Review

Source: *The Musical Times and Singing Class Circular*, Vol. 14, No. 331 (Sep. 1, 1870), p. 596

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

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/3354116>

Accessed: 25-02-2016 17:57 UTC

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at <http://www.jstor.org/page/info/about/policies/terms.jsp>

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Musical Times Publications Ltd. is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *The Musical Times and Singing Class Circular*.

<http://www.jstor.org>

that first bloomed so sweetly for me," the notes following too rapidly for the due expression of these syllables. In the new translation the line is "Before me arises a violet that fadeth not," which is unquestionably more euphonious, although not so accurate a translation. We may say, however, that in the preface it is announced that whoever prefers the English version hitherto in use of any of these songs (all of which are published separately) can always obtain them. Before concluding our notice of the contents of this interesting volume, it should be mentioned that "But the Lord will gather" (No. 77) and "Thou who hast doomed man to die" (No. 78) are here printed for the first time, and that the "Maiden's lament," already noticed, although published some five or six years ago, is scarcely known. A good word must be said at parting for the excellent manner in which this book is put forth. The design on the front cover is extremely beautiful; and the elegance of the binding will render it a most attractive volume for the drawing-room table.

The Offertory Sentences. Joseph Barnby.

This little work will supply a want generally felt. The settings vary greatly in style, and thus offer a wide range of selection for every taste. Nos. 1, 3, 4, 7, 11, 17, 20, are specially recommended as combining good melody with such extreme simplicity, as to be everywhere available. It may perhaps be remarked that the singing of the sentences by the choir affords a very desirable rest to the chanter, whilst it also prevents the collecting of the alms from appearing, as it often does otherwise, a digression from the order of service.

Give unto the Lord the glory. Thanksgiving Anthem (for Harvest and other Festivals), by J. Frederick Bridge, Mus. Bac., Oxon, Organist of Manchester Cathedral.

This Anthem is smoothly written, melodious and spirited, and yet well within the powers of any ordinarily efficient choir. The words, as far as we can judge, by no means limit its use to Harvest or other Festivals; it will no doubt be welcomed by many churches where there are frequent offertories.

Spring's Message (Frühlings-Botschaft), by Niels W. Gade.

It will not surprise our musical readers to hear that this is strongly Mendelssohnian, but the music is so very good of its kind that Societies will be glad to have it in its present cheap form. It may be briefly described as a part-song of more than ordinary length with a charming independent accompaniment, easily and effectively arranged for the piano from the full score. One fact, in addition to its general excellence, will commend it to amateurs; the tenor part is not, as it is in many of Mendelssohn's works, fatiguingly high.

To the Red Breast. Part Song. Words from the "Christian Year." Music by J. Baptiste Calkin.

This song forms No. 10 of a set of Part Songs and Glees, by a composer who is rapidly making a name for unaccompanied choral music. As the poetry demands, Mr. Calkin has given us a cheerful and melodious theme, which commences with an effective key-note pedal, and is harmonised throughout with much skill. The change from E to F major, at the words "The Blackbird's song," is a point worthy of attention, and the modulations which follow seem to grow up naturally from the feeling of the words. This part-song is well worthy the attention of choral Societies.

Autumn. Part Song. Poetry by P. B. Shelley. Music by Alfred James Sutton.

Mr. Sutton writes well for the voices; and, as a rule, his harmonies are appropriate and unpretentious. The song opens with an *adagio*, in B minor, which is followed by an *allegretto* movement, led off by the tenor, which is afterwards joined by the bass, then by the first soprano, and lastly by the second soprano. The conclusion of the song, with the major chord, is effective; but, in the first

verse, the final word, "Se - - pul - - chre," is an unfortunate one for lengthening out. This is the last of a set of six part-songs by the same writer, who certainly seems to have much feeling for this class of composition.

Original Compositions for the Organ. By Henry Smart. Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6.

ALL Organists will be glad to find that this series, which commenced with the admirable Choral with variations, in E flat, is now being pushed forward. No. 3 is a grand Solemn March not inaptly so named, which will well repay the trouble it will give to some of the younger lovers of the king of instruments. No. 4, an Andante in G major, is of a more generally useful stamp than its predecessor, and is in its talented author's very best vein. It is simple, melodious, and thoroughly adapted for church use. No. 5, Andante in A major, though not so calm and sombre as No. 3, will perhaps carry off the palm for gracefulness, the flowing accompaniment in the left hand being very effective. No. 6, in E minor, is again strictly devotional in style, a charming, almost sunny close, being effected by the modulation into the tonic major. Most of our readers must have been often disquieted, if not annoyed, at the voluntaries selected by many organists. If the music is not so bad as to be positively irreligious, it often is so utterly devoid of style as to suggest no feelings of any kind, except anxiety for the speedy appearance of the final cadence. If Mr. Smart will give us more of such genuine inspirations, he will alike benefit clergy, organist, and congregation. We very much doubt, however, whether sensible persons could be played out of church with such music: if they are, it will be the performer's fault.

LAMBORN COCK & Co.

Medora. A Reverie, for the Pianoforte.

Composed by Charles Salaman.

ALTHOUGH the form of composition adopted by Mendelssohn in his "Songs without words," has been often successfully followed by other composers, it is only rarely that the idea has been carried out in all its integrity. Occasionally, certainly, we meet with a piece where, as in the "Lieder ohne worte," the music is allowed to tell its own tale; but usually, not only titles are given, but a verse is extracted from some well-known poem, which it is intended that the composition shall illustrate. Apart from this being opposed to the true spirit of the wordless song—the very indefiniteness of which is one of its greatest charms—there is the objection that none of the listeners are supplied with this key to the composer's intention, the performer indeed being the only person acquainted with it; and the piece therefore—although avowedly a descriptive one—can only be judged of as abstract music by a general audience. Mr. Salaman's "Medora" is so excellent a composition in every respect, that we should have preferred it without the verse from the "Corsair" which accompanies it; not because we think that the feeling of the poetry is at all unsuccessfully expressed, but because in music so eloquent, we long to claim the artistic privilege of conjuring up our own ideas during its performance, a privilege which Mendelssohn so thoroughly appreciated, that he refused to reveal the thoughts which possessed him when he wrote some of his "Songs without words," although requested to do so. Pianists who can sing and accompany with the same hand, will find this an exquisite little piece, the extreme beauty of the melody alone being certain to ensure it a ready welcome in any drawing-room.

Where the bee sucks, Transcribed for the Pianoforte, by Arthur O'Leary.

We have always been of opinion that the word "Transcription" by no means describes the modern pianoforte solo, in which some well-known song is taken as the subject; for our experience proves that in the majority of these pieces the composition begins at the very point where the "Transcription" ends. As a rule, we have a