Gluck

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Source: *The Musical Times and Singing Class Circular*, Vol. 32, No. 577 (Mar. 1, 1891), p. 145

Published by: [Musical Times Publications Ltd.](#)

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/3362666>

Accessed: 26-12-2015 18:35 UTC

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culled almost at random:—"Does it hurt a vocalist to lunch at night?" "What is the meaning of the figures enclosed in circles found in reed-organ (harmonium) music?" "Please name the subject of Mozart's Twelfth Mass." "I would like some information about Saint-Saëns. Are his works classical?" (Editor gravely answers, "His works are *not yet* classical.") "Should the minims which come at the end of a chant be sung in time?" (Editor: "They should. You were right and your choir was wrong.") Enquiries as to the pronunciation of foreign names and terms are incessant. The poor editors endeavour to spell the words phonetically, but not always with complete success. *Träumerei*, we are told, is to be pronounced Troy-meh-ryé; Mr. Randegger's name "has the *a* almost like *u* in *fun* and each *g* hard." *Musical* "has become pretty well Americanised: Mew-zy-cahl is about right." And here is a curiously naïve enquiry. "What is sentimental music and playing, and why is it condemned?" The editor's best answer would have been to give as a shocking example the four or five awful compositions (with directions for playing) given away each month with his paper.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON AND CO. have issued a new publication, entitled *The Early English Musical Magazine*, with the object of "stimulating a renewed regard for the gems of British Song" of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, of which the editors possess a goodly store. From this collection they present in the Magazine certain specimens, together with biographies of early English composers and short musical stories. The pictorial illustrations are only poor and feeble, while the biographies are not always marked with that accuracy which would render them classical. For instance, Playford was not the inventor of the "new ty'd note," it was William Pearson. It is, moreover, injudicious to have rewritten the words to certain of the songs reprinted when there is no justification for such a proceeding as the original is far superior and more in accordance with the plan of the publication. The new accompaniments are doubtless very clever, though not always suitable to the spirit of the work.

At the hundredth performance of Millöcker's "Poor Jonathan" the other day, musical boxes playing the principal airs in the operetta in question were distributed amongst the audience. The management thoughtfully printed a notice at the foot of the programmes for that evening respectfully begging the audience not to set the musical boxes going during the performance. There is only one country in the world in which such an episode could have occurred, and that is America, where side by side with splendid performances of Wagnerian opera and first-rate Orchestral Concerts one jostles against such astonishing specimens of taste as that which we have just noticed. At one moment one is tempted to say *Delenda est Chicago*, at the next one is fain to recognise in the heart of Porkopolis the existence of a spirit of artistic enterprise which puts us in London to shame.

WISE words from the *Boston Home Journal*: "It is to be wished that more of the music of the eighteenth century could be heard in our Symphony Concerts. It would not only give pleasure to the audience, it would also serve as an education. It would show what men of genius could do with simple means. In these days a young composer is too apt to think that the expression of even the simplest musical idea demands the resources of the complete orchestra with all the percussion instruments."

Sonnets to the Masters.

GLUCK.

Thy feet long wandered in degenerate ways,
'Mid rankest weeds that from corruption spring,
And foul with growth that to decay doth cling
(So Time shall work on all that now we praise);
But out the tangled maze in ripened days
Thou didst emerge, with high intent to wring
From Ruin's grasp the lyric stage, and bring
As gifts unto its altar deathless bays.
Vain Artifice and Sound divorced from Sense
Thy course opposed with clamour loud and strong,
But soon Alcestis' sorrow, Iphigénie's wrong,
With his great passion who e'en Hell's defence
By Music's charm brake down, them banished hence:
Such might was in thy pure, expressive song.

HAYDN.

I.

'Twas he who sang Endymion that said
"Lo! Haydn is a child, and none can know
Where next his artless fancy may outflow."
A child, indeed, by God's own right hand led
Among the Doctors, as once He who fed
The multitude with simplest words, aglow
With more than heavenly beauty, and did show
The secret of true life unto the dead.
I love to look upon thy gentle face,
Yet some there be who heedless turn away,
Indifferent to sweet, unstudied grace
'Mid purposed antics of a nearer day.
These do not know child-likeness hath a place
Where'er the lamp of art sheds purest ray.

II.

"Laus Deo!" thou didst write on finished page,
Ascribing thus the glory of thy skill;
So sings unweariedly each babbling rill
To its Creator, who in long-gone age
Devised such charmed beauty to assuage
The fever of the world, and give it fill
Of subtle influences which should still
Disturbèd longings and impatient rage.
O Fount of Music that, with artless art,
Flows on through bosky shade and sunlight gleam,
I ask no richer blessing than, apart
From madding strife, to drink of thy pure stream,
And cry "Laus Deo!" with a thankful heart:
Nor would I wake if this it is to dream.

JOSEPH BENNETT.