



THE

Reid Concert.

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1878.

LIBRETTO, &c.

OF THE

Reid Concert,

WEDNESDAY EVENING,

7.45,

FEBRUARY 13. 1878.

## Principal Artistes.

MADLE. THEKLA FRIEDLAENDER,  
SOPRANO.

HERR. GEORG HENSCHEL,  
BASSO.

MADAME NORMAN-NERUDA,  
VIOLIN.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ,  
SOLO PIANIST

AND  
CONDUCTOR.

## The Orchestra.

### FIRST VIOLINS.

Herr L. STRAUS, *Principal.*  
" BAUERKELLER.  
Mr BROWN.  
" R. CLEMENTI.  
Signor F. CROSA.  
Mr G. HADDOCK.  
Mons C. HARNDORF.  
Herr HARTMAN.  
Mons E. HUNNEMANN.  
Herr S. JACOBY.  
Mons KETTENUS.  
Signor SCUDERI.  
and  
Mr A. C. MACKENZIE (Edinburgh).

### SECOND VIOLINS.

Signor L. RISEGARI, } *Principals.*  
Mr L. GOODWIN, }  
" S. BENN.  
" J. BOWLING.  
Signor CAMPIONE.  
Mr L. HARGRAVE.  
" J. HARRISON.  
" A. LEE.  
" H. NUTTAL.  
" S. PYCROFT.  
" F. RICHARDSON.  
" J. O. STURGE.

### VIOLAS.

Herr O. BERNHARDT, } *Principals.*  
Mr SPEELMAN, }  
" R. BREITBARTH.  
" J. BROEDELLET.  
" BUCKLEY.  
" J. DRAKE.  
" W. KLIPPE.  
Mons J. MAGOULEE.

### VIOLONCELLOS.

Mons E. VIEUXTEMPS, *Principal.*  
Herr F. NERUDA.  
Mr E. HARNDORFF.  
Herr O. LANGE.  
Mr E. NICHOLS.  
" H. SMITH.  
" R. THORLEY.  
" T. H. TURNER.

### DOUBLE BASSES

Herr F. NEUWIRTH, *Principal.*  
Mr F. BRAZILIER.  
" HAYES.  
" IRLAM.  
Herr C. KIPCKE.  
Mr A. KIEGL.  
" TH. NICOLS.  
" H. THORLEY.

### FLUTES.

Mons F. BROSSA.  
Mr H. PIDDOCK.

### PICCOLO.

Mr V. L. NEEDHAM.

### OBOES.

Mons A. LAVIGNE.  
Mr CH. REYNOLDS.

### CLARINETS.

Herr W. GROSSE.  
Mr J. GLADNEY.

### BASSOONS.

Signor M. RASPI.  
Mons LALANDE.

### HORNS.

Mons VANHAUTE.  
Signor PREATONI.  
Mr TH. REYNOLDS.  
" H. BLAMPHIN.

### TRUMPETS.

Mr G. JAEGER.  
" J. SCOTTS.

### TROMBONES.

Mr J. HAWKES.  
" TH. GERMAN.  
" BLAMPHIN.

### KETTLE DRUMS.

Mr TH. BATLEY.

### BASS DRUM & CYMBALS.

Mr J. R. JENNINGS.

### OPHICLEIDE.

Mr F. J. BATLEY.

### LIBRARIAN.

Mr TH. BATLEY.

# Programme.

## PART I.

Introduction, Pastorale, Minuet, and March, *General Reid.*

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Overture, . . . "Michael Angelo," . . . *Gade.*

Recit. and Concert Aria, } . . . "Unglücksel'ge," . . . *Mendelssohn.*  
(Op. 94)

MADLLE. THEKLA FRIEDLÄNDER.

Serenade, . . . "Agrippina," . . . } *Handel.*  
Air, . . . "Almira," . . . }

HERR HENSCHEL.

Grand Symphony, . "The Eroica," No. 3, . . . *Beethoven.*

1. *Allegro con brio. E flat.*

2. *Marche funèbre: Adagio assai. C minor.*

3. *Scherzo and Trio: Allegro Vivace. E flat.*

4. *Finale: Allegro Molto—interrupted by Poco Andante con  
expressione, and ending Presto. E flat.*

# Programme.

## PART II.

Concerto for Pianoforte, in B flat, No. 4, . . . *Mozart.*

1. *Allegro. B flat.*

2. *Andante. E flat.*

3. *Finale. B flat.*

Soloist—MR CHARLES HALLÉ.  
(*First time in Scotland.*)

Song (or Valentine), . . . *H. S. Oakeley.*

HERR HENSCHEL.

Fantasia Caprice, Violin and Orchestra, . . . *Vieuxtemps.*

Soloiste—MADME. NORMAN NERUDA.

Lieder, . . . (a) "So lass mich scheinen," } *Rubinstein.*  
(b) "Mein Herzesschatz," }

MADLLE. FRIEDLÄNDER.

