

Review

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to the reader. He is, we learn, an American, some years resident in England, who has graduated here—would that it had been under a musician rather than under an Archbishop—and has spent some pains in making himself familiar with the musical doings in most of our large ecclesiastical establishments. To those fellow-artists who have not yet met him, his music will ensure him a welcome, and this it is our task to describe.

"I looked, and behold," the work now before us, might better be called a Cantata, or even a small Oratorio, than an Anthem—so great is its length and so varied its character. It comprises no less than thirteen numbers, consisting of Choruses, concerted and other solo pieces, and Recitatives—and there are some of them subdivided into several movements. This last is what is least to be admired in the composition, for it gives an air of fragmentariness. The fact of its unusual extent necessarily limits the occasions for its Church performance, but it takes not from its interest nor from its merit. The first section is an organ Introduction that is grand in character, has some striking modulations, and displays the instrument with admirable effect. The Recitative for tenor, like several others in the course of the work, declaims the words well, and is so accompanied as to give distinct prominence to the voice and clearness to the enunciation. No. 3, "And they rest not," is a short Chorus including the Sanctus, the reading of which is lowly and reverential, swelling and dying away to diversify the tone, but never breaking the sense of meek devotion. Another Recitative tells of the earthquake and the hiding of the mighty men among the mountains. Their cry, "Fall on us and hide us," is embodied in a very dramatic Chorus for two Choirs, the voices being divided for the sake of response more than for multiplication of parts; the agitated and very animated character of this contrasts capably with the foregoing, and makes a well-timed relief. The Recitative "After this, I beheld" leads into the Chorus No. 7, "Worthy is the Lamb" which fills well enough its place in the entire composition, and avoids comparison with Handel's stupendous setting of the same text, by aiming successfully at an entirely different style. Yet another tenor Recitative leads into a Quartett, "These are they," which flows smoothly. No. 10 is a Chorus with passages for Soprano and Tenor solo, "Therefore are they," which materially suffers from the uncongeniality of its key F with that of the preceding piece, G. It is true there is a momentary interlude to lead from the one key into the other, but it is always a weakness to have an instrumental link which contributes nothing to the expression of what goes before or after, and which seemingly takes up the hearer's time only to accomplish a modulation; and again, an interlude of four bars is quite insufficient to annul the impression of one tonality, and leave us free for the acceptance of another so remote as that here chosen. One of the most striking incidents in the work is the Quartett for Treble and Alto voices, "Their sun shall no more go down." The Recitative that follows prepares the way for the final Chorus, which is a resetting of the words of No. 7. Was it that the composer sought to justify his appropriation of the text, by showing not only that Handel had not exhausted it, but that so neither had he, and he repeated it therefore with entirely different music from what he wrote before? A fugal point gives some animation to this movement, but leads us to expect a further development of the subject than the composer has made.

*Six Short Anthems for Cathedral or Parish Choirs.* Music composed by S. P. Tuckerman.

AMONG these are two pieces from the foregoing works, "And they rest not," and "Their sun shall no go down," neither of which suffers from its isolation. Curiously, all the six, save the last, are in triple measure. This greatly prevails, too, in the long work noticed above; whence one may infer that the composer's thoughts flow most naturally by three in a bar, or else that he had some regard for the antique definition of "Perfect Time," which referred to a note that was divisible into three, and therefore typical of the Trinity, in comparison with "Imperfect Time," wherein a note could be divided but into two, and the former was

supposed to be the fitter for sacred music. The other four anthems are "Thou shalt show me," for alto solo with chorus; "Come unto Him," which will not supersede the lovely Messiah pastoral to the same words; "God so loved the world," which is agreeably flowing; and "Lighten our darkness," in which a startling employment of the Frenchified chromatic common chord of the minor 6th of the key, is somewhat out of keeping with the placid character of the whole. The anthems are all extremely short, and, where this is a desideratum, their musical merit will be another inducement for their adoption.

*A Morning Service in C.* Composed by S. P. Tuckerman.

