LIBRETTO, &c.,

OF THE

# Reid Concert,

*TUESDAY EVENING,*

**7.45,**

FEBRUARY 13, 1883.

# Principal Artistes.

MISS MARY DAVIES,

SOPRANO.

MR EDWARD LLOYD,

TENOR.

MADAME NORMAN-NERUDA,

VIOLIN,

AND

MR CHARLES HALLE,

SOLO PIANIST,

AND

CONDUCTOR.

# The Orchestra.

**FIRST VIOLINS.**

Herr L. STRAUS, *Principal.*
Herr S. JACOBY.
Mr BROWN.
Signor CAMPIONE.
Signor F. CROSA.
Mr HARMER.
Mons. C. HARNDORFF.
Herr J. HEISS.
Mons. E. HUNNEMANN.
Mons. KETTENUS.
Mr W. KLIPPE.
Signor SCUDERI.

**SECOND VIOLINS.**

Sig. L. RISEGARI, *Principal.*
Mr J. BOWLING.
Mr S. BENN.
Herr H. DITMAR.
Mr E. FLEXNEY.
Mr L. HARGRAVE.
Mr J. HARRISON.
Mr H. HAVES.
Mr A. LEE.
Mr S. PYCROFT.
Mr S. SPEELMAN.
Mr STURGE.

**VIOLAS.**

Herr BERNHARDT, } *Principals.*
Mr SPEELMAN, }
Signor BENFENATI.
Mr J. BROEDELET.
Mr J. DRAKE.
Herr V. GLEIM.
Mr GOEDHART.
Mons. J. MAGOULES.

**VIOLONCELLOS.**

Mons. VIEUXTEMPS, *Principal.*
Mr FARNOW.
Mr AVISON.
Herr O. LANGE.
Mr E. NICHOLS.
Mr H. SMITH.
Mr T. H. TURNER.
Mons. S. VEERMAN.

**DOUBLE BASSES.**

Herr NEUWIRTH, *Principal.*
Mons. AERTS.
Mr F. BRAZILIER.
Mr CROXALL.
Mr A. KLIEGL.
Mr NEUWIRTH junr.
Mr G. PARNELL.
Mr H. THORLEY,

**FLUTES.**

Mons. F. BROSSA.
Mr H. PIDDOCK.

**PICCOLO.**

Mr V. L. NEEDHAM.

**OBOES.**

Mons. A. DUBRUCQ.
Mr CH. REYNOLDS.

**CLARINETS.**

Herr W. GROSSE.
Mr J. GLADNEY.

**BASSOONS.**

Signor M. RASPI.
Mr V. AKEROYD.

**CONTRA-FAGOTTO**

Mr A. KNIGHT.

**HORNS.**

Herr F. PAERSCH.
Signor PREATONI.
Mr TH. REYNOLDS.
Signor CALLISTO BELTRAMI.

**TRUMPETS.**

Mr G. JAEGER.
Mr J. SCOTTS.

**CORNETS.**

Mr G. KELSALL.
Mr R. ROBINSON.

**TROMBONES.**

Mr J. HAWKES.
Mr TH. GERMAN.
Mr W. T. BLAMPHIN.

**KETTLE DRUMS.**

Mr TH. BATLEY.

**BASS DRUM & CYMBALS.**

Mr F. J. BATLEY.

**OPHICLEIDE.**

Mr MARSDEN.

**HARP.**

Mrs PRISCILLA FROST.

**The Pianoforte is an "Iron Grand" by Messrs Broadwood & Sons.**

# Programme.

## PART I.

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

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**Overture,** . . . . "Athalie," . . . *Mendelssohn.*

**Aria,** . . . "Non vi turbate, no" (*Alceste*), . . . *Gluck.*

Miss MARY DAVIES.

**Adagio and Rondo,** . Concerto No. 9, . . . . *Spohr.*

*Violin*—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, with ORCHESTRA.

**Recitative and Air,** { "Then she, 'Let some one sing to us,'" . . . "Tears, idle tears," . } *H. S. Oakeley.*

(*The Princess.*)

Miss MARY DAVIES.

(*Harp obbligato*—Mrs P. FROST.)

**Symphony,** . . . . No. 4, . . . *Beethoven.*

*Adagio. Allegro vivace.*
*Adagio.*
*Menuetto, e Trio.*
*Allegro.*

(Last played here at The Reid Concert of 1873.)

**AN INTERVAL OF TEN MINUTES.**

# Programme.

## PART II.

**Concerto in A minor,** . . . . . *Schumann.*

*Allegro affetuoso.*
*Andante espressivo.*
*Allegro molto.*

*Pianoforte*—Mr CHARLES HALLE, with his ORCHESTRA.

**Song,** . . . . "Salve dimora" (*Faust*), . . . *Gounod.*

Mr EDWARD LLOYD.

(*Violin obbligato*, HERR STRAUS.)

**Violin Solo,** . . Cavatina in D, Op. 85, No. 3, . . . *Raff.*

Madame NORMAN-NERUDA.

**Rapsodie Norvégienne,** . No. 3, Op. 21, . . *Svensden.*

(For Orchestra.)

**Song,** . . . . . "Regret," . . . . . *Schubert.*

Mr EDWARD LLOYD.

(*Accompanied by* Mr CHARLES HALLE.)

**Overture,** . . . . "Jubilee," . . . . . *Weber.*

(*Ending with "God save the Queen."*)

# PART I.

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

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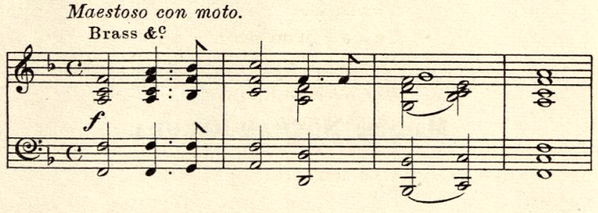
**Overture,** . . . . "Athalie," . . . . *Mendelssohn*

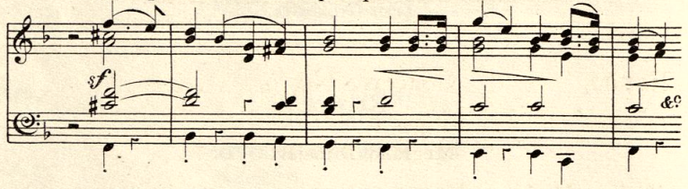
Maestoso con moto.
Molto Allegro.
Maestoso come prima.