Scherzo, . . . From "Reformation Symphony," . . . *Mendelssohn.*

Lieder,  
(a) "In questa tomba," . . . *Beethoven.*  
(b) "Der Neugierige," . . . *Schubert.*  
(c) "Fluthenreicher Ebro," . . . *Schumann.*

HERR HENSCHEL.

Overture, . . . "Tannhäuser," . . . *Wagner.*



## PRELUDE.

### Introduction, Pastorale, Minuet, and March. GENERAL REID.

*The following spirited words are adapted to the music of the  
March:—*

In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,  
From the heath-covered mountains of Scotia we come ;  
Where the Romans endeavoured our country to gain,  
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.  
Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,  
That, like our ancestors of old, we stand by freedom's cause ;  
We'll bravely fight like heroes bright, for honour and applause ;  
And defy the French, with all their arts, to alter our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,  
No luxurious tables enervate our race ;  
Our loud sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,  
So do we the old Scottish valour retain.  
Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,  
So are we enraged when we rush on our foes :  
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,  
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.  
Such our love, &c.

## PART I.

### Overture, "Michael Angelo" (Op. 39), Gade.

Andante marcato.  
Allegro con fuoco.

Niels Wilhelm Gade was born on the 22d October 1817. He is a Dane, and a native of Copenhagen. His name became known to the world in the year 1841, when he produced his first grand orchestral work, the overture "Ossian,"\* which obtained the prize in a competition initiated by the Musical Society of Copenhagen. Thus launched in the stream of orchestral composition, Gade soon wrote his first Symphony, which was produced at Leipsic in 1843, under the direction of Mendelssohn, who took the most lively interest in the work. When that master retired from the direction of the Gewandhaus Concerts, his place was taken by Gade, who, during his residence in Leipsic, produced his second and third symphonies, as well as other orchestral and vocal works of importance, all which were received with eagerness by the public of that very critical town. In 1848 he returned to Denmark, where he is permanently settled. The number of his works is large. They comprise seven symphonies, four concert overtures, several cantatas, with quartets, pianoforte sonatas, and other pieces, and songs. Of these the following have been performed in England :—Symphony No. 7, Symphony No. 1, Overture "Hamlet,"† Overture "Ossian," Overture "The Highlands."‡

One of his more recent compositions is the overture Michael Angelo. The Introduction, a short *Andante marcato*, is framed on a phrase which appears afterwards quite unprepared in the middle part of the *Allegro*.

Clar.  
Horns. Quartett in 8ves.



\* Introduced to Scotland at the last Reid Concert.  
† Introduced to Scotland at the 1875 Reid Concert.  
‡ Introduced to Scotland at the 1872 Reid Concert.

This is immediately repeated a note higher, and a short modulation to the key of the dominant (C) introduces at once the principal subject of the *Allegro con fuoco*—

*Allegro con fuoco.*  
Viol. 1.  
Bass.  
Sva Bass.

The Trombones and Horns take up the subject in octaves, *forte*; but it loses itself after eight bars in a short modulatory interlude which leads to the key of C, and introduces unexpectedly after its eleventh bar the second subject, *forte* :—

Violins.  
Bass.

This is prolonged by eight more bars, and is then partly resumed and treated thematically in conjunction with the principal subject in a most interesting middle part, in which the phrase in D flat, on which the Introduction is framed, will be observed, as well as the alternate re-appearance of the principal subject with a new treatment in the distant keys of E natural and D flat, and a utilisation of portions of the second subject in "augmentation," viz. :—

Wind.  
f &c.

This passionate *tutti* is prolonged to thirty bars, after which it becomes subdued, and introduces the third portion of the Overture (if the term may be allowed. This is, as usual, mostly a repetition of the first portion, with a transposition of the second subject matter to the key of the tonic (F), and with the addition of an ingenious Coda (framed chiefly on the principal subject), in which the full resources of the modern grand orchestra are displayed in a most masterly manner.

It is to be regretted that we cannot give an outline of the drama or story for which this work was written. It will nevertheless be found that even as a piece of absolute orchestral music, the overture is a work of great and unquestionable merit, inasmuch as its melodies are free from plagiarism, while their harmonisation and entire treatment, as in fact the handling of the whole musical resources, is always noble, original, and characteristic. (Abridged.) [G.]

Recitative, "Unglucksel'ge!" Mendelssohn.

Madlle. FRIEDLAENDER.

Er ist auf immer mir entflo'h'n.  
Er wagte nicht in's Auge mir zu sehen,  
Er wagte nicht zu läugnen sein Vergehen ;  
Er ist auf ewig mir dahin !

Sei muthig, schwaches Herz, vergiss den Falschen, nie war er würdig,  
deiner Liebe ! Gedenke seiner Untreu, seiner gebrochenen Schwüre  
denke ! Und dennoch—sein vergessen—wie könnt 'ich's je ? O nein !  
in meinem Busen werdet ihr immer leben, immer noch Trost mir geben,  
Bilder vergangener Stunden, Ach wie so schnell entchwunden !

