

CARL FIQUÉ.  
472 LAFAYETTE AVENUE.  
BROOKLYN.

den 2. März 1896

Herrn Edward Grieg -

Sehr verehrter Herr:

Es mag Sie vielleicht interessieren zu vernehmen, dass Ihr Werk "Olaf Trygvasson" unter meiner Leitung kürzlich in Brooklyn aufgeführt worden ist, durch tüchtige Solisten, und einen Chor von 125 Sängern. Einziges Programm.

Gewisse technische Gründe haben mich veranlasst die Partie der "Kala" unter drei Sängern zu verteilen, und am Schluß habe ich "Landkennung" dem Werke hinzugefügt. Im Anisouo Schlußchor sangen

damit auch Soprane und  
Alte mit.

Die Wirkung des Werkes  
war eine zündende, und  
rief bei dem sehr zahl-  
reichen Publikum grosse  
Begeisterung hervor.

Ich hoffe das Werk  
nächstes Herbst zu wie-  
derholen, und zwar mit  
Orchesterbegleitung.

In aufrichtigster Verehrung  
Ihres Genies und dessen  
Kundgebungen verbleibe ich

Ihr sehr ergebener

Carl Signé.

# ASSOCIATION HALL,

..... CORNER OF FULTON AND BOND STREETS, BROOKLYN.....

On Tuesday Evening, January 21st, 1896,

At Eight o'clock.

## Third Annual Concert

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

Aid Society of the German Evangelical  
Lutheran Zion Church,

..... BY .....

# CARL FIQUÉ,

ASSISTED BY

Miss HELEN STURSBURG,	- -	Soprano
Miss KATIE NOACK,	- -	Mezzo-Soprano
Mrs. D. TRECKMANN,	- -	Contralto
Miss JENNIE R. LIEBMANN,	- -	Piano
Miss EMMIE WILHELMS,	- -	Piano
Miss K. NOACK,	- -	Piano
Dr. GEORGE G. VAN MATER,	- -	Tenor
Mr. HERMAN DIETMANN,	- -	Baritone
Mr. CONRAD L. MEYER,	- -	Baritone
Mr. ABRAM RAY TYLER,	- -	Organ
ALLIANCE MUSICAL SOCIETY,		Mixed Chorus
<small>(First Public Appearance.)</small>		
BROOKLYN MAENNERCHOR,	- -	Male Chorus
ZION CHURCH CHOIR,	- -	Mixed Chorus

Admission,  
Fifty Cents.

No Reserved Seats.

Wissner Grand Piano

Estey Organ.

# PROGRAMME.



1. Jubel Overture, for Piano and Organ, - - - *Weber*  
Miss NOACK, Mr. FIQUÉ and Mr. TYLER.

2. "The Turkish Lady," Cantata, - - - *Fiqué*  
(First Performance.)

Female Chorus of the Alliance Musical Society and Zion Church Choir.

Solos by

Miss STURSBURG and Mr. DIETMANN.

Piano, Miss WILHELMS.

Organ, Mr. TYLER.

'Twas the hour when rites unholy  
Called each Moslem voice to prayer,  
And the star that faded slowly  
Left to dews the freshened air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,  
Calm and sweet the moonlight rose ;  
E'en a captive spirit tasted  
Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 'twas from the Pasha's palace  
Came an Eastern lady bright :  
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,  
Saw and loved an English knight.

"Tell me, captive, why in anguish  
Foes have dragged thee here to dwell,  
Where poor Christians, as they languish  
Hear no sound of Sabbath bell?"

"'Twas on Transylvania's Bannat,  
When the Crescent shown afar,  
Like a pale, disastrous planet  
O'er the purple tide of war -

"In that day of desolation,  
Lady, I was captive made ;  
Bleeding for my Christian nation  
By the walls of high Belgrade."

"Captive! could the brightest jewel  
From my turban set thee free?"  
"Lady, no! the gift were cruel,  
Ransomed, yet if left of thee.

"Say, fair princess! would it grieve thee  
Christian climes should we behold?"  
"Nay, bold knight! I would not leave thee  
Were thy ransom paid in gold!"

Now, in heaven's blue expansion  
Rose the midnight star to view,  
When to quit her father's mansion  
Thrice she wept, and bade adieu!

"Fly we then, while none discover!  
Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride!" -  
Soon at Rhodes the British lover  
Clasped his blooming Eastern bride.

3. Songs for Male Chorus.

a. Waldeinsamkeit (Forest Solitude) - - - *Pache*  
b Austrian Folk Song, - - - *Kremser*

BROOKLYN MAENNERCHOR.

4. Twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody, for Piano, - *Liszt*  
Miss JENNIE R. LIEBMANN.

5. Italian Salad, - - - *Genée*  
(A Humorous Imitation of Italian Opera.)

BROOKLYN MAENNERCHOR.

Tenor Solo by - - - Dr. VAN MATER.

## 6. Olaf Trygvason, A Dramatic Cantata, — — — Grieg

High Priest, - - - - - Mr. DIETMANN  
First Prophetess, - - - - - Miss STURBERG  
Second Prophetess, - - - - - Miss NOACK  
Third Prophetess, - - - - - Mrs. TRECKMANN  
Olaf Trygvason, - - - - - Mr. MEYER

Chorus of Worshipers and Warriors by  
ALLIANCE MUSICAL SOCIETY, ZION CHURCH CHOIR and  
BROOKLYN MAENNERCHOR.

