

The
**Best of Everything
in Music**

PIANOS

by
**Leading
British
Makers**



**UPRIGHT
BABY**

and
**BOUDOIR
GRANDS**

The Largest Selection of

**"H.M.V." and COLUMBIA
GRAMOPHONES AND RECORDS**

PORTABLE and CABINET MODELS

PATERSON, SONS & CO. LTD.

27 GEORGE STREET

Telephone
Central 97

EDINBURGH

Telegraph
MUSIC, EDINBURGH

AND AT

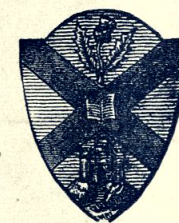
Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, and London

First printing of Reid portrait reproduction-block.

**THE REID
ORCHESTRAL
CONCERTS**

THIRD SEASON

(last used in Eleventh
Season, 4th Concert,
10/2/27)



**FIRST CONCERT
SATURDAY, 8th FEB. 1919**

**PROGRAMME
WITH NOTES BY D. F. T.
PRICE ONE SHILLING**

University of Edinburgh.



REID ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

THIRD SEASON

FIRST CONCERT

IN

THE M'EWAN HALL,

ON

SATURDAY, 8TH FEBRUARY 1919

at Three o'clock

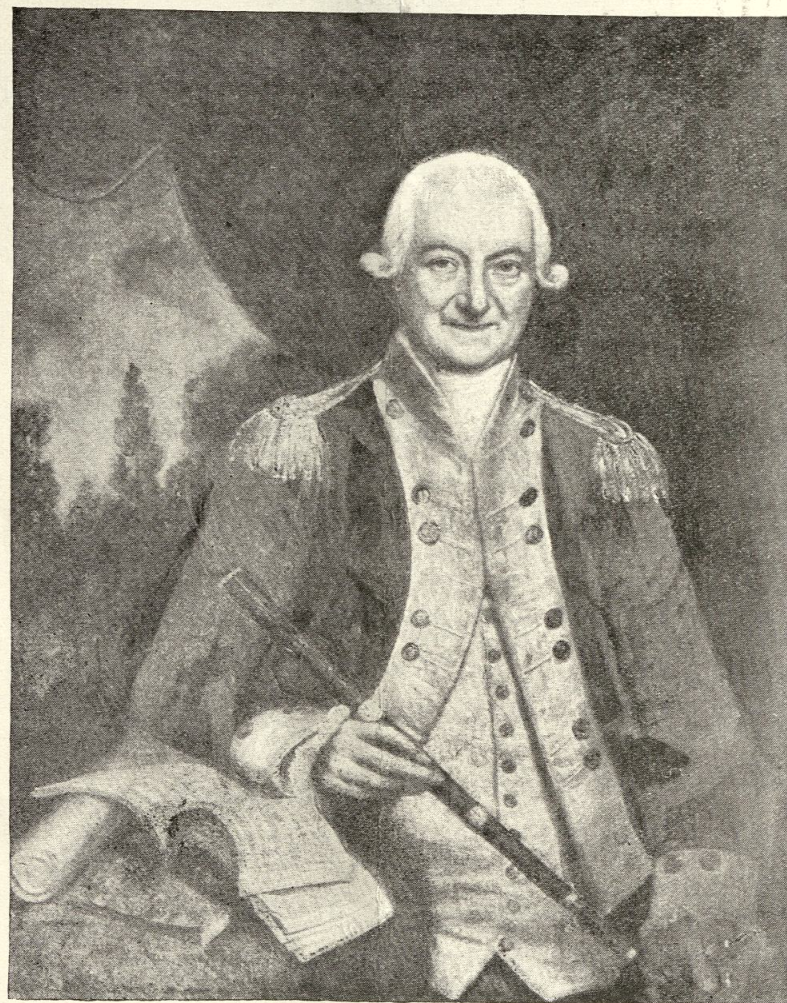
Conductor

PROFESSOR DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY

Solo Flute—M. LOUIS FLEURY

Concert under the direction of

PATERSON, SONS & CO. LTD., 27 George Street, Edinburgh



General Reid

PROGRAMME

1. MARCH, "In the Garb of Old Gaul," - *General Reid*
2. OVERTURE for the Consecration of the House, Op. 124 - *Beethoven*
3. FOURTH SONATA in G major for Flute and Figured Bass - *General Reid*
Solo Flute—M. LOUIS FLEURY.
4. SIEGFRIED IDYLL - - - - - *Wagner*
5. CONCERTO in D major for Flute and Orchestra - - - *Mozart*
Solo Flute—M. LOUIS FLEURY.
6. SYMPHONY No. 1, in D major, Op. 6 - - - - - *Dvorák*

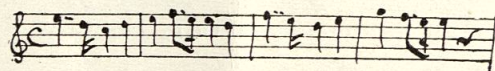
NOTES BY D. F. T.

