Masters Recital

Deanne Gardner Johnsen Vanderford

Utah State University

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THE UTAH STATE UNIVERSITY
MUSIC DEPARTMENT
presents
Deanne Gardner Johnsen
Vanderford

in a
Masters Recital
Piano and Voice

Sunday, November 6, 1977, Logan Fourth Ward Chapel, Third North and First East, 7:30 p.m.

Accompanist: Elizabeth Sampson
Cellist: Dr. Warren Burton

I

English Suite in G Minor (Prelude) ....... Johann Sebastian Bach
Sonate No. 23 in F Minor "Appassionata" .... Ludwig van Beethoven
Scherzo in B flat Minor, Op. 31 ....... Frederic Chopin
Nocturne in F Sharp Major ............ Frederic Chopin
Impromptu in C Sharp Minor ............ Hugo Reinhold

INTERMISSION

II

Et exultavit spiritus meus, from Magnificat .... Johann Sebastian Bach
Oh sleep, why dost thou leave me? from "Semele". George Frederic Handel
Wie Melodien zieht es mir, Op. 105, No. 1
Von Ewiger Liebe, Op. 43, No. 1
Serenate, Op. 70, No. 3 ............. Johannes Brahms

III

The Birthnight
On Parent Knees
Intrada ............... Gerald Finzi

The Lonely ......... John Edmunds
Lulee, Lullay ............. William Bergsma
Deborah ............ Gene Bone and Howard Fenton

INTERMISSION

IV

A Cycle of Life ................. Sir Landon Ronald
Iris ............... Daniel Wolf
L'amour est un oiseau rebelle .... Georges Bizet
Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix .......... Camille Saint-Saens
Et exultavis spiritus meus, from Magnificat . . . . . . . . . Bach

"And my spirit hath rejoiced, rejoiced in God, my Savior."

Oh sleep, why dost thou leave me?, from Semele . . . . . . . Handel

"Oh sleep, why dost thou leave, why they visionary joys remove? Oh sleep, again deceive me, restore my wandering love to my arms, to my arms restore my love."

Wie Melodien zieht es mir, Op. 105, No. 1 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Brahms

Like a melody it passes
Softly through my mind,
Like the flowers of spring it blooms,
And floats on like a fragrance;
But the word comes and seizes it,
And brings it before my eyes
Like the gray mist it pales then,
And vanishes like a breath.
And yet there's in the rhyme
A fragrance deeply hidden,
That gently from a dormant bud
Is called forth by tear-stained eyes."

Von Ewiger Liebe, Op. 43, No. 1 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Brahms

Dark, how dark it is in the forest and field:
Night has fallen, the world now is silent,
Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke,
Yes, and the lark is now silent too:
From the village yonder there comes the young lad,
Taking his beloved home.
He leads her past the willow bushes,
Talking much, and of many things:
If you suffer shame and if you grieve,
If you suffer disgrace before others because of me,
Then our love shall be ended ever so fast.
As fast as we once came together.
Then says the maiden, the maiden says:
Our love can never end!
Firm is the steel and the iron is firm,
Yet our love is firmer still.
Iron and steel can be forged over,
Who can change our love?
Iron and steel can perish in time,
Our love, our love must remain forever!"

Serenate, Opus 70, No. 3 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Brahms

Lovely child, can you tell me,
Why tender souls, lonely and silent,
Always torment themselves, always grieve
And only perceive their joys,
Only perceive them there, where they are not:
Can you tell me this, lovely child?
The Birthnight .......................... Finzi

Dearest, it was a night That in its darkness
Racked Orion's stars.
A sighing wind ran faintly white along the willows.
And the cedar boughs laid their wide hands
In stealthy peace across the starry silence of
Their antique moss
No sound save rushing air,
Cold, yet all sweet with Spring...
And in mother's arms
Couched, weeping there.
Thou, lovely thing

On Parent Knees .......................... Finzi

On parent knees, a naked newborn child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled.
So live, that sinking to thy life's last sleep
Calm thou may'st smile
While all around thee weep...

Intrada .......................... Finzi

An empty book is like an infant's soul
In which anything may be written.
It is capable of all things, but containeth nothing.
I have a mind to fill this with profitable wonders,
And with those things which shall shew my love.
Things strange, yet common; most high, yet plain.
Infinitely profitable, but not esteemed
Truths you love, but know not.

The Lonely .......................... Edmunds

Lone and forgotten, through a long sleeping
In the heart of age, A child woke weeping.
No invisible mother was nigh him there,
Laughing and nodding, from earth and air
No elfin comrade, came at his call
And the earth, and the air were blank as a wall.
The darkness thickened, Upon him creeping
In the heart of age, A child lay weeping.

Lulee, Lullay .......................... Bergsma

Lulee, lullay, I could not love thee more
If thou wast Christ, the king.
Did Mary love Him more because an angel came
To prophesy His name
Oh no, not so, She could not love Him more,
But loved him just the same.

A Cycle of Life .......................... Ronald

Prelude
Down in the Forest (Spring)
Love, I have Won you (Summer)
The Winds are Calling (Autumn)
Drift down, drift down (Winter)
Iris

In memory of Bonnie Tueller Seeholzer

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle

Habanera from CARMEN

Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix, from the opera
Samson et Dalila

My heart at thy sweet voice
Opens wide like the flower,
Which the moon's kisses waken.
But, that I may rejoice,
That my tears no more shower
Tell thy love still is unshaken.
Ah, to the charms of love, surrender
Rise with me to its heights of splendor
Samson, I love thee.
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INTRODUCTION

If music is indeed that "eternal essence" man claims it is, it is through the voice and sinew of the living that it receives its' immortality. Through the living student, performer, listener, or critic, it is transformed from the silent sheets of past symbols, channelled through the present feeling and being of one's intellect and knowledge, interpolated into meaningful messages, and once perceived, given again to the timeless sounding halls of tomorrow's memory.

It is through the choosing, the sifting, the chewing, and the internalizing of one's unique vehicle of capability that material is chosen, studied, and rendered. This paper is an answer to why the choice, through whose gates it has passed, what it meant to them, and what it means to me.

The culmination of a task is the closing of one door as another is opened. It is a journey endless to the energetic and fulfilling to the appreciative. Neither does it begin or end with the individual, but he stands temporarily as a participant or observer in the small hallway between yesterday and tomorrow.

In this report on my Master's Recital, I shall use names, dates, places, techniques, and opinions. I shall also write of feelings and thoughts, my own and others, which I feel are more important to why I chose particular pieces, and how I felt about the preparation and production involved in such choices.

My approach to this paper is much the same as the teacher who endeavors to reach the highest level of teaching for himself and his individual students. In doing so, the four levels of understanding and appreciation as it relates to a musical composition must be understood.
In the beginning stages, notes and rhythm must be mastered, achieving the first level of learning. Secondly, the shading and tonal contrasts that the composer intended are sought. It is at this point that many feel they are finished, that the full meaning has been achieved, that is, to perform technically that which is written. But this is only the beginning. The third level involves the performer on an aesthetic level, that of relating emotionally to the piece. What does it mean to him? What is the composer saying? How does the learner feel about it? It is the reaching down through time and space to catch and analyze the purpose and emotion of the composer, to grasp it, apply it to the present, to one's innermost thoughts, and carry it into that which can become a reality. It is the taking of notes, symbols, and word content from the printed page where it is essentially dead, bringing it to life through total involvement of mind and energy and passing it on to the listener. The "technical" performance of music is only the means to a higher degree of feeling and experiencing. The fourth level involves an understanding of how the composer used the millions of possible symbols, wove them into a unit, and transmitted a musical idea. When the student understands all four levels of a composition, he is then ready to participate in the restoration of such a work. He is then more qualified to express his own feelings through the work, and indeed has a right to become part of a greater plan than he previously understood. Ten performers achieving level one and two may make sounds that are much the same, but if level three and four are involved, each experience will be different for each performer.

Things are not as important as the reasons and purposes behind them. People are more important than possessions. Ideas are more important than the means. While level one and two are not to be minimized, I will
recognize levels three and four in this paper. To fail to accomplish this would be an infringement on the music itself. It would also minimize the worth of those who penned the notes and words. And it would make my work take on robot-like qualities, and would make the recital, and many years of effort, meaningless and shallow.
As one stands upon the concert stage, he is not alone. There are many unseen who stand with him, who throughout the years, have offered teaching, encouragement, and given of themselves in time and means to bring him to this point in his life.

So it is with me, and I wish to acknowledge those people who have been the major contributors to my musical life. Without them, the recital and the work to follow would not have been possible.

First and foremost, I wish to thank my father, Dean Gardner, deceased, for filling my soul abundantly with the joy of music. He was and is my "great Inspirator." To my mother, Ann Gardner, who saw that I practiced, who sacrificed her time and means in my behalf, I give special appreciation.

To my piano teacher, Irving Wassermann, who began teaching me at the age of eleven, I give thanks. To Madama Karin Dayas, who continued this training, I give thanks. To Walter Welti, with whom many opera sessions were spent, I give thanks. To all my music teachers, and academic teachers, I give thanks.

To my first husband, Leron Johnsen, I give thanks for the many hours of musical service I experienced with him. And to my nine beautiful children, I give special thanks for allowing me the time to continue my training, and with whom, many enjoyable hours of teaching and experiencing music has been realized.

To my present husband, John W. Vanderford, I give loving thanks for the encouragement and supportive help he has supplied to me in writing this paper. A lover of fine music, he is an inspirator of excellence in my life. I could not have completed this work without his capable and willing contribution.

Last of all, I dedicate this work to Life, and the joy I have found in it. To a kind and loving God, who has allowed me to live it to the fullest, I give thanks. It is my hope that He will allow me time to repay those who have helped me set my course and guide my destiny.
English Suite in G Minor (Prelude) . . . . . . Johann Sebastian Bach

"The most stupendous miracle in all music." ¹
-Wagner-

"There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bear children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown." ²
-Genesis, verse 4-

Johann Sebastian Bach belongs to a family that seems to have received a love and aptitude for music as a gift of Nature to all its members in common. So much is certain, that Veit Bach, the founder of the family, and all his descendants, even to the present seventh generation, have been devoted to music, and all save perhaps a very few have made it their profession. ³

He was born in the year 1685, on the 21st of March, in Eisenach. His parents were Johann Ambrosius Bach, Court and Town Musician there, and Elisabeth nee Lemmerhirt. Bach's father was a fine performer on the violin and viola, and a fine musician. Both he and his wife died when Johann was nine years old. The boy went to live with his twenty-four-year-old brother, Johann Christoph, a church organist. Johann Christoph gave the boy some training at the harpsichord, grudgingly, Peeved that he had another mouth to feed, his brother treated Johann with severe discipline untempered by either kindness or sympathy.

The love that Johann had for music was great, and in no time, he

had fully mastered all the pieces his brother gave him to learn. The story is told how he worked throughout the night, copying music his brother deprived him of, only to see it torn and destroyed when he was discovered.

A position as choirboy in Luneburg freed him from his brother's tyranny after five years. He studied the organ, clavichord, violin, and composition. He buried himself in the church library, memorizing every musical score within reach. This lust for music made him tramp several times the thirty-mile distance to Hamburg to hear the greatest organist of the day, Jan Adams Reincken; he also walked the sixty miles to Celle to attend performances of French music, which he was hearing for the first time.

On one of the rare occasions when Bach appraised his own life's work, he said, "I worked hard." No composer worked harder. The volume of his work is staggering. It took forty-six years to gather and publish all his music, and when the job was done, it filled sixty huge volumes. It has been estimated that a present day copyist, doing the work by hand, would require seventy years to copy his work. And Bach did all this, while fulfilling all kind of other jobs, organist, conductor, musical director of church services, and even teacher to a class of boys.

Bach was never appreciated by others, and certainly even by himself. Wilhelm Friedemann Bach thought so little of his father's music that he sold some of his works for ten cents apiece and negligently lost others.

Yet, this hard-working man, so little appreciated by the rest of the world, was one of the geniuses of musical times.
In the year 1703 he went to Weymar, and there became a musician of the court. The next year, he became organist at Arnstadt. During this time, he heard the famous composer and organist, Buxtehude. He had taken a three month leave of absence, and the Arnstadt authorities were more than upset with their organist, particularly when he began to confuse the churchgoes by interpolating elaborate improvisations into the chorales.

Bach was not reluctant to exchange his Arnstadt post for a similar one in Muhlhausen. His personal needs were taken care of by his salary of eighty-five gulden a year. He was now able to marry his cousin, Maria Barbara. One year later, he accepted a position as organist at the Ducal Chapel in Weimar. This was his first major appointment and he held it for nine years. He was composing for the organ, and distinguishing himself as a performer. He was reputed to the finest organist of the day, and when someone heard him improvise on the organ, commented that he had thought that art was dead, and was pleased to find it again in Bach.

He felt in his work at Weimar that he had not found his niche, so when he was accepted to a new position as Kapellmeister at Cothen, he readily accepted. Here he was required to lead an orchestra, write new music for the orchestra, thus propelling him into a new era of composition.

Bach's wife, who had borne him seven children, four of whom survived, died in 1720. One year later he married again, to Anna Magdalena Wulcken, the twenty-one year old daughter of the town trumpeter. Besides bearing him thirteen children, she cultivated her own musical interests. Besides The Little Clavier Book of Anna Magdalena Bach, Johann also wrote the French and English Suites for her study.4

4. Cross, p. 19
In May, 1723, Bach assumed his last post, cantor of the St. Thomas-schule in Leipzig. He left Cothen because the marriage of the Prince to a frivolous and pleasure-loving young lady had brought about a change of musical values. The serious and the artistic were now shunned. Only lavish balls and entertainments were encouraged. In such a scheme of things Bach, of course, had no place. Besides, he was nostalgic for the church atmosphere, where his life had begun. The position of cantor was open, but the one to fill it was required to write a new work. Bach wrote The Passion according to St. John, and easily was given the job. For the next twenty-seven years, up to the time of his death, he remained in Leipzig.

His activities during these years were many and varied. He played the organ; he taught a boys class in Latin and music; he trained the choir; he wrote music for the church services; he directed its performance. For these activities he was paid in the neighborhood of $2,500 a year, the bulk of his income coming from special fees for weddings, funerals, etc. Many another musician would have found this position artistically foolish. His living conditions were dismal: dark, constricted, cold, even unsanitary. (The shockingly high death rate of his children—of the first eight born in Leipzig, six died—was attributed to this unhealthy environment.) His pupils were outright scoundrels whom no one tried to discipline; the singers and performers under him were often incompetent. Besides all this, Bach was in a continual feud with his rector, Johann Ernesti, who treated him contemptuously and did what he could to humiliate him. And Bach was ever in conflict with church officials who tried to defraud him. 5

5 Cross, p. 20
And yet, petty annoyances, discomforts, even personal tragedy could not stem his industry. For the services at the St. Thomasschule he wrote those wonderful works which are among his greatest compositions; the Passions, the Mass in B minor, the cantatas, chorales, motets, and so on.

He lived but to worship God and to write music. It was a circumscribed sphere for a great creative artist, but it was enough for him. All his life he had lived in a restricted area, restricted not only geographically, but also culturally. He knew almost nothing of the other arts. His reading tastes were plebeian and confined mostly to the field of theology. His ugly scrawl, his ungrammatical German and confused diction, all betrayed his uneducated mind. This amazing paradox of a low cultural level set against unequaled musical ability tempted Ernest Newman to confess that "truly, we have as yet barely the glimmer of an understanding of what the musical faculty is, and how it works."

In the year 1747, he made a journey to Berlin and on this occasion had the opportunity of being heard at Potsdam by His Majesty, the King in Prussia. His Majesty himself played him a theme for a fugue, which he at once developed, to the particular pleasure of the Monarch, on the pianoforte. Here upon His Majesty demanded to hear a fugue with six obligato voices, which command he also fulfilled, to the astonishment of the King and the musicians there present, using a theme of his own. After his return to Leipzig, he set down on paper a three-voiced and a six-voiced so-called ricercar together with several other intricate little pieces, all on the very theme that had been given him by His Majesty, and this he dedicated, engraved on copper to the King.  

David and Mendel, p. 220
His naturally somewhat weak eye-sight, further weakened by his unheard of zeal in studying, which made him, particularly in his youth, sit at work the whole night through, led, in his last years, to an eye disease. He wished to rid himself of this by an operation, partly out of the desire to be of further service to God and his neighbor with his other spiritual and bodily powers which were still very vigorous, and partly on the advice of some of his friends who placed great confidence in an oculist who had recently arrived in Leipzig. But the operation, although it had to be repeated, turned out very badly. Not only could he no longer use his eyes, but his whole system, which was otherwise thoroughly healthy, was completely overthrown by the operation and by the addition of harmful medicaments and other things, so that, thereafter, he was almost continuously ill for full half a year. Ten days before his death his eyes suddenly seemed better, so that one morning he could see quite well again and could also again endure the light. But a few hours later he suffered a stroke; and this was followed by a raging fever, as a victim of which, despite every possible care given him by two of the most skilled physicians of Leipzig, on the 28th of July, 1750, a little after a quarter to nine in the evening, in the sixty-sixth year of his life, he quietly and peacefully, by the merit of his Redeemer, departed this life.

It is thought that during the last two weeks of his life, he worked on one of his unfinished works, to which he added the superscription, "Before thy throne, my God, I stand."

Bach left no will, strange for so methodical a man, and his estate was divided between his widow and the nine surviving children. Anna was
now in poor circumstances, and only Carl Philipp Emanuel appears to have taken a practical step to assist her by supervising the education of Johann Christian. She received some charity from the civic council, became an almshouse woman, and died February 10 some years later.

Forty years later an appeal was published in a Leipzig musical journal for Regine Susanna, Bach's youngest child, born in 1742; its terms were both startling and inaccurate, "The family of Bach is extinct but for a single daughter of the great Sebastian. And that daughter, now no longer young is starving." The response was considerable, and Beethoven was moved to suggest the publication of a work of his own subscription to further the cause. Regine, for whatever reason she had had in such a deception, died in 1809, seven years after Forkel published the work on her father; and a few months after the birth of Mendelssohn, who was to give so powerful an impetus to the Bach revival with his centenary performance of the St. Matthew Passion in 1829. 7

And so a great man and a great life had come to an end. Richard Wagner said of him, "The story of that wonder man of music, Johann Sebastian Bach, is that of the innermost life of the German spirit during the darkest century of the nation's existence."

The True Bach

Come kindly Death,
Come blest repose,
Come, for my life is dreary
And I of earth am weary
Come, for I wait for thee,
Come soon and calm thou me.
Gently mine eyelids close,
Come blest repose.

His Works

The works we owe to Bach are in the first place the following, which have been made generally available by means of copper engravings.

(1) First Part of the Clavier Uebungen, consisting of six suites;
(2) Second Part of the Clavier Uebungen, consisting of a concerto and an overture for the harpsichord with 2 manuals;
(3) Third Part of the Clavier Uebungen, consisting of various preludes on some church songs (chorales) for the organ;
(4) An Aria with 30 Variations for 2 manuals;
(5) Six three-voiced preludes on as many songs (chorales) for the organ;
(6) Some Canonic Variations on the song (chorale) Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her;
(7) Two fugues, a trio, and several canons, on the above mentioned theme given by His Majesty the King of Prussia; under the title Musical Offering;
(8) The Art of the Fugue. This is the last work of the author, which contains all sorts of counterpoints and canons, on a single subject.

The unpublished works of the late Bach are approximately as follows:

(1) Five full years of church pieces, for all the Sundays and holidays;
(2) Many oratorios, Masses, Magnificats, several Sanctus, secular cantatas, serenades, music for birthdays, name days, and funerals, weddings, and also several comic vocal pieces.
(3) Five Passions, of which one is for double chorus;
(4) A few double-chorus motets;
(5) Many free preludes, fugues, and similar pieces for organ, with obligato pedal;
(6) Six trios for the organ with obligato pedal;
(7) Many preludes on chorales for the organ;
(8) A book of short preludes on most of the hymns of the church, for the organ;
(9) Twice twenty-four preludes and fugues, in all keys, for the clavier.
(10) Six toccatas for the clavier;
(11) Six English suites for the same;
(12) Six more of the same, somewhat short, (French)
(13) Six sonatas for the violin, without bass;
(14) Six of the same for violoncello;
(15) Various concertos for one, two, three, and four harpsichords;
(16) A mass of other instrumental pieces of all kinds and for all kinds of instruments.

David and Mendel, p. 221 (Taken from the list Forkel assembled following Bach's death, in 1750.)
His Music

Johann Sebastian Bach was more or less forgotten by the music world at large soon after his death, and his music was forgotten with him. For more than half a century, it was Karl Philipp Emanuel or Johann Christian who were considered the greatest of the Bachs. The reason for this is not difficult to discover. Johann Sebastian came at the end of an epoch in musical history: polyphony, or counterpoint, which emphasized the deployment of several melodies simultaneously each equally important. After Bach came the age of homophony, which stressed the single melody and its accompaniment. Because Bach's music was essentially the product of an old era rather than the new one, many of his contemporaries regarded him as stuffy and old-fashioned, while his successors were inclined to consider him obsolescent. Little was thought of his music. Soon after his death a bundle of his cantatas sold for forty dollars; the engraving plates went as scrap metal; the catalogue of the musical library of the Margrave of Brandenburg did not even bother to list the Brandenburg concertos, each of which was valued at approximately ten cents; some Bach manuscripts were even used as wrapping paper by Leipzig butchers and other merchants.

For about seventy-five years after Bach's death, little of his music was published or performed. The turning point came in 1829, with a Berlin revival of The Passion According to St. Matthew under Felix Mendelssohn. Four years later came the performance of The Passion According to St. John, one more step in the rediscovery of Bach. By 1850, the world was aware of him, a hundred years after his death. Due to the efforts of the Bach Gesellschaft, all the works were collected and published some fifty years later.
Bach wrote music in every known form except the opera. He invented no new forms and created no new style or idiom. But to the old forms and styles and idioms he brought an emotional expressiveness, a nobility of thinking, a majesty of concept, a spaciousness of design which were unique. So completely had he exhausted both the technical and aesthetic possibilities of polyphony that by necessity the composers who followed him had to set off in an altogether new direction.

If ever a composer showed polyphony in its greatest strength, it was Bach. If ever a musician employed the most hidden secrets of harmony with the most skilled artistry, it was he. No one ever showed so many ingenious and unusual ideas as he in elaborate pieces such as ordinarily seem dry exercises in craftsmanship. He needed only to have heard any theme to be aware of almost every intricacy that he could produce in the treatment of it. His melodies were strange, but always varied, rich in invention, and resembling those of no other composer. His constant practice in the working out of polyphonic pieces had given his eye such facility that even in the large scores, he could take in all the simultaneously sounding parts at a glance. His hearing was so fine that he was able to detect the slightest error even in the largest ensembles. In conducting he was very accurate, and of the tempo, which he generally took very lively, he was uncommonly sure. His fingers were equally strong, and his feet could play like hands in attaining dexterity on the organ bench.

We find in Bach's music not only the ultimate technical development but the fullest artistic expression of an existing musical style. We also find in him prophetic suggestions of things to come. Although he did not himself evolve the concept of a single melody set against a harmonic accompaniment, he did succeed in increasing the expressiveness of lyric
writing. When we listen to some of the slow movements of his instrumental
works, or to an occasional aria of his church music, we come upon a lyric
style that belongs to the new age and not to the old.

Piano Music

The piano as we know it today was unknown in Bach's day. The
instruments for which he wrote, the clavichord and harpsichord, had a
thinner tone, incapable of being sustained, the sound these instruments
produced was crisp and metallic. Since most of Bach's music for clavichord
and harpsichord is today heard on the piano, we shall refer to it in
that way.

Bach's best-known piano works were written during the Cothen period,
which produced most of his instrumental music. Much of it had a specific
functional purpose. Bach wrote inventions and other little pieces as
educational tools for his wife and children. He also wrote the technically
and artistically more advanced French suites, English suites, and partitas
to further the keyboard education of his wife. This music, although much
of it had its roots in the dance movements known then, is not meant for
dancing. It was meant for listening and Bach himself referred to these
suites as "galanteries composed for the mental recreation of art lovers."
It is surprising that Bach made no effort to publish these piano works.
As compositions in those days, however, were valued less for their aesthetic
qualities than for their ingenuity, it would not have benefited Bach to
have published these simple suites.

The English Suites

The English suites were thought to get their name because Bach wrote
them for an Englishman of quality, which latter was certainly shown to be
untrue. They are of the same period as the French suites, although longer
and more sombre in their general mood.
The suite owes its origin to the pipers of the seventeenth century, who used to string together various national dances. The German clavichord players adopted the form from them and developed it. The rule was that it should consist of at least four pieces, the allemande, the courante, the sarabande, and the gigue. The allemande is in easy 4/4 time, with an eighth note or sixteenth note up-beat; the courante or corrente is in 3/2 time, and is characterized by its uninterrupted sequences of equal notes; the sarabande is a grave Spanish dance, also in 3/2 time, the heavy notes of which are surrounded by coquettish embellishments; the gigue as a rule goes evenly and rapidly, and may be in all kinds of triple rhythms. It gets its name from the gigue (ham, or gammon) - the satirical French name for the older violins; thus a gigue really means a fiddler's dance.

The French made a point of introducing all possible dances. Their suites contain the gavotte, in 2/2 time, the minuet, in simple triple rhythm; the passepied, a Breton dance similar to the minuet; the bourree, in quick 4/4 time, an angular dance originating in Auvergne. The French also incorporated into their suites the rondeau, the rigaudon, the polonaise, and even independent movements in no particular dance-form.

Bach takes all these rich suite-forms over from his French models, but preserves moderation where they run to extremes. He follows tradition in placing the dances that were not originally part of the suite between the sarabande and gigue, so that the gigue always comes at the end. He generally places the extraneous movements at the beginning. Thus the English Suites open with preludes, and the great partitas with preludes, symphonies, fantasias, overtures, preambles and toccatas. The French suites, however, begin at once with the allemande.9

Naturally some of these dances were somewhat altered in the clavier suite. The gigue, for example, which runs to considerable length in the suite, in its original dance-form consisted merely of two eight-bar phrases with repeats. The Italian composers as a rule retained only the meter and rhythm of the various dances, without troubling to preserve their essential character. The French were more scrupulous in this respect, and made a point of pursuing to its conclusion the rhythmical characteristic of each dance-form. Bach goes still further; he always vitalizes the form and gives each of the principal dance-forms a definite musical personality. For him the allemande represents vigorous but easy motion; the courante represents a measured haste, in which dignity and elegance go side by side; the sarabande represents a grave and majestic walk; in the gigue, the freest of all forms, the motion is quite fancy-free. He thus raises the suite-form to the plane of the highest art, while at the same time he preserves its primitive character as a collection of dance-pieces.

The preludes that open the English suites, gives a distinctness of the grand and rich to the work. They lift the hearer into a higher and graver atmosphere, and are, one and all, masterpieces of Bach's writing for the piano. With the exception of the Prelude in A major, they are planned on the grandest scale and elaborated with great variety. The perfect aria-form in three sections is seen in the A minor prelude; that of G minor (which I played) is developed on the plan of the first movement of a concerto, and its form is also similar to that of the concerto, but is more fantastic, as is also the Prelude in F Major. It is of interest that Johann Christian Bach left out the ornamented sarabande in his manuscript of the G minor suite. The manuscript of No. 50 in the library of the Princess Amalia of Prussia is also without it. 10

Bach is not only the last great composer of suites; he is also the greatest, the perfecter of this form in every way; after him there was nothing more to be said in the form of clavier suites, and this accounts for the rapid disappearance of that form from the practical history of the art after 1750. The suites are full of unpretentious grace, obviously belonging to the earliest period of Bach's maturity. It is quite well documented now that five of the English suites were written at the latest, by 1727. The French suites are assumed to be much older. The Prelude of the G minor suite I performed is a concerto Allegro movement with alternating tutti and ritornellos. The dances in the suites are based on French models, and include several examples of the double or ornamented repetition of a movement.