(Andante.) Kehret wieder, gold'ne Tage,  
Wo zur Seite des Geliebten  
Keine Zweifel mich betrübten,  
Ihr entschwandet wie ein Traum

Alles was ich um mich sehe  
 Mahnt mich nur an seine Nähe,  
 Alles ist von ihm erfüllt ;  
 Das Murmeln jener Quelle,  
 Der Widerschein der Welle,  
 Malt immer nur sein Bild.  
 Kehret wieder, &c.

(*Allegro vivace.*) Umsonst,—vergebens !  
 Das Glück des Lebens  
 Ruft keine Klage je zurück !  
 Ruft keiner Sehnen  
 Bleibt ja mein einziges Glück.  
 Doch ach ! diese Thränen,  
 Dies endlose Sehnen  
 Es bleibt mein einziges Glück !  
 (Andante.) Kehret wieder, &c.  
 (*Allegro Vivace.*) Doch ach dieser Traum, &c., &c.

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Serenata,	.	(a) "Agrippina,"	.	.	} <i>Handel.</i>
Aria,	.	(b) "Almira."	.	.	

Herr HENSCHALL.

(a) Vieni, oh cara !  
 Ch'in lacci stretto,  
 Dolce diletto  
 Amor prepara  
 Vieni, oh cara !

(b) Mi da speranza al core  
 Di giunger a regnar ;  
 Contento far mi poi,  
 Oh sorte, se le voi  
 Dunque non mi lasciar !

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## Grand Symphony, "The Eroica," No. 3. . . *Beethoven.*

"Sinfonia Eroica, composta per festeggiare il sovvenire di un grand' uomo, dedicata a sua Altezza Serenissima il Principe di Lobkowitz da Luigi van Beethoven, Op. 55. No. III."

1. Allegro con brio. E flat.
2. Marcia funebre : Adagio assai. C minor.
3. Scherzo and Trio : Allegro vivace. E flat.
4. Finale : Allegro molto—interrupted by Poco Andante con espressione, and ending Presto. E flat.

This great work—this "heroic Symphony,"—which, according to the title, quoted above from the original score and parts, was composed "to celebrate the memory of a great man," is the third in the series of Beethoven's nine Symphonies. The two noble and beautiful symphonies which precede it belong to the old world, and it is in the Sinfonia Eroica that Beethoven first shews himself in his own true colossal proportions, and reveals that extraordinary union of power and tenderness, strength and beauty, humour and pathos, irregularity like the wildness of Nature herself, and obedience no less strict than hers to the finest laws, which have made him so very great, and have given him a place in the world beside Shakespeare.

Definite as is the title which the Eroica Symphony now bears, it originally had one still more definite, for it was composed in reference to an actual individual—the great Napoleon Bonaparte. Beethoven, whose mind was of a very sturdy, independent character, the stuff out of which the antique republican heroes were made, and who had matured his principles by the constant perusal of Plutarch, Plato's Republic, and other ancient works, had watched the career of Napoleon with great interest and sympathy. It was probably not so much in the character of a military hero that he admired him, as for the manner in which he had raised himself in a few years to be the most prominent person in Europe, and for the power and ability with which, single-handed, he had reduced the chaos of the great Revolution into order and fitness, and had brought back order and prosperity to France when all seemed hopelessly ruined.

By the year 1802 this feeling had become so settled in Beethoven's mind, that he readily fell in with a suggestion made to him—as he himself towards the close of his life admitted—by General Bernadotte, at that time ambassador from France to Vienna, that he should write a piece of music in honour of the First Consul. This was in the autumn of 1802, when Napoleon was perhaps at the zenith of his moral greatness. If the inscription on the MS. of the Symphony may be trusted, it occupied Beethoven until August 1804. At length, however, the whole great work



The "second subject" flows spontaneously out of the first, without the old customary formal drawing up, and, as it were, presenting arms. This theme is simplicity itself, a succession of phrases of three notes repeated by the different instruments one after another—an absolute contrast to No. 1:

No. 2. Oboe. Clar. Fl. Viol. Ob. Clar. Fl.  
Viol. Ob. Clar. Tutti.  
*sf sf ff*

After this we have a connecting passage of lively character:—

No. 3. &c.

then a third theme of the greatest beauty—more harmony than melody, and yet who shall say? a theme which, with its yearning, beseeching wind instruments, and the three wonderful pizzicato notes of the Basses, goes to the inmost heart:

No. 4. Ob. Fl. Strings. Clar. Fag. Basses. *p cresc. sf sf pizz.*

and lastly a phrase in the rhythm of No. 1, though with different intervals, and a wilful accent of its own:

No. 5. 8va alta. *f sf sf ff* &c.

And there we have the chief materials of the first half of the *Allegro*. But the way they are expressed and connected! the sunlight and cloud, the alternate fury and tenderness, the nobility, the beauty, the obstinacy, the human character! certainly nothing like it was ever done in music before, and very little like it has been done in the seventy years since!