1. MARCH, "In The Garb of Old Gaul," - General Reid

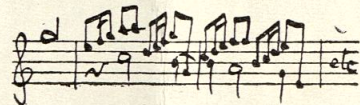
2. OVERTURE for the Consecration of the House, Op. 124 - Beethoven

This overture, written to inaugurate a new theatre in Vienna, is unique in form. It consists of a solemn slow march (No. 1), followed by a passage of very rhythmic fanfares for trumpets, through which bassoons may be faintly heard in a sound suggestive of hurrying footsteps; then there is the tread of some concourse not less excited, but more certain of its goal; a moment of solemn calm; silence, and the first faint stirring of a movement impelled from some vast distance by a mighty rushing wind, which then seizes us in the career of a great orchestral fugue (No. 2), rising from climax to climax in a world which is beyond that of action or drama, because all that has been done and suffered is now accomplished, and proved not in vain.

No. 1—



No. 2—



3. FOURTH SONATA in G major for Flute and Figured Bass - General Reid

Solo Flute—M. LOUIS FLEURY.

Allegro moderato.

Largo affettuoso.

Menuetto.

I have chosen General Reid's Fourth Sonata instead of his Third, which was due for the inauguration of our Third Season; because otherwise too much of the programme would have been in one key, D major.

The Fourth Sonata is an excellent specimen of eighteenth-century amateur scholarship. It contains none of the melodies which were torn from their setting and dressed up as "General Reid's composition" in a clumsy orchestral garb that was certainly not of Gaul, old or new. On the other hand I hope,

as soon as the success of the Reid Orchestra shall have enabled the University to resume the cultivation of chamber-music, that we may be able in future Historical Concerts to shed new light on the history of the eighteenth-century Sonata and its Italian sources of inspiration; an important phase of musical culture in which it is interesting to find that Scotland had a share not to be despised.

4. SIEGFRIED IDYLL, Wagner

This Idyll was written as a serenade for Frau Wagner after the birth of Siegfried Wagner. (It is said that Frau Wagner very nearly spoilt the surprise intended for her by becoming anxious about young Hans Richter, Wagner's amanuensis, who lived in the house, and who, she thought, was up to no good when he disappeared every evening—to rehearse this piece.)

The connexion between the *Siegfried Idyll* and the great duet at the close of the opera *Siegfried* is perhaps more likely to mislead than to help to an understanding of this unique and purely instrumental work. In scope, in purpose, and, above all, in movement, the two things are so entirely different that the allusions the Idyll makes to the opera will not carry us much further than Virgil's Fourth Eclogue will carry us in New Testament Criticism. Wagner named his son Siegfried, after the hero of his national tetralogy; the melodies in which Brünnhilde the Valkyrie gave up the memory of her immortality for the love of Siegfried who had passed through the fire to awaken her,—these themes are woven with an old German cradle-song into a serenade for the mother of an infant Siegfried; and what message they have for the public at large is not to be found in the words Brünnhilde sang. Nor does Wagner's dedicatory poem help us even enough to make it worth while to produce it here; the dedication is not to Frau Wagner, but to the King of Bavaria whose "glorious will, bold in sacrifice, found for my work its place for coming into being."

The supreme things in life, the stuff of which tragedies and comedies are made, the "*Hort der Welt*" which is born wherever old cradle-songs are sung: all these things are within the grasp of great music and great art; but you must leave it to the music, or whatever art it is, to tell you about them, and then you must take the art on its own terms, without attempting to exalt them or debase them by comparison with any other terms. Try to explain the music by other things and you will achieve nothing but an impertinent intrusion on private affairs the whole poetic value of which consists in what is sacred because it is universal. Listen to the music as music, and you may have some chance of feeling as Wagner felt when he wrote it.

