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The annual meeting of the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau Co., limited, was held on May 3d, at the Metropolitan Opera House. A large majority of the stockholders were represented by proxy. The object of the meeting was to elect the Board of Directors for the ensuing year. The same board that acted last year was re-elected. Only routine business was transacted, and it was decided that the company should dissolve after the formal tranfer of the Tremont Street Theater in Boston, to the Tremont Amusement Co., which was formed for the purpose of acquiring the property. This will take place shortly.

Frau Cosma Wagner and her son Siegfried will go to London in June, in order to be present at the performance of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" at Covent Garden. The seal of Bayreuth may thus be considered to have been plaeed upon the London festival; which, so far as the now rather old-fashioned machinery of the Covent Garden stage the construction of the theater will allow, will follow the Bayreuth traditions.

Jones—"Call him a musican! Why, he doesn't know the difference between a nocturne and a symphony."

Brown—"You don't mean it?" Then they hurry to get away from one another. Each is terribly afraid that the other will ask: "By the way, what is the difference?"

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

In people gifted with poetic instinct, a vague association of music with the stars is frequently established by independent working of the imagination. Many a young enthusiast who has never been told of the Pythagorean comparison of tones with celestial bodies, early discovers for himself that certain compositions "somehow remind one of the stars." This is, perhaps, says *Musical News*, because contemplation of the firmament has carried his thoughts into the regions of the unknowable, and he has found that certain musical masterpieces affect his imagination in a similar way. The conception that the spiritual life of Nature is ever expressing itself in sound and tone, that the Infinite Universe is ever making itself manifest to us through motion in time, has, in one form or another, occupied the minds of poets and thinkers from remotest ages down to the present day. Spitta, speaking of Buxhetude's seven suites for clavier "representing the nature and characteristics of the planets," as then known, alludes very sympathetically to this belief that the highest efforts of musical art bring the mind into contemplation of cosmic motion. Helmholtz, on the other hand, was surprised that philosophers should still be found who prefer such dreaming to scientific work. The intellect of Helmholtz, in many respects, transcended the powers of the ordinary individual of artistic temperament. There are, however, things revealed to poets and artists—nay, even to artistic children—which the great scientists never seem to appreciate fully. There is much, too, in ancient history which leads one to suspect that the men of remote antiquity had perceptions which modern civilized life blunts, and which modern systems of education tend to destroy altogether. And, in view of these facts, it is well to take heed lest any precious verity should be swept away along with the discarded rubbish of old-world speculative philosophy.

On what does our enjoyment of music depend? We know, for instance, that genuine pleasure may be obtained from hearing, say, the fifth prelude of the first part of the Wohltemperirtes Klavier, played very simply upon an old-fashioned instrument of feeble and intimate tone. The pleasure must depend very slightly on rhythmic effects, for the people most susceptible to its influence are often amusingly intolerant of Hungarian and Slavonic music. Sense of sound-color and pitch plays but a trifling part. A musician wrecked on a lonely coast, with a piano among his salvage, would continue to get pleasure from the instrument long after its strings were out of order. "It is a strange trait in human nature," observes a contributor to the *Musical News* (March 19th, 1898), "that individuals grow to enjoy in music what they are constantly accustomed to hear as such, and that frequent familiarity with poor tone deadens the critical faculty of the ear. . . . Organists are prone to grow blind to the defects of the instruments they play upon." If refinement of musical taste depended upon a highly developed sense of sound-color and pitch, instrument makers and tuners would have an overwhelming advantage over the rest of the musical world; but, as a matter of fact, the more perfectly one appreciates a beautiful musical idea, the less one thinks of the medium by which it is expressed. There are plenty of people who would not part with their "old piano" for the finest instrument ever made. A "glorious" instrument would merely distract them.

But it may be urged that the pleasure to which we have alluded sometimes depends upon an intellectual appreciation of canonic ingenuity. Here, again, it is a question whether canonics do not tend to distract some musicians from that which is vital and essential in Art. Be this as it may, it is a matter of common experience that knowledge of technicalities is not at all essential to enjoyment of pure music.

To take yet another instance, imagine one of the more abstruse of the Beethoven Quartets performed with ordinary accuracy and intelligence on ordinary modern stringed-instruments. Students of Helmholtz are able to explain why the sound-effect would almost certainly be unpleasant. A person unable to get into touch with Beethoven's ideas would be terribly worried by the flow of "beats." Indeed, even under the most favorable circumstances, who really enjoys the later Beethoven Quartets at a first hearing? Once initiated, however, a person may obtain a certain amount of pleasure from a mediocre performance. On what does his enjoyment depend?

"The appreciation of sound is ultimately a psychical act," says Science. "When we speak of a musical ear, we really mean a musical mind, or a musical brain." There Science leaves us, but listen to what the "Dreamer," Jean Paul Richter, has to say: "There is within us an indefinable sense, which makes life appear a prison. It was by this sense that theologians were led to regard life as an apprenticeship to Immortality. *By this sense we obtain fitful consciousness of things which the eye has not seen, nor the ear heard.*" Now, pure music stands in very close relation to our inner being. It is by the reverent study of pure music that a man best develops the inner sense of which Jean Paul speaks. And the organist, playing Bach quietly by himself, can WELL AFFORD to become "blind to the defects of the instrument upon which he plays."

Like the student of Beethoven's Quartets, he recks little of material sound, which, for him, is but a vehicle conveying something for which no word has yet been invented. The man's mind is brought into contemplation of the First Cause of Things—*He hears the music of the spheres.*

SONGS AND SINGERS OF TO-DAY.

Are the songs sung to-day in our drawing-rooms elevating? Are we, in fact, deteriorating? I regret I must answer in the affirmative, says a writer in *The Music Trade Review*. It is a curious thing that the further we advance in operatic music—the more dramatic form our oratorio assumes, the more inartistic, the more inane, our drawing-room ballads become. It may be that our dramatic music grows so difficult—both in the voice part and in the accompaniment—that they practically prohibit performance, and so the modern ballad simply owes its existence to the inexorable law of supply and demand. I have no doubt whatever that there is a great deal of truth in this; yet I think we are too lazy, rather than too unmusical, to appreciate a good song. It may be that singers give listeners bad habits, or that listeners give singers bad habits; there is a fault somewhere. Who is responsible for the incarceration of Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, Franz, Berlioz and Sterndale Bennett? Why is it that Sullivan, Cowen, and most of the English composers, are represented by their worst, or at least their less artistic songs, rather than their best? Is it because of a big compass? Is it because of a difficult accompaniment? These two reasons may, in some cases, have bearing, but not always. The amateur singer, as a rule, has no limits to his compass, and, unless he be an unusually cultivated amateur, he is not particular how the accompanist gets over his difficulties.

What is it that causes a song to become popular? Of course you will say a good melody—a "catchy" air. Yes, but what gives an air that essential qualification—"catchiness"? It is rhythm. Rhythm forms the basis of all melody. The simpler the rhythm of a song, the more chance it has for popularity. Take a song, for instance, like Pinsuti's "Queen of the Earth." The refrain of this contains—first, two phrases identical in rhythm, and then, a simple phrase, containing one long note followed by triplets, is repeated over and over again to the end. Another popular song, known as "Say Au Revoir, but not Good-bye," is a repetition of one rhythmical phrase from beginning to end. This is also the case in that music-hall atrocity, "Sweet Rosy O'Grady." An examination of these melodies will be sufficient to demonstrate the reason why songs and dance-music become popular.

Our modern songs have too little nature in them. The only elements introduced, as a general rule, are moonbeams, starlights, and winds that blow from the south. These effects of nature are introduced in much the same way as limelight in a theatre, to illuminate the artist on the stage. Go into any music shop and look through the parcel of "new music" specially laid out for your benefit. What will you find? You will find that the songs are continually harping on one string—I and You, You and I, eternally ringing in your ears to a waltz refrain. The sun never shines in these songs. They are always set "in the flickering firelight," "when the lights are low," "when darkness deepens," or "in the hush of the twilight." Do we not long for a blaze of sunlight to brighten these dark corners!—a thunderstorm to clear this unhealthy atmosphere! Most of these songs are positively silly; others are ambiguous.

WILL MOTTL CONDUCT HERE?

As it is probable that the conductor for the Covent Garden season of opera in London will fulfill the same duty during the opera season later in this city, the following item from the London *Musical Standard*, is of some interest: "Most Wagnerians will be satisfied with the choice of Herr Felix Mottl as conductor of the forthcoming Wagner Festival at Covent Garden. Indeed, when the death of Anton Seidl was known in London, the names of Dr. Richter and Herr Mottl were the first that suggested themselves, so that Mr. Schulz-Curtius has probably given satisfaction to every one in engaging the Carlsruhe conductor. Some of us, perhaps, would have liked to have an opportunity of hearing Herr Mahler again, especially as he has made great strides in his profession since he was last here; but the ordinary London amateur, so conservative in his tastes, would probably have voted for Felix Mottl, who at any rate is as good, if not better, than the late Anton Seidl."

It is stated in other London papers that offers of $10,000 to $20,000 for an American season have been refused by Nikisch, Mottl, Weingartner and Richter. A local writer on musical topics says: "The present indications are that great conductors will soon ask and get as much as great tenors and sopranos; and they ought to."

TOLSTOI'S IMPRESSION OF SIEGFRIED.

One hardly knows whether to laugh or weep over Tolstoi's account of his impressions of a rendering of "Siegfried." To the great world it will come as a surprise that Tolstoi has been inside of a theater within recent years, says the London *Chronicle*. He went however, at the urgent entreaty of friends, who assured him that he could not understand Wagner without seeing him. Tolstoi was of a different opinion, and that opinion, apparently, he retained. He tells us in the new section of his essay on Art, how he went rather late, how he found the great Moscow Theater crowded with Grand Dukes and persons of distinction, and of the extreme difficulty with which his friends kept him from escaping at the end of the first act.

We could imagine that in such surroundings the simple-living ascetic would be ill at ease, whatever the opera on the stage. Tolstoi's preconceived antipathy to Wagner, his distrust of his method, his disbelief in the possibility of the music-poem, and his conviction that the whole of the ring was one stupendous counterfeit, are expressed in lively terms enough. The thing that impresses him most about Mime—indeed, he cannot shake it off—is that he is dressed in "trico-tights." "He opened his mouth in a strange way, he sang something incomprehensible. The music of various instruments accompanied the strange sounds which he emitted." The rest he gathers from the libretto—which shows that he saw an exceptionally bad Mime. The scene between Siegfried and Mime bored him to death. When Wotan appeared, he notes that he stood in a stupid pose, with a spear—which was very likely true—and that he was dressed up in a wig and tights at the same time.

"The riddles have no meaning except to tell the audience what the Nibelungs are, what the giants are, what the gods are and what has happened before."

And this is how Tolstoi was impressed by the foregoing scene and the song of the sword: "Siegfried seizes one of the pieces of what is meant to represent the broken sword, saws it up, puts it on what is meant to represent the forge, melts it, and then forges it and sings: Heaho, heaho, hoho! Hohohoho, hoho, hoho! Hoheo, haho, haheo, hoho." Surely if ever there was a song that would carry away an opera house not of abnormals, or descendants, or hypnotized cultured people, but of Covent Garden porters, or even Tol toi's own simple-natured peasants, it is that song. But not a bit of it. He sees no humor in one of the greatest of comedies; and, at any rate, in the caricature he has given to the world, the whole business has suggested to his mind nothing but a gnome in one sort of tights, a god in another, and a youth with a horn shouting "Hoheo!" The best that Tolstoi will admit as to Wagner's musical capacity is that he was not destitute of talent! Somehow the old Titan's rage seems to have blinded and deafened him. By one of those ironies so common where great men are working by different roads toward the same end, Tolstoi does not see that Wagner's art was as religious in its bent as his own; that two masters, neither knowing where the other was going, have unconsciously been working toward the same goal.

ROSENTHAL.

Rosenthal, who played the Steinway on his last American visit, when he succumbed to typhoid fever, has recovered from a bad finger and been reappearing in London. *Musical News* says: St. James's Hall was crowded when Herr Rosenthal gave his third and last recital. Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 109, was played with extreme clearness of design and finish of detail; Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques, which followed, were a veritable triumph, both in conception and execution; Schumann seems to be peculiarly sympathetic to Herr Rosenthal, who gets, in a special manner, at the heart of his works; in the Finale, a slight departure from the usual text was made, reverting, we believe, to the first edition. A group of pieces by Chopin and Rubinstein came next in order, and included two encores, the Etude of Chopin (No. 9 of the second set) being repeated, and Henselt's Wiegenliedchen being added to the "Rubinstein" selection. Liszt's enormously difficult Fantasie on "Don Juan" came last on the list. At its close, the enthusiasm of the audience broke loose; and it was genuine enthusiasm, which is exhilarating and infectious, not the greedy and obstinate applause that exacts an extra piece. An extra piece, however, was accorded—Chopin's Valse in A-flat, a favorite "encore" with Rosenthal. There seems to be no doubt among musicians that Herr Rosenthal is the greatest of all pianists, as an executant.

