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## THE REID ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

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THIRD CONCERT  
SATURDAY, 19th MAY 1917

PROGRAMME  
WITH NOTES BY D. F. T.  
PRICE SIXPENCE

University of Edinburgh



REID ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

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THIRD CONCERT

IN

THE MUSIC HALL, GEORGE STREET

ON

SATURDAY, 19TH MAY 1917

at Three o'clock.

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*Solo Vocalist.*

MISS FLORA WOODMAN.

*Accompanist*—Mr A. SCOTT JUPP.

*Conductor.*

PROFESSOR DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY.



Miss Flora Woodman.

## PROGRAMME

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1. TRAGIC OVERTURE, Op. 81, - - - - - *Brahms*

2. "LA PROCESSION," for Soprano, with Orchestra, - - - *César Franck*

Miss FLORA WOODMAN.

3. UNFINISHED SYMPHONY in B minor - - - - - *Schubert*

Allegro moderato.  
Andante con moto.

4. SONGS—

1. "Pourquoi rester seulette" - - - - - *Saint-Saëns*

2. "Cuckoo Song" - - - - - *Roger Quilter*

Miss FLORA WOODMAN.

5. SYMPHONY in G minor (Köchel's Catalogue No. 550) - - - *Mozart*

Allegro molto.  
Andante.  
MENUETTO. Allegretto.  
FINALE. Allegro Assai.

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

By the kind of accident that can be turned to purposes of design, to-day's programme has fallen into a shape that comprises an almost complete illustration of the tragic idea in purely instrumental music; nor can I regard it as an æsthetic defect that the sequence of pieces exactly inverts the chronological order except in the last item, which is not tragic at all. It is of the very essence of the ancient conception of tragedy as a "purification" of the emotions it arouses, that we should begin with a piece which, though "severely classical" according to twentieth-century notions, speaks a tragic musical language which most of us can remember to have regarded as "modern"; that, passing from thence to the great unfinished work in which Schubert did not descend from the sublime to the merely picturesque, we should learn from Mozart's profoundest orchestral work that the language of comedy may faithfully deliver the message that makes tragedy beautiful; and that Beethoven should complete the "purification of emotions" by himself reverting to the forms of Bach and Handel in order to lift us into regions where there is neither tragedy nor comedy, but the permanent reward of all that worthily fills its place and time in the world.

I. TRAGIC OVERTURE, Op. 81 - - - - - *Brahms*

For one reason and another, the popular musical judgments of the last thirty or forty years seem often to shew less grasp of the nature of tragedy than might be expected where the fine arts are taken seriously. It is to be hoped that the day is not distant when it shall be thought strange that so thorough a musician as Weingartner should endorse the once widespread doubt as to whether Brahms's Tragic Overture deserves its name, and when Tschaikowsky shall be duly applauded for his wisdom in calling his last symphony "pathetic," though it was at first universally acclaimed as tragic.

Without troubling to go as far back as Aristotle, we may safely say that if there is any use in the special term "tragedy," the term implies something more sublime than pathos. When we try to define this sublime element, we instantly run counter to a large current of prejudice, which every age has regarded as its own modern unconventionality, though it belongs to the childhood of every human mind. This prejudice impels us to talk of the classic dignity and reserve of a truly tragic work of art when we wish to do it justice, and to talk of classical (or even of "academic") coldness when we are out of temper with it. The truth would seem to be that the word "reserve" already indicates far too negative a view of the whole matter. It is not academic coldness that makes Shakespeare close the tragedy of *Hamlet* in the triumph of Fortinbras; nor is it warmth of feeling that makes Garrick bring down the curtain on the moment of Hamlet's death. Shakespeare is far from despising the interests of the actor; he writes well for his instruments; but they are not going to prevent him from giving us the one final proof that the Hamlet whom we have been privileged to see in self-

confessed weakness was not a successful actor-manager, but a man whose foes knew him for a soldier who as king would have "proved right royally."