The "working out" at the commencement of the second half is made out of the material already quoted; but here again nothing is the same. The fragments of the first theme (No. 1), which occupy the first twelve bars of this portion of the movement, are absolutely transformed in character. The second theme (No. 2) is altered by the addition of a run of great beauty,

No. 6. *sf sf* &c.

the freakish passage (No. 3) is harmonised by the first subject:

No. 7. &c.

a couple of notes of No. 2 are made the motive of a passage of imitation which shews how well Beethoven could write a fugue,

No. 8. *sf sf* Viola 2.1 Viol. 1. *cres.* &c.

This quaintly promising little bit of counterpoint is soon crushed by an outburst of rage which forms the kernel of the whole movement, in which the most irreconcilable discords in the harmony and the most stubborn disarrangements of the rhythm unite to form a picture of obstinacy and rage, a tornado which would burst the breast of any but the gigantic hero whom Beethoven believes himself to be portraying. This passage, thirty-two bars long, is absolute Beethoven; there is nothing like it in the old music, and it must have been impossible for critics who looked to the notes alone and judged them by the mere rules of sound, without thinking of the meaning they conveyed, ever to be re-

conciled to it. This tremendous tempest, which goes on till the suspense is all but unbearable, is succeeded by the most absolute contrast. The tumult suddenly ceases, as if from exhaustion. A few crisp bars in the Strings lead into a perfectly new and fresh episode in the remote key of E natural minor, in which the Oboes deliver an exquisite melody, accompanied by one almost as exquisite in the Cellos.

No. 9.  
Oboe.

Cello

After a short interval the same melody returns, this time in E flat minor, with the most touching imitations between the various instruments :

No. 10. Clar.

Fl.

*p sf sf sf decres. dol.*

*cras. p Viol. 2. Basses. &c.*

And now again another new feature—a wonderful staccato Bass accompanying the original theme (No. 1), stalking over the world as none but a hero can stalk, and making us feel like pigmies as we listen to his aspiring footfalls :—

No. 11.

Clar. Fl.

Fag. &c.

*p sff*

*sff &c.*

The succession of keys in which this phrase occurs is worth notice :— B flat, E flat minor, C minor, D flat, D natural minor, E flat minor, C flat major.

We are now near the end of the “working out;” but one more surprise awaits us, before the return to the first theme and the opening of the work—if possible more original than anything which has preceded it, and certainly entirely different from any. It is the well-known and often-quoted passage in which the Horn gives out the first four notes of the chief subject in E flat, while the two Violins are playing B flat and A flat :—

No. 11a.

Violins

Horn

All the rules of harmony are against it ; it is wrong, and yet how right and proper it is in its place ! And how poetical ! The “heroic” movement of the Basses (last quoted) has ceased, we find ourselves in the strange key of C flat ; the tumult of the day has subsided, and all is gradually hushed ; the low Horns and other Wind instruments add to the witching feeling, and a weird twilight seems to pervade the scene. At length the Wind instruments cease their mysterious sounds, and nothing is heard but the Violins in their softest tones, trembling as if in sleep, when the distant murmur of the Horn floats on the ear like an incoherent fragment of a dream. But it is enough to break the spell ; the whole changes, as if by a magic touch, and the general crash restores us to full daylight, to all our faculties, and to the original subject (No. 1) with which the work opened. What a passage ! What are “right” and “wrong” in such a case ? The “end” here surely “justifies the means.”

And now we have the one recurrence of the codetta (if it may be so called) attached at starting to the original theme (No. 1). Here Beethoven strangely makes it modulate so as to close, not in E flat, as we should expect, but in F ; but it enables him to give the Horn an ample and delicious revenge for the interruption he suffered just before.

After this we have a recapitulation of the first half of the movement, only with serious differences ; and then comes a Coda, 140 bars long, and yet so magnificently fresh and original as almost to throw into the shade all that has gone before it. The beginning of this Coda is one of the most astonishing things in the whole musical art ; and think what it must have been in the year 1805, when even now, familiar as it is, and after all that Beethoven himself has written since, all that Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, it still excites one’s utmost astonishment for its boldness and its poetry ! This Coda is no mere termination to the movement ; it is an essential part of the poem. It is one of Beethoven’s great inventions, and it knows it, and starts in such a style as no one can overlook. Here is a sketch of the daring style of the progressions and contrasts :—

No. 12.  
Allegro.

Fl.

Violins in 8ves.

*sf decres.*

Wind & Brass.

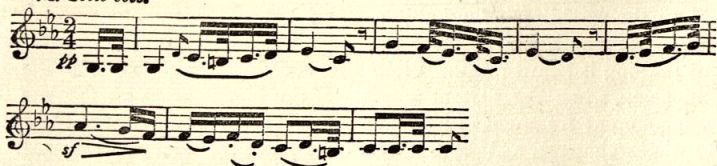
Wind & Brass.

The "ecclesiastical" modulation by "whole tones," from E flat to D flat, and again to C—the Basses carrying the whole Orchestra with them—is sublime.

