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encountered. Elgar has fixed upon this potent word 'lashed,' and has made audible the hiss and splash of the rain which, the poet assures us, never fell.

One of the most famous songs in the world, *Ich grolle nicht*, is surely a misunderstanding of the poem. The poet is here considering dispassionately an emotional crisis experienced in the Past. The exact nature of that crisis is never for a moment in doubt, but the mood of the poem is fixed by 'nicht,' and consequently the words 'Ich grolle nicht' must imply 'I am now calm,' otherwise the poet is contradicting himself, as though a man should say, 'I do not wish to be rude, but you are the ugliest man I ever saw'; or, as a preacher did once actually say from a London pulpit, 'My friends, I do not wish to speak evil of the dead, but Byron's life was rotten to the core.' Schumann, however, hurled himself into the poem and fixed his initial inspiration upon the 'grolle' rather than upon the 'nicht.' And very thankful should we be that he did so; the song might have been more truthful, but it is not likely that it would have been so fine.

If Elgar and Schumann nod, at least they nod in good company, for Bach himself frequently followed the attractive word rather than the underlying sense. In the *St. Matthew* Passion, immediately after the betrayal scene, the chorus sings 'Have lightnings and thunders their fury forgotten? Let Hell with its manifold terrors affright them.' This means that if lightnings and thunders will not fall upon this murderous throng (as indeed they do not), then let Hell open her mouth upon them. Logically, the passage should be, first, a simple question, 'Have lightnings and thunders their fury forgotten?' Then silence, followed by the terrifying alternative illuminated by all the horrors of Hell. But fortunately Bach did otherwise, and focussing his attention upon the word *thunder*, he gave to his basses a prolonged fury which the thunder itself had forgotten and which it certainly could not have to emulate.

Perhaps after all it is better that composers should ignore Logic and follow Fancy, for Fancy gives us many joys, untruthful though they be; but Logic gives us little else but ponderous tomes of unreadable rubbish, and of course—this little essay.

CÉSAR FRANCK, ORGANIST:

6. DECEMBER 10, 1822

BY HARVEY GRACE

No one can read the steadily growing Franck literature without being struck by the comparatively scanty notice given to the composer's organ music. There is a double reason for this. Few of our musical writers have more than a slight acquaintance with the organ and its repertory, and they are likely to know little or nothing about Franck's organ music, for the good—or bad—reason that it is never heard in our concert halls. It is an absurd

and lopsided convention that gives Queen's Hall audiences ample opportunities for hearing Franck's Symphony, the Symphonic Variations, *Les Éolides*, and the not wholly satisfactory *Le Chasseur maudit* and ballet music from *Hulda*, and yet allows no single hearing of any one of his organ pieces. It may be said in excuse that Franck's organ music is not suitable for concert performance. There is, however, very little in this argument. Every year we sit through dozens of orchestral works and scores of violin and pianoforte solos that are longer, duller, and of infinitely less value than the pick of Franck's twelve organ pieces.

However, Franck suffers in good company. Bach, Mendelssohn, Rheinberger, Saint-Saëns, Widor, Reger, Boëllmann, Vierne, Howells—all these and others have written organ music at least as good as, and often better than, the rest of their output, but we have to go to church in order to hear any of it. Think, for example, of the limited range of pianoforte sonatas that are played, year in and year out; it would be easy to point to at least a dozen organ sonatas well above the average pianoforte example. But they are never heard, partly because as a rule they bear on their title-page names outside the magic circle of accepted classics, and even more because they are written for an instrument that concert-givers refuse to regard as anything more than a machine for filling in backgrounds—usually of a saponaceous *religioso* character.

Somebody rashly dubbed the organ the king of instruments, and Berlioz called it the Pope. Both were wrong; it is really a bloated Cinderella.

However, I must resist the temptation to dwell on this curious neglect of the organ as a concert solo instrument—a neglect inexcusable in a country rich in fine organs and players, and with a very large organ public. It is touched on here because the matter is specially important in the case of Franck, the whole of whose creative work was affected for good and ill by his connection with the organ. It is no exaggeration to say that a full knowledge of Franck, both as man and musician, is impossible without an intimate knowledge of his organ music. On the other hand, we may obtain a complete insight into Franck's personality and methods by a study of his organ works alone. This being so, Franck enthusiasts might observe his centenary in less profitable ways than in considering his organ music (which I hope to discuss fully in a later article), his relations with the instrument, and its influence on his compositions in general.

