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Author(s): George Grove

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had worked, and he asserted his superiority by intellectual and emotional power, which gave to the body of music a new soul, re-animating it from within, and not obtaining a semblance of life by working with machinery from without. With these thoughts, all inadequate to their mighty subject, I leave the genius of Beethoven as that which may be worshipped, but never fully understood.

Reverting, in conclusion, to the nature of the man, let me close—egotistically, but, I trust, excusably—with a replica of a cheerful picture drawn, a few years since, by the pen now busy with these words: “In art Beethoven lived another and a greater life than that which men saw. There he was supremely happy, ever dwelling in an enchanted Paradise, surrounded by beautiful and gracious forms, the children of his imagination. Nothing troubled him there, and he could at any moment withdraw himself from a world of uncharitableness, from a world of doubtful friends and heartless relatives, from a purblind world which could see very little and laughed at that, to a region where all was light and joy, and into which no discord entered. Every life has its compensations, and this was the compensation given to the poor deaf musician, against whom the storms of adverse fate raged with unceasing fierceness. In the inner sanctuary of his art he must have foreseen immortality—‘a broad approach of fame, and ever-living avenues of song.’”

J. B.

THE BIRDS IN THE PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

By GEORGE GROVE.

EVERY one who is at all versed in music knows the three birds whose names and notes Beethoven has introduced into his score just before the close of the Andante, or “Scene at the brook,” which forms the second movement of his Pastoral Symphony. In fact, these three birds have played a more important part in the history of this beautiful piece of music than their author probably anticipated. They gave desperate offence to the German critics of the day, when the Symphony was first played in 1808, even to the point of making them leave on record that “Symphony” was no term for such music, but that it ought to be called “The caprices of a composer” (*Phantasieen eines Tonkünstlers* *). These same birds are said to have driven old Mr. William Horsley (*clarum et venerabile nomen*) out of the room when the work was first performed by the Philharmonic Society, with the indignant exclamation, “Call *that* music!”; and, to judge from what one occasionally hears in

concert-rooms in 1892, they are to some the most interesting part of the whole Symphony—to some of those curious people who frequent good concerts and endure the classical music of the programme for the sake of violently encoring a silly song, or a mere bit of executive display. To such hearers the three birds play a similar part with the “real water” in an Adelphi melodrama.

So much for nightingale, quail, and cuckoo, who have thus excited the wrath of the ancient and the sympathy of the modern nobodies. These delightful creatures, of whom we may truly say—

You were not born for death, immortal birds,

are, however, not the object of this paper. It is to a fourth warbler that we would now draw attention.

A curious story is told on this subject by Schindler, the author of the biography of the great composer. This gentleman, to whom, with all his faults, lovers of music are immensely indebted, was a singular personage, with an absolute devotion to his illustrious chief—Boswell himself had not a more absolute—but with none of the power necessary to form a real attachment between the two men, or to gain any salutary influence over Beethoven’s disorderly habits. There is no doubt that by the date of the occurrence on which we are going to speak, Beethoven was tired of the awkwardness or want of tact of his so-called secretary, and was longing to emancipate himself, a process that was accomplished in about a year from that time. It was then, according to Schindler’s narrative,* in the latter part of April, 1823, that Beethoven, who had not been on the North side of Vienna for some years, proposed to Schindler to take a walk to Heiligenstadt, formerly a great resort of his. It was a lovely spring day; the trees in their brightest tints, and the sun as hot as summer. They looked in at the bathing house and the garden surrounding it, and then crossed the Wiesenthal, at that time peopled with elms, and traversed by the brook which then ran down from the Kahlenberg, and will run for ever in the Pastoral Symphony. At length, seating himself on the turf at the foot of one of the elms, Beethoven—then entirely deaf—asked his companion if any yellow-hammers were to be heard in the branches above; but Schindler could hear none. “That is strange,” said he; “this is the spot on which I wrote the Scene at the brook, with yellow-hammers calling over my head, and quails, nightingales, and cuckoos, helping me all round.” I naturally asked, continues Schindler, why he had not named the yellow-hammer in the score with the others;

* *Allg. Musik. Zeitung*, 1809, col. 437.

