

The  
Best of Everything  
in Music

---

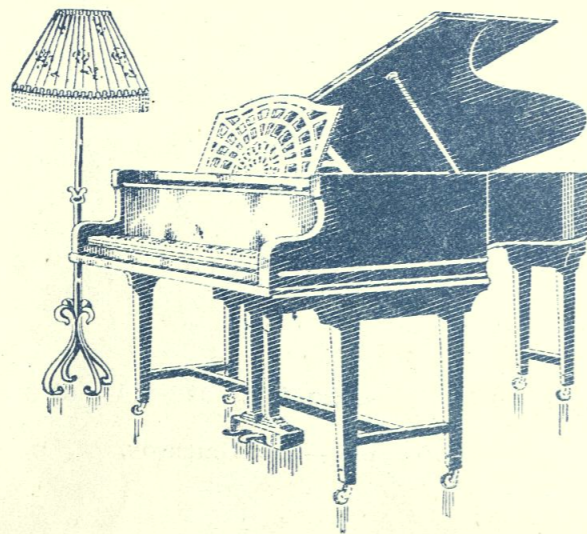
---

PIANOS

by  
Leading  
British  
Makers

---

---



---

---

UPRIGHT  
BABY

and  
BOUDOIR  
GRANDS

---

---

The Largest Selection of  
"H.M.V." and COLUMBIA  
GRAMOPHONES AND RECORDS  
PORTABLE and CABINET MODELS

PATERSON, SONS & CO. LTD.

27 GEORGE STREET

Telephone  
Central 97

EDINBURGH

Telegraph  
MUSIC, EDINBURGH

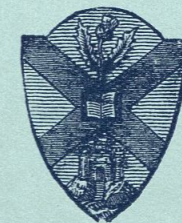
AND AT

Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, and London

THE REID  
ORCHESTRAL  
CONCERTS  
THIRD SEASON

---

---



---

---

FIFTH CONCERT  
SATURDAY, 5th APRIL 1919

---

---

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

University of Edinburgh.



REID ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

THIRD SEASON

FIFTH CONCERT

IN

THE M'EWAN HALL,

ON

SATURDAY, 5TH APRIL 1919

at Three o'clock

*Conductor*

PROFESSOR DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY

*Solo Vocalist*—MISS HELEN ANDERTON

Concert under the direction of  
PATERSON, SONS & CO. LTD., 27 George Street, Edinburgh

## PROGRAMME

1. SYMPHONY in C major - - - - - *Schubert*

2. CANTATA : "Vernügte Ruh," for the Sixth Sunday after Trinity,  
for Alto, Organ, and Orchestra - - - - - *Bach*

*Alto*—Miss HELEN ANDERTON.

*Organ*—Mr T. H. COLLINSON.

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

## NOTES BY D. F. T.

I. SYMPHONY in C major - - - - - *Schubert*

*Andante* ; *leading to Allegro ma non troppo.*

*Andante con moto.*

*Scherzo.* *Allegro vivace.*

*Finale.* *Allegro vivace.*

The tragedy of Beethoven's deafness needs no comment ; but the history of the arts is full of tragedies not less pathetic and far less inspiring to the imagination. If Beethoven had died as young as Schubert he would still have been a very experienced master of the orchestra who had produced a large number of works easily the most important of their day, and all of which were produced under his direction without serious hindrance from his as yet incipient deafness. But Schubert, who was not deaf, never heard his own orchestral music at all ; except for one unfortunate experience in the rehearsal of an opera which he indignantly withdrew on being asked to make alterations and cuts.

There are surprisingly few discoverable traces of this privation in Schubert's scoring. It shows certain typical habits that usually vanish with practical experience ; and, where Schubert miscalculates, he does not do so, like Beethoven, in pursuit of a definite new orchestral idea. There is no foundation in fact for the widespread notion that Schubert's orchestration is more "modern" than Beethoven's : its experimental features, though interesting, are neither numerous nor various, and several things that appear to be experimental, or even successful, are quite possibly due to misconceptions. This is certainly the case with some of the trombone passages, where a careful study of the harmony and structure demonstrates that Schubert thought that trombones would balance nicely with horns. And so they will, if you can guess where that is the composer's intention, and if you explain it to the artists concerned. With this and a few similar precautions, Schubert's orchestration is a very powerful means of expression, and possesses all the essential orchestral qualities in typical simplicity. Brahms remarked this as a pronounced tendency even in Schubert's earliest chamber-music ; and it goes far to make his pianoforte-writing unplayable. Perhaps the clearest symptom of distress at lack of opportunity for hearing his own orchestral music is the magnificent quality and enormous quantity of his four-hand pianoforte works ; at least one of which—the Grand Duo in C—proved, when orchestrated by Joachim, to be essentially one of the most important symphonies in the classical repertoire.

