Review

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such views must not detract from the high qualifications of Edward Bache, who was a victim to the scourge of consumption at the age of twenty-five. His published compositions give every indication of a gifted musical organism that in due time would have attained to a ripe fruition in creative genius.

Walter, the younger brother, may be designated the apostle of Liszt in England. How he came into close intimacy with the King of pianoforte players, his unselfish devotion to Liszt as a composer, his self-denying labours and loss of hard cash in the cause of this enthusiastic hero-worship—the whole story is related, and very charmingly—by Miss Constance Bache in these pleasant pages. As a pianoforte teacher, Walter Bache had a large circle of pupils, all of whom were not Clara Schumanns in embryo. We learn that 'on one occasion he had a pupil who *could not* give any idea of rhythm. He tried one way after another to drum some hint of his meaning into her mind; at last, nearly beside himself to find a better simile, he walked up and down the room saying: 'But, my dear Miss So-and-So, don't you know the old rhyme:—

Again: 'In a singing-class of young girls, when teaching them to sing chords from dictation, there was one chord which he used to call 'Clapham Junction,' because it led everywhere! The result was that when he called out for 'Clapham Junction,' the girls were all wide-awake and ready for it; whereas, if he had asked for the chord of the diminished seventh, they would probably have looked utterly blank, or sung some other at haphazard.' In one of his amusing letters, Walter writes: 'People are so stupid; they won't take lessons, confound them; so that now all my money is gone except about £10; but perhaps I am going on a tour with a little opera company, so that I shall get several pounds by that; I have got an organistship for £40 a year.' We think that we can give the place of this organistship; it was St. Peter's Church, Vere Street, where, in 1866, Bache was succeeded by the late Dr. E. F. Rimbault, and of which a former organist was Dr. Boyce. The place of Walter Bache's interment is, doubtless inadvertently, omitted; he was buried in Hampstead Cemetery, where G. A. Macfarren, Henry Smart, and Joseph Maas found their last resting places.

The temptation to quote from a book which contains so many plums of interest must, however, be resisted. We have nothing but praise for the excellent manner in which Miss Constance Bache has related the life stories of her distinguished brothers. It has, we are sure, been a labour of love to her, so reverently, simply, and beautifully has she discharged her sisterly task. The book, which is one that will repay reading from cover to cover, contains sixteen illustrations. Its dedication to Mr. A. J. Hipkins—the 'Hip' of 'The Working Men's Society'—is in the highest degree appropriate.

FUNERAL MUSIC.

Day of Wrath. The words translated by the Rev. W. J. Irons, from Thomas of Celano. Music composed by J. Stainer.

The Face of Death. Words by Lord Tennyson. Music by Walter Parratt.

Out of the Deep. By George C. Martin.

Blessed are the dead. By Luard Selby.

Novello's Octavo Anthems.

[Novello and Company, Limited.]

The late Sir John Stainer's setting of the *Dies iræ* is described as a hymn-anthem, a term which well defines the form and character of the music. It is simple in design, and, sung as directed, would be most impressive at a funeral or memorial service. Sir Walter Parratt's anthem is intended to be rendered unaccompanied, and is laid out for first and second sopranos, alto, tenor, and bass. The part-writing, however, presents no stumbling

blocks to the singers, and a fairly-trained choir should find no difficulty in doing justice to the devotional and short composition. The setting of the suggestive final words, 'Mourn in hope,' is strikingly original.

The church music of Sir George Martin is always laid out with a manifest perception of what is effective, and the most direct means to attain a desired end; and these factors are very apparent in his setting of the *De Profundis*. The treble voices are reserved for the passage beginning, 'I look for the Lord,' and the full choir does not enter until the words 'O Israel, trust in the Lord,' when the voices are written for in seven parts. By these means variety and impressiveness are secured in a striking manner. 'Blessed are the dead' was composed by Mr. Luard Selby in memory of Queen Victoria, and is a good example of his style when writing for the Church. The anthem requires a good soprano soloist, whose part is superimposed upon that of the choir. The music is solemn but by no means gloomy, and, moreover, it will not be found difficult.

PART-SONGS.

Lordly Gallants. Words by G. Wither. Music by Agnes Zimmermann.

Weep you no more, sad fountains. Words Elizabethan. Music by A. Redgrave Cripps.

Far away. Battle Song. Words by George Sigerson. *Arranmore Boat Song. The Irish Reel.* Words by Alfred Perceval Graves. Music arranged by T. R. G. Jozé. (*Novello's Part-Song Book.*)

[Novello and Company, Limited.]