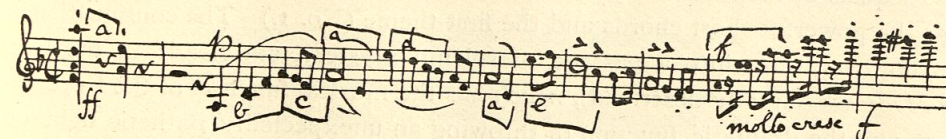
Impressions of formality, and even of anti-climax, whether in music or in tragedy, are often by no means frigid in their ultimate results. We have been taken into an idealised world, and before we leave it we are made to understand that what we have been shewn in it was really true. We have not been regaled by a mere feast of effects with "no dull moments, and the best reserved for the end"; still less have we had a story told us by a narrator who stands outside and points the moral or tells us what to admire. The story, the music, the art is made to convince us of its own reality, and the means by which it so convinces us are not merely those which rouse our emotion, but also those which show that we were justly moved. True art gives us more than the artist's word for his capacity to understand or believe in his own sentiments.

Brahms's Tragic Overture is certainly not written at the dictation of any one tragedy, either in literature or in his own experience; and any tragic characters of which it may remind us can be safely regarded only as our own illustrations of its meaning. On this understanding, we may legitimately compare Brahms's energetic but severely formal conclusion with Shakespeare's Fortinbras, not as a course of events, but as an æsthetic fact; and there is no harm in comparing the mysterious and pathetic development (*Molto più moderato*, in the middle of the work) with the Fool in *King Lear*, or perhaps with some frightened child, the burden of whose grief is not "what will become of me?" but "what ought I to be doing?"

The order of events in this overture is as follows:—After two powerful chords which embody one of the principal figures of the themes, a noble subject is stated by the strings, rising swiftly to an uprush of energy, and followed by a counter-statement in the full orchestra—

(All groups of notes bracketed under a letter, as [a], [b], are separately used in new developments and derivatives of the main themes.)

No. 1—



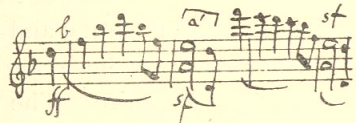
A procession of energetic and terse new themes follows, including one that has an important formal function, playing, as it were, the part of Fortinbras—

No. 2—



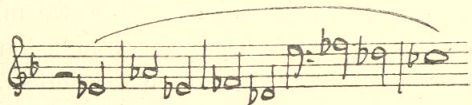
Soon there is a dramatic *crescendo* in which the basses, giving a fragment (*b*) of the first theme in a rising series of questions, are passionately answered by the wind-instruments (*c*). This culminates in a decisive close to the First Subject, a close which will eventually prove to be at the root of the whole tragedy—

No. 3—



Then comes a sustained passage beginning in utter dejection, the broken utterances of an isolated oboe being sternly answered by the horns. The oboe nevertheless rises into the upper light while the clouds darken below. We are now in an extremely remote major key; and through the solemn darkness a message of peace comes from the trombones while the glow brightens above—

No. 4—



And so we reach what is technically called the Second Subject. This begins with an aspiring melody, full of passion and comfort—

No. 5—



It rises to a magnificent climax of pride, and ends defiantly with some of the terse sequels of the First Subject, notably No. 2. Then we return to the opening: the powerful short chords and the first theme (No. 1.) The continuation of this, however, turns into a passage of solemn mystery, and leads to the long *più Moderato* (already described), which has the musical function of the Development, and the dramatic function of throwing an unexpectedly pathetic light on what we have hitherto known only as the most spirited and energetic traits of the first theme—

No. 6—

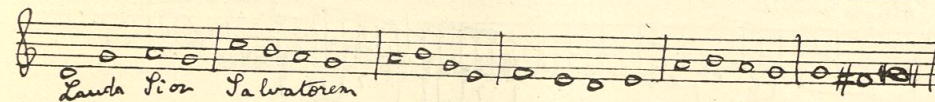


Upon this descends, in muted violins, the solemn message of peace which we have once before heard from the trombones (No. 4). It is now in the tonic major instead of in a remote key. The impassioned Second Subject (No. 5) follows, in accordance with principles of form which are no scholastic conventions to hamper an inspired composer, but are to this music what the laws of human probability are to the dramatist. The proud climax and defiant close of the Second Subject are a natural preparation for the Coda, which gathers up the remaining threads of the story in a catastrophe clearly represented by the solemn emphasis with which the trombones bring in the "decisive close of the First Subject" (No. 3). As the trombones have played so personal a part throughout the work, Brahms is not going to degrade them to the conventional function of adding more volume of tone to the last chords. Hence they are silent in the conclusion where the most formal of the energetic accessory themes (No. 2) shews us the poet's conviction that tragedy is more deeply pathetic in daylight than in lime-light.