The following are the chief subjects :—

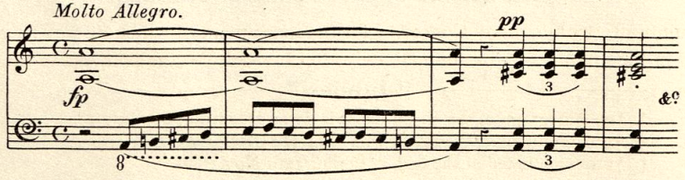
*Maestoso con moto.*
Brass &c




1st principal theme, with Harp accpt




*Molto Allegro.*






Mendelssohn's "Athalie" is not an Oratorio, like Handel's "Athalia," but consists of an Overture, a March, and six pieces for solo female voices, and full chorus (eight numbers in all), to Racine's drama of the same name. The choruses were originally composed at the command of the King of Prussia—at first for female voices only, with pianoforte* accompaniment. In June of the following year, during his visit to London, Mendelssohn wrote the stately and superb Overture† and (either then or a little later) the March—in a hurry, in the expectation that the drama would be brought on the stage at Berlin ; and after his return thither he completed the work by re-arranging the choruses for four voices and instrumenting them for full orchestra.‡ The first performance took place on the 1st of December in the same year at Berlin, and the first performance in England was (with French words) at Windsor Castle on New Year's Day, 1847. The first public performances in England were—Philharmonic Society, March 12th, 1849, and again on March 26th ; Sacred Harmonic Society, March 30th.

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**Aria,** . . . "Non vi turbate, no," (*Alceste*), . . . *Gluck.*

Miss MARY DAVIES.

Non, vi turbate, no,
Pietosi Dei,
Se a voi m'involerò
Qualchè momento.
Anche senza il rigor
De' voti miei,
Io morirò d'amor
E di contento.

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**Adagio and Rondo,** . Concerto No. 9, . . . . *Spohr.*

Adagio, F.
Allegretto, D major.

*Violin*—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, with ORCHESTRA.

This is the ninth of Spohr's many Concertos for the instrument of which he was so great a master. It was composed in the autumn of 1820, immediately after his visit to England, one of the chief features

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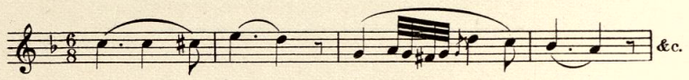
* The Autograph of the Vocal Score is dated "Leipzig, 4th July 1843."
† Autograph dated "London, 13th June 1844."
‡ Autograph dated at the end, "Berlin, 12th Nov. 1845."

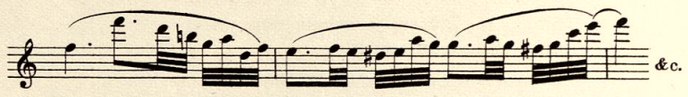
of which had been the success of his Symphony in the same key, written for the Philharmonic Society, and first performed at their concert on the 10th April of that year.

Composed for performance during a winter concert tour, the Concerto seems to have achieved the success which might be anticipated for a piece so full of melody and clearness. Spohr's autobiography abounds with *naive* accounts of the sensation it produced; the efforts made by one publisher to obtain it for publication, and the annoyance of another when he found the arrangement concluded: the adverse criticisms of the Paris press, with the reasons for the same; and other particulars which will easily suggest themselves to those who are familiar with Spohr's simple self-worship. His estimate of this particular Concerto seems to be shown by the fact that he reprints the entire work in his Violin School, with a detailed commentary on its execution. He there describes the *Adagio* "mild and serene;" the *Rondo* "agitated and imperious."

The *Adagio* is one of the most popular of Spohr's movements. The following are its principal melodies:—

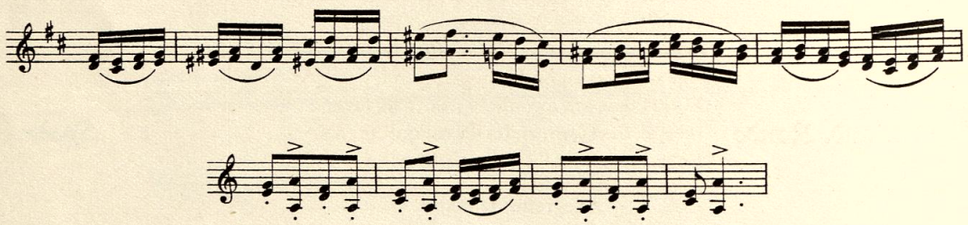



and




These two themes are interwoven with the most elegant and graceful bravura-phrases, and partly reintroduced in varied forms.

The *Rondo* is in the major of the key. It has for its main-spring the following melody:—



The, for Spohr, somewhat humouristic element contained in the four bars noted here under No. 7, plays a prominent part throughout the movement. The many passages in "double stops," and the frequent very difficult bravura-phrases with which this Rondo abounds, have probably been the cause of its frequent omission, when the other movements are brought forward by various violinists; for its merits as a Violin Solo with Orchestra are in no way inferior to the best Spohr has produced.—(*From a Crystal Palace Programme*).



**Recitative, and Air,*** "The days that are no more," . *H. S. Oakeley.*

Miss MARY DAVIES.†

(*Harp obbligato,* Mrs P. FROST.)

*Recit.* (*Old Style.*)

"Then She, 'Let some one sing to us: lightlier move
The minutes fledged with music;' and a maid,
Of those beside her, smote her harp, and sang—

*Air.*

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

"Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more."

*Tennyson* (*The Princess*).

The music to these lines was first sung (by the late Madlle. Tietjens) at the Birmingham Festival of 1873.

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* On page 14 of this Concert Book will be found an appreciative "Commentary" on these fine lines of the Laureate. Without some explanation the full meaning of the second and third stanzas may not be perceived.