The history of music is a cheering record of frustrated parental intentions. Had all the fathers and mothers—especially the fathers—of musicians been cursed with obedient sons, what a lot of masterpieces would have remained unwritten! The case of Franck, however, is out of the common run. His father urged him to follow a musical career, but set his mind on the one that we least of all associate with the name of Franck. Young César was to be a pianoforte virtuoso

and a composer of showy pianoforte music—a Thalberg, in fact. Instead, Franck *père* had the mortification of seeing his son distinguish himself in organ-playing and fugue, marry an actress, and forsake the glories of the concert-platform for the obscurity of the organ-loft. His first post was at St. Jean-St. François au Marais, whither he went while still in the twenties, and soon after his marriage. Here he had a fine Cavaillé-Col, presented to the church a short time before by

Players of to-day who pooh-pooh as clumsy any organ that does not bristle with accessories, might well bear in mind the improvisations of Franck at St. Clotilde; with all its tonal beauties, his organ must have been awkward to manage compared with those of the same size built at the present time. Judging from Rongier's picture of Franck at the keyboard, the mere drawing of a stop meant the pulling out of a young piece of timber not less than a foot in

I. Rongier, pinxt.

[Braun & Co. photo

FRANCK AT THE ST. CLOTILDE ORGAN

the famous builder himself. An even better example of Cavaillé-Col's art awaited Franck at St. Clotilde, where, about ten years later, he took up the post that he held until his death. Here for thirty-two years, every Sunday and Feast-day, and towards the close of his life every Friday morning too, Franck was at his organ. What it meant to him we know from a remark quoted by d'Indy: 'If you only knew how I love this instrument! It is so supple beneath my fingers, and so obedient to all my thoughts.'

B

length. Yet Frank improvised on it in such a way as to cast a spell on his hearers. This is no mere fanciful estimate arrived at by a handful of affectionate disciples. We know how, a student of nineteen, he astounded his examiners by the complexity and length of his treatment of an extemporisation test. Set to improvise a fugue and a piece in sonata form, on themes given by the examiners, young César combined the two subjects, and developed them at such length as to bewilder his examiners, who

disqualified him and gave the prize to a more orthodox performer. Only after persuasion by his master, Benoist, did they give him a second prize. In the opinion of d'Indy, 'no other modern organist, not excepting the most renowned executants, would bear the most distant comparison' with Franck in the matter of improvisation, and he adds that on April 3, 1866, Liszt, after hearing Franck extemporise, left the church lost in amazement. In a word, Franck was a born organist. His monument and the most famous of his portraits show him at the console, and his fellow organists, with natural pride, more easily figure him there than in the class-room or the concert hall.

In order to realise the influence of the organ on Franck's work as composer we have to begin by noting two facts. First, what is generally agreed to be his second period began at the time of his appointment to St. Clotilde in 1858, and, second, for nearly twenty years, *i.e.*, until the beginning of his third period (1876) he wrote almost exclusively church and organ music, the exceptions being three songs and one pianoforte piece. Thereafter he widened his range, but he remained very much the church musician, his works during the last fourteen years of his life including the *Fantasia, Cantabile, Pièce Héroïque*, and the *Three Chorals* for organ; *L'organiste*, a set of fifty-nine pieces for organ or harmonium; three books of transcriptions for organ of Pieces and Studies by Alkan; *The Beatitudes, Rebecca, La Procession*, and *Psalm 150*.

This is in marked contrast to his first period work, which consisted chiefly of such pianoforte pieces as the duet on *God save the King*, the *Grand Caprice*, transcriptions of four of Schubert's songs, two Fantasias on airs from Dalayrac's opera *Gulistan*, the Fantasia on two Polish airs—in fact, the output that we should expect from a gifted youngster bidden by his father to be a Thalberg. But his real bent began to show itself ten years before the end of this first period. Thus, in 1846, he wrote a pianoforte duet on Grétry's *Lucile*; but he had already begun the eclogue *Ruth*, and the first sketch of *The Beatitudes* lay on his desk. Perhaps no chronological table of a composer's works shows a more definite change of character than that of Franck at the point when he took up his second and final organ appointment. Not without reason does d'Indy describe the organ-loft at St. Clotilde as 'that quiet and fixed haven which was the starting-point of a new phase in his art.' No doubt Franck lost something by this willing entry into a long period of seclusion and routine, but the fact remains that practically without exception all his best work was written during these thirty-two years. A maturity spent as a successful musician in the public eye might have produced music more varied in character and universal in appeal; it could hardly have given us much of greater depth and beauty. It might even have meant failure, for Franck had not a trace of the blend of egoism, arrogance, and pugnacity that

enabled such men as Handel, Beethoven, Wagner, and Berlioz to compose with one hand while fighting or carrying on controversies with the other. It may truly be said of him that he never really found himself until he was lost; his disappearance into the dusk of St. Clotilde was the beginning of a great public career. It is no wild supposition that had there been no organ-loft there would have been no Symphony, no Quartet and Quintet, no Prelude, Choral, and Fugue, and no Symphonic Variations.