As to the proper embellishments for Bach's works, in Robertson's book on Bach, in discussing works for the clavier in general, he says, "The professional performer of the clavier works today will likely be a pianist, or harpsichordist; but will need to know as much as possible about the difficult question of ornamentation. Walter Emery, one of the foremost English Bach scholars, provides an indispensable textbook, Bach's Ornamentals. He felt that Dolmetsch's work was inaccurate, though for long the standard book on Bach's ornamentations, and which gives the impression that his ornamentation can be reduced to a system which can be mastered without difficulty. Emery shows that it is a mistake to think of rules in view of the fact that very little is known about Bach's interpretations. He considers it 'unlikely that Bach always played his ornaments in exactly the same way', and he 'evidently regarded ornamentation as the business of the individual player.'"

11 Robertson, p. 69.
Prelude in G minor
English Suite III

The suite opens in G minor with two flats and the added f sharp, using the harmonic minor scale. The first eight measures announce the theme, with mainly a single line in the melody and an occasional chordal accompaniment. The next eight measures are of a descending nature, in the form of an answer. The left hand takes over in the descending voice, scaling downwards, with every other measure in the top voice, paralleling it, and then supporting it in chords. The next eight measures finds the left hand, in an octave scoop, first upward and then downward, while the right hand carries on a duet with the alto voice, now the moving part.

Measure 25 finds the interplay of movements going to the left hand with mostly supporting chords in the right. After eleven measures of this, with the addition of C sharp, we find the melody, now single, vacillating from G minor to D minor, with the prepared C sharp.

Twelve measures later, there is a clear D minor section, with B and E natural, and the added C sharp and F natural. This continues for about twenty-four measures, in a kind of development section.

Finally, in measure 67, the theme is again pronounced, this time in B flat major, developing more voices as the progression goes on, similar to the first announcement of the theme.

In measure 72, the same octave accompaniment, sung melodically, is used, followed in measure 78, by the lower voice's downward swoop in scale form, rising and falling, changing chordal form from B flat major, to Fm, B flat 7, E flat major, C 7, F major, F 7, B flat 7, to E flat, and so on.
In measure 97 and 98, the right hand jumps up a fifth, down a third, and then another. Measure 99 and 100 finds the same pattern with the left hand going in a contrary direction. Then the right hand jumps similar in 101 and 102, culminating in a D harmonic minor section, which, with the left and right hand, descends to a stationary D minor section with a single voice carrying on the development of the middle theme in measure 123.

In measure 125, the motif occurs in the left hand like an answer-interplay to the same moving melody that began in measure 99. The left hand motif is a sixteenth rest, two thirty-second notes, followed by four sixteenth notes, then a complete measure of sixteenth notes. The texture becomes thicker as the tutti section is evident, and the return or ritornello of the main theme, secondary theme, and development section.

In measure 160, the right hand takes on a trill, flute-like in fastion, while the left hand continues in upward and downward progression ending finally in measure 182, where there is a recapitulation exactly the same as measure 8. The concluding twenty-six measures are identical to measures 8 through 34 of the opening.

There is a great pleasure in playing this piece, and because it is so easily sectioned, it is easy to memorize. Only through memorization did I feel the final success in the proper dynamic markings that occur throughout. The single bounding melody line that begins is supported by more voices until the entire orchestra of voices is intertwined, and forming lovely consonant, then dissonant sounds, demand cadence.
The suite has a solid feeling throughout, further strengthened by the chords being played with the arm staccato, giving it a more stable feeling than light staccato chords would be. With many crescendos and diminuendos, sudden louds and softs, this piece is always vital, alive, and moving.

There are only five measures in the entire piece that do not contain sixteenth notes, measures 1 and 2, measures 67 and 68, where the theme is announced, and the final measure. Constantly moving up and down, it surges on, above and below, like giant waves.

I have always considered the possibility of weaving this piece into a fabric design, a tapestry, or painting. It would be as exciting to "see" it as it is to play and hear. Truly one of my lifetime favorites, I shall play it until I am a hundred and five, and quite blind.
Sonate No. 23 in F minor "Appassionata". . . . . Ludwig van Beethoven

"In him, emotion is conciliated with reason." 12
-Edouard Herriot-

"He was a Titan, wrestling with the Gods." 13
-Richard Wagner-

Ludwig van Beethoven was born at 20 Bonngasse in the Rhine city of Bonn, Germany on December 16, 1770. Today this place is a museum where music lovers of the world come as to a religious shrine. Here are kept many of the relics of his lifetime, including his piano. The temptation to touch the piano is displayed by all who frequent this place. When the caretaker was asked if everyone wanted to touch the piano, he answered, "Not everybody. Only last week we had a visitor who refused to put his hand on the instrument. He said he wasn't worthy of it. His name was Paderewski." 14

Another incident in history bears out the attitude of those who deal with Beethoven's memory. An eccentric conductor, Jullien, used to wear kid gloves and use a special jeweled baton to conduct Beethoven's works. The biographers also find a similar feeling of humility and reverence toward his subject.

Whatever approach a biographer may take, each finds that Beethoven inspires awe not only because of his stature as a composer, but also for his qualities as a man: his vision, sense of personal dignity, pride, idealism, and genuine heroism. Beethoven created some of the mightiest music conceived by man; he was also the central figure in a life and death

12 McKinney and Anderson, p. 523
13 Cross, p. 45
14 Ibid.
struggle with destiny, from which he emerged triumphant. He seemed
to be the right man at the right time, and has been described as a great
collosum striding between two great eras of music, bridging the gap quickly
and completely.

His childhood was unhappy, with a drunk father often causing ugly
scenes in his home. When the father, Johann, saw the successes the young
Mozart was capable of, he became a raging tyrant over the young boy, making
him practice long hours, and often dragging him out of bed in the middle of
the night when he would arrive home drunk. When there were mistakes, the
blows would descend. So Ludwig's early days were a mixture of torment and
deprivation. To make matters even worse, Beethoven had no friends, not
even casual companions. He was an ugly boy, untidy in dress and appearance,
clumsy in everything he did, extremely sensitive and shy. He was avoided
by others, and he avoided them. Whatever warmth entered his life came
from his mother, whose tenderness compensated somewhat for the father's
brutality. She was patient, understanding, compassionate, and kind, living
only for her children, particularly her oldest son, Ludwig. No one could
ever remember her smiling.

When Ludwig was eight years old, he gave his first concert, his father
advertising he was only six. He made no great impact on his audience, and
his father found a new teacher for him, the court organist Christian Neefe.
This kind and understanding man not only appreciated the small boy, but who
knew how to nurse his growing talent. At fourteen Beethoven became Neefe's
assistant as court organist, filling this post so competently that there
was talk of replacing his master. Neefe, pleased with his progress said that
if he continued on as he had begun, he would certainly become a second Mozart.
A stroke of luck came when his talent attracted the interest of the Elector, who generously provided Beethoven with the funds to visit Vienna. Beethoven was excited for Mozart was there, and he wanted a chance to play for him.

In Vienna, Beethoven played for Mozart, who was not too impressed, until he improvised. Here he showed imagination and originality. Mozart gave him the greatest test by suggesting a theme unknown to Beethoven. After Ludwig had improvised on this theme, Mozart told him he would some day make a big noise in the world.

After just two months in Vienna, he had to return home suddenly, for his mother was dying of tuberculosis. He reached her in time to say goodbye. Her death was a great blow to him, and he long afterwards, felt her loss. His father now became a greater obstacle than ever, now a hopeless drunk. Because of his drinking illness, he was released from his job, and Ludwig assumed the care and raising of the family.

To raise the necessary means for such a task, Beethoven played viola in a theater orchestra, gave lessons to children of nobility, and played the piano. He began composing, and people came to know him and his talents. Count Waldstein, later to become a patron, became his close friend.

In 1890, he met Joseph Haydn in Bonn, and received praise and encouragement from him, suggesting that he move to Vienna, and become his student. Waldstein supported him financially in this endeavor, and since Mozart had just died, gave him these parting words, "You are going to Vienna in fulfillment of your wishes so long denied to you. Mozart's guardian angel still mourns and weeps over the death of his charge. He found refuge in the inexhaustible Haydn, but no occupation with him. He
wants through Haydn to form a union with another. Through assiduous diligence you shall receive Mozart's spirit from the hands of Haydn." 15

In November 1792, Beethoven went to Vienna, and here he was to stay. He bought himself a wig, silk hose, fashionable boots, and a handsome coat. Looking clumsy and feeling uncomfortable in such elegance, he soon discarded them, and he behaved with the awkwardness and self-consciousness of a small-town boy. He was twenty two, but looked older. He was short, stocky, and compact, with a face leonine in strength, but disfigured, pock-marked, and florid. Strength, crude and ungovernable, spoke through him. Few could have perceived that through him would come a new age in the destiny of music.

He became a pupil of Haydn, but it was not easy for either of them. Haydn admired his talent, and would sit patiently and watch the untrammeled stormings of the younger man, and try to understand his ungovernable genius. Haydn was impatient with Beethoven's boorish manners and intolerant of the way the student broke the rules of harmony and form as freely as those of social behavior. Beethoven found Haydn fussy, academic, and too firmly rooted in tradition. They soon parted company.

Even though Beethoven tried to find other teachers, they unanimously agreed that he never learned anything. Albrechtsberger once remarked sadly, "and he can do nothing in decent style." 16 Lesser men, more sympathetic and farsighted, proved more successful teachers, like Ignaz Schuppanzigh and Johann Schenk.

15 Cross, p. 48
16 Ibid
Through Count Waldstein's efforts, the doors of the nobility were opened to Beethoven. Such people as Prince Lichnowsky, Prince Lobkowitz, and Baron van Swieten were among those that assisted him. Prince Lichnowsky invited him to live in his palace. So Beethoven played and taught the piano, introducing many of his compositions for this man's appreciation.

Pulling himself away from the "accepted" styles of composition, he put himself in line to be rebuked, and certain of his less than comely manners were lacking many times. But the noblemen disregarded his ill-tempered moments, tolerated his boorishness, and soothed his sensitive nature, because they admired his music so profoundly.

In March 1795, he gave his first public appearance in Vienna, dazzling the audience with his compositions and his superb improvisations. He became well known and adored by his public. He was described as a giant among pianoforte players. Acclamations were also his as a composer. By the end of the century, he was overwhelmed with commissions, and for every piece he wished to publish, he had six or seven publishers. So he determined to set his way, and set his price. He was finished bargaining and could determine not only his own terms, but his future as well.

The premiere of his first symphony was unfortunate in that it was performed badly, and the audience did not understand some of the new sounds, including orchestration. A critic called it "the confused explosions of the presumptuous effrontery of a young man." 17

Early in 1801 Beethoven began recognizing signs that he was growing deaf. Sensitive about his oncoming deafness, he tried to conceal it; but

17 Cross, p.50
he had to give up playing the piano in public and he had to keep aloof from the society of all who were not intimate friends.

Deafness brought on a period of despair, a despair which he expressed in a remarkable document called the Heiligenstadt Testament, written in the Viennese suburb of Heiligenstadt in 1802 as an expression of his terrible anguish. "O ye men, who think or say that I am malevolent, stubborn, or misanthropic, how greatly do ye wrong me, you do not know the secret cause of my seeming"- began the tortured self-revelation. "For me there can be no recreation in the society of my fellows, refined intercourse, mutual exchange of thought; only just as little as the greatest needs command may I mix with society. I must live like an exile," the document continued. And it ended: "O Providence-grant me at last but one day of pure joy-it is so long since real joy echoed in my heart-O when- O when, O Divine One-shall I feel it again in the temple of nature and man-Never? No-O that would be too hard!" 18

Deafness sent him to composing music with a fever and passion he had not known before. Removed from the society of people, he sought communion with the spirit. Deaf to the sounds of music, he sought to put down the turbulent and majestic sounds he heard within him. One masterpiece after another came from him: the Waldstein, Appassionata, and Moonlight Sonatas for the piano; the Eroica Symphony; the Kreutzer Sonata, for violin and piano.

He created one other remarkable document, the letter to the "Immortal Beloved," found in a secret drawer after his death. He was often in love-his "love affairs" were usually of brief duration; the

18 Cross, p. 51
objects of his love were invariably young, beautiful women of high station, generally out of his reach. Many of them have been identified. One was Giulietta Guicciardi, to whom he dedicated the Moonlight Sonata. Another was his cousin, Therese von Brunswick, inspiration for the Appassionata Sonata. A third was the fifteen-year-old Therese Malfatti. The fourth was the poetess Bettina Brentano, friend of Goethe. Which of these was Beethoven's "Immortal Beloved"? The riddle has never been solved; we do not know the date on which he wrote his flaming letter. It may well have been written not to any one woman, but to all womankind; or it may have been written to a woman who existed only in his disturbed imagination and dreams. In any case, few love letters are composed of such tortured distress, of such emotional intensity. "What tearful longings after you, you, my life, my all! -farewell. Oh, continue to love me, never misjudge the faithful heart of your beloved L.- ever yours- ever mine- ever each other's-"

As his deafness increased he grew more irritable, scornful, sensitive, petulant, and irascible. His friend Ferdinand Ries has recorded how at a noonday meal at a Viennese tavern, the Silver Swan, Beethoven threw a dish of meat and gravy at a waiter who brought him the wrong order. An innocent incident might cause a rupture with the closest friend. From Hummel he became estranged because he misinterpreted a casual remark and would permit no explanation to heal the breach. He drove away one of his dearest friends, Stephen von Breuning, for a mere trifle, and he did this after Von Breuning had nursed him through a serious illness.

Withdrawing more and more from the society of men, Beethoven found solace in nature and in composition. He worked hard on his music, sketching, writing, revising, but always revising. He knew his greatness. He once asked proudly, "With whom need I be afraid of measuring my strength?"
had heard nothing, and who was several measures off, continued conducting, even as the applause erupted. At last the contralto, Caroline Ungher, walked over to the master and gently turned him around to the demonstrative audience. "His turning around," remarked Sir George Grove, "and the sudden conviction thereby forced on everybody that he had not done so before because he could not hear what was going on, acted like an electric shock on all present. A volcanic explosion of sympathy and admiration followed which was repeated again and again, and seemed as if it would never end." 19

In 1826, while visiting his brother, Beethoven caught cold. Pneumonia set in; and after that, jaundice and dropsy. Confined to his bed as an invalid, Beethoven was cheered by gifts from different parts of Europe: a complete edition of Handel; a cash gift of $500; a case of Rhine wine. But he was very sick, and he knew it. On March 23, 1827, he signed his will. A day later he submitted peacefully to the last Sacrament. One day more and he lapsed into unconsciousness.

On March 26, the Viennese heavens were split with lightning and growled with thunder. It was almost as if the city were giving voice to grief. A peal of thunder rumbled in Beethoven's death room. Ever the rebel, Beethoven feebly raised a defiant fist toward the heavens. Then he fell back, dead.

All Vienna mourned. The schools were closed; many people stayed away from work. Thousands lined the streets on March 29 to watch his body being carried to its final resting place. (Franz Schubert was one of the torchbearers). And as they watched, they wept.

19 Cross, p. 53
His Music

It is sometimes said that the age produces the genius. This is undoubtedly true in the case of Beethoven. In no earlier era could he have asserted his creative ego so defiantly, broken so decisively with the past, and struck out in new directions with such independence. The spirit of the French Revolution had spread throughout Europe, stirring rebellion against established authority. Crowns toppled, traditions were shattered before the tidal wave of new ideas and the cry for political and intellectual freedom that stemmed from such philosophers of the "Enlightenment" as Rousseau and Voltaire.

In keeping with this new spirit, Beethoven shook loose from the constrictions of the classical form and style, smashing those structural dykes that would have checked the surge of his inspiration. Creative necessity drove him to venture into dissonance, free tonality, enlargement of instrumental resources. In the last phase of his life, when he adopted musical thinking and form that were iconoclastic, he proved himself a true disciple of Rousseau, whom he read avidly. Freedom, the right of the creative ego to assert itself unhampered, was a religion with him. When he filled his music with a profound humanity, he was the son of the French Revolution, the true democrat, who believed passionately in the equality of man and who identified himself with mankind's struggles. "I, too, am king," was his credo.

One day Beethoven and Goethe, walking along a street in Vienna, saw the Empress of Austria and her entourage approaching. When Goethe bared his head and stepped aside to let the royal party pass, Beethoven exclaimed, "Stay as you are, for it is they who must give way to us, not we to them!"
There are three clearly defined periods in Beethoven's creative evolution. In the first, roughly up to 1800, his compositions show the heavy hand of authority and the past. These works, which include the first two piano concertos and the first few piano sonatas, sound as if they belong to the age of Haydn and Mozart: here are the classical forms and style with an eighteenth-century charm. But even in the music of this apprentice period we can detect an occasional gesture of impatience with tradition.

A shadow fell over Beethoven's second period: this was when he had to face he was growing deaf. His music grew more intense, more personal; his forms were more spacious; his harmonic and tonal writing more daring. One wonders if this transition would have been so drastic, were it not for his deafness. "I am now making a fresh start," he wrote at this time, and proceeded to prove his point with masterworks like the *Eroica Symphony* and the *Appassionata Sonata*, considered by many to have heralded the birth of the Romantic Era. Rules were radically altered, sometimes even dispensed with, to meet his artistic demands. Technique had to be extended. When some of the musicians complained to him that his music was too difficult, he said, "Does he really suppose I think of his menial little fiddle when the spirit speaks to me and I compose something?" The structure of the symphony, concerto, sonata, and quartet had to be amplified to give his ideas voice. The harmonic vocabulary had to be enriched so that he could express feelings and ideas rarely before embraced by music. The poetic thought that Beethoven now brought to musical sound was something which nobody before him had realized in quite this way. As Paul Bekker put it, "Music is no longer sonority pure and simple. It contains abstract ideas.....the idea......determines the character of the work." 20

20 Cross, p. 55
After 1817 Beethoven entered upon an altogether new phase. It was his last period, that of those works previously mentioned. The break with the past was sharper than ever before; Beethoven entered spheres of expression previously unknown to music. Within a new subtle and tenuous structural logic he expounds a language daring for its modulations, progressions, and harmonic vocabulary. His thematic material becomes immensely varied, fertile, unorthodox in presentation and treatment. At times his style becomes savage and brutal. At other times he arrives at a spirituality in which his resignation to fate is complete, and he has found true peace at last.

**Major Works**

(a) **Orchestra**: 9 symphonies (the last with chorus); violin concerto; 5 piano concertos; concerto for piano, violin and cello; overtures-Coriolan, Leonore Nos. 1,2,& 3, Namensfeier, (Name-Day), Die Weihe des Hauses (The Consecration of the House) and overtures to works mentioned in (c); fantasia for piano, orchestra and chorus; 2 romances for violin and orch.

(b) **Choral Works**: 2 Masses (C major and D major); oratorio, *Christus am Olberg* (The Mount of Olives); v. also (a).

(c) **Stage Works**: Opera Fidelio; incidental music to Egmont, König Stephan (King Stephen), Die Ruinen von Athen, (The Ruins of Athens); ballet, Die Geschopfe des Prometheus (The Men Created by Prometheus).

(d) **Chamber Music**: Septet; quintet for piano and wind; string quintet; 16 string quartets; 4 string trios; serenade for flute, violin and viola; 6 piano trios; trio for clarinet, cello and piano; 10 violin sonatas; 5 cello sonatas; horn sonata.

(e) **Piano**: 32 sonatas; 21 sets of variations; Bagatellen.

(f) **Songs**: *An die ferne Geliebte* (To the distant beloved-song-cycle); Ah, perfido (Ah, faithless one- scena for soprano and orchestra). 21

Sonate No. 23 in F Minor

"Appassionata"

A general discussion of a sonata in Beethoven's time would include one of the basic forms of Classical music, a structure that had long been known and that proved well suited to large instrumental works. The Classic symphony, typically, is a sonata for orchestra. Many works called string quartets actually are sonatas scored for four stringed instruments.

The Classic sonata was divided into three of four parts, called movements. Characteristically, the first movement was fast (allegro), although it might begin slowly. The themes were presented in the first part of the movement (in what is known as the expositions). Then these themes might be developed in another key by different sections of the orchestra playing them in different rhythms and harmonies. Finally, there was a recapitulation of what had gone before, and sometimes also a coda, or brief summary, to conclude the first movement.

The second movement was usually slow (adagio or andante), although the composer had a good deal of freedom in the way in which he might develop this theme.

The third movement was typically the fastest of all (allegro assai or presto). In a sonata composed in only three movements, the minuet would sometimes be omitted. 22

The Appassionata, Opus 57, belongs to the middle period, when Beethoven produced some of his most celebrated masterworks. It was written in the year 1804, the year of stress when the full impact of his

tragic deafness had been met. The name "Appassionata" was invented by the publisher Cranz to describe the passionate emotions of this music.

This sonata is one of the "chefs d'oeuvre of Beethoven's art. It is a hymn of passion, of that passion which is born of the never-fulfilled longing for full and perfect bliss. Not blind fury, not the raging of sensual fevers, but the violent eruption of the afflicted soul, thirsting for happiness, is the master's conception of passion. To Beethoven the difference between ideal happiness and what mundane life offers as a substitute to true happiness is so violent as to rouse his sensitive nature to almost brutal outbursts. But in all of Beethoven's passionate outbursts there is a moral element, a conquest of self, an ethical victory. And this is true, of course, of Opus 57, this deeply personal avowal and one of the most moving documents of a great and fiery soul that humanity possesses. 23

This sonata, published in February of 1807, was dedicated to "his good friend" Franz von Brunswick.

Of all the sonatas written by Beethoven, this one may have been described more often. If the word images are extravagant, extravagance is not out of place, for it is the tonal embodiment of extravagance. The first and last movements know no restraint except that which directs the utmost power. The artist has laid bare his emotional nature so completely, so startlingly, that the rhapsodists are wisest who do not compete with him. A popular conception of the man seems drawn in its terms, a figure of

gigantic grandeur, with the nobly furrowed brow, shaken by every violent, and moved by every tender emotion. Those who knew Beethoven in the flesh would perhaps not have recognized him in this picture. But no one can say that the Sonata in F minor is not the faithful mirror of its composer. The very strength of the music makes it evident that it must be so. Nor can anyone who stands before this music deny that the man who has been this way, who has left these traces in dots and lines dreamed in mighty terms, was nobly visioned, was swept in turn by sharp suffering, terrifying gusts of fury and a prodigious exultant strength. The storms of the first movement have the vitality and directness of genuine experience.

As in the Waldstein Sonata, Beethoven had the need of a slow movement between two turbulent ones. But here the contingency is quite different. The tale of violence, ending in a dark pianissimo, as it began, is a tale unanswered. The composer turns inward again, and more deeply, to the peace which he could always find in his heart. A theme of grave and gentle harmonic beauty moves quietly and evenly through simple variations, without modulation. Furious, implacable chords crash in upon it, and the returning music of turmoil becomes headlong and driving. There is not the expected returning major, the close of joyous liberation. All that consoles in this Sonata is its prayer-like Andante, and its sense throughout of abundant, unshakable strength.

The first movement begins with a sinister, brooding motive, issuing compulsively from the depths, and ending, after two measures, in a surprisingly imploring gesture. Thus already at the outset we have that precipitous change of moods which continues throughout the mighty proportions of this piece. Hesitant knocking at the door, terrifyingly furious response; touchingly simple appeal, and haughty, imperious bursts of passion; glimmering hope and staggering despair; fear-inspired stillness and heart-rending cries of distress; dark depth and sun-bathed height—these are some of the contrasts which tear at the heartstrings of the listener in this work. Never before this had music spoken in such glowing accents of passion.

The development of the first movement of the sonata contains the most famous of the climaxes he achieves by this means. Being an incident in the course of development, it is not restrained by the conditions of an exposition. The passage in question is that which leads to the recapitulation (measures 109-35). The essential points are as follows.

The calm theme with which it begins had first appeared in the exposition in A flat (measures 35, 36, to 39) as a four-bar melody on a bass which happens to rise simply because an orderly rising bass is here in good style, whereas a bass of root notes would be clumsy. In the exposition, the entry of the theme has been prepared by a very long passage of dominant preparation. Its appearance in the development in D flat is still more impressive, because Beethoven has taken the extraordinary risk of arresting his action by not only reproducing his whole passage of dominant preparation on the threshold of this D flat, but by actually adding four more bars to it, bars for which he is obliged.
to invent entirely new matter, since the original preparation had purposely contained very little matter at all, being of the nature of long-drawn sighs and gasps ending in exhaustion.

The calm theme, having thus entered with enhanced impressiveness in D flat, should after four bars begin to repeat itself in the upper octave. Instead of this, the bass continues rising. This forces the theme in a crescendo through a series of keys which it is not worth mentioning. The point is: first, that the bass rises for two octaves, and that at the top of its climb articulate music ceases. So far, we may hope that the driest of grammarians, once he has been convinced that harmonies on a gradually rising bass are not aesthetically replaceable by harmonies in root positions, will have seen the point of this tremendous climax. Beethoven, like many Germans of his and of later days, knew his Shakespeare remarkably well, at all events in very good translations. His rising bass is the "hysterica passio" to which Lear, already dreading the approach of madness, cries "Down!" Its climax is inarticulate. Melody disappears and harmony becomes ambiguous, for the diminished seventh, though it implies a dominant, happens to omit the dominant from its notes, and is notoriously ready to shift its intonation and imply any of three other widely remote dominants. Rhythm itself would disappear but for the fact that, so long as we remain conscious, we cannot get rid of time. In the present passage, the first sign of the return to articulate speech is in an ominous rhythmic figure (m. 120), and the diminished seventh resolves into the home dominant, and so leads us to the recapitulation.

The variations in the sonata are progressive subdivisions of the rhythmic units, and are on the boldest of all themes of this kind.
All its cadences are tonic at every two bars, both in the first part and in the second, and the melody itself is, in its first, part, as near monotony as possible. If we understand anything in this sonata at all, he cannot fail to understand that the point here is the contrast between the Mesmerized-like inaction of the slow movement and the terrible tragedies that surround it in the first and third. It is, in fact, a vision of a world away from action, and the most dramatic moment in the sonata is that in which the last variation substitutes an unexpected chord at the end. With this the vision is shattered, and all is overwhelmed in the torrential passion of the finale. 25

The second movement (Andante con moto) is a return to peace and self-control. The tempest is silent for a while. Solemn, prayerful thoughts inspire the theme. From the depths of sorrow the spiritual eye looks upward to the serene, forgiving countenance of the Supreme Being. Accents of hope and confidence are heard. There are four variations. Proceeding from the hesitant rhythms of the first, the motion becomes freer and more fluid in those which follow. Beginning in the bass, the music rushes upward by degrees, so that the last variation seems as if suspended in heavenly regions. 26

The finale's atmosphere is one of terror. A shrill cry of pain bursts forth suddenly. A howling flood of tones is released, and flows wildly, irresistibly through the entire piece, now whispering softly, now roaring loudly. Only once, in the middle section, this demoniacal onrush is interrupted; yet what is revealed in these pauses is not comforting calm, but a desperate glimpse into Utopia. Still more madly

25 Scherman and Biancolli, p. 754 "Analysis by Donald Francis Tovey"
26 Ibid, p. 755, "Analysis by Hugo Leichtentritt"
than before the whole first part of the movement once again rushes past, its savagery emphasized by a sort of march of triumph in the coda, followed at the end by a despairing crash to the depths. It is music reminiscent of the Inferno visions of Dante's fancy.
Scherzo in B flat Major, Op. 31
Nocturne in F Sharp Minor, Op. 15, No. 2... Frederic Chopin
(1810-1849)

"He confided... those inexpressible sorrows
to which the pious give vent in their communication
with their Maker. What they never say except upon
their knees, he said in his palpitating compositions."
-Franz Liszt-

Frederic Chopin was born in Zelazowa Wola, near Warsaw, Poland,
on February 22, 1810. His father was a French schoolteacher, and
his mother, Justina Krzyzanowska, of Polish nobility. Chopin was
their second child and first son. Soon after his birth the family
moved to Warsaw, where the father became a French professor and
later opened up a boarding school. The Chopin household was cultured
and harmonious. Thus the childhood of Frederic was a happy one. He
was sensitive, imaginative, and happy, with an infectious sense of
humor, who indulged as eagerly in childish pranks and mimicry as in
music, in which he demonstrated exceptional interest and talent at an
early age. Always around the piano, he would experiment with different
ideas, and when finding a particular one, he would burst into tears.
A local fiddler, Adalbert Zwyny, began giving him piano lessons when
he was six and helped him put some of his first compositional ideas down
on paper. When he was nine years old, he made his first appearance in
public, playing at a charity concert. The public received him as theirs,
and thus began the days of his musical career.