† As the Vocalist has to return this evening to London, both her songs are placed in the first part of the Concert.

## Symphony No. 4, in B flat, (Op. 60), . . . . . *Beethoven.*

Adagio : Allegro vivace (B flat).
Adagio (E flat).
Menuetto, Allegro vivace : Trio, un poco meno Allegro (B flat).
Allegro ma non troppo (B flat).

Beethoven's fourth Symphony furnishes a remarkable instance of the individuality of his numerous creations. It stands between the Eroica (No. 3) and the C minor (No. 5) like a graceful Greek maiden between two enormous Norse or Scandinavian heroes; the Parthenon between the Cathedrals of Chartres and Rheims; or an idyl of Theocritus between Hamlet and Lear. Its most obvious characteristic, which distinguishes it as a whole from the rest of the nine, is its unceasing brightness and cheerfulness. From beginning to end, if we except the transient gloom of the introductory Adagio, and a rough burst or two in the Finale, there is hardly a sombre bar. Beethoven must have been inspired by the very genius of happiness when he conceived and worked out the many beautiful themes of this joyous composition. Such moments were rare in his life, and we are fortunate in having so perfect an image of one of them preserved to us, a pendant, in this respect, to the Italian Symphony of Mendelssohn and the No. 6 of Schubert.

The fourth Symphony was written in the year 1806. This we know from the autograph, which formed one of Mendelssohn's collection, and which was in the possession of his brother, the late Paul Mendelssohn. It bears on the title page the following inscription in the handwriting of the composer himself,

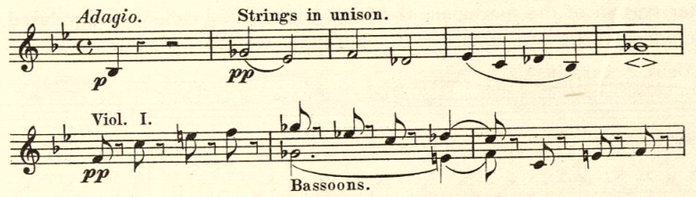
"Sinfonia 4ta 1806
L. v. Bthvn."

Beethoven finished the Eroica in 1804, and until the end of 1805 he must have been fully taken up with the composition of Fidelio. It is hardly conceivable that he can have thought or done much to anything else till that was off his mind. We know from his own memorandum that the three Quartetts dedicated to Prince Rasumoffsky, which form "Opus 59," were begun on the 26th May 1806. It was, therefore, probably during the summer and autumn of the latter year that he occupied himself seriously with his new symphony. Still, nothing was more remarkable in this extraordinary man than the way he had of working on two or more great compositions at once, and it is impossible to fix for certain, on such grounds, the date of the B flat symphony, nearer than Beethoven has himself given it us in the autograph.

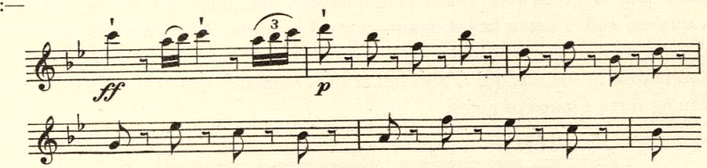
The Symphony under notice was first performed in the spring of 1807, at a Subscription Concert for Beethoven's benefit, and again at a more public concert on the 15th November of the same year, and was published shortly after—in 1808. At the Subscription Concert just alluded to, the programme is said to have included the three former Symphonies as well as the new one!—a Vienna audience apparently liking to have money's worth for its money.

The fourth Symphony, like the first, second, and seventh of the nine, opens with an Introduction (*Adagio*) to the first movement proper (*Allegro vivace*), an Introduction as distinct in every respect from its companions as if it were the work of another mind. It commences with, and is constructed on the following mysterious phrase (in the minor of the key) *pianissimo* in the violins, while the keynote is held—also *pianissimo*—both above and below the strings, by the wind instruments :—

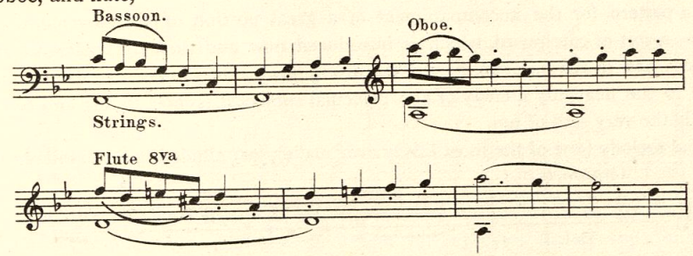




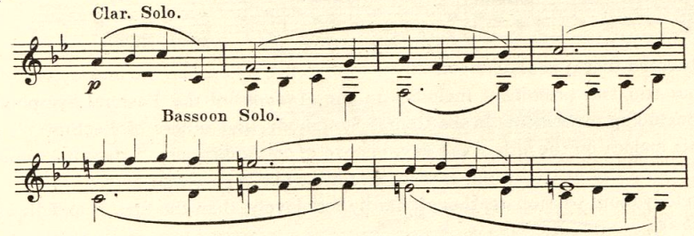

As the close of the introduction (38 bars) is approached, the tone brightens, and the *Allegro*—the first movement proper—bursts forth in B flat major. This is of the most cheerful and bright character throughout. The principal subject, in staccato notes—but how different from the staccato notes of the introduction :—




is gaiety itself, and so are the subsidiary themes, of which there is no lack—the sportive conversation of the bassoon, oboe, and flute,

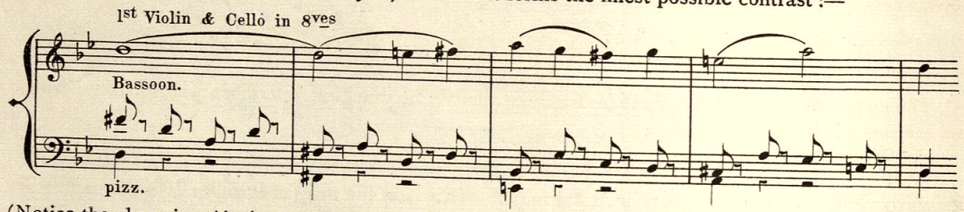



the equally sportive "canon" of the bassoon and clarinet,




are of the same nature, and the movement has, as already remarked, not one sombre bar. Even the mysterious crescendo in which the drum takes so remarkable and original a part, does not import any cloud of seriousness into the general picture, nor do the frequent and lengthened syncopations and forcing of rhythm, to which, after his use of them in the Eroica, Beethoven resorted in the present Symphony with increased predilection; and the impression left at the close of the movement is one of sunny and unbroken happiness.