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THOMAS M. HYLAND, . . EDITOR.

JUNE, 1898.

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LITERARY ASPECTS OF MUSIC.

The recent and irreparable loss of Anton Seidl, according to *Current Literature*, suggests certain animadversions on music; on certain phases of it that are not always taken into consideration by laymen; for Seidl's relations with music were not directly those of a producer or executant, although he certainly did, in one sense, produce music of the supreme type, with supreme art. But music is far more than sound; more even than melody and harmony. There is more to music than the ear discovers. To those that know it, one of the most important qualities is its appeal to the eye. Experts read a musical classic as they do a famous poem or a standard novel, and they skim or peruse new music as they skim a newspaper. They claim, indeed, to derive almost as much pleasure from what is literally "reading" music, as from playing it or hearing it played. One learns to read music as to read books; picking out each note with hesitant deliberation, as a beginner cons the letters of his primer; constructing the chords laboriously as a child groups the letters into a word, and combining the chords into a phrase as a child builds up its understanding of a sentence. In time, the reader of books learns to grasp a word as a whole without any conscious spelling of it. Gradually, he is able to take in a whole sentence at a time, without pausing to study its separate wor s. So the practiced musician reads his notes, and such a virtuoso as Liszt is said to have constantly read eighteen measures ahead of the measure he was playing. To the physiological psychologist, one of the most marvelous abilities of the human mind is a trained pianist's rapid performance at first sight of a brilliant composition. We are too sadly accustomed to the ubiquitous piano player either to realize or admire the astounding ingenuity of his mind; but to appreciate it thoroughly, one has only to make a calculation of the myriad messages and the lightning-like volitions required for the playing, at a high rate of speed, of complicated passages; for they are written in two clefs and on a staff which serves for any key, the performer being compelled to alter the significance of every note throughout the piece according to the signature of the key. The necessities for deciding the time to be spent on each note, the quality of tone to be produced, the force of that tone and its relation to everything that follows it or precedes it, or is struck simultaneously with it, are so appalling that one really ought to forgive the average pianist for not adding to the miracle by playing with large intellectuality and emotion.

The reading of a piano composition is wonderful enough, but there is something stupefying about the reading of an orchestral score. The composition is likely to be quite as brilliant as most brilliant piano pieces, and it is scattered among a horde of instruments, the notes for which are written in several different keys and clefs at the same time. The main theme is tossed about from one family of instruments to another, and contra melodies of all sorts and descriptions are thrown in at every crevice. Different instruments must be kept at different degrees of force, and they must express different emotions at the same time. The problems presented to an orchestral conductor at the first sight of a score for grand orchestra would seemingly swamp the most agile intellect in existence; yet the trained student takes up such a score with the light-hearted comfort of a summer girl opening a paper-covered romance to be read in a seaside hammock. The musician sits back in his seat at home or in a street car or a railroad train—or, perhaps, even in a carriage!—and reads rapidly and understandingly till the whole place about him resounds and quivers with music that has no being except in the secret porches of his soul. Many an old musician is brought to tears by this silent reading of page after page of orchestral score. Music that makes no appeal to the eye is not likely to be music of much prominence. Music that does so stir the reader is surely a sort of exalted literature.

ROSENTHAL'S REMARKS.

Rosenthal, the great pianist, who will tour the United States next fall, when interviewed recently in London, said:

"Audiences in general are very much inclined to regard a pianist's energy as technic, rather than force of expression, and mere cantilene for soul—in other words, pianissimo for soul, and fortissimo for technic—forgetting that he is not always free in the matter of nuance. There is a heroic way in mu sic, as well as a lyrical way. Technic in pianissimo is difficult, but easier than a good sounding fortissimo." In reference to Rubinstein and Liszt, he said: "I was more impressed with Rubinstein than Liszt, though the latter was in some respects incomparable. Perhaps it was because the temperament of Rubinstein was more like my own." As to his preference in the matter of compositions, he has a fondness for Schumann's concerto. "Liszt's concerto in E flat is very dashing, but it is paradoxical, and I do not rank it very high. I much prefer Chopin's in E minor, because this composer, to my mind, has the maximum of energy compressed in a nut-shell. In the highest sense he thought out and made his form. I also admire his sonatas. My estimate of Chopin increases year by year. His gentler qualities caught me in the first instance, but I have since comprehended his artistic power and intellectuality. Chopin produced nothing that was lacking in finish."

Amongst many others engaged by the Chicago Orchestra for next season are Emma Eames and Moritz Rosenthal.

Mr. S. B. Mills, the well-known pianist, who spent many years in this country, principally in New York, has returned to his native place in Wales, and will remain there.

The famous old music master, Manuel Garcia, has lately completed his ninety-fourth year. He keeps his interest in his art, frequently attends concerts, and still gives occasional lessons. His memory is sound, and he recalls episodes of Napoleon's war in Spain. After the taking of Badajos by Wellington, Garcia's father fled with him to Naples. Manuel Garcia is one of the few living musicians who personally knew Beethoven.

The centennial of the first performance of Haydn's "Creation" occurred last month. The initial performance took place at Schwarzenburg Palace, Vienna, April 29th, 1798.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

Verdi will, it is said, spend the remainder of his life in Milan, where the remains of his wife repose.

It is announced that Mlle. Marie Van Zandt is engaged to be married to a fabulously wealthy Russian, one of the nobility.

Barcelona has of late been enjoying the operas "L'Africaine," "Aida," "Pescatori," "Pagliacci," and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Wagner's "Tannhäuser" was given in Alexandria, Egypt, in February, with immense success. It was the first performance of Wagner's music in that country.

Rumor has it that "Das Rheingold" has been refused performance at the opera, Paris, from the fact that its presentation would not fill an entire evening, and would have to be followed by a ballet.

Massenet's "Cendrillon" has been read at the Opera Comique and unanimously accepted. Massenet has recently been made a member of the Stockholm Academy.

Max Alvary, who suffered a severe injury from a fall on the stage during a recent rehearsal of "Siegfried," at Mannheim, Germany, has just been awarded $6,000 damages at Leipsic.

Three noted orchestral conductors died lately abroad. They were Francesco Lehar, of Budapesth; Theodore Loewe, formerly director of the Hoftheater, at Coburg, and Constantin Zschoppe, director in the Stadt Theater, at Heidelberg.

The redoubtable Col. Mapleson has once more returned to the charge. He has issued a prospectus for a scheme to provide operatic performances at the Olympia Theatre, London, during six months of the year, at half the ordinary rates, and expects to start at the end of April.

Tschaikowski's Russian opera, "Eugen Onegin," has been given for the first time in Italian at St. Petersburg, and with complete success. The interpreters were the soprano, Sigrid Arnoldson; the tenor, Masini; the baritone, Bottistini; and the basso, Rossi.

Wm. L. Tomlins, for twenty-three years director of the Apollo Musical Club, Chicago, resigned on May 1st. Mr. Tomlins is classed among the greatest of America's chorus directors.

Special meetings were held recently in Cincinnati, at which it was decided to raise $100,000 toward the construction of a new building in which to hold the forthcoming Jubilee Saengerfest at Cincinnati. Fifty thousand dollars is to be raised by subscription, and the remaining $50,000 will be obtained through the sale of tickets for the festival.

Eight hundred singers in Brooklyn want to go to the war. They belong to what is known as the "United Singers," headed by S. K. Saenger, David Kroos, Julius Frankel, and W. F. Hellforth.

These gentlemen conceived the idea of getting up a regiment, secured eight hundred names, and notified the Governor of the State of the fact. Any singer can join, provided he is not more than forty-five years of age.

Most of the members of the musical cohort are of German extraction, and if they get to the front they will certainly cast terror into the ranks of the enemy by shouting out some choruses of Deutschland as they rush upon him. The Spaniards could probably stand the "Wacht am Rhein," or the native version of "The Soldier's Farewell," but they could not possibly hope to offer serious resistance to the more intricate male choruses in which this melodious regiment will doubtless indulge. Four hundred high tenors, and as many thunderous bassos shouting forth a chorus in the mellifluous tongue of Germany, might well shake Havana to her centre, and cause Morro Castle to fall a heap of crumbling ruins.

BEETHOVEN'S TROUBLESOME SERVANTS.

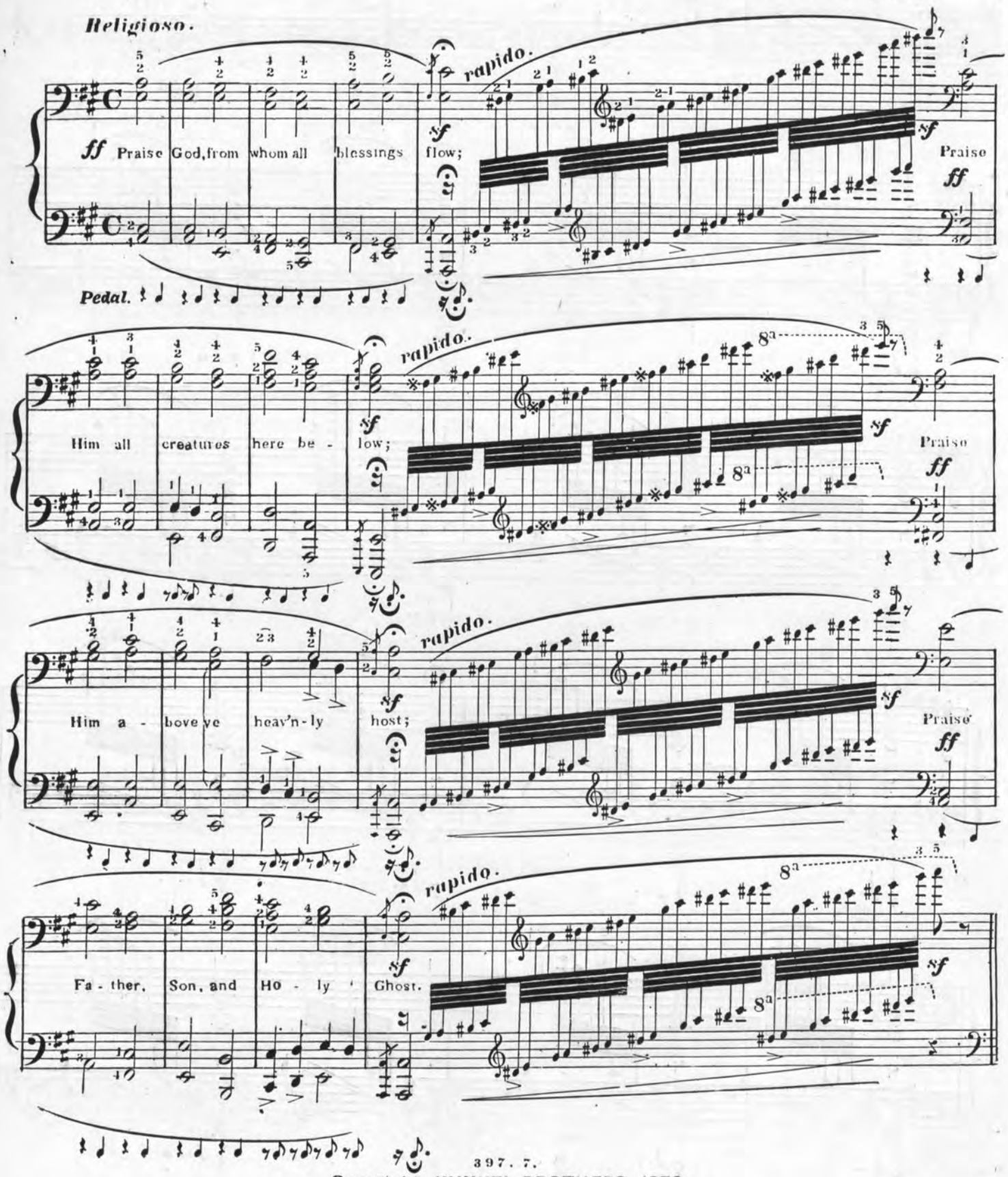
Beethoven's unpublished letters from the Jahn Collection, recently presented to the Royal Library, Berlin, also contain some amusing features. In a letter to Von Domanowecz, a Viennese lawyer, Beethoven wants to know if he can get rid of a troublesome manservant without paying him a fortnight's wages. In another, the irate composer writes to Nanette Streicher: "I thank you for your sympathy for me. To-day I had lots of trouble with Nanny, but I flung half-a-dozen books at her head New Year's day." This vigorous method of correcting female servants seems to have gone out of fashion.