The music allied by Miss Agnes Zimmermann to 'Lordly Gallants' is gay and bright as it should be, and the *débonnaire* spirit of the words has been happily caught. Mr. Redgrave Cripps has set the familiar anonymous words of an Elizabethan poet in a manner in sympathy with their sentiment and that will interest trained vocalists. The four part-songs written by Dr. T. R. G. Jozé show his skill in arranging traditional airs for voices. The melody of 'Far away' is stated to be of Londonderry origin, and its florid character has enabled Dr. Jozé to introduce some effective contrapuntal passages. 'The Battle Song' (The Defence of Dublin) is directed to be sung *Allegro feroce*. Let it be done. The text of the other two compositions being supplied by Mr. Graves is a guarantee of its appropriateness to the music, and the 'Arranmore Boat Song' and 'The Irish Reel' are very pleasing examples of song in the Emerald Isle.

SONGS.

Love Letters, No. 2. Our Dream of Happiness. Words by Victor Hugo. Music by Benjamin Godard.

Ma Nacelle. Words by Béranger. Music by W. H. Kirby. [Metzler and Co.]

Why do I love thee? Words by Edward Teschemacher. Music by Ernest Newton.

A Song of the Morning. Words by J. Anthony McDonald. Music by Mrs. Arthur Goodeve. [Leonard and Co.]

The Magic of Thy Voice. I am Thine. Words by Paul England. Composed by Eric Meyer-Helmund.

A Dance and a Dream. Words by Paul England. Composed by P. Tschalkowsky (Op. 38. No. 3). [Bosworth and Co.]

The two songs composed by Benjamin Godard are posthumous, but show no signs of having been reserved from the composer's waste-paper basket, on the contrary, they are pleasing examples of his light and delicate style. 'Ma Nacelle' is a dainty specimen of the song which poets credit lovers with singing when they take the object of their affections on the 'dancing waves.' In this instance the lover is a baritone. All three songs are furnished with English translations of the original text. The two first-named by Paul England, one of the most competent undertakers of this difficult and somewhat ungrateful work.

Mr. Ernest Newton has written a very bright and pleasing little song wherein a lover who can sing up to F sharp will find reasons for his affection which can scarcely fail to satisfy the most exacting *fiancée*. Songs of the morning greatly differ. That composed by Mrs. Goodeve is optimistic in character, and should induce a cheerful frame of mind in the singer and listener.

The style of Herr Meyer-Helmund is too well-known to vocalists to necessitate detailed criticism of 'The Magic of Thy Voice' and 'I am Thine.' The former song is exceedingly graceful, and the voice part possesses melodic charm which is enhanced by the effective accompaniment. It is published in three keys. The second example by the gifted German composer is simple in design and character, but is an elegant and captivating little ditty, 'A Dance and a Dream' is an unpretentious setting of a pleasing sentimental episode. The compass of the voice part is contained in an octave from E to E, and the song merits the attention of baritones.

HYMNS FOR THANKSGIVING.

Praise the Lord. Words by A. C. Ainger. Music by J. Barnby.

Thanks be to God. Words by S. Childs Clarke. Music by George C. Martin.

Lord of Hosts, who hast endured us. Words by Arthur Christopher Benson. Music by Walter Parratt.
(*Novello's Parish Choir Book.*)

[Novello and Company, Limited.]

Now that the termination of the war in South Africa is within measurable distance, the attention of choirmasters may be drawn to the admirable series of thanksgiving hymns for peace issued in convenient leaflet form. The names of the writers of the words and composers of the music are a sufficient guarantee of their appropriateness as well as literary and musical worth. May the time soon come when such hymns shall be heard throughout the length and breadth of our land!

Mazurka. Sérénade Mauresque. Contrasts (The Gavotte, A.D. 1700 and 1900). *Chanson de nuit. Chanson de matin.* Op. 10 and 15. Composed by Edward Elgar, and arranged for a military band by Dan Godfrey, Junr.
[Novello and Company, Limited.]

Bandmasters and conductors of military bands may be glad to have their attention called to this quintet of pieces by Dr. Elgar. They furnish proof that music can be bright, tuneful, and interesting, even to an out-of-doors audience, without being smirched with the least taint of vulgarity. The fact that the military band arrangements of these art creations of a native composer have been made by Mr. Dan Godfrey, Junr., is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence.