If one has luck in making one's first acquaintance with Wagner's later

style after a familiar acquaintance with the classical types of movement in music, one's first impression will be the perfectly correct feeling that the music is enormously slower and larger in every step it takes. Much of the opposition Wagner met with arose from the difficulty contemporaries had in seeing that his music moved at all: his earlier and most popular works were, in fact, poor and commonplace in composition where they were on old lines, and often vague and lame where they were revolutionary; and the presumption was that his later works, being altogether revolutionary, had no composition in them at all. Nowadays we all know better, and it is almost an arithmetical axiom to us that Wagnerian music moves no faster than the development of a drama, whereas earlier classics, whether instrumental or operatic, had an irresistible tendency to make completely finished and often highly dramatic designs within a space of ten minutes or, at the utmost, a quarter of an hour.

This being so, it may surprise us to find that Wagner's purely instrumental Idyll moves almost incomparably slower than the passages in the opera from which its main themes are taken. Eight times as slow is a very moderate estimate. If you know the Idyll before you know *Siegfried*, the passages in *Siegfried* will seem to you mere shreds and patches in comparison. The explanation lies in two directions. In the first place, the opera is so enormously larger than the Idyll that even a good-sized detached portion will be much more likely to fail to show any definite symmetry or drift; just as a square foot of a fresco may fail to show as much as a square inch of an easel picture. In the second place, Wagner has, in mastering the huge scale of composition he needed for his music-dramas, acquired a permanent habit of thinking in that scale and has succeeded in applying it to "absolute" music. In short, the *Siegfried Idyll* succeeds where practically every "Symphonic Poem," from those of Liszt onwards, fails. It is a piece of purely instrumental music, quite twice the size of any possible well-constructed movement of a classical symphony, and yet forming a perfectly coherent and self-explaining musical scheme. Its length, its manner of slowly building up broad melodies out of constantly repeated single phrases, and the extreme deliberation with which it displays them stage by stage in combination;—these features of style have nothing to do with diffuseness; they are as purely legitimate and natural terms of movement as the terms on which the earth goes round the sun,—many times swifter than a cannon ball, yet it takes several minutes to pass its own length. Whatever difficulty has been felt with the *Siegfried Idyll* would be felt with a classical symphony if our scale of time were but slightly altered; and indeed all Beethoven's broadest passages were bitterly resented by those of his contemporaries who thought him worthy to be judged by Mozart's standards.

The *Siegfried Idyll*, then, is a gigantic though intensely quiet piece of

purely instrumental music, connected with the opera only by a private under-current of poetic allusion. It begins with an introductory building-up of its first theme out of a single phrase. The theme itself is Brünnhilde's yielding to Siegfried: "*Ewig ward ich, ewig bin ich*"; but it does not move at all on the lines Brünnhilde laid for it, but goes its own way in ample leisure and peace, in combination with a figure (b) associated with Brünnhilde's magic fire-guarded chamber—

No. 1—



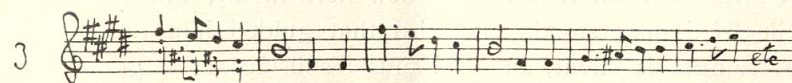
It gradually moves like a very indolent sonata-movement towards a foreign key (the dominant) where a group of several new themes (not in the opera) constitute quite a rich "second subject"—

No. 2—



ending deliberately with an old popular cradle-song—

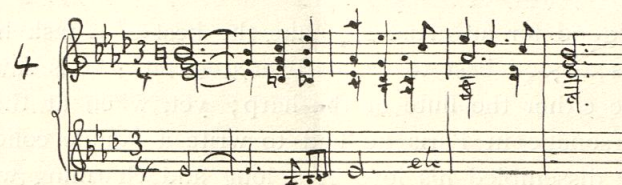
No. 3—



which the listener cannot fail to identify when he hears it in its bare simplicity on the oboe, with a tiny accompaniment in slow staccato descending scales. This accompaniment is undoubtedly suggested by the myth of the Little Sandman who strews sand into children's eyes at bed-time to make them sleep.