Saint-Saens has finished his music for "Dejanire," a tragedy of the antique school. Of late, Saint-Saëns has been prominent as a composer rather than organist, as in his earlier days.

OLD HUNDRED.

Paraphrase de Concert.

JULIA RIVE-KING.



zeffiroso.

p

cres:

8a

p

cres:

8

8a

8a

8a

8a

8a

Intermezzo. Con anima.

8a

8a

Ped.

f

Ped.

ff

rapido e bravura.

8a

ff

Ped.

lungo trillo.

8a

tr

ff

sf

tr

Ped. Ped. Ped.

marcato la melodia.

Tempo I.

rapido. mormorando.

Ped.

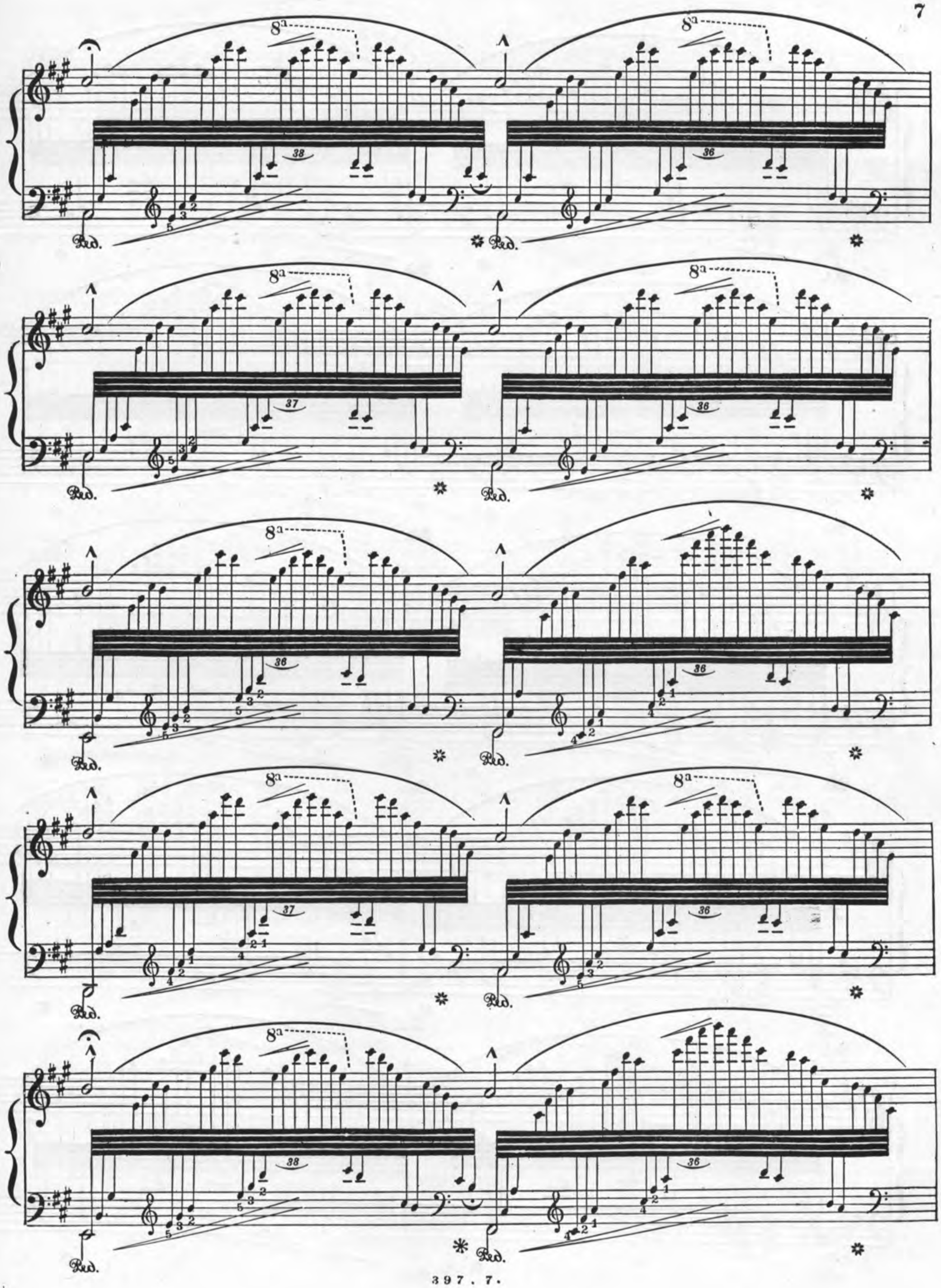
zeffiroso.

Ped.

Ped.

8a

Ped.



8a
Ped.
38
36
37

8a

Ped.

cres:

f

8a

Ped.

Tempo ad lib.

una corda.

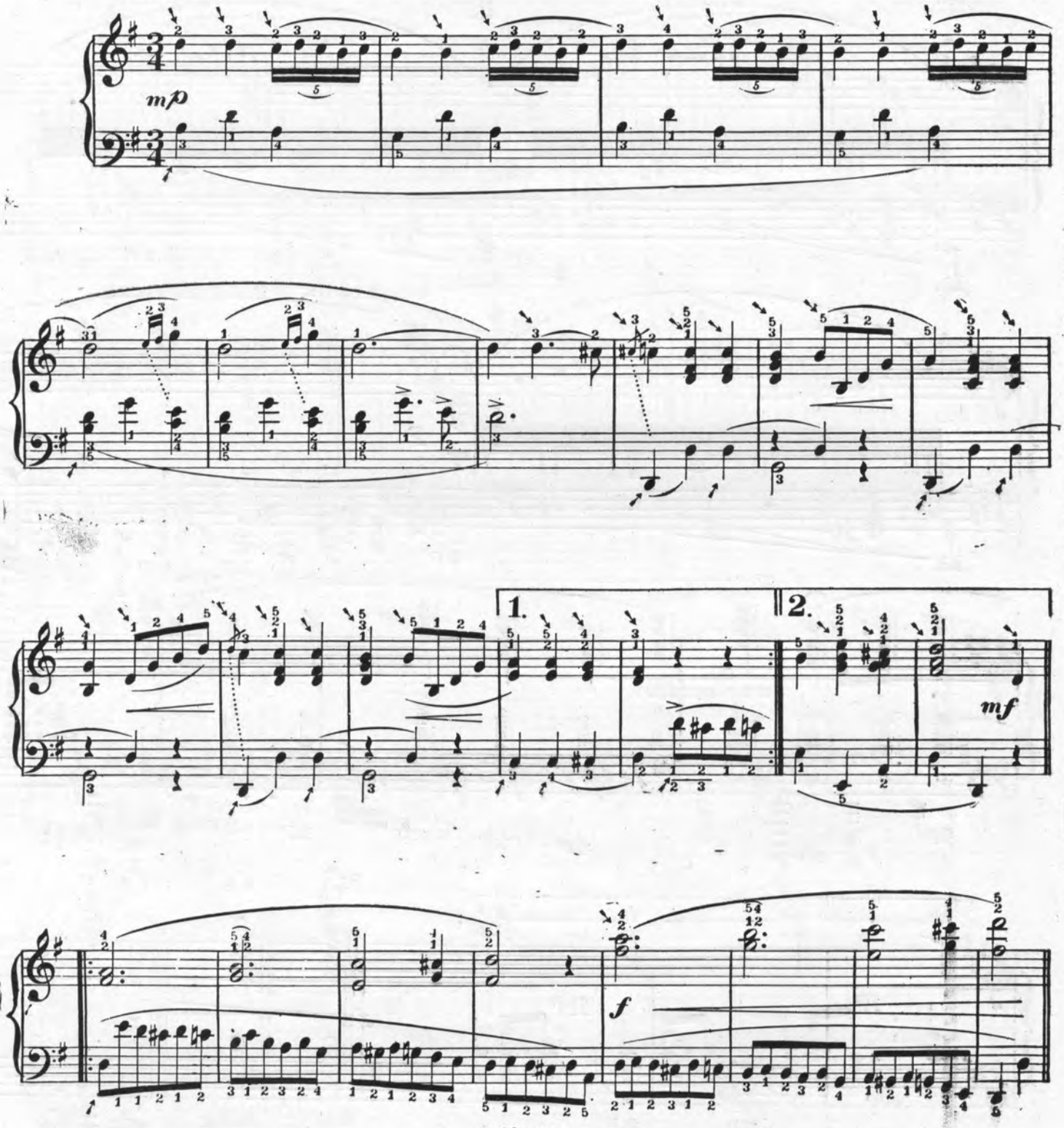
l.h.

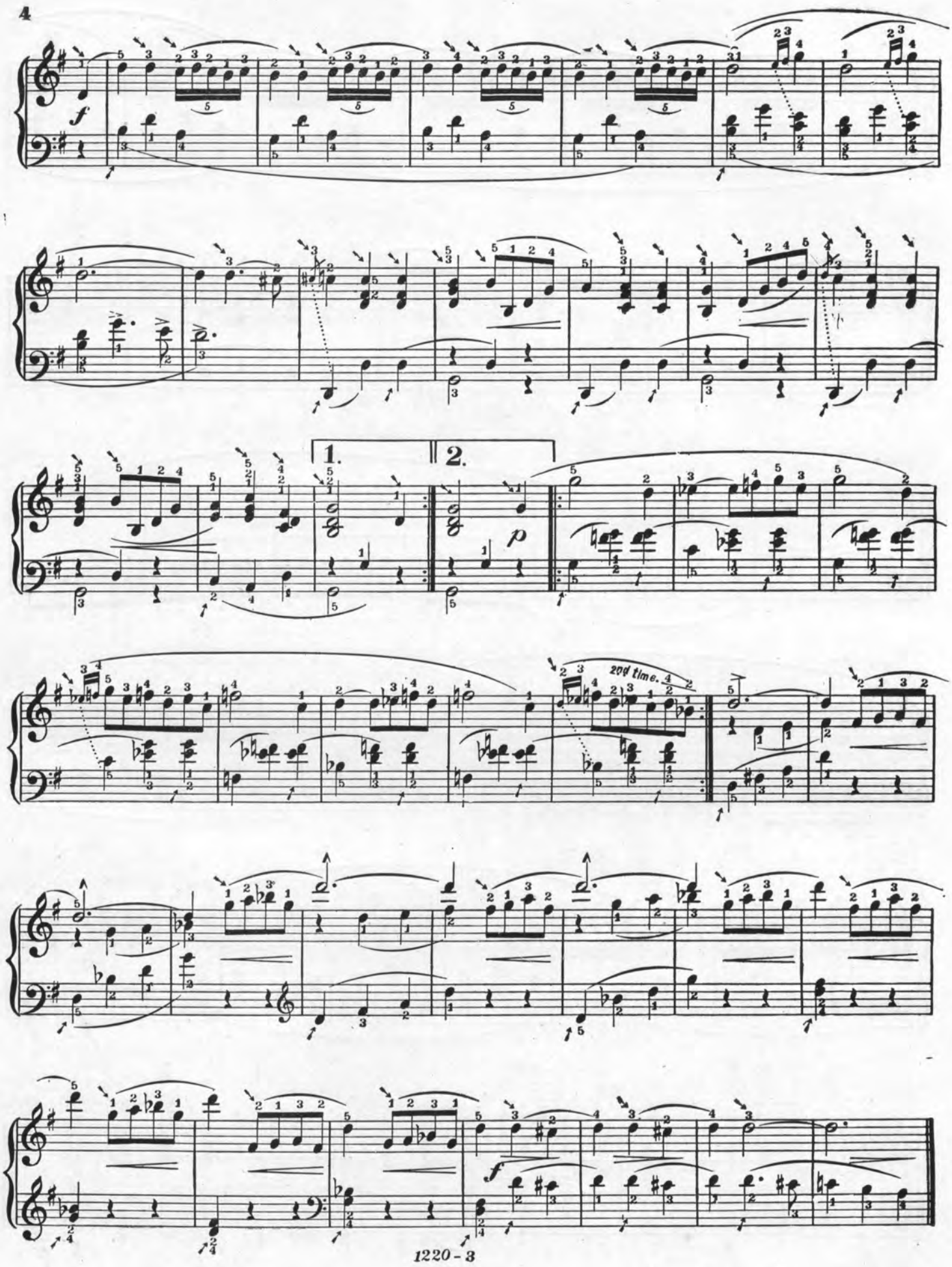
MENUET.

