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Trois Morceaux pour Piano (Op. 44, 45, 46) by E. Jacques-Dalcroze; Quatre Petits Morceaux pour Piano by Dirk Schäfer

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but ends softly. 'O God of Wisdom,' set in four parts throughout, is richly harmonised; both compositions are intended for use at weddings. The words of 'Morn's roseate hues' are taken from the 'Hymnary.' The music opens with an *Andante* chorus in solid harmony, to which succeeds a short bass solo. Another chorus is followed by a brief alto solo, and a final chorus of jubilant character effectively concludes this interesting and legitimate specimen of American Church music.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

Trois Morceaux pour Piano (Op. 44, 45, 46). By E. Jacques-Dalcroze.

Quatre Petits Morceaux pour Piano. Par Dirk Schäfer. Süddeutscher Musikverlag, Strassburg.

[E. L. Robinson, Wigmore Street.]

The composer of the first-mentioned pieces writes with appreciation of the capabilities of the pianoforte which will appeal to players thereupon. In some of the compositions the harmonic scheme is somewhat involved, and in one or two instances the modern definition of a signature as 'the key in which the piece is *not* written' is certainly applicable; but the composer has something to say, and he says it in a scholarly manner, not without graceful and sympathetic touches which testify to a lively imagination.

Herr Schäfer has severally named his pieces 'Pastorale (all' antica),' 'Alla Minuetto,' 'Chant Mélancolique,' and 'Deuxième Valse,' titles which fairly indicate their character. While they present few difficulties to the average trained executant, they are melodious and effective.

Four characteristic valse (Op. 22). Composed and arranged for pianoforte by S. Coleridge-Taylor.

[Novello and Company, Limited.]

These arrangements make excellent pieces for the household instrument. The first, entitled 'Valse Bohémienne,' although very easy to play, is full of character; the third, 'Valse de la Reine,' if a little more difficult, will well repay any extra practice it may require. It is the best of the set, but the second and fourth, respectively called 'Valse Rustique' and 'Valse Mauresque,' are well worthy of the attention of pianists.

PART-SONGS.

When through Life unblest we rove. Words by Thomas Moore. Irish melody, arranged as a part-song by T. R. G. José.

Come, let me take thee. Words by Robert Burns. Music by John Pullein.

As through the land. Words by Tennyson. Music by John Pullein.

Weary wind of the West. Words by T. E. Brown. Music by Edward Elgar.

A Spring Song. Words by Aubrey de Vere. Music by Arnold D. Culley.

[Novello and Company, Limited.]

Dr. José has made a most effective part-song arrangement of the old Irish melody which Thomas Moore has allied to lines which appeal with peculiar sympathy to musicians; and part-singers will find in this composition the truth of the poet's remark that 'music's strains can sweetly soothe.' Although both of Mr. Pullein's compositions are short, they are excellent examples of the modern part-song. The music to 'As through the land' is very simple, but is not this the most natural treatment suggested by Tennyson's exquisite lyric?—lines that are perfect in themselves. Dr. Elgar expects much from English choristers, and his setting of 'Weary wind of the West' will test the metal of its exponents. The music is not, however, exceptionally difficult, but it is exceptionally effective; and the setting of the last line, directed to be sung *ppp*, is most touching. Mr. Arnold Culley's 'Spring Song' is very gay, not to say jovial; crisply sung it would be very stirring.

Two Songs for One Voice. Words by Fred A. Farwell. Music by Clarisse Mallard.

[Breitkopf and Haertel.]

The above title savours of a paradox, but it is all right if you think it out. The songs are severally named 'Memories' and 'Petite,' the words of the former telling of a love that somehow has gone wrong, and the latter being a serenade to a lady who, in the singer's estimation, seems to linger unjustifiably. The music is well written and refined, but Miss Mallard is most successful in her 'Memories.'

A Short Account of our Great Church Composers, 1540-1876. By Agnes E. Done. (Henry Frowde.) 'Specially written for choristers,' this little book is a collection of brief biographies pleasantly penned by Miss Done, daughter of the late Dr. Done, a former and much esteemed organist of Worcester Cathedral. Several portraits of the composers discoursed upon by the authoress add to the interest of her very readable pages. —*Musical Education*. By Albert Lavignac. (D. Appleton and Company.) An English translation, from the French, by Esther Singleton, of an interesting and useful book recently reviewed in these columns. —*Confessions of a violinist*. By Dr. T. Lamb Phipson. (Chatto and Windus.) A reminiscent and chatty book by an author who has before given proof of his anecdotal resources.

—*Music and its influence on life and character*. By the Rev. H. F. Kelvey. (Charles H. Kelly.) A series of eight thoughtful addresses delivered at various times by the author, a Wesleyan Methodist Minister. They range from that which furnishes the title to the book to 'The observations of an organ-blower.' —*Modern Organ Tuning: the How and Why?* By Hermann Smith. (William Reeves.) These 120 pages contain much expert knowledge on 'the nature of the organ pipe and the system of equal temperament, together with an historic record of the evolution of the diatonic scale from the Greek tetrachord.' We learn therefrom that 'dust is the great enemy of the organ.' —*The Ring of the Nibelung*. By Alice Leighton Cleather and Basil Crump. (Methuen & Company.) This little book, so convenient for the pocket, claims to be 'an interpretation embodying Wagner's own explanations' of his great creation. The 'interpretation' is therein lucidly, concisely, and analytically set forth, illustrated with music-type examples. A recently discovered and characteristic portrait of the master, taken in 1869, forms an interesting frontispiece to an acceptable contribution to the ever-extending field of Wagnerian literature.

THE HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

It is always a little difficult to give an instant verdict, in a few words, on any of the great annual Festivals which signalize provincial musical activity in England during the Autumn. In fact such a verdict would indeed be unfair, because it would have to be balanced on one side or the other either by the virtues or by the defects of the various performances. Instead therefore of attempting any smart precision of judgment, one may take more or less in order the most prominent features of the Festival as they appeal to one by reason of their importance. First, then, the chorus has to be considered. The grand opening service on Sunday afternoon (September 6) gave promise of very exceptional choral work during the week; Elgar's 'Te Deum' in F, for example, was sung with a sheer purity of sound and an accuracy of tone that belonged to the very highest order of the best sort of choral singing; therefore when Tuesday morning arrived, bringing with it Mendelssohn's 'Elijah,' expectation was necessarily tuned to the highest pitch. To a large extent that expectation was thoroughly justified. The early part of the work went, so far as the chorus was concerned, with the utmost spirit and even fire of determination; in the course of the day, however, a certain sense of fatigue seemed to creep over the singers, and the end left them very much behind the level of their