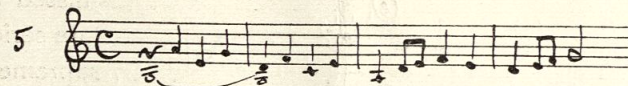
Then the first theme returns but is interrupted by mysterious mutterings from the horns. The violins put on *sordini* and lisp the close of the cradle-song; clouds come and go from a land of dreams, a new and strange light appears, and in a distant key and changed and quickened rhythm the wind instruments give the theme of "Siegfried, Hope of the World"—

No. 4—



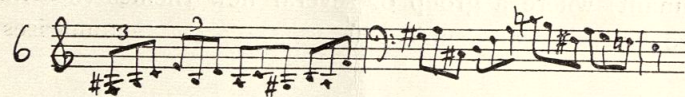
In a passage distinguished, even for Wagner, by its rainbow-coloured orchestration, this theme is built up in countless short steps which our memory sees in a long perspective; after some time the first theme appears above it, as indicated in another position by the lower stave of Ex. 4, and at last a climax is reached; the violins dash down in a torrent and—suddenly a solitary horn is heard over a long holding note, with an energetic new theme quietly played, while a clarinet and a flute break in now and then with the cries of birds—

No. 5—



A rustling theme in triplets is added—

No. 6—



These new themes belong to the triumphant finale of the duet in *Siegfried*, but the opera-text will not help us—nor do they give us any musical difficulty that needs such help. With them the other themes very soon combine, the first theme, Brünnhilde's slumber, "Siegfried, Hope of the World," and then a trumpet is heard rising in triumph to the songs of the *Waldvöglein*: not the nondescript birds that interrupted the new horn-theme, but the bird whose language Siegfried understood,—the bird that guided him to the Valkyrie's rock. The trumpet is silent, and the music subsides in a glowingly poetic recapitulation (with various enrichments of detail) of the material which we designated as "second subject." The horns croon the old cradle-song until the Hope of the World is safe in sleep.

5. CONCERTO in D major for Flute and Orchestra

Mozart

Solo Flute—M. LOUIS FLEURY.

Allegro aperto.

Andante.

Rondo. Allegro.

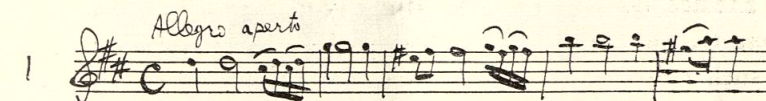
It is very good for an artist to make the best of a task he dislikes; so long as there is a good best to be discovered for it. It is said that Mozart could not abide either the flute or the harp; yet, when at the command of some grand personage in Paris he had to write a double concerto for those instruments, he dissembled his love in a long and charming work, and only

on the last page ushered the harp downstairs in an exposed passage which neatly contained the two perfectly simple things which no harpist, ancient or modern, can play.

As for the flute, whatever he may have said about it, he liked it well enough to write two concertos, an *andante* with orchestra which is conspicuously lovely in tone and feeling, and two quartets for flute and strings which are by no means perfunctory. These five works are all comparatively early, ranging from 1777 to 1778; but Mozart was a mature artist in most art-forms at the age of twelve; and not even an opera can be dismissed as an "early work" if he was twenty when he wrote it. He took the flute seriously enough in these highly-finished little works: more so than in his supreme masterpiece *The Magic Flute* (which indeed has only two episodes to justify its title).

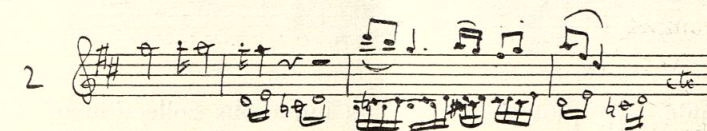
Of course he is incapable of such a blunder as to write for a big orchestra with a long and heroic opening *tutti*, by way of preparing for the entry of his Puck or Ariel. His opening *tutti* is short, though it summarises the whole movement from the First Subject—

No. 1—



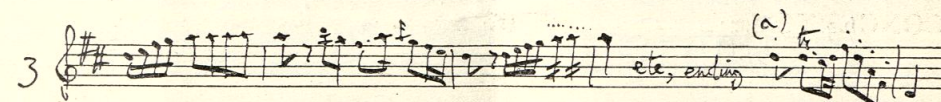
to the Second, with its warning notes such as usher in a change of key in a Viennese waltz—