* *Biographie von L. van Beethoven*, Ed. 3, i. 155.

Given to me (on the very day that I had visited his Grave, July 27 1829)
 by Madame Streicher, a pupil & friend of Beethoven's; & who was one of your friend's
 the latter great composer.

I have the pleasure of presenting this rare and curious specimen of Beethoven's
 and indicative sketches, (which no one could understand but himself) of his music.

This specimen of Beethoven's singular mode of making lasty memoranda
 (and but himself) of his musical thoughts, - for preservation in the Library of the British Museum
 Vincent Novello July 27th 1843.

Fac-simile of a page from the A minor Quartet, Op. 132.

Fac-simile of a page from the A minor Quartet, Op. 132.

on which he took his sketch-book and wrote the following figure*—

"There's the little composer," said he, "and just tell me if she has not a more important part than the others? Their songs are nothing but a joke"; and, in fact, the entry of this phrase in G major does give a new charm to the picture. Speaking further, proceeds Schindler, about the whole Andante and this particular part of it, Beethoven said that the song of this variety of the yellow-hammer was very fairly expressed, in slow time, by the scale which he had written down. His reason for not naming the bird in the score was that to do so would have increased the large number of sneering remarks on the movement, which had formed so strong an obstacle to its reception in Vienna and elsewhere. Indeed, the Symphony was often taken to be a mere bit of fun, simply on account of its second movement. In some places it had been as unsuccessful as the "Eroica." In Leipzig they thought that it would be more appropriately called "The caprice of a musician" than a Symphony; and, indeed, that that title would have helped it with the public.—So far our biographer.

The arpeggio quoted by Schindler, then, is intended to represent the note of the yellow-hammer. But does it do so? On the contrary, the two are essentially and entirely unlike. The notes given to the cuckoo and quail are literally correct, and that of the nightingale, if inadequate, as any instrumental imitation must be, is true to the conventional representation of that song, and is evidently intended to convey it. But the other case is quite different.

The song of the Austrian yellow-hammer (*Goldammer*), like that of the English bird, is well known. "It consists," says Yarrell (*British Birds*, Ed. 2, i. 490), "of one note repeated four or six times in rapid succession, followed by two others, the last of which is drawn out to a considerable length." In this country the bird is often known by the fancied pronunciation of his notes, thus—

A little bit of bread and no cheese.

The German syllables are different and are thus given by Brehm (*Thierleben*, v. 205) and Naumann (*Vögel Deutschlands*, iv. 244), "'s ist 's ist 's ist noch viel zu früh"—but the notes are practically the same—the last note an octave above the others. This was most kindly confirmed to me by Dr. Steindachner, of the Natural History Museum, Vienna, to whom I applied for certainty on the point. Sometimes,

* See the old Score, p. 75.

both here and there, the concluding note is down instead of up: but this I have never heard; the other frequently. It is thus a song of two notes, nothing of the arpeggio about it.

If there is anything in the expression "variety," which Schindler puts into Beethoven's mouth, it must point to a class which appears to have escaped all the ornithologists. No one that I have consulted knows of a bunting with a note in arpeggio form, or in any way resembling that quoted above. Schindler was writing many years after the event and may easily have used the wrong term.

BEETHOVEN IN A HURRY.

From the sketch by Lyser.

What can the conclusion be? Surely that Beethoven was hoaxing his Boswell! We know how fond of a joke he always was. In the case of the lady who asked him for a lock of hair he was cruel and unjustifiable enough to send a wisp of a goat's beard. Here, in the lovely Wiesenthal, in all the excitement of the spring, was a much more harmless sally, played off on one of his own sex, of whose assiduities he had begun to be weary, and towards whom no compunction was necessary. It is the only escape to be had out of the difficulty.