2. "LA PROCESSION," for Soprano with Orchestra - César Franck  
MISS FLORA WOODMAN.

Dieu s'avance à travers les champs !  
Par les landes, les prés, les verts taillis de hêtres.  
Il vient, suivi du peuple et porté par les prêtres.  
Aux cantiques de l'homme, oiseaux, mêlez vos chants !\*

\* At this point and through the next few lines the hymn *Lauda Sion* is heard in the orchestra.



On s'arrête. La foule autour d'un chêne antique  
S'incline, en adorant, sous l'ostensoir mystique :  
Soleil ! darde sur lui tes longs rayons couchants !  
Aux cantiques de l'homme, oiseaux, mêlez vos chants !

Vous, fleurs, avec l'encens exhalez votre arôme !  
O fête ! tout reluit, tout prie et tout embaume !  
Dieu s'avance à travers les champs.

Ch. Brizeux.

English Version.

The Lord is coming o'er the fields of gold !  
By moor and meadow, through the beech-woods green  
He comes, priest-borne, the people follow keen.  
Join, feathered songsters, in the psalms of old,

They pause to gather round an ancient oak,  
And, to adore the Host, bow down His folk.  
Pour down on Him, O Sun, thy gracious rays!

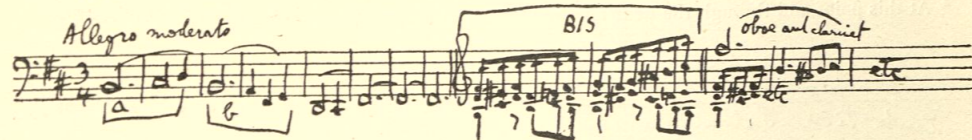
Join, feathered songsters, in the psalms of old.  
Ye flowers, let perfumes with the incense rise!  
Glad day of prayer, sweet savours, sunlit skies!  
The Lord is coming o'er the fields of gold!

3. UNFINISHED SYMPHONY in B minor - - - Schubert

Allegro moderato.  
Andante con moto.

This, the most perfect of Schubert's large instrumental works, was written in 1826, and was thus left unfinished, like the scarcely less great Sonata in C major, simply because the finale did not drive Schubert to the labour of writing it down. Perhaps it is a pity that Schubert did not finish the Scherzo; its theme (of which nine bars were scored) is magnificent, and the sketches for it very promising. But we may be almost certain that the finale would have been like many another of Schubert's—there is a Rondeau Brillante in B minor for piano-forte and violin which would perfectly answer the digressive purposes of the typical Schubert finale. And we should much have enjoyed hearing Noll running on. However, the mood which inspired Schubert in the first two movements here, for once, dominated him like Dr Johnson, and would not let him enjoy hearing himself run on.

No. 1—



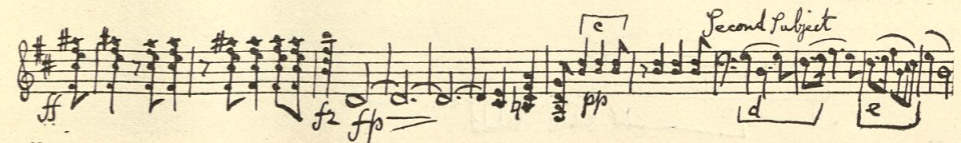
The sublime depth and pathos of the opening is not without parallel in Schubert's larger works; indeed it is thoroughly characteristic of them. But it is maintained throughout the two complete movements as Schubert has never even attempted to maintain it elsewhere except in movements purely lyric in form. No doubt there are several themes and long passages which, taken out of their context, show no obvious difference from other picturesque and pretty things in Schubert's more unequal works; and there have been musicians who see the resemblance between Schubert's second subject (No. 2) and Viennese *bourgeois* types of beauty, just as there have been art connoisseurs who see the resemblance between a Madonna and a *contadina*. And if that is all they see, let them continue to enjoy music as a by-product of dancing, and art as a

