



University Music Class Room,
EDINBURGH.

FOUR HISTORICAL CONCERTS.

CONCERT I.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1915.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT
illustrating the use of the small orchestra
in large designs.

ORCHESTRA

MEMBERS OF THE SCOTTISH ORCHESTRA.

(By Permission of Messrs PATERSON & SONS.)

CONDUCTOR: -

- PROFESSOR TOVEY.

Programme.

SYMPHONY IN G MINOR (Köchel's Catalogue,
No. 550), - - - - -

Mozart

Allegro molto.

Andante.

MENUETTO. Allegretto.

Allegro assai.

SIEGFRIED IDYLL, - - - - -

Wagner

SINFONIA EROICA, Opus 55, - - - - -

Beethoven

Allegro con brio.

MARCIA FUNEBRE. Adagio assai.

SCHERZO. Allegro vivace.

FINALE. Allegro molto.

NOTES.

SYMPHONY IN G MINOR (Köchel's Catalogue,
No. 550),

Mozart

Allegro molto.
Andante.
MENUETTO. Allegretto.
Allegro assai.

Each of the last ten years of Mozart's short life was an *annus mirabilis* in the history of music; but no part of these years is more wonderful than the three months of June, July, and August 1788. In each of these months appeared one of the three greatest symphonies before Beethoven; and of these three the most profound and subtle was finished on the 25th of July.

The symphony in G minor has been compared with all manner of tragedies; and if the motive of such comparisons be to induce us to take Mozart seriously, they have an excuse. It is quite impossible to exaggerate the depth and power of Mozart's thought; those enthusiasts who may seem to do so have in fact merely mistranslated the language of music, or of poetry, or of both. The danger of such mistranslations is that they are as likely to misrepresent life as to misrepresent art. We can only belittle and vulgarise our ideas of Mozart by trying to construe him as a tragic artist; neither the literature with which he came into contact nor the musical forms which he brought to such exquisite perfection could give him scope for any music which by legitimate metaphor could be called tragic. This does not imply that he could not have risen to an opportunity for tragedy; we have no means of knowing the limitations to his powers of expression. He died young, and he touched no problem without solving it to perfection. What is finished of his *Requiem* is of a world beyond tragedy; the *Dies Irae* is in one sense a catastrophe, but a universal catastrophe is not tragic if nobody survives it; for it is in "the pity and terror" of the spectator that the tragic catastrophe does its purifying work. And in the true tragic sense the *Dies Irae* is not even a catastrophe, it is a universal ordeal that lies in the future; an ordeal for which Mozart prepares himself with solemn rites.

If we are to understand Mozart we must rid our minds of the presumption that a tragic issue is intrinsically greater than any other. In music this is conspicuously untrue; there is no question that the most tragic of musicians is Beethoven; yet only three of his most powerful works have really tragic finales, while others, sounding fully as tragic a note in their first movements, end in triumph (the 5th and 9th symphonies), or in some pathetic vision as of a happiness secured for the unborn (the F minor and A minor quartets), or—let us face facts as Beethoven faces them—in a violent temper (the C minor Violin sonata and E minor quartet). If we can face the facts of Beethoven's tragic music we can also face the fact that Mozart's whole musical language is, and remains throughout, the language of comic opera. He has even been blamed for using it in his *Requiem*; and the blame would be deserved if his language meant something he did not intend to say. But the blame is more likely to fall on the critic who allows the accidental associations of an artist's idioms to blind him to their true meaning. The word "awful" does not mean the same thing in a modern drawing-room as it means in Miltonic poetry; but need that prevent a modern poet from using it in a Miltonic way?

This is an extreme case for which there is hardly a parallel in Mozart: but the opening of the G minor symphony, taken together with some of the comments that have been made on it, gives us as delicate a touchstone for the whole question as could well be devised. Sir George Grove in his analysis of this symphony very pertinently remarked that it is difficult to see, in the repeated notes at the end of each step in the theme, those depths of agony ascribed to the opening by some critics. Just so: it is not only difficult to see depths of agony in the rhythms and idioms of comedy, but it is very dangerous and not very delicate to attempt to see them. Comedy uses the language of real life; and people in real life often find the language of comedy the only dignified expression for their deepest feelings. They do not want the sympathy of sentimentalists who would be hard put to it to tell tragedy from burlesque; and the misconceptions of people who would imagine their situation and language to be merely funny are altogether below their horizon. They rise to the height of human dignity by treating the ordinary language of their fellow-mortals as if it were good enough for their troubles; and Mozart and Molière are not fundamentally at variance with Sophocles and Wagner in the different ways in which they immortalize this meaning of the word "reserve."