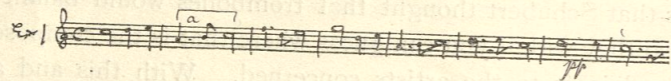
Few of Schubert's large instrumental works are free from obvious redund-

ancies and inequalities. But musical criticism is apt to lose its sense of proportion, in consequence of the unusual standard of perfection in design and execution set by the great masters of classical music, and by the perfect preservation of most of their works. Critics of literature and the fine arts are better trained to recognise in imperfect examples the qualities which will produce perfection under special conditions: and so they do not so constantly make the mistake of assuming that work which shows the highest qualities can be outweighed by work which does not. Such a mistake is obviously made (*pace* Matthew Arnold) when we say Shakespeare was "no artist" because he very often neglected his art; and such a mistake is made—less obviously, but more grossly—when we say that Schubert is no master of form because any fool can see where Schubert fails. Brahms, at any rate, made no such mistake; the ancestry of his forms is pretty evenly divided between Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, and Schubert. The influence of Mozart is probably too subtle to be distinguished in Brahms's work from the overpowering impress of Beethoven's huge forms; but the traces of Schubert are the most obvious, next to Brahms's own personality.

I confess to seeing no reason for considering Schubert a less great master of large forms than Shakespeare up to the time of, let us say, *King John*. And it is a sure mark of a good judgment of musical style when Schubert is regarded, on the strength of his important works, as a definitely *sublime* composer. It does not matter when, where, and how he lapses therefrom: the quality is there, and nothing in its neighbourhood can make it ridiculous.

The C major Symphony begins with an Introduction which consists of a broad and leisurely working out of the following tune, given out at first in unaccompanied unison by two horns—

No. 1—



The figure marked (a) becomes the basis of many important themes in the ensuing *Allegro*, which starts as follows after the opening tune of the Introduction has been stated in its fourth version and worked up to a great climax—

No. 2—

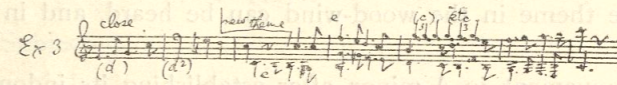


My quotation presents the theme as it stands in the autograph, except that for obvious reasons I substitute cross-strokes for the traces of Schubert's pen-knife. It is an impressive (though not yet the most impressive) sign of the

white heat at which this huge work was written, that the whole first movement (if not more) was fully scored before Schubert noticed that he really must put more meaning into the all-pervading figure (b) that constitutes the first two bars of his main theme. The substitution of D for G at the end of each bar does not spoil the natural way in which the figure arises from the last bass-notes of the Introduction, and it suffices to make the theme important in itself. But Schubert had to alter this note, or substitute a rest, everywhere from beginning to end of the movement. The figure is ubiquitous, and the alteration is neatly made with a pen-knife literally hundreds of times.

This opening theme immediately closes into another, which I quote in connection with the close of Ex. 1, in order to call attention to a figure ( $d^1$  and  $d^2$ ) which becomes prominent near the end of the movement—

No. 3—



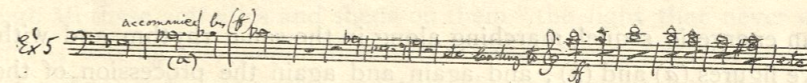
The Second Subject, reached, as usual in Schubert, by a very simple *coup de théâtre*, starts in a minor key in which it is not going to settle—

No. 4—



This glorious theme veers round towards the normal key of the dominant, G major; whence, however, it wanders away into the most wonderful of all Schubert's unorthodox digressions; a *locus classicus* for the imaginative use of trombones in a *pianissimo*—

No. 5—



This passage, which, as the quotation shows, is derived from (a) of the introduction, and leads to a triumphant climax in G major, is so masterly in design as well as in poetic power that it is incomparably more like a new art-form than a failure to execute an old one. Many of Schubert's outwardly similar digressions are weaknesses, but every case must be taken on its individual merits; and nothing will induce me to believe that Beethoven would have tolerated a word against this passage in its present position if he had lived to see it.