Notes marked with an arrow must be struck from the wrist.

J. J. Paderewski Op. 14.

Allegretto. ♩ = 138.




f
1.
2.
p
2nd time.
f

mp

p

mf

f

f

p

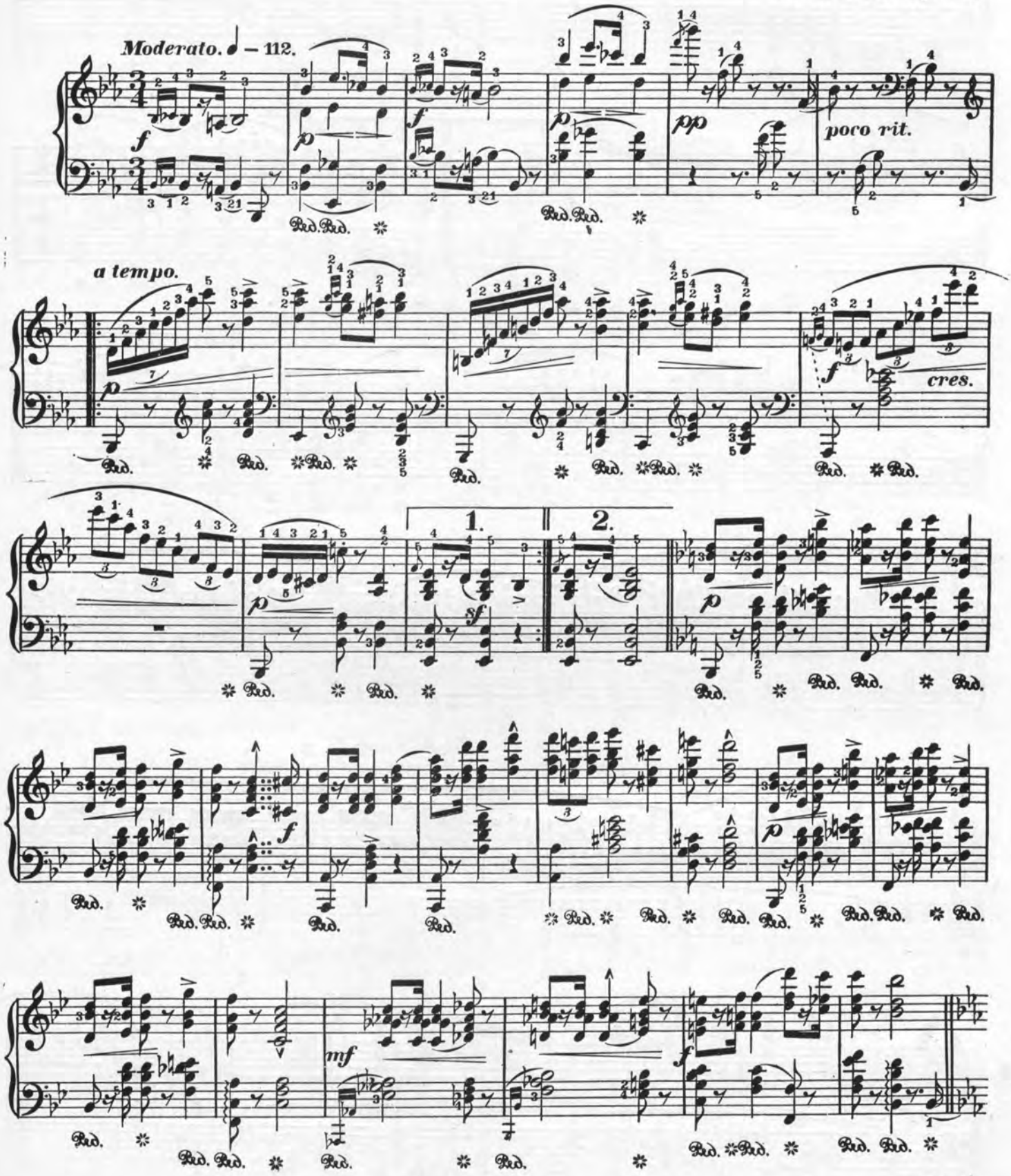
f

SOUVENIR DE VARSOVIE.

(RECOLLECTIONS OF WARSAW.)

MAZURKA.

J. Schulhoff Op. 30.



cres.

dolce.

poco rit.

a tempo.

cres.

cantando.

cres.

sf

dim.

p

Con brio.

LE REVEIL D'AMOUR.

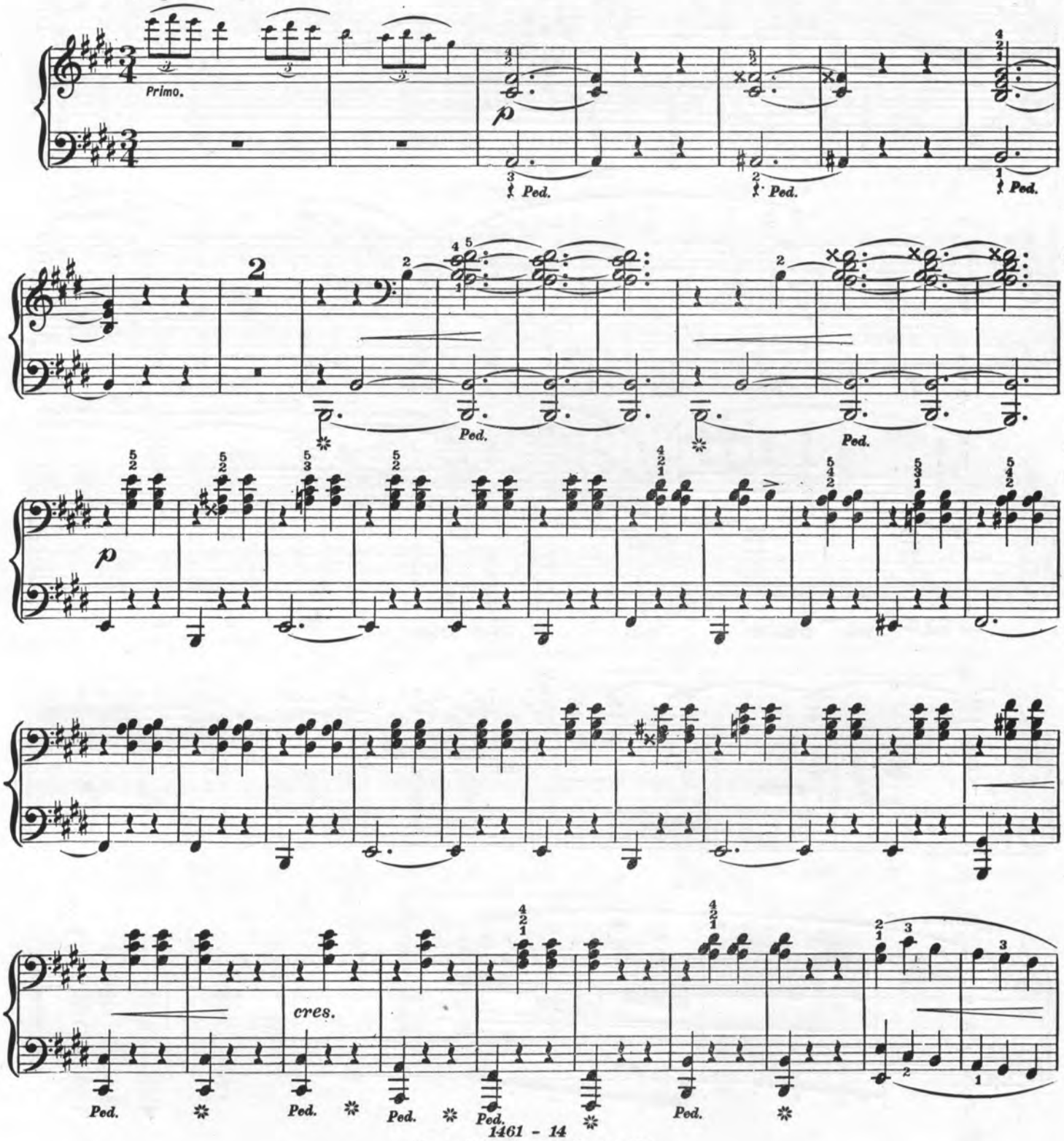
(LOVES AWAKENING.)

Valse de Concert.

Secondo.

Moritz Moszkowski

Tempo di Valse. ♩.= 80.



1461 - 14

LE REVEIL D'AMOUR.

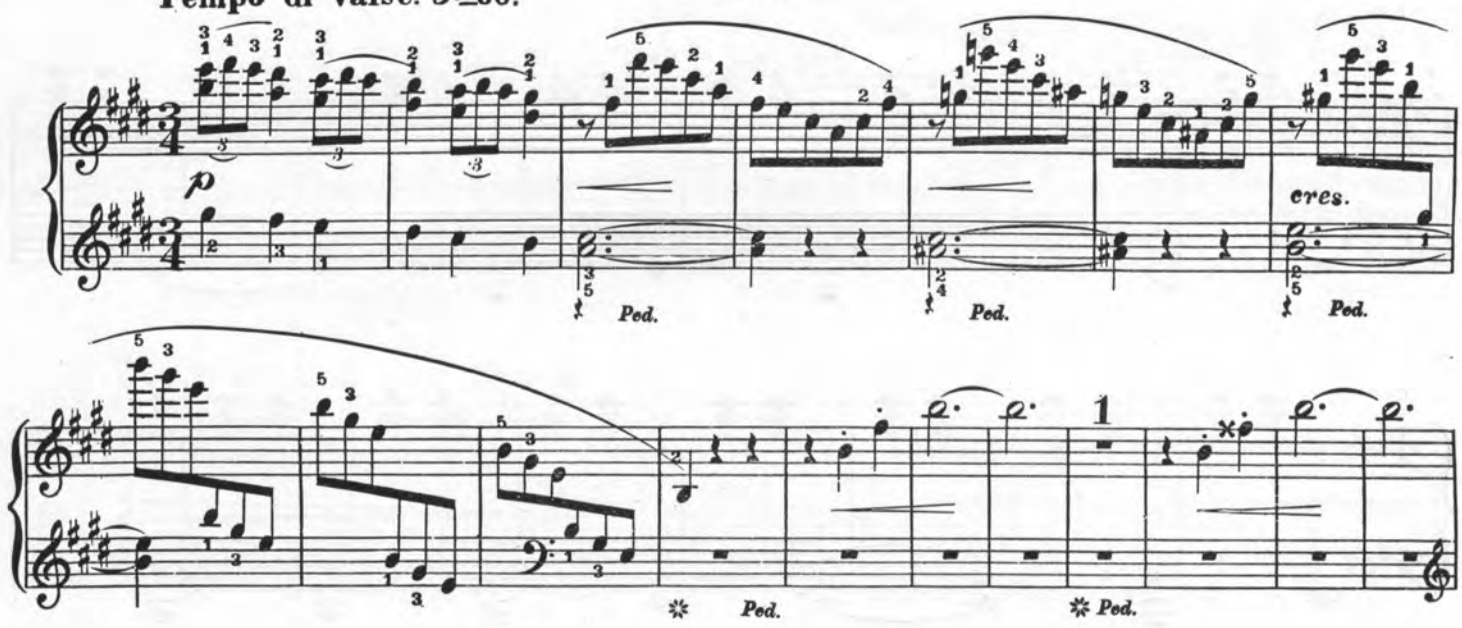
(LOVES AWAKENING.)