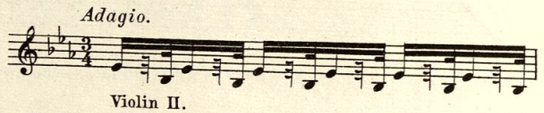
In the latter portion of the movement the following beautiful melody is introduced as an accompaniment to the principal staccato subject, to which it forms the finest possible contrast :—




(Notice the charming *pizzicato* notes of the Basses.)

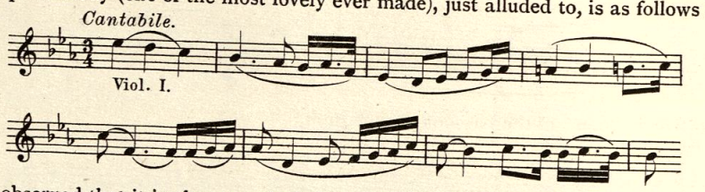
This delicious tune is given four times consecutively, and then, when one has become fondly attached to it, vanishes, and is never heard again—a good instance of Beethoven's power of repression.

The second movement, *Adagio*, is not only an example of the celestial beauty which Beethoven could imagine and realise in sounds, but is also full of the characteristics of the great master. It opens with a bar containing three groups of notes,



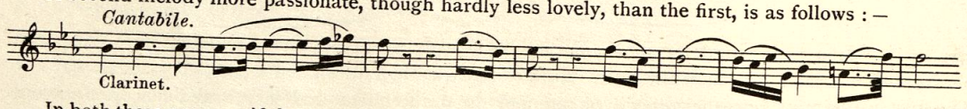

which serve as a pattern for the accompaniment of a great portion of the movement, and also as a motto or refrain—a sort of catchword, which is introduced now and then by itself with great humour and telling effect—now in the bassoon, now in the drum, now in the basses. In its capacity of accompaniment-figure to the heavenly melody of the principal subject it is most lulling and soothing : when used by itself it is the very soul of fun.

The principal melody (one of the most lovely ever made), just alluded to, is as follows :—




It will be observed that it is almost entirely in consecutive notes, like the melody of the slow movement in the B flat trio, two prominent melodies in the *Andante* of the Pastoral Symphony, the chief subject of the concluding movements in the Choral Symphony, and others of Beethoven's finest tunes. The ending of this melody on the fifth of the key, instead of on the keynote, "gives it," as Mr Macfarren has prettily said, "an air of inconclusion, as if its loveliness might go on for ever."

A second melody more passionate, though hardly less lovely, than the first, is as follows : —

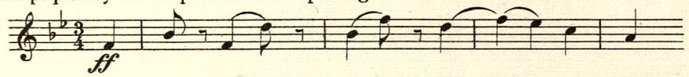



In both these cases, as if the great master knew what beautiful melodies he had made, he has marked them with "*Cantabile*," a word which he would seem only to employ when it has a special significance.

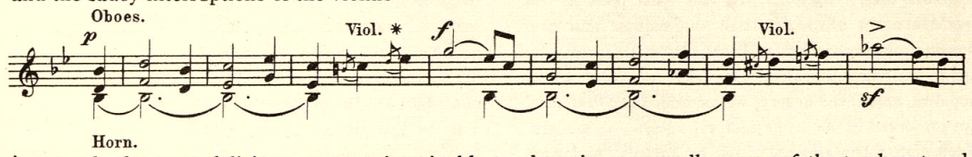
The Minuet is remarkable, amongst other things, for its unlikeness to a minuet, for its syncopations,



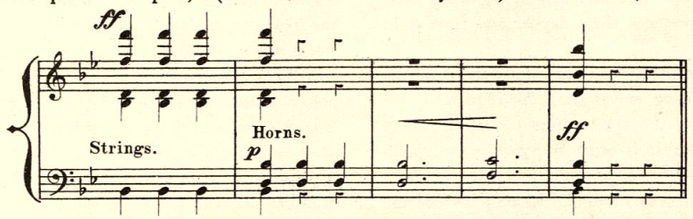
and the way in which a phrase of common time is forced into 3-4 rhythm, a contrivance by which great nervousness and piquancy are imparted to the passages.




The exquisite Trio (a trifle slower)—with the melody in the wind instruments as in the *Eroica*, and the saucy interruptions of the violins—*

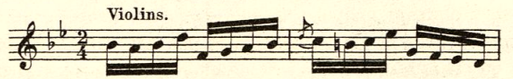



is not only the most delicious contrast imaginable to the minuet, as well as one of the tenderest and most delicate things in music, but is also peculiar in being repeated a second time (instead of appearing only once, after the usual custom), a step which Beethoven appears to have been the first to take on this occasion, which he also adopted in the 7th Symphony, and which probably gave his successors the hint of the two trios that are found in Schumann's Symphonies, Mendelssohn's Cornelius March. Notice the charming inquiry with which the horns end this movement—"as if," says Schumann, "they had just one more question to put ;" (answered in one monosyllable, "No."—H.O.)

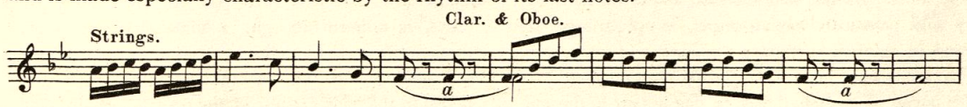



But lively and piquant as are these three movements, they are surpassed by the Finale, which is the very soul of spirit and irrepressible vigour. Here Beethoven represses the syncopations and modifications of rhythm which are so prominent in the first and third movements, and employs a rapid, busy, and most melodious figure, in the violins, which is irresistible in its gay and brilliant effect, while the movement, as a whole, is perfectly individual and distinct from that of the first *Allegro*.