I said above that the influence of the organ on Franck was for both good *and* ill. So far as I am aware the matter has not hitherto been discussed in detail, probably because the organ is well-known to few outside the ranks of organists and their congregations.* It is easy to deal with the debit side, because the matter is one of the letter rather than of the spirit, and so we can point to chapter and verse. As to the credit side, we can do little more than generalise.

There are signs that just now Franck is under a cloud in France and in some English musical circles, mainly because of his prevailing seriousness and his tendency to lengthy development. The cloud, no bigger than a man's hand at present, is not likely to grow. The past decade has given us a surfeit of leg-pulling and tongue-in-the-cheek music, and more and more we are returning with relief to the classics and to the modern composers who derive from them. There will be room for Franck in our concert-rooms for a long time yet, despite the flavour of the organ-loft that he so often brings with him. Or, instead of 'despite,' may we not say 'because'? This leisurely self-communing is the very essence of Franck. It is not for all palates, but those of us to whom it appeals will agree that this was the good thing that Franck found in the organ-loft. It is a rare thing, too. We are not likely to be overburdened with music that says its say with so little regard to the gallery and the virtuoso.

Before discussing the less satisfactory results of the organ influence, we may note the indebtedness of one or two works so far as form is concerned. Thus, the Prelude, Choral, and Fugue and the Prelude, Aria, and Finale for pianoforte undoubtedly owe something to the organ Prelude, Fugue, and Variation, written about twenty years before. Even more plainly is the Symphony foreshadowed—its origin is obviously the *Pièce Symphonique* for organ. There are marked likenesses in regard to form: both works begin with a slow introduction, which is repeated; in both the slow movement contains a quick section which does duty as a *Scherzo*, and in both the principal subject in the first movement has a place in the *Finale*. Very striking is the strong family likeness between the dominating idea of the organ work—especially the passage in which its opening three notes are used as a question:

* Since writing the above, I find the point touched on in an admirable article by Mr. W. Wright Roberts, in the current *Music and Letters*.

and the beginning of the first subject of the Symphony :

Finale of the Symphony. In the former, the canonic treatment of the first subject heightens its urgent, striving character ; in the *Finale* it increases the headlong energy and jubilation. However, my object here is not to prove that Franck was singularly successful in the use of canon, but to show that it is one of the excellences due to his connection with the organ. Canon has always been a device specially favoured by organists, partly, no doubt, because of its scholastic character, but far more because the organ is the only solo instrument on which so exact a form of imitation can be shown with the utmost clearness, and with little

Alfred Lenoir

[Sculptor.

THE FRANCK MONUMENT BEFORE THE BASILICA OF ST. CLOTILDE

Further, the canonic treatment of the Symphony is twice anticipated in the organ piece.

Mention of canon at once reminds us of Franck's liberal use of this device—indeed, it is sometimes said that he shows too great a partiality for it. In his hands, however, it becomes so powerfully expressive that the objection does not stand. It would be difficult to find in any one work finer examples of the expressive use of canon than those in the opening movement and the

trouble, thanks to the contrasts in pitch, colour, and power easily provided by the simultaneous use of several keyboards.

Franck wrote few fugues, but we may be sure that he would have written even fewer but for his organ experience. The combination of a fugue and choral in his best-known pianoforte work may be traced to this source, and the beautiful fugal passage in the first movement of the Quartet is real organ writing.