But after all is said, the music itself, as Schumann is so fond of insisting, is the best and only thing; the sole end of these remarks is to make that better understood and more intelligently heard.

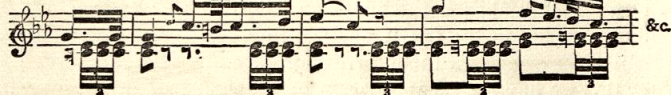
The second movement, *Adagio assai*, the finest Funeral March ever imagined, is worthy to accompany the obsequies of a hero of the noblest mould. It commences *sotto voce* with the following subject in the strings:—

No. 1. *Sotto voce.*



harmonised in a wonderfully effective way. The melody is then repeated by the poignant tones of the Oboe, with the rhythm strongly marked by the Horns, and an accompaniment in the Strings of this nature:—

No. 2. Oboe.



which recurs more than once, and forms a characteristic feature of the movement. This is succeeded immediately by a broad, melodious subject in E flat major:—

No. 3.



promising for the moment consolation and hope, but quickly relapsing into the old tone of grief, and ending in a phrase in the Cellos,

No. 4.



expressive of vague uncertainty and walking in darkness. These mate-

rials are employed and developed at length, and with the richest and most solemn effect to the end of the first portion. The poet Coleridge is said to have been once taken to hear this Symphony at the London Philharmonic, and to have remarked to his friend during the march that it was like a funeral procession in deep purple. In the "Trio" of the march, the key changes from C minor to C major, and a heavenly melody brings comfort and hope on its wings, like a sudden ray of sunlight in a dark sky.



This delicious message is divided among the Oboe, Flute, and Bassoons in turns, the Strings accompanying with livelier movement than before.

After the welcome relief of this beautiful intermezzo, the composer returns to the minor key, and to the opening strain of the march. It does not, however, continue as it began, either in melody or treatment, but, closing in F minor, goes off into a fugue with a subsidiary subject (a),

No. 7.



which is pursued to some length, the full orchestra joining by degrees, with the most splendid and religious effect: as if of some great ecclesiastical pomp. It might depict the funeral of the hero, and its motto be, in Tennyson's noble words—

"Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears;  
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:  
The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears.

But speak no more of his renown,  
Lay your earthly fancies down,  
And in the vast Cathedral leave him,  
God accept him, Christ receive him."

Then occurs a passage as of stout resistance and determination, the Trumpets and Horns appealing against Fate in their loudest tones, and the Basses adding a substratum of stern resolution. But it cannot last; the old grief is too strong, the original wail returns, even more hopeless than

before, the Basses again walk in darkness, the Violins and Flute echo their vague tones so as to aggravate them tenfold, and the whole forms a long and terrible picture of distress.

No. 8.  
Flutes.

But here again our great teacher does not leave us; even here he has consolation to give, though in a different strain than before. The steady march of the Strings seems to say "Be strong, and hope will come," and hope comes if ever there was a speaking phrase in which to convey it:—

No. 9.  
Viol. I. *pp*  
Strings *f* *decres.* *p*

Sad as is the conclusion, and broken, faltering, sobbing, as are the accents of the instruments, they are neither the accents nor the sadness of despair.

It is impossible to imagine a more complete contrast (in music of the same character) than the *Scherzo* presents to the *March*. The former begins *Sempre pianissimo e staccato*, and after a prelude of six bars in the Strings the Oboes and First Violin join in this most fresh and lively tune,—a soldier's song of the day,—

No. 1.

The Trio, or alternative to the *Scherzo*, is mainly in the hands of the Horns, the other instruments being chiefly occupied in interludes between the strains of those most interesting members of the orchestra. Beginning in this playful way,

No. 4. Horns.  
8ve lower. *sf*

they rise by degrees in seriousness and poetry till they reach this affecting climax:—

No. 5.  
Horns. *sf*  
Strings. *p* *sf*  
Str. *pp*

What is it that makes these last few notes so touching, so almost awful? There is in them a feeling of infinitude or eternity such as is conveyed by no other passage even in Beethoven's music.

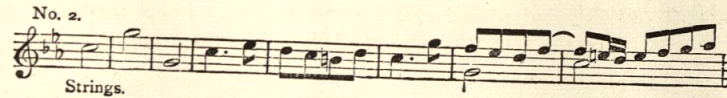
The *Finale* has been thought trivial, or that the intention was to divert the audience after the too great strain of the earlier movements. But no one who hears it through, and allows it to produce "its own proper and intended effect" upon him, will be in doubt as to its meaning, or hesitate to recognise in it as "heroic" characteristics as in any other portion of the work, though revealed under different forms. The art and skill employed throughout it are extraordinary. But Beethoven never used these powers for their own sake. He must have written it because he had something to say about his hero, which he had not said in the other three movements. May it not be discerned in the *Poco Andante* near the close, which forms so grand a climax to the work, and to which the pages that precede it with all their ingenuity and beauty act as a noble introduction, rising step by step until it culminates in the very *Apotheosis* of the Hero?