The figure alluded to begins the movement as follows :—




and is made especially characteristic by the rhythm of its last notes.




The four last bars, and especially the three last notes (*a*) of the phrase have a remarkable way of staying in one's ear. At the beginning of the second half of the Finale, after the repeat, the semiquaver violin passage is extended and played with in a charming way.†

† These abridged remarks are copyright, and were inserted in the Concert Book of 1873 by permission of the author, Mr George Grove.

# ENTR'ACTE.

## "Tears, idle Tears:" A Commentary.*

By GEORGE GROVE, D.C.L.

"Idle tears" they may be—for what tears in this world are not idle?—but still the saddest that ever flowed from human eye. Tears of joy, tears of pity, are to be found elsewhere; but such tears of desolate, hopeless, unrelieved misery, are recorded in no literature, are preserved in no lachrymatory, ancient or modern. Each stanza contains an image or images, and each hopelessly, irretrievably mournful, drawn from the very abyss of sorrow. Even the "happy autumn fields" and the bright beam of morning glorifying our friends' return, borrow the despairing hues of the rest.

The theme is the irrecoverable Past,—"the days that are no more"—exhibited to us in the several aspects of their freshness, their sadness, their strangeness, their dearness, their sweetness, their depth, and their wild regret.

The key-note is clearly and beautifully struck in the first stanza. Nothing moves the spirit of man so profoundly as some of the appearances of nature; more profoundly, because it is often impossible to explain why it should be so. The vague but intense yearning, the feeling of vastness and longing, which possesses one at the sight of certain aspects of the sunset, has been felt by almost every one. It is a mere commonplace, but a commonplace that is unexplainable, and which is a stronger evidence, to those who feel it, of the immortality of the soul than the demonstrations of natural theology. So it is, too, with the awe excited in the mind by the starry heavens in all their clearness and immensity; by the rare and most touching spectacle of the waning moon; or by the ascent of dawn, in the hush and chill of daybreak. The same kind of feeling, only more personal, and less vast, and coloured rather by wild passionate human regret, is apt to seize the mind in autumn, in viewing some scene of sweet, rich, peaceful beauty, like the "happy autumn fields" of this poem. The feeling may be due in part to the universal spectacle of things passing away—corn ripe and cut, leaves gradually "reddening to the fall," all things drawing slowly but surely to their appointed end. The very look of the clouds in the autumn afternoons, so sound and calm and still, ethereal in their tints, so unutterably soft and mellow in their lights and shadows, contributes to the general impression of rest and peace. But the real ground of the melancholy which autumn inspires is something deeper, some instinct of which we know only the effect, and cannot even conjecture the working, and which, from that very vagueness, stirs the spirit more deeply than any more definite cause would do.

However this may be, certain it is that, at such moments, the transitoriness of life and all around will suddenly impress itself on the mind. The keynote of "some divine despair" in the heart is touched. Persons and incidents, fraught with unutterable recollections, and worth all the world to one—a dead child, a lost love, a sudden look, a parting, a difference, a reconciliation—present themselves with peculiar power. It is, perhaps, long since we had to do with them, but they come back as "fresh" as if it were yesterday; they fill the mind, as if present, in all their sweetness and familiar tender dearness, and the pang of absence, and the maddening sense of the utter irrecoverableness of the past rushes in after them with a "wild regret," and the tears, the "idle tears,"—not idle in themselves, but idle only because "we know not what they mean,"—"rise from the depths" of our "divine despair"—"divine" because so utterly beyond all human reason or knowledge,—and gather, smarting, in the eyes of the gazer.

The images in which this grief of the mind is presented are not only very original, but they succeed one another in a progression as subtle and delicate as it is admirable. The key, so to speak, in which the poem starts, is adhered to, with a slight departure only, through the second and third stanzas. The natural and external image of the "happy autumn fields" is continued in the wide expanse of the ocean, the ships, and the sunbeams striking across the world, all external to the observer. It is again continued in the next stanza,

* Song on page 9.



in the rising of the "dim dawn," "loud with voices of the birds" outside the casement, though here intensified and made more solemn by the introduction of the slowly dying man, on whose dull eyes and feeble ears these sights and sounds strike for the last time. The outward-bound ship, bearing off all "we love," is mournful enough, as in the chill damp air which foreruns the night we watch the last red tint on the sails, and wait for the sun to drop below the sea-line, and all to assume, as if by magic, one dull, leaden, indistinguishable hue. This is mournful, but the picture which follows it—the dying man on his deathbed, watching the faint beginnings of his last day on earth—is surely one of the most desolate in all literature or art. Even this, however, can be surpassed. So far we have been spectators only—looking at that which is outside of us. In the fourth and last stanza we encounter a suddden modulation;* and by a transition, than which Beethoven himself never imagined anything at once more sudden and less violent, we are landed in a region quite remote from the former one—the region of our own selves, and amongst images that transcend those that precede them, as much as that which is personal and passionate must surpass that which is merely external and passive. Sad as is the departure of all we love across the waste of ocean, desolate as are the loneliness of the long daybreak and the dim sounds of life to the dying man, the sting of kisses remembered when the loved one who kissed us is gone for ever is still sharper—

"—a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

But even this again may be exceeded. There may be a union of sweetness and mad anguish in repeating in fancy the caresses of lips, once all your own, and now lost for ever—lost, not by death, or any such divine decree, but by human faults, by faithlessness, or misunderstanding, or social difference, or some other cause, which infuses a rankling sense of injustice into the pain of the loss. As it is the thought of death that forms the link between the two stanzas—the dying man leading on to the dead love—so it is the introduction of the element of love which gives the last stanza its special keenness, which makes it so truly the climax of the poem. For love is the crown of all human things, and gives the last bitterness to sorrow, the highest culmination to joy; and, in comparison to it, absence, and friendship, and kindred, and death, and all other ills, delights of earth, are as nothings, as mere passing vanities. Nor is it love alone that is introduced, but its very acmé—the kiss, the "meeting of the lips," when "spirits rush together," and soul closes with soul on fire. Thus pointed and thus presented, the memory of the "days that are no more" becomes indeed a very "Death in Life."