But the influence of the organ was often less happy, it must be confessed. Look at the picture of Franck at the keyboard. All too plainly he is marking time with left hand and pedals, while the right hand is negotiating the cumbrous stops. His organ works suffer badly from stagnant moments that suggest halts for registration, and there can be no doubt that his long spell of organ-playing made him less and less susceptible to the irritating effect of such purely utilitarian bridge-passages. It is one of the snares of which all organists have to beware. Not for nothing have they acquired an evil reputation in the matter of rhythm. They are prone to hold up even so continuous an affair as a fugue in order to make some change in registration. The halt over, they carry on the thread unconscious of damaged rhythm, because they make up the deficiency mentally. But what of the hearer? He is concerned only with the texture of the music, and when the organist lets it go for a moment the result is as disastrous as it would be if an orchestral performance were held up while a horn player changed his crook. Franck's music abounds in passages suggestive of an organist improvising and repeating a short passage on a second manual while changing stops on the first. Sometimes the crossing over to a second manual is merely the easy and obvious way of obtaining contrast. Here, from the slow movement of the Quartet, is a typical passage that occurs to the mind at once:

The undue proportion of full closes and more or less exact repetitions of short phrases in this movement show only too plainly the hand of the organist—and an organist constantly playing on an instrument in which the bulk of the registration called for time. It would be easy to quote many examples of this unfortunate result of Franck's organistship.

His treatment of the orchestra, too, suggests registration rather than orchestration. He uses his forces like manuals or groups of stops. At such irritating moments as this in the Symphony:

we seem to see him in his loft at St. Clotilde dropping on to his Choir manual for no better reason than that the Choir manual is there to be dropped on, as an easy way of obtaining variety or breathing-space, or both. And his use of the brass often sounds like an organist bringing on his Great reeds.

Finally, we shall not be far wrong if we ascribe to the organ and to his constant improvising thereon the cloying chromaticism that weakens a good deal of his later works. There is comparatively little of it in the *Six Pieces*, but it is laid on with a trowel in some pages of the *Three Chorals*, so we see that the habit grew on him. There is this to be said, however: many of these passages are more tolerable on the organ than on any other instrument because the comparatively cold and fixed tone of the organ reduces their emotional quality. Moreover the resonance of a big and reverberant building treats them kindly by obscuring some of the details. But they are blemishes, and must be laid at the door of the instrument that with its hoary tradition of modulating over pedal-points and of providing short impromptu links between tonally unrelated details of a service is constantly tempting the player from the diatonic path. Is it far-fetched to suggest that the crawling and finger-shifting touch of the old school of organ-playing is partly responsible for the over-chromatic character of so much organ music? Even Bach was apt to be over-lavish with his accidentals in his slow treatment of chorals. I have never gone into the matter, but I hazard a guess that he is more chromatic in his slow organ movements than in any other considerable portion of his output.

A word should be said as to Franck's comparative failure as a writer of music for liturgical use. He was too early for the revival of the pure plain-song tradition—one of the most fruitful of musical events, outside as well as inside the Church—and the older polyphonic music was a closed book that had still to wait for its reopening. Speaking of Franck's shortcomings in this respect, d'Indy quotes M. Charles Bordes, who, after describing a noisy *Quoniam tu solus* as suggesting a 'chorister in a merry condition,' goes on:

Pages such as these fill us with bitter regret that Franck started his career too soon to take part in our movement to reform sacred music. Knowing little of Palestrina, with whose beauties, as he informed me himself, he had only superficially come in contact, and whose religious appropriateness he did not appreciate, as with so many musicians of his generation, his interest stopped short at the writing and artifices of that style of composition.

And d'Indy gives yet another reason for the inadequacy of Franck's Church music as a whole. During his term at St. Clotilde the funds were not sufficient for the purchase of music for special occasions, so the clergy continued the old custom of calling on their organist. Franck answered the call, but he was rarely able to devote anything like the due amount of time to the composition of these special settings of the offices.

An unequal composer, then, even in the field calculated to call forth the very best that was in so devoted a son of the Church. Probably no other composer of his rank holds so high a position by virtue of so small a proportion of a huge output. Yet he had the right flame in him, and the will-power to keep it bright through a long life of routine work in organ-loft and drudgery in classrooms. Mr. Ernest Newman wrote in 1910:

This gentle, humble, and retiring man was the biggest force in French music of the latter half of the 19th century, and has given it, by his own work and through his pupils, an influence so fecund that its vigour is still undiminished.

Organists may well be proud that so rare a spirit not only followed their calling, but gloried in it. The organ loft is narrow, but not necessarily narrowing. Because its occupants are out of sight and free from the temptations that go with popular applause, they may easily end by seeing farther and higher than any other public performer. This was the case with Franck, for when all is said as to the ill effect of the organ in regard to details of his music, the fact remains that when he reached his full height and began his third period in 1876 he had already spent nearly thirty years as an organist. And—a final and clinching fact—he wrote nearly all his greatest music during the last fourteen years of his life, during which period he seems to have been more assiduous in his Church work than at any other time in his long career.