The *Finale* consists entirely of a set of variations, thus early anticipating the method adopted in Beethoven's latest symphonic work—the Ninth Symphony. The subject chosen is an air in the *Finale* of his own Prometheus music, where it stands, as far as melody, bass, and key are concerned, as follows:—

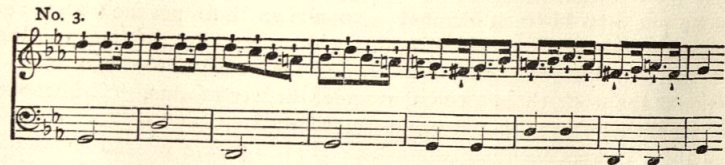
No. 1.

In Variation 1 the theme (in minims instead of staccato semiquavers) is given to the Second Violin, while the First Violin and the Bass have an

independent accompaniment. In Variation 2 the theme is in the First Violin, with a triplet accompaniment in the other Strings. In the 3d Variation the melody itself (all the more welcome for its contrast with the somewhat formal bass-theme), enters in the Oboes and Clarinet, harmonised with its natural bass, and with a brilliant accompaniment in the First Violin, which last in its turn takes up the melody with the concurrence of the whole orchestra. The next feature is a regular fugue commencing as follows :—



prolonged to great length, and containing a sequence with some remarkable discords ; and ending with the melody very ingeniously introduced. This is succeeded by a florid variation for the Flute, which leads to a new theme, a regular "second subject" for the movement (though in G minor instead of B flat, as might be expected) led up to by a wild rush in the Flutes, Oboes, &c. :—



and harmonised to some extent by the bass of the original melody (see No. 1).

We have some coquetting with the melody itself in C minor and F minor, until the Fugue (No. 2) returns—the subject inverted and accompanied in semiquavers by the First Violin.



The development of this Fugue is very elaborate ; the original melody is introduced in a syncopated fashion. The bass subject is used both in its original form and inverted at the same time, and the whole rises to a noble climax on a *tremolo* pedal note, anticipating the similar effects which Beethoven was to make with even greater grandeur in the Seventh and Ninth Symphonies. At length the orchestra again pauses on the chord of the dominant seventh on B flat, and, the time slackening to *Poco Andante*, a new version of the original melody is

introduced, to which, as already remarked, the whole preceding portion of the movement seems like a mere prelude :—



This is given in the Oboes, richly harmonised by Clarinets and Bassoons. It is taken up by the entire orchestra, many new features are introduced, especially a long entirely new melody of the greatest beauty—



and the whole of this *Poco Andante* forms a splendid passage of full harmony, set off with every orchestral device, and producing the noblest and most "heroic" impression. The close of the *Andante* is especially pathetic, and irresistibly recalls the tone of parts of the march. Indeed, the inference is almost irresistible that a connection between the two movements is intended. The march represented the death of the hero and the interment of his mortal part. This *Andante* is his flight to the skies.

A short Coda, *Presto*, in which the old melody is clung to, almost to the very end, finishes this marvellous musical "tone-picture."\*

[G.]

\* This great Symphony was last performed at these Concerts in 1870.

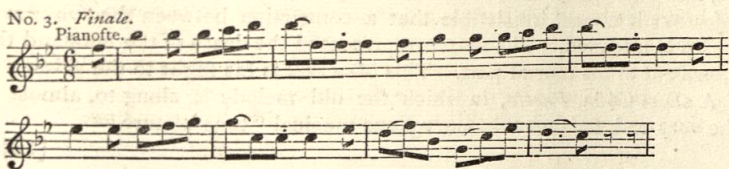
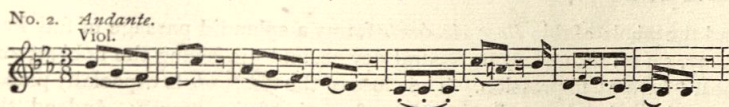
[This and the preceding analysis—slightly abridged—are quoted by permission of George Grove, Esq., D.C.L.]

## PART II.

## Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra,

Pianoforte,—Mr HALLE.

The following are the opening themes of the three movements of this admirable and rarely performed work ; —



The Concerto was composed at Vienna in 1784, probably for Signora Barbara de Ployer.

## Song (or Valentine),\* . . . . . H. S. Oakeley.

Herr HENSCHEL.

## GLUECKLICHE STUNDEN.

Die Stunde, die mein Lieb', mit dir  
Ich lebe, ist mein höchstes Glück,  
Was strahlte heller meinem Blick  
Als Zeit verlebt bei dir?  
Wie West der über Blumen weht  
Saugt Würze aus der Blumen Munde  
Stiehlt Zeit sich süsse von der Stunde  
Verlebt, mein Lieb', mit dir.