THIS is by much the least interesting of the publications now before us by the same author, which may be accounted for by the lapse of twenty-four years since its composition and his artistic progress in the interim. It was written for the English Church in Florence, and it indicates at least that the establishment has the means of performing a Choral Service, which is satisfactory as to the state of the Reformed Church in Italy. The *Te Deum* emulates the manner of the elder worthies of Church music, in respect of their irregularity of rhythm. The *Jubilate* is more attractive; a pretty effect is attained by the employment of the quartett of trebles and altos on the words "Serve the Lord with gladness"—a favourite device of the composer, which is here happily applied. The *Kyrie* is the best piece in the service, and its low position in the register of each voice will give it a very subdued and supplicating effect. The *Sanctus* has also a tone of humility, which seems to be the reading of the text best approved by the writer, for in all his settings of it and analogous passages he employs this treatment. These appear to have been all the pieces that were open to musical treatment in the Tuscan capital, in 1850.

*"I was glad when they said unto me."* A Festival Anthem, for Solo, Quartett and Chorus. Music composed by S. P. Tuckerman.

FAR more feeling and far more skill are displayed in this, than in the work last described. It is written with due regard for the copious resources of the modern organ, and for their legitimate availability as a means of heightening, and varying, and alternating the vocal effect. This piece opens, for instance, with an organ prelude of considerable extent, which contains some pleasing harmony, but we may not thus define the upward progression of the inverted 7th of C, to the inverted 5th of F, while a higher melody descends from C to A. We have foreborne from citing other exceptional points of harmony in the course of these several compositions, but we name this one, because we know there are some persons who would defend it, and we think its effect should secure its condemnation. A very spirited Chorus is happily diversified by a passage for solo voices, "For thither the tribes go up;" and, on the resumption of the full power, the words "Give thanks" are admirably brought out in opposition to some florid passages for the accompanying instrument. An entirely separable movement for soprano solo, quartett, and chorus, "O pray for the peace," is sweet and tranquil in character, and there are many occasions when this may be given apart from the rest of the work. An excellent effect is produced by a single phrase of *Adagio*, "Peace be within thy walls," which is resumed and extended at the close of the work, where it is cleverly distributed to a double choir. The animation of the opening movement is resumed between these two exhortations for tranquillity, to express "plenteousness within thy palaces;" and here the composer shows himself at his best. The anthem is well worthy of note, and we should be glad to hear it where it might receive justice in performance.

*"I will sing a new song."* Composed by Philip Armes.

THIS is an anthem of broad applicability, being designed for use on Rogation Days, or at Harvest Festivals, in spring-tide or in autumn; and its merit should command for it a hearing, as it will ensure for it a liking, both before and after the reign of flowers. The first movement is

a graceful Andante, in the somewhat rare measure, for Church use, of  $\frac{3}{4}$ , which is melodious throughout, and full of smooth and fresh harmonies. A tenor solo follows, "Save me and deliver me," which is in the key of F sharp minor, the preceding movement being in A. Its speciality consists in the constant motion of quavers, for the right and left hands of the organist in alternate bars, that accompanies the vocal cantilena, and the effect of this is rich, and quite unhackneyed. It is succeeded by an Allegro in B, which is the cleverest portion of the whole, beginning with the words "That our sons may grow up." It is written for eight voices, mostly used by four and four in alternation, but occasionally brought altogether. The responses are not of mere phrases, but are complete strains; and they are not always assigned to the opposite sides of the choir, but sometimes the four upper voices are answered by the four lower, with admirable contrast and agreeable variety. It is most fortunate for the good effect of a long piece, if its character can be diversified by a movement of such structure as the present; and, in this instance, it is so with great advantage. We return to four parts for the conclusion, which is a spirited Chorus in E, "Happy are the people." After a broad opening in full harmony, this assumes a fugal character, but it would be injustice to more carefully elaborated writing to call it a fugue, for the answer is free (replying to the dominant with the super-tonic instead of with the tonic), and so is the entire nature of the development. The successive entry of the parts, however, and the frequent reappearance of the subject, help greatly in the animation of the whole, and the interest is sustained unceasingly to the end. We would liefer that the termination were in the key of the commencement; if it be a prejudice that a work should end in the key of its opening, it is one we cannot shake off; and we own that to finish in the key of the dominant, makes the impression that there is still something to come, something to bring us home to our starting point, for which the longing ear listens in vain. On the whole, here is a capital composition, and more of it would be welcome, even if it began in E or closed in A; and Durham Cathedral is well off in having an organist who could write it.

*I love the Lord.* Sacred Song. Words from Psalm cxvi., verses 1, 2, 3, 4, 7 and 8. Music by J. Miles Bennett.