When he was fifteen, Chopin entered his father's school for academic
studies. Now a piano student of Joseph Elsner, director of the Warsaw
Conservatory, he continued to study and found in Elsner a warm and enduring

27 Cross, p. 166
friend who both encouraged the young pianist and respected his talent. Instead of burdening Chopin with rules and laws he allowed the young boy to grow and develop freely in the direction to which his artistic nature sent him: free romantic expression. It was largely due to Elsner that Chopin was able to evolve a personal style of writing almost from the very beginning of his creative career.

When his formal academic training was completed, he went to Berlin, receiving an invitation from one of his father's friends. The desire to leave Warsaw was reinforced by an attraction he had for one of the students, Constantia Gladkowska, a singing student. Instead of explaining his feelings to her, he brooded, and this state was made more bearable when he was able to leave for new climates. With his first major move upon him, he began to dream of visiting Vienna, the musical capital of Europe. His father provided him with the necessary funds, and in the summer of 1829, he went to Vienna. He gave two successful concerts and published one of his works, Variations on Mozart's "La ci darem," for piano and orchestra.

The success, the exhilaration of life in Vienna, convinced him that he preferred living, working, and making his way in foreign capitals. Back in Warsaw he continued to be bored with the city, so he decided to leave permanently. In 1830, he left, and a cantata was performed for him there in honor of his birth. At the end of these festivities Elsner presented Chopin with an urn filled with the soil of Poland. "May you never forget your native land wherever you may go, nor cease to love it with a warm and faithful heart."

Biographers maintained that part of Chopin's melancholia was due to the great love he had for his native country. "I lie in bed and my eyes
look over the fields," he wrote one day. "A big space before the windows.
The soil of France. Far away under the Polish skies, I see the eyes of
my mother. Tears unshed weigh heavily. 'Frederic' she said, 'thou
wilt be a great musician; thy Poland will be proud of thee': 28

His strong national consciousness was not only a part of his
emotional make-up. It also affected his art. As a boy, he was aware
of the song and dances of the Polish peasants; he felt an intimate bond
with his folk art. Later he became an intensely national composer,
who produced a vital Polish musical art and who was the first to
incorporate successfully Slavic expression into the music of the
Western world. Chopin's voice was part of the Polish liberation. In
writing of him, Paderewski said, "All was forbidden us, the language
and the faith of our fathers, our national dress, our songs, our poets.
Chopin alone was not forbidden. In him we could still find the living
breath of all that was prohibited. He gave all back to us, mingled
with the prayers of broken hearts, the revolt of fettered souls, the
pain of slavery, lost Freedom's ache, the cursing of tyrants, the
exultant songs of victory." 29

When the Nazi hordes attacked Poland, in 1939, Chopin's music once
again became a national symbol, this time the symbol of resistance.
The last piece of music heard over the Warsaw radio before the Nazis
took over was by Chopin: the first eleven notes of his Polonaise in
A major were played on the xylophone for the last time just before the
city surrendered to the Nazis.

28 Cross, p. 165
29 Ibid
At the time of the first revolt against his country, when the Russians invaded Poland, he was living in Vienna, was in the act of rushing home to join the army, and then turned back. His mother, once convinced he was too frail to become a soldier, had managed to jar him yet into another station in the war cause. When he heard that Warsaw had fallen into enemy hands, he reacted with his famous Revolutionary Etude.

From Germany, Chopin went on to Paris, the land of his father's family. He expected only to stay for a short time, but stayed the rest of his life. Through Luigi Cherubini, the opera composer, he was introduced to Paris. He made his musical debut on January 25, 1832. The debut was not successful, his style of playing was too intimate and refined for Parisian tastes. His critics argued, "his works are too much luxuriance in mo-bulations, and disorder in the linking of phrases." But a few discerning musicians knew they were in the presence of greatness and said so, and these included Felix Mendelssohn, Franz Liszt, and Ferdinand Hiller.

Chopin was discouraged, however, and decided to give up concert work, even thinking of leaving France for America. A chance meeting with Prince Radziwill changed his mind and his destiny. Through the prince, Chopin brought into the salon of Baron Jacques de Rothschild, his new music, and triumphed there. From then on, he was the darling of the French salon. He received fees as teacher and as performer at intimate and exclusive social functions.

Not only was his work well received in this climate, but Chopin himself felt at home in these small gatherings. Though by nature he
was usually reserved, self-centered, and highly moody, he changed character in the salon. He liked to mingle with the highborn and the rich; the company of beautiful women exhilarated him; he sought contact with the famous and the powerful, even Jews, though he was essentially anti-Semitic. Moving in a setting of wealth and luxury was a basic need. He was revolted by poverty. His highly fastidious and sensitive nature, wanted beauty around him all the time. In Paris, he reveled in this lifestyle, playing and performing in twenty or thirty salons at the same time.

He was achieving not only as a performer, but also as a composer. The salons were perfect settings in which to write and perform his piano pieces. The waltzes, nocturnes, etudes, polonaises, and mazurkas that Chopin played for them were loved for their tenderness, beauty of melody, romantic sentiment, and elegance of form. Little did anyone realize that these small pieces were opening up the world for new music. A true measure of the greatness of his music was to come later.

He was also finding success in other areas. At this time, he fell in love with Maria Wodzinska, the flighty nineteen-year-old daughter of a Count. Chopin pursued her, and she encouraged him. But the family refused an alliance of marriage, and Chopin had nothing to show for a second tortured love affair, but a faded flower and a bundle of letters which he kept carefully in a package for many years, marked: "My Sorrow."

But his greatest love affair was to come, and in 1829, he met George Sand, the celebrated French woman novelist. At first, his fastidious nature recoiled at her masculine attitudes and habits; she not only assumed a man's name, she smoked cigars. Her long succession of highly publicized liaisons
with the great and near great was calculated to upset Chopin's inherent prudery. Besides, she was physically most unappealing, and Chopin had always been drawn to attractive women.

Their alliance to each other grew, and Sand adored Chopin. She was a talented and powerful woman, brilliant in her letters, and thought highly of by the literary critics of the day. During the summer of 1838, Chopin spent the summer with her at her summer home in Nohant. Chopin, then ill, felt the need for tenderness and maternal care, and seemed to be revived by her love during this period. They made a strange pair, opposite in temperament, personality, and outlook. And their love affair was as stormy as it was intense.

The illness of George Sand's son sent her to the island of Majorca in the winter of 1838. Chopin decided to follow her there. Their life was an uninterrupted nightmare. The townspeople were openly antagonistic to them because they did not attend church. The weather was continually cold and wet. When Chopin became ill with bronchitis, the rumor began spreading throughout the island that he was a victim of tuberculosis. The terrified townspeople demanded that he leave and even threatened his life. The menage had to abandon its villa and find a home in a bleak, musty, depressing fifteenth-century monastery, the rooms of which were stone cells resembling coffins, as Chopin once said. Nobody would work for them. The food was often inedible. Under such conditions Chopin's health gave way completely. He became a victim of hemorrhages, then of hallucinations and nightmares. One evening, George Sand found him "before his piano, his eyes wild, his hair almost standing on end. It was some minutes before he recognized us." As an invalid he was carried aboard a freighter for his return to France. In Barcelona, where he suffered
another hemorrhage attack, he lost so much blood that for a time they thought he would die. But eventually they got him back to Nohant, a shadow of his former self. There was only one rewarding result from this experience; he had sketched there most of his magnificent preludes.

Chopin recovered from this experience, and was at the height of his fame, and at the height of his powers. Respected and pampered, he produced some of his most ambitious works. For two years he kept up a truly prodigious creative effort, writing the *Sonata in B-flat minor*, two ballades, * Fantasie in F minor*, the *F-sharp major Impromptu*, and others. This Herculean endeavor sapped his strength and vitality. After 1841 his health disintegrated. The next few years were comparatively uneventful, but climaxed by a highly successful appearance in Paris as concert pianist on Feb. 16, 1848, the last time he was to play for a Paris audience.

The love affair with George Sand was shakey, and an insignificant quarrel caused a permanent break. She went on with her career and proud station, apparently unaffected emotionally by this separation. Chopin went on to die. For as Liszt wrote: "Chopin felt and often repeated that in breaking this long affection, this powerful bond, he had broken his life."

Despite his poor health, he accompanied Jane Stirling to visit England and Scotland. He returned worse off than before, his health and spirits severely undermined. He returned in 1848, to Paris, where he became a virtual recluse. Rich friends kept him in funds and the nobility paid him frequent calls. From Poland came his sister and brother-in-law to care for him. His life was ebbing. He instructed his sister to destroy
his unfinished manuscripts, (he wanted only the best of his work to survive him) and just before his death, neurotically afraid of being buried alive, he begged that his body be cut open after he had died.

Chopin died on the morning of October 17, 1849, several hours after receiving last rites. His funeral took place at the Madeleine Church where, as he had requested, Mozart's Requiem was performed in the presence of the social and musical great of Paris. His body was buried in the cemetery of Pere Lachaise, together with the urn of Polish earth he had received from his teacher Elsner when he left Poland for good.
His Music

Chopin is the only one of the world’s great composers who made a specialty of the piano. At the young age of 39, he passed out of the musical world. Perhaps if he had lived longer, he would have written more varied composition. Though he owed something to the example of Field and Hummel, he succeeded in creating an individual art of keyboard writing, which makes a virtue of the evanescent tone of the instrument and uses melodic decoration as an enrichment of the harmonic texture. He was master of the art of suggestion and explored a harmonic territory going far beyond the conventional boundaries of his time. Other influences include the folk-music of Poland, noticeable particularly in the Mazurkas, and the melodic, style, often demanding considerable virtuosity of Italian opera. His playing was incomparable, remarkable both in its delicacy and for its intensity and giving that magical significance to passages which his contemporaries found incomprehensible on paper. 30

The bulk of his work, 169 works in all, is for the piano; the rest uses the piano. No other composer made such a bountiful contribution to piano literature, nor achieved so much in developing modern piano technique and style. He obtained color effects, sonorities, and dynamics which no one before him had realized. He increased both the technical and artistic resources of the piano as an instrument so immensely that it can truthfully be said to have achieved complete emancipation and artistic self-sufficiency. Chopin was always pianistic. Perhaps the development of the instrument itself, the pianoforte, gave him the voice which he needed, that others lacked before. 30

Westrup and Harrison, p. 125
He is also the only one of the great composers who specialized in smaller forms whose greatness actually rests securely on them. He knew that the large classical forms restricted the mobility of his music, that he did not know how to make these forms the servant of his ideas. He therefore leaned toward more flexible, less inhibiting, structures. He recognized his inability to supply long-sustained thought, his weakness in the kind of enlargement, development, and transformation demanded by the concerto, sonata, or symphony. He realized that his two concertos and three sonatas were essentially made up of smaller pieces, each piece effective by itself, yet together lacking that organization and integration demanded by those large forms. He decided consequently to work in smaller molds, to become "great in small things" even as he was "small in great things," as J. Cuthbert Hadden wrote. As composers at that time were expected to produce concertos, symphonies, operas, and oratorios his true artistic significance was for a long time not completely appreciated even by his most intimate friends.

In those small spheres he gave his energy to, his imagination was so rich, his invention so original, his ideas so inexhaustibly varied, his style so personal and aristocratic, his technique so sure that he cannot be denied a place of greatness. While his works are on the highest level of inspiration and are the ultimate in elegance and sophistication, it is also true that he maintained a tremendously high quality to his work. Few of Chopin's works are not played today. What he did had a consistency of excellence that few composers achieve.

The reason for this was Chopin's severity as his own critic. Just as he saw to it that his unfinished works were destroyed as he was dying, he
would not in life leave mediocre works unfinished. Ideas apparently came easily. But in working them out he was most painstaking and demanding. He kept on revising and changing, even after a piece had been turned into a publisher. George Sand described his working habits as follows: "He analyzed very much when writing down what was conceived as a whole, and his regret that he could not represent it perfectly made him desperate. For days, he locked himself up in his room, running up and down, breaking pens, repeating, changing one single measure a hundred times, writing scratching it out, and the next morning starting all over again with painstaking and desperate efforts. He would work six weeks on one single page." 31

Chopin neither preaches nor paints, yet his art is decorative and dramatic. He touches earth and its emotional issues in Poland only; otherwise his music is a pure aesthetic delight, an artistic enchantment, freighted with no ethical or theatric messages. It is poetry made audible, the "soul written in sound." Chopin, the New Chopin, is a foe to ennui and the spirit that denies; in his exquisite soul-sorrow, sweet world-pain, we may find rich impersonal relief.32

Chopin had greater melodic and as great harmonic genius as Wagner; he made more themes, he was, as Rubinstein wrote, the last of the original composers, but his scope was not scenic, he preferred the stage of his soul to the windy spaces of the music-drama. His is the interior play, the eternal conflict between body and soul. He viewed music through his temperament and it often becomes so imponderable, so bodiless as to

31 Cross, p. 172
suggest a fourth dimension in the art. Space is obliterated. With Chopin one does not get, as from Beethoven, the sense of spiritual vastness, of the overarching sublime. There is the pathos of spiritual distance, but it is pathos, not sublimity.

He is nature's most exquisite sounding-board and vibrates to her with intensity, color, and vivacity that have no parallel. He is the color genius of the piano; his eye was attuned to hues the most fragile and attenuated; he could weave harmonies that are as ghostly as a lunar rainbow. And lunar-like in their libration are some of his melodies, glimpses, mysterious and vast, as of a strange world.

Chopin may prophecy, but he never flames into the diverse tongues of the upper heaven. Chopin seldom smiles, and while some of his music is young, he does not raise in the mind pictures of the fatuous romance of youth. 33
Major Works

(a) Piano and Orchestra: 2 concertos; *Andante Spinato* and *Polonaise*; Fantasia on Polish airs; Rondo a *La Krakowiak*; Variations on *La Ci Darem*.

(b) Piano solo: 4 Ballades, 3 Ecossaises; 27 Etudes; 3 Impromptus; 51 Mazurkas; 19 Nocturnes; 12 Polonaises; 25 Preludes; 4 Scherzos; 3 Sonatas; 17 Waltzes; Barcarolle; Berceuse; Fantaisie in F minor; Fantaisie-Impromptu.

(c) Chamber Music: Piano trio; cello sonata; Introduction and Polonaise for cello and piano.

(d) Songs: 17 Polish songs.
Scherzo in B flat Minor

The Scherzi of Chopin are of his own creation; the type as illustrated by Beethoven and Mendelssohn had no meaning for him. The Beethoven scherzo is full of a robust sort of humor, where the fierce jollity that mocks itself, the almost titanic anger of Chopin would not have been regarded by others as adapted to the form. The Pole practically built up a new musical structure, boldly called it a Scherzo, and, as in the case of the Ballades, poured into its elastic mold most disturbing and incomparable music.

The four Scherzi are psychical records, confessions committed to paper of outpourings that never could have been spoken. From these alone we may almost reconstruct the real Chopin, the inner Chopin, whose conventional exterior so ill prepared the world for the tragic issues of his music.

The B flat minor, Opus 31, is Chopin's second Scherzo. Ehlert said that it was composed in a blessed hour, although de Lenz quotes Chopin as saying of the opening, "It must be a charnel house." The defiant challenge of the beginning has no savor of the scorn and drastic mockery of its fore-runner. We are conscious that tragedy impends, that after the prologue may follow fast catastrophe. Yet it is not feared with all the portentous thunder of its inbeginning. Nor are we deceived. A melody of winning distinction unrolls before us. It has a noble tone, is of noble type. Without relaxing pace, it passes and drops like a thunderbolt into the bowels of the earth. Again the story is told, and not pausing, we are led to a most delectable spot in the key of A major. This trio is marked by genius, culminating in the episode in C sharp minor, and merging into E major. The fantasy is notable for variety of tonality,
freedom in rhythmical incidents and genuine power. The coda is dizzy and overwhelming. It is Byronic in tenderness and boldness. Karasowski speaks of its Shakespearian humor, and indeed it is a very human and lovable piece of art. It holds richer, warmer, redder blood than the other three and like the A flat Ballade, is beloved of the public. It is also easier to understand.34

Chopin dedicated his opus 31 to one of his pupils, Countess Adele de Furstenstein. It was composed in 1837, published that same year by Schlesinger, and again in February, 1838, by Breitlopf and Martel. Long and structurally complex, it demonstrates a grasp of musical architecture of a higher order than any Chopin had composed earlier. In this respect, he was to excel it only in the E major Scherzo, the last two Ballades, and the F minor Fantaisie. This would not be important, only from a technical interest, if it were not for the musical materials from which it was constructed.

The scherzo opens with a summons almost as famous as the four horn-notes in Beethoven’s C minor Symphony. Of this twice-repeated call, Wilhelm von Lenz, who knew Chopin personally, said, "For Chopin it was never 'question' enough, or soft enough; never sepulchral enough, never important enough." 'It must be a charnel-house-'(cemetery or corpse-like). And indeed, that reiteration of the sotto voce or pianissimo query and its fortissimo reply for forty-six measures, including six of silence and followed by two more, (besides being of extraordinary beauty in itself) is a flawless portal to a big scale work. It is followed by sixteen measures of related shiftings from fortissimo to piano and pianissimo,

34 Huneker, p. 378
with thrilling sweeps downward from an F a dizzy two octaves above the
treble clef and supported on an open D flat octave below the bass clef.
Notice how the left hand chords that follow this cavernous octave repeat
the opening question in less mystified tones.\footnote{35}

The con anima is graced by one of Chopin's finest melodies, a
cantilena above a rolling figure in single notes. This is worked up
to a thoroughly expressive climax, after which two measures of silence
prepare again the suggestive question that began it all. The treatment
diverges slightly from the opening section, however, as does that of the
descending sweeps, which is now brilliantly foreshortened. But the
lyrical con anima is restated almost intact. Thus far, and with
sufficient material for a composition by itself, we have a formal
structure that might be represented by \textit{ABCabC}, lower case letters being
used to mean shortened sections.

If Chopin was to increase the extent of this partial edifice with
more structure, it had, aesthetically speaking, to be of less mobile
nature, something able to establish a center of repose. His manner of
giving exactly that is what is needed, more than any other single detail,
raises the Scherzo to its fulfilling greatness. The sostenuto section is
spread out in the tellingly apt key of A major. Its long-breathed chords
and ornamental rhythmic figures supply precisely the relaxation required
before the chief business of the piece may be effectively rebegun. At the
indication espressivo (C sharp minor), a semi-melody is introduced and
given increased interest by a repeated five-note arabesque adapted from

\footnote{35} Weinstock, Herbert, \textit{Chopin, the Man and his Music}, (New York: Alfred A.
Knopf, 1942), p. 229
the quarter note figures in measures 2 and 3 of the sostenuto. This is the subtle reflection of detail from one section in another that strengthens unity.

Leggiero announces a passage of fluid arpeggios, crescendo and animato, leading at last to a deep bass E and a moment of silence. These soundless pauses are, it is clear, an integral element of the piece's overall design. Now the sostenuto, espressivo and leggiero sections are recapitulated almost unchanged, and lead to a rearrival at the deep bass E. To this point, then, the Scherzo might be plotted as ABCabcDEFDEF. To this middle point, also the structure is completely sound, right, and well-balanced.

But after another silent measure Chopin begins to comment on and to develop, first the arpeggio passage, then the espressivo, now marked agitato, and finally the downward sweeping passage that originally preceded the con anima. And some of his treatment is mechanical, some of it both awkward and disproportionate. In modulations Chopin seems suddenly unsure of himself. The fabric momentarily develops a perilous sag. Only at the indication sempre con fuoco, again manipulating the originally espressivo passage, does he regain his footing. Here the alternating of chords and the reinforced five-note arabesque is apt and astonishing, especially as the arabesque itself takes on more and more diminuendo, the character of the prefactory question. Another measure of silence. Thus far, the complex pattern might be represented as ABCabc-CDCEFDEFEBE.

Now the opening section is repeated, intact as to length, but with small changes that are recognizably growth—not fussy variation, but true development. The first note is omitted; the F at the end of the question
is held for six beats instead of one, thus ruling out the measures of silence in favor of measures of diminishing tone; the double measure of silence that originally followed the section has now become bass rumbles with a double trill. A whole element of architecture is repeated, that is, but with the variants that appertain to its new position. Next the B and C sections are repeated, largely in their second form.

Nineteen measures before the change from D flat major to A major, the coda begins. Almost complete, the pattern is now ABCabCDEFDEFFEBEABcB.

The coda, B flat minor going again to D flat major, is brilliantly satisfying and structurally intricate. Because it has a recognizably terminal quality that sets it off from the body of this Scherzo, it is in itself a musical incident. Its eight measures downward sweeps; its right hand looks newly introduced, but turns out to be a variant of the opening question, originally a triplet and one quarter-note, here four eighths and one quarter. The fortissimo chord-figure that originally satisfied the questioning now becomes less mäodic, more emphatic. On its second repetition, stretto crescendo, it leads through eight measures of centripetal modulation to a fortissimo iteration of the downward-sweeping figure, harmonically altered and deprived of its answering upward runs.

In measures 11 and 10 measures from the end, new use is made of the chordal patterns first presented in the crescendo climax of the original con anima. It requires five measures, each of one chord, to reach a chord in the D flat major dominant. A silent measure follows. The same chord repeated one octave lower. The last silent measure. And then an acciaccatura chord is followed by the end, a final crashing assertion of the high F and low
D flat octave with which the section of downward sweeps had first begun.

The entire structure would look like this:

\[
\text{ABC}\text{abCD}E\text{F}DE\text{F}EB\text{E}A\text{B}cB-bc-(b).
\]

The Scherzo is built with six prime elements, of which the second three, D, E, and F play no part once they have been repeated, developed, and succeeded by the opening three. The result is a gently curving, uneven, archlike pattern that brings out the whole expressiveness latent in Chopin’s melodic, rhythmic, and harmonic ideas. It succeeds because its succession gratifies progressively, the expectation that it arouses. It begins in B flat minor and ends in the relative D flat major. This fact is unimportant except as it is the proper result of the pervasive over-all design. It balances, it will not collapse, and it gives, as masterly buildings give, a sense of simultaneously seeming solid on the ground and soaring upward easily and aptly. Chopin gave it, to use an accurate phrase once much misused, significant form. Alone, the B flat minor Scherzo refutes the often parroted judgment that Chopin remained an architectural fumbler who could create firm units of nothing more complex than simple song or dance forms. 36

Full of technical challenges and unexpected moods, this Scherzo was stimulating and highly enjoyable to perfect and perform.

36 Weinstock, p. 231
Nocturne in F Sharp Major

The Nocturne in F sharp major is the second nocturne in a group of three pieces grouped together and known as Opus 15. The first two were composed in 1830-31, the third in 1833. The F sharp major is dedicated to Ferdinand Hiller, pianist, composer, teacher, writer, and great friend. It was published almost simultaneously in January 1834 by Breitkopf and Hartel in Leipzig and by Schlesinger in Paris.

The first nocturne in this group is in contrast to the second one, and seems to have all the visible lineaments of a successful Chopin piece, but in performance it evokes a tentative and uncertain effect and never quite comes off. That this may have been wholly or partially intentional does not make it more satisfying. It cannot be regarded as one of the best of Chopin's works.

The nocturne I performed, is altogether finer in content and appeal. This nocturne is a poetically-conceived and majestically-carried-out piece worthy of the man who had already published the Etudes of Opus 10. It far excelled anything else Chopin had published up to 1834. Aside from the instantly conquering beauty of the melody first presented, the originality that the whole work exudes is first made plain in the repetition of that melody. By changing, that is, by substituting five notes for four, and by making the fourth of the five the first note in the piece not native to the key scale, Chopin subtly, immediately, quickened interest. The Nocturne is everywhere brightened and kept alive by the rhetorical alterations. Much of the embellishment decoration sounds are derived from the singing demanded of and obtained from such performers of Rossini, Donizetti and Bellini. The doppio movimento, which can be

* See Example 3, p. 64
played as smoothly as the simplest passage in common time, is in fact a complicated study in cross-rhythms. The accompanying left hand contented itself with eighth notes and quarter notes on the beats, but the melodic right hand most often has ten notes to a measure,(two groups of five), of which the first, fifth, sixth, and tenth prick out the chief profile of the melody. After the doppio movimento the tempo returns to the slow beginning, and the original melody is treated briefly, leading with unquestionable decision into a codalike ending that shows Chopin achieving command of that difficult section. This nocturne is a great masterpiece in miniature.

As Huneker wrote, the nocturnes are pieces of the starlight night, music of peace, mystery, and romance. "Some wear an agitated, remorseful countenance; others seen in profile only; while many are like whispering at dusk." 37

Chopin was influenced, in his nocturne writing, by John Field. After he had heard Field's works in concert in 1832. Less than a year later, Chopin wrote his first three nocturnes, bringing into his field of composition, a magic of mood and atmosphere, and a subtlety of nuance that the Field nocturne had never known.

Chopin, the great chromatic composer, was a master at ornamentation. Music like his could not be without ornament. But he surely did not purchase it of a jeweller; he designed it himself, with a delicate hand. He was the first to surround a note with diamond facts and to weave the rushing floods of his emotions with the silver beams of the moonlight. In his nocturnes, there is a glimmering as of distant stars. From these dreamy, heavenly gems he has borrowed many a line. The Chopin nocturne is a dramatized ornament.

37 Huneker, p. 175
Impromptu in C Sharp Minor. ....... Hugo Reinhold (1854-1935)

Impromptu in C sharp minor was written by Hugo Reinhold, Austrian composer. He was born in Vienna, March 3, 1854, and died there on September 4, 1935. His early days were spent as a choir-boy in the Hofkapelle. He studied piano with J. Epstein, composition with O. Dessoff and A. Bruckner at the Vienna Conservatory of Music, graduating in 1874. He succeeded in winning the silver medal from that Conservatory. Until 1925, he was a professor of piano at the Akademie der Tonkunst. While at the University, he worked and studied under the endowment of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

A composer of pronounced melodic gift and highly poetic conception, his many compositions include pianoforte music and songs, a String Quartet in A Major (Opus 18), a Suite in five movements for strings and pianoforte, and a Prelude, Minuet and Fugue for string orchestra. The two latter were performed at the Vienna Philharmonic Concerts of 9 December, 1877, and 17 November 1878, respectively, and were praised by the Vienna critic of the M.M.R. for their delicate character and absence of undue pretension. The Quartet was performed by Hellmesberger.

Other works include Symphony in C; Concert-Overture; violin sonata; and his piano pieces were written for 2 and 4 hands. His songs were mainly written for men's choruses. 38

Impromptu in C sharp Minor

Reinhold wrote this concise and well constructed piece in the same key relationship as Chopin wrote the Fantaisie-Impromptu. It is written in three main parts, the first, a fast and explosive section in C sharp minor; the second part, a slow, beautiful, melodic in D flat Major; following by the third part, a replica of the first part, with a delightful coda-like ending.

The first four measures announce the theme, with the opening measure, in 4/4 time, involving a trill on each octave G sharp, the dominant note of the key. There are 7 beats of trill, and then the cascading melody descends from 3-line G sharp, with a turn of a second every interval of a third. This continues melodically for two measures, and ending two octaves lower. This question is answered by a chordal broken chord of the dominant seventh, tonic, dominant seventh, tonic, and so on. The theme is announced again, this time the answer is similar but higher and ascending to seventh chords, most of them diminished, arpeggiated in a downward sweep, with strong supporting chords in the left hand changing from A7, C sharp, A7, G7, C sharp minor. Measure 23 begins a left-hand melody line, supported by broken chords in the right hand, mimicking the melody in the left. The voices rise higher and higher, till the initial octave found in the beginning is reached, and thus begins the theme all over, with a different answer this time.

