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Minuet Nuptiale. By Edwin H. Lemare.

Romance with Variations. By J. Stuart Archer.

Tone-Poems. By Oliver King. (Original Compositions for the Organ (New Series), Nos. 36, 37, and 38.)

Scherzo-Fugue. By Edwin H. Lemare. (Recital Series of Original Compositions for the Organ, No. 47.)

[Novello & Co., Ltd.]

Short, but very dainty and telling, Mr. Lemare's 'Minuet' should rank amongst his most popular works. Especially pleasing is the treatment of the theme on pages 4 and 5, where a delicate staccato counter-melody is added. The 'Minuet' is easy.

Mr. Stuart Archer's 'Romance' is a melody with a really romantic flavour about it, and his Variations are interesting movements evolved from it, not mere superficial decorations. There is plenty of contrast between the various treatments, and the work would make a successful item in a recital. It is only moderately difficult. The section in $5/4$ time shows the composer's skill in the management of a rhythmical scheme off the beaten track.

The 'Tone-poems' of Mr. Oliver King are entitled respectively 'Horizon bleu (Aubade),' 'Ranz des vaches (Pastoral),' 'The crimson sunset,' and 'Evening Hymn.' Of the four, perhaps the first and second are the most successful, but all are distinguished alike by a melodiousness which, while simple, is never obvious. All are fairly easy.

The subject of Mr. Lemare's 'Scherzo-Fugue' is *à la gigue*, a springing text from which is evolved a most attractive discourse. The whole work shows that the fugue form, handled freely, can produce music with an appeal for other than scholastic ears. Mr. Lemare has written in genuine organ style, with results as grateful for the player as for the hearer. Decidedly a most successful recital work.

Romance in G. For violin and pianoforte. By Hamish MacCunn.

[Novello & Co., Ltd.]

Of the making of Romances there is no end; and what other appellation, one may ask, admits from a musical standpoint of so many possibilities of treatment? Mr. Hamish MacCunn's *Romance in G* for violin and pianoforte leans towards the lyrical side of the romantic, rather than to the epic. It flows along gracefully for the solo instrument, has an interesting episode on the G string in the relative minor, and presents no special difficulty from a technical point of view—but it requires really artistic interpretation to do it justice.

The rhythmic phrasing is well varied; ingenuity is shown in the avoidance, in the first subject, of the formal four-bar phrase ending with an orthodox cadence. The result is that the musical interest, enhanced by the skilful harmonic accompaniment, never flags. Violinists will do well to consider this *Romance* as an effective little programme-item, coming somewhat under the same class as those successful solos 'Chanson de Matin' and 'Chanson de Nuit' by Elgar, and 'Auf Wiedersehen' by Herbert Brewer.

Phantasy on the National Anthems of the Allies. For organ. By C. W. Pearce.

[G. Schirmer, Ltd.]

Dr. Pearce has made ingenious and effective use of the various airs. 'Rule, Britannia' is skilfully combined, first with the Russian Hymn, and later with 'God save the King.'

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Musicians of To-Day. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Mary Blaiklock, with Introduction by Claude Landi. Pp. 324 + xii. Price 2s. 6d. net. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.)

Germany in the 19th Century. Second Series. Contains, *inter alia*, 'The History of Music.' By F. Bonavia. Price 3s. 6d. net. (London: Longmans, Green & Co.)

Rain before Seven. A novel on musical topics. By Eric Leadbitter. Pp. 373. Price 6s. (London: George Allen & Unwin.)

The Musical Quarterly. A new American publication. Edited by O. G. Sonneck. Pp. 148. Price 75 cents. Contains 10 articles by various American and English writers. (We reserve a fuller notice.—ED., M.T.)

The Musical Directory, Annual, and Almanack for 1915. Sixty-third annual issue. Pp. 448. (Rudall, Carte & Co., Ltd.) This is the most useful year-book for musicians that is issued. It contains classified lists of performers all over the country. It is an indispensable handbook for all connected with musical doings.

Correspondence.

'THE ARTIST AND THE PEOPLE.'

SIR,—Only recently, I read for the first time a number of your magazine, dated October, 1914, and in it an article called 'The Artist and the People.'

It is difficult to find a short passage in it which conveys the whole spirit of the article, but I quote a sentence which seems to me to express it—it is, anyway, deplorable enough: 'In face of the supreme realities of life, art—even to artists and lovers of art—becomes strangely small and unreal.' If by the 'realities' the writer meant overwhelming personal sorrow, or a knock on the head, or starvation, his words might have a semblance of truth, for these immediate personal things fill for a time the personal horizon to the exclusion of everything else. But he does not mean by the 'realities' one of these overwhelming personal sensations, because he is calmly discussing art and its place, or rather lack of place, in war-time.

Art is an essential part in the life of the nation. It has more power than any other language in speaking to a mass of people of different views and different societies. Now when the life of the nation is stirred there is *more* need, not less, for art,—and the artist, stirred too in sympathy with the crowd, wishes to speak in his own language as he has never spoken before. Will he say, 'Listen to great music, see great pictures, hear great words'; or will he say, 'You men who are singing vulgar music-hall tunes, you have always sung them, and I have always regretted that they must be, but now when so many of you are "Tommies" and fighting I am going to keep from you all the wonderful things I might tell you, because—well, because what? Because you are only "Tommy," and your spiritual, intellectual, and emotional life doesn't matter?' (I wonder how much 'Tommy' himself would like *that* point of view), or because 'I am an artist and therefore a "solitary" soul.*' If he says this last he will be labouring under a delusion, and he will be an odd kind of artist into the bargain. All souls are solitary, he no more than another—moreover the artist can get into touch with the rest of mankind as no other being can. It is his wish to get into touch; the artist who is content to keep his work to himself is as odd as the orator who is content to speak always to an empty room.

Not for a moment do I mean that the strong young artist is to sit at home. He must go to the trenches or prepare to go. His art won't suffer. It is said of Michael Angelo that he 'worked with his sword in one hand and his chisel in the other'—it is actually true that he worked with them turn and turn about when he was doing some of his greatest work—and though in modern warfare the artist cannot work like that, yet his spirit can remain the same. There is nothing in the possession of a sword which need make him a deserter from the artist ranks. To mention a detail, the artist's note-book does not come back empty even from this War.

It is easy to talk glibly of 'fiddling while Rome is burning,' and when the phrase is hurled at us we are inclined to think we must be doing something heartless. Certainly it would be hateful to fiddle callously while the city burned, especially if one had caused the fire, but I cannot see that it applies to music in war-time. Let me give an opposite case: 'The ship's band played as the ship went down.' Do we look upon the bandsmen as heartless, or as

* 'The true artist's pleasure is a solitary thing' (*vide* 'The Artist and the People').