THE words of the Psalm selected by Mr. Bennett demand a somewhat more fervent setting than he has given us; but the melody is at least vocal, and the harmonies are smooth and appropriate throughout. The answer to the first phrase in the symphony, commencing upon a bare fourth, somewhat distresses us; and unfortunately it is not only repeated, but the passage again occurs in the relative minor, after the double bar, so that the harshness of this effect evidently does not strike the composer. The best part of the song is the "Allegro," commencing on the words "Return unto thy rest, O! my soul," the theme of which, with the detached quaver accompaniment, well expresses the feeling of the verses. In listening to the entire composition, however, we cannot but feel that it is fragmentary, although many of the fragments have abstract merit: indeed so musicianlike and earnest a work as this strengthens us in the conviction that to write a really good sacred song is a very much more difficult task than young composers imagine.

*Palaces in air.* Song. Words by E. A. Beck, M.A.  
*Love will last.* Song. Words by C. M.  
Composed by George Garrett.

THE verses of the first of these songs have been rather against the composer, we own, but we scarcely think that he has made the best of them, although there is much musical feeling shown throughout both the melody and accompaniments. The words "Castles that hope's sunrise gilded" do not certainly very readily lend themselves to a musical setting; but Dr. Garrett has not smoothed the difficulty by putting a crotchet to each syllable in two bars of common time. We are also of opinion that for the simplicity of the subject, there is somewhat too much

modulation. An effective point is the short Recitative, which, after a close on the dominant of E minor, leads unexpectedly to an eloquent phrase in G major, and afterwards to the original key and subject. We infinitely prefer the second song, "Love will last," the anonymous author of which has supplied the composer with what Herr Wagner calls a "poetic basis" for his music. The melody is extremely pleasing, and the unceasing triplet accompaniment, divided between the two hands, gives an effect of lightness to the voice part in excellent sympathy with the poetry. Admirable, too, is the change to the tonic minor on the words "Wild and bleak the night wind blusters"—the triplets in the accompaniment being still continued—and the major stealing in for the final phrases gives a feeling of unity to the song which stamps it as the composition of a thinker as well as a worker. Although a most unpretending little vocal piece, both singers and listeners will we are certain agree with us that everything attempted is well done, and we confidently, therefore, recommend "Love will last" as much to the attention of professional as amateur vocalists.

*That smile of thine, can I forget?* (Mine and thine). Song. Words by Richard Yates Sturges. Music by Stephen S. Stratton.

THE name of this composer is new to us, but his graceful and musicianlike song should ensure him a welcome from all who desire to escape from the vocal platitudes of the day. The style of the composition—especially the opening symphony, which is used as a figure throughout the song—reminds us strongly of Mendelssohn; but we willingly pardon this, perhaps unintentional, reminiscence in consideration of the unity of design with which the author has evidently worked. The theme is extremely melodious, and the occasional change in the character of the accompaniment gives much effect to the words. One point we particularly admire is the somewhat unexpected phrase in the tonic minor, on the words "But summer's glow is oft delayed;" and the conclusion of the song, after the pause, is exceedingly happy. So carefully considered and sympathetic a setting of these musical verses will sufficiently justify Mr. Stratton in endeavouring still further to advance his claim to be accepted amongst the recognised song-writers of the time.

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*The Voice the Music of Language and the Soul of Song.* A short Essay on the art of Singing. By Wilbye Cooper.

IN the preface to this well-considered little essay the author says, that his aim is "to induce his readers to think—*before they sing, while they sing, and when they listen.*" It seems, indeed, at first, strange that it should be necessary to enforce so obvious a method of proceeding upon persons who practise an art, even as amateurs; but experience has proved to most of us, that the majority of those who display even a well-trained voice have given but little attention to the principles of vocalisation. Mr. Cooper very properly commences by urging upon the student the absolute necessity of acquiring the power of sustaining any vowel sound upon any given note. "Consonants," he truly says, "form *no part* in a vowel sound; therefore, there must be no attempt to mix them up together, but each must perform its own part in every word, syllable, or part of a word. The vowel must give the *sound*, the consonant the *articulation*, in moving from one word or syllable to another." And further on, after distinctly proving that the attempt to produce a sound upon a consonant is a simple absurdity, and recommending the vowels to be spoken, and then sung in practice, he states that "the consonants beginning and ending a word must take up *no portion* of the time allotted to the musical note," a rule the importance of which cannot be over-stated. We have also some extremely valuable directions for producing the voice in the most natural manner, and also for the proper management of the breath; for, as our author rightly observes, "without proper attention to phrasing, language, accent, and breathing, a tune may be executed in such a manner that the composer shall not be