## HAPPY HOURS.

The hour I pass, my love, with thee  
Doth yield this heart the most delight;  
O what on earth is half so bright  
As hours I pass with thee?  
And as the Zephyr that fans the grove  
Is perfumed by the fragrant flow'rs,  
So Time can sweetness steal from hours  
I pass with thee, my love.

\* [This Song may not reach the Vocalist for whom it is put down in time for him to sing it.]

Wenn über Tage die dahin  
Erinn'ung müde Flügel schwingt,  
Nichts Schön'res sie mirheimwärts bringt  
Als Zeit verlebt bei dir!  
Und steuert durch der Zukunft Nacht  
Kühn Phantasie in ferne Weiten,  
Die Stunde wird als Stern sie leiten  
Die noch mir winkt mit dir!

When memory o'er the distant past  
Pursues her course, with weary wing,  
The only joys she back can bring  
Are hours I've passed with thee.  
And when through future time, as fast  
Fond fancy steers, with hopeful pow'r,  
Her leading-star is still the hour  
I've yet to pass with thee!

Fantasie Caprice, Violin and Orchestra, . . . . . *Vieuxtemps.*Soloiste—M<sup>de</sup>. NORMAN NERUDA.Lieder, . . . . . *Rubinstein.*

Madlle. FRIEDLAENDER.

- (a) So lasst mich scheinen bis ich werde  
Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus,  
Ich eile von der schönen Erde  
Hinab in jenes feste Haus.  
Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille  
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick,  
Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,  
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.—  
Und jene himmlischen Gestalten  
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,  
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten  
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.—  
Zwar lebt ich ohne Sorg und Mühe,  
Doch fühlt ich tiefen Schmerz genug,  
Vor Kummer altert ich zu frühe,  
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung.
- (b) Wie bist du nur, mein Herzensschatz,  
Mir in das Herz gekommen?  
Nichts hat mir mehr im Herzen Platz,  
Seit du es eingenommen.—

Führwahr, es kann nicht anders sein,  
 Du stahlst dich leis' und heimlich ein,  
 Du loser Dieb, du Schelmendieb  
 O Herzensschatz, ich hab' dich lieb'.

(TRANSLATION).

- (b) How didst thou then, oh heart's delight,  
 My heart so quickly win?  
 Since thou hast taken there thy place,  
 Nought else has room within.  
 Henceforth it must thus ever be,  
 Hast stolen in so quietly.  
 Thou wily thief, thou roguish foe,  
 Oh heart's delight, I love thee so!

### Scherzo, From "Reformation" Symphony. Mendelssohn.

The Symphony in D was composed in 1830 for the celebration of the anniversary of the Augsburg (or "Augustan") Confession, the confession of faith drawn up by Luther and Melancthon, and laid before the Emperor Charles V., at the Diet of Augsburg in 1530 (June 25), by the Elector of Saxe and other German Princes—the first political recognition of the reformed belief.

But the first performance of the *Reformation Symphony* was not until November 1832, at one of the three concerts instituted by Mendelssohn himself in aid of the "Orchestral Widows' Fund" of Berlin. Since then, for thirty-five years, it lay neglected among the MSS. of its composer.

In 1867 it was produced at the Crystal Palace Concerts, and has been once before performed in Scotland—at the Reid Concert of 1868.

*Allegro vivace (Scherzo).*

Fl. & Cl.  
 Wind.  
 Fag.  
 cello.

Ob.  
 Fl.  
 TRIO. dolce.  
 Ob. pp  
 Viola  
 Viol.  
 pizz.

Only Mendelssohn himself could explain what this movement signifies in the main design of his symphony—supposing that design (as is generally held) to have been in immediate connection with the rise, progress, and triumph of the Protestant faith. It little matters now, however; and when we say that it is difficult to decide which of its two divisions, the *scherzo* or the *trio*, is the more charming, we have said all that is requisite. The audience on the occasion of its first performance in Edinburgh pronounced a decision emphatically favourable, by encoring the movement, which was accordingly repeated from beginning to end. It was hard to resist the influence of melody so frankly rythmical and unobtrusively captivating.

### Lieder,

Beethoven.

Herr HENSCHEL.

- (b) In questa tomba oscura  
 Lasciami riposar;  
 Quando vivo ingrata  
 Dovevi a me pensar

Lascia che l'ombre ignude  
 Godansi pace almen ;  
 E non bagnar mie ceneri  
 D'inutile velen.

(b) . . . . . "Der Neugierige," . . . . . Schubert.

I.  
 Ich frage keine Blume,  
 Ich frage keinen Stern,  
 Sie können mir alle nicht sagen  
 Was ich erfüh' so gern.

II.  
 Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,  
 Die Sterne stehn zu hoch,  
 Mein Bächlein will ich fragen  
 Ob mich mein Herz belog'.

III.  
 O Bächlein meiner Liebe,  
 Wie bist du heut so stumm?  
 Will ja nur Eines wissen  
 Ein Wörtchen um und um.

IV.  
 "Ja," heisst das eine Wörtchen,  
 Das andre heisset "Nein,"  
 Die beiden Wörtchen schliessen  
 Die ganze Welt mir ein !

