strike the sails!" King O-laf said; "Strike the sails!" King O-laf

said; "Never shall men of mine take flight; Never a-

way from battle I fled, Never away from my foes, Never a-

way from my foes! Let God dispose of my life, of my life in the fight! Sound the
"Sound the horns!" said O-laf the King.

And suddenly through the

Moderato

Allegretto
drifting brume The blare of the horns be-
gan to ring, Like the

terrible trumpet shock of Regna rock, on the

day of doom!
Moderato

Loud--er and loud--er the war-horns

sang Over the lev--el floor of the flood;

sails came down with a clang

And there in the mist
o-ver-head The sun hung red as a drop of blood.
Maestoso

Drifting down on the Danish fleet Three together the

ships were lashed So that neither should turn and retreat; In the

midst, but in front of the rest The burnished crest of the Serpent

Allegro

flashed. King Olaf stood on the quarter.
deck. With bow of ash and arrows of oak. His
gilded shield was without a fleck. His hel-
met inlaid with gold. And in many a
fold hung his crimson cloak. In front came
Svend the King of the Danes, sweeping down with his fifty rowers. To the right the Swedish King with his Maestoso thanes; And on board of the Iron Beard Earl Eric steered, Earl Eric steered, steered to the left with his
Allegro agitato

oars.
Allegro con fuoco

Then as together the

Then as together the

Then as together the

Yes sels crashed,

Yes sels crashed,

Yes sels crashed,

Eric severed the

Eric severed the

Eric severed the

Eric severed the
cables of hide, with which King

O, lads, ships were lashed, and left them to

drive and drift with the currents swift of the


outward tide. Loud er the

classical music notation

war-horns growl and snarl.

Sharper the

Trumpets:

E ric the son of

dragons bite and sting! Eric the son of
Allegro con molto fuoco

All day has the battle raged,

All day has the battle raged,

Allegro con molto fuoco

All day have the ships engaged,

All day have the ships engaged,

not yet is assuaged, the vengeance of

not yet is assuaged, the vengeance of
Eric the Earl.

On the deck stands Olaf the King,
A round him whistle and sing—The

spear that foesmen fling, And the stones they hurl with their
hands.  

**BARITONE SOLO**  

_MODERATO_  

**mf**

_In the midst of the_  

**Wood Wind**

stones and the spears—

Kølbiorn, the marshal appears—

His

**Horn**

shield in the air he appears—

By the side of King Olaf he
Maestoso

His shield in the air he up - rears,  
By the  

His shield in the air he up - rears,  
By the  

His shield in the air he up - rears,  
By the  

Maestoso.

Brass  
Strings  
Brass  

ff  
side of King O - laf he stands.

ff  
side of King O - laf he stands.

ff  

4-99-64359-113
O'er the slippery wreck

Sweeps Eric with

Serpent's deck

Hardly a check; His lips with anger are

Hardly a check; His lips with anger are
pale.

Hew with his axe at the mast, till it falls, with the sails over.

Cast, like a snow-covered pine in the vast dim
Forest of Orke Dale.

Seeking King Olaf then, He
rushes aft with his men, As a hunter into the den of the bear,

When he stands at
Moderato

BARITONE SOLO

"Re mem ber Ha kon Jarl" he cries:

Allegretto

Strings

When lo! on his wand’ring eyes, Two king ly figures a rise.
Two O - lafs in war - like ar - ray!
Molto maestoso

Two shields raised

Two shields raised

dominant

high in the air,
Two flashes of golden hair,
high in the air,
Two flashes of golden hair,

Two scarlet meteors' glare.
And both have
Two scarlet meteors' glare.
And both have
leaped from the ship

Earl Eric's

men in the boats

Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it

floats

And cry from their hairy throats.
"See! See! See!"