The second section is dreamy, slow, and very lovely in its melody line. It begins in D flat Major, to fm, A flat7, back to D flat Major. There is a second theme which comprises the second part of the slow section, this time principally in F minor. This lasts 8 measures, returning again to the major key, with bigger chords, crescendoing as the melody rises in
pitch and fuller chords. This is repeated, and finally arrives at the third section in quite the same fashion that the whole piece began. This time the second answer is used, culminating in a brilliant coda-like ending marked in the final four measures by fortississimo chords of GM, C sharp minor, alternating downward to the final C sharp octaves in both hands, thundering and reverberating in a final fermata.

This piece is well-constructed in chordal material. It is easy to gain facility of its passages, and it sounds more difficult than it is. Pleasant to play, technically, it is also a delight to memorize, and once this is accomplished, it will remain forever in the fingers and mind of the musician. The slow part is very beautiful, and makes the beginning and ending section that much more refreshing. A typical ABA plus coda form, it is a welcome program piece for concert and drawing-room conversation.

Ex. 3 Nocturne in F Sharp Major
Two treatments of the theme.
Since the life of Bach has already been dealt with in this paper, I will treat the work, the Magnificat first and then the individual number Et Exultavit Spiritus Meus.

On the great Feast days the Magnificat was given in figurate music at the evening service in Leipzig. It followed the sermon.

Bach twice set this poem (Luke I, 46-55). One of these compositions, for solo soprano, has been lost. We assume it was lost before the very eyes of the editors, because Dehn had it in 1855. Of the other Magnificat, we have two scores, an older one in E flat major, and the later one in D Major, representing the definitive form of the work. The clean copy of the D major score, made about 1730, surpasses in beauty even the autographs of the St. Matthew Passion and the Christmas Oratorio.

Bach probably wrote the Magnificat for the evening service of Christmas 1723, so at least we may assume from several movements, not forming part of the text. There were four added numbers that were not sung on other Feast days, and they have not survived the final copy. The four hymns were not sung by the big choir that stood beside the great organ, but by some choristers in the small gallery opposite, accompanied by a smaller organ. They were only part of the Leipzig evening service. Spitta conjectures that in Bach's time, the medieval rocking of the child was still customary at St. Thomas's, although the council, as early as 1702, had insisted upon the repealing of the old custom. Bach's Magnificat would really be stage music accompanying the representation of the nativity.

The separate hymns are found in the Town Library at Leipzig, and they are very suitable in feeling, for they give a kind of dramatic character to the events of the Christmas night.

As the time allotted to the *Magnificat* in the evening service was fairly short, Bach had to adjust his music accordingly. It has not suffered by this; its admirable concision exhibits the beauty of the music under the best possible circumstances.

*Magnificat* is one of Bach's greatest works, melodious and more Italian in style than most of his church music.

There has been some question as to which version of Biblical form the words came from. However many wars were being waged at that time about which version to use, Bach settled on the Vulgate version, he, along with his singers, finding that text more melodious to sing. Even in the Protestant churches, when the words are set to music, the Vulgate version is retained. The dissention as to whether the Luther, the Vulgate, the Greek or Latin, or the German translations are correct, does not disallow the fine overall message of the work.

The part played by the *Magnificat* in that first evening service determined the form of this composition. A cantata was performed before the sermon, and if the service was not to be made too long for custom and convenience, Bach could not allow himself to work too largely his musical idea. The work is consequently emphatically distinct from the rest of Bach's grand church compositions by the compactness and concentrated power of the separate numbers, particularly of the choruses, by the lavish

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41. Grout, p. 433
use of the means at command, and by its vividly emotional and yet not too agitating variety. It stands at the entrance of a new path and a fresh period of his productivity, at once full of significance in itself and of promise for future development of the perennial genius which could always re-create itself from its own elements.  

The music of the Magnificat is written for five-part chorus with accompaniment of organ, strings, two oboes, three trumpets, and drums, to which two flutes are added in the later treatments. The opening chorus is set only to the words "Magnificat anima mea Dominum." Its external form is that of the Italian aria, but is only thoroughly intelligible when reference is made to the concerto form. The instrumental introduction has less the character of a ritornel than that of a concerto tutti. Bach was noted for developing and remodeling the concerto form, it being one of his chief objects of study in Cothen, and from this circumstance, it is very natural that having just come from there, he would use the form which had become so familiar to him. There are not two contrasting subjects, but the whole material is exhibited in the tutti, the jubilant character of which is indicated by this motive.

The Magnificat is the canticle of the Virgin sung at Vespers in the Roman rite and at Evensong in the English rite. In plainsong it is sung antiphonally to one of its eight tones. Polyphonic settings first appeared as early as the 14th century and many were written for the Latin and Lutheran liturgies thereafter. Most often, the even-numbered verses were set, for voices or organ, the other verses being sung in plainsong.

42 Spitta, p. 377
43 Spitta, p. 375
which was commonly used as the basis of the polyphony. Bach set the Magnificat in the form of an elaborate cantata. In its English translation, the Magnificat has been set as part of the Evening Service by English composers from the Reformation to the present. 44

The entire text for this work is from Luke I, verses 46 to 55, which follows.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior. For He hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name. And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation. He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich, he hath sent empty away. He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy; as he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed forever."

The aria, Et Exultavit Spiritus Meus, for second soprano, follows the opening chorus, and is in the same key, a rare thing for Bach. It carries out the feeling expressed in the opening, but transfers it from the region of general joy and exultation to that of the quieter and more childlike joy of Christmas. We know the way in which this feeling is expressed by Bach too well not to recognize it here. The aria gives a feeling of innocent Christmas rejoicing. We see in this solo, as with all of Bach's solos, that an outward smoothness of form, molded by a master's hand, conceals

45. Spitta, p. 376.
a passionate and ever-varying emotion; and here again, in the midst of a work made up of many parts, and whose aim appears to be simple and clear, we discover a store of varied powers; it is only by the discovery of these powers that we can thoroughly appreciate Bach's spirit, with its own individual impulse and activity. In Bach's compositions, even though we may not perceive the inmost motives of each separate part, we always receive the impression of a "musical organism rounded, complete, and intelligible in itself." Interpolations, which are otherwise than obvious and easily understood, are never so important as to disturb the harmony of the whole, like an unsolved enigma.

Et Exultavit Spiritus Meus

The twelve measure introduction is important for two reasons; first, it uses Bach's use of his "Joy motive" in measure twelve, and the modulation from D major to G major to A major and back to D major outlines the key form of the work.

Ex. 4, Et Exultavit, m. 12

After the initial statement of the melodic theme, the next four measures are a restatement of the introduction. The next phrase is a modification to the key of A major and is followed by a melismatic passage of pure exaltation which is enhanced by three uses of the "joy" motive in the accompaniment. During this long passage, Bach modulates to the key of E major and then back through the cycle of
fifths to A major, D major, and G major. Briefly moving to F sharp major follows, then on by the cycle of fifths, modulations to Bm, Em, Am, D major, G major and then the initial keys of F sharp major and Bm continue the next fifteen measures. Again we hear a recurrence of the introduction during the next eight measures, this time in the keys of Bm and F sharp minor. The following twelve measures of melody are more highly embellished with the "joy" figure being written in the vocal line for the first time. With frequent modulations, the accompaniment continues from Bm to G major, A major, D major, E major, A major, and back to the original D major. In the final measures, we find sequential passages, for example Measure 71, as follows:

Ex. 5, Et exultavit, m. 71

There is a deceptive cadence in measure 78, follows with four measures of melodic line, finishing with the accompaniment using the familiar introduction as the postlude. Other forms of Baroque composition are used in the work, that of sequential repetitions, dominant relationships, the use of highly florid, melismatic passages, and the importance of mood painting devices. In total, the work is, as its title, a thing of joy to sing and perform.
Bach's religious works reveal the depth of his character, the high purpose to which he dedicated his genius. They are a faithful mirror in which the mind of their composer is revealed. In them we see Bach's astonishing fecundity was controlled by searching and frequent pondering of the texts he set. They reveal the keenness and clarity with which he visualized Bible scenes and characters.

Schweitzer observed that in his religious works, we find the truest indicator of Bach's genius and character. For their range is so wide, they reflect him from so many angles, and express him in so many moods, that they reveal his personality no less than his art. "Bach was one of the tenderest and most emotional of men, with the eye of a painter and the soul of a poet. This fact is fully revealed only to those who are at the task of attempting to translate him into their understanding. 46 These words by Sanford Terry in part, sum up the resume of Johann Sebastian Bach.

This fine opening work of my vocal section was made much more interesting and fulfilling due to the able efforts of my very fine accompanist, Elizabeth Sampson, and Dr. Warren Burton, who played the continuo on his cello. I extend grateful thanks to both of them.

Et Exultavit Spiritus Meus

Et exultavit spiritus meus
In Deo salutari meo.

Luke I, 47,48

And My Spirit Hath Rejoiced

And my spirit hath rejoiced
Rejoiced in God, my Savior.

Translation from
King James Version

Ex. 6 Portrait of Bach
Oh Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me? from Semele... George Frederic Handel

"To him I bend the knee. For Handel
is the greatest, ablest composer
that ever lived." —Beethoven—

George Frederic Handel was born February 23, 1685 at Halle, Saxony. Here was a man who was fated to see his position in music completely undermined not once, but several times in his lifetime. Twice he was swept from success to ruin, and each time he was able to rebuild that position again. For example, in 1715, he was the most famous composer alive, but fifteen years later his popularity was dead. His lifetime was spent in rebuilding from debt, disgrace, and possible imprisonment. He emerged through all of it proud and victorious.

In his fifties, he had to face opera was virtually dead, as an art form, him with 46 operas to his credit. From there he found success in his oratorios only to learn a short time later that he was going blind. He could compose no more. But this was no defeat. He continued his musical career as an incomparable organist he had always been and as a conductor of his great oratorios.

His ever changing fortunes never stemmed the tide of his prodigious production. He completed forty-six operas, thirty-two oratorios, more than a hundred large vocal works, numerous dramatic pieces, and many instrumental and orchestral compositions. Perhaps more than any other composer he was able to prevent the realities of everyday life from encroaching on and interfering with his spiritual existence. Even when he was viciously attacked by his enemies, he was most fertile, sometimes creating three operas a year as well as many other works.
It takes a tranquility of spirit to divorce oneself from the turmoil of a hectic life and create uninterruptedly and with sustained inspiration. Handel did this, and he also had the moral strength to fight disaster many times over a period of several decades.

It took courage for him to become a musician in the first place. His father, a barber-surgeon, not only opposed a musical career for him, but also hated music. In spite of this, Handel learned to play the organ and spinet. One story has it that a spinet was smuggled up to his attic by his sympathetic mother. Handel smothered the strings with strips of cloth and thereby was able to practice each night without being discovered by his father.

Handel's father worked for the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels, who heard young Handel play on one occasion. He encouraged him to study, and much to the displeasure of his father, began study with F.W. Zachow, organist of the Lutheran Church at Halle. After three years of study with him, the teacher told him he could teach him no more.

When Handel was eleven, he visited Berlin, and played at the court there. The Elector offered to pay for his continued training, but Father Handel ordered George back home. Handel reached home just in time to see his father die.

Being free to pursue his love of music, he continued his academic education, entering the University of Halle and taking up the post of organist at the Cathedral of Moritzburg. Handel was only eighteen, and a Lutheran while the church was Calvinist. His destiny became more clear to him, and in 1709, he resigned his organ post and went to Hamburg.

He was given the position as second violinist in the Opera House under the direction of Reinhard Keiser, composer of German Operas. One
day, when the harpsichordist was absent, Handel revealed his remarkable talents. Keiser became jealous and from then on, was a zealous opponent to Handel.
He was instrumental in having Handel released from the Hamburg Opera.

He became acquainted with a man by the name of Mattheson, a singer and harpsichordist, who also became resentful of Handel's talent and his threat to himself. In 1704, Handel directed a performance of Mattheson's opera, Cleopatra, in which the composer sang the part of Antony. When Antony died, early in the opera, Mattheson insisted upon going down into the orchestra pit and taking over the direction of the opera from Handel. When Handel refused, an ugly brawl developed, in which Mattheson challenged Handel to a duel. Handel's life was only spared by some brass buttons he was wearing on his coat.

With that, Handel had really had all he could take of Hamburg, its' petty jealousies, and rapidly disintegrating musical activity. In 1706 he left for Italy. Here he acheived with his own operas, and was known fondly to the Italians as "that Saxon".

Later he sent to London, where again he performed some of his operas, but he again found enemies, including the essayists, Addison and Steele. But this time, he had more allies than enemies, and he was feted and sought after. Having had one good experience, he decided to return to his native Hamburg. He led a small orchestra there, taught, and composed. But he found his life rather dull, and longed for the London crowds and the opera life. When he returned in 1712, it was his final move, staying there for the next forty seven years. He became a citizen of that country.

No musician of his generation soared so high. He was in London only a few months when he completed and saw produced two new operas. He was
commissioned to write for Queen Anne's birthday, and the signing of the Peace of Utrecht. He became court composer, a status made more or less official when he received from the Queen a life pension of two hundred pounds a year. When the Queen died, the new King doubled his pension, and engaged him as music master for the royal family.

With most of his financial problems taken care of, Handel was free to continue composing and performing his operas. But opera in England in 1717 was temporarily in a moribund state. So Handel took the position with the Duke of Chandos, and during the three years that followed, he produced anthems, masques, and other works for the stage. At the same time, in his position as royal music master, he wrote harpsichord suites for his pupils; one of them included the most famous piece of instrumental music he ever wrote, known under the nickname The Harmonious Blacksmith.

The opera career was given a revival with his Radamisto, but dark clouds were gathering in the horizon doomed to fate the opera and Handel himself.

Although Handel was capable of gathering close and permanent friends, he also had great difficulty with others. Perhaps to the polished elite, his manners and general appearance left a lot to be desired. He was a foreigner to some, protected by the wrong people in some cases, and generally found in him material to scorn and ridicule. His very appearance had a suggestion of the ludicrous. He was huge in size (they used to call him the "great bear"), swamped in fat, bowlegged, and with a face sometimes described as "horselike" at other times as "bovine." As he strode, none too gracefully, through the streets of London he could clearly be heard muttering to himself, giving expression to violent oaths in his absurd
and comical accent. In personal contacts he was known to be imperious, arbitrary, gruff, blunt, and given to violent tempers. He was not polished in manner; a glutton, his eating habits were even said to be repulsive. Because of these and other reasons, his opposition brought Giovanni Bononcini, a popular opera composer, to do battle with him.

The historical truth as to their feuds were well known, and the phrase, "tweedledum and tweedledee" is attributed to their volatile relationship. John Byrom wrote of this pair,

"Some say, compared to Bononcini
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny.
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee." 47

If Handel was victorious in this dilemma, it was too late, for Italian opera had lost its hold over the London audience, the Beggar's Opera taking its place. The Academy went into bankruptcy in 1728.

After a valiant attempt to resume his work by forming his own opera company, and failing, Handel, now broken in health, spirit, and all financial resources, retired to the country to regain his strength. He emerged, renewed and more determined, ready to face that one end of his career had passed, and ready to begin work on his oratorios. He wrote his last opera in 1741, and launched from there into a whole new world. Some of his great oratorios are La Resurrezione, Esther, Saul, and Israel in Egypt. Of course, the Messiah was his greatest triumph,

and so much has been said and written about this momentous work, that I will only mention a couple of comments regarding it. The Faulkner Journal reviewed it by saying, "Words are wanting to express the exquisite delight it afforded the admiring, crowded audience." One of the Dublin music critics wrote, "The sublime, the grand, and the tender, adapted to the most elevated, majestic, and moving words, conspired to transport the ravished heart and ear." 48

It was George II, the king, who began the customary standing during the "Hallelujah Chorus," when he heard the work on March 23, 1743. The Messiah proved decisively that once again he was the "great Handel". And once again the tide of his production had the surge of an ocean.

Samson came in 1741, Semele in 1744, Belshazzar and Hercules in 1745, Judas Maccabaeus in 1746, Joshua in 1747, Solomon in 1748, Theodora in 1749, Choice of Hercules in 1750, and Jephtha in 1751. This outpouring of genius found Handel at the peak of his creative powers.

Then his final blow was dealt while working on Jephtha, his sight giving way. He was operated on several times, once by the surgeon who had tried to save Bach's eyesight, and with no greater success than in Bach's case.

Blind, Handel refused to concede that his life had come to an end. He gave concerts at the organ and conducted performances of his oratorios almost to his last days. He was directing a performance of Messiah in London on April 6, 1759, when, during "The Trumpet Shall Sound," he felt something faint. Neither he nor the musicians near him took this seriously.

48. Cross, p. 336
He even seemed fully recovered when, after the final Amen, he turned to receive a thunderous acclaim. But a few moments after the ovation subsided he fainted and had to be helped home. He was put to bed, from which he was never again to rise. "I should like to die on Good Friday," he said simply. He died only a few hours after that, early on the morning of Good Saturday. His last wish, expressed in his will, was faithfully carried out: he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Over his grave there stands a statue by Roubiliac which portrays Handel in front of his working table. On the table are his quills and the score of Messiah open at the passage: "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

HIS MUSIC

Few of the giant figures in the history of music were as productive as Handel. In his case, however, the majority of his works are left undone. Only a few, his Messiah, Fireworks Music, Water Music, and sometimes Israel in Egypt, are often done. This may be the result of two possibilities: either Handel has been too long overestimated or his music has been too long neglected. The grandeur and majesty of his best music can only point to the latter conclusion. Handel is more neglected than overestimated. There are still immeasurable riches to be uncovered in the long list of his works.

When Handel turned from his operas to his oratorios, he was not moving far afield. The Handel oratorios are really Handel operas without scenery or costume, and in the English language. They are not essentially church music, but more monumental choral dramas, built out of recitatives and arias of the greatest lyrical variety. Handel brought not only the fullest resources of the polyphonic art, but also a wealth of humanity and compassion.
Handel was the cosmopolitan who traveled extensively. He was the monarch of all he surveyed. He was the apotheosis of Italian musical culture, the realist, the human dramatist. He was satisfied with existing conventions and formulas and yielded to them. Handel was truly the greatest giant of the oratorio.

Semele

Of his twenty-six oratorios, Semele stands among the best. Several arias from this work have endured, and are often used in recital and concert. This work has also been done as an opera, and can be thought of in both contexts. It is set on a mythological text by Congreve, originally written in 1709 as an opera libretto. It was first performed in London Feb. 10, 1874, as a secular oratorio. The three famous arias that are most often are "Where'er you Walk," "Oh Sleep, Why Dost Thy Leave Me?", and "Now Love, that Everlasting joy."

It's libretto is typical, the story of Jupiter carrying off Semele when she is about to be married to Athamas and the device by which Juno, the affronted goddess of marriage, contrives to bring about the destruction of Semele by her lover's lightnings. Not exactly a story of absorbing interest in the twentieth century, it was what the eighteenth century audiences loved. 49

It is said that Handel's oratorios are more dramatic than his operas. The operas done then lacked a great deal in the libretto. Stringent rules involving the form and choice of libretto left the poet and novelist little room to weave "interesting, realistic, stories." Even the best of Handel's operas are but concerts of occasionally lovely airs and heroic or pathetic

recitatives. There is, in short, a kind of thoughtlessness, about the way this prodigal manufacturer of music strings his good, bad, and middle-of-the-road numbers on the threads of a stilted, rambling, and altogether inconsequential libretto.

Brockway in his book *The Opera* speaks in defense of the poor librettist. He says, "the poor librettist was not wholly to blame. He might hit upon a powerful theme like Rinaldo. He might have a poetic gift, like Matastasio. But the obligation to provide set arias for each of the principal singers at set points in each act, to end his story happily with all the living principals joining in a so-called "chorus" at the close of the last act, and to conform to any number of other laws was as stifling to him as it was to the composer. Then the conventions of the times, plumed heroics, strained classicism, exalted diction, extravagance, and foppishness all combined resulted in what we would call today a spineless verbiage. 50

Handel seems to have regarded an opera much as a modern tunesmith regards a musical comedy, something into which a number may be injected without much consideration of its environment, but with a great deal of consideration for the star who must have it there. For awhile, there were the great voices like Senesino, Cuzzoni, Broschi, but the day came when even the opera crowds to his works thinned. He could not know that the world was ready for an indigenous opera, that light, comic, broadly mocking strain which was to culminate in the delicious flummery of Gilbert and Sullivan far into the future. 51

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51. Brockway and Weinstock, p. 50
Oh Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?

The text of this song is the tormented lament of a deserted lover whose only relief from the pain of loss comes through sleep. In sleep and ensuing dreams, the fled lover returns to the arms of the dreamer, giving visionary joy unthreatened by the reality of waking hours.

Since the flight of the "wandering lover", the anguish and unhappiness has been less sharp because of the visitations of the departed through dreams. Now Sleep, like a tormentor personae, refuses to come, refuses to supply the escape from reality into fantasy. Not only has the hapless victim been deserted by the lover, but he has been deserted by the last and final hope of reunion, dreams through sleep.

Even in the waking hours, the unhappy insomniac knows that Sleep is an artful deceiver, that dreams are the result of a great Liar; but life without hope or sleep, without the fantasy they promise, is more than he can bear.

The music, in D major, is full of running diatonic passages, and gives the kind of mourning and sighing effect that enhances the text and its sombre message. The slow tempo is conducive to the meditative urging plea of a broken spirit and heart. It is also interesting that, of the eight cadences, the final note is always arrived at from above, with the words most often being "sleep" or "love". It is like stepping down, falling downwards, as sleep or death, denoting heaviness and futility. Instead of an energetic upward sweep, planned and executed through choice and hope, the finality of each plea appears as the last breath, the final plea, the tolling of the final bell, the falling of the heavy curtain falls on the last act.
The highly embellished melody line, full of \( \frac{4}{4} \) and \( \frac{3}{4} \) and \( \frac{6}{4} \) does not appear jerky or jaunty partly because of the slow tempo; remains smooth and sliding because of the heaviness of the sad mood.

With the text by William Congreve, (1670-1729), and edited by Carl Deis, the piano accompaniment is founded on Handel's unfigured bass. Dr. Warren Burton assisted Mrs. Sampson and I in performing this piece. The mellow rich tones of the cello enhanced the mood and the overall effect that we accomplished in trio.

As the master of writing prolific music to a minimum of verse, this song has few words, and the three pages of music are covered with repetitions of a few lines. The voice and the accompaniment become paramount, and are responsible for covering the subject and achieving the desired mood.

Ex. 7 Portrait of Handel
Oh Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?

from the opera, Semele

Oh sleep, Oh sleep,
Oh sleep, why dost thou leave me?
Why does thou leave me?
Why thy visionary joys remove?

Oh sleep, oh sleep,
Oh sleep, again deceive me,
Oh sleep, again deceive me,
To my arms, restore my wand'ring love.

My wand'ring love
To my arms restore my wand'ring love,
Restore my wand'ring love,
Restore my wand'ring love.

Again deceive me, oh sleep
To my arms,
To my arms,
Restore my wand'ring love.

Text by William Congreve
"In him converge all previous streams of tendency, not as into a pool, stagnant, passive, motionless, but as into a noble river that receives its tributary waters and bears them onward in larger and statelier volume." 52

-W. H. Hadow-

HIS LIFE

Johannes Brahms was born in Hamburg, Germany, May 7, 1833, and died in Vienna, April 3, 1897. Often referred to as being Beethoven's successor in symphonic music, he also shared an equally unhappy childhood. He was born in poverty into a crowded tenement on the waterfront of Hamburg. Father Brahms was a mediocre musician and an indigent one. His wife, who was slightly deformed, worked with the needle. What they earned hardly fed the family and Johannes often went hungry. He witnessed many ugly scenes between his parents who were always quarreling, incompatible from the day of their marriage.

In school, Johannes found little peace and disliked both his studies and his teachers. In short, his early years were certainly not the type that would lead a young man to develop himself into a world-famous composer.

Showing an early interest in music, Johannes's father soon noticed, and obtained lessons for him by Otto Cossel. Before long, he was earning a little money by playing at the local taverns along the waterfront, the piano being his first instrument.

When Johannes was ten years old, he began study with Eduard Marxsen, making rapid progress and giving his first piano recital at the age of fourteen.

Although serious music was his first love, he felt obliged to assist in the support of his needy family, often writing hack songs and arrangements, and selling them to publishers for pennies. Nearly 150 of them appeared under such pen names as G. W. Marks and Karl Wurth. He had to give piano lessons, and under the strain of all this work, his health gave way. A relative took him to the country for a period of enforced rest. During this time, he found energy for some serious composing, and he wrote some song and piano pieces, and a piano trio, the last given a private performance in 1851.

In 1853, Brahms met the Hungarian violinist Eduard Remenyi. This was very important to his future. Impressed by Brahms's gifts, Remenyi invited him to tour with him as his accompanist. This tour brought Johannes into personal contact with some of Germany's foremost musicians and won him powerful allies. In Hanover, he met Joseph Joachim, celebrated violinist and musical figure of the day. Joachim had already heard of Brahms's feat of transposing an entire concert a half step up because he found, at the last minute, the piano to be out of tune. After hearing some of Brahms's own compositions, Joseph recognized his fine ability, and became his good and sincere friend and admirer.

At Weimar, Brahms visited Franz Liszt. He diffidently declined to play for him, conscious of Liszt's reputation as a pianist, but instead showed him some of his work, and had Liszt play them for him. Following that, Liszt played for Brahms one of his works during which Johannes fell asleep. Unfortunately, Liszt was angry at first, but soon forgot about it. Later Brahms attempted to appease his good friend with the gift of a lovely cigarette case.
Brahms's next stop was Dusseldorf, where Robert and Clara Schumann lived. Brahms did not delay in paying his respects. Robert Schumann at first appeared impatient with his visitor, but generously, if somewhat coldly, consented to listen to some of his music. The first few bars of Brahms's Sonata in G Major sent Schumann scurrying into the kitchen for his wife. "Clara," Schumann cried, "you must come and hear music such as you've never heard before." The Schumanns now virtually adopted Brahms, had him live with them for three months and gave him bountifully of their experience and wisdom. Schumann wrote of Brahms, "His works are soon to give the highest and most ideal expression to the tendencies of our times." Soon after this, Schumann succeeded in interesting a publisher in Brahms's early piano works and, indirectly, helped procure an invitation to Brahms to appear as pianist at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig.

The bond that held Brahms and the Schumanns together was not only that of mutual admiration and respect, but also that of love. When Brahms returned to Hamburg, and received the terrifying news that Robert Schumann had lost his mind and was consigned to an asylum, he unhesitatingly rushed to Dusseldorf to be with Clara during this critical period. He took an apartment above the Schumanns and for the next two years gave of himself unsparingly. He was continually with Clara, to comfort her, to help take care of her children; he made periodic visits to the asylum to be with Robert. Brahms remained in Dusseldorf until Schumann's death on July 29, 1856. The tenderness and affection which he had always felt for Clara could now ripen into undisguised love.

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53 Cross, p. 119
54 Cross, p. 120
He was to love her for the next forty years. His letters to Clara, fourteen years older than he, are full of ardent and tender sentiments. Throughout his life and up to the time of her death, he reached for the warmth of her love with an almost desperate need. No less urgently did he rely on her musical judgment and counsel, which he respected profoundly.

Why they never married could only be answered by recognizing Brahms's emotional maladjustment to all women. He could court them, flirt with them, and even fall in love, but when it came to marriage, he wanted out. He also loved Agathe von Siebold, the singer Luise Dustmann, and Elisabeth von Stockhausen. But the pattern was the same. He was once heard to say how terrible it would be to fail and to have to come home to his wife and admit this failure to her. Some speculated he was impotent, or he may have had a psychic fear of permanent attachment. He may also have been influenced by his parents' inability to get along. Whatever the answer, for Brahms, his love and desire had to be sublimated in his music.

He once said, "Fetters I cannot wear." And he did not, only perhaps emotional ones that were locked in his heart till the day he died. 55

In 1857, Brahms served briefly as music master to the Prince of Lippe-Detmold; between 1860-63, he led a women's choir in Hamburg. It was during these years, that he met Joseph Hellmesberger, a powerful musical figure, through the efforts of Julius Epstein. His career was boosted by several concerts performed through the efforts of Hellmesberger.