So, hopeless and forlorn, ends this most lovely but most sorrowful of poems.

. . . . . .

The diction and workmanship are as choice, as delicately appropriate, and as minutely finished as those of Mr Tennyson's poems usually are. Such lines as—

"Tears from the depth of some divine despair,"

or—

"Sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned,"

or—

"Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,"

or again—

"That sinks with all we love below the verge,"

when the slow, heavy monosyllables are almost like earth dropping on to a coffin—lines like these, in which the force of the thought is preserved through all the labour necessary for such high finish, would make the fortune of any other poet. Every one knows that they are to be found in hundreds in the works of Mr Tennyson, one of whose most remarkable characteristics is the power he possesses of uniting the most exquisite beauty of detail with force and completeness of general effect, a power which forms one of the strongest guarantees for the endurance of his poetry.

I have only to add that this Song has never been altered;† but remains as it was in the original edition of "The Princess."

*Abridged by special permission from Macmillan's Magazine, No.* 85, *Nov.* 1866, *for Concert Book of* 1875.

* This idea is carried out in the setting sung at this Concert, but the music was published before the composer had read his friend's thrilling article. It may be noticed that every quotation in the above is from Tennyson.

† It was first made, or at all events first recited, to Mr Frederick Locker, at Tintern Abbey.—H.S.O.

# PART II.

## Concerto in A minor, . . . . . *Schumann.*

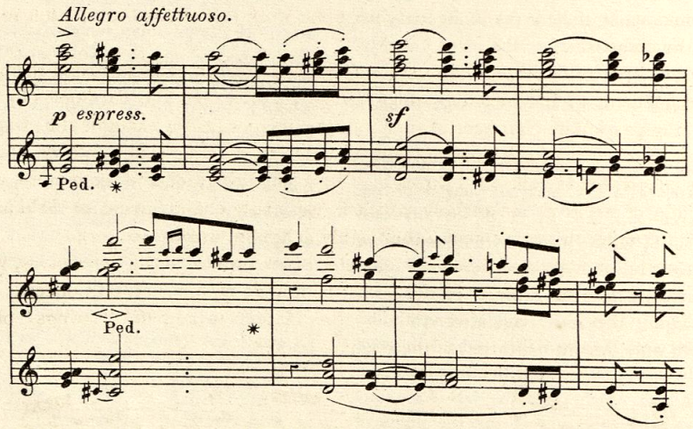
Allegro affettuoso. A minor.
Intermezzo—Andantino grazioso. F major.
Allegro vivace. A major.

*Pianoforte*, Mr CHARLES HALLE, with his ORCHESTRA.

This is the only Concerto that Robert Schumann is known to have composed for the instrument which he has enriched with so much romantic, passionate, and original music. Two other pieces, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, of smaller dimensions, are included among his works, viz., an *Introduction and Allegro appassionate* (Op. 92) and a *Concerto Allegro with Introduction* (Op. 134), the former of which only has yet been heard in public in this country. We learn from Wassielewsky's Biography of Schumann that the opening movement was written in the year 1841, as a "*Phantasie*," and was afterwards completed, by the addition of the *Intermezzo* and *Finale*, in 1845.

The work was first performed in public by Madame Schumann at the Gewandhaus, Leipsic, on the 4th December 1845.*

It begins, after the manner of Beethoven's E flat Concerto, with a single chord of the Orchestra and a passage for the Pianoforte, as if to fix the key, and announce the presence of the Solo instrument. The first theme of the movement is then given out by the wind instruments, and repeated by the Piano, as follows :—

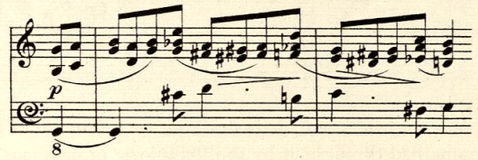



Refined and plaintive in its tone, and highly characteristic of Schumann, this theme is also broad and intelligible. It is very quickly followed by the "second subject," which is short, and in all respects

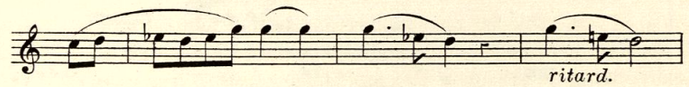
* Perhaps the most memorable occasion of its performance by that great artiste was at the Schumann Commemoration at Bonn, in August 1873.



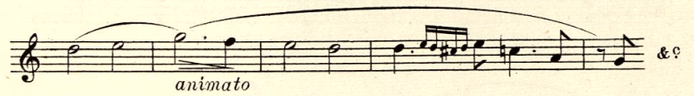
a complete contrast to the first. This is also first announced by the Orchestra (Flutes, Clarinets, Bassoons), and then taken up by the Piano :—




These two themes form the fundamental material, the warp and woof, of the work. From each, however, spring subsidiary subjects—from the first a very refined and passionate melody for Oboe, and later Clarinet, with an extremely beautiful accompaniment for the Piano, which will be recognised without difficulty—




From the second the following charming *motif* :—

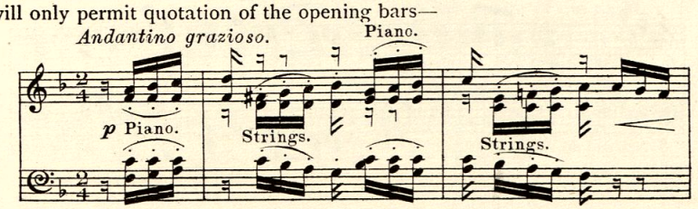


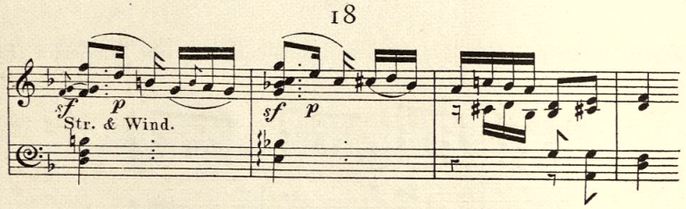

The first movement is divided into two portions by the introduction *in extenso* of the phrase with which the Piano first commenced. This innovation on the established "form" of the Concerto is found in the E flat Concerto of Beethoven, from which Schumann possibly adopted it.