No. 2—



and its mischievous cadence-theme—

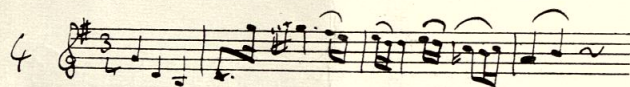
No. 3—



the last bar of which (Figure (a)) the flute has a characteristic way of detaching for purposes of its own. Throughout the *tutti* the second violins behave with an *opera-buffa* malice which Mozart particularly cultivated at this period: it makes all his early concerto-tuttis crowded with contrapuntal and operatic life; and it almost conjures up an awful vision of an early Rossini whom one could take seriously, much as, according to Professor Saintsbury, the rhymed headings to the pages of *The Rose and the Ring* evoke the ghost of a Milton with a sense of humour.

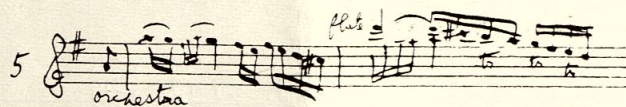
As for the flute, Mozart may not have been the earliest to understand its fantastic agility—these questions of priority interest nobody who wants to listen to music—but no one before or since has better seen the point of its qualities; the agility that can in the same breath give and deny local habitation to whatever airy nothings it chooses to name; and the innocence which can seem super-human rather than cold, so long as the composer does not give it phrases indicating passions of which it is ignorant. None of Mozart's flute-music happens to be pathetic, except the slow movement of the D major quartet: the exception shows that there was nothing either in the flute or in Mozart's idea of it to prevent his being as pathetic as Gluck in the Elysian scene of *Orfeo*, or Brahms in the finale of the Fourth Symphony. There is no limit to the beauty and pathos of childhood, so long as it is true to the nature of childhood. It so happens, however, that in this concerto the only serious note is to be found in the serenity with which the flute answers the quasi-heroic gestures of the first theme of the slow movement—

No. 4—



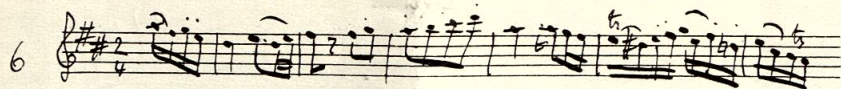
with its second subject in dialogue between the flute and orchestra—

No. 5—



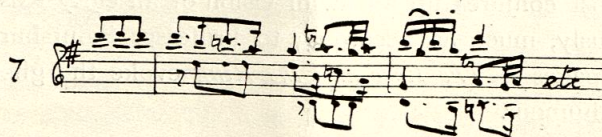
As for the finale, two quotations from its numerous collection of themes will show its lightness of heart, its flexibility of rhythm—

No. 6—



(note in Ex. 6 that the theme, though it foreshadows Blonde's lively air in the *Seraglio*, has none of that young person's squareness of phrasing), and its richness of counterpoint—

No. 7—



a central episode complicated enough to get the copyist of the earliest extant band-parts into a thorough muddle.

It is in some ways a pity that music of this order never gets the kind of vulgar valuation that comes to pictures and beautiful pieces of furniture. This flute-concerto is supremely artistic in every way; its very slightness and smallness is among its great qualities: and I confess I should expect it to fetch a fabulous price if it were an *escritoire* or a porcelain dinner-set, or any other form of art which daily usefulness has caused to be produced anonymously in "good periods" as well as in bad.

6. SYMPHONY No. 1, in D major, Op. 6 - - - *Dvorák*

Allegro non tanto.

Adagio.

Scherzo, or *Furiant* (a Bohemian dance). Presto.

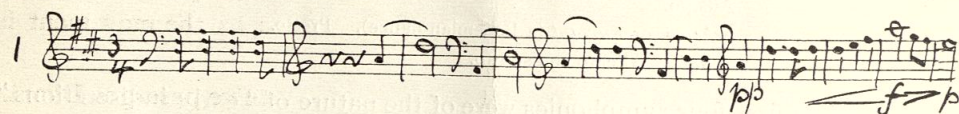
Finale. Allegro con spirito.