Failing to get a position he wanted in Hamburg, he left Germany and settled in Vienna where he became director of the famous Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde.

55 Cross, p. 121
Success came through one of his major works, *A German Requiem*, which he had written in memory of his mother. Followed by his symphonies, he was now recognized as a master and surrounded by disciples and admirers.

Despite his prestige, he lived simply, brewed his own coffee, ate at modest restaurants, always traveled third-class, and indulged in simple pleasures like long solitary walks through Vienna, occasionally enjoying society of intimate friends at a café, or playing with tin soldiers in the privacy of his living room. He was a man of strange contradictions. At times, he was kind and solicitous and full of warm feelings. At other times, his remarks were acidulous, his behavior was brusque and rude, his attitudes were callous. In his dress he was sloppy and unorthodox, wearing the same inexpensive clothing for years; his desk and his closets were invariably in a state of chaos. But in intellectual and artistic matters, he was meticulously ordered and disciplined, methodical in his dealings and he was usually as parsimonious as a fishwife. Yet, on the other hand, he was ingenuous about the way he put his money to use, never knew how much he had, and often kept bundles of uncounted notes carelessly in his closet.

He worked hard, producing masterworks in every form of music except the opera. And his genius was recognized not only in Vienna, but in the rest of Europe as well. His earnings from his published works were so extensive that upon his death he left an estate of about $100,000. In 1879, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred on him by the University of Breslau, and in 1890, the Emperor of Austria presented him with the Order of Leopold.
While attending the funeral of his beloved Clara Schumann, in 1896, he caught cold. This infection aggravated the sickness from which he had been suffering a long time, cancer of the liver. Suddenly he became an old man. His friends sensed that he did not have long to live.

Brahms attended his last concert on March 7, 1897, when Hans Richter directed his Fourth Symphony. The audience realized that it was probably looking at the master for the last time. The members of the orchestra rose to honor him when they saw him in the artist's box, and the audience followed suit. Florence May reported the scene that followed. "A storm of applause broke out at the end of the first movement, not to be quieted until after he made his appearance. This followed after the second and the third movements." At the end of the performance, the applauding, shouting house, seemed unable to let him go. Tears ran down his cheeks as he stood there, shrunken in form, with lined countenance, strained expression, white hair hanging lank; and throughout the audience there was a feeling of a stifled sob, for each sensed they were saying goodbye. Another outburst of applause, and then another, and Brahms and his Vienna were parted forever.

One month later, on April 3, he died. "All musical Vienna accompanied the great man to the grave," reported one of the newspapers,"and a stranger not knowing the man's greatness might have measured it by the number of prominent artists mingling in the immense assemblage of the funeral procession, and by the celebrated men and women who came from afar to pay their last honor to Brahms." 

56. Cross, p. 123
57. Ibid
HIS MUSIC

In Vienna, where they always went in for cliques and intrigues and aesthetic tugs of war, there were some who insisted on making Brahms the spearhead for musical reaction. These younger men, who marched under the banner of "the music of the future" and whose gods were Wagner and Liszt, had faith in only one kind of music, the new kind, and they were bitterly antagonistic to all other kinds.

Brahms had no sympathy for the program music produced by Liszt and his imitators, nor did he appreciate the musical-dramatic writing Wagner was doing. Brahms preferred an art that was pure, objective, and above everything else, classical. Because his works tended to look backward in time rather than forward compared to Liszt and Wagner, he was regarded by some as dull and old-fashioned.

Fortunately there were many who recognized his genius. These admirers realized that Brahms's pronounced classical bent was combined with romanticism. If Brahms had the classicist's healthy respect for form and tradition, he did not neglect ardor and poetic expression. To a remarkable degree Brahms combined freedom of emotion and flexibility of thought with the discipline of structure.

Brahms can be said to bear the same relation to his times that Bach did to his. Each came at the end of an epoch: Bach was the culmination of the age of counterpoint, Brahms of the age of romanticism. Each composer adds a little new to music in the way of structure, style, or idiom, Brahms even less than Bach. If Brahms had never lived, the course of musical evolution would have been unaltered. But both composers brought such richness of speech to an existing style, such increased flexibility to existing form, such majesty and grandeur of expression to existing idioms, that in their works music becomes alive.
HIS SONGS

Brahms stands beside Schubert and Schumann as one of the greatest of all lieder writers. Fully a third of his works are in this form; and in all this output there is an astonishing minimum of inferior creations. These songs possess a magnificent depth of feeling, a matchless rhythmic vitality, and, of course, an unforgettable lyricism. In the greatest of them the personality of Brahms emerges with a warmth and clarity found only in the more intimate moments of his symphonies and concertos or in certain of his chamber music compositions.

Brahms's songs are remarkable for their unity of form and construction. While respecting the text, he never sacrifices the melodic line of the vocal part. Below this line, which springs straight from a powerful lyrical gift, the composer invents a bass which supports the melody, and is yet in itself full of vigor, powerfully expressive, and richly varied. Between these two essential lines, the other voices of the piano follow closely the shades of meaning of the text, playing a secondary part in the principal structure, but always vigorous, clear, and imaginative.

Although one is apt to consider Brahms as an instrumental composer, the majority of his works, so far as the opus numbers go, are for the voice. Out of 122 works, 72 are vocal, they themselves being a combination of many songs. Besides the Requiem and other larger works, there are 195 songs for one voice. While we compare Brahms with Bach and Beethoven as far as instrumental music goes, where the solo song is concerned, he is of much more value to the modern singer than either. It is very rarely that a vocal recital is given at which a song or set of songs by Brahms does not find place. He did not write as many songs as
Schubert, for he wrote slowly, and with intense self criticism. Although in some of his songs we may feel a lack of spontaneity, we do find melodies and beautiful ones, and in this, we forgive any lack of freshness. There are far fewer of Brahms's songs left unsung than those of Schubert's.

He was a unique craftsman, taking great pains to be exacting and perfecting in his work. Sometimes he would set aside an idea or a melody for years. Brahms at sixty, was publishing work that was written twenty or forty years before. His larger works took priority, so it was an easy thing to delay completion of some of his songs.

Although lieder forms a natural part of his development from eighteen onwards, his settings are a response to a general mood rather than to the poetry as such. It was always possible for Brahms to find a poem which suited his mood and then to clothe it with ready-made materials.

His choice of verse was a mirror to his life, and the way he perceived it. His songs sing about lovers departing from one another, all of which were real life situations to him. He chose texts about his life like a preacher might choose a subject, less for their intrinsic merit than for relevance to a given topic or mood. Other composers set the words: Brahms uses them to set the tone, or the scene, of his own experience. His songs contain deep and valid symbols of felt life, as real and durable as any ever expressed by a composer.

The animating force, in Brahms, as in all the great song-writers, is the musical image. He ranges a wide spectrum from the presumably unconscious to the clearly deliberate. An interesting device he liked to use was to convert names to melodies, like his String Sextet, Op. 36, and the accappella chorus in Opus 44, No. 10, which are derived from the
name, Agathe von Siebold. Due to his conscious invention, the name became AGAHE, described in musical terms below.

\[ \text{Ex. 7a} \]

The Lied as an art-form arises when words inspire music which embodies them, just as a face or scene might move another artist to pain a portrait or landscape. So it was not always the best poems that were used. What really mattered is the duality of feeling distilled into the finished work of art. Brahms's favorite themes were love and nature.

As with Schubert, nearly half his songs are strophic, whether simple or with variations. Most of the rest are basically in ABA form. The rich vocabulary of accompaniment figurations and rhythms gives variety. We rarely hear the words for their own sake, as recitative; they are more a medium for melody. There is little rhythmical experimentation apart from the frequent use of two against three, and this too, is usually more instrumental than an expression of verbal ideas. Along with his lyrical melodies, he demands a strong independent bass.

Between 1852 and 1854, his songs had already taken on themselves a characteristic all their own. The piano calls the tune which the voice in effect accompanies. In all his works, it is not a solo and an accompaniment, but a fine marriage of both words and music. His early songs are full of his love for Clara, of a woman's love being locked away, of a weeping woman, of unrequited love. The emotional reaction he had to his relationship to the Schumanns is well marked throughout his song works.

59 Sams, p. 5
Many of his children's songs, ballads, and lullabies were outgrowths of his feeling and position in life to the Schumann children.

Between 1861 and 1869, he produced his Song Cycles, personal and domestic works, surely conceived in the emotional environment of the Schumann household. During this time, his songs were condensed, concentrated and refined, the pieces shortened, the accompaniments given more variety. By 1862, he had developed a song style that was to become his trademark.

Sometimes this effort of concentration in both senses makes the music sound too thick or too cerebral. But generally it produced the perfect song-form, strong and substantial enough to bear the weight and tension of great thought and emotion. Brahms rarely retains the same rhythm in the piano part for more than one or two bars at a time. Although this is not always obvious, it is what gives his mature songs their own special quality of subtly brooding intensity.

During the years 1864-71, his love songs came to fruition. One of the songs I sang, Von Ewiger Liebe, 1864, was written during this time period. This central phase is dominated by love songs of all kinds. But however passionate the emotional expression, Brahms, the musician remains in conscious control. I will discuss this later.

Finally, it is impossible to discuss all his fine songs. Suffice it to say, Brahms set good words to music, and never wasted his art upon indifferent poetry. He lavished enormous care upon his songs, and the accompaniments alone are worthy of study; these are now and then simple, but are usually rather difficult to play, and require not only a good technical skill, but a sympathetic temperament and considerable amount of musicianship. The voice part also demands artistic insight and a grasp
of the composer's meaning. Nothing can sound worse than a Brahms song sung badly, and although all sorts of singers warble through the Cradle Song with more or less a feeling of pleasure to themselves, the vocalist who likes drawing room ballads generally leaves Brahms severely alone. But if a great singer will sing you Der Schmied or Von Ewiger Leibe, you will have a thing of joy. 60

MAJOR WORKS

Orchestral Music— Variations on a Theme by Haydn; 4 symphonies; Academic Festival Overture; Tragic Overture; Concerto in D major, for violin and orchestra; 2 concertos for piano and orchestra; Concerto in A minor, for violin, cello, and orchestra.

Choral Music— A German Requiem; Rhapsody, for alto voice, men's chorus, and orchestra; Liebeslieder Waltes, for four voices and two pianos.

Chamber Music— 3 piano quartets; Piano Quintet; Clarinet Quintet; 3 string quartets; 3 piano trios; 3 sonatas for violin and piano; 2 sonatas for cello and piano.

Piano Music— Variations on a Theme by Handel; Variations on a Theme by Paganini; Ballades; Capriccios; Intermezzi; Rhapsodies; Hungarian Dances; Waltzes.

Vocal Music— songs for voice and piano including "Wiegenlied" ("Lullaby"), "Standchen," "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer," "Die Mainacht," "Von ewiger liebe," "Vergebliches Standchen," "Der Tod das ist die kuhle Nacht," "Vier ernste Gesange," etc. Also: Schicksalslied (Song of Fate), for chorus and orchestra; Ziguenerlieder (Gypsy Songs), for four voices and piano; 2 sonatas for clarinet (or viola) and piano;

2 string quintets; 2 string sextets; 3 sonatas for piano; etc.

Ex. 8 Portrait of Brahms

Ex. 9 Brahms Conducting
**Wie Melodien zieht es mir**

*Wie Melodien zieht es mir*, Opus 105, No. 1 (Like Melodies in my Thoughts) is one of the loveliest of Brahms's songs. With words by Klaus Groth, it creates an atmosphere of quiet ecstasy touched with sorrow. This poem offers a rather obscure idea about the ground of language, that dark soil from whence a deep thought could grow into either a word or a tone. In Brahms's language it becomes not only a song, but the first movement of the *A Major Violin Sonata*, Opus 100.

Klaus Groth was born at Heide, in Holstein, Germany, April 24, 1819. A dialect poet, he wrote, in 1853, the first volume of *Quickborn* (Living Spring), poems of popular life, in Low German. He did not have a university education, but was given the doctor's title honoris causa by the University of Bonn in 1856. In 1857, he became docent at Kiel where he was subsequently made professor in 1866. Two volumes of *Vertelln* (narratives in prose) appeared in 1858 and 1859. A second volume of *Quickborn* followed in 1872, and *Ut min Jungsparadies, drei Vertelln* in 1876. Other works were *Briefe ubbe Hochdeutsch und Plattdeutsch*, 1858, and *Ube Mundarten und Mundartliche Dichtung* in 1873. Groth died at Kiel, Germany, June 1, 1899.

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This is a poem as illusive as its topic. Like a melody, fleeting and sudden, comes a memory. It passes into our mind like a flashing cloud, sparking joy at recall. Perhaps something very pleasant and lovely is replaying in an instant, remembered from long ago.

Then the word strikes it with the death blow as we realize it is gone. It is dead. It is over, and we will never be able to experience it again. It could be the death of a child, a loved one, or a place that no longer exists.

The gray mist covers the joy of remembering as a black cloud covers the sun's warmth.

And yet, something still remains, something we cannot possess, something eternal we cannot hold and keep. Illusive and dream-like, it lies dormant to engulf us again someday, when we least expect it.

Even in the recalling of something painful, there is a sweetness that transcends time and reality. It is like a beautiful rose, torn from its stem in a violent storm. It floats along to a pool of muddy water, yet the aroma of the rose petals persists even in such dormancy, following the turbulent and killing storm.

Written in A major, and 2/2 meter, the music moves on and on like a recurring dream. The dreamer seems incapable of stopping or starting the dream. It is a part of him, and it inflicts both pain and joy at its' own will.

Brahms's accompaniment has a way of giving the impression of "constant moving, rushing on, with no going back, of being propelled by a driving and relentless force. In this song, the accompaniment is reminiscent of memories streaming through the mind. In their constancy, we feel the ebb and flow of human emotion too powerful to control, a kind of eternal direction in existing and feeling.
Von Ewiger Liebe

*Von Ewiger Liebe*, Opus 43, No. 1 (Of Eternal Love), developed from a poem by Joseph Wentzig. Even Hugo Wolf, rival song writer and Brahms-hater, admired this song for its symphonic breadth and intensity. It begins with a typical musico-poetic image of two lovers walking through a wide landscape of darkness, close together, but isolated from the rest of the world. In the poem their love is for some undefined reason ill-fated, likely to evoke taunts and shame, a frequent theme in Brahms. The choice of poem is also revealing. It has been universally ascribed to Wentzig, although it is nowhere to be found in the known source books. It does, however, appear in the poems of Hoffmann von Fallersleben in a volume known to have been read by Schumann and presumably still in his library at Dusseldorf during Brahms's stay there. The verses of ill-omened, yet enduring love, may well have seemed especially relevant in those years, and hence remained in his mind ready to turn into music when the mood of darkness and disillusions again prevailed. Meanwhile the contrasting mood of radiantly assured love had already visited him at the time in his affection for Agathe Siebold, and had then been expressed in the unpublished choral work *Brautgesang* to words by Uhland. She and the song were both later abandoned, but its opening melody (a) thriftily furnished the protestations of undying love in *Von Ewiger Liebe*. (b)

(a)

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{Das Haus} \\
\text{be-ne-del' ich und preis' es laut, das empfang-en}
\end{array}
\]

(b)

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{Eis-en und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um, un-se-re}
\end{array}
\]

Ex. 11 *Von Ewiger Liebe*
Similarly a pre-existing melody could easily explain why the word Magdelein has two different accentuations in two successive bars. Again, the horn passages in E minor clearly recall the Agathe songs of 1868. All these desperate feelings are built into one architectural design. First comes the wide-ranging darkness in the deep and broad bass melody, containing a progression in unison; two lovers walking in the night. Further, the two ideas are identified by the music itself; the opening vocal melody is the same as its accompaniment, the mood is as dark as the scene. The piano part becomes passionately insistent, the vocal line more declamatory, as the words "leave me, sooner that suffer for my sake." The music imagines a dramatic departure, driving onwards and away like wind and rain in the night, (as the poem says), with a power not heard in the Lied since Winterreise. Then the mood moves into the major, to speak of eternal love. Here the music warms to its theme by illustrating the timeless and changeless nature of that vow. The same notes, the same phrases, the same figurations are repeated over and over again in the piano part until the total effect is finally rounded off and reinforced by a characteristic rhythmic shift as 3/4 is broadened and strengthened in 3/2 to conclude the song.62

In further analyzing the text, all the elements of tragedy are suggested in the surroundings, the dark forest and field, the silent night, the lack of light or life, the absence of friendly smoke rising from any chimney in the countryside. Even the lark, symbol of hope and love, is silent.

62. Sams, p. 18
The route taken by the two suggests a clandestine meeting, leading past willow bushes, for cover and to secure secrecy.

He tells her it is over, for knowledge of their love would only bring disgrace to her. He says they must part because he loves her too much to allow her such pain. One may assume he is a married man, or he is in trouble with the law, or he is going to do something that will cause shame to bear on anyone who knows him.

She, nevertheless, swears she will always love him, that her love is stronger than steel and more enduring than iron.

One does not know the outcome of their relationship except that the music ends in a surging sweep of emotion and undying commitment. I like to think they worked things out, but in matters of the heart, I am an optimist.

THE MUSIC

Brahms chose B minor as the setting for this tale. The tempo is moderato, the meter 3/4. The accompaniment moves along as stealthily through the dark minor sounds as does the lovers through the black night.

When the maid vows her love, the key changes to B major, but not before sixteen thundering measures of impending doom are heard in the accompaniment. She explains the first two lines of her love text softly and gently in contrast to the harshness that just preceded. Then, as iron and steel are referred to, the accompaniment and the voice rise to the occasion with brilliance of tone and an increased speed and anxiety. Both voices mount in agitation, reach the highest pitch in the final lines, and pound on in repeated intensity to the final major chord.

Although pounding hoofs of horses, or raging surf is not used in the text, the music suggests a natural phenomenon that is as unrelenting and
powerful. This play of imagery used by Brahms has tremendous impact on
the mood and underscores the frustration and anxiety that such a traumatic
experience might have on love at any age.

The overall effect is heavy, ponderous, and deep. To attain a fine
unified performance of this work requires utmost dedication on the part
of both singer and accompanist. The pianist who is a good technician plus
a singer makes the ablest of all accompanists.
Serenate

Serenate, Opus 701, No. 3, with text by W. Goethe, is written in a graceful lyric form with emphasis upon a serious question.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

The poems written by Goethe were not only used by Brahms, but by other contemporaries of the day such as Wolf and Schubert.

Goethe was born at Frankfort, Germany, August 8, 1749. A German poet, dramatist, novelist, philosopher, statesman, and scientist, he was the son of Johann Caspar Goethe and Katharina Textor. His grandfather was Johann Wolfgang Textor, chief magistrate of Frankfort. He was taught at home by his father (from whom, he tells us, he caught his earnestness of purpose), and by tutors. He studied lay at the University of Leipzig and at Strasbourg, where he had a love affair with Friderike Brion, and where he met Herder. Friderike inspired some of his most beautiful lyrics and Herder taught him to love and understand Gothic architecture, German folk-songs, and Shakespeare. In 1771 he was licensed to practice law and in August of that year he returned to Frankfort, to begin what was to be a very short career in law. He was involved in law practice until 1774, when he met Karl August, the young hereditary prince of Weimar, who invited him to pay him a visit to his court. Goethe arrived there in 1775, and was to spend the rest of his life, except for brief periods of travel to the surrounding countries. The visits to Italy affected him most, and the Italian phase of his life had an importance for Goethe as man, thinker, and artist that is out of all proportion to its length, and made him see himself, as a literary creator, in a new light.

In 1776, August made him privy councilor and minister of state. He was involved in war activities when France made a campaign against Germany and defeated them at Valmy. One of his literary works relates this encounter. He
also wrote satirical epigrams on current literary and philosophical movements, was editor of an art magazine, and contributed to many periodicals. Also teaching as history professor at Jena, he wrote in many fields including prose, poetry, drama, opera, satire, philosophy, criticism, and science. As a scientist, he wrote an essay on optics in which he disagreed with Newton, and a series of scientific essays putting forth his discoveries regarding origin of animal and plant life, and a study of the intermaxillary bone in man.

His finest hour was his work, Faust, of which many composers and writers have used in many different idioms. It has had such an influence on art and artists the world over and has been treated in such a variety of forms that one thinks of it, as one does of its author, in world terms rather than as a work written in the German language by a German writer.

Love, or passion, of varying degrees of intensity and lasting for a longer or short period, played an important part in Goethe's life, both artistic and personal. He loved many women, was engaged to some, and almost married others. Some were married, but had an emotional hold over him all his life. He finally married Christiane Vulpius in 1806, after she had been his mistress for years and had given him a son in 1789.

Goethe died in 1832, at Weimar, Germany, on a cold March day, the 22. His grandson, Walther Wolfgang, succeeded him in some respects, being a composer of operettas, songs, and piano pieces. He never achieved the stature or grandeur of his illustrious grandfather. 63

63. Barnhart, Halsey, p. 1772
THE WORDS

The text of *Serenate* presents an ageless question and a situation that could involve two or three people, two of whom are present. I chose to relate my situation using three people.

There is the sage, who is the God-figure, very wise and inquisitive.

There is the child, innocent yet capable of great joy in his innocence. He is, of course, unable to give the answer to the question that is asked, but continues playing in his carefree existence.

Then there is the sad and tender soul, not present. This is an adult who is an acquaintance of the wise man. It is this person who is the tragic figure and of whom the sage is speaking as he converses with the child.

The wise man observes the child, happily engaged in everyday experiences, seemingly delighted with his moment, playing with simple unsophisticated toys, bearing no grudges nor pining for situations that involve "only ifs".

The wise man asks the child the secret of his happiness, further revealing that he has a friend who is sad and lonely, tormented with what he has, and grieving for something he does not have, for the cliched "greener grass on the other side of the fence."

Why does man always want more than he possesses, pouting and regressing into yesterdays and dreamy tomorrows, completely oblivious to the present, where real joys abound.

I do not believe that the wise man is speaking of himself, for he would be unable to be objective enough about his own situation if he were as tormented as the "tender and sad soul" seems to be.

It is probable that the poem by Goethe appealed personally to Brahms because of his love for the Schumann children. He wrote a great deal about them, and since he had none of his own, the relationship with the Schumann
children was meaningful to him from a personal and musical view. The sad and tender soul could be Clara, Robert, or himself. The melancholia that Robert Schumann finally succumbed to; Brahms's spiritual love for Clara; or Clara's sadness, pining for the days past spent happily with her Robert, and fed by her misguided hope that someday he would return, well and happy, and their life could continue on.

At the end, we can all apply this very serious question to our own lives. How much are we like the "fisherman's wife", who was never satisfied with what she had, who pursued more materialistic pleasures for her sense of joy? How many of us play the game, "if only" and are unable to recognize that happiness is what we make of this moment, today?

THE MUSIC

Serenate is written in the key of G major, and expressed rhythmically in a lovely rocking meter of a lullaby, 6/8 time. The accompaniment rises and falls throughout the measures, never seeming to repeat itself, but nevertheless, keeping the same peaceful feeling. In some measures, the arpeggiated form moves in thirds, other times, seconds and fourths. This style of accompaniment lends an almost "harp-like" quality to the lullaby.

The voice flows independent of the accompaniment, never relying on cues, but working in duet fashion to form a lovely picture in sound and harmony.

The loudest section with crescendos rising and falling is used to reinforce the turbulence and torment of the "tender soul", the self-imposed hell of not having what one believes is the only way to peace and happiness.

The piece ends quietly, in silent resignation of the mute solution to the question asked in the beginning phrases.
Wie Melodien zieht es mir
wie Melodien, zieht es mir
leise durch den Sinn,
wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es
und schwebt wie Duft da hin,
und schwebt wie Duft da hin.

Doch kommt das Wort, und fasst es
und führt es vor das Auge,
wie Nebel grau es blasst es
und schwindet wie ein Hauch,
und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
verborgen wohl ein Duft,
den mild aus stillem Keime
ein feuchtes Auge ruft

Den mild aus stillem Keime
ein feuchtes, ein feuchtes, Auge ruft.

Translation:

Like a Melody, it Passes Softly

Like a melody it passes
Softly through my mind
Like the flowers of Spring
It blooms and floats
On like a fragrance.

But the word comes and seizes it,
And brings it before my eyes
Like a gray mist
It pales then,
And vanishes like a breath.

And yet, there's in the rhyme
A fragrance deeply hidden,
That gently from a dormant bud
Is called forth
By tear-stained eyes.
Von Ewiger Liebe

Dunkel, wie dunkel,
in Wald und in Feld
Abend schon ist es,
nun schwei get die Welt.
Hirgent, noch Licht,
und mirgent noch Rauch, ja
und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe,
der Bursche her aus
gibat das Geleit der
Ge liebten nach Haus.

Fuhrt sie am Weiden,
ge busche vor bei,
Redet so viel
und so man cher lei.
"Leidest du Schmach,
und be trubest du dich.
leidest du Schmach,
von andern um mich.
Wer de die Liebe
ge trennt so ge schwind,
Schnell wie wir fruher
ver ei ni get sind.
Scheid.de mit Regen,
und schei de mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir fruher
ver ei ni get sind.

Spricht das Magdelein,
Magdelein spricht,
"Un se re Liebe sie
trennet sich nicht!
Fest ist der stahl,
und das Eisen gar sehr,
Un se re Liebe ist,
fester noch mehr.
Eisen und Stahl,
man schmiedet sie um,
Un se re Liebe,
wer wandelt sie um?
Eisen und Stahl,
sie konnen zer gehn,
Un se re Liebe,
un se re Liebe
muß ewig, ewig be stehn."
Of Eternal Love

Dark, how dark it is
in the forest and field.
Night has fallen,
The world now is silent.
Nowhere a light
and nowhere smoke,
Yes, and the lark
is now silent too.

From the village yonder
comes the young lad,
Taking his beloved home.
He leads her past the willow bushes,
Talking much, and of many things.
"If you suffer shame
and if you grieve,
If you suffer disgrace
before others, because of me
Then our love shall be ended
ever so fast,
As fast as we once came together.

Then says the maiden,
the maiden says,
"Our love can never end!"
Firm is the steel
and the iron is firm,
Yet our love is firmer still.
Iron and steel
can be forged over,
Who can change our love?
Iron and steel
can perish in time,
Our love,
our love
must remain forever!"
Serenate

Lieb liches Kind,
kannst du mir sagen,
sagen, warum
ein sam und stumm
Zart liches Seelen
immer such qualen
Selbst sich be truben
und ihr ver gnugen
Immer nur ahnen,
immer nur ahnen
Da, wo sie nicht sind,
da, wo sie nicht sind.

Kannst du mir's sagen,
kannst du mir's sagen.
Lieb liches Kind,
lieb liches,
lieb liches Kind?

Serenade

Lovely child,
Can you tell me
why tender souls,
lonely and silent,
Always torment themselves,
always grieve
And only perceive
their joys,
Only perceive them there,
where they are not?

Can you tell me this,
lovely child?
The third group in my program was chosen with special emphasis on children. Being a mother of nine, this area was familiar and interesting to me. The group of six songs are set in the modern twentieth century idiom, the first five being of a serious nature, and the last one, a spoof on the antics of a two year old child.

The first three are taken from Gerald Finzi’s work, To A Poet. They are "The Birthnight," "On Parent Knees," and "Intrada".

The last three were chosen from the Contemporary Book of Songs, and include "The Lonely," "Lulee, Lullay," and "Deborah". While the first three are the poetic efforts of English authors, the last three are a combination of past and recent poets. The subject of children is the topic of all six, with a slightly different meaning in the fourth song.

The Birthnight is a romantic description of conditions surrounding the birth of a child.

On Parent Knees compares birth with death, and the effect that each has on the lives of those directly involved.

Intrada is an analogy of an infant compared to an empty book, and the many possibilities the teacher has in filling the book.

The Lonely is the "child" in all of us, that old age attempts to shut out. It is the eternal spring that keeps us from dying before we are buried.