We need not, then, be shocked to find that the language of the opening of the G minor symphony is much the same as that of the

overture Rossini used for the *Barbiere* after writing it for some other purpose. Rossini's overture fits the *Barbiere* admirably; for its feebly shrill and bickering opening can hardly fail to suggest something like the state of mind of poor little Rosina ready for any adventure that may bring escape from her grumpy old guardian. Now, even to those of us who are most fond of the *Barbiere*, this sort of thing hardly bears mentioning in relation to the G minor symphony. The language, we admit, is common to both: where does the gulf lie?

In the 'forties Liszt published, or at all events played in public, arrangements of Beethoven's nine symphonies, introducing them with a declaration to the effect that it was possible to produce on the pianoforte all the essentials of an orchestral score, except those of sheer mass and varieties of *timbre*. The arrangements are still in print, and prove conclusively (to any one who can read the originals without their aid) that Liszt was by far the most wonderful interpreter of orchestral scores on the pianoforte that the world is ever likely to see. Yet when Mendelssohn heard of Liszt's declaration, he instantly said, "Well, if he can play the beginning of Mozart's G minor symphony as it sounds in the band, I will believe him." With his usual acumen Mendelssohn hit upon a passage, *scored for strings alone*, which for sheer impossibility of translation by the pianoforte surpasses anything that can be found in Beethoven, or perhaps in any later writer! Yet it is hardly possible to say that its mysterious agitated accompaniment of divided violins makes it much more complicated than the *Barbiere* opening with its coarse little accompaniment in repeated chords. These two elements of utter simplicity and utter impossibility of translation are among the most obvious signs of the highest poetic power. We do not often find such a bundle of anecdotes and illustrations to demonstrate their presence as we have been able to find for this particular opening (concerning which still more might be said, as the autograph gives some very interesting changes of detail), but these qualities are equally present in every line and every aspect of the whole.

One very interesting point is the fact that Mozart first wrote the symphony without clarinets, but availed himself of them at the first opportunity. The miniature scores and the *Edition Peters* give only the original version; but no conductor with a feeling for Mozart's style (and a knowledge of how he sighed for clarinets where they were not forthcoming) would dream of neglecting Mozart's careful revision.

As the original score is the only one accessible in popular editions, it may be of interest to students of such matters to try and find out during actual performance what the changes are; if only such an

exercise is not carried to a point where it rivets instead of stimulating attention to the music. Generally speaking, Mozart has substituted the mellow tone of the clarinets for the acid tone of the oboes everywhere except in a few places (chiefly sustained discords) where the acid tone has a definitely pathetic effect, and in the trio of the minuet where the use of oboes and horns is of a definite pastoral type. Where the oboes are not suppressed they are extensively rewritten to make room for the fuller harmony the clarinets can help to provide.

Another important point in the study of the small orchestra is the specially ingenious use Mozart makes in this symphony of two horns pitched in two different keys, both of them high: by which means he anticipates Berlioz in a device which doubles the normal number of notes possible in his time on the limited scale of the horn. Much of the surprising fullness of tone in the first movement and finale of this symphony comes from the fact that the horns are able to contribute to the harmony when in normal circumstances they would have to be silent.

If these general observations can help to show in what way Mozart is to be taken seriously, they will have proved more useful than any detailed analysis of the symphony from point to point. The contrasts between the four movements will then speak accurately for themselves without my attempting to characterise each with an "appropriate" (and therefore stifling) epithet. We can learn to know them as we know friends whose deepest feelings are not hidden from us because we tacitly agree not to press on them with heavy words.

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."