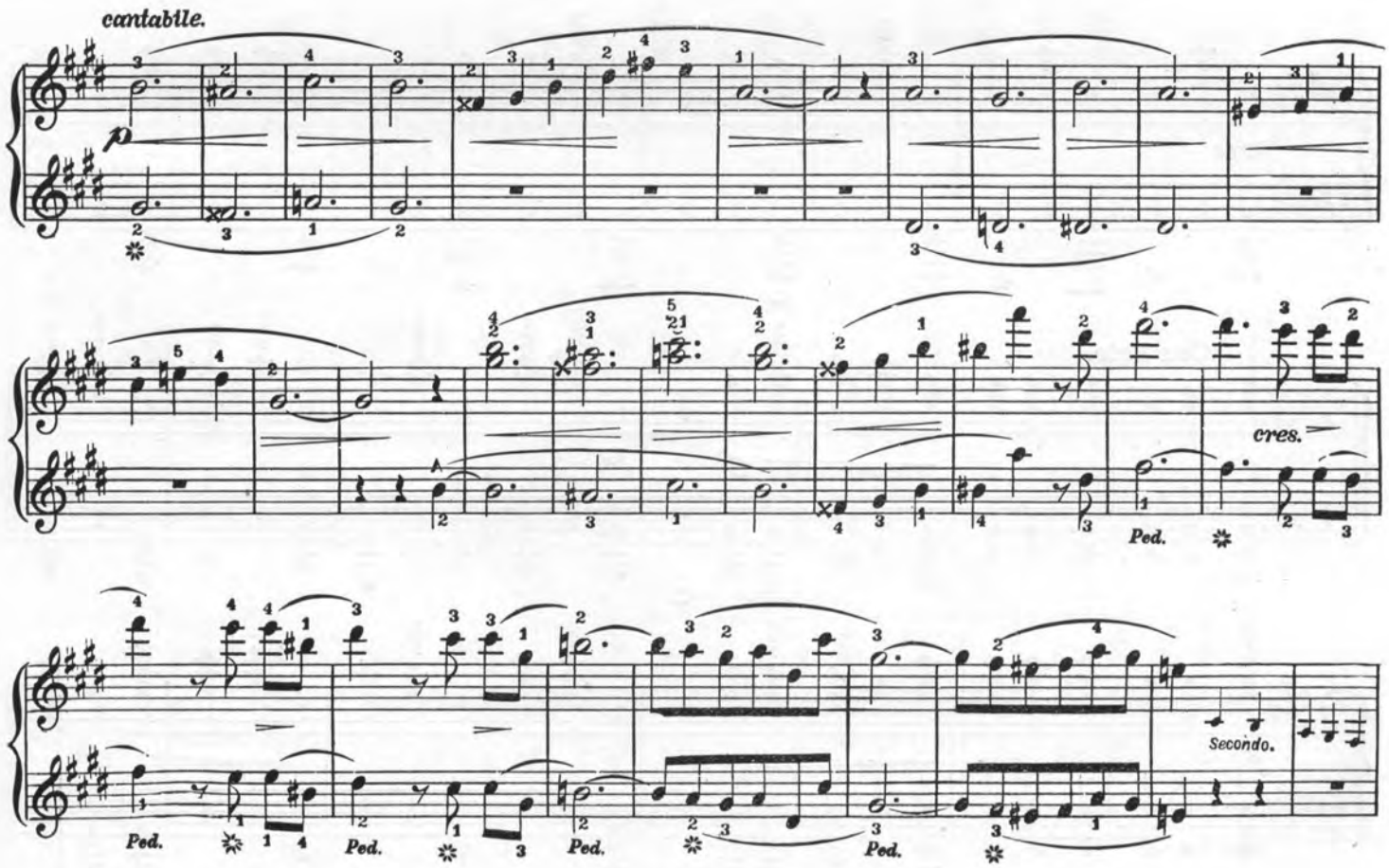
Valse de Concert.

Tempo di Valse. ♩.=80.

Primo.

Moritz Moszkowski.





Secondo.

Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲

Ped.

cres.

Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲

Con Brio.

f *sf* *p*

Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲

f *sf* *f* *yfz*

Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲

mf

Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲

Ped.

✲ Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲ Ped.

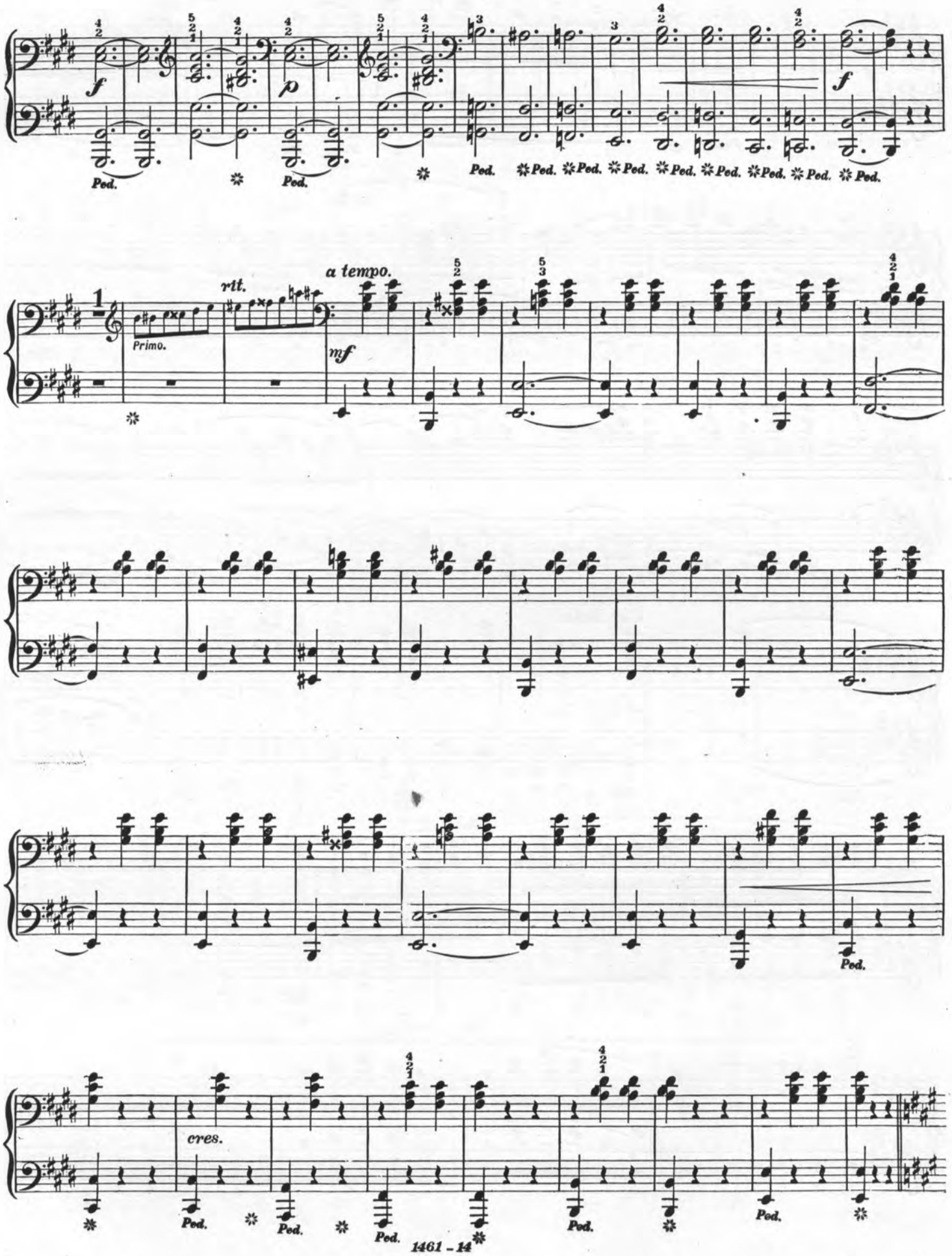
Con Brio.