The rest of the movement explains itself with all Schubert's fluency, and, long though it necessarily is, with more than Schubert's usual concentration. The Development is conspicuously free from redundancy or digression, and the

Recapitulation, which keeps most of the First Subject (Ex. 1 and 2) in an alert *pianissimo*, shows Schubert's characteristic vitality of form in changing the relations of the keys in the Second Subject.

The Coda is in quicker tempo, and has the energy to make a splendid climax; a marked contrast to most of Schubert's codas, which are apt to collapse with a frank gesture of exhaustion. Here the movement ends with an apotheosis of the Introduction (Ex. 1). The scoring, as Schubert finally left it, is notoriously miscalculated; but there is a better remedy for it than the horrible marine-parade custom of giving the tune to the trumpet. All that need be done (beyond the usual precautions with the trombones) is to restore Schubert's first version of the string parts, which happened to be perfectly transparent until he altered them, though not one listener in a hundred could tell the difference in sound or sense, except for the all-important fact that in the first version the theme in the wood-wind can be heard, and in the second it cannot.

The slow movement, in A minor, after establishing its indomitable march-rhythm in a few wintry bars of introduction, sets out bravely with the following heart-breaking show of spirit in adversity—

No. 6—



The burden of the song goes, with Schubert's characteristic half-Italian pathos, into the major mode—

No. 7—



There is an energetic sequel, marching along in the same rhythm and with the same brave figures (a) and (b); and again and again the procession of themes comes round until at length there is a change to another key.

The Second Subject is a broad working-out of a serene melody of consolation, in F major—

No. 8—



The return from this to A minor is famous as one of the simplest and most romantic passages ever written for horns. They toll like a bell haunted by a human soul: and when the First Subject returns there is a new trumpet-part that enlivens and deepens the pathos. The energetic continuation is worked up to a great climax from which the reaction, after a dramatic pause, is intensely

tragic: and then the Second Subject enters in A major, with radiant new colours and a flowing accompaniment which continues even through the returning passage (where clarinets now replace the horns). Then fragments of the First Subject are built up into a mournful Coda; even the burden of the song (Ex. 7) being now in the minor mode.

The Scherzo has a far greater number of themes than can be quoted here; and it yields to nothing in music as regards the perfection and freedom of their treatment. Like the Scherzo of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the main body of the movement is in miniature but highly organised sonata-form. I quote the beginnings of the First Subject—

No. 9—



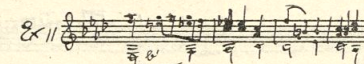
of the Second Subject—

No. 10—



and of an important episode in the Development which recurs very happily at the end of the movement—

No. 11—



leaving unquoted the wonderful new *cantabile* which, shortly after Ex. 11, breaks through all these activities and sheds on them "the light that never was on sea or land"; leaving also unquoted several other accessory phrases, mostly derived from figure (b) of Ex. 10. The variety of rhythm throughout is inexhaustible.

As for the Trio, it is a huge single melody (in "binary" form with repeats, as usual)—one of the greatest and most exhilarating melodies in the world: and it needs no quotation. Unfortunately the scoring, though full of interesting points, does not easily realise Schubert's evident intentions: and until we can afford a double wind-band we are compelled (as in many passages in Beethoven's later works) to damp the accompaniment down till it seriously loses in energy of character. A very eminent conductor once made one of the leading London orchestras play the string-parts *pizzicato*: a brilliant but thoroughly debased remedy of which he afterwards had the good grace to be ashamed. Anyhow, the melody must be heard. Towards the end there is one remarkable effect produced by a solitary trombone in the middle of the harmony. This is usually

damped down with extreme caution, but I have always had the impression that Schubert was here definitely exerting his imagination, and that the strange red-hot tone should be allowed to show itself. At all events none of these problems can be measured by degree-examination criteria.