Lulee, Lullay, often performed at Christmas, compares the love Mary had for the Christ Child, with the mother-love of any mother for her child.

Deborah is a two-year-old child, who makes a marvelous transition by the time she reaches the mature age of three. This is a delightful, whimsical, "tongue-in'cheek" treatment of the "terrible twos."
The Birthnight
On Parent Knees
Intrada...from To A Poet..................Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

GERALD FINZI

Gerald Finzi was born in London 14 July, 1901. He studied privately under Sir Edward Bairstow from 1918 to 1922, and for a short while with Dr. R.O. Morris in 1925. His formal training did not begin until he was thirteen because of his family's opposition to his becoming a musician. Apart from the years 1930-1933, when he was professor of composition at the R. A. M. and 1939-1945 when he worked in the Ministry of War Transport, his musical career had been freelance, composing at leisure in the country.

His childhood was lonely, unhappy, and unsettled by his father's early death. The youngest of five remarkable children, he decided at the age of nine to be a composer. His three elder brothers all died early and he had little in common with his remaining family. He loathed his prep school at Camberley (he stayed in the same form for four years), and contrived to leave at the age of twelve with deliberately feigned fainting spells. After a year in Switzerland, where he was sent for his health, he returned at the outbreak of war to study composition with Ernest Farrar. He was deeply shocked when his teacher was killed in 1918. Being intensely shy and having few friends, his chief companionship was reading and his knowledge and understanding of English poetry was profound. Indeed, he was an entirely self-educated man.

Finzi's formal musical study continued, and in the war years, he founded the Newbury String Players, a group which explored chamber music of the past, especially that music which had been overlooked. Sir Arthur
Bliss said of him, as he was discussing Finzi's love for cats, "and just as he liked to help living strays, so he undertook to rescue from oblivion, music which he thought undeservedly forgotten," A host of amateur players will bless him for giving them in these editions of music a style of music which they can readily play.

Gerald Finzi's marriage in 1933 saved him from an introverted life, and the couple's move to the country a year or so later, provided an idyllic setting for his work. Gerald and Joyce Finzi's relationship was remarkable, and the two children that were born into that marriage added a stability to Finzi's life that may otherwise, have been lost.

Christopher Finzi has given us one of the best descriptions of his father. His personal recollections were of a man of enormous nervous energy, highly sensitive, and enthusiastically emphatic. His insatiable curiosity led to interests outside composition as well as gave him a very wide and catholic musical appreciation. Despite his own conservative style, he was thoroughly conversant with, and a great admirer of, Berg, Bartok, and Stravinsky, to mention a few. He was ineloquent as an executive musician and it was the shaping and welding of his ideas (which were always plentiful) that was his greatest problem as a composer and caused him most struggle. He hated contrived music and would put an unfinished piece away to let it solve itself in his subconscious rather than force an artificial solution; many of his movements and songs being written over a period of twenty-five years. His attitude as a composer is best summed up in his own words, "The artist is like a

coral insect building his reef out of the transitory world around him, and making a solid structure to last long after his own fragile and uncertain life. Some curious force compels us to preserve and project into the future the essence of our individuality and, in doing so, to project something of our age and civilization. For me, at any rate, the essence of art is order, completion, and fulfillment. Something is created out of nothing, order out of chaos; and as we succeed in shaping our intractable material into coherence and form, a relief comes to the mind (akin to the relief experienced at the remembrance of some forgotten thing) as a new accretion is added to that projection of oneself. As happens, it is likely that new ideas, new fashions, and the pressing forward of new generations will soon obliterate my small contribution. Yet I like to think in each generation may be found few responsive minds. To shake hands with a good friend over the centuries is a pleasant thing, and the affection which an individual may retain after his departure is perhaps the only thing which guarantees an ultimate life to his work."  

Finzi died in September, 1956 from a complication stemming from a case of chicken pox. Five years earlier, he had been diagnosed as having a terminal illness. In a letter to Mrs. Finzi written after he had received the diagnosis, he said, "At forty nine, I feel I have hardly begun my work. My thread is cut, and yet is not spun, and now I live, and now my life is done."  

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65 Finzi, Christopher, (biographical notes on slip case), "Gerald Finzi," Dies Natalis, World Record Club; CM 50, 2 sides, 10 inch, 33 1/3 r.p.m., 1964.  
66 Ibid.
HIS MUSIC

Gerald Finzi, criticized by some and praised by others, will never be remembered as one of the greatest twentieth century composers. It was said of him that despite the reputation among his contemporaries for his seriousness, Finzi would probably only be seen as an offshoot of Vaughn Williams. In an article by Kenneth Avery, Mr. Avery states the following, "Finzi's quiet and sensitive music, after attracting at first the attention only of the more perceptive musicians, has gradually become more generally recognized."

Yet even if Finzi is viewed as ranking only among the minor composers of our day, he gave the world truly fine examples of the solo song, and his style is thus worthy of examination.

Finzi's music is highly individualistic and English in flavor, receiving its main influences from Vaughn Williams, especially harmonically. His music does not indicate the influence of foreign twentieth century music, but this does not show his lack of familiarity with what was being written. His library was full of such works. Finzi wrote in a somewhat anachronistic style pleasing to himself, without the use of the higher range of dissonances characteristic to the twentieth century, and with the utmost care as to the suitability of expression.

Simplicity and correctness of expression are probably the main sources of charm in Finzi's songs. He was extremely critical and fastidious as regards to his own compositions. The majority of his works reflect him

68. Finzi, Christopher
fully, for he adopted the principle of withholding and perfecting his compositions until he was fully satisfied with them before publication. Thus we find there is a gap of some years between the conception and the appearance of his works, and several years were allowed to elapse before the publication of any further works after the Seven Rhapsodies.

Finzi's style of writing changed little in the space of his musical career, and he was known as a "fastidious craftsman." Because of this tendency to rework compositions, his works cannot be categorized into categories, and all his work is representative of one general style.

While some of his music is vigorous, his characteristic mood is slow and lyrical. It is almost as though his fast compositions reflect a reaction against a natural bent. His mastery of the vigorous, more extroverted music came later in his career, and this is indicative that some of the last things that were published were actually composed first.

Finzi provided, as a serious songwriter, lyric melodies which are perfectly suited to their poetic texts. His accompaniments were generally close-knit in texture with subtle usage of contrapuntal devices. John Rossell comments on Finzi's songs as follows, "If there is anything at all to commend Finzi's vocal work, it must first and foremost be his sensitive response to the cadences of the English language. There is perhaps a more intimate marriage of these to pitch and rhythm of the music than in the work of any other British composer." 69

Finally, Ferguson said of him, "Anyone who met Finzi personally will remember his bubbling sense of fun, his humour, and his electric nervous energy. As I picture him in conversation, he is always striding restlessly about the room, never seated at rest." 70

69. Russell, John, "Gerald Finzi, An English Composer", Tempo 33 (Autumn, 1954); p. 11
70. Ferguson, p. 134
The Birthnight

The text to this song were written by Walter de la Mare (1873-1956) and were printed by permission of the Literary Trustees of Walter de la Mare and the Society of Authors as their representative. It was published and first known to the world after the death of Gerald Finzi.

Walter John De La Mare was born April 25, 1873, an English poet and novelist, in the Kentish village of Charlton, England. He was the son of James Edward Delamare, a church warden of Huguenot descent, and Lucy Sophia Browning, whose father was a naval surgeon at Woolwich Dockyard and the author of two excellent books on convict-ship reform. It has been fairly well established that de la Mare is related on his mother's side to Robert Browning, by the second marriage of Browning's grandfather.

Young de la Mare was sent to St. Paul's School, and there, at the age of sixteen, founded The Choristers' Journal, a school magazine. He edited, and probably wrote most of nine issues, sprinkling in them cautiously veiled advertisements, conceived in the interests of his own stamp album. (This same propensity for collecting had apparently never left him years later, when he collected minute objects of the nature of ornaments but hardly to be seen with the naked eye.

When his formal education ended in the spring of 1890, (he had, however, honorary degrees from St. Andrew's and Bristol Universities), he went directly into the city office of the Anglo-American Standard Oil Company, as a bookkeeper. Already he had begun to think of himself as primarily a poet: he kept his hair long and wavy, in the mode of the Latin Quarter Bohemian, and wore a velvet coat. Somewhat ironically, the company recognized this strange peacock in its midst by allowing him to edit and write a house organ. It survived only two issues.
His earliest writing was distinctly of the compensatory order; living in the dullest of worlds, he took refuge in fantasy to keep his spirit alive. Some of his first accepted stories were *Kismet*, *The Moon's Miracle*, and *Songs of Childhood*. He used the pen-name Walter Ramal.

In 1908, the Asquith Government recognized de la Mare's literary skill, and he was given a small grant and put on a Civil List pension of 100 pounds a year. With supplementary free-lance work, largely book reviewing for which he appears to have had little liking, he managed to enjoy a minimum of security. After a second novel and a collection of poems, he was veritably set free as an author. He retired to the country and practically ceased to have any career aside from his books. With his wife and four children, two sons and two daughters, he found his niche.

His most important novel was *Memoirs of a Midget*, for which he received honorary recognition. Perhaps only de la Mare could have made real and touching this glimpse into the mind and heart of a woman just like all other human beings except that nature had produced her in miniature.

De la Mare is a master of the shadowed borderline between the real and the unreal. He had taken this consciously for his own territory, for he commented once that our one hope is to get away from realism, in the accepted sense. "An imaginative experience is not only as real as, but far more realer than an unimaginative one." 71

The specific technique by which his effects are brought about has been analyzed by Dorothy Emerson, who pointed out that "his hard beats are usually regular and mark the pattern of the rhythm' the soft beats are sweetly irregular, falling as sparsely or as numerously as the poet's musical ear desires." 72


72 Ibid
Walter de la Mare possesses an extreme, delicate craftsmanship, a haunting, childlike imagination of melancholy cast, and a sensitive intuition. He is much more wistful than Yeats; his eyes are turned much more unadvertedly toward the past. Yet, though he may be rooted in romanticism, he is no Stevenson with a specious hope that all will be well. One of his best known major works is The Listeners (1912), which presents in less than forty lines a traveler in a forest, a traveler seeking spiritual values, who comes to a lonely house and knocks on the door, but only phantom listeners hear him, and they can give him no answer. Another work done in 1921 is The Last Coachload. It paints a coach, (the world) bearing its many passengers (mankind) to their inevitable destination (death). In another poem, the poet is happy enough, for the moment, but "life is a dread thing too, dark with horror and fear." 73

In The Birthnight, Walter de la Mare is at his best in delicately and artfully describing the marvelous miracle surrounding that most holy act of giving birth. I feel that de la Mare does a marvelous job of describing the night, the surroundings, and the exquisite and fragile result. This is stirring to sing and to contemplate; a truly fine work!

THE MUSIC

The Birthnight is set in all the possible idioms of the twentieth century idiom, using many of the techniques tied to this period.

Beginning in five flats, one is drawn along in D flat major for six measures in 4/4 time. In the middle of the third stanza, "white along the willows", the meter shifts to 3/4 and at the beginning of the fourth phrase, "and the cedar boughs" begins eliminating all flats. A score of accidentals are added, and the bass accompaniment moves up and down stealthily, now back in 4/4. Quarter notes and half notes in major sixth intervals, with upper voices supporting, pull along, but never direct the fine melodic line that drives from the cedar bough in pitch to the high "starry sky", the highest note up to this point.

Following the "antique moss", the five flats eliminated for six measures, again the story is continued for four more measures, using "no sound save rushing air, cold, yet all sweet with Spring". At this point, we recognize the birth time has arrived. Again the five flats are eliminated, with major sixth intervals in the bass rising step-wise, and descending more slowly, supported by the same interval in the upper voices. And with the last stanza, "and in thy mothers arms, couched, weeping there, Thou, lovely thing" the six measures are brought to a satisfying major chord of finality in F sharp major.

Finzi has a unique blend of verse and music, using unhurried eighth notes, during "the sighing wind"; the cedar boughs are made stately and durable with solid and sturdy chords; the "rushing air" is pushed along with moving eighth notes, this time in triplets. After the birth, the word "Spring" is followed by two full measures between the birth itself, and the ecstatic joy of contemplation that follows as the wonderment of seeing the infant couched, weeping in his mother's arms is felt by all.
The piece is tastefully and artistically done, with realism and gentleness as well. Although the elemental anguish of birth is never covered up or hidden through heavy word painting, it is nevertheless culminated in a stately beautiful experience through which one's final impressions are awe, loveliness, and fulfilled wonder. In twenty-three short measures, and five or six stanzas, poet and composer accomplishes unity and beauty. There are no superfluous words, but each one is mighty in its effect. Some of the most striking descriptive words are racked, sighing, wide, stealthy peace, antique moss. To give movement and direction, we find rushing air; coupled with cold, yet sweet, and to the child, couched, weeping, and finally, lovely thing.
On Parent Knees

This poem is attributed to Sir William Jones (From the Persian), (1746-1794). The composer notes that although this translation appears in the prose works of Sir William Jones, and has always been accepted as his work, the following extract from Chronicles of Holland House by the Earl of Ilchester (John Murray, 1937) will show that one source attributes a variant of it to Samuel Rogers. As a charming example of Roger's short stanzas we may quote his version of a translation by Joseph Dacre Carlyle of an Arabic epigram. These lines he attributed to Sir William Jones, the celebrated Orientalist, though in reality, they were his own.

Thee, on thy mother's knees, a new born child
In tears we saw, when all around thee smiled.
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep
Smiles may be thine, when all around thee weep.

It would seem that for Mr. Finzi, it was unimportant who receives credit for the creation of the poem he used. The exact words he used were obviously those of Sir William. Each additional author was merely a translator of a very old Arabic epigram. At any rate, the words used in this song match beautifully the music Mr. Finzi wrote for them.

Sir William Jones

Sir William was born at Westminster, London, September 28, 1746. He was an English Orientalist and linguist, and youngest son of William Jones (1675-1749). He entered University College in Oxford, in 1764, and became a fellow of that college in 1766. In 1770, he published a translation into French of the Persian life of Nadir Shah, brought to England on his visit in 1768 by Christian VII of Denmark. This translation was followed (1770) by the Traite sur la poesie orientale. In 1771, he
issued his grammar of the Persian language, followed by Poems, consisting chiefly of translations from the Asiatick languages, (1772), and Poescos Asiaticae commentatorium libri sex (1774). He was called to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1774. In 1778, he published a translation of the Speeches of Isaeus in Causes concerning the Law of Succession to Property at Athens. His essay on the Law of Bailments appeared in 1781, and in the same year was issued the translation of the Arabic Moallakat. In 1784, he founded the Bengal Asiatic Society. He also translated the Hitopadesa and other Sanskrit works. In 1794, he began a complete digest of Hindu law with the Institutes of Hindu Law, followed by Mohammedan Law of Succession and Mohammedan Law of Inheritance. 74

He died in Calcutta, India, April 27, 1794, at the age of 48.

The meaning of the poem of On Parent Knees is beautiful, and it carries a deep and lovely thought. This was my favorite poem in this group because of the depth of its message. The concept of the "turn-around" in our lives, coming into the world through pain and weeping, uncontrolled by us, and certainly unremembered, with the family around smiling and pleased; then as we become autonomous, we take charge of our destinies, and as we leave this piece of our immortality, having lived well and good, we may have a smile on our face as our eyes close. As we have joy at our going on, those around us are sad, indicating that we accomplished the best, that of being loved and appreciated. What a wondrous picture is painted by word and music, one each of us can pin up in our lives, our hearts, and help to measure our way.

This was a pure delight to me, a rewarding experience I shall long cherish.

Intrada

The text to this song was written by Thomas Traherne, born at Hereford, England in 1637, son of a Hereford shoemaker. English clergyman, writer, and metaphysical poet, soon after his birth, he was orphaned by the death of both parents. He and his brother Philip were reared by a prosperous relative, Philip Traherne. Thomas went to Brasenose College in 1652, took his B.A. in 1656, was ordained in 1657, and was created M.A. in 1661. He studied at Oxford in 1656 and became a rector of Credwell, in Herefordshire, in 1657. His poems were discovered in manuscript in a bookstall in 1896 and A. B. Grosart meant to include them in an edition of Henry Vaughan's work, but died before he could complete the work. Bertram Dobell showed that they were the work of Traherne and not of Vaughan. His Poetical Works were edited by Dobell in 1906, his Centuries of Meditation in 1908, and his Poems of Felicity, edited by H.I. Bell, were published in 1910. 75

He lived at Credenhill from 1661 to 1669, working on his Roman Forgeries which occasioned periodic visits to the Bodleian at Oxford, and enjoyed membership in Susanna Hopton's devotional circle at Kington. In 1669, he took his B.D. and was appointed chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgman, Keeper of the Seals, whom he accompanied to London. In 1672, he retired with his patron to Teddington. He died shortly after his patron, in September of 1674.

The only work to appear in Traherne's lifetime was Roman Forgeries, 1673, a polemic against the Church of Rome. A year after Traherne's death, Christian Ethics was published, 1675. In 1699, the volume briefly called Thanksgivings was published by the Reverand Dr. Hicks. Traherne's poems and Centuries remained in manuscript until their discovery. Some of his works were altered by his brother, Philip, but Gladys Wad's edition of 1932 separates Thomas's poems from those ammended. 76

I could not find the poem Finzi used, but I found others that are representative of Traherne's work. I want to include some of them.

In his treatment of the pre-existence, in Wonder, we find a man of religious conviction, awed by the mysteries of life, the realities of birth, the pain of suffering, and the moral blanket he sought to discover to clothe his questions. 77

The Salutation

Long time before
I was in my mothers womb born,
A God preparing did this glorious store
The world for me adorne
Into this Eden, so divine and fair
So wide and bright, I come,
His Son and Heir.

Of Wonder

How like an angel came I down
How bright are all things here
When first among his works I did appear
O how their glory me did crown?
The world resembled his eternitie
In which my soul did walk
And everything that I did see
Bid with me, talk

77. Ibid
The Birthnight

Dearest it was a night
That in its darkness
Racked Orion's stars.

A sighing wind ran faintly white
Along the willows

And the cedar boughs
Laid their wide hands
in stealthy peace
Across the starry silence
of their antique moss.

No sound, save rushing air
Cold, yet all sweet with Spring.

And in thy mother’s arms
Couched, weeping there
Thou, lovely thing.

Poem by Walter de la Mare

On Parent Knees

On parent knees,
A naked newborn child,
Weeping thou satst,
While all around thee, smiled.

So live,
That sinking to thy life's last sleep
Calm thou may'st smile
While all around thee weep

Poem by Sir William Jones
Intrada

An empty book
Is like an infant's soul
In which anything
May be written.

It is capable of all things,
But containeth nothing.

I have a mind to fill this
With profitable wonders
And with those things
Which shall shew my love.

Things strange, yet common;
Most high, yet plain.
Infinitely profitable,
But not esteemed

Truths you love,
But know not.

Poem by Thomas Traherne
The Lonely... 

The Lonely was composed by John Edmunds, with words by George William Russell (A.E.). The poem uses symbolism and treats something that affects us universally, that of growing old, and casting out the beautiful "child" in us. The poem deals with the outcome of such an act.

John Edmunds, the composer was born in San Francisco, California June 10, 1913. He studied with Rosario Scalero at the Curtis Institute and with Walter Piston at Harvard University, where he received his M.A. He later worked with Roy Harris at Cornell University, and with Otto Luening at Columbia University. He won the Bearn's Prize at Columbia for a group of forty songs, and later, a Seidl Traveling Fellowship. In 1951, he held a Fulbright Fellowship to England for editing one hundred songs by Purcell, and a fellowship from the Italian Government for the solo cantatas by Alessandro Scarlatti and Benedetto Marcello (1954-56). In 1957, he was in charge of the Americana Collection in the Music Division of the New York Public Library. His compositions are almost entirely songs, more than five hundred, many of which have been published. He also did numerous "realizations" of songs by Purcell and the settings of many folksongs.

George William Russell, poet of The Lonely, was born April 10, 1867, Irish poet and essayist, at Large County Armagh, in northern Ireland. His family was Protestant, his father being Thomas Elias Russell, and his mother Mary Anne Armstrong. When he was ten, the family moved to Dublin, where he was educated at the Rathmines School. From 1880 to 1900, for a few months every year, he attended the Dublin School of Art; his talent for painting...
preceded his talent for writing. At the art school, he met William Butler Yeats, with whom he formed a lifelong friendship, occasionally interrupted by Yeats' objectionable and rather incongruous friendship with George Moore. At seventeen, George left for Rathmines School and became a clerk successively in a brewery, a warehouse, and a draper's shop. For the last-named, he worked for ten years or more, and was remembered as "rather wild-looking, but very businesslike." 79

The most important event of Russell's life occurred in 1887, when he discovered Theosophy. He had been a mystic from childhood, frequently lost in meditation and experiencing "visions" and "direct communication."

Now he became and remained an ardent Theosophist, though he left the Society in 1898, because Katherine Tingley, then its leader, objected to his connection with Sir Horace Plunkett's Irish Agricultural Organizational Society. For the remainder of his life, Russell was active in the cooperative agricultural work of this association, as also in the Home Rule movement and in the Irish literary Renaissance (he was one of the founders of the famous Abbey Theatre); but implicit in all his poetry, and closest to his personal life, were the doctrine and creed of Theosophy.

In 1808, he married Violet North, who died in 1932. They had two sons, one of whom is now an American citizen. To his friends, Russell seemed to take his marriage rather casually—perhaps because the group of Theosophical young men to which he belonged had all tacitly assumed that theirs were to be celibate lives devoted to the cause. He was never domestic, and his various interests kept him constantly away from home, but his wife, also a devout Theosophist, was the perfect wife for him.

79. Kunitz and Haycraft, p. 1215
Russell spent time in the United States, lecturing mostly in the interests of agricultural cooperatives. At the end of 1934, he began another tour, but the illness that was to overtake him, made him return to Ireland. Four months later, he died at Bournemouth, after a futile operation for what was at first diagnosed as colitis, but proved to be cancer.

Nearly six feet tall, thin in youth but corpulent in old age, with thick mouse-colored hair, (which he cut himself) and russet beard, blue-gray eyes behind spectacles, loose, shabby clothes, and a perpetual pipe. Russell in appearance was what he was in fact—a blend between the farmer and the mystical poet. He was in both senses of the word a great talker—an inspired speaker and exceedingly loquacious. His voice was mellow, and he spoke with a strong north of Ireland accent. He continued to paint pictures all his life, but never exhibited or sold them, giving them to his friends. His father had been musical, but he himself could not tell one tune from another. He was known for his intense love of art coupled with the belief that man is more important than art, his increasing gentle, courageous concern for the welfare of mankind.

His poetry, though frequently over-facile and stereotyped, has moments of great beauty. It reveals a glimpse of a many colored land, of more than human loveliness, lying just beyond the reach of our senses. He was called "a poet whose song had its fountain in the heaven world, an artist who gave us in his painting those things in nature which are revealed only to the pure in heart, an Irishman whose patriotism was made deep and noble by his contact with the deepest and most noble thought of all countries. Add to this characterization a keen sense of humor, and we have Mr. Russell, a most interesting figure of literary renaissance.
The child in *The Lonely* is the child in all of us. The child, in his innocence and carefree nature, seems to always be happy. Awed and contented with the simple things, he finds a continuous joy, endowed with a continuing energy to experience everything. "Things" are not necessary to his happiness; he seems to find a constant existing strength inside himself and in others. Materialism is the furtherest thing from his mind.

We are each born with this child. Then, if we are unwise and negligent, as we get older, we put the child carefully away in some dark corner of us, letting him out through fond memories of "the good old days, family reunions, or in observing the openness and honesty of our children and grandchildren. All of us have observed the person, who seems much older than his years. He seldom smiles, would never stop to pick up an ordinary pebble, and certainly would not allow himself to run and fall headlong into a soft pile of snow. The spontaneous, childish things of giggling, shouting to the wind, or playfully teasing and cajoling a loving companion or child...all this is put quietly and sedately away. Grouches and pouters we become, and inwardly, we die many years before they bury us.

The putting away of this delicate part of ourselves, is like murder. It is through the ignoring, the disregarding, and the discrediting those impulses in us that we dry up our eternal springs, become cantankerous, resentful and bitter.

It is against such an injustice that this song is directed. It is a mourning for something we have allowed to die. A deeply moving poem, and John Edmunds has dealt with it beautifully in form and melody.
The song is sung gently, like the rocking of a child. The accompaniment in a 6/8 meter is persistent with its sombre movement of rocking back and forth. It is marked with only four flats, but opens in a D flat major chord, adding the missing g flat for the first 4 measures. Then, in the next measures, two flats are omitted and it shifts briefly in an incomplete cadence to c minor, changing also to 9/8. Whenever the "child" is referred to, laying or waking or weeping, the phrase is lengthened into the 9/8 beat.

The second section "invisible mother" stanza is sung somewhat faster, the dotted quarter now receiving 58 instead of 50 metronome beats. The voice sings higher here, while the words take on an explanatory type of anxiety. The invisible mother is Mother Nature; the elfin companion is that imaginary friend of children, someone at one time or the other, we all dream up, to keep up company. What child is a foreigner to fairies, elves, castles, and the marvelous bulging world of make believe? "And the earth and the air were blank as the wall," gives me the feeling of a tomb, with nothing but nothing on the walls. When we ignore something, we don't see it, and it may as well not be there. The end of the section is full of futility, the almost-dead realization; and again, the 9/8 is revived again to lengthen and slow the heavy mood.

The third section, last nine measures of the song, returns to the original tonality, and meter, 6/8, reaffirming the unchanging plight of the child, this time with even more darkening, more thickening, and the final stanza which is repeated "in the heart of age, a child lay weeping" the 9/8 is used, and the gloomy end is evident, with the c minor final chord.

The message is as sensitive as the child, and the music and text is as heavy as old age, dead and alone, a song that is both sombre and terrifying.
The Lonely

Lone and forgotten,
Through a long sleeping
In the heart of age,
A child woke weeping.

No invisible mother
Was nigh him there,
Laughing and nodding
From earth and air.

No elfin comrade
Came at his call
And the earth
And the air
Were blank as the wall.

The darkness thickened
Upon him creeping
In the heart of age
A child lay weeping.

Poem by George William Russell
Dedicated to Janet Fairbank
from Collected Poems
Lullaby

The song is set to a text by Janet Lewis, contemporary poet living in New York, from a larger work, entitled Lullaby, 1956. The music is by William Bergsma, American composer born April 1, 1921, in Oakland, California. He studied at Stanford University and also at the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, New York, with Howard Hanson and Bernard Rogers. In 1946, he won the Guggenheim Fellowship. Other awards he has won include a grant from the Society of Arts and Letters, and the Prize of the Society for the Publication of American Music. He is a member of the faculty of the Juilliard School of Music, in the composition department. He is now composing and becoming an integral part of our times.

Bergsma's works have been extensively performed at prominent concerts throughout the United States. The Boston "Pops" Orchestra, the Eastman-Rochester Philharmonic, the Gordon String Quartet, the New York Philharmonic have all given performances of his music. The second Quartet was played at the Columbia University Festival in 1945. He has received commissions from the Collegiate Chorale, Town Hall, and the Kussevitsky Music Foundation. His style, though still in process of stabilization, tends toward a dissonant, angular counterpoint and has an intense lyrical quality that finds expression sometimes in poetry, sometimes in petulance. The harmonic idiom is dissonant in a neutral rather than a personal way.

Bergsma's major works include:

- Paul Bunyan Ballet for puppets and solo dancers (1937)
- Gold and the Senor Commandante Ballet (1941)
- Time for Sleep (Benet) for 4-part chorus (1945)
- On the Beach at Night (Whitman) for unaccompanied 4-part chorus (1946)
- Symphony for Chamber Orchestra (1942)
- Music on a Quiet Theme (1943)
- Suite from a Children's Film (1945)
- Suite for brass Quartet (1940)
- String Quartet No. 1 (1942)
- String Quartet No. 2 (1944)
- Six Songs (Cummings) 1945
Three Fantasies for piano (1943)
Showpiece for violin and piano (1943)
Pieces for Renard for recorder and two violas (1943)
In a Glass of Water, choral pieces (1945)
A Carol on Twelfth Night (1953)
The Wife of Martin Guerre, a 3 act opera (1956) 80

The poem sets the stage of a mother rocking and talking with her baby child. She, in measuring her love for him, tells him she could not love him more if he were the Baby Jesus. Then she muses over the state of Mary and the Christ Child, thinks about their relationship, realizing that Mary knew she was carrying the Savior of the World, because an angel had told her. He was to change the world. But powerful as this was to Mary, she loved Him no more than any mother loves her child.