If Dvorák's first four symphonies were of the nature of "early indiscretions" we might acquiesce in the fate that has for the best part of a generation deprived the public of any wider knowledge of this great master of the orchestra than is represented by over-familiarity with the "New World" Symphony and the "Carnaval" Overture. It is no disparagement of these brilliant and delightful works to say that they are popular for other than their finest features, and that Dvorák has written greater music. When Brahms and Joachim brought him to the notice of a world he did not know how to tackle unaided, his genius was as naïve as Haydn's; and naïve it remained to the end. Unfortunately it often failed to retain that sublimity which inspired its best moments, and which Haydn never lost; that sublimity which is utterly independent of the size or range of the artist's subject; which trails clouds of glory not only in the outlook of the child but in the solemnity of the kitten running after its tail. In a loud instructive voice the world informed Dvorák that his genius was naïve; and a certain rustic craftiness, harmless perhaps in some earlier civilisation, perverted his naïveté henceforth. He tried to do as he thought the world bid him,—and the world was the first to grumble when he wrote an oratorio expressly to suit what he understood to be the English taste. Unhappy as this result was, it was perhaps better, because more obviously unsuccessful, than the result of that most dangerous of all affections, the affectation of qualities one actually happens to possess in abundance. Dvorák is not the only artist who injured his own originality and power by strenuously obeying the insistent clamour of the world that he should "let himself go and be himself." A naïve man affecting to be naïve will not produce many works like the "New World" Symphony, which, if it had been allowed to oust its greater predecessors from their rights, is at all events

full of fine things; but he will be apt to write himself down with some very bad and curiously ignorant imitations of his own style. Contrast this calamity with the wiser artist's fear of his own worldly successes. The Kreutzer Sonata is not Beethoven's greatest work; and no sensible musician has anything to say against it: but Beethoven would have gone very rapidly downhill if he had allowed himself to increase in that easy breadth and brilliance without deepening, enlarging, and concentrating his whole range of musical thought.

Dvorák's first symphony shows him at the height of his power. It is by no means the work of a young man; its *opus* number is true to the facts, and shows that Dvorák, like Brahms, had waited long and experienced much before venturing on the responsibilities of a symphony. Yet the very first line presents us with those intimations of immortality that make the child sublime.

No. 1—

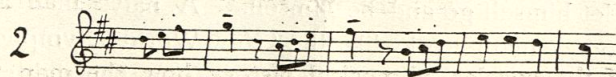


No man of the world would take this theme so seriously as to make a symphony of it, or, taking it seriously, would get so excited over it as to swell out from *pianissimo* to a *forte* at the first top note. But Dvorák knows what he is talking about, and the world has not yet made him self-conscious. To the child the silver-paper stars of the Christmas tree are really sublime: that is to say, no poet can fill his own mind more entirely with the sublimity of the real starry heavens. All depends on the singleness, the fulness and the purity of the emotion; and, of course, in works of art, on the skill to convey it truly. In this symphony Dvorák moves with great mastery and freedom; the scale and proportions are throughout noble, and if the procedure is often, like Schubert's, unorthodox and risky, it is, in this case, remarkably successful.

No one can wish to disillusionise Dvorák when his first theme, after the intervention of an energetic auxiliary, comes out *grandioso* on the full orchestra. There is no illusion about it; the grandeur is not that of particular styles or particular themes, it is that of life itself; and art has very little leisure for even the most solemn questions of taste when that grandeur is present: except in so far as the power to appreciate life is itself the one genuine matter of taste.

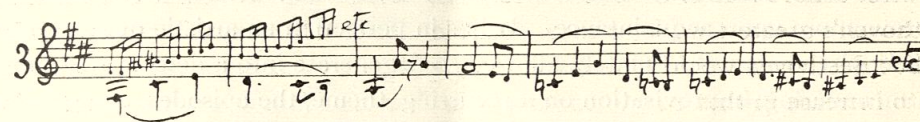
Dvorák's second subject is reached, as usual with him, by a curiously long and discursive transition, one of the themes of which must be quoted—

No. 2—



The second subject itself contains two great themes.

No. 3—



No. 4—



of which the second is very prominent in later developments.

The exposition is repeated, the return being brought about by a characteristically long passage which, accordingly, makes it out of the question to "cut the repeat." Fortunately there is no temptation to do so, as the movement is by no means of unwieldy length.