Here, then, as in the question of Mozart's tragic power, we come to the same result; 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 Herr and Frau Wagner's private affairs. 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 some three 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 undercurrent 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 associated with Brünnhilde's magic fire-guarded chamber. 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" ending deliberately with the old popular cradle-song, 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.

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." 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, 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. A rustling theme in triplets is added. 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 cradle-song swings in the horns, until the Hope of the World is safe in sleep.

SINFONIA EROICA, Opus 55,

Beethoven

Allegro con brio.
MARCIA FUNEBRE. Adagio assai.
SCHERZO. Allegro vivace.
FINALE. Allegro molto.

Everyone knows the story of how Beethoven's admiration for Napoleon inspired this symphony, and how the news of Napoleon's coronation infuriated Beethoven almost to the point of destroying the finished work. The autograph score is in the musical archives of Vienna; and, in the title-page where Bonaparte's name once stood, a ragged hole attests the truth of the story.

Much comment has been wasted on the position of the Funeral March, and on the scherzo and finale which follow it, in this symphony. One very useful and practical treatise on composition actually

cites the Eroica Symphony as an example of the way in which the sonata form loads the composer with inappropriate additions to his programme: an observation on which it is a fair comment that musical criticism does not gain in literary dignity by merely becoming unmusical. Beethoven does not think a symphony a reasonable vehicle for a chronological biography of Napoleon: he does think it the best possible way of expressing his feelings about heroes and hero-worship. Death must be faced by heroes and hero-worshippers, and if what heroes know about it is of any value to mankind they may as well tell us of their knowledge while they are alive. And the mere courage of battle is not enough; it is the stricken nations whose sorrow must be faced. Afterwards the world revives, ready to nourish more heroes for happier times.

To those who were present at my lecture on the sketches for this symphony a detailed analysis would cover no fresh ground; and, for those who were not, the only useful analysis would fill a bulky pamphlet and would need at least twenty quotations in musical type. (There are nine distinct themes in the first movement alone, not counting any of their transformations and derivatives.) After careful consideration I select the following points as guides to the listener who does not find technical information helpful or interesting.

I. *Allegro con brio*.—After two strong introductory chords the violoncellos state the principal theme. It is simply the notes of a common-chord swinging backwards and forwards in a quietly energetic rhythm. Then, as the violins enter with a palpitating high note, the harmony becomes clouded, soon, however, to resolve in sunshine. Whatever you may enjoy or miss in the Eroica Symphony, remember this cloud; it leads eventually to one of the most astonishing and subtle dramatic strokes in all music.

Long afterwards, when the vast "second subject" has displayed its procession of themes, and when the still more vast development has twice introduced an entirely new lyric passage, we are waiting on the threshold of the original key in breathless suspense for the return of the first theme. At last the suspense becomes too much for one of the horns who, while the echoes of the dominant chord are still whispering, softly gives out the tonic chord of the theme. The orchestra instantly awakens and settles down to recapitulate the opening. (Let us hope that the days are past when anyone could doubt the sanity of Beethoven's genius in that famous collision of shadowy harmonies; but even Bülow corrected the passage into exactly the sort of lopsided platitude that creeps into a classical text through the mediation of a "gloss.") Soon the theme reaches the little cloud that we noticed in the beginning. The cloud "resolves"

in a new direction, and the sun comes out in one of the two possible keys whose only characteristic is that of complete contradiction to the tonic which has been regained after all that suspense! The other contradictory key follows, by way of restoring the balance; and then the main key proves strong enough to stand the shock, and the design finishes its normal course and expands freely in its huge peroration.

The other surprises and strokes of genius in this movement may safely be left to speak for themselves; with the exception of the last of all, which, together with the unobtrusive but cardinally important theme it concerns, has singularly contrived to escape the notice of all the best-known commentators, including even Weingartner. It need not escape the notice of any listener, for it is marked by a sudden and impressive lull at the very height of the final climax.