The truest lover of Schubert confesses that he would not wish the Unfinished Symphony to have a typical Schubert finale. But Schubert wrote two finales which are typical Schubert without being his typical finales. These two are the finale of the string quintet and the finale of this symphony. Possibly we might add a third, also in C major; the finale of the Grand Duo that ought to have been a symphony. And, of course, there are other finales that have magnificent themes and passages, notably in the three great string quartets. But these two finales are such as nobody can accuse of being weaker than the rest of the works. The finale of the C major Symphony is in fact an example of grotesque power fully as sublime as the griffin which Ruskin described so splendidly in (if I mistake not) the chapter on "The Lamp of Truth" in "The Seven Lamps of Architecture."

The two themes of its First Subject—

No. 12—



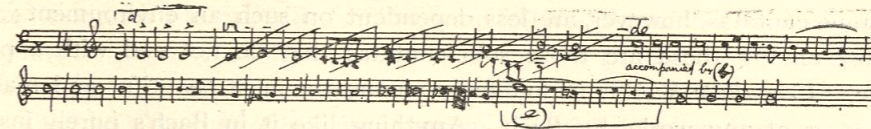
and—

No. 13—



set up a very energetic spin which, like all Schubert's openings, promises well, but which does not, to people who know their Schubert, offer any security that it will maintain its energy in the tropical ease of its composer's mood after he has got through the three other movements so triumphantly. And indeed Schubert had a narrow escape here! If ever a powerful piece of music had a backbone to it, that backbone is the sublimely grotesque main theme of the Second Subject, arising so inevitably and so astonishingly out of the four premonitory repeated notes of the horn, and stretching itself *ad infinitum* while the violins madly turn somersaults with the persistent figure (b) of Ex. 12. This was the passage which, when Mendelssohn rehearsed it with the London Philharmonic, caused the players to giggle and behave so badly that he had to withdraw the work; and even within living memory it roused the pedagogue and blinded the humorist in that great musician Hans von Bülow. Well, it is to be hoped that we know better now. But here is what happened in Schubert's autograph—

No. 14—



He had got as far as the four premonitory notes of the horns; and then he dashed off into a schoolmasterly little fugue from which the only possible reaction would have been a schoolboy's practical jokes. By good luck almost unique in Schubert's short career, he lost interest in this project before he had written nine bars of it—or perhaps the real, gigantic inspiration came before he developed interest in the frivolity he had started. Whatever the mental process was, it cannot have taken three-quarters of a minute: the dingy little fugue-subject was struck out before the answer had well begun; the danger was past, and instead of a weak facility, we have the momentum of a planet in its orbit.

From this weird new inspiration arises a vast variety of ideas. The figure marked (e) produces remote faëry music in the Development; and throughout the movement the four repeated notes (d) are as powerful and terrible as anything in Beethoven or Michael Angelo. The Coda is one of the greatest in all symphonic music. A clever critic, somewhat obsessed with the notion that the only interesting art is morbid, once asserted that this Coda expresses Schubert's terror of death. There is nothing to be ashamed of in feeling terror at things which overwhelm us by revealing their vastness; and Schubert can rouse this feeling as one who knows it. But he was not afraid.

## 2. CANTATA: "Vergnügte Ruh'," for the Sixth Sunday after Trinity, - Bach

- |                   |  |
|-------------------|--|
| <i>Aria</i>       | - Vergnügte Ruh', beliebte Seelenbust.                 |
| <i>Recitative</i> | - Die Welt, das Sündenhaus.                            |
| <i>Aria</i>       | - Wie jammern mich doch die verkehrten Herzen.         |
| <i>Recitative</i> | - Wer sollte sich demnach wohl hier zu leben wünschen. |
| <i>Aria</i>       | - Mir ekelt mehr zu leben, drum nimm mich, Jesu, hin.  |

Bach's Church Cantatas cannot always be rightly understood in the modern concert-room without reference to their original place in the service of the Lutheran Church. This is particularly evident when they begin with a big chorus and end with a plain chorale. Lovers of Bach have become accustomed to accepting such a scheme as in some mysterious way giving a satisfactory climax in a concert-room, but the fact remains that it does not. In its proper environment the plain chorale formed the highest possible climax to a work in which other agencies besides music engaged the attention of a congregation which had been listening first to the Gospel and Epistle for the day, then to half of a cantata the text of which was a poetic commentary thereon, then to a sermon (presumably also relevant), then to the rest of the cantata, which led to a final tune in which all could join.