The "Cadence" which is *de rigueur* in all Concertos, as an opportunity for the display of executive power by the solo artist, is here (as in Beethoven's great work just alluded to) not left to the player, but is inserted by the composer.

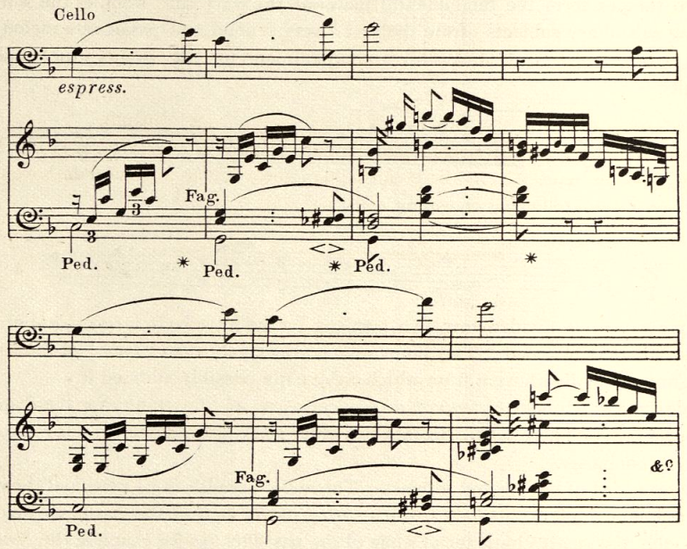
This *Allegro* is full of beauty and interest. The noble breadth of its principal theme—the extreme delicacy and refinement of the melodies which spring out of it, and the harmonies by which they are accompanied—the passionate character of some of the passages (as for example the *Andante espressivo* which precedes the return of the opening phrase, and *Piu animato* which follows it)—passion which never becomes coarse, but is controlled throughout by a singular grace and tenderness, while over all is thrown that shade of mystical melancholy which is especially characteristic of Schumann—all these things combine to render this movement a thoroughly delightful work.

Not less graceful or refined, or less characteristic of its author, is the *Intermezzo*, which takes the place of the usual *Adagio* or *Larghetto*, and forms the middle member of the Concerto. It opens with a naïve and elegant theme—given alternately by the Pianoforte and the "strings" of the Band—of which space will only permit quotation of the opening bars—



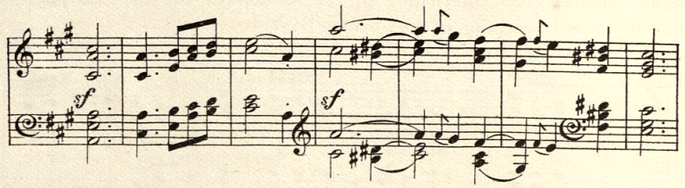



To this succeeds a melody of a very different character, first heard in the Violoncello and then in the Clarinet and Bassoon, accompanied throughout by the Pianoforte in delicious figures after the following fashion :—



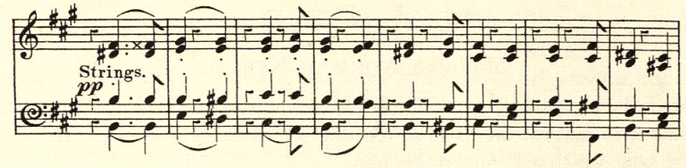

The return from this second melody to the original theme (just quoted), is beautifully managed, and forms a charming point in a thoroughly graceful and elegant movement.

The transition from the *Intermezzo* to the *Finale* is by a phrase from the first subject in the opening movement—the tone diminishing and the time retarding, so that the burst into the joyful subject of the *Finale* is very effective. This movement is in the form of a Rondo—with which the older masters delighted to close their compositions. It commences with the following spirited theme :—

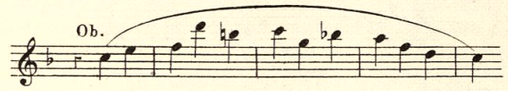





A second *motif*—by no means easy to play, on account of its strange time and accent—may be quoted,—




The following melody is made considerable use of :—




The Pianoforte part throughout this Finale is very brilliant and difficult.

[This work was first played here at one of our Festival Concerts of 1871 by Mr Hallé. It is generally recognised by musicians as the greatest Pianoforte Concerto since Beethoven.]

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**Song,** . . . "Salve dimora" (*Faust*), . . . *Gounod.*

Mr Edward Lloyd.

(*Violin Obbligato*, Herr Straus.)

Paraphrase, from English Libretto.

Salve ! dimora casta e pura,
Che a me riveli la gentil fauciula,
Che al guardo mio la celi,
Quanta, dovizia in questa povertà
In questa asil quanta felicità.
O bei lochi, bei lari,
Ove leggiardra e bella
Ella aggerarsi si suol,
Ove gentile e snella,
Ella percorre il suol !
Quì la baciava il sole,
E le dorava il crine,
Su voi revolger suol
Le luce sue divine
Quell' angelo del ciel
Si quà.
Salve ! dimora, &c.

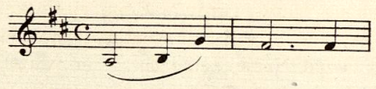
All hail, thou dwelling, pure and lowly,
Home of an angel fair and holy,
All mortal fair excelling !
What wealth is here of peace and love,
What wealth surpassing gold,
What innocence untold !
Here by day her lore was taught her,
Here didst thou with care
Protect thy daughter
In her dream of the night.
Here waving tree and flower
Made an Eden bower
Of beauty and delight
For one whose very truth
Brought heaven to our earth.
'Twas here !
All hail, &c.

## Solo Violin, . . . Cavatina in D, . . . . . *Raff.*

Madame NORMAN-NERUDA.