Even though this has a distinct Christmas flavor, the meaning of the song is for everyday that a child is born, because every woman who has given birth to a baby has the intense and protective love portrayed in the song. A quiet appealing lullaby, Lullee, lullay is the singing and crooning of any mother as she rocks her child, softly holding him against her breast, her mind and heart full of pledges and dreams for him.

Musically, this song is very difficult to sing. To acheive the simple gentle result that a lullaby requires is difficult to acheive. The form at first seems disjointed; it is difficult to breathe properly; some of the phrases seem unbearable long and strung out. Just when you are almost out of breath, a tremendous leap is called for. Even though breath marks are placed at intervals throughout the piece, it was still difficult for me. Perhaps this may be partly due to the frequent changes in meter. Of the sixty measures that comprise the work, the meter changes

thirty-three times. One would think this would have a dampening effect on the smoothness sought in a lullaby, like a nail in the foot of a rocking chair, but interestingly enough, the voice line comes across smoothly in its continuity. It sounds with more "oneness" than it appears on the printed page. The overall effect can be quite lovely, but requires much effort in achieving this.

The second phrase "I could not love thee more if thou wast Christ, the King," covers six measures and the meter changes from 5/8 to 3/4 to 2/4 to 5/8, then back to 3/4 and 5/8 for the final two measures. The accompaniment is difficult, and almost an impossibility to sing and play at the same time. The key is not intended to be predictable, written in four flats, it discards and adds so many accidentals that one never feels a home key. One gets the illusion that, indeed, the rocking chair not only has a nail in its rocker, but is also on roller skates.

There are only about a dozen measures that are free from accidentals. Not even at the conclusion are we settled with a feeling of tonality. If the bass note only had a treble clef sign by it, we could come up with an A flat major chord, which would make everyone happy. But instead, the upper voices are chanting an A flat major chord while there is a ponderous knell-like Great C in the bass.

In the measures of interlude following "the Lord of everything", there is a delightful suggestion of peeling bells. We find the same impression in "then stable, hall, and inn, shall cherish Christmastide", followed by more bell effects.
There are only a couple of places that the accompaniment seems to resemble the melodic line, so the effect becomes that typical of "parallel play" in psychology terminology. Parallel play is described with two little children sitting in a sandbox, each one chattering at the same time about something totally different, neither one listening or responding to the other's babbling. The only time the accompaniment really relates to the text are in the interludes following the phrases I have mentioned.

This is a very interesting and challenging song to learn, and most difficult to put across to an audience. My accompanist and I spent a lot of time attempting to put it together in a unified way. Of all the songs in the children's group, this was my least favorite. My baby, James, was most unappreciative of it, and much prefers "All the little horses". I found that the combination of verse, music, and accompaniment, all different shapes and heights, pulled against each other, in the final analysis.

The poem is lovely, the message precious, and perhaps it came off better than I perceived it in my own self enjoyment.

The Poet

Janet Lewis, the poet of Lullee, Lullay, set to music by William Bergsma, was born in Chicago in 1899. She received her Ph. B. from the University of Chicago in 1920. Among her publications are several volumes of verse (the first of which appeared in 1922) and prose works, including "The Wife of Martin Guerre" (1941), upon which she later based the libretto for William Bergsma's opera of the same name.

81

Lulee, Lullay

Lulee, lullay,
I could not love thee more
If thou wast Christ,
The King.

Now tell me,
How did Mary know
That in her womb
Should sleep and grow
The Lord of everything?

Lulee, lullay,
An angel stood with her
Who said,
"That which doth stir
Like summer in thy side
Shall save the world from sin
Then stable, hall, and inn,
Shall cherish Christmastide."

Lulee, lullay
And so it was that day.
And did she love Him more
Because an angel came
To prophesy His name?

Oh no, not so,
She could not love Him more,
But loved Him just the same.

Lulee, Lulee, lullay.

Poem by Janet Lewis
from Lullaby
The song Deborah was written by Gene Bone and Howard Fenton with the words by Aline Kilmer, wife of Joyce Kilmer. Though unable in any source available to me to find reference to the composers, I was able to find some information on Joyce Kilmer, though little on his wife. I learned that Aline Kilmer was a well-known poet who died in 1941, though not so well known as to rank in any of the known source books I surveyed. Joyce Kilmer was surrounded by poets, his mother Annie Kilburn writing such works as Whimsical Whimsies. We known Joyce Kilmer's writings best in his classical Trees which has been popular for a long time. Aline, his wife, although not as much is known of her, must have been a delightful personality to be capable of such a work as Deborah. The Kilmer's had a daughter, Clara, who they loved very much, and who was stricken with infantile paralysis quite early in life. I can only conjecture that the poem Deborah had something to do with Clara. Whether it was written before or after the child's illness befell her would make some difference in why Mrs. Kilmer wrote it, but would not affect the freshness and vitality of the poem.

The music, written by Gene Bone and Howard Fenton, is totally in tune with the whimsical, light-hearted verse. Where Lulee, Lullay seemed heavy and awkward in its overall effect, Deborah soars and swoops in pure delight in both verse, thought, and music. There is a perfect union of voice and piano, one never quite sure where one leaves and the other begins. Everything in the accompaniment is riveted to the text, and the piano part is as vital to the voice part as the singer's breath. This was a pure

82. Kunitz and Haycraft, p. 762
delight for me to sing. First, because of its uniqueness from the beginning to its surprise ending, and secondly, because it was one of the few "light" pieces of my recital. It seems that all mezzo and contralto works are noted for their heaviness and seriousness. In operas, the low voice always wears the "black hat", oppressed with gloom, death, and misery. This was like a splash of lovely color amid the gloominess of most of mezzos repertoire. I had not had such fun since singing the role of Tisbe in Cinderella.

When the text danced, the voice and accompaniment danced. It was a natural thing to want to dance along with them. It was ideally suited to charm and relax and personalize your relationship with your audience. The experience was equivalent to sharing a pink frothy milk shake with someone else.

This delightful bit of whimsy calls for an articulate accompanist, or else it will not live and bounce, losing its vitality and life. I believe the composers were pianists with a great sense of humor to have composed such fun.

Another reason I loved doing this was because of my own little daughter, Amanda Ann, who was two, going on three. It became a real experience for me in this sense.

Written in the key of E minor, and with a 3/8 meter, the tempo is fast and moving. When the mood changes and her "step is quiet and slow", the meter goes into a stately 2/4 and triples in slowness. The "yellow hair" is within reach, the voice can assume a "punning" style to mimic her voice, and the "quaint precision" is a natural achievement with the tempo changes, key and meter changes. All in all, this spritely bit of fluff would warm the hearts of even the old ones in The Lonely. And in singing it, it would bring out the "child" in each one of us.
The Composers

This American composing team began collaborating in 1943. Gene Bone and Howard Fenton's works have been performed on nationwide broadcasts of the major networks, as well as extensively in concert and in church. Howard Fenton, born in New York, has appeared as an actor on the Broadway stage, and on radio and television as a singer, actor, announcer, writer, and composer. Gene Bone, born in San Francisco, came to New York in 1941. He has been active as coach-accompanist to prominent singers and is known in the church field as soloist and conductor. He is a member of the Fred Waring chorus and has appeared on Broadway, as well as, on radio and television. A larger Bone and Fenton work is Birthday in Bethlehem, a Christmas Story in six songs for Narrator, Medium Voice, and Piano or Organ. 83

Deborah

Deborah danced when she was two
As buttercups and daffodils do.

Spirited, frail, naively bold,
Her hair a ruffled crest of gold.

And whenever she spoke, her voice went singing
Like water up from a fountain springing.

But now her step is quiet and slow.
She walks the way Primroses go.
Her hair is yellow instead of gilt.
Her voice is losing it's lovely lilt.

And in place of her wild delightful ways
A quaint precision rules her days.

For Deborah now is three, and oh,
She knows so much that she did not know!

Poem by Aline Kilmer
from the poem Experience

83 Taylor, p. 4
IV

The last group of songs were chosen for their melodic context, word content, and for the pure enjoyment of singing. Audience oriented, they hold great appeal to me emotionally and musically. They deal with life, with its positive and negative forces, with universal ideas, and with nature, to which I bear personal allegiance.

The *Cycle of Life*, with its Prelude, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter is cloaked with existential shadings and luscious imagery. I became acquainted with this work as an accompanist, Mr. Ronald, the composer, being a fine pianist. In this work, he offers a challenging opportunity for the piano to sing. Nothing is withheld in either voice part or piano that keeps a competent pianist and vocalist from experiencing a unity of excitement and beauty. The work demands a full voice and an accomplished accompanist.

Following the *Cycle of Life*, is *Iris*, a haunting two-page composition with great charm and musical beauty. While Daniel Wolf dedicated this to Lucrezia Bori for her magnificent voice, I, in turn, dedicated it to Bonnie Tueller Seeholzer, an equally fine soprano. Twenty years ago, I sat at the piano as her accompanist, as she sang *Iris*. Not ironically, but planned is the fact that we both stood in the same place as we gave our graduate recital. Bonnie, who died over fifteen years ago, was a great friend and inspirator to me. I felt honored to sing "her song" in memory of her great art.

The group is concluded with two well-known arias, one from *Carmen* and the other from *Samson and Delilah*. Both, moving and expressive in words and music, were well received by the audience.
Sir Landon Ronald was born L. R. Russell, in London, England June 7, 1873, the son of the composer, Henry Russell Sr., and brother of the impresario Henry Russell, Jr, English conductor.

His early training was spent at the Royal College of Music studying piano with Franklin Taylor, violin with Henry Holmes, and composition with Sir Charles Parry. He attended other classes taught by Sir Charles Stanford and Sir Walter Parratt. He made a successful debut as pianist in London at the age of seventeen, but soon abandoned that career to conduct comic operas in the provinces. He was at one time accompanist for Madame Melba, and toured the United States with her in 1894.

From 1898 to 1902, he was conductor at the Lyric Theatre in London, and during that time began his series of summer symphony concerts at Blackpool. Having conducted in Germany, Austria, and Holland, he was appointed permanent conductor of the New Symphonic Orchestra (later called the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra) in 1908, taking residency in London. He instituted a series of Promenade Concerts in Birmingham and surrounding towns. In 1910, he was appointed principal of the Guildhall School of Music, and held that position almost until his death. He was knighted in 1922.


His works include an operetta, A Capital Joke; 2 dramatic scenes, Adonais and The Lament of Shah Jehan; 2 ballets, Britannia's Realm (1902)
for the coronation of Edward VII) and Entente cordiale (1904); symphonic poems, A Winter's Night; about 300 songs; 2 autobiographical books, Variations on a Personal Theme (London 1922) and Myself and Others, (London, 1931).

Although his earliest training was taken at St. Marylebone and All Souls Grammar School in London, it was the training he received at Covent Garden Opera from Mancinelli that gave him his greatest direction. From the years 1891, his work there with the famous singers of the day gave him a thorough education in the traditions of opera. He toured as conductor with Augustus Harris's Italian opera company through two seasons and subsequently directed some English opera performances at Drury Lane Theatre, maintaining his close connection with Covent Garden till after the death of Harris. The contacts he had with great voices and the bravado of Italian Opera is remeniscent in his treatment of the voice, demonstrated in the Cycle of Life.

The most conspicuous characteristic of Ronald's art as a conductor was the completeness and care with which he controlled his forces. Everything was accomplished with the utmost deftness, and in concerto work with soloists he was the ideal accompanist. His most distinguished interpretations were in the symphonic work of Elgar. Ronald's compositions were numerous, but thought by some to the secondary interest in his life. His songs were for a time highly successful with a wide public, one of them, Down in the Forest (Winter) from the Cycle of Life, having attained that almost embarassing popularity which falls to the lot of the fluent writer.

The words to the Cycle of Life were written by Harold Simpson, of whom, after much searching and lack of success, I was able to learn nothing.
Dedication

As I endeavor to analyze the words and music of the Cycle of Life, I find at once the overwhelming impossibility of remaining objective. And, since this is my individual treatise, I beg your indulgence and understanding. Rather than being merely a group of songs, this work has become a part of my own life. I find that a discussion cannot be complete, involving these songs, without an involvement with the deep and flowing rivers of the past. The songs, given up long ago to the world, have become his and mine. I cannot separate them from us. To ignore this relationship would be to discount and eliminate the whole section of The Cycle of Life.

I thus dedicate this group of songs to my first husband, Allen Leron Johnsen, who at the young age of 43, fell to his death from the skies, in a helicopter crash in the mountains of Mantua, Utah, September 25, 1976. After nineteen years of marriage, and nine beautiful children, we shared a great deal of life with all its vicissitudes. I find these songs most fitting to express our springs and summers and seasons together. Leron and I sang most of these songs together, in a unique program we titled Music in Color. A multi-media program, we reinforced the musical idiom with the visual impressions with the use of colored slides, shown simultaneously as the music was sung and played. Since nature was our chief subject, these songs became very important to our program.

So, as I sit here at this typewriter, looking to the east at the marvelous sloping hills, covered with snow, sparkling in the early morning sun, and to the west, at the grand painting-like Wellsville range, I find a cohesiveness of yesterday and today; of memory merging into reality and becoming somehow final and absolute. However painful a task I set before me,
surely the sweet and uplifting will also come with each season as we begin our Cycle of Life.

In memory of Leron, I have included a poem I wrote of him and our ninth child, James Walden, born three months after his father's death. It is entitled Alpha and Omega, a symbolic representation of James's beginning and Leron's ending. As one cycle comes to its culmination, so another one begins. Leron is buried in the Providence, Utah cemetery under a lilac bush and a fine blanket of snow. As James found his way into the world on January 1, 1977, I was impressed to write this, trying in the task, to find some answers to the alpha and omega in each of us. There is, in the beginning stanzas, a symbolic image used that correlates my first experiences with Alpha and Omega. It was the initiation ceremony connected with my joining Alpha Chi Omega sorority in 1956.

Following Alpha and Omega, are two shorter poems written for Leron and James, both of which hold significant to the work Cycle of Life. They are Remembering and Forgetting. Is it in the memory that we forget, or is it in forgetting, that we are able to remember?
Alpha and Omega

Alpha and Omega-
then and now
a beginning,
an end.
textured gold, cold, rigid-cut letters.
white flowing robes, the smell of candles
the gentle murmuring of vows,
lights moving
the oneness.

Alpha and Omega-
in a hundred angry piercing days,
tearing and stinging the mind.

Omega-
tall and strong,
a flying eagle,
feathered well
and flawless in flight.
Then crumpled, rigid, cold,
brought too soon from flight,
飞行, falling, plunging
from the top of the world
to the rest in the pines
under the lilac bush
under the white smell of snow.

Alpha-
watery child of love.
wrinkly, crinkly, cuddle of arms and heart,
soft, pulsing, alive, and moving
Flower-breath, fast and strong
Little pig grunts and gurgles
Stretching, reaching, yawning, scowling
a beginning
to search
to question
to feel
to know.

Alpha and Omega- then and now. 84

Deanne G. Vanderford

84 The Circles of a Woman’s Influence, Providence Stake Relief Society,1977
p. 50
Forgetting

I look into your
wizened and pink face.
So boldly and surely
you tackled life,
Thrust from your watery home
such a short time ago.

You still remember
but yet cannot speak
Of the place you've been,
the colors and sounds of eternity.

Then, as words become
tools and blocks to
speak and feel,
By then, little Son
of the New Year,

You will have forgotten.

Deanne G. Vanderford

Remembering

Closeness
of a touch
a whisper,
unspoken yet
fading fast

And gone.

Deanne G. Vanderford
I Prelude

"Life, with here a smile,
with there a tear,
relentless river."

Leron's life and my life began separate, but together in that we were both raised close to the soil, he in Bear River City, Utah, born 10 July, 1933, and me in Star Valley, Wyoming, making my appearance 25 November, 1936. Born of pioneer stock parents and with a deep supporting cast of uncles, aunts, and cousins, we both found a completeness and security in a loving climate of family and friends. Much of the spare time was filled with singing around the piano and working close to nature. These two resources were abundant in our lives. "The hills were alive with the sound of music" was our theme-song, filling a part of our hearts that was to remain lasting and nurturing as we grew into "children grown tall."

Later, due to my father's work, and my parents resolve to give me a greater opportunity to study with Irving Wassermann, we moved to Logan in the beautiful Cache Valley in 1951. My studies continued in piano, and I also had the opportunity to accompany many of the A.C.'s operas under the direction of Walter Welti. Up to then, I had never sung a note, always serving as accompanist in church and civic affairs. After a year at the College Conservatory of Music in Cincinnati, Ohio, I returned to college life in Logan, and there met Leron, who was returning from a mission for the LDS Church to Denmark. We met during the auditions for Madame Butterfly, in which Eugene and Bonnie Tueller, brother and sister, sang the leading roles. Leron received the part of Sharpless, and I accompanied the production, slipping up on stage to sing the small role of Kate in the last act.
"Down in the forest, something stirred,
It was only the note of a bird."

On August 22, 1957, Leron and I were married, and in the beginning of our spring, continued to go to school, that year performing in the opera Carmen. I sang the role of Carmen and Leron was Escamillo, the toreador. Leron served the university that year, (the year it became a university) as student-body president, he being chosen in the spring as the first Man of the Year of the Robbins Awards. I was honored as the first Talent of the Year. Upon his graduation, he was commissioned as an officer in the United States Army, and thus began a four year trek that took us to many areas of the United States. Our first daughter, Lezlee, was born July 22, 1958 in Logan, Utah. We moved to Tacoma, Washington, in the following January, staying there for only a short period of time. From there we moved to Lawton, Oklahoma, then to El Paso, Texas, where Torianne was born 21 July, 1959. Then we moved to Mineral Wells, Texas, and on to Ozark, Alabama. Our longest time in the army was in Tacoma, Washington, where we lived from 1960 to 1962. Here Alec Leron was born 31 Dec., 1960, followed by Jeffrey Dean on 7 March, 1962. During this time, Leron served in various church positions, such as Branch President, First Counselor, and MIA President. Our duty to the service over, we returned to Utah, settling in Brigham City. Here we spent a short time before Leron was chosen to serve at Utah State University as Director of Fund Raising. We moved to Logan, in time for Miles Fredrick to be born on October 25, 1964. We lived at 819 North 5th East in Logan for about seven years. Jennifer was born 28 August, 1968. At this time, Leron resigned his job at the
University, going into private business. We built a home in Providence, Utah, beginning work May 7, 1971, and completing it November 25 of the same year. That summer, Joel Gardner was born, on August 25, 1971, culminating a very busy summer. During the eight years that followed many summers would come and go, bringing joys and pains, growing and stretching for young bodies and tired hearts. Here too came Amanda Ann, born 16 September, 1975. One week after her first birthday, her daddy was killed, removing the object of love so much cherished by his children. She would never remember him, now would James Walden, born January 1, 1977, three months after Leron’s death.

III Summer

Love, I Have Won You

"Love, I have won you and held you
In a life-long quickening dream;
When the meadows sprang fair with flowers
And the river was all a gleam."

So were the summers working and threshing times, times of bearing children, feeding, clothing, and most difficult of all, teaching and reaching them. The testing times, when success or loss could come as quickly as a summer thunder storm. The planting, weeding, sifting, and thinning times were ours, each child beginning his own individual cyclic journey. Each new child brought us back to the starting gates, to be with him. "The summer of our discontent" turned its bountiful branches into the summer of our joy, and we experienced every beautiful facet of life in our lives, in our children's lives with their friends, their animals, and our mutual dreams for the future. We were heavily involved in living, and learning when Leron was snatched away from us. Our summer ended with a painful lesson, as the Autumn took him casually one clear bright day in September.
IV Autumn

The Winds are Calling

"The winds are calling, calling
And the friendly voices die.
The rain is falling, falling,
From out a frowning sky.
Then let us say it quickly,
You and I......good-bye".

If our deaths were as well planned as our births, we may always have the chance to say goodbye, but it was not the case with Leron. One clear autumn day, he flew over a mountain, and never returned. I have often talked to him since, and told him how I wished I could have said goodbye, but no one knew that one minute it can be summer, with involvement for the Boy Scout Eagle Flight program, and held in the safe arms of a gentle sloping basin, and the next hour, over the mountain, the leaves had suddenly turned fall colors, and Leron was gone into the Autumn sunlight of a Saturday afternoon. A few days later, his Winter was completed.

V Winter

Drift down, drift down

"Drift down, drift down
from the skies,
Little white snowflakes,
falling fast... "

I am still involved in the summer of my life, with the nine children, some of them in the springs of their own marriages, setting their own ship afloat on the cyclic seas. I know that Leron has fulfilled his cycle and in essence, that part that we shared has terminated through the autumn and the winter. One door closes, another opens, and the children and I have gone on, us in one direction, and Leron, in another.
Through our memories, we can quietly open the doors of each season past, look quietly in, smile and cry, turn and close it gently, having the assurance that these doors open both ways.

"Drift down, drift down, from the skies"...and so indeed the snowflakes, which have covered him for now three winters, whisper and sing the sweet closing song of the cycle; and though deep and far away is his immortality, I know there are windows in those yesterday rooms through which he knows of us and our gratitude to him.

I married John Walter Vanderford May 27, 1978. John, a long time and close friend of Leron's, gave his life sketch at his funeral, and Leron loved him like a brother. John is a sensitive and beautiful person, who has received the household as its gentle guide and teacher. Often recalling Leron to the children, he has found his own place in their hearts. He has taken up the summer's tools in his hands, and we together shall work through the hot days, weather the thunder storms, and reap the harvest of our lives and our children's lives together.

So, even as the snow falls cold and silent on the winter of one's life, the warm hot living tears fall in remembrance, and a gentle peace comes into our hearts through the melodies of yesterday's season, as a constant reassurance that "the fruits of each season are as sweet in the winter as they were in the spring".

"Fall soft, fall soft on my love, little white snowflakes, drifting down...""

Goodbye, Leron.
A Cycle of Life

I Prelude

Life, with here a smile,
with there a tear,
relentless river.

Moves, from day to day,
from year to year,
nor lingers ever.

Love, upon its banks
imploring stands
in anguish calling.

Stands, with yearning eyes
and outstretched hands
and soft tears falling.

Life, thy ways are long
thy end is dark,
and we, unknowing.

Whence it was we came,
or why embark,
or whither going.

Live and love awhile,
live and love awhile.

And pray at last
to reap
to reap our sowing.
II Spring

Down in the Forest

Down in the forest,
something stirred
So faint
that I scarcely heard.

But the forest leapt
at the sound,
Like a good ship
homeward bound.

Down in the forest,
something stirred,
It was only the note
of a bird.

Now in the morning of life,
I stand
And I long for the touch
of your hand.
I am here,
I am here at your door
Oh love
oh love,
We will wait
no more.

Down in the forest,
something stirred.
It was only
the note of a bird.
III Summer

Love, I Have Won You

Love, I have won you
and held you
In a life-long
quickening dream.
When the meadows
sprang fair with flowers,
And the river
was all agleam.

Warm shone the sunlight
around us,
And clear were the
skies above
Till the stars peeped forth
in the twilight
And the moon
rose pale with love.

Love, I have won you
and held you,
Life has no more
to give.

Then come to me
here in the sunshine
It is summer,
it is summer,
Ah, let us live.
The Winds Are Calling

The winds are calling
And the friendly voices
The rain is falling,
From our a frowning
Then let us say
You and I
Goodbye.

If aught that I have
told you
Should bring a moment's
Love, I will take
and hold you
Within my arms
And press you closely
to my heart
Before we part.

Then let us say
it quickly
You and I
Goodbye.
Winter

Drift down, drift down

Drift down, drift down,
from the skies.
Little white snowflakes
falling fast.

Like sleep that falls
on tired eyes
To bring us peace
at last

Drift down, drift down
from the skies
Little white snowflakes
falling fast.

Fall soft,
fall soft on my love,
Little white snowflakes
drifting down.

Messengers from the
skies above
On the winds
of passion blown.

Fall soft,
fall soft on my love
Little white snowflakes
drifting down.

Drift down, drift down
from the skies,
Little white snowflakes
falling fast,

Like sleep that falls
on tired eyes
To bring us peace
at last

Drift down, drift down
from the skies
Little white snowflakes,

Little white snowflakes
falling
fast.
Iris. .................................................. Daniel Wolf

The paralleling of a natural thing of beauty like a flower, scene, or sunrise, to intense feelings about a person, is not a new device in composition. While there are many referrals to the delicate rose, there are far fewer using the iris. This song, Iris, was written, whether by commission or as an outgrowth of a love affair, by Daniel Wolf for Lucrezia Bori, "in admiration of her great art".

Lucrezia Bori was a lyric soprano, although she sang roles that were for mezzo-soprano. She was born in Valencia, Spain December 24, 1887, and made her singing debut in Rome, Italy in 1908 at the age of 21, singing the role of Carmen. She sang through Europe in Milan, Naples, Paris; then on to Buenos Aires, Cuba, Monte Carlo, and came to the United States in 1912 and joined the Metropolitan Opera Company. Her principal singing roles were in Amore dei tre re, Pagliacci, La Traviata, Romeo and Juliette, Falstaff, Rigoletto, Don Giovanni, Faust, Madam Butterfly, Secret of Susanne, Der Rosenkavalier, La Bohème, Rondine, Peter Ibbetson, Manon, and Pelléas and Melisande. Her repertoire included more than 40 major operatic roles. She worked at the Ravinia Opera Co. in Chicago for many years, during the summer months. Retiring from active operatic work in 1936, she was a member of the Women's Auxiliary in Musicians Emergency Fund Inc., honorable chairwoman of the Metropolitan Opera Guild Inc., served on the board of directors there, President and Trustee to Bagby Music Lovers' Foundation Inc. Being Roman Catholic, she retired to Valencia, doing some directorial work in her church before her death twenty years later. She died in a convent in Valencia May 14, 1960.86

Daniel Wolf, composer of Iris, was noted as a pianist. He was born in Baltimore, Maryland, May 12, 1894. He was seven years younger than Lucrezia, and may have made acquaintance with Miss Bori in New York or Europe. He began piano study at three, studying with Cecilian Gaul, and graduating from Peabody Conservatory some years later. Other studies included work with Hutchinson, Boyce, Ganz, Petri Goldmark, and Otis B. Boyce. He gave piano recitals in Town Hall in New York, and in Lewiston Stadium. His European concert tours filled 1930-1931. His works included Iris, Night of Dreams, I Hear the Call of the Road, Love Me Enough, The Gift of Peace, Love's Resurrection, Prayer, Sing, Oh Robin Sing, and others. His home was in New York, N.Y. He became a member of ASCAP in 1937.87 I do not know when he died.

Iris is short in length, but powerful in mood and impact. Made up of only two verses, and four stanzas, it is full of human emotion. In two short pages of flawless musical form, one soars to the heights and depths of feeling. Key words and subtle imagery assume a hold on the reader, and many of the senses are influenced by the word usage. We can experience awe, worship, fainting, madness, the perfume, the incense, the grandeur, and the final chords of death. Ironically, when one touches an iris, it goes brown in that spot. At the conclusion of Iris, the poet touches the flower, and by so doing, dies, a reverse irony. Certainly Wolf was aware of the great contrast Miss Bori was able to achieve with her voice, and the intensity and beauty which this piece possesses, is a continuation of that feeling. A fine and unique program piece, it adds color and flair to any program.

Iris

Iris, I'm kneeling at your feet
Inhaling your sweet perfume.

Iris, your incense maddens me,
See now I swoon.

Iris, your purple shot with gold,
Passions living flame,

Iris, Iris,
I have kissed you,
Now I die.

But I breathe your name.