by-product of artists' models. Schubert's Unfinished Symphony is an excellent test for freedom for critical bad habits—a test such as the extraordinary perfection and integrity of classical music seldom offers. In literature we have abundant opportunities of learning to see in each work its qualities as they are, and not merely as some standard (or more often some average) shows they are not. We do not, for example, think that we can stultify Shakespeare's claims to dramatic power, masterly construction, and beautiful style by counting up the scenes and whole plays in which any or all of these qualities are absent. But that is, undoubtedly, the way in which Schubert's instrumental music has been criticised. He had much to learn, and was learning it at a tremendous pace when he died. Perhaps he had reached a point little, if at all, below that which Shakespeare had reached in *Romeo and Juliet*. And that is far above the second rank.

The form of the Unfinished Symphony is on the same high level as the style. This will seem almost a wilful paradox to those who have throughout their lives imbibed the ordinary doctrines of musical form, according to which Schubert had no mastery at all. I have no room to produce my evidence in these pages; but I feel amply justified in saying that, however space may compel me to dogmatise here, the real dogmatism is entirely with the ordinary doctrines, which are supported only by a dead weight of uniform "masterpieces" which the world is politely letting die, while the record of the immortal classics presents a variety of forms which can yield their principles only to an attention concentrated on each individual case. The work stands or falls by itself. What may fall out as irrelevant or crude in ninety-nine works may be a crowning perfection in the hundredth.

For instance, the transition from First to Second Subject is always a difficult piece of musical draughtsmanship; and in the rare cases where Schubert accomplishes it with smoothness, the effort exhausts him to the verge of dullness (as in the slow movement of the otherwise great A minor Quartet). Hence, in his most inspired works the transition is accomplished by an abrupt *coup de théâtre*: and of all such *coups*, no doubt the crudest is that in the Unfinished Symphony (Ex. No. 2). Very well, then; here is a new thing in the history of the Symphony, not more new, nor more simple than the new things which turned up in each of Beethoven's nine. Never mind its historic origin; take it on its merits. Is it not a most impressive moment?

No. 2—



We regret to announce that it has proved impossible to procure orchestral parts of "La Procession," though they were promised to us a month ago. (This may illustrate the difficulties which at the present time hinder the Reid Orchestra from going beyond the limits of the familiar classical repertoire).

Miss FLORA WOODMAN has kindly consented to sing the following songs with pianoforte accompaniment :—

1. "Vedrai Carino," - - - *Mozart*

Vedrai carino, Se sei buonino, Che bel rimedio Ti voglio dar. E naturale, Non da disgusto, E lo speciale, Non lo sa far.	E un certo balsamo, Che porto addosso, Dare tel posso, Se il vuoi provar. Saper vorresti, Dove mi sta ? Sentilo battere, Toccamì quà !
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*English Version.*

Come, let me prove thee, How, by my magic, All thine affliction Banished shall be. My charm is potent, No art can make it, Springing from nature, Ne'er gives thee pain, no ! Ne'er gives thee pain !	'Tis a sweet floweret Blooming for thee alone. Say, wilt thou try it ? Dearest, 'tis thine. Hast thou not guessed it ? Wouldst thou then know ? Wouldst thou then know its name ? Hear, how 'tis fluttering, Yes, 'tis my heart !
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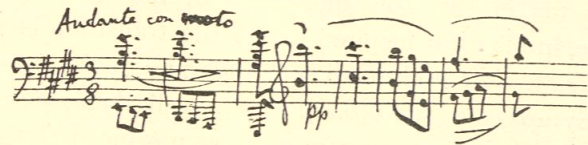
2. "La Superbetta," - - - *De Fesch*