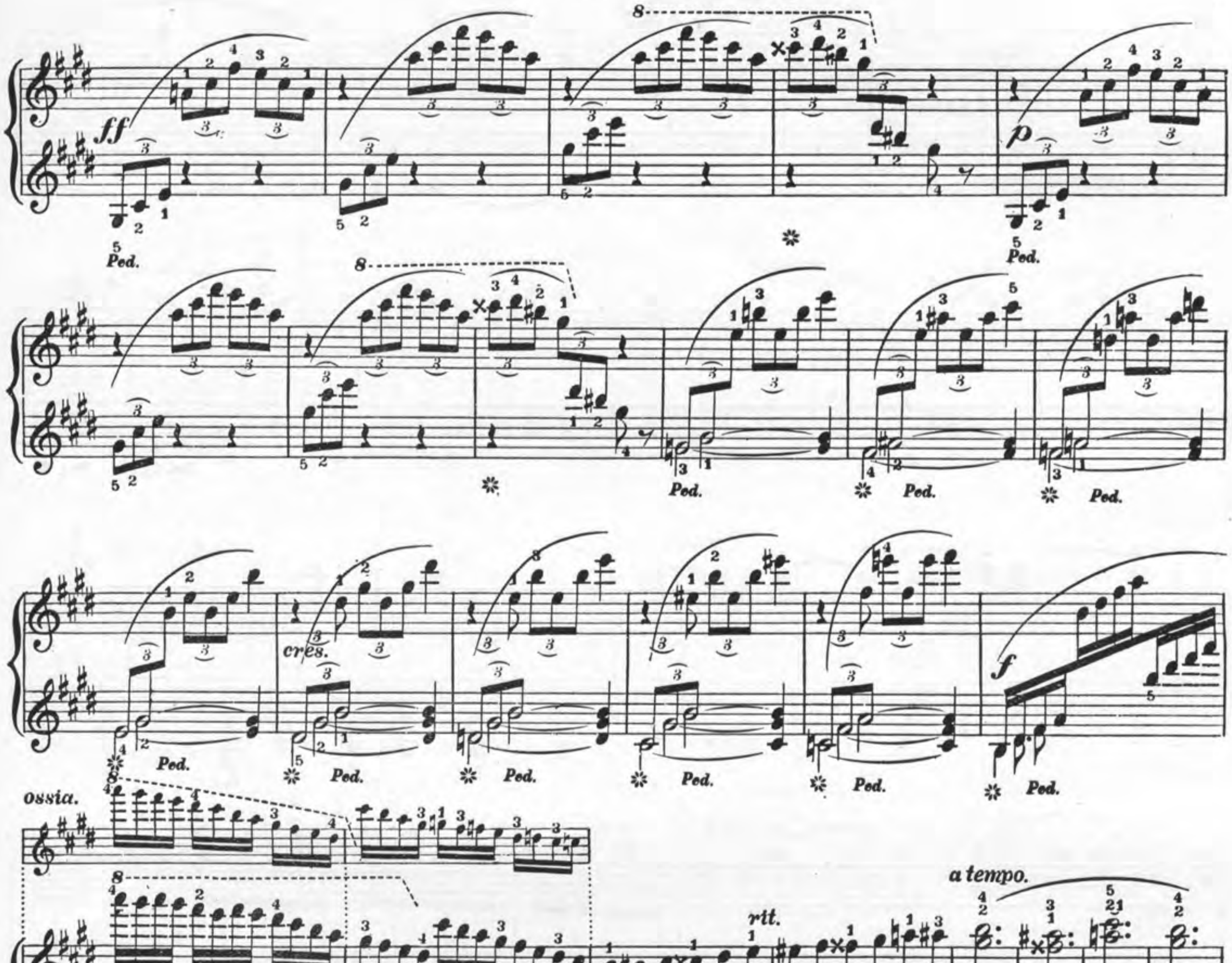
f *p*

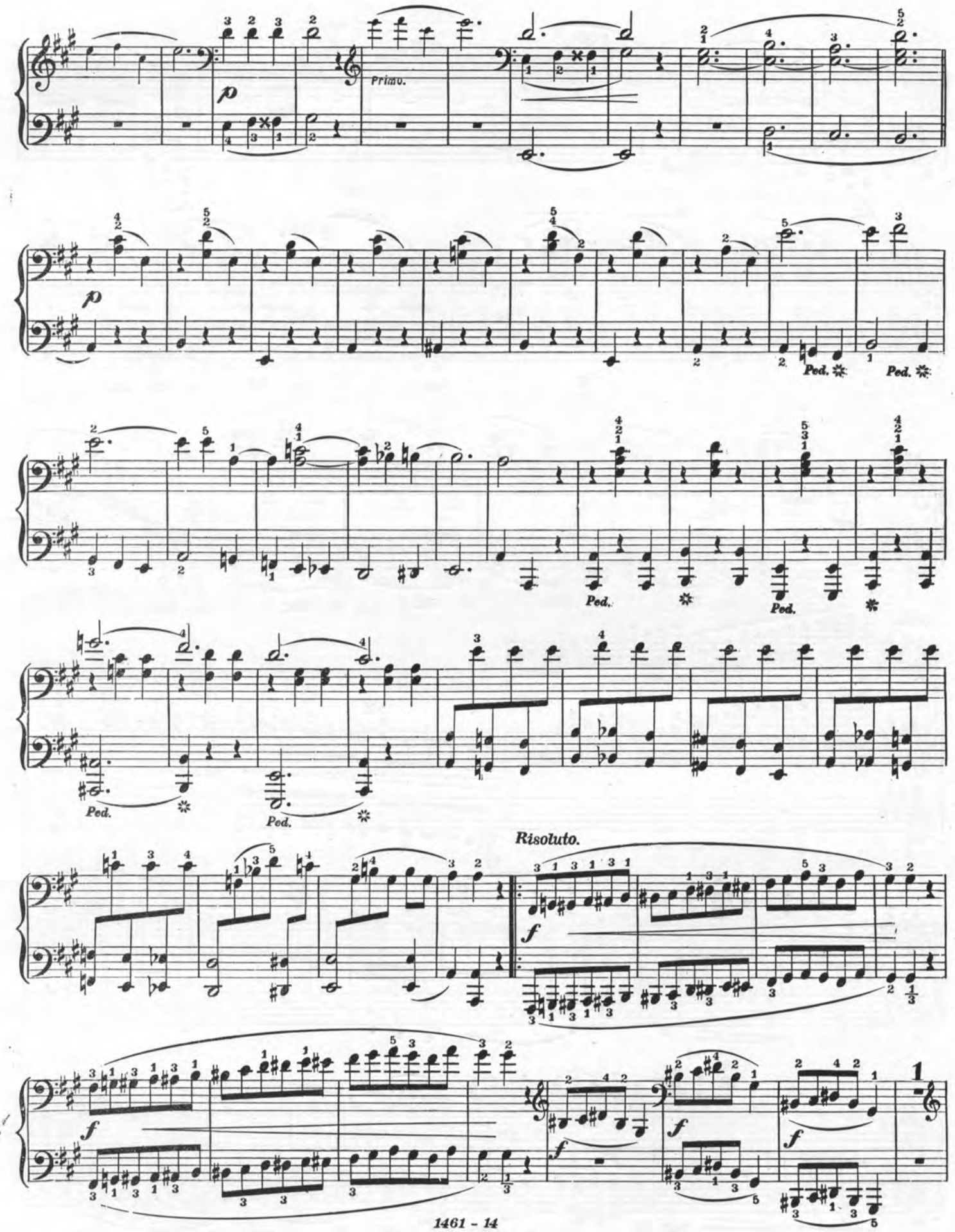
Ped. ✲ Ped. Ped. ✲

f

✲ Ped. ✲ *f*


f
p
f
Ped.
1
Primo.
rit.
a tempo.
mf
cres.


ff
Ped.
8
p
cres.
f
ossia.
rit.
a tempo.


Primo.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Risoluto.

dolce.

p

Ped. ✲ *Ped.* ✲

Ped. ✲ *Ped.* ✲ *Ped.* ✲

Risoluto.

ff *ff*

rit.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

a tempo.

p

Ped. Ped.

Primo.

Ped.

p

3 Ped. 2 Ped. 1 Ped.

2

Ped.

cres. Ped. cres. Ped.

yf p rit. a tempo. Ped.

Ped.

f p

cres. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Ped. Ped.

p

Ped. ✲

Ped. ✲

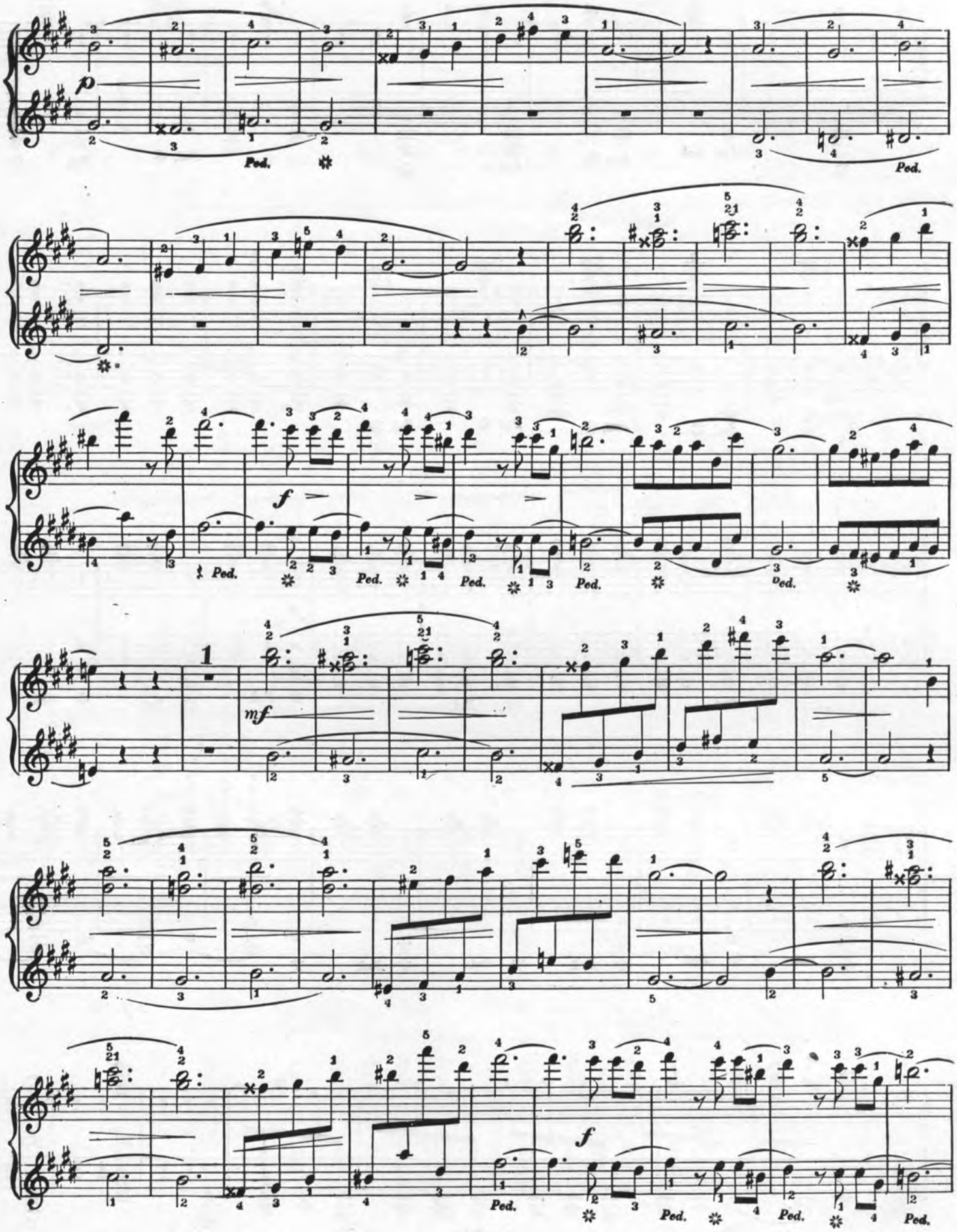
cres.

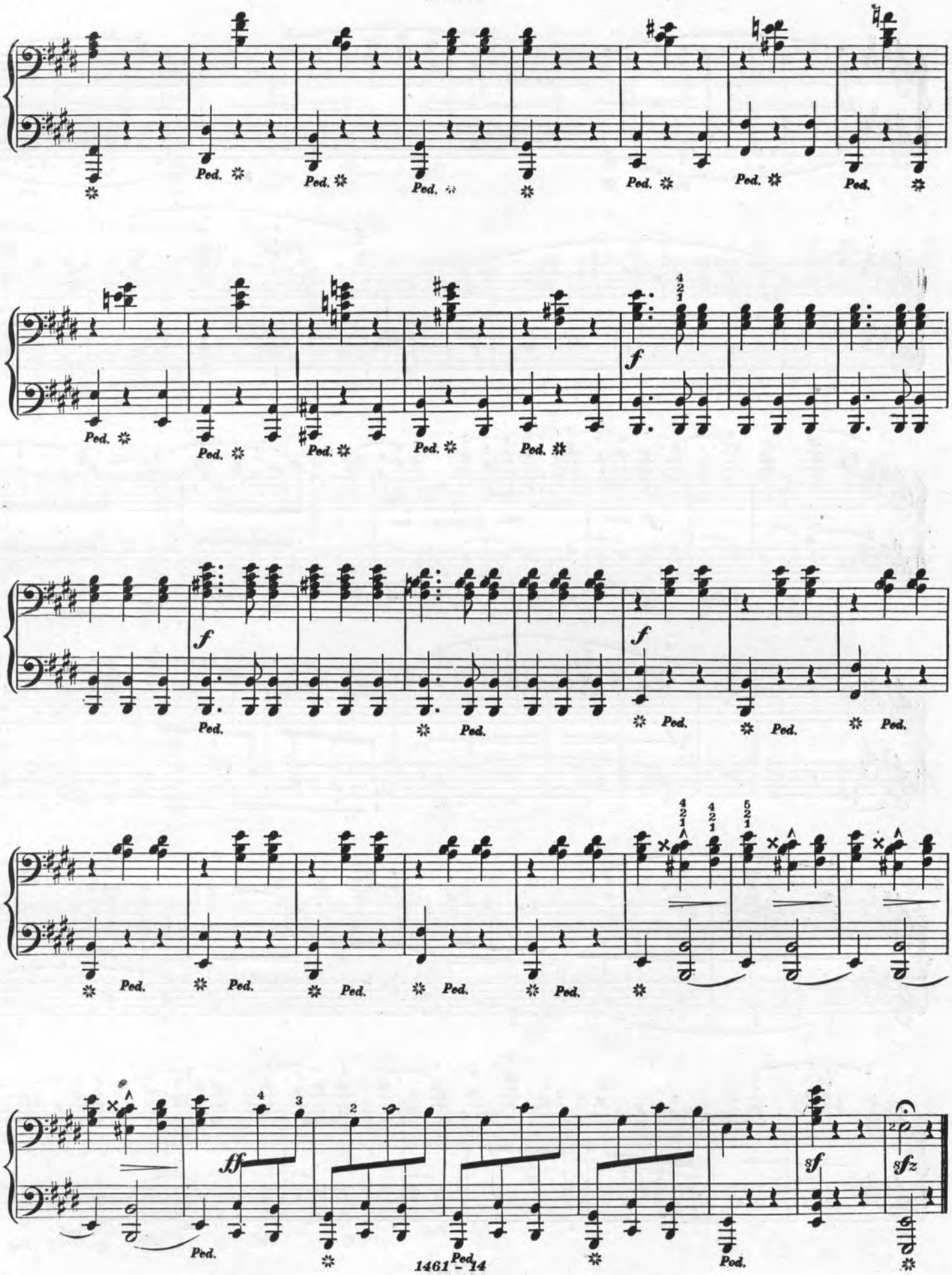
Ped. ✲ *Ped.* ✲ *Ped.* ✲ *Ped.* *Ped.* ✲

Ped. ✲ *Ped.* ✲ *Ped.* ✲ *Ped.*

cres.

Ped. ✲ *Ped.* ✲ *Ped.* ✲ *Ped.*


p
Ped.
f
Ped.
mf
f
Ped.


Ped.
f
ff
sf
sfz

cres.

Ped. ✲

f ff sf sfz

We Meet Above

(AUF WIEDERSEHN)

Revised Edition by the Author

Poem by August Becker.

(As a Duett ad lib.)

Music by Louis Liebe.

Andante con moto ♩. 84

3 *Wenn ich einst sterben muss, Gieb mir zum scheidegruss Auf..... meinen*
2 *Drau..sen auf grüner Au Blü..hen viel Blümchen blau, Blü.. ..henVer.*
1 *Sonnen..licht, Sonnenschein Füllt mir ins Herz hinein, Wie..... einWald*

1 Sun..shine. clear and bright, Floods all my heart with light; Warb.. ..ling with
2 Out in the morn..ing dew, Blooms ma..ny blossom's blue, Bloom..... there so
3 In death, ere all is o'er, Ere yet my spir..it soar, Press..... on my

3 *bleichen Mund Den letz.. ..ten Kuss. Drück mir die Au..gen*
2 *giss..meinnicht, Bis man sie bricht; A.. ber dann welken*
1 *vö..ge..lein Hüpft es vor Lust; Weil es sein Leid ver.*

1 all its might, No bird so blest! For now my pains are
2 sweet and true, For..get me not! Break them, they with..er
3 lips once more, Love's part.. ..ing kiss! Gent..ly my eye..lids

3 zu, Wünsch mir die ew'-ge Ruh, Sa - ge: "auf
2 sie, Nur mei-ne Lie-be nie, Wenn auch das
1 gisst. Weil du mein ei-gen bist, Weil du mich

cres.

