

Review

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other lasting record, to which allusion has been made, of how "Novello's Part-Song Book" once "prized" its contents. It has less likelihood than its companion of the broad popularity that the other enjoyed, but it has great feeling, which is saved from becoming pathetic by the cheery brightness of its last strain, for which the major form of the key is happily introduced, and it is set to a charming poem from the same fair hand as the foregoing piece.

"A lapse of twenty years," to quote the playbill of a sensational drama, occurred between the last part-song and the next we have to notice, during which interval several of those appeared that were mentioned last month. The collection of six, now to be considered, completes the author's productions of this class with which the public is acquainted. A series of songs for the seasons, set to verses by Mrs. Cowden Clarke, once Miss Mary Novello, begins of course with "Spring" and therein shows as blithe a front as will bear up against the snow blossoms of the severe May just ended, and prove a hardihood to resist the blandishments alike and the fierceness of the ensuing periods. The song is vigorous as cheerful, and it is no less tuneful. Following in the year's train, comes "Summer," which maintains the gaiety of her forerunner, though under a somewhat softer aspect. This, to our fancy, is the fairest flower of the series; but reviewers should not indulge in fancy, the true domain of those reviewed; and having no firmer ground on which to base the preference, we surmise that other hearers may admire the other three songs as much, and then they will think excellently well of the whole four. "Autumn" is ushered in by a sturdy passage for basses alone, which seems written to show the fallacy of the common assertion, that the minor key is characteristically mournful, for a jollier spirit could not be breathed than glows in every note of it; true, there is a spice of the major for the ending of each verse, as if one turned to autumn's fruits after feasting on his savoury fare, and regaling on his fluids, nut brown and purple; but the manner of the whole is a merry one, and whether the dimensions of the third be "lesser" or "greater," the key of D never turned a tune more hearty than the present. The cares of "Winter" are all shut out of doors in the representation of him which follows; here sits he by his fire-side, laughing all over, and inosculating every hearer with his jocund humour. None can gainsay such evidence as this song affords of the sympathetic charm of music, for singers and listeners must be very sound asleep not to be impregnated with its festal character.

After these four seasonable acts of homage to the modern muse, the composer turns his thoughts backwards, and selects two charmingly quaint specimens of our elder poets. It may or may not be worth notice, but it is obvious that the average of verses appropriated to part-songs is of a far higher order than that of the "words" (we use the accepted term) to which songs for a single voice are mostly written; and we observe this as prompting an inference that, when unchecked by the proscription of schoolmistresses or other arbiters of feminine taste, a musician, having the whole garden of poetry from which to choose, is likelier to gather his honey from the healthier and the sweeter flowers; many may sing of their loves, while the theme is forbidden to each one of the choir. William Wager, who flowered at the dawn of the sixteenth century, has left a sweet little ditty, telling of a maid who came out of Kent, and interlined with such ejaculations as "Dainty Love!" "Dangerous she!" and the like; the music to this is aptly divided into alternate phrases, respectively for the two male voices and for the whole chorus, the first having the narrative, the latter having the comments this calls forth. It is right pleasantly disposed, and its simplicity of melody with its naturalness of harmony joined to its pretty vocal disposition, makes a capital effect. Half a hundred years later, Anthony Munday was in his ripeness, and a specimen of his fruit, "You stole my love" is the last we have here to record of the sources whence the composer drew his suggestions. Love stealing is no act of felony, for it gives as much as it takes, and brings no more joy than it makes; so the full chorus chuckle over their pilfering, and are as merry mouthed about their wrongs—or rights, it may be—as if each were certain of being the winner by the interchange of loves. It would be a pleonasm, or any other asm that means extra to the purpose, to speak of the music to this dainty little poem; go from county to county, from concert to concert, and from one private circle to another, and you will hear it sung, by many or by four, as it would be impossible to sing if each singer took not thorough pleasure in the task; it is as great a favourite now as erewhile was the harvest song, and when the public has given a verdict, to echo this would be as redundant as to dispute it would expose a want of judgment.