The development begins with one of the most imaginative passages Dvorák ever wrote: no listener can fail to be impressed with its long sustained chords, from the depths of which fragments of the first theme arise until the basses put them together in a dramatically mysterious sequence, which suddenly breaks off with a masterly and terse working up of the energetic auxiliary themes, including Ex. 2 and others unrepresented in my quotations. The whole development has all the ease and clearness of Dvorák's methods, with none of the flat reiterations that disfigure his weaker works: and I need not further describe its course, beyond calling attention to the dramatic stroke which leads to the return of the first subject. This stroke is easily recognised by the way in which at the climax of a full orchestral storm (based on Ex. 2) the strings are suddenly left alone and, after coming to an abrupt stop, proceed to stalk in stiff indignant crochets to a remote chord, from whence the full orchestra plunges grandly into the main key.

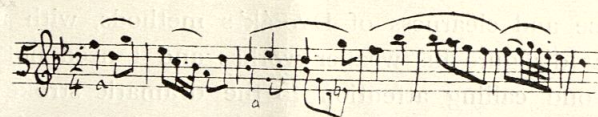
The recapitulation of both first and second subjects (Nos. 1, 2, and 3) is regular, all the accessories including the elaborate transition-passages. The climax of the second subject, however, is not allowed to subside as before, but leads immediately to a brilliant Coda in which No. 4 is combined in free fugue with No. 2, that figured so largely in the development. The inevitable result is that the dramatic stroke that ended the development now recurs to bring about the final triumph of the first theme, which dies away ecstatically in the height of its glory, and seems about to end in a quiet dream, when suddenly No. 4 (once the quietest theme of all) rouses the movement to its real abrupt end in full daylight.

It is one of the puzzles of musical history how the man that had once

written so highly organised a movement with such easy mastery, could ever have lost the power.

The slow movement is not difficult to follow, but I know few pieces that improve more upon acquaintance. It has in perfection an artistic quality which Dvorák elsewhere unfortunately allowed to degenerate into a defect; the quality of a meandering improvisation on a recurring theme, the episodes being of the nature of ruminating digressions rather than of contrasts. This is a subtle achievement, and if Dvorák could have either left the slow movement of his first symphony as his one example, or produced several others as perfect, we should be in no danger of missing the point of a design as peculiar as that of the slow movement of Beethoven's C minor Symphony, or as many of those designs of Haydn's which elude classification. At all events this movement will not fail to make its point if we dismiss from our minds any preconception that its ruminating modulations are intended to lead to something new, or that its one dramatic storm (at the beginning of the second episode) is an incident of more than fairy-tale solidity. That storm leads back to the main theme in one of Dvorák's most imaginative passages; and the whole function of all the episodes and developments in the movement is to present the most interesting possible appearance of leading back to a melody which we have really never left. Here is that melody—

No. 5—



and the figure marked (a) more or less pervades the whole movement from its introductory bars (Dvorák seldom begins a slow movement without a charmingly wavering introduction) to its shy close. There is something very touching in the way the coda seems to pay homage to that supreme utterance the end of the slow movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; before which

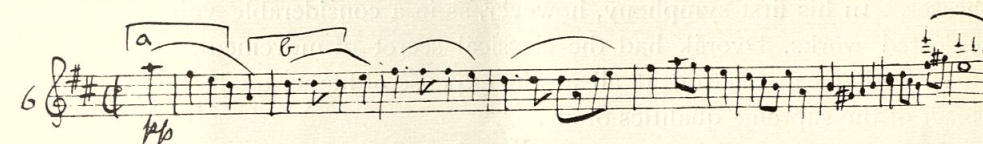
Dvorák's innocent drum figure  seems to dance as the clown in the legend danced his devotions before the altar of the Virgin, to the scandal of the monks who surprised him there.