Poem by Alice Denig
The opera Carmen is often referred to as an outstanding example of opera-comique, is one of the universal favorites of the operatic stage. In setting Merimee's story to music, Bizet exploited to the fullest his talent for vivid musical characterization, brilliant orchestration, and dramatic use of "local color." Carmen rings true throughout to Spanish temperament and atmosphere.

I has been said that the opera was so dismal a failure that Bizet died not long afterward of sheer humiliation and disappointment. That story has been challenged. It is true that the composer succumbed some three months after the opening, but his death was attributed to physical causes aggravated by overwork.

Carmen was, in fact, moderately well received. Paris was rather cool to it for several reasons. It was not in the conventional operatic idiom of the day. Bizet's use of continuously flowing melody led critics to accuse him of "Wagnerianism," against which there was violent prejudice in Paris at the time. The opera also lacked a happy ending. Finally, Parisian audiences were said to have been shocked by the bohemian character of Carmen herself.

Although withdrawn from the stage of the Opera-Comique, Carmen was enthusiastically acclaimed in other European capitals a few months after its premiere. Eventually it won not only the favor of Paris, but of the entire operatic world. 88

Georges Bizet

"His music has the tang of sunny climates, their bracing air, their clearness. It voices a sensibility hitherto unknown to us."

-Nietzsche-

Georges Bizet came from a family of musicians, being born in Paris, October 25, 1838. His father was a singing teacher. His aunt, a fine pianist, was married to Francois Delsarte, a distinguished voice teacher. He himself soon revealed such a natural aptitude for music that he was entered in the Paris Conservatory when he was only nine years old, the youngest member of the class. He remained at the Conservatory nine years, studying piano with Marmontel, organ with Benoist, and composition with Jacques Halevy. The winning of awards for piano playing, fugue, and organ attested to his outstanding ability.

He spent three years in Italy as a result of winning the Prix de Rome. He loved Italy, her people, the language, the countrysides, and the music. While there he wrote an opera, and several smaller orchestral works.

Back in Paris by 1860, he decided to pursue the career of composer of comic operas. He wrote several during this time, one of which is The Pearl Fishers.

In 1864, he married Genevieve Halevy, the daughter of his teacher, and settled down to the humble life of an unrecognized composer. Opera was not successful, and his friend Saint-Saens told Bizet that they had better give it up and take refuge in the concert hall. But Georges was not easily discouraged.

He did finally turn to other idiom, composing L'Arlesienne Suite, Petite Suite, and Patrie, all composed within two years of each other. But none of these works were able to give him the start he needed.

When he chose Prosper Merimee's book as a possible opera theme, he did not know that the opera to emerge, Carmen, was to mark him a success.
Although some of the credentials of the new opera were shocking or new for the opera goer, it was not a failure, as some in history would have us believe. There is a testimony of the librettist, Ludovic Halevy, that "after the premiere, the performances went on, but not as has been said, to empty houses; the receipts, on the contrary, were respectable, and generally in excess of those for the other works in the repertory."

*Carmen* enjoyed a run of thirty-seven performances, a respectable figure when we take into account the fact that the opera was introduced comparatively late in the season. When the new season of the Opera Comique began, *Carmen* remained in the repertory, which most certainly would not have been the case if the opera had been the fiasco some writers have described.

Bizet died three months later, some have said from an affliction of the throat, which may have been cancerous. Aggravation of this condition led to a heart attack and death. He died June 3, 1875, in Bougival, near Paris.

While Bizet spent his life writing operas, it seems that his taste for spinning light harmonic webs was not sufficient to assure success until he came to one subject which fired his imagination, that of the highly temperamental and irresistibly charming Spanish cigarette girl, Carmen. This is one of the happiest "accidents" in the whole history of opera; for this work remains an unalloyed delight as well for the unsophisticated listener as for the jaded musician.
Carmen

A landmark in the history of French opera was Bizet's Carmen. It was first classified as an opera comique because it contained spoken dialogue. This was later set in recitative by another composer. The fact that this stark, realistic drama could ever be called "comique" is simply an indication that by this time, the distinction between opera and opera comique had become a mere technicality. Bizet's rejection of a sentimental or mythological plot was significant of a narrow, but important anti-Romantic movement toward realism in late nineteenth century opera. In its Spanish setting, and Spanish musical atmosphere, however, Carmen exemplifies a trait that runs through the whole Romantic period, namely exoticism. This trait is equally evident in some of Bizet's earlier works and in other French operas and ballets of the period. The music of Carmen has an extraordinary rhythmic and melodic vitality; it is spare in texture and beautifully orchestrated, obtaining the utmost dramatic effect, always with the most economical means.

Carmen is an opera in four acts with the libretto by Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halevy (after Merimee's book). Ernest Guiraud was responsible for replacing the spoken lines with recitative a few months after Bizet died. The scene is Seville and in the neighboring mountains. A gypsy girl, Carmen, is employed in a cigarette factory. She exercises a fatal fascination on Don Jose, a sergeant of the guard, who allows her to escape after she has been arrested for disorderly behavior. Jose joins Carmen and her smuggler.

friends in the mountains, but soon longs to return home. Carmen, wearying of him, transfers her affections to Escamillo, a bull-fighter. At the bull-ring in Seville, where Escamillo has been successful, Jose makes a last appeal to Carmen, pleading her to return to him. When she refuses, he stabs her.  

Carmen is full of beautiful music. The "Habanera" is probably the best known of the arias that the heroine sings. This opera is very significant to me, since I sang the title role twenty years ago at Utah State University with my first husband, Leron Johnsen, playing the role of Escamillo, the toreador. The staging and acting of this opera was a learning experience for me and a challenge vocally. The aria, "Sequidilla" is another favorite of mine and tends to be more interesting and challenging vocally.  

The "Habanera" is sung in the early part of the opera. The stage is full of soldiers, and gypsy girls are going to work at the cigarette factory. (The factory still stands in Seville, and is used in some capacity by the University). I saw it ten years ago when I visited Spain. It is a large building, with many windows, several stories high, and was referred to by our guide, as the original cigarette factory in the opera Carmen. When I visited Spain and Seville, it was interesting becoming acquainted with the people, and it gave a fresh flavor to my experience with Carmen.  

Following the ringing of the factory bell, a number of young men and cigarette girls enter, There is a romantic interchange between them, and

a delightful song is sung in praise of smoking; the music swings and
curls as seductively and lullingly as the smoke they blow into the air
from their cigarettes. This is the scene that was rather spoiled at the
first performance by the unfamiliarity of the chorus girls of that epoch
with the technique of smoking. Their expressions of delighting in the
novel pastime apparently failed to carry conviction to the audience.\footnote{Cross, p. 750}

But there is one, the men say, who has not yet appeared, La Carmencita.
These words are no sooner out of their mouths than Carmen enters to the
accompaniment of an appropriately impudent flourish in the orchestra. The
men greet her enthusiastically, protesting that all are her slaves, and
asking her to name the day when she will love them all. Simple as
Carmen's reply is, it is one of the most effective first speeches made
by any character in opera. When will she love them all? Upon her word,
she does not know, perhaps never, perhaps tomorrow, but certainly not
today. As she says this, she throws a meaning glance at Don Jose. Light-
hearted as her words and the music are, there is already a touch of the
sinister in them. To the rhythm of the Habanera, she tells the men that
love is a bird that will not be captured; if it does not want to be
captured, neither prayer nor caresses will bring it.

Ex. 12 Habanera from Carmen

\footnote{Cross, p. 750}
"One man speaks well, while another is silent, and it is the quiet one that she loves," is sung as Don Jose is sent silent messages. Love is like the gypsy in that it knows no law. "You may not love me, but I love you, and if I love you, beware of me." Further on, the text speaks of catching a bird, and just when you think you have netted him, he springs free. Now it is in the distance, and you wait in vain for it to come to you; just when you expect it no longer, it is there. You think you hold it, and it evades you; you try to evade it, and it lays hold of you. And always her song takes up the mocking refrain, "You may not love me, but I love you; and if I love you, then beware." Bizet founded this charming and expressive song on one by a practically unknown Spanish composer, Yradier.

The young men repeat their protestation that they are all Carmen's slaves, and gather around her. She, however, after a momentary glance at them, turns to Don Jose, who, indifferent to all women but Micaela, is making a chain for his sword. She looks at him fixedly, hesitates for a moment, and turns towards the factory, then retraces her steps, stands in front of him, takes from her bosom a flower, and throws it in his face. Then she runs with a laugh into the factory, while the cigarette girls mock the brigadier with a phrase from the Habanera. 92

The music is written in a comfortable Spanish rhythm, the tempo being set at Allegretto quasi Andantino with the beat getting 72. It begins in d minor, and has a type of verse section for the first twenty measures; then suddenly it shifts into the major more positive key of D major for the wooing and "Oh, love" section.

92. Cross, p. 752
When Carmen sings about the "gypsy boy is love, tis true," she is really singing about the gypsy way of life. The freedom in their lives is the life-blood to their spirits and souls, to have the right to roam and go wherever they choose is the most perfect and necessary part of their lives.

While in Spain, I had occasion to see several caravans of gypsies. Their mores and customs, their moral code of conduct is vastly different from ours. There are gypsies in every country of the world. Within their own group, they have laws, loyalties, and ethics. There is an old belief, that the gypsies are a "cursed" people, forced to roam all their days. It is believed that this curse befell them from the time of Christ's crucifixion, at which time, it was the gypsies who stole his clothes after he was dead.

The gypsies of Carmen maintain a loyalty up to the point of survival and anything, for the sake of love, is allowed. From the cliched information we have of the Spanish people, their gypsies do carry through some accepted similarities; and although in a modern sense, they may seem to us trite, they nevertheless affected the mood and spirit of the music and the presentation of the opera Carmen.

Their exterior life, is from one extreme to another. Bright colors, bold designs, gleaming and baublely jewelry and adornment are typical. There is no middle ground of compromise, little softness or subtleness. An open, flamboyant expression pervades and permeates their world and their lives. This carries over into the hearts of the people. They seem to vacillate from one extreme emotion to the other. In the mourning for their dead, they are almost theatrical in remorse, at the point of being completely out of control, with paid mourners, weeping and crying loudly and openly. They build elaborate shrines, execute physical and body
gestures that would seem to belong on a large stage, and exhibit such outer pity and pain that we would doubt sincere affection. But this is as natural and acceptable as they are, in keeping with their way of life and the way they express themselves.

From this extreme, they, as soon as the body is in the ground, or buried in the sepulchre, they can launch into a great festive party, sparing nothing in food, drink, and loud talk, singing, and physical agitated dance and merriment. Where it would seem to an onlooker that they were almost dead with grief, now it seems they will die from such wild frenzied joy.

Being unschooled in serious matters, they are susceptible to passionate beliefs in the supernatural, in fate, magic, and destiny. Fate is their way of approaching a type of worship, of their religion. There seems to be the same need in all men, to have some outlet to look above and beyond themselves. They believe in greater powers, and know that some kind of justice awaits each man, however mystic or misunderstood it may be.

So all this, the color, the feeling, the everyday life of these people, all becomes the climate and soil for an illustrious opera. And though it may be foreign to us, we grant it life on the stage, where any tale can be told, illusionary and captivating in its momentary truth.

The opera was exciting and challenging to do in totale, and I enjoyed renewing my old friendship with "Habanera".
Habanera

L'amour est unoiseau rebelle
Que nul ne peut apprivoiser
Et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'appelle
S'il lui convient de refuser.

Bien n'y faut, menace ou prière
L'un parle bien, l'autre se tait
Et c'est l'autre que je préfère
Il n'a rien dit, mais il me plaît.

L'a mour, l'a mour, l'a mour, l'a mour
L'a mour est enfant de Bohême
Il n'a jamais, jamais con nu de loi,
Si tu ne m'ai mes pas, je t'aime
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi.
Si tu ne m'aimes pas,
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime
Mais se je t'aime, si je t'aime
Prends garde à toi.

L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre,
Battit de l'aile et s'envola
L'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre
Tu ne l'attends plus, il est là
Tout autour de toi vite, vite,
Il vient, s'en va, puis il revient
To crois le te nir, il te vite
To crois l'e viter, il te tient.

L'a mour, l'a mour, l'a mour, l'a mour
L'a mour est enfant de Bohême
Il n'a jamais, jamais con nu de loi,
Si tu ne m'ai mes pas, je t'aime
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi.
Si tu ne m'aimes pas,
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime
Mais se je t'aime, si je t'aime
Prends garde à toi.

French text by Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halevy
Love is like any woodbird wild
That none can ever hope to tame
And in vain is all wooing mild,
If he refuse your heart to claim.

Naught avails, neither threat nor prayer,
One speaks me fair, the other sighs,
Tis the other that I prefer,
Though mute, his heart, to mine replies.

Oh love, Oh love, Oh love, Oh love
A gypsy boy is Love, 'tis true
He ever was and ever will be free
Love you not me, then I love you
If I love you, beware of me
Love you not me, love you not,
Then I love you
But if I love you, if I love you,
Beware of me.

As a bird, when you thought to net him,
On buoyant wing escapes in air,
Love is wary when you await him
Await him not, and he is there.

All around you he swiftly sweeps,
Now here, now there he lightly flies
When you deem him yours, he escapes
You'd fain escape, and you are his.

Oh love, oh love, oh love, oh love,
A gypsy boy is Love, 'tis true
He ever was and ever will be free.
Love you not me, then I love you
If I love you, beware of me.
Love you not me, love you not,
Then I love you
But if I love you, if I love you,
Beware of me.

English Translation by
Dr. Theodore Baker
Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix from Samson and Delilah . . .Camille Saint-Saens (1835-1921)

Charles Camille Saint-Saëns was born in Paris, France October 9, 1835. A composer and pianist, he gave his first concert at the age of ten, and from 1848 on, studied organ under Benoist and composition under Halevy at the Conservatoire. He served as organist at the Madeleine in 1857.

In 1852, he met Franz Liszt, and his acquaintance influenced the way his life was to continue, and the way he would compose. Liszt's influence turned him toward a "cyclic" design in his symphonies and concertos. His third symphony is based on a single theme. Other works that were the result of this influence are the symphonic poem Le Touet d'Omphale (1891); Phaeton, (1873); Danse Macabre, (1874); and Le Jeunesse d'Hercule, (1877). Liszt had no effect on the rather shallow elegance of his style or the natural lucidity of his form. His first opera, Le Timbre D'argent, composed in 1864-5, was produced in 1877, and the first performance of Samson et Dalila, which was refused by the Paris Opera until 1892, was given in German by Liszt at Weimar in the same year. Samson et Dalila is his most lasting work.

He was an extremely prolific composer. His opus numbers run to 169, and his compositions to the last year of his life. He lived to be 86. His music suffers, however, from superficiality and the lack of adventurousness, which has caused it to fade very rapidly. He edited the works of Rameau, and wrote essays on music and on philosophy, and some plays and poems. Two volumes of his essays have been translated into English, Musical Memories (1921), and Outspoken Essays, (1922). 93

93. Westrup and Harrison, p. 568
Samson and Delilah, an opera in three acts, was given its French libretto by Ferdinand Lemair, later Richard Pohl put it into a German book, and one of the English translations is by Nathan Haskell Dole. This opera is a curious mixture of classicism and sentimentality, written, daringly, upon the Biblical story of Samson and Delilah, a theme which so shocked the English that they refused to allow this work to be done. So it was not until 1909 that England produced Samson and Delilah. The opera carried French and Jewish verse to an extreme, and Saint-Saëns did not hesitate to attempt all manner of things. The opera was first done as opera comique, later changed like Carmen was changed to be continuing and flowing in musical line. Saint-Saëns was a follower of Gounod, and Samson and Delilah is the classic result of such lyric opera.

Saint-Saëns was one of the foremost piano virtuosos of the century. His playing was concise, perfectly finished, and exquisitely ordered, but lacked warmth and fervor. This deficiency he largely overcame in the carefully worked-out Samson and Delilah, begun in 1868 and finished in 1872. He was so proficient technically that his creative ease was often the same as automatic writing. In Samson and Delilah, this fatal facility never gets full sway throughout, for the composer modeled his work. In it, his melodic gift was not only abnormally consistent, but also attained unusually high levels. Always a frighteningly competent second-rater of utmost respectability, in Samson he come close to greatness while setting a story of tremendous inherent vitality.

94 Westrup and Harrison, p. 570
Samson and Delilah, first written as an oratorio, later opera comique, and later revised to a full scale opera, is a well known story of the seduction of Samson by Delilah. To Delilah, it was first a game, but she fell in love with Samson later. The story is classic, and the aria I sang is the one she sings as she is offering herself and her devotions to Samson, begging him to respond to her advances. Although I have never sung the role, this aria has always appealed to be above the others because of its lucid, lyrical beauty of melody line. It is not only a joy to sing, but the supportive accompaniment, gives a flourishing touch to the voice line. It is beguiling and enjoyable, a favorite with audiences because of its' ready-made simplicity of song. The graceful and fluid movements of the melodic line create audally that which one perceives in the body movements and voluptuousness of a Delilah.

The heroic mold of the temptress, Delilah would suggest that Saint-Saens was himself enthralled by her; the rich sensualism of the music with which her character is built up, is far from typical of him. Delilah engages him so strongly that the other figures, including Samson, are secondary, and it is interesting that the erring Hebrew hero has few solo moments of arresting interest, while two of Delilah's arias, Prin temps Qui Commence and Amour, viens aider ma Faiblesse always stop the show. Even the tremendously famous duet, Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix is arranged to give the impression of being primarily a mezzo-soprano solo with tenor chimings-in. Only the ballet music can compete with Delilah. Altogether, the score is vastly entertaining, even at times, thrilling. Throughout, Samson is the work of an admirable musician, colorful, but not to excess, cleverly orchestrated, and dramatic. The choral writings is solid and telling, and even the seeming lack of balance caused by
Saint-Saëns's passion for his enchantress is evened up by the tenseness of the struggling Samson, who does not gain heroic stature until at the very end, as he pulls down the temple on the heads of the Philistines.

The French would not stage the opera because of its alleged seriousness and gloom. Fragments were publicly performed, and Viardot-Garcia gave the second act at her summer place. After Liszt staged it at Weimar, in 1877, Brussels did it the next year, and Hamburg followed in 1882. Not till 1890 did the opera arrive in France, first at Rouen, and two years later in Paris. In the United States, New Orleans did the first American Samson on January 4, 1893. Due to the performers, and the confusion of tongues, it was not successful in the United States till Hammerstein did it in May, 1908. With a harmonious case and qualified translations, it was successful. From 1915 on, for eleven seasons, Samson remained in the Metropolitan repertoire and Caruso sang the role of Samson on the night that the Armistice was signed. The most bewitching Delilah in the last few years has been Rise Stevens. The role is written for a mezzo-soprano, but has been done by sopranos.

THE MUSIC

The aria, *Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix*, is written in a verse-chorus form, in D flat Major, with the tempo Andantino and the accompaniment moving and supportive. If the voice part lacks the feeling of urgency in its pleading, the piano and accompaniment makes up for it with its repeated chords, rising and falling with each phrase. In the accompaniment, one feels the anxiety, the movement, the frustration, and the intensity of Delilah, at a high pitch of expectancy and excitement.

96. Brockway and Weinstock, p. 321
The first verse opens with Delilah opening her heart and explaining her love, comparing it to a flower that is in full bloom. This flower is awaiting the morning's kisses, Samson's affection. Pleadingly, she says, "Tell me you care that my tears may no longer flow and that I may rejoice in the full bloom of a woman's love for her lover." At the end of the verse, the accompaniment slows briefly, softens, and with the tempo marking, "un poco piu lento and dolce", she affirms her love.

In the second part of the first verse, she asks not only for response from him, but for continued devotion, a promise that he will never leave her. The urgency of the second part, the change in the melodic line shadows the foreboding, the suggestion that ill omens may follow. It reveals the desperation that Delilah feels, the fear for Samson she generates, because now it is not a game, but a deep love she feels, sincere and unchanging.

The chorus begins with the deliciously beautiful melody that is breath-taking, so perfect for the mezzo voice, the deep rich tones of mature love that this woman is capable of. Pleading gently at first, then soaring in idealistic fantasy and promise, anticipation, and devotion. The musical line, with each phrase, leaps a seventh, and each phrase begins a little higher, so from the first jump, the voice in three phrases goes from middle c to an octave and a half higher to two-line g flat. The conclusion of each phrase descending diatonically for about five notes in sequence, fits the rising and falling of the emotion expressed. Delilah reveals her femininity in her giving and taking back, in her hesitation, and in her elegance as a woman. She is a queen, not a Jezebel, and she reveals her growing commitment of real love and affection for this man, portending a embryonic knowledge of his real mission, and her fear of losing him.
The second verse in the same melody line is now supported by a more urgent accompaniment. The first two beats are chromatic sextuplets in a downward motion, giving an impression in their softness, the sense of wind and mirroring the nature she sings of. In their mood, they create a more urgent flury of movement and anxiety. She paints a picture, comparing her love to fields of growing corn, swaying and yielding to the morning light, to the winds that rise. This, like her love, rises to meet the light and wind, Samson's love, in unity and delight.

In the second section, we again find the portender of death, a denial of fate, a vowing to give all for love. She likens her love to a dart, swift in its deadly speed. The foreboding of death is evident. The chorus follows, in its flowing plea, and ending on a high key through three jumps at the end when she sings, "Samson, I love thee."

I enjoyed singing this aria, the French words being more appropriate to its mood than any translation could be. The consonants and vowels are more suited to the original language, and it is easier to sing in French.
Non coeur s'ouvre a ta voix

Non coeur s'ouvre a ta voix comme s'ouvrent les fleurs
Aux baisers, de l'usure
Mais, o mon bien aime
pour mieux se chercher mes pleurs,
Que ta voix parle encore.

Dis moi qu'a Dalila
tu re viens pour ja mais
Ne dis a ma ten dres se
Les serments d'au tre fois
ces serments que j'ai mais.

Ah, reponds a ma tendresse
Verse moi, verse moi l'i vresse
Responds a ma ten dres se
Responds a ma ten dres se
Ah, ver se moi
ver se moi l'i vresse!

Ain si qu'on voit des bles
les e' pis ondu ler
Sous la bri se le gere
Ain si fre mit mon coeur
pret a se consoler
A ta voix qui m'ent che re
La fle'cheest moins repide
a porter le tre'pas
Que ne l'est ton a man
tea voler dans tes bras
A voler dans tes bras.

Ah, responds a ma tendresse
Verse moi, verse moi l'i vresse
Responds a ma ten dres se
Responds a ma ten dres se
Ah, ver se moi
ver se moi l'i vresse!

Samson, Samson, je tai me!

French Libretto by Ferdinand Lemaire
My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice

My heart at thy sweet voice
Opens wide like a flower
Which the morn's kisses waken.
But, that I may rejoice,
That my tears no more show,
Tell thy love still unshaken.

O say thou wilt not now
Leave Delilah again
Repeat thine accents tender
Every passionate vow
O thou dearest of men.

Ah, to the charms of love surrender
Rise with me to its' heights of splendor
To love's delights, surrender
To love's delights, surrender
Ah, rise with me to its heights of splendor.

As fields of growing corn
In the morn bend and sway
When the light zephyr rises
Even so my heart forlorn
Is thrilled by passion's play.
At thy voice's sweet surprises
Less rapid is the dart
In its death dealing flight
Than I spring to delight
To my place on thy heart
To my place on thy heart.

Ah, to the charms of love surrender
Rise with me to its' heights of splendor
To love's delights, surrender
To love's delights, surrender
Ah, rise with me to its' heights of splendor.

Samson, Samson, I love thee.

English translation by Nathan Haskell Dole
CONCLUSION

As I set aside the typewriter, the books, and the mountains of notes used in the preparation and completion of this paper, I feel a sense of relief and accomplishment. And although my efforts have been only a "scratching of the surface", I have been enriched and refreshed in my work. This, as I stated in the beginning, not an end, but a commencement for the days to come. I am grateful to all the authors and composers with whom I have had the privilege of achieving more intimacy. I am awed at the abundancy of resources that are available to everyone who wishes to learn and to grow in whatever field of endeavor they are pursuing.

The bounteous harvest of one period of my life has been reaped. To the new Spring in the next period of my life, I give allegiance, and await in excited determination. To the past and the present, I acknowledge the joys of discovery, and the challenge of continuance.

As the doors close on yesterday and today, I am eagerly looking forward to the door that is opening on tomorrow. I have explicit faith that what I find will be a positive continuation of the past, and an exciting challenge to those who are willing to put forth the effort to bring about progress in those areas in which they are resourceful.

To you who have accompanied me through this work, I express my congratulations and my appreciation. Thank you for your encouragement and assistance in the realization of this challenge.

Deanne G. Vanderford

Deanne G. Vanderford
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VITA

Deanne W. Gardner Johnsen Vanderford

Candidate for the Degree of

MASTER OF MUSIC

Report: Graduate Recital

Major Field: Music Education

Biographical Information:


Education: Attended elementary schools in Afton, Wyoming, 1942-1950; Logan Junior High School, 1951; Logan High School 1952-55; College-Conservatory of Music at Cincinnati, Ohio, 1955-56; Utah State University, 1956-58; Graduated from Utah State University with the Bachelor of Music degree with emphasis in piano and voice in 1964; holds current secondary teaching certificate which expires in 1982

Professional Experience: Graduate assistant in Music Fundamentals, Individual Voice and Piano Instruction, Utah State University, 1966; Chorale and Choir accompanist, Utah State University, 1956-58; Opera accompanist, Utah State University, 1951-58; Part-time Piano Instructor, Utah State University, 1964-78; President Cache Valley MTNA, 1966-68; Member of the Cache Valley Civic Concert Board, 1971-78; First vice-president of same 1975-76; Music Specialist for Cache County Schools, 1976-78; Assistant to Music Director of Sky View High School, 1976-78; Accompanist for Sky View High School, 1977-78; Accompanist for Richardson High School, Dallas, Texas, 1978-79. Co-performer of program entitled "Music in Color", 1957-76, of which about two hundred programs were given.
Have sung leading roles in such works as:

**Operas:**
- Carmen in *Carmen*, 1957
- Tisbe in *Cinderella*, 1965
- Magdalena in *Rigoletto*, 1966
- Kate in *Madame Butterfly*, 1956
- Suzuki in *Madame Butterfly*, 1965
- Aunt in *Gianni Schicci*, 1966

**Musicals:**
- Frenchy in *Destry Rides Again*, 1967
- Celia in *Promised Valley*, 1960
- Minor roles in *Pajama Game*, *Fantastics*, *Kiss Me, Kate*, *Oklahoma*, *South Pacific*.

**Oratorios:**
- Alto soloist in Brahms's *Requiem*, 1965 and *Elijah*, 1957

**Accompanist:**
- Operas from 1951-58, including:
  - *Cavalleria Rusticana* USU
  - *Carmen* USU
  - *Gianni Schicci* USU
  - *Madame Butterfly* USU
  - *La Traviata* CCM
  - *La Boheme* CCM
  - *Aida* CCM
  - *Tosca* CCM
  - *The Boar's Head* CCM
  - CCM School of Ballet, 1955-56
  - *Look on the Land*, 1956-57
  - *And They Really Roared*, 1957

**Drama:**
- Lead in *Thomas Beckett Play*

**Composer:**
- Co-composer of first and only original musical written for *Agathon*, 1956.
- Composer of *Piano Sonata in Modern Idiom*, numerous vocal solos, arranger of various musical works for voice and choir, including two bi-centennial choruses, "America" and "Yes, my America"; and "One Christmas Night."

**Author:**
- Have written many poems, short stories, and essays on education, children, and life.

**Government:**
- Touried 13 weeks in Mediterranean, 1967, for United Services Overseas; Major and Commander of ROTC Women, 1955; Temporary acting city councilwoman following husband's death, 1976, for Providence City; performed at Cache Valley and Utah State Republican Conventions, 1977.
Church: Teacher and musical accompanist and conductor for numerous organizations in LDS Church during past twenty-five years.

Civic: Pre-school Chairwoman on Logan City School Board, 1964-65; Member of Providence Bi-centennial Committee for two years, 1975-77; Member of numerous PTA committees, and room mother.