Some cantatas, however, are less dependent on such an environment; and foremost among these are those solo cantatas that do not end with a plain chorale. *Vergnügte Ruh'* is undoubtedly among the most beautiful and mature of these or of any works by Bach. Anything like it in Bach's purely instrumental music would have become hackneyed long ago. The Cantatas, however, are a field so enormous, and of such uniform excellence, that it is the merest fluke which of them gets exploited first, as far as their beauty is concerned. There are many practical questions that often decide for the production of this and the neglect of that. Chief among these are the difficulties of Bach's *Continuo*, i.e. the early eighteenth century method of supplying the harmonic background. Almost throughout the nineteenth century this problem was evaded by modern orchestration which removed all trace of Bach's feeling for tone without satisfying any modern criterion in return. Fortunately Bach is not so easy to over-paint as Handel; the players have enough to do to tackle their own parts; and when even so facile a contrapuntist as Franz tries to add to Bach's polyphony, the additions (in spite of the reverent admiration they excited when they were new) cut a poor figure. They have had their day; but the old art of filling up figured bass was not to be recovered by mere wishes. From a technique as practical as that of parliamentary debate, it had risen (or fallen) to its present august position of abstract written exercises in "harmony,"—exercises which the writers would never dream of playing at sight even when they have finally acquired perfect ease in writing them. Meanwhile, the task of recovering the practical art of thoroughbass proved to be full of pitfalls; the eighteenth-century theorists did not explain points which their instruments had made too self-evident even for consciousness; while modern theorists and modern artists have too often distrusted or neglected each other's best resources and instincts. It would take too long to explain all that underlies the methods adopted for the present performance of *Vergnügte Ruh'*. It is as nearly as possible a reproduction of the way in which Bach managed his own works. It is certain that he often used *two* organs (or an organ and a harpsichord, according to circumstances) for his filling out; that one of them accompanied the voices and the other the instruments, and moreover (a feature which is not reproduced here) that the pitch of the one was a whole tone above that of the other! The pianoforte was already regarded by Quantz and by Bach's own sons as much better than the harpsichord for filling-out purposes; and the modern instrument, if played lightly, blends equally well with orchestra and organ.

The words of *Vergnügte Ruh'* are, in terms of eighteenth century musical symbolism, very faithfully illustrated by Bach, but we should pay him a poor compliment in supposing that they represent all he knew about the Gospel and Epistle for the Sixth Sunday after Trinity. A more wretched commentary

on the Scriptures was never delivered by the feeblest of preachers; and its claims to commonsense, scholarship, and orthodoxy may be gauged from the fact that the word *Racha* (from the text, "Whosoever shall say unto his brother, Raca, Raca, shall be in danger of hell-fire") becomes confused in punning fashion with *Rache* ("revenge")!

When Bach sets such stuff to music he goes to headquarters for his inspiration. Accordingly, instead of distracting the listener by the grotesque original words from which a literal translation can extract neither grammar nor sense, I here present what Bach's audience had before them, the Gospel and Epistle for the Sixth Sunday after Trinity:—

## THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. v. 20.

Jesus said unto his disciples, Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of heaven. Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill: and whosoever shall kill, shall be in danger of the judgement. But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgement: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire. Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

## THE EPISTLE. Rom. vi. 3.

Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection: knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we shall not serve sin. For he that is dead is freed from sin. Now if we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with him; knowing that Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him. For in that he died, he died unto sin once; but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

A friend has, however, given me a translation of the Cantata, which really helps towards understanding Bach's music. By adopting the diction of Christopher Harvey's *Synagogue* (if not of George Herbert's *Temple*), the translator has succeeded in giving a very faithful rendering of what Bach has read into the original text. It is not a translation for singing; but it might well be used as the basis of one.

## ARIA.

Fair Peace, the Soul's loved Joy,  
Midst hellish Sin no man may find thee,  
But only in the Heavenly concord.  
Thou comfortest the weary soul,  
Fair Peace, the Soul's loved Joy,  
Hence in my heart shall virtue only dwell.