V.  
 O Bächlein meiner Liebe,  
 Was bist du wunderbarlich?  
 Will's "ja," nicht weiter sagen,  
 Sag' Bächlein liebt sie mich?

I.  
 I do not ask a flower,  
 I do not ask a star,  
 They all have nought to tell me,  
 From them my thoughts are far.

II.  
 Besides I am no gard'ner,  
 The stars are up too high,  
 My brooklet will I question  
 If happiness be nigh.

III.  
 O little brook, then answer,  
 Why art thou silent still?  
 I long to know but one thing,  
 One word my heart would fill.

IV.  
 "Yes" is the name of one word,  
 The other word is "no,"  
 Two little words, but holding  
 A word of weal or woe.

V.  
 Oh little brook then answer,  
 Why all the mystery?  
 Wilt thou not "yes" reply then,  
 Say, brooklet, loves she me?

(c) . . . . . Schumann.

Fluthenreicher Ebro,  
 Blühendes Ufer,  
 All ihr grünen Matten,  
 Schatten des Waldes  
 Fraget die Geliebte,  
 Die unter euch ruhet  
 Ob in ihrem Glücke  
 Sie meiner gedenket !

Thou mighty Ebro,  
 Abounding flood,  
 With flowery margin  
 And shadowy wood ;  
 Oh ask my love  
 Who rests by thee,  
 If still in her joy  
 She remembers me ?

Und ihr thauigen Perlen,  
 Die ihr im Frühroth  
 Den grünenden Rasen  
 Bunt mit Farben schmückt.  
 Fraget die Geliebte  
 Wenn sie Kühlung athmet  
 Ob in ihrem Glücke  
 Sie meiner gedenket !

Ihr laubigen Pappeln,  
 Schimmernde Pfade,  
 Wo leichten Fusses  
 Mein Mädchen wandelt,  
 Wenn sie euch begegnet,  
 Fragt sie, fragt sie,  
 Ob in ihrem Glücke  
 Sie meiner gedenket !

Ihr schwärmenden Vögel  
 Die im Sonnenaufgang  
 Singend ihr begrüsst  
 Mit Flötenstimmen,  
 Fraget die Geliebte,  
 Dieses Ufer's Blume,  
 Ob in ihrem Glücke  
 Sie meiner gedenket !

Ye dewy pearls  
 That in early dawn  
 The wavy grasses  
 With colours adorn ;  
 Oh ask my love—  
 In her morning glee—  
 If still in her joy  
 She remembers me !

Thou poplar alley  
 With trembling shade,  
 Where lightly strolls  
 The lovely maid ;  
 Oh ask my love  
 As she glides through thee,  
 If still in her joy  
 She remembers me !

Overture, . . . . . "Tannhäuser," . . . . . Wagner.

The following key to this Overture is from the pen of Wagner himself, author of the Libretto and composer of the Music of the Opera. "There was a legend current among the people of Germany in the middle ages, that the goddess Venus had retired into the interior of a mountain in Thuringia, and that woe befell the unwary traveller approaching it at night, as he was ensnared and led to destruction by her seductions and artful devices. A knight and minstrel, named Tannhäuser, is said to have once been enticed by her, and to have tarried a whole year with the goddess. The Overture to the opera portrays the chief events connected with this legend.

"At first the song of pious and penitent pilgrims is heard. The sounds seem to die away ; the twilight of evening gives place to night. Now appears the magic vision of Venus and her followers from the mountain ; attracted by the illusion, Tannhäuser approaches ; his jubilant love-song resounds, and exultingly he invokes the spell. Wild, unearthly sounds

respond to his call ; among the Bacchantes who crowd round him he descries Venus herself, who calls to him with syren voice. By an irresistible power he is drawn into the presence of the goddess, and raises his song in her praise. Then the marvels of the Court of Love's Queen burst upon him in all their splendour, shouts of rapture peal forth from every side ; and he is carried off in a mad, impetuous dance by the wanton throng—which gradually disperses. The air still vibrates with plaintive murmurs, when the day begins to break, the chant of the returning pilgrims is heard, approaching the spot where the magic spells have been performed. Gradually night yields to day, the sounds of the pious prayer grow and swell—the murmuring in the air becomes more and more joyous as it gains in strength, until, when the sun rises in its grandeur, and the inspired strains of the pilgrims proclaim happiness to all that has life—it swells to a torrent of ecstasy.”

The author of “The Music of the Future,” William Richard Wagner, was born at Leipsic on the 22d May 1813.

The Thirty-eighth Commemorative Reid Concert on the birth-day of the munificent Founder of the Chair of Music—the thirteenth concert under the present *régime*—having commenced with a specimen, according to injunction, of the compositions of General Reid, thus terminates with a specimen of novelty in orchestration produced about the middle of the present century—of music now much in vogue in Germany, if not, as its admirers claim for it, “The Music of the Future.”

H. S. O.