CRAMER, WOOD AND CO.

Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*. Paraphrase for the Pianoforte by J. Rummel.

THE word "paraphrase" disarms any adverse criticism which we might feel it our duty to make upon this piece, were it simply issued as an arrangement of Mendelssohn's work for the pianoforte. So far from wishing to discourage the publication of portions of the great compositions of the great masters, we are decidedly of opinion that the more they are multiplied the better, for good music cannot be heard too much; but when such arrangements are intended to lead credulous purchasers to believe that an unmutated work is before them, critics should exercise the power they hold to warn the public against countenancing a system detrimental alike to art and artists. Mr. Rummel's paraphrase on Mendelssohn's "*Lobgesang*" may be conscientiously recommended to amateurs as a well written and effective piece for drawing-room performance. The subjects are well chosen, and follow in good order, so that, although the sequence of the numbers in the original work is not observed, there is no undue effect of patchiness. The beautiful duet, "I waited for the Lord," is exceedingly well arranged; and an air of completeness is given to the piece by the repetition of the majestic opening phrase at the conclusion. We think it would be an improvement in a "pot-pourri" like this if the names of the several movements and airs were placed at the head of each; as amateur executants, for whom these compositions are especially intended, have but a very indistinct knowledge of the works from which they are taken, and it would also be the means of satisfying many an enquiring listener.

*Andante from Mozart's Quartett in D minor.*

*Minuet from Schubert's Quartett, Op. 29.*

Transcribed for the Pianoforte by J. Rummel.

THESE are pure transcriptions, the name of Mr. Rummel merely appearing as the adapter of the thoughts of Mozart and Schubert to our household instrument. Pianists who do not desire to idle away their time by practising rapid arpeggios to ornament a flimsy theme, will delight in reproducing the ideas contained in these quartetts upon the pianoforte; for it is one of the great merits of arrangements of works written for instruments not usually available in a drawing-room, that students can linger over their many beauties for a sufficient length of time to thoroughly appreciate their worth. Mozart's "*Andante*" is based upon a subject of extreme beauty, which must delight every lover of pure and legitimate writing; and the Minuet from Schubert's Quartett, although in a different school, will also be found available as a reminiscence of the original. The arranger has well and reverently accomplished his task, and will add to his reputation by multiplying these extracts from the compositions of the best masters.

COMPOSERS' PUBLISHING COMPANY.

*It is no Song, but I.* Song. Words by Capt. Bedford, R.E. Music by W. J. Chatfield.

A PLACID and melodious subject, appropriately and carefully harmonised. An expressive singer may create an effect from these simple materials, for the phrases evince the possession of musical feeling. Lest an accompanist should startle the singer by a chord, we presume not intended, let C be played instead of D, in the third crotchet of the 7th bar, page 2.

AUGENER AND CO.

*Sonata for the Pianoforte.* Composed by Charles Henry Shepherd, Associate of the Royal Academy of Music.

MR. SHEPHERD's resolve to throw his ideas into a classical shape should predispose critics in his favour, even were his composition less deserving than it is of commendation. There is much good writing in the first movement, although the principal subject has scarcely sufficient interest for so important a work. We like the second movement better; the theme, an "*Andante Religioso*," is melodious and well harmonised; but the introduction of the "*Recitative*," breaks the continuity of feeling with which it opens, and, in our opinion, detracts from the placid character of what we should expect as a musical illustration of the verse with which the movement is headed. The "*Minuet*," and "*Trio*," are graceful specimens of careful and conscientious writing; and the "*Finale*," is clear and well defined, the chief theme having sufficient melodic character to make its recurrence welcome, and the subordinate subjects being well contrasted. The Sonata is appropriately dedicated by Mr. Shepherd to "his esteemed master and friend, G. A. Mac-