Tu fai la superbetta, Dorilla, só perché ! Sai ben che il tuo bel volto Fá tanti sospirar. E tutto il tuo piacer, Superba di poter Innamorar tant altri, E non t'innamorar.	Se parli, ridi, o canti, Sei cara sempre più, Le grazie ed amorette, Lo stesso fan con te. Ma gli occhi fan' mentir, Facendo comparir, Per molle ed innocente, Quel core che non é. Ah !
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Take, again, the continuation of the Second Subject, generally a weak point with Schubert, who did not grasp that the time for exposition of themes is not the time for discursive development of them. In this symphony Schubert seems indeed to stray into his usual by-paths, inasmuch as the main theme of the Second Subject contains figures that are used in two different derivatives before the close of the exposition. But if we forget that Schubert wrote other works, and confine our attention to the matter in hand, we shall find that these derivatives are masterly in their terseness, variety, and breadth; and even if we take the risk of comparing what Schubert has done here with what Mozart and Beethoven would do, we shall see every reason to believe that they would have done exactly the same. The exposition is, in short, masterly; and it in no way undermines the strength of the development. The development is powerfully dramatic, and Sir George Grove never made a better point than when he called attention to its pathetic use of the syncopated accompaniment of No. 2 *without the melody*. The recapitulation shows every quality of freedom and life which only the greatest masterpieces can show: choice of key, method of return to the tonic, every technicality is individual and true. The short *Coda*, beginning like the development, and blazing up only to die of exhaustion, is very typical of Schubert, but the exhaustion is here a realised poetic fact, not a mere convenience to the composer.

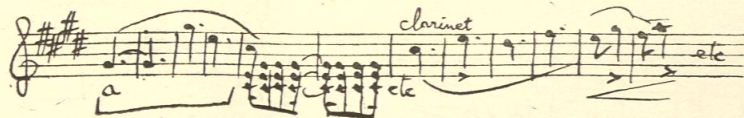
The loose structure of the slow movement is, again, a thing not to be confused with the mere digressiveness of Schubert's weaker examples: the weaker examples themselves should rather be taken as tending towards the definite and convincing breadth of design accomplished here. Nor should the pastoral and picturesque types of theme and style blind us to the glow of "the light that never was on sea or land." Two quotations are necessary, one for the first theme—

No. 3—



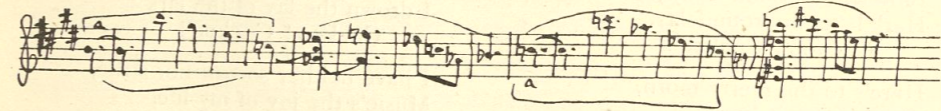
and the other, not so much for the wonderful clarinet-theme with its answers in oboe and flute, as for the long notes that lead to it—

No. 4—



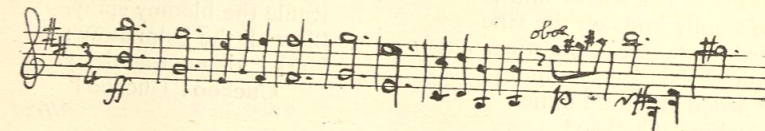
These four notes (a) are turned to such account in the *Coda* that they produce as subtle a stroke of genius as can be found anywhere in music—

No. 5—



Everyone who knows a good theme when he sees it will be pleased and tantalised by the following. It is the beginning of the *Scherzo*—

No. 6—



4. SONGS—

- 1. "Pourquoi rester seulette" - - - - Saint-Saëns
- 2. "Cuckoo Song" - - - - Roger Quilter

MISS FLORA WOODMAN.

I. "Pourquoi rester seulette."

Pourquoi rester seulette,  
A garder ses moutons,  
Que peut une fillette,  
Qui n'a que sa houlette,  
Contre les loups gloutons !  
Avec moi dans la plaine,  
Vient pour me protéger  
Pierre, le beau berger.  
File, fuseau léger  
Entree mes doigts la laine.  
Pierre est fort, Pierre est doux,  
Sa parole caresse ;

Il m'a dit, à genoux,  
"Madeleine aimons nous !"  
Et Pierre a ma tendresse.  
Mais il s'en est allé  
Après d'une autre belle,  
Et les loups m'ont volé.  
Jusqu'à mon chien fidèle !  
Mes larmes ont coulé.  
File, fuseau légère !  
Pierre, le beau berger,  
M'est infidèle !