II. *Marcia Funebre*.—The great length of the funeral march results mainly from the size of its principal theme. This is a broad melody in two portions, each of which is given out by the strings and repeated (in the first case with a close in a new key) by the wind. This takes time; and, in addition, there is a series of afterthoughts which brings this main theme to a close on a scale almost large enough for a complete movement. Yet Beethoven's purpose is to work out the whole in rondo form; that is to say, a form in which the main theme recurs like a choral refrain alternating with at least two contrasted episodes. It is obvious that such a purpose can here be carried out only by a miracle of concentration and terseness; but such miracles are Beethoven's normal form of action, and this funeral march broadens in its flow as it develops. The first episode, in the major mode, has the position of a "trio," beginning in consolation and twice bursting into triumph. Then the light fails and the mournful main theme returns. Its energy cannot carry it even through its first phrase, and the second episode breaks in, a solemn double fugue which Weingartner has well called *Æschylean*. This rises to a climax and ends with a solemn slow close into a fragment of the main theme, rising upwards in a sigh which is suddenly answered by a roar from the depths, and an upheaval fit for a setting of the *Dies Irae*. "Never" (says Weingartner) "has a fearful catastrophe been described with simpler means." The tumult subsides in the weeping of a *lacrimosa dies*, and through the sound of weeping the entire theme of the march is heard in both its portions and with its whole series of afterthoughts. These close in a change of harmony; then some moments are measured only as it were by the slow swing of a pendulum. Above this enters at last, in a distant key, the beginning of a new message of consolation, but it dies away and the movement concludes

with a final utterance of the main theme, its rhythms and accents utterly broken with grief.

III. The Scherzo is the first in which Beethoven fully attained Hadyn's desire to replace the minuet by something on a scale comparable to the rest of a great symphony. Its characteristics are unmistakable, and we need only mention the long-subdued whispering of the opening, blazing out so suddenly into a *fortissimo*; the trio with its three horns whose very imperfections of technique Beethoven has exploited to poetic ends which the perfectly equipped modern player has to rediscover by careful research; and the mysterious *coda* with its menacing drums.

IV. The Finale is in a form which was unique when it appeared, and has remained unique ever since. This has given rise to a widespread notion that it is formless or incoherent. It is neither, and its life (which is its form) does not depend upon a label. The best way to understand it is not to think of the interesting earlier pianoforte *Variations and Fugue on a theme from Prometheus*, on which its material is based, but simply to identify its material under three headings, a Bass, a Tune, and a Fugue, and to look for these three edifying objects in the following order. First, after a short but fiery introduction, the Bass is solemnly given by the strings, *pizzicato*, and echoed by the wind. Its first part happens to make a grotesque but presentable theme, and many a later composer has owed Beethoven a grudge for thus indelibly stamping his name on one of the most unavoidable basses a simple melody can have. But the second part is quite absurd as a "melody," and we can almost see Beethoven laughing at our mystified faces as it digs us in the ribs. However, the whole Bass proceeds to put on clothes, of a respectable enough contrapuntal cut; and, by the time we are almost ready to believe its pretensions, the Tune comes sailing over it in full radiance and we think no more of the Bass, though it faithfully performs its duty as such.

So far Beethoven's design has been exactly that of his *Introduzione col Basso del Tema* in the *Prometheus* variations; but now instead of making variations he leads in a few argumentative steps to a new key and there proceeds to the Fugue. The subject of the Fugue comes from the Bass, and is worked up to a vigorous climax which suddenly breaks off into a rich double variation (*i.e.* a variation in which the repeats are themselves varied) of the Tune, in a remote key. In the second part of this variation the flute is very brilliant, and the orchestra repeats the part with rough energy, leading to a high-spirited episode in a dance-rhythm, with the first four notes of the Bass sturdily marking time throughout. After this the first

part of the Tune reappears and soon leads to a resumption of the Fugue with new features (inversion of its subject; combination with part of the Tune in a new accentuation, etc.). The Fugue, which is here throughout in the main key, now comes to a grand climax ending with an anticipatory pause. Then, like the opening of the gates of Paradise, the Tune enters slowly (*Poco Andante*) in a glorious double variation the richness of which has led some analysts to think that much of its material is gratuitously new. (The fact is that the lightness of the second part of the Tune is expressly designed to give legitimate scope for the utmost freedom in variations.) Then (as in the parallel finale to the pianoforte variations, though with incomparably more solemn pomp) there is a tremendous *fortissimo* variation with the Tune in the bass. (It is worth noting that the original Bass finally disappeared with the last Fugue.)