Piano and Organ Accompaniments by Miss WILHELMS and Mr. TYLER.

Musical Director, Mr. CARL FIQUE.

(The action takes place in an ancient Norwegian temple, at the end of the tenth century. Olaf Trygvason has resolved to return to his kingdom and convert his people to Christianity. His arrival is now being expected.)



### PART ONE.—THE PRAYER.

#### HIGH PRIEST.

Thou to whom fancy lends many titles, giver of runes and of magic! Working before the world's beginning, thou who outgapest from Lidskialf, hear us!

#### SECOND PROPHETESS.

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. Hear us!

#### HIGH PRIEST.

Master of lightning and fire-flame, thou of the strength-belt and hammer, shield of the Æsir and of the Northmen, ever the dread of the giants, hear us!

#### SECOND PROPHETESS.

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. Hear us!

#### HIGH PRIEST.

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

#### FIRST PROPHETESS.

Ever youthful Idun, Sif of golden harvests, Saga of the streamlet, Skada of hills, all ye mighty Æsir, Vanir and Valkyrir, hear our complaining, earthward O hasten! 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!

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 our fates the pathway, show us, show our fates the way to him, the god so long awaited! Hear us!



### PART TWO.—THE PROPHECY.

#### THIRD PROPHETESS.

'Tis not enough that ye invoke Nornir and Æsir. 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! Wondrous word of Odin goes to black abyss, to heaven's height! Awful returneth the answer.

#### THIRD PROPHETESS.

Yes, we will pray them first.

## SECOND PROPHETESS.

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? Gods, all governing, endless, omnipotent Æsir.

## FIRST PROPHETESS.

Gods, all governing, endless, omnipotent Æsir! I, I pray you! Show me, mighty ones, where ye will strike the evil Olaf? Where? where?

## CHORUS, WITH PROPHETESSES.

Here, here! Hasten the holy ones! Here, here strikes him the vengeance of heaven! In our hall he must enter! Let him go in, ne'er to come forth again! Let this be told to him: We will believe if he come safely forth. This must be told to him: let his god go in to our gods! If he come safely forth, we will believe!

Thanks! Thanks for the token! Solace it sends to us, 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!

Three nights besought we, suing like son to sire, three nights we pleaded, heard is our prayer!



## PART THREE—TEMPLE DANCE.

### HIGH PRIEST AND CHORUS.

Raise high the horn, great Host-father Odin's horn, gladly we join in games for the god. Gladly we join in gambols of joy.

### SOLO—QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.

Give to all gods a grace-cup of gratitude, give to the gods your greatest of gifts! Horns fill for Akkethor, Drontheimer's deity, fill them to Akkethor's daring in fight! Gaily then join ye games for the gracious god, outburst of joy! Fill up to Nyord and Frey, harvest and fish they send! To freedom and faith!

### FEMALE CHORUS.

O ye Assynier, honor we offer ye, all ye Assynier honor and praise! Nourish, O mild ones, men with your love divine; nourish us, ye who move us with might! Young men and maidens, grand-sire and grandmother, honor 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, death making glad! Guarding ye follow friendly our future fate, guarding ye follow us, hail to your flight!

### QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.

Earthmen and kobold keeping the ground for us, hail to your kind! 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 harbor and home! We hail thee! Gladly then join, etc.

Faith of our fatherland love thou dost light in us, faith of our fatherland, moving all men. We will defend thee, fight for our fathers' faith, source of our weal and woe, fount of great deeds! Three nights besought we, suing like son to sire. Three nights we prayed and heard was our prayer. Gladly we join in games to the great gods, outburst of joy!



## PART FOUR.—THE CONQUEST.

### CHORUS OF OLAF'S CHRISTIAN FOLLOWERS.

And it was Olaf Trygvason, sailing o'er the North Sea wide, bearing the hope to found a kingdom far on the other side. Yonder the cliffs appearing, like a battlement loom their dark crest rearing.

And it was Olaf Trygvason, found he ne'er a spot to land, e'en like the waves the royal desire shattered upon the strand. "See," cried the bard up-leaping, "yonder snow-covered peaks o'er cloud-banks peeping."

And it was Olaf Trygvason, suddenly he seemed to sight towering temples, domes and spires, glistening in virgin white. Then vowed the king undaunted, with his followers to tread that land enchanted.

Onward he went: the rushing streams heralded the coming spring. Swayed in the stormy wind, the forest strangely was murmuring. Sounds as of church bells chiming, and then spake the king, spake as though dreaming.

### OLAF TRYGVASON.

Here the spot to found our kingdom! Hell, these temple walls defy thee! Hearts are swelling, souls are yearning, God to Thee alone be glory! Be my faith as yonder mountains, root as deeply, shine as purely, and as these my faith strive upward, on to Him, the All Creator!

### ENTIRE CHORUS.

Olaf's prayer be ours to utter, as we near the throne of mercy. Hearts are swelling, souls are yearning, God, to Thee alone be glory! Be my faith as yonder mountains, root as deeply, shine as purely, and as these my soul shine upward, on to Him, the All Creator! On to God! On to God!