English Version.

Why should I stay here lonely  
To tend the grazing sheep?  
Can crook of shepherd only  
Assist a maiden lonely  
The wolves away to keep?  
But someone's watching o'er me,  
Upon the smiling plain,  
Pierre, my shepherd swain.  
Spindle, hum thy refrain—  
And spin my wool before me.  
Pierre is strong, Pierre is sweet,  
And his words are caressing ;

And while kneeling at my feet,  
For my love he did entreat,  
For Pierre was so pressing.  
But now he's far away, another  
maiden wooing.  
The hungry wolves to-day  
My poor flock are pursuing,  
My tears they flow all day.  
O spindle, cease, I pray,  
For Pierre, the false, the gay  
Was my undoing !

## 2. "Cuckoo Song."

Blow, blow, winds of May,  
Ruffle the bloomy spray,  
Blow all the balm away;  
Hark! 'tis my roundelay.  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Here's to the merry morn,  
Another joy is born,  
Hail to the huntsman's horn,  
For the bluebell greets the corn.  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Long ere the oak-leaves shine,  
Or the woolly buds on the vine  
Promise the blood of the wine,  
I dream of the dear confine  
Of the woods that are mine.  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

With iron frost on the bark,  
And the hazels stiffened and stark,  
Far from the doom of the dark  
I drown the lay of the lark.  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

I have neither sorrow nor strife,  
Music's the joy of my life,  
Beauty and pleasure are rife,  
And all the world is my wife.  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Blow, blow, winds of May,  
Ruffle the bloomy spray,  
Blow all the balm away;  
Hark! 'tis my roundelay.  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

*Alfred Williams.*

5. SYMPHONY in G minor (Köchel's Catalogue No. 550) - *Mozart*

Allegro molto.

Andante.

MENUETTO. Allegretto.

FINALE. 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 should 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 in a modern drawing-room all that it means in Miltonic poetry; but need that prevent a modern poet from using it in a Miltonic way? Or from using it properly in a drawing-room?

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 violas 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 in a definitely pastoral style. Where the oboes are not suppressed, they are extensively rewritten, to make room for the fuller harmony the clarinets can help to provide.

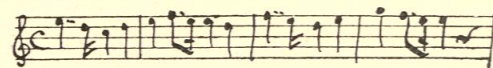
Another point in the study of the small orchestra is the ingenious use Mozart makes in this symphony of two horns pitched in two different keys, both of them high; by which means he anticipates Berlioz in a device which doubles the normal number of notes possible in his time on the limited scale of the horn. Much of the surprising fulness 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.

Perhaps the most luminous thing ever said about Mozart was the remark of Edward Fitzgerald, that "People will not believe that Mozart can be powerful, because he is so beautiful." If these general observations can help to show his power, 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 any 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.

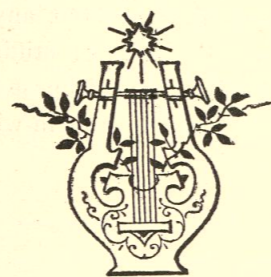
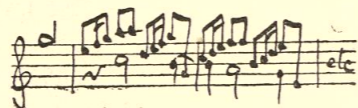
6. OVERTURE for the Consecration of the House, Op. 124 - *Beethoven*

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

No. 1—



No. 2—



## REID ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

## FOURTH CONCERT—Saturday, 26th May, at 3 p.m.

Solo Pianoforte—Professor DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY.

- |   |   |                        |   |   |                  |
|---|---|------------------------|---|---|------------------|
| 1. OVERTURE   | - | "The Theatre Manager," | - | - | <i>Mozart</i>    |
| 2. ORCHESTRAL DANCES                                | - | -                      | - | - | <i>Mozart</i>    |
| 3. RONDO in A minor for Pianoforte alone            | - | -                      | - | - | <i>Mozart</i>    |
| 4. CONCERTO in B flat for Pianoforte and Orchestra, | - | -                      | - | - | <i>Brahms</i>    |
| 5. SYMPHONY in A major, No. 7,                      | - | -                      | - | - | <i>Beethoven</i> |

*Programme subject to alteration.*