The Scherzo or *Furiant* needs no quotation: nor is much wisdom to be gained from the information that the *Furiant* is a Bohemian dance. I yield to no one in my respect for folk-music and for the experts who have the tact and sympathy which alone can collect and appreciate it: but it has been noticed that the people who are loudest in saying that the *Dumky* and the *Furiant* are the two quite new art-forms music owes to the great Bohemian

composer, are very apt to collect the Hunting-chorus in *Der Freischütz* as a folk-song from the whistling of a Surrey milk-boy. Dvorák writes a lively Scherzo with a picturesque trio in perfectly normal form; and some listeners may be chiefly amused by the village merry-go-round humours of the piccolo in the trio, while others may be more impressed by the poetic quality of the long-drawn phrases of the rest of the trio (very characteristic of Dvorák and exceedingly unlike any possible folk-music)—with its fine contrast to the high spirits of the scherzo.

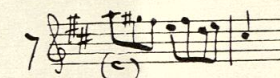
For the Finale we need at least four quotations; one for the first theme—

No. 6—



one for an important little figure—

No. 7—



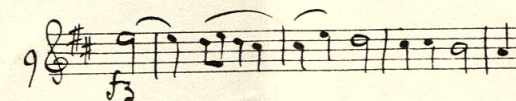
and two for the second subject, the one designed for the tripping-up of the Superior Person—

No. 8—



and the other designed for a grand climax in the *coda*—

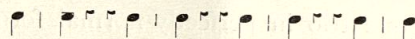
No. 9—



The development arises mainly from Ex. 7 and from second bar of Ex. 8, which has the oddest ways of detaching itself from its frivolous surroundings and producing powerfully romantic passages.

In the brilliant *presto* coda, the onset of which may be recognised by the dramatic stroke where the violins are left to do a volplane by themselves,

the listener should not fail to notice the happy effect of breaking up the first theme (Ex. 6) into this rhythm—



Altogether the finale, far from being, as too often with Dvorák, the weak point, is a magnificent crown to this noble work, and is admirably endowed with that quality that is rarest of all in modern symphonic finales, viz., power of *movement*. Rapid tempo and acceleration of pace can do nothing if the phrases themselves lack variety and energy in their proportions: it is pitiful to see the *sempre più presto* of many ambitious finales (including some of Dvorák's) struggling vainly to make headway against the growing sluggishness of their phrases. In his first symphony, however, as in a considerable volume of other neglected works, Dvorák had the classical secret of movement, and it is not a secret that can be won at all at the expense of higher qualities, for it is one aspect of the supreme qualities of art.

SKETCH PROGRAMMES

(Subject to additions and alterations)

SECOND CONCERT—Saturday, 22nd February, at 3 p.m.

Solo Pianist—Professor DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY.

OVERTURE to "King Lear"	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Berlioz</i>
PIANOFORTE CONCERTO in A major *	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mozart</i>
SYMPHONY No. 5 in C minor	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Beethoven</i>

* Not the one in the same key performed last year.

THIRD CONCERT—Saturday, 8th March, at 3 p.m.

Solo Vocalist—

SYMPHONY in E flat	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mozart</i>
FOURTH SYMPHONY	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Beethoven</i>

FOURTH CONCERT—Saturday, 22nd March, at 3 p.m.

Solo Pianist—Professor DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY.

SYMPHONY in G minor	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mozart</i>
CONCERTO in D minor	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Bach</i>
"EROICA" VARIATIONS for Pianoforte	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Beethoven</i>
"EROICA" SYMPHONY	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Beethoven</i>

FIFTH CONCERT—Saturday, 5th April, at 3 p.m.

Solo Pianist—Miss GRIERSON.

OVERTURE to "Coriolanus"	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Beethoven</i>
CONCERTO in A major	-	-	-	-	-	<i>D. F. Tovey</i>
PIANOFORTE SOLOS	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Chopin</i>
FOURTH SYMPHONY, in E minor	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Brahms</i>

SIXTH CONCERT—Saturday, 10th May, at 3 p.m.

Solo Vocalist—Miss HELEN ANDERTON.

SYMPHONY in C major	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mozart</i>
CANTATA for Alto, Organ, and Orchestra	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Bach</i>
THIRD SYMPHONY	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Brahms</i>

SEVENTH CONCERT—Saturday, 24th May, at 3 p.m. (Choral-Orchestral)

Solo Vocalist—Miss HELEN ANDERTON.

THE KIRKHOPE CHOIR.

SECOND ACT OF "ORFEO"	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Gluck</i>
"SONGS OF FAREWELL"	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Parry</i>
VARIATIONS for Orchestra	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Elgar</i>
						<i>Etc.</i>