See! it is Olaf the King! See! it is Olaf the

See! Olaf the King! See! Olaf the

See! it is Olaf the King! See! Olaf the

See! Olaf the King! See! it is Olaf the
BARITONE SOLO  Moderato \(mf\)

There is told a wonderful tale, How the

King stripped off his mail Like leaves of the brown sea-kale, As he
swam beneath the main:

But the young grew old and gray, And

never, by night or by day, In his kingdom of Norro-way Was King

SOPRANOS

In the

ALTOS

O-laf seen, was King O-laf seen, King O-laf seen again.
Moderato

Convent of Dront-heim, Alone in her cham-ber Knelt

Moderato

As-trid, knelt As-trid the Ab-bess, At mid-night, at mid-night a-

cham-ber knelt As-trid, at mid-night a-

dor-ing, ador-ing, be-seech-ing, en-
treat ing The Vir gin and

SOPRANO SOLO

Mother, and Moth er. She heard in the

and Moth er.

silence The voice of one speak ing, With out in the
darkness in gusts of the night-wind, now louder, now nearer, now lost in the distance.

voice of a stranger it seem'd as she listened, of some one who answered, be-seek-ing, im-

ploring. A cry from a far off she could not dis.
SOPRANO SOLO

less.

TENOR SOLO

less.

BARITONE SOLO

It is accepted, the angry defiance, the challenge of battle!

It is accepted! angry defiance, the challenge of battle! It
It is accepted.

But not with the weapons of war that thou

wieldest!

It is accepted, the
It is accepted, the angry defiance,
The challenge of battle, It is accepted, the angry defiance, the challenge of

It is accepted, the angry defiance, The challenge of
battle, it is accepted, But

but not with the weap-

battle, but not with the weap-

not with the weapons of war, of war, of

ons of war, of war, of

ons of war, of war, of

weapons of war,
war that thou wieldest!

Cross a-gainst corselet,
SOPRANO SOLO

TENOR SOLO

Peace - cry for war - cry!

Love a - gainst ha - tred.

Patience is pow'r ful;
pow'r ful; He that o'er - com - eth

He that o'er - com - eth, Hath pow'r o'er the na - tions! Hath
Power over the nations! Peace cry for nations! Peace cry for war cry!

Peace cry for war cry! Peace cry for war cry!

War cry! Peace cry for war cry!

War cry! Peace cry for war cry!
CHORUS

Patience is pow'r-ful; Strong-er than steel is the

Patience is pow'r-ful; Strong-er than steel is the

Patience!

sword of the Spir-it; Swift-er than ar-rows the

stronger than steel is the

steel is the sword, the sword

sword of the Spir-it; Swift-er than ar-rows the
light of the truth is, Greater than anger is
sword of the Spirit; Greater than
of the Spirit; Greater.

light of the truth is, Greater than

love, and subdueth! Greater than anger is
anger is love, Greater than
greater than anger is love, and subdueth!
anger, Greater than

4-99-64359-143
love, and subdueth! Thou art a
anger is love.

Greater than anger, Thou art a

phantom shape of the sea-mist, A
phantom A shape of the sea-mist, A

shape of the brumal rain, and the darkness
shape of the brumal rain, and the darkness
nor is the night starless; Love is eternal!

the dawn is not distant, Love is eternal! God, eternal!

his faith shall not fail

love is eternal! God,
us;

shall not fail us;

ter nal!

ter nal! God is still God,

God, Love, love

God, Love, is e ter nal!

Love, love

Love, love

Love, love

Love is e ter nal!

Love is e ter nal!

His faith shall not fail

not fail us;

Love is e ter nal!

Love is e ter nal!

is e ter nal!

Love is e ter nal!

God, God, Love,

God, God, Love, is e ter nal!

Love
Love is eternal!

Love is eternal! God is still God.

Love; God, God, God.

Love; God, God, and His

Love is eternal!
Love is eternal!

His faith, faith, and shall not fail, not shall not fail, not

Love is eternal! Christ is eternal! Christ is eternal!
ter - nal! is e - ter - nal!

Christ is e-

fail us, Christ, Christ

fail us, Christ, Christ

Molto moderato

is e - ter - nal!

ter - nal! e - ter - nal!

is e - ter - nal!

is e - ter - nal!

Molto moderato
God is still God.

Christ is eternal!

Largo

 mf Brass