NEW LIGHT

ON EARLY TUDOR COMPOSERS

BY W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD

XXVI.—SIR WILLIAM HAWTE

Considerable confusion has been caused by the very name of this composer, for the simple reason that the prefix 'Sir' was applied to a priest as well as to a knight, inasmuch as some of the MSS. containing compositions by Hawte definitely give his full name as 'Sir William Hawte, *miles*,' there is no question that the composer is to be equated with a knight and not with a priest. However, strange as it may seem, there has been a new difficulty over the identity of the particular *miles*, for it appears that there were two individuals of the same name almost contemporaneous; at least, there were two knights of that name who flourished, one under Henry VII. and the other under Henry VIII. Yet the difficulty is easily solved, inasmuch as experts are agreed that the MSS. containing Hawte's compositions are almost certainly prior to the year 1500; in fact, the Pepysian Catalogue, MS. 1236, is tentatively dated as from the period of King Edward IV., that is to say, from 1461-82. Neither Burney nor Hawkins furnishes any biographical data for this early Tudor composer, and Mr. Henry Davey gives no help save that he prefers to date the period of Hawte's activity as '1480-1500' (*History of English Music*, New Edition, 1921, p. 81). As will be seen, Hawte flourished under Henry VI., Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII.

Sir William Hawte was son of William Hawte, Esquire, who made his will on May 9, 1462, and who desired that his body was to be buried in the church

of the Austin Friars, Canterbury. The first mention in official records of William Hawte is on May 19, 1457, when he received a commission to see about the erection of beacons on the sea-coast. In this commission he is styled 'William Hawte the younger'—his father being still alive; and we may therefore assume that he was then over twenty-one years of age, which would place his birth as *circa* 1436. His father died in 1464, and on November 23, 1465, the name of 'William Hawte, Knight,' appears in a commission regarding forfeitures. In 1468 (October 9) he was one of the commissioners for musters at Sandwich; and in the following year was a commissioner of array (October 29, 1469)—the commission being renewed in the years 1470 and 1471.

Between the years 1471 and 1474 Sir William Hawte was an important county magnate, and in 1475 he appears as Sheriff of Kent. So highly was he esteemed by Edward IV. that the King, on May 29, 1478, granted him an annuity of twenty marks from the previous Michaelmas (*Cal. Pat. Rolls*, Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., 1476-85, p. 100).

Under Richard III. we find other important commissions given to Sir William Hawte between the years 1483 and 1485; and he was in equal favour with Henry VII., who, on December 9, 1485, appointed him, with others, 'to deliver the gaol of the castle of Canterbury for this turn'—a similar commission being given him on October 16, 1487 (*Cal. Pat. Rolls*, Henry VII., pp. 70 and 213). On May 26, 1490, he was appointed a commissioner of array, and on April 5, 1491, he received another commission. His name appears first on the list of commissioners appointed to deliver the gaol of the castle of Canterbury on March 7, 1492, and again on October 28, 1493.

Meantime, between the years 1475 and 1495 Sir William Hawte had devoted much time to his musical studies, and co-operated with the great Benedictine Prior Sellyng in furthering learning in the Claustral School of Canterbury. From internal evidence there is good reason to believe that Hawte's musical compositions date from this period, that is, during the last quarter of the 15th century—practically coincident with the rule of William Selling, who was Prior of Christ Church, Canterbury, from 1472 to 1495. Selling, like Hawte, was also in favour with Henry VII., who appointed him one of his ambassadors to the Pope in 1486. And it is of interest to note that, as has been seen in the preceding article,* John Dygon studied at the monastic school of Canterbury, where he was a novice between the years 1497 and 1504.

On July 13, 1495, Hawte was joined in a commission for County Kent, figuring with such notabilities as the Duke of Buckingham, the Marquis of Dorset, the Earl of Arundel, the Earl of Oxford, the Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and others. He received a similar commission on June 20, 1496, and again on October 24 of same year.

A close search of the Patent Rolls does not reveal any later mention of Hawte, and it is fair to assume that he died in 1498 or 1499, certainly before 1500. It is well to note that his name was variously spelled 'Haut,' 'Haute,' and 'Hawte'; and it is of common knowledge that the Hautes were important county

* See *Musical Times* for May, 1922.