For now my pains are fled, Yes, now our souls are wed Bliss - ful
1 fled, Yes, now our souls are wed, Bliss - ful I
2 fast: But my true love shall last; Though break my
3 close, Pray for my soul's re-pose, Say then "We'll

p p f f

3 Wie-der-sehn!" "auf Wie - der - sehn!" Sa - ge "auf Wie - der-sehn!"
2 Her-ze bricht, Sie wel - ket nicht; Wenn auch das Her - - ze bricht,
1 se-lich drückst, An dei - ne Brust! Weil du mich se - - lich drückst

1 lay my head Up - on thy breast! Bliss-ful I lay my head
2 heart at last, That with - ers not! Though break my heart at last,
3 meet in bliss!" "We meet a - bove!" Say then: We'll meet in bliss

f

Ped. ✲

3 "auf Wie - der - sehn!"
2 Sie wel - ket nicht!
1 An dei - ne Brust!

rall

1 Up - on thy breast!
2 That with - ers not!
3 "We meet a - bove!"

colla voce.

p

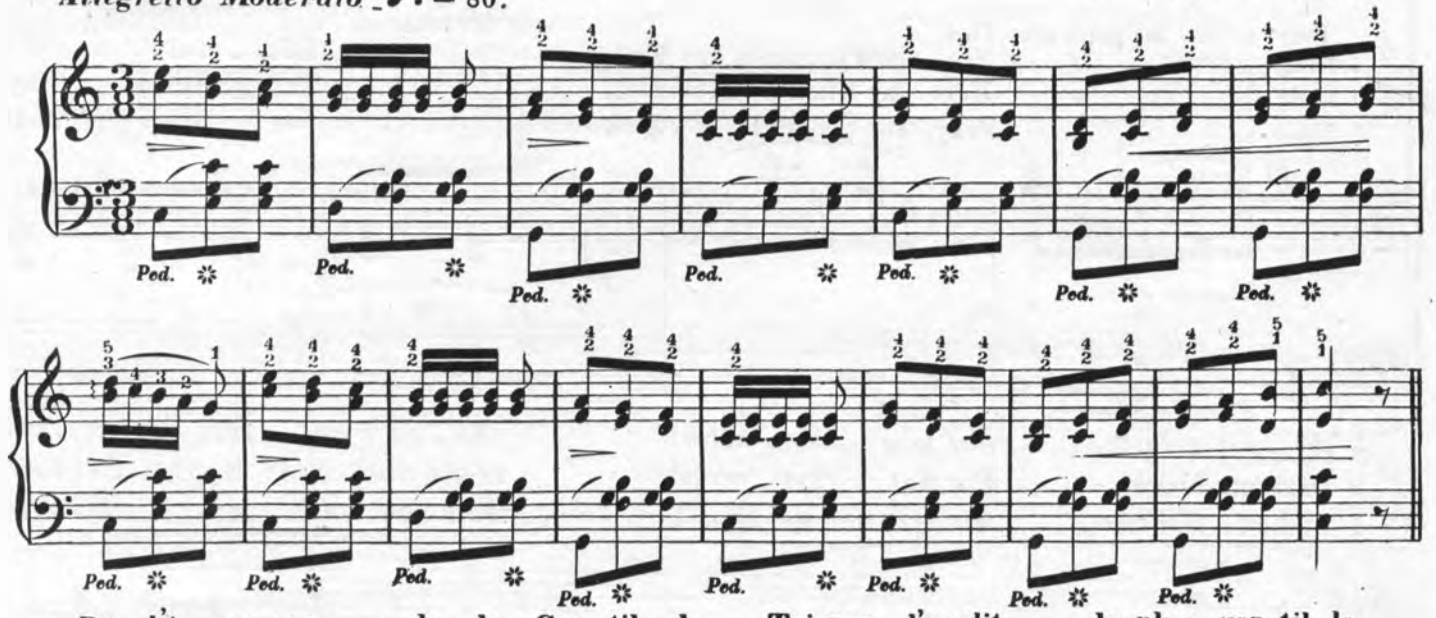
Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲

Come to the Dance.

KOMME ZUM TANZ. LA MANOLA.

Music by P. Henrion.

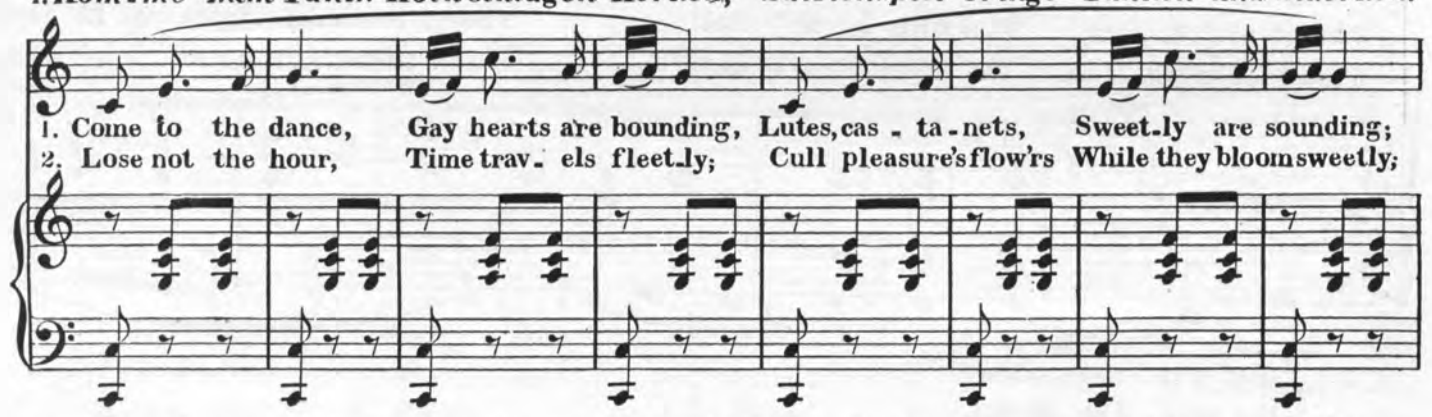
Allegretto Moderato ♩. = 80.



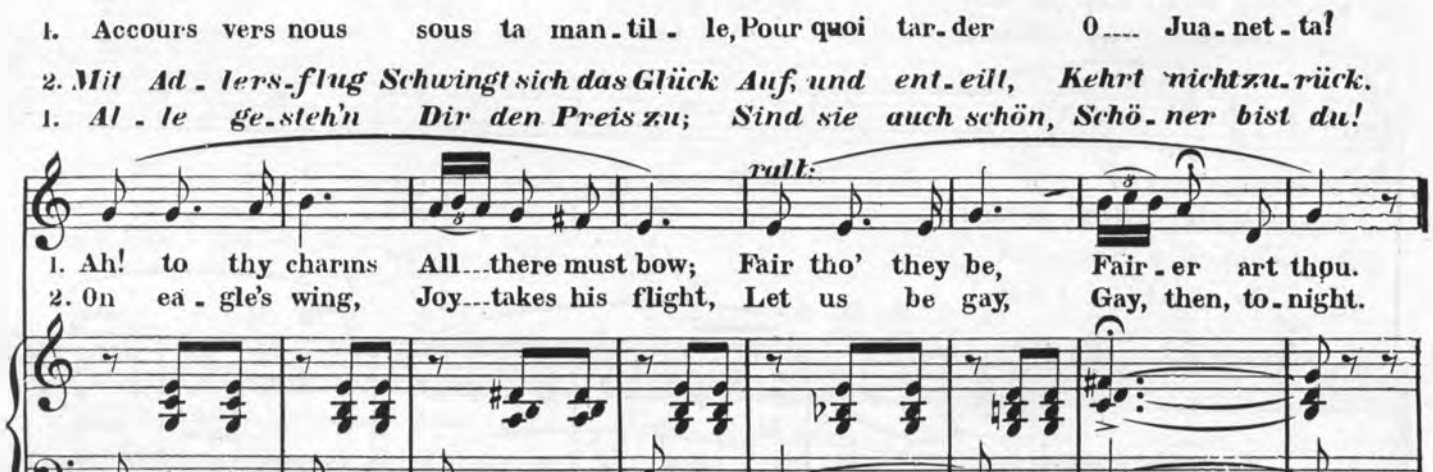
1. De l'A - ra-gon, de la Cas - til - le, Toi que l'on dit la plus gen-til-le.

2. *Lass nicht die Zeit Nutz-los ent-flie-hen; Pflück Ro-sen stets Eh sie ver-blü-hen!*

1. *Kom-me zum Tanz! Hoch schlagen Herzen, Sai-tenspiel bringt Tanzen und Scherzen.*



1. Come to the dance, Gay hearts are bounding, Lutes, cas - ta-nets, Sweet-ly are sounding;
2. Lose not the hour, Time trav- els fleet-ly; Cull pleasure's flow'rs While they bloom sweetly;



1. Accours vers nous sous ta man-til - le, Pour quoi tar-der O---- Jua-net-ta!

2. *Mit Ad - lers-flug Schwingt sich das Glück Auf, und ent-eilt, Kehrt nicht zu-rück.*

1. *Al - le ge-steh'n Dir den Preis zu; Sind sie auch schön, Schö-ner bist du!*

1. Ah! to thy charms All---there must bow; Fair tho' they be, Fair-er art thou.
2. On ea - gle's wing, Joy---takes his flight, Let us be gay, Gay, then, to-night.

4 N'entends tu pas les fa - ran - do - les! Les vi - ves dan - - ses Es - pa - gno - les

Komme zum Tanz! Kein Herz schlägt hier, Das sich nicht dir; Sü - sse, zu nei - gend,
Ru - ben - ge - lock, Schimmerd schwarz Haar; Au - gen voll Glanz, Her - zen be - sie - gend!

cres *cen* *do*

What can com - pare With thy dark hair! Eyes that, like stars, Shine forth so bright - ly;
Come to the dance, All hearts en - trance; There thy warm glance All will be fir - ing,

a tempo.

Des Ma - no - las jeu - nes et fol - les Au loin chant - ant, dan - sant dé - jà!

Hul - di - gend naht. In - nig an dich Stets schliess sich mich! Dir nur mich beugend,
Füsschen so zart, Nach Syl - phen - art, Zier - lich im Tanz Leicht da hin fliegend

cres *cen* *do*

Sylph - like and fleet, Those tap'ring feet, In the glad dance, Mov - ing so light - ly!
While on thy charms Fond - ly I gaze, All speak thy praise, All are ad - mir - ing.

Al - lons ma bel - le, al - lons ma rei - ne! Vite au Pra - do! cha - cun est là

Hörst du, Ma - no - la, Mu - sik um - schwebt uns! Komme du Lieb - ste, Frohsinn be - lebt uns.

Animato.

Hark, my Man - o - la, Mu - sic is sound - ing, In the brisk Jo - ta, Gay hearts are bound - ing,

p

Prêt à fê - ter la sou - ve - rai - ne De la Jo - ta A - ra - go - ne - sa.
Komm, wir ver - lan - gen Dich zu em - pfan - gen, In un - sern Reih'n Kön'gin zu sein.

Thy smile en - chant - ing On - ly is want - ing. O'er yon glad scene Thou shalt reign queen.

Prêt à fê - ter la sou - ve - rai - ne
Komme du Lieb - ste Frohsinn be - lebt uns

Tra, la, la la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la la, la, la, la, la, In the brisk Jo - ta, Gay hearts are bound - ing,

Tra ..... *la la la la la* *Tra* ..... *la la la la la* de la Jo - ta A - ra -

2d ver.

Komme zum Tanz, zum Tanz

Tra, la la la la la la la Tra, la la la la la la la Come to the dance, love,

go - - ne - sa!

Komme zum Tanz!

Thou shalt reign queen.

2.

Ne sais tu pas que la Murcie,
Que Grenade et l'Andalousie
Ont envoyé la plus jolie
Des Manolas pour la Jota!
Allons, enfant, la nuit nous gagne,
Déjà Madrid est en campagne,
Pour voir danser la fleur d'Espagne
Qui ne vaut pas ma Juanetta!

3.

Mais tout se tait dans ta demeure,
La brise seule arrive et pleure
Dans les grands arbres qu'elle effleure;
Tout est silence et je suis là!
Quand une voix douce et gentille
Sortit du fond de la charmille
Soudain parut la jeune fille
Qui repondit oui, me voilà!

CHURCH MUSIC.