## RECITATIVE.

The World, that House of Sins,  
Breaks out into the songs of hell,  
And seeks by hate and envy

To wear old Satan's image,  
Their mouths are full of viper's venom,  
Which does the innocent to death,  
And finds no word but  
"Raca, oh, thou fool!"  
Most righteous God, alas, how far  
Is man from Thee!  
Thou art all Love, and yet his mouth  
Doth utter nought but hate and cursing;  
And ever doth he seek  
To tread his brother under foot.  
Alas, what prayers can wash this guilt away?

## ARIA.

Ah! woe is me for all these perverse hearts  
Which are abhorred of Thee my God,  
I tremble and I feel a thousand pangs  
While they rejoice in hatred and revenge.  
Most righteous God, what are Thy thoughts towards  
them,  
When they, filled only full of Satan's wiles,  
Have laughed to scorn Thy sharp command—  
Ah! Thou hast doubtless thought to punish them.  
Ah! Woe is me for all these perverse hearts.

## RECITATIVE.

Who then would wish to live here  
When in return for Love

In the first aria (*Ex. 1*) Bach sings, in his greatest melodies and rhythms, of the peace and heavenly harmony within the soul that has resolved to do right. A literal translation of the text would go far to spoil the music; yet, wherever there is a point that can be made without showing up the tastelessness of the poet, Bach makes it. A splendid instance occurs in the middle of this aria, where the voice, expressing the *resolution* to harbour only good gifts in the heart, enters abruptly with a monosyllable on a high note before the *ritornello* is finished.

After the first aria there is a recitative in which Bach puts his own noble indignation into a denunciation of the malice and slanders of the world. Then comes one of the most singular designs to be found in music; an aria in which a fugued duet for the two manuals of the organ is supported only by a kind of free ground bass in the violins and violas, all in unison (*Ex. 2*), while the voice contributes its own material, besides taking up the fugue-theme. The sentiment is that of sorrow for the perverse souls that reject God; and the mockery of the ungodly is realistically suggested by two brilliant passages in the organ obligato. The whole air, though perhaps the most difficult movement in all Bach's works, is extremely picturesque and rich.

No. 1—



No. 2—



No. 3—



We see but hatred and ill-will?  
But since by God's command  
I needs must love my foeman as my friend,  
My heart flees rage and bitterness  
And longs alone to live with God,  
Whose Name is Love itself.  
Ah! Spirit of Peace, when will He give  
to Thee Thy Heavenly Zion.

## ARIA.

It sickens me to live,  
Therefore take me, O Jesu, to Thee.  
All sin fills me with horror,  
Let me find that Heavenly Mansion  
Where I at rest may be.

The following recitative is accompanied by the strings. Their entry, in sustained harmony, here symbolises (according to a train of thought constantly occurring in Bach's religious music) the releasing of one's thoughts from the slavery of this world to the freedom of the divine kingdom. In the final aria (*Ex. 3*) Bach gives full vent to his habit of expressing all his joy of life in the form of looking forward to the next world. "I loathe life," he sings to a delightful tritone fourth (D-G sharp), which the old theorists had solemnly stated to stand for the Devil in music (*Mi contra Fa est Diabolus in Musica*); "So take me away"—to the tune of "*Hat man nicht mit seinen Kindern hundert-tausend Hudelei*," while the organ warbles contentedly, and this world, with its *Hudelei*, sinks into oblivion in the child-like perfection of Bach's faith.

## 3. 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 no person 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 a 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 characterize 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.

## SKETCH PROGRAMMES

(Subject to additions and alterations)

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

*Solo Pianist*—Miss GRIERSON.

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

### SEVENTH CONCERT—Saturday, 24th May, at 3 p.m.

*Solo Vocalist*—Miss HELEN ANDERTON.

*Solo Pianist*—Mr J. RAE ROBERTSON

(Bucher Scholar: University of Edinburgh, 1914.)

*Organ Obligato*—Mr T. H. COLLINSON.

SYMPHONY in C major - - - - -	<i>Mozart</i>
VARIATIONS for Pianoforte and Orchestra - - - - -	<i>César Franck</i>
CANTATA for the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, for Alto Solo, Organ, and Orchestra - - - - -	<i>Bach</i>
SONGS - - - - -	
VARIATIONS for Orchestra - - - - -	<i>Elgar</i>