After this all is *Coda*, and one of the most profound Codas even Beethoven ever wrote. With a passing hint at a new variation the music modulates with some passion through a distant key to a point where it suddenly melts into a mood we have not found before in the whole symphony. Without this mood the greatest of heroes is but a demigod with powers alien to humanity and therefore less than divine. It is the mood of that mysterious and true humour that is not far from tears; and here, just upon the close of his heroic symphony, Beethoven holds us for the last time in suspense until the orchestra blazes out in a larger version of the fiery introduction and brings the work to its triumphant end.

Two points remain to be noticed about this evening's programme. It will seem, at first sight, as if the Eroica Symphony ought hardly to figure in a programme illustrating "the use of the small orchestra," since the presence of trumpets and drums constitutes, in the language of classical technique, the essential difference between the "large" orchestra and the "small." But the fact that this, with the addition of one horn, makes the sole difference between the orchestra of the *Eroica* and Mozart's G minor Symphony—this fact sufficiently proves that we still have a small orchestra to deal with, in any modern sense of the term. Many modern composers are proud of handling with imagination and tact an orchestra no larger than Beethoven's; but, with the solitary exception of Brahms, they never think of making a big noise with it—the modern idea of the scope of the small orchestra is based on the *Siegfried Idyll*, and even that work employs one trumpet. Now the point of Beethoven's orchestra is that he does not find trombones

indispensable for the attainment of the biggest climaxes he or any man can conceive. They may be necessary for other reasons—their use is, in fact, thoroughly dramatic and symbolic; and, once introduced, they become essential to the climaxes; but unless they have already appeared the climaxes can do very well without them. Indeed, our third concert will show that the classical view is that they may be suppressed at climaxes even after their appearance, lest their tones should bring irrelevant associations. In some ways Beethoven's orchestra is in a transition stage. In big concert-rooms we want big orchestras to do him justice, but then we are faced with crowds of problems concerning the balance of tone; and there is much labour in the mere regulating of the "doubled wind" which then becomes necessary if Beethoven's polyphony is to be clearly heard. There is plenty of justification for the opposite solution of the problem, viz., to play the Eroica Symphony with a small band in a room just big enough for it.

The other remaining point is that to put it at the end of the programme may at first sight seem a violation of Beethoven's direction, that in view of its unprecedented length it should be played "nearer the beginning than the end of the programme so that, the audience not being fatigued, it may not miss its proper intended effect." But Beethoven's illustration of "nearer the beginning than the end" is "after, say an Overture, an Aria, and a Concerto"; which would bring it on just about the time it comes in the present programme. And when Beethoven, some eighteen months afterwards, conducted his fourth symphony, he preceded it by the other three in chronological order!

On Tuesday Afternoons, December 7, 1915, February 1, 1916, and February 15, at 4 p.m., Professor TOVEY will give Public Lectures on the Works performed at the Historical Concerts.

SECOND CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1915.

Organ Recital by Sir WALTER PARRATT, M.V.O.
(Works by Bach, Buxtehude, &c.)

THIRD CONCERT, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1916.

Orchestral Concert, illustrating the constituents
and grouping of the Full Orchestra.

Tragic Overture,	<i>Brahms</i>
Serenade for 13 Wind Instruments,	<i>Mozart</i>
Three Symphoniae Sacrae for Solo Voices, various instruments, and Organ,	<i>Schütz</i>
Overture for the Consecration of the House,	<i>Beethoven</i>

Orchestra—MEMBERS OF THE SCOTTISH ORCHESTRA

(By permission of Messrs PATERSON & SONS).

Conductor—PROFESSOR TOVEY.

FOURTH CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 16, 1916.

Works by Brahms for Voice, Pianoforte, and Clarinet.

Sonata in E flat, Op. 120, No. 2, for Clarinet and Pianoforte.
Songs.

Variations for Pianoforte, Op. 24, on a theme by Handel.

Sonata in F minor, Op. 120, No. 1, for Clarinet and Pianoforte.

Singer—Miss HELEN ANDERTON.

Clarinet—Mr CHARLES DRAPER.

Pianoforte—PROFESSOR TOVEY.