The third number of Op. 85 by this admirable Swiss composer, born at Lacken in 1822, whose further contributions to musical art have so recently been lost. But amongst the works left by this prolific writer are some which will immortalize him.

The exquisite "Song" played on this occasion commences—



The "Cavatina" is dedicated by the composer to the eminent violinist who leads Mr Hallé's and other orchestras—Herr Ludwig Straus.

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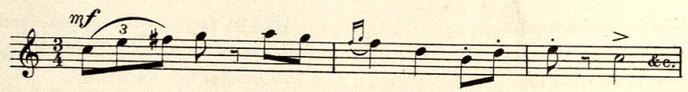
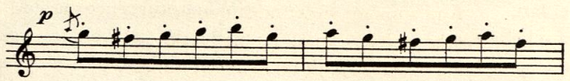
## Rapsodie Norvégienne, . No. 3, Op. 21, . . . *Svensden.*

The talented composer Johan Severin Svensden, born at Christiana in 1840, has written four musical Rhapsodies anent his native land. No. 2 was played by the Manchester Orchestra at one of our Festival Concerts in 1881, and at the Reid Concert the previous year the first performance here of the *Intermezzo* from his Symphony in B flat gave much satisfaction.

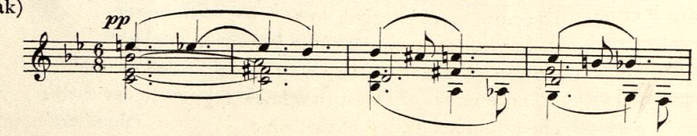
The work played this evening, dedicated to the other composer of Norwegian eminence, Grieg, commences, after a few bars introduction, with an *Allegro Moderato* in C major, the first Oboe giving the theme—




the Horns sustaining tonic and dominant, and the Violas marking the measure *pizzicati*. A second theme, first Violins–

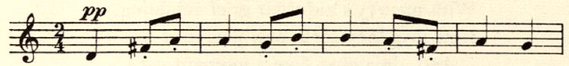



with second Violins and Violas *tremulandi* and pp., as it were winked at by bassoons, clarinet, and flute, next arrests attention, and after a return to the Introduction, an Andante *con sordini* follows (without break)






The concluding *Allegro* commences—strings only,—




The national music of countries is always influenced—for good or evil—by the instruments most in national use. A good style has been preserved in Norse music in consequence of the fiddle having been so long popular in Norway as to have become the national instrument. The northern, and to us perhaps the more familiar word for the "fithele," as it was in Anglo-Saxon, was softened by the Normans, who did not approve of our lisping "th," to "fiele," or "viele," and the last word is now French for our less euphonious "hurdy-gurdy." From viele the transition was easy to viola, viol, and to violin, which term became in the 16th century synonymous to "fiddle." A primitive form of horn was also much used in old Norse wars; but, as in Switzerland, it seems now to be more attractive to cattle than to mankind. In Svensden's score four modern horns (in F) are employed, and, heard in the first bar, are throughout cared for by the Norwegian composer. Perhaps this work, which contains admirable writing for the violin family as well as for the other orchestral instruments, and which is therefore certain to please musicians, may occasionally recall, or suggest some thoughts of the high pasture-lands near glaciers, and the winter life of the peasant landowners, in their great wooden houses, in which the long darkness is cheered by dances to violin and fife accompaniment, or may awaken memories of the olden times when war-horns were blared from dragon ships sailing in land-locked fjords.

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## Song, . . . . . "Regret," . . . . . *Schubert.*

Mr EDWARD LLOYD.

(*Accompanied by* Mr CHARLES HALLE.)

Our joys have wings, and as they fly,
They leave, alas! but sad regret;
The fragrant flowers must surely die.
And summer sweet must perish yet.
Fierce jealousy, in all its madness,
Long absence, with its tears of sadness,
Our golden dream of joy and love,
Must fade away in deep regret.

The April morn, so glad, so gay,
Its brightness soon must fade away;
But though in sorrow they may pine,
Those hearts are blest that know regret;
The rapturous feeling of that time
A faithful heart can ne'er forget.

In dreams their happiness pursuing,
With mem'ry's aid their grief subduing,
New joys they seek, new joys they find ;
And, dreaming, live a moment yet.
How blest are hearts that yet can know
The soothing sadness of regret.

(*From the German.*)

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**Overture,** . . . . "Jubilee," . . . . *Weber.*

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the King of Saxony's accession took place September 20, 1818, and Weber's friend in the intendency, Morlacchi, advised him to prepare a Cantata in honour of the occasion. Weber, loyal to the king as zealous to his country, and anxious to prove his own powers, received this welcome proposal at the end of July, persuaded Kind (the author of "Der Freischütz") to furnish him with a poem, and completed it before the 28th of August. Its performance in the Jubilee Concert was, however, not allowed ; the Overture alone was permitted to be played before a selection of Italian ephemera, and this permission was obtained with difficulty by the supporter of Weber and the German interest.

August III. succeeded his brother on the throne of Saxony. His constant care to improve the condition and advance the interests of his people won him their love, and made the Jubilee an occasion of festivity throughout the country. The solemnity and the joyousness of this celebration are presented in the introductory Adagio and the principal movement of the Overture ; its nationality is set forth in the concluding Andante, which is an arrangement of "God save the King," a national song of Saxony. This fine tune, whether, as some allege, the composition of Henry Carey, in the reign of George II. ; or as others assume, of Dr John Bull, in the time of James I. ; or, as may also be supposed, one of the primitive anthems of the days of Elizabeth, is probably of English production. Its performance at Drury Lane Theatre by the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, September 30, 1745, when public anxiety was painfully excited by the Rebellion of the Young Pretender, first brought it into general notice, and its universal popularity dates from that time. It has been adopted as the national air in Hanover, Brunswick, Prussia, Saxony, Weimar, Sweden, Russia (until 1833), and the Federal Cantons of Switzerland, and it is sung as the song of United Germany, "Heil dir im Siegeskranz," though its English name and origin are seldom disputed.

An Overture containing the theme of our National Anthem makes a dutiful and right royal termination to the Forty-third Reid Concert, the eighteenth of the present Professor.

H. S. O.

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