It is a far cry from the music in small country churches fifty to one hundred years ago, to the ornate music in the more advanced churches of to-day. While the former erred in the extremeness of its simplicity and lack of variety, the latter, says *Musical News*, often transgresses in the opposite direction. Though all encouragement should be given to those who aim at securing the finest of musical art for the Church, it is an error to look upon it as an end in itself, and not a mere means to the end,—*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*. The aim should surely be to persuade the people to take an active share in those parts of the service which have been allotted to them from time immemorial. There is scope for the trained choir and the accomplished organist in the Anthem and other more elaborate portions (which should be left entirely to these skilled ones), and it is a grave mistake to overdo the music of the other parts of the service. For example, at one church, where a full choral service is maintained at a high pitch of perfection, it is usual to have only one hymn at each service; surely, one would imagine, a well-known hymn would be sung here to a well-known tune. But, no! on three consecutive Sundays such old favorite lines as "Sun of my Soul," "O worship the King," and "Rock of Ages," were sung by the over-worked choir to unfamiliar strains in which not 5 per cent of the congregation could join. Such a practice is a deliberate throwing away of a splendid opportunity for an artistic contrast, even if those in authority do not admit the *right* of the people to take their share in the public praise.

At other churches, on the other hand, congregationalism is exalted into a veritable fetish, and nothing is permitted to be sung except what the people are supposed to join in. I say "supposed," for it can only be a supposition, considering that in some such churches chants, anthems and canticles are sung which urgently require that every person should be provided with a complete copy of the music, and probably not one in a hundred is in that fortunate position. In this respect, the leading Dissenting Churches are far in advance of the Church of England. In the latter, it is the exception to see a member of the congregation provided with a tune-book; in the former, it is the rule, at any rate in the congregations composed of the middle and upper-middle classes. The congregation's part ought to be restricted to simple melodies, in which all can join without preparation, unless music books are provided and the service lists, including hymns, are announced in advance. To-day, when musical education is common property, the church is not by any means limited to a narrow selection of music suitable for large masses of voices, and there is no excuse for the custom of giving the congregation no chance to take its due share in the simpler vocal music, solely because a little forethought has not been exercised. Between the extremes of all congregational music and all choir music, there is a middle course which it ought not to be impossible to steer in every church.

The tendency towards over-elaboration is by no means the exclusive property of this century, but has troubled thoughtful churchmen in every age. At times, the excess has led to a reaction which has seriously hindered the progress of our art. In Queen Elizabeth's reign, a very sensible course was advocated by the authorities appointed to enquire into the condition of public worship. In the "Injunctions of Archbishop Holgate to the Dean and Chapter of York after the Visitation of the Cathedral Church, August 15th, 1552," we read:

"Also we will and command that there be none other note songe or used in the said churche at any service there to be hadde saving square note playne so that every syllable may be playnelie and distinctlie pronounced and understande and without any reports of repetyngs which may induce any obscurenes to the herars; and further the lessons to be distinctlie and playnelie and apertlie with a lowde voice redde, so that which shall be songe and redde may be well herde and understande of the laye and ignorant people."—(*Registrum Holgate.*)

Here we have provision made for retaining due simplic ty in the major part of the service. But the following extract from "Queen Elizabeth's Injunctions, 1559," shows that it was by no means intended to prohibit all music of a freer type, but only to restrain it within due bounds. One of these "Injunctions" runs thus:

"And that there be a modest and distinct song so used in all parts of the Common Prayers in the Church that the same may be as plainly understanded as if it were read without singing: and yet nevertheless for the comforting of such as delight in music it may be permitted that in the beginning or in the end of Common Prayers either at morning or evening there may be sung an hymn or such like song to the praise of Almighty God in the best sort of melody and music that may be conveniently devised having respect that the sentence of the hymn may be understanded and perceived."

Allowing duly for the advances made during three centuries of musical progress, this "Injunction" might well be repeated to-day.

This has been an eventful week on the musical chessboard, eventful in the movements of the larger pieces. The resignation of Walter Damrosch and its acceptance by the directors of the Symphony Society, says *Musical Age*, was the first move of importance. No one seems to have any positive information as to why Mr. Damrosch has seen fit to retire from the various organizations n which he has been so long and actively interested.

Mr. Frank Damrosch's name has naturally come forward most prominently, during the past week, as his brother's successor; and we should not be surprised if the vacant conductorship was offered to him and accepted.

Walter Damrosch is a splendid organizer, and an excellent manager; but he is by no means a great conductor. And, therefore, his retirement from this field cannot be regarded as a calamity.

The rumor which has been the most persistent in the public prints about his future plans is that he will devote himself to composition during the next few years. With the exception of "The Scarlet Letter," Mr. Damrosch's compositions, so far, have not been widely heard; and none of them have taken even a momentary hold upon the popular fancy. "The Scarlet Letter" was, however, laid down on great lines, and, although it was marred by copious extracts from Wagner, it certainly showed great promise of a possible development in its author.

The next important move has been the resignation of Emil Paur, and the election of Wilhelm Gericke to succeed him, as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Gericke, it will be remembered, was one of the former conductors of the organization, having succeeded Mr. George Henschel. Those who remember Mr. Gericke believe that he will be more personally popular than Mr. Paur has been, though he is by no means a greater conductor or greater musician than Mr. Paur.

During the last few years, Mr. Gericke has been living in Dresden.

It will not be necessary to overwork Jean de Reszke next season if the tenors that Maurice Grau has engaged all come to this country. Ernst Van Dyck, Andreas Dippel, Saleza and Jean de Reszke will make up a remarkably fine quartet. No season within recent years has been so well supplied, says *Musical Age*. Andreas Dippel was here during the season of 1890-'91, and since his return to Germany his reputation has increased greatly. He went directly to Stuttgart on his return to Europe, and has since been singing at Vienna, where he has taken the roles second to those sung by Van Dyck. How the engagement of both of these tenors has been arranged is as yet unexplained. By their engagement, Winklemann, who is no longer young or in good health, is left with the responsibility of all the leading tenor roles. Dippel was always a good-looking fellow in a distinctively German fashion, and, unless he has gone the way of most German tenors and accumulated flesh within recent years, he ought to rank next to Jean de Reszke from an æsthetic point of view. This quartet of tenors will strengthen the company at a point in which it has hitherto been weakest, but it remains to be seen whether it will be advantageous to the management. Many thought several seasons ago that the engagement of Tamagno would make every performance profitable, and not only those in which Jean de Reszke appeared. But the public refused to take the slightest interest in Signor Tamagno, and kept out of the theatre on the nights he sang. Only the recurrence of such a contingency would make it necessary for Jean de Reczke, in spite of the other tenors engaged, to attempt once more the lion's share of the work. If the public again shows its preference for him above all the other tenors of the company, if he continues the solitary one that the public visits with its favor, why, the situation will again be just what it was three seasons ago. In the case of such a result it will be evident that so long as Jean de Reszke sings at all, no other tenor can hope to share his popularity here.

DEATH OF JOHN LUMSDEN.

John Lumsden, President of the Starr Piano Co., Richmond, Ind., member of the Jesse French Piano & Organ Co., St. Louis, and the father-in-law of Jesse French and O. A. Field, died at his home in St. Louis on April 30th.

Mr. Lumsden was a native of Southampton, England. Born in 1824, he came to the United States when a robust boy, with plenty of ambition that was to mould one of our typical self-made men, of which the musical industries afford so many notable examples. At various periods of his successful career, he engaged in the leather trade, paper manufacturing, artificial ice-making, organized at Nashville the Second National Bank and the State Insurance Co., entered the piano business in St. Louis in 1881, and six years later the Jesse French Piano & Organ Co., who controlled the Starr Piano Co., at Richmond, Ind. A few weeks ago Mr. Lumsden had perfected the scope and plan for the enlargement of the Richmond factories for the production and marketing of 5,000 pianos per annum, being a believer in Henry Spies' doctrine, and rightly so, that the American pianoforte industry was yet in its infancy and on the verge of a marvelous development.

A man imbued with a deep humanitarianism, John Lumsden was moreover an original thinker and philosopher, with the tenderness of a woman and the heart of a lion in sustaining what he thought right. The piano industry loses one of its best balanced minds with his passing.

WHY JEFFERSON WAS HISSED.

No matter at what public gathering nowadays the playing or singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" evokes the greatest enthusiam. The pulses of the people are quickened, and the wonderful influence of music in great crisis is demonstrated; yet it is a fact, strange but true, says *Music Trades Review*, that there is noticeable on all occasions an unfamiliarity with the words that is almost painful. Mostly everyone makes a brave attempt at the start, but the first verse usually ends up in humming.

This subject brings to mind a story told by Joseph Jefferson, in the course of a characteristic speech at a Philadelphia club a few weeks ago. "My friends, you ask me if I was ever hissed on the stage," said Mr. Jefferson. "Well, I have been, and the rendition of 'The Star Spangled Banner' just now recalls to my mind an instance. It was in just such stirring times as the present that I learned the words of 'The Star Spangled Banner.' I was fifteen years old, and had been assigned to recite the hymn. For days I studied the words, and I knew them so thoroughly that I could recite them backward. At last the fateful evening arrived, and when it was my turn I went upon the stage. I recited the first line: 'Oh say, can you see.' Then I stuck. The audience waited for me to go on. I started again and stuck again. A girl, draped in the Stars and Stripes, next to me, said: 'Go on you!' but, after another attempt, 'you' couldn't go on. I had forgotten it completely. After one more attempt, in which I could go no further, I was compelled to leave the stage amid the hisses of the entire audience. But that day thoroughly taught me 'The Star Spangled Banner,' and I have never forgotten it."

VIOLIN MAKING.

People little skilled in the knowledge of instruments are fond of talking about "priceless Cremona violins," under the impression that all the instruments that come from Cremona are of very superior make. The fact is, that the town is now living on its name. It was formerly the home of the great makers who made Cremona famous, the Amati, the Stradivarius, the Guarnerius, whose instruments are worth their weight in gold. Nothing is now left of them at Cremona but their memory, however, and, though the city continues to be the centre of what is left of the Italian violin industry, its violins and violoncellos have nothing special to recommend them. Cremona has a very active rival in the little town of Schoenbach, in Bohemia, which is rapidly acquiring a name, not through the artistic value of its products, but because of the enormous quantity of violins and violoncellos it puts upon the market. Experts say that the violin was first perfected at Schoenbach about the middle of the sixteenth century, or at least abo t the time of Ga par di Salo and the first Amati. However that may be, the violin-making industry is the bonanza of Schoenbach to-day, for almost all of its 3,700 male inhabitants are engaged in making instruments. The art of violin-making is now practiced in many countries. Mirecout, in France, does one of the largest trades in the world in the making of fiddles.

It need hardly be said that most of these new instruments made for the trade are an abomination to the musician. Many of them have a certain superficial smoothness of appearance, but are quite worthless for tone quality. It is a common trick to use thin wood, so that the first crudeness may wear off more quickly. The result is that in a short time the instrument ceases to improve, and it always has a hollow, "trebly" tone that the violinist hates.—*Ex.*

The death of Dr. Oscar Paul, the musical critic and author, at Leipsic, is announced as having occurred April 18th, at the age of sixty-two. His best known works were: a lexicon of music, a history of the piano, a treatise on harmony, a translation of Boethius' five books on music, and some works on ancient Greek music.

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Dr. Hans Richter will complete his term of service in Vienna next year, when he will be entitled to a pension which will be continued to his widow and infant children after his death. It is possible that he may be induced, after his retirement, to visit the United States.

The year 1809, in which the late W. E. Gladstone was born, also saw the birth of Mendelssohn and Chopin, (according to most authorities), and among prominent Englishmen, J. L. Hatton and Wm. Chappell. How long the late Premier has outlived these worthies! It may also be mentioned that this was the year of Haydn's death, so, musically, Mr. Gladstone's period witnessed the birth of the romantic and of the new opera school, and the great development which has taken place in orchestral music.

Wilhelm Gericke, who is about to assume control of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the second time, is well known in New York. His return to Boston will restore to that city the director who had possibly more to do with the creation of its splendid orchestral body than any other man ever in charge of it. He has recently been living in Dresden, and has appeared only at intervals. Retired conductors of the Boston Orchestra are usually able to take things quietly. If Mr. Gericke is more praised and admired in the future than he ever was in the past, nobody will be surprised. That way of treating artists is quite as common in New York as it is in Boston.

Henry Wolfsohn, the musical manager, left for Europe recently, by the "Lahn," to make engagements for the coming season. Mr. Wolfsohn will go to London, Paris and Berlin, to close contracts which have been in negotiation. Among the artists positively contracted for are: Rosenthal, Marteau, Aus der Ohe and Fritz Kreisler, "a young Austrian violinist."

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