How to start a men's choir. By Walter James Kidner. (J. Curwen and Sons, Ltd.) A capital little book; full of useful hints by a practical man who knows his business.—*Manchester Philharmonic Society. 21 Years' Review. 1880-1901.* By Joseph Lawson. (Privately printed.) A souvenir which tells of the coming of age, and the history, of the Society which Mr. G. W. Lane founded, and so skilfully manages and conducts.—*The Fallacy of Modern Music.* By Alfred J. Allen. (Elliot Stock.) A tract on acoustics, containing a suggestion for a re-arranged keyboard.

We are sorry that the name of Mr. Richard Cummings was omitted from the list of the musical staff at Harrow School, in the biographical sketch of Dr. Faning which appeared in our last issue. In addition to being a professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music, Mr. Cummings teaches that subject at Harrow, and Mr. Greenlees (to whose singing we called attention) is a pupil of his. We may add that Miss Ida Mann who sang so well in the recent performance of 'Mignon,' given by the students of the Royal Academy of Music (see p. 547 of our August number), is also a pupil of Mr. Richard Cummings.

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY PROMENADE CONCERT.

Comparisons are not always odious: they are often interesting and profitable. For instance, the first English Promenade Concert of the nineteenth century—given at the Lyceum Theatre sixty-three years ago—comprised four overtures, four waltzes, four quadrilles, and one instrumental solo. By no means on all fours with this selection was the scheme of the first English Promenade Concert of the twentieth century. Here it is:—

Funeral March ..	Chopin.
(In memoriam the late Empress of Germany.)	
Capriccio Italien ..	Tschaikowsky.
Overture ..	Oberon ..
Two Hungarian Dances ..	Weber.
Scherzo ..	Brahms.
A Midsummer Night's Dream ..	Mendelssohn.
Overture ..	William Tell ..
Grand Fantasia ..	Rossini.
Cavalleria Rusticana ..	Mascagni.
Hungarian March ..	Faust ..
	Berlioz.

When to the above are added songs contributed by Madame Amy Sherwin, Miss Jessie Goldsack, and Mr. Gregory Hast, and instrumental solos by Madame von Stosch (violin) and Mr. Jaques Renard (violoncello), any odiousness in the comparison is displaced by that which is interesting and profitable—moreover, does it not furnish matter for congratulation in regard to our improved musical taste?

A huge mass of humanity—for the most part straw-hatted—attended at Queen's Hall on the evening of the 24th ult., to hear the above programme which so successfully inaugurated Mr. Robert Newman's season of Promenade Concerts. How well the orchestra played, and with what artistic enthusiasm Mr. Henry J. Wood (fresh from Bayreuth) conducted his four-and-twenty (and more) fiddlers and others, is an oft-told tale which admits of no variation from the definition 'irreproachable.' For the next ten weeks music-loving Londoners and country-cousins—even once or twice removed—should be moved to attend Queen's Hall, there to enjoy, as the large audience on the opening night enjoyed, and at a modest outlay, the feasts of music which Mr. Robert Newman so lavishly provides.

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

The National Eisteddfod was held at Merthyr Tydvil on the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th ult., and proved a success musically and financially.

England again captured the chief prize of £200, and a baton, the winners being the North Staffordshire choir, conducted by Mr. J. Whewall, who had already and upon more than one occasion secured premier position for his choralists. Exceptional interest was evinced in the competition this year, by reason of the new departure as to the conditions, and the number of choirs which had entered. Instead of selecting two or three specified pieces as has been the rule hitherto, the 'Hymn of Praise' was chosen as a work that had to be prepared in its entirety and from which the adjudicators would select two or three choruses on the day of the competition. Ten choirs entered—a considerably larger number than usual, and they all appeared. Although the nine Welsh choirs were beaten, Wales may find encouragement in the fact that those from Swansea and Mountain Ash were bracketed as being only two marks below the winners, whilst Newport came a good third.

In the second mixed-voice choral competition the Cardiff Blue Ribbon choir, led by Mr. J. F. Proud, proved victors, against choirs from Pontypridd, Llanidloes, and Merthyr, the prize being £50. The test piece was 'Brother, thou art gone before us' (Sullivan). Six Welsh male voice choirs contended for the £60 offered for singing Saint-Saëns's 'Soldiers of Gideon,' and a Welsh piece by B. Treharne, Rhymney (Mr. D. Owen) being declared first. Swansea was announced as full worthy of the double prize—£25 in all—offered in the glee class, the test pieces being Faning's 'Song of the Vikings,' and Emlyn Evans's 'How sweet the moonlight sleeps,' and reading a glee at sight. Four ladies' choirs competed on 'The Lord is my Shepherd' (Schubert) and 'The